

The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

The... Two rank outsiders have penetrated the sacred boxwood hedge at Goodloe's Choice—Reuben Oliver, self-made millionaire, and Clissy Rogers, red-headed aviatrix. Reuben, who is in love with Judith, is feigning jumping his horse over the hedge, and the accident brings Clissy who loves Reuben. Jealous of Judith, Clissy captivates dashing Gary Brent. Instead of proposing to Judith, Gary flies west with Clissy to a lumber job. Then, the Goodloes discover they are penniless.

Chapter 12

Not A Gentleman

CLOSED with Dick Blout her lawyer, with Judith and Jim. Amanda Goodloe faced the situation with her usual indomitable courage. True to precedent she said: "We'll sell off some land."

"You can't give land away now. Amanda," Blout told her gently. "You mean?" "Incredulously. 'No one will pay taxes on it.'"

"Outside," dog barked. Inside, Judith sat motionless as a statue. Jim drummed on the table.

"Can't you stop that noise and suggest something?" Amanda asked irritably.

Jim stopped drumming. He met her cold gaze with a colder one. "We might—" he began.

"Never mind," Amanda, anticipating and fearing his suggestion, cut him short. "Do you think, looking hopefully at Dick, 'if we catalogued the King Charles plate, the mahogany—'"

"It won't bring enough." "Can you suggest something, Judy?"

Judith could suggest nothing. She went through the days in a sort of walking coma. Tossed through the night in tears, she awoke. Gary had gone. She was waiting—again. Marking time, despising herself because she did so, but not able to stop. No—Judith had no suggestions.

The conference ended, as it had begun, with nothing settled. "You'll hear from me in a day or two," Amanda escorted Dick to the outer door. "Something must be arranged at the bank." She had no idea what that something would be.

Oddly enough it was to Reuben Oliver, her unwelcome guest, that Amanda Goodloe went for advice. Or rather he appeared before her in her greatest moment of bewilderment.

He came into the booklined library where she sat alone. He came awkwardly. The natural grace that went into his out-of-doors, deserted him in this house. He walked stiffly as though unsure of his tread on the polished floor. He said shyly: "You've been so good to me, Mrs. Goodloe."

Amanda waved his gratitude aside: "We try to make our guests feel at home, Mr. Oliver."

His smile was like a ray of sunshine across a still pool: "It has been the happiest time of my whole life."

"Happy? Ill—in a strange home?" "It has not seemed strange. It's been like—like—" almost he said, "home"—Remembered he'd never really had a home.

While he hunted for the right word, Amanda studied his face. What she saw there made her say harshly: "Be seated, Mr. Oliver."

Reuben did as he was told. Amanda said without preamble: "I'm told you are a very successful business man."

"Swept Clean" ORDINARILY this would have pleased him. Sent his shoulders back an inch further, sent his head up cockily. Now a flush over-spread his pallor. He could not feel a ease with old Mrs. Goodloe. Perhaps she did not mean that he should. He tried to relax in his chair, sat up straight, talked. Put one hand in his pocket, took it out and said: "I've had a couple of lucky breaks. I've hoed a long, hard row, too."

"Cabbage?" politely. He laughed out boishly. "Cabbage, at the rate?" "Tell me about it."

"The day I ran away from the orphanage, I came upon a truck load of it upset in a ditch. The owner—Clissy Rogers' father—gave me half for helping him to reload. I earned my first \$5 peddling it in the streets."

She looked at him with new interest. Whatever the man, he was honest and unashamed. "And then what did you do?"

"I went to the Michigan woods." Embarrassment left him. Here was something he could talk about. "I did about everything a kid can do in a lumber camp at first, then got out in the forest. My \$5 bill made me mighty independent. Then, 'someone stole it!'"

"Yes, but the best thing that ever happened to me, I got down to real work. Replacing that five spot was not easy."

"I have lost my last five," Amanda confessed slowly. "You are a practical man. Advise me."

She plunged into a detailed account of her losses. Reuben listened carefully. When she had finished he said: "Sounds like you're swept clean, all right."

"Swept expresses it." "I'm sorry, Mrs. Goodloe."

"What I have to peddle seems of less value than your cabbage. My lawyer tells me that land is just something to pay taxes on."

Reuben with effort blurted out: "I have money, Mrs. Goodloe—plenty of it."

"No I've been told."

He straightened his shoulders and said recklessly: "I'll honor your note."

Relief, joy, hope, lighted Amanda's face. She understood how a drowning person feels when a rope is suddenly flung to him. She half arose from her chair trying to speak, then, very slowly, and with colorless lips sank back into it. The rope, almost within her grasp, was being carried away by a rising tide—an overpowering tide, rushing over her, sweeping her down stream to inevitable disaster. She struggled against it. If she could just touch the rope—

"Your generosity is—unbelievable. Mr. Oliver, I appreciate it. I will never forget—but—" the tide overpowered her despite one last struggle—terrible to be so weak—"I cannot accept of course."

"Not accept?" "Incredulously. 'Why not?'" "I cannot accept payment from a guest—or favors from—from strangers."

"Bosh!" She tried to echo it. Tried to believe it. "I wish it were."

"But it is absolute rot!" "No." Her moment of weakness had passed. She said with the brutal directness of one who is sure of her standards, true to them in the face of death or worse. "Such a thing is not done by ladies and gentlemen."

Hatred IT WAS his turn to flush. "I didn't know, in my world it's all right to—save yourself by whatever means you can." He smiled crookedly. "Not being a gentleman has its advantages."

There seemed nothing more to say. Reuben stood up. "Sorry, I'd like to help you, Mrs. Goodloe."

"I believe that and thank you!" Through an open window he could see a great stretch of emerald lawn. Stone steps. Great clumps of box. He said: "In your worry you've overlooked something of great value that's easy to sell. You've boxwood here worth a quarter of a million at least."

Amanda got to her feet and faced him. She seemed to have great difficulty in keeping her hands folded. Her shoulders were up now. He felt her anger sluicing cold like running water. He thought: "I've broken another of her blasted codes!"

Poor Reuben! Unknowingly he had laid his finger upon the canker at Amanda's heart. How could he dream that she owed her wifehood to that boxwood?

Only one person, her young stepson in a fit of temper, had dared to fling it at her: "My father only married you to save the box!"

It was ritually, searingly true. In the years that followed, when this lad's extravagances compelled sacrifices, the land was sold and the hedge transplanted to suit the smaller acreage—this explained three rows instead of the original one. Later, Amanda, left with the rearing of her stepson's two children, often reflected with a grim sort of satisfaction, that she had fulfilled her destiny. She had been a Goodloe to save the hedge and by the grace of God she had saved it! Now—now—

Her faded, narrowed eyes were cold, grey slits of ice. "I'm happy to know your stay at Goodloe Choice has proved to be, Mr. Oliver. Did I understand you to say you are leaving—before lunch?"

"I didn't say." He knew that he was being politely ordered out. "I'm leaving immediately, though. My car is on the lawn."

Amanda bowed stiffly. Reuben gave a good imitation of it. His collar was suddenly too tight. "I'm still grateful to you, Mrs. Goodloe. He struggled for self control. "If you change your mind—"

"I won't change it."

He went hurriedly out of doors. He couldn't breathe inside. He strode across the lawn, turned into the garden. His eyes were hot. So was his heart. She need not have sent him away with a barb that made it hard to remember past kindness. He hated her. He was sorry she was a woman and old. Clissy was right! He held a couple of Jim Goodloe's I. O. U.'s—he'd call them—exact his pound of flesh—make him crawl—break that old woman, too.

Blindly he turned into the path that led to the swimming pool. He did not see Judith until it was too late to retreat.

Tomorrow: A marriage is arranged.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



John Hix 4-18-38

WILMOT SMITH, 39, Wabash, Ind. HAS WORKED ON 34 DIFFERENT RAILROADS AS SWITCHMAN OR BRAKEMAN...

100 MEN BOWLED 6 1/2 HOURS ON 20 5-MAN TEAMS AND ENDED WITH A TIE SCORE -- 15 TO 15! (THEY BOWLED A 3-GAME SERIES, EACH COUNTING 1 POINT) - Hollywood, Calif., Feb. 13, 1938 -



Murder at Scotland Yard. Nearly everyone has heard of Scotland Yard, London's famous Metropolitan Police Headquarters, but few people know how the institution got its name.

Scotland Yard—more correctly New Scotland Yard—is not in Scotland and is not a yard. It is a collection of buildings, in the bottish paronial style, designed in 1891 by Norman Shaw, R. A., famous British architect.

Scotland Yard derived its name from the fact that the police headquarters originally were built in 1829, on the site of an old palace in London, where the kings of Scotland used to stay when they came to London to do homage to the king of England.

As London grew in size and the police force with it, officials decided to move to the new Thames Embankment tract opened in 1862. On the site of a proposed national opera house, including 70,000 acres of land, the New Scotland Yard found its home.

Strange as it seems, shortly after the police obtained the site, the mutilated remains of a woman's body were uncovered there. The entire resources of the criminal investigation department were marshalled to solve the mystery and discover the murderer.

Scotland Yard's best detectives were assigned to the case. In the best manner of Sherlock Holmes super-sleuth of fiction, the yard's finest detectives searched for clues to the mystery, without success.

Thus, strange as it seems, did the violently ill by his father, Jack Varney, City Physician J. W. Lynn reported. Two tanks of oxygen were used in reviving the youngster.

"The boy probably would have died in 30 minutes more," Doctor Lynn said. "His breathing had stopped and he was in very bad shape when the pulmotor arrived."

The child, confined to a hospital, seemed out of danger today, Doctor Lynn said.

Eggs Safe ORLAND, Cal. (UP)—The driver of an egg truck here is convinced that the day of the unbreakable egg has at last arrived. He cracked up against an abutment of a bridge. Only one egg out of 75,000 was broken, and

New Scotland Yard come into being on the site of a mystery murder. In the past half century the yard has achieved world-wide fame for its efficiency and ability to enforce London's laws and solve her crimes—yet, under its very threshold, lies locked the secret of an unsolved crime.

The Bowling Tournament. One hundred men, bowling in 30 teams of five men each, in a three-game series counting one point per series, bowled 6 1/2 hours and ended up with a tie score of 15 to 15! The match took place at the Hollywood (Calif.) Recreation Center on February 13, 1938, between Paramount and Columbia Studios.

Tomorrow: What state seceded from the state that seceded from the U. S.?

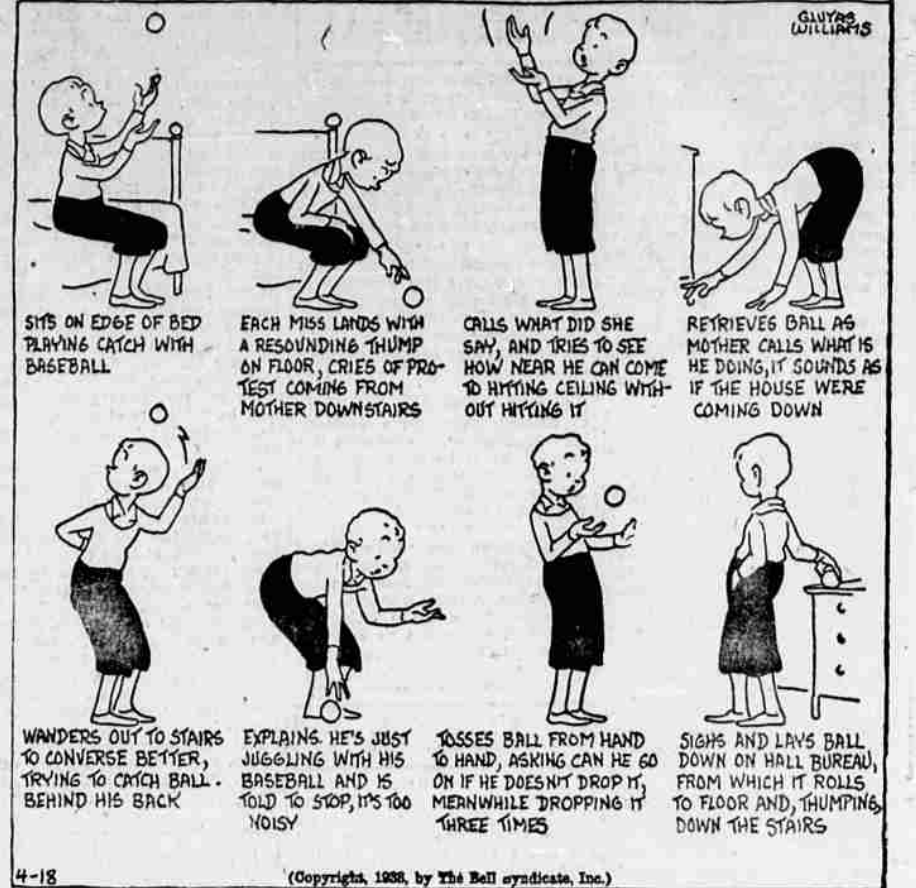
That merely because a workman let it slip through his fingers, while the cases were being transferred to another truck.

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BASEBALL INDOORS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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8 MATTER POE

By O. M. PAYNE



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ALIEN AGITATOR INSULTS CANADA

ABERDEEN, April 18.—(AP)—Canada was called a "fascist nation" today by Harry Bridges, Pacific coast CIO director, during the course of a debate which finally led to the Pacific Coast Longshoremen's convention approving formal plans for organizing east coast and gulf state longshoremen into the CIO.

RUM NEAR FATAL TO IDAHO BOY, 4

POCATELLA, Idaho, April 18.—(AP)—A four-year old boy who drank half a pint of whiskey found in the seat of his father's automobile was saved from death Saturday by a fire department pulmotor.

THE NEBBS—The Low-Down



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Reparation



TAILSPIN TOMMY—And That's That!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Reparation



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