

# THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

**SYNOPSIS:** Carol realizes that although she has tried not to fall in love with her employer, Blake Thornton, that is exactly what she has done. And he with her, but Blake is married to a selfish woman, years older than he, who will not divorce him, and there seems little that they can do about the matter. Carol has been working early in the morning by a telephone call from the husband of one of her college friends, obviously in distress.

## Chapter 24 DISASTER

THEY'VE just taken little Hal to the hospital—he operated on. Mastoid. . . .



The word reverberated in her sleep-clogged mind. Mastoid. She whispered, "Oh, Harry. . ." and was silent.

"Marge—wanted to know if you'd come and sit with her while they operate. I'll have to go back and stay with Dollie until the girl comes. It's after five now. . . ."

"Of course I will! Where are you?" "St. Martin's. Would you take a taxi? I'll come back here as soon as I possibly can."

"Of course. But wouldn't you rather have me stay with Dollie so you can be with Margery?" "No, I'll stay at home," she guessed that the blow had so staggered him that he wanted to be sure of Dollie.

"I'll be there inside half an hour." She hung up the receiver and snatched a light, then called a taxi before she began to dress.

The taxi was waiting when she came down ten minutes later. At St. Martin's the switchboard girl said: "Third floor, sitting-room at the end of the corridor. . . ." and she ran for the elevator.

Margery was a small frozen figure huddled into a lumpy couch. She whimpered: "Carol!" and began to cry.

Carol sat down and took her in her arms. "Hold it! Don't do that, darling." She sat still, holding Margery tightly. "Have they—started yet?"

mastoid, but the words had a confident, comforting sound.

"HAVE you had anything to eat?" Carol demanded.

"Oh, no. I—it would make me sick."

"Not coffee, I'm going and see if I can't rustle some." She found a young nurse who said, "Yes indeed; she would see that they had coffee right away."

Minutes stumbled past. Coffee came, and inside and outside the hospital the world stretched and yawned and made noisy preparations for another day.

"Twenty-five minutes of sight." "He said it would take about two hours, probably." She turned to stare at the doorway. "Harry ought to be here before long. I—wish I had my knitting; I was making him a sweater to wear to kindergarten. . . ."

Harry came a few minutes later, looking gray and drawn, walking unsteadily on tiptoes. He went to the couch and put his arms around Margery, and Carol got up and stood at the window with her back to them.

"Shall I clear out now?" she asked without turning. "Please don't," Harry said. "Unless you think you really ought to. If he—stands it all right—I'll have to keep two appointments this morning."

Business as usual. Because, Carol knew, he would need his commissions more than ever, to cope with all this. Well, having to carry on would perhaps be better than this.

A SOUND in the doorway brought them to their feet, white-faced and silent and questioning. Dr. Howard stood there, dragging a white cap from his head.

"So far so good," he said, and his steady voice sounded loud and clashing in the hushed room. "He went through it better than we could have hoped for. We got it just in time. . . ."

Margery whimpered with relief, and Harry's arm tightened about her shoulders. "How soon will we know anything?" he asked hoarsely.

"I can't exactly tell. He won't be out of the ether for some time—maybe an hour." He eyed them keenly. "Why don't you go home and get a hot bath and some breakfast?"

They stirred and signed. Harry said: "I guess we will do that. Thanks, Doctor."

In the car Margery said: "Carol, can't you come on home and have breakfast with us?" She shook her head. "No. I'll get a bath and put my clothes on properly, and have breakfast downstairs in the tea-room. Would you like for

me to sit with you while Harry is away?" "Oh, if you would!" Margery whispered. "Mother will get here late this afternoon, but I'd be so glad to have you if the office can spare you."

"I'm sure it can." She was immeasurably touched by the fact that Margery had turned to her.

At nine she called Blake and told him, as steadily as possible, what had happened. "I hope it's all right!" she concluded.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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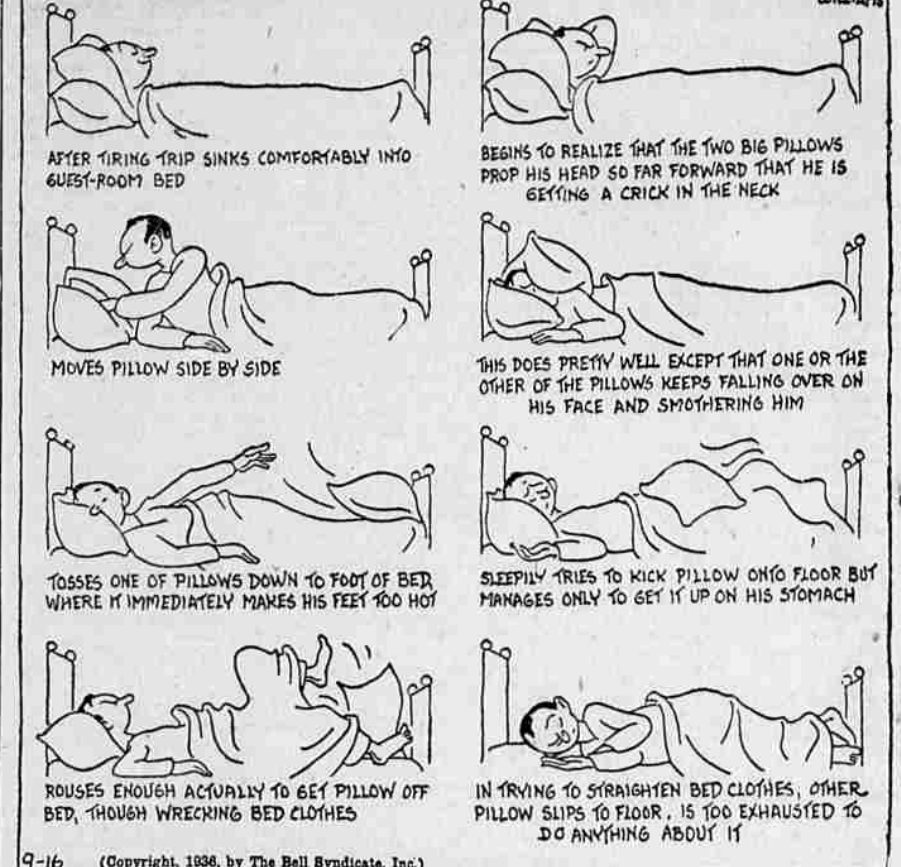
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# RECOUNT IN MICHIGAN DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY COUGHLIN AGENT'S AIM

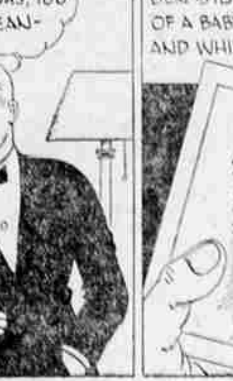
DETROIT, Sept. 21.—(AP)—Louis B. Ward, former Washington representative of the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin's national union for social justice, notified Governor Frank D. Fitzgerald today that he would demand a recount of votes cast for U. S. senate aspirants in the Michigan Democratic primary.

a re-check "in the interest of good government" and because "this result is so close."

Ward asked the governor to warn election officials that the law requires them to preserve the ballots, declaring "It has been the history of all machine-controlled politics in this country that ballots often unhappily become destroyed before the recount can be had."

# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—He Cannot Tell

By EDWIN ALGER



# THE NEBBS—Father as Right

By SOL HESS

