THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

Chapter 43

SOLACE

SO CORNELIA knew. Did that mean, then, that everybody knew? That she and Blake had been ostriches with their heads in the sand? She winced, and tried to push back the thought with the physical activity of making coffee and toast.

She felt the weight of horror; knew that she could stay in this room all day and be mad by night. She threw on her clothes with desperate haste and fled, locking the door behind her.

But the horror came with her, through the locked door and into the gray coldness of the outside world. She boarded an uptown car, and felt its breath on her cheek. She almost expected the conductor to say "Two?" as she held out the money for her fare.

She bought a dress, wondering all the while if she could ever wear it, and lost the black shadow for a time in the crush of eager struggling women who hunted after-Christmas bargains.

She ordered lunch and made a pretense of eating it, then sought the sheltering darkness of a theatre, to sit staring blindly at shadows that moved and spoke and pretended to

"You didn't kill her!"

suffer beautifully in gowns by Adrian.

She made herself see the film through, then she boarded a car and got off at the market nearest the Sherwood. Cornelia, being invited to dinner, would expect to eat. Lamb chops and artichokes, Gruyère cheese and lettuce; these things at least were real and permanent.

Cornelia came soon after six, straight from work, she said, and looking straight from Park Avenue instead. She took off her hat and coat and went to the kitchen, where she began expertly to fashion a salad.

She talked lightly and steadily until the meal was done, and Carol followed her lead as best she could. If they were to eat they must keep the shadow at bay as long as possible.

But after dinner Carol made the plunge herself, breaking through Cornelia's laughing account of an unruly customer.

"Cornie, why did you come here tonight?"

Cornelia inhaled her cigaret slowly. "You know, or you wouldn't ask that question."

"Yes. The shock was in realizing that you knew, too. And that if you knew, there must be a lot of others who did."

"NO. That was what I came to tell you. I don't know how I guessed, except that I realized what would probably have happened to me in the same position." She smiled faintly. "I don't believe I could work with a man like Blake and not fall in love with him, and I didn't believe he could work with a girl like you and not do the same thing. I wasn't sure, of course, but when this happened I couldn't think of any other reason."

Carol started to speak, but Cornelia broke in quickly. "What I wanted to tell you was that nobody has suspected a thing; so far as I know, there hasn't been a breath that linked your name with his. And if there had been, I believe I would have heard it, because—" she grimaced—"I seem to hear things whether they interest me or not."

"But—you weren't sure until this happened. How do you know that it won't open a lot of other people's eyes?"

Cornelia smiled. "You don't give me credit for being smarter than the mob, do you?"

"Oh, yes I do! But ferreting out this sort of thing hasn't got much to do with intelligence. Usually it's the other way around."

"True. But I've seen two or three people today, and I know none of them has guessed. The general verdict is: 'She never has been quite normal, anyway.'"

The mention of Irma shattered Carol's composure, so that she shivered and turned her face away.

"Cornie, I—I don't believe I can stand it. . . ."

"Yes, you can," Cornelia said firmly. "You can stand it and eventually forget it."

"Forget that—you've killed somebody?"

"Oh, my God!" Cornelia said hotly. "I expected something better than that from you. You didn't kill her; it was her own rotten cowardice and spite that did it."

"No it wasn't. She wouldn't have done anything so desperate if she hadn't loved him terribly."

"Oh, no?" Cornelia said scornfully. "She'd have done it just as quickly if she'd hated him. She wasn't capable of love; you know that. Hate can make you just as desperate as love: hate and jealousy."

"Well, in either case we drove her to it."

Cornelia said more quietly: "Do you mind telling me what did happen? I can judge better if you do."

SHE told her, dully, of Blake's trip to Florida and of his filing the suit. But not of the ironic night of his return: nobody, she prayed, would ever know about that. When she had finished Cornelia nodded vigorously.

"If there's anything shameful or dishonest about all that, I can't see it. Good Lord, Carol, people get divorces every day! It doesn't cause a ripple."

"Not divorce, no. But—suicide—is another story. Don't you see," she cried out, "that it's not whether people guess it or not? That it's something that would be there—between us—if we lived a thousand years? He feels exactly as I do about it."

"How do you know he does?" Cornelia demanded bluntly. "You've got to see Blake as soon as he gets back. Maybe he can reason with you even if I can't."

Cornelia was probably right. You couldn't leave a thing like this suspended in midair—not if you hoped to keep your reason. She agreed listlessly.

"Yes, I guess I'll have to see him—once. But not here; it would be sure to be the one time he'd be seen and recognized. I—may get you to help me out."

"It's what I came for," Cornelia said sturdily. "And for goodness' sake do it right away. Don't let the thing eat your heart out first."

She stood up. "Get your hat. We're going and play bridge with the Gordons."

Carol spun around and her eyes were wet. "Cornie, I can't see anybody!"

"You've got to," Cornelia said flatly. "The sooner you start getting used to it the sooner you'll get over it. Get your hat and stop talking!"

(Copyright, 1936, by Marian Sims)

Carol meets Blake, tomorrow.

ADDITIONS TO FORESTS AT COST OF $1,946,172 GET COMMISSION OKEH

WASHINGTON, Oct. 1.—(AP)—The forest reservation commission approved today the addition of 332,368 acres to the 45 national forest units at a total cost of $1,946,172.

Ordinarily, approval by the commission is tantamount to purchase. The commission also approved a proposal to ask the budget bureau's approval of a $10,000,000 allocation from the president's emergency relief funds to purchase additional forest lands it deemed as desirable for conservation purchases.

Action of three major projects in Maine, California and Oregon was deferred pending availability of additional funds. They embrace a total of 200,000 acres offered at $2,000,000, and include the Ochoco unit near Prineville, Ore., and the northern Redwood unit, California.

Purchases approved today included 6,595 acres of Mary's Peak in Oregon for $326,112.

The Mary's Peak unit lies on the city of Corvallis watershed. The purchase is intended to safeguard the water supply of the city and Oregon State college, and further local employment under logging to be suspended by the forest service's sustained-yield plan.

It is proposed to put the sustained-yield management plan in operation immediately.

Buckingham's Ice Cream. Candy & Party Specials. The Crest. 230 S. Cent.

A total of 167 one-family dwellings were constructed during the month of August in Miami and Miami Beach.

LOGGING RESUMPTION PERMITTED IN NORTH

SALEM, Oct. 1.—(AP)—Logging operations in northwestern Oregon may be resumed in forest areas closed to entry through proclamation, State Forester John W. Ferguson, announced today.

All forests west of the Cascade summit and in Klamath county were closed because of the fire hazard. The new order permits logging operations only in that district north of the southern boundaries of Lane and Lincoln counties and also in Klamath county where there are no fires.

The forests in southwestern Oregon remained closed to all activities.

SALEM, Oct. 1.—(AP)—The turkey grading school for growers in Oregon and Washington will be held at Eugene October 30 and 31, Frank McKenna of the state department of agriculture, announced today. Last year the school was held in Washington.

Join
ETHELWYN B. HOFFMANN'S
Hosiery Club.
Every 13th pair free.

GUN REPAIRS. Expert gunsmiths Sims Bros., 23 N. Fir. Gun sights.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

10-1-36 McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

Raven vs. White Owl

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgot'en lore . . .

Could it have been possible that one of those "quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore" contined the "White Owl Ode" by the ancient Chinese poet, Chia I, and that it was this work that inspired Edgar Allen Poe to write his immortal "Raven"?

Be that as it may, note the resemblance between the poems in the following excerpts:

The Raven: While I nodded, nearly napping . . .
White Owl: Half despairing, half repining . . .
The Raven: Open here I flung the shutter, when with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven.
White Owl: When athwart the window sill
In flew a bird of omen ill,
And seemed inclined to stay.
The Raven: . . . thinking what this ominous bird of yore . . .

The thought, mood, spirit and even style seems astoundingly similar—yet, strange as it seems, the "White Owl Ode" was written in China about 90 A. D. Poe's "Raven" was first published in 1845, more than 1700 years later!

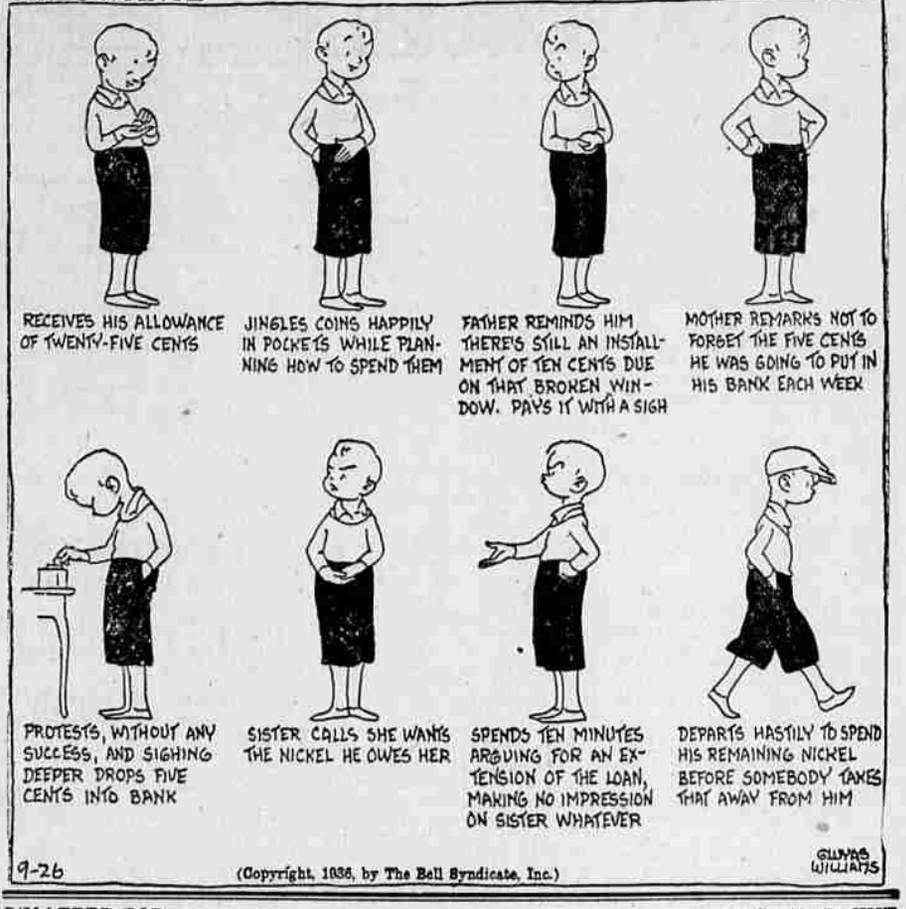
Sound Imitator

It is Count Cutelli's proud boast that never yet has he found any sound on earth which he is unable to imitate so closely no one can detect the difference. While most mechanical noises call for the use of part of his elaborate sound reproducing equipment, Count Cutelli can imitate more than 2000 sounds with his voice alone!

Tomorrow: The Phantom Gold Brick.

ALLOWANCE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Phantom Too Quick for Skeeter!

By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Blind Alley?

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Good-Bye and Good Luck

By SOL HESS