

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

SYNOPSIS: Carol Torrance and working in Blake Thornton's advertising agency very pleasant. She and Blake himself very pleasant for that matter, but she will not permit herself to go beyond that stage. For Blake has a wife who is older than he, selfish and cruel. And Carol has passed through one lacerating experience and does not want another. Still—Blake did enjoy himself very much when she asked him to have dinner in her apartment.

Chapter 36

IRMA COMES HOME
SEPTEMBER, when the heat relaxed its grip each afternoon with the setting of the sun. When every one came back to town, Rockbrook emptied as if by magic, and Irma packed her clothes with exquisite care and much tissue paper and went home to take possession of her house.

The warmth of Blake's welcome astonished her. He had driven to Rockbrook to bring her home, and during the drive to Atlanta he talked with feverish eagerness of his plans for the fall. He had bought tickets for the community concert; he didn't see why they couldn't get up a dinner-and-bridge club; he intended to take an afternoon off for golf during the week, and he hoped she would play with him now and then.

Irma was vaguely flattered by his eagerness, but with the perversity of her kind she retreated as Blake advanced. She didn't know... She hadn't been well lately ("well," in Irma's vocabulary, was always said in capitals)... She wanted to see Dr. Freeman before she made any plans; he might order her to Florida before Christmas...

The core of Blake's being froze slowly. "Irma," his voice pleaded with her, "don't talk about Florida when you're not even home yet." He added bitterly: "Good God, I never get to see you!"

Irma smiled to herself. This, she reflected, was the secret of Blake's eagerness; he didn't see much of her. If she spent a whole winter at home he might be desperately glad to get rid of her, and she preferred having him miss her.

And then, too, there was the question of her health. She intended to see Dr. Freeman tomorrow afternoon...

Her eyes darted about the house, searching, hoping for signs of wear. "This place is a sight," she said with emphatic relish.

The whole thing had gone sour on Blake. He hoped now that Dr. Freeman would order Irma to Florida—or to Mars. Irma's absence was the supreme luxury he would allow himself, even at the expense of his own necessity. He picked up two of her bags and followed her doggedly upstairs.

The next morning Irma went downtown to see what they were wearing this fall. Shopping was her passion, and she had her favorite salesgirls who greeted her with cordial smiles and sinking hearts.

But the fall lines were still incomplete, and dresses clung stickily to her arms and shoulders when she tried them on. There was literally, Irma told the exhausted clerks, not a decent thing in town. She ate a peevish, expensive lunch and went to keep her appointment with Dr. Freeman.

Dr. Freeman had an emergency appendectomy, and he kept her waiting almost an hour. She walked into his office trembling with nervousness and anger.

It was almost five when she came out, and she called Blake preemptorily.

"I'm at Dr. Freeman's," she said, "and I'm completely exhausted. I wish you'd come for me right away."

"Why, of course." There was dutiful concern in his voice. "Do you mind coming to the sidewalk in about ten minutes, so I won't have to park?"

She had to stand on the sidewalk almost three minutes, and that irritated her still more.

"It's next to impossible," she said when she was seated beside him, "to get along with one car."

"I'm at Dr. Freeman's," she said, "and I'm completely exhausted. I wish you'd come for me right away." "Why, of course." There was dutiful concern in his voice. "Do you mind coming to the sidewalk in about ten minutes, so I won't have to park?"

"You have to take your choice. Another car and no long vacations, or vacations and no car. It's the best I can do."

"I have to have the changes," she said plaintively. "Dr. Freeman says the sooner I can go to Florida the better it will be for me. He says I'm in a rather serious condition." Her voice shook.

Blake looked swiftly and soberly at her. "What do you mean?" "Nothing organic," she said with unwonted reluctance, "but he says I'm terribly on edge." Blake was ashamed of the way his heart lurched within him. "On edge" meant nothing, save that Irma was justifying her departure a few months hence. She didn't suspect that the departure needed no justification in his eyes.

And beside him Irma was silent; withdrawn into herself. When you were forty and your husband was thirty-three, it was impossible to confide in him until you had to. Pride and hopelessness kept you from confessing the truth.

WITH the coming of fall Carol's leisure hours began to fill. Everyone was recovering from the inertia of summer, and planning parties. Her friends were generous about including her in their evening activities, and the fact touched her immeasurably. She resented her inability to repay them, and said so, frankly.

Cornelia laughed at her. "We wouldn't ask you if you didn't contribute something; don't overlook that."

But she wanted to contribute more than her presence, and felt that she could not afford it. And then, as if he had guessed her need, Blake informed her one day that her salary, beginning October first, would be a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month.

She could hardly thank him. "Are you sure I'll earn it?" she asked dubiously.

His tone was dry. "I'm not in business for my health. You'll be worth more than that in time, and I'll pay you more just as soon as business warrants it." And then the veneer of impersonality cracked, and Blake's eyes were looking at her.

"Have you—been getting along all right?" he asked awkwardly. "Quite." There was a vibrant pause. He had a trick, she noticed, of concentrating so intently that he looked first at one of your eyes and then at the other. "Have you?"

"Quite." There were more questions, clamoring to be asked, but he stifled them. She gathered up her latest assignment and left his office.

Porter Murray had come back too, and to her astonishment had called her immediately.

"Did you miss me?" he demanded fondly.

"I've been wanting away. I thought you'd forgotten me."

"You liar, I couldn't!"

"Well, you never even sent me a post card."

He chuckled. "Since that's the way you feel, when can I see you?"

"Never."

"I'll be around at seven tomorrow. We'll have dinner—first."

She gave up and laughed at him. "All right, I'll eat an expensive dinner, and take carfare along with me."

HIS pleasure at seeing her the next evening astonished and flattered her. When he had ordered a gourmet's meal she said frankly:

"All this attention is quite a boost to my ego, but with the town to choose from, why did you pick me?"

It wasn't a bid for compliments; it was honest curiosity, because the city was full of girls who had beauty and money and leisure. And Porter was quick enough to recognize it as such. He knit his regular brows.

"I'll be darned if I know. There at the beach you were the only girl I could remember. The thing I like best about you is the way you make me feel."

She knew what he meant. "I see. And how do I make you feel?"

"Oh... very witty and charming. And I'm not afraid you'll miss the point of my witticisms. True, you think I'm useless and frivolous, but you reconcile yourself to it."

"Nice of me," she said dryly. "Now tell me about your trip. I know you're bustin' to."

"I'm not either."

But he told her, frankly and racy, during the rest of the meal. Stories culminating in an account of how someone named Whitefield had called Buckingham Palace and demanded the ear of King George himself. Whitey had read in the newspaper that the Majesty was suffering from a severe cold, and he knew an infallible remedy.

It took four calls, but in the end he had actually secured the ear of the king himself, and been courteously thanked.

Driving home from the theatre Porter stopped the car in the shadow of the Sherwood. She looked inquiringly at him.

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Carol gets an important request from Ellen, tomorrow.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

HENS DEVELOPED BY ROBERT E. PHILLIPS—Kansas State Agricultural College, LAY EGGS WITH WRITTEN MESSAGES IN THEM!

IT IS OUTSIDE, THE COLDER BEKIMOS CAN KEEP THEIR IGLOOS INSIDE

OLDEST BLACKSMITH SHOP—THE STUMP OF A 4000-YEAR-OLD REDWOOD WAS UTILIZED BY A BLACKSMITH... Del Norte County, Cal.

THE DESERTION OF A CABIN BOY FROM A SHIP OF THE SPANISH FLEET UNDER PANFILO DE NARVAEZ, off the coast of Mexico, CAUSED THE DEATH OF 3,000,000 PEOPLE AND THEIR EMPEROR!

WRIGLEY'S IS FINE FOR A DRY AND DUSTY THROAT!

CROSS COUNTRY RACE 10 MILES TO GO

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM INEXPENSIVE - SATISFYING

Smallpox, the dreaded scourge of Mexico, was first introduced into the country by a cabin boy, reputed to be Juan Nepomuceno, who, suffering from the disease, deserted one of the ships of Panfilo de Narvaez, about 1520.

Swimming to shore, he passed smallpox germs to the natives, and spreading like wildfire into Mexico City, the disease brought death to more than 3,000,000 Mexicans and their emperor, Cuhtlhuac, within the span of a few years.

Egg Messages.

While experimenting with the results of introducing foreign bodies into the egg-laying apparatus of hens, Robert E. Phillips, Kansas State Agricultural college student, hit on a novel idea.

Anesthetizing a White Leghorn, he made an incision, removed a yolk which was about to pass into the oviduct to form a new egg, and replaced it with a hollowed cork into which a written message had been inserted.

Strange as it seems, when the next egg laid by the hen was opened, it was found to contain inside it the cork and message prepared by Phillips. The egg shell was perfectly formed and the hen suffered no ill effects. Shortly after the experiment, she resumed laying normal eggs. The operation has been repeated several times recently with success in most cases.

Igloo Temperatures.

In their homes built of snow and ice, Eskimos have a heating problem not encountered in any other type of dwelling. The amount of fuel they can burn to warm their igloos without melting them depends on a balance between the outer cold and the inner warmth.

Tomorrow: Telephones Prohibited! Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ada is 1:30 p. m.

DIFFICULT DECISIONS By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

THE WEALTHY UNCLE WHO IS NOTORIOUSLY DISAGREEABLE IF AROUSED FROM HIS AFTERNOON NAP IS DISCOVERED ASLEEP IN THE HAMMOCK THAT HAS BEEN DEFINITELY OUT OF USE UNTIL NEW ROPES ARE PUT IN

GLUYAS WILLIAMS (Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) 9-11

S'MATTER POP—By C. M. PAYNE

NOW! ONE, TWO, THREE!

RR-RR-YAP-YAP

OKAY OKAY GROW UP IN IGNORANCE!

WHADDA YOU WANT HIM TO LEARN? TO WAG HIS TAIL UP AN DOWN!

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Surprise for Spike

THE KILLER PLANE WAS SHOT DOWN IN FLAMES, WHEN IT WAS IN THE ACT OF DIVING UPON TOMMY FOR THE PURPOSE OF KILLING HIM. AT THAT MOMENT TOMMY PERCEIVED ANOTHER STRANGE SHIP FLYING AWAY, AND DECIDED TO TRAIL IT. THE PLANE IS FLOWN BY SPIKE LEADER OF THE SKY BANDITS...

CHARLIE, BART AN' DOGFACE ARE WASHED UP... NOW WE CAN SPLIT THIS JACK BETWEEN US TWO...

BUT... SPIKE, THERE'S ANOTHER PLANE FOLLOWING US!

A SAPPY SKY COP... MAYBE... BUT WE'LL LOSE IT... WATCH ME STEP THIS BUS UP, BABY...

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, SPIKE! LAND THIS PLANE... OR YOU DIE!

2604

By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Caller

WHEN BEN, BRIAR AND ISHMAEL REACHED THE PLANTATION, THEY FOUND OLD AUNT CHLOE IN HIGH EXCITEMENT!

MISS MILLIE GOT COMP'NY—DE BIRD MAN'S HERE—

GUESS AUNT CHLOE MEANS THE MAN WHO CAME IN THE GEAPLANE—WONDER WHO HE IS? SHE'S SO EXCITED THAT EVEN IF SHE KNEW SHE COULDN'T TELL—

MR. THORPE!

YEG, BEN, JABEZ THORPE IN PERSON—AND HERE JUST IN TIME TO CONGRATULATE YOU, TOO!

HOW'S LITTLE CRIP GETTING ON, MR. THORPE?

MARVELOUSLY! I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT HIM LATER— BUT CAN YOU COME IN HERE NOW WITH MILLICENT AND ME?

6-15

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Fresh Fish!

SOME FISH! COME ON, KID YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET INTO THE BOAT NOW AND STOP MAKING TROUBLE FOR YOURSELF!

HEY NEWT! LOOKIE WHAT I GOT OUT IN YOUR LAKE... MUST HAVE BEEN HERE ON HIS VACATION, TOO!!

THAT ISN'T MUCH OF A MUSKY... WHERED YOU GET HIM?

DOWN BY THAT WEED BED AND DID HE GIVE ME A FIGHT! HE CHURNED UP THE POND SO THAT IF IT WAS MILK, IT WOULD BE BUTTER NOW!

WELL, I'M GLAD YOU GOT A FISH— I WAS THINKIN' ABOUT GETTIN' A DIVERS SUIT AN' STICKIN' 'EM ON YOUR HOOK— THAT FISH MUST HAVE BEEN SLEEPY AND WAS YAWNIN' WHEN YOUR BAIT FELL IN HIS MOUTH!

9-12

By SOL HESS

51,418 VETERANS NOW IN HOSPITALS

DENVER, Sept. 16.—(AP)—Brig. Gen. Frank T. Hines, administrator of veterans' affairs, told the Veterans of Foreign Wars today there now are 51,418 veterans of all wars receiving hospital or domiciliary care from the government.

"Within the past year congress has appropriated a total of \$25,250,000 for further expansion and development of hospital and domiciliary facilities for the accommodation of veterans of all wars," he said.

"Completion of the full approved or proposed program of expansion and improvement of hospital facilities for veterans over the three-year pro-

Shift In Command Is Made By Army

PORT SAM HOUSTON, Tex., Sept. 16.—(AP)—Major General Herbert J. Brees, commanding the second division, Port Sam Houston, will succeed Major-General Frank Parker, commander of the third army and the eighth corps area, as the commander of the eighth corps area, effective September 30.

Major-General James K. Parsons, commander of Vancouver Barracks, Washington, will succeed General Brees as the commander of the second division.

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