

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

SYNOPSIS: To her family's horror, Carol Torrance has left Medford, Ore., for a teaching history and French in the Ashboro, Ore., high school as a first step toward an independently visited career—and perhaps partly to get away from Don Richards, whom she has found, at the preliminary teachers' meeting in Ashboro, a girl who seems to be likely to make a good companion. The meeting just has ended.

Chapter Five BOARDING HOUSE

The meeting was over. Carol glanced towards the dark girl and smiled again, and they met in the doorway.

"Are you walking?" Carol asked. Mary Ellen Sands nodded. "Are you?"

"Yes. Should we stay and get met again, do you suppose?"

"I don't see why. It's about dinner time and I'm hungry."

She would be. They went down the steps and turned towards town. Mary Ellen said:

"You're Caroline Torrance, aren't you?"

"I was. It's been Carol for a long time now. Which are you: Mary or Ellen?"

"Both."

Carol laughed. "Don't think I'm going to call you all that. Which had you rather?"

"Ellen, I guess."

"Ellen it is, then. Thank goodness for somebody that knows how to walk."

Ellen grinned. "It's my business. Good thing, too; we'll probably have a lot of it to do in these nine months. Is this your first year of teaching?"

"My second. The first was four years ago; I was drafted into this at the eleventh hour. Are you new at it?"

Ellen Sands grimaced. "Yes; I just graduated in June. I'm scared to death."

"You needn't be. Bluff it out."

The pavement was hot beneath their feet and an occasional tree laced the sidewalk with shadows. The grass smelled hot and dusty, like the golf course at home. Nostalgia swept Carol again, washing away her confidence. She said quickly:

"Tell me about you. Where you went to school, and all that."

"G. W. C. One sister—younger—a mother, and a father who's in the drug business and too generous for his own good."

Carol matched her information and then said: "Do you know where you're going to live?"

"I haven't the faintest. I just came this morning. Do you?"

"No, but I've got a list of prospects. After lunch we might go on a hunt..."

The search was not encouraging. The first house on Carol's list was filled; the second frowned on them as they went up the walk.

It was a beautiful shell of a house, with boxwood bordering the walk, and paint flaking from the Doric columns.

"It looks sort of bleak," Ellen whispered.

Carol shrugged. "Twelve foot ceilings and black walnut Empire furniture and a two foot grate in each room. I know its kind by heart."

She was right. The house and its owner gave off the sick, sweet odor of decaying gentility. They made a quick escape.

Carol looked thoughtful. "What do you say to hunting a place that's commoner and has steam heat?"

"Suits me, if you think our social position can stand it."

In the end they found a house on the street leading to the high school, a nondescript house that lived for the present and cast no longing glances over its shoulder. The landlady was youngish and friendly and intentionally blonde. She had two vacant rooms, she said; a large one at twenty dollars a month and a smaller one of fifteen. They inspected the rooms, both as nondescript as the house but light and with apparently adequate heating, and engaged them at once.

The living-room, Carol noticed in passing, was discouraging: gilded cat-tails in a pottery jar, a chromo of Notre Dame de Paris with mother-of-pearl windows, an ungainly cabinet radio blaring unheeded jazz. All it needs, she thought, is Venus with a clock in her stomach.

... But after all, it wasn't her living-

room, and she wouldn't be using it. Mrs. O'Connor followed them to the porch, where a little girl of eight or nine sat on the steps sorting autographed photographs of movie stars.

"This is my little girl, Rosavel," she said. "Rosavel, this is Miss Torrance and Miss Sands."

Rosavel muttered, "Hi," without interrupting her rapt contemplation of Clark Gable's quizzy uplitted eyebrow.

Just after supper Ellen burst in to Carol's room. Ellen Sands didn't move like other people; she seemed to breathe the air, suggesting the figurehead of a ship.

"Well, for Pete's sake..." She stared at the room.



The search was not encouraging

Carol looked up from the letter she was writing to Milly. "What...?"

The room did look better. She had replaced the thin, mossy rugs with hooked ones from her own room, and covered the bed with a wool coverlet of faded rose. The "Stag at Eve" and "The Melon Eaters" had bowed to German lithographs, and a dozen books stood on the table in the mellow glow of a lamp.

"I couldn't have stood it the other way," she admitted. "If only I could do something about the Great Lakes on the ceiling..."

Ellen sat down. "You certainly are good-looking," Ellen said impulsively.

She looked impersonally at herself and supposed she was. Her eyes were smoky blue and wide-spaced, with thick lashes and straight dark brows that weren't quite in line, and her mouth was wide and well-cut. The nose wasn't much, but the general effect was good. Her hair was light brown, and because it had a slight wave and was cut very short she never bothered with permanents.

She said honestly: "I guess so. I'd swap it any time for your zest for living."

Ellen grimaced. "That's what you think. I stay in hot water all the time because of it. I act first and then think, and half the time I can't tell what I'm going to say until I hear it, and then I'm more surprised than anybody else!"

Carol laughed. "I wish I was like that." She ran a comb carelessly through her hair. "Let's go. I've got a bunch you'd better not be late to meals at our establishment."

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And tomorrow, Ben Tyler shows up again.

ELEVEN PAROLED BY GOV. MARTIN

SALEM, Aug. 18.—(AP)—Eleven prisoners were freed from the Oregon state penitentiary Monday by parole order from Governor Martin. The governor also authorized four other

paroles to become effective at a later date. All of the prisoners were serving indeterminate sentences.

Most of the paroles were recommended by the state parole board at its last meeting. Virtually all of the prisoners had served their maximum terms, less good behavior credits.

Included in the parole list were: Kenneth Redier, received for larceny November 14, 1935, and Vernon Redier, received March 13, 1935 after conviction on a statutory charge, both of Douglas county.

Allan McMillan, assault, received September 24, 1934, and May Johnson, burglary, received April 25, 1935, both of Umatilla county. Alexander King, forgery, received November 13, 1935, from Lane county. Earl Hayes, larceny, received March 26, 1936, from Union county.

Barbara Stanwyck was a telephone operator when she was 13.

During her school days, Jean Arthur earned spending money by posing for commercial photographers.

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 CLAQUE.
A GROUP OF PROFESSIONAL APPLAUDERS, "CRYERS," "LAUGHERS" AND OTHER EMOTION AGITATORS, WAS ORGANIZED IN PARIS, 1820, TO ATTEND THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES FOR THE PROMOTION OF ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCES...

LONGEST GOLF GAME.
DOE GRAHAM—Mobile, Ala.—PLAYED GOLF FROM MOBILE TO NEW ORLEANS, LA.—159 MILES—8 DAYS—4,983 STROKES—LOST 29 BALLS...

DUCKS SWIM IN CIRCLES WHILE ASLEEP.
TO KEEP FROM DRIFTING ASHORE...

54,600 FEET OF RAILROAD TRACK WERE LAID IN A SINGLE DAY—April 28, 1869.
A RECORD THAT HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALLED!
Promontory, Utah

8-18-36

Working with furious haste to complete the old Central Pacific Railroad before the rival line, the Union Pacific, a construction crew of 5000 men laid 1000 tons of track extending over ten miles between the hours of 7:00 a.m. and 7:00 p.m., with an hour off for lunch. Even with the much improved equipment for track-laying that is in use today, the record established near Promontory, Utah, on April 28, 1869, still stands.

The Claque. Dating back to the days of ancient Rome when the Emperor Nero hired 5000 people to applaud him in a singing concert, the claque still exists today.

In Paris, France, 1820, an applauder's "casting office" was opened. Under a "chef de claque" applicants were selected for their various talents. If a man had a hearty, contagious laugh he was chosen as a "rieur" to attend comedies where it was his duty to laugh uproariously at the program's witticisms. Usually women were chosen as "pleureurs" for this class was paid to attend tragedies

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Commands

WE SKY BANDITS MANAGED TO MAKE THEIR ESCAPE, DESPITE THE FACT THAT ONE OF THE PASSENGERS OF THE BUS, AN OLD INDIAN FIGHTER, FIRED HIS ANCIENT PISTOL AND WOUNDED ONE OF THEM... TOMMY IS TRYING TO TELL HIS STORY... ABOVE THE GENERAL CONFUSION...

DAG-MAB-IT... I MUST BE GETTIN' OLD... THAT'S TH' FIRST ONE GOT AWAY FROM ME...

WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE? DETOUR OFF YOUR COURSE... AND TAKE ME TO THREE-POINT.

SIXTY MILES OFF MY REGULAR RUN... ARE YOU CRAZY?

I'M AN AIR-MAIL PILOT... DEPUTIZED BY LAW... AS AN OFFICER... YOU'LL TAKE ME TO THREE-POINT...

WELL... IN THAT CASE...

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Lone Hand

IN A SECLUDED REACH OF FOREST, FAR FROM THE MANGION, BEN WEBSTER DECIDED TO WAIT OUT THE DAY.

BEN, I WONDER IF WE SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED THE GHERIFF—I'M GO WORRIED ABOUT ISHMAEL AND AUNT CHLOE.

GEE, I'M WORRIED ABOUT THEM, TOO, MRG. MONTROSE, BUT IF WE CALL THE GHERIFF NOW WE'LL NEVER SOLVE THE MYSTERY.

I WANT TO KNOW THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THIS GANG AND THE STEAMER ALBATROSS WHEN SHE COMES UP THE BAY TONIGHT.

—AND WITH THE GHERIFF IN THE PICTURE, THE GANG WILL BE SCARED OFF.

YES, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, BEN, BUT—

I GUESS HE WORE HIMSELF OUT WITH EVERYBODY ELSE, SO I GET ALL OF IT... HOW I'D LIKE THE PLEASURE OF COMFORTING MY WIFE AT HIS FUNERAL!!

THE NEBBS—Just Charge It

HERE ARE YOUR CLOTHES BACK FROM THE CLEANERS, MR. NEBB.

THAT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MY THINGS, ROBERT ARE YOU SURE THERE'S NO MISTAKE?

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW'S CLOTHES! CLEANED AND PRESSED AND CHARGED TO ME... IS THERE NO END TO THAT GUY'S NERVE?!

I GUESS HE WORE HIMSELF OUT WITH EVERYBODY ELSE, SO I GET ALL OF IT... HOW I'D LIKE THE PLEASURE OF COMFORTING MY WIFE AT HIS FUNERAL!!

WELL... IN THAT CASE...

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TATOODED WOMAN FOUND MURDERED

PLACERVILLE, Calif., Aug. 18.—(AP)—Tatoodee initials on the hip of a woman whose nude body was found near here were the sole clue to identity in what officers said today they were convinced is a murder mystery.

Sheriff George M. Smith, who said the body had apparently lain several weeks off the highway where it was found yesterday, reported the initials were "E.M." He announced bruises on the body and two missing teeth indicated the woman, about 35 years old, had been beaten.

The body was discovered 100 yards off the Placerville-Sacramento highway near Clarksville by Walter Sou-

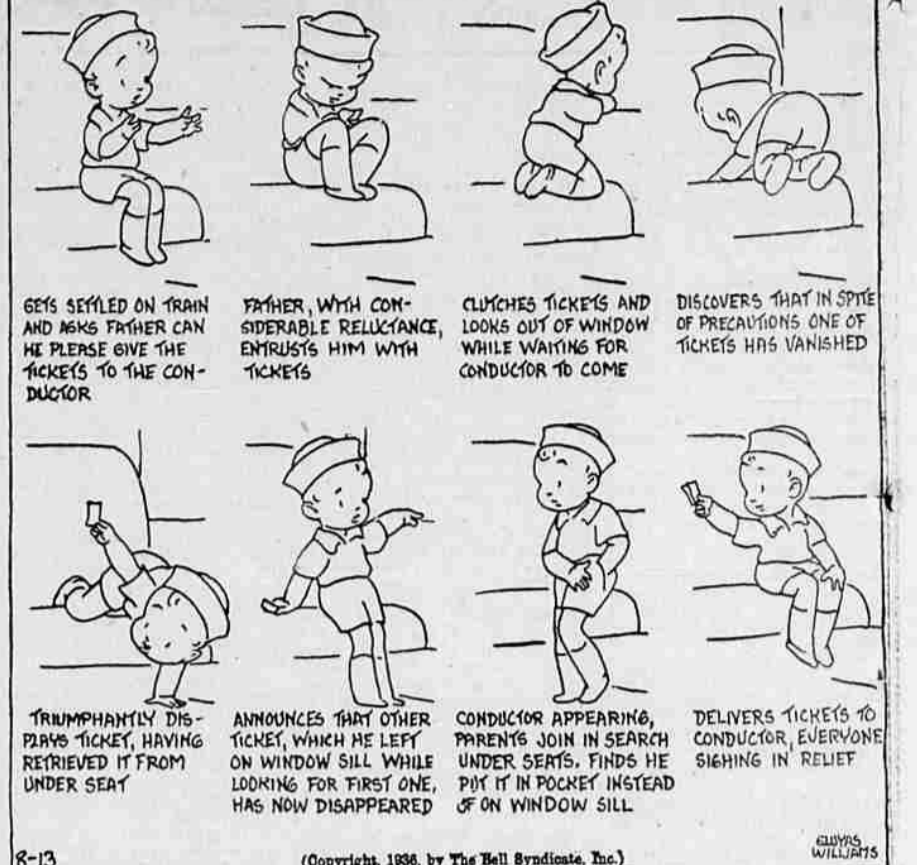
State Hospital Is Taxed For Space

SALEM, Aug. 18.—(AP)—Housing space was at a premium at the Oregon state hospital today as the population of the institution reached a new record of high of 2436 patients, as compared to its normal capacity of 2100, Dr. B. E. Lee Steiner, superintendent, reported.

Steiner said a new unit to be completed next month would take care of 218 patients, but that "unless the next legislature makes provision for expansion the new unit will be the only addition through the next biennium."

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

"TICKETS, PLEASE" By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



GETS SEATED ON TRAIN AND ASKS FATHER CAN HE PLEASE GIVE THE TICKETS TO THE CONDUCTOR.

FATHER, WITH CONSIDERABLE RELUCTANCE, ENTRUSTS HIM WITH TICKETS.

CLUTCHES TICKETS AND LOOKS OUT OF WINDOW WHILE WAITING FOR CONDUCTOR TO COME.

DISCOVERS THAT IN SPITE OF PRECAUTIONS ONE OF TICKETS HAS VANISHED.

TRUMPHANTLY DISPLAYS TICKET, HAVING RETRIEVED IT FROM UNDER SEAT.

ANNOUNCES THAT OTHER TICKET, WHICH HE LEFT ON WINDOW SILL WHILE LOOKING FOR FIRST ONE, HAS NOW DISAPPEARED.

CONDUCTOR APPEARING, PARENTS JOIN IN SEARCH UNDER SEATS. FINDS HE PUT IT IN POCKET INSTEAD OF ON WINDOW SILL.

DELIVERS TICKETS TO CONDUCTOR, EVERYONE SIGHING IN RELIEF.

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'S MATTER POP— By C. M. PAYNE



MAW! IF YA DONT GIMME ANOTHER HUNK OF CAKE I'LL RUN AWAY TO THE NORTH POLE THIS SECOND!

OKAY WITH ME!

YES'M!

EE-EEK!

Tomorrow: Hillless Pinch-Hitter.

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By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS