

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

SYNOPSIS: Carol Torrance just has broken the news to her charming family that she is going to teach school next term in Ashboro, Ga. She has to get away from Meredith before Meredith gets cozy with her, but she explains the matter differently to her very feminine mother, Milly; to mother of fact Jill and to artistic Pat, her easy-going brother. Pat says good-bungrily that Carol is after a man.

CHAPTER TWO GOLF TRUTHS

THE trouble was, Carol knew, there hadn't been anyone in Meredith worth lifting a finger for—not since Bill Faraday. After Bill—nothing but casual attractions. Boys and men who took you to dances and movies, and kissed you when you felt like letting them, which wasn't often. She had liked a few of them—had even played with the idea of marrying one—but she knew the attraction was only physical.

as they take their slight feeling; that's what's giving everything a special value right now." She looked at him in astonishment. How could Pat know that, who had never been away? How could Pat, at twenty-one, know half the things he did know? "I may as well break down and admit," Carol said as they left the tee, "that you're my greatest worry. You're so darn smart you frighten me." His laugh was short and hard. "That's a fast one."

THAT was Pat, of course. Grass was always greener in the other pasture. "I've been thinking about it a lot," she went on. "Assuming that some angel put you on Broadway or in Hollywood (which they won't) you'd have to fight and claw your way up, and you'll never do it. You'd have everything but the brass, and that's as important as ability—if not more so. And painting's still longer and harder, and likewise impossible here."



Pat played his second shot carefully, faultlessly.

Tears scorched Carol's lids and her hands were clenched behind her back. God, this is awful she thought; I wonder if it's worth it! She left the heart-rug and hunted down a cigaret, just to keep her face from the others; lit it and exhaled a cloud of thin blue smoke. With her back to them she said: "I think I'll wait a few months and see how I make out this time. I may not be able to stand the gaff. In that case I'll borrow a leaf from Jill and take a business course. . . ."

PAT said finally, out of the silence that engulfed them all: "Well, let's don't sit and look at the corpse. Who wants to play a few holes of golf?" The atmosphere lightened at once. Even the room disliked unhappiness. Carol nodded. "Suits me." And Milly said: "I'm not in the class with you children, but I'll take my book and sit on the porch."

"Fine," Pat was convincingly hearty. "I'll give you ten minutes to get ready." Milly and Jill were in the car when Carol came down. Jill had "The Paradise Case" in her lap, and Milly clutched "The March of Democracy" with a do-or-die expression. Pat trailed out, dragging paraphernalia. "I love the way you all amble blithely out without even pulling the back door together. . . . Unpleasantness was behind them. Characteristically the Torrances chose to ignore it until September third, which was over three weeks away. Anything could happen in three weeks, even in Meredith.

But when Carol and Pat were held up on the second tee by a foursome he returned abruptly to the subject. "I'm going to miss you like the devil, Carol." Nostalgia swept her suddenly and treacherously. Homesickness for the things she still had and next month would have no longer. "Don't, Pat. If I keep on feeling like I do now, I'll never leave." He patted her hand. "Sure you will. It's the only thing to do. Don't be fooled by this blessings-brighten-

She addressed her ball and chipped dead. "I know," Pat tapped his own ball carefully and rimmed the cup. "That leaves writing." "Yes. (You stabbed at that, darn you!) If you decide to stay on in Meredith it's your best chance. Do you want to stay here?" He shrugged. "Not much, but I will. I despise a city." They reached the third tee and found a member of the foursome wandering aimlessly in the foot-high rough. "We'll have to go through," Pat decided. "It'll be dark in another six or eight hours."

When they had driven Carol picked up the discussion. "I think I do too, but I hate the almost intimate intimacy of little towns. Human curiosity's just as bad in a city, but you don't have the same opportunity to gratify it." "No," Pat grinned slyly. "But you can degenerate so painlessly and even pleasantly in a little town. Look at Sam Lovell," he pointed out. "His mama left him her money and he hasn't lifted a hand since, except to pick up a bottle. He looks like a ripe hog, and he's rotting so fast you can almost smell him, but he hasn't quite lost caste."

She shivered. Pat's hair for description was pretty devastating at times. "Well, nobody's left you any money, thank heaven. Are you going to write, or aren't you? I can go in peace if you give me your word." He stopped to play his second shot, carefully, faultlessly. "I guess it'll be easier to write than to explain to you why I don't."

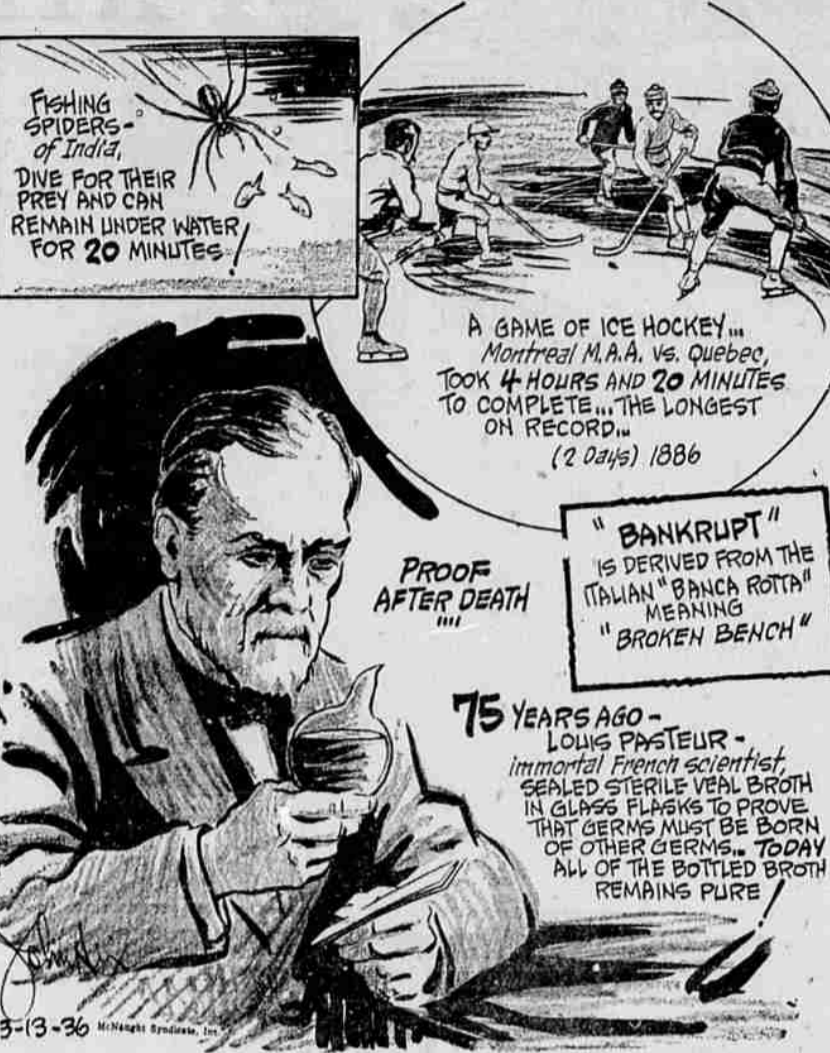
"Is it a promise?" "A long silence. Pat's word was never given lightly. "To the exclusion of everything else?" "Everything but selling cars, yes. You know I'm right." "Again the old grin. "You usually are, damn it! Yes—I promise."

That was something. Carol felt that part of her job, at least, was done. . . . Jill and Milly came down to watch them play the last hole, and they drove gaily home. In the face of separation they were more aggressively united than ever. (Copyright, 1936, by Marian Sims)

And Mandy Carol sees the last of Don Richards.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



FISHING SPIDERS—of India, DIVE FOR THEIR PREY AND CAN REMAIN UNDER WATER FOR 20 MINUTES!

A GAME OF ICE HOCKEY... Montreal M.A.A. vs. Quebec, TOOK 4 HOURS AND 20 MINUTES TO COMPLETE... THE LONGEST ON RECORD... (2 Days) 1886

"BANKRUPT" IS DERIVED FROM THE ITALIAN "BANCA ROTTA" MEANING "BROKEN BENCH"

PROOF AFTER DEATH

75 YEARS AGO—LOUIS PASTEUR—immortal French scientist, SEALED STERILE VEAL BROTH IN GLASS FLASKS TO PROVE THAT GERMS MUST BE BORN OF OTHER GERMS... TODAY ALL OF THE BOTTLED BROTH REMAINS PURE

Bankrupt. Years ago Italian merchants displayed their merchandise on benches in the town market place. When a merchant failed to meet financial obligations due one of his fellows, it was customary for the rest of the merchants to band together, break the defaulting man's display bench into pieces and drive him out of the market, to show the public he was unable to meet his debts. It was through this odd custom that our modern word "bankrupt" was derived, as the Italian for "broken bench" is "banca rotta."

Post Mortem Experiment. Until Louis Pasteur, immortal 19th century French scientist, astounded the world by his experiments with vaccines, fermentation and general micro-organism research, little was known about the properties of bacteria. No one knew what caused milk to sour, wine and beer to ferment, and other foods to putrefy. It was only after years of painstaking experimentation and research that Pasteur finally proved to the satisfaction of his fellow scientists that these reactions were due to bacteria. In some kind of animal life that he



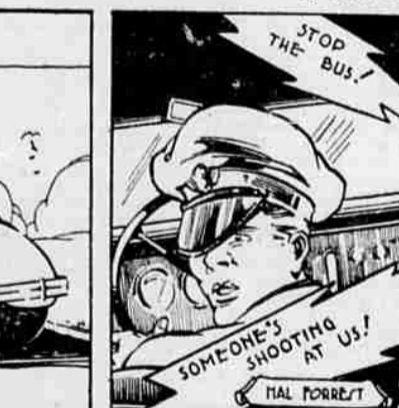
YOU'LL HAVE BETTER CONTROL IF YOU CHEW WRIGLEY'S!

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS

hal already proved was the cause of many diseases. Even after he had converted the scientific world to the belief of his contentions, Pasteur still found it difficult to prove the fact that germs do not simply come to life out of the components of air or of decaying matter, but are always born from other germs. Strange as it seems, his experiment proving this still goes on more than 40 years after his death! Over 75 years ago he hermetically sealed a number of flasks containing sterile veal broth and turned them over to the Pasteur Institute in Paris. To this day, the broth remains perfectly pure and free of germs.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—In the Nick of Time

TOMMY WAS MENACED BY GUNS IN THE HANDS OF THE TWO SKY BANDITS, WHO BELIEVED THAT HE "HIJACKED" THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE GANG WHO HAD HELD UP THE HAPPY VALLEY BANK... A BLOODHOUND BUS ROUNDED A BEND IN THE ROAD... AS THEY WERE QUESTIONING HIM... THEY RAN TOWARD THEIR PLANE... BUT... 2576



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Departure!

GOOSE-EGG WAS RIGHT, WE'VE SCARED 'EM AWAY!

I'D BETTER TELL HIM AND MOPIE—NO, I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK AROUND FIRST—

MEANTIME, IN THE ATTIC OF THE MANSION, GUS WAS NOT INACTIVE! BEN, BEFORE LEAVING, HAD FREED HIM OF HIS GAG, AND GIVEN HIM FOOD AND WATER—

SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW TO SLICE THESE ROPES OFF MY WRISTS!

THE NEBBS—Nothing Doing

BOY, YOU'VE BEEN PILING ALONG AND NEVER MADE REAL DOUGH—I'VE GOT A PROPOSITION THAT'LL MAKE US BOTH RICH

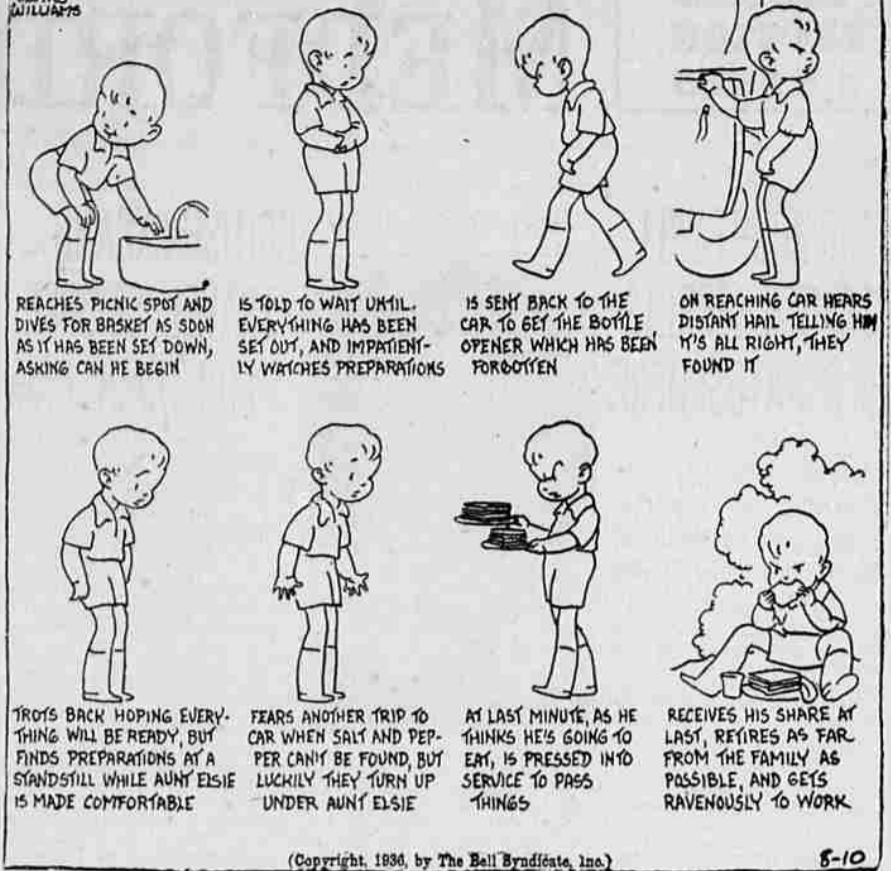
YOU GO GET RICH ALONE, ERNIE—IT MIGHT MAKE ME VAIN

KIDDING ASIDE—GET SERIOUS—YOU MAKE A JOKE OUT OF EVERYTHING—IT ONLY TAKES 5000 BUCKS AND YOU LOAN IT TO ME AND I'LL GET YOUR DOUGH BACK IN SIXTY DAYS

NO ERNIE, YOU GIVE SOME STRANGER THIS CHANCE—I DON'T BELIEVE IN GOING INTO BUSINESS WITH RELATIVES BECAUSE WHEN YOU MAKE ALL THIS MONEY FOR ME IT'S LIABLE TO CHANGE YOUR FEELING TOWARD ME—AND WITHOUT YOUR LOVE AND REGARD, WHAT A DREARY WORLD THIS WOULD BE

DELAYED REPAST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



REACHES PICNIC SPOT AND DIVES FOR BASKET AS SOON AS IT HAS BEEN SET DOWN, ASKING CAN HE BEGIN

IS TOLD TO WAIT UNTIL EVERYTHING HAS BEEN SET OUT, AND IMPATIENTLY WATCHES PREPARATIONS

IS SENT BACK TO THE CAR TO GET THE BOTTLE OPENER WHICH HAS BEEN FORGOTTEN

ON REACHING CAR HE HEARS DISTANT HAIL TELLING HIM IT'S ALL RIGHT, THEY FOUND IT

TROTS BACK HOPING EVERYTHING WILL BE READY, BUT FINDS PREPARATIONS AT A STANDSTILL WHILE AUNT ELSIE IS MADE COMFORTABLE

FEARS ANOTHER TRIP TO CAR WHEN SALT AND PEPPER CANS BE FOUND, BUT LUCKILY THEY TURN UP UNDER AUNT ELSIE

AT LAST MINUTE, AS HE THINKS HE'S GOING TO EAT, IS PRESSED INTO SERVICE TO PASS THINGS

RECEIVES HIS SHARE AT LAST, RETIRES AS FAR FROM THE FAMILY AS POSSIBLE, AND GETS RAVENOUSLY TO WORK

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S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



ARE WE LOST, POP?

YES! HERE COMES A BOY. I'LL ASK HIM

HEY BOY! CAN YOU TELL US WHERE THESE ROADS LEAD TO?

SURE!

THIS ROAD GOES TO UNCLE PETE'S PLACE AND THIS ONE GOES TO MY HOUSE—AND THAT ONE GOES STRAIGHT AHEAD!

S'MATTER, POP?



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By HAL FORREST

BANK CLEARINGS OVER LAST YEAR

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.—(AP)—Bank clearings in 22 leading cities totaled \$4,788,721,000 in the week ended Aug. 14 compared with \$4,848,189,000 in the same week last year, an increase of 0.3 per cent, Dun & Bradstreet reported today. The increase this week compared with a decline of 2.8 per cent in clearings last week compared with a year ago. Principal gainers outside of New York were San Francisco, 35.5 per cent; Seattle, 30.8 per cent; Detroit, 28.8; Atlanta, 24.1, and Buffalo 30.8. Clearings in Chicago totaled \$292,478,000, an increase of 21.3 per cent over \$241,000,000 in the same week last year.

GRANTS PASS PEARS SOLD IN CALIFORNIA

GRANTS PASS, Aug. 14.—(Sp.)—Four growers of Josephine county made arrangements today to sell 100 tons or more of fruit to a California canning concern. It was announced by Wilford Allen. The growers made arrangements to pool the remainder of their crop when agents for Hunt Brothers canners in Salem were ordered to stop buying this week. The Salem people who usually take care of nearly all Josephine county crop, totalling around 250 tons, were ordered to stop buying when 135 tons had been purchased. With a deal for 100 tons affected with the California group boxes for the pears were ordered out Friday afternoon.

By SOL HESS



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