

# ENEMY'S KISS

by Evelyn M. Winch

**SYNOPSIS:** Alison is a girl who is carrying on a romance with another man, although she is about to marry Alison's father. Now Daphne and Robert have been ordered Alison not to have anything to do with her. Alison has turned, and has tried to convince her that he is really Guy Lumley, a prominent physician. Alison desires her father.

## CHAPTER 27

"It doesn't matter whether you believe it or not!" said Robert. "You've got to do as you're told."

"If you can prove it to me, I will!" Alison returned.

They were almost absurdly alike as they stood there, father and daughter, facing one another in the same stubborn attitude, with the same out-thrust chin and hotly smouldering eyes.

"Prove it!" Daphne's protest was smooth, gentle, faintly amused. "Have a little sense, my dear child. You can't suppose that I go about making charges like that if they're not proved? I tell you, the man was notorious. Why, I believe that there were even anonymous letters and postcards to the club, saying that he oughtn't to be allowed in as a member!"

"I don't know anything about that!" said Alison. "For all I know you may be quite right about this Doctor Lumley or whatever he is. All I can say is that Guy Westurn's someone else, someone quite different, that's all!"

"I suppose it's no good my telling you," Daphne's voice was ominously nasal, low and level, "that one of my own friends, a girl as young as you, got into the man's clutches and that she disappeared?"

"I'm afraid I don't believe you!" "You don't think it a little odd that he should turn up in the middle of the night inside my house?" "He was going for a stroll!" "I see. At midnight. In the down-pour that we had that night. He was going for a walk."

"If he likes walking in the rain, it doesn't mean that he's a crook!" "No," Daphne never raised her voice, "but it's rather funny, isn't it? Rather unusual, shall we say? Just as it's rather unusual that, having run into you there, he should choose to stay all night. It wasn't exactly thoughtful, to risk the reputation of a young girl."

"We haven't all got horrible minds!"

DAPHNE'S laughter was a masterpiece of tolerance.

"We're not all so innocent as you, child! Unfortunately! Some of us might think it queer that he should drive you home, and turn up next day to ask how you were, and take you out to lunch!"

"I don't see what you think he could do at lunch!"

"I don't think he'd do, or has done, anything—yet. I'm only saying that a rather more scrupulous man might hesitate before compromising a young girl of eighteen—a rich young girl!"

"He doesn't know—" began Alison and stopped, flushing as she remembered that Guy did know. He had commented on the fact that she did not know what it meant to be short of money. Still, that fact didn't prove this charge! But Daphne had caught the half-finished sentence and she thrust home.

"Most people would think that enough to damn him, Alison, without anything else—is to pursue a rich young girl against the wishes of her father!"

"He hasn't pursued me. I asked him to lunch today. I wanted to see him. I had to see him about—about something urgent!"

Daphne smiled.

"After two days acquaintance," she remarked dryly. "Can you really wonder that your father is a little anxious? Dr. Lumley—I'm sorry, Mr. Guy Westurn—must be rather fascinating, mustn't he?"

"I don't see what it's got to do with either of you?"

"You can't blame us, my dear, if we feel you're in some danger of losing your head!" She glanced for confirmation at Robert, who nodded, Alison exploded.

"She said, in a very loud, clear voice, 'If you mean that I might fall in love with Guy, then I am in love with him, and I don't believe a single word you say about him and I'm going to stay now.' And with that she turned and marched out of the room."

As the door slammed behind her, Robert Redo started forward to follow but Daphne caught his arm.

"No, Bob, not now!" she pleaded. "It wouldn't do any good."

"But if she's gone off to meet that 'low' he protested.

"She hasn't," declared Daphne soothingly. "Don't worry, dear. She's probably rushed off to her room to cry—and that'll do her good. The best thing you can do is to leave her alone."

But Robert was too much roused now to submit tamely to this suggestion. He said with heat, "If she thinks she's going to talk to you like that and get away with it—!"

Just for an instant, a glint of satisfaction showed in the woman's eyes and vanished. But she spoke gently.

"She won't again. The child's hysterical, that's all. She's at the age when girls do get all worked up and excited."

But Robert was stubborn.

"Alison's not hysterical," he declared sternly. "She can be perfectly sensible when she likes. I've never known her go on like this before, and I'm not going to allow it!"

HE took a step towards the door, but Daphne drew him back.

"Please, Bob! Honestly, you can't do any good and you may send her—well, right off the deep end!"

"What do you mean?" He frowned. Daphne hesitated. Then she sighed.

"To tell you the truth, I'm a little bit worried about her," she confessed at last.

"What about?" He was puzzled.

"Well—about her health." That came reluctantly.

"What's the matter with her? She seems perfectly well!" But he could not keep back a note of anxiety.

"In a way, yes," Daphne admitted. "But you know, Bob, these hysterical attacks aren't normal."

"Do you mean you think there's something the matter with her mind?" He was staggered, shocked, repelled at the mere suggestion, even while he rejected it, and Daphne replied quickly.

"Of course not! I only mean that she's inclined to hysteria and nerves, like a lot of girls are at that particular age. It's the fault of the schools. They overwork them, too much competition, and drive them too hard at games. A girl at that age is growing up, she needs rest, care. She mustn't overstrain her nerves, that's all."

"Oh!" He was openly relieved. Considered the suggestion carefully.

"Yes, I suppose that's true. She's certainly been very nervous and upset this time, since she got home. But, you know, I think you were right. It's only jealousy."

"No, my dear, jealousy—yes. But that's not enough to account for it, honestly. She wouldn't get these extraordinary ideas or these fits of temper just because of that. All that talk about seeing ghosts or something down at Warley—and now this absurd, unreasonable infatuation for a man she hardly knows! It's nerves, that's what it is. The child's very highly strung, and when she gets all worked up and hysterical, she gets these silly, queer ideas into her head. She won't listen to anyone—why, Bob, she was talking as if she couldn't trust you and you know that she adores you!"

"Perhaps if I went up and talked to her quietly," he began.

"No. Don't do that. She'd only think you were weakening. Leave her alone now. But what she ought to have is a thorough rest. I'm glad we're taking her with us to Spain. Mountain air, a tonic and complete rest is just what she needs. By the way, has she got a maid?"

"No," Alison's father was worried now. "Do you think she needs one?"

"I think it'd be a good thing. She oughtn't to have to pack or worry about clothes."

He considered that. "I might get hold of her old Nanny. She did act as maid until she got married a year or two ago."

But again Daphne vetoed his suggestion.

"It'd be better to get someone new," she said decidedly. "You don't want someone who'd baby her too much, fuss over her. A sensible woman, with some knowledge of massage would be better. I can find you someone."

"If you would!" He was relieved now. He put an arm round her shoulder. "What a comfort you are to me! I'm terribly sorry, dear, that she behaved to you like that."

"It didn't matter a bit. I was only sorry because," Daphne Sumers' voice grew low, mournful, "I had so hoped to win her over to me."

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Alison does not go to her room to cry, tomorrow.

# FOUNDATIONS OF PONCE DE LEON'S PALACE DUG OUT

## Excavations in San Juan, Puerto Rico Bring New Interest in Hero of Caribbean Who Sought Youth

WASHINGTON, D. C. (AP)—Excavations beneath the Casa Blanca in San Juan, Puerto Rico, have revealed ancient foundations, once part of Ponce de Leon's palace. The present structure, though popularly known as his residence, was built a few years after his death.

"Modern biographers have neglected Juan Ponce de Leon," says a bulletin from the Washington, D. C. headquarters of the National Geographic society. "He is mentioned only occasionally in the documents and records of his day; but the events of his life are written deep in the geography of the new world he helped to create. His sturdy figure stands in sculpture in the city square in San Juan and again in St. Augustine. His name appears on every map of the Caribbean. There is San Juan, capital of Puerto Rico; Ponce, the second town of importance in the same island; and Ponce de Leon Bay, cut into the southern tip of Florida."

Port of Riches

"Ponce de Leon probably sailed westward with Columbus on his second voyage in 1493. On their way to Hispaniola (the island of Haiti) they coasted past the shores of Puerto Rico, giving the young soldier a first glimpse of his future home. Trained in the Moorish wars, John Ponce was successful in subduing the natives of Hispaniola, and was shortly made governor of Higuey, the island's eastern province. From his headquarters on the east coast he could look across the Mona channel to the blue peaks of Puerto Rico. Riches of gold, hidden in those mountains, lured him across the channel. There he found rich lands, friendly Indians, and the promised gold. With this newly acquired wealth it was easy for him to secure appointment as governor of the island. To him it was truly 'Puerto Rico'—'Port of Riches'—and so he named it.

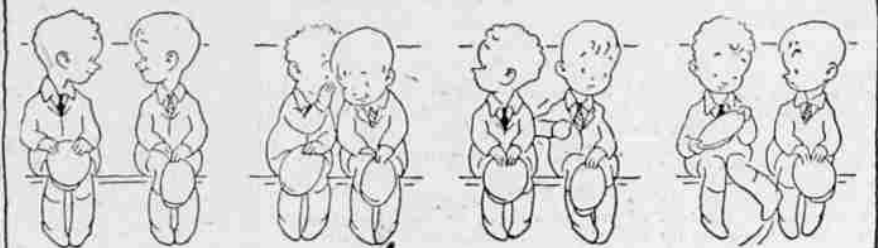
"By enslaving the Indians and exploiting the island's natural resources, John Ponce soon amassed a fortune. He built and fortified the town of San Juan, erected a magnificent palace overlooking the harbor, and ruled his lands sternly. His first ally in all campaigns was a remarkable dog named Bercelillo. This bloodhound was more feared by the Indians than was his master. It was a great blow to John Ponce when Bercelillo was killed in an encounter with the Caribs of Guadalupe."

Sought Fountain of Youth

A change in political parties deprived the Governor of office. New rumors had reached his ears, not of gold this time, but of a fountain of youth, which the Indians said was on the island of Bimini, to the north. He was an age of wonders, new lands and new riches were being discovered almost daily and good fortune had attended all his enterprises. Besides, the legend was not a new one, Alexander the Great had searched India

# SEAT MATES

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

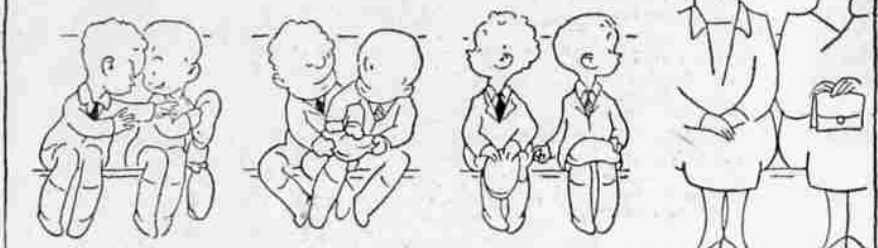


IS TAKEN BY MOTHER TO LECTURE ON 'EXPLORING THE AMAZON' IS PLEASED TO FIND HIMSELF NEXT TO BUD BEMIS AND HIS MOTHER

DOESN'T FIND THE AMAZON VERY INTERESTING, AND BEGINS TO WHISPER TO BUD

MOTHER SHUSHES HIM, AND BUD ON GENERAL PRINCIPLES GIVES HIM A POKE IN THE RIBS

BIDES HIS TIME, SUD-DENLY DELIVERING A SMART KICK TO BUD'S SHIN



BUD RETALIATES BY SNATCHING HIS CAP AWAY AND THROWING IT UNDER SEAT

GETS HOLD OF BUD'S CAP AND WRESTLING MATCH FOR POSSESSION OF IT IS ENDED ONLY WHEN MOTHERS INTERVENE

CAPS ARE RESTORED AND PEACE IS ABOUT TO PREVAIL WHEN BUD SURPRISEOUSLY ADMIRERS WELL PLACED PINCH

MOTHERS HASTILY CHANGE SEATS, MOVING IN BETWEEN THE BOYS

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# SMATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Jose Is Delighted!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Fight!



THE NEBBS—Throw Out the Life-line



THE BUNGLER FAMIL—A Roomer



By C. M. Payne



By Hal Forrest



By Edwin Alger



By Sol Hess



By Harry J. Tuttle

# GRANGE RALLY AT J'VILLE FRIDAY

There will be held Friday night at the Jacksonville Grange hall the third of the rallies participated in by a few of the joining granges of the county.

The educational committee of Talent Grange will present the program for the lecture hour, which promises to be of interest to all attending.

The lovely silver cup will be presented by this committee to the educational committee of the Jacksonville Grange, which grange will hold the cup until they present the program at the Bellview Grange in July. At the close of the program the cup will be given to the grange which has had the total largest per-

# Marion Sheriff To Plead June 27

SALEM, June 13.—(AP)—Sheriff A. C. Burk, Marion county, was arraigned before Judge Fred W. Wilson of The Dalles here this afternoon on two indictments, one charging him with negligence, the other with voluntarily allowing escape of a prisoner from the county jail. The sheriff waived reading of the indictments and June 27 was the date set for entering his plea.

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