ENEMY'S KISS

by Evelyn M. Winch

SYNOPSIS: Alison Rede is meeting her father's fiancée, and not liking her, Daphne Sumers is hard, and has, Alison sees, completely blinded her father. Alison is a little bemused herself, with Guy Westurn. Guy has rescued Alison from a bad predicament, and in spite of his vague air of mystery, Alison likes and trusts him. Alison, Mr. Rede, and Daphne are having tea.

Chapter 17

INSINUATIONS

ALISON gulped down her tea and set the cup down as she got up.

She said conventionally to Mrs. Sumers, "I do hope you won't think me so frightfully rude if I rush away? The truth is, I've a frantic headache, and I want to take an aspirin and lie down before dinner. These last few days have been rather tiring."

"Oh, my dear!" Daphne struck an attitude, registering remorse. "And it's all my fault! Oh, it is! Bob told me. I'm so terribly sorry! You see, he gave me his telegram to send off and I'd one of my own, and somehow I must've muddled them up. I can't think how."

"It was the fault of those idiots at the telegraph office," interjected Robert.

"No! I'm sure it was my fault," Daphne insisted. "You see I sent both telegrams over the telephone and I was . . a hurry, meeting you!" She patted his hand. "And I forgot to make them repeat the telegrams before I rang off. So Alison must've got the one meant for Harrips. If I'd had the faintest notion I'd have rushed down to Warley myself, but I never dreamt!"

"How could you?" said Robert fondly. "Anyway, all's well that ends well, isn't it, Alison?"

But the girl did not answer. She was staring at Mrs. Sumers who was saying "But it isn't well! The poor child might have got a cold! Those wretched tenants left the whole place in the most frightful muddle. Why there wasn't even a blanket in the house, and——"

"Then—then—it's your house?"

The words came out slowly, as if they were being squeezed out of Alison's lips.

"The Croft House? Oh, yes," said Daphne Sumers brightly. "It's my house."

"YOUR house." Alison repeated the two words as if she could hardly grasp the fact.

"Yes? Why?" There was a tinge of sharpness now in Daphne's voice.

"Oh, nothing. Only, I hadn't thought of it being yours, that's all," said Alison quickly.

"I don't live there, of course," said Mrs. Sumers. "I can't afford to—and anyway, its too full of memories. Unpleasant memories." She gave a faint sigh, followed by a side glance of gratitude directed at Robert. "It's been furnished to let but now I've sold it. But if I'd only realized that the telegraph office could make a silly mistake like that! However, your father tells me you weren't quite alone."

"No. Fortunately." Every fibre of Alison's being was awake now, alert; her mind kept puzzling over this new discovery. Did the telegraph office really make mistakes? After all, they handle incredible numbers of telegrams! Instinctive distrust made her the more suspicious. An unlikely tale, that two telegrams could get mixed—and yet, what had Mrs. Sumers gained by that night vigil?

"Bob tells me that a most attractive young man came to your rescue!" Daphne gave a little arch laugh. "You know, Alison, if you weren't so young, I'd almost suspect that you hadn't tried very hard to get in touch with us!"

For a moment Alison could not reply; sheer indignation choked her and to her vast annoyance her cheeks flushed until the color spread right down her neck.

"Look! She's blushing! You know, Bob, I believe it's time you did get someone to look after her! Fathers don't know everything, do they?"

Robert Rede took his daughter's hand.

"I think we're different from most fathers and daughters, aren't we?" he said kindly.

"Very different." Alison found her voice with an effort. "When Mrs. Sumers knows us both better, she'll find that out."

"My dear, I was only joking." In an instant, less than an instant, Mrs. Sumers dropped her arch manner, became serious, soothing. "Your father has told me so much about you that I feel I do know you, almost as well as I know him."

It was like fencing, thought Alison; thrust and parry. Every word carrying its hidden, double purpose—the effort to impress Robert combined neatly with a warning to Alison herself that she was now merely the unnecessary third.

Innately honest and sincere herself, hating subterfuge of every kind, the girl's disgust was tinged with fear. In her own fashion, a narrow, single-minded fashion, Daphne was clever; reluctantly Alison admitted it to herself.

She added now, "I'm sorry that I didn't meet the young man. I would have liked to thank him. And your father tells me that he's charming."

"You will meet him, for I hope he's coming here to lunch," said Robert.

"HERE!" For a moment Alison would have sworn that Daphne blinched; the rouge on her cheeks brightened and stood out in two pink patches; there was perhaps ten seconds interval before her smooth, "Oh! That's very nice . . . when?"

"I haven't asked him yet. You'll have to ring him up, Alison."

"Youve got his address, then?" Mrs. Sumers said that lightly.

"As a matter of fact, I haven't. I forgot to ask him for it," the girl was carefully casual.

"You con look it up in the telephone book, I suppose." Daphne spoke quite sharply. "What's his name?"

"Westurn."

"Oh? I don't know the name. What is he like? Your father could only tell me that he had good manners!" She laughed, but there was no ring now in her laughter. She had reached out for a cigaret and was busy with the match.

"Like? Oh, I don't know, quite," returned Alison.

"You didn't notice whether he was fair or dark?" But behind the joking words, Mrs. Sumers' eyes challenged, wary and anxious.

"Oh! -Oh, I see. Dark."

"Tall?"

"Yes, -ther."

"What sort of age?"

"I don't know. I should think around about thirty, wouldn't you?" Alison appealed to her father.

"Not more than thirty," agreed Robert.

"What is he?" Daphne Sumers appealed now to her fiance.

"An architect, he said, didn't the?" Alison nodded.

"Married?" asked Daphne sharply.

"No."

"You asked him that?" That with a faint, sneering smile which jarred.

"No. He just happened to tell me." Alison kept her voice cold and level.

"I see. Did you tell him who you were?" There was more than a hint of mockery in that.

"Well, naturally."

"Rather romantic!"

"What do you mean?" The challenge slipped out before Alison could stop it.

"Nothing," said Daphne innocently. "It is rather romantic, that's all. Rescue of a young girl at night in a lonely house, breakfast in the kitchen, the whole thing, isn't it?"

"Breakfast in the kitchen?" Robert was frowning.

"Didn't Alison tell you?" Her eyebrows went up, her eyes to the girl's face. "Oh, my dear! I gather he stayed there all night. They had breakfast in the morning—isn't that right?"

"Quite right."

"You didn't tell me." Robert looked troubled now.

"I didn't think it worth mentioning," said Alison, quite truthfully. "I'm only wondering how Mrs. Sumers knew."

"Me? Oh, I went down there yesterday to watch my stuff being moved out and found breakfast still on the table!" Mrs. Sumers laughed. "I couldn't think what had happened! By the way, won't you call me Daphne? There's not all that difference between our ages, you know!"

"If you would rather," Alison agreed.

"I would. My dear, don't look so serious! I'm sure that your adventure was quite—harmless. Wasn't it?" Again, she appealed to Robert.

"I don't exactly see what else I could do," said Alison hotly.

"You couldn't do anything else," agreed Mrs. Sumers quickly. "Only—" She looked at Robert. "I think your father's thinking that if he had been a very nice young man, he would have managed to spend the night elsewhere! Isn't that it? But you know, Bob, the younger generation is more casual than ours."

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Alison's suspicions of Daphne meunt, tomorrow.

VAN WINKLE SAYS RUM BOARD TRIES TO JUSTIFY ACTS

SALEM, June 1.—(AP)—Refuting charges made by the Oregon liquor control commission that the attorney general's office "has been slow and unresponsive in furnishing urgently needed opinions to the commission" Attorney General I. H. Van Winkle in a statement today declared the accusations were but a "subterfuge to cover the reversal of the originally announced policy not to employ private counsel."

The liquor control commission, in announcing the appointment of Austin Fliegel of Portland as an attorney for the commission, named by a two to one vote over John Beckman, had laid the reasons at the door of the attorney general's office at Salem.

The commission's announcement further stated the office "had failed to complete and deliver a new set of regulations asked by the commission, and had not furnished approximately ten opinions requested in the last two months. . . . We cannot wait until the attorney general finally gets around to give us belated opinions. . . . the commission feeling at this time that it had received little if any cooperation from Mr. Van Winkle and his staff."

Van Winkle's statement, addressed to the commission, refuted all of the charges. Van Winkle said he had waited some official communication from the commission but had not received any. The commission's charges were made during the meeting in Portland May 28.

Van Winkle stated he did not question the authority of the commission to employ its own attorney, but he did "controvert such statements attributed to your commission since they are wholly unwarranted and untrue."

AAA MARKET PACT WILL BE RETAINED

WASHINGTON, June 1.—(AP)—A positive statement that the AAA is contemplating no abandonment of marketing agreements was made today by Chester C. Davis, AAA administrator.

A telegram he prepared to reply to all inquries concerning the administration's plans said:

"The agriculture adjustment administration has no thought of abandoning either its present program of marketing agreements for fruit and vegetables or its milk marketing plans. On the contrary, we are now working with congressional leaders on amendments designed to strengthen these marketing agreements and milk plans.

"Efforts are being made to revise these proposed amendments in the light of the Schechter decision so as to retain the substance of the marketing agreements program while modifying enforcement procedure to conform to customary government regulatory practice readily sustainable in court."

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REDMOND BANDITS DRAW LONG TERMS

BEND, Ore., June 1.—(AP)—Stiff sentences in the Oregon state prison were meted out today to three men who pleaded guilty to robbing the Dairymen's bank at Redmond May 20.

Frank Watson and Earl Davis, both giving their residence as Oakland, Cal., were given 18 years for their portion of the robbery and E. T. Holbrook, former government employe in whose home the two men were captured, was sentenced to 20 years.

All three had waived grand jury examination and entered pleas of guilty.

Sheriff Claude McCauley said he would take the prisoners to Salem late today.

VETERAN KLAMATH CLUB AGENT DEAD

KLAMATH FALLS, June 1.—(AP)—Frank Sexton, 56, veteran county club agent, died here last night a few hours after he was found at his home with a bullet wound in his head. Investigating officers said he had been despondent over ill health. He is survived by his widow and one daughter. No inquest will be held.

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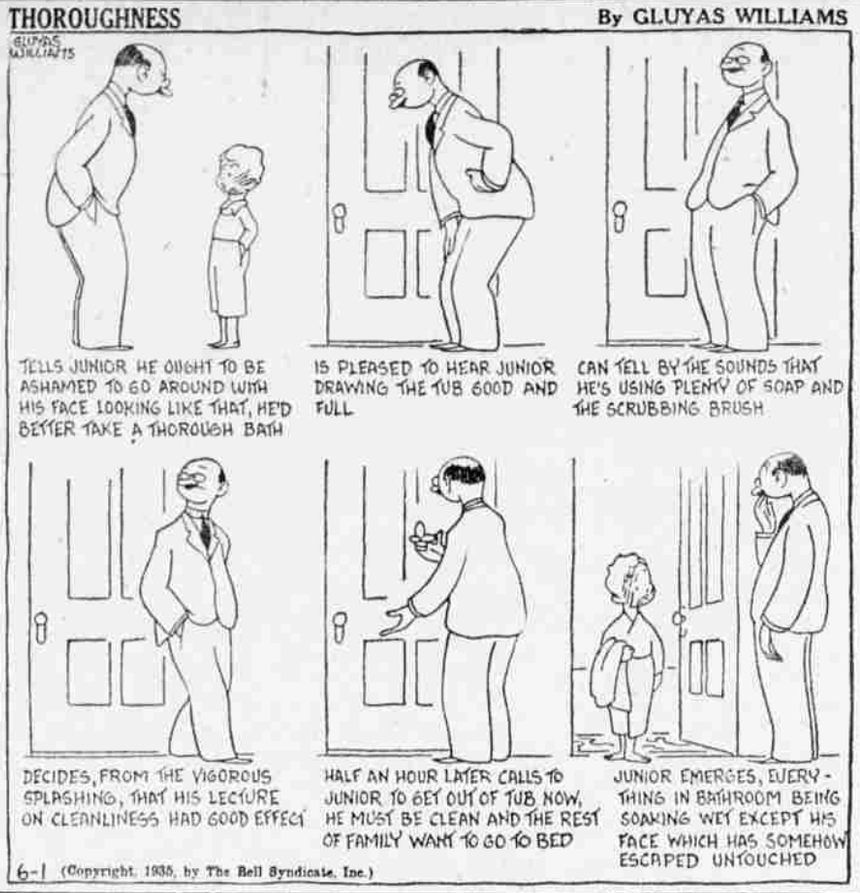

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S-MATTER POP— By C. M. Payne

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MOTHER, SON, DIE WHEN HOME BURNS

EUGENE, June 1.—(AP)—Mrs. J. A. Benson and her two-year old son were dead today following a fire which gutted their two-story house in Westfir at 4:00 a. m. today. Dr. Benson was in a hospital here suffering severe injuries sustained when he leaped from the upper window of the burning house. His injuries were not thought fatal.

The child, apparently suffocated, was dead when taken from the house while Mrs. Benson died later this morning in a local hospital as a result of the burns she received.

Origin of the blaze was a mystery.

MELON AND TOMATO CODE MEET TUESDAY

A meeting to which all melon and tomato growers are invited will be held at the court house auditorium, Medford, Tuesday, June 4, at 1:30 p. m. C. Wesley Williams of the joint control committee will be present and the melon-tomato code will be thoroughly discussed and plans outlined for the present season.

Dealers are especially invited to attend this meeting as the code concerns them as well as the grower. Many growers and dealers do not understand the code and this is an opportunity to find out just what it means.

Rolland Coffee Shop. If you cooked meals. Reasonable prices. Banquets.