

ENEMY'S KISS



SYNOPSIS: Guy Western has been of great service to Alison. But her life is complicated by the fact that her wealthy and easy-going father is being victimized by Daphne Sumers, the woman he is about to marry. Alison believes Guy knows something about Daphne's, but he is mysteriously close-mouthed. Now Alison has seen Daphne, through the window of her flat, locked in the arms of a man. And the man is not her father.

Chapter 24 BAD NEWS

"It's so difficult!" thought Alison unhappily. "If I told father, he might believe me! And she'd find some way of wriggling out of it. After all, I can't prove what I saw; it's going to be my word against hers."

And if it came to that, she felt certain, her father would choose to believe Daphne Sumers.

"She'd only say that I'd made it all up," she thought despairingly. "Anyway, can it be right to tell tales? Is it ever right to do wrong?"

So impossible to know! She might only succeed in hurting her father without doing any good. Perhaps the best way would be to go direct to Daphne herself and tell her that she had been found out!

It was still early when Alison got off the bus at Knightsbridge. In any case, her father would not be at home before five. She would finish off her shopping, she decided, try and make up her mind what she must do then.

But she was still uncertain as to what was right when at last she got home.

Sitting in her own chair by the fire, alone with him, pouring out his China tea, poking the big logs on the fire to make them blaze, as she had done hundreds of times before, she found it harder than ever to make up her mind.

She could not listen properly to his description of his day, his lunch with Daphne and two old friends, some coming to be brought home from the club, the latest political scandal; she assented at random, trying to make up her mind to plunge.

"Father—" she drew a deep breath and got as far as that but Robert, still chuckling over his last joke as he lit a cigar, broke in before she could finish.

"By the way, did Daphne tell you about our new plan?"

Allison pulled herself together with a jerk.

"No. As a matter of fact, I missed her this afternoon."

Was he going to ask why? For a second she held her breath.

"Oh? You haven't seen her then?"

"No."

"Oh, we settled everything at lunch!" Robert was pleased to be able to break the news himself, he had rather a childish love of being the first and he did not notice Alison's expression of relief.

"She and I were talking things over," he went on cheerfully, "and we both feel that there's no real reason why we should wait a whole six weeks to get married. I was waiting because your aunt wouldn't be back from India to look after you, but Daphne says that she would much rather that you came with us."

"On your honeymoon?" All Alison's anxious thoughts were scattered by this bombshell. She stared at her father blankly.

"Yes." He laughed rather shyly.

"We're not a young couple, my dear, to be romantic about that. She says you'd enjoy it. Daphne thinks it'd be great fun having you with her while I'm playing with my botanical collection. You see we've decided to go to Spain now, the Southern Pyrenees, instead of Madeira, and you'd love that."

"I think I'd feel horribly in the way. I should not keep the sheer dismay out of her voice."

"Nonsense! How could you be in the way? We both want you." He patted her shoulder.

"Father, please—honestly, I'd rather not!" It came out with a rush. It'd much rather stay in the house alone, if Aunt Emily isn't back in time!

"I thought you'd be pleased." Robert looked upset and very hurt.

"I—think it's sweet of you both to want me." She got that out with an effort.

"We do want you. Surely that's enough?" There was a note of annoyance in his voice now.

"But I'd rather stay here." In her despair, Alison plunged. "I—I want to talk to you about that. You see, I've been thinking things out and I think I want to take up some work."

"Work? What on earth for? My dear child, don't be so silly!" He was quite heated. "There's no earth to work. You know per-

fectly well what I think of all this modern nonsense about girls earning their own living!"

"I don't want to earn my living," Alison strove to be patient. "I just want something to do."

His annoyance faded suddenly into laughter.

"Something to do. You'll have plenty. Why, Daphne's planning to give a dance to bring you out as soon as we get back, and you'll be much too busy playing round and amusing yourself to worry about work."

"But I don't want to dance and amuse myself."

"Don't want to come out and be presented? What rubbish! You'll love it. All girls do. Dancing and spending money and having new frocks and stuff—what a little goose you are!"

Was there no way of making him understand? thought Alison helplessly. A few months ago, he would have listened to her views, have taken them seriously, but now Daphne had taught him to think of his daughter as a child still, to be treated as a fool!

She made one last desperate plea.

"Let me try it—just for a little while anyway. The three weeks you're away and see—"

"See what?" His anger burst suddenly. "My dear, you're being very stupid! It's not like you. All this nonsense about work! Daphne and I want you to come with us, and that's enough. It's extraordinarily sweet of her to want you, and I don't think you're behaving any too well. I'm afraid it's simply that you're jealous, and I hate to think that." His anger died away, as it always did in a few seconds. He touched her right hand gently. "Alison!"

She broke from him and fled.

"I CAN'T bear this! I'll have it out with her!"

That was the one idea in Alison's mind as she rushed upstairs to her room. The thought of being third on that honeymoon trip, of being left half the day with Daphne and with no escape, was dreadful.

Skating and mountaineering had been Alison's hobbies when she was at school; the freedom and the loneliness of the high peaks appealed to a mystic streak in her nature. She had found in those solitary expeditions some things she had always wanted, peace to straighten out her tangled ideas and to know herself and her aims.

The light and color of those wide landscapes in summer, the utter silence of the snow and the thin cold air in winter enchanted her and had formed a secret joy to which she could look forward during the duller term. The notion of sharing her particular escape with Daphne was abhorrent.

"She'd get nerves and scream—I'm sure she would! She'd stick somewhere and expect me to lug her down and then tell father that I wasn't kind! She'll probably turn up in high-heeled kid slippers," thought Alison rebelliously. "And whatever happens now I shall always think of her kissing that man!"

She did not go downstairs again. She could not face her father until she had made up her mind what she was going to do. She lingered in her own room, pretending to read while she thought deeply. Yet when the housemaid came up to lay out her dress for the evening she seemed no nearer a decision.

"—anything more—funny—" Guy had said. And surely this was funny? For Daphne to change all her plans on the spur of the moment, to change her arrangements for a honeymoon trip to Madeira and In- delra, and you'd love that."

"It's not that she wants me," thought Alison with conviction. "She doesn't like me a little bit. She may put that over with father, it doesn't go down with me!"

"We settled everything at lunch," he had said. What had made her change? Not that kiss, then, in the basement at Fulham. Something had happened before that.

Could this new motive have anything to do with Guy? But the butler had said distinctly that he had given no name, so it couldn't be that!

One thing Alison felt sure of—something had made Daphne change her mind. It was no mere whim, for Daphne Sumers was not the type of person who acts without some deep motive. The more she considered it, the more Alison mistrusted this sudden change of plan.

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Alison is trapped, without knowing it, Monday.

LOW BIRTH RATE IS MENACE FOR FUTURE AUSTRIA

By F. C. M. Jahn
United Press Staff Correspondent

VIENNA — (UP) — The Austrian nation will die out slowly, if the present downward trend of the birth rate continues, according to statistics by Wilhelm Winkler, head of the census department.

More than a quarter of all Austrian marriages remain sterile, his statistics demonstrate.

Of all marriages concluded in Austria between 1890 and 1930 not less than 25 per cent remained without issue; 27 per cent of the couples had only one child; 30 per cent had two, while 27.9 per cent gave birth to three or more children.

A detailed analysis of the figures for the last decade reveals that the birthrate continues rapidly to decline, as is shown by the following figures for Vienna. It is true, the situation in the capital is worse than in the provinces, but there the trend also is downward.

Of the marriages concluded here between 1890 and 1930, 30 per cent remained childless. From 1904 to 1913 this percentage increased to 32; between 1914 and 1918 to 26; between 1919 and 1923 to 33; in 1924 to 40; in 1925 to 41; in 1926 to 42; in 1927 to 45; in 1928 to 48, and in 1929 to 52.

One-child marriages developed

MONKEY GLANDS TURN CLOCK BACK 15 YEARS DECLARES SPECIALIST

LOS ANGELES — (UP)—Dr. Serge Voronoff, rejuvenation specialist, whose monkey gland operations make people look 15 years younger, believes man should live 140 years.

"Every animal on earth should live seven times the time it takes to reach first maturity," he explained. "Man is mature at 20 years. Therefore, I give him 140 years to live."

Dr. Voronoff made the surprising estimate that nine out of ten times monkey gland seekers are men, rather than women.

"The glands restore mental as well as physical power," the specialist related. "Many men still must work at 65 or 70, and need new mental strength."

"But the women—they come for coquetry. That's why there are few of them."

For three months after the gland operations, no effects are felt, he related, and then—

"For seven months the improvement is continuous. A man 65 finally takes on the appearance of a man of 50."

"The effect lasts 10 years. Then it can be done again, but I think that patient will get the benefit of only about six or seven years the second time. We never have made a third operation."

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to our friends and relatives for their beautiful floral offerings and words of sympathy.—Mr. and Mrs. William Meek and Family.

Dr. Voronoff made the surprising

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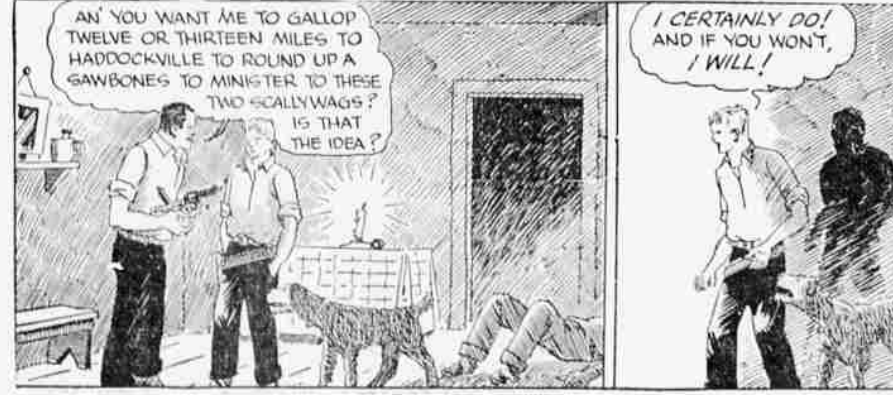
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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Acts Swiftly!



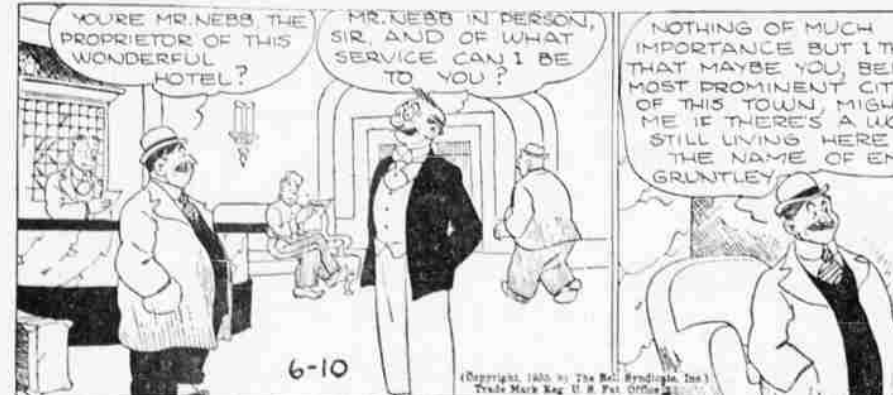
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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Argument



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THE NEBBS—Who's the Stranger?



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THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Listen!



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AVERAGE FAMILY ENJOYS GREATER PURCHASE POWER

MINNEAPOLIS — (UP) — Despite recent increases in living costs, the average American family with a \$2,000 annual income enjoyed greater purchasing power during the spring of 1935 than in the prosperity years of 1918 and 1929, according to a recent survey.

The average family enjoyed luxuries such as electric refrigerators, foreign reception radio, and a new automobile every three years on the same income, the survey showed. Despite these additional luxuries, the

family was on a sound footing with a margin for savings, insurance and recreation.

The study revealed that a family consisting of husband, wife and two children, which could live in modest comfort with \$2,000 a year in 1918, could buy the same comforts and necessities for \$1,577 in 1935, leaving a surplus of \$323 for additional purchases.

The items in the 1918 family's budget would have cost \$2,038 in 1920; the study showed. Although food and clothes were less expensive in 1920 than in 1918, an increase of almost 40 per cent in rental costs used up savings made on the other two items.

Food costing \$600 in 1918, could be purchased for \$500 in 1920 and for only \$381 at price levels in the spring of 1935, the survey showed.

A home or apartment of the type which could be rented for \$300 a year in 1918, rented for \$550 in 1927 but equal living conditions could be obtained for about \$370 in 1935.

By C. M. Payne



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