

# ENEMY'S KISS

SYNOPSIS: To see Guy West... to whom she was a great... Alison had been forced... to see Guy West... to whom she was a great... Alison had been forced... to see Guy West... to whom she was a great... Alison had been forced...

Chapter 23

## THROUGH THE WINDOW

ALISON'S heart sank. "But suppose there's something I want to tell you. The promised... 'Ring me. My number's under Dundas. Dr. No. Dundas. He's a friend of mine and I'm staying with him. Any time between nine and twelve, or after seven, you can catch me there.'"

"Thanks, Dundas. All right. But—there's just one thing. You haven't forgotten what I asked? About my getting a job?" she appealed. "I may need it."

"I haven't forgotten," he returned. "Let me know if anything else, anything funny, happens." They had stopped at the corner and were standing on the pavement. He took her hand, held it tight, and for a moment Alison thought that he was going to say more. Then, abruptly, he dropped her hand, jumped back into the car and drove off quickly without looking back.

Alison walked slowly along towards No. 712 Chester Square. He had been very mysterious she thought. First the mere mention of Daphne had upset him, then, all through their long conversation he had given her the impression that he was intensely excited, almost nervous over her news.

His questions about it all, particularly his question about her father's wedding, his statement that Daphne Summers might be someone that he knew all fitted in with the idea that he knew of Daphne was not to her credit.

But if that was the truth, why did he not come and meet her straight away or suggest that he might find some chance to see her when she came to Chester Square? Surely he would know her if he saw her again.

"It's funny," thought Alison. "It's almost as if he was afraid of her."

Yet she could not doubt Guy. Whatever his reasons were for keeping back what he knew, she felt that he himself was clean and straight.

When she had told him that she trusted him, she had meant it completely. She trusted him now.

Only her curiosity was roused and she found herself trying to think of possible reasons why he should want that ten days silyce. Why was he so anxious that she should not tell Daphne of their meeting? What was he going to do?

Hating him, Alison would have hesitated to give her promise but for one thing—her feeling that Daphne on her side was deliberately making mischief. And she had argued with herself that after all her lunch with Guy was no business of Daphne's anyway. If she chose to ask questions about a matter that did not concern her, she must expect evasive answers, that was all!

At the time, with Guy waiting for her answer, she had not hesitated, had felt that to refuse would sound as if she did not trust him at all, so she had given the promise at once. But now, alone and back on the familiar steps of her own home, she found herself hoping that neither her father nor Daphne would ask any questions, that she would not be forced to lie.

And she comforted herself with the thought "If he knows something about her, father ought to know it too, before he gets married. It's in his interest to find out."

But to find out what? She wished that Guy had given her an inkling of what he suspected, of his connection with Daphne—or the woman whom he fancied might be Daphne. Was it a love affair? Alison wondered. Had he himself at one time been in love with Daphne Summers, and had he found out something which had made him change his mind? Much as she disliked and distrusted the woman her father was to marry, Alison found herself hoping that that was not the truth. The idea of Guy having been in love with Daphne hurt.

Yet the more she thought of it, the more likely that solution appeared; it would account for his showing no wish to meet Daphne face to face.

"Mrs. Summers has left, miss." There was a faint note of rebuke in

Perter's voice. "She waited half an hour." Half an hour late! If Daphne could enlist her father's anger on so small a point as that delayed answer over cream, what would she make of this? That was Alison's first, dismayed thought as she looked at the half clock. Her second was that it might be worth while trying to catch Daphne at her house. If she could see her for a moment and apologize!

"Get me another taxi, Perter." She dived into her bag to be certain that she had enough change. "Oh, what is Mrs. Summers' address?"

"Number 13 Bolleau Mansions, Fulham Road, miss." Perter prided himself on never forgetting details; he could always produce a telephone number, once heard, without the book.

It took the butler a few minutes to get hold of a cab and though Alison told the man to hurry, he was either too deaf to hear or too old to care. His cab was even more madly driving slowly than taxis generally are when one is in a hurry; he seemed to choose the longest route on purpose and his engine was as ancient as the man.

Bolleau Mansions, too, was at the far end of Fulham Road and it seemed to Alison that that must be the longest street in all London!

Unfortunately enough to be late—doubtless unfortunate today, for Mrs. Summers would be sure to ask what kept her and whom she had lunched with and after all it would be necessary to lie!

WHEN the taxi stopped at last, Alison came tumbling out, her purse ready in her hand. She thrust money into the old man's fingers without waiting for change and ran up the long steps.

Bolleau Mansions was one of those huge blocks which are on the dividing line between mansions and workmen's dwellings; a grim, grey block with stone steps and no porter or elevator. A hurried consultation with a green notice board in the hall showed Alison that No. 13 was next door and would be a basement flat. She ran down again and hurried along the pavement, was turning in towards the right door when she stopped dead.

London was darkening, as London can in late autumn, even by half-past three in the afternoon. In the basement flat that faced towards the road, the lights were on, this net curtains hardly veiling the interior.

Alison, turning up the steps, found herself looking down into a lighted room, a sitting room furnished brightly but not expensively in modern furniture of red and black and shining chromium, a big silver divan with red shining cushions occupying the space under the window.

But it was not at the room itself which Alison stared as she stood there as though glued to the pavement. It was at the two people inside.

A man and a woman. They were standing in the middle of the room, locked in each other's arms, their eyes closed, their lips clinging in a long kiss.

A slight, very dark and foreign-looking man with a small black moustache—and Daphne Summers. Alison turned suddenly upon her heel and walked away.

She walked straight down the road, her mind whirling, her heart seething with anger. It was horrible! The whole thing shocked her profoundly by its meanness—that Daphne should choose to get engaged without love was bad enough but to let another man kiss her like that!

For it had been a lover's kiss. No mere relation would greet one like that. Those two had been wrapped up in one another, lost to all the world.

What should she do? That was the problem which faced Alison. Halfway down the Fulham Road, she boarded a bus and sat there still wrestling with the answer.

Tell her father? On the face of it, he ought to know. Yet to Alison, scrupulously fair always, there was something unfair and dastardly about such a course. To look in a lighted window was in itself uncomfortable; like overhearing a private conversation.

To use knowledge gained like that to end Daphne's engagement was like playing the spy.

Yet could it be right to let her father go on; allow him, unwarned, perhaps to ruin his life?

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Alison gets very bad news, tomorrow, from her father.

## SHORTER HIGHWAY TUNNEL THROUGH SEXTON MT. URGED

### Survey Also Favors Route Changes Roseburg and Grants Pass And Curve Straightening

SALEM, Ore., June 8.—(AP)—The alignment of the Pacific Highway between Roseburg and Grants Pass was found to be generally correct, a reconnaissance survey of a super-highway between the two points just completed by the state highway department revealed.

The survey has not yet been presented to the highway commission but was made for the dual purpose of finding if it were necessary to change the entire Pacific highway route, and for the improvement of the route if federal money were available.

The cost of the construction would be \$7,684,000 and would save from 10 1/2 to 11 1/2 miles over the present route, depending upon selection of several alternates. The distance of the present route is 77.23 miles.

The new highway also would require at least three major tunnels and four small ones, the highway department's survey revealed. The maximum grade would be 6 per cent with a maximum of 10 degree curves.

Much of the new route would be over the present highway. The highway would leave Roseburg on the present road to Shady crossing, where it would run on the east side of the Southern Pacific railroad tracks and join the old road at Kelly's corner. About five miles south of Roseburg the route would go by the way of Roberts mountain for the major saving of the entire stretch, a distance of four miles, if that alternate is adopted.

This route would require a 1300-foot tunnel and would eliminate the old road through Dillard. After joining the Pacific highway on the other side of the mountain the super project would follow the present system nearly to Grants Pass, with the exception of straightening curves and eliminating some grades. In the latter process three small tunnels would be built approaching the summit of Canyon mountain, and a 1753-foot tunnel at the summit of Stage Road pass and a small one approaching it, the survey showed.

The second big alternate would be at Sexton mountain. Going through the mountain a 3100-ft. tunnel would be necessary but the distance would be shorter by more than a mile over the other proposal which would go around the mountain near Leland, requiring but a 1400-foot tunnel.

By the Sexton route the distance between Roseburg and Grants Pass would be reduced from 77.21 miles to 65.67 miles. By way of Leland the distance would be 66.72 miles. The highway could be traveled at a speed of 100 miles an hour.

Madame Perkins Talks SOUTH HADLEY, Mass., June 8.—(AP)—Frances Perkins, secretary of labor, returned to Mt. Holyoke college today to attend the reunion of the class of 1902, of which she was president.

## VETERAN TEACHER SAYS KIDS EASIER HANDLED NOWADAYS

SALEM, Ore. — (UP) — "Children are easier to handle these days than they were when I started teaching," said Miss Margaret J. Cooper, who retired this month from active teaching service after more than half a century in education—52 consecutive years as teacher and principal.

"The modern teacher faces few real problems of discipline. In the old days we were supposed to use the rod on pupils. I never did much because I soon found it did little lasting good. Talking to an unruly student was easier and more effective," she said.

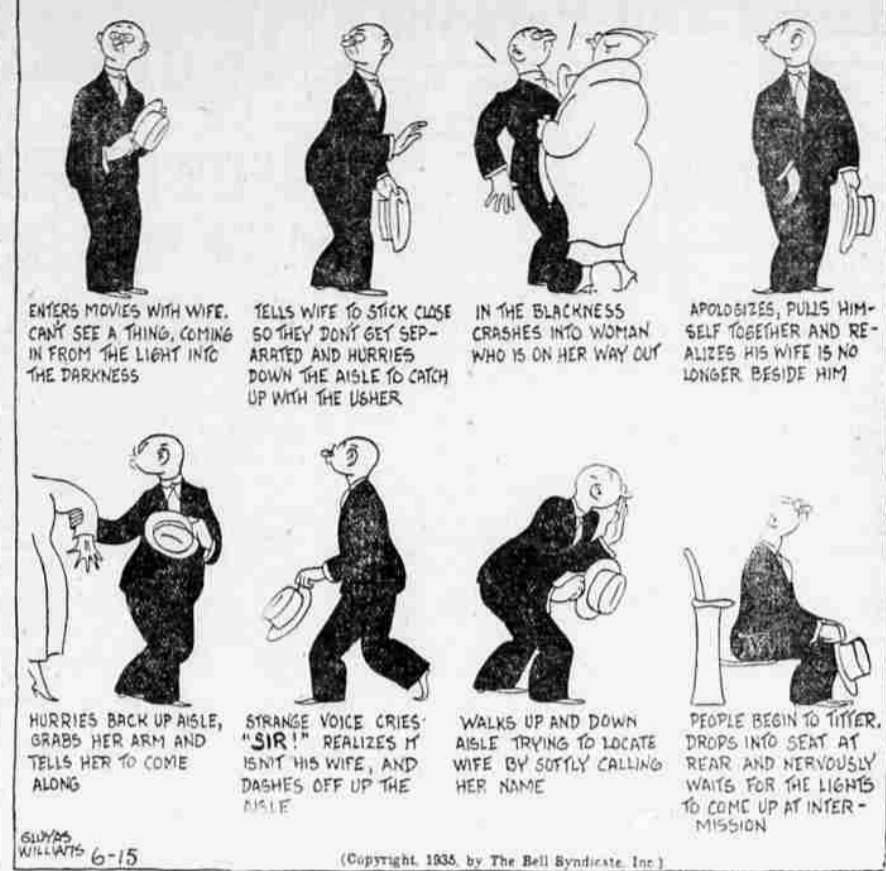
Miss Cooper started teaching in 1883, immediately after her graduation from Williams university that year. For 19 years she taught class and for the last 33 years she has been principal of Garfield, Park and Central schools in Salem.

Her first teaching job paid \$48 per month for handling 60 pupils in the first three grades.

Many families have had two generations educated under Miss Cooper and in one instance three generations. Little David Berger entered her school a few days ago, both his father, Dr. Armin Berger, and his grandmother, Lillian Steiner Berger, having gone to school under her.

Legislation passed by the general assembly of North Carolina in 1913 makes it a crime for college boys to haze.

## LOST



By G. M. Payne

## S-MATTER POP—



By Hal Forrest

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Mac 'Signs Off!'

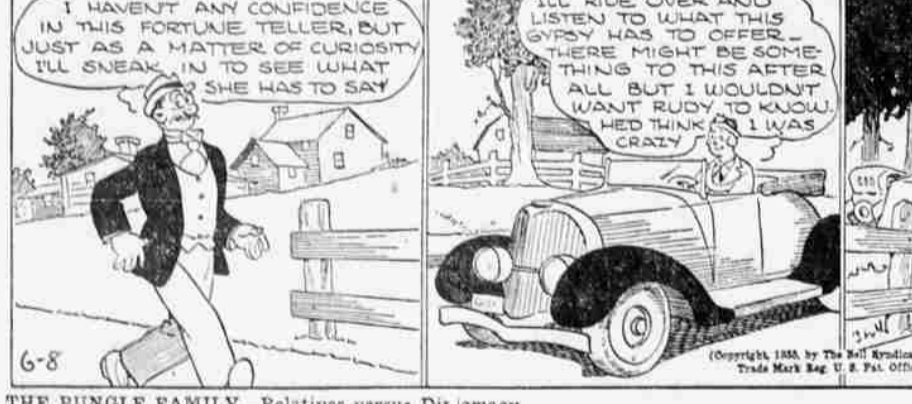


By Edwin Alger

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Tending the Wounded



## THE NEBBS—Fancy Meeting You Here



## THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Relatives versus Diplomacy



By Harry J. Tutbill

## ASTORIAN GUILTY SHOOTING POLICE

ASTORIA, Ore., June 8.—(AP)—Arnold Mattson, fisherman, was convicted in circuit court on charges of assault with a dangerous weapon here today as the result of an attack on two members of the Oregon state police May 13.

Sergeant Kenneth Heales and state trooper Cal Thorne were shot when they approached Mattson's car after the latter's brother had informed officers that Mattson was armed and was threatening to shoot Andy Gorman, driver of a car which figured in an accident in which Mattson was injured several months ago.

Defense based its plea on temporary insanity assertedly resulting from injuries sustained in the mishap. Sentence was delayed and 30 days were granted to file motion for a new trial.

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## ALLIED VETERAN COUNCIL URGED

GRANTS PASS, June 8.—(AP)—Formation of an Oregon Allied Veterans Council by representatives of the four larger veterans organizations, was urged in a resolution adopted by the state convention of Disabled American Veterans of the World War here today.

A joint state-convention of the four organizations—D. A. V. Veterans of Foreign Wars, United Spanish American War Veterans, and American Legion—for next year was also proposed.

Time and place of the 1936 convention was left to the incoming officers, to be nominated and elected later today.

The convention will end tonight with a ball and with scenic trips to the Oregon Caves and other points Sunday.

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