THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

SYNOPSIS: Carol Terrance has left Ashboro, and a year of teaching in high school. She has survived two bad emotional upsets and has emerged determined to find her future in Atlanta. Her only real chance was for a job with Blake Thornton advertising man, a little to her surprise he has given her one. The salary is only $100 a month but if after a summer of familiarizing herself with copy writing Carol shows progress, Blake promises her a raise. Carol intends to spend the month before she begins work with her family in Meredith.

Chapt 22

RIDE HOME

BLAKE glanced at his watch; saw that it was after five. "Where are you staying?" he asked abruptly.

"With Margery Craig, on Elmwood."

"Then if you're going out now I'll drive you. It's right on my way home."

She hesitated, and then laughed. "I ought to start getting used to street cars and busses, but I'll wait till July. Thanks a lot."

In the car he put off his bruskness like a cloak. "Listen here, Carol," his voice was earnest, "this isn't going to be any bed of roses."

She shrugged. "What is?"

"You may want to wring my neck," said Blake.

"All right, then. Nothing, of course. Only I hate to be your—instrument of torture."

He gave up. The gesture of protest had at least eased his conscience. He speeded up the car and skinned through a changing traffic light.

"The great American pastime," he grinned. "Beating the red light. . . ."

She laughed with him. "That's exactly what I'm doing, isn't it?"

"I guess so, and I hope you make it. Where will you live, by the way?"

"I haven't an idea. I want a one-room apartment with a kitchenette if I can afford it. I'm caught up on boarding houses. Later on I may find a congenial spirit to live with me. Either Peachtree or Ponce de Leon; they're the most accessible. What does that sort of thing cost?"

"Between thirty and forty dollars, I imagine—in those sections. Rents are still pretty reasonable."

Both of them did mental arithmetic. They arrived, wordlessly, at the same conclusion: that sixty or seventy dollars was a painfully small remainder. Blake felt irrationally apologetic, and Carol sensed it.

"I've got a princely income of thirty or thirty-five dollars a month," she said lightly, to dispel any misgivings on his part, "and that ought to furnish the butter and jam."

She didn't add that the income would continue to go into the family exchequer unless she found it really essential; he was too obviously relieved to learn of its existence. He nodded.

"Thank God for that. In that case you can probably get along."

They had turned into the Elmwood section, and Blake was looking for house numbers.

"On the right," Carol said. "The third house."

He stopped the car and got out; held out his hand. "Till July, then."

She gave him her hand. "I'd like to tell you how grateful I am, Blake. . . ."

"Skip it. Before long you may want to wring my neck."

"Or you may want to wring mine!" They laughed.

THE sensible thing, Harry Craig insisted, was to look for an apartment right now. There was a certain amount of shuffling and re-dealing around June first, and if she found what she wanted they'd hold it for her, especially since she'd probably have to sign a year's lease. He had half a dozen places listed that ought to suit her; he'd be tickled to death to take her around in the morning.

Carol accepted promptly. A year's lease would be one more argument against the soporific effect of Meredith; one more link in the chain she was attempting to forge. She and Margery and Harry began their search the next morning.

Harry was in high spirits. He was a very definite type; easy-going and witty and incurably enthusiastic. Not even the last four years in real estate had quenched his gaiety, and in his presence Margery recaptured something of her earlier zest. They spent most of the morning laughing.

Between inspections Harry kept up a barrage of chatter. He had just come back from a business trip to New York, and Carol suspected that New York must have enjoyed Harry as much as Henry enjoyed New York.

He stopped the car before a big apartment building, and his manner changed suddenly.

"I been saving the best for the last. See how you like this lay-out: twenty-five minutes from town, one block from the car-line. Private swimming pool in the back, a garden in the court, view of the grand new municipal golf course over there to your left, restaurant in the basement. Pretty neat, what?"

"Perfect, so far." Carol admitted. "But probably too darn neat for my pocket-book."

"You'd be surprised." He led the way inside and they entered an elevator. "Six," he told the operator briefly.

NUMBER 620 was a big living-room with a dee, bay window overlooking the golf course. The scanty furniture had no character, but slip-covers, Carol was thinking, would remedy that, and the rug was a plain taupe instead of the usual flowered atrocity. The walls were freshly done in a pleasant, neutral paper.

"It is nice, Harry. Now tell me the tariff—v ry gently."

"Forty smackers. And for the money you can't tie it anywhere else in town."

She calculated rapidly. Forty from one hundred. . . . But the place was perfect for her, and she preferred pleasant quarters even if it meant less to eat. Nothing bolstered one's morale and one's self respect as much as good surroundings.

"What does that include?"

"Heat and water and refrigeration."

"I'll take it."

"Atta girl." He grinned at Margery. "I do love a woman who can make up her mind. Come on, and we'll look at the pool and the restaurant."

She signed the lease that morning. In view of her understanding with Blake Thornton a year's lease was madness, but she was desperately tired of sanity. If I lose my job and can't find another, she thought, I'll quit struggling and go home to a pleasant decline. At least I'll have this off my chest. . . .

That afternoon she caught a train for Meredith. Before her loomed the task of breaking her news to Milly and the twins, and beyond that the future was a book with uncut pages, written in an unknown tongue.

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Carol, tomorrow, cuts the last tie that binds her to Meredith.

PHILCO AGENCY AT M-M DEPT. STORE

With headquarters in the M. M. Department store a new sales agency for Philco radios will be opened Tuesday by Elhart Brothers of Ashland, operators of a music and book store in that city for a number of years. The radio firm will be known as Elhart's Radio Sales and Service and the main display room has been established in the M. M. basement adjoining the bargain department.

The 1937 Philco radios feature a foreign tuning system by which it is a simple matter to tune overseas stations by name in addition to securing finer American reception, according to Mr. Elhart who is enthusiastic about the latest model Philcos. The newest Philco radios will be displayed on the main floor at the M. M. Department store.

Mr. and Mrs. George Moffitt, of this city, will be in charge of Elhart's Sales and Service where it will now be possible for M. M. shoppers to see and learn about Philco while doing their other shopping.

Weather

Northern California: Fair tonight and Tuesday, cooler near central coast Tuesday afternoon; increasing northerly wind off coast.

Oregon: Fair tonight and Tuesday, rising temperature and falling humidity; moderate north wind off coast.

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

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

Rainbow Division

Seeking a fitting name for the 42nd United States infantry division, General MacArthur, the unit's chief of staff, suggested the name "Rainbow Division" to denote the fact that it was composed of national guard members from each state in the union. Little did the men who accepted the name visualize how appropriate it was to become.

Strange as it seems, over the field of action of every major battle or event during the world war in which the "Rainbow Division" participated, a rainbow appeared in the sky. The re-occurring phenomenon did not end with the war, however, for at each annual reunion of the division since, a rainbow has been plainly visible.

Town Misnomer

Situated at the confluence of the St. Maurice and the St. Lawrence rivers, the town of Three Rivers in Quebec, Canada, is really only on two rivers. The probable reason for the misnaming of the town is the fact that in front of the town are two islands which divide the St. Maurice into two separate streams.

Cemetery Rendezvous

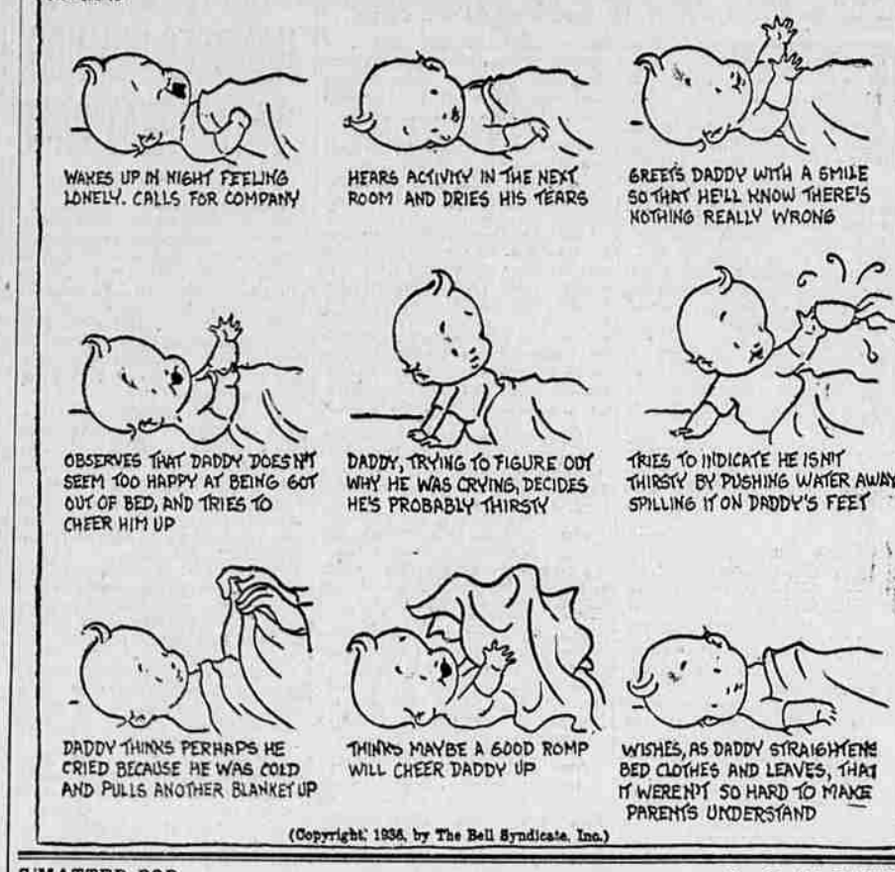
Offered a free burial plot by the Harleigh cemetery of Camden, N. J., Walt Whitman accepted the gift and after careful selection, chose a spot for his last resting place on a wooded hill.

So charmed was he with the spot that he immediately had a tomb built there, the workmen inscribing the year of construction—1890—on it. Until his death two years later, Whitman spent considerable time sitting in the tomb, even inviting guests there for conversations. Upon his death, March 26, 1892, the date was corrected.

Tomorrow: Telephone Fantasy.

MIDNIGHT VISIT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Double-Crossed

By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Out With It!

By EDWIN ALGER

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THE NEBBS—Brother Ernie

By SOL HESS