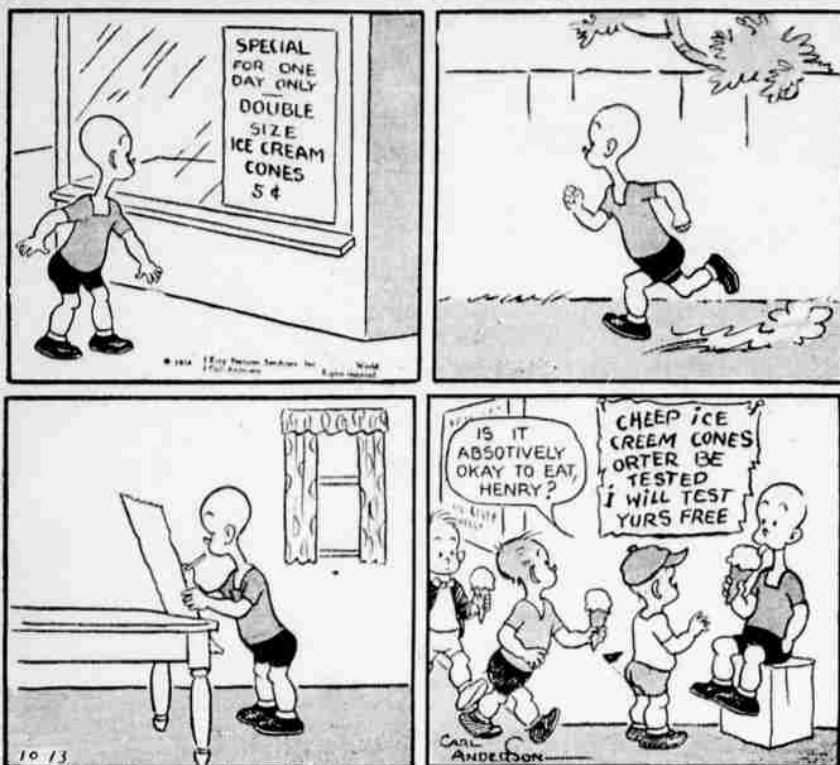


## HENRY.....By Carl Anderson



## THE WORLD WITH A FENCE.....A New Novel by Marian Sims

**SYNOPSIS:** When Carol Torrance was teaching school in Ashboro she found it impossible not to worry about her friends and her pupils. She thought she was keeping busy for a while when she went to work for Blake Thornton in his advertising agency in Atlanta, but she wasn't. For there is something very attractive about Blake, and there is something very strange about Blake Thornton in his advertising agency in Atlanta, but she wasn't. For there is something very attractive about Blake, and there is something very strange about Blake Thornton in his advertising agency in Atlanta, but she wasn't.

Chapter 27  
PARTY TRICK

On Sunday morning Margery telephoned.

"Some of the crowd are coming by this afternoon," she said. "Can't you come too?"

"I'd love to," Carol said promptly. The idea of spending her first Sunday alone had no charms.

"When?"

"About five. Harry'll come over and get you."

She demurred faintly at that, but Margery was firm. "He's got to go out for lemons and White Rock anyhow—this is very impromptu. Around five, then."

There was time, Carol decided, to try the Sherwood pool before lunch, so she put on her bathing suit and went down.

The pool was noisy and churning with children who made up in energy what they lacked in numbers, and the entire bank was fringed with motionless, prostrate forms, sunning themselves; forms that never moved except to turn at intervals and sun other portions of their anatomy.

Most of them were women, and Carol reflected humorously that she had never seen as many of them as she had seen at the fair.

Hereafter, Carol resolved, she would take her swim at night, and let her own lovely tan go. She hated the sight of so many fat, soft people prostrate in worship before the sun.

Harry was late, but that was to be expected; Harry was always late. He was two weeks late being born, he explained once, and he had never yet caught up. He burst in at half past five, grinning and unapologetic.

"Ready to go, sugar?"

"For the last half hour."

"Well, nobody ever means it when

they say a certain time; they mean some time after that."

She laughed. "I usually go on that theory, but since you're the first I thought you might want me to be ready."

"I did, but I had a golf date and I got tied up." He eyed her critically. "You look good enough to eat. Come on."

They stopped at a drug store for White Rock and lemons, and then drove madly home. Three of the guests had already arrived, and Harry pulled her into the living room and made a flourishing gesture in her direction.

"Carol Torrance—Betty and Jerry McElroy and Mrs. Nibs, the Honorable Porter Murray."

He had shouted the names at the top of his voice, and Carol was about to speak when he added in a low tone:

"Carol's terribly deaf, folks; you'll have to talk loud."

She turned on him to say: "Why are you dirty liar!" but he cut in swiftly:

"Betty and Jerry McElroy and Porter Murray," as if he were answering her.

Margery giggled and screamed. "Hi! I'm so glad to see you. Don't you want to rest your hat?"

The idea of deafness had possibilities, she decided, so she composed her features with an effort.

"No thanks. It's perfectly comfortable."

Porter Murray shouted. "It's awfully becoming; I don't blame you," and turned to Harry.

"That's a damn shame," he said in his natural voice. "She'd be a knockout if she wasn't afflicted. How did it happen?"

"Mamoid," Harry explained briefly, and Carol exploded in a rather unconvincing cough.

Porter Murray was solicitous. He was a patent-leather man of 40 or so, and obviously a squire of dames.

"Fix her a drink, Harry," he ordered at the top of his lungs, and Harry began opening liquor and White Rock. Carol subsided and smiled ravishly at Porter Murray.

Two more couples arrived, both strangers to Carol, and the game went on under Harry's expert guidance. Porter exerted himself man-

fully, with occasional asides that convinced her.

"I could go for her in a big way if she wasn't deaf," he confided to Margery, "but I'm already getting hoarse. Somebody else will have to take over." He launched into a parlor story about a small Negro in a racing stable.

Carol looked puzzled.

He repeated it at the top of his lungs, and she gave up the struggle and laughed herself breathless.

"I can't keep it up, Harry," she gasped. "Another 30 minutes of this and I will be deaf!" She smiled apologetically at the bewildered Porter.

"It was one of Harry's cute ideas," she explained. "I didn't know he was going to do it until he got me in here. I've forgotten how many bright ideas he had."

Porter murmured slowly. It had just dawned on him that she had heard the asides as well as the rest of his remarks. She reassured him quickly.

"Don't worry; I call that real gallantry. It's a lot nicer to overhear a compliment than to hear it."

The party grew in size and volume, and the talk was full of personalities. She listened for an hour with an expression of intent interest, and felt that her face was congealing.

After a while the guests began to drift away, until at last no one remained but Carol and Porter. He said dully:

"Why don't we all four go down town and get a sandwich?"

Margery looked at Harry. "I don't know whether Elvira would stay on. I only asked her to stay until the children were in bed."

"Wait a minute," Porter ordered, and disappeared into the kitchen before they knew what he was doing.

"She says it's all right," he announced. "Get your hats."

Margery said: "Porter, you oughtn't..." and Carol reflected that a generous heart must beat beneath his perfect shirt front. Elvira probably recognized but one form of argument.

Harry grinned shamelessly. "Oh, he's one of the big rich. Don't leave him of the pleasure."

They drove hilariously off in Porter's sport phaeton, and ate club sandwiches at the Boar's Head. Afterwards he dropped Harry and Margery at their house and insisted on driving Carol home.

"Won't you come in for a while?" she asked when they reached the Sherwood.

He accepted promptly. "Thanks. I was hoping you'd invite me."

He stayed until 11, talking almost constantly; skating lightly over surfaces. Carol decided he was one of the eligibles that Cornelia had dismissed so contemptuously; a sort of cosmopolitan Ben Tyler she let him talk to his heart's content.

He got up finally, with flustering reluctance. "How's about dinner and a movie with me next Thursday?"

"I think that would be grand."

"So do I. About half past 7? Then we can catch a 9 o'clock show."

"Fine. I'll see you then. And it's been a lovely evening."

She knew from the speculative look in his eyes that he was deprecating the possibility of knowing her goodnight, so she smiled with twinkling finality.

"Goodnight."

He shrugged and grinned. "Goodnight, darn you."

When he had gone she undressed slowly and almost happily. Even a single engagement ahead, with even a Porter Murray, kept the days from being quite empty.

The city gasped and sweated in the clutch of August. The morning cars were merely tepid; the late afternoon cars were crawling, clanking infernos. Today, the evening papers would announce with sadistic glee, was the hottest 10th of August since 1892, and there had been two prostrations—a thing almost unknown in the south. The sun was molten brass in a roudous sky and drought hovered, grinning at whirling lawn aprays.

At Rockbrook Trina Thornton read of the heat wave with detached in-

SUNDOWN STORIES  
THE PUDDLE MUDDLERS  
By Mary Graham Bonner

"What is the matter, quack-quack-quack?" asked the ducks. "What's the trouble, growl growl?" growled the bears. "Bleat, bleat, bleat, what do you want?" asked Sweet Face, the lamb. "How-wow-wow, what in the

EPWORTH LEAGUERS  
INSTALL OFFICERS

Brooks—Officers of the Brooks Epworth League were installed Sunday night by Mr. and Mrs. Whitman assisted by Rev. Finkbinder, pastor of the Brooks Methodist church. They are: President, Marie Bosch; first vice president, Kreta Fae Ashbaugh; second vice president, Daisy Potts; third vice president, Robert Gallagher; fourth vice president, Neva Ramp; secretary, Ethna LaFlemme; treasurer, Robert Bailey; Librarian, Brady Gallagher; advisor, Mrs. M. P. Day. A business meeting was held at the home of Mrs. M. P. Day. The league will hold its meetings every Sunday night at 8:30.

Lyons—Mrs. Frances Lewis returned to her home here Sunday after a visit with her son Everett at Ada, Ore. Mr. and Mrs. Everett Lewis brought Mrs. Lewis home.

## PUFFY

"Get out," the whale says, "of my part of the ocean."

"You'd better leave quick or you'll give me a notion."

"To put you in jail where I think you belong."

"I'm sheriff, you see, and you've surely done wrong."

"Tomorrow—Silence."

Mines of Chile are increasing their use of Diesel engines.

## LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



## REG'AR FELLERS



## THE GUMPS



## TAILSPIN TOMMY

ANSWERS  
to  
QUESTIONS

A reader can get the answer to any question of fact by writing The Capital Journal Information Bureau, Washington, D. C. Fredric J. Haskin, Director. Please enclose three cents for reply.

Q. What is a Cardan shaft? H.W.  
A. This is the British equivalent of a propeller shaft.

Q. Please give a biography of Sigurd Undset. J.R.  
A. The writer was born in Kal-

lundborg, Denmark, in 1882, of a Norwegian father who took her at an early age to reside in Oslo, Norway. She was educated in a business college and was a municipal clerk at Oslo until 1906, when she began to support herself by her writings. In 1928 she received the Nobel prize for literature, about \$42,000, all of which she devoted to charity.

Q. How many people are included in Who's Who in America? H.J.  
A. The 1936-37 edition contains sketches of 31,434 men and women.

Q. How many literates are there in the United States? F.E.  
A. Nearly four million.

Q. How many English poet laureates have visited this country to take part in public celebrations? J.K.  
A. The visit of John Massfield, the

present poet laureate of England, to participate in the Harvard Tercentenary, is the first.

Q. How many automobiles were in use in 1900? E.G.  
A. In 1900 there were only 8,000 cars in the United States.

Q. How many radio stations have daily news programs? L.B.  
A. Of the 835 broadcasting stations of the country, 360 are now making daily broadcasts.

Q. What is the population of Soviet Russia? G.K.  
A. An official estimate of last January gives a population of 168,000,000.

Q. Who invented the harmonica? H.D.R.  
A. The instrument was invented by Benjamin Franklin in 1762.

## ROOM AND BOARD.....By Gene Ahern



## MAIDEN AMERICA



## CAMERA!



## LOOK WHO'S HERE



## THE SECOND WARNING



## RADIO PROGRAM

- TUESDAY, P.M.**  
KJW-430 Kibicities  
12:00—Pepper Young's Family, NBC.  
12:15—M. Perkins, NBC.  
12:30—Vie and Rade, NBC.  
12:45—The O'Neill, NBC.  
1:00—Gloria, Bonanza, NBC.  
1:15—Women's Radio Review, NBC (NY).  
1:30—Landon Radio Club.  
1:45—The Country Cousins, NBC.  
2:00—Bronze Ensemble, NBC.  
2:15—Mildred Wendell, Syracuse, NBC (NY).  
2:30—Eddy Aces, NBC.  
2:45—Victory of Excitement, NBC.  
3:00—Conville Skeltons.  
3:15—Ob. Rosenthal, KOW.  
3:30—Long About Broadway, NBC (NY).  
3:45—Ben Bernie and Lade, NBC.  
4:00—Ribbentrop-Virginia Rea.  
4:15—Anne 'n' Andy, NBC.  
4:30—Lam and Anne, NBC.  
4:45—Death Valley Days, NBC (NY).  
5:00—New Flashes, NBC (HLYD).  
5:15—Nirve Loveland Orchestra.  
5:30—Mark Hopkins Club, NBC (NY).  
5:45—Ambassador Hotel Orchestra, NBC (LA).  
6:00—Bal Tabarin Orchestra, NBC (NY).  
6:15—Complete Weather Report.
- TUESDAY, P.M.**  
KJW-430 Kibicities  
12:00—United Press News, First Edition.  
12:15—Non Farm Hour.  
12:30—Mail.  
12:45—Variety Half Hour.  
1:00—Music.  
1:15—Guarding Your Health.  
1:30—Music.  
1:45—Music.  
2:00—Music.  
2:15—Music.  
2:30—Music.  
2:45—Music.  
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12:00—Music.