

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

SOPHIE: Fearfully Carol Ferrance has gone home from Atlanta to spend Christmas. Equally fearful Blake Thornton, her employer, has gone to Florida to try to erasode his neurotic and indifferant wife to divorce him. For he and Carol are deeply in love and realize that come what may they belong to each other. Blake has told Irma his mission and she is being so difficult as she can. Blake holds his temper but not easily.

Chapter 41 FUTILE HOPE

AND then Blake said aloud: "You haven't any conception of love, have you? You can't even imagine loving someone so much you'd die for them. And that's the way I love Carol. If I can't have her I don't want to touch another woman as long as I live!"

The passionate intensity of his voice shattered the glass about her once and for all. She really looked at him—for the first time. His face was white and stark and his eyes burned hotly. He means it, she thought dazedly; he's really mad about her....

She played her trump card—an appeal to his chivalry. He could be tender and generous; she remembered that from long ago. Surely he would be that now.

"Blake... you think I'm imagining my nervous condition. You think it's because I don't want to be a wife to you. That's not true; it's just that—for a while now—I'm going through a rather—trying time...."

His heart sank heavily. So he had been right in his guess.... But he could not let her plead so thin an excuse.

"A great many women manage to endure their husbands and make them happy even then."

"I know," she said plaintively. "And so could I, probably. But I've always been so high strung, and so I thought best to stay away."

He was moved to pity until he remembered the years before this, and realized that her appeal did not deserve to be heeded. He said slowly:

"I'm very sorry—for your sake. But your excuse rather falls down, doesn't it? We've been living this hit-or-miss existence for years. You can't justify six years with something that's just happened."

She felt as if she were going mad—as if the walls were really closing in on her. She saw herself discarded for a girl; a middle-aged woman who would become merely an object of humorous pity. She made one more bitter attempt.

"I understand, of course. You married me, knowing that I was older than you; that I was sure to lose my attraction before you lost yours. And now that it's happened you're being a beast, and trying to cast me aside like an old shoe."

Fury almost blinded him, so that he dared not answer her for a moment. At last he said with a creditable attempt at quietness:

"A boy twenty-two doesn't think, Irma; the poor fool just feels. You must have seen that possibility—better than I could. And since you've gone your way so completely there's only one answer: I don't matter to you any more than you do to me."

She said shrilly: "But you do matter! I—couldn't live without you!"

His mouth twisted bitterly. "You've made a pretty good stab at it so far."

"But I've had to. I'll come home with you even if it kills me!"

THE melodrama revolted him. The supreme sacrifice, she was no doubt thinking. He got up and walked to the door and back.

"I'm sorry, but it's too late now. I couldn't play up. Do we have to talk about it any more? I'm offering you a chance to get the divorce yourself, on the grounds of cruelty."

"Suppose I refuse?"

"Then I'll have to get it myself, on the same grounds."

"You can't do it," she almost screamed. "I can refute anything you try to say!" She made a supreme effort at control, and went on in an altered voice.

"Blake, wait a year and see. You got tired of me; how do you know you won't tire of her?"

The room whirled dizzily with him. There was no use, of course, in trying to make her understand.

"I'm sorry, but I'm through—whether you believe me or not. I'll never live with you again; I'm putting the house on the market as soon as I get back, and starting divorce proceedings immediately. If you

want to fight it you're at liberty to do so."

Her body sagged. He was speaking the truth and she knew it. At the sight of her ravaged face pity stirred in him, and he said more gently:

"Wouldn't it be wiser to follow my suggestion, Irma, and get the divorce yourself? People will think you're tired of me, and God knows that's plausible enough...."

"And if I do, will you promise to wait a decent interval before you marry this woman? A year?"

So that people might possibly be deceived, he knew she meant:

"Of course I won't. I'm not a child, and neither is she. Our time is too precious."

"Then you'll have to make a cad of yourself and a joke of me. Because I won't do it."

She was bluffing him, of course; thinking he would not dare. And he knew she was bluffing. He stood up.

"I'm sorry you see it that way. I've already talked to a lawyer and the papers will be filed Wednesday."

Irma sprang to her feet. "You'll never get it! They'll throw you out of court!"

He shrugged. "All I can do is try." He turned away, sick of the sor didness and of her presence. He wanted never to see her again.

"There's no use in prolonging this cheap wrangle. I'm taking the next train home, and the papers will be filed Wednesday. If you want to reconsider you can phone me in the next few hours."

He laid his hand on the door knob and looked steadily at her. "And I hope you have a very merry Christmas...."

He opened the door and went quickly out.

When he had gone Irma flung herself face down upon the bed.

She would be—from now on—ones of those homeless, undesired women who drift from place to place: widows and divorcees who migrate with the seasons. Wherever she went whispers would echo in her ears.

And if she left the South she would hardly escape it: the migratory birds covered the face of the earth, and spread their gossip like pollen on the winds. She had no way of knowing that she was exaggerating her own importance; that what she did or where she went was of vital concern to no one but herself.

She thought wildly: I'll get back at him somehow for the way he's treating me. I've got to get back; I've got to make him suffer....

THE apartment seemed different and empty after the warmth and life of the house in Meredith. Carol closed the door softly and went straight to the telephone without taking off her hat.

Blake answered the telephone himself with an eager "Yes!"

"Blake...!" The sound of his voice shook her so that she could not go on.

He said quickly: "Carol, darling. Where are you?"

"At home. I've just gotten in."

"May I come right out?"

"Of course. You're not busy?"

"There's no one here but me. I've been sitting here cursing the hands of my watch."

She did not dare to ask if his news was good or bad; she knew too well that he would have told her if it had been what they hoped for. A porter rang and handed her a florist's box; tea roses and daisies with a card that said only: "With my heart...."

Blake rang just as she finished arranging the flowers and she almost ran to meet him. He came in quickly and took both her hands and they stood for a space looking hungrily at each other. Then he muttered, "Oh, Carol...." and took her in his arms.

She braced herself. "Was it—very bad, Blake?"

He winced. "You knew better than I did, Carol—how do women get like that?"

"I don't know," she said her hand against his face and he caught it and kissed it. "They're blind from birth. I guess. You'd better—tell me about it."

He told her, dully and accurately, because every word and gesture was burned upon his mind with acid.

"I must have gone crazy at the end," he confessed bitterly. "I threatened her and browbeat her as if I'd been a savage. I—understood how civilized men commit murder; I could have strangled her—and laughed!"

She said quietly: "No, you couldn't. Not really."

"Yes I could have. I wanted to."

(Copyright, 1936, by Marian Sims)

Carol makes a decision she will not regret, tomorrow.

2615

2616

2617

2618

2619

2620

2621

RETURNING STUDENTS CROWD OREGON STATE

CORVALLIS, Ore., Sept. 29.—(AP)—Crowded classrooms and employment of extra faculty were in prospect at Oregon State college today after first day enrollment by returning students Saturday brought registration to close to 8,300 students.

This represents a 21 per cent increase over enrollment at this time last year. If late registration continues at its usual pace, Registrar E. B. Lemon said the total would reach 8,500, an all-time high.

Be correctly coseted in an Artist Model by Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann.

TWO BABIES BORN AS BANDON FIRE RAGES

BANDON, Ore., Sept. 29.—(AP)—Apparently well authenticated stories of the birth of two babies during the holocaust which reduced Bandon to ashes, came to light today.

One baby was born to a Mrs. Adams on the beach and another was reported to have arrived on board the light-house tender Rose.

THE FAMILY ALBUM—CHOOSING A MOVIE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

ASKS FAMILY HOW ABOUT ALL GOING TO THE MOVIES TONIGHT?

ALL AGREEING, GETS PAPER TO SEE WHAT'S SHOWING. SAYS "MURDER AT NINE" SOUNDS KIND OF GOOD

WIFE THINKS IT SOUNDS TOO GRUESOME, AND SUGGESTS "BLOOMING LOVE", WHICH HE FEELS WOULD BE SAPPY

LOOKS FURTHER. FINDS "DANCING PIRATE" IS AT THE GRAND AND IS SAID TO BE GOOD

WIFE CALLS FROM UPSTAIRS HE'S SEEN IT AND WIFE REPEATS SHE'D LIKE TO GO TO "BLOOMING LOVE"

SUGGESTS "NO THOROUGHFARE" WHICH MILDRED VOTES BECAUSE SHE CAN'T ABIDE THE STAR WHO IS PLAYING IN IT

READS OFF THE REST OF THE LIST, ALL OF WHICH SOME MEMBER OF THE FAMILY HAS HEARD ARE NOT MUCH GOOD

SIGHS AND SEES OUT FOR "BLOOMING LOVE" WONDERING WHY HE EVER EVEN BOTHERS TO TRY TO SELECT A MOVIE

9-24 (Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

WATER CAN BE BOILED BY COOLING IT...

THESE 2 CATS—MR. AND MRS. ROBERT BURNS, ARE ON THE PAYROLL OF THE BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD... AT \$18.25 EACH PER YEAR...

FIREFLIES ARE NOT FLIES... (AND GLOWWORMS ARE NOT WORMS)

A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE!
ANDREW KIRKALDY—Great Scottish Golfer, LOST THE BRITISH OPEN BY MISSING A ONE-INCH PUTT!
—1889—

2622

2623

2624

2625

2626

2627

2628

2629

2630

2631

2632

2633

2634

2635

2636

2637

2638

2639

2640

2641

2642

2643

2644

2645

2646

2647

2648

2649

2650

2651

2652

2653

2654

2655

2656

2657

2658

2659

2660

2661

2662

2663

2664

2665

2666

2667

2668

2669

2670

2671

2672

2673

2674

2675

2676

2677

2678

2679

2680

2681

2682

2683

2684

2685

2686

2687

2688

2689

2690

2691

2692

2693

2694

2695

2696

2697

2698

2699

2700

S'MATTER POP—

WHAT KIND OF TENNIS IS THAT?

HOW COME, NO NET?

WE HAD TO GET RID OF IT!

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH IT?

IT GETS IN OUR WAY!

Insert Misnomers. The name glow-worm is applied to either the larvae or the wingless females of certain species of fireflies—and, strange as it seems, a firefly is not a fly—it is a beetle!

Feline Employees. Employed as rat exterminators in the Boston & Maine grain elevators at Charlestown, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Burns are each officially allotted the price of half a can of cat food per day—or \$18.25 per year—by the railroad for which they work.

Tomorrow: Machine Guns for Peace!

By C. M. PAYNE

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Anticipating... Another Ghostly Visit!

EVERYONE AT THREE-POINT LAUGHED AT RUSTY WHEN HE TOLD THEM OF HIS EXPERIENCE WITH THE PHANTOM FOKKER... WHICH "SAT DOWN" AT THE BIG AIRPORT THE NIGHT BEFORE... BUT WHEN SKEETER LEARNED OF IT... HE CORNERED RUSTY IN A HANGAR....

AM THATS ALL... TERRY AN JOE THINK SOMEBODYS PLAYIN' A JOKE ON ME...

G-GOSH... AN DID YOU TELL TH' CHIEF?

NO... AN I AINT GONNA... I'VE BEEN LAUGHED AT ENOUGH.

DID YOU SAY TH' SKELETON SAID THIS IS TH' FIRST 'WARNIN'?

THATS WHAT I SAID... AN I'LL TAKE MY OATH ON IT.

THEN THERE'S GONNA BE ANOTHER 'WARNIN'...

HOW... DO... YOU FIGURE THAT?

THERE'S ALLUS THREE 'WARNIN'S... LIKE... READY... AIM... FIRE... SO I FIGURE WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER VISIT... TONIGHT.

By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Orphanage

FINDING GERALD KINLEY IS A JOLLY BIG ORDER, GON- DID YOU BRING YOUR DOG ALONG TO TRACK HIM DOWN?

HE MAY HELP, MR. TUTTLE-

WELL, YOUR TRAIL BEGINS AT THE ORPHANAGE AND IM AFRAID, EVEN WITH FIDO'S ASSISTANCE, THAT IT WILL END THERE-

JEE, HE ISNT VERY ENCOURAGING, BRIAR-

BUT HERE'S WHERE WE START!

THE LONDON ORPHANAGE

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Homesick?

I WONDER WHAT THAT BROTHER-IN-LAW OF MINE IS DOING NOW? HE'S TOO FAT TO WEAR ANYTHING BUT MY TIES AND THATS A BLESSING

I HAVENT HEARD A WORD FROM FANNY SINCE I LEFT, BUT I DONT TELL HER WHERE I WAS GOING

SHE TOLD ME MY BACK ON THE WAY OUT WAS THE NICEST THING ABOUT ME... SHE'S GOT HADES IN HER MOUTH BUT HER EYES ARE SO BLUE SHE'S GOT ALL OF THE HEAVENS IN THEM

By SOL HESS

INCENDIARY TRIES TO BURN BRIDGE

SALEM, Sept. 29.—(AP)—An attempt to deliberately set fire to the west approach of the Marion-Polk county bridge here was frustrated last night by Irl McHenry, of Salem. The west approach is of wood construction with an asphaltic covering. McHenry, driving west about 6:30 p.m., noticed smoke and a flame about a foot high coming from a vent in the bridge. He turned around, obtained a bucket of water, and put out the fire, reporting the occurrence to state police.

Investigation revealed that a rag had been soaked in oil and packed around it was sawdust and shavings. State police called the occurrence incendiary "without a doubt."

There was a report that several

COPCO WILL PAY BACK DIVIDENDS

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 29.—(AP)—California Oregon Power Co. will pay regular-rate dividends, but applying on accruals of previously unpaid dividends, on preferred stocks October 15.

Payments of \$1.50 a share on the 4 per cent preferred and \$1.75 on the 7 1/2 per cent stockholders of record September 30.

Arrangements after these payments will be \$8.25 a share on both 6 per cent issues, and \$9.62 1/2 on the 7 per cent issue.

This is the second full dividend rate payment, after a period in which the company paid at only half rate.

Other oil-soaked rags were found between here and Newport, either on bridges or in nearby bays.