

ENEMY'S KISS

SYNOPSIS: Allison Rede has come to a lonely house in Suzez in response to a telegram ostensibly from her father. But her father does not meet her; instead she is frightened by a horrible hairless man, and acted by another and very personable man. But neither can explain why Allison's father should neither have met her nor have let her know why. Although in the back of Allison's mind is the fact that her father is about to return.

Chapter Seven MYSTERY DEEPENS

Allison abandoned the argument. She said defiantly, "I'm going to Warley now, to telephone."

"I think not."

"Who's going to stop me?" She had a small round chin and she stuck it out firmly.

"I am. You're under orders." He said it good-humoredly, his eyes twinkling, but there was a faint, steady infection in his voice. "And you're going to do what you're told. You're just had a bad shock. You're not fit to trudge six miles in the rain at this time of night. You're going to lie down here while I go into Warley."

"I'd really rather go with you!" The thought of renewing her vigil in the house shook Allison completely.

"You won't be alone." He strode across to the window and flung it open, leaning out, gave a shrill whistle. Something large and white flashed up from the wet darkness outside and, bending, he pulled up over the sill a very large, wet, white bulldog.

"Oh!" Allison stared at the dog which was leaping excitedly up on its master and spattering drops across the kitchen from its thrashing body and tail. A dog superbly ugly with a tan patch over one eye.

"Down, down, there! Meet Gaffe. We call him that because his manners are so bad." He forced the dog down and made it lift one paw. But Allison was not looking at the dog. She had gone white.

"Was he out there—all the time?"

"Yes. I left him on guard. Why?"

"D-don't you see? You said the thing I saw got out of the pantry window—"

"Yes?"

"If that's true, why didn't Gaffe get him?"

"That's certainly a point."

There was no laughter now. They were both serious as they stood facing one another.

"But we've searched the house!"

"I know."

"But the doors were all locked inside, and the windows."

"That's just it."

"You—you don't think Gaffe would have missed him?" she asked almost hopefully; the notion of that grey face hiding now in some dark corner, waiting, was too horrible.

"No, I don't." Gaffe's master was decisive. "But I don't believe in ghosts either."

"Then you mean?"

"There's some other way in and out, that's all..."

"I'm not going to stay here alone!"

"No, you can't do that," he agreed at once. "But you can't walk six miles either, in this storm." He shut the window slowly, frowning. "Do many people know your father?"

"No. No one. Except my father."

He nodded. "You don't know any one round about?"

"No, you see—Breathlessly Allison plunged into her story. He listened until she had quite finished, watching her with a rather intent gaze.

"I see," he said at last. "Then you haven't a notion why your father asked you to come?"

"I simply can't imagine!"

"It's odd—"

"Isn't it?"

"You don't think it's even the sort of house he'd be likely to take?"

"No, I don't!"

He pondered a minute. When he spoke again, the question startled Allison.

"morning without luggage, can we?" "I suppose not."

"THEN there's only one thing to be done," he was brisk now. "There's a perfectly good bedroom upstairs and you're going to use it. Now don't look at me like that! You'll be quite safe. You're going to lock the door inside and take Gaffe with you. I don't care what you saw. If Gaffe once gets his teeth into it that'll be that. I'll wait down here and explain to your father when he comes."

"But—" she began.

"Not but." He was smiling.



He pulled up a large wet bulldog.

"There's no 'but' about it at all. I'm not going to leave you to sit up alone with that!" declared Allison.

He laughed softly. "My dear girl, I don't mind little Herbert!"

"You haven't seen him!" she retorted.

By way of answer he took her firmly by one elbow and led her towards the door.

"You've got Gaffe," he said, "and if little Herbert's human, God help him, that's all I'll be awake and listening if you call. Personally, I'm non-psychic, ghost-proof and impervious to suggestion, so don't worry about me! The thing for you to do is get straight off to sleep. You're dead tired and you're shivering."

"I'm not, only—"

"Only the thought that little Herbert may be lurking about gives you the jimjams!" he guessed.

"Madam, by tomorrow morning, either Gaffe or I will have laid little Herbert permanently, we'll bring you the remains with morning tea. In the meantime, you're going to try and get some sleep."

"But—I don't see why you should. I mean I can sit up all night—there's no reason why you should do all this for me!"

"Oh, I'm used to it." He added rather quickly. "Let me see you get into that room and lock the door the way I show you. Is there a key?"

"They're all in the pantry."

She let him pick out the right key, lead the way upstairs, flung into the lock on the inside and made sure that there was no sign of any grey-faced ghost inside the room, carefully.

(Copyright, 1935, Evelyn M. Wood)

Allison learns, tomorrow, a startling fact about Guy.

FINAL HONOR PAID JOSEPH PILSUDSKI IN WARSAW RITES

WARSAW, May 18.—(AP)—Poland today paid final tribute to the man many called the greatest of modern Poles, Marshal Joseph Pilsudski.

A distinguished gathering of Polish and foreign notables packed St. John's cathedral for funeral services while outside humbler admirers of the dead dictator waited in close pressed throngs in the vain hope of viewing his body.

Several incursions suffered broken arms in the tremendous crush outside the cathedral where Pilsudski's body lay in state. Many others fainted or suffered minor injuries. Despite steady rain, it was estimated 30,000 persons had come to Warsaw from the provinces.

Church bells tolled mournfully throughout the republic at the hour set for the funeral services and members of Pilsudski's family, President Ignace Moscicki, cabinet ministers, representatives of foreign governments and others filed into the cathedral.

SILVERTON, Ore., May 18.—(AP)—Twenty men became affiliated with the local unit of the Sawmill and Timber Workers' union here last night, under the direction of Portland organizers. Of the 250 lumber workers in this area, 40 attended the meeting.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

COMMITTEE OKEHS SOCIAL SECURITY

WASHINGTON, May 18.—(AP)—The administration's social security bill was approved today by the senate finance committee with two major additions to the form in which it passed the house.

The measure, a vital part of the administration's legislative program, was reported by the committee with a second vote after attempts to modify it or separate it into several bills were rejected.

Approval of the bill left only the omnibus bank bill, among the major administration measures, still in a senate committee.

All of the major provisions of the house bill were approved by the senate committee and it added:

1. A voluntary annuity system by which workers could provide up to \$100 a month for their old age.

2. Federal aid to the needy blind up to \$15 a month to be matched by the states.

Read the Mail Tribune classified ads.

3 FIREMEN PERISH RESCUING INMATES CANADA CONVENT

JOULETTE, Que., May 18.—(AP)—Three firemen lost their lives today as they fought flames that destroyed the Convent of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame here.

An aged nun, Sister Ste. Elaine Desseurs, 75, died of heart failure shortly after the fire broke out in the kitchen of the convent.

All other occupants, children, 50 aged pensioners and 80 nuns, escaped. Firemen led them to safety.

The blaze broke out in the early morning and spread rapidly through the structure. Calls for help were sent out to surrounding communities. Several fire trucks started from Montreal, 40 miles southwest.

When the alarm sounded, the nuns snatched the sleeping children from their beds and hurried them to safety.

Read the Mail Tribune classified ads.

THE SEAT CHANGER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

FAMILY STARTS OUT CHEERILY FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOON DRIVE

WIFE BEGINS TO INSIST THAT GRANDMA CHANGE SEATS WITH HER BECAUSE IT'S DUSTIER BACK THERE

IN SPIKE OF GRANDMA'S PROTESTS CAR IS STOPPED AND SEATS ARE CHANGED

MOVES IN BETWEEN THE CHILDREN WHO CONTINUE BICKERING ACROSS HER

STOPS CAR AGAIN BECAUSE SHE THINKS THREE ON FRONT SEAT CROWDS GRANDMA

MOVES GRANDMA ONTO BACK SEAT AGAIN, EVERYBODY BEING PRETTY TIRED BY NOW

5-18 (Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

S-MATTER POP—

"SMATTER, POP?"

"TRYIN' TO SEWA A BUTTON ON MY SHIRT!"

"WELL, CANT YOU DO IT?"

"CANT FIND A BUTTON!"

"MY LAST CLEAN SHIRT, TOO!"

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Gomez Makes a Proposition

ORDERLY! ORDERLY! WATER—FRONTO! CANOZAS—NOMBRE DEL DIABLO! WHERE IS THAT FIG OF AN ORDERLY?"

"YOU ARE IN EL FELIZ—WHERE YOU SHALL STAY, UNTIL YOUR PADRE ADVOCATES AS PRESIDENTE OF NAZIL!"

"WHERE AM I—WHAT?"

"YOU DO NOT KNOW (I) PADRE SOON HE SHALL SEND AERO-PLANES TO—"

"HOW INTERESTING! SO EL PRESIDENTE HAS—PLANE—HOW MANY?"

"YOU—YOU—SHALL SEE—VERY SOON—"

"DOLORES, EL LIBERATOR THINKS HE WILL BE THE NEXT PRESIDENT—BUT IT IS I WHO SHALL OCCUPY THAT POSITION—MARRY ME AND I SHALL SAVE YOUR PADRE FROM THE FIRING SQUAD!"

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—"Target Practice"

"THAT BULLET CAME FROM ABOVE, BEN, AN' BE DAD I'M THINKIN' IT'S A WARNIN' TO STAY AWAY FROM THE RAW BEEF OUT YONDER."

"RIFLE BULLET, ILL BET! GOSH, YOUVE HAD A NARROW ESCAPE, LUKE!"

"THE SHOT CAME FROM UP THERE—I AM GOING TO TAKE A PEEK—"

"HERE, PUT YOUR KELLY ON THIS AND TRY IT FIRST—"

"WOW! SOME SHOT!"

"THAT BIRD MEANS BUSINESS!"

THE NEBBS—Good-Bye

"MR NEBS, WERE GOING— OUR TRIP HERE WAS A PLEASANT JOURNEY AFTER ALL AND I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU FOR LOOKING AFTER MY DAUGHTER"

"LISTEN, SHE DOESNT NEED ANY LOOKING AFTER— SHE'S THE MOST SELF-RELIANT GIRL I EVER KNEW— SHE HIRED HERSELF HERE AND DID A FINE JOB"

"SHE PUT EVERYBODY ON THEIR TOES— THE ONLY PART OF THIS HOTEL SHE DIDNT REVAMP WAS OUR KITCHEN AND YOU'LL ADMIT THE FOOD IS— GOOD"

"GOOD HECK, IT'S PERFECT! IF IT'S A MAN WHO DOES YOUR COOKING ASK HIM IF HE WANTS A JOB— IF IT'S A WOMAN, ASK HER IF SHE'D LIKE TO GET MARRIED"

THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Oh, Hello!

Those Bungles! Ah, I remember that outfit! And this fellow leaving my sister, his wife and a lovely daughter for weeks with a rogue like Sierr!

As I say, chief, I know the colonel and I feel sure.

Josephine, how did it happen? you who were always so level-headed, marrying one of those small-fry Bungles!

Oh, George has done all right. I'll admit I haven't seen him for weeks, but we lost track of you for years, Ches.

Hum hum, I see the years haven't cooled your temper much, Josephine.

Well, Ches, I hate to have any-one try to walk on me and—

What's that?

Someone calling.

It's— By jove, it's Dad at last!

Oh, George!

HEY! Inside! Oh Sierr! It's me! Open up quickly!

NEIGHBOR CAT IS DOG'S BEST ALIBI

PORTLAND, Ore., May 18.—(AP)—District Judge Woodley yesterday decided that if a neighbor woman who owns a cat says a dog is not vicious, then that dog certainly must not be so bad after all. For that reason, and because several young playmates testified in court that the dog under discussion was a "fine fellow," the judge decided Pat, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Phil Reynolds, was possibly unjustly accused, and threw the case against him out of court.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Higgins had sued Reynolds for \$700, charging that Pat had jumped upon their 9-year-old daughter, Dorothy May, knocking her down and injuring her.

TEACHER IS FIRED; STUDENTS STRIKE

NAPA, Calif., May 18.—(AP)—Five hundred of Napa high school's 800 students declared a "strike" today, staying away from their classes in protest against dismissal of David L. Harns, music teacher.

Carrying banners and placards calling for reinstatement of Harns, the truants formed a line of march and paraded noisily about the town, stopping for "demonstrations" before offices of two members of the board of trustees who previously opposed rehiring of Harns Monday night.

The board announced Harns would not be employed again next year because curricular budgets necessitated a slash in the music department.

By C. M. Payne

"GOTTA BUTTON-HOLE BUT NO BUTTON—WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?"

"THERE YOU ARE!"

"SEW THE T-BUTTON-HOLE SHUT, POP?"

By Hal Forrest

"YOU DON'T KNOW (I) PADRE SOON HE SHALL SEND AERO-PLANES TO—"

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