

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

SYNOPSIS: The difficulty of maintaining an impersonal attitude in front of her employer, Blake Thornton, has reduced Carol Torrance to desperation. It is obvious that they love each other, and yet each is too decent to permit the matter to rise above the surface. For Blake is saddled with a selfish, cold wife who is years older than he. Some day, Carol realizes, their reunion will break. Carol is at the hospital with a former college friend, whose child has just been operated upon for measles. Blake has insisted on calling for Carol.

Chapter 25 BURSTING DAM

IT was time, finally, to meet Margery's mother. There was no change, Dr. Howard assured them; nothing unnecessarily alarming. They could do nothing here; he suggested supper and bed and a sedative for them all. He would call them instantly if there was any change.

Harry nodded. "I guess you're right. Well—thanks, Doctor."

Dr. Howard's fine tired eyes smiled. "Nonsense. Go home and get some sleep." He disappeared.

Blake was there in less than fifteen minutes after Carol telephoned. She saw him from the waiting-room and stumbled down the steps to the sidewalk.

He sprang from the car and put a steadying hand under her elbow, eyed her with a quick, ravenous look. "Are you exhausted?" he asked unevenly.

"Not quite." She smiled at him. "I'll be all right as soon as I get home."

He asked about Harry, and she told him what the doctor had said. He had, she realized, no intention of leaving her at the Sherwood. He swung the car into a parking space and helped her carefully out, then went with her to her own doorway. She handed him her key with a tired gesture that shook him from head to foot.

He was coming in with her and she had neither strength nor will to stop him. Thank heaven, she thought irrelevantly, I took time to make the bed and put it away.

He closed the door softly and led her to the couch and took off her hat.

"Lie down," he ordered, "and I'll fix you a drink."

She said, "Fix two," and closed her eyes and listened to him moving about in the kitchen. This might be disaster, she knew, and could make no move to prevent it. The apartment was warm and still, and sleep dragged at her eyes and her mind. Sleep, and the intimate sound of Blake moving about in her kitchen.

He came back with two tall glasses and bent over the couch. She opened her eyes and sat up to take the glass.

"You're a life saver," she said inadequately, in an effort to push back the impending crisis. "I'm not used to being up at five o'clock."

"Don't get up," he said roughly. "Here," and slipped another pillow beneath her head. She lay back and sipped her drink, and he sat in a chair and devoured her with his eyes.

She shivered suddenly, as if a cold wind had lashed her. "Being rather alone has its compensations, hasn't it?" she whispered. "To care—that much—for something is frightening. The more things you love, the greater your hostage to fortune."

His eyes were on her face. She looked white and tired and lifeless; a stranger would have thought her without charm or color. But her very exhaustion aroused in him an uncontrollable tenderness.

"No," he said harshly. "Just being able to love that way—even if you lose the thing you love; even if you never possess it—is worth all the suffering it entails."

The air was vibrant, and the thing that filled them was a physical force, drawing them together. He thought desperately: You can't say it—you can't! And tried to summon a commonplace remark that would break the spell. But the spell was too strong upon him, and in the end it was his self-control that broke. He heard his own voice, shaken and almost inaudible.

"Oh, God, it's no use! I love you, Carol—love you."

He realized suddenly, hearing what he said, that the words had set his spirit free. They heard the words together, throbbing in the air like the echo of a cannon, and then the torrent poured over them.

She closed her eyes and heard the echo die away. He sat motionless, waiting for a word or sign, not

daring to touch her until he knew she wished it.

She said at last: "No, it's no use. Because—I love you—too..."

The words pulled him to his feet and he crossed to the couch and took her in his arms. After a second she lay motionless, one arm about his neck and her mouth against his.

He held her close, and revelled in the youth and resilience of her body. To love someone like this, he thought exultantly—someone who was young! Thirty-three years was not too long to wait. His mouth moved, gentle and lingering, over her mouth and eyes and throat.

She drew away and looked at him, seeing the physical details of his face. It was incredible now that his eyes had been like slate, or that his thin mouth had ever been straight and hard. His head was beautifully modelled, she realized, and the thinness of his face threw its bones into sharp relief. She sat up suddenly and pulled his head down to her breast, and he lay still and felt the quick strong beating of her heart.

They recovered finally a fragment of reason, and sat apart and looked with wonder at each other. She said unsteadily:

"Blake, that was insane..."

Fear darkened his eyes for an instant. "Are you trying to tell me you didn't mean it?"

"You know better than that. I told you because I couldn't help it. But—what can we do?"

He said simply: "Spend the rest of our lives together."

She could almost believe, hearing his words, that it was as simple as that. A mutual longing that would achieve a desired end. Almost—but not quite.

"My darling, that's not possible."

"I don't see why not." He sprang to his feet and began to pace the floor, driven by the new-found energy within him. "Unpleasantness first, you. Tears and reproaches, maybe; but heaven knows they don't matter. If Irma's life and mine had been different I'd reproach myself; but I can't and won't."

"Blake, my darling, think. What has Irma ever done to make you think she can be generous? I don't know much about her, but I'm afraid I know that much."

He said hotly: "Of course I'm willing to listen, if that's the only way. But I still don't believe it will be." He made an impatient gesture and came to her again.

"Don't think about it tonight; give me a chance to believe this."

He smiled at her, and saw the light and color in her face that had been drawn and tired. He felt a passionate longing to cherish and protect her; to put his own body and strength between her and the world. He fell back upon the only concrete gesture that occurred to him at the moment.

"It must be late," he said gently, "Hungry?"

"I hadn't thought." She felt a pang of shame that she had so completely forgotten Margery and Harry in the blinding light of her own happiness. "I believe I am."

"Fine. Let's go eat our way through a big dinner."

The knowledge of being thus loved and cherished was almost too much to bear. She laughed brokenly.

"I'll have to change clothes. These are a little the worse for wear."

"His eyes were wistful. "May I wait, or shall I go away and come back?" He confessed with a smile: "I'm afraid to get far from you for fear I'll wake up!"

She hesitated only an instant. "Then stay. I won't be long." This is too much to ask of life, she thought. It's dangerous to be as happy as this: the gods will be jealous...

She came back in a very few minutes, glowing and immaculate, with her short dark hair once more in order.

"Your turn next," she said simply, and smiled. "As the boy told the visiting bishop, you may use any of the towels."

When they were in the car he turned inquiringly. "Where to, lady?"

"The Merrimac grill!"

His hand closed over hers. "What made you suggest that?"

"Idiot!" She laughed gently. "Don't you know, or do you just want to hear me say it?"

"I want to hear you say it."

"All right. Because the first meal I ever ate with you was at the Merrimac."

(Copyright, 1936, by Marian Sims)

Carol and Blake and love pass the evening together.

WIZARD ISLAND TREE FINDS EXISTENCE HARD

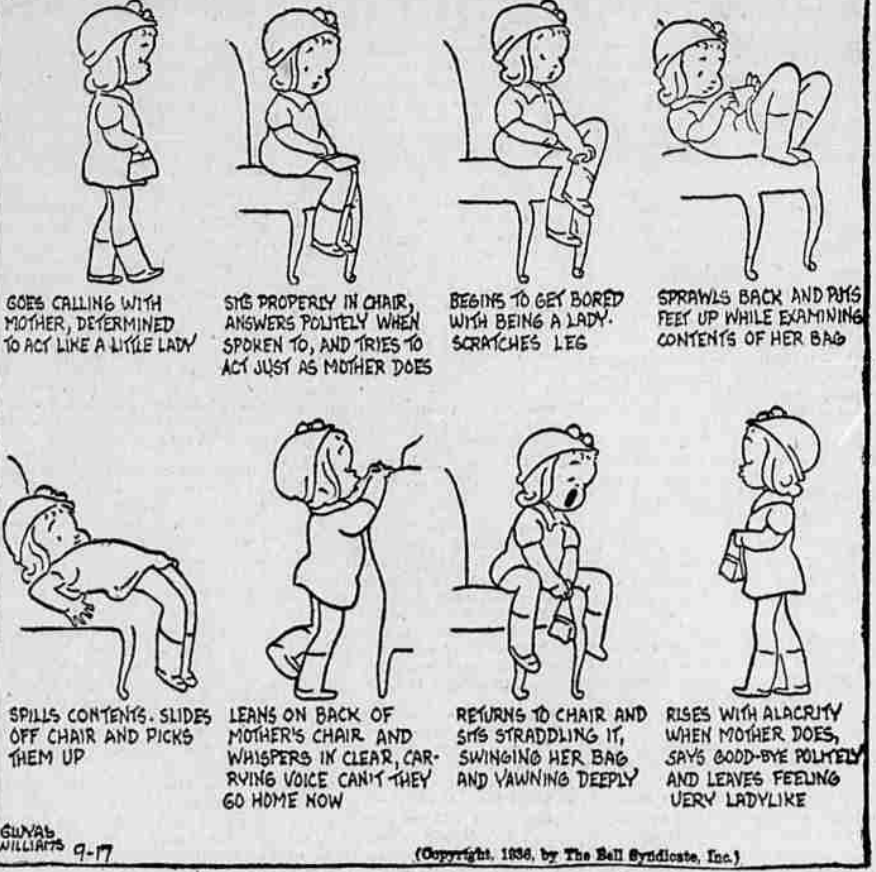
CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK. Ore.—(Sp.) The never ceasing struggle of plant and forest life against the rigors of an unfeeling nature is graphically shown by a tree recently found rooted in a rock on Wizard Island.

When John Wesley Hillman, a prospector, discovered Crater Lake in 1853, the tree was a seedling two years old. Today at the age of 83 years, the struggling hemlock is just an inch and one-half in diameter due to the scarcity of nourishment in the rock crack where it took root. If the tree had been rooted in soil, it would have been nearly ten inches in diameter and perhaps nearly one hundred feet high instead of less than five feet.

Baby Drops. ALBANY, Ore., Sept. 22.—(AP)—Goldie Warner, 17 months, daughter of Gordon Warner, was found dead in the pool of a stream near the child's home ten miles east of Harrisburg Sunday. The baby had been put to bed for a nap and later it was noticed she was missing. Her body was found after a brief search.

LADYLIKE

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.



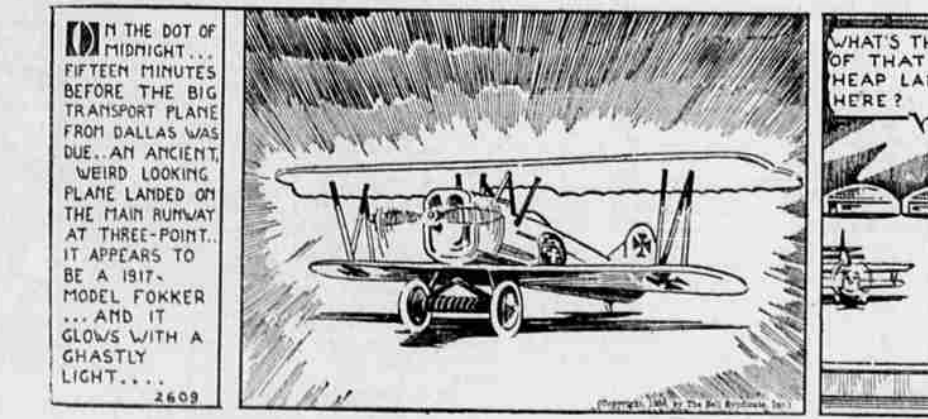
To MULTIPLY
1,639,344,262,295,081,967,213,114,754,098,360,655,737,704,918,032,787
BY 71. ADD 1 IN FRONT AND 7 AT THE END.

McKnight Syndicate, Inc. 9-22-36

Victory in Defeat. Strange as it seems, the last battle of the Civil War was fought after the surrender of Lee and the subsequent assassination of Lincoln. Refusing to forsake the Southern cause, though the Confederate government had completely collapsed, a large force of cavalry and artillery under the leadership of Kirby Smith, held out against the Union forces in Texas. Their final stand began on the evening of May 11, 1865, when Union troops successfully attacked the Confederate camp at Palmetto ranch, near Brazos, Texas. Unsupported by reinforcements and faced with a superior number of men, the Union forces were unable to maintain their position and on May 13 were forced to withdraw in disastrous retreat, leaving heavy losses in dead and captured men. This marked the last engagement of the Civil War for, though victorious in their last fight, the Confederate force at last realized the odds against them were too great to withstand and they disbanded. Seasonal Bridge. Used principally for the transportation of tourists and snow-sport enthusiasts, service on the Furka-Oberalp railway in Switzerland is discontinued in winter months because of danger of avalanches. To save damageable equipment during this period, most of it is replaced at the end of fall and re-placed in the spring—the Steppenbach bridge being thus disposed of each year. Strange as it seems, the railway, now operating only steam locomotives, was originally intended to be powered by electricity. It was found to be too expensive to remove and replace the materials each year. Rain vs. Snowfall. A cubic foot of water weighs 62½ pounds and a cubic foot of freshly fallen snow weighs about 5½ pounds. Thus it takes about 11 inches of snowfall to be equivalent to an inch of rain in water content.

Tomorrow: The Doomed Flowers.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Relic From the Past



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Mystery Deepens



THE NEBBES—Fixing for a Feast



PERMISSION GRANTED FOR OAKLAND, MANILA PASSENGER AIRPLANES

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.—(AP) The bureau of air commerce said today it had given Pan-American Airways permission to start passenger-carrying flights between Oakland, Calif., and Manila.

Officials said no definite date for the first airplane-carrying flight had been fixed, but that it might be undertaken as early as next month.

Granting of the permission followed an intensive inspection of Pan-American operations in the Pacific. The Pacific service, which was launched experimentally some time ago, is expected to upvide weekly passenger schedules.

The giant Clipper ships to be used on the route are capable of carrying seven passengers and 800 pounds of freight on the first hop from Oakland to Honolulu, a distance of 2404 miles.

On the remainder of the route, about 14 passengers can be carried, due to the lighter gasoline load which will be carried on the shorter legs.

Fare schedules and other details are to be announced by the company.

JOAN AND DICK SAIL FOLLOWING MARRIAGE

HOLLYWOOD, Calif., Sept. 22.—(AP)—Joan Blondell and Dick Powell sailed down the coast of Mexico, starting a honeymoon that will take them to New York. They were married Saturday night aboard the liner Santa Paula shortly before it left its San Pedro dock.