

# THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

**SYNOPSIS:** Carol Torrance and teaching school in Ashboro not quite so bold as she had expected. There is Mike Hannigan, for example, who is a handsome youth and devoted to her. And outside the school there are casual friends—plus a young and rather Holly-wood-looking chap called Denis Ford. Carol and Denis began their acquaintance at a dance. They had a fight, made up, and now are placidly "kidding" each other. Before them there is already a bond, tenuous, but actual.

## CHAPTER 10

**THE** mask of mockery slipped a little, and Denis saw a corner of Carol's face behind it. "I think there's too much—and not enough. I think we'd better let well enough alone. Skip it entirely."  
"We'd better, but we won't." He knew it was futile to pretend with her. There was no use kidding themselves about what came afterwards. "Unless," he experimented, "you're afraid to take the cash and let the credit go?"  
Her eyes were narrow. "How a man does love to pass the buck..."  
He frowned impatiently. "This is damn foolishness—all this footwork and sparring. Come on, Carol."  
But she shook her head. "I'm a public servant, Denis. Caesar's wife. We might sit on the terrace and talk Einstein, but it would add up to the same thing."

question: to put Denis Ford into words.  
"Well, he looks like a composite of Valentino and George Raft and all the other Big Menaces of Hollywood. He even wears a mess jacket."  
"I don't see anything wrong so far," Ellen said stoutly.  
"There isn't. It's just perfect."  
"What does he do?"  
"When he does anything he's a reporter. Just now he's at leisure. And of course I suppose he writes."  
"What makes you suppose that?"  
"Did you ever see a newspaper man that didn't?"  
"I never saw but one," Ellen admitted. "And I don't know whether he did or not. He didn't say."  
"I know. He did."  
"You sound awfully vicious," Ellen said shrewdly, "as if you were trying not to fall for him."  
She laughed ruefully. "Not quite. It wouldn't get me anywhere at all."  
"Oh, he won't be out of a job indefinitely."  
"No, but he will periodically, the rest of his life. He's got the charming aroma of instability about him. And," she added resentfully, "he's probably clever as hell."  
"Well," Ellen reasoned, "as long as you're forewarned you might as well go ahead and enjoy him. Educators have to have recreation just like anybody else."



"Tell me about this man you've got a date with."  
"Oh, all right. Tomorrow night, then? Make up your mind, sweet; Ben's heading this way with a predatory gleam in his eye."  
She gave it up. "Yes."  
He didn't dance with her again, and they both knew why.

**SATURDAY** afternoon in Ashboro. The streets and sidewalks were clogged, crawling streams of humanity. Farmers in wagons and small cars, with provisions and children spilling over the edges of their vehicles, blocking the way for cars that snarled profusely behind them. The farmers' lives were adjusted to a different tempo, and they heard the impatient squawks with a superb indifference.  
Mill girls and women trod the sidewalks. The older women were stamped unmistakably by their gait and their faces; they moved deliberately, pushing their heads and their stomachs before them, and their faces held neither happiness nor pain, hope nor despair. Nothing, Carol thought, but emptiness.  
Only the Negroes seemed alive, their dark faces slashed with wide, white grins. They alone were alive, and with so little reason.  
Carol said despairingly: "If I'd known it would be this bad I think I'd have stayed at home."  
Ellen laughed. "Every town in America must be this way on Saturday. Don't pretend you never knew that."  
"I don't. But this seems worse than Meredith, probably because we've only got three cotton mills."  
"Well, it's very instructive. The correct remark just here is: 'I love to watch crowds.'"  
She sighed. "I do. Or at least I think I do. Only it's pretty wearing, like being pounded by waves. You feel all their poverty and misery breaking against you so vividly."  
"Probably more vividly than they do—poor devils, because you've got something else to compare it with." Ellen turned into the drug store. "Come on, and I'll buy you an orangeade to cheer you up."  
When the drinks appeared Ellen said cheerfully: "Tell me about this man you've got a date with tonight."  
Carol slipped her drink and forced her mind to think about Ellen's

recreation. I've got an idea that coping with Denis might be as exhausting as plowing, and not half as productive."  
But she knew she was saying words, and that the words fell with a hollow sound on her own ears. She took the offensive defensively. "How're you doing with Mack Hudgins?"  
Mack Hudgins was a delightfully ingenuous youth who worked in Ben's office, and Ellen had seen him twice in a week. She grinned, and held up two fingers pressed close together.  
"Just like that. He's coming again tonight. He's one of those uncomplicated people, like I am."  
"Lucky devil!" She said it honestly and without bitterness. To be uncomplicated enough to accept without resentment and without question a complicated world. She pushed her empty glass aside.  
"Let's go out and walk in the woods, where it's clean. I want to get these smells out of my nose..."  
Dennis came with eight o'clock, because one didn't call earlier than that, and because he couldn't wait longer than that. He hurried himself from a roadster that gleamed darkly under the street light and ran up Mrs. O'Connor's unadorned walk.  
From the shadows of the porch Carol's voice checked him. "Is there a fire?"  
"Oh." She was a blur of white against the dingy cushions of a swing. He went over and sat down beside her, and his hurry faded into wings. "I just wanted to see if you were like I remembered you. A lot of drinks and a sudden enthusiasm can throw you pretty hard."  
He could say that now, because her voice in the dark had been enough to re-embolden her. He leaned back and took her hand; felt it lie quiet and tentative in his. She didn't ask whether his enthusiasm had thrown him; she knew that the admission implied a negative. He said casually: "Now begin at the beginning, Carol, and tell me how come."  
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### AUSTRALIA SEES UPTURN IN WOOL

SYDNEY, Australia (UP)—American advertising methods are to be used this year to push the worldwide sale of the Australian wool crop.  
A first attempt last year at advertising produced such astonishing results that all of the wool growers this year consented to a voluntary levy of 25 cents on each bale of wool for advertising purposes.  
The experimental 1935 advertising campaign resulted in a 72 per cent increase in sales. The campaign was carried on along the lines of creating new fashions and consequently new demands in women's wear.  
The 1935-1936 Australian wool crop thus far brought \$222,515,980 with only 8 per cent still unsold.  
Growers are convinced that advertising can be made to pay for the reason that an increase of only 2 cents a pound in the market value of their wool would bring them another \$18,750,000.

**Bandit Horde Kills**  
TOKYO, Aug. 24.—(AP)—A thousand bandits killed 32 Japanese subjects and two Manchoukians in a raid on the walled town of Pusing, near the Korean border of Manchoukiao. Domei news agency dispatches said today.

**Park Program Mapped**  
PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 24.—(AP)—Davis B. Simpson, acting president of the planning commission, in a report to the city council today outlined a plan whereby over a period of ten years Portland can obtain 19 urgently needed parks at a cost of 1,095,240.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

**GLENN MORRIS—**  
American Olympic star,  
BROKE THE AMERICAN RECORD  
IN HIS FIRST DECATHLON  
AND THE WORLD'S RECORD  
IN HIS SECOND!

**PERFUME PROHIBITION—**  
THE SALE OF PERFUME TO MEN  
WAS ILLEGAL IN ANCIENT  
GREECE TO PREVENT THEM  
FROM USING IT TO EXCESS.

**THE PUNCTURE VINE—**  
A Flourishing California Weed,  
IS THE CAUSE OF NUMEROUS  
FLAT TIRES...

**THE ONLY NON-STOP  
BLIMP FLIGHT  
FROM THE PACIFIC TO THE  
ATLANTIC WAS MADE  
BY ACCIDENT  
AND WITHOUT THE USE  
OF MOTORS!**

—By Commander Karl Lange, 1922—

McNagall Syndicate, Inc.  
8-24-36

**Unintentional Flight**  
When Commander Karl Lange, U. S. Naval Reserve blimp expert, made the first and only non-rigid airship flight from the Pacific ocean to the Atlantic, it was through no intention of his own.  
Stationed on active duty at Coco Solo, Panama, Commander Lange had flown the blimp across the peninsula to the Pacific when his engines went dead. Fortunately, he had a strong westerly breeze and, swinging his ship around, he free-ballooned back to his home station on the Atlantic—thus blazing another trail in the history of aviation entirely by accident.

**Novice Record Breaker**  
Strange as it seems, Glenn Morris, member of the American Olympic track team, had never in his life competed in a decathlon until the Kansas university relays at Lawrence, Kas., April 17 and 18, 1936. Yet he set a new American record for the contest.  
The second decathlon in which he participated was the Olympic tryout finals held at Milwaukee, June 26 and 27, in which he set a new world's record, thus establishing himself as the world's greatest all-time, all-round athlete!

**Puncture Vine**  
California's puncture vine has developed into a serious threat to motorists and airplane pilots. The sharp spines attached to the vine's burr easily penetrates worn or light tire treads, causing frequent punctures. The weed spreads like wild fire and is rapidly becoming a great nuisance to livestock men as their animals frequently swallow the burrs while grazing, sometimes causing the puncture of their intestines and stomach lining.

Tomorrow: Toothpick Events.  
Use Mail Tribune want ads.

**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT**  
THE PERFECT GUM  
THE FLAVOR LASTS

### SLEEPYHEAD

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

FINISHES ALL OF HIS DINNER EXCEPT HIS MILK. TAKES A FEW SIPS WITHOUT MUCH INTEREST

FEELS ALL WARM AND COMFORTABLE INSIDE, AND HAS TROUBLE KEEPING HIS EYES OPEN. DECIDES TO CLOSE THEM FOR JUST A SECOND

SNAPS OUT OF IT AS MOTHER SNAGGES MUG CRYING HE ALMOST SPILLED

MOTHER SAYS SHE HAD BETTER FEED HIM. CAN'T SEEM TO CONCENTRATE ON BUSINESS OF SWALLOWING. EYES CLOSE AGAIN

SPILLS ON BIB. IS TOO DROWSY TO CARE MUCH. MOTHER TURNS AWAY TO GET A NAPKIN

HEAD SINKS ON ARM AS HE GOES SOUND ASLEEP, AND DINNER IS OFFICIALLY DECLARED ENDE!

8-19 (Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

### S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

WHY DIDN'T YOU FIND OUT WHAT IT WAS?

AFRAID?

N-NO, SIR

MY FEET—THEY GOT SCARED!

S'MATTER?

I HEARD S'UMTHIN' IN THE DARY CELLAR!

8-19

### TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tmmy Raves

WHEN TOMMY LEARNED THAT SKEETER HAD NOT LANDED AT THREE POINT, HE RUSHED INTO THE CHIEF'S OFFICE WHERE PAUL AND HERB WERE IN CONFERENCE...

CHIEF... SKEETS HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED... LET ME HAVE A SHIP... TO SEARCH FOR HIM...

KIDNAPPED??

HAVEN'T TIME TO... EXPLAIN... TAKE IT EASY, TOM... WHAT THOSE BANDITS MAY KILL HIM...

SORRY... I LOST MY HEAD... BUT... SKEETS... WELL... HE'S MY PAL... YOU KNOW... IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO HIM...

HERB, ORDER A SHIP ON THE RAMP... I'LL LISTEN TO TOMMY'S STORY...

25 B 4

### BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Everyone Watching!

UP THE BAY CAME THE STEAMER ALBATROSS— THROUGH THE TUNNEL WENT BEN WEBSTER— TOWARD THE MANSION, TIP-TOED MRS. MONTROSE!

GET THE LIGHT READY, GOOSE-EGG! HERE SHE COMES!

EVERYTHING'S OKAY, MOPIE— WAIT A SECOND— SHE AIN'T EVEN WITH US YET—

NOT A SIGN OF LIFE, BUT I'D BETTER MAKE SURE!

5-27

### THE NEBBS—Run Around?

ON THIS BIG LILAC LAKE PROJECT YOU OUGHT TO FIND SOME SORT OF JOB FOR ME

I HAVEN'T A THING TO DO WITH THAT

YOU'LL HAVE TO TALK TO MR SUDER. HE HAS FULL CREDIT OF THAT

I CATCH ON—YOU'RE PULLING THAT RUN-AROUND STUFF THAT POLITICIANS USE— WELL, I'LL GO TO SUDER AND IF THERE'S NOTHING DOING, I'LL BE BACK!

HE'LL BE BACK! I WISH I WAS AS SURE OF MAKING A MILLION BUCKS... SLIDER WOULDN'T GIVE HIM A JOB— SLIDER HATES HIM MORE THAN I DO— HE'S A BETTER HATER!

8-2

### By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS