

# THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

**SYNOPSIS:** Carol Torrance has shocked her family considerably by announcing that she intends to go to the neighboring town of Ashboro, Ga., to teach in the high school. But Milly, her mother, her sister of four sister Jill, and her brother Pat finally accept the inevitable. It proves a veritable hell for Carol, who had hoped to marry Carol—but even that is managed. And now there is nothing but the knowledge that shortly she will have left home, and for good.

## Chapter Four DEPARTURE

FOR almost three weeks the Torrances clung tenaciously to the hope that something would deflect Carol from her plan. And then, when nothing happened to justify their optimism, they accepted defeat with fatalistic equanimity. They saw her to the train in a body; determinedly casual, determinedly gay.

"For Pete's sake don't speak to any traveling men," Pat urged, "or you'll turn out bad."

Carol grinned. "If it had enough I'll take it."

Milly protested: "You children sound like a low Broadway comedy," and the description was apt enough to make them laugh.

The train pounded in and panted, anxiously to be off. Through trains merely paused at Meredith.

Carol clutched her family, one by one; tried to think of something

dark felt hats and fall print dresses or even suits, although September in Georgia was breathlessly, dustily hot. Those, she decided, would belong to the out-of-town contingent.

The drone of voices faded and died, and she looked at the Sanhedrin. The man who was on his feet beaming at them must be Mr. Hudson, the superintendent.

He reminded her of a sheep-dog; because he was big and shaggy, and because his hair and his clothes were rough gray tweed. He spoke, and his voice boomed heartily over the silent room.

"Let's all rise," Mr. Hudson was saying in a coaxing tone, "and sing the first, second and last stanzas of America, after which we will remain standing while Brother Alford of the First Methodist Church leads us in prayer."

Carol glanced sidewise in astonishment: was this a faculty meeting? Nobody else seemed surprised, so she scrambled to her feet. Which were the first, second and last stanzas of America, anyhow?

One of the women teachers had taken her place at the piano and was flicking the pages of "One Hundred and One Best Songs." She played emphatically, accenting every chord, and her face was so close to the page that she seemed to be reading the note, by smell.



They all smiled, brilliantly.

funny to say, and failed. Nobody said anything, except Pat, who grunted: "Well, keep your nose and ears clean, sugar," just as the train groaned and lurched.

They all smiled brilliantly. Milly's eyes were drowned, but the smile was painted on her face and wouldn't come off. Carol rushed to the nearest window and waved, and the train brushed them fustily aside.

THE general faculty meeting was held at ten o'clock Saturday morning in the auditorium of the Ashboro High School. Carol arrived a few minutes early and slipped into a seat on the outer aisle.

She devoted the few minutes to a survey of the battlefield, ticking off her impressions.

The smell of oiled floors, inescapable, apparently, from institutions of learning. College had smelled like this. A subdued soprano buzz like the drone of house flies, with a deeper overtone supplied by the handful of men.

Initials—J. B. S.—on the seat in front of her, carved by a skeptical youth who had no conscience in footprints on the sands of time. A red velvet curtain concealing the big stage; warm, glowing red that had in it a quality of reassurance.

The Sanhedrin, seated at a long table facing the assembly. She tried to identify the superintendent in the group and then gave it up: all the men looked benign and pedagogical.

That left the faculty itself. The rows of seats curved, and her place on the aisle afforded an excellent view of her associates. There were about a hundred of them, she estimated; of varying ages and shapes. The men were off to themselves in a protective huddle, outnumbered a dozen to one by the women. She selected the football coach without difficulty: a blonde giant with long, prehensile hands and anthropoid features; but the other men were more nondescript.

The women, she decided, fell roughly into two classes: the Young-and-Bored, who were teaching, as Pat had suggested, until they could get married; and the Intent-and-Earnest, who were forever destined to be brides of education. Many of them wore obviously new clothes;

The song wavered upward, and then strengthened as the timelier ones waded in.

BROTHER ALFORD prayed, lengthily, sonorously, and when his prayer was finished he and the faculty sat down. Mr. Hudson rose, beaming, to begin his Address of Welcome.

Carol's mind began to drift. She looked thoughtfully at the intent faces about her, striving to read them, to find in them the basis for the friendships she would need so badly.

Her eyes met those of a girl on the end of the row; a big girl, deeply tanned, who radiated even at this distance an amazing vitality. Their glances held for an instant, and then without warning and without the least change of expression the girl's right eyelid drooped.

Relief surged over Carol. There's one, anyhow, she thought. Gravely and almost imperceptibly she returned the wink then with one accord they both faced the front and bestowed on Mr. Hudson their undivided attention.

When he had finished and been conscientiously applauded, he voiced a desire to hear from the principals of the other schools. Again Carol glanced at the dark girl. This time they smiled openly at each other.

When the last principal had "been heard from" Mr. Hudson and his beam arose again.

"Now I'd like to introduce all the new teachers. As your names are called I'll ask you to rise and let us meet you." He began to read from a list before him.

"Miss Mary Ellen Sands, Anderson, Ga. Physical education and English."

Of course she ought to teach physical education. She had the splendid physique and look of fitness of one who respects a healthy body as a priceless gift. She looked at the group with a vivid, friendly smile that uncovered dazzling teeth.

And then Carol realized that her own name was being called: "Miss Caroline Torrance, Meredith, Ga. History and French." She scrambled to her feet.

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Carol takes up a new sort of life, tomorrow.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

**GENERAL "BLACK JACK" PERSHING DERIVED HIS NICKNAME THROUGH COMMANDING THE FAMOUS COLORED TENTH U.S. CAVALRY**

**WALTER MILLER, GREAT AMERICAN JOCKEY—BOOED HOME 5 WINNERS OUT OF 5 MOUNTS 3 TIMES!**

**ENTIRE HOUSES ARE BUILT ON RAFTS BY NATIVES OF THE MALAY PENINSULA**

**WIND OF DISASTER!**

**UNKNOWN IN THE U.S. UNTIL A BOX OF THEIR EGGS WAS UPSET BY A GALE AT MEDFORD, MAss IN 1869... GYPSY MOTHS HAVE SINCE CAUSED ANNUAL DAMAGE TO AMERICAN CROPS COSTING MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!**

United States. Soon the insect scourge swept through the entire state of Massachusetts and between 1898 and 1900 more than a million dollars was spent in an effort to check the pests.

Forty-seven different natural enemies of the gypsy moth have been introduced into the United States in an effort to exterminate them but still they take their annual toll, more than half a century after the gale turned them loose on the nation's agriculture, though the constant war against them has cut down considerably on their quantity.

Tomorrow: The Longest Golf Game. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM**

**THE FLAVOR LASTS**

WRIGLEY'S FLAVOR IS A MODEL OF PERFECTION!

# WAYSIDE EATING

**STOPS AT ORDINARY WAYSIDE DINING ROOM FOR LUNCHEON**

**FAMILY VOTES TO KEEP ON GOING AND TRY TO FIND AN EATING PLACE A LITTLE MORE PICTURESQUE AND UNUSUAL**

**PASSES SEVERAL QUAINY TEA ROOMS WHICH LOOK, HOWEVER, AS IF THEY DIDN'T SERVE MUCH EXCEPT LETTUCE SANDWICHES**

**SOME TIME LATER COMES TO ATTRACTIVE HOTEL WHICH LOOKS TOO EXPENSIVE. PASSES BY**

**PASSES INN WHICH IS OBVIOUSLY SO CROWDED IT WOULD TAKE HOURS TO GET SERVED**

**A LONG WHILE LATER COMES TO PICTURESQUE EATING PLACE WHICH IS CLOSED**

**ROAD PLUNGES INTO DESERTED REGION, FOR MILE AFTER MILE NOT EVEN A HOT DOG STAND APPEARING**

**IN MIDDLE OF AFTERNOON STOPS WITH RELIEF AT ORDINARY WAYSIDE DINING ROOM.**

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# S'MATTER POP—

**WELL, AMBROSE, HOW DID YOU FIND THE EATS?**

**WELL, THE SOUP WAS GOOD AND THE CHICKEN 'N' BEANS WAS GOOD AN' THE PIE AN' CAKE AN' ICE CREAM AN' WATERMELON WAS GOOD!**

**EXCUSE ME! I MUST HURRY HOME NOW!**

**WHY?**

**MY MAW WILL BE MAD!**

**IT IS MY LUNCH TIME!**

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# TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Killers Escape

**THE BLOODHOUND BUS ARRIVED JUST IN TIME TO SAVE TOMMY FROM BEING SHOT BY THE SKY BANDITS... WHO ARE NOW ABOUT TO FLY AWAY... FRANTICALLY, TOMMY ASKS THE PASSENGERS IF ANYONE HAS A GUN... AND AN OLD TEXAN RESPONDS....**

**BANDITS?... LET ME AT 'EM... I'LL....**

**THOSE CROOKS... JUST MURDERED TWO POLICEMEN... BADMEN, HEH?... WAL...!**

**I'VE BROUGHT 'EM DOWN FROM HAWSES... AN' I CAN BRING 'EM DOWN FROM AIRPLANES....**

**I'M AFRAID... AIRPLANES ARE TOO FAST FOR YOU, MISTER....**

**I'M SHOT!**

2578

# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Explanations

**STAY WHERE Y'ARE OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT AGAIN, YOU RAT!**

**TRYIN' TO DOUBLE-CROSS US, EH? I SHOULD'VE PUMPED A LITTLE LEAD INTO YOU, INSTEAD O' GOCKIN' YOU WITH A CHAIR.**

**GAY, ARE YOU BATTY? WHO'G DOUBLE-CROSSIN' YOU?**

**NEVER MIND NOW—GOOGE-EGG TOLD US HOW YOU TOOK A RUN-OUT POWDER ON HIM—**

**ME TAKE A RUN-OUT POWDER? LEMME GET MY HANDS ON THE KID THAT KNOCKED ME GOOFY WITH A BRICK AN' TOOK ME PRIGONER! WAIT'LL I TELL YOU—**

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# THE NEBBS—Just a Gigolo

**THE SMARTEST THING YOU EVER DID WAS TO MARRY HOPE KLOTZMYER. SHE HAD A WORLD OF DOUGH AND YOU LET HER GET A DIVORCE.**

**THAT'S THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET ANY OF IT—SHE GAVE ME \$10,000 TO GET THE DIVORCE.**

**THAT WASN'T WHAT IT WAS WORTH TO GET RID OF YOU—WHY DIDN'T YOU HOLD OUT FOR MORE DOUGH?**

**YOU SHOULD TALK—WHAT I WENT THROUGH TO GET THAT 10,000 BUCKS YOU'LL NEVER KNOW—THEY STARTED WITH 1000 AND I WANTED 100,000—THEY WENT UP NINE AND I CAME DOWN NINETY.**

8/13

# NEW DEAL HELPS ENGLAND, CANADA, REPORTS ASSERTS

war hazards in the far east, are nearly 300 delegates and observers from 11 nations located in the Pacific area or vitally interested in Pacific affairs.

Newton D. Baker, secretary of war under President Wilson and chairman of the institute's Pacific council, presided at the formal opening and discussed one of two main welcoming addresses. The other was made by W. L. Holland, the institute's national research secretary.

Nations represented at the session are Australia, Canada, China, France, Japan, the Netherlands, New Zealand, Philippines, United Kingdom, United States and Russia.

Canada, in a research report which had been prepared by J. D. Gibson of the Bank of Nova Scotia, and A. F. W. Plumpré of the University of Ontario, praised the economic effects in Canada of the recent monetary policy of the United States.

Closing time for the late to classify ads is 1:30 p. m.

Yosemite, Cal., Aug. 17.—(UP)—The Roosevelt administration's reconstruction policies have had favorable economic effects in Great Britain and Canada, according to research reports submitted by delegates from those countries tonight at the formal opening here of the sixth biennial session of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

Attending the session, which has for its main object the abolition of