

ENEMY'S KISS

by Evelyn McWick

SYNOPSIS: Alison Red, drifting back to London with Guy Western, is rather ashamed of her terror of the night before. She had gone to a remote Quaker house to meet her father. But when her father did not arrive, she was terribly frightened by a horrible man, and was rescued by Western and his bulldog Gaffe. Yet Alison suspects Western a little, although she likes him a lot. For the details on the dog's collar, see "G. L." instead of "G. W."

Chapter 10 SPECULATION

GUY put on speed and they went humming up the smooth rise ahead.

"Mr. Western..."

He did not look around and Alison repeated "Mr. Western."

"Oh! Yes?" For a moment she could have sworn that he had lumped.

"Would you mind telling me one thing?"

"Anything! Go ahead!" He smiled at her and when he smiled like that she felt that she was silly even to doubt. "What is it?"

"Is Gaffe your own?"

"Yes. Why?" He looked surprised.

"Nothing. Only I wondered why it wasn't your name on his collar."

"Oh, as a matter of fact, I've only just bought him—from a friend."

mean, I'd been in the house quite a long time, more than twenty minutes, before I went to the bathroom."

"Had you? Then it wasn't you I saw getting in. It must've been—"

"Little Herbert?"

"That's about it," he agreed.

"You see, all I saw was a dark shape getting in at the window. So I thought I'd have a look, but your light was on and I hesitated a bit and then suddenly your light went out, so I thought I'd investigate after all. And then you charged into me, so of course I thought it was you I'd seen and—well—"

Alison, listening to this confused statement, thought it a most lucid, clever account of the circumstances. She agreed at once.

"I see. I don't know what I should've done if you hadn't come in." She looked at the grey road winding up under the car, thinking, "I'm glad—oh, so glad—he did!" and added, aloud, "I couldn't have held the door and he'd have caught me before I got out of the window."

"You think he meant to catch you?" Guy asked doubtfully.

"I'm sure he did," said Alison simply. "I can't tell you why only, when he looked through the door, I'd a sort of feeling that he was looking for me—that he'd meant to



"Mr. Western—is Gaffe your own?"

He answered slowly, was intent now on the road ahead.

"I see! I thought it rather funny when I saw it. I hadn't thought of that," Alison confessed.

"You thought I might be spinning you a yarn?" He did not look at her and he was frowning.

"Yes!"

He was silent, negotiating the turn into the main road, before he said, "I suppose my story sounded rather thin?"

"No. Only, well, a six-mile stroll in the rain—and at midnight—and turning up inside the house like that—"

"You thought I might be little Herbert's brother?"

Alison laughed. "No! I didn't suspect you like that. But I thought you mightn't want to tell me really who you were and what you were doing there?"

"What do you think I was doing?"

"I don't know, quite," she admitted. "I thought perhaps it might really be your house."

"Mine? Good Lord, no!" He laughed. "I give you my word it isn't. I'd never seen it in my life before."

"Oh, I believe you now." That was true. She didn't really doubt him. "Only it seemed such luck, your coming at the right minute like that. You know, it was luck!" She felt almost awed now, when she looked back at the sheer chance of it.

"As you say, it was—luck." There was a note in his voice that made Alison turn pink. "I've been thinking about it all night."

"About?"

"My coming in like that. You see, I wasn't certain—I thought it was a bit rash and very nearly changed my mind!" He was speaking rather earnestly now, his eyes, in the road, his face set. "I looked twice at the window and wondered whether I'd chance it; and there was your light up in the bathroom."

"But—but if you saw me get in at the window, how could you see my light?" Alison was puzzled. "I

and me! And that he was going to—to kill me!"

"Good Lord! You poor child! No wonder you were frightened." His voice was very tender.

"You see, he must have been outside, have seen me come in and realized that the house was empty," she explained, glad to get the haunting memory of her fear out in words.

"If he was a tramp and looking for money—he was, you know, or he would have broken in the door, would he?—well, anyway, he must have seen me pay off the car—I took out a whole bunch of English notes and he may've thought that I'd be pretty easy. He'd only got to finish me and clear out and no one'd know, would they? I mean, that it was him. He may have waited about till I was off my guard, on the chance that I'd leave my bag about and when I didn't, well—"

"Thank God I did come!" He said that as if he meant it.

"I know, I feel like that. You see, he was running after me down the stairs but then he must have heard you, or seen you strike a light and perhaps he got frightened. Don't you think so?"

"I expect so..."

"Anyway," ended Alison, "it was luck."

"I'll say it was. Apart from anything else, I shouldn't have met you otherwise, should I?" He smiled down at her as he spoke, giving weight to the light words.

"No. And I'm awfully grateful."

"You needn't be."

"I mean, for your staying on with me—seeing me through."

"You think I might have laid you fainting on the floor, stepped over your body and returned peacefully to Wexley, leaving little Herbert to finish whatever crime he had on hand?"

Alison laughed.

"Well—"

"It isn't done," he assured her gravely. "It's against the rules of the Burglars' Union."

"No need to be."

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Tomorrow, some furniture movers enter the story.

SOLITARY BANDIT SCOOPS UP MONEY IN VILLAGE BANK

WOODLAND, Wash., May 24—(AP)—A lone bandit held up the assistant cashier of the Security State bank at Woodland at 11:15 a. m. today and escaped with \$500 and an undetermined amount of currency.

After scooping up all the money in sight, the bandit forced Miss Lydia La Rue, the cashier, to accompany him in his car, but released her after driving about four blocks from the business district. She was unharmed. The bandit then sped southward.

Sheriff's officers, state and city police immediately took up the chase and every road north and south of Woodland was effectively blocked.

Miss La Rue was alone in the bank when the robber entered. He apparently had waited until Cashier Peter Pederson left the building and then walked in to confront Miss La Rue with a pistol, ordering her to "stick 'em up."

Miss La Rue hurried to the Woodland police station and notified officers of the robbery. Sheriff O'Brien of Clatsop county was called and with Deputies Beckman and Thomas, left at once for Woodland. Sheriff Blankenship, Lewis county, and Sheriff Leland Morrow, Clark county, also were informed of the holdup and sent out patrols to watch all roads.

The Oregon state police were stationed at the interstate bridge to intercept the fleeing bandit if he suc-

ceeded in getting through the blockades.

The bandit, described as short and dark complexioned, was driving a Ford V-8, reported stolen during a holdup in Portland last night. The license number was Oregon 202-628.

The car was a maroon sedan.

President Carl A. Button of the bank, who on March 17, 1933, shot and critically wounded another robber who attempted to hold up the bank, is absent from the city.

ROSE FESTIVAL PARADE TO HAVE ENTRIES FROM ALL OVER NORTHWEST

PORTLAND, Ore.—(Sp.)—Entries from all over the Pacific northwest for the grand formal parade to be held on the afternoon of Friday, June 7, as the outstanding feature of Port-

land's 27th annual Rose Festival, will be greater this year than ever in history of the festival. Already 26 entries have been received from outside participants and many others are expected. Portland also is responding in a big way and it is forecast there will be 100 entries in the great pageant.

Outstanding entries received are from the Pasadena Tournament of Roses and the Seattle Festival, each of which plan entering gorgeous floats. This is the first time in years that Seattle has had an entry in the fest. Other float entries which will be accompanied by bands and marching organizations are, Oregon Cavemen of Grants Pass, Oregon City Breakfast Club, Eugene Chamber of Commerce, Newport, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Salem Cherrians, Lincoln county Regatta Association, Cascade Locks and McMinville. Other communities sending bands, drum corps or other marching organizations are Estacada, Corvallis, Silverton, Hubbard, Gladstone and Newport in Oregon and Hoquiam and Vancouver in Washington.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

THE PERFECT GUM

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY FOUND IT ADVISABLE TO GET HOME BY THE BACK WAY AFTER UMPIRING A NEIGHBORHOOD BASEBALL GAME WHEN, OWING TO ONE OF HIS ERRATIC DECISIONS IN THE NINTH, THE HOME TEAM LOST, 13-12

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S-MATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Wounded—But Game!



By Hal Forrest



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—No Report!



THE NEBBS—Getting Even



THE BUNGE FAMILY—Consolation



O. S. C. ALUMNI TO HOLD REUNION IN GRADUATION WEEK

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Old Beaver tales were recalled and new ones told by hundreds of Oregon college alumni who will return to the campus for class reunions and other alumni functions in connection with Commencement week, beginning May 31.

The class of 1910 will be the silver jubilee class this year, and expects to have many of its members back, including Ed Wallace, member of the New York legislature, who is making a special trip to Oregon for the occasion. He will represent his class at the annual alumni reunion banquet Saturday evening, June 1. This class will also hold a special jubilee class banquet Friday evening, and a break-

THE BUNGE FAMILY—Consolation

By Harry J. Tuthill

