

ENEMY'S KISS

SYNOPSIS: Alison Rede has gone to a country house outside London to meet her father. But the house is deserted, and Alison is suddenly confronted by a horrible creature from the past. She runs from him, and is stopped by a handsome young man with whom she has just been introduced. They have found each other. Alison cannot understand why there are not, at least, servants in the house if her father intended to meet her there.

Chapter Five ABOUT MR. REDE

BUT then the whole thing was so odd!

Why her father had first written to say that he meant to leave London and look for a house in the country, he had sketched an outline of the kind of place he wanted; had mentioned Oxfordshire as a likely spot, since his fiancée, Mrs. Summers, wanted to hunt.

A golf course not more than a few miles off, some rough shooting, a good tennis court, gardens, nothing too large but room enough to put up Alison's friends—the had read that part of the letter with a smile, for it was like her father to want everything and want it just so.

In the very first few moments inside the house, she had thought it

lonely being like himself, he was longing to meet Alison, who would be sure to love her—ten pages of his neat, sloping hand bubbling over with his new-found love.

Alison had felt rather ashamed of not sharing his delight. She had genuinely tried to feel pleased but it was too difficult. They had been so happy together; she and her father, in the holidays, had had such fun! The thought of this third person made her afraid.

What would Mrs. Summers be like? Would she understand their small jokes, their hobbies, the deep love between them—or would she try to cut in?

A widow might mean anything—forty—fifty—perhaps twenty! Her father gave her no inkling. Alison, telling herself that she was being selfish, had tried to write back warmly, and had failed. They had planned so much together for this year when she left school—and now? She had ended by sending a telegram of congratulation.

A SERIOUS and thoughtful girl older than her age, although a reticent nose and round, child-like face made her look younger, she had spent thirty-six apprehensive hours traveling from Switzerland to Dover, determined that whatever

she herself felt, she would not let it show or cloud her father's happiness.

After all, if she did not like her stepmother, it would be easy to get a job; with the allowance which her father gave her she could afford to do unpaid work for charity. She had worked herself up to a point when her love for her father had swallowed every other feeling when, dismounting in the darkness and the rain, she had stood in the porch of this house, ringing the bell.

And now. "It's funny." In those two words she framed all her doubts of the telegram, his letter and this queer arrival. Her father, who had always been so careful, even fussy, for her safety!

The man beside her had been watching her face anxiously and now he said quickly, "By the way, I looked up in the attic while you were in the bath. If your friend the beauty champion's up there he must be hiding in the water tank and laying up enough pneumonia to keep him quiet for months."

"I don't understand it," Alison was frowning. "He must be hiding somewhere in the house. . . ."

"Assuming that you really saw him."

"Oh, I did! He kept shoving against the door, trying to get in! Besides I couldn't have imagined anything so—so beastly!"

The young man frowned. "Hm. Well, he's not in this house now. We've been over every inch of it, haven't we?"

"Well then, obviously, he's gone. You'll admit that."

He was arguing with her fears gently, as one reasons with a child. "Yes, but I saw him."

"The young man's eyes twinkled. "You passed out, you know, for about two minutes and I was pretty busy bringing you round. You also let out a yell that was enough to scare the dead. Sorry, but you know what I mean. Don't you think your friend may've taken the hint and cleared?"

Alison doubts, tomorrow, her resolver.

\$2.25 DIVIDEND ON PHONE STOCK

NEW YORK, May 16.—(AP)—The American Telephone & Telegraph Co. today authorized the usual quarterly dividend of \$2.25 on the capital stock. The distribution will amount to nearly \$42,000,000.

The dividend is payable July 15 to stock of record June 15.

While the company's income has continued insufficient to meet the requirements for the \$9 annual dividend, financial quarters had been reasonably confident that the regular payments would be ordered. This expectation rested upon the company's steady gain in new telephones installed during the past year, in harmony with the general recovery trend.

For the quarter ended March 31 net income was \$30,097,288, equivalent to \$1.61 a share, this compared with \$32,992,340 or \$1.77 a share in the first quarter last year. Increased labor and operating costs counteracted a considerable part of the gain in business.

CHIEF CLERK OUSTED BY GAME COMMISSION

PORTLAND, Ore., May 16.—(UP)—Harvey Moreland, chief clerk for the Oregon game commission for 17 years, was removed at a secret meeting, Commissioner Lew Wallace revealed today.

Wallace said the dismissal was no reflection on Moreland's service, but the commission decided to employ a chief clerk familiar with a new accounting system now being installed.

Salem Chain Mail Exchange Closed By Police Order

SALEM, May 16.—(AP)—A "mutual chain letter exchange" which opened here yesterday ran head-on into the police department and was forced to close after sales had been made to only a few customers.

Three long lines of would-be customers had gathered before the building as Chief of Police Frank A. Minto arrived and closed the shop on the basis he "considered it a lottery." A sign reading "legal holiday" was posted on the door by the proprietor.

District Attorney William H. Trindle backed up the chief by declaring, "there'll be none of these outfits open in Salem if I have anything to say."

REAPPOINT SEMON K. F. LEGISLATOR

KLAMATH FALLS, May 16.—(AP)—Henry Semon, prominent Klamath county farmer and Democrat, was appointed today to succeed himself as state representative from Klamath county. The three members of the county court acted unanimously.

Semon, chairman of the house ways and means committee, was disqualified recently by a ruling of the attorney general. The legislator made himself eligible for reelection by resigning his position as member of the state board of agriculture.

This is his second term in the house.

COURT UNSCRAMBLES SCRAMBLED SCRAMS

LOS ANGELES, May 16.—(UP)—Whenever Egbert Scram got the urge to scam, he scrambled—and he got the urge about twice a month. Mrs. Irene Scram testified today in divorce hearing. She said that scrambled the Scrams' domestic bliss, so Judge Parker Wood unscrambled them.

'TRIGAMY' JUSTIFIES ANNULING MARRIAGE

LOS ANGELES, May 16.—(UP)—Mrs. Mable Johns sought annulment of her marriage to Vernon Johns on the grounds he already had two other wives, and was serving a term in San Quentin prison for having them. "Trigamy, eh?" Judge Leon B. Yankwich said. "Annulment granted. He's only a bigamist now."

BAPTISTS OF OREGON SELECT NEW LEADERS

PENDLETON, Ore., May 16.—(AP)—Dr. H. J. Maulsbach, Portland, today was elected president of the Oregon council of Baptist men at the annual convention here. Dr. Maulsbach is the retiring president of the Oregon Baptist association.

The Rev. Fred Greene, Milton, was chosen president of the Baptist Ministers' association.

Mrs. H. M. Sherwood, Portland, was re-elected president of the Baptist women's state society.

CHAIR CLIMBING



TELLS JUNIOR NO, HE CAN'T GET UP IN HIS LAP, DADDY WANTS TO READ HIS NEW BOOK.

BECOMES UNEASILY AWARE THAT JUNIOR IS CLIMBING UP ON CHAIR, BUT DECIDES TO PAY NO ATTENTION TO HIM.

DECISION TO PAY NO ATTENTION IS FRUSTRATED BY JUNIOR'S MAKING A PASS AT THE BOOK TO SEE IF THERE ARE PICTURES.

SEES JUNIOR DOWN AND RETURNS TO BOOK. GETS A KICK BEHIND EAR AS JUNIOR, WITH A TRIUMPHANT "LOOK, DADDY" CLIMBS UP BACK OF CHAIR.

JUNIOR FORBIDDEN TO CLIMB ANY MORE, GRASPS ARM OF CHAIR AND ROCKS BACK AND FORTH, SHAKING CHAIR AND ASKING QUESTIONS.

PUGS BOOK DOWN AND PICKS JUNIOR UP IN LAP AS HE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN HE'D HAVE TO DO ANYWAY.

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The chauffeur objected to the lonely drive.

strange that he should take anything quite so small, so dingy and shabbily furnished, for Robert Rede, if not rich in the sense of millions, was comfortably wealthy and Alison's home in London was big, well-furnished and well-run.

Travel, good hotels, a good cook and a good school for his only child—her father had never statted himself in any of these ways and Alison had wondered as she flashed her torch into room after room whether this lonely little old house up on the Sussex Downs had been chosen for him by the stepmother-to-be whom she had never met.

If so, she thought, her father would be terribly disappointed! He had always been fussy about details and by no stretch of imagination could the girl conceive his liking this house or coming here to picnic in it all alone.

Very odd; yet the telegram that she had received only a few minutes before leaving her school in Lausanne had been perfectly clear.

"CANNOT meet you as arranged. Come direct the Croft House, Warley, Sussex, not later than eleven. If I am late, wait there for me, Father."

Alison wished now that she had kept the wire instead of tearing it up. Her boat did not get into Dover until eight; by catching the very next train, she reached Warley by 10:35.

The chauffeur of the car which she hired at the station did not know her father's name but seemed to know the house quite well, and spoke of it as having been sold recently; but the man had made rather a fuss over the six-mile drive so late at night and had dumped Alison's luggage in the porch silently, without waiting to see her inside the house before he started up and drove away.

All very strange and very disturbing. But then she had been disturbed too by the news contained in her father's long letter, which had come two days before that cryptic telegram.

Engaged to a widow whom he had met out in the south of France, the most charming, the most sympathetic person he had ever met! A

she herself felt, she would not let it show or cloud her father's happiness.

After all, if she did not like her stepmother, it would be easy to get a job; with the allowance which her father gave her she could afford to do unpaid work for charity. She had worked herself up to a point when her love for her father had swallowed every other feeling when, dismounting in the darkness and the rain, she had stood in the porch of this house, ringing the bell.

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SMATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Sentenced to Death!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Off for the Canyon!



THE NEBBS—Pay Day



THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Ah Ha!



'NEW DAY' NEEDED IN WILLAMETTE VALLEY WOOL, MOHAIR DEALER LICENSING PROPOSED

SALEM, May 16.—(AP)—What the Willamette valley needs is "a new day." C. E. Williamson of Albany told a group of 200 valley residents at a meeting of the Greater Willamette Valley association here last night.

"We need to break down selfishness, we need to become neighbors and to work untidily for the improvement of our great state," Williamson continued. "We must increase the number of men in Oregon engaged in wealth-creating work. We can cut up our farms into smaller tracts and make the land more productive than it has been in the past."

Insect pests that attack forest trees in large numbers are a great help to the spread of forest fires.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—(AP)—The farm administration announced today hearings will be held starting July 2 on a proposed license for dealers in wool and mohair to become effective January 1, 1936.

The license would be designed solely for supervising trade practices and selling charges and would provide for an advisory committee composed of five grower-members elected by production districts and four dealer-members chosen at a general election. Secretary Wallace would appoint an administrator and the farm administration would bear administration costs.

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