

ENEMY'S KISS

by Evelyn M. Winch

SYNOPSIS: Guy Westurn has rescued Allison 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 "fussy," failed to meet her at the Sussex house. Allison likes Guy but thinks it remarkable that he should have been so conveniently at hand. Meanwhile a moving van arrives at the house and a woman appears to greet the movers. She points to a desk that has been tampered with.

Chapter 12 THE CELLAR

"LOOK at that!" said the woman. The foreman flinched all the look dra ers 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 house."

"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 bade sat on the olive-wood.

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 cellar, 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 in 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 out-house, 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 Warley, 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 roadabout. 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 abundant. 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 parlor-work spotless and its door adorned with labor-making, brilliantly kept brass.

Guy Westurn 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 waited on the off-chance that you'd missed it and then rang up Dover and got on to the police and cabled to Lusanne 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 tweed 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, Warley," she stated, kissing him warmly.

"The Croft which?"

"The Croft House, Warley, 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 Warley and I hired a car and drove out there."

"But I've never heard of the place!" Major Rede's weathered face grew flushed with indignation. "It's these confounded fools at the telegraph office! Must've muddled up the telegram! 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. Westurn, 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 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. Westurn."

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 squeezing it as though the mere sight of her safe and sound was too precious to lose.

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 Westurn needed it, the elder man did. His color began to return, his wasted 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 Gaff'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."

(Copyright, 1935, Evelyn M. Winch)

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

8 INJURED WHEN AUTOMOBILES HIT SOUTH OF AURORA

SALEM, May 27.—(AP)—Samuel Hutchinson of Portland was in a critical condition at a hospital here today following a head-on automobile collision late yesterday two miles south of Aurora on the Pacific highway, in which eight persons were injured.

Hospital authorities said Hutchinson's condition was "very grave." He suffered a skull fracture in two places and a fractured leg.

William Rager of Portland was also in a serious condition at the hospital with internal injuries.

Witnesses of the crash told state police that Rager, in attempting to pass another car going north drove directly in front of a car driven by George McGee, who was also injured. He was reported driving at a high rate of speed. Both cars were demolished.

The others injured were: Stephen Jelino, Portland, nose almost severed, legs out.

Mrs. Elizabeth McGee, 55, Portland, both legs broken and arm fractured.

Miss Marjorie H. McGee, Salem, bruises and lacerations.

Jack Stuart, Salem, broken nose, cuts and bruises.

"KICKERSTICK" Undersheriffs that fit at Ebbelwyn B. Hoffmann's

BIDS SOUGHT FOR STEEL RADIO MAST

For the purpose of erecting a steel radio mast near here, the department of commerce, bureau of air commerce has announced the following:

"Proposal No. 501-B, to bidders: 'Bids for erection of one steel radio mast near Medford, Oregon, are invited for opening at 2 p. m. (P. S. T.) June 7, 1935, at the U. S. airways radio station, municipal airport, Medford, Oregon."

"The work comprises erection of one 125-foot special steel radio antenna mast, with appurtenances, including concrete foundation of approximately 15 cubic yards of concrete."

"This proposal is No. 501-B, for plans, specifications, proposals or further information apply to R. A. Martin, operator in charge U. S. Air-

HOOVER MISINFORMED ON PLACE TO FISH

SPOKANE, Wash., May 27.—(AP)—Seeking what he said he had heard was "the best fishing country in the world," former President Herbert Hoover left here early today for Lewiston, Idaho, and the southern part of that state.

The former president, who arrived here last night, had his private automobile serviced at 3:50 o'clock this morning, and left shortly after for Lewiston. He intended to stay there only a few minutes, and proceed to south Idaho where he would fish and how long he would stay in the gem state he did not announce.

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

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

THE PERFECT GUM

LATE PROGRAM

ASKS COULDN'T HE SIT UP JUST ONCE AFTER BED-TIME TO HEAR THAT COMEDIAN ON THE RADIO

RECEIVES PERMISSION AND CLIMBS HAPPILY INTO CHAIR

SETTLES HIMSELF COMFORTABLY AS PROGRAM BEGINS

WISHES ANNOUNCER WOULD HURRY UP AND FINISH ADVERTISING TALK. CLOSES EYES FOR A SECOND

SHES UP WITH A START, REALIZING HE MUST HAVE DOZED. IS RELIEVED THAT HE DIDN'T MISS ANYTHING, SALES TALK STILL GOING ON

SALES TALK ENDS AND IS FOLLOWED BY RENDERING OF 'BLUE DA-NUBE'; RUBS EYES VIGOROUSLY

IS SURE COMEDIAN WILL COME ON AS SOON AS THIS PIECE ENDS. KEEPS BLINKING, SO EYES WON'T FALL SHUT

FINDS IT'S GETTING HARD TO HOLD HEAD UP. PUTS IT DOWN ON ARM FOR A SECOND AND GOES PEACEFULLY TO SLEEP

(Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

S-MATTER POP—

POP! YOU MAY LOCK ME UP IN THE DARK CLOSET!

WHY?

I HIT WILLYUM!

OH, A REQUEST FOR PUNISHMENT? THIS IS UNUSUAL!

NO! HE'S AFTER ME!

GOSH! I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS SO IMPORTANT!

(Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILS-IN TOMMY—El Condor Suspicious of a Trap!

EL CONDOR SCATTERED THE REBELS WHO WERE BESIEGING ERNESTO, THE LOYAL FEDERAL TROOPER, WHO HAD DESERTED HIS TREACHEROUS COMMANDER, GEN GOMEZ, AFTER THE LATTER HAD TURNED OVER HIS GARRISON TO EL LIGERATOR.

HE HAS SAVED ME—FROM THOSE REBELS—STILL HE MAY ARREST ME—AS A DESERTER FROM THE FEDERALISTS.

I AM CALLED EL CONDOR—BUT IF THIS IS A TRAP TO LURE ME DOWN I—

WHO ARE YOU, SENOR?

IT IS NOT A TRAP, SENOR—I AM ERNESTO—SON OF OLANDO GARZA—INN-KEEPER AT SAN MIGUEL.

TAKE ME TO MY PADRE'S INN—I SHALL FIND SANCTUARY THERE.

THE REBELS! THEY ARE RETURNING.

(Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Locomotive Acts!

PABLO MANTUSSO, THE SMUGGLER, OR "LOCOMOTIVE," AS HE WAS BETTER KNOWN, WAS TRULY THE KILLER TYPE, AND AS SIDECAR DESCRIBED BEN, HIS FEATURES CONTORTED IN RAGE!

THREE STEERS DIED IN LOST CANYON—LOCATE THEM AND DO WHAT IS NECESSARY.

AND KEEP THOSE TWO POOR FOOLS, SIDECAR AND DUSTY, HERE AT THE RANCH—THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY TIPPED OFF TO ME—UNDERSTAND?

WHAT, OH WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO MY BEN? I MUST FIND OUT!

GO BEN IS A BOY, ISN'T HE? TELL THEM AT THE BARN TO SADDLE MY HORSE!

YES, SIR.

YES, SIR!

(Copyright, 1935, by Jay Jerome Williams)

THE NEBBS—Boomerang

WELL, I HAD TO DRAW \$90 FROM MY SAVINGS TO GIVE THE OLD LADY TO KEEP PEACE IN THE HOUSE—I WAS FOOLISH TO GIVE FANNY NEBB THAT \$90 BUT I KNOW RUDY AND I BOTH THOUGHT WE WERE PLAYING FOR JOE A HOLE. ONCE IN MY LIFE I PLAYED A SWEET LITTLE JOKE ON HIM AND HE TAKES ALL THE SWEET OUT OF IT AND TOSSES IT BACK TO ME.

HELLO, NEIGHBOR, HOW IS THE LITTLE JOKER THIS FINE DAY?

I'M ONLY A NEIGHBOR TO YOU BY THE NEARNESS IN WHICH WE RESIDE NOT IN THE MANNER WHICH YOU SARCASTICALLY APPLY IT—IF YOU WERE LYING THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD I'D STILL THINK IT WAS TOO NEAR TO ME.

HERE'S THAT \$90 I GOT BACK FROM FANNY NEBB—NOW I HOPE THIS MATTER WILL REST HERE AND YOU WON'T SAY ANYTHING TO HER ABOUT IT AND LET IT BE A CLOSED INCIDENT AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED.

I WON'T SAY A WORD ABOUT IT AGAIN, BUT IF YOU SEE A NEW DRESS ON HER HOW WILL I TELL THEM I GOT IT?

(Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Home!

What a situation. Ches all on edge about who'll carry on for him if anything terrible happens, and you insist on rushing away next week!

I said this week. Now

Well okay, but I don't mind admitting that stepping out on a relative who's trying to make up his mind who he'll name heir is positively a brand new idea!

Home! Just thinking about it is a thrill!

The moment the news gets around at home that Ches has money, every relative who can swim or make a down payment on a row-boat will start for this island.

Ha! They'll soon get enough of this jungle!

It isn't often you find a millionaire who has an open mind about relatives. We discovered Ches. If we don't stay here and protect ourselves...

Home! After all we've been through, it seems like a dream.

Home!

(Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

LEE GREENLEAF HAS IMPORTANT POSITION GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

Lee M. Greenleaf, a graduate of Medford high school and Oregon State college, has just left the metropolitan water district project in Southern California, to accept a position with the government as map inspector for the United States geological survey.

In his former position he achieved seniority more quickly than any other of the many young engineers employed on this greatest project undertaken in history.

The Tennessee Valley Authority is having topographical maps made of portions of Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia and Mississippi. With new equipment aerial photographs are taken and on special drafting tables are made the preliminary maps, and

PULPWOOD CUTTERS TO DEMAND INCREASED PAY

ABERDEEN, Wash., May 27.—(AP)—Pulpwood cutters of this area met here yesterday and drafted demands for \$4 a cord instead of the \$2 they get. They will meet again early this week to determine whether to affiliate with pulp and sulphate workers or with the sawmill and timber workers council.

Phone 842. Ref. 1000. 2223 2000 refuse. City sanitary 2223.