

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

SYNOPSIS: Carol Torrance was running away from one love affair when she met her husband, Blake Thornton's advertising man. But she did not escape love, and this time she realizes that what she feels for Blake is far deeper and more beautiful than what she felt for Dennis Ford. But there is a complication—Blake's older and selfish wife, Irma, will certainly refuse to give her husband a divorce. Neither is quite sure what he will do; right now they are at dinner, which seems unimportant but necessary.

Chapter 36 FROM BLAKE

"AND you ordered a piping dinner of sliced chicken and iced coffee."

Blake would never have believed, until tonight, that so small and unimportant a detail had lain all these months in his memory. Had he, he wondered, been falling in love with Carol even then?

"But I didn't get by with it..."

Utter nonsense, all of it. Nonsense so uncharacteristic of them both that they clung to it desperately, fearing the days ahead when they would be too beset for lightness.

And after dinner: "What now? Another movie?"

She knew his thoughts. I can't see you and hold you there, she said; let me take you home where I can be alone with you.

"I'd fall asleep, I'm afraid."

"I hoped you'd say that. I won't stay long; you must go to bed early..."

Broken sentences that said only half their thoughts. She sat close to him in the car and remembered the night when she had shrunk from the touch of his shoulder. Have I lost all shame, she wondered, and knew that shame had no meaning and no place in a feeling as big as this.

Inside the apartment they came together as soon as the door had closed behind them. She slipped her arms beneath his topcoat in order to be closer to him, and thought with passionate tenderness: he's so terribly thin! If only I could take care of him—now.

She drew away finally and snapped on a light. "I must call Marge and see how little Harry is."

"Yes. Let me have your hat and coat."

He put them away while she called Marge's number, knowing as if by instinct where they belonged. Poor fool that Irma was, she thought, to have tramped under foot such a capacity for tenderness and care.

"Harry?" she said eagerly. It was back upon her now: all the anguish and dread and waiting.

"Yes. That Carol? Harry's voice sounded as if he had run all day."

"Yes. Is there any news?"

"No. Just about the same..."

"But he's no worse?"

"No, thank God. I've just come back from there and they say we ought to know—something—by morning."

"Will you call me then—either here or at the office? I don't want to bother you."

"Right. Harry was trying hard. And thanks, Carol, for everything."

"For nothing," she protested. "Goodnight, Harry."

Blake said anxiously as she turned against his shoulder: "You don't have to come tomorrow if you don't feel like it."

"Of course I feel like it. There's nothing I can do unless he gets worse."

"He won't." Nothing so tragic could happen, Blake felt, in a world as golden as this one. "Now come on and sit down a minute, then I'll go and leave you in peace."

She said with deadly seriousness: "I don't believe I'd ever be entirely at peace while you were away."

His face glowed. "My darling! That's the loveliest thing you could possibly say."

They went back, during the next hour, to the early months of their acquaintance, recalling foolish, disjointed things that had suddenly taken on a tremendous significance.

At ten o'clock he stood up reluctantly. "I said an hour ago that I'd go home. You'll—go straight to bed?"

"Yes." His concern was like a fleecy blanket around her.

He said eagerly: "Can I stop for you in the morning?"

One of them, she thought, must cling to common sense. "Darling, you'd better not. It will be hard enough to hide it in the office without inviting suspicion."

"I guess you're right." He grinned the endearing, small-boy grin. "I'll snarl at you before the whole force if you ask it!"

She laughed. "You needn't go that far. For a lamb like you that would be equally suspicious."

He kissed her hungrily and finally let her go. "Goodnight. Oh, dear God, I love you so..."

He turned and left quickly, for fear he should be unable to leave at all.

HER first waking thought was Blake; her second Marge and Harry. But little Hal was better; he had to be. She lay for a moment with her face hidden, tasting the sweetness of last night; remembering how Blake had looked and felt.

The phone rang and she ran to answer it. Harry's voice said: "Carol!" and plunged into his message. "He's better; his pulse and his temperature are down. The doctor says he ought to pull through..."

She swallowed hard. "Oh, Harry, I'm so glad. I knew he would..." Her voice was shaking, so she added quickly: "I'll stop by the hospital this afternoon, tell Marge."

She hung up the receiver and went to get breakfast.

Five minutes later the phone rang again and her heart plunged. Surely little Harry couldn't have—not in five minutes...

She said "Yes?" in a small frightened voice, and then grew limp with relief. Blake's voice, asking: "Did you sleep well, my darling?"

"Oh." She sat down weakly. "Good morning. Yes, I did—better than ever in my life, I think. And you?"

"I hated to sleep, because then I couldn't remember—not consciously."

"But my dear, you must. After all, there are a lot of days."

"I suppose there are. Well—I won't keep you now. I'll see you in an hour."

"Yes. Goodbye..."

She wondered uneasily, entering the office, how well they could hide the miracle that had happened to them. I know it's written all over me, she thought; I hope he doesn't have to see me about anything.

To her great relief he did not speak to her during the day. But as she walked towards the carline an automobile drew up at the curb and a voice said laughingly:

"Could I give you a lift, lady?"

Happiness surged over her in a warm flood. She frowned. "I don't usually encourage pickups, but just this once..." and slipped in beside him.

He laughed low in his throat. "How'd I do today?"

"Beautifully. I felt as if I'd never even been introduced to you."

At the Sherwood she said firmly: "It's my turn to cook dinner, so you needn't argue it."

He grinned. "I wouldn't dare. But can't I bring over that steak you were bragging about?"

"Yes, you can do that."

He said: "You darling!" and then shook himself. "Get out, before I forget where we are!"

She got out, hugging to her heart the thought of one more evening snatched from the clutching hands of Olympus.

BUT they knew, very certainly, that they could not be too much together. The Sherwood was as different and impersonal as any city apartment house, but their friends might find them out.

When Porter Murray or any other acquaintance suggested an engagement she accepted promptly, and Blake, for all the hunger in his eyes, admitted that she was right. On those evenings he made it a point to drop in on his friends or to instigate a bridge game at his club.

He abhorred concealment and subterfuge—furtiveness had no place in his heart or in his love—but he wanted with all the intensity of his nature to protect Carol from the loose tongues of a curious world.

On the first Sunday they drove far into the country and left the car in a lane, to merge themselves with the actual solitude of the woods. The day was soft and dim, and pine trees stood in their own darkness, breathing the incense of their own needles.

"Sit down, Blake, and let's finish talking this out."

He thrust his hands into the pockets of his leather jacket to hide their trembling.

"Must we—drag problems into Paradise?"

"What better place could there be to face a problem than in Paradise?" She found a great oak whose spreading roots formed a resting place and he dropped down beside her and leaned his head against the trunk.

"Have you written Irma?" she asked unevenly.

"No." She might come home, he knew, to "put a stop to this performance." "I'm going down there and have it out with her. Next weekend?"

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Carol and Blake cross a dangerous bridge, tomorrow.

sheriff Walter Blue at Patton that Hazell had signed the confession.

The statement said Miss Muir was standing "behind a bench" when Hazell struck her, according to the officers. Then, he said, he dragged her into a nearby ravine.

Hazell was arrested while loitering near a church about a half mile from the scene of the inquest after passersby said he muttered "crazy questions about the inquest."

Founders to Work

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 22.—(AP)—Approximately 175 union employees returned to work in nine Portland foundries today following settlement of strike differences. Workers in three foundries were still out.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 22.—(AP)—Governor Lehman dismissed a petition today asking the removal of New York Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia from office. The governor said he found "no reason whatsoever for executive action."

GORILLA MAN ADMITS SLAYING RUTH MUIR ON LA JOLLA BEACH

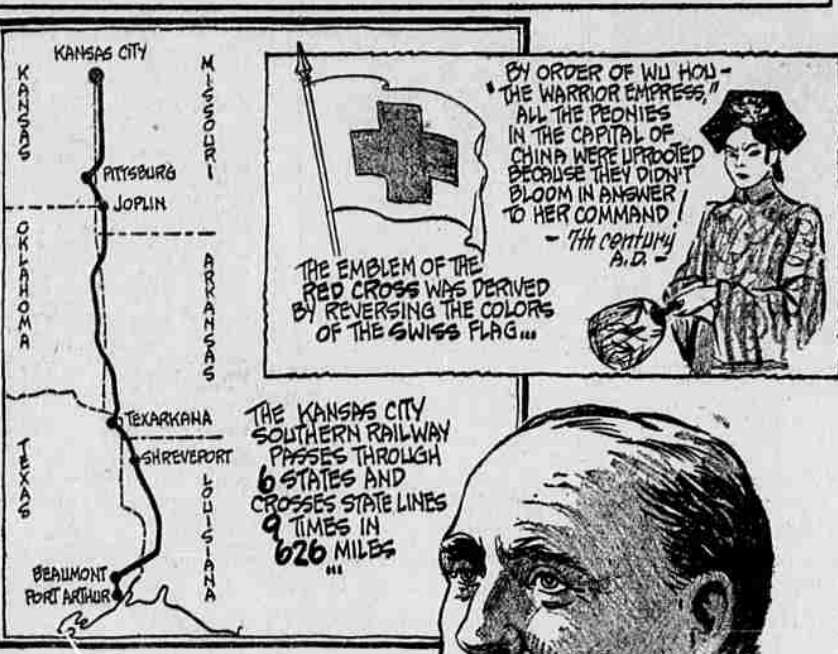
SAN DIEGO, Cal., Sept. 22.—(AP)—Police Chief George Sears said today Donald J. Hazell, 225-pound "gorilla man," confessed he killed Ruth Muir, 48-year old Riverside Y. W. C. A. secretary at La Jolla the night of August 31.

Hazell, arrested September 4 during the inquest into the death of Miss Muir, was sent to the California state institution for the insane after his capture.

Sears said he was informed by police officer Ed Stotler and deputy

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Simultaneous Office Holder

Elected mayor of Detroit in 1889 on a reform ticket, Hazen S. Pingree won national prominence on the strength of his "Potato Patch" movement. This was a system of aiding the jobless during the panic of 1893 whereby all Detroit's vacant lots were turned over to the unemployed for the purpose of raising potatoes. Pingree also won widespread popularity by advocating a three cent street car fare—a vote-winning move that was later followed by Jimmy Walker in his five cent drive in New York City.

In spite of opposition to his radical ideas, Pingree gained control of the Michigan Republican organization and in 1895 was elected governor of the state while still mayor of Detroit. He served as both mayor and governor until 1897 when the state supreme court ruled that the city office had been vacated.

Pingree served two terms as governor, retiring in 1900.

The Reversed Flag

First suggested by Henri Dunant at Geneva in 1862, branches of the Red Cross society now exist in every corner of the civilized world.

In Dunant's booklet, "Un Souvenir de Solferino," he described the horrible scenes of bloodshed witnessed during wartime in Italy, giving a shocking account of the suffering of the wounded soldiers, dying on the battlefield for want of medical attention. As a remedy he suggested some sort of international organization be founded, dedicated to the aid of the wounded in the different European countries.

Answering his appeal, delegates from several European governments met in convention at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1863, and drafted the beginnings of the modern Red Cross. As a complimentary gesture to the country in which the first convention was held, the society adopted as its emblem the reversed pattern and color of the Swiss flag.

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Wrigley's Spearmint Gum

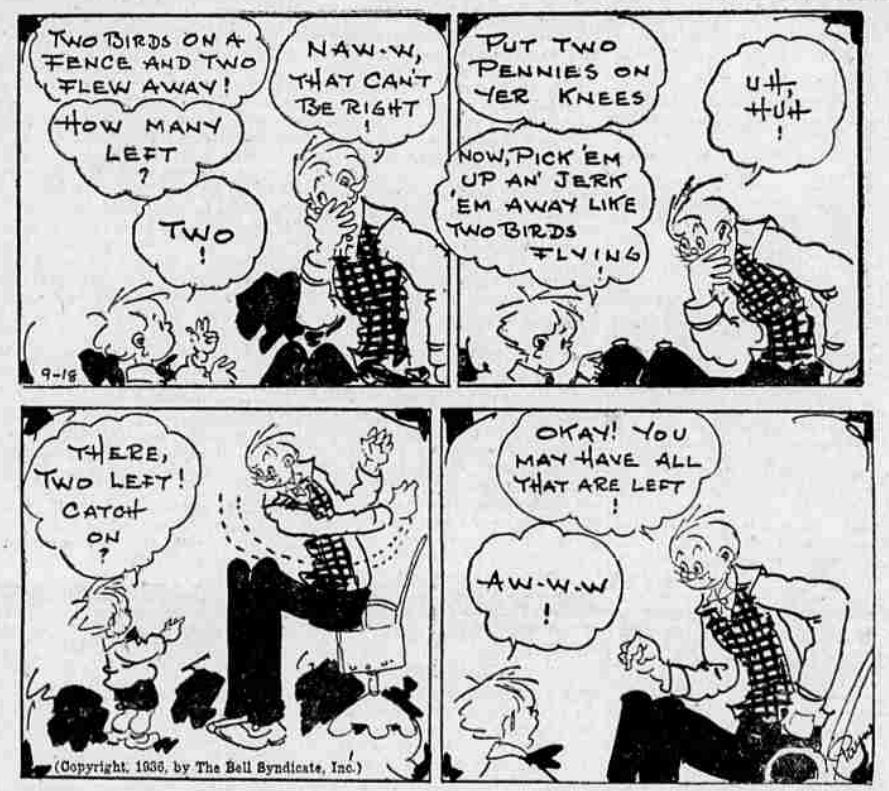
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

INEXPENSIVE - SATISFYING

DIFFICULT DECISIONS By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



'S MATTER POP—By C. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Rusty Gets a Shock



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Gerald Kinley



THE NEBBS—Who's Who?

