

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

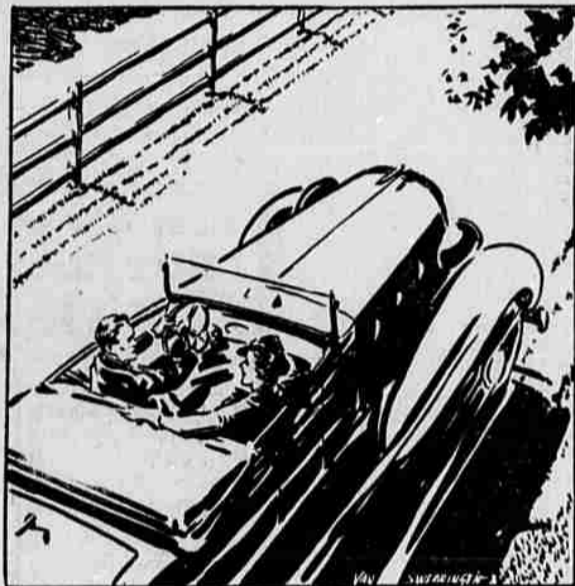
SYNOPSIS: Carol Torrance just has told her very delightful family that she is leaving them next month to teach school in Ashboro, Ga. Milly, her mother, flutters and objects; her sister Jill accepts the news matter of factly; Pat, the gifted member of the family, understands perfectly. But Pat confesses the loneliness in prospect for him while shooting golf with Carol, and Carol accepts a promise from Pat that he will keep on with his writing.

Chapter Three DON KICKS UP

DON RICHARDS appeared that evening unexpectedly, his habitual grin buried under an air of perturbation. It was Don whom Carol had considered marrying—because he was solid and amiable, and because his magnificent body and exquisite cleanliness tricked people into thinking him handsome. He walked in without ringing, and confronted Carol in the living-room.

"What's this about you going to Ashboro?"

Carol stared at him. The almost indecent intimacy of small towns, had she said? None of the family had been out of earshot since she



"This whole thing sounds screwy," declared Don.

first brought the matter up for discussion.

"Will you please tell me where you heard that? And sit down, instead of glaring at me like a traffic cop."

He sat down with an air of impatience. "I saw Jim Henley in the drug store, and he said he'd recommended you and that he imagined you'd take the job."

"Oh, he did? He knows an awful lot." She was unreasonably irritated with Jim Henley for speculating on her decision in a drug store.

"You're not going, are you, Carol?"

His eyes begged her. They were blue and ingenuous, and she looked away from them. He got up and walked the length of the room, a habit he had when he was worried.

"Let's go to ride. I want to argue with you and I don't want you running out on me."

"All right. Let me get a hat."

It had to be faced, she knew. Don was part of her life in Meredith, and like Meredith his image was distorted, enlarged, by the imminence of separation. He talked aimlessly until they reached an unfrequented road. Then he turned on her.

"Listen, Carol: this whole thing sounds screwy. What's the idea?"

SHE meant, of course, to tell him what she had told Milly. She tried to tell him that, and he brushed her words aside like gnats.

"You wouldn't go to another town and teach school for that. Your salary won't go any farther there than your income does here. You're just checking out, aren't you?" His voice sounded furry—blurred.

She watched the flow of pavement beneath the lights. The car seemed stationary, while a soft August night moved past them. She was rather like the car, she thought; standing still while her life went by on the wind. What was it the Red Queen had said: that you had to run very fast to stay in the same place? And much faster than that to get anywhere? Don looked at the road and waited, and she had to tell him the truth. If a man loved you, that was the least you could do.

NO. 1 CHARMER OF MARY ASTOR CASE WANTS TO FORGET

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 15.—(AP)—Superior Judge Goodwin J. Knight said today that "Mr. George Kaufman had better have a very good excuse for leaving California."

Informed that the peripatetic playwright had given out an interview in New York after disappearing for a week, Judge Knight reaffirmed his intention of enforcing a bench warrant issued during the Mary Astor-Dr. Franklyn Thorpe child custody case.

"I—guess I am, Don. There's so little point to the way I live."

"He said surprisingly: 'There's not much point to the way anybody lives. Ashboro's no different from Meredith; don't kid yourself about that.'"

"I'm not. But I don't intend to slay there."

"You mean... you're not coming back?"

Her throat ached intolerably, and Don's arm was across her shoulders. His arm had been there before, and the sensation had never gone beyond a pleasant warmth—a sort of tempered pleasure: it had never approached the sword-like ecstasy of Bill Faraday's embrace. But Bill Faraday was in New York, and the dust of five years lay thick on the memory of him.

He sensed her uncertainty, and with one hand he wrenched the car into a deserted side road and stopped.

"Carol..."

He had both arms around her, and his mouth was hunting hers. She gave up and kissed him reluctantly.

But it wasn't the sort of kiss she had had from him before.

She wrenched herself away finally and sat, shivering, in the far corner. She was intensely angry, with herself as well as with him.

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PRECINCT WORKER HELD VITAL COG

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 15.—(AP)—The prime secret of political cam-

paign success, says John Hamilton, dynamic Kansas Republican, is really no secret at all, but perseverance in the precincts.

The task, as he sees it, is to walk and talk, evangelizing everybody from apartment house to corner drugist.

As head evangel of the Landon-Knox Republican national ticket Hamilton enlarged on this philosophy today in conferences with southern

California campaign leaders and workers. He outlined his ideas to some 700 of them last night at a "pop" dinner rally, saying:

"The only way I became chairman of the Republican national committee was by working like the devil in politics for 20 years."

AUTO LOANS AND REFINANCING
W. E. Thomas, 45 S. Central.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



JOCKEY F. WILLIAMS WON EVERY STEEPLECHASE RACE IN AN ENTIRE MEET AT WINDSOR, ONTARIO, 5 OUT OF 9, AUG. 23-SEPT. 4, 1911

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE: 15 DIMES AND 15 PENNIES SO ARRANGED THAT STARTING AT THE TOP AND REMOVING EVERY 9TH COIN ONLY DIMES WILL REMAIN.

THE MYSTERY WORD... "GABBATHA" IS USED ONLY ONCE IN ANY LITERATURE KNOWN TO MAN—New Testament, John III, 18... AND NO ONE KNOWS WHAT IT MEANS!



NEW WORLD CURSE!
COLUMBUS, BALBOA, CORTÉZ, PIZARRO, HUDSON, LA SALLE, DE LEON, VERRAZANO, MARQUETTE, DRAKE, CABOT AND ALMOST EVERY OTHER GREAT EXPLORER OF THE EARLY AMERICAS SUFFERED SUDDEN DEATH OR ENDED HIS DAYS IN DISHONOR, POVERTY OR OBSCURITY!

New World Curse
Few men who led expeditions of discovery and conquest into the new world lived to return to the land from whence they had come to bear tales of the riches and wonders which they had found. Most of the handful who did return, instead of being honored and rewarded for their bold ventures, were cast into dungeons, put to death by the very monarchs whom they had served, or ignored to die in poverty and obscurity.

Heading the long list of mistreated explorers was Christopher Columbus himself, who upon returning to Spain from his third voyage, in 1500, was put into irons on trumped up charges. Finally freed by royal command, he made another voyage, returned, and two years later, 1506, died in humiliation and despondency.

Vasco Nunez Balboa, discoverer of the Pacific ocean, was rewarded with an empty title as governor of Panama and the lands of the Pacific, then falsely accused of rebellion and beheaded in 1517.

Hernando Cortez, founder by conquest of the vast Spanish empire in Mexico, was dishonored by his king, refused admission to the royal court, and died a broken man in 1547.

Francisco Pizarro, discoverer and conqueror of Peru, was assassinated by one of his own men in 1541.

Victim of a mutiny in 1611, Henry Hudson, English explorer and navigator, was set adrift in a small boat upon the vast waters of the bay that now bears his name. His seven year old son, a few loyal sailor companions, and Hudson himself, were never heard of again.

Lucky indeed was the explorer who reaped even the slightest reward for his feats of valor and daring in the new world for, in frail ships they braved the dangers of their voyages under an ill star. Where fate allowed them to return to their homes unharmed, they suffered heartbreaking neglect, death or imprisonment at the hands of the men for whom they had risked all.

Monday: Wind of Disaster.

THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

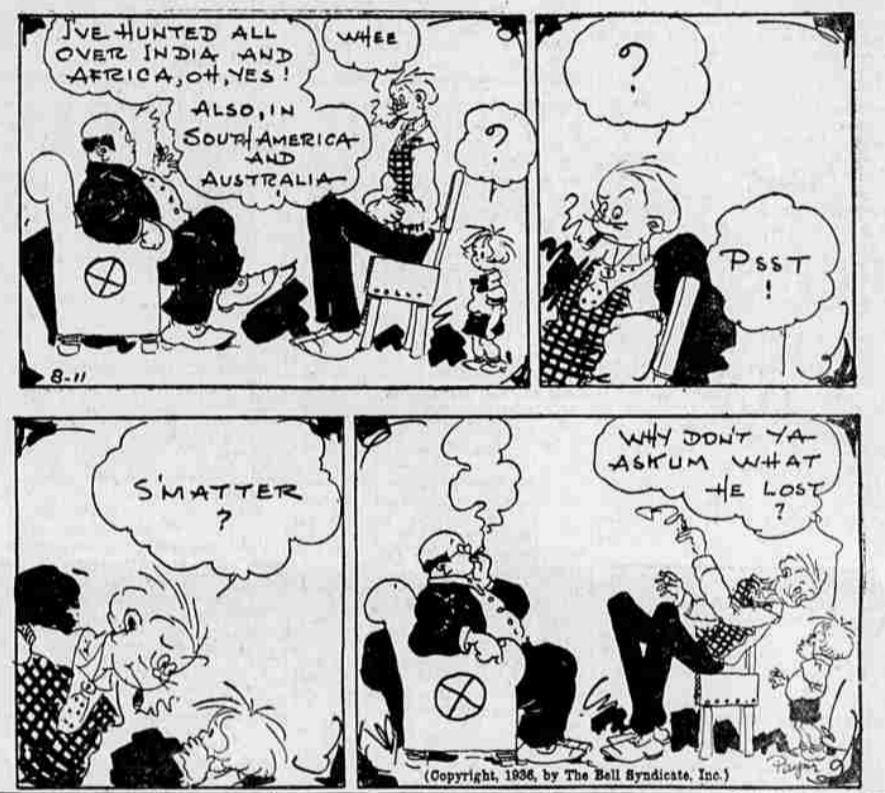


HAVING WORN YOUR SLIPPERS FOR COMFORT DURING THE FINAL PACKING, YOU DISCOVER AFTER THE EXPRESSMAN HAS GONE THAT YOUR WIFE PUT ALL YOUR SHOES INTO THE TRUNK

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S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Has Anybody Got a Gun?



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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Excuse It, Please!



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THE NEBBS—Nothing Too Good for Ernie



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