

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

SYNOPSIS: Carol Torrance has decided that she must storm Atlanta. She cannot endure her home town of Meredith nor is Ashboro where she has just bought school a winter any better. She has only one real chance for a job in Atlanta—Blaise Thornton, who has an advertising agency. Blaise came through. He has given her a job and she has taken a little apartment, and now Carol is home convincing the family that her latest "idea"...

CHAPTER 23 NEW HOME

THE air in apartment 620 was thick and warm and still. Carol followed the Negro who carried her bag, and was about to say: "Just get it in the bedroom," when she remembered that this was the bedroom. The boy swung open windows, blowing over her tip and left, closing the door softly behind him.

She stood motionless for a long time, with her head defiantly lifted. This is mine, she thought passionately; nobody can come in here unless I open the door and invite him; nobody can say: "I believe I'll go with you..."

She took off her hat and began to unpack her dressing case. The box containing her pictures and books and linen stood in the middle of the room, conveniently opened for her; the Sherwood's service was no empty boast. When she had finished with the bag she began on the box, and emptied that.

The books and pictures worked a subtle change in the room; they overlaid its impersonality with a veneer of herself. Surprisingly there was a low bookcase, painted cream, and she filled it promptly. The neutral walls accepted her prints—gladly even—as if they too disliked their own monotony. The couch and the big chair would have to be covered; that was the one extravagance she had decided on.

She realized suddenly that she was being determinedly, ostentatiously busy, and faced the reason. She was trying to forget Milly's pathetic courage, her gallant and determined interest in this new move. Milly had been rather magnificent about the whole thing; she had matched Carol's frankness with an unwonted frankness of her own.

"As much as I'll miss you," Milly said at last, "I know why you're doing it, and I don't blame you. I want you to be happy and to marry, of course, and I know now that you probably won't do either if you stay here. I hoped you might..." She left the obvious hope unspoken.

On the question of Carol's small income, too, she had been uncompromising. "Of course you'll take it," she said firmly. "Pat and Jill have the advantage of the house, and living together is much less expensive for all of us than living alone will be for you. I wouldn't consider taking it, and there's no use arguing it."

Thus Milly had settled the question and dismissed it. And when Carol had appealed to Pat and Jill they had been equally firm. "Don't be a jackass," Pat said roughly. "Can you name one good reason why Jill and I should live off your money when we've each got a like amount and a salary? Thirty-five dollars isn't much, but it may mean the difference between living in fair comfort and living like a church mouse. Forget it." And she had "forgotten it" with a lump in her throat.

There was, finally, nothing more to unpack. She bathed and went to bed, and lay for an hour listening to the muffled sounds in other apartments.

MORNING was still and hot and brilliant. She had breakfast downstairs, and during the meal made a list of groceries to be ordered. In spite of Harry's prediction she was determined to do at least a part of her own cooking. You were less a vagrant when your food was prepared within your own walls; there was something stabilizing in the idea of being self-sufficient.

The car was warm and crowded, but not even the indifference of its passengers could entirely crush her sense of adventure.

The asphalt pavement, when she descended, was already velvety beneath her feet. Heat poured itself on to the pavement and rose again in shimmering waves. There would be, she realized, almost three months of this, and she was passively grateful for the weeks of quietness that had fortified her for the ordeal of a summer of real work—the first such summer she had ever known.

Many of the women she noticed with relief, wore cotton dresses; evidently the custom of dark silk dresses for office work was passing with other, worthier traditions.

She entered the elevator and tried to quiet the pounding of her heart. I'm scared still, she thought; suppose I make a flop of this?

The secretary said: "Good morning!" and smiled. "Mr. Thornton wants to see you right away, Miss Torrance."

Blake Thornton rose quickly as she entered, and his smile was almost warm.

"Right on the dot! I thought you were going to telephone."

"There was no reason to bother you. Thanks to Harry and Marge I got settled before I left town."

"Comfortably?"

"Very. I'm at the Sherwood, on Avondale. Externally it's as cozy as the Grand Central Station, but my apartment's just what I was looking for."

"That's fine." He eyed her critically. "You look better than you did a month ago. Rested."

"I ought to. I've done nothing but eat and sleep. And study!"

She couldn't say the same for Blake. He was thinner, she thought, and the lines beside his mouth were more deeply carved than she had remembered. He was immaculately dressed in a gray suit of some summer material, but the suit hung loosely from his thin wide shoulders.

She said casually: "What about you? Have you had a vacation yet?"

"Not yet. Irma's been in the mountains for two weeks, but I won't go up except for an occasional weekend. Can't afford it."

Florida in the winter, the mountains in the summer. Irma, then, must be the reason why Blake couldn't take more than an occasional weekend. He said, smiling: "Well, how do you feel about it now? 'Rarin' to go?"

"Yes." She confessed suddenly: "And scared stiff."

He laughed. "Take it easy. I don't expect you to learn it all at once. He got up. 'I'll show you your desk...'"

HER desk was in a corner of the big office. Gus Holmes, who did the art work, was next; then there were several girls—bookkeepers, filing clerks and stenographers. Blake introduced her to the staff, then stopped beside her desk.

"I'm going to start you on a series for children's shops. Here's the one we've been using. It's for a fairly exclusive trade, naturally, but use as much imagination as you like. Here's the series, we're discarding; look over it, but don't follow it. If you have a new idea, try it out. His smile flashed; briefly. "But take your time; you've got all summer."

INFANTRY MATCH TOPS CAMP PERRY PROGRAM

CAMP PERRY, O. Sept. 8.—(AP)—The Infantry match, with 47 teams entered, and the national individual pistol event topped today's competition in the national rifle matches.

In their third week on Camp Perry's two-mile-long range. A score of 789 out of a possible 800 gave the U. S. marine corps team of eight shooting members the Herck trophy yesterday, with the U. S. Infantry team second at 775. The marines also won last year.

Eugene Utilities Grow. EUGENE, Ore., Sept. 8.—(AP)—Additional population and better economic conditions resulted in increasing municipal electric system customers from 8,628 to 7,580, and water users 5,115 to 5,534 in the past four years. Utility Superintendent J. W. McArthur said.

OUT OF THE RAIN

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

Comic strip 'OUT OF THE RAIN' by Gluyas Williams. Panels show a boy playing with a ball in the rain, getting drenched, and eventually going inside for supper.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



MRS. ADELA TROLL—MAROONED IN THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE at Bridgeport, Ohio, DURING THE 1936 FLOOD, WAS THE ONLY ONE OF 5 SISTERS NOT TO TAKE PART IN A 3-WAY LONG-DISTANCE TELEPHONE CONVERSATION WITH HERSELF AS THE SUBJECT... -March 19-

ESKIMOS ARE THE ONLY PRIMITIVE PEOPLE TO INHABIT BOTH EASTERN AND WESTERN HEMISPHERES WITHOUT THE AID OF CIVILIZED RACES... -Labrador to Northeastern Asia-

"ONE HORSE TOWN" WAS THE ACTUAL NAME GIVEN TO A CALIFORNIA MINING TOWN IN SHASTA COUNTY... -1851-

Telephone Coincidence. Fearing for the safety of her sister, Mrs. Adela Troll, at Martins Ferry, Ohio, during the recent flood in that region, Mrs. Marsh Meek, from Miami, Florida, phoned another sister, Miss Laura Kunz, residing in Wheeling.

To her amazement, upon being connected with Miss Kunz, Mrs. Meek discovered that yet another sister, Mrs. Mary Penry, calling from New York, was already on the same line. She too was calling to inquire as to the safety of their Martins Ferry sister and Mrs. Meek had been accidentally cut in on the conversation by the operator.

One Horse Town. It is said "Living in a 'one horse town' is fine when you own the horse!" Strange as it seems, a town in early California mining days actually bore the name of "One Horse Town."

Upon its development into a flourishing community, civic pride caused the name to be shortened to "Horse Town." Destroyed by fire in 1868, it is today but another of California's many "ghost towns."

Spider Boat. In order to lay their eggs where natural enemies cannot destroy them, the mother black water scavenger beetle spins a silken case floating on water upon which its eggs are deposited.

The young larvae are hatched equipped with gills for water breathing.

S'MATTER POP—By C. M. PAYNE

Comic strip 'S'MATTER POP' by C. M. Payne. Panels show a woman talking to a child about taking a bath, and a man talking to a woman about a 'one horse town'.

OREGON LEGION CHIEF TO OFFICIATE TONIGHT AT CEREMONIES HERE

A new year will be inaugurated by Medford post of the American Legion and its auxiliary with a joint installation at 8 o'clock tonight in Knights of Pythias hall, Fifth and Grape streets.

She is president of district 4 and a past president of the auxiliary. Cole Holmes, retiring post commander, today requested a large turnout not only to witness the ceremonies but also to honor the state commander. All ex-service men and women and their families and friends are invited. Dancing and refreshments will be enjoyed after the installation.

Pioneer Auto Dealers Dies. CORVALLIS, Ore., Sept. 8.—(AP)—Final rites will be held here tomorrow for Mark Richard, 54, pioneer automobile dealer of Corvallis and widely known as a trapshooter. He owned the first automobile in Benton county (1905) and established one of the first car dealerships in the state (1908). The widow survives.

Fred Samakia, Egyptian swimmer who once performed in the U. S., has been coaching Egypt's Olympic paddlers.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Makes a Dead Stick Landing

Comic strip 'TAILSPIN TOMMY' by Hal Forrest. Panels show a man in a suit talking to a child about a dead stick landing.

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Jewels

Comic strip 'BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER' by Edwin Alger. Panels show a man in a suit talking to a child about jewels and smuggling.

THE NEBBS—Not So Good

Comic strip 'THE NEBBS' by Sol Hess. Panels show a man in a suit talking to a child about fishing and a net.

And tomorrow, Carol has dinner with the boss.