

ENEMY'S KISS

by Evelyn M. Wink

Chapter 30 DR. LUMLEY

"Is she badly hurt?" Allison put the question to a woman with a battered straw hat who was working her way out of the front rank—a fat woman with a motherly face.

"Doctor in there says she's all right," the woman replied promptly, "but she's had a nasty knock, pore little thing."

Allison squeezed forward a bit; she must get hold of Guy.

"Stand back there, please. Don't keep crowding in." The policeman swept his arm out like a barrier, repeating his warning impartially to the whole crowd.

"My name's Lumley, Dr. Guy Lumley. And the address is care of Dr. Dundas."

Allison did not wait to hear more. Guy Lumley, Daphne was right!

She swung her head up blindly, turned and pushed past the crowd, round the first corner, conscious of nothing except a sick longing to get away quickly.

She walked so fast that she was almost running as she sped blindly through the little dirty streets which make a maze of Soho. Greasy-looking loungers at the street corners and lousy women who went bare-headed in shawls stared at her as she hurried past the low, grey, grimy houses, the garlic-scented stores and the eating-houses which wafted an odor of cabbage and stale fat.

A taxi hooked at her angrily to get out of the road, a man with a barrow load of flowers swore at her as he veered out of the way. Allison did not hear either.

Walking with a loose-swinging stride, her face white, her grey eyes wide open and staring like those of a sleepwalker, she went blindly with nothing in her mind but those bare facts: Guy had been telling lies.

He was the man whom Daphne had called notorious, the doctor who had lost his practice because of his ways with women, with girls.

Far down New Oxford Street, near the turning to the British Museum, she came out into the traffic, and, sighting a taxi, halted it. Climbing in, she ordered the driver to go on driving until she told him to stop.

It was long past five when Allison got out at the house in Chester Square, gave the taxi-driver a pound note and let herself in.

She was calm enough now; much too calm. She felt as though some mainspring inside her had broken, as if nothing could ever matter, any more.

She pulled her hat off and walked straight into the library.

They had finished tea. Daphne sat on the sofa, curled up with six cushions stacked behind her head; Robert was standing by the fireplace, looking grave, a newspaper in his hand. They both looked round as she came in.

She could not see herself; had made no effort to get tidy and could not guess how distraught she looked with her hat off, her hair on end, her cheeks stained with tears, her eyes red-rimmed and dark in her small, chalk-white face. She came forward and stood stilly, addressing Daphne like a person who recites a lesson.

"I'm sorry, I apologize for what I said. You were right. He is the man you thought I—I won't ever see him again!" With that she broke and ran out of the room.

She was nearly at the top of the front stairs when her father, flying after her, caught her by the arm.

"Allison! My dear, what's happened?"

She backed out of his grasp, said in the same stiff, hard voice, "Nothing, I just know that's all."

She ran then to her room, would have shut and locked the door but he was too quick for her, had his foot inside and forced it open.

"No, let me in—Allison dear, you must listen!" As she gave way he followed her inside. "Listen, Allison—he's been round here while I was out." And in a low and troubled voice, "Child, you don't mean what you said? You don't really mean you—you love the fellow?"

He was looking tired and worried, at another time she might have thought of him but now she backed out of his reach and up against the bed.

"Yes..." That in a whisper; then, a quick passionate cry, "Yes! But I'm not! I don't! He's just a common liar! I don't ever want to see him again. Oh!" She dropped on the bed, her face hidden, her head rocking on both arms as she crouched there crying.

Her father looked down at her sob-shaken shoulders, deeply troubled. The door behind him opened and Daphne came gliding softly in. She did not speak; she looked from the girl weeping on the bed to Robert, a question in her eyes. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Allison, dear—" She threw off his hand violently. "Can't you leave me alone?"

SHE sprang from the bed, ran with averted face into her bathroom and shut the door. The two waiting outside could hear her splashing water on her swollen face and the slow, heavy sobs growing slower, further apart, until they ceased.

Robert's eyebrows signalled; Daphne shook her head. "I shouldn't," she whispered. "Not yet. She's too upset. Tell her after dinner. Get her to take an aspirin and make her lie down."

When Allison came out of the bathroom, her face laved and powdered, she found her father alone nursing a bottle of aspirin.

They were to dine early, at seven, as they were all going on to a play. By the time that Allison was dressed for dinner in her newest, stiff faille dress, with a huge bustle bow below the slim waistline at the back, all the traces of her storm were safely hidden.

Daphne had been back to her flat and had changed into sleek mulberry satin, the split skirt lined to the hem with turquoise blue; even Robert, in his dinner jacket with his grey moustache trimly flattened down, seemed to have recovered.

As they sat down to dinner they were all three determined to make the evening go smoothly.

"Have you decided where to go?" she asked Daphne at the end of dinner.

They might have been three polite strangers meeting.

"Why, yes. We've fixed everything."

Daphne and Robert were glancing at each other across the table with a congratulatory air. Allison could read those messages without words which said, "Good! She's come round. She's going to be sensible. It's all over."

She felt faintly amused. It was very odd how nothing in the world made any difference now. The idea of going to the Pyrenees, which had appealed her, simply did not matter any more.

If Daphne wanted it, she would go and would do her best to make up for that scene in the morning by being pleasant. At least it would be better for her father than to have them quarrelling, and if Daphne's love for him was just a sham—well, was love ever anything else?

Robert was almost jovial. "It's going to be delightful!" he announced. "I got the special license today and I've wired the hotel for rooms. I'd actually fixed to sail for Madeira but no one can say that I'm not a good fencer! I've cancelled tickets, everything—found the address of the Spanish hotel and got rooms—and all at one day's notice! Only heaven knows what they'll be like. Don't blame me, Daphne. If you have to live on dry bread and garlic."

"Don't worry," Daphne promised. "I've not been there since I was a young girl and the cooking's Spanish but superb, and the scenery's quite marvellous. It's fascinating. The car road only goes part of the way and then you have to finish up on donkeys. A regular bandit's eyrie, right up among the mountains with a waterfall on one side and a place they call the Devil's Jump on the other, a sort of bottomless cleft in the side of the mountain. It's absolutely wild. You'll love it, Allison."

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Monday, Allison reads more terrible news in the paper.

MEDFORD GUARDS TAKE UP ROUTINE AT CAMP LEWIS

Lieut. McBee Made Aide de Camp to General Riley—All Local Men in Fine Health—Enjoy Outing

By Capt. C. Y. Tengwald.

CAMP MURRAY, Wash., June 15.—(Special Correspondence)—Company A and headquarters company arrived in camp on schedule, with all members of both companies feeling fine. Immediately upon arrival the entire first day was spent in preparing camp and getting set up for the two weeks stay.

The camp site is ideally situated, about a half mile west of the Pacific highway, on the government reservation, which incidentally is the largest military reservation in the United States, comprising 74,000 acres. Our camp is located two miles north of Camp Lewis proper.

Troops from Idaho, Washington and Oregon are assembled here for the two weeks intensive maneuvers. After preparing camp and enjoying a well cooked meal prepared by our first cook, Ralph Smith, who preceded the company to camp, the boys were all quite tired and by nine o'clock all were in bed and getting their first night's sleep in camp.

The second day in camp the regular routine commenced with first call at six o'clock in the morning and after calisthenics and a thorough physical examination the camp settled down to regular schedule, commencing with close order drill, extended order drill and combat principles, ending the day with a regimental parade.

Owing to the inability of Sergeant Eugene Orr to attend camp it was necessary to make several changes in non-commissioned officers of Co. A. Corporal Arthur L. Schatz was promoted to sergeant in place of Orr while the loss of Lieutenant McBee as an officer of Company A will be keenly felt by the members of the company who feel highly elated over this recognition of one of its officers.

Lieutenant McBee assumed his new duties this morning. All of the members of both Medford companies are feeling fine and after three days in camp there has as yet not been a single case of any member reporting for "sick call." The food in camp is excellent, accommodations are fine, and the men are all enjoying themselves. All are looking forward to the week-end when they will be permitted to leave camp and it is expected that there will be a heavy exodus to nearby cities, principally to Tacoma which is only thirteen miles to the north.

Two issues of The Mail Tribune have been received up to the present time and there is a big scramble on when the mail comes in for "first" on the Tribune. Every word in the paper is scanned for news from home.

\$80 Found in Old Can. ELKO, Nev.—(UP)—All that glitters is not gold, but Forest Kilborn believes \$80 is \$80, whether it be gold or paper money. While prospecting Kilborn found an old tin can at an abandoned mine. He discovered \$80 in bills in the can.

ADVENTURE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

IS PLYING OUT IN THE WILD, WISHING THERE WERE SOMEBODY TO PLAY WITH

DECIDES TO BE ADVENTUROUS AND WALKS DOWN STREET AND TURNS THE CORNER

COMES ON A MAN TAKING UP POSTERS ON TELEPHONE POLES. FOLLOWS HIM ALONG FOR A BLOCK OR TWO

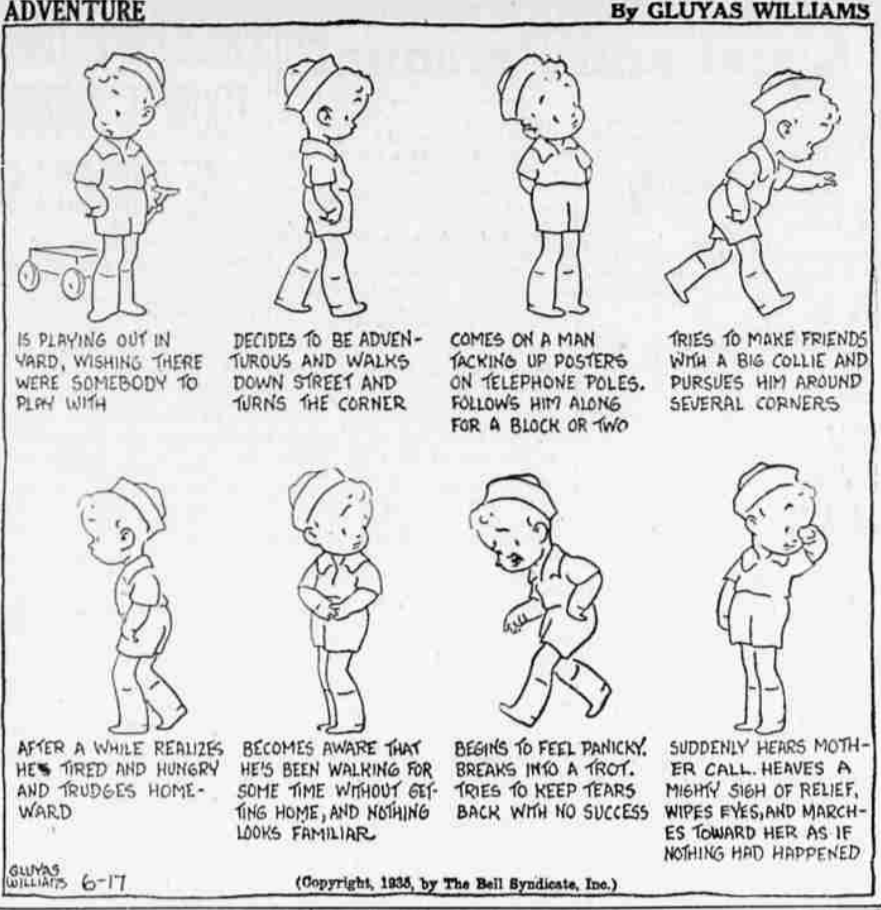
TRIES TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH A BIG COLLIE AND PURSUES HIM AROUND SEVERAL CORNERS

AFTER A WHILE REALIZES HE'S TIRED AND HUNGRY AND TRUDGES HOMEWARD

BECOMES AWARE THAT HE'S BEEN WALKING FOR SOME TIME WITHOUT GETTING HOME, AND NOTHING LOOKS FAMILIAR

BEGINS TO FEEL PANICKY, BREAKS INTO A TROT, TRIES TO KEEP TEARS BACK WITH NO SUCCESS

SUDDENLY HEARS MOTHER CALL. HEAVES A MIGHTY SIGH OF RELIEF, WIPES EYES, AND MARCHES TOWARD HER AS IF NOTHING HAD HAPPENED



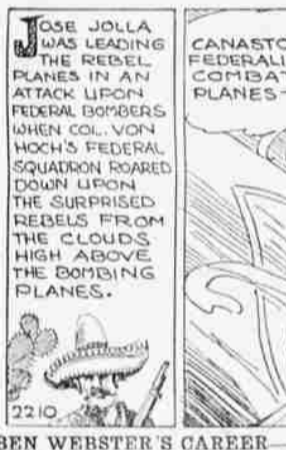
GLUYAS WILLIAMS 6-17 (Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

ENJOY WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT QUALITY GUM THE PERFECT LASTS THE FLAVOR LASTS

S-MATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Surprise Attack!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Specific Instruction!



THE NEBBS—Watch Your Step



THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Landlords



BY C. M. PAYNE



BY EDWIN ALGER



BY SOL HESS



BY HARRY J. TUTTILL



NEWLYWED JAYS HOME DESOLATE

BARNDINE CREEK—(Sp.)—Misfortune entered the lives again today of the two bluejays whose efforts to rear a family in a fir tree on the edge of the old Dow property have been unfortunate from the start.

ed to the helpless, featherless birds by two dogs. She replaced the baby in its nest and all went well until this morning.

Not long after sunrise today a terrific din sent another neighbor to the fir tree beating the nest. Wildly fluttering from one adjacent tree to another and emitting such alarming squawks that it sounded like bloody murder, were Mother and Father Jay. This time the nest was tipped straight down and it was so disarranged as to suggest a struggle. Nowhere was the baby to be found. Evidence indicates that it had been snatched by a passing animal, perhaps a hawk. The parent jays hovered about all morning, their cries becoming less hopeful and more mournful as time passed by.

Postoffice Prize. HOOD RIVER, Ore., June 17—(AP)—Where would you deliver a letter sent from Japan, if it was addressed as follows: U. S. A., Oregon State City, Mainhood Railway Co., Inc., Second Building, Koyo Teijima. Local postal employees placed it in the hands of an employee of the Mt. Hood Railway company, who said the delivery was correct.