

# THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

**SYNOPSIS:** Carol Torrance taught school at Ashboro a while, and one reason she left to take a job in Blake Thornton's advertising agency in Atlanta was that she wanted to forget that she loved Denis Ford. Now she is slowly drifting into love with Blake and he with her—and neither can do anything about it for Blake is married to a girl and they seem much older than themselves. Carol is the bridemaid at Ellen Sands' wedding; the festivities have begun.

## Chapter 33 WEDDING

ELLEN'S house was alive and seething, and the hub of its activity was Ellen herself.

Ellen was again a dynamo; giving orders, superintending every detail—even to cataloguing the gifts that poured in. Mack was there, blissful and bewildered, following on her heels like a big devoted puppy. His most important job, he confided to Carol with a grin, was saving excelsior and string so that the presents could be shipped to Ashboro.

"I never saw so much stuff," he said in an awestruck voice. "Looks to me like we'll more than make expenses."

Ben arrived Friday afternoon, fat and smiling and bald. He kissed Carol and Ellen resoundingly, and Carol noticed that he had already begun his pre-nuptial drinking.

"Well, well," he laughed, "it took a wedding to bring us all together again."

He was presented to the family, whom Carol had found disappointing. Mrs. Sands was small and limp and rather lost in the confusion; Mr. Sands was tall and quiet, with a druggist's pallor. Margaret, the younger sister, was like her mother, with a youthful freshness that still masked the resemblance. Ellen, Carol reflected, must have drawn upon some remote ancestor for her vitality and charm.

The rehearsal Friday evening was bedlam. Ellen alone knew how things were to be done, and her training in gymnastic drill proved invaluable.

The rehearsal lasted three hours, and Carol had to be the bride because it would have been bad luck for Ellen to rehearse. Walking down the aisle to the throbbing strains of "Lohengrin" was a disturbing experience, she discovered, so she looked at the small boy, or at Ben's bald head, to distract her thoughts.

Mack's arm, linked in hers, was strong and steady, and Mack's young face was illumined. I should not have come, she thought, matching her step to Mack's; this is no place for a girl who has to keep her mind on her work. . . . Even her dislike for pageants could not entirely dispel the glamor or blind her to the implications of the occasion.

There was a party after the rehearsal, at which the rest of the men and three girls joined Ben in his cups. She wanted to step from the audience into the ring with them—but her first intimation of drunkenness drove her, as always, back into herself.

The cake was cut, and remembering her promise to Freddie she put aside her slice to take home with her. Somebody yelled:

"Hey, you've got to see if there's anything in it!" And amid shouts of excitement crumbled the cake and discovered a small brass ring.

Ben shouted, "An omen. I knew fate was bringing us together again, Carol, you've got to marry me!"

THE thing was over finally, and Carol slipped gladly into bed. One more day, she thought, and I can go back to Atlanta—and—the office.

The ceremony went off without a misstep. Even the ring bearer was awed into obedience by the solemnity of the occasion. Several of the groomsmen were hilarious, but steady enough to walk straight and keep their places in the tableau.

Ellen said "I do" in a clear voice and Mack, with his eyes on her face, said "I do" in a voice that was not so clear. There was a reception at the Sands home afterwards, and finally there was the calm that follows a storm.

Mrs. Sands collapsed into a chair and took off her shoes. "I hope when you get married, Margaret," she said plaintively, "that you'll run away and do it."

Mr. Sands looked weary and weary, Carol noticed with a throb of pity. For all her complaining, Mrs. Sands had liked it; marrying off a daughter was the proper thing, and she felt sorry for the women who had not yet achieved it. But Mr. Sands looked desolate; Ellen was his favorite, and he knew that getting married was not the feat women seemed to think it. In Mr. Sands' opinion, men hadn't a Chinaman's chance to escape.

They ate a late breakfast next morning in the midst of a Sabbath calm, and went in a body to church. Carol took the two o'clock train after declining Ben's offer to drive her to Atlanta. She had had enough of Ben for a while.

Even the Terminal station wore a dress of Sunday calm. She raked quickly with her eyes and knew that Blake had not met her. Her relief was overwhelming, and she breathed a prayer of thankfulness that she had not protested against something he had no intention of doing.

A hurrying figure said: "Carol!" and she stopped. Porter Murray was coming towards her.

"I nearly missed you," he panted. "Forgot to ask when you'd be back, so I called Blake on the chance that he knew. Gosh, I'm glad to see you, sweetheart!"

She laughed unsteadily. Porter would no doubt fill her evening with his gay and facile presence, and tomorrow there would be work again.

"Not half so glad as I am to see you!"

She would never learn, now, whether or not Blake had meant to meet her.

NOVEMBER. The days were short and bright, with the hard, clear brightness of glass, Irma, abetted by Dr. Freeman, made her plans to leave for Florida immediately after Thanksgiving. She was keyed to the point of hysteria, by the implications of her condition rather than by the condition itself, but she was still incapable of confiding in Blake.

The armor of his own indifference was pierced at times by bewilderment. She acted, he thought, as if she was afraid I would assault her.

He speculated several times on the nature of her trouble—correctly, had he but known it. But he put aside the answer as improbable. Irma had always revelled in her nervousness; it made her tremendously important to herself, and fed her ravenous ego.

He made no further attempts to detain her, partly because he sensed that he was beyond any help Irma might give him. She resented it irrationally; she had no intention of staying with him but her vanity demanded that he plead for it. Their parting at the station was a travesty of marital affection; words and gestures as meaningless as the lines of a fourth-rate actor.

He said: "Be sure to wire me when you get there. I'll be anxious until I hear."

"I will."

She was preoccupied with the disposal of her luggage.

Blake said mechanically: "I hope this change is going to make you feel better. . . ."

"Oh, I think it will."

The luggage was arranged now and she could give him her attention. He kissed her automatically and her flesh was not even alive beneath his lips. Don't think of the last time you were at the station, he told himself angrily. Don't think of anything.

When he had gone Irma put her hat carefully in its paper bag (the porter never did it properly) then lay back and closed her eyes. She felt raw and quivering, as if small pieces of her skin had been chipped away, leaving the nerve ends exposed. The noise of the racing train with its monotonous clackety-clack echoed and re-echoed in her brain.

Relaxation came with the miles, paid out by the racing train like a fisherman's line. The monotonous clacking became a lullaby, and her thoughts faced forward rather than back—towards the warmth and color and ease of Florida.

Rose would be in Maraton this winter, although not until after Christmas, and several people whom she had known in other winters. She would be inviolate for four months and beyond these four months she would not think.

Somewhere, a long way off, a telephone was clamoring. Carol turned uneasily and rose almost to the surface of consciousness. That can't be the alarm clock, her mind protested; why doesn't someone answer it?

The clamor persisted, dragging her finally from the depths of sleep. It's my phone, she realized dazedly, and stumbled across the room to answer it.

A hoarse voice said "Carol. . ." and stopped.

"This is Harry. I hate like the devil to disturb you at this hour, but. . ." Harry's voice snapped in two, and then with the jagged remnants he went on.

(Copyright, 1936, by Marian Sims)  
Tomorrow, Carol puts in one of the most difficult days of her life.

# HITLER LIBERATES MINOR OFFENDERS

BERLIN, Sept. 19.—(AP) More than a half million Germans have been freed from entanglements in Nazi law by Reichfuhrer Adolf Hitler's birthday amnesty, an official communique announced today.

Most of the cases, the announcement said, were prisoners convicted and sentenced to "minor" punishments, those whose penalties involved only fines or jail sentences of a month or less.

There were 495,014 such violators of the law released under the penalties by Hitler's amnesty decree April 24, as a belated birthday gift in celebration of his 47th anniversary, April 20.

Other Germans who had run afoul of the third reich's laws for committing misdemeanors "in excessive zeal for the national socialist cause," were liberated from jail or pending indictments against them were quashed. There were 3532 offenders in this category.

Another 2,777, whose offenses were grouped under the headings, "perfidious acts against the state," "insulting party leaders," and "abuse of the pulpit," were discharged from custody.

In four games of a recent series against the Pittsburgh Pirates, the Brooklyn Dodgers stole six bases—twice the Dodgers pilfered the third pillow.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

**OXYGEN—**  
THE MOST ABUNDANT ELEMENT ON EARTH, WAS NAMED AS THE RESULT OF A MISTAKE

**HORATIO WILLIAM PARKER—**  
Great American Composer, DISLIKED MUSIC AND KNEW NOTHING ABOUT IT TILL HE WAS 14... THEN IN TWO DAYS HE COMPOSED 50 PAGES!

**ANTONIO PIGAFETTA—**  
a member of the first round the world expedition, TRADED THE KING OF SPADES FROM A DECK OF CARDS FOR 6 FOWL WITH NATIVES NEAR CAPE ST. AUGUSTINE

**5 HORSES DEAD—HEATED IN A SINGLE RACE!**  
WANDERING NUN, MAZURKA AND SCOBELL TIED FOR FIRST PLACE... THERA AND CUMBERLAND TYING FOR SECOND IN THE ASTLEY STAKES

—LEWIS, ENGLAND, 1880—

**Awakened Genius**  
Regarded today as one of the greatest of American composers, Horatio William Parker was first instructed in music by his mother at Auburn, Mass.

Strange as it seems, Parker once utterly detested music and refused to study it. Then, in 1867, at 14 years of age, he suddenly became intensely interested in it, and shortly afterward, in the same year, set 50 of Kate Greenaway's poems to music in the astounding time of two days.

In 1882 he went to Munich where he won high honors at the conservatory and three years later, returning to the U. S., became director of music at Yale university. Here his prolific production of compositions won him high acclaim. Parker was awarded a \$10,000 prize for his opera, "Fairland," in 1915.

**Oxygen**  
Oxygen, the most widely distributed element in nature, was recognized by its properties as far back as the 8th century by the Chinese, Leonardo da Vinci, in the early 16th century, was the first European to affirm that the air was composed of two gases, and Joseph Priestly produced the first pure sample of oxygen in 1774.

In this year, hearing of Priestly's findings, Lavoisier, a French scientist conducted experiments on the properties of the gas. Led to believe through his research that the gas was an essential part of all acids, he named it oxygen from the two Greek words meaning "acid forming." Actually, oxygen is not a necessary constituent of many acids. Thus, thru a mistaken supposition, the chief element of the earth was named.

# THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

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By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



9-15  
S'MATTER POP— By C. M. PAYNE

I WISH I HAD A MILLION DOLLARS IN MY PANTS POCKET, AN' TWO MORE IN MY COAT POCKET, AN' A HALF MILLION IN MY OTHER PANTS POCKET

THEN WOODJA GIMME A COUPLE OF DOLLARS

NAW! DO YER OWN WISHIN'!

WILLIAM! ALWAYS DIVIDE WITH BROTHER!

AW-W, ALL RIGHT!

BUT WILLYUM KIN WISH BETTER THAN I CAN

# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Makes a Flying Tackle

PIKE M. MATZ, LEADER OF THE SKY BANDITS WAS ABOUT TO CHOKE GLORIA GRANT, "G" GIRL, TO DEATH, WHEN OUT OF THE DARKNESS... TOMMY LEAPED...

(HEY... WOT...?)

(I'LL... BREAK... YOU IN HALF)

(HOLD THAT STANCE, SPIKE... IF YOU WANT TO KEEP ON YOUR FEET...)

THE MONOPLANE THAT SAVED TOMMY FROM THE KILLER SHIP LANDS... WITH PAUL... (HAL FORREST)

By HAL FORREST

# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Mark Montrose V.

POOR MILLICENT! THE MERE MENTION OF HER GRANDSON UPSETS HER—

I UNDERSTAND MR. THORPE—

BEN, IF YOU ARE ABLE TO FIND MARK MONTROSE, YOU WILL BRING MILLICENT, AND ME, THE GREATEST HAPPINESS OF OUR LIVES—

IS THAT THE GRANDSON'S NAME, MARK MONTROSE?

YES, MY BOY, AND HE'S THE FIFTH IN LINE OF THE GAME NAME—MARK MONTROSE II—

HERE'S MY ONLY CLEW—THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A BABY—A SNAPSHOT TAKEN TWENTY YEARS AGO—

By EDWIN ALGER

# THE NEBBS—The Coward

DON'T YOU THINK THIS IS A SWELL PLACE? NATURE SAID WHEN SHE GOT ALL THROUGH WITH THE WORLD, HERE'S WHERE I'LL PUT MY GARDEN

YES, WHEN A MOSQUITO SITS DOWN ON YOU AND PLANTS HIS BILL, IT'S JUST LIKE GIVING SOMEBODY A BLOOD TRANSFUSION. THE ONLY THING THAT MAKES THIS PLACE LOOK GOOD IS MY BROTHER-IN-LAW ISN'T HERE!

SO? IF YOUR BROTHER-IN-LAW CAN CHASE YOU OUTTA YOUR OWN HOME, THEN STORIES YOU TOLD ME ABOUT LICKIN' A POLICEMAN IS ALL MALARKY

AFRAID OF YOUR BROTHER-IN-LAW, AFRAID OF YOUR WIFE, SOME BUTTERFLY IS GOIN' TO TAKE AFTER YOU AN' RUN YOU TO DEATH

YOU'RE STARTING SOMETHING WITH ME... BEFORE I LEAVE, YOU'LL BE PAID IN FULL!!

By SOL HESS

# LUMBER, LOG EXPORTS OVER PREVIOUS YEAR

WASHINGTON, Sept. 19.—(AP) An increase in exports of lumber, timber and logs from the United States in the first seven months of 1936 as compared with the same period a year ago was reported today by the commerce department.

# 45 EGYPTIANS DROWN ON NILE EXCURSION

CAIRO, Egypt, Sept. 19.—(AP)—Forty-five Egyptian workmen, their wives and children, were drowned today in the collision of their outing steamer with a sailing boat in the flooded river Nile.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.