

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

SYNOPSIS: Two men disturb Carol Torrance, who had intended taking her school teaching job in her stride. One is Denis Ford, who is a dangerously charming newspaper man with the unshakable belief in his blood. She just has refused to marry Denis, who is leaving Wednesday for a new job in Washington. And Mike Hamilton, Carol's most promising pupil and the honestest boy she ever has seen, is in the toils of Annabel Moore—very young to be a predatory female, but just that, nevertheless.

Chapter 15

TORTURED PARTING

DENIS left Wednesday night. On Tuesday Anna Ford telephoned. "Carol? I'm expecting you for dinner tomorrow night. Then you can drive over to Erskine with Denis and Bill to catch the Washington train. I'd suggest your taking Denis along but it's thirty-five miles and you'd be pretty late getting back."

One of the worst things about not marrying Denis, Carol thought, was losing Anna as a mother-in-law. She said quickly: "You're an angel; of course I'll come."

"About six, then," Anna said. "We'll have to eat earlier than usual. I dare say Denis will consent to bringing you over."

In a town where eating was a necessary evil Anna Ford succeeded in imparting grace to her meals. She had dinner instead of supper at night, and wore soft, informal dresses, many of them shabby. There were cocktails tonight, to create at least a synthetic gaiety, and the talk was all of Washington.

Their farewells were as casual as her own had been, little more than a month before. Mr. Ford said: "Well, Denis... remember to give us the lowdown..." and Anna kissed him and smiled.

"Come back with your shield, darling, or on it."

That was bravado; she had no illusions about Denis. The drive to Erskine was almost silent. Denis sat with his arm around Carol, holding her as tight as he could, and Bill kept his eyes on the road. When they drew up at the station Bill grinned at his brother and held out his hand.

"Well, old man, so long. I've got to see a fella about a dog..." They gripped hands without speaking, and Bill glanced at Carol. "I'll be back when the train leaves. God bless you, my children."

BUT when Bill had gone they still couldn't talk. There was, as there had been on the first night, too much to say—and not enough. They heard the train whistle finally with the relief of the condemned who prefer to have done with their ordeal.

Denis said huskily: "Don't come with me. If you do I'll never get on the damned train."

She shook her head. "Don't worry; I wouldn't for anything. Denis..." Her voice failed.

His mouth on hers was quick and hard, and she shut her eyes in order not to see his face. When she opened them he was walking down the platform.

Bill appeared suddenly from nowhere and started the car; drove the first few miles in a compassionate silence.

"If you want to use my shoulder," he said gruffly, "it's at your disposal."

She laughed a little. "Thanks, but I guess not. Denis told me once that I wasn't the type."

"Boloney; they all are," Bill said firmly. He was twenty-three, and he knew.

After that they talked, and she managed fairly well. Hadn't she, once, wanted Denis to go and leave her in peace? Even the ache was shot through with the realization that she could begin now to try to forget him; to wonder what lay around the next corner. She was still young enough to speculate about corners.

At Mrs. O'Connor's door Bill surprised her by patting her cheek.

"You're a honey, Carol. Carry on." He turned and ran down the steps.

She climbed the stairs slowly, dragging off her hat as she went. Ellen's door was closed, and she was glad when it didn't open; she didn't want sympathy just now.

In her room a pile of history tests lay on a table and leered at her. She looked at her watch; nine o'clock, and early enough to deprive her of an excuse to postpone them. She drew a chair towards the light and began on the papers.

A minute later she laughed aloud. Allen Lester had labored long and hard over the question about what he'd do if the British Empire together; Allen's mind had been unable to cope with an abstract concept of God, King and Country as a unifying force. He had replied, with simple, unassailable logic:

"The British Empire is held together by the English Channel..."

SCHOOL closed for the holidays on the last Friday before Christmas.

Friday was a total loss: the children were too excited to concentrate on lessons, and the teachers were too excited to insist upon it. Mr. Hall succumbed to the prevailing demoralization and cut the last two periods in half, thereby preventing spontaneous combustion.

Carol tried to ignore the hands of her watch, and to keep her thoughts in order. Tomorrow: Milly and Pat and Jill! The very thought made her heart hurry. Milly and Pat and Jill...

When the last class had dragged itself around the clock the children leaped to their feet and clattered out, shouting Merry Christmas as they went.

She sat still when they had gone; strangely enough there was no hurry now. Her train left at five, and her bags were packed and waiting. The time seemed longer now because it was empty.

Mike came in hesitantly, and stood over her. "Miss Torrance, I sure hope you have a good time at home. I know you'll be glad to get rid of us for two weeks."

His voice was dull and lifeless, and the aura of anticipation that surrounded her broke like thin glass. She looked at him with still, intent eyes, and decided abruptly to cut straight through his reticence.

"Mike, you told me in September that you were going to ask me to help you when you needed it."

His face seemed to break up, and she saw weakness behind his carved perfection.

"I—I couldn't, Miss Torrance. You'd've thought I was a fool."

"You might at least have given me a chance. I can't quite see you being a fool. A lot of other things, maybe—good and bad—but not a fool. Do you want to tell me about it now? I've got plenty of time."

He looked at the floor and she held her breath.

"I guess it wouldn't do any good—now."

The last word dropped heavily and ominously into the silence. "Now." What in God's name had Mike done? Surely not...? She tried to look through his eyes and find the answer, but they were opaque with unhappiness.

"Mike, you'd better tell me, if it takes all afternoon." She would even miss her train and one of her priceless nights at home if it meant Mike's rescue.

He shook his head slowly. "No'm. You want to get ready to leave." She denied it with a swift gesture. "I might—talk to you when you get back."

"It may be too late then. I've got two hours."

But it was no use. Not in this bare classroom that anyone could enter at any time. Mike felt that.

She prodded him. "I'm—a girl myself, Mike. A lot older, but not enough older to forget how their minds work."

His voice was slow, and so thick with hate that it frightened her.

"Your mind never did work—that way." He pulled himself up, and for the second time since she had known him he held out his hand.

"Goodbye, Miss Torrance."

They gripped hands, and it was Mike who first drew his away. She cried desperately: "Mike!" but he was walking out of the room.

She locked her desk, and shook off the clutching hands of the room as she went.

Ellen was just leaving the house when she reached home.

"I was afraid I'd miss you," Ellen said gaily. "Have a grand Christmas, Carol."

Carol kissed her, and made herself smile. "Thanks, darling. Have one yourself. Is it time for your bus already?"

"Yes. Mack's driving me down. He's coming over for the New Year's dance, he says. Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas!" But not, Carol thought as she went up the stairs, until she could forget about Mike.

There was a letter from Denis on the table, and she took it up hungrily.

She folded the note and slipped it into her bag, to read on the train. There was time for a luxurious bath; the other teachers, who taught in grammar school, had already gone.

But as she slipped into the steaming tub she realized that there were tears on her face. She laughed aloud, wryly.

"What a handsome way to begin Christmas!" (Copyright, 1936, by Marian Sims)

Carol learns, tomorrow, what happens to former lovers.

60 DAY DIVORCE LAW IN WYOMING

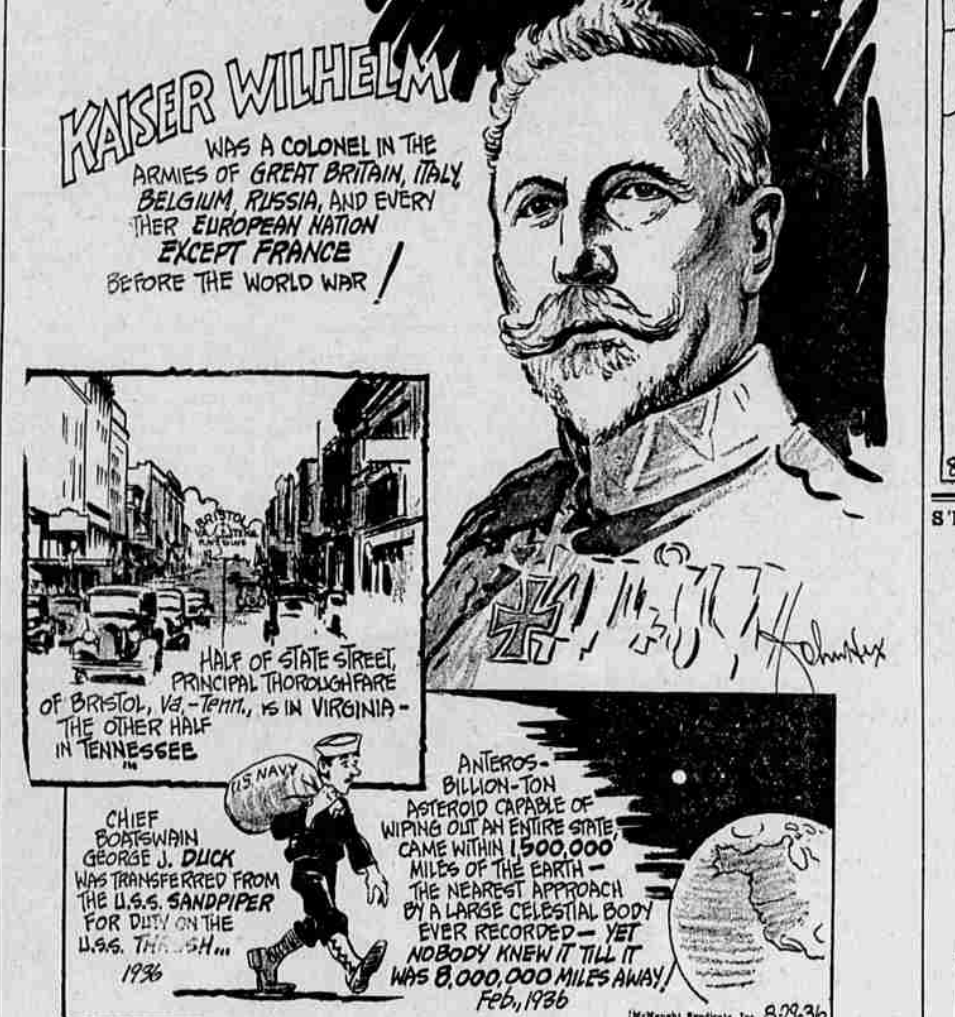
CHEYENNE, Wyo., Aug. 29.—(AP)—Wyoming, home of western thrills for eastern tentfeet, has an added attraction to draw those who come.

see and then move on—a 60-day residence divorce law. Law makers of the state may not have intended to challenge the supremacy of Nevada in the field of splitting marriages when they adopted that 93-word amendment to the state's divorce law. Dude ranchers, hotel operators and lawyers, however, see in the 1935 change an opening bid for some of the income from the marital wars. Placed on the statute books without fanfare, the law so far has attracted but few of the famous names of the east, although divorces in the state have almost doubled since it went into effect.

GIRLS HURT
NEWPORT, Aug. 29.—(AP)—Two little girls, daughters of P. E. Gilkey and Richard Thomas, sustained serious injuries when they fell through a second story window of Gilkey's store onto a cement sidewalk eighteen feet below.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



THE UNSEEN THREAT
Rushing through the heavens at a speed of more than 1200 miles per minute, the huge asteroid, Anteros, came within an astronomical hair's breadth of smashing into the earth about February 7, 1936. Yet, strange as it seems, scientists were not aware of the history making event until the minor planet had sped past and was more than 8,000,000 miles away.

Had the asteroid been delayed but a scant few hours or arrived but a few hours earlier, with its orbit intersecting that of the earth, no warning would have been given of the catastrophe it would have caused had it struck a densely populated region of the earth. Traveling at its tremendous speed, Anteros could have utterly wiped out an entire state.

According to all records of astronomy, no sizeable celestial body has ever passed so closely to the earth as in this instance. The largest body known to ever actually strike the earth was a huge meteor which fell in a forest near Irkutsk, Siberia, in 1908. It completely devastated the region for 100 miles around.

THE INTERNATIONAL COLONEL
Strange as it seems Kaiser Wilhelm actually held a colonelcy in the armies of many of the nations against whom he drove his great war machine during the World War.

France was the only nation in all Europe who had not given him an honorary rank in her army—probably because of the enmity which has existed for so many years between France and Germany and had shortly before been further aggravated by the Franco-Prussian war.

Wilhelm had in his wardrobe 200 complete sets of uniforms for various state occasions.

ANIEROS—BILLION-TON ASTEROID CAPABLE OF WIPING OUT AN ENTIRE STATE
CAME WITHIN 1,500,000 MILES OF THE EARTH—THE NEAREST APPROACH BY A LARGE CELESTIAL BODY EVER RECORDED—YET NOBODY KNEW IT TILL IT WAS 8,000,000 MILES AWAY! Feb. 7, 1936

CHIEF BOATSWAIN GEORGE J. DUCK WAS TRANSFERRED FROM THE U.S.S. SANDPIPER FOR DUTY ON THE U.S.S. THRESH... 1936

HALF OF STATE STREET, PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARE OF BRISTOL, VA.—TENN., IS IN VIRGINIA—THE OTHER HALF IN TENNESSEE

MONDAY: 70-IN-ONE CHURCH

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

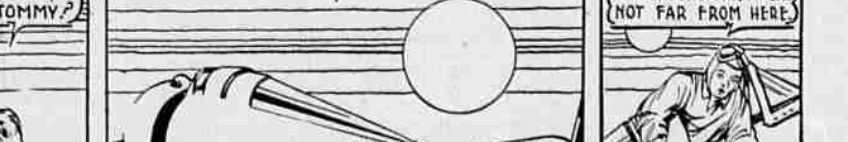
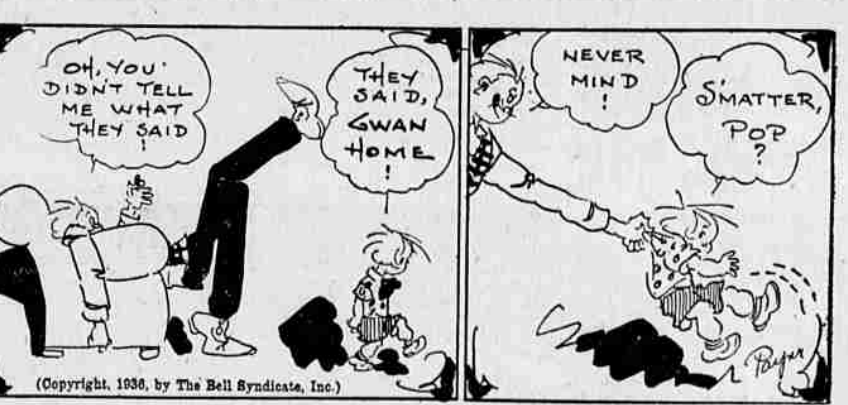
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



8-25 (Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Puts Two and Two Together

By HAL FORREST

WHILE DOGFACE HARRY AND SPIKE, MEMBERS OF THE SKY BANDIT GANG, PREPARE TO FLY TO NEW QUARTERS, TAKING WITH THEM, VIOLET, GIRL MEMBER OF THE GANG, AND SKEETER, A CAPTIVE... LET'S RETURN TO TOMMY...

SOMEBODY UP THERE... THOSE BANDITS... OR THEIR CONFEDERATES... TRAPPED SKEETER...

YOU MEAN... SHOT HIM DOWN, TOMMY?

NO... I THINK... THEY FORCED HIM DOWN... AT SOME ISOLATED SPOT...

I BELIEVE... THAT SKEETS IS A PRISONER... SOMEWHERE NOT FAR FROM HERE.

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Preparations

BEN WEBSTER WORKED WITH FEVERISH ENERGY! A CRATE AND SEVERAL OLD BOXES WERE DOUGED WITH KEROSENE AND LIGHTED—

JUST THE EFFECT I WANT! IT LOOKS LIKE THE HOUSE IS ON FIRE!

AND NOW TO SORTA HIDE YOU IN THE TALL GRASS FOR THE TIME BEING—

IT'S GOING TO SOUND LIKE THE WAR IS STARTING, BRIAR, AND I WANT YOU TO JOIN IN WITH THE BEST BARKS YOU'VE GOT!

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THE DECEITFUL LOAFER... HE WOULDN'T GET HIMSELF A TUPE OF STRAIGHT HAIR BUT GETS BEAUTIFUL CURLY LOCKS. WHEN EVERYBODY IN THE FAMILY HAD HAIR STRAIGHTER THAN A RULER

I'M SURE I LAID IT ON THE BED AND THERE ISN'T BREEZE ENOUGH TO DISTURB A DANDELION SEED, SO IT COULDN'T HAVE GONE OUT OF THE WINDOW... I KNOW WHO'S GOT IT... THERES ONLY ONE PERSON WHO HATES ME ENOUGH TO DO A TRICK LIKE THAT

HELLO, DEARIE, I'LL BE DOWN ABOUT 7:30 AND WE'LL TAKE IN A PICTURE AND HAVE A BITE AFTERWARD... OKEY-DOKE!

WELL, WE'LL JUST HIDE THE SCENERY... WHY SHOULD HE DECEIVE A POOR UNSUSPECTING BEAUTY PARLORITE?

HIT-REN TRAGEDY
WALLA WALLA, Aug. 29.—(AP)—A case of headlight glass near the spot where Dorothy Birkes, 13, was fatally injured by a hit and run driver Friday night today gave peace officers their first clue to the motorist who struck her bicycle and sped towards this city.

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CAMPAIGN HELD CRUSADE BY KNOX

BURLINGTON, Vt., Aug. 29.—(AP)—Col. Frank Knox, Republican vice-presidential candidate, left with his party supporters here today with the assertion "this is not a political campaign, this is a crusade to save America."

Knox applied this characterization to the Republican drive for November votes while addressing a statewide Republican rally last night continuing at the end of his formal speech, the candidate brought his listeners to their feet to cheer the sentence.

The nominee said there was today "a call for the same spirit" which guided the signers of the Declaration

of Independence. They risked their lives, he said, because "to be free meant more than to live."

CHAPLIN CHOOSES FILM FOR BRUNETTE PROTEGE

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 29.—(UP)—Charles Chaplin decided today to make another picture, but not about the little tramp with the oversized shoes.

"Agency," an English novel by D. L. Murray, was chosen by the comedian as a starring vehicle for his brunette protege, Paulette Goddard. He will produce and direct it, but will not, he said.

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