

The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

The Story So Far: Judith Goodloe has the code of an old Maryland family to live up to. Reuben Oliver, who has pulled himself up by his bootstraps, has wealth and ethics of his own making. Desperately loving Judith, Reuben proposes to her when the Goodloe finances collapse. Gary Brent, the man Judith loves, has left her. So Judith becomes engaged to Reuben after making clear that she does not love him.

Chapter 15

'Due For A Licking'

REUBEN tried to prove that he was a better man than Gary in the only way he could—by showering things upon her. Each day brought wonderful gifts for Judith. Her favorite of them all, an Irish mare with foal—

"The Hunt Cup is as good as ours next year," Jim rubbed his hands in anticipation. "Won't it be great to have it under the roof once more?"

Life stretched a pleasant path for Jim's walking these days. Money—the one thing the Goodloes lacked, came so easily, so magically, just when it was needed, that they accepted it almost as a matter of course, and forgot, as far as possible, its source.

Not that Jim minded remembering. He liked Reuben and said often and openly: "You're a lucky girl, Judy."

Amanda's opinion was never expressed. If between herself and Reuben there was veiled enmity, there was also a healthy, mutual respect.

Society reporters trumpeted wedding details far and wide. Judith's smiling, face, Judith's fearless eyes gazed back from rotogravure sheets. Bridesmaids and flower girls gazed back. From a small inset in an inconspicuous corner, Reuben glared back, too.

The most important wedding of the year the papers said.

Plans went forward. Judith bought clothes that were every maiden's dream. She visited Reuben's house. Made suggestions for this improvement and that. Made friends with Hugo. Praised rhododendrons—

"I'm so glad your home is here, Reuben. I wouldn't marry you if I had to leave this valley. I couldn't bear to go away."

"It's going to be heaven!" Reuben said and believed it. Never again would he hear the call of the wild, or feel the urge for adventure. For purple twilight on vast expanses of white snow. The smell of bacon cooking in the open. A lone wolf's call. The sound of cracking ice, rushing waters—roar of logs sluicing down—Noise. Shout. Struggle—all that was behind him. Just to live here in this quiet valley with Judith, to watch her vivid face, to touch her—

The whole world took on new meaning. He felt strangely in accord with it. Every blade of grass, too, leaves on the trees, the water in the creek, the fleecy clouds in the sky held out a promise of what life could and would be.

June lengthened into July. July slipped into August perfumed with the ripened harvest. If the reports from his banker and broker pointed out to Reuben that he was not as wealthy as he had been, he reminded himself such fluctuations were to be expected.

Before he came to Maryland the loss of \$5 would have sent him raving over the coals of his affairs like a frenzied wild cat. Now, lulled by the serene valley, blissful with the new element in his life, he let things drift until the serpent entered his paradise.

'Broken Down Aristocrat'

IT CAME in the form of Clem Rogers.

Clem, fat, florid, perspiring, arrived one morning just as Reuben was sitting down to breakfast.

"Hi, Reuben, son of a tinker! Hope you've got an extra cup of coffee in the old pot?"

"Clem! You old river rat! It's grand to see you! How are you?"

"How should I be?" Clem divested himself of coat, collar, tie and hung all into a nearby chair. "I'm hungry as a pile driver."

Reuben rang for the colored boy. "Coffee, bacon—How will you have your eggs, Clem?"

"Four, sunny side up," Clem ordered, "and get a move on you." He looked critically around the dining room with its heavy oak beams. "Cissy says this is supposed to be some dug-out—I dunno!" doubtfully.

"Suits me," Reuben said. "Old ruins usually prove expensive. Cheaper to tear down and build up new."

"How's Cissy?"

"Mad as a March hare. Flying like an eagle and spending money faster than a horse can trot."

state. If I had been foolish enough to have complied with the suggestions as outlined in the letter and withdrawal statement I would have committed perjury. The above mentioned letter and withdrawal statement is locked up in a safe deposit box in the United States National branch bank at St. Helena. I consider the letter suggesting my withdrawal as a candidate for governor as the dirtiest piece of politics ever attempted in Oregon. The above mentioned letter was signed by one of the candidates who withdrew his candidacy for governor on the Democratic ticket. Mr. Hess, I recommend that you, as an attorney, advise the political gang to keep their suggestions within the law from now on. I wish to announce to all of my supporters in Oregon that I will not withdraw my candidacy for governor at the request of any political gang or individual.

O. HENRY OLEEN, State Representative, St. Helena, Ore.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



The War Bird

Pigeons. In the Christian world, are symbols of peace; in Japan they are regarded as messengers of war.

Yet their fame in the latter category received wider attention during the World War than ever was accorded them for peace-time work.

One of the most famous of the World War pigeons was Mocker, who died last year at the old age of 20, last of the heroic birds that flew in the war. The part Mocker played in smashing the Hindenburg line is still talked of in army circles.

Mocker distinguished himself on September 12, 1918, in the wretched

fire of the battle of St. Mihiel, when he carried a message from Beaumont giving American artillery the positions of enemy batteries enabling them to silence the German guns in 20 minutes.

Mocker was hit by flying shrapnel and lost one eye on this dangerous mission, but soon was back in service, winging over the front in the St. Mihiel and Argonne drives.

Twice more he was wounded, but each time he managed to return to his cot behind the American lines.

Montana's Capitals

Since becoming part of the Louisiana Territory in 1809, Montana has been governed from 15 separate capitals in eight territories.

Its first capital was Blioxi, Miss.

In 1729 it moved to New Orleans. In subsequent years its territorial capitals were: Vincennes, Indiana Territory, 1804; St. Louis, Missouri Territory, 1805; Shampoek, 1843; Oregon City, 1844 and Salem, Oregon Territory, 1853; Bellevue, Nebraska Territory, was Montana's capital in 1854; Omaha in 1855 and Yankton, Dakota Territory, in 1861.

Part of Montana was in Washington Territory in 1843, with the capital at Olympia. In 1863 Idaho Territory took it over, with its capital at Lewiston. When Montana Territory was formed in 1864, Ban-nack became the capital, and the next year Virginia City. Since 1875 Helena has been the capital site.

Tomorrow: Freighter that started a battle.

'GOOD IDEA' BRINGS GRAND JURY CITATION

THE DALLIES, April 21. (AP)—Norman Berry, a WPA worker, and Willard Prater, a cook, have been bound over to the Wasco county grand jury under \$10,000 bond each on a joint

complaint accusing them of malicious and wanton injury to personal property.

Both men have signed statements admitting puncturing approximately 20 tires on downtown streets last week, because "it seemed like a good idea."

SACRAMENTO, April 21.—(AP)—Homer T. Ashbaugh, state news editor of the Associated Press at Sacramento, died today. He had been ill a month of stomach and intestinal disorders.

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

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Mr. Swift Is Excited!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Stranger Approaches

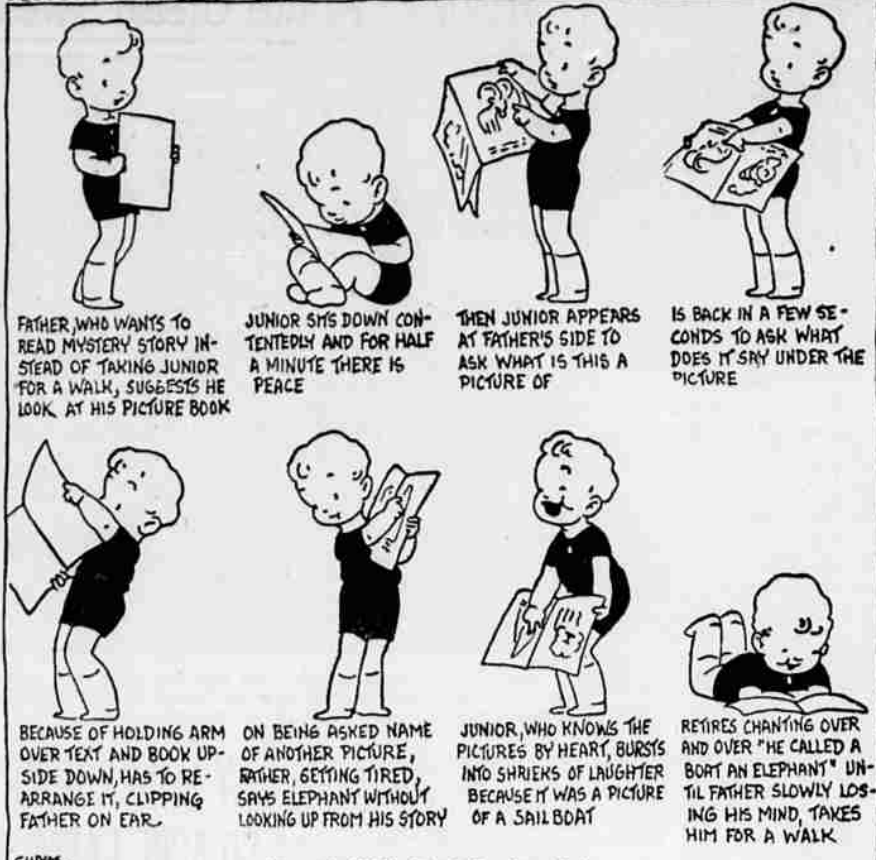


THE NEBBS—A Big Man



PICTURE BOOK

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S MATTER POI

By C. M. PAYNE



OLEEN REFUSES TO LEAVE RACE

ST. HELENS, Ore., April 21.—I have received a letter, and withdrawal statement, from one of the political gang that took part in the political conspiracy conference to induce Henry Hess to file as a substitute candidate in place of Dr. J. F. Hesch, who withdrew as a candidate for governor, asking me to withdraw my candidacy "in the interest of society." The letter suggested that I certify before a notary public to certain statements in order to withdraw as a candidate for governor, and advising that my filing fee and money paid for statement in the voters pamphlet would be returned to me by the secretary of

By SOL HESS