

ENEMY'S KISS

SYNOPSIS: Alison finds at last her defied Daphne Sumner, the woman who is about to marry Alison's father. Alison tells Daphne and her father that the woman is carrying him for his money, and that she is in love with someone else. Then she runs from the room to meet Guy Western, cousin whom Daphne has made many situations. Guy says he is an architect; Daphne says he is a shady doctor from the Riviera. They are disturbed by a newspaper story telling of the finding of a body in Daphne's garage house.

Chapter 29 "I'M A DOCTOR"

BUT Alison could not smile at the grim joke; she was staring down at the paper dazedly as she repeated, "How could anything be there?"

"I tell you, there must be some way in and out, some way we didn't find," said Guy.

"You mean, you don't think that it happened the night we were there?"

"No, I don't. It's stark impossible. We'd have seen a dead kitten, let alone a man's corpse, even apart from the fact that we were looking for the ghost. And there wasn't anything there when you went down next morning."

"I didn't look right round," admitted Alison. "I only went straight through to turn the light off, but even then—"

"Even then, you'd hardly have missed a body! There's a picture of the house, by the way, on the middle page."

She opened the paper and looked; it was impossible to mistake the house. The great fold of the downs on one side, the drop into the valley on the other and the road that would past the two gates. It was queer and rather horrible to look at it again and realize that those dark, eerie cellars held a dead man.

Alison shuddered. The memory of the grey thing outside the door, of those two nail-less hands reaching towards her, was still too poignant to be comfortable. The traffic had started again and they were running down Piccadilly towards Regent Street as she said, "I don't know what my father's going to think when he sees this."

"Your father?"

"Yes, you see—" she paused, wondering how she could put it. "I told you that he had some silly idea in his head that there was something funny about you—it's her fault really."

"Your stepmother's?"

"Yes, you see, she's been making mischief again." Alison growl hot and red. "She hates me and she wants to make trouble, that's all. So she hit on this because she knew it hurt me—because we were friends."

She ended that sentence rather quickly.

"You mean she tried to stop you seeing me?"

"She got father to forbid me."

"Now?"

"Yes. But I told him point blank that I was coming. You see I had to see you."

"About the thing you rang up about last night?"

"Yes."

Piccadilly was torn up; they were following the stream of cars that circulated slowly by Jermy's Street. Alison, her eyes on the bus ahead, gave him a brief account of her visit to Fulham. She had reached that moment when she looked into the lighted room, when he stopped her.

"That was Alison's first numbed thought as she stood in the road on the outskirts of the thickening crowd which surrounded Guy and the child.

A pack of lies; but why should he lie—unless the story which Daphne told was true?

"I won't believe it! I don't believe that he's the same man, anyway," she thought fiercely. "There must be some other reason—perhaps it's just that he's had training in first aid or something."

A bell rang shrilly behind her and she was swept aside by the crowd on the pavement as the ambulance drove up and two men in the white and blue of St. John's sprang out. For an instant, as the crowd parted into a narrow lane, she caught a glimpse of Guy, on his knees, the little girl, with closed eyes and white face, resting in the crook of his left arm; then the solid wall of bodies closed back and she was moved again by a policeman who was trying to keep the road clear.

The two men from the ambulance came out, carrying the child on a stretcher; Guy was just behind them with another policeman who was taking notes, while beside him the driver of the lorry, white and shaky, kept repeating, "This gentleman saw me—twasn't my fault—in an agitated and monotonous squeak."

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Alison's sudden right is explained, tomorrow.

Alison looked up, surprised; they were turning into Glasshouse Street.

"Them to hear?" she repeated, "but there was no one."

It happened so suddenly that she had no time to think. A grubby little girl of about four, darting from a doorway almost beneath their wheels—the car swerving violently, missing the child, crashing into a lamp-post, which bent, hitting the top. Scared, the child jumped back. The off-wheel of a truck coming up behind them, took the little thing, and flung it up into the air.

"Oh!" Alison's hands went to her eyes, shutting out the picture as the child fell, hitting the roadway. When she looked back the truck had run up onto the walk.

The driver, white and sick-looking, was climbing out. A crowd had gathered as crowds do in London, springing from nowhere; a knot of shocked and curious loafers, a messenger boy, a woman who was crying and trying to push her way through. Guy was out of the car, running across the road and Alison scrambling out, followed.

"Truck knocked down a kid," said a greasy looking man importantly. Guy pushed him aside.

"All right, I'm a doctor." He dropped on his knees beside the fallen child and the crowd, pressing round, shut him off from Alison.

Some minutes later, when the ambulance had carried away the child, bruised and not but seriously the worse, Guy brushed down his muddied trouser knees and looked round for Alison.

She was gone.

A doctor!

Then he had been lying—lying when he told her that he was an architect, down there to look at the Croft House.

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"I don't see why not," said Alison. "I did too."

"All the same, I'd no right to," he insisted. "I didn't mean to tell you. I suppose you knew I felt like that about you."

"I guessed," she admitted.

"I couldn't help it, could I?" he smiled at her rather whimsically. "I fell in love with you the very first minute, when you got so cross with me."

"On all fours on the pantry door!" Alison's laughter was full of sheer happiness.

"Yes! You looked so adorable. So furious!"

"It was rabid with you!"

"I know. You nearly bit my head off."

"You deserved it!"

"For stopping you yelling?"

"For pinching my nose!"

"What else could I do? I'd got to stop you somehow. I didn't want them to hear and ask what I was doing there—" He stopped suddenly.

IGA STORES GIVE PRIZES FOR BEST MINT TEA LETTER

Mint Flavored Iced Tea—a new and refreshing summer beverage—is being introduced this week to housewives throughout the nation.

Home economics experts who have put the new drink to rigid tests are unanimous in praising its delicious mint flavor and throat quenching qualities and have hailed the product as real news to housewives who are seeking "something different" for luncheon, bridge and dinner tables on warm summer days.

In the past, these experts point out, many persons who enjoyed the refreshing properties of the tangy mint, have been forced to go out into the garden and pick the fresh leaves, or else purchase it from the store. Only in this manner could they enjoy the added zest which mint gives to this popular summer drink. This procedure is no longer necessary, tea experts assert, because the mint flavor is blended right in with the fine Orange Pekoe Tea of which the new product is composed.

The tea is available through independent grocers who are affiliated with the Independent Grocers Alliance of America, according to an announcement made by S. A. Gibbs, manager of Mason Eirkman & Co. Mr. Gibbs also revealed details of the nation-wide letter writing contest in which prizes totalling \$3,500 in cash and merchandise will be awarded to customers.

"IGA Headquarters is offering prizes for the best 25 word letter on the subject 'Why I Like Mint Flavored Peak Tea Better Than Any Other Iced Tea Blend,'" Mr. Gibbs explained. "The first prize is \$250.00 cash; the second, \$100.00; third \$50.00; four prizes of \$25.00 each and 1,000 sets of five pieces each of guaranteed silverware of the popular Sovereign pattern. The rules of the letter writing contest as announced by Mr. Gibbs are as follows:

1. Submit a 25-word letter on "Why I Like the New Peak Mint Flavored Tea Better Than Any Other Iced Tea Blend."
2. Attach to the letter the green band from the Peak Tea package which reads "Mint Flavored Iced Tea Blend" (or a reasonably exact facsimile thereof).
3. Mail entries together with name and address to: Contest Judges, Independent Grocers Alliance, 309 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois.
4. All entries must be post-marked before midnight, July 31, 1935.
5. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The decision of the judges shall be final. No entries will be returned.
6. There is no limit to the number of letters that may be submitted by one person, but each letter must comply with the above rules.

Further details of the contest, Mr. Gibbs explained, will be posted in all I. G. A. stores.

Nine Ohio's in Nova Scotia. HALIFAX, N. S. (UP)—Nova Scotia, about half the size of the state of Ohio, has nine Ohio's within its boundaries. Nine towns and settlements bear that name, three of which are in the one county of Shelburne.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

COAST BOOSTERS FOR CELEBRATION PAY CITY VISIT

P. A. Brunk and Sheriff Huffman of Del Norte county, California, were Medford visitors yesterday in the interest of the huge celebration to be held in Crescent City on July 4. There is always a large delegation of Medford people who journey to the coast city and, since this year is to see one of the largest celebrations in the California town's history, an even greater number is expected from here.

Featured on the program is to be a children's parade, with \$50 in prizes offered. There will be games on the beach, and foot races with \$100 in prizes. For those with a lumberjack turn of mind, there is to be a log-sawing contest with a substantial prize.

There will be a baseball team between the Crescent City K. P. team and the Medford Rogues in the afternoon, and two battleships, with visitors welcome, will lie at anchor in the harbor. Low morning tides will permit clam digging on the beaches.

For the evening a big brilliant display of fireworks, scheduled to start at 9:30, will be held which will be visible from all parts of the town. After the fireworks three dances will be held in Crescent City and one at Gasquet, on the Redwood Highway between Crescent City and Grants Pass.

Lawmowers: Sharpened Phone 261 Medford Cyclery 23 N Fir

A USEFUL PUBLICATION

GOES TO GET TELEPHONE DIRECTORY TO LOOK UP BILL WIMPLE'S NUMBER

CALLS URSTAIRS WHOM BOB THE TELEPHONE BOOK, IT ISN'T ON THE STAND

WIFE CALLS ITS ON A CHAIR IN DINING ROOM, SHE TO USE IT TO STAND ON TO REACH TOP SHELF OF CUPBOARD. DOESN'T FIND IT

REFLECTS, WIFE CALLS TO LOOK IN PANTRY, SHE USED IT TO HOLD SWING DOOR OPEN WHEN PUTTING DISHES AWAY

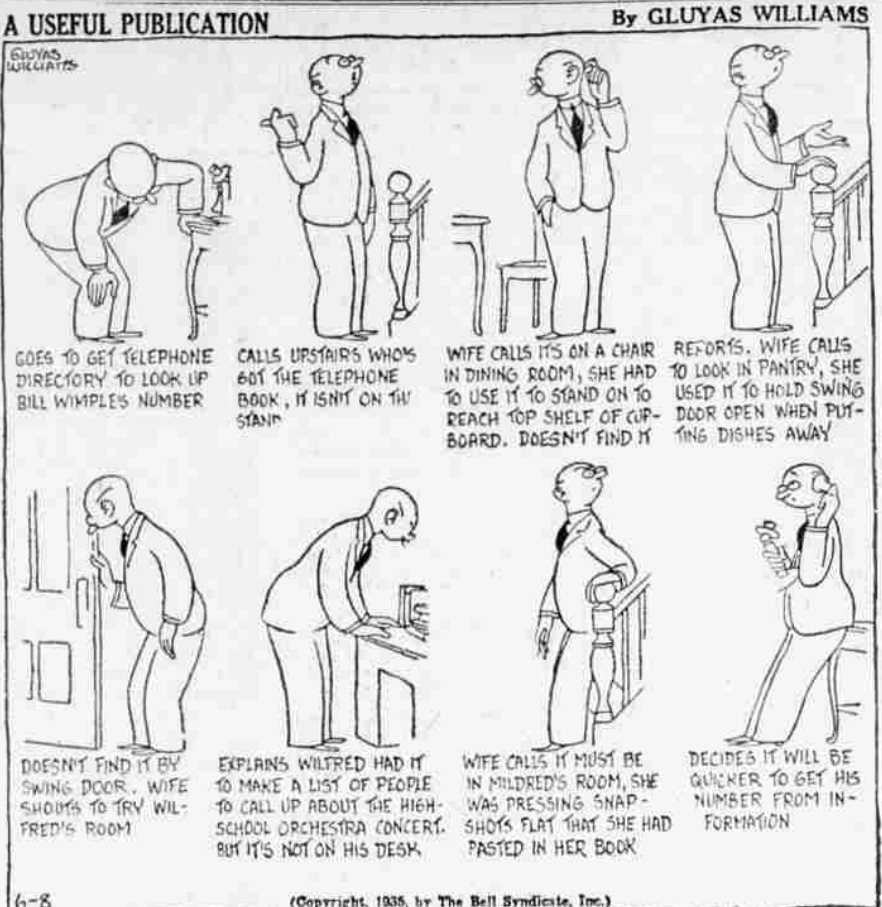
DOESN'T FIND IT BY SWING DOOR, WIFE SHOULD TRY WILFRED'S ROOM

EXPLAINS WILFRED HAD IT TO MAKE A LIST OF PEOPLE TO CALL UP ABOUT THE HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA CONCERT, BUT IT'S NOT ON HIS DESK

WIFE CALLS IT MUST BE IN MILDRED'S ROOM, SHE WAS PRESSING SNAP-SHOTS FLAT THAT SHE HAD PASTED IN HER BOOK

DECIDES IT WILL BE QUICKER TO GET HIS NUMBER FROM INFORMATION

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SMATTER POP



TAILSPIN TOMMY



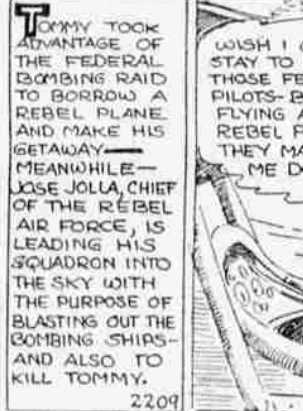
SMATTER WITH YOUR NOSE?



I-I-I, JUST KNOCKED IT ON WILLYUM'S FIST, HONEST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER



BEN WEBSTER'S ONLY THOUGHT WAS OF BRIAR



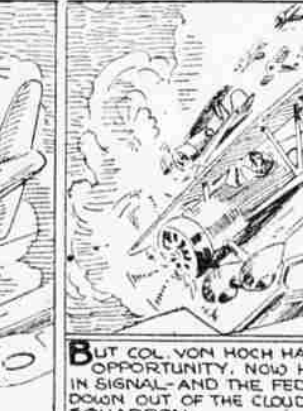
THE NEBBS



THE BUNGLE FAMILY



THE NEBBS



THE BUNGLE FAMILY



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THE BUNGLE FAMILY



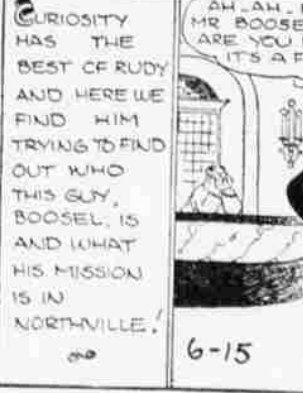
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Ashland Girl to Attend Red Cross First Aid School

Miss Maline Weizer of Ashland will represent the Jackson county chapter of the Red Cross First Aid Aquatic school at Neeley's Resort and Esdale Beach, Russian River, Calif., June 16-26.

The Red Cross aquatic schools are in their thirteenth season. Each school is directed by an expert of the national staff of the Red Cross first aid and life-saving service. Faculty members are especially chosen for the particular phase of the water safety program in which they give instruction.

S. M. Bullis, chairman of first aid, says the local chapter's representative upon completion of the course at the aquatic school will help the Red Cross here carry on its first aid and life-saving program.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Franklin's Cafe Has Ice Cream Machine

With the new ice cream machine recently installed, Franklin's Cafe is prepared to fill any size order for parties or special occasions, according to Dale Franklin and Virgil Martin.

The owners say the new ice cream, which has a rich flavor, has increased their sales, both at the fountain and by package already. The special today is fresh strawberry ice cream and a Saturday and Sunday special will be announced every Friday.

Franklin's custard vanilla ice cream, made in the new machine, will continue to be a daily feature. Custard vanilla ice cream has been featured at Franklin's for the past 10 years. Mr. Franklin says they will also keep a large assortment of packaged ice cream and sherberts on hand at all times.

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