

ENEMY'S KISS

by Evelyn M. Wash

SYNOPSIS: Last night Allison rode and thought her father's ride to meet her at Croft House, Sussex, a tragedy. She had been horribly frightened, had been rescued by Guy Westurn, and had slept the night with Guy's bull dog to guard her. Now, with the break of day Guy has found in front of her, Allison is less excited. But Guy says no one in the neighborhood seems to know anything about her father's having taken Croft House. And the house is not the sort of place her father would be likely to take.

Chapter Nine GAFFE AGAIN

"BUT if father's just taken the house?" asked Allison.

"Down here in the country?" Guy laughed. "Good Lord, yes! Everybody'd know. They're frightfully inquisitive in all these little places. No, I've another idea. There may be two Warleys. Croft House isn't an uncommon name, you know."

"The telegram I got said Warley, Sussex," insisted Allison.

"Even then. There are three Woodfords and several Stokes in England—the foreign telegraph office may've got the country wrong."

"They might do that," admitted Allison. "It certainly sounds more likely."

"I don't want to hurry you," he looked at Allison's emptying plate, "but if we've both made a mistake, the sooner we're out of this the better. We don't want anybody to turn up."

"I'm done," Allison hurriedly drank her tea and finished a bit of toast. "Half past nine! I'd no idea it was so late."

"I didn't want to wake you. You were so dead tired. If you're really done, I'll go and start the car."

"What about all this?" Allison looked doubtfully at the remains of the meal.

"Shouldn't worry," he advised. "We can't afford to be found here. And they'll find a new teapot and kettle in return for washing up!"

She laughed. "All right. I'll run and get my luggage if you'll start the car. Can you run me into Warley?"

"I thought if you'd care to I could run you up to London. You did say London?" His tone was still casual but now he certainly avoided Allison's eyes.

"You're sure it's not too much trouble?" Her own voice was studiously careless; she did not look at him.

"Not a bit. Good! I'll go and start the car."

Not a single word that any third person could object to, yet Allison stood rather still while his light, quick footsteps went down the long passage to the hall. She felt most unreasonably glad that he had asked if he might take her up to London and her eyes had a starry light in them as they rested on Gaffe.

After all, if there had been anything funny, would he deliberately choose to take her to her father's house? So easy to part at the station, so easy to leave things there.

There was a small, demure smile on Allison's lips as she went up the stairs to collect her suitcase.

"Ready? Let me have that. Is this all?" He took the case from her hands.

"That and my trunk in the porch. I'll just see I've left nothing about."

YET as she ran back through the house, Allison was not looking for any possession; she wanted to imprint freshly on her mind the picture of that house. To glance by daylight at the pantry where they had met in such a queer fashion, to peep into the drawing room where the desk stood with its broken drawers half open; to run back into the kitchen where they had sat at breakfast, seeing him again smiling at her with the frying pan in his hand.

She did not admit it to herself, made excuses even in her own mind. "I'll just see that all the lights are off."

With Gaffe at her heels, she went down the seven stone steps that led to the cellar; how grisly it had felt last night, with the stable lantern casting its dull yellowish beam down those steps!

Turning the key, she peeped in and saw all the lights inside were still on, blazing, but the cellar held no horror for her now. She ran through and turned the main switch down, half ashamed of her own terrors, and lost in the picture of the two of them exploring.

She was on her way back when a low, unpleasant growl behind her made her stop.

"Gaffe! Come on, Gaffe!"

The big dog did not answer. He was standing a few feet away staring intently back into the darkness, all four feet rigid, tall bristling, ears pricked and teeth bared.

"Gaffe!" Allison stamped her foot.

The dog looked back at her but did not relax and as he turned back to the cellar she could see the hair along his back rising stiffly as though there were some enemy, invisible, in the darkness beyond.

In spite of herself, a sense of something creepy, terrible, hidden there, returned; she ran forward and caught at the dog's collar, juggling at him, but he was heavy and he would not move, resisting her with all his weight.

"It's a rat," Allison told herself, remembering the one which had run from the linoleum last night. But a dog chases rats, sniffs at them; he does not stand rigidly glaring and growling.

"Gaffe, come on!" A sudden spasm of fear shook Allison as she, too, stared with straining eyes into the dark; was it imagination or was there something pale over there, behind the fallen roll of linoleum in the far recess?

Her hand tightened on the bulldog's collar. Suddenly he wrenched free, raced past her and away up the cellar steps, with Allison peeing behind. She slammed the door to, turned the key, and fled breathlessly to find herself charging straight into Guy Westurn.

"Where on earth have you been? I've been hunting for you everywhere." He seemed upset, was starting down at her frowningly. "Good Lord, you're white as a sheet! What's happened?"

GAFFE was leaping up at him, nuzzling his hand; Allison, ashamed now of her fear and rather hurt at his brusque words, said shortly, "Nothing. I went down to turn the lights off and Gaffe wouldn't come back."

"We ought to be getting on. There'll be people about if we wait much longer," he said. "Look here, would you like to stop and telephone to your father?"

"If it wouldn't take too long?"

The car was a small and rather ancient two-seater, painted dark blue and with Allison's luggage stowed in the rumble there was no room for Gaffe.

"Sorry! This is a bachelor car. Gaffe and I generally travel alone. Can you manage him like that?"

The bulldog was heavy but Allison, one arm round him, said cheerfully "Good Heavens, yes."

Gaffe's owner, she noticed, drove well; fast but with a sure touch that gave her confidence at once.

"You drive a lot?" she guessed as they ran down the road up which she had come in the hired car last night; seen by daylight a gray road winding between chalk pits and the high rounded downs.

"Yes. One has to in my job." He took the big swinging curve with beautiful precision as the needle mounted.

"I suppose so. An architect has to rush about looking at places," agreed Allison.

"What? Oh! Yes. . . ." For a moment he seemed confused. "Yes, I get about the country a good deal."

"I don't think I've ever met an architect," said Allison naively. "Is it an amusing job?"

"Sometimes."

"What kind of things do you build?"

"I mean mostly?"

"Oh, houses and schools and things," he answered vaguely. "I say, that looks like the main road down there."

But Allison was gazing back at the house they had left, tucked in its hollow in the downs.

"I'm horribly ignorant about architecture," she confessed. "I know that was an old house, of course, but I've not a notion what period it belongs to."

He did not seem at all anxious to talk shop, for he answered unenthusiastically "Yes—it was old all right."

"What was it? Queen Anne?" she asked.

"Tudor."

She looked at him in some surprise. Said, "I thought all Tudor houses were L shaped and had diamond windows?"

"Oh! Yes. But not in this part of the world." He braked rather sharply. "I say, can you look out for an AA box? We ought to get on the telephone. Your father may be worrying."

But the road, good as the surface was, was not even second class; it ran now between wide wheatfields, the rough stubble gleaming faintly with the autumn frost, now branching out and up over the sweep of the down without even a sign of farm or village.

"I'm not too sure which is the nearest box," he admitted.

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Allison questions Guy Westurn, tomorrow.

STEVEDORE DENIES UNION MEN RIOTED

PORTLAND, May 23.—(AP)—Art Shearer, longshoreman on trial on a charge of felonious riot, today testified the disturbance at the Columbia River longshoremen's hall last August was not staged by members of the International Longshoremen's Ass'n.

Shearer was the first of the 32 members of the I. L. A. indicted following the fatal shooting of James Connor at the Columbia River's association headquarters, to face trial in connection with the incident.

Shearer told of going to the hall with three other members of the I. L. A. to advise the Columbia group it had been voted in as a member of the international organization. He said that they were not admitted to the hall, and were preparing to leave when several men drove up in a car, all assertedly carrying clubs.

LUMBERMEN'S LEADER SUBMITS RESIGNATION

SEATTLE, May 22.—(AP)—W. B. Nettleton, Seattle lumber executive and president of the West Coast Lumbermen's association, submitted his resignation to the board of trustees today, saying he did not believe the association should have as its leader now a lumberman "with a strike on his hands."

He requested that the resignation become effective as soon as the board can act upon it.

MANN ACT VIOLATOR GIVEN 3-YEAR TERM

SACRAMENTO, Cal., May 23.—(AP)—Les M. Carr, 31, today was sentenced to three years in a federal penitentiary for transporting Mary Gray from Crescent City, Cal., to Klamath Falls, Ore., for immoral purposes. The case was heard by Federal Judge Harold Loudertack.

OHIO GOVERNOR RENIGS ON HOPKINS CHARGES

COLUMBUS, O., May 23.—(AP)—Governor Martin L. Davey announced today he has withdrawn a warrant charging Federal Relief Administrator Harry L. Hopkins with criminal libel.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

Home portraits of family groups and children at Special Prices. Shangle Studio Phone 1308

FARM CREDIT WRANGLE IS SETTLED BY HOUSE

WASHINGTON, May 23.—(AP)—The house today adopted unanimously a conference report settling differences with the senate over the Wheeler farm credit bill.

Senate approval will send the measure to the White House. It will reduce interest on farm credit ad-

START WILD RUSH TO GASOLINE LAKE

LOS ANGELES, May 23.—(AP)—Hundreds of persons started a wild stampede to the harbor district today after an underground lake, said by Fire Chief Ralph Scott to consist of pure gasoline, was discovered.

The rush was started when persons found that by digging shallow wells at Anaheim road and Badger avenue in the Wilmington district they could bail out gasoline in buckets.

Scott said the gasoline was bubbling up to the surface of the soil where fissures occurred permitting the liquid to rise.

"The fire hazard due to the presence of the gasoline is enormous and acute," said Chief Scott. He left for the district to lay down strict fire regulations.

GRANT LAND COUNTIES CONFER WITH MARTIN

SALEM, May 23.—(AP)—The executive committee of the county courts of the 18 counties in Oregon in which O & C land grant properties are located was in conference with Governor Martin here late Wednesday. Disposition of the property to the federal government was reported as the subject of the conference.

Judge Victor P. Moses of Benton county is chairman of the committee.

GLASS OF WATER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS 5-23

IS ASKED TO GET A GLASS OF WATER FOR AUNT MATILDA AND BE SURE TO LET IT RUN COLD

REACHES PANTRY. MOTHER CALLS TO GET A CHAIR TO STAND ON IF HE CAN REACH THE GLASSES

AFTER SOME THOUGHT DEVICES ANOTHER METHOD, WHICH IS MORE HAZARDOUS AND MUCH MORE FUN

TURNS ON WATER AND WAITS FOR IT TO RUN COLD

GETS BORED WAITING AND AMUSES HIMSELF MAKING STREAM ALTERNATELY VERY SMALL AND VERY BIG, SPLASHING HIMSELF LIBERALLY

FILLS GLASS, BEING CAREFUL TO GET IT BRIMFUL

CARRIES IT IN, LARGE AMOUNTS SLOSHING OVER AT EVERY STEP

SIPS TO PAY DOG IN LIVING-ROOM DOORWAY, SPILLING REST OF WATER. AUNT MATILDA DECIDES SHE ISN'T THIRSTY

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S-MATTER POP

By C. M. Payne

SNIFF SNIFF?

WELL, I DECLARE! I THOUGHT YOU ATE DOUGHNUTS!

MAW! I SMELL DOUGHNUTS!

POP!

MAW WISE-CRACKED AT ME!

I'LL SPEAK TO HER PRESENTLY!

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Loyal Fereidalist!

By Hal Forrest

IT IS ONLY TWENTY KILOMETERS TO COLONEL LORANZO'S ENCAMPMENT THERE I SHALL BE SAFE—

REBELS—

HIGH ABOVE SOARS A LOVE BIRDMAN—EL CONDOR—HIS SHARP EYES SWEEPING OVER THE EARTH—

HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Nothing Learned

By Edwin Alger

WELL, BRIARGIE, I HARDLY KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN, BUT LOCOMOTIVE IS SUPPOSED TO BE USING HIS HERD OF CATTLE TO GAUGLE DOPE OVER THE BORDER—

—THIS POOR STEER WAS ONE OF THE HERD—NOTHING HERE THOUGH—

A CAREFUL EXAMINATION OF THE ANIMAL FAILED TO REVEAL ANYTHING THAT MIGHT EVEN BE CONSIDERED A CLEW—

ABOUT ALL WE'VE LEARNED, BRIAR, IS THAT WHOEVER IT WAS SHOT AT US SURE DIDN'T WANT US TO LOOK AT THIS STEER—

ARE YOU FINISHED BEEFIN' HOW ABOUT CALLIN' IT A DAY?

OKAY, LUKE—WE'LL GO BACK TO THE RANCH—

THE NEBBS—Mischief Maker

By Sol Hess

FANNY GIRL, HERE'S \$90 I TOOK FROM YOUR HUSBAND IN A GOLF GAME WITH SMITHERS AND RAMLOSE— YOU BUY SOMETHING FOR YOURSELF AND ADVISE HIM TO PLAY FOR BUTTENS AND THEN THROW AWAY HIS SUSPENDERS AND GET A BELT

WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO GAMBLE FOR THIS KIND OF MONEY WHEN YOU CALL ME EXTRAVAGANT WHEN I BUY THE NECESSITIES OF LIFE?

SAY, HOW COULD A GUY GET SO MEAN IN 60 YEARS? THE ONLY THING THAT WOULD BRING A SMILE TO THAT MAP OF DISCONTENT IS SOMEBODY ELSE'S MISERY. I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU.

GO AHEAD— BUT WHEN YOU'RE GETTING EVEN TELL ME ABOUT IT— I MIGHT NOT NOTICE IT. I'M SO DULL.

THE BUNGLER FAMIL—Speaking of Hardware

By Harry J. Tutbill

Good old Hartford! Always on deck, Peggy told me about you calmly walking out of his hand.

Sierra? Pistol? Oh yes, now I remember that!

Piling Ches Ward to this island took a lot of the old stuff, too.

Oh that was nothing, I merely happened to be on hand and ready for a bit of adventure, when the chief decided to hop here.

And arrive in the nick of time to rescue Peggy and her mother by grabbing that gun and then

I don't deserve much credit for that, colonel. I've faced guns before and rather enjoy it now and then.

I wish I could feel that way about spears. What a thrill it is to be jiggled with one of them. Whoohoo!

Frankly, I've been afraid of spears ever since one night in Africa when I got too far ahead of my men and ran into a tribe that carried two spears apiece.

SLAYER IN HURRY FOR LETHAL GAS

CANON CITY, Colo., May 23.—(AP)—Leonard Belongia, 24, condemned murderer and former Minnesota convict, volunteered today to lose two weeks of life so he can die in a triple execution next week with "my pals," the Pacheco brothers, also sentenced to death for a slaying.

"There is no use wasting that extra chair," Belongia said to Warden Roy Best. He referred to the three chairs in Colorado's lethal gas chamber, two of which are scheduled to be occupied by the Pachecos, John and Louis, when the room is filled with deadly gas May 31.

Warden Best said the request cannot be granted because execution

TEARFUL WOMAN ADMITS 'SHINING'

PORTLAND, Ore., May 23.—(AP)—A tearful plea of guilty to a charge of managing a 100-gallon still near Tigard was entered before Federal Judge Alger yesterday by pretty Mrs. Irene Hartnell. Charles Frank and William Henry Roberts, jointly indicted with her, also plead guilty.

Indicating he would pronounce a jail sentence for Mrs. Hartnell, the judge allowed her until June 3 to visit her husband, who is reported to be seriously ill in the state tuberculosis hospital at Walla Walla, Wash.

er farm credit bill.

longer death cases calls for execution the week of June 16.

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