

# THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

**SYNOPSIS:** Carol Torrance has left her car behind her by returning to her family in Meredith for the Christmas vacation. One is Denis Ford, whom she might have loved; Denis is in Washington. The other is Mike Higgins, a pupil of hers in Ashboro high school. Mike is in the clutches of Annabel Horner, another student—and Carol is helpless. To her relief, her brother Pat tells her that Don, who three months before begged Carol to marry him, is now falling for her younger sister Jill.

## Chapter 17 FROM DENIS

Milly gave a buffet supper the next night "to start the ball rolling," as she put it, although the ball usually rolled in their direction without assistance. She and Carol spent the morning cutting up hens for creamed chicken while Annie, the Negro cook, "did the house."

They talked steadily and happily, about small, unimportant things. Annie popped in and out, beaming. Inventing opportunities for conversation with Carol, whom she adored.

"Laws, Miss Carol," she had said in greeting, "you looks younger an' prettier than ever!"

Carol grinned skeptically and affectionately. "You darned liar. How's that no-count husband of yours?"

Annie shrugged lilythly. "I ain even speakin' to 'im rat now, excusin' when I tells 'im to bring in some stove wood."

Annie and Bud led a tumultuous life, alternating periods of fierce loyalty with intervals of very articulate contempt, and Annie's accounts of their battles were well worth preserving.

Milly cut the conversation short. "Be sure and go over the furniture well, Annie."

Annie departed reluctantly. "Yes'm, I was jus fixin' to do that."

At seven the guests began to arrive, and the house became noisy and alive. Like most small town groups the "crowd" was heterogeneous: friends of Jill and Pat and Carol, and one or two of Milly's own contemporaries who and Milly's youthfulness of spirit. They were very glad to see Carol and their welcome fitted her again into a niche of her own, a niche she could never occupy as a teacher in Ashboro.

Don came a little late, and Carol guessed that he wanted the impersonality of a crowd to help him over the first few minutes. She met him exactly as she had met the others, and then resumed an interrupted conversation.

His eyes found Jill and greeted her above half a dozen heads, then swung back to Carol. Over the shaker Pat watched him unobtrusively; saw him weighing and comparing; saw uncertainty mirrored for a moment in his candid face.

Carol chatted gaily on, ignoring him, and the uncertainty began to fade. He greeted Milly warmly, squeezing both her hands, and then began inexorably to forge his way towards Jill.

Across the room Carol and Pat exchanged a single expressionless look, so brief that it scarcely lived. Pat bent over to fill a glass, but in his heart the gesture was an obstacle to his older sister.

They played bridge for a while after supper, and then deserted the tables for the hilarious unty of guessing games.

The party reluctantly broke up at midnight. With his overcoat on Jim Stammer grumbled: "We haven't played no Thumbs Up all night."

Pat leaped into the breach with both thumbs upright, and Jim in turn elevated his.

"Simon says 'thumbs up,' Simon says 'wigwag,' Stop!"

Jim obediently stopped, and Louise sniffed. "You're not so hot. Come on, idiot; you've got to drive the sifter home, and tomorrow's your week to take Muff to Sunday school. It's been perfectly elegant, folks."

They all drifted out, and the house was suddenly very still. Carol smiled at Milly.

"It was a swell party, darling. And very different, she thought, from Alice and Tom Harrison's affair that had been her introduction to Ashboro's social whirl. "Leave the house as it is," Milly had begun straightening things—"Annie can do it all before we're even awake."

THE days before Christmas were crowded and swift, dropping away like beads from a broken string. There were hurried trips to town; Milly ran short of tissue and ribbon, everybody ran short of Christmas cards.

Carol groaned as the cards poured in. "This business is ruining Christmas for me. Instead of being pleased and touched at all the people who remember me, my first reaction is: 'Oh, Lord, I didn't send them one!'"

Pat shrugged. "Do you get all

wrought up when and don't get one back. "Of course not."

"Well, then, give 'em credit for the same amount of sense. Quit stewing."

Christmas day was crisp and clear. Milly had hoped to the last that there would be a flurry of snow, but Pat discouraged her.

"Sugar, there never is. Don't get your hopes up."

When the packages had been opened and admired the inevitable sense of fitness and reaction settled over them. Pat jumped up.

"Let's go play nine holes of golf before the callers begin to descend."

They went gladly, to escape the realization that something had gone out of the day and the season. That was the worst of Christmas, Carol thought; you counted so heavily on it, and then after all it was just another day.

And she was crowding back into her heart the thought that so far there had been no word from Denis; not even a Christmas card. Don had very diplomatically sent flowers to her and Jill and candy to Milly, but Denis was silent. Silly of her to mind, because he'd said he hated it, and yet...

The course was rough and heavy, but the golf was only a pretext so they waded gaily through nine holes, and came home wet and cold and pleasantly tired, to a huge Christmas dinner. At half-past two the callers began to arrive, and the last round departed at midnight. When they had gone the Torrances went gladly to bed. One more bead, Carol thought sleepily, had slipped off the string.

Two days later a package arrived from Denis, accompanied by a scrawled note. Carol read the note first.

"Sweet, I'm grovelling. I went out with a couple of fellows two nights before Christmas and got gutter drunk, mainly to drown the realization that you're in Georgia, and I was in Washington. It took me two days to sober up enough to remember where I'd put this..."

"This" was a beautiful copy of "South Wind," signed and numbered, with a card: "For Carol who deserves the world with a fence."

But I don't want the world with a fence, she thought wearily; I want a very small corner, with Denis in it, and I'll never have it. Even if Denis were there he wouldn't stay put.

She tore up the card and the note, and tossed the book on the table, where Pat found it in the evening.

He picked it up carefully, his eyes shining. "Say, this is beautiful!" He glanced inquiringly at her and she nodded.

"It was late because he got gutter drunk."

The light in Pat's eyes faded. "Well, Christmas usually calls for celebration, doesn't it?" he asked carelessly.

SOMETHING, Carol realized in the remaining days of her vacation, had also gone out of Meredith—there hadn't been time in the rush of Christmas preparation to think of it, but now the knowledge followed her doggedly.

I don't actually belong here any longer, she realized, and was faced with another more terrifying fact; and God knows I don't belong in Ashboro! By her own act she was without a country.

She dared, before she left, to break through Jill's reserve and discuss Don with her. Jill was flushed and uncomfortable at first, but her sister's casual air disarmed her.

"Being the sort you are," Carol said calmly, "you've probably got a quixotic notion that Don still belongs to me, even though he obviously doesn't want to. That's foolish; if I'd wanted Don I wouldn't be teaching in Ashboro. He's your type and not mine, anyhow—and that's a compliment to both of you. You'll make a swell pair, and raise a lot of healthy, intelligent children, and justify your existence. I wish I could say much for myself."

Jill's voice was shaken. "That's rot. You've got a divine discontent; it's your sort that blazes trails for my sort to follow."

She laughed harshly. "Not I, I'll zigzag all my life."

For the rest she spent her time with Milly; driving her on errands, playing bridge and golf with her, talking endlessly of pleasant, unimportant things.

She took a train on Sunday afternoon, and the scene of four months ago was re-enacted, except that, for herself, it was no longer a voyage of discovery. When the train had pulled out she turned her face to the quickening landscape and closed her eyes against scorching tears.

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Carol gets some shocking news about Mike, tomorrow.

## Soldier Caravan Will Visit Lake

TACOMA, Wash., Sept. 1.—(AP)—More than 1000 officers and men from Fort Lewis will leave Wednesday to participate in maneuvers throughout Washington and Oregon.

The third signal company, composed of seven officers and 135 men, will be taken on a nine-day trip in 30 trucks to Vancouver Barracks, Eugene, Grants Pass, Crater Lake and Bend.

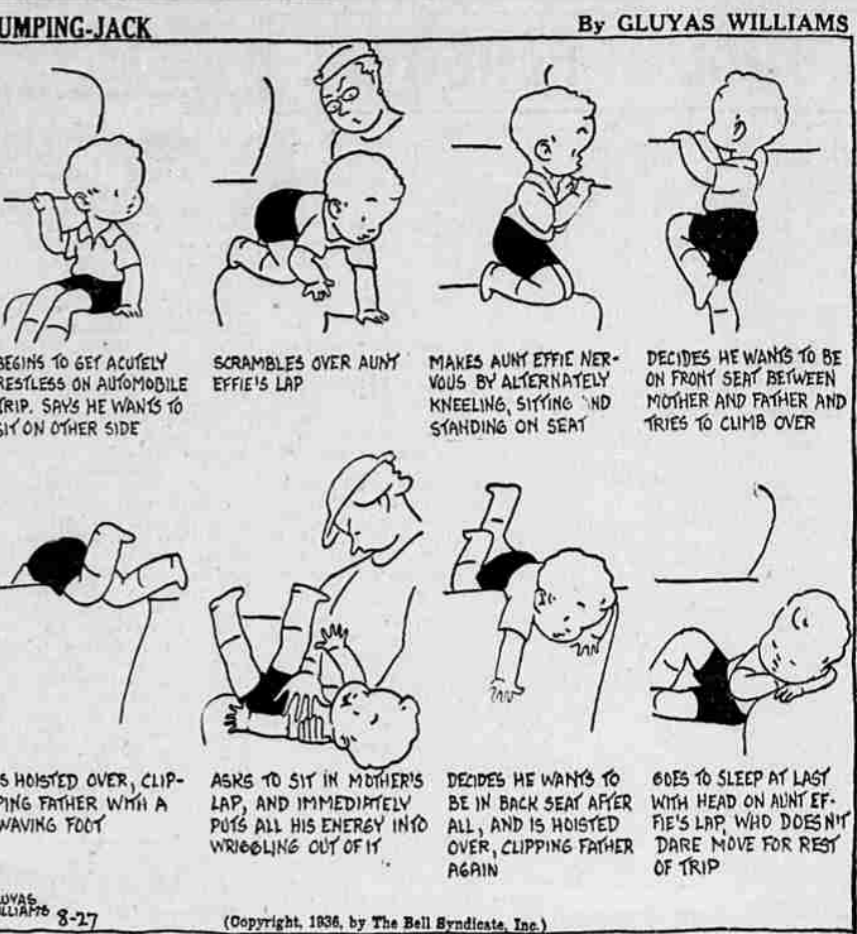
## WAVE OF PETTY CRIME ARRIVES ON SCHEDULE

Further evidence of the wave of petty thievery predicted by city police with the arrival of much floating labor, was given over the week end as three persons notified police of the theft of groceries from their parked cars.

Charles Whillock, 315 South Orange street; Russell McAnnally, 833 Austin street, and Martin Bell of Phoenix were the victims.

## JUMPING-JACK

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



BEGINS TO GET ACUTELY RESTLESS ON AUTOMOBILE TRIP. SAYS HE WANTS TO SIT ON OTHER SIDE

SCRAMBLES OVER AUNT EFFIE'S LAP

MAKES AUNT EFFIE NERVOUS BY ALTERNATELY KNEELING, SITTING AND STANDING ON SEAT

DECIDES HE WANTS TO BE ON FRONT SEAT BETWEEN MOTHER AND FATHER AND TRIES TO CLIMB OVER

IS HOISTED OVER, CLIPPING FATHER WITH A WAVING FOOT

ASKS TO SIT IN MOTHER'S LAP, AND IMMEDIATELY PUTS ALL HIS ENERGY INTO WRIGGLING OUT OF IT

DECIDES HE WANTS TO BE IN BACK SEAT AFTER ALL, AND IS HOISTED OVER, CLIPPING FATHER AGAIN

GOES TO SLEEP AT LAST WITH HEAD ON AUNT EFFIE'S LAP, WHO DOESN'T DARE MOVE FOR REST OF TRIP

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 8-27 (Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

## 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 WOMAN ADMIRAL**  
LASCARINA BOUBOULLINA—FAMOUS GREEK WOMAN PATRIOT, BUILT A FLEET OF SHIPS AND PERSONALLY LED THEM AS ADMIRAL IN A SERIES OF BRILLIANT VICTORIES OVER THE TURKS—19th century—

RAYMOND PRIOR—ONE-LEGGED BASKETBALL, FOOTBALL, AND BASEBALL PLAYER OF ST. ALBANS, VT., WAS 3RD MAN ON THE VERMONT STATE INTERSCHOOL TENNIS TEAM OF 1935

THE LEMON-SOLE IS NOT A SOLE AND WAS NOT NAMED BECAUSE OF ITS LEMON COLOR

RAIN DOES NOT CLEAR THE AIR OF IMPURITIES... IT TENDS TO POLLUTE IT...

**The Woman Admiral.**  
When her second husband, a captain in the Greek navy, was killed during a skirmish with Algerian pirates in 1811, Lascarina Bouboullina faced poverty when the Turkish government seized her lands and wealth on the Greek island of Spetza, then under Ottoman rule.

Seeking the aid of the Russian ambassador in Constantinople, she gave documentary evidence of services her late husband had at one time rendered to the Russian navy. As a result the Russian government demanded and won the return of her fortune.

In revenge for her mistreatment by the Turks, Lascarina Bouboullina returned to Spetza, had a fleet of four large ships built and from then on spent the rest of her life personally leading her men into battle against the Turks. She died at Spetza, May, 1825, allegedly assassinated.

**One-Legged Athlete.**  
Undaunted by the loss of his leg at the age of five, Raymond Pryor, 19, of St. Albans, Vt., has succeeded in becoming proficient at four different sports, tennis being his present favorite.

In 1934-35 Pryor resigned as his city's playground champion in the latter sport and since then has rated high in the results of several state tournaments.

**Rain Pollution.**  
In a series of painstaking experiments conducted by the U. S. Public Health Service, it was proven conclusively that rain does not serve to purify the air in the least and in some cases of heavy rainfall an increase in atmospheric pollution was found to take place.

Tomorrow: Eggs at \$7.35 Per Dozen.

## S'MATTER POP—



MY PA IS TRAINING ME CORRECT!

PURTY SOON I'LL BE COURTEOUS, OSLIGIN, AGREEABLE ACCOMMODATIN' KIND AN' POLITE!

MY, GOODNESS! EVERYONE WILL WANT A BOY LIKE YOU!

CAN'T BE DID!

MY PA WILL GIT ME PATENTED!

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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Protection Assured for Tommy



JUST AS TOMMY WINGED OFF INTO THE NIGHT... IN SEARCH FOR SKEETER, PAUL, FEARED THAT HIS CRACK TEST PILOT IS RUNNING INTO A TRAP, PREPARES TO FOLLOW HIM.

WHAT'S THE BIG RUSH, PAUL?

I'VE BEEN TOO INACTIVE, LATELY... I NEED EXERCISE...

THAT KID SEEMS TO HAVE A PENCHANT FOR ALWAYS RUNNING INTO TROUBLE...

BUT... THIS TIME... I AIM TO BE WITH TOMMY... JUST IN CASE...

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## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Boat for Hire?



WOW! IT WORKED!

MRS. MONTROSE! MRS. MONTROSE!

HERE I AM, BEN!

COME ON, MRS. MONTROSE! STEP ON IT! WE'RE GOING TO BORROW THEIR BOAT!

By EDWIN ALGER

## THE NEBBS—Pardon Me



I'M GOING TO TAKE A WIG AND I'LL HANG MY WIG ON THE DOOR-KNOB SO YOU WON'T HAVE TO TIP-TOE IN TO GET IT!

HIDE MY WIG IN MY BED—THAT WAS A BIG-TOWN TRICK TO PLAY ON A RELATIVE—YOU CERTAINLY MUST HAVE WRUNG YOUR BRAIN GETTING THAT IDEA

JUST WHAT GAVE YOU THE IDEA THAT I DID IT? THERE ISN'T ANYBODY IN THE HOTEL WHO DOESN'T HATE YOU WORSE THAN I DO—IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A BELL-HOP WHO NEVER TID THEM—THEY THINK YOU'RE TIGHT—THEY DON'T KNOW YOU'RE BROKE

By SOL HESS

## BATEMAN, GAIL OPEN MODERN FOOD STORE ON NORTH RIVERSIDE

Arrangements are being completed for the opening of the Riverside Market, 313 and 315 North Riverside, Saturday, September 5, under the management of Chuck Bateman and Norman Gail, well-known young men of Medford.

The modern new food store is conveniently located where there is plenty of parking space and displays of merchandise will be available for self-service if desired. Wall shelves have been installed on all sides of the Riverside Market.

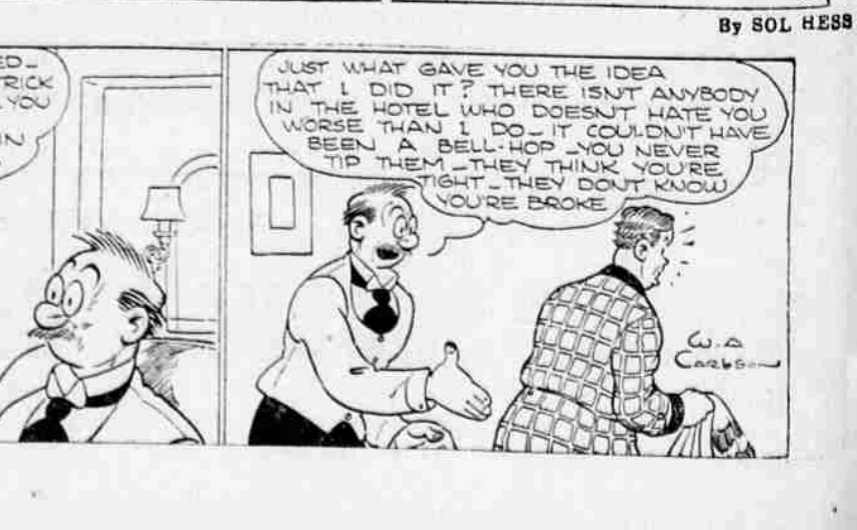
A full line of high quality breads

and pastries will be stocked at the new food market, which will feature local produce, canned and seasonable. A large Super-Cold refrigeration case has been secured by the owners, who announce that a fine selection of cut and smoked meats is to be featured.

Mr. Bateman has been employed by the Reliable Grocery for five years and previously managed Santford & Company in this city. Mr. Gail was associated with the Park Grocery here for a number of years and is thoroughly acquainted with all angles of the grocery business. They will be assisted at the Riverside Market by Mrs. Gail, the former Elbow Mae Wilson, and Mrs. Bateman, formerly Virginia Cook.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Troubridge Cabinet Works

AUTO LOANS AND REFINANCING  
W. E. Thomas, 45 S. Central.



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