

# THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

**SYNOPSIS:** Now Carol Torrance and Blake Thornton are about to face their great trial. For they love each other, and Blake is on his way to Florida to tell his cold and selfish wife from the truth and ask her to divorce him. Carol and Blake have told each other good-bye, and Porter, a casual friend of Carol's, has come to take Carol to the train. Porter is on his way, which is unusual enough, to cause Carol to joke him about it.

## Chapter 33 CONFESSION

Porter grinned. "Have to be. Trains and ships are the only things I can't bluff into waiting for me. Of course I could bear missing this one, but I'm afraid it'd make me unpopular."

"You're darn right it would." She phoned for the porter and then turned and smiled at him. "I'm sorry I can't ask you to sit down."

"Oh, yeah? You're fairly championing to be off. Vibrate with excitement and all that?"

She was startled. And I thought I was calm, she told herself: it's a good thing there's a trip ahead to justify me. She said lightly: "Who wouldn't be? I haven't seen my family for six months."

"That's the way to see a family," he said bluntly. "Every six months."

"Cynic. She picked up her gloves and pocketbook and went to open the door for the bell-boy. When the Negro had taken her bag, Porter stared at her gravely.

"I wish you weren't going."

"But I'll be back Thursday, and you sometimes go for days without seeing me. What's the difference?"

"A lot. I don't like the idea of your being out of reach. How about letting me drive over to Meredith and bring you back?"

She held her breath. Actually she was coming Wednesday, because Blake would be back then.

"That's sweet of you, but—I don't know. I'll drop you a note..." When I've thought up a good excuse, she added to herself.

The city was gray and brilliantly lit as they drove through it. A deceptive brilliance, she thought, hiding weariness and unease and a despair intensified by the knowledge that despair had no place in the picture. Remembering the disillusionment of her last Christmas at home she tried to steel herself by expecting nothing this time. Nothing but three days with her family, who were incapable of disappointing her.

Porter was quiet, too, apparently absorbed in his skillful, breath-taking driving. At the station he bought magazines, and chocolate, and put her on the train with his usual flourish. Porter had a fair for living; even the most casual attentions took on a certain grace and significance when he performed them. He sank down beside her for a minute.

"See anybody in this car that you know?"

"No. Why?"

"Nothing." He grinned, and leaned swiftly over and kissed her. "Bye, beautiful. Please decide to let me drive you back."

He went down the aisle without looking at her again, and she sat and stared blindly out the window.

She would not, Carol had promised herself, confide in any of her family. But she had overlooked Pat's gift of divination. Sunday afternoon he pulled himself lazily from his chair and stretched.

"I feel like a stuffed hog. How's about a brief turn around the Mall. Carol, before the caller: swoop down and start their drinkin'!"

"It sounds that attractive," she admitted. "You, too, Jill?"

"Jill shook her head and smiled. "I've got a date with a man."

The last vestige of constraint about Don had vanished, Carol realized gladly. He came and went gaily and made no attempt to hide his happiness and his devotion. Don as a prospective brother-in-law was far more satisfactory than Don as a possible husband.

"Oh, in that case, . . . Where's the Milly?" she asked Pat.

"Upstairs sleeping off her eating 'e. Come on."

They went off briskly and turned towards the hills beyond the house.

"You haven't forgotten how to walk," Pat approved. "Even if you are a city slicker."

"I'll never be that. I'm afraid. Those beastly pavements still hurt my feet: i like grass, and red clay, to do my walking on."

She was skirting again the sense of ease and completeness that Pat's presence inspired. She might never know elsewhere, she realized, so effortless a companionship as hers with Pat.

When they had left the pavement for the dirt road she threw back her head.

"Gosh, this is good! Why do any of us struggle along in cities?"

"Because some of us want one thing and some of us want another."

"And some poor idiots—like me—want it all. The ease and leisure of a little town, and the breadth and variety of a city."

"Sure," Pat said comfortably. "And the thing to do is to decide which one you want worst, and then quit looking over your shoulder at the other one."

She wrinkled her nose at him. "You're so bloomin' sane—for an athlete. How do you get that way?"

He scowled. "Smile when you call me that, darn you! I dunno; I guess I'm just lazy. It's a swell substitute for sanity; fools the smart guys every time."

She breathed the cold air deeply, and let her eyes sweep the quiet fields about them. The fields were sleeping now—golden brown with seed and weeds and dead corn stalks—and the soil beneath their feet was red, and crusty from frost. The Old Red Hills of Georgia, she thought with a swift nostalgic ache: I can't imagine living anywhere else in the world.

Pat said lightly: "Of course this walking business was a gag. I want to hear about you and how you're making out."

SHE knew at once that she was going to tell him about Blake. That the thought of Blake had been in her mind like an orchestral accompaniment to everything she had done and said and heard in Meredith. And that she wanted desperately to talk about him, and to hear his name spoken aloud. She said slowly: "Well, right now I'm like—a prisoner at the bar, waiting for a verdict."

He looked sharply at her and then straight ahead. "What do you mean?"

She told him, in a quiet, controlled voice, about Blake, and Irma, and Blake's mission. Pat listened in complete silence until she was done, then he said:

"He sounds like a pretty grand guy."

"He's all of that. I'm living for the day when you and he can know each other."

"This wife of his. What's she going to do?"

"What was she? Carol wondered. Her worst, whatever Blake might hope for. She said slowly:

"God knows. Blake thinks she'll be decent, but that's because he's a man, and decent himself. He's got no idea what devils women can be—even when he's lived with one for years. I've never seen Irma, but I've diagnosed her as an—egomania, if there's such a word."

"And if she refuses to play ball?" Pat asked quietly.

"Again—God knows. I said I'd go all the way with him."

"Good for you." He had drawn her arm through his, as if to interpose his own strength between her and Irma's uncompromising hate. "Just remember this," he went on steadily, "that people have a genius for forgetting things like that. You may have a few weeks of hell before you bring her around, but when it's over the pack will forget all about you and start tearing the flesh off a new victim. Hang on to that."

"I'll try. Because of course you're right. I can stand the hell so long as it doesn't ruin—what Blake and I feel for each other."

"It won't unless you let it. That's up to you and him. Will you bring him up here as soon as you can—no matter which way it's going to be? I'll have the ground all broken and the family in line when you say the word."

"You darling! I'll do it as soon as I can. He wanted to come this time, but I thought we'd better wait."

He turned and looked closely at her. "This what you've been looking for kid?"

"Her color and her voice deepened. "This is what I never expected to find—anywhere. Even if this were all, I'd still feel better about living and dying."

His arm pressed her against his side. "That's the way to talk. I envy you like the devil."

She was suddenly ashamed of her own absorption. "Pat, you're worse than I've been. Sooner or later you're got to get out and find a life for yourself." She smiled faintly. "Lord, what a lover you'd be!"

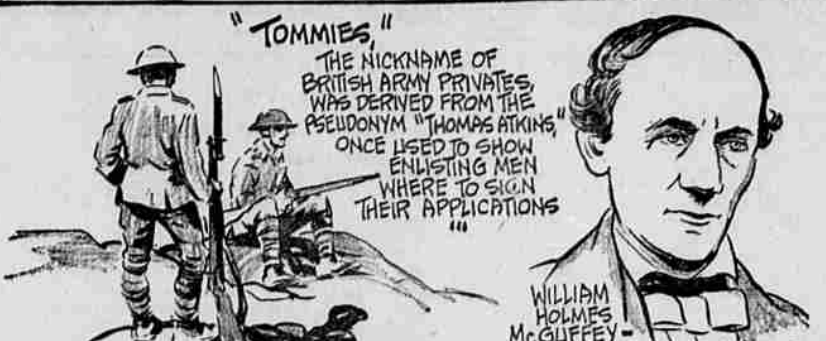
He laughed shortly. "Don't fool yourself. The girl would be entirely out of luck—assuming that I ever found her."

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Blake and Irma meet, and yet don't meet, Monday.

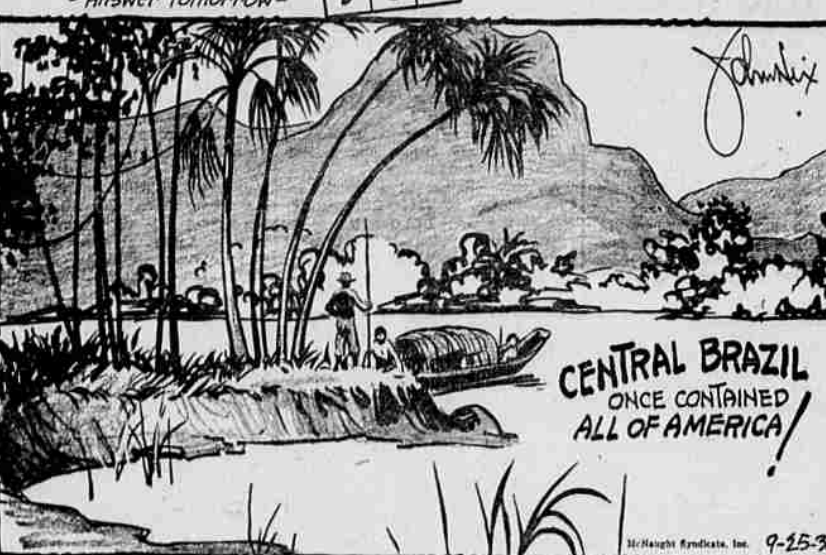
# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



**"TOMMIES"**  
THE NICKNAME OF BRITISH ARMY PRIVATES WAS DERIVED FROM THE PSEUDONYM "THOMAS ATKINS" ONCE LISTED TO SHOW ENLISTING MEN WHERE TO SIGN THEIR APPLICATIONS

WILLIAM HOLMES MCGUFFEY—  
AUTHOR OF AMERICA'S FIRST "BEST SELLER," RECEIVED ONLY \$1000 FOR THE COPYRIGHTS ON EACH OF HIS FAMOUS "READERS" OVER 122,000,000 COPIES WERE SOLD



Strange as it seems, America was named by a German professor, in a French school, for an Italian navigator in the service of the king of Portugal!

Martin Waldseemüller, a young German geographer at the French school of St. Die, became intensely interested in the accounts of the Italian navigator, Amerigo Vesputci, regarding his discovery of a "new world" in the region now known as Central Brazil. The professor applied the discoverer's first name to designate the land which Vesputci had allegedly first brought to light.

As editor of the Latin work, "Cosmographie Introductio," Waldseemüller first published the name as "America." It soon came to be generally applied to the entire South America continent—eventually including North America also.

First "Best Sellers"

Thought he was author of the books that from 1830 to 1890 served as the entire literary education of a large percentage of America's school children, William Holmes McGuffey received an astonishingly low sum for the copyrights on his "readers."

The most accurate estimates quote the number of copies sold as more than 122,000,000—a record believed to overshadow that of any other American author. Yet, strange as it seems, McGuffey received only \$1000 for the copyright on each of the "readers."

English "Tommies"

Thomas Atkins was first used in the British army in the same light the mythical John Doe is today used in America. The name appeared on enlistment applications and military accounts to show English privates how and where to sign their names and then was adopted as a nickname to denote common soldiers of the British army.

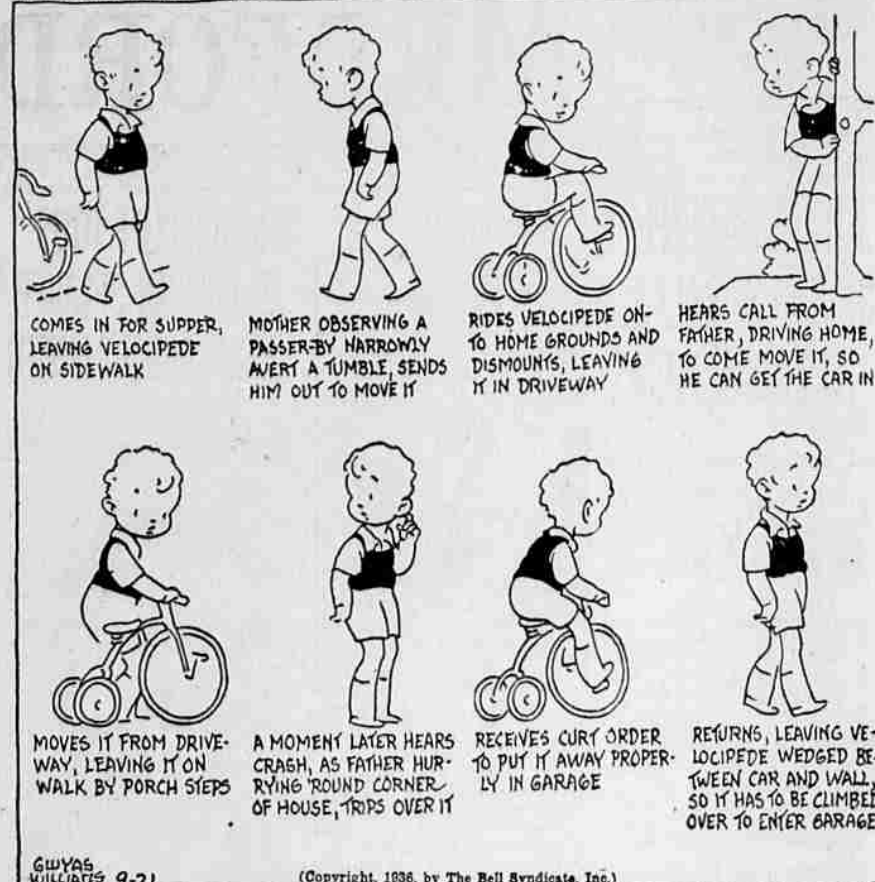
Tomorrow: The Touchdown in the River!

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# TRAFFIC OBSTRUCTION By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Sailing Tomorrow!



# By EDWIN ALGER



# THE NEBBS—Big Mouth



# By SOL HESS



# BANK CLEARINGS OVER YEAR AGO

NEW YORK, Sept. 25. — (AP) — Bank clearings in 22 leading cities totaled \$5,305,774,000 in the week ended September 23, Dun & Bradstreet reported today.

This was a gain of 5.3 per cent over clearings of \$5,040,128,000 reported in the same week a year ago, but was \$1,162,210,000 under the previous week's figures.

Clearings at New York city aggregated \$2,183,792,000, a decline of 2.0 per cent compared with \$2,253,871,000 in the same week in 1935. The total at outside centers of \$2,115,982,000 was 18.5 per cent greater than the 1935 comparative.

All outside centers except Omaha reported good gains over a year ago.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

# FRANCE MOVES TO HALT GOLD DRAIN

PARIS, Sept. 24.—(AP)—The Bank of France raised its discount rate from 3 to 5 percent today in a drastic measure to dam the outward flow of French gold reserves.

Financial circles, however, watched anxiously in fear the rise might fail to stop the drain on gold.

Bankers believed the order gave the government "at least a temporary respite."

The British pound eased in exchange after going above '77 for the first time since June, 1934.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—(AP)—Wall street watched the French financial situation closely today but with the general belief that devaluation of the franc or institution of a gold embargo would have little repercussion here.