

# ENEMY'S KISS

*by Evelyn M. Winch*

**SYNOPSIS:** Allison beds a horrid girl to find that the cold and calculating Daphne Summers, her father's new wife-to-be, is not only reducing her father almost to infirmity, but is calmly ordering Allison's own life as well. Allison is expecting Guy Westura for lunch, and Daphne disappears. Guy has done Allison a great service, and even that Daphne discounts.

## Chapter 21 RUNAWAY

ALISON had already discovered that her advice was not needed; a murmured approval of whatever Daphne suggested met the case.

"Excuse me, miss but there's a gentleman downstairs to see you." The butler stood in the doorway.

"Did he give you his card?" asked Daphne.

"No, madam. He didn't give any name."

"I'll go down and see." Allison was looking nervously at Daphne, hoping against hope, if only she could get downstairs alone, see him for a moment, explain!

But Daphne had already flung down her armful of stuffs; she had her handbag open and was adding a fresh layer of vivid scarlet to her morning mouth.

For a moment the girl hovered, hesitating.

"Do you mind if I go down?"

Daphne, between open lips, answered, "No, run on, I'll be down in a minute."

Thank Heaven! Allison could have laughed aloud in sheer relief. She darted down the stairs, into the drawing room.

Guy was there, waiting for her; the moment that she looked at him all her doubts dissolved. He'd understand!

"Have you got your car outside?" She spoke low and hurriedly.

"Yes. What's up?"

"I'll tell you when we get outside."

He followed her obediently out; halfway down the front stairs asked, "I say, don't you want a hat?"

"I haven't got one!" Allison confessed. "I'll stop and buy one."

They stole like two schoolchildren playing truant through the hall. Guy was laughing silently, Allison met his eyes and had to put her own hand against her mouth to stop herself from laughing aloud. She felt idiotically light-headed, absurdly happy and excited; a mad solution but the only possible one!

And he played up so wonderfully, matching her mood, asking no more questions until they were in the car and safely off.

"What's the game?"

"I'll tell you, but stop first at the corner. There's a hat shop there!"

The hat shop produced a beret of not too bright a blue to match Allison's coat and skirt, and since she was known to them, put it down. From the shop, she telephoned to Pertie, always discreet, and left a message for her father to say that she had forgotten, she must lunch out, she would be back in time to go out with Daphne at half past two.

CONSCIENCE assuaged, she ran back to the car.

"I say, that hat's a wow! I didn't know that a girl could buy a hat in less than ten minutes! Do tell me though—what's happened? Nothing wrong, is there?" he asked.

"Not much! Nothing except I've shocked my stepmother to glory and she thinks you must be the deepest kind of crook!"

"She thinks I'm a crook? Good Lord, what've I done?" To her surprise he sounded less amused than anxious.

"She thinks you ought to have slept in the road in the rain!"

He laughed, the joyous laugh that pleased her so well.

"Sorry! I never thought of it or I'd have swum to Warley!"

"And left little Herbert to do any bag-snatching he fancied," added Allison gaily. "Well, I'm glad you didn't anyway. I'd have been scared to death. But if you meet her, go gentle with her, please."

"I'll be gentle as a lamb," he promised solemnly. "If I have an irresistible impulse to pinch the silver or do a spot of forgery, I'll hold it sternly in check. I want to meet her. Is she one of those dear woolly old ladies who filled up with ideas in 1914 and haven't had the oil-tank emptied since?"

"Good Lord, no!" The idea tickled Allison. "Just the opposite. Hard as nails."

"Oh, that type!" He sounded as if he knew it well and liked it very little.

Allison ended breathlessly. "Well, anyway, I haven't dared to tell her that I'd asked you to lunch, so I

wondered if you'd mind having lunch with just me?"

"I'd love it!"

"Good."

"Where shall we go? The same place?"

"Yes, I'd love to. But you must lunch with me, this time," she insisted.

"Sorry!"

"You must!"

He ran the car alongside the pavement and stopped.

"What's the matter?" she asked, surprised.

"I'm going to drop you here and go home and sulk unless you lunch with me!"

He looked so absurd as he said it that she had to laugh and give way.

"And then you call me young!" she accused.

They laughed and for a moment he was occupied, turning out of Constitution Hill into the main stream of traffic along Piccadilly. When he spoke again, it was in a different tone.

"You've met your stepmother, then. How do you like her?"

"Oh, all right," Allison replied carefully.

"That's good. You were rather dreading the meeting, weren't you?"

"How did you guess?"

"I don't know. You gave me that impression."

"It was true." She admitted it in a low voice.

"BUT now you've seen her it's all right!" The traffic had stopped for a moment; he had leisure to look round. Allison did not answer and he read her silence correctly.

"I see. Rotten luck for you!"

"I expect I'll get used to it," she said quickly. "It's only that it's funny at first—I mean, having a third person there and the house being hers and not mine and so on."

"You think it'll come off?"

"My father's marriage?"

He nodded.

"I'm sure it will. He's awfully fond of her." It was difficult to keep that noncommittal.

He said quietly, "A pity, if she's not the right kind. You know, I took a great fancy to your father. He struck me as being rather a topper."

"He's a darling!" Praise of her father could always win Allison. "You know, the funny part of it is, he took a fancy to you, too."

"Thank you!"

"You know I didn't mean that!"

"I know perfectly well what you mean. Liking is generally mutual. You're sure he liked me?"

"I know he did. He was going to ask you to lunch today, if she hadn't stepped in."

"What? You mean your stepmother?" He was driving again now and did not look at Allison.

"Yes. As I say, she seemed convinced you were a crook!"

He said thoughtfully, "I wonder what put that idea into her head?"

"Apparently, our having breakfast together!"

"A little hard! Even the honest must eat!"

"That's what's so silly," Allison was breathless. "Oh, all right, constable. Sorry." He trod hard on the accelerator and shot off but they were in the restaurant, had found the same corner table, before he spoke of it again.

"Tell me, why did you say your stepmother sent you to that house? How could she mix the telegram?"

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Allison's story, tomorrow, seems to suggest something to Guy.

## MOTOR TOURISTS HINT SWAN SONG FOR DEPRESSION

WASHINGTON—(UP)—American tourists are cracking down on the depression.

The Foreign Travel Division said that motor vacationing abroad registered a tremendous gain in 1934, forging ahead five times more rapidly than all types of foreign travel.

In addition, the division reported, the number of cars shipped abroad last year was 60 per cent greater than in the corresponding period last year and prospects for the coming travel season "are extremely favorable."

It was pointed out that the number of cars transported to foreign countries in 1934 increased 25 per cent, compared with an increase of five per cent in total foreign travel.

Continued low transportation costs and introduction of new vessels on ocean lanes capable of carrying hundreds of cars indicate that 1935 will be a banner year for foreign motor travel, the division said.

Between 70 and 75 per cent of all cars shipped abroad last year were of the medium and low price class, "proving that vacationing abroad under one's own power is no longer a luxury to be enjoyed only by the rich, but is now within reach of the average pocketbook," the AAA branch said.

## NO NEW LOVE FOR MARIA JERITZA

HOLLYWOOD, June 6.—(UP)—Maria Jeritza, noted operatic diva, is divorcing Baron Leopold Popper De Podharany in Vienna but has no intention of remarrying, she announced today.

Declaring her divorce from her present husband would become final in "three or four weeks," she cautiously denied published reports of a new romance.

"Rumors of my engagement to three different men, one a prince, one a count and one a publisher, circulated in the past three days are not true," she said. "I am interested only in following my career."

## DAINTY DOROTHY'S DOOR IN ZOO HOME TOO TINY

OAKLAND, Cal., June 6.—(UP)—It was strange, thought the Oakland zoo attendants, that their dainty Dorothy, their only elephant, refused to enter the private bungalow erected for her in her section of the zoo. Yesterday a spectator sized up Dorothy, looked at the bungalow, and conferred with the attendants. Carpenters broadened the bungalow entrance six feet and dainty Dorothy moved into her boudoir last night.

## TRANSIENT ARMY AGAIN ON MOVE

DALLAS, Texas.—(UP)—America's vast army of migratory, homeless boys is again on the move, according to O. A. Stewart, supervisor at the Texas transient bureau.

Each day since spring's sunshiny days have given promise of warm summer months which will follow soon, the number of boys has increased. Now there is an average of about 40 boys reporting at the bureau daily, Stewart said.

The boys have developed a peculiar outlook on life, according to Stewart. Their movements have become pointless, they wander from bureau to bureau and register each night with the same lack of embarrassment that a citizen would feel in registering at a hotel.

"Seldom do the boys stay in one locality more than two or three days," Stewart said. "Their one aim is apparently to reach the next town, and then the next and the next in a never-ending circuit."

Most of the boys never have graduated from grammar schools and few have attended high schools. They talk not about jobs and settling down, but about the transient bureau in the city ahead.

Does it have good food? Clean beds? Do they provide shoes or other clothing?

Last Civil War Vet Dead  
KENT, Ohio (UP)—Kent became a city without a Civil War veteran with the death of Dr. F. H. Pope, 90, the last surviving G. A. R. member.

## THE FAMILY ALBUM—LIBRARY BOOK

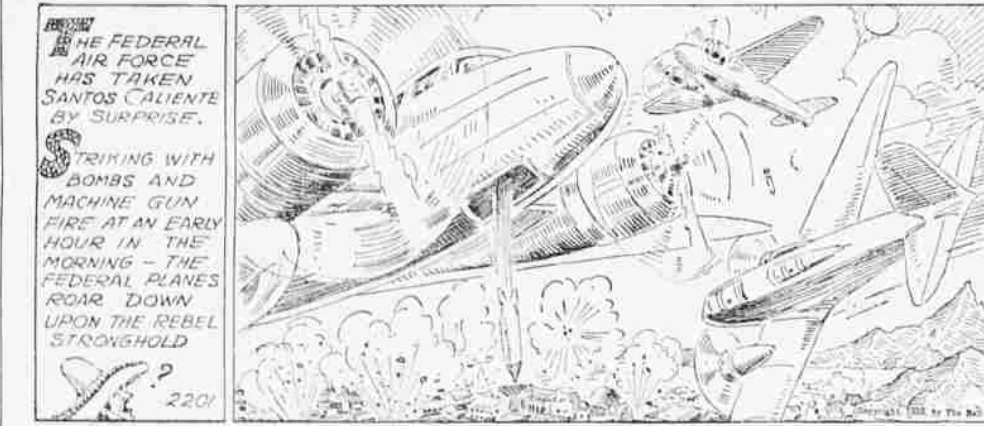
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



## S-MATTER POP—



## TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Bombing of Santos Caliente!



## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Fire



## THE NEBBES—Good News



## THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Goodbye, Party!



## RIOTING FRENCHMEN ATTACK NEWSPAPER

PARIS, France, June 6.—(AP)—A band of fifty persons this evening smashed the windows of Raymond Patenotre's newspaper, "Le Petit Journal," which has advocated currency devaluation.

The mob also destroyed the windows of the headquarters of French Freemasons, who have been accused by rightist parties of exerting "an occult influence" in politics.

Eight windows of the offices of the newspaper in which the American-born Patenotre conducts his campaign for devaluation were shattered.

## CHICAGO AIR LINES SUING GOVERNMENT

WASHINGTON, June 6.—(UP)—Three Chicago air lines filed suit today against the government asking damages totaling \$9,110,553.43 and costs for cancellation of their air mail contracts in February, 1934, by Postmaster General James A. Farley.

The five suits charged that while they complied in every way with their contracts, Farley annulled them without notice, and that losses resulted. The petitioners are Pacific Air Transport, Boeing Air Transport and United Air Lines. The suits were filed in the court of claims.

## TWO GO TO SCAFFOLD FOR SLAYING OFFICER

FORT MADISON, Ia., June 6.—AP—Elmer Brewer, 40, and Pat Griffin, 39, were hanged at the Iowa penitentiary today for the murder of Deputy Sheriff W. F. Dilworth, of Waterloo.

"Massaged" During "Rest"  
SALISBURY, Mass. (UP)—Marital life of Mrs. William Foster was one blow after the other, she testified in her divorce suit in court this week. The judge that her husband insisted on jumping on her stomach while she "rested."