

ENEMY'S KISS

SYNOPSIS: Alison Redo has apologized to her future stepmother for doubting the latter's statement that Alison's friend, Guy Westum, is really Guy Lumley, a physician of dubious habits. Guy's name is familiar; Alison still loves him, although she will not see him again. Now she has learned from the newspaper that a murder had been done in the lonely Sussex house where she was rescued from a dangerous situation by Guy. And the house belongs to Daphne Sumers, the woman Alison's father is to marry.

Chapter 32 DAPHNE INTERFERES

GUY had lied when he told her that his name was Westum, that he was an architect—had he lied about the car as well? Had the whole story of his stroll past the house been made up, and had his car been parked all the time a few hundred yards from the house? The car which could have taken them both into Warley.

Now that she looked back, Alison remembered too clearly that she had been very anxious that she should not walk to Warley and tell her story to the police.

Slowly, painfully, she recalled each incident of their strange meeting. With her suspicions awake, she could see that his tale of a midnight stroll on a wet night was pitifully thin.

But why had he lied? Why hadn't he said right out that his car was at hand, only a few yards away? Was it because he was afraid that she might give him away?

And now, all in a rush, came back details to reinforce her fears. The telephone—he had shown no surprise when she got no answer! Had he himself cut off the telephone?

She recalled that they had gone to his suggestion to the drawing room; she had sat waiting at the desk while she dialed and had let her eyes stray down it, thinking that it was ugly. But surely the drawers had been shut then? And Guy himself had grown red when he told her about the burglary!

He himself, only yesterday, had said that he had stopped her cry in case someone should hear! On his own confession, then he had known that there was someone else in the house, before she told him of her fright! And he had been afraid that other person might know that he was in the house!

True, they had searched together—but not all the house. There had been a moment when she was in the bathroom alone and Guy had gone up to the attic.

True, he had put Gaffe on her bed to guard her through the night; she had thought that particularly nice of him, to be so anxious for her safety and comfort. But suppose that he was only anxious to see that she did not move without his knowledge, spy on what he was doing below?

"What've you got there?" Alison jerked round to find Daphne looking over her shoulder. For a moment she thought that Daphne was laughing but the glint, if there was a glint in those dark eyes, vanished at once.

"You've seen this?" Daphne nodded.

"Oh, yes. Bob showed me before dinner. He was going to tell you but I wouldn't let him. Rather ghastly, isn't it? I mean, to happen in one's own house. At least, it isn't mine now, thank Heaven! As I was saying to your father, it's a good thing I completed the sale and had their check."

DAPHNE was chattering lightly but not heartily now. "Lucky for me that the poor creature didn't get found a little earlier before the sale was signed, or they might have backed out."

"Rather awful for the people who found it," said Alison slowly.

"Oh, I don't know! An old house ought to have a ghost!" chaffed Daphne. "If it had happened before they took it over, I might've charged them extra for a ghost!"

But Alison could not even pretend to laugh.

"They seem to think it happened on the 25th."

"The night you were there?" Daphne's eyes were very quick as they darted at her and returned to the paper. "My dear! You don't think—?"

"I'm sure he was the man I saw in the house."

"My dear!" Daphne seemed almost excited.

"Bob! Come here! Alison seems to think that the man they've found dead in my house was the one she saw here."

"Nonsense! Are you sure?" Robert did not look pleased.

"He was probably some tramp who was camping out in the house," put in Daphne swiftly.

But Alison spoke to her father. "Do you think I ought to go to the police?"

Robert was troubled now, rubbing his chin.

"I suppose you ought to," he admitted. "If you're absolutely certain."

"I can't be certain, of course," Alison admitted, "but it sounds like it—the description, I mean."

"I suppose you must go to the police," admitted her father glumly. "Bob!"

It was Daphne who cut in quickly; she looked almost angry as she faced him. "Bob, you're mad!"

"What'd you mean?" He looked up, startled.

"You can't seriously suggest that the child should get herself mixed up in a case like this?"

"But she is mixed up in it!" "I know. But you can't want her to attend the inquest and tell the whole world, all the papers, that she spent the night at Warley with a man!"

Alison gave a little gasp. Robert said crossly "Really, Daphne—"

But Mrs. Sumers stood her ground. "Don't you see that is just what people would think? We know her story's true but who in the world would believe it was, when the public had done with it?" She drew a deep breath, scolded. "I could almost be angry with you, Bob, for suggesting it!"

But for once Redo was obstinate. "This is a murder case, Daphne. You can't monkey with evidence in a murder. If Alison knows anything, she ought to say so."

"But we don't know she does! They haven't found out everything yet," argued Mrs. Sumers. "Why aren't they even certain what date the poor man was killed?"

"THEY say the night of the 25th," Alison's voice was toneless.

"They say they want to see a man whose car was near the house that night," corrected Daphne sharply. "They don't say it happened that night. It couldn't have. Why, the body was found in the cellar and the removers were in there next day taking out my furniture."

"Were they?" It was a cry of sheer relief that broke from Alison. Daphne looked at her curiously.

"Yes."

"That's true," agreed Robert. Daphne drove home her advance.

"I think at least we might wait," she pleaded plaintively now. "If you won't consider the child, Bob, you might consider me! If there's an inquest and Alison was called, we should have to wait here in England, it'd upset all our plans."

"I don't see why," Alison was almost cheerful again.

"Of course it would. My dear girl, we couldn't leave you here alone to face that!" Daphne sounded shocked. "No, if you insist on her going to the police, Bob, there's nothing for it. We must put off our wedding. But I do think it'd be more sensible to wait a little while, anyway, and see what happens. She can't tell them anything except that she saw this man in the house and someone else may come forward to identify him without letting Alison's name get mixed up in it at all!"

Robert bent and kissed her fondly. "You know, you're always right," he said. "She's marvelous isn't she, Alison? Such a lot of sense tucked into that little head!"

Alison laughed and agreed. She would have laughed at anything, agreed with anyone at that moment, she was so filled with relief. Whatever motive Guy had had for his lie, it was not that one! At least he had not been responsible for that grim, gray-faced man's death.

"Look here, we ought to be getting on," Robert put down his coffee cup, fustily consulting his watch, although it was barely a quarter to eight and the play did not start until eight-fifteen. "If there's one thing I hate more than another, it's coming in after the curtain's gone up. Run and get on your coat, Alison. Where have you left yours?"

"In the telephone room," Daphne went out first, graceful in the long, sweeping lines of her dress; Alison ran upstairs glad of the momentary escape from the two below.

Her short white cape and powder were ready; she was coming down again, had reached the last bend of the stairs, when a voice checked her and made her stand still.

"I must see her. Please take her my card."

"But Miss Redo's just going out to the theatre, sir."

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Alison wings a confession from her caller, tomorrow.

STATE 'AG' STAFF WILL BE REDUCED BY REDISTRICTING

Director Announces State Will Be Divided Into 11 Districts With Resident Inspectors Each Section

EUGENE, Ore., June 19.—(AP)—Announcement of several changes in the state department of agriculture, effective July 1, was made here Tuesday by Solon T. White, director of agriculture, who came here to address the Eugene Rotary Club.

The principle changes will be division of the state into 11 districts with a resident inspector in each district, and elimination of several members of the department staff and reappointment of the older members, who, in addition to other duties, will fill the resident inspector position for the districts, he said.

Medford Headquarters. Districts were announced as follows: Clatsop, Columbia, Tillamook and Washington, headquarters at Hillsboro; Yamhill, Polk, Benton and Lincoln, headquarters at Corvallis; Linn and Lane, except coast strip of Lane, Eugene headquarters; Douglas, Coos and coast strip of Lane, headquarters at Marshfield; Josephine and Jackson, headquarters at Medford;

Clackamas and Marion, headquarters at Salem; Hood River, Wasco, Jefferson, Sherman, Gilliam, Morrow and Wheeler, headquarters at Hood River; Umatilla, Wallowa and Union, headquarters at Milton; Grant, Baker, Malheur, headquarters at Ontario; Deschutes, Crook, Harney, Lake and Klamath, headquarters in Klamath Falls; Portland and Oregon City will be under the supervision of a branch office in Portland.

Avoids Duplication. Mr. White said the changes were being made to avoid duplication and to save taxpayers' money. Under the new plan, resident inspectors will take care of all work in the districts, including check on sanitation in stores, restaurants, butcher shops, taking samples of food; inspecting dairies, checking trucks for peddlers' licenses, egg grading and other duties.

He did not name men for the various districts and gave out no names of appointees to the various positions. This would be done later he said.

County Agent R. G. Fowler of Jackson county, in commenting today on

the above announcement by State Director White, declared he believed the plan to avoid duplication and thereby achieve economy, an excellent one. Mr. Fowler was loath to discuss just what effect the new set-up would have in this district until more detailed information had been received.

RETAIL SHOE MEN FOR OBSERVANCE OF CODE

PORTLAND, June 19.—(AP)—C. J. Pessier of Tacoma, Wash., was elected president of the Northwest Shoe Retailers' convention at the session here yesterday. I. A. McDowell of Albany, was named vice president and George King of Salem, treasurer. The association's 1937 convention is to be held with the National Shoe Retailers' and Manufacturers' group in Los Angeles.

A resolution passed yesterday urged the observance of provisions of the NRA code.

ENJOY WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM
THE PERFECT GUM
QUALITY GUM

THE BIB

TELLS WIFE HE'LL BE PUTTING THE BABY'S BIB ON WHILE SHE IS GETTING HIS SUPPER

STARTS TIVING IT, BABY PULLING BIB OUT OF HANDS SO AS TO LOOK AT THE PICTURE EMBROIDERED ON IT

RECAPTURES BIB STRINGS AND BEGINS OVER AGAIN

BABY TURNS SO AS TO WATCH FATHER WHO CIRCLES CHAIR TRYING TO GET WHERE HE CAN TIE STRINGS, BABY TURNING WITH HIM

BABY TIRES OF MERRY-GO-ROUND AND STOPS, SUDDENLY TRYING TO SLIDE UNDER THE TRAY OF HIGH CHAIR

FATHER FINALLY CATCHES HIM IN A QUIET MOMENT AND TIES BIB — IN A HARD KNOT WHICH WILL TAKE 20 MINUTES TO UNDO

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S-MATTER POP—

POP

DESPERATE AMTROSSE SAYS I'VE GOT LITTLE WHITE THINGS IN MY HEAD AN' THEY BITE

YEH, TEETH!

AW-W-W

OUT!

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—El Zorro Attacks El Feliz!

SKEETER HAS A PLAN TO END THE REVOLUTION.

BELIEVING THAT TOMMY IS STILL A PRISONER IN THE HANDS OF GEN. GOMEZ AT EL FELIZ, HE LEADS EL ZORRO'S MEN IN A SURPRISE ATTACK UPON THE GARRISON OF THE TRAITOROUS GENERAL

VIVA EL ZORRO! VIVA SKEE-TAIR!

MUERA GOMEZ!

POWDER RIVER! E-E-Y-EE! GIVE 'EM THE WORKS MUCHACHOS!

VIVA POWDER RIVER

VIVA RIO POWDER! VIVA SKEE-TAIR!

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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—On the Spot!

DON'T LOOK SO INNOCENT, KID—

I SUPPOSE THIS IS DOPE, EH?

A ROAR FROM LOCOMOTIVE HALTED ANY FURTHER CONVERSATION

YOU PICKED OFF ONE O' MY MEN IN THE CANYON, DIDN'T YOU, CLAMMY?

DON'T KILL ME, LOCOMOTIVE! I HI-JACKED THESE HORNS FROM ONE OF YOUR BIRDS, BUT I DIDN'T HARM HIM—HONEST, I DIDN'T!

COME AWAY FROM BEHIND THAT BOY! AND YOU KID, GO OUT AND BRING MY HORSE IN HERE!

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THE NEBBS—The "Worrier"

I'M A BIT WORRIED ABOUT EMMA—THERE'S A LITTLE GUY STOPPING HERE WHO'S PAYING HER A LOT OF ATTENTION

WHO IS HE?

I DON'T KNOW—HIS NAME IS BOOSEL—I ASKED HIM WHAT HIS BUSINESS IS AND HE WOULDN'T TELL ME—GAVE ME WORD TO PAY HIS BILL IN ADVANCE—HE SAID THAT'S MY RECOMMENDATION!

EMMA ASKED TO GET OFF EARLY THURSDAY SUES GOING TO DINNER WITH HIM

SO YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT HER NOW? SHE OUGHT TO BE OLD ENOUGH TO LOOK AFTER HER OWN AFFAIRS. I DON'T KNOW WHETHER ITS WEAKNESS OF INTELLECT OR YOUR INNATE DESIRE TO STICK YOUR NOSE INTO OTHER PEOPLE'S AFFAIRS THAT KEEPS YOU WORRIED ALL THE TIME

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THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Help!

Ha, I see Gus and Olive have every light in the house burning—and oh there's a taxi leaving our house

It's loaded down with suitcases and—

Listen, isn't that Gus looking back?

Oh Gus!

I hear Olive telling the driver not to stop oh I wonder—George, let's hurry upstairs

Yes, sir, gone! Two of my best gowns My new hat—and the suitcase—the alligator grip

See if my gray suit that Gus looked at this morning is— it's gone—and my tan shoes

Robbed! Here's a note left on the hall table— Listen!

Don't squawk. We're only Oh, oh, note left on giving you the same case of medicine you'd use to food us if we give you a chance. Goodbye, forever, Gus and Olive

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HONOR TO VETS URGED BY MARTIN

SALEM, June 19.—(AP)—Governor Martin today called upon the people of Oregon to "join wholeheartedly and enthusiastically" in celebration of the last farewell encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic in Oregon to be held at Portland June 19, 20 and 21.

In his public statement to the citizens of the state the executive declared "we must make this last encampment a glowing page in the history of the department of Oregon, Grand Army of the Republic, A state-wide display of our country's flag is the most patriotic gesture I could commend to honor these soldiers of the Civil War."

"By their devotion they brought into being a new nation, united

EXAMS SLATED FOR CONDITIONED PUPILS

Examinations for eighth grade pupils who were conditioned in the May examinations will be held at the court house June 23 and 29 from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m., according to announcement today by the county school superintendent's office.

All conditioned pupils who wish to take the tests may come to the court house on either of the days mentioned, the superintendent said.

Be correctly corrected in an Artful Model by Ethelwyn S. Hoffmann.

By C. M. Payne

By Hal Forrest

By Edwin Alger

By Sol Hess

By Harry J. Tutthill