

# ENEMY'S KISS

by Evelyn M. Winch

**SYNOPSIS:** Alison Hede has returned from school in Switzerland to meet her father at a house he is supposed to have taken outside London. But the house is dark and deserted; while waiting up after her journey Alison is horrified to see a hairless face peering at her. She slams the door, and the intruder slithers away. But her electric torch is going dead. She decides to make a break for the outside door.

## Chapter Two NEW DANGER

COMING in, exploring this empty house for any sign of her father, Alison had passed two pairs of stairs. One leading off the long passage which ran straight from the front hall, was evidently the front stairs to the bedrooms; the other, cut off by a balize door, came down outside the pantry door and ran directly outside the bathroom.

An upper balize door with a spring to it cut this part of the house off from the front part, too. Those last three faint creaks had seemed to come from the front passage. Could she creep down these backstairs unseen and gain the window and the road? Safer, perhaps, to slip down the ivy—unless, guessing her intention, he had gone to wait down there in the dark road!

Snatching at her courage, Alison released the door, cautiously, trembling, she opening it a little way and

house as she fumbled for the door handle in a crazy effort to escape. A scream cut sharply at its highest point as a man's hand closed expertly upon her face. The thumb and forefinger pinching her nostrils shut while the palm blocked her mouth. Alison gave a gurgle and faint.

"That's better. . ."

She became conscious of a very firm arm holding her tight, of rough tweed scraping her cheek and the rapid beating of her own heart. "Oh!"

She tried to sit up. The flickering blue bead of light came from a lantern that was standing on the floor; by it she could see in faint outline an enamelled table under the window, a bunch of dirty brooms, all tied together, leaning drunkenly against a sink.

MEMORY came back and she gave a gasp. Shrieking, she writhed from the arms which held her and slid free on hands and knees. Whirling round found herself looking up into a pair of bright and quizzical blue eyes.

"All right!"

A pair of broad, tweed covered shoulders, large friendly features, pleasantly red-tanned, dark hair that grew crisply off a wide forehead, keen eyes light as a bucket of seawater—this was no grisly ghost but

## CHRIST CHURCH UNIFIES PLANS FOR FUND DRIVE

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—(UP)—Unification of promotional work of various state and national organizations in the Dioceses of Christ church will become effective July 1, C. O. Hawley, director, has announced.

Principal national organizations and groups of 30 states have agreed to participate. Previously, promotional work was carried on individually.

The unification has no effect on the administrative work, Hawley pointed out, but will prove more efficient and effective in promotional activities. It will eliminate certain competition inevitable under a plan of individual collection.

National organizations joining the movement are the United Christian Missionary society, the pension fund, the board of extension, board of education, board of temperance and welfare, and the Association for Christian Union.

council, and Mrs. H. L. McKinnon, Enid, Okla., is vice-chairman. Under the new plan, all money for work of the various organizations will be collected by the unified group and apportioned to the individual organizations.

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS CURE FOR CRIME

OKMULKEE, Okla. (UP)—C. E. B. Cutler, former state pardon and parole officer, believes that if more children would attend Sunday school there would be much less crime.

Cutler, of Oklahoma City, in an address here, recalled the difficulty of children to attend Sunday school during the territorial days of Oklahoma.

"When I was a boy I was forced many times to stay at home because of bad weather, or impassable roads.

Even in bad weather we had to wear great boots which had frozen tallow on them and heavy brass caps on the toes.

"No matter how urgent the farm duties were on Sunday, if we could get away from the farm at all, we went to Sunday school, not because our parents wanted us to, but because it was a part of our weekly life.

"The sources of culture were the home, the church, and the district school, and these institutions molded the character for the population of the early cities," Cutler said.

He pointed out that less than two per cent of the people of the world are attending Sunday school.

Youths Built Motorized SUPERIOR, Wis. (UP)—Philip Johnson and James Lund, local youths, attached the motor from a miniature automobile to their home-made bobble to achieve a speed of 25 miles an hour.

MOVED—DENTAL OFFICE Dr. W. C. Thompson is now located at Room 312 Liberty Bldg. Tel to Reasonable Dentistry.

## THE FLASH LIGHT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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She became conscious of a firm arm, holding her.

peered out. The faint glow of the torch showed her an empty passage, a white bedroom door, a tiny square of window with the rain pouring down it and the far balize door, shut. The way was clear!

For no more than a second she listened, breathless, but now it seemed as if the whole house held its breath too. There was no sound at all, even the mice were still. And there was the stairway, close at hand, dark but empty.

Alison ran. She had reached the turn of the stairs when the torch went out. . . . The black dark seemed to hit her, knocking out her breath; it was like going blind. But her hand tightened on the stairrail and she went on running, two steps at a time.

She suffered, in those few seconds, the most primitive of all emotions—a fear fine-drawn to the point of battle, in which every nerve and muscle is strained to the utmost, ready to fight. Her foot found the lower passage level with a jerk that hurt.

CREAK! Pit-a-pat. . . . A thin spear of light cut the darkness ahead, showing her the half-glass pantry door on her right, the lower balize door ahead—a beam of light split by the banisters above.

It was coming—running along the bathroom passage, chasing her down the stairs!

Alison made a dart. The pantry door was not quite shut. It gave; a loose board croaked as she sprang through and the beam of light overhead went off abruptly.

She slammed the door violently, throwing herself against it, she felt for a key and found none; she stretched up her right arm towards the wall to brace herself to take the strain.

Her nerve broke. In the recall she screamed a hideous, shrill, bubbling shriek which rose and echoed wildly through the

a mere man, reassuringly human and alive! Alison drew a deep sigh of relief and grew exceedingly indignant.

"What exactly do you think you're doing?"

It is not easy to show dignity on all fours but she did her best.

He countered with an innocent "What is going on here?"

"Considering you tried to kill me—"

"I didn't!"

"You tried to choke me!"

"Only to stop you yelling!"

"You'd absolutely no right to frighten me like that!"

She struggled to her feet. She was still hot and panting with rage. Her round, childish face was flushed, her dark grey eyes sparkled with anger although her soft mouth trembled and her knees felt like warm wax.

"What're you doing here anyway?" she demanded; charging him fiercely with "You must've climbed it through that window!"

"I did." He was standing, too, now smiling at her. "So did you for that matter!"

"That's got nothing to do with it," said Alison laughingly. He had nice teeth when he smiled and two attractive dents beside his chin.

"Do you always come in that way and then rush round screaming?" His voice was deep and tinged with suppressed laughter.

## S-MATTER POP

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Federal Planes Take the Air!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Gray Ghost's Offer!

## THE NEBBS—Queen Emma

## THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Yesterdays

By C. M. Payne

By Hal Forrest

By Edwin Alger

By Sol Hess

By Harry J. Tutthill

## BIG LINERS READY FOR WAR DUTY ON 24 HOURS' NOTICE

ABOARD S. S. SANTA ELENA EN ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA (UP)—The liner still is a lady, but she has developed an American complexion since Kipling wrote Hudson under the title of swimming pool and this week the Great Line ship's main deck is the gym, gaint platform for a six-inch rifle.

Other war fittings in this ship, and her sisters of the American merchant marine, make them far more capable of defending themselves than were the hastily-converted merchantmen of 1917.

Within 24 hours, according to Capt. W. H. Trappel, commanding the Santa Elena could be converted into a formidable auxiliary cruiser.

In American navy yards on both coasts are the six-inch guns, ready to install on the fore and aft platforms. Stored ashore too, are the anti-aircraft guns for the mounts on the bridge deck. That is the state of readiness of the lady-liners. Nearly all deck officers of this ship are naval reservists.

The speedy merchantmen are unarmored. But ships of this class, constructed under the latest navy supervision, are drilled into a series of watertight compartments, giving the hulls high torpedo resistance.

It is difficult to convince this gracious liner, with her large ports and many ventilators which fit her for tropical service, as becoming a second-line man-of-war overnight. But it is only her personal self that piles the intermarital trade lanes. Her patriotes of war are stored in naval depots, like a uniform in mothballs.

The fact that American shipping men deplore is that our merchant marine, while second in size to Britain's, is fifth in speed and eighth in age among those of other maritime powers.

Have Hudson and her sisters some delicious Double K Nuts for your next party.