

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

NOVELS: Carol Torrance has returned to teach in the Ashboro high school in order to get away from her home town of Meredith, Va., and to make a start to some sort of a career. And although she is scorned by the spiteful interest of a gossiping old neighbor in the golf game she played Sunday, she is determined to try to treat her scholars as intelligent boys and girls. She has won one class and observed therein the handsomest boy she ever has seen. Now she has a French class.

Chapter Eight

MAGNIFICENT YOUTH

CAROL'S next class was second-year French, also made up of seniors. Fourteen girls and seven boys, the beautiful youth among them. She spent the twenty minutes talking about France and the things that had happened during the months she had spent there five years ago, the summer after she had graduated.

She made them see French as a living language, not something that had been elected the previous year because the course was a "crisp."

Avignon, and the Palace of the Popes; Cannes and Nice, and the ancient towns of the maritime Alps. Paris and the architectural legacies of Napoleon; Pere LeChaise, the resting-place of the great and the near great; the vicinity of St. Sulpice, of which they would read in "Les Trois Mousquetaires." . . . Then she dismissed them, conscious of one more victory, at least for the time being.

Her third period was vacant, and she began to post names alphabetically in her roll book. Someone entered the room, and she glanced up to find the magnificent youth towering above her.

She smiled at him. "How do you do?"

"Morning." He hesitated. "Can I talk to you a while?"

"Of course. Sit down." She motioned to the first desk and he crowded into it, filling it completely. He was more than six feet tall, and he must weigh a hundred and slightly, she thought—most of it above the waist. His eyes were a brilliant blue and his features might have been by Praxiteles. He moved and spoke with a drawl, and she guessed that his brain drewled, too. She was consumed with curiosity about him.

"My name's Mike Hannigan," he said. "I want to tell you about me and get you to help me."

Who wouldn't help him! she thought, and kept her face serious as she said: "That's quite a compliment. Of course I'll help you."

"I been out of school four years," he went on in the same deliberate voice, as if he tested every word before he said it. "I got expelled when I was sixteen—a week before school closed. I studied this summer and took examinations to get back in."

She wondered why he was expelled, and didn't ask. Instead she said: "What did you do in those four years?"

"Travelled around on ships." His voice was entirely casual. After four years of it there was nothing romantic about travelling around on ships. "I ran away and got a job on a coastwise freight boat. Since then I been about everywhere in the world." He said it simply, with no hint of boasting.

Carol felt suddenly small and unimportant in the face of his complete simplicity.

"What made you come back?"

"I wasn't getting anywhere." Nowhere, she thought, except all over the world! "My father works in a cotton mill, and he's had a terrible time till right now. I didn't want to be like him, and I didn't want to be a tramp seaman all my life. And you have to have education if you want to be somebody, so I came back to finish high school and go to college. I can get to college on football," he explained. "I've already got an offer."

SHE laughed in relief. "That's the first time I ever thought much of the system. Now where do I come in?"

"When you been knocking around for four years it's kinda hard to settle down in any high school. I may start off fine, and then get to slipping, and I want you to sort of check up on me. I'll study for you—I'd do anything for you," her own quick pleasure started her—but I may get rough with some of the other teachers before I think. If I do get rough, you call me in and remind me about all this. Cuss me out."

Without doubt, she thought wildly, this was the most astonishing conversation she had ever had. She said judicially:

"I'll be glad to do it if it's necessary. But I don't see why it should be. Now that you've decided on it, haven't you got—?" he would have said "got it," and so would she, if he hadn't been looking at her like that and if he hadn't been a pupil—"will power enough to stay with it?"

"I would if they were all like you, but you're the only teacher I ever saw that I respected. They make me sick as hell—" He caught himself and flushed crimson. "Excuse me, Miss Torrance; that's from being a bum."

She laughed. "Oh, I've heard of it before." And used it, she thought, with monotonous regularity. Mike Hannigan might take a lot of living up to.

He got up, and she realized in astonishment that he was holding out his hand. She gave him her own, and his grip was paralyzing.

"You're ace, Miss Torrance. I sure do thank you."

He strode out of the room. Carol stared at his splendid back and rubbed her fingers and tried to think what she would say to the class in European History. Thank heaven Mike Hannigan wouldn't be in that!

THE week wore on. Classes stopped being entities and became groups of individuals; some intelligent, some average, a few hopelessly dull—dwellers in Morona.

For the most part her work ran smoothly. Later, she knew, the novelty of her presence and her method would wear off and rebellion would probably lift its head. But there was no use in anticipating the struggle.

Even her qualms about the football squad had not thus far materialized. To her astonishment the gorilla proved to have exquisite manners, that sat upon him as oddly as a curled and scented wig. She wondered at the deference of these incongruous beings who were neither men nor children, and stumbled quite by accident on one explanation. Mike, she heard by grapevine route, had announced in vivid and salty language what he would do to the first sound-so who started anything in her classes or out.

Mike himself dropped in almost daily, and greeted her with a warm Irish grin that disconcerted her more than she cared to admit.

"How'm I doin'?"

"Beautifully, and you know it."

The astonishing part was that it was true. He stalked learning slowly, and inexorably; sank his teeth into it and held on grimly. Probably his interest would wane, but now he was travelling a route he had never travelled before, and finding the voyage good.

Only one thing worried her; that the girls had discovered him. They flattered over him, and borrowed his pencils, and wanted to be shown where the lesson ended; anything would do as an excuse. Mike answered them patly, without even looking at them, entirely unaware that the interruptions were protecia.

There were letters during the week from Milly and Jill and Pat; and one silted, yearning note from Don, who was incapable of putting himself on paper. Reading a letter from Don made him more unreal and distant than ever.

Milly's letter was a sort of daily paper. So-and-so was in Atlanta; she had played bridge with so-and-so, and held terrible hands. Carol's room was rented to a Miss Andrews, who taught fifth grade. . . .

Jill was entirely matter-of-fact. The Andrews gal wasn't bad, and nine times twenty was a hundred and eighty, which would go into the summer hell-raiser fund. Don Richards had drifted in Sunday night, and the four of them had sat on the terrace and counted fourteen shooting stars. . . .

Pat's letter was equally characteristic. Don Richards had returned on Sunday like a ghost to the scene of its demise. Business was looking up. He was trying to keep his word about the writing. "I'm doing a series of sketches about local characters and folklore; not good yet, of course, but good practice. If I get any amount of stuff done I may send it down for you to pass on."

She wrote Jill and Milly a joint letter, but Pat deserved a separate one, she felt, for the effort he was making. "Send the sketches to me anyhow," she ordered, "and if any of them have possibilities, I'll act as agent until I can talk a real one into taking you on." She knew from other days that Pat wasn't equal to the soul-searing experience of seeing his manuscripts come back.

And suddenly it was Friday, and one of the thirty-six weeks had slid, unwept, into oblivion.

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A "tall, dark man" comes into Carol's life, Monday.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

DWARF CHESTNUT TREES WERE DEVELOPED BY LUTHER BURBANK SO THE NUTS MIGHT BE PICKED EASILY



1800 MILES OF THE LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD TRACK WAS CHANGED FROM BROAD TO STANDARD GAUGE IN A SINGLE DAY!

- June 1, 1886 -

A SNAIL'S PACE IS ALWAYS THE SAME REGARDLESS OF THE KIND OF SURFACE ON WHICH IT TRAVELS



MUTINY COINCIDENCE!

MAGELLAN AND DRAKE—LEADERS OF THE FIRST TWO EXPEDITIONS TO CIRCUMNAVIGATE THE EARTH—BOTH HAD TO SUPPRESS MUTINIES IN THE SAME PORT, ST. JULIAN, South America... AND EACH EXECUTED THE CHIEF CONSPIRATOR ON THE SAME SPOT, THOUGH 58 YEARS APART!



Mutiny Port

Leading the expedition that was destined to make the first complete trip around the world, Ferdinand Magellan, on March 31, 1520, ordered his five-ship fleet to put in at Port St. Julian, in the region he named Patagonia, in South America. Here he settled down for the winter.

As is often the case when men find too much leisure time on their hands, his ships' crews grew discontented and finally, under the leadership of Captain Quesada of the "Concepcion," a band of men flared up in open mutiny.

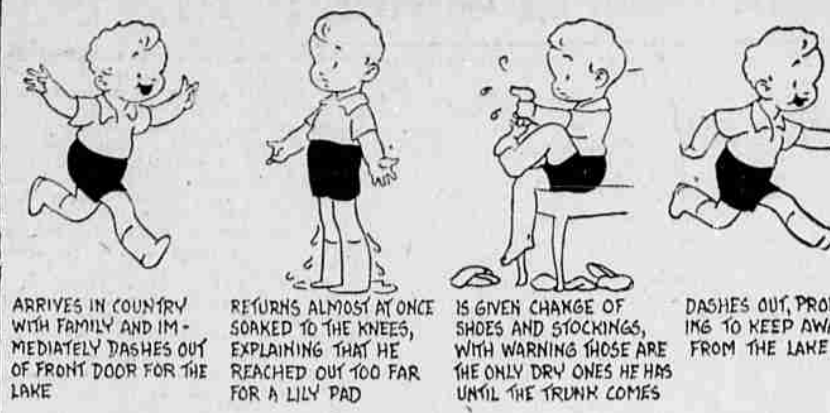
With the men that remained loyal, Magellan managed to crush the insurrection, sentencing Quesada and forty of his followers to death. Later he countermanded the order for the death of the forty mutineers, disliking the idea of leaving any of his ships shorthanded, but Quesada, their leader, was beheaded.

Strange as it seems, more than 58 years later, Francis Drake, leader of the second expedition to circumnavigate the globe, put in at the same place, Port St. Julian, June, 1578, and encountered the same difficulties, discontent and mutiny. Thomas



WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS

WET FEET By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

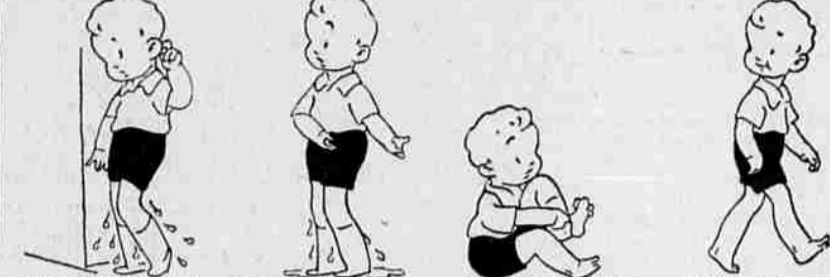


ARRIVES IN COUNTRY WITH FAMILY AND IMMEDIATELY DASHES OUT OF FRONT DOOR FOR THE LAKE

RETURNS ALMOST AT ONCE SOAKED TO THE KNEES, EXPLAINING THAT HE REACHED OUT TOO FAR FOR A LILY PAD

IS GIVEN CHANGE OF SHOES AND STOCKINGS, WITH WARNING THOSE ARE THE ONLY DRY ONES HE HAS UNTIL THE TRUNK COMES

DASHES OUT, PROMISING TO KEEP AWAY FROM THE LAKE



SIDES IN PRESENTLY WET TO THE KNEES AND VERY UNCERTAIN OF HIS RECEPTION

EXPLAINS VOLUBLY HE WAS JUST CROSSING THE BROOK AND A STONE SLIPPED UNDER HIM

TAKES OFF WET THINGS, LISTENING ANXIOUSLY FOR VERDICT WHETHER HE HAS TO STAY IN OR CAN GO OUT BAREFOOT

IS TOLD TO GO BAREFOOT AND GET AS WET AS HE PLEASES. KEEPS MIRACULOUSLY DRY FOR REST OF DAY

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 8-17 (Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

S'MATTER POP—By C. M. PAYNE



WHEN I'M STUBBORN MY MAW MAKES ME OBEY!

SHE JUST SAYS, EITHER DO IT OR DON'T DO IT!

POP DOES, TOO



THAT'S WHERE SHE'S GOT ME!

HOW?

I'VE GOTTA DO ONE OR THE OTHER HAVEN'T I?

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Violet Acts Mysterious



WE GOTTA LAM OUTTA HERE... TONIGHT...

YEAH... TONIGHT... UNLESS WE WANT TO WAIT UNTIL DAYBREAK AN BE PUT ON TH' SPOT

I GET YOU, SPIKE... BUT...

BUT... WHAT ABOUT... VIOLET... AM I TH' SAP...

I GOT THAT ALL FIGURED OUT... LISTEN...

2-582

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Warning!



AIDED BY GUS, PASTY HAD REMOVED THE BRICKS FROM THE TUNNEL IN THE SMOKE-HOUSE—GUS THEN LEFT HIM AND—

GOSH! THERE'S ONE OF THEM!

—WE'D BETTER TACKLE HIM! AFTER HIM, BRIARGIE!

UGH-GLUB!

QUIET, BRIAR! WE'VE GOT HIM!

5-20

THE NEBBS—The Kid's Right



SAY, JUST WHY DO YOU TREAT ME LIKE YOU DO? DO YOU HATE ME BECAUSE I'M YOUR RELATIVE?

SOME BODY SAID THAT FISH AND RELATIVES SMELL AFTER THREE DAYS AND YOU HAVE BEEN HERE OVER A WEEK

YOU'RE SOFT PICKING FOR STRANGERS... THEY HAVE NO TROUBLE GETTING TO YOU AND TAKING YOU—YOU'VE GOT A FACE THAT'S A WELCOME SIGN TO EVERYBODY BUT ME...

I CAN'T SAY ANYTHING THAT PLEASES YOU OR FLATTERS YOU AND I'VE GOT PLENTY OF FANCY WORDS IN STOCK... YOU JUST HATE ME... IF I HAD A FALSE FACE ON I COULD SIT ON YOUR LAP, GO UNDER YOUR NECKTIE AND STEAL YOUR COLLAR... BUTTON!

3-18

By HAL FORREST



By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER



By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS



By SOL HESS

Swimmer Drowns In Eugene Pool

EUGENE, Aug. 21.—(P)—Cyrus Cole, about 30 years of age, lost his life while swimming in the Williamette river Wednesday evening. The body was found at 6 a. m. Thursday lying in a very deep pool of water at a gravel pit just east of Eugene. Cole was swimming with his brothers, George and William Cole, and was some distance from them when he went down.

To Ship Hay East

SALEM, Aug. 21.—(P)—The state department of agriculture estimated that no less than 50,000 tons of western Oregon hay would be shipped to drought areas, as a result of the emergency rail freight rates. Under the new rates hay can be shipped from western Oregon to the drought stricken districts for approximately \$8.50 as against \$13.50 under the old rates.

Flood Control To Be Discussed Here

GRANTS PASS, Aug. 21.—(P)—Representative James W. Mott has advised parties here that a federal hearing on Rogue river flood control has been tentatively scheduled for September 19 at Medford.

Mott recently introduced an act authorizing a survey of the Rogue to determine the need of flood control.

SMALLEST BABY DIES WEEK AFTER BIRTH

RAPID CITY, S. D., Aug. 21.—(P)—Carol Jean Schnepf, Rapid City's "smallest" baby, is dead.

The infant, weighing 30 ounces at birth, died at a hospital late yesterday at the age of one week and four hours. She had lived in an incubator since her birth, prematurely August 13. The parents were Mr. and Mrs. Donald Schnepf.