

# THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

**SYNOPSIS:** *Carole's year teaching school at Ashboro is finished. It meant, actually, success as a teacher and failure in the two quiet situations which suggested her emotions. Now she is determined to try Atlanta, and that is spite of the fact that the nearest she has to a "contact" likely to produce a job is Blake Thornton. Blake was her partner at a dinner in Ashboro, and he was impressed with her. What ever happens, Carole has determined to teach no longer.*

## Chapter 21 FIRST EFFORT

**CAROL** said: "2250 Elmwood Road," to the taxi driver, and sat back against the worn leather seat. The taxi lunged noisily ahead. The address belonged, temporarily at least, to Margery Craig, who had been Carol's roommate at college. Margery's husband was in the real estate business, so she never lived anywhere very long. She moved into a vacant house and fixed it up as best she could, to improve its rental or sale value, and then Harry Craig immediately began bringing prospects to inspect it.

2250 Elmwood proved to be a trifle house of tapestry brick with depressed-looking shrubbery and one emaciated pine to ward off the Georgia sun. The driver carried her bag to the porch, and Margery appeared before the bell could ring.

"Carol! I'm so glad to see you. Let me carry that..." Carol kissed her. "It's not heavy. Margery, it's swell to see you." They went inside, and deposited the suitcase in the guest room. Margery sat on the bed and smiled.

"You look like a million dollars," Carol smiled back, and took off her hat. "So do you."

That was painfully untrue. Margery Howell had been tiny and blonde, with peach-blossom coloring and cameo features. Margery Craig was too thin, and her hair was gone. Two children and six moves in the past four years, together with a husband in real estate, had been too much for her. She sighed.

"I feel like I look a thousand." They went into the living-room and sat down. "I'm sorry I couldn't meet you," Margery apologized, "but we've only got a company car and Harry had an engagement."

"I wouldn't have let you. Coming in at the suburban station made it just a step, anyhow."

There was an awkward silence. I've lost contact with her, Carol realized sadly, and thought of the years they had been inseparable. Carol lit a cigaret and said with metallic brightness:

"Where are the children? I've never even seen the baby."

Margery's face came alive. "Little Harry's out with the maid, and the baby's having her nap. It's almost time for her to wake up. Tell me about what you've been doing and what you're going to do."

Carol told her briefly, and added: "As for what I'm going to do—Lord knows, I'm starting the hunt in the morning. If I'm lucky enough to find anything I'll begin whenever they say. What I'd like to do is find somebody that wants to hire me a month from now; then I can go on over to Merdith and spend a month with the family."

Margery was determinedly interested, but Carol sensed that an unattached woman in search of a job was something too remote from her present existence to seem very real. The humor of it struck her forcibly. She said with the same artificial brightness:

"Tell me about the rest of the girls. I haven't heard from any of 'em in ages. How's Louise?"

Margery's eyes clouded. "She's getting a divorce. Kenneth drinks like a fish, but I think it's as much her fault as his. And Cornelia's got a grand job (she's not married, you know) with Millbanks. She's a buyer in the ready-to-wear department."

Carol made a mental note to look up Cornelia. It sounded as if she and Cornelia might succeed in resuming the intimacy of six years ago.

They went doggedly through the roster of mutual acquaintances. When the list was complete Carol said:

"By the way, do you know a man named Thornton? Blake Thornton?"

Margery nodded. "Yes. At least I know who he is. Harry knows him, and I've seen his wife at parties. Why?"

"I met him in Ashboro, and when he found I was hunting a job he suggested that I look him up. Not that that means anything." She succumbed to curiosity and asked: "What's his wife like?"

Margery hesitated, and Carol wanted to smile. Margery, in college, had been famous for her tact. "She seemed very nice," Margery conceded. "I think she's a lot older than Blake, and she doesn't look

very strong. But I imagine she was beautiful when she was a girl."

A shrill, lusty wail assailed the silence, and Margery sprang to her feet.

"That's Dolle," she said eagerly. And added unnecessarily: "She's waked up."

**THORNTON & COMPANY**, the building directory said, occupied rooms 605-10-12. Promptly at half-past four Carol found the offices, and entered with some unease. Blake Thornton, for all the politeness in his voice when she telephoned, might be regretting his suggestion.

The secretary took her name and disappeared, to return almost immediately.

"Mr. Thornton will see you now, Miss Torrance."

Blake got up from his desk to shake hands. "This is fine," he smiled. "Take that chair."

She sat down, and wished suddenly that she hadn't come. It seemed rather unporting to grasp at a casual offer made during a social evening.

"How's Ashboro?" he asked. "And all the Tylers?"

"Fine. Ben and Andy both sent their best, and said you were to come down and go fishing whenever you could get away."

She felt more uncomfortable and unnecessary than ever, as if her very presence said to him: Well, here I am. What are you going to do about me?

"Nice of them." He was talking about the Tylers, she remembered with an effort. "I wish I could take 'em up on it."

Silence clogged their talk. A tentative breeze drifted through the windows, and noises boomed faintly from the pavement below: brakes, screaming at traffic, newsboys screaming the afternoon papers. He said finally:

"What about the job? Anything promising so far?"

"Not very. I went to see the friend in placement work, and put my name in the pot. She thinks there's sure to be something in the fall, but that's a long way off."

"You don't want to take the summer off? A city like the suburbs of hell in July and August."

She smiled. "You forgot I've got to start working towards a farm for my old age. I'd like to have three or four weeks at home, of course, but even that's not essential."

**TO HER** surprise he was nodding agreement. "I hadn't forgotten. Was just trying to find out how badly you wanted it." He leaned forward in his chair, and his manner became almost brusque.

"What I had in mind would be an experiment, of course, and if it didn't work I'd have to fire you."

"Naturally," she said quickly. "I'm not that dumb."

"Our business," he disregarded her comment, "is the only one in this section of the South, so far as I know. We do newspaper advertising of all sorts: some stuff that we syndicate and sell over and over, throughout the country. In good times we had two regular copy men on the staff, but for the last two years I've written as much of it as I had time for, and the rest I've turned over to freelancers." He stared speculatively at her. "I was wondering what sort of copy you'd write..."

She looked back at him, and tried not to be too eager. "I haven't the faintest idea, but I'd like very much to have a shot at it."

The room was quiet again. Blake Thornton was openly appraising her, with eyes as cold as slate, and she sat still and waited for the verdict.

"We might try it and see," he said thoughtfully. "I've got an idea that a brand new slant might make valuable copy, once you had the hang of it. You wouldn't be saturated with all the stock phrases and clichés."

## Transient Camps To Be Continued

**SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 5.—(AP)—**Reford G. Tugwell said today the resettlement administration will continue its migrant workers camps in California and expand the experiment along the Pacific coast.

Tugwell said the Resettlement administration which he heads has no new projects under consideration. The greatest problem, he said, is in the great plains drought region "where the government has been spending large sums each year just to keep people alive."

California and the Pacific slope, the undersecretary of agriculture said, give his administration relatively little to worry about. Resettlement loans thus far have been made to some 650,000 farmers.

**Fire Prevention Week**  
**WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—(AP)—**President Roosevelt has designated the week beginning October 4 as national fire prevention week.

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

## West Side School Opening Sept. 14

Announcement was made Saturday that the West Side school, in district 25, would not open until Monday, September 14 because of repair work now being done. The school is located on Ross Lane and Old Stage road.

**WINDY**—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



ONE PART OF FLUORESCIN IN 100,000,000 PARTS OF WATER CAN BE DETECTED BY THE AVERAGE HUMAN EYE

A 30-FOOT TREE SERVED AS THE BELL TOWER FOR ST. PETER'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Tacoma, Wash., FOR 62 YEARS, 1873-1935

RED WINE CAN BE MADE FROM WHITE GRAPES AND WHITE WINE FROM RED GRAPES

Chubix 9-5-36  
Hix & Hix, Inc.

## TRIAL BY LONG DISTANCE



**GAUDIO LOPEZ, ARRESTED FOR HORSE-STEALING IN TAMPICO, MEXICO, 200 MILES FROM THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME, WAS TRIED AND CONVICTED BY TELEPHONE!**

**Trial by Long Distance**  
Arrested and brought to court in Tampico, Mexico, for the crime of horse-stealing and house-breaking committed in Victoria, about 200 miles distant, Gaudio Lopez presented a difficult problem to the presiding judge.

With Victoria outside of his circuit and knowing that to bring the witnesses to Tampico would require considerable expense and time, it was decided to take the evidence over the phone. This was done and Lopez received a sentence of ten years.

**Wine Colors**  
Red wines are red not because of the color of the grapes from which they are made but through allowing the grape pulp to ferment while it remains in the skin.

White wines, on the other hand, are made of juice which is not allowed to ferment until extracted.

**Color Detection**  
The average human eye is far more sensitive than is generally realized. It is estimated that there are actually more than 2,000,000 different shades and hues of color that can be detected by the average human eye. Specially trained color experts can detect 1-20,000th part of red when added to a batch of YELLOW DYE!

**BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Success**

Carol is driven home, tomorrow, by her new boss.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy's Hunch... Justified



**TOMMY** CUT HIS MOTOR, AND SILENTLY GLIDED OVER THE DARK CANYON, WHERE THE ILL-FATED CABIN PLANE PREVIOUSLY CRASHED AND BURNED. HE SAW SOMETHING THAT MADE HIM GROW TENSE... LET'S "SIT DOWN" AND SEE WHAT IT WAS.

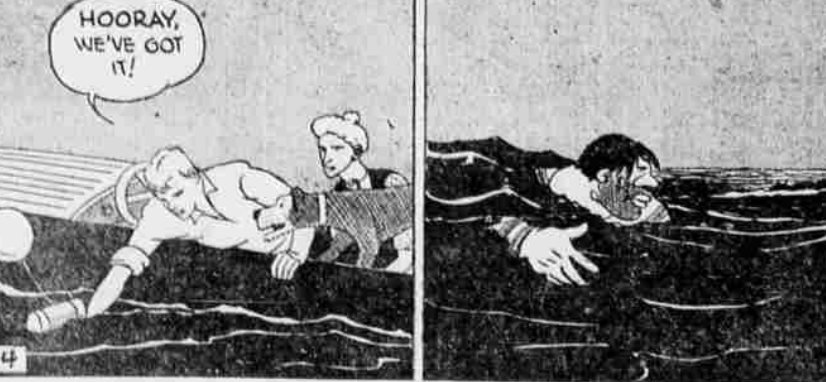
I'VE SEARCHED EVERY INCH OF THIS CANYON... CAN'T FIND A BODY...

AND I CAN'T FIND ANY OF THE "HOT SUGAR"!

SOMEONE'S DOWN THERE... SEARCHING THAT WRECK.

COME 'ERE... QUICK... I FOUND SOMETHIN'!

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Success



**HOORAY, WE'VE GOT IT!**

WHERE ARE WE GOING NOW, BEN?

IF OUR GAS HOLDS OUT, ALL THE WAY TO THE CITY!

I WONDER WHAT'S IN IT?

WE'LL FIND OUT AS SOON AS WE GET THERE—

## THE NEBBS—It's Just Too Bad



WHERE WE HAVE OUR HEAD LEAVING HOME BECAUSE OF A QUARREL WITH FANNY OVER HER BROTHER WHO IS CAMPING IN HIS BARN. HE'S GIVING HIMSELF ARGUMENTS THAT HE WAS RIGHT, IF HE WAS SURE OF IT, HE WOULDN'T HAVE TO ARGUE IT OVER WITH HIMSELF.

AND ALL I'VE DONE FOR THAT WOMAN! AND SHE TAKES HER BROTHERS PART, AGAINST ME!!

RUNS ME OUT OF MY OWN HOME!! SHE'S GOT A GREAT LOVE FOR ME!! I'M JUST A DOOR KNOB TO HER—SHE THINKS SHE CAN TUIST ME ANYWAY SHE WANTS TO!!

SHE KNOWS THE GUY IS NO GOOD... AND YET SHE STICKS UP FOR HIM... HE'S GOT LESS AMBITION THAN A SICK SNAIL!!... IF HE HAD JUST ONE OUNCE OF AMBITION WITH THAT TON OF NERVE, HE'D GO TO TOWN!!

## THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



ON THE DAY OF THE MOST IMPORTANT GAME OF THE SEASON THE STAR PITCHER DISCOVERS THAT HIS MOTHER HAS SENT HIS UNIFORM TO THE WASH

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

## S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



IT CAN KEEP ITS HEAD UNDER WATER FOR FIVE MINUTES

IF I HAD A FACE LIKE THAT I'D KEEP IT UNDER WATER ALL THE TIME

WATCH OUT WHAT Y'ARE SAYIN' IF IT HEARD THAT, IT WOULD COME OUT 'AN GIT YA!

THEY'RE WORSE THAN ELEPHANTS! A HIPPO NEVER FORGIVES!

LOOK! IT'S FROWNIN'! IT MUST HAVE HEARD YOU

POT!

SOMETHING?

## By HAL FORREST

## Lake Creek

**LAKE CREEK, Sept. 15.—(Sp.)—**Mrs. J. B. Short entertained Friday evening with a wedding reception in honor of the marriage of her daughter, Harriet, and Victor Gardener, which took place the previous Saturday at Grants Pass. A large group of friends enjoyed Mrs. Short's hospitality. Mr. and Mrs. Gardener are making their home in Medford.

Relatives and friends of Mrs. Wm. Crismon of Gooding, Idaho, picked up at the Frank Farlow place Sunday. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Herb Crismon, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Farlow, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Stinson and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stinson and family, Mr. and Mrs. Will Nelson, Mrs. Lucy Crismon and family, Mrs. Elizabeth Crismon, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Mastfield, Mrs. Minnie Crismon and

daughters, Mrs. Anna Tonn, Miss Julia Rist, Gus Peck, Roy Boyer, Clyde Crismon, and Mrs. Alice Stinson. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cingcoate and daughter and Miss Almida Day and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tonn came in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Meyer spent last week end at Huckleberry mountain. They returned with about fifteen gallons of huckleberries.

Mrs. E. R. Jones of Klamath county, is spending a few days at the Bagdale place.

Callers Sunday evening at the Tonn home were Mr. and Mrs. Roy Grigsby and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tonn.

Mrs. L. J. Crismon and Clyde and Joyce attended a party at Gingade home near Eagle Point recently.

Mrs. E. Crismon is visiting at the Crismon home.

Be correctly oriented in an Artist Model by Edelwyn B. Hoffmann.

By SOL HESS