

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

STARRING: Mrs. Torrance has taken a job teaching in the Ashboro high school, largely because she can't bear her home town any longer. She plans to go on from Ashboro to Atlanta or some other city—but then she meets Denis Ford. She is determined that Denis shall not stop her. She knows he is a newspaper man out of work and a rebel and probably unstable. But she, when Denis is sitting beside her on the front porch, she finds that she has told him her story. And gladly.

Chapter 11 THE GATES BOY

CAR stopped before the house and Denis stood up, pulling her with him. "The traffic'll be thick here from now on. Let's go."

In the street Carol looked inquisitively at his roadster and he chuckled. "My kid brother's. He's a potential captain of industry. Five years from now he'll be able to buy out the family—Dad included."

"Where is there to go?"

"I wish I knew. Besides, I don't want to go anywhere; I want to sit still and talk to you. Under the circumstances we might be forgiven for parking..."

"I probably wouldn't be forgiven for parking under any circumstances."

"Oh, hell." There was genuine anguish in the whisper. "Well, we'll get a soda. Anybody can park in front of a drug store."

She ordered a cherry phosphate, not because she liked it, but because it cost five cents. Then she said: "It's your turn, Denis, to begin at the beginning."

He told his Odyssey tersely, starkly. One year of college and then Atlanta—Dallas—Kansas City. Always newspapers.

"On the last job," he explained, "one of my chores was the movie reviews. They got me kicked out—her throat and intolerably—for him, and Pat, who was rather like him, and for herself. All rebels, and all groping in the dark. She said quietly:

"And now what?"

He shrugged. "I'm waiting to hear from a job with a Washington paper. A friend who's got the job now is going abroad soon, and I'm supposed to inherit it. And in the meantime—" he grinned down at her—"you guess."

"You're writing The Great American Novel?"

"Nope. I'm revolutionizing the short-story form."

Denis and Pat again. She asked curiously: "Are they any good?"

"The editors don't think so."

"Bring'em around some time and let me see what I think."

He started the car. "Of course, 'Tomorrow night'."

Denis was going to be hard to manage. "Not tomorrow; one night next week."

He said emphatically: "Tomorrow. One night next week I may be on my way to Washington." He put his hand on hers. "Yes!"

She, in, and despised herself for an invertebrate. "I suppose so. We can sit in the parlor under Notre Dame and you can read aloud to me." If that didn't discourage him nothing would.

"Oh, I'll think of some other place by that time."

He found an unpaved country road and began driving more and more slowly. Suddenly he stopped the car and took her in his arms.

"Carol—there's not much time..."

She hadn't felt this way since Bill Faraday, and it frightened her. He said huskily: "This is worse than I expected. Carol—newspaper men do have wives..."

SCHOOL was becoming gradually a matter of routine. Gradually, too, she was getting acquainted with the rest of the faculty. Miss Hawkins, the head of the English department, was delightful; mellow and wise, with a quiet wit and a boundless tolerance. And Miss Thomas, who taught Latin, was a dynamo of enthusiasm—an enthusiasm that grew rather than diminished with the years. If the occasion demanded, Carol felt sure Miss Thomas would lead the cheers on the football field.

Mr. Hall, the principal, improved on acquaintance. He admired Carol extravagantly, and gave her his whole-hearted support.

In justice to him she had warned him of what she was doing. "I wanted to tell you," she explained, "in case I came a cropper. Some parents may object to having me put my foot through the delusion they've grown up with and passed on to their children."

He polished his nose thoughtfully. "They may, but I hope not. I'll keep an ear to the ground and warn you if I hear rumblings. How are you getting along?"

She laughed. "Too smoothly. Something's going to bust soon."

And the next day something did.

She was trembling with fury as she walked to the principal's office. To her surprise Sam Cates was there, his close-set eyes stony with hate.

She nodded and glanced at Cates. "Get out of here, and wait in the hall."

Mr. Hall's eyes widened in surprise. He hadn't thought her capable of such offhand, masculine contempt.

She drew a deep breath. "It's a new one on me," she said, managing to smile, and told him the story.

Mr. Hall, at polishing his nose in wordless astonishment. "I never heard of such a thing," he admitted finally. "What do you want me to do?"

"Expel him. Not entirely because of that; the episode is a godsend as far as I'm concerned." She disposed of Sam's scholarship in a few terse sentences.

"Nothing is more expensive," she pointed out, "than this miserable policy of giving everybody a chance. One boy or girl like that can demoralize a whole class of decent students. Why should he?"

"He shouldn't, of course. But this is a public school. As long as a child behaves we have to give him valuable desk room and hope he'll outgrow his indifference. But of course this offense is grave enough for expulsion, if you think best."

"I do. Ask the other teachers if he's ever answered a question. I feel sure they'll say no, and cheer his departure. He's not a child; he's nineteen or twenty years old. And I think he's an embryo criminal."

He summoned Sam.

"You're expelled, Sam. Get your books and get out."

(Copyright, 1936, by Marian Sims)

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GERMANY'S MILITARY SERVICE IS EXTENDED

BERLIN, Aug. 25.—(AP)—The German government tonight extended the term of compulsory military service from one to two years.

The decree followed frequent reports the government was considering such a step because of "Russian militarism."

BALTIMORE, Aug. 25.—(AP)—Delivery of eight bombing planes now being constructed for the Spanish leftist government probably will not be made on the original date set for October or November, Glenn L. Martin, airplane manufacturer, said today.

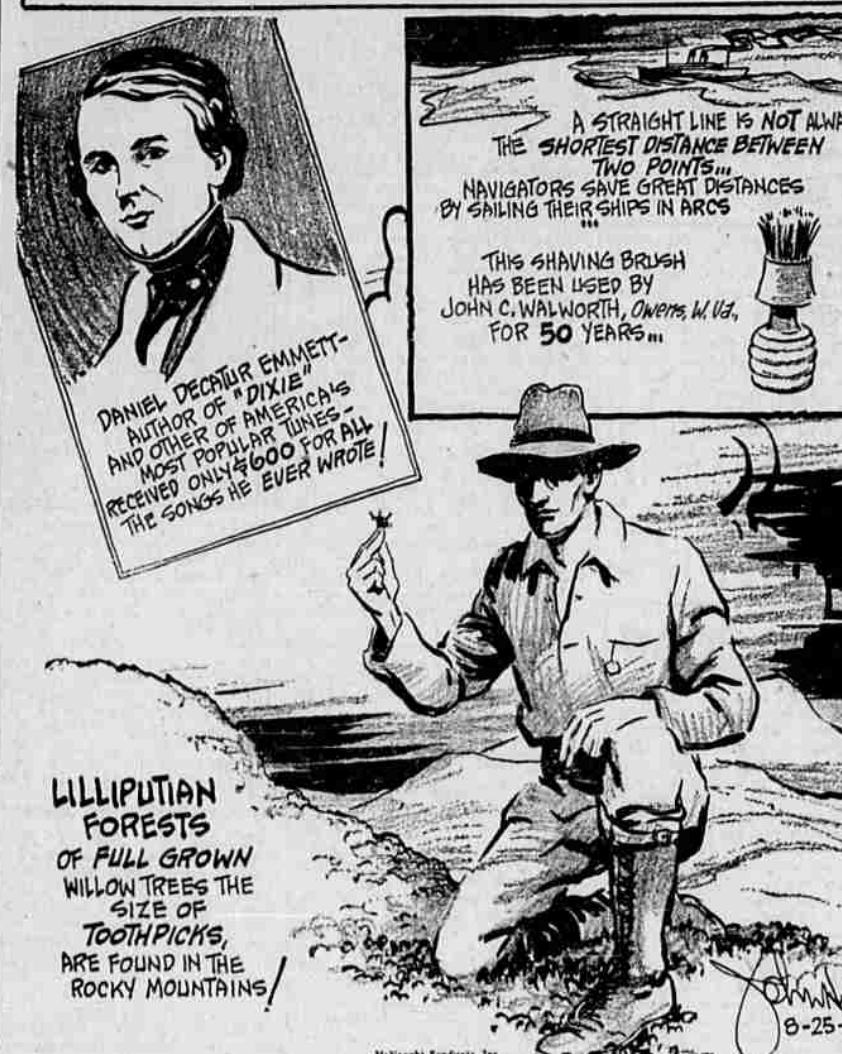
The Mail Tribune wants ads.

Home Folk Beat Blanton

ABILENE, Tex., Aug. 25.—(AP)—Supporters of Rep. Tom Blanton, the Abilene Reporter-News said today, attribute his defeat for reelection to local matters, rather than any controversy in which Blanton figured at Washington, such as the "red rider" dispute. Latest returns from Saturday, Democratic run-off primary gave Judge Clyde L. Garrett of Eastland 33,386 votes to 18,337 for Blanton.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



LILLIPUTIAN FORESTS OF FULL GROWN WILLOW TREES THE SIZE OF TOOTHPICKS, ARE FOUND IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS!

Shortest Distance
Due to the curvature of the earth's surface and the use of navigating charts which represent sections of the earth as flat, mariners find that, in laying out courses on their charts, the shortest distance between two points, i. e., port of departure and destination, usually lies not in a straight line but in an arc. This is known as "great circle" sailing.

Strange as it seems, if a destination port of destination is due east or west by a mariner's compass at the port he is leaving, he will never arrive at his intended destination by following the original compass direction unless the two points lie on the equator. He must similarly change his course periodically in sailing for any port not lying directly north or south of the port from which he takes his departure.

Toothpick Forests
Known to science as the *Salix herbacea*, Linn., the tiny willow which grows in a dense grove looking like a green mat, seldom attains a height of more than two inches.

The trunk's width is in proportion to the tree's height, having a diameter little greater than that of an ordinary toothpick.

These miniature trees are found in many regions of the Rocky Mountains of Idaho and Montana, and in several high mountains of British Columbia and Eurasia. There are also several groves of them in limited areas of the White Mountains, Vermont.

Tomorrow: Los Angeles' Only Gentleman.

PICTURE POST-CARDS

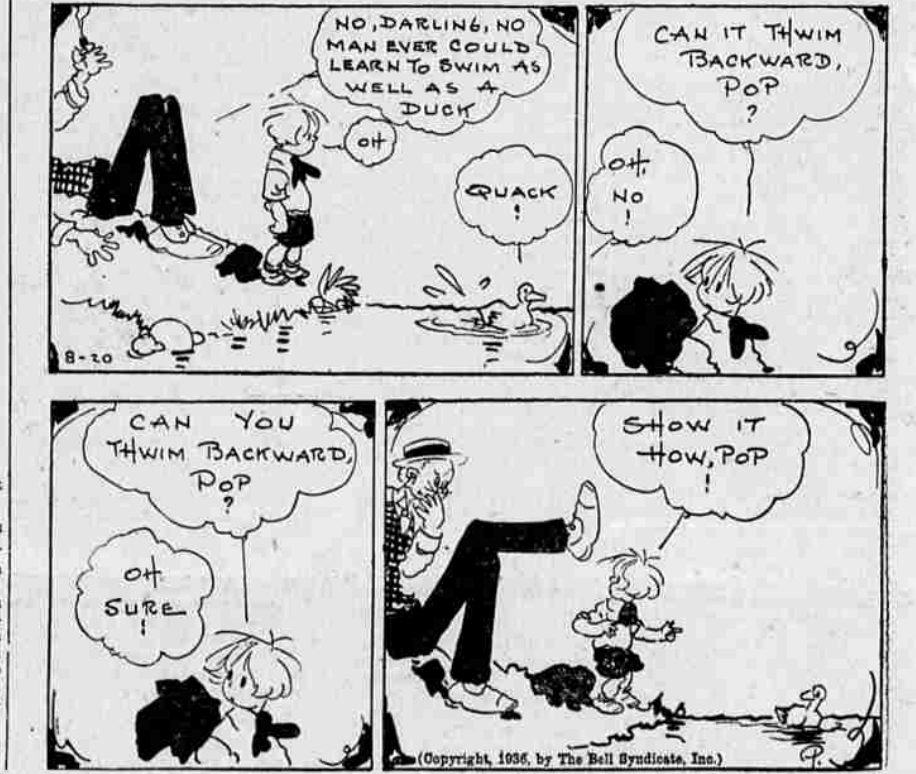
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



GLUYAS WILLIAMS 8-20 (Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

'MATTER POP—

By G. M. PAYNE



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Paul Is Puzzled

Paul Is Puzzled



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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Aboard the Albatross!

Aboard the Albatross!



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THE NEBBS—The Traitor

The Traitor



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MARY PICKFORD CLAIMS OF KIDNAP PLOT BRINGS MILLION DOLLAR SUIT

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 25.—(AP)—Attorney Francis B. Burns today announced his appointment by Federal Judge John Knox in New York city to take evidence in a \$1,000,000 action instituted, he said, by J. Raymond Cornell of Boston against Mary Pickford, the motion picture actress.

Burns said the action was for slander and libel.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—(AP)—Arthur F. Driscoll, member of the law firm of O'Brien, Driscoll & Rafferty, said today that the \$1,000,000 libel

and slander action against Mary Pickford centered in fears of a kidnap plot against the diminutive star of screen and radio in January, 1934.

Driscoll is counsel for Miss Pickford.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 25.—(AP)—David Lasser, president of the Workers' Alliance of America, said today that if the Roosevelt administration refused to increase wages and expand the work relief program, he would start a nation-wide campaign to force acceptance of his demands.

"Quadruplet" Tulp Grown
LYNDEN, Ont.—(UP)—A "quadruplet" tulp, with four blooms on one stem, was grown by Mrs. Henry Whyte here. Several years ago she grew one with eight blooms on a stem.

Mrs. Diana A. Papworth, 101 years old on August 19, 1936, made uniform for "the boys in blue" during the Civil war.

By SOL HESS