

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

SYNOPSIS: Carol Torrance is on her way back to her home in Meredith from her teaching job in Ashboro. She has sent Denis Ford on to his new work in Washington, although it meant heartbreak for each of them. And she has left Mike in charge of the most interesting and handsome boy in her class, finishing in the role of Annabel. Altogether, Carol's journey is rather a worrisome one, although the prospect of seeing the family in a few hours is a help.

Chapter 16 MORE ABOUT DON

MEREDITH was becoming a reality with every mile; Ashboro a life she had lived in a dream. She was taking off Ashboro like a garment, and putting on Meredith instead. Confronted by the lights of the mills she couldn't remember so vividly Mike's twisted face, or even Denis's dark, eager eyes.

The porter gathered up her bags and she followed him eagerly, too soon. She stood in the vestibule for almost a mile, as if she had never travelled before, and then charged down the steps before he could help her.

Three shapes were hurrying down the platform towards her: a tall angular one that loomed, a tall slim one that strode, a smaller bundle that pattered. She opened her arms and ran.

"Milly! Oh, gosh, I'm so glad..." Milly's face was soft and cold, and her old fur coat smelled faintly of moth balls. Carol squeezed her convulsively and turned to Jill, who felt so little and strong and young. Then Pat, whose arms enveloped her completely, while he said: "Well, kid..." in a rough, pleased voice.

Pat picked up her bags and they walked towards the car, talking in the broken, meaningless sentences of people who have not yet become re-acquainted to each other.

The house, as they turned in the driveway, seemed to hold out its arms to them. It was unbearably lovely after Mrs. O'Connor's, Carol thought; it had acquired graciousness and serenity in so few years.

MILLY eyed her critically. "You're a little thinner, aren't you?" "Probably. The first month or so is always strenuous. After that you can relax." She looked at Milly. "You look grand, sugar."

Milly's face was flushed and her eyes were shining. "Oh, I'm getting fat, darn it! Middle-aged spread. Did you have supper?"

"Did I in solitary state. It was marvellous after months of feeding with the public. I ate for almost an hour."

"But wouldn't you like a glass of milk and some cake? I want to fatten you up while you're here." Milly's affection needed some tangible outlet.

"I'd love it. Let's all eat cake." They trooped into the kitchen and draped themselves on stools and over the table. Milly bustled happily.

"Nut cake!" Carol said. "I'll bet you made it for the prodigal."

Pat grinned. "We've had the calf on ice for a week. But this," his voice was ludicrously domestic, "is as good as I usually make. I think it was the eggs."

Their earlier constraint was gone. They settled down to the business of re-knitting the close fabric of their relationship.

At eleven o'clock Milly assumed a firm expression. "It's time for bed. Carol must get plenty of rest while she's here. . . . You're in your own room, Carol."

They went upstairs, still laughing at nothing. Carol sniffed her room like a dog, catching the scent of strange powder and perfume that lingered like the ghost of Edith Andrews. This room too seemed momentarily unfamiliar, especially with someone else's smell in it. She opened her bag and began taking out her own belongings to lay the ghost.

While she was brushing her hair Pat appeared, and sprawled his length across her bed. She smiled fondly at him, and felt the catch at her heart that so often came with the sight of him.

"Well, Patrick—what about it?" He lay with his hands locked behind his head and watched her. "Nothing. What about it yourself?" "I don't know."

"Is it working?" "Not particularly. But then I hardly expected it to. There've been one or two bright spots. . . ." She told him about Denis and Mike, and he listened keenly.

PAT looked thoughtful. "Sometimes you use your brain too much. Not in this case, I imagine."

because I sort of agree with you. But when the time comes I want you to stop thinking and begin feeling. Let yourself coast." "I know. If the time ever comes, I think I will." By association of ideas she asked casually: "How's Don, by the way?" "Mirth flickered in Pat's eyes and disappeared. "I wanted to tip you off about that. Brace yourself: Don's falling for our little sister. Since he couldn't make love to the one who was dear . . ."

She turned in her chair and stared at him. "No fooling?" "No fooling." His face was sober. "It's hard on your pride, of course, but when you get used to it I think you'll approve."

She faced the mirror and rubbed



Milly eyed Carol critically.

cold cream carefully and mechanically from her face. Don and Jill. . . . "How does Jill feel about it?"

Pat knit his thick, fair brows. "I don't quite know; she probably feels uncomfortable about watching you lover—even unintentionally."

"But he isn't," Carol said quickly. "If he were I wouldn't be in Ashboro." She began to smile. "I'm all ready getting used to it, and I think it might be perfect."

"Sure. They both want the same things: home and family and fire side. . . ."

Pat's voice was hungry, and she wanted to go and throw her arms around him. Instead she said: "Thank heaven you warned me. Wouldn't it have been awful if I'd appropriated him when he came, just assuming that I was still the light of his life?"

Don and Jill. And three months ago it had been Don and Carol. Pat was right; her pride had been jarred, although justice told her that Don was doing the wise thing in taking her at her word. But aside from her family this severed her last thin link with Meredith.

Pat said gruffly: "I never saw you do any appropriating, even when you had him; but I knew you'd want to know. Of course," he added, "seeing you again may bust it wide open. . . ."

And if you don't really want him, I hope you won't let it. Carol heard his mind saying. She answered his unspoken request.

"Don't worry. It won't." Milly poked her head in the door. "Go to bed, you owls. You've got two weeks to talk in."

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A disturbing Christmas present comes, tomorrow, from Denis Ford.

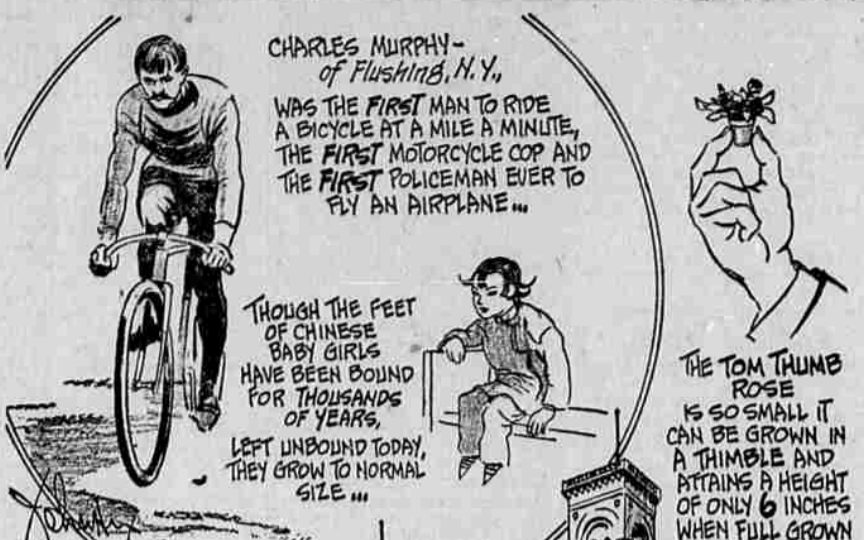
SEWARD, Alaska, Aug. 31.—(AP)—Icicles a foot long fell on the decks of the steamer Curacoa during a freak snowfall off Chugach Island. Hans "Wolf" Larsen, ship's pilot, said here today.

"The ice particles, some of them a foot long, struck the decks while the snow was falling," Larsen said. "The fall was heaviest about 2:30 this morning."

Four Price PORTLAND, Aug. 31.—(P)—U. S. department of agriculture reports four subsidy price Saturday at 28¢ per 50 lb., compared with 30¢ Friday.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



CHARLES MURPHY—of Flushing, N. Y., WAS THE FIRST MAN TO RIDE A BICYCLE AT A MILE A MINUTE, THE FIRST MOTORCYCLE COP AND THE FIRST POLICEMAN EVER TO FLY AN AIRPLANE.

THOUGH THE FEET OF CHINESE BABY GIRLS HAVE BEEN BOUND FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, LEFT UNBOUND TODAY, THEY GROW TO NORMAL SIZE.

THE TOM THUMB ROSE IS SO SMALL IT CAN BE GROWN IN A THIMBLE AND ATTAINS A HEIGHT OF ONLY 6 INCHES WHEN FULL GROWN.

THE 70-IN-ONE CHURCH!



NEW METROPOLITAN CATHEDRAL, Athens, Greece, WAS CONSTRUCTED FROM THE MATERIALS OF 70 DEMOLISHED CHURCHES.

8-31-36 McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

Speed cop has a real meaning as applied to Charles ("Mile-a-Minute") Murphy, first motorcycle policeman in the world, now retired and residing in Flushing, N. Y.

Strange as it seems, in 1895, Murphy won more than 150 prizes as a bicycle rider, breaking seven world records, 17 American records and 27 New York state records in the single year! All of the then existing records for speed on a bicycle were shattered June 30, 1899, when, mounted on his bicycle, pedalling behind a special train which he used to cut down air resistance, Murphy attained a speed of 77 miles per hour riding on a wooden plank between the rails.

At the finish of the ride when the train started to slow down to a stop, the bicycle's front tire collided with the rear end of the observation car and Murphy was catapulted through the air into the arms of newspaper men standing on the rear platform. As a result he broke another record which is still believed to stand—that of boarding a train travelling at a speed of over 60 miles per hour.

In 1915 Charles Murphy became



WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS

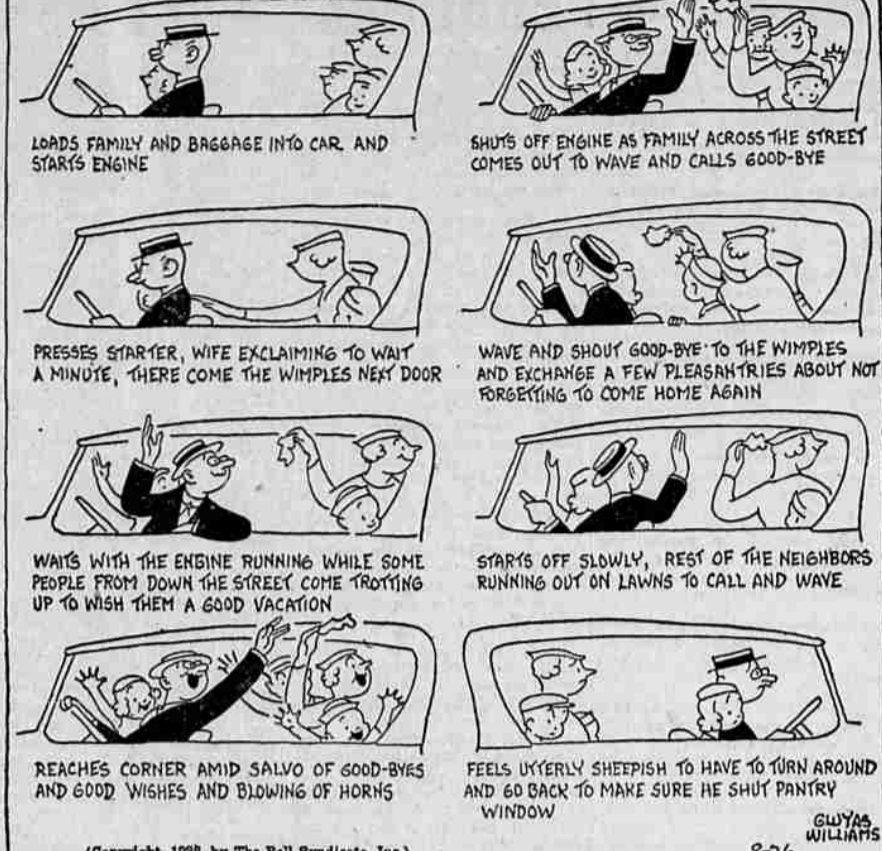
Pilot Murphy, the first policeman to solo an airplane.

Thimble Rose Originated by J. de Vink, horticulturist and botanist, the "Tom Thumb" rose is believed to be the smallest species ever developed. The tiny plant, which never grows to a height of more than six inches, has a seed that calls for a microscope to be properly seen. A thimble actually provides ample space for the raising of the plant. Buds of the species are smaller than a grain of corn and the perfectly formed blooms seldom measure more than an inch across.

Tomorrow: The Woman Admiral.

ANTICLIMAX

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



LOADS FAMILY AND BAGGAGE INTO CAR, AND STARTS ENGINE

SHUTS OFF ENGINE AS FAMILY ACROSS THE STREET COMES OUT TO WAVE AND CALLS GOOD-BYE

PRESSES STARTER, WIFE EXCLAIMING TO WAIT A MINUTE, THERE COME THE WIMPLES NEXT DOOR

WAVE AND SHOUT GOOD-BYE TO THE WIMPLES AND EXCHANGE A FEW PLEASANTRIES ABOUT NOT FORGETTING TO COME HOME AGAIN

WAITS WITH THE ENGINE RUNNING WHILE SOME PEOPLE FROM DOWN THE STREET COME TROTTING UP TO WISH THEM A GOOD VACATION

STARTS OFF SLOWLY, REST OF THE NEIGHBORS RUNNING OUT ON LAWNS TO CALL AND WAVE

REACHES CORNER AMID SALVO OF GOOD-BYES AND GOOD WISHES AND BLOWING OF HORNS

FEELS UCKERLY SHEEPISH TO HAVE TO TURN AROUND AND GO BACK TO MAKE SURE HE SHUT PANTRY WINDOW

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8-26

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



I'VE GOTTA BIG HOLE IN MY PANTS!

OH, I'M SO SORRY!

OH, H, I'M SO SORRY!

YOU NEEDN'T BE!

THA'S HOW I GET INNUM!

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Paul Has Something Up His Sleeve

By HAL FORREST



TOMMY, CONVINCED THAT SKEETER IS A CAPTIVE OF THE SKY BANDITS IN SOME ISOLATED REGION, PLANS TO RESCUE HIM.



I'M GOING BACK TO THAT CANYON... AND TRY TO PICK UP A TRAIL, CHIEF...



HEB, GET MY OVERALLS...



AND THAT SUB-MACHINE GUN... AND PORTABLE MOUNTING...



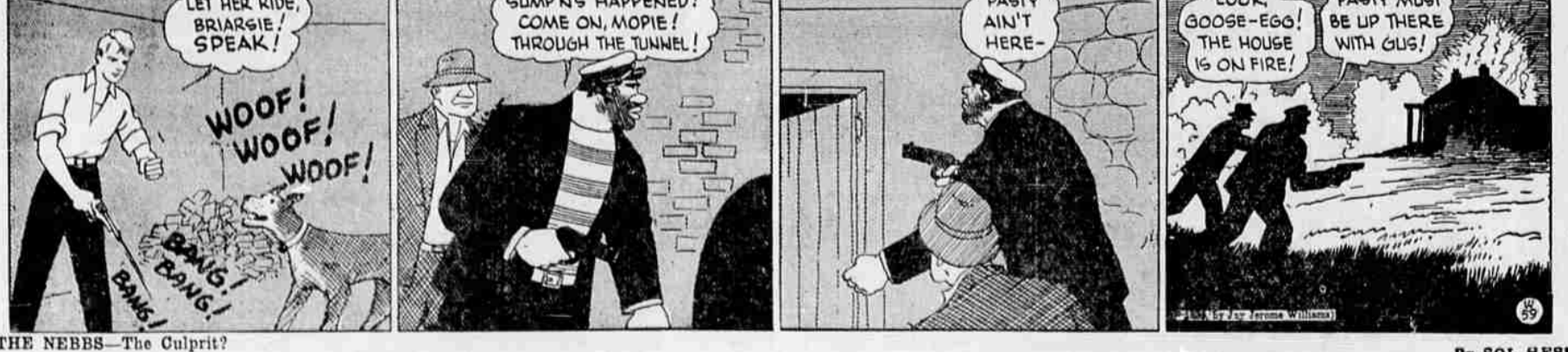
RUSTY, ERNIE... ROLL OUT MY SPEEDING FALCON... QUICK!



SURE, CHIEF!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—So Far, So Good!

By EDWIN ALGER



LET HER RIDE, BRIGIE! SPEAK!

WOOF! WOOF! WOOF!

GUMPT'S HAPPENED! COME ON, MOPIE! THROUGH THE TUNNEL!

PAGTY AIN'T HERE-

LOOK, GOOSE-EGG! THE HOUSE IS ON FIRE!

PAGTY MUST BE UP THERE WITH GUS!

THE NEBBS—The Culprit?

By SOL HESS



THAT WAS A NICE THING YOU DID, HIDING ERNIE'S TOUPE!! IT TAKES A GREAT BRAIN TO FIGURE A THING LIKE THAT OUT!!

I DID WHAT?

YOU HID ERNIE'S TOUPE UNDER THE SHEETS IN HIS BED AND KEPT HIM IN ALL EVENING-- A NICE VACATION HE'S HAVING!

AND IT JUST HAD TO BE ME WHO DID IT?

I WISH I KNEW WHO DID IT-- HE'D GET A RAISE AND A VACATION-- IF ERNIE ISN'T HAPPY HERE, THERE ARE OTHER PLACES-- IT'S A BIG WORLD

YOUTH TRAPPED IN EXTORTION PLOT

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—(AP)—Federal agents, posing as hitch-hikers, drunks and roadside lovers, trapped a young man who appeared at a lonely rendezvous on Long Island where \$10,000 was to have been paid in an extortion plot, the department of justice announced today. The prisoner, William J. Butler, 18, of Brooklyn, was arrested last night and today waived examination when arraigned before United States Commissioner Garrett W. Cotter on a charge of "extortion by mail." He was held for a federal grand jury on \$3,000 bail.

ICICLES FOOT IN LENGTH HIT SHIP

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