ENEMY'S KISS

by Evelyn M. Winch

SYNOPSIS: Guy Westura has rescued the wealthy Alison Red from a very nasty predicament and restored her to her worried father. There are a few unexplained things about Guy, however; Alison also is somewhat worried because her father is remarrying. With Guy, Alison is lunching at a London restaurant; she tells him she really wants a job, preferably one in which she can help people who need help.

Chapter 16

DAPHNE

"YOU were going to say that you could show me real poverty. That's exactly what I want to ask you—could you?" He had opened his mouth to reply but she hurried on. "Wait. I'll explain. I mean I really want a job."

"A job?"

"Yes! And if I go and ask anyone I know, anyone of the kind of friends I've been brought up with, they'll just laugh and talk about mannequins or offer to let me help them run a hat shop or something. I don't want that kind of job!"

"I wonder if you really mean what you are saying!"

"I do!" She was eagerly in earnest now. "I don't mean a paid job; that wouldn't be fair. I've enough money to live on and more than I want coming. Jobs are too precious to waste on people who've got money. But it must be possible to find something useful to do, something that wouldn't be robbing anyone and would be worth doing?"

"I should think so," he admitted it reluctantly.

"Could you help me to find it?"

He said bluntly, "You're too young."

Alison was hurt. "Why do you say that?"

"Because it's true. The kind of thing you want to do needs two things, training and sympathy. They both take time to acquire."

"You don't think I'd sympathize with people who were badly off?" She could not keep her disappointment out of her tone.

"I think you'd try to." He was gentle all of a sudden. "But it's not the fairy godmother stuff that people need, it's understanding. Friendliness. And that's the result of experience, you know."

"Then I'll get some, that's all!"

He said suddenly, "D'you know, I believe you would! When I met you, first, I thought that you were the other kind." He was hesitating now, awkwardly. "The kind of girl who's got everything she wants and doesn't worry about those others. But now—"

"Will you help me?"

"I'm not sure if I can. It depends."

"What on?"

"The—the business I was talking about just now. As I told you, I'm starting all over again, or rather I'm going to try to; but first I've a rather sticky job to settle."

"You mean, building something?"

"No," he added slowly, "Just a rather difficult job. Until that's through, I can't do anything very much for anybody. If it goes all right, well then—I might be able to help."

"It's good of you," said Alison gratefully. "You know, even to talk like this is a help. My friends—I mean of my own age—wouldn't understand it a bit. They'd tell me to do two nights a week at a mission or something and that's not what I want. But you do understand."

"I think I do."

"It's funny, isn't it?" said Alison.

"You mean, that as far as time goes we've only met for a few hours?"

"YES." She was silent, brooding on the wonder of it. He was looking at her absorbedly but she did not notice. "Why is it like that sometimes, just with some people?"

"Skipping the first stages?"

"Yes!" She smiled at him delightedly. "As if you'd met before, you know, and were just picking up threads."

"Or as if it was fate." He said that in such a low voice that she barely caught the words.

"Yes." She went on eagerly, "You know, I felt I could talk to you and that you'd understand, even when we were going through the house. I mean, I wouldn't have dared to tell most people that I'd thought I'd seen a ghost. They'd have laughed at me. You didn't."

"Why should I laugh? I knew you weren't the sort of person that talks about ghosts unless you'd seen something pretty bad." He was quite positive.

"I know. I felt that. I mean, that you knew that I wouldn't just make it all up."

"I know you were pretty badly scared, and that it'd take a lot to scare you," he explained.

She insisted, "Why is it that it's like that sometimes? I mean, knowing each other right off?"

"Our minds fit, that's all."

Alison nodded. In the silence that fell between them she considered that. It was true; she had known that their minds fitted, had felt it from the first. She dwelt on the fact happily, looking up found his eyes on her face.

Suddenly, almost violently, he changed the subject. "Tell me about your stepmother. You haven't met her yet?"

"No." Alison recounted what she knew. He listened with interest, nodding, shooting a quick sideglance at her, then frowning. Asked at last, "Has your father known her long?"

"No. Only a few weeks, I think. They met when he was in the South of France."

"Whereabouts was he?" Guy asked that so anxiously that Alison was surprised.

"I don't know. Why do you ask?" She could not repress her curiosity.

"No particular reason. I—I just wondered."

"Excuse me, sir, will you be wanting anything else? Sweets, coffee?"

They both looked up, aware suddenly that the waiter had spoken before, that he was standing there patiently holding out the menu card while two platefuls of congealing food lay on the table untouched and the other tables were already empty!

"GOOD HEAVENS! Look at the time!" Alison started up. "I'm supposed to be at my dentist at half-past two!"

"But you haven't eaten a thing!" He was contrite now. "You must have some lunch. It's bad for you not to. Besides, if you've got to face a dentist! Waiter—"

"No, I don't want it, honestly." Alison stopped him. "I've masses to do and I mustn't be late for Daphne. I'm not a bit hungry. Get him to call me a taxi."

Guy gave the order. On the pavement, helping her into the taxi, he said, "Look here, we must meet again."

"We must," she agreed. "Father wondered if by any chance you'd care to have lunch with us tomorrow?"

"Thanks. I'd love to." He had taken her hand, held it in a hard grip. "What time?"

"One o'clock."

In the taxi, Alison sat with her right hand held up against her cheek, as if that fierce hand grip still hurt.

It was just tea-time when she got home, followed by an armful of parcels, and with a heady sense of freedom, the delightful feeling that she was done for ever with schools and that London was a gay place and that life had really begun.

She pulled off her little soft hat, ruffled up her curls and ran up to the drawing room to pour out her father's tea, as she always did when she was at home. She had opened the door when, remembering, she stopped shyly.

Her father was in his accustomed chair by the tea-table but, on the other side, in her own place, sat a woman.

"Ah!" Robert Rede looked round smiling. "Here you are! Well, Daphne, here's my little girl—not such a very little girl, you see!"

Clever—sophisticated—hard! That was the first impression which flashed through Alison's mind as she advanced slowly to greet the woman who would be her stepmother.

A bony, sallow face, a pair of lustreless dark eyes which veiled the thoughts behind them, a mouth that had no kindness in its curves, a graceful figure, a big nose and thick black hair—so much Nature had given Daphne Sumers. The rest was sheer art.

A bold, a daring hand, had chosen to emphasise deliberately the close-set eyes, the high cheek bones and arched nose; by a touch of dark rouge, plucked eyebrows, a magenta lipstick, the way the dull black hair had been drawn back off a high narrow forehead and its ends piled up and up into a mass of very tiny curls, even the red and black dress that she wore, all served to lend a touch of mystery to a gipsy's face.

Twenty—thirty—forty? Even now that she had seen her Alison did not know the answer. She only knew that she felt an intense repulsion to those hard eyes.

She held out her hand, trying hard to instil warmth into her smile.

"My dear!"

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Alison endures a difficult scene, tomorrow.

LIONS DELEGATION GOING TO DALLES SUNDAY MORNING

A delegation of Lions from the Medford club will leave at 8 a. m. Sunday, enroute to the state convention at The Dalles, June 2, 3 and 4, it was determined yesterday at a regular luncheon meeting.

The club members expressed themselves as heartily in favor of sending a large delegation, and plans are being formulated to present an elaborate program in an effort to gain Medford as the 1936 meeting place, which is determined at each convention by the entertainment contest.

The local club has hopes of Medford's selection, according to officials. Ted and Evelyn Schrader, dancing instructors, will also make the trip and will be a feature of the program that will be presented.

The Medford delegation will go through Klamath Falls, picking up a delegation there and proceeding as a caravan. After reaching The Dalles one of the features of the convention program will be a boat trip along the Columbia. Guest of honor will be Richard J. Osenbraugh of Denver, Colo., first vice-president of Lions International.

The following nominees, chosen last night, will be voted upon the latter part of June: President, Jean Brault, Victor A. Tengwald, W. R. Coleman, Ted Higgins; first vice-president, Charles Reames, Al Littrell, J. Verne Shangle; second vice-president, Frank Gray; secretary-treasurer, H. G. Hubbard; lion tamer, George Prichett; tailtwister, Ray Martt, Michael Beck; trustees, Leland Knox, Andy Anderson, George Newoerry.

ROAD IS OPEN TO CINNABAR SPRINGS

The road to Cinnabar Mineral Springs is now open all the way to the resort, according to A. Robinson, resort manager. Although it is usual for the resort road to be snowed over until late in June or early in July, a mild winter has left the highway in good condition this year.

The springs are well known in southern Oregon and northern California, for their medicinal qualities. Over 75 years ago, while packing from Jacksonville to Yreka on the old pack trail, a prospector discovered the springs. For years there were no camping facilities at the site, and no good roads, but all that has changed.

To get to the springs, one must drive down the Pacific highway to the Klamath River highway, about eight miles north of Yreka, turn to the right and drive another eight miles to Beaver Creek, and signs from that tiny hamlet lead one the next 10 miles to the springs, where cabins and camping facilities are available.

Posed as Minute Man

BOSTON—(UP)—Arthur G. Mather, who posed for the world-famed statue "The Minute Man" at the Old North Bridge, Concord, is foreman of the engraving department of a Boston newspaper.

BREAK IN LUMBER STRIKE DEADLOCK SEEN ON HORIZON

SEATTLE, Wash., May 30.—(AP)—Clouds hanging over the strike-gripped Pacific northwest lumber industry today gave promise of dispersing before an evident willingness of employers and employes to break the deadlock.

Conferences were arranged or were being considered all along the front and in some instances agreement between the strikers and smaller operators were reputed to have been accomplished.

A decision of the Oregon conciliation board at Portland to mark time for a few days before initiating a new move strengthened a prevailing belief there would be developments ending, at least in part, the strike which sent 40,000 men from their jobs.

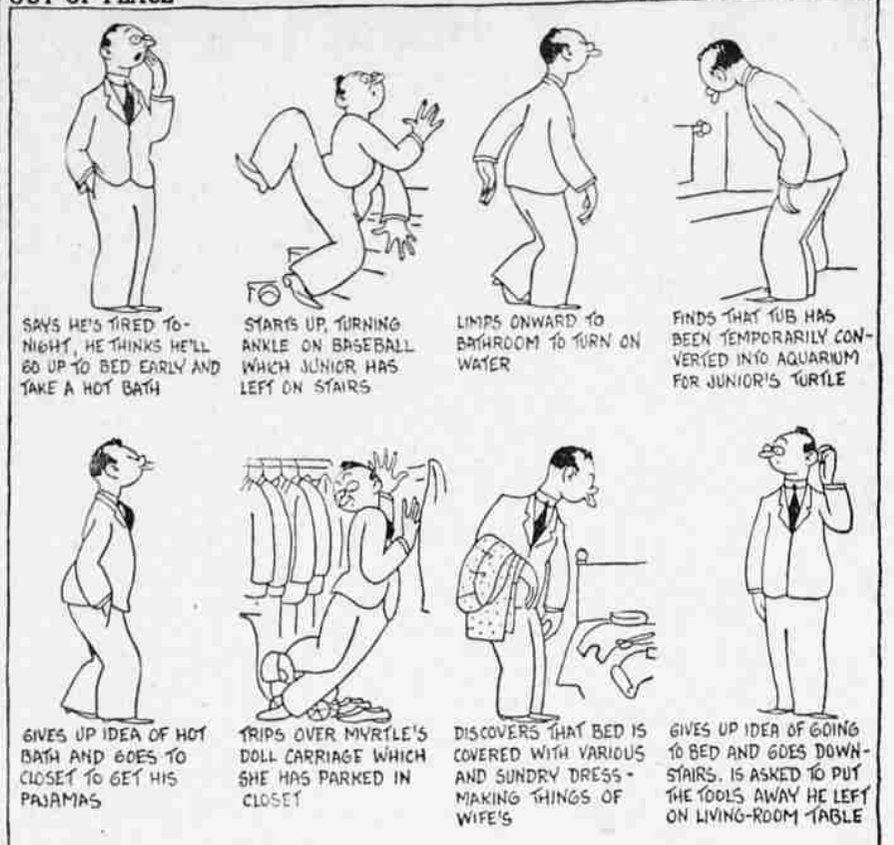
A. J. Dwyer of the Southeast Portland Lumber company informed the Oregon board he would be willing to meet the wage scale of other operators and assume a risk of recouping an immediate loss later. Dwyer's plant, he said, was paying 45 cents an hour, 2½ cents above the code minimum when the strike closed it.

1 Year for Stealing Locomotive

WELCH, W. Va.—(UP)—Robert Pearson was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary here for stealing a locomotive from the Norfolk & Western railroad yards. The locomotive was derailed a mile out of the yards.

OUT OF PLACE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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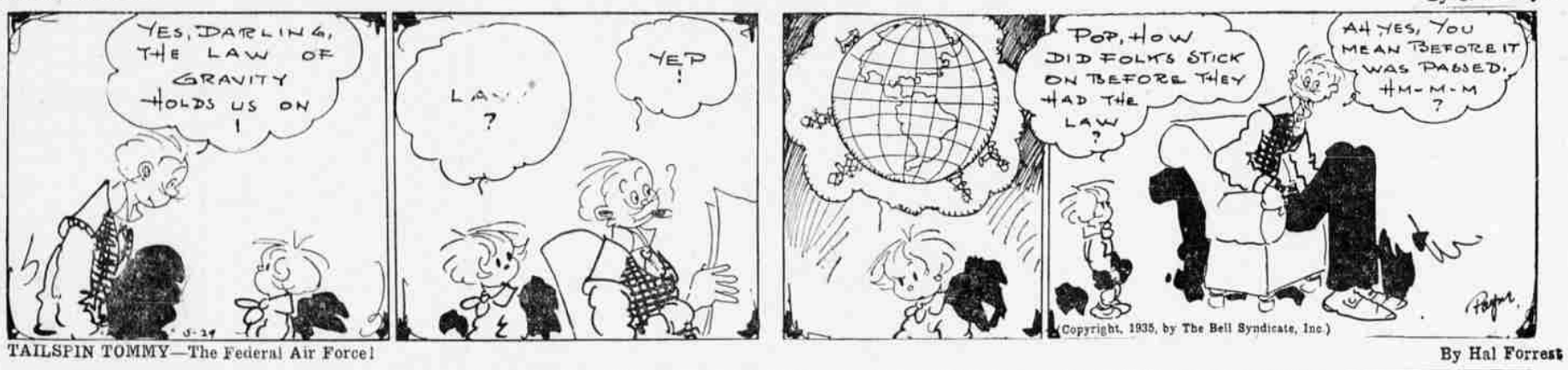
S-MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne



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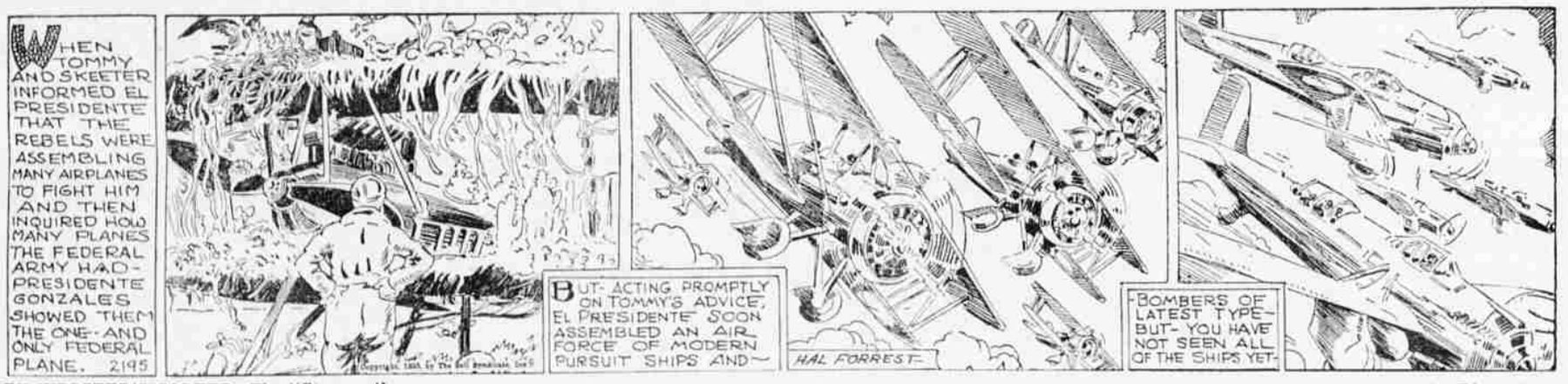
TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Federal Air Force!

By Hal Forrest



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The "Stranger"

By Edwin Alger

THE NEBBS—Good Advice

By Sol Hess

THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Goodbye!

By Harry J. Tuthill

STATE'S BOOKS DRIED WITH LAUNDRY IRONS

SALEM, Ore.—(UP)—The state bookkeeping department looked like a laundry for days after the statehouse fire, as records of the secretary of state's office were dried out.

Two electric mangles were set up to squeeze water from the individual sheets of the master set of books. The paper, soaked from firemen's hoses, was sent through first lengthways, then sideways and came through the treatment in fine shape.

Office employes said none of the records would be illegible, although the water stood in the files for many hours.

Triplets Born to Ewe

KEENE, N. H.—(UP)—There was great rejoicing and celebrating at the Josiah W. Graves farm. His pet ewe gave birth to triplets. An extremely rare event in the sheep family.

3700 BIBLE CHAPTERS SCANNED IN 52 DAYS

SILVERTON, Ore.—(UP)—Mike Dolan, city park caretaker, won a Bible reading contest here by reading 3700 chapters in 52 days.

Dolan's record included reading the Bible clear through twice and the New Testament three times extra with another 348 chapters read singly.

Hiram Hartley was second with 3652 chapters, only 48 less than Dolan. The prize was to be a fine Bible.

Pet Owners Want Cemetery

OAKLAND, Cal.—(UP)—A cemetery for pets, modeled on the Portland, Ore., burying ground, is being urged by pet lovers here.

Think They're Oldest Twins

KENTON, O.—(UP)—Mrs. Nellie Humble and her twin sister, Mrs. Lizzie Smith, believe they are the oldest twins in Ohio. They are 80.