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LOVE FOR TWO

RUTH DEWEY GROVES © 1928 BY NEA SERVICE

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Bertie Lou and Rod Rye are happily married until Lila Loree plots to separate them. She had once refused to marry Rod because he was poor. She meets and marries Cyrus Loree and persuades him to aid Rod in business while she gains Bertie Lou's confidence by showering her with favors.

Gradually she arouses Rod's interest and faith in her while she plants seeds of doubt about his wife. When Bertie Lou discovers that they see each other secretly, she is heartbroken and flirts with young Marco Palmer to retaliate.

Rod will not commit himself to Lila, although he and Bertie Lou have drifted far apart. Lila takes a jewel robbery in which it appears that Rod is the thief, and then insists on keeping it secret to save his reputation. He discovers her treachery and she says she did it to gain his love.

He repudiates her disloyalty to her husband, and she reminds him that his wife is out with Marco. Rod drives to the Palmer estate where he sees Marco and Bertie Lou in lounging robes and departs without learning that they were merely coming upstairs from the swimming pool.

Rod leaves Bertie Lou with no explanation, and she thinks that Lila has won him. Both women try to find him without success. Bertie Lou obtains a position and waits for Rod to get a divorce. The suspense and dreariness of her lost cause make her seek forgetfulness in Marco's gay crowd. She has a nervous breakdown, and while convalescing decides to buy a "dream home" with the money Rod had sent her when he left.

Marco falls in love with Bertie Lou and is devoted through all her trouble. He begs her to marry him, and she is tempted by his wealth but tells him that she still loves Rod.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XLII
Marco said good night to Bertie Lou with great reluctance. He thought she was really ill and needed the attention of a physician. But Bertie Lou would not consent to have him take her to the doctor who had attended her during her nervous breakdown, as he wished to do.

"Let's just stop at the hospital a minute," Marco pleaded when they got back to the city.

"No, no, I'm all right," Bertie Lou protested. Marco did not believe her. She looked so tortured, with a wild, feverish light in her eyes, and a heartbreaking way of pressing her fingertips to her lips, as though to keep back a cry of anguish.

"You shouldn't have come out today," Marco told her reproachfully. "Buying that house was too

much for you, Bertie Lou. Of course it's your own affair, but that sort of sentimental indulgence is worse for you than the kind of things you say you won't do any more."

Marco spoke harshly. It annoyed him that Bertie Lou would not take him into her confidence about the house. He could guess that it meant something close to her heart. And he was jealous of her interests.

In reality he was gratified at the chance in her—the way she was turning her back on the drinking, jazzing, youth-squandering life they had been leading. It would give him a strong factor in favor of his marriage to her when the time came to talk to his father about it.

But he wished that his reason for being pleased was the same as her reason for changing. Wished it had been for him that she'd settled down to live quietly and not for some secret cause. A cause that had to do with another man, no doubt.

He suspected, of course, that the man was her husband. The suspicion prodded him to harshness. Then, too, he dreaded leaving Bertie Lou without someone to look after her during the night.

He remembered, with a pang of remorse, that it had been he who had made it possible for her to follow the health-reviving road that leads from pleasure haunts to pleasure haunts.

He thought of that day on the train when he'd met her for the first time. She had been aloof, unwilling to promise a future meeting. He'd never expected to hear from her again.

It was easy to guess now, in the face of his greater knowledge of her, that she had been driven by unhappiness to seek his companionship. She could, he offered in his own defense, have found another willing courier on her voyage to a hospital cot. But—and this was what troubled his conscience—there had been times along the way when her spirit had lagged and her feet had grown weary—times when he knew she was tired of the brittle hollowiness of their contact with a world of incandescent radiance, mad music, and "don't care" people.

Close to her laughter had been honest tears. Her dancing feet had wanted to stop. And Marco had known it. He admitted, to himself, that he had known it. And now it troubled him that he had urged her on, plagued her when he could, done everything, in fact, that he could think of to keep her going.

He had always liked her, from the start of their friendship. He hadn't wanted her to drop out.

"You're in no condition to be left alone," he burst forth crossly, seeking, in a solitude for her, to

put down his troublesome self

searching. Bertie Lou's nerves were beginning to cover her body with the feel of a fine network of searing wires. She knew what that meant. The hospital cot again. Somehow she must hang on, must keep calm.

Marco had been right. The emotional crisis she had undergone in buying the house of Rod's dreams had upset her. No, it was Marco himself, with his unending desire to marry her.

She knew better. It wasn't Marco. It was her memory. Marco's clear, dear God, couldn't she forget the past! That was night in her room. So it was she'd been—

to marry Lila Loree's coast-guard. The heat might have come from a crucible wherein burned her chance for happiness. And he further to feel Rod's kisses upon her hair, her eyes, her lips. Sweet, the hour of youth.

Marco was saying something. She would not listen. Why try not to relieve her brief joy when it was impossible to forget it? Marco would be talking sense, and there was no sense in the world.

She could not ignore him, though; she must not. If she sank so far into the past as to forget him entirely she might lose consciousness. She felt as if she could sink into a stupor from sheer inability to let go her poignant remembrance. Marco would rush her off to the hospital.

If she gained her bed—by morning she would be better. It had never been quite so bad before—this looking backward. Induced by imagination, of course. She had pictured, too unendingly, herself with Rod in the little house at Moonfield.

But it must be dispelled, this mood of black regrets for a dead past. She must not be silly. Perhaps—

If she had word of Rod tomorrow she would do what she had resisted doing many times—she would telephone to Cyrus Loree. She could disguise her voice—oh, she would not have him speaking of it to Lila—

Lila would carry it to Rod. Cyrus might tell her what Rod was doing. If she pretended to be a friend from Wayville.

She knew Rod was not working for Cyrus. Her mother had told her that much. But no one who would have told her more about him seemed to know. Molly, she was sure, could have given her some information had she wished.

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Bertie Lou had suffered over

Molly's attitude; it indicated that Rod had made unkind remarks about her. That was hard to believe, though. Rod had never been contemptible. Hadn't he thought? Since he'd fallen under Lila's influence. Still, Molly never had liked her. It did not need an effort on Rod's part to make her more unfriendly.

Bertie Lou was buoyed up by the promise to herself to try to get word of Rod. It was a comfort she had stolidly denied herself, but now that she had made up her mind to it, she felt better, in spite of the bruise she knew it would be to her pride to risk having Lila or Rod guess that the call had come from her.

She turned to Marco, and he glanced up from his steering long enough to see that she had grown calmer. There had been a silence of many minutes since his last remark to her.

"I'm out of it now," she said quietly.

"What the devil was the matter with you?" he replied peevishly. She had given him a good scare.

"A touch of homesickness," she told him. Marco did not like what she said because he did not believe it, but he was too much in love with her to express his doubt. He knew he had no right to his jealousy. Bertie Lou had never encouraged him to think she loved him.

When he left her at the door of her rooming house he gazed earnestly into her eyes. Bertie Lou put out a hand to say good-night. Marco took it and did not let it go.

"I wish you would let me take care of you," he said. "This is so dumb, Bertie Lou; your living in a place like this."

"Maybe it is," Bertie Lou returned with a wistful smile, "but just now, just this minute, Marco, I'm glad I didn't listen to you."

She was thinking of the call she was going to make the next day—the telephone call to Cyrus Loree. There was no hope of a reconciliation with Rod—she wasn't sure that she could love the man Lila had made of him as she had loved him when he was her ideal—but still she found a faint measure of happiness in being unchanged herself, in being the same Bertie Lou that Rod had married.

A miracle might happen—she did not expect it to, but it might. Cyrus could tell her something fine of Rod. It might be a mistake about him and Lila. It might be. And then she would be so indescribably, so deliciously happy that she had not said yes to Marco.

She laughed at herself as she undressed for bed, laughed and called herself a little fool. It was a sad sound, her laughter. And partly on account of Marco. She hated to treat him shabbily, keep him hanging on until she made up her mind. Her mind was made up. Why had she thought such a thing?

Bertie Lou lay awake, asking herself questions. And she found that under all her surface

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