

# THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

**SYNOPSIS:** So far, Carol's relations with her observing employer, Blake Thornton, have been kept fairly close to the employer-employee standard, although they were friends before Carol got the job. But Carol is convinced that Irma, Blake's older and very selfish wife, is not giving her husband a square deal and tonight, when Blake offers to drive her home to save her a hot trolley ride, Carol asks him to have dinner in her apartment. Blake's enjoyment is obvious.

Chapter 29  
INTIMATE MEAL

BLAKE had found two glasses. "Say when?"

"When?" Carol took off her apron. "I'm all through. Let's take that out and enjoy it."

They sat on the couch and drank, and the electric fan whirred busily to meet an evening breeze that drifted through the windows.

Blake said lazily: "Now that I'm not even pretending to work, I guess I ought to put on my coat."

"Why?" She rested her head against the couch and closed her eyes.

"Search me. Because it's the correct gesture, I suppose."

"I hate gestures, because they're nothing but—well—gestures."

"I like some of 'em," he insisted. "They do all the machinery, I have an idea were sloughing them too fast; the effect's disintegrating."

"Maybe it's the disintegration that's making us slough them."

He shrugged. "That's a regular hen-or-egg argument, and it's too hot to think about it." He got up and went to the bookshelves. "Mind if I look?"

"Of course not. Why should I?"

"I don't know. Looking at people's books is sort of like looking at their minds—unless the people are like some of my friends who cleaned out the parental shelves when they married, just to decorate the living-room. Say this is lovely!" He had set down his glass and taken out the copy of "South Wind." "I haven't seen this edition."

The book brought Denis Ford sharply back. "For Carol," he had written, "who deserves the world with a fence." Well, she hadn't found it and never would; this friendly hour with Blake was as close to it as she was likely to come. She could rest with Blake because they were united in their loneliness.

"It is lovely, isn't it?" she said. He turned and looked at her, one eyebrow lifted, smiling quizzically. "You mustn't blame that on the book," he said.

She stared at him in astonishment and then laughed. "It's all right to read my books, but I'll be hanged if I want you reading my mind!" She got up abruptly.

"I'm going to set out the lunch, as our cook says."

To save space she served the plates in the kitchen, and Blake carried them in.

"I never saw such a girl," he protested. "Where the devil did you learn to cook?"

"I can't—much. I'm an exponent of Milly's theory. She says if you can broil steak and make cream sauce you can always get by."

"It sounds logical. Some night I'll bring a steak over, and see how well you do that."

He ate ravenously, hardly stopping to talk. When they had cleared the table to make room for the Camembert and liqueurs, he gave a sigh of pleasure. The peace in his soul had deepened with the appeasement of an unaccustomed physical hunger.

"Tell me about your family," he begged. "I have an idea they're a swell lot."

"They are." She told him eagerly: of Pat's talents and wit; of Jill's serenity and beauty; of Milly's sweetness and courage. And finally of Evan, who had been everything. Blake's eyes were thoughtful. "I can't imagine anything better than a family like that. I was an only child, and my parents are dead."

He added abruptly: "I wish some of your family would come to visit you, so I could meet 'em."

"They probably will, when it's cooler. I wouldn't wish an apartment on them in this heat."

The thought occurred to both of them that he could hardly make the acquaintance of her family if the family did come. You couldn't explain this sort of friendship, nor could you explain away Irma. And in the fall, they were thinking, Irma would be back—to replenish her wardrobe for Florida.

She pushed her chair back. "Let's get this table out of the way; I don't like to sit and view the remains."

He stood up. "I'm washing the dishes."

"The devil you are."

He led her to the couch and pushed her down, his hands strong and not too gentle on her shoulders. "Sit down, darn you!"

In the end they compromised, and she washed them while he dried them and put them away. Then they came back and sat down and had another liqueur.

"Read the paper a while," Carol ordered. "There's a letter here from Jill and I want to see what's in it."

"Why on earth didn't you say so? The dinner could surely have waited that long."

"It didn't matter."

She wondered afterwards, if she could have been psychic about the letter. If she could have postponed it deliberately, in order to hold as long as possible an hour of contentment.

Jill detailed the family news first conscientiously.

And finally: "I don't suppose after our talk Christmas, that you'll be surprised at this. Don and I are going to be married. Not till spring but I wanted you to know it as soon as I'd made up my mind..."

SHE dropped the letter and stared straight in front of her. Don and Jill, Jill, who was nothing but a baby, was going to marry Don. A Don who, just a year ago, had been shaken and desolate because he couldn't marry her!

Blake abandoned the pretense of reading. "What is it, Carol?" There was concern in his quiet voice.

"Jill's going to be married..." She tried to laugh, but the laugh caught in her throat. "I knew it was coming, but I hoped it wouldn't happen quite yet."

"Why?" He was looking steadily at her, wondering, perhaps, why she didn't react as most women did to the news of an imminent wedding.

"Because she seems such a child of course she's twenty-two..." Blake, she remembered suddenly, had been twenty-two when he married Irma.

He sat expressionlessly: "That's pretty young; but not too young, I guess—for a girl..."

"She isn't really too young," Carol admitted honestly. "And she always knows exactly what she wants and goes after it. She'll be happy, I think."

"Then it sounds like good news to me."

"It is—for Jill." She met his look and confessed: "My regret's entirely selfish. As long as she and Pat were at home my absence didn't make such a gap. Now Milly will be more alone."

His mouth twisted. "You've got a conscience, like I have—God help us both!"

He laid his hand on hers and she noticed for the first time how good his hands were: thin and straight with broad palms and long sensitive fingers. She turned her own hand and gripped his.

"Well, He probably won't. We'll have to help ourselves—if we can."

He stood up and pulled her to her feet. "Come on and let's drive a while; it'll cool us off. Don't bother with a hat." He shrugged into his coat and went to open the door for her. She found the key and handed it to him.

"Put this in your pocket. I don't want to carry a bag."

He took the key and followed her with unsmiling eyes as she stepped past him into the hall. The thought pricked his mind that she ought not to be leading this lone wolf existence; she ought to be the one who was marrying and not her kid sister.

And in the same instant he knew that he had no business being glad she wasn't.

They drove for an hour, and in the warm wind brush their faces and rumple their hair. When they had stopped again at the Sherwood she made herself look at him and smile. He sat still, his face a blur in the dark.

"Don't bother to come in with me. It's been nicer than I can tell you."

He stirred. "It's been the best evening I've ever had," he said soberly and gathered himself together. "Oh, here's your key..."

He held it out carefully, and she took it without touching his fingers. The car moved reluctantly away in the night.

"And that," she said finally, under her breath, "will have to be all of that."

But the next morning, when Blake said in his usual pleasant voice: "There's a new man's talking about opening next month—very swank. They want an announcement," she knew she had been a concealed, romantic fool. There was no trace of self-consciousness in his voice or his manner.

(Copyright 1936, by Marian Sims)

Irma's return, tomorrow, places Blake in the familiar straight-jacket.

## ROUNDUP STARS TO SHARE TITLE

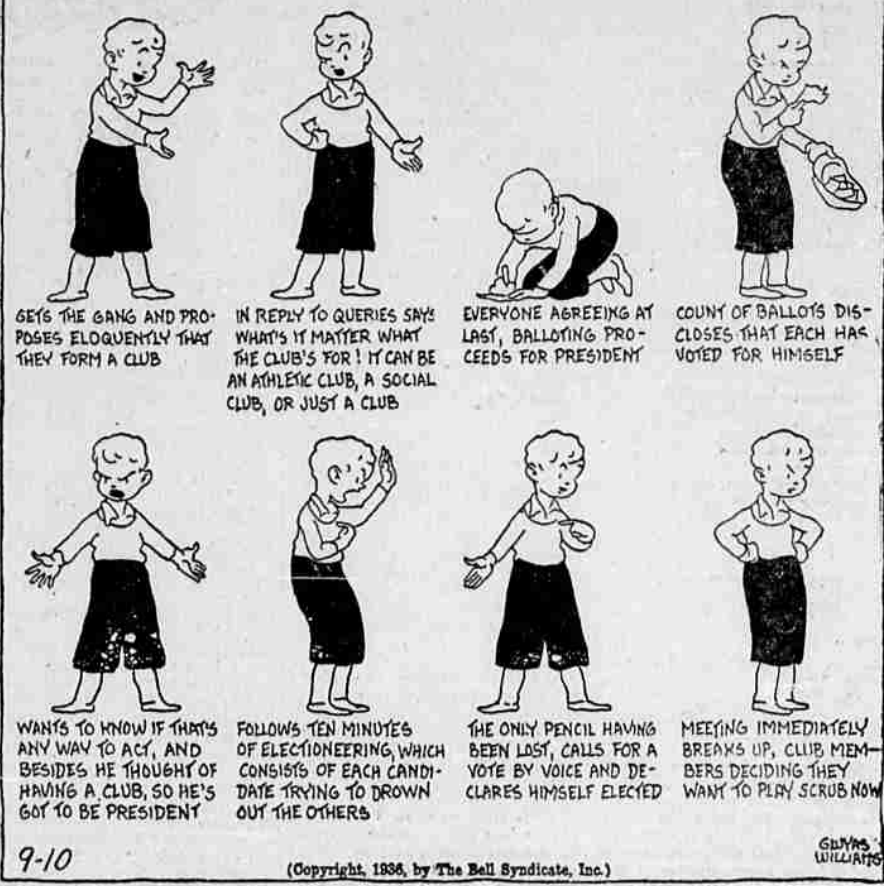
PENDLETON, Sept. 15.—(AP)—Carl Arnold, Buckeye, Arizona, and Ike Rude, Mangum, Oklahoma, were today acclaimed as the probable winners of the \$5000 Sam Jackson trophy emblematic of the world's all-around cowboy championship following the close of the twenty-seventh annual roundup. An error Saturday resulted in awarding the coveted trophy to Pete Knight, Canadian cowhand, who won top place in the world's bucking contest. Arnold and Rude tied for first in the steer roping event. Round-up directors will meet soon to officially name the trophy winner or winners.

## GRADE CROSSING PLAN BEFORE STATE BOARD

SALEM, Sept. 15.—(AP)—Five grade crossings between Junction City and Eugene would be eliminated by construction of one separation project, should the proposed re-routing of the Pacific highway between the two Lane county cities be adopted by the highway commission.

## THE CLUB

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

**THE MYSTERY PLANT**  
THERE IS MORE CORN RAISED IN THE WORLD THAN ANY OTHER CROP... YET THE PLANT IS NEVER FOUND IN A WILD STATE AND NO ONE KNOWS HOW OR WHERE IT ORIGINATED

**GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ SERVED AS PRESIDENT OF MEXICO FOR OVER 30 YEARS... PEDRO LASCURAIN LASTED FOR ONLY 26 MINUTES! FEB. 19, 1913 - ON THIS SAME DAY MEXICO HAD 3 PRESIDENTS!**

**THE 3 MOORE BROTHERS of Altadena, Cal., RICHARD 13 BERNHARD 12 AND JAY 6 - WERE ALL BORN ON MAY 2ND!!!**

**AN ENGINE WITH 28 WHEELS! USED ON THE DURBAN TO CATO RIDGE RUN IN SOUTH AFRICA**

Mexican Presidents. Strange as it seems, General Porfirio Diaz was elected to the presidency of Mexico eight different times—in 1877, 1884, 1892, 1896, 1900 and 1910, being 80 years old at the time of his last election. Diaz was forced to resign in 1911 to avert further bloodshed when a rebel army, marching under the flag of Francisco Madero, took the important town of Juarez and threatened the capital. A short time later Madero entered Mexico City and was unanimously elected president, November 15 of the same year. Madero's term of government was short-lived. In February, 1913, the capital once more heard the tread of marching rebels when a large army under the leadership of General Monaghan invaded the city and seized the Citadel, a strong fortress and ammunition dump. The Madero forces barricaded themselves in the national palace, Chapultepec and other points in and around the city. After a ten-day exchange of artillery and rifle fire, the impasse was finally solved when General Victoriano Huerta, commander-in-chief of the government forces, seized Madero and his vice-president, Jino Suarez, and forced them to resign their positions. Pedro Lascurain, minister of foreign relations, was made the new president on February 19, 1913, and served the shortest term of all Mexican presidents—from 10:34 p. m. until 11:00 p. m.—just 26 minutes. President Lascurain performed two official acts during his term, one in appointing General Huerta his successor as minister of foreign relations, and the second in officially resigning the presidency in favor of Huerta. Thus, strange as it seems, on the same day Mexico had three different presidents—Madero, Lascurain and Huerta. Tomorrow: The Messenger of Death!

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## S'MATTER POP—

By O. M. PAYNE



## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Death From the Sky



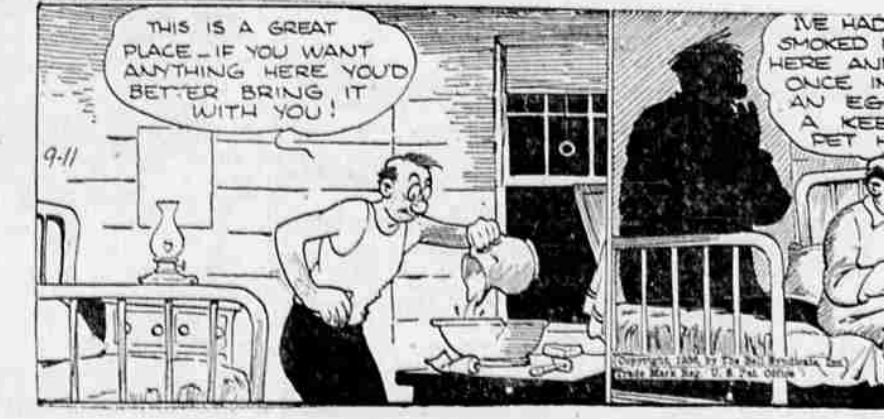
## By HAL FORREST

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Seaplane



## By EDWIN ALGER

## THE NEBBES—Poor Butterfly



## By SOL HESB

## SIX KILLED ON GRADE CROSSING

DETROIT, Mich., Sept. 15.—(UP)—Six persons were killed last night when their automobile was struck at a grade crossing by a fast Chicago to Detroit Wabash passenger train.

The victims were John W. Palanchar, 39, driver of the car; his wife Irene, 39; their daughter, Dorothy, 12; Mrs. Mary Jamtoehk, 28; her son, Joseph, 25; and Mrs. Anna Palanchar, 55, mother of Palanchar and Mrs. Jamtoehk. All were residents of suburban Koorsse.

Struck while traveling a temporary roadway around one side of a grade separation now under construction the automobile was demolished and its wreckage and bodies of the victims were strewn a half mile along the track. All six were killed instantly.

Authorities could not locate witnesses to the tragic crash.

## 3 LANE COUNTY CROPS ARE DAMAGED BY RAIN

EUGENE, Sept. 15.—(AP)—Three Lane county crops suffered in heavy rains which brought three-quarters of an inch of precipitation to the county over the week-end.

Prunes, tomatoes, and the last of the hops crop were believed badly damaged, farmers reported. The heavy showers, followed by bright sunshine, was believed to be cracking tomatoes and causing rot in the prunes.

Cranberry Yield High.

BANDON, Ore., Sept. 15.—(AP)—Market observers here estimated Ocooc county's cranberry harvest this year at 20,000 boxes—approximately double the 1935 yield.