

# THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

**SYNOPSIS:** Carol Torrance has established herself in her new job as copywriter in Blake Torrance's advertising agency in Atlanta. She has made contact with some old friends among them Corolla of college days. And she has sensed that something is wrong between Blake and his older sister, Irma. Irma is almost never in Atlanta; right now she is at Rockbrook, high in the Blue Ridge mountains playing bridge with three old ladies and awaiting Blake's arrival for the week-end.

## Chapter 26

### DEAR IRMA

IRMA looked demure and deprecating, and hoped Blake wouldn't arrive in that horrible old linen suit. She said sweetly:

"Well, I like him..." And cut the cards for Mrs. LaConte to deal.

Blake arrived at half-past five, wearing the horrible linen suit, because it was cool and he didn't care how he looked when he got there. He slid from under the wheel and walked stiffly up the steps; dusty and wrinkled and hatless, with his thin, fair hair in complete disarray. Irma rose and went quickly to meet him.

"Blake, darling! You look like a tramp."

He grinned without mirth. "I feel like one."

She was lifting her face to him, and he kissed her in surprise. It was the audience, no doubt; in the privacy of their room she would have waited until he was clean and then offered her cheek. She presented him to the three women and then said:

"Shall I come down to the cottage with you?"

"Thanks," his voice was dry, "I think I can find it myself. I want to clean up first of all."

"Then I'll be down later, when we've finished this rubber..."

But he was back again, shining and smelling of soap and talcum, before this rubber was finished. He looked much better now—almost handsome. Irma thought complacently—but, oh, he still looked too young! He looked sometimes, desperately and pathetically young. She said eagerly:

"Come take my hand, darling," and the inevitable chorus and scraping of chairs followed. "No, take mine, I really must dress for dinner, anyhow..."

Blake held up his hand. "I'm not going to take anybody's. I'm going to sit here and read the paper, if you'll excuse me."

Irma glanced at the women and smiled tolerantly. "Let him alone. You know men and their wretched newspapers..."

I wonder why I come two hundred miles to be so bored? he thought. I could stay at home and be bored with so much less effort and expense. God knows how Irma stands it... He wanted to feed his heart and eyes on the quietness and beauty before him, but if he put the paper aside those old bargles would start dragging at him again, so he clung to it doggedly.

But there was no escaping the bargles that evening after dinner; he had to play with Irma against two of the worst of them—a set game at a twentieth of a cent. He abhorred gambling with women, but he couldn't insult them by refusing. When the hands of his watch had creaked rustily to midnight the ordeal ended, and he was alone with Irma in their cottage.

She began fastidiously to undress. "I never saw such bridge," she complained.

He shrugged, too weary even to unbutton his coat. "Well, you saw who won."

"Yes, but you got by with murder."

"Damn the bridge anyway," he said, and kissed her with his mouth quick and thrifty.

Instinctively she stiffened and then relaxed, but he had noticed her reflex.

Revelation swept him suddenly, icily, and his arms dropped like weights to his sides. He turned slowly away.

"Never mind," he said dully. "I'll let you alone."

He heard her draw in her breath in sharp astonishment. She was silent for several seconds, then she snapped:

"Oh, very well..."

And the thought penetrated his weary, beaten mind that she was actually insulted and a little disappointed.

HE arranged a golf game the next morning with another weekend husband who was champing to get away, and Irma furnished another surprise.

"I think I'll walk around with you," she decided.

He glanced at her delicate clothes, the high, sharp heels on her white

pumps. "Not in those shoes, surely." "I don't see why not. They're perfectly comfortable." "Sure they are—under a bridge table. Not," he added tartly, "that I wouldn't be delighted to have you. But you ought to wear low heels; I can't stop in the middle of the game and carry you home."

"These are the lowest ones I have." She looked wounded. "Well, never mind."

He should have insisted on her coming, of course, but he was too completely indifferent to exert himself. The realization nagged him for several holes, and he dropped two dollars before he could get his mind on the game.

The course was beautifully kept; a great sprawling carpet cupped in the hollow of the mountain's band. Through occasional breaks in the hills he saw distant valleys, folds upon folds of dim blue plain. He thought suddenly and unaccountably of Carol, in that apartment house that must be this morning as hot as the hinges of hell. Ben Tyler had said she played pretty decent golf; it was a shame she couldn't be the one who was enjoying this.

When he came back to dress for lunch his conscience was once more nipping at his heels and he attempted, at the table, to still it with lively talk; all the intimate scandal that was food and drink to Irma. She snickered for a while and then remembered the rest of the dining-room. It would never do for Mrs. LaConte and the others to think she wasn't happy. She laughed and chatted and demanded further details, which he invented shamelessly.

"How is business?" she asked with metallic vivacity when the gossip was exhausted.

"Fair. I've taken on a regular copy writer since you left. Decided it would save money."

HE wondered why he had said that. He never mentioned the office to Irma because it bored her, and a new member of the force was less than nothing in her life. If it hadn't been for the dining-room she would even have disregarded the information, but now she said:

"What's his name?" "It's a she. Her name's Torrance."

"I thought men wrote copy."

"Not necessarily. This girl's going to be damn good, at about half a man's salary."

Irma looked suspicious. "Is she good-looking?"

He grinned suddenly. "My Lord, I believe you're jealous if you are there may still be hope for me."

"Don't be a half-wit, is she?" "I hadn't really thought." That was a lie; he had considered her beauty—dubiously, it was true—when he hired her. "I—yes, I guess she is."

"Where did you get her?" Irma's tone was that of a prosecuting attorney and he stared at her in astonishment.

"Look here," he said with a laugh. "I've had two or three dozen girls in that office since I started. Why pick on Carol?"

"Well, you've gotten to first names," Irma pointed out, and he cursed his carelessness.

"I called her that in the beginning. She's a friend of the Tylers in Ashboro. Went to school with Cornelia Farrar and a lot of other girls in town. Why shouldn't I call her by her first name?"

"Well," Irma said flatly, "you needn't go falling in love with her. It won't get you anywhere."

He grimaced. "Are you telling me? I can't even imagine a man's trying to make her; she's not the type."

He turned the suggestion around and smiled at it. Fall in love with Carol Torrance? With Carol. The smile vanished slowly into gravity. She was out of his reach, but it was easy enough to imagine some other man's falling in love with her.

He left Rockbrook in the middle of the afternoon. Irma said he might just as well have dinner there and drive home "in the cool of the evening," but he declined. It made him too late getting home, he said, and he would start the week all fagged out. This way he could have a late dinner downtown, then go to bed immediately afterwards. She shrugged resignedly.

In full view of the squadron she linked her arm in his and went with him to the car. He kissed her dutifully and the car roared off, as if it too were chafing to be gone.

For two more weeks at least he would live in peace, even though it was the peace of loneliness. He wondered briefly if Carol was spending her own weekend in solitude, and hoped she wasn't.

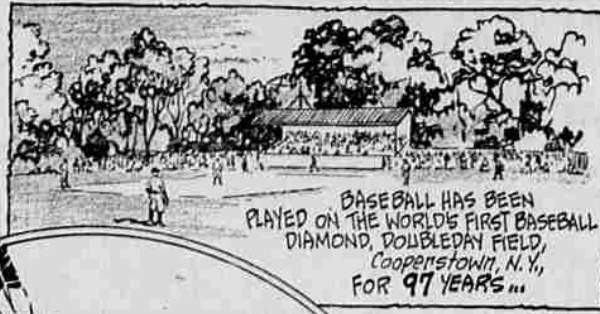
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Carol has an affliction which on her Monday.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

John Hix



BASEBALL HAS BEEN PLAYED ON THE WORLD'S FIRST BASEBALL DIAMOND, DOUBLEDAY FIELD, COOPERSTOWN, N. Y., FOR 97 YEARS!!!



GERONIMO— MARAUDING APACHE CHIEFTAIN OF THE CHIRICAHUA TRIBE— WITHSTOOD A COMBINED ARMY OF OVER 4000 AMERICAN AND MEXICAN SOLDIERS WITH ONLY 20 WARRIORS!

SHOES WITH A TOE WIDTH OF 7 INCHES WERE WORN IN ENGLAND DURING THE MIDDLE 16TH CENTURY!!!

THE RIO DE LA PLATA— (RIVER OF SILVER) ARGENTINA, S. A., IS NOT A RIVER AND CONTAINS NO SILVER!!!

## Geronimo

Probably the most troublesome single thorn in the side of the U. S. War Department in all its history was Geronimo, Apache chieftain of the Chiricahua tribe.

A foremost enemy of the white man, the wily Indian on his periodic forays, caused a veritable reign of terror throughout the entire states of New Mexico and Arizona between 1884 and 1886. Never heading a band of more than 38 members, many of whom were young boys, Geronimo had 5,000 troops of the regular U. S. army vainly attempting to run him down for a period of about five years.

On one occasion, forced to a pitched battle with only 20 warriors and hampered by 14 squaws, Geronimo actually held at bay an American force of 2,000 soldiers and Mexican troops numbering several thousand more, eventually escaping without losing a single member of his band.

Finally cornered by a strong force under the command of General Crooks on March 25, 1886, Geronimo offered to quit his marauding activities for a period of two years, the members of his band to be sent east with their families and replaced by other Indians on the old reservation.

Accepting his terms, General Crooks placed his captives under guard and started off for Fort Bowie. Before they were half way there, the entire band escaped and fled to the mountains shortly afterward recommencing their old activities of raids and plundering in white settlements.

As a result of Crooks' blunder in allowing the Indian band to escape, the general was relieved of his command and General Miles took the field against Geronimo. Finally forced to surrender again, Geronimo was taken captive and sent to Fort Pickens, Florida. Later transferred to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, he died there, unbroken in spirit, February 17, 1909.

Tomorrow: The Vacant Tombs.

HIGH QUALITY AND LOW PRICE— THAT'S WRIGLEY'S

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

INEXPENSIVE - SATISFYING

## WAYSIDE ORDERING

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

TAKES FAMILY INTO WAYSIDE TEA ROOM FOR A QUICK BITE ON THE ROAD

WAITRESS ARRIVES TO TAKE ORDER. FINDS CHILDREN HAVE WANDERED OFF TO LOOK AT THE PICTURE POST-CARDS

AUNT EFFIE HURRIES OFF TO BRING CHILDREN BACK

CHILDREN RETURN SAYING AUNT EFFIE HEARD THE DOG YAPING IN THE CAR AND HAS GONE TO SEE IF HE'S ALL RIGHT

DECIDES TO CHANCE IT AND ORDER FOR AUNT EFFIE BUT FINDS WAITRESS HAS GONE

FEELS PRETTY DISCOURAGED. WIFE HASTENS OUT TO SPEED UP AUNT EFFIE

NEITHER WIFE NOR AUNT EFFIE RETURNING, SENDS CHILDREN TO TELL THEM TO COME ORDER

CHILDREN RETURN TO REPORT THEY'RE IN THE GIFT SHOP, AND DISAPPEAR AGAIN

WAITRESS RETURNING, ORDERS FOR THE FAMILY, GETTING LITTLE THAT ANYONE WANTS

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## SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

POP! KNOCK. KNOCK!

WHO'S THERE?

MISS!

MISS WHO?

OKAY!

HEH HEH!

MISS ME!

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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Death From the Sky

By HAL FORREST

JUST AS SKEETER, COMPELLED BY THE MENACE OF A GUN HELD BY DOGFACE HARRY, MEMBER OF THE SKY BANDIT CREW, LIFTED HIS PLANE IN THE AIR...

HEY!..... DON'T SHOOT...I'M NEUTRAL!

THEY... GOT... ME

G...G...GOLLY AN' NOW THEY'RE GONNA GIT ME

ANOTHER SHIP ROARED DOWN OUT OF THE NIGHT UPON THEM....

HAL FORREST

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Hunt Begins!

By EDWIN ALGER

THE CUTTER ANCHORED OFF GENTLE POINT AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER BEN, BRIAR AND MRS. MONTROSE, AND A BOATLOAD OF ARMED COAST GUARDSMEN HURRIED TOWARD THE PLANTATION!

I 'SPECT, MISTAH BEN, DEY AM BACK IN DE SWAMP WHERE DEY CATNIPPED ME AN' AUNT CHLOE-

BEGG DE LAWD, IT AM MISS MILLIE AN' MISTAH BEN! CAW DE JUBILEE, GATAN!

ISHMAEL CAN HELP US FIND THE PLACE!

STEP ON IT, UNCLE!

WE'LL BE BACK LATER, MRS. MONTROSE— YOU WAIT FOR US!

(Copyright, 1936, by Jay Jerome Williams)

## THE NEBBS—Nothing Doing

By SOL HESS

WELL, IF THERE'S FISH HERE, I'LL GET 'EM... I CAN THROW A BAIT 100 YARDS INTO A FISH'S MOUTH

I'M BEGINNING TO BELIEVE THAT GASOLINE VENDOR UP THE ROAD... I'VE FISHED THIS LAKE AS SCIENTIFICALLY AS ANYBODY COULD... I'VE DROPPED BAIT SO TEMPTINGLY I NEARLY LURED IN FOR IT MYSELF... BUT NOTHIN' DOING!

YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME YOU DIDN'T CATCH NOTHIN'?

A FLY COULD BATHE IN THIS LAKE AND BE AS SAFE AS IT WOULD UNDER ITS MOTHER'S WINGS

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## MODEL TOWN PLANNED FOR BRITISH ATHLETES

SYDNEY (UPI)—An empire village modeled after the famous Los Angeles Olympic village will be the home of athletes from every part of the British empire in the empire games to be held during the 1938 Sydney sesqui-centenary.

While the games, in their management, will follow largely the lines of the Olympic contests their object will be to establish the leading athletes of every corner of the British empire. An appropriation of \$50,000 has been made to see that every competitor is brought here.

Hattie Reames, white, teacher of piano. High school credits given. Studio 220 Laurel. Phone 449-M.

## MAIL 25 YEARS LATE GETS BRITISH APOLOGY

LONDON (UPI)—Several persons in Britain have just received letters posted between 1908 and 1918.

Workmen removing an old pillar-box in the postoffice at Mydleton Road, Boxes Park, found a number of letters and postcards, some of them posted more than 25 years ago. An official of the postoffice said the letters and cards must have slipped between the fittings and the wall of the pillar-box.

The correspondence was at once forwarded—with a note of apology.

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