

ENEMY'S KISS

Ed. Note: Because of a mix-up in this week's installments of the serial "Enemy's Kiss," chapter eight, which should have appeared Monday, is published today. Subsequent chapters will appear in their regular order.

SYNOPSIS: Alison Rede goes to a lonely house in Sussex to meet her father. But her father is not there; instead she is frightened by a horrible, hairless man, and rescued by a second stranger, who is pleasant and gives her some Guy Western. Guy insists that she lock the bedroom door behind her and rest, with his dog Gaffie to guard her, while he scurries downstairs for her father—off for the dawn.

Chapter Eight THE INITIALS

ALISON turned the key in the lock; there were no blankets on the bed, and she did not undress but took off her blouse and skirt, her shoes and stockings and piled all four of the pillows in their grey ticking under her head.

The room, small and square was furnished in a strange, old-fashioned way, with heavy pieces of satinwood all to match, and an engraving of Queen Victoria's coronation occupying the place of honor over the mantelpiece.

Alison, used to the fresh, modern rooms at school or to her own luxurious room in London found it queer, as she settled down under the coat—as queer as the thought that she should be going to bed in a strange house, with a strange dog by her side and an unknown young man for her sole company.

Queer and, in spite of her anxiety for her father, just a little thrilling.

She had never had any adventure before in her life; her days had had an ordered smoothness, almost dullness, and even her travelling had been done in comfort, either with her father or someone to meet her and to see her off. She wondered what her father would say to it when he did come. And she thought of Guy Western with growing approval.

He was nice; she liked the way he spoke, the rather firm, deep voice—refreshing after a year abroad and the excitable tones of foreigners!

Alison, curling sleepily down under her thick coat, thought "I do like him, Guy Western. Guy's nice. He looks like that somehow. Not like Bob or Charles—or even like Phillip or John—Western. I wonder how he spells it—e, r, n, or u, r, n."

She felt Gaffie's tail thump and put down a hand to pat him; the big dog wriggled ingratiatingly up, snuggled against her and sweeping a large red tongue across her hand. Blinking down at him, Alison noticed his collar and, in a spasm of curiosity, leaned over to read the brass tab.

"Gaffie"—then two initials and a telephone number.

Only the initials were G. L.

The man who had left her went slowly downstairs and through the empty house, listening intently, looking into every corner as he went. But there was no sound. He opened the drawing room door, walked across and drew the curtains, then sitting at the desk, tried the top drawer of three. It was locked.

He sighed. He took out a penknife, slid it in between the drawer and the desk, and began steadily and with an increasing pressure, to force open the lock.

ALISON woke with a start. For a moment it seemed to her dazed mind that she was back in the train with the steady beat of wheels under her ear. The next she met two imporing dark eyes fixed on her, and located the beating noise as the thrashing of Gaffie's thick tail on the bare boards.

At the sleepy invitation of her extended hand, the dog jumped on the bed, wriggling delightedly and asking her in the clear language which all nice dogs use to wake up and take some notice.

Alison sat up. The rain had stopped; pale wintry sunlight was leaking through the wooden slats of the green blind and she had the impression which sometimes comes immediately on waking, that she had overslept.

She glanced at her watch, then remembered that the glass had got broken on the journey and that it had stopped. She slid out from under her coat, feeling a little stiff, drew up the blind and flung open the window, looked out.

The blue haze of an autumn morning was just lifting; seen by daylight the Croft House had dropped its mystery and had become just a house set in a sloping garden, with four fine old trees glowing red and gold on the side, a dismantled tennis court below and beyond a low fence, high green downs which rolled away towards a valley.

Even the room, seen by daylight, had no ghostly corners but was

FILM STAR KEEPS FARM DOWN EAST FOR RETIREMENT

By ROBBIN COONS.

HOLLYWOOD—(AP)—The movie colony is "home" to many of its stars, and there are many who own homes here. But for others who take account of the vagaries of fortune, Hollywood never can be a place to "settle down."

Ralph Bellamy belongs in the latter group. He owns two homes, one the residence he and Mrs. Bellamy occupy in Beverly Hills in rented. Careers being what they are, he does not want to be one of the crowd that "hangs on" after its day is done. Hence his great interest in the old farmhouse in Connecticut, now being renovated.

The house in Palm Springs, on the desert, he considers an investment in health, while—

"Our home in Connecticut," he says, "is an investment in a graceful exit. It is a place to go when I'm through and my questionable value to pictures no longer is. I want to be able to say to Hollywood, 'Thanks, it's been fun, you've been very good to me—and if you're ever east, look us up!'"

Bellamy came to Hollywood from New York. He had been broke, living in a basement in Greenwich Village, and unable to get a job of acting. Being broke was no novelty to him, but this time the break in the clouds brought a shower of fortune.

SENATE FOR SUSPENSION OF MINE ASSESSMENTS

WASHINGTON, May 22—(AP) The Hatch bill suspending for the year ending July 1 next the requirement that \$100 worth of improvements be made on unpatented mining claims in the United States and Alaska was passed Monday by the senate and sent to the house.

The bill, introduced by Senator Hatch (D. N. M.), would not apply to persons who paid a federal income tax for the calendar year 1934.

MOVED—DENTAL OFFICE
Dr. W. C. Thompson is now located at Room 312 Liberty Bldg. Tel. 70 Reasonable Dentistry.

"KICKERINICK"
Undergarments that fit at Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann's Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse City Sanitary Service.

He got a stage role—the kind of part he says, that any actor could shine in—and immediately after the opening he was swamped with offers, stage and screen. He accepted a movie offer, and came west on borrowed money.

His movie contract carried a 30-week guarantee, \$650 a week. But when he arrived, the producer promptly began the contract with the 22-week lay-off period, no salary. He told Bellamy he had no screen personality and would not photograph, but still he wouldn't let the actor go out on his own. Except for a small role in "The Secret Six" at M-G-M, for which he was loaned, Ralph was idle 22 weeks—and broke.

His contract was then voided—one day before he would have begun drawing salary!

In spite of which, Bellamy since has done very well.

"Once," he illustrates, "I turned down 18 roles in a row, because I didn't like them. Then all of a sudden the offers stopped coming. That was when I decided I had better get to work again."

But some day, he anticipates the

FATHER AND SOAP

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS 5-22

IS GLAD DADDY IS GOING TO GIVE HIM HIS BATH TO-DAY. REACHES FOR THE SOAP

PLAYS WITH SOAP WHILE DADDY GETS LAST INSTRUCTIONS FROM MOTHER.

IS INTERESTED WATCHING DADDY SEARCH THE SOAP-TRAY AND DRESSER FOR THE SOAP, WHICH HAS DISAPPEARED UNDER WATER

SHOUTS WITH GLEE WHEN SOAP BOBS UP AGAIN AT END OF TUB

KICKS IN PURE HAPPINESS, JUST AS DADDY REACHES FOR SOAP, CAUSING IT TO FLOUT OUT OF HIS GRASP

IS FILLED WITH SUDDEN PIETY FOR DADDY, WHO IS DRYING HIMSELF, RECOVERS SOAP AND HOLDS IT OUT TO HIM

SOAP SLIPS OUT OF HIS GRASP AND SLITHERS BEHIND WASH BOWL. WATCHES DADDY ON FLOOR TRYING TO GET IT

HEARS MOTHER COMING TO TAKE CHARGE AND DECIDES HE HAD BETTER CALM DOWN

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S-MATER POP—

WHAS'AT POP?

QUITE simple. Early this morning, as soon as it was light, I walked back into Warley and picked up my car; also the bacon, etc. I thought you'd better eat before you traveled. With a triumphant flourish he laid a plate of eggs and bacon in front of her, added a brown ter, pot and tin of milk. "How's that?"

"Perfect!"

Sitting opposite to her at the other end of the deal table, he looked refreshingly normal, just a large young man, ruffled dark hair, twinkling blue eyes and an unshaven, cheerful face. Alison felt ashamed of the suspicious which she had harbored the night before. After all, he might have borrowed the collar—or the dog!

"Sleep well?"

"Wonderfully," she assured him. "But I do feel a selfish brute. You must be horribly tired, I'm afraid."

"Oh, I get a good many late nights one way and another," he said lightly. "I'd quite a peaceful one actually. No alarms of any kind. And I think I've solved the mystery."

"Going out this morning I found a long painter's ladder up against the roof. Your ghostly friend may have climbed out through the attic skylight."

"But would Gaffie—"

"Not if he lurked up there until you'd gone to bed."

"I expect you've hit it," agreed Alison. "But I'm glad I didn't know that last night!"

"Don't worry. He's miles away by this time. You probably frightened him more than he frightened you. More tea?" He filled Alison's cup, bent to pat Gaffie as he added "Anyway, one thing's sure. He wasn't a ghost."

"Oh? Why?" She could not see his face as he stooped but noticed a sudden red flush spreading above his tennis collar.

"Because I found someone had been at the desk in the drawing-room. Have a look when you've finished breakfast. I don't know if he's taken anything but he's certainly broken all the drawers open."

"Some poor wretch of a tramp," she suggested.

"That's about it," he agreed. "By the way, there's been no word from your father."

"I can't understand it," Alison frowned, wrinkling up her little nose as she always did when she was apprehensive. "You don't think there can've been an accident?"

"You'd have heard by now. As a matter of fact, there's been some sort of mistake, for I asked a few questions in Warley, while I was shopping, and no one there seems to have heard of Mr. Rede. They say that the people who lived here were called Graham and before that there was a very sick old man and his wife who called themselves Potter." Was there a slightly unnatural infection in that casual tone?

(Copyright, 1935, Evelyn M. Welch)

Tomorrow, Gaffie adds excitement.

HAY!

OH-H!

WHAT KIND OF SIGN HANG A SIGN ON IT TO WARN FOLKS?

FEVER!

Why don't they hang a sign on it to warn folks?

SI! SI! MY CORONEL!

I HAVE SAVED YOU SO THAT I MAY HAVE THE PLEASURE OF KILLING YOU IN THE AIR!

THANKS FOR SAVING US, JOSE!

HAL FORREST

TAILSPIN TOMMY—An Interruption

THE REBEL SOLDIERS WERE ABOUT TO EXECUTE TOMMY AND BILL MCGUIRE WHEN JOSE JOLLA, CHIEF OF THE REBEL AIR FORCE—AND TOMMY'S OLD ENEMY ARRIVED—2188

THE ORDER IS RESCINDED—THERE SHALL BE NO EXECUTION—MARCH THESE PRISONERS BACK TO THE CARCEL

BUT, MY CORONEL, WE AV' ORDER FROM EL LIBERATOR TO—

I SHALL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR PRISONERS, CAPTAIN—YOU SHALL DO AS I COMMAND—OR—

SI! SI! MY CORONEL!

THANKS FOR SAVING US, JOSE!

I HAVE SAVED YOU SO THAT I MAY HAVE THE PLEASURE OF KILLING YOU IN THE AIR!

THANKS FOR SAVING US, JOSE!

HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—"One-Track" Ben!

WE'RE SAFE, LUKE THERE HE'S BEATING IT!

IT DON'T SEEM REASONABLE THAT YOUR ONE SHOT COULDN'T DRIVEN HIM OFF, BEN—STILL AN ALL—

YOU SEE IF YOU CAN ROUND UP OUR HORSES AND BRING THEM BACK HERE—

AN' WHAT'LL YOU BE DOIN'?

I'M STILL GOING TO GIVE THIS STEER THE ONCE OVER!

WELL, I'LL BE— DON'T YOU EVER CHANGE YOUR MIND?

By Edwin Alger

THE NEBB'S—Good-Bye and Good Luck

HERE WE HAVE THE BRIDAL COUPLE LEAVING IN THE BEAUTIFUL NEW CAR THAT VICTOR'S FATHER SENT HIM FOR A WEDDING GIFT.

WELL, GOODBYE FOLKS, YOU'RE ALWAYS GOING TO MEAN A LOT TO US AND SOME DAY WE HOPE TO HAVE A LITTLE PAVNY OR RUDOLPH AND IN OUR MIND NORTHVILLE WILL ALWAYS BE ROMANCEVILLE

GOOD-BYE, UNCLE RUDY, LOTS OF LUCK AND LOTS OF LOVE FOR YOU— YOU WERE MY GUIDE POST TO THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS

GOOD-BYE— AND COME BACK SOON AND BRING THE CHILDREN!

GOOD-BYE! HAPPY EVERYTHING TO YOU

By Sol Hess

MRS. HESS IS AWARDED ODD FELLOWS CITATION AT STATE CONVENTION

SALEM, May 22—(AP)—Grand lodge and Rebekah assemblies held the center of the stage the second day of the annual convention of the Odd Fellows here Tuesday following the opening ceremonies conducted at the state hotel got under way.

Eleven persons were recipients of the decoration of civility at an impressive program last night by the department council and ladies' auxiliaries.

Those honored for distinguished service included George W. Hess of Medford.

Patriarchs Milbrandt adopted the

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Millions!

Ah, what a relief after wandering around in that jungle for days to stagger in here and see you and Peg and Harford and your brother Ches

He's sickening isn't he?

It just made my blood boil when he snarled so much to tell us about escaping from that sultan

Well, all millionaires snarl more or less, Jo

Oh George, please don't start any wishy-washy argument about me letting my own brother walk all over me just because he has a little money

How do you mean, a little? He owns this island and—

Island or no island, he can't bully me.

Blood is thicker than water. If Ches didn't have a nickel, he'd still be one of us.

By Harry J. Tutbill