

# THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

**SYNOPSIS:** Carol Torrance has a job in Atlanta. She has a considerable employer by name Blake Thornton, and she has some amusing friends. She wanted just this, and she should be happy. The only trouble is that she cannot disregard the obvious fact that Blake and his wife are not happy. Irma Thornton spends her summers in the mountains and her winters in Florida. Blake has spent the last week-end with Irma—and he certainly did not look to Carol like a man who expected to enjoy himself when he left.

## Chapter 25

### BOSS FOR DINNER

BLAKE dropped several sheets of paper on Carol's desk. "The Acme Cleaners have just installed the Martex equipment, and they want a quarter-page ad about it. Here's the technical information; you'll know how much of it a customer would be interested in."

She nodded without speaking, and began to study the information. The hands of her watch said half-past three; she would just about have time to finish this afternoon. . . . She took it to him at five o'clock, and waited while he read it. Probably, she thought without resentment, he wouldn't like it at all.

He read it through and chuckled. "You do take down your back hair with 'em, don't you?" He added carelessly:

"If you don't mind waiting ten minutes I'll drive you home."

She said frankly: "I'd wait an hour to avoid that street car."

"It must be awful. Tell the other girls I'll take them too; they're off my beat, but they probably feel the same way."

The four of them talked very little during the drive to West End. Within the office they were at ease, bound by a common interest. Outside its walls, and in Blake's presence, they were strangers to each other, and their talk was shouted across a gulf of different backgrounds. At their own doorways Freddie and Laura thanked him profusely, and were engulfed by their own homes.

WHEN they were alone Carol said abruptly: "Blake, it's perfectly insane for you to work all summer. It's not even good business, because you're bound to pay for it sooner or later. Why on earth don't you go to Rockbrook for at least a week or ten days?"

He turned his head and smiled briefly at her. "Have you ever seen Rockbrook?"

"No, but I've seen several of its cousins. Even if it bores you, you ought to have several days of rest. Bored people usually get fat, don't they? Fat and bored—they go together like ham and eggs."

"Maybe I'd rather be thin."

"Then go somewhere else."

"I can't afford to go anywhere, child."

"Rot. You can't afford not to."

"Well, I'm not going to, so you might as well save your thoughtfulness for a worthier object. Not," he added softly, after several seconds, "that I'm not flattered as the devil to have it."

She sighed, and gave him up. For the rest of the way they sat wrapped in their own thoughts.

At the Sherwood she faced him impulsively, moved by the loneliness that lay so often behind his eyes. "Why don't you come in and have dinner with me?"

He shook his head. "Let me cook for me on a night like this? You're a peach to suggest it, but I wouldn't think of it." He added recklessly: "Suppose I come back in an hour or so and get you to have dinner with me."

"No. I've done that twice already. I've got food in the refrigerator that has to be fixed, and it's no more trouble to fix it for two. Maybe eating too many restaurant meals is what's dragging you down." She had seen wistfulness flicker for an instant across his face, and she knew he wanted to come. And so she insisted. "Come on, please!"

He wavered. "Oh, hell. I can resist anything but temptation. You brought it on yourself."

"I meant to park your car and come on."

"No; I'll go home and have a shower, and give you a chance to do likewise. I'll be back in thirty or forty minutes and set the table."

SUDDENLY he looked years younger, and for the first time she despised Irma Thornton. Herebefore Irma had been a shadowy subject for speculation, but a man who could be

pleased with so little had obviously been given nothing. She nodded. "That's better still. Come back whenever you're ready."

She bathed and put on a green and white voile dress that had seen better days, and then went into the kitchen to take an inventory. There was a fat letter from Jill, but she wanted to read it unhurriedly, so she put it aside.

Sweetbreads: fortunately she had ordered enough for two days. Romano and endive for a salad. A fresh loaf of French bread. Potatoes to be boiled and then baked for a few minutes in the oven. Sliced raw carrots that had lain all day in ice-water—the lucky devil! Nothing for dessert, but Camembert and hard crackers were better than desert anyhow.

She turned on the lights and looked at the clock. It was half-past eight. She took a deep breath and went to the door. The door was open. She looked in. The kitchen was empty. She turned on the lights and looked at the clock. It was half-past eight. She took a deep breath and went to the door. The door was open. She looked in. The kitchen was empty.

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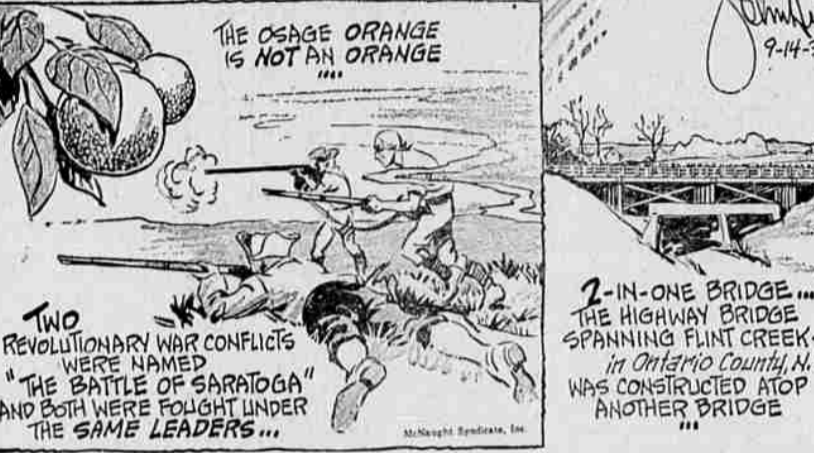
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# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



**Wrigley's SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM**

**TRY WRIGLEY'S - IT KEEPS THE TASTE FRESH**

**LAUNDRY**

**INEXPENSIVE - SATISFYING**

of the United States, is not an orange tree. Its fruit closely resembles the orange in appearance, but is inedible.

**Saratoga Battles**

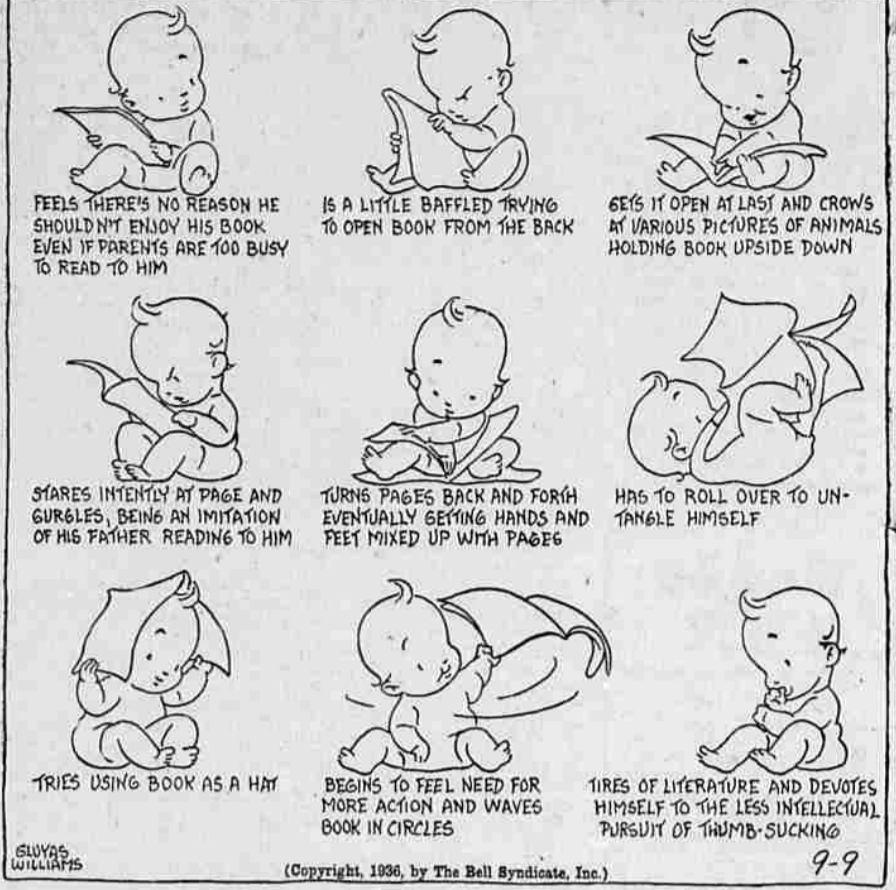
Both fought on the same site near Saratoga Springs, N. Y., the first battle of Saratoga took place September 19, 1777, and the second on October 7 of the same year.

Leaders of the opposing armies in both battles were the same, Horatio Gates, Daniel Morgan and Benedict Arnold leading the Americans and John Burgoyne directing the British. Both battles were American victories and both ended at nightfall.

Tomorrow: The Mystery Plant.

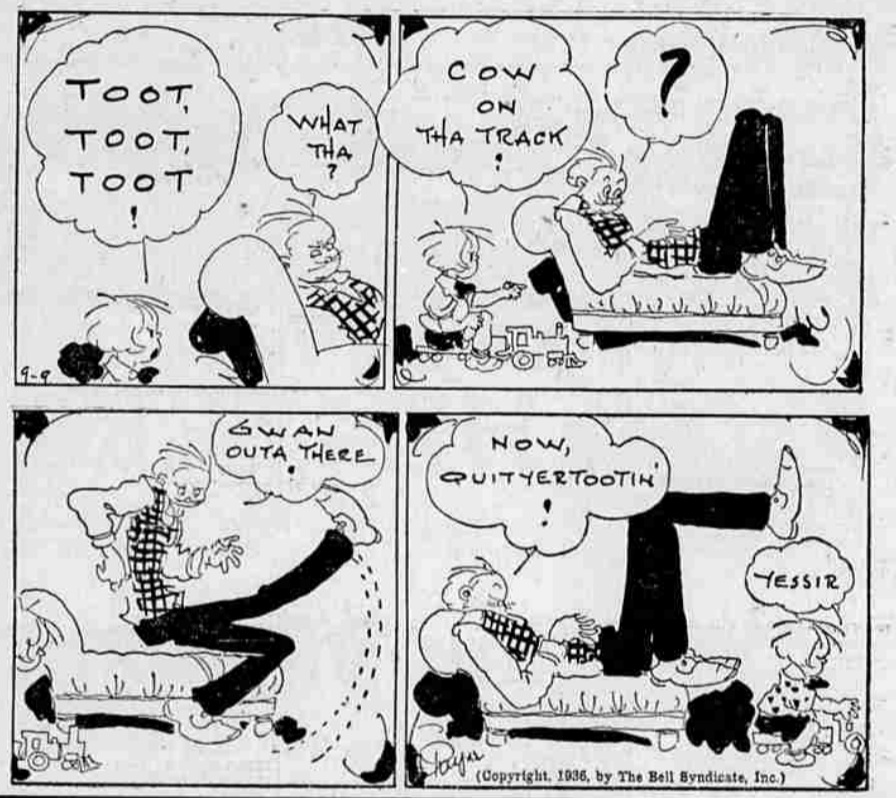
## READING MATTER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

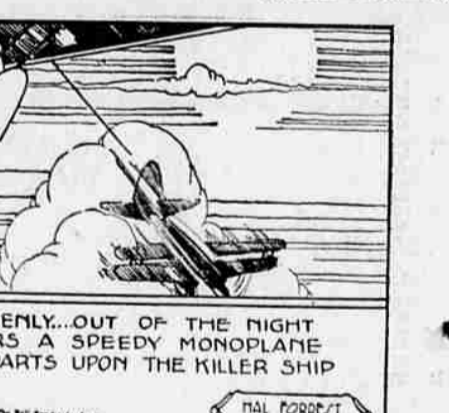


## S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



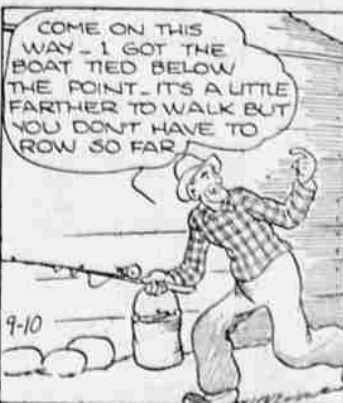
## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Unexpected Help



## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—At Bay!



## THE NEBBS—Who's Who



# 3 GUN SMUGGLERS SEIZED IN SOUTH

**BLOXI, Miss, Sept. 14.—(UP)—**An alleged plot to smuggle 200 Springfield army rifles and 31,000 rounds of ammunition out of this country was frustrated today when coast-guard and customs officers halted three men in a loaded truck near here.

The men—Willard Campbell, 33, and Thomas Murray, 47, of Atlantic City, N. J., and Alexander Hirsch, 38, Brooklyn, N. Y.—were removed temporarily to the federal prison at New Orleans.

Edward Gleason, supervising customs agent at New Orleans, who flew here in a coast-guard plane, said the

three men would be charged with attempting to export arms to certain countries.

He would not elaborate on his statement nor indicate the destination of the arms and ammunition.

**Urge Tax Waiver**

**SALEM, Sept. 14.—(AP)—**The World War veterans state aid commission urged waiting for the year 1937 the one-half mill tax provided for operation of the World War veterans loan and bonus department in a recent meeting here. The resolution was addressed to the state tax commission.

**Coast School Crowded**

**NORTH BEND, Sept. 14.—(AP)—**School directors in Empire are seeking another building for grade school purposes. There has been a heavy influx of settlers, many of them from the Dakotas, since January 1, resulting in construction of 125 new houses.

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