

# THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

**SYNOPSIS:** When Carol Torrance was teaching school in Ashboro she found it impossible not to worry about her friends and her pupils. She thought she was escaping worry for a while when she went to work for Dick Thornton in his advertising agency in Atlanta. But she couldn't. For there is something very attractive about Dick, and there is something very strange between Dick and his older, selfish wife Irma. Dick is visiting Irma over the week-end in her mountain retreat.

## Chapter 27 PARTY TRICK

ON Sunday morning Margery telephoned.

"Some of the crowd are coming by this afternoon," she said. "Can't you come too?"

"I'd love to," Carol said promptly. The idea of spending her first Sunday alone had no charms. "When?"

"About five. Harry'll come over and get you."

She demurred faintly at that, but Margery was firm. "He's got to go out for lemons and White Rock anyhow — this is very impromptu. Around five, then."

There was time, Carol decided, to try the Sherwood pool before lunch, so she put on her bathing suit and went down.

The pool was noisy and churning with children who made up in energy what they lacked in numbers, and the entire bank was fringed with motionless, prostrate forms, sunning themselves: forms that never moved except to turn at intervals and sun other portions of their anatomy.

Most of them were women, and Carol reflected humorously that she had never seen such a motley collection of fat thighs. Some of them were as white as grubs, some were at the rawest stage, a few were a smooth golden brown.

Hereafter, Carol resolved, she would take her swims at night, and let her own lovely tan go. She hated the sight of so many fat, soft people prostrate in worship before the sun.

Harry was late, but that was to be expected; Harry was always late. He was two weeks late being born, he explained once, and he had never yet caught up. He burst in at half-past five, grinning and unapologetic.

"Ready to go, sugar?"

"For the last half hour."

"Well, nobody ever means it when they say a certain time; they mean some time after that."

She laughed, "I usually go on that theory, but since you're the host I thought you might want me to be ready."

"I did, but I had a golf date and got tied up," he eyed her critically. "You look good enough to eat. Come on."

They stopped at a drug store for White Rock and lemons, and then drove madly home. Three of the guests had already arrived, and Harry pulled her into the living room and made a flourishing gesture in her direction.

"Carol Torrance—Betty and Jerry McElroy and His Nibs, the Honorable Porter Murray."

He had shouted the names at the top of his voice, and Carol was about to speak when he added in a low tone:

"Carol's terribly deaf, folks; you'll have to talk loud."

She turned on him to say: "Why, you dirty liar!" but he cut in swiftly. "Betty and Jerry McElroy and Porter Murray," as if he were answering her.

Margery giggled and screamed: "Hi! I'm so glad to see you. Don't you want to 'rest your hat'?"

THE idea of deafness had possibilities, she decided, so she composed or features with an effort.

"No thanks. It's perfectly comfortable."

Porter Murray shouted. "It's awfully becoming; I don't blame you," and turned to Harry.

"That's a damn shame," he said in his natural voice. "She'd be a knockout if she wasn't afflicted. How did it happen?"

"Mastoid," Harry explained briefly, and Carol exploded in a rather unconvincing cough.

Porter Murray was solicitous. He was a patent-leather man of forty or so, and obviously a squire of dames.

"Fix her a drink, Harry," he ordered at the top of his lungs, and Harry began opening liquor and White Rock. Carol subsided and smiled ravishingly at Porter Murray.

Two more couples arrived, both strangers to Carol, and the game went on under Harry's expert guidance. Porter exerted himself manfully, with occasional asides that convulsed her.

"I could go for her in a big way if she wasn't deaf," he confided to Margery, "but I'm already getting hoarse. Somebody else will have to take over." He launched into a parlor story about a small Negro in a racing stable.

Carol looked puzzled.

He repeated it at the top of his lungs, and she gave up the struggle and laughed herself breathless.

"I can't keep it up, Harry," she gasped. "Another thirty minutes of this and I will be deaf." She smiled apologetically at the bewildered Porter.

"It was one of Harry's cute ideas," she explained. "I didn't know he was going to do it until he got me in here. I'd forgotten how many bright ideas he had."

Porter Murray crimsoned slowly. It had just dawned on him that she had heard the asides as well as the rest of his remarks. She reassured him quickly.

"Don't worry; I call that real gallantry. It's a lot nicer to overhear a compliment than to hear it."

The party grew in size and volume, and the talk was full of personalities. She listened for an hour with an expression of intent interest, and felt that her face was congealing.

After a while the guests began to drift away, until at last no one remained but Carol and Porter. He said:

"Why don't we all four go down town and get a sandwich?"

Margery looked at Harry. "I don't know whether Elvira would stay on. I only asked her to stay until the children were in bed."

"Wait a minute," Porter ordered, and disappeared into the kitchen before they knew what he was doing. He came back immediately.

"She says it's all right," he announced. "Get your hats."

Margery said: "Porter, you oughtn't..." and Carol reflected that a generous heart must beat beneath his perfect shirt front. Elvira probably recognized but one form of argument.

Harry grinned shamelessly. "Oh, he's one of the big rich. Don't deprive him of the pleasure."

They drove hilariously off in Porter's sport phaeton, and ate club sandwiches at the Boar's Head. Afterwards he dropped Harry and Margery at their house and insisted on driving Carol home.

"Won't you come in for a while?" she asked when they reached the Sherwood.

He accepted promptly. "Thanks. I was hoping you'd invite me."

He stayed until eleven, talking almost constantly; skating blithely over surfaces. Carol decided he was one of the eligible that Cornelia had dismissed so contemptuously; a sort of cosmopolitan Ben Tyler. She let him talk to his heart's content.

He got up finally, with flattering reluctance. "How's about dinner and a movie with me next Thursday?"

"I think that would be grand."

"So do I. About half-past seven? Then we can catch a nine o'clock show."

"Fine. I'll see you then. And it's been a lovely evening."

She knew from the speculative look in his eyes that he was debating the possibility of kissing her good-night, so she smiled with twinkling finality.

"Goodnight."

He shrugged and grinned. "Good-night, darn you!"

When he had gone she undressed slowly and almost happily. Even a single engagement ahead, with even a Porter Murray, kept the days from being quite empty.

THE city gasped and sweated in the clutch of August. The morning cars were merely tepid; the late afternoon cars were crawling, clanking infernos. Today, the evening papers would announce with sadistic glee, was the hottest tenth of August since 1892, and there had been two prostrations—a thing almost unknown in the South. . . . The sun was molten brass in a cloudless sky and drought hovered, grinning at whirling laws apace.

At Rockbrook Irma Thornton read of the heat wave with detached interest, as people read, uncomprehending, of a famine among millions in China. Blake went about his business like a machine, and noticed differently that his clothes were becoming too big for him. Carol discarded a great deal of apparel she had hitherto considered necessary to a business woman, and found the world too weary to notice or care.

If the society columns were to be believed, No One remained in town. (Copyright, 1936, by Marian Sims)

Tomorrow, Carol has an unexpected dinner guest.

## Wards Installing All New Plumbing

The Modern Plumbing and Sheet Metal company, in announcing they have been awarded the plumbing contract for the Montgomery Ward building, state that it is the most unusual remodeling job ever attempted here.

Even though the Ward building is not old, all of the plumbing is being removed and extra heavy galvanized pipe will be installed in its place, according to H. C. Williamson, Mr. Williamson says this will give a large amount of extra work to local labor.

"Nose" Palmateer Named PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 12.—(AP)—Appointment of O. E. "Nose" Palmateer, Salem, as chairman of membership activities for the year was announced by Guy Gordon, state commander of the American Legion. Palmateer is also departmental vice-commander.

## SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY WENT TO THE DANCE AT THE COUNTRY CLUB ONLY ON THE UNDERSTANDING THAT HE COULD LEAVE EARLY

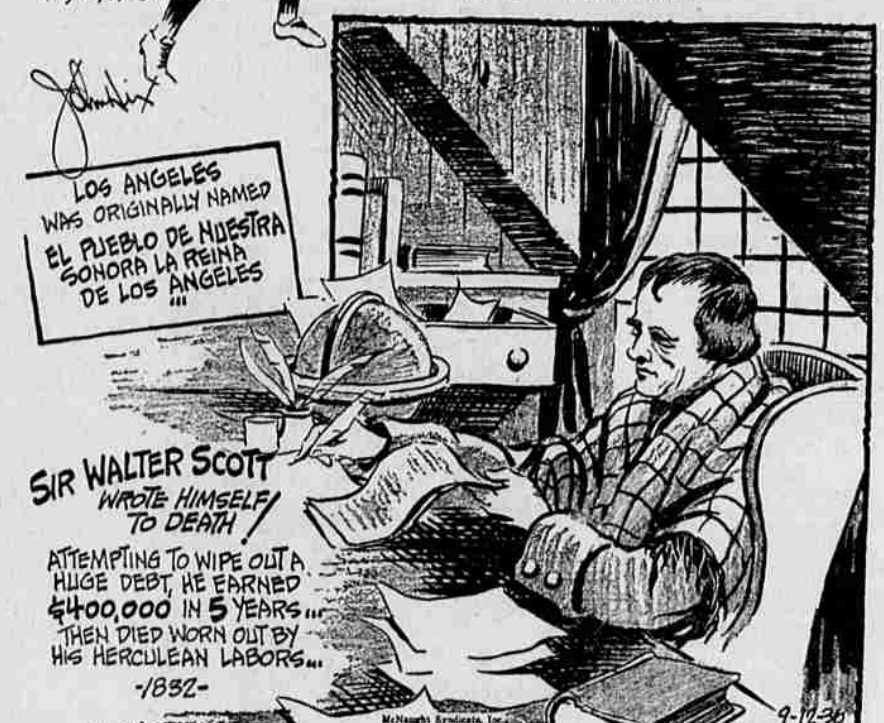
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## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

**CY BLANTON—Pittsburgh Pirates ALLOWED 4 RUNS AND LOST BY A SCORE OF 4 TO 3 THOUGH HE MADE ONLY ONE PITCH IN THE ENTIRE GAME!**

—Cincinnati, May 23, 1936—



Sir Walter Scott Faced with a debt totaling over a half million dollars in 1826 when the publishing company in which he was interested failed, Sir Walter Scott refused to accept the ignominy of going through bankruptcy.

Entrenched in health at 55 and worn out by his long and prolific literary career, he determined to shoulder the financial responsibility and wipe it out by writing. Asking no consideration from his creditors except time, Scott fell industriously to work. In the first three years he produced an astounding amount of copy including some of his most brilliant masterpieces. Among his works of this period were "Woodstock," "Chronicles of the Canongate," which included three separate tales: "Anne of Gelestein," "The Life of Napoleon," and "The Fair Maid of Perth," in the second series of "Chronicles of the Canongate," and several magazine articles.

The results of his labors from January 1826 to January 1818 earned about \$200,000 for his creditors. Early in this period his wife died, and through her bequest he didn't allow the bereavement to slow his efforts.

Following the first three years of his intense, self-imposed task, warning symptoms of the toll which the arduous work had taken on his health still failed to stop him, even when he suffered several strokes of apoplexy and paralysis.

It was not until his mental powers started to leave him and he came to believe all his debts were settled that he at last quit work—but it was too late. During a Mediterranean cruise on a government ship put at his disposal, he sensed the end and hastened back to England that he might die in his native land. In Tweedside at Abbotsford, September 21, 1832, he breathed his last and was buried at Dryburgh Abbey.

Monday: 2-in-one Bridge.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Cuts In



IT IS PLANE CRIPPLED BY BULLETS FROM THE SKY BANDIT'S GUNS, SKEETER IS SPINNING IN, CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY THE CROOKS.... ANXIOUS FOR THE 'KILL,' SUDDENLY ANOTHER PLANE DARTS UPON THE BANDIT JIMP.... IT IS FLOWN BY TOMMY....

2601



By HAL FORREST

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Closing In!



DAT AM DE HIDIN' PLACE, UP KILEY CREEK—

TOO SHALLOW FOR US IN THERE—WE'LL HAVE TO SEND A SMALL BOAT—

DO YOU THINK WE'LL FIND THEM, ISHMAEL?

I 'SPECT WE WILL, MIGHTAH BEN—

DEY'D HAVE TO COME BACK ON FOOT THROUGH DE SWAMP FO' DE OTHER BOAT, AN DAT TAKES TIME—

DID THEY HAVE ANOTHER BOAT?

DEY USED TO, MIGHTAH BEN, BUT I 'SPECT DEY CAN'T NAVIGATE IT NOW—LEGS'N DEY KIN REPAIR FO' HOLES I BUSTED IN ITS BOTTOM WIT' A ROCK!



By EDWIN ALGER

## THE NEBBS—You Tell Him, Newt



YES, I CAME UP HERE TO GET AWAY FROM MY BROTHER-IN-LAW WHO'S CAMPING AT MY HOTEL

AND MY WIFE TAKES HIS PART—HE'S AT MY HOTEL SLEEPING AND EATING AND SHE'S GIVING HIM MONEY

DON'T TELL ME ANYMORE—I'M BEGINNING TO LOSE RESPECT FOR YOU. ANY MAN AS CAN'T BOSS HIS OWN HOME, CAN'T BE MUCK OUTSIDE



By SOL HESB

## BUDGET BALANCE IN KANSAS IRKS YOUNG ROOSEVELT

MASON CITY, Ia., Sept. 12.—(AP)—James Roosevelt, son of the President, said today that "bad spots" on the economic system "are being removed," and condemned those who "tell us that it is no good trying to make America better."

Addressing a Democratic rally, he referred to the President as the nation's "general manager," and said the administration is removing the "bad spots" in "what we call the American way."

At one point in his address, James Roosevelt referred indirectly to Gov. Alf M. Landon of Kansas, President Roosevelt's Republican opponent, by saying the national administration has enabled "many of our state governments to boast that they have balanced their state budget."

"Just as an example, the state of Kansas has received in grants, loans and loans lusted from the federal government the amount of \$421,120,360.80. Yes, indeed, the budget of the state of Kansas is balanced."

Age Pension Bill SALEM, Sept. 12.—(AP)—Persons residing in homes for the aged conducted by fraternal or religious bodies are not eligible to receive old-age pension assistance under the Oregon law, but persons boarding in private homes or boarding houses for the aged operated by private individuals are eligible, Attorney General I. H. Van Winkle ruled.

See Mail Tribune front ads.