

The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

Chapter 45 Love And Pride

REUBEN continued to stare at the mountains.

Cissy watched him through a moment of profound desperation. His silence told more plainly than words the hopelessness of her cause. She said: "I could put you on top of the world."

"I'll put myself there, youngster. Watch me."

"How?"

"If Judith cares it will be easy. It was the old Reuben speaking. The eagle, eager to soar again. "Ready, slow poke?"

This, then, was the end! The end of what was to have been his perfect day. And she was the one who had vowed never to compromise with life! Vowed to accept no seconds—

Even now she had not given up. There must be a way! If—

She turned and swung herself up the plane's side with the agility of a monkey. "All aboard! We're on our way, big boy!"

She settled herself securely in the pilot's seat, while Reuben climbed into his place behind her. Neither saw nor heard Pike running towards them waving a letter—

"Hey, hey! Special delivery! Held up in the Christmas jam—"

Cissy took off. She didn't see the field. Didn't see the controls. Didn't see anything. What difference did it make? If she flew furiously and low—for five miles—

"But I won't do it!" Cissy upbraided herself scornfully. "I'm too darn decent! A tough guy up to a point, then I turn mushy and remember all sorts of things I want to forget!"

She felt tears on her cheeks—hot, rebellious. She bit her lips hard, to keep back a groan. Glad Reuben was behind and couldn't see her face. Glad the propeller made such a noise it almost—the tumult within her—

"I've fought a sneaky fight and lost. Serves me right," Cissy told herself severely. "but I feel like hell—if hell is a place of self-torture—I'm there."

Gradually the mist cleared from her eyes. She saw the compass. "I don't want to fly true," definitely she shouted it at Reuben, "but I will."

Quickly she changed her course. Lifted. Now to get there quickly. Straight as the crow flies. Three years ago she had taken from Judith what looked like happiness. Cissy was bringing the real thing back to her. In a few hours she would land in that same meadow, lose her passenger. Then—?

Cissy didn't know what. Pain gnawed at her heart like the claw of a leopard. The end of the world was a long, long way—

Heaven Or Hell?

TO REUBEN, Maryland was the end of the world and—the beginning! He was on his way to Maryland—to Judith. What he would say to her he did not know. He only knew that the first words that passed between them would decide whether life was to be a thing of pain or ecstasy, heaven or hell. If it was to be the latter he hoped Cissy would fumble. Send him crashing down—

One glance at her squared shoulders, at her small hand upon the stick, assured him that Cissy would not fumble. Though the end of the flight meant Paradise for him and purgatory for her, Cissy was heading toward it swift, brave, true as a swallow on the wing. Stout fellow! Cissy!

Terribly he longed to tell her so even while he was glad that the noise of the propeller made it impossible. Words were such futile things—if only he could find the right ones for Judith—if only Judith would be glad to see him! If she needed him—

The sun, rosy and heartening, was rising over the Goodloe meadow when Cissy, after circling a half dozen times, floated down to an easy landing. "We made good

time, Rube," she loosened her helmet. "Cissy," he stretched his taut muscles, "you must be dead tired." He climbed from the cockpit and turned to help her down. "When Amos has fed you, promise me you'll sleep the clock around."

She would sleep the clock around but not at Goodloe's Choice. A hotel in Baltimore was better—any place where she could not witness Reuben's reunion with Judith was better—there was a limit to everything. "I'll send flowers for poor Jim and I'll see Judith later."

"Cissy, if you knew how grateful I am for everything—if you knew—"

Gratitude was the one thing that Cissy could not stand. Knew she did not deserve. Hastily she re-tightened her helmet. "Happy landings, big boy, and good luck all the way!" She waved a casual hand and set the plane's engine humming.

Hatless, motionless, Reuben watched it take the air, then, breathing deeply, like a swimmer about to plunge, he started across the meadow. The branch was high this morning, its edges ice-coated. He had to make a running leap to span it. Thin patches of snow lay here and there but in between adventurous blades of new wheat peeped up and straight ahead was the hedge!

Green, pungent in the frosty air, planted in tradition, nurtured on pride, it stood sturdy as a valiant old soldier on guard. Reuben ran his hand lightly over it—the price of his acceptance by the Goodloes! Well, many a man had bartered more for less. Once, because his dollars could save it he had been welcome here. Today—?

Meeting HE DREW his hand away. May be he had been a fool to come a fool to hope—

He went doggedly on to the higher level of the terraced lawn. He saw the house. Even the shadow of death upon it could not mar its air of hospitality, its dignity, its beauty, its comfort. No wonder Judith had longed for it; had despised what he had given her and now, with little better to offer her he was back.

He had an impulse to turn and run, but the house, stronger than pride, sent him forward—

Judith, making sure that Gran was, at last, asleep, hurried down the wide stair and let herself softly into the front door. There was something she wanted to put in Jim's still hands before he went away on his last journey. Some-thing that would speak of Goodloe's Choice and her love—a sprig of boxwood, and if beneath the dining-room window, buried close and warm under a blanket of fallen leaves, she could find a few of the big, purple violets Jim loved—

Safely outside she went down on her knees where the sun shone warm and commenced hurriedly to delve beneath the leaves. Ah—a violet—another—

She was still dazed from the tragedy of yesterday. All night long she had relived it again and again—Jim and Biddy were gone—

Jim had promised to help her rear her babies—her babies whose father did not want them; who hadn't answered her letter; who had spent Christmas with Cissy; who wanted to marry Cissy—

Lost in her thoughts, intent upon her search, Judith did not hear Reuben's steps upon the terrace. He had been standing beside her for a long, breathless second before she looked and saw him.

Strong, bronze, vital, his eyes held hers steadily. But she could not tell what was behind them. The words of Judith's letter mocked her. It was one thing to pour out words to an image in the heart. But it was another thing to see that image come alive before her, the man who had been a stranger to her for so many months, whose thoughts were a secret.

Suppose he had come to tell her that he and Cissy— Color drained from Judith's face. Her slim brown hands with the violets in them, fluttered to her throat.

Tomorrow the boxwood barrier comes town.

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 Blind Commander

Forerunner of the Reformation period in Europe was the martyrdom of John Huss, Bohemian religious heresiarch, who in 1415 was burned at the stake in Constance, Switzerland, for breaking with the Roman church.

To avenge his auto-da-fe, the Hussite movement spread like fire over Bohemia (now Czechoslovakia). At this time, fighting the English at Agincourt was John Zizka (one eye), a Bohemian soldier educated at the court of King Wenceslas at Prague.

Zizka immediately came to the assistance of the Hussites and launched Bohemia into one of history's most terrible wars. In 1420 he formed what was to be a truly invincible army, establishing fame for himself

as the father of modern military strategy. Strange as it seems, Zizka never lost a battle, although he suffered the loss of one eye, in 1420, and the other in 1421!

Zizka introduced the use of field artillery during the Thirty Years' War; he invented the systematic retreat as a ruse to gain advantage over the enemy; he invented and used a machine amazing similar to the modern war tank consisting of field pieces mounted on armoured wagons. He was responsible for many other military contributions still in use today.

When in July 1420, the Emperor Sigismund sent an army of 30,000 into Bohemia, Zizka hastily conscripted 4,000 peasants and decisively defeated the enemy. Europe thrilled

her finest horseman and infantrymen into the crusade—100,000 in all—yet Zizka, with only 40,000 peasants, time and again overthrew the attacks.

When totally blind, Zizka continued to direct his troops with unvarying success. Prague refused to recognize his authority; Zizka completely subdued it. In June, 1422, he again met the combined army of the Emperor and the Duke of Austria, and defeated it. The following spring, near Ausig, the blind commander repeated his past performances.

Zizka did, however, realize the futility of conquering Bohemia entirely, so in 1424 he started negotiations toward a treaty that would give the Hussites religious freedom, and Zizka governorship of Bohemia. Death halted his plans at the siege of Prabylav.

June and ready for occupancy by July 1, the contractor said. Bids for \$33,000 in furnishings will be opened in Portland, June 15.

The commission authorized purchase of two additional residence properties needed for construction of the new library and office building

from Mrs. Ray L. Farmer and the Alpha Psi Delta fraternity of Willamette university.

Family Man Killed. OREGON CITY, May 27. — (P) — Thomas Benton Garner, 54, a WPA foreman who died yesterday in a

crash between a train and an automobile, was the father of 14 children.

Honor Man. ANNAPOLIS, Md., May 27. — (P) — Midshipman John Elmer Dacey, Biloxi, Miss., will graduate as honor man of this year's class at the naval academy, officials announced today.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—It's Up to Jerry's Mother!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The New Helper

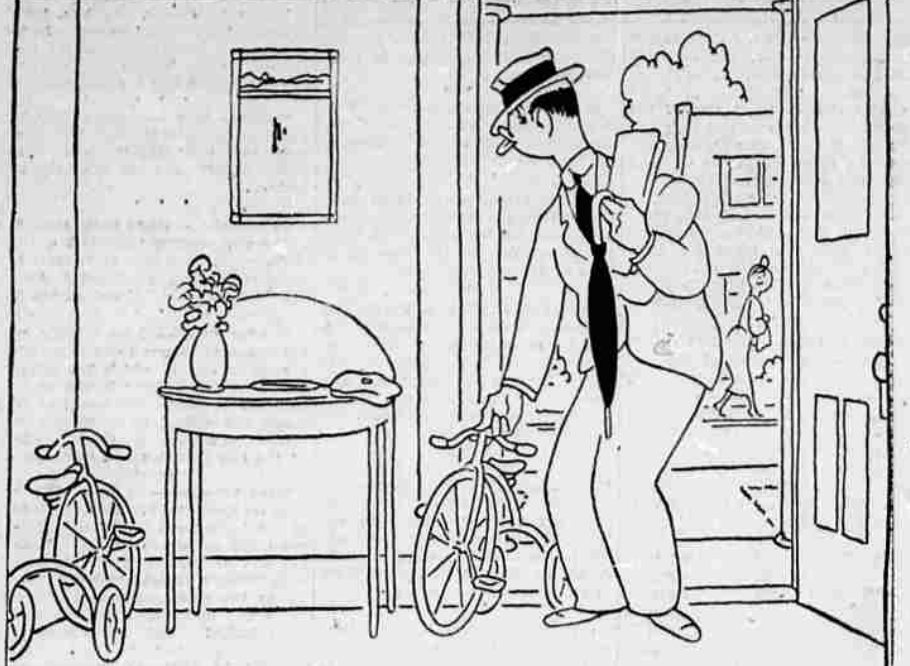


THE NEBBS—'Twas Ever Thus



THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



5-27

S MATTER POE By C M PAYNE



By HAL FOREST

FRENCH VETERANS HUMANE SOCIETY WARNED OF PERIL WARNS ROUNDUPS

CAEN, France, May 27.—(P)—Marshal Henri Petain, World War commander, today called upon France's 4,000,000 war veterans to resume the "mental habits of World War soldiers" and work quickly to unite the nation in the face of the threat of war with Germany.

The 82-year-old marshal, France's greatest living soldier, told the closing banquet of a war veterans' convention.

"We are faced with a serious situation; our future is threatened. Today we are faced by a Germany which has recovered her strength of 1918 and is increasing it every day. We must clearly foresee the consequences."

"First, we must reforge a united national soul for Frenchmen. This moment renews your mental habits of World War soldiers. You can demand the immediate union of French energies. It must be done urgently."

JAMES ROOSEVELT HAS SMALL GASTRIC ULCER

ROCHESTER, Minn., May 27.—(P)—James Roosevelt, son of the president of the United States, is suffering from a small gastric ulcer, the Mayo clinic announced today.

Young Roosevelt, secretary to the president, arrived here Tuesday, and was to leave by plane today for Washington. He will return next month for further examination and treatment.

PORTLAND, May 27.—(P)—The state humane society forwarded messages to rodeo managers yesterday, warning them against "torturing or tormenting animals."

Harry Daniels, president, said the action was aimed primarily against the Pendleton roundup. He asserted the society "nearly had to close" the famous eastern Oregon show last year.

He asserted the bulldozing contests injured cattle and horses and "the animals are then left lying helplessly for two or three days before they are destroyed."

Daniels said the society had condemned administering stimulants to excite horses to more spirited performances, gouging spurs on saddles, electric probes on Brahma steers' girls, long hooves and heavy shoes to make show horses prance higher, arch and nicked tail sets for show and saddle horses.

CAPITOL DEDICATION MAY AWAIT SESSION

SALEM, May 27.—(P)—The capitol reconstruction commission said yesterday that dedication of Oregon's new \$1,300,000 capitol building probably would take place on the opening day of the 1939 legislative session.

The building will be completed later