

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

SYNOPSIS: Ulla Thornton is an artist who lives in Atlanta, where she has a job in Blake Thornton's advertising agency writing copy. She never writes a line of copy before in her life but she is making good. She has her own apartment, already some good friends and she is planning to give a dinner for Carol, and to invite Blake Thornton. Blake's wife Irma spends most of her time at a considerable distance from her husband.

Chapter 26 ABOUT IRMA

"I'M NOT so sure about mixing business and pleasure, or getting identified with Blake, even as casually as that. Get some unmarried ones," she laughed, "and let us look each other over."

"All right. It's your party." There was regret in Cornelia's voice as she relinquished Blake.

"What is his wife like?" Carol demanded. "I asked Marga, but you know how much I got out of her."

"She's a vixen," Cornelia said crisply. "It was one of those adolescent instatutions that boys have for beautiful older women, and she was just low enough to gobble him up. Blake was twenty-two and she was twenty-nine; old enough to know better, but he looked like her last chance. I don't believe she ever cared

glancing at a mirror, and instantly and rakishly into place. She said: "And thanks for the night cap," and was gone, leaving a sweet smile that lingered like music in the room.

ROCKBROOK, according to the advertising folders, "rests in the cool heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains, at an altitude of 2,815 feet." It boasts "a superb cuisine, jewel-like lakes for swimming and fishing, a magnificent eighteen-hole golf course designed by Donald Ross."

It has, too, its rocking chair squadron of elderly women who wear bouclé suits by day and quantities of amethyst jewelry by night.

Irma Thornton was the darling of the squadron. Her bridge and her clothes were faultless if unimaginable, and she was enough younger than the rest to flatter them with her attention and to be flattered by their gratitude.

Among these old women Irma was a "girl" and Irma's favorite age preferred feeling young in the midst of age to feeling old in the midst of youth. That was why she chose to spend her summers at Rockbrook.

She sat this afternoon on one of the bridge tables; a still handsome woman exquisitely dressed in white Irma's clothes were her career and her religion; she judged other women



Cornelia rose and stretched like a sleek cat.

much about him—or about anybody, except Irma. Now her looks are going, and consequently her nerves; her health can't stand the rigors of a Georgia climate!"

"But couldn't you think she'd be afraid to leave a man like Blake at the mercy of the vultures?"

"Oh, he's a martyr on the altar. She knows he wouldn't divorce her without some flagrant cause, and she stays at home just enough to retain contact. And she's not apt, now, to find a lover to furnish the cause."

"They never had any children?"

"No. She used to go around sobbing and blubbering about it at first, but that was for the gallery. She's always been neurotic."

"Sweet," Carol commented grimly, thinking of Blake's taut mouth and the coldness of his eyes.

"Very," Cornelia dipped her lacquered nails delicately into a finger bowl. "What'll we do now?"

"Go home, I guess. It's after nine, and I'm still a little battered after a day's work. Why can't you stop in for a few minutes and see where I live? I'll give you a liqueur for a nightcap."

"I'll be delighted."

They drove out in Cornelia's roadster, that was as trim and shining as Cornelia herself. It was discouraging to reflect that she, who had so much, was groping too. She hadn't even the excuse of comparative poverty to lean back on.

She took in Carol's apartment at a glance, and nodded. "Damn nice, especially in view of what you had to work with. I wish it were mine."

Cornelia fingered her drink and smiled. "Not bad for a working girl."

"Oh, this was Pat's parting gift, and the glasses came from home. In hale it slowly, Lord know, when I'll get any more."

"There's plenty available."

"Yeah. The only catch is in paying for it."

They talked lazily for half an hour, then Cornelia rose and stretched like a sleek cat.

"I'll phone you about Friday," Cornelia said. "What time, and who'll pick you up, and all the rest. And maybe we can have lunch in the meantime."

She dragged on her hat without

men inflexibly by their appearance taking them in with one sweeping glance that never missed the minutest detail. A week or a year later Irma could tell you what Mrs. Browne had worn on a certain occasion.

Her features were classically regular, but her mouth was already pinched, as if someone had pulled it together with a drawing, and the pure line of her throat and chin was broken in several places.

She fanned her cards expertly open and eyed them shrewdly.

"One club."

Mrs. LaConte was fumbling through her cards. "Wait a minute; you're too fast for me." She squinted long and carefully at her hand and then peered over it at Irma. "What did you say you bid?"

"One club."

She leaned slightly forward. "And you passed, partner?"

"It wasn't my bid," her partner said patiently. "Mrs. Thornton dealt."

"Oh, I see." She settled back and squinted once more. "Well . . . I pass."

"Two diamonds," Irma's partner said firmly.

Mrs. LaConte said cheerfully. "They must have the deck, partner. To the disgust of Mrs. Terry, who was prepared to inject a nuisance bid."

When Irma's hand was faced for a six diamond contract Mrs. LaConte turned brightly to her.

"I hear your husband's coming for the weekend."

"Yes," Irma said sweetly, hoping her partner wouldn't require much concentration to make the contract.

"That's lovely. (Was that card from the dummy, Rose? Then it's my play, isn't it?) She smiled gaily at them. "It's so hard to follow the play when you haven't got a face card. . . . Whereupon Rose altered her intention and fessed towards Mrs. LaConte. "When are you expecting him?"

Irma glanced at her jewelled watch. "Any time now." She assumed an expression of bride-like anticipation, and Mrs. LaConte beamed her approval.

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Blake has a rather strained reunion with his wife, tomorrow.

RIOTING DELAYS TALMADGE TALK

DALTON, Ga., Sept. 10.—(UP)—Half a dozen persons were injured and five men described as national

guardmen were arrested last night when rioting broke out while Governor Eugene Talmadge delivered the final address in one of the bitterest political campaigns in Georgia history.

Preparing to stake his political future on the issues of New Deal enmity in yesterday's primary, Talmadge continued his speech after the disturbance was over.

None of those injured was hurt seriously, although two men described

as national guardmen and two deputy sheriffs required first aid.

An elderly man who was not identified was knocked unconscious as fists and blackjacks flew after auditors had begun to heckle the governor.

JERUSALEM, Sept. 10.—(AP) Three British policemen, attached to an expedition to clean out snipers from disordered areas, were killed in action today.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

"BLACK AS JET" WAS DERIVED FROM THE MINING DISTRICT NAMED JET IN YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND. EXCEEDINGLY BLACK COAL IS FOUND THERE

115512	111616
81049	81439
116162	135122
143137	104137

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE—REARRANGING THE LEFT SQUARE TO FORM A MAGIC SQUARE ADDING UP TO 34

GROVER CLEVELAND—U.S. PRESIDENT, HAD A VULCANIZED RUBBER JAW!

LAND OF WOMEN... AT THE END OF 5 YEARS WARFARE, 1865-1870 THERE WERE OVER 7 WOMEN TO EVERY MAN IN PARAGUAY—MOST OF THE MALE SURVIVORS WERE OLD MEN OR BABY BOYS.

Under the marsh rule of Francisco Solano Lopez, president of Paraguay, the nation entered into a war of conquest with Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay in 1865 that closed with the tyrant's death—March 1, 1870.

It is believed that no one nation, in so brief a time, has ever suffered such terrific human losses in proportion to her population as those of Paraguay in the five years of warfare. A special line of picked men was stationed behind the front line of fighters to shoot down any of them who attempted to flee and every soldier was under oath to kill any of his comrades who showed the "white feather."

"Conquest or Death" was the motto of the army, and it was death to the majority. The few males left in the country at the ultimate surrender were practically all so enfeebled by age they were incapable of battle—or children too young to fight, even in youth battalions.

President Cleveland, suffering no resulting impairment of his speech, Grover Cleveland, in July, 1893, had the entire upper section of one jaw removed to cut away a cancer and an artificial jaw, made of vulcanized rubber, was substituted. The operation, made aboard a yacht at sea, was not publicized until 1917.

Tomorrow: The River of Silver.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Unwelcome Visitors

I GOT 'ER STARTED.....TH' BOOSTER WOULDN'T WORK.....TH' MOTOR WAS COLD

UNDER THE DEADLY MENACE OF DOGFACE HARRY'S GUN, SKEEETER FINALLY STARTED HIS MOTOR.... THE PLANE IS NOW TAXIING FOR A TAKE-OFF...FROM THE ISOLATED RANCH IN THE DESERT

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Ishmael's Grief

THAT'S GENTLE POINT AHEAD—MAY I LOOK THROUGH YOUR GLASSES TO SEE IF THOSE RUFFIANS HAVE LEFT MY HOME STANDING?

OH, BEN, I'M ALL TREMBLY—I THINK THERE'S SOMEONE ON THE VERANDA!

THERE IS SOMEONE, MRS. MONTROGE—WHY, WHY, WHY, IT'S ISHMAEL!

DEY DONE CATNIPPED ME AN' AUNT CHLOE, AN' WE 'SCAPES, AN' DEN DEY DONE CATNIP MISS MILLIE AN' MISTAH BEN!

THE NEBBS—I am and Eggs

MR. NEBB, THIS IS MY MISSUS

WE GOT HAM AN' EGGS—WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE?

PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MRS. SPRY—I'LL TAKE HAM AND EGGS

FLIES!! I NEVER SAW SO MANY...THEY TAKE A RIDE UP TO MY MOUTH ON EVERY MOUTHFUL OF FOOD

SAY DIDNT YOUR FLIES GET ANYTHING TO EAT UNTIL I GOT HERE?

WELL, WHEN YOU'VE BEEN UP HERE AWHILE AN' YOUR SKIN GETS BAKED THEN NO FLY IS FOOLISH ENOUGH TO SET DOWN ON IT AN' TRY TO GET REFRESHMENT—THAT FACE OF YOURS RIGHT NOW WOULD BE LEMON CREAM PIE FOR EM

CAR BAGGAGE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

CARRIES BAGS OUT TO CAR REFLECTING HOW PLEASANT IT IS NOT TO HAVE ANY TRUNKS OR BAGGAGE PROBLEM TO WORRY ABOUT

HAS JUST FINISHED STRAPPING ON BEHIND WHEN AUNT MARCIA APPEARS, REMARKING HE'S FORGOTTEN HER SUITCASE

DECIDES IT CAN GO INSIDE, BUT FINDS INSIDE ALREADY CROWDED WITH ODDS AND ENDS

FEELS SUITCASE WILL HAVE TO GO IN FIRST, AND HAUS OUT BIRD CAGE, GOLF CLUBS, TENNIS RACKETS, PAPER BUNDLES WRAPS, ETC.

GETS EVERYTHING IN, INCLUDING AUNT MARCIA WHO COMPLAINS THERE'S NO ROOM FOR HER FEET

STARTS TO RECONSTRUCT ENTIRELY, WIFE CALLING BRIGHTLY SHE'LL BE OUT IN A SECOND WITH THE PHONOGRAPH AND THE PLANTS SHE'S TAKING BACK

SETS OUT WITH HIMSELF, AUNT MARCIA, AND WIFE WITH JUNIOR ON HER LAP WEDGED INTO FRONT SEAT, REST OF CAR BEING DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO BAGGAGE

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5 MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

WILLIUM, HE SAID A BAD WORD AT ME!

OKAY GET ME THE HAIR BRUSH!

50!

DON'T SOCK ME, POP! I'LL GARGLE QUICK!

H-M-M

UGGLE-UGGLE-UGGLE-UGGLE-UGGLE!

Tomorrow: The River of Silver.

ANARCHISTS SLAY 600 PRIESTS, NUNS

(Copyright, 1936, by United Press)

SAINTE JEAN DE LUZ, France, Sept. 10.—(UP)—Six hundred priests and nuns have been slain by anarchists in San Sebastian in the last six weeks, nine Spanish priests asserted when they arrived disguised as Basque fishermen.

Fleeing from the Spanish civil war, the fathers came to this French border port aboard the creaking fishing schooner Anita Lascarez.

Father Secondo Razzala, 42, and six fellow priests changed to clerical robes in a little waterfront church here.

BERKE BROTHERS GIVEN DOUGLAS HIGHWAY JOB

SALEM, Ore., Sept. 10.—(AP)—The state highway commission awarded today the contract for 2.26 miles of grading and trestle construction on the Shady Point-Kelly corner section of the Pacific highway in Douglas county for which bids were opened August 27.

The project was let to Berke Bros. Inc., of Portland on its low bid of \$80,827.

BRADDOCK BURNS HANDS LANDING HUGE SHARK

SARASOTA, Sept. 10.—(AP)—James J. Braddock, warlike heavyweight boxing champion, today boasted of victory over a 300-pound shark.

Braddock displayed blistered hands in telling of his 20-minute battle with the shark during a deep-sea fishing trip off Sarasota.