

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

SYNOPSIS: Carol Torrance and Blake Thornton fought for a long time against the evidence of their love. Carol because of fear that she would injure Blake, Blake because of a false sense of duty to his older, selfish wife Irma. But at last the love could not be denied. And now the two are making plans for the future. Blake has told Carol that he expects to go to Florida next week-end to ask Irma to divorce him.

Chapter 37 CHRISTMAS

NEXT weekend—six days away. Six days, perhaps, before her world crashed.

"Why not wait till Christmas?" Carol asked. Christmas was three weeks away, and if you lived intensely you could crowd a lifetime into so short a space.

Blake frowned. "Christmas—with her?"

She tried to rationalize her desire for procrastination. "My darling, you know how busy we are at the office." And you know, he heard her mind adding, how badly you may need—money. . . . "Christmas is on Tuesday; you could go Saturday night."

His mouth was stubborn. "I want to spend it with you."

"But you can't. I'm going to Meredith, and you can't come there—yet." She explained gently. "Milly's rather old-fashioned; I don't want her to know until the thing is settled, and then she'll have to get used to it gradually. In Milly's eyes no nice girl would break up another woman's home!"

"Even if there wasn't a home?"

"In her eyes all married people have a home. They are one."

He touched her hand. "They will be, this time."

"And you mustn't write to me," she said quietly. Because of the loving curiosity of her family; because they would expect to be told whether the letter was from one of her beaux. "Or send me a present of any sort. That sounds conceited, but I have to say it."

She was right, of course. She was nearly always right, he thought adoringly, and his eyes brushed her left hand.

"I know what I'd like to give you."

"I hope you will some day." But the thought was too disturbing and too dangerous for this moment. She made her voice completely matter-of-fact. "What will you tell Irma?"

"The truth, unless you'd rather I wouldn't mention you?"

"I don't mind. She'll probably guess it anyhow. And if she refuses?"

"I don't see why she should. If I keep on feeding and clothing her, it's all I've done for ten years, anyhow."

"Assuming, just this once, that she does refuse, what then?"

HE laughed gently. "Hell-bent on borrowing trouble aren't you?"

"Maybe."

"Well—then I'll have to come some and see a lawyer about doing it myself."

"And if you find you haven't sufficient grounds?"

He smiled and stretched out his arms toward her. "A Daniel come to judgment. My precious, can't we cross one bridge at a time?"

"No." She put his arms away. It was hard to think straight, alone in his brooding quiet with him, and he was too drunk with the realization of her presence and her love to help her out.

He reached out his hand and laid it against the firm coldness of her cheek and she disregarded it determinedly. "If you have to fight in the open with her I'll be the one to help you fight. Even a triangle can have dignity. If we say frankly that we're in love and want to marry, that's better than a cheap affair that's obviously framed."

He looked steadily at her, and his eyes were clouded with the intensity of his feeling. "Do you really love me that much?"

"Yes."

"Then—I could go down on my knees to you for it. I'd like to try."

She stood up and stretched out a hand to him. "Don't. Laugh instead. It's getting cold, and we started out to walk."

BUT Blake's realization of his own passion made him sane. For God's sake be a man, he told himself angrily; don't put the whole burden on her! He vowed to himself that hereafter he would never ask Carol to be strong for both of them.

And in the three weeks that remained he kept his promise to himself. They spent only a few evenings together because much of her time was filled.

They had three hours together on

the Saturday afternoon before Christmas, and they managed to sustain a note of casual quietness almost to the end. She was leaving for Meredith at six o'clock, and he was leaving for Florida at nine. They had lunch together and after lunch he drove her through pulsing streets to the comparative quiet of the apartment.

He looked anxiously at her. "What will you do between now and train time?"

"Pack my simple wardrobe and address my last Christmas cards."

"May I stick around? I swear I'll be quiet; I won't ever kiss you unless you say I may."

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ANTI-SEINING BILL RULED OFF BALLOT

SALEM, Sept. 24.—(AP)—The anti-Columbia river fish bill prohibiting use of seines and fixed apparatus in

salmon fishing will not be voted upon at the November election. The Oregon supreme court, in an opinion by Justice George Roseman, reversed the decree of Judge Arlie G. Walker and enjoined the secretary of state from placing the initiative measure on the ballot.

The suit was brought by Attorneys Jay Bowerman, W. S. U'Ren and Roe-coe Krier, through District Attorney

W. H. Trindell of Marion county, alleging false presentation in obtaining names to the initiative petitions. SHERIDAN, Wyo., Sept. 24.—(AP)—One man was killed and 13 persons were injured, none seriously, when a Burlington passenger train collided head on with a "helper" locomotive near Wyoila, Mont., 43 miles northwest of Sheridan last night.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Fig Pollenization

It was not until attempts were made to introduce the Smyrna fig into California that the strange process necessary to the growth of edible figs of that variety first came to light.

Late in the 1880's a San Francisco newspaper sent to Smyrna for 14,000 fig cuttings and gave them to its readers, believing that the closely similar climate in California would give the fruit ideal growing conditions.

Planted throughout the warm sections of the state, the fig trees flourished but upon reaching the age of fertility their fruit was found to dry up and fall from the tree. The reason was a complete riddle for years un-

til a U. S. department of agriculture investigator made a trip to Smyrna to solve the problem.

Here he found that the natives of the region never failed to plant outside their orchards a few caprifig trees which bore an inedible, dwarfed fruit. At certain times in the year, the natives gathered strings of the dwarfed figs and hung them on the cultivated trees "to ward off evil spirits."

Upon observation, the investigator discovered that the wild figs contained tiny insects which flew to the cultivated trees and forced their entrance into the young fruit. They bore a necessary pollen contained in the wild fig that fertilized the cultivated fig, allowing it to grow to full maturity.

With the secret at last known, wild fig trees were transplanted to California, where today the Smyrna fig grows in all its lusciousness.

Fairy Tales

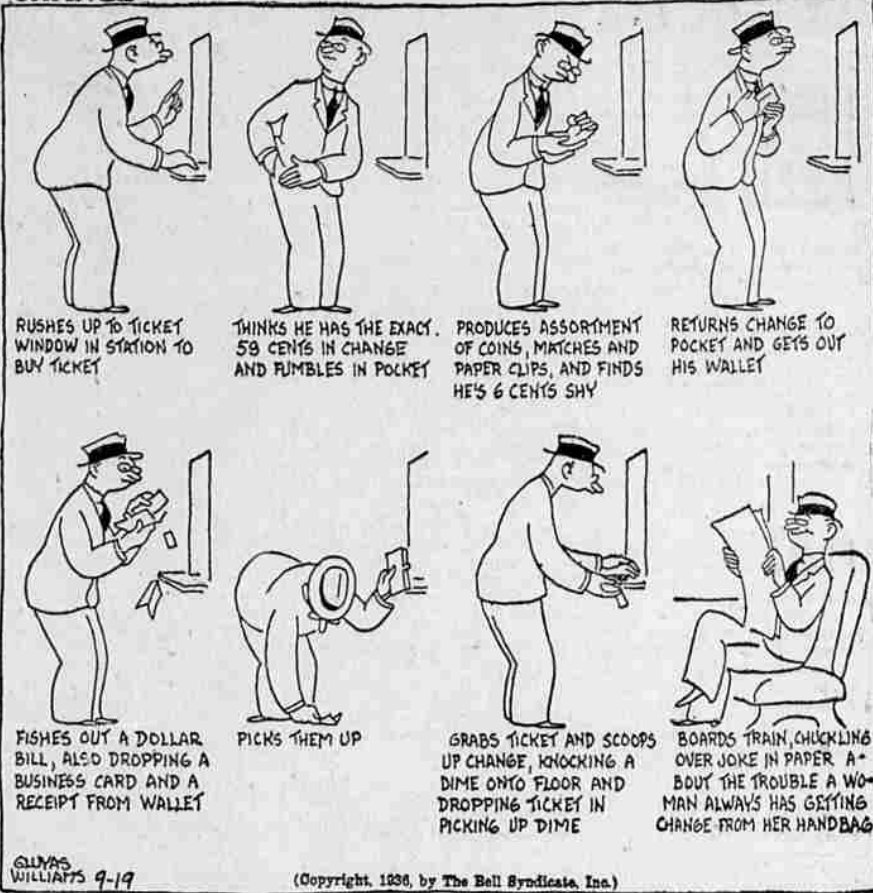
Strange as it seems, the hand that rocks the cradle has never yet achieved any lasting success in writing tales for the nursery.

Such great collections as "The Arabian Nights," "Sanskrit Tales," the works of the Grimm brothers, Charles Perrault and Hans Anderson, all translated into the languages of almost every nation on earth, have never been approached in popularity by the efforts of any woman.

Tomorrow: America's First "Best Seller."

CHANGE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



SMATTER POP—

By O. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Pilot From the Grave



By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Jabez Thorpe's Story

By EDWIN ALGEE



THE NEBBS—Fresh Fish

By SOL HESS



AUTOGYRO AUTOMOBILE CAN FLY OR ROLL AT DESIRE OF ITS OWNER

garage, drive it to an airport, take off, fly to his destination and drive it right up to the door. The ship has a top speed of 100 miles an hour in the air and 25 to 30 miles on the road. They said the "readable autogyro" could be produced in quantity to sell for less than \$2000. The original ship will cost the government \$12,800.

Northwest Leads Railroad Pick-Up

PENDLETON, Sept. 24.—(AP)—Although railroad freight and passenger volume has increased throughout the nation, the three northwest states—Oregon, Washington and Idaho—are the center of the most marked improvement in the country, it was revealed here late yesterday by President Carl Gray of the Union Pacific system. Gray stopped here briefly late yesterday afternoon enroute west.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 24.—(AP)—A combination autogyro and automobile passed a maker's test successfully at suburban Horsham yesterday preparatory to its being turned over to the department of commerce. The ship, designed by A. E. Larson, chief engineer of the Autogyro Company of America, is a little wider and longer than an automobile and can be placed in an ordinary garage. It weighs 800 pounds. James Ray, vice-president of the company, said the ship was designed so its owner might keep it in his