

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

SYNOPSIS: Carol Torrance's first summer working in Blake Thornton's advertising agency in Atlanta has proved that she could, if it weren't for Blake's older and selfish wife, come to love her employer and be his wife. Just as matters were tightening up a little uncomfortably, Ellen made a mistake to be her bridesmaid, and now Ellen is coming to Atlanta to buy her trousseau. It will at least take her mind off Blake's unfortunate position, Carol thinks.

Chapter 32 ANOTHER WORLD

The next week Ellen arrived, glowing and self-conscious; marked by a new and minute diamond on her third finger. They had lunch together, and Ellen detailed her plans further.

"It'll seem awfully funny to go back to Ashboro as a matron," she chuckled. "The first thing I'd like to do would be to go over and thumb my nose at Mrs. Taylor."

Carol smiled. "Dear Mrs. Taylor! As a matter of fact I ought to be grateful to her. If it hadn't been for her I might have stayed on another year, just because I was afraid to step out."

Ellen looked keenly at her. "You really like it here?"

"I think I do—as much as anywhere. I don't have much time to think."

Ellen was still eyeing Carol shrewdly. "You look a lot better, you know—as if you'd found something. Are you in love?"

"Oh, Lord, no!" The vehemence of her denial startled them both. Ellen said skeptically:

"Well, don't bite my head off. It wouldn't be so strange if you were."

She shook her head. "I wish I could be. I wouldn't deny it; I'd about it from the office window."

Ellen's eyes glowed. "It does make you feel that way."

Carol changed the subject abruptly, seeking firmer ground. "What's the news from Ashboro? Did Mike ever come back?"

"He hadn't the last time I asked Mack. Annabel's started divorce proceedings."

Carol's throat contracted at the thought of Mike. She pushed the thought away.

"What's the rest of the news? Mr. Hudson back this year?"

"Yes. He seems to be a fixture. And Mr. Hall too."

It was only with a great effort that she could remember the school as a reality, existing and functioning even as she existed. Quer, she thought, how places ceased to be when you left them; just as they were invariably surprised that they went on without you, just as they, no doubt, would be surprised to know that you went on without them.

"Where will you live?" she asked.

"We've taken a furnished apartment at Mrs. Houston's on Market Street for the time being. Living-room, bedroom and kitchen."

For the time being, Carol's throat swelled at the courage of that phrase; at the youth and hope and fearlessness of Ellen, who could find her heart's desire in a furnished apartment on Market Street, knowing so surely that it was only for the time being. What's wrong with me? she thought desperately: was I born a thousand years old? She forced herself to say enthusiastically:

"It sounds lovely." And suddenly her eyes stung with tears, so that she laughed unsteadily. "I get positively maudlin when I think how happy you must be."

Ellen nodded soberly. "So do I. But of course it won't always be as good as I think it's going to be. I'm not that blind!"

Ellen stayed two days. Days spent in an orgy of shopping for all the traditional trousseau garments. A "white suit" which meant undergarments of white gossamer, and a bridal nightgown. There was nothing of paganism—to Ellen—in the idea of faring forth upon matrimony in virginial white. She was even planning a trousseau tea, at which these intimate garments would be exhibited to a fluttering and obvious circle of friends; Carol remembered unwillingly a remark made by Annie, the Torrance cook, when she was treated to a similar display.

"Gawd, Miss Mary," Annie had chuckled, "you sho is plannin' to tempt him!"

Well, she thought, why not? But she was glad, and ashamed of her own relief, when Ellen went back to Anderson. Ellen was a demoralizing influence for a girl who was trying to keep her mind on advertising.

ON Wednesday before the wedding Blake stopped beside Carol's desk.

"What time are you leaving tomorrow?"

She glanced up in surprise, and found his eyes considering her gravely.

"At half-past five," she said. "I think the schedule was arranged especially for me."

"What about your bags?"

"There's only one. I'll leave it at the check room in the morning."

"You can't bring it in on the street car. I'll pick you up on my way in."

She didn't look at him. Does he think of everything? she wondered wildly. Aloud she said:

"Thanks; that would be a help. I was going to take a taxi."

He shook his head. "Rank extravagance. I'll come a little early—about quarter past eight, if that's all right. That'll give us plenty of time. And—I'd be glad to take you to the train."

She wanted to cry: Blake, you mustn't... and knew that to refuse his offer would be to invest it with undue significance. And so she accepted.

The girls in the office were excited over the wedding too. They asked innumerable questions, and Freddie begged for a piece of wedding cake to sleep on. "I'll bring you a whole slab," Carol laughed, "and you can all sleep on it—you optimists!"

"And remember all the details," Laura insisted. "So you can tell us about it."

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Battle Royal

Faced with a strong army of mailed, heavily armed Spanish invaders at Queretaro, Mexico, in 1531, the chief of the Othomi Indian tribe foresaw certain defeat for his men, armed only with light bows and arrows.

Through a messenger sent under a flag of truce to the leader of the Spanish conquistadors, the chieftain outlined the unfairness of a battle between such unequally armed forces and, calling upon the general's sense of honor, suggested that all weapons be discarded in the forthcoming battle.

In the light of the ruthless methods which the Spanish invaders had previously employed in the subjugation of Mexico, it is an astounding fact that the general agreed to the request.

Weapons were cast aside, and cannon left unloading by the Spanish while the Indians dropped their bows and arrows and stood ready for battle.

Taking the offensive, the soldiers closed in, grappled with the natives and the biggest bare fist fight in all history commenced. With thousands on each side engaged in hand-to-hand combat, the strange battle raged from sunrise until sunset, ending with a Spanish victory.

In recognition of the Spaniards' fairness in fighting weaponless, the Othomies cheerfully accepted defeat and, pledging allegiance to their new leader, the King of Spain, they spent the night in feasting and dancing.

Embalming Lake

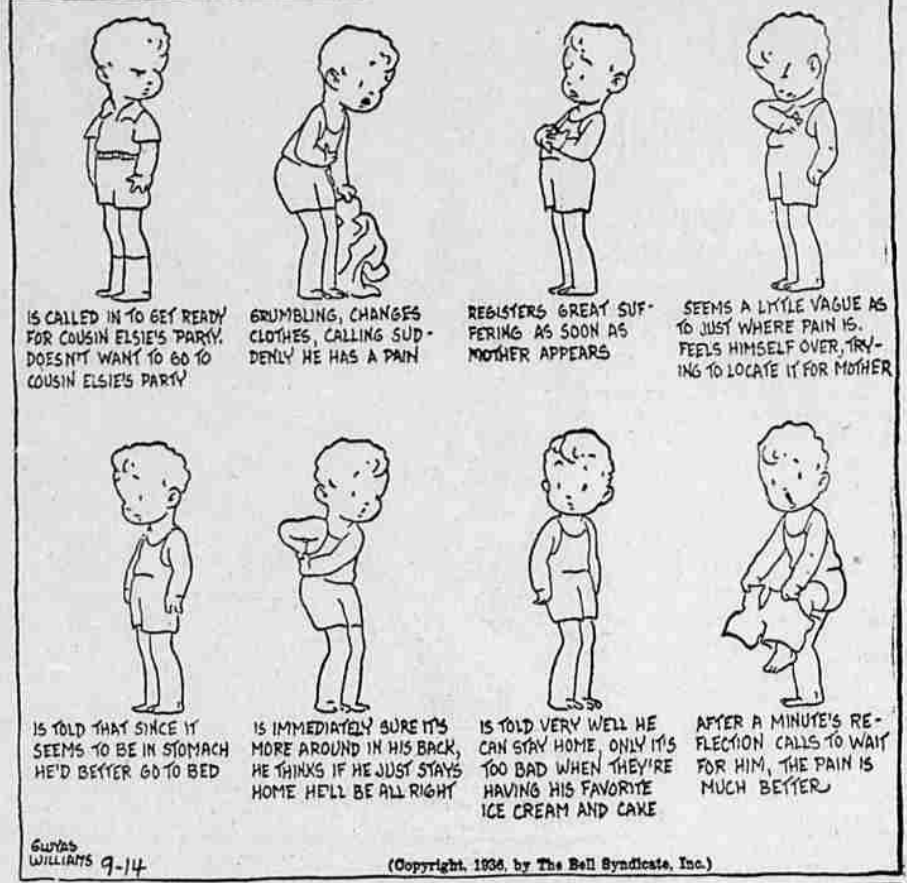
Fed by melting snow, the under-surface water of Lake Tahoe keeps a year-around temperature of approximately 50 degrees Fahrenheit. Water at this heat is heavier than at any other temperature. As a consequence, bodies of drowned persons in the depths of the lake are held on the bottom—the coldness of the water also serving to keep them decomposing.

Tomorrow: Awakened Genius.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
INEXPENSIVE - SATISFYING

THE ELUSIVE PAIN

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



8 MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Trapped By an Old Trick

By HAL FORREST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Offer

By EDWIN ALGES



THE NEBBS—A Sweet Story

By SOL HESS



LEMKE WOULD IGNORE INTERNATIONAL TRADE

1925 MOINES, Iowa, Sept. 18.—(AP)—Representative William Lemke, Union party presidential candidate, suggested today that the United States "let international trade take care of itself—it has meant nothing but humiliation and loss to us in the past."

Criticizing policies of the Democratic administration in an address prepared for delivery before the state convention of the Iowa Farmers' union, the North Dakota congressman said:

"We have no objection to that part of the international trade that is the natural result of our civilization and of our intercourse among nations.

ROOSEVELT PRAISED BY PRINTERS' UNION

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo., Sept. 18.—(AP)—President Roosevelt was praised for "his stand in behalf of organized labor" in a resolution adopted unanimously by delegates to the national convention of the International Typographical Union.

The resolution expressed "gratitude for the liberal labor measures" inaugurated by the national administration and pledged members to "strive for an extension and amplification of those measures which he (Roosevelt) has championed."

that which comes to us naturally and necessarily. But why buy products in foreign nations that we can produce ourselves?"