

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

SYNOPSIS: Carol Torrance has left Meredith, Ga., which is her home town, and gone to teach in the Ashboro, Ga., high school. It was a wrench to part from her family, but not to part from Meredith. Now she has spent one day in Ashboro, and made one friend, Mary Ellen. Carol believes that a year of teaching may be possible, but she does not intend that it shall interfere with a career in other and bigger centers. The career is pretty vague in Carol's mind, however.

Chapter Six ANOTHER DAY

CAROL waked next morning to a knock at her door. Someone, Mrs. O'Connor said through the door in a thin, pleased voice, wanted her on the telephone. She slipped on a robe and went to answer the call. "Carol?" "Yes." "This is Ben Tyler. Why in the devil don't you let somebody know where you are? I been phoning everywhere."



"What church do you go to?" asked Ellen.

was the sort of thing Ben liked. "I only lit yesterday afternoon, and last night I was received into the fold. How are you?" "Never felt better and had less. When'll I see you?" "I don't know. When?" "Well—have you had any break-fast? If not, you've missed it." Her watch said half past nine. "Oh, Lord, so I have!" "Get your clothes on then, and I'll take you to the Acropolis Cafe. A poor thing, but our own—and only. Ten o'clock?" "Right."

Ben Tyler was almost unchanged in four years. A little more stomach and a little less hair, but otherwise the same. He squeezed her hand and beamed at her. "Younger and better looking than ever."

She smiled. "When a gal gets to the age where you feel impelled to comment on her youthfulness, don't do it. Ben. It's grand to see you. It was Ben seemed to bring with him the odor of gay days when she was a Visiting Girl. He put her in his venerable roadster and clattered away. "The old gang held a jubilee when we heard you were coming." "How are they all?" "Oh, joggling along." They went in the Acropolis Cafe and sat at a marble-topped table. Carol ordered breakfast and Ben decided to have another cup of coffee. Then she said: "Something tells me that jubilee will be out of my orbit. I've got the young manhood and womanhood of America looking to me."

He grinned. "They could show you things, honey. Besides, teaching's not that bad; all you have to do is use moderation and keep your mouth shut." "That was a relief." "You cheer me up. I've always made a practice of those, even when I didn't have to." He dropped her at home a few minutes before eleven. "I love you, and all that, but I won't go to church with you. Wants play golf this afternoon?" She did, desperately. "Isn't it verboten?" "I don't know. Try it once and see. About two-thirty?"

ELLEN was in the living-room with her hat on, experimenting with the radio. "What church do you go to?" she asked. Carol shrugged. "I was born an Episcopalian. What about you?" "Presbyterian." "Then we'll go there. It's closest." The rear half of the church was well filled; the front half empty except for a very old lady with an acousticon. The minister was an earnest young man with a mind as orderly and conventional as his appearance. Aided by his notes he preached a neat and orderly sermon, punctuating at intervals upon his original premise with the vigor of a fat robin on a worm. At the last he tied all the ends of his discourse into a neat and ornamental bow of rhetoric and tossed it to the congregation.

The sermon was over, and the minister was pronouncing beautiful, singing words: "And now may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ rest and abide upon you all, and upon all God's people everywhere..."

Mr. Hudson was at the door, beaming upon the world. The minister, whose name was Mr. Williams, was beside him, waiting to extend the right hand of fellowship. He was delighted, he said, to welcome Carol and Ellen into his

church. He wondered, he said almost in the same breath, about Sunday school. There was a class of teenage girls...

Carol threw up her hands. "Mr. Williams! We teach those same girls all week long, and we all need a rest from each other. For goodness' sake have a heart!" He looked surprised and rather pleased. It was obviously the first time anybody had laughed in his face in church and begged him to have a heart, and he enjoyed the sensation. He became almost arch. "I hadn't thought of that. Since you put it up to me like that, I'll leave you in peace."

Were they comfortably situated? Mr. Hudson asked solicitously. They said they were, and made an escape. A FAILING sun made long, thin shadows on the eighteenth fairway. Carol sat and watched the shadows, and swung her legs in the clear green water of the swimming pool. "This pool is a gift straight from heaven. You didn't have it four years ago; how'd you acquire it in a depression?" Ben was lying on his stomach, absorbing the last rays of the sun. He grimaced. "It was built right after you left, when they still called the late unpleasantness a Temporary Flurry. The only reason we've still got it is because it's practically impossible to repossess a swimming pool."

"Thank goodness for that." She stretched and got up reluctantly. "Much as I hate it, I'll have to go. We eat supper at six o'clock." "Oh, that's all right. We'll get a sandwich out here. Sit down and relax and I'll get you a Tom Collins in a little while." "I'd better tread lightly, and take my disposition in a more private place, thanks. It's been heavenly, Ben." He grinned and got up. "Oh, all right. And while I think of it, there's a dance Friday night. Go with me?" She nodded. "Of course." A dance would be something to cling to during this first crucial week.

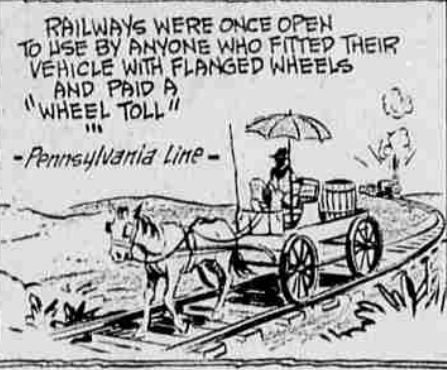
Carol has tomorrow her first bout with Mrs. Tavish.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



JAMES MURRAY MASON—
DEFENDER OF SLAVERY
AND AUTHOR OF THE SEVERE
"FUGITIVE SLAVE ACT OF 1850."
WAS THE GRANDSON OF GEORGE MASON,
FAMOUS FOR HIS WORDS:
"ALL MEN BY NATURE ARE EQUALLY
FREE AND INDEPENDENT
AND HAVE CERTAIN INHERENT RIGHTS
... NAMELY THE ENJOYMENT OF
LIFE AND LIBERTY!"

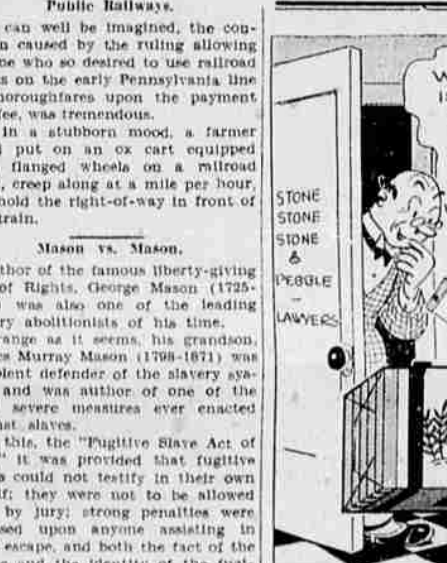


RAILWAYS WERE ONCE OPEN TO USE BY ANYONE WHO FITTED THEIR VEHICLE WITH FLANGED WHEELS AND PAID A "WHEEL TOLL."
—Pennsylvania Line—



BOTTLED WINE IS LAID ON ITS SIDE TO RETAIN ITS ALCOHOLIC CONTENT.

HITLESS PINCH-HITTER... DUTCH RUEIHER WAS CHOSEN AS A PINCH-HITTER 4 TIMES IN WORLD SERIES GAMES... AND DID NOT GET A HIT...



WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE FLAVOR LASTS

Public Railways.
As can well be imagined, the confusion caused by the ruling allowing anyone who so desired to use railroad tracks on the early Pennsylvania line as thoroughfares upon the payment of a fee, was tremendous.

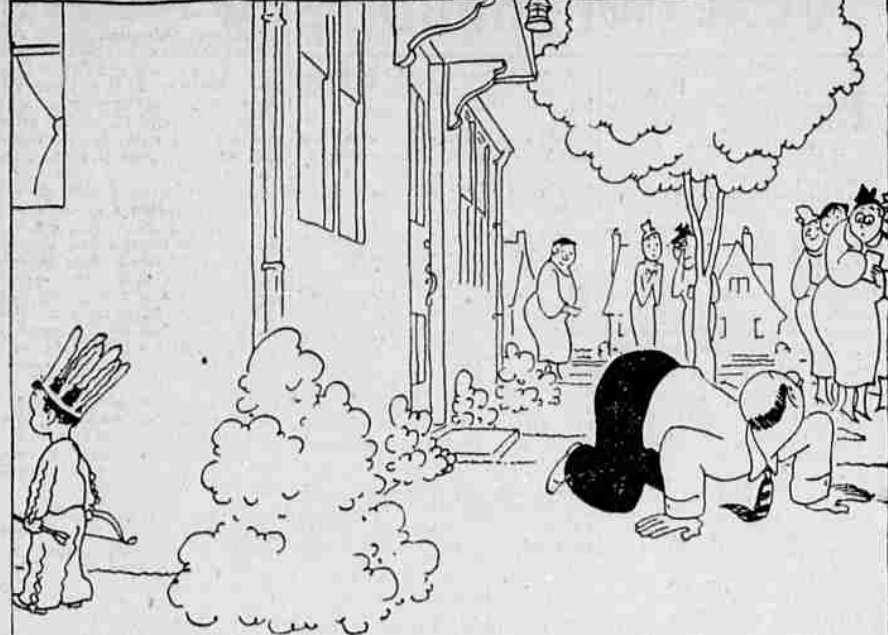
Wrigley's is a good defense against dry and dusty throat.

Bottled Wine.
Through oxidation, wine turns sour and loses part of its alcoholic content when exposed to air. To prevent this, bottled wine is stored lying on its side, thus serving to keep the cork moist and the air out.

Tomorrow: The Truth About Quintuplets.
A treatment for boils which includes the intravenous injection of animal charcoal has been reported by Drs. Duval Frey and John M. Posner, Jr., of Denver, in Modern Medicine.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

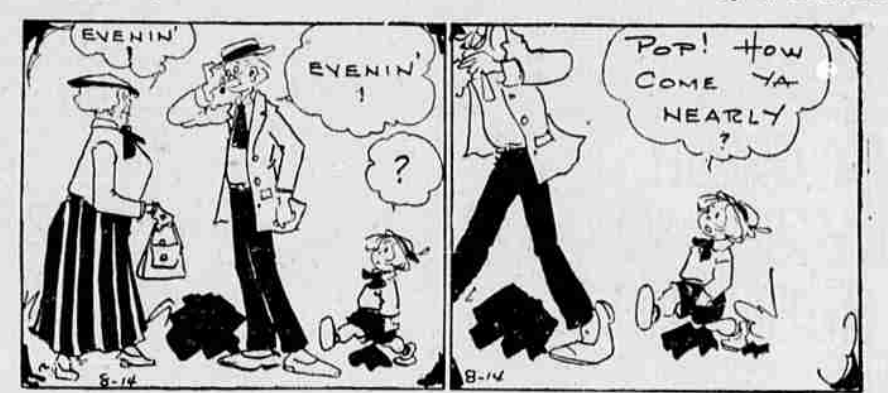


THERE WAS CONSIDERABLE GOSSIP WHEN THE MEMBERS OF THE BRIDGE CLUB CAME ON FRED PERLEY CRAWLING AROUND THE LAWN GROWLING LIKE A BEAR, FRED'S SMALL NEPHEW HAVING WANDERED OFF AROUND THE HOUSE UNOBSERVED

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S'MATTER POP—

By G. M. PAYNE



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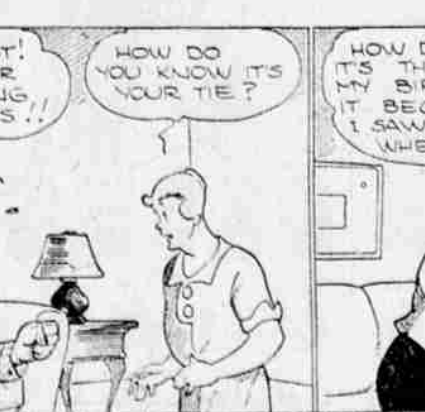
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter Is Suspicious

By HAL FORREST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—On To Solitude!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—You Can't Tie Ernie

By SOL HESB



Grandpa, 94, Takes Dip In Raw While Offspring Watch

BLAIR, Neb., Aug. 19.—(AP)—Twenty of his grandchildren looked on while Burt King, 94, gave his annual aquatic exhibition—the nude. Among his dives were the jack-knife, half turn, white turn, one and a half back somersault and outway.

To a photographer who wanted to take his picture, he said: "Take all you want. If you want 'em in the raw, I'm 94 today. I ain't never wore a bathing suit yet and I'm too old to start now."

Mae West Passes Secret Milestone

HOLLYWOOD, Calif., Aug. 19.—(AP)—Mae West has passed another birthday and is now 73 years old.

PORTLAND, Aug. 19.—(AP)—R. C. Planders, secretary of the tax supervising and conservation committee of Multnomah county, said the commission, recently stripped of power by a state supreme court decision, would continue to function for the assistance of other budget-making bodies in the county.

BRUSHES, Aug. 19.—(AP)—Col. Charles A. Lindbergh has accepted an invitation to address the first world peace congress, which meets here September 3 to 6.