

# ENEMY'S KISS



**SYNOPSIS:** Guy Western has rescued Allison Rede from a dangerous situation in an empty house on the Sussex downs. They are driving back to London together and Allison is telling Guy how strange it is that her father who is rather "rusty," failed to meet her at the Sussex house. Allison likes Guy, but thinks it remarkable that he should have been so consistently at hand. Meanwhile a moving van arrives at the house and a woman appears to direct the movers. She points to a desk that has been tampered with.

## Chapter 12 THE CELLAR

"LOOK at that!" said the woman. The foreman fingered all the desk drawers in turn, doubtfully. "Looks as if someone's been at them," he admitted reluctantly. Then with great emphasis, "Me and my mates can't be responsible for this. We couldn't get into the ouse."

"Oh, I'm not blaming you," agreed the lady carelessly. She left the man there and went on into the pantry, down the passage into the kitchen. In the doorway she stopped, frowning.

On the deal table stood a brown teapot, two dirty cups, two plates which bore the traces of recent egg and bacon. A brand-new, shining tin kettle sat on the oil-stove.

She picked it up and stared at it, a sharp-cut line between her thin, plucked eyebrows. Her tongue slid out and wet her painted lips. She put one pale, well-manicured hand against the side of the kettle but, being empty, it was cold.

Her eyes—dark, round and set rather too near a big nose—grew very thoughtful as they rested on a frying-pan which contained a circle of cold bacon fat and two bright spots of egg. With her thin, crooked mouth compressed hard, she turned away and went quickly down the seven steps leading into the cellar.

She turned the key, went in, walked through it, first turning on the main switch, then all the lights one by one. In the farthest cellar, by the fallen roll of linoleum, she stopped.

For a moment she stood staring into the recess, her face blanched, a picture of surprise and consternation, horror and fear. Twice she bent forward, as if she doubted her own eyes.

Then, slowly, her expression changed. Her eyes grew thoughtful, her long fingers tapped impatiently against her hip. Suddenly, like a person who has made up her mind, she laid down the bag and gloves which she held and got to work.

Four minutes later, pale and panting as if unaccustomed to taking heavy exercise, she stood back and dusted her hands and dress particularly carefully, looking back the while over her shoulder as if afraid that someone might come and find her there. Then, very quietly and swiftly, she ran back on tip-toe through the cellars, switching off the lights and locking the door.

She had gained the drawing room again when the mover, seeing her standing by the desk, touched his forelock and asked, "Nothing else there but what's in these rooms and upstairs, madam? Anything to clear outside or down below?"

"Nothing," said the lady. "There are one or two things in the ouse, I think, but I'm leaving those for the new tenant to take over."

"Then we'll get on with it," agreed the man.

"Yes," she had turned away before she added, "I shall have to run into Wexley, but I'll be back before you've done."

By the gate, she paused to slip the big key of the cellar furtively into her bag; then she went out and got into her red runabout. There were two spots of bright pink color in her thin, sallow cheeks, and her dark eyes smoldered as she started up the car and drove away.

"THIS is it." Allison held out her hand and they drew in towards the curb before No. 712 Chester Square.

It was a tall house, one of those solid seven-story houses which were built in the days when money and labor were plentiful. Some of the other houses had been converted into flats, but No. 712 still had kept its air of prosperous comfort, its tiled entrance made gay by bay trees in bright metal-bound tubs, its paint-work spotless and its door adorned with labor-making, brilliantly kept brass.

Guy Western looked up at the house with a dubious expression as he asked, "You live here?" "Yes," Allison waved her hand. "There's my father."

Robert Rede, standing at the library window which overlooked the road, had seen her, and came hurrying down the steps.

"Allison!" He caught both the girl's hands. "I got your message as soon as I got back. I'd been down to Scotland Yard! My dear child, what has happened?" He looked anxiously from his daughter to the large young man who stood waiting behind her. "Come in! Come in! You've given me the most appalling fright! I met the train last night and you weren't on it, and I walked on the off-chance that you'd missed it and then rang up Dover and got on to the police and called to Laurence and Lord knows what! I was just off myself to Dover, if you hadn't rung up!"

Talking, they were already in the house, Robert Rede leading the way, his dumpy, upright figure agitated, his small grey moustache bristling, his hair ruffled and his face haggard. If anything could have impressed Allison with her father's anxiety it was the sight of his crumpled trousers, his coat which bagged, the soiled blue collar worn with the awry and his unshaven chin. At all times a dapper little man, he looked now as though he had been put through the mangle in his clothes.

"My dear, I got your wire and've been waiting for you all night, at the Croft House, Wexley," she stated, kissing him warmly. "The Croft which?"

"The Croft House, Wexley, Sussex. I'd a wire from you asking me to meet you there at eleven last night. My boat got in at eight, so I had just time to catch the next train to Wexley and I hired a car and drove out there."

"But I've never heard of the place!" Major Rede's weathered face flushed with indignation. "It's these confounded fools at the telegraph office! Must've got two wires mixed up. I wired to you that I couldn't meet the boat and would be at Victoria at eleven."

"YOU POOR darling" Allison, in her sympathy, forgot her own distress. "You must've been distracted!"

"I was. I tell you, I've been on to Scotland Yard half the night!" He wrinkled up his round and pleasant face in laughter as he turned to Guy. "Only got one daughter and I can't afford to lose her. I thought she must've had some awful accident. I never trust French trains."

Allison smiled at her companion. "This is Mr. Western, father, who's been a perfect lamb and helped me through."

Major Rede extended a dry, elderly hand and grasped the young man's, wringing it hard. "Well, you must tell me all about it. You've had breakfast, of course?"

"Yes," they both smiled at that memory. Allison added, "But I had to stay the night in an empty house and what I want most at the moment is a bath and a change. If you'll look after Mr. Western."

Guy intervened hastily. "Oh, I'll get home, thanks." "Stay and have a drink. Stay and have a glass of sherry!" Major Rede nodded at his butler who was hovering in the background. "Get some sherry, Porter. Yes, yes, you must."

He almost drove the young man before him into the library, linking his arm in Allison's and sneezing it as though the mere sight of her safe and sound was too precious to be lost.

Guy's protests were lost in a flood of insistence; Allison's plea at least to be allowed to go and powder her nose was vetoed.

"Powder! What do you want with powder at your age? She doesn't need it, does she? Come on, you must be dead, my dear. A glass of sherry'll do you a world of good!"

The sherry, served in tall Venetian glasses, was very good and very dry; if neither Allison nor Guy Western needed it, the elder man did. His color began to return, his wearied eyes to brighten. He listened in horror to Allison's very carefully pruned account of her adventure, which touched only very lightly on her fright in the bathroom, while it emphasized Guy's part and Gaffe's guardianship, and glided diplomatically past the fact that Guy had stayed there all night long.

"Lucky thing you turned up," he judged. "She might've got killed. I shall write to the telegraph office and complain. I shall raise hell until I find out who's responsible. Sending a young girl off like that in the middle of the night!" His final snort was quenched in dry sherry.

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Monday Allison looks up Guy—and doesn't find him.

## FEAR CITIES WILL PLEAD POVERTY TO EVADE DEBTS

WASHINGTON, May 20.—(AP)—A vision of cities throughout the land hastening to "take a sort of figurative pauper's oath" so they could claim outright donations from the \$4,000,000,000 work relief fund caused concern in some government quarters today.

They expressed worry lest individuals as well as cities, rush to declare themselves poor. Officials were seeking to work out methods of preventing such a stampede.

The Roosevelt administration has laid down the policy that fairly prosperous cities must repay a substantial share of the money spent on projects, while cities that have no borrowing power left are to receive 100 per cent grants; that is, gifts.

An official who would not permit use of his name for publication, said that "obviously one city will protest having to pay back some of the money, while another doesn't."

A somewhat similar policy has been laid down for individuals. In general, it has been said, unemployed persons not on relief rolls will not be given direct work on the government financed projects. Officials, however, have expressed hope they will be absorbed into jobs with concerns supplying materials and equipment.

## CHRISTIAN'S HERITAGE TOPIC OF WEATHERFORD FROM CHURCH PULPIT

Fred M. Weatherford, pastor-evangelist, in speaking from the Church of the Nazarene pulpit Sunday morning on the topic, "The Wealth of a Christian's Heritage," drew his text from second Cor. 8:9: "For you know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."

"Christianity is of such priceless worth, because of the divine investment. Christ invested all he had by His supreme sacrifice, in order to make available to every applicant a block of Christian stock.

"The offer is conditioned upon confession of moral bankruptcy and a declaration of faith in the merits of the stock offered."

Auto Mark Broken

INDIANAPOLIS, May 20.—(AP)—Rex Mays, 23-year old Los Angeles driver, cracked the track record in qualifying his car today for the annual 500 mile Memorial day race at the Indianapolis motor speedway. His average for the 25-mile qualifying sprint was 120.736 miles per hour.

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WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

than the treasures in Egypt. Paul laid such value to his Christian experience that he said: 'I count all things but lost for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things. . . that I may win Christ.'

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## "LOOK, DADDY!"

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

IS DISAPPOINTED BECAUSE FATHER WANTS TO READ HIS BOOK INSTEAD OF PLAYING WITH HIM

SAYS WELL, WILL HE JUST STOP READING A MINUTE TO WATCH HIM TURN A SOMERSAULT? HERE GOES!

TURNS MORE OR LESS OF A SOMERSAULT AND SAYS IN AGGRIEVED TONE HE WASN'T LOOKING

AFTER BRIEF ARGUMENT WHETHER OR NOT FATHER WAS LOOKING, SAYS 'LOOK, DADDY!' NOW HE'LL DO IT OVER!

FATHER REMARKS THAT WAS FINE AND TRIES TO GET BACK TO HIS BOOK

SAYS HE HAS LEARNED TO STAND ON HIS HEAD TOO. "WATCH, DADDY."

STANDS ON HEAD, LEGS WAVING AND ASKING STEADILY IS DADDY LOOKING, UNTIL HE FINALLY CRUMPLES

SAYS HE KNOWS ANOTHER TRICK, NOW LOOK, DADDY! FATHER, SIGHING, DECIDES HE MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP IDEA OF READING.

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## S-MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne

YOW, YOW, YOW!

HIT A FELLA SMALLER THAN YOURSELF, HUH?

I'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN, POP!

I'LL TEACH YOU HOW TO HIT A FELLA SMALLER THAN YOURSELF!

WHY DONCHA SOCKUM, POP?

JUST A MOMENT, THERE'S A SLIGHT INCONSISTENCY HERE!

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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Waiting for Rawn—And Death!

By Hal Forrest

BETTY HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY JOSE JOLLA, CHIEF OF REBEL AIR FORCE—TOMMY IS DOOMED TO DIE AT SUNRISE WITH BILL M'GUIRE! SKEETS AND EL ZORRO ARE RIDING TOWARD EL FELIZ, WHERE THEY BELIEVE TOMMY IS A PRISONER—MEANWHILE—LET US PEER INTO A CELL AT SANTOS CALIENTE—

TOUGH LUCK, BILL! SORRY I GOT YOU INTO THIS MESS—

AW—FORGET IT, KID! YOU TRIED YOUR BEST TO GET ME OUTA IT, DIDN'T YOU?

SAY! I ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT SKEETS—MAYBE HE REACHED DEL NORTE—AND FOUND THE AMERICAN CONSUL—

NOT A CHANCE, TAILSPIN! EVEN IF TH' CONSUL SHOULD HOLLER, WE'VE VIOLATED OUR NEUTRALITY, ACCORDIN TO EL LIB—WE'RE GONE GOOSELINS—

MEANWHILE—A PLANE ROARS THROUGH THE NIGHT TOWARD SANTOS CALIENTE—IF TOMMY COULD SEE ITS GRIM-FACED PILOT—HE WOULD BE GREATLY SURPRISED—(CONTINUED)

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## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Returning the Compliment!

By Edwin Allen

SAY, BEN, OLD GUY SHOT HARRY UP ABOVE HAS US DEAD TO RIGHTS—OUR NAGS IS SCARED AWAY AN' WITHOUT US SEEIN' HIM, HE CAN EDGE AROUND AN' POT US ALL!

HERE, TRY THE HAT ON THE STICK AGAIN AND MAYBE I CAN SEE SOMETHING WHILE YOU'RE DOING IT—

TRYN' SOME MORE SNOOPIN', EN? WELL, TAKE THAT FOR ANOTHER WARNIN'!

WHY, I'M A SON OF A SEA COOK! THEY'RE FIRIN' AT ME! THAT WAS A SPENT BULLET WHAT JEST SWACKED ME!

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## THE NEBES—Uncle Rudy

By Sol Heest

WELL, IT WON'T BE LONG NOW—YOU TWO HONEY-MOONERS WILL LEAVE HERE AND THEN NORTHVILLE WILL BE JUST A MEMORY.

NO INDEED WE'LL NEVER FORGET NORTHVILLE AND YOU'RE ALWAYS GOING TO BE UNCLE RUDY TO ME.

YES, UNCLE RUDY, WE'RE COMING HERE AT LEAST ONCE A YEAR—NORTHVILLE AND YOU WILL ALWAYS BE ENTAINED IN THE TENDEREST MEMORIES OF OUR LIVES.

AND WHEN WE GET LOCATED, YOU JUST HAVE TO BRING YOUR SWEET WIFE UP AND SPEND A WEEK WITH US—FOR A POSTAGE STAMP AND I'M STILL PAYING RETAIL PRICES FOR THEM.

WELL, WHEN YOU KIDS COME DOWN TO VISIT UNCLE RUDY, THE BEST YOU GET IS THE BEST WE GOT, AND YOU CAN'T EVEN PAY—

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## THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Let Go!

By Harry J. Tutthill

George! Oh, I was so worried about you. You look so tired and your clothes are all torn. How?

It's a long story, Jo, and hello, Peet.

Oh, Dad, we're so glad to see you. Where?

For 2-3-4 days I climbed through so many trees that I feel like a squirrel and—Why, what's this?

Hartford Oakdale! Here to the rescue!

Yes, colonel, ready for duty.

And George, here's my brother Ches.

Ches! Good old Ches! So glad to see you.

Kindly remove your paws off of me, Bungle, until after you've explained why you left my sister unprotected for weeks.

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## NAZARENE GROUP TO ANNUAL MEET

A group of elected delegates numbering seven left Medford from the Church of the Nazarene this morning to attend the annual district assembly of the denomination to be held at Olympia, Washington. The group going includes Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. Weatherford, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Kornstad, Mrs. Ella Herman, Mrs. J. A. Jennings and Mrs. Orpha Beer.

The assembly presided over by Dr. James B. Chapman, general superintendent, comprises representatives from all of western Oregon, western Washington and that area of Canada including Vancouver, B. C.

The local delegation will carry with them a report bearing the greatest numerical growth of any year during the history of the church, having made fifty-seven accessions.

## TENNIS QUEENS TO RENEW RIVALRIES

NEW YORK, May 20.—(AP)—If Helen Wills Moody goes through with her suddenly-formed plan to return to competition in the Wimbledon tennis championships this summer she will pave the way for a renewal of rivalry with Helen Hull Jacobs.

Miss Jacobs, the successor to Mrs. Moody as American tennis queen and winner of the national title for the past three years, is now abroad. She has been playing on the Histers and will compete at Wimbledon, where she was twice turned back by Mrs. Moody in the final round of the women's singles.

New Pension Bill

WASHINGTON, May 20.—(AP)—Congress had a new railroad pension bill before it today as a substitute for the law voided by the supreme court.