

The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

The Story So Far: Two rank outsiders have penetrated the sacred boxwood hedge at Goodloe's Choice—Reuben Oliver, self-made millionaire, and Cissy Rogers, red-headed aviator. Reuben, who is in love with Judith Goodloe, is injured jumping his horse over the hedge, and the accident brings Cissy, who loves Reuben, Judith, in love with dashing Gary Brent, sees Cissy captivate him. Then, instead of the proposal Judith expected, Gary tells her he is going to a job in the west.

Chapter 11 Heartbreak

RADIANCE died from Judith like candles suddenly snuffed. Filled with his own plans Gary did not notice. "I'll get a kick out of the experience and the money—Gee," boyishly, "can I use some real money? The pay is good—I've never had so much money at one time in my life. In about 10 or 20 years, darling, I may have enough saved to come back and marry you, who knows?"

Ten or 20 years!
Great anguished waves of life beat against her. Roared over her. He was joking about their marriage. He wasn't serious—had never been—

"Isn't it grand, Judy?"
Grand? Between one heart beat and another all joy could vanish from the world.

"Congratulate me, woman!"
She put her hand into his outstretched one. For the first time in her life, her eyes were masked—Judith's honest eyes.

"Cissy Rogers is going West the last of the week. She has asked me to fly as far as Chicago."
Through a coppersy taste in her mouth Judith said: "These are your lucky days, Gary!"

"Aren't they?" He smiled absently—his eyes drifting ahead to an adventurous future. Judith got to her feet with effort. "Let's go back to the house. I'll try to keep Cissy for lunch."

"Judy, you're sweet." His arm went around her in the old fond way. His touch was agony. He was thanking her for being kind to Cissy.

She remembered his kiss of yesterday—a lifetime ago—sensitive now to its quality.

"I've been a fool," she told herself. "A half a week, dreaming fool. He never cared—never never—He was going away—in 10 or 20 years—He never cared—"

Meanwhile, in the big bedroom, Life played its most perfect symphony for Reuben. It had one theme, one melody, one movement—Judith.

For 10 perfect summer days he saw her, for a few minutes every day, detached, beautiful, smiling before she hurried away. He spent the rest of the time reliving that moment.

She seemed always in a hurry, taking her pleasure feverishly—swimming, riding, golfing, flying even, picnicking—trying not to see Gary's open devotion to Cissy. Trying not to see Cissy's triumphant acceptance of it.

Reuben wondered if Judith had always been so—so persistently cheerful. He did not know her well enough to be sure, Cissy now—

Very definitely Cissy had changed during her brief stay in the Maryland valley. She reminded Reuben of a tiger lily incandescently placed among orchids—the one alien flower in the bouquet but nevertheless dominating it, glowering in her dark spots. He realized very forcibly the difference in Cissy the morning she breezed into his room to say goodbye.

He was wearing the new dress she had sent him, and seated in a big chair by the window. He was thinner, Cissy noticed, and his whole face had unaccountably softened.

No Option On Love
"GREETINGS, old thing!" She flung the roses she carried into his lap and herself to an ottoman at his feet. "Strong enough to stand the shock of a farewell kiss?"

"Try me," he grinned. "Thought you were going to kiss me from being lonely until I get back to it?"

"I would," candidly, "if you cared. You," accusingly, "don't care!"

Reuben made a stiff movement with his bandaged arm. "Why—Cissy—"

"You're so moonstruck over her," bitterly. "It's as plain as the nose on your face."

He was so distressed that Cissy had to laugh. "Not to everyone, darling," she hastened to assure him. "I'm the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter. I see things."

"You see a lot that isn't so."
"No—I see too truly. Don't let her make a liar of you, Reuben. You've never been there, have you? It was no use. He didn't know how to hedge. 'I do care, Cissy.' It was a relief to say it."

"Don't care too much. She thinks we're dirt—you and I."
"You don't like her?"
"Why shouldn't I?"

"Why shouldn't you?" simply.

Monday: Reuben is snubbed.

"I've never met with so much kindness."
"The stranger within their gates' stuff. They're long on that sort of thing but it's a plain case of the sheep and the goats, old son. Don't ever forget it."

He looked into her bright, sophisticated face. Cissy loved him—silly to pretend he didn't know. If he had one iota of common sense left he'd love her too. Marry her. Be happy with her. They spoke the same language. Had lived through the same experience. Learned all about life. Knew how to meet its ups but were more expert wrestling with its downs—

Cissy read his thoughts with the accuracy of a witch. "No use to worry over what you can't help," practically. "I guess love is one thing you can't take an option on."

Reuben frowned. "You're letting your imagination run away with you."

"Maybe, but I'm giving you your chance."
"What chance? Don't talk riddles."
"I'm kidnaping Lothario."
"Who the devil are you talking about?"

"Gary Brent. I'm taking him west this afternoon."
"Cissy!"
"You'd have as much chance as a last year's snow squall with that bird around. You're no competitor for a masculine beauty with a soul-warming smile and a heart-melting kiss."

Reuben's face darkened. Cissy, loving him, felt her heart darken too. He said: "Are you trying to tell me that she loves Brent or that you have sampled his kisses?"

"I'm not trying to tell you anything!" Cissy flamed, "and I'm fed up on Judith Goodloe! Gary has a job with that old crook Galbreath. I'm giving the lad a lift west, that's all."

Flying Away
SHE got to her feet. With one of her quick, darting motions she swooped over and kissed Reuben where his stubborn hair reared over a cowlick. "Goodbye little boy, who must get burnt before he dreads the fire. Goodbye!"

She tried to wink back the sudden, hot tears. One escaped and trickled down her nose. Cissy brushed it away angrily. She persuaded herself that it was not really goodby. He'd come back to her—badly hurt, probably—but he'd come. From the door she flung over her shoulder: "Try not to break your neck or your heart until I see you again."

Cissy was going. He felt suddenly in a strange country. She was part of the old life. He'd call her back—tell her he would follow her to Chicago tomorrow—the next day—as soon as he was able to travel, but before he could voice his quick decision, another step sounded in the hall, another voice—Judith's.

Reuben leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes—So quickly do the sands of life run—

In the hall, Cissy was saying to Judith: "You've been sweet to me. To Reuben too. Thanks a lot."
"Are you really going today?"
"Soon as I get the plane tuned up I'm taking off."

That meant that Gary was going! Strange that Judith could be glad of that!

The past 10 days had been pure agony. Trying to meet him on the old friendly ground. Playing around with a smile. Lying wide-eyed through long nights. Trying not to see Gary flirting with Cissy, laughing with Cissy, falling in love with Cissy.

Gary departed as joyfully as he arrived.

With his goodby kiss bitter sweet upon her lips Judith stood in the middle of the meadow looking up at the silver, smiling streak. Great clouds of agony went between her and the sky. Gary was flying away. Flying out of her life. Flying with a red-headed, green-eyed girl, who, if she guessed her misery, would laugh at it.

Judith strained her ears to hear the last throbs of the engine. She did not bother to brush away the tears that streamed down her cheeks; dropped on her clasped hands.

The plane winged over the treetops. Vanished behind them. Gary was gone. Dear God—send him back! She would wait! She would never complain—never ask anything else! Just send Gary back!

The gates of her fool's Paradise swung shut. Clanged. Left an empty, cruel sound echoing down the world. Gary was gone—

Five days later Reuben was going home. He came downstairs to cool, dim rooms and quiet orderliness. On the surface, Goodloe's Choice gave the sign that it had been shaken to its very foundation by a devastating upheaval, but during these past five days, much had happened of which Reuben knew nothing.

Amanda's world—her safe, aloof world surrounded by her, had tottered and collapsed about her head. At one and the same time, her obligations became due and her few remaining bonds worthless.

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Monday: Reuben is snubbed.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Plugging Hat Post Office
"Keep this under your hat," was the way citizens of Omaha, Neb., greeted Postmaster A. D. Jones when they handed him a letter to mail.

Strange as it seems, Jones' plug hat was Omaha's first post office! Wherever Jones went, the post office went with him. At night, when he went home after a day's work, he hung the post office on a hat rack in the hall. It was one post office that stayed open on Sundays.

When A. D. Jones received his appointment in 1854, Omaha had no official post office, so he substituted his hat. Postmaster Jones did the delivering in those days. He carried the letters around town in his hat, passing them out personally to the addressees.

A decade before the opening of this unusual government institution, Los Angeles, Cal., got its mail in a wash tub, sitting on the counter of a general store.

On arrival of the overland mail from the states, the entire population gathered at the store to receive their letters and have Dr. William B. Osborne, Los Angeles postmaster, read them. He was about the only man in town who could read.

Dr. Osborne, besides being postmaster, was Los Angeles' first city marshal, first coroner and first political boss. He operated the first drug store and first plant nursery in the little "pueblo" and was one of the first superintendents of schools.

Motto of the Royal Canadian mounted police is: "Maintain the right." "Get your man," a slogan popularly attributed to the force.

When in 1869 the Hudson's Bay company gave up its territorial rights in the Canadian northwest to the dominion government, steps were taken to provide an efficient police force to patrol the vast region. The northwest mounted police accordingly was organized in 1873.

In 1906 the name "royal" was added, and in 1920 the mounties became known as the Royal Canadian mounted police. In April of that year the number of officers and men reached a peak totaling 1,880. These hardy troopers assist nearly every department of the Canadian government in carrying out their functions in Canada's less approachable regions.

200 Firemen Battle Frisco Dock Fire
SAN FRANCISCO, April 16—(AP)—A waterfront blaze baffled one of the largest fire-fighting forces ever massed on the San Francisco waterfront for 10 hours was brought under control early today.

The flames endangered the lives of hundreds of firemen, threatened two moored freight ships and menaced pier cargo valued at \$200,000.

Fire Chief Charles Brennan estimated the total damage, mostly to the pier, would amount to from \$50,000 to \$100,000.

Phone 342. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Tells a Story!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Delegation



THE NEBBS—The Build-Up



INNOCENT BYSTANDER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POI

By C M PAYNE



By HAL FORREST

OLDEST YAMHILL BUILDING RAZED

LAFAYETTE, April 16—(AP)—The prospect of "gold in them thar hills" drew interested spectators to watch demolition of the old saloon. Yamhill county's oldest building.

A youth was reported to have found a dollar of early mintage. Another resident previously dug up a number of gold coins while spading an adjacent lot.

The building, believed to date from the late 1850's, was condemned as a fire hazard. It has housed a saloon, notion store, rug factory, leather cleaning plant and junk shop.

Some of the timbers, bristling with old-fashioned square nails, will be used in construction of a residence here.

EASTER BUSINESS IN PORTLAND GOOD

PORTLAND, April 16—(AP)—Easter business sent Portland's retail trade up sharply, approaching but not equalling that of last year. Dun and Bradstreet's weekly review said.

Sales increased as much as 16 per cent over the previous week.

Restaurants reported volume of 13 per cent under that same time last year, while wholesale sales and collecting were down 10 to 12 per cent but holding even with last week.

By SOL HESS

