

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

SYNOPSIS: But for two meters, things have run smoothly since Carol Torrance left her home town of Meredith to teach school in Ashboro, another Georgia town. One is Denis Ford, a newspaper man living with his parents between jobs, and a dangerously attractive person. The other is the morose Sam Cates, who precipitated what might have been a free-for-all by throwing a handful of bread at Carol's desk in class. Sam has been expelled by the principal.

Chapter 12 MR. CATES

THAT evening Mrs. O'Connor called up the stairs: "There's somebody to see you, Miss Torrance."

Carol put aside the French exercises she was correcting and went down.

"He's on the porch," Mrs. O'Connor whispered. "He wouldn't come in."

The porch light shone on a shabby, middle-aged little man with sad dark eyes and an enormous drooping moustache. The little man snatched at his hat and said, "Miss Torrance..." and stopped.

She looked at him in surprise. He seemed familiar, but she couldn't have seen him before. She said, "Yes," and motioned to a chair. "Won't you sit down?"

"I'm all right," he said uncomfortably, and leaned against the porch railing. She sat in the swing and waited.

He twisted the hat and looked at his feet. "I'm—Sam Cates's father," he said finally.

Carol's heart dropped, heavily. The little man's eyes had the voiceless appeal of a dog's, and he bore the scars of a heavy bludgeoning from life. She said:

"Oh, Mr. Cates... I'm desperately sorry..." and let her voice fall of its own weight.

"I... come to ask you to give him another chance. He—he's awfully sorry, Miss Torrance. He says he'll apologize to you and the little girl... before the whole class..."

The tears on her eyelids were scalding and unmanageable.

"It's not—just today, Mr. Cates. If it had been I wouldn't have asked to have him expelled. He doesn't study, and he—cheats. I've caught him time after time..."

Mr. Cates didn't seem to doubt or resent that. It only bore out what he had learned to expect. But he made another attempt.

"I—never had no education, Miss Torrance. I'm a carpenter, and the buildin' trade's been awful hard hit these last few years. Sometimes I've went six months without a sign of work. And I made up my mind to see that Sam got a education so's he'd have a chance to be somethin' better, but it don't seem like he appreciated it till today. He never has done no good in school, much, but now he wants another chance..."

Loathing for Sam gave her courage. It's the kindest way, she told herself harshly. You despise sentimentality; don't be one.

"Mr. Cates, if Sam had ever shown the least interest in school—in any one class—I'd say yes. But he hasn't; I checked his record to see. By keeping him there, at his age, you're making a loner of him. The fairest thing, to you and to him, is to take him out and put him to work helping you, even if you can't pay him a cent. He may make a fine carpenter, or a fine brick-mason, but he'll never hold down an office job."

He digested that patiently, punishing the shabby hat. "You mean—you won't take him back?"

"I can't," she burst out suddenly. "Oh, please, please see that I'm not just being mean; that it's the best thing for him."

He nodded. "Yes'm. I see how you feel about it. Well—thank you, ma'am, for bein' so nice about it."

WHEN Mr. Cates had gone she lay on her face in the swing and cried, quietly, luxuriously, as if that might wash out the picture of him.

Denis's voice penetrated her despair. "Why, Carol, sweetheart..." She sat up and bit her lip. "Oh, good gosh! What are you doing here?" He came over and put his arms around her, produced an adequate handkerchief.

"What little man, angel?" She told him about Mr. Cates, laughing unsteadily and a little bitterly at herself. "What a swell teacher I am!"

He soothed her like a child, and she gave herself to an orgy of pity—for Mr. Cates and herself and Denis. Finally he shook her, ungently.

"Climb out of it now. We're going over to my house. I want you to meet my mother, and after that I'll read you a story that came back today, and see if you can tell me why. The editors sounded half convinced, I think."

"Then they were probably three-fourths convinced. They don't usually invite more grief, do they?" She was delighted to shift her thoughts from her own woes to Denis's. You could be very judicial and philosophical about other people's troubles.

"Search me. Magazine editors are an unknown breed to me."

His house was big and old and charming. There was no odor of decay about it, she thought as they went up the walk; the house had grown old with dignity and without resentment.

Mrs. Ford was reading in the living-room. She looked amazingly young and alert; younger even than Milly.

"I'm so glad to see you," she said, and her smile was very like Denis's. "I've been after Denis to bring you over ever since he first told me about you."

They talked for almost an hour, and Carol forgot her soreness. Mrs. Ford explained Denis, she thought; her mind was as swift as his, and the sympathy between them was surprising and rather lovely.

Denis stood up. "I've got a story I want Carol to read," he explained. "Is that stuff still in my room?"

Mrs. Ford laughed. "Do you suppose I'd touch a piece of scratch paper? Yes, darling; right where you left it." She added casually: "Why don't you go in Harry's den? It's more comfortable."

Yes, Carol decided. Mrs. Ford and her son understood each other perfectly.

In his father's study Denis closed the door and took her in his arms. "I have to do this first, then I can last till you read this thing."

He put her in a chair and adjusted the lamp. "Read it, and then I'll tell you what they say about it."

She disciplined her thoughts and took the manuscript; read it through in silence.

Denis could write; she had discovered that in the beginning. His style was terse and acid and a little crude, but there were passages that took you by the throat. This one was incredible and pathetic; the unadorned story of a mill girl who had died of tuberculosis and left several hundred dollars of insurance, which a destitute family had spent—gaudily and avidly—for a tremendous funeral.

She laid the manuscript aside and stared thoughtfully before her, trying to define the flaw she knew existed.

"It's heart-breakingly good in spots," she said slowly. "It makes me want to cry. But I think... I think you've underdone your pathos too heavily. The reader ought to be allowed to see it for himself..."

He looked almost sulky. "I don't agree with you."

She stared sharply at him and then shrugged. "I'm sorry. I thought you wanted my opinion. Hereafter I'll say everything's perfect and that the editors are a lot of mugs."

His face softened. "Oh, Lord, no! I didn't mean to be an ass. Your honesty's one of the best things about you, and if I don't learn to profit by criticism I'm sunk."

She smiled at him, trying not to look as fatuous as she felt. "Rewrite it and send it out again."

"Maybe. When it's cooled off." "Now. It doesn't need to cool off. Darn you, Denis, don't you know about following through on your swing?"

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



8 MEN TIED FOR FIRST PLACE IN THE HIGH-JUMP AT THE STANFORD-CALIFORNIA TRACK MEET, April 25, 1936— ALL CLEARED THE BAR AT 6 FEET 1 1/4 INCHES...



THERE IS ONLY ONE GENTLEMAN IN LOS ANGELES WHO HAS A TELEPHONE...



ZALEUCUS—ancient Greek legislator, TRIED, CONVICTED, CONDEMNED, AND EXECUTED HIMSELF FOR BREAKING ONE OF HIS OWN LAWS! —5th century, B.C.—

Advertisement for Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. Text: "DON'T MAKE A MISTAKE—LOOK FOR THE GREEN SPEAR ON THE PACKAGE." "WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS". Includes a small illustration of a man with a sword.

Comic strip titled "TAILSPIN TOMMY—New Quarters Desired". Panels show Tommy talking to Paul Smith and Herb, and then to a man in a desert. Text: "I KNOW A NATURAL HIDE-OUT IN THE PAINTED DESERT... BART AND CHARLIE WILL NEVER FIND US THERE..."

Comic strip titled "BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Smugglers!". Panels show Ben Webster in a tunnel and talking to Briargie. Text: "FROM HIS VANTAGE POINT IN THE TUNNEL, BEN WITNESSED THE SIGNAL AND OVERHEARD THE CONVERSATION—" "GOSH! THEY'RE A GANG OF GAMBLERS—" "COME ON, BRIARGIE! WE'VE LEARNED ALL WE NEED TO KNOW—" "WOW! THAT'S MRS. MONTROSE! WHAT IN THE DICKENS IS SHE UP TO?" "NOW, DON'T STOP ME, BEN! THE RUFFIAN WE HAD IN THE ATTIC IS NOW DOWN IN MY KITCHEN!"

Comic strip titled "THE NEBBES—Friends". Panels show a man talking to a woman. Text: "MY PAL... MY GOOD FRIEND... TELLS THIS BROTHER-IN-LAW OF MINE TO STAY AT LEAST ANOTHER MONTH! I WISH I WAS A RATTLESNAKE... I'D BITE YOU!" "NOVAGE JIG IN EVERY SWIG" "WHY DO YOU SEND HIM TO ME FOR A JOB? I HATE THAT GUY WORSE THAN YOU DO WITHOUT AS MUCH REASON" "I THOUGHT YOU'D KNOW IT WAS THE RUN-AROUND... YOU'RE ONLY DUMB WHEN MY COMFORT IS CONCERNED" "AM I SUPPOSED TO TAKE EVERYTHING FOR GRANTED? AM I SUPPOSED TO KNOW WHAT YOU THINK? I'LL ADMIT YOU'RE SHALLOW BUT I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO SEE YOU" "WOULDN'T KNOW WITH A SPLEEN RUNNING OVER WITH MALICE AND A BRAIN THAT WOULD RATTLE IN A GNAT'S HEAD WHAT CAN I EXPECT?"

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

Comic strip titled "SUBURBAN HEIGHTS". Panels show a man with a suitcase talking to a woman. Text: "FRED PERLEY KEPT HIS PART OF THE AGREEMENT WITH ERNIE PLUMER WHEREBY EACH WAS TO MOW THE OTHER'S LAWN WHEN THE OTHER WAS AWAY ON HIS VACATION, BUT WHEN FRED GOT BACK FROM HIS TWO-WEEKS HOLIDAY HE FOUND THAT ERNIE HAD STRAINED HIS BACK PITCHING HORSE-SHOES AND COULDN'T DO ANY HEAVY WORK" (Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

By O. M. PAYNE

Comic strip titled "S'MATTER POP—". Panels show a man talking to children. Text: "YOUR BROTHER?" "HOW LUCKY YOU ARE TO HAVE A BROTHER!" "I'M LUCKY, TOO! I'VE GOTTA BROTHER!" "WHY, HOW MANY BROTHERS ARE IN THE FAMILY?" "TWO" "WANTA COUNT US?" (Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

By HAL FORREST

Comic strip titled "WHY, HOW MANY BROTHERS ARE IN THE FAMILY?". Panels show a man talking to children. Text: "WHY, HOW MANY BROTHERS ARE IN THE FAMILY?" "TWO" "WANTA COUNT US?"

By EDWIN ALGER

Comic strip titled "WHY, HOW MANY BROTHERS ARE IN THE FAMILY?". Panels show a man talking to children. Text: "WHY, HOW MANY BROTHERS ARE IN THE FAMILY?" "TWO" "WANTA COUNT US?"

By SOL HESS

Comic strip titled "WHY, HOW MANY BROTHERS ARE IN THE FAMILY?". Panels show a man talking to children. Text: "WHY, HOW MANY BROTHERS ARE IN THE FAMILY?" "TWO" "WANTA COUNT US?"

Postal Courtship Ended In Killing

PONCHATOULA, La., Aug. 26.—(AP)—A courtship by mail and a trip here from the Pacific northwest by John Parkas, 65, of Kelso, Wash., to marry a Louisiana woman was at an end today, with Parkas shot to death by a post office officer who said Parkas stabbed at him with a knife.

Montana Forest Fire Controlled

SPOKANE, Wash., Aug. 26.—(AP)—Rainfall and lack of wind helped an army of 1,000 fighters control the Coal creek and Big creek-Winona ridge forest fires in northwestern Montana today, the U. S. forest service reported.

Find Carrier Pigeon

ROSEBURG, Ore., Aug. 26.—(AP)—A young carrier pigeon with a leg band bearing the inscription "4111225" was reported found by Roy Foster on his place near Hlasee 23 miles east of here, in a telephone message from the Glade ranger station of the forest service. According to advisers, the bird evidently had been hit by a hawk.

Fire Near Langlois

SALEM, Aug. 26.—(AP)—A small forest fire, covering approximately 60 acres in the Langlois district in Curry county, was reported to State Forester Ferguson today. Ferguson said he had sent a number of CCC men to fight the blaze.