

ENEMY'S KISS

SYNOPSIS: Alison heads faces the dilemma: she is in love with Daphne's father, but she is married to Guy. Alison's father, for his money, she believes Daphne to be an adventuress, and in Guy's return she thought she had an ally. But Daphne has said Guy's real name is Lumley, and Alison finds Daphne is correct. She catches Guy in other intrigues. Now sets her father against Daphne, Daphne an enemy, and Guy apparently a liar. The married Alison hears Guy demanding to see her.

Chapter 33
DISMISSAL

"I WON'T keep her a minute!"

"What's all this? What's all this?"

Robert had joined in, drowning Guy's voice and Peter's stately reply. "What? What? What're you doing here? Heh?"

"I want to speak to Miss Rede just for a minute."

"She's busy. She can't see you." Her father's gruffest tone.

"I can wait."

"No need to wait. I tell you, my daughter can't see you."

"If you'll just allow me to see her for one moment and explain—" But Guy was not even allowed to finish. Robert exploded.

"Explain? Explain what? There's nothing whatever to explain. You came into this house on false pretences—yes, on false pretences—and you won't do it again! No, don't interrupt me! Most disgraceful conduct! Only what one might expect, I suppose, but I can tell you, if I was a younger man—"

"Alison!" Guy took two steps across the hall towards her. She had come down the stairs and was standing at the foot of them, torn by her feelings, uncertain what to do.

"Alison, leave this to me!" and to Guy. "Now! Get out before I send for the police!" ordered her father.

Robert was red as a turkey-cock and bristling; Guy looked so white, so haggard and worried that it gave her a fresh shock. He had no hat on and was wearing the same clothes that he had had on when she left him in the street, but now he had a desperate air and he did not give an inch. Disregarding her father, he spoke to Alison in a quiet, incisive voice.

"I must speak to you."

"What do you want to say?" She glanced apprehensively at Robert, who snorted.

"If you could spare me one minute alone?"

Robert broke in. "I forbid you to do anything of the kind! Go and wait with Daphne and let me deal with this—this—" He choked back the last word, glowering at Guy.

But Alison stood her ground.

"Just a moment, father." And to Guy. "If you've anything to say, I think you'd better say it here."

They had the hall to themselves; Peter, with the discretion of a good servant, had retired, probably to listen from behind the bare door.

"Well?" barked Robert.

"I only want to say this," Guy spoke to Alison; when she stood like that, so near and looking at her, she felt herself weakening. "You've found out, of course, that what I told you wasn't true. I can understand your being angry. But will you believe me when I tell you that I had a perfectly sound reason for not telling the truth? It's rather a long story and I can't tell it to you now—" he glanced quickly at Robert, who stood swelling with barely reined anger, "but can you believe that?"

"I don't know," Alison was honest. "Difficult not to believe him when he stood there, looking like a pentitent schoolboy. Yet—"

"Could you just try?" There was a faint glimmer of hope in his eyes now.

"Nonsense. Don't listen to the fellow, Alison!" her father broke in. "Haven't we heard enough about him?"

"Would you mind telling me, sir, what you have heard?"

Guy's voice was cool, harder than his own.

"I've heard enough to damn you in the eyes of any decent person!" Robert flung it at him. "I don't wonder that you're ashamed to use your own name."

"Would you mind being a little more explicit?" Cool and dangerous. The pale blue eyes had a fighting glitter in them now.

Robert snorted like an angry bull. "Perhaps you'll understand if I tell you that I've heard all about a lady named Trevor," he retorted.

"Ah! May I ask who told you that particular untrue and slanderous story?" Guy seemed unmoved, except for a faint hint of menace in his level voice.

"You may, but I'm under no obligation to answer," Robert snapped.

"You didn't hear it by any chance from a Mrs. de Gouy, or she may call herself Poynter?"

"Never heard of her!" declared Robert. "Now if we're done per-haps—"

"Alison!" Guy took a step towards her. "Do you believe that I'm that sort of a person?"

She hesitated, desperate, hardly knowing what to say. Hints, lies, gossip—when he stood there by her she didn't believe that he was really bad, and yet there was so much that had not been explained!

In her dilemma, while her father made impatient noises and Guy stood there waiting, she seized on something which she herself knew.

"Will you tell me one thing?"

"Anything," he said it readily.

"That dusk was shut when you and I telephoned. You—you didn't open it?" Her eyes appealed, implored him to say 'no'.

"I did. But if you'd give me a chance to see you alone, explain the whole thing—"

He broke off, for Alison had turned away.

"You won't even listen?" he pleaded.

"I don't think there's any more to say, is there?" she answered and went into the library.

A moment later she heard the front door shut; a sound that fell upon her, like a weight, heavily.

She was glad, yes, very glad, that she was going with her father and Daphne to Spain. To get away from London, beyond the chance of seeing him again.

That was her thought as she sat in the theatre trying hard to concentrate upon the dullest of recent farces. Her father was laughing heartily; from time to time he glanced at her with a touch of anxiety, and asked, "Enjoying it?" hopefully.

"Awfully," declared Alison truthfully. What was the good of saying anything else? But the curtain falling on the first act was at least a respite; her father went out of the box and she was free to be silent.

Daphne had a pair of glasses levelled and was searching the house; she looked as bored as Alison felt. A sharp rap at the door of the box made her turn.

"Come in."

"I saw you sitting here and wondered if I might introduce myself again. You don't remember me, Madame, perhaps?" He bowed low over the hand that Daphne held out, was looking up into her eyes.

"Of course I do!" she said warmly.

"Alison, I must introduce you. This is Senor Gomez—my fiancé's daughter, Miss Rede."

Alison bowed gravely to the man whom she had last seen in a basement room, holding Daphne in his arms; while Daphne herself rattled on, "What's brought you over to London? You don't often desert your own country! Alison, Senor Gomez owns the lovely hotel where Bob and I are going for our honeymoon."

Daphne was going to spend her honeymoon in the hotel belonging to her lover! Alison's confusion must have shown in her face, for she met Senor Gomez' eyes fixed on her with swift interest.

But Daphne noticed nothing, for she rattled on. "Such a delightful spot. You'll love it, Alison. It was originally an old Spanish farmhouse, but Senor Gomez has turned it into the most charming little hotel you ever saw. I don't think I've ever seen anything so attractive. It's only two years since he bought the place but it's getting quite well-known already, isn't it?"

"Oh, I hope so." The man's big, velvet-dark eyes had not left Alison's face. In his own way, he was exceedingly good-looking, but the type was not one that appealed to Alison; she thought that he appeared both conceited and effeminate. But now her mind was busy on something else.

"You know the hotel well?" She put the question casually enough to Daphne.

"Oh, yes, that's why I'm longing for you to see it," Daphne replied at once.

Alison had the sense of being threatened by an unseen danger which comes sometimes when a person is moving in the dark. Surely Daphne had said she had not seen the place since she was quite a girl! Yet it now seemed she had been there within two years! What was she playing at, and what part in the game belonged to this slender, smooth-faced, sallow young man?

"You are going there, Madame?" He put that to Daphne but he was still looking at Alison, gazing at her with an admiration which she found embarrassing.

Daphne tries, tomorrow, to think of a way to warn her father of a trap.

TEXAS BOURBONS PLAN OUSTING OF PRESIDENT'S SON

DALLAS, Tex., June 20.—(AP) Rumors of contention among Texas Democrats were heard today after it was disclosed a plan was on foot to oust Elliott Roosevelt from the vice-presidency of the Young Democratic clubs of Texas.

Phil Overton, Dallas, member of the state Democratic executive committee, said the movement to remove the President's son from the office would be launched Friday at a meeting of the Dallas county Young Democrats.

Overton said he would introduce a resolution demanding Roosevelt's removal "because he had attempted to have the state convention at Amarillo go on record in favor of a proposed constitutional amendment overruling the supreme court's outlawing of the NRA."

He also said the President's son had been in Texas only a short time and was not due the honor.

State Executive Committee Chairman Raymond Buck, Fort Worth, answered that "whatever complaint any member of the organization has to make will be heard and passed upon at the meeting of the executive committee, July 1."

Young Roosevelt, who lives at Fort Worth, said if Overton or others feel that someone else can do the job better than I, "I will be glad to let them have the place."

APPLIGATE FISH WILL GET CHANCE

Improvement of fishing conditions along the Big Applegate and its upper tributaries will be the most important activity of the new CCC company at Applegate CCC camp this year, according to Karl Janouch, supervisor of Rogue River national forest.

Irrigation ditches will be screened, jetties and fish-wheels will be installed and an extensive survey of the stream will be made to determine the suitability for further improvements. The fish culture program is being worked out by the U. S. bureau of fisheries, and put into effect by the forest service. Ed P. Cliff of the game and wild life department of the regional office at Portland is in Medford today in connection with the plan.

The new CCC company will soon occupy Applegate camp, and work there is expected to begin July 1.

ATTORNEY CLAIMS PACT WITH ALLEN

LOS ANGELES, June 20.—(AP)—Ethel M. Pepin, an attorney, today testified she had a contract with Albert C. Allen, Jr., of Medford, Ore., in which she was to receive 15 per cent of the estate of Margaret Keith, eccentric spinster, who ended her

life nearly a year ago, provided she obtained the \$750,000 estate for Allen.

Miss Pepin testified she associated with Lasher B. Gallagher, another attorney, in the action and that Gallagher "got into the good graces" of Allen and induced him to end the services of Miss Pepin. She further alleged that Gallagher made a secret settlement with Allen for \$13,000 fees.

Miss Pepin is suing to recover the full amount of her contract with Allen. The trial is being held in federal court.

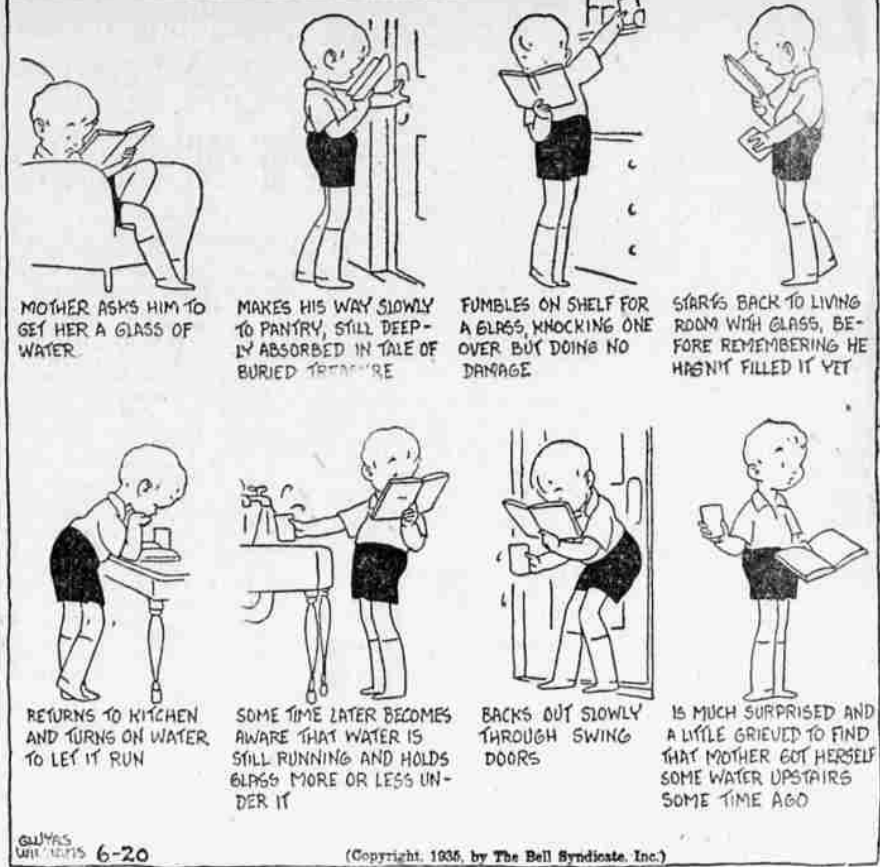
ACTIVIANS TO DANCE AND SWIM ON FRIDAY

Fun will be the order of the day when the Medford and the Ashland Active clubs get together for a social evening at the Twin Plunges in Ashland tomorrow evening. Those who like an early evening swim will assemble at the Ashland pool about 7:30, and will play water games until shortly before 9.

A big inter-club dance, with Activi-ans from both cities, their wives and friends, will start about 9 o'clock, and the committee in charge has secured a splendid orchestra for the occasion. It is the plan of the clubs to have inter-city social gatherings throughout the summer.

Aged Man Missing.
VANCOUVER, Wash., June 19.—(AP) Sheriff Leland Morrow and his deputies were searching the brush six miles east of this city today for trace of Louis D. Boucher, age said to be about 95, who has been missing from his home there since 9 p. m. yesterday.

ABSORBED



S-MATTER POP



TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Battle of El Feliz



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Luke Halls for Help



THE NEBBS—Oh! Mr. Boosel!



THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Plans



SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS TOPIC OF CAMERA CLUB

An intimate study of the native races of the South Sea Islands and their development is the subject for the open meeting of the Camera club, to be held tonight in St. Mark's hall at 8 o'clock.

Mrs. Glen Patrick, who has just returned from a voyage of several months, will give her impressions.

For those more interested in the practice of photography, Jonnie King will demonstrate the process of color printing in the club meeting immediately following. The usual features of round table, print criticism and instruction will be a part of this meeting.

"KICKERINICK"
Understands that it at Edelwyn B. Hoffmann's

TRANSFER CCC MEN TO REDDING CAMPS

Forty-one CCC men from the Medford district were transferred this week to camps in the Redding district. All were "local experienced" men from California and the transfer was necessitated by the rearrangement of companies for the summer.

Lieut. Harry May, Jr. commanded the train detachment. The men transferred included ten from Camp Vreka to Camp Juniper Flat Spring, Calif., eleven from Camp Gasquet to Camp Digger Butte, Calif., ten from Gasquet to Camp Big Springs, Calif., and ten from Gasquet to Camp Salt Creek, Calif.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.