

ENEMY'S KISS

Alison Rede has been rescued from a dangerous predicament in a deserted and mountainous house in Suisse by Guy Weston, who tells Alison he is an architect. Guy has driven her to London; a few minutes after they leave the Swiss house the mother and a very self-possessed woman arrive to strip the niece. Alison learns her father is about to marry, and that his fiancee is named Daphne Summers.

Chapter 14 GUY AGAIN

ALISON just had got in from a morning's shopping when Peter said, "There's a gentleman waiting to see you, Miss."

"Where is he?" Alison wished her heart would not beat quite so hard.

"In the drawing-room, miss."

Alison ran upstairs; outside the drawing-room door she waited one moment to allow the tell-tale flush on her face to vanish. Blushing was a fatal habit of hers that would not be cured. She opened the door demurely.

He was there but today he looked different. The shabby flannels had been replaced by a lounge suit of Shetland brown; his crisp dark hair had been brushed into some sort of order and his chin was smoothly shaved. The burglar-like companion of her night adventure looked positively respectable now!

"What's the matter?" When he smiled down at her like that, his blue eyes dancing, he was the same, only nicer than her mental picture.

"Nothing. Only, well, you look different today."

"Do you mean properly dressed? Don't you like it? I'll go back and change!" He was so comically in earnest that she laughed.

"Don't do that! I do like it." She released her hand from a shake that had already lasted half a minute.

"I thought I'd just run round and make sure that you were none the worse."

"Not a bit. And father's recovery," she reported.

"Do you think he'd mind if we went out and snatched a bite of lunch together? That's what I really came for. I want to talk to you."

"I'd love to!"

"Good. Come on then. You don't want to drink do you?"

"No, but I must run and leave a message for father."

"All right, I'll wait."

As Alison turned towards the door, she added, "I mustn't be late back, though, I've got to meet Daphne."

"Daphne?"

He had turned so white, was looking at her so queerly, that Alison wondered what she could have said.

"Yes, Daphne Summers. My step-mother-to-be. Why? Do you know her?"

"No. No! I don't think so." He turned rather quickly to the door. "Look here, I'll go down and get the car started up."

He hurried away and Alison, jotting down on the telephone pad a casual, "So sorry, shan't be in to lunch," wondered, "What on earth did I say to upset Guy like that? Was it Daphne? But why should her name startle him like that? Did he think she was some other Daphne or what?"

BUT if she expected Guy to explain, she was disappointed. His first remark when she joined him in the car was on quite a different subject.

"I say, I hadn't thought, D'you mind lunching in a cheap place?"

"Not a bit, I'd like it."

"That's all right, then!" He seemed considerably relieved. "You see, I'm not exactly rolling at present."

"Aren't people building houses?" Alison's mind darted to her father. Could he help? He had masses of acquaintances, mostly wealthy; surely if he tried he could find some one who wanted to build homes?

But Guy seemed slightly put out by the suggestion.

"Houses? No, it's not that—not exactly, I've had a bit of a setback in my business, that's all. To put it plainly, I dropped a lot and had to close down and I've only just started work again, so at the moment I've got to watch the chequer." He smiled suddenly at her. "I shouldn't think that you knew what that meant, do you?"

"Being short of money? I suppose I don't," Alison admitted. "Father pays everything for me."

"Judging by his sherry, I imagine that should work well!"

"Very well!"

They laughed together; a lot of laughter over a very small joke. But

"Oh, I'd adore it!"

"Perhaps, as a game, for a bit." He spoke brusquely, almost roughly.

"No, I don't mean that." Alison was serious. "I mean really. You see, I'm not so frightfully good at games and though I'm crazy about music I can't play or anything. I'm not a bit high brow. If I try to read serious books I generally go to sleep over them! In fact, I'm not much good at anything, except just doing things with my hands. At school, the last one, my finishing school, we had to do domestic courses and I loved that. I liked scrubbing! It sounds silly but I did!"

The waiter had brought two plates of food and set them down but both of them had no more than tasted a mouthful. Guy was leaning forward, looking at her with a queer smile.

"At a guess, I should say you'd money of your own and were always going to have money?"

"Yes!" Alison could not see the point.

"That's why."

"Why I like scrubbing!" She was frankly incredulous.

"Yes. You don't understand yourself, that's all. People like the things they haven't got to do. No one'd play Soccer if they'd got to play, by law. They'd try and get out of it. You haven't got to scrub; you don't think you ever will have to scrub, so you like it. That's all."

She said rebelliously, "I don't think you're being fair!"

He pushed away the strange curry-like mixture in front of him and lit a cigarette out of a packet.

"My dear child, what do you know about it? I don't suppose you've ever seen real poverty! I could show you—" he broke off suddenly and covered a momentary confusion by striking a match.

But Alison had caught the half sentence.

"You were going to say—"

"Nothing that mattered."

"Yes, it did matter." She, too, pushed away the strange and nauseating dish, planted both elbows on the table and screwed up her courage to say what was in her mind.

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Tomorrow, Alison meets Daphne.

BABY'S INTERNAL MECHANISM MIXED

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa. (UP)—A baby, who lived only four hours after birth at the Williamsport hospital, was found to have its internal organs in complete disorder.

The infant, born to Mrs. Lyman Lamason, mother of five other children, had an inverted stomach similar to Alice McHenry, 10-year-old Omaha girl who was cured of the ailment at Fall River, Mass.

When born, the baby seemed to be perfectly normal, weighing nine pounds. Later, a physician, while making an examination, discovered heart beats came from the right side.

At first, it was believed to be a rare case of where the heart is on the right. Doctors thought this would not affect the child, as it seemed to be in good health. Four hours later the baby died.

An autopsy was performed and physicians were astonished at the unusual internal conditions.

Some of the infant's intestines and part of the liver were bunched together in the left chest. One lung was collapsed. The other practically was useless because of the closeness of other organs. There was no diaphragm on the left side. The heart was on the right side, and the stomach was upside-down.

Youngest Canadian Yet Dead
SAINT JOHN, N. B. (UP)—Keith S. Johnston, believed to be the youngest Canadian to fight in the World war, is dead here at the age of 34. Johnston enlisted before he was 15, went overseas with the 26th Nova Scotia battalion, and saw two years.

S-MATTER POP—

TAILSPIN TOMMY—El Condor Enlists—A Spy!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—What Ben Saw!

THE NEBBS—Friend Ramlose

THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Safety First

THE FAMILY CAR

Education for marriage should not have an exaggerated emphasis on physiological sex education, he said. Objectives in education for wedded life outlined by Father Reilly are correct ideas, habits and attitudes relative to marriage; a judicious choice of a life partner; and correct health knowledge and health habits.

15 Eggs And Then Supper
ALLISTON, Alta. (U)—Mitchell Thielens, 15, is Alberta's "juvenile egg-eating champion." Hearing of how Herschel Robinson, of Taber, Alta., ate 17 eggs in 15 minutes, young Thielens sat down, ate 15 eggs in 15 minutes and then had supper.

Dahlia Bloomed In Cellar
STURGIS, Mich. (UP)—A pink colored dahlia on an 18 inch stem, which came into bloom while in storage in a cellar at a temperature of 55 degrees, is being exhibited by Marvin Delano. Although the bulb was covered with dry gravel and never watered, the bloom is perfect.

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

By C. M. Payne

By Hal Forrest

By Edwin Alger

By Sol Hess

By Harry J. Tutnill

GRADE CROSSING TOLL DROPS IN CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO (UP)—A decrease of three per cent in grade crossing accidents during 1934 as compared with the preceding year is reported by the California State Railroad commission.

In 1933 there were 1,647 grade crossing accidents, in which 169 persons were killed and 687 injured, last year there were 1,784 accidents, involving 161 casualties and 644 injuries.

Approximately seven per cent of all highway fatalities are at grade crossings, but only one and one-half per cent of the injuries. About 26 per cent of the grade accidents involved running into the side of standing or moving trains.

AFFLICTION AIDS BOY IN BUSINESS CAREER

SHADYSIDE, O. (UP)—Billy Newhart is getting a new kind of a break—a good one. The boy who has suffered 68 fractures of his little bones in a bad case of osteogenesis imperfecta, a new man now, and is breaking a few records. Billy—now 18—came into national prominence in 1929, when newspapers first told of him after he had suffered his 30th fracture.

From all over the world have come letters to the youth who has spent most of his days in bed. From this he has compiled a mailing list to sell magazine subscriptions.

Billy has formed a partnership with Lot Jenkins of Martins and is averaging about \$1,000 a year.

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