

ENEMY'S KISS

by Evelyn M. Wick

SYNOPSIS: Alison finds a note pinned to her door. She reads it and is shocked. She goes to her father and tells him. He goes to the hotel and finds the note pinned to the door of the room where Alison was staying. He goes to the hotel and finds the note pinned to the door of the room where Alison was staying.

Chapter 35

DEFEAT

"YOU must be mad!" Daphne's mouth forced itself into a smile; her heavy, darkened eyelids fell, hooding the eyes beneath. "I wouldn't have said anything," Alison could not keep her voice steady, "only—well, it seemed so unfair to father."

"Just for one drink, then, Bob," Daphne yielded gracefully to his arm. "I really am tired." But her step was springy enough as she walked across the hall and picked up some letters from the old oak chest. "Hello? Estimate from the paper-hangers?" She went on towards the library with Robert but Alison did not follow. She slid out of her coat, smoothed back her rain-wet hair, thinking. Robert came out. "Alison!" She followed him obediently. Daphne was standing with her back to the fire, both arms outspread along the mantelpiece, an expression of pained reproach upon her face. Robert took up a position beside her and the girl, facing them, felt that she had gone back to the schoolroom, to the days when one was "sent for" by the head mistress. "Daphne has been telling me what you said," Robert opened harshly; his red, weather-worn face was set as if it was made of painted metal. "I don't pretend to understand what has come over you since you got back and I've only this to say—I feel ashamed of you! From now on, please remember, I expect you to show Daphne the same respect and the same obedience that you would have shown your mother if she was still alive. That's all."

ASK ORCHARDISTS TO KEEP EYE OUT FOR SPIDER MITE

Spider mites have appeared on pear trees in some orchards and leaves are showing injury. Growers are advised by C. B. Cordy, Assistant County Agent and L. G. Gentner, Entomologist of the Southern Oregon Experiment Station, to watch their trees carefully and apply sprays as soon as blackened areas appear on the leaves. The mites work on the under sides of the leaves, causing them to turn brown and black and later to fall off. If not protected, trees may lose many leaves, which will affect the present season's fruit and also the formation of fruit buds for next year's crop. Anjou and Hosc varieties usually show the first injury. The following materials are recommended: On pears use a light medium summer oil at the rate of one and one-fourth gallons to 100 gallons of water. On apples use one and one-half gallons of light summer oil emulsion to 100 gallons of water. It is necessary to cover thoroughly the undersides of the leaves in order to obtain control. The mites multiply very rapidly, therefore, a few of these mixed by the spray will soon reinfest the trees. Rust mites are also present in many pear orchards, causing russeting of the fruit around the blossom end, and a bronze appearance on the under sides of the young leaves. Anjou and Bartlett varieties are most affected by this pest. The same materials as recommended for spider mite will control this pest.

Ye Poet's Corner

T. William Lewis
Peaceful be your silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
You no more will join our number,
You no more our sorrow know.
You were always bright and cheerful,
And your duties never shirked;
Always peaceable and willing;
The duties sometimes irked.
Do we wish you back? No never,
You are free of toil and strife,
You have earned the peace you enter,
For the loved ones left behind you
We offer silent prayer,
That their grief on earth be softened,
And they meet you over there.

CIGARETTE PRICE SET FOR 20 BOOST

NEW YORK, June 22.—(AP)—W. A. Hollingsworth, president of the Retail Tobacco Dealers of America, announced today that retail prices of cigarettes will be moved up effective June 25 and the cut-rate war which has been going on since NRA was scrapped will come to an end. Prices of the popular brands in New York city will be boosted from 12 cents, at which figure they are exempt from New York city's sales tax of 1 cent, to 14 cents a package, two packages for 25 cents, sales tax included. And Bartlett varieties are most affected by this pest. The same materials as recommended for spider mite will control this pest.

ANY KIND LABOR NEEDS FURNISHED

The National Re-employment office here doesn't guarantee that it can produce a beautiful office girl in blonde, brunette or red-head variety on a moment's notice, but it can, and does produce technical, clerical, skilled or unskilled workers if given a little time. If you want a man to fix your screens, paint your books, mow your lawn, go over your books, design a new garage, build the garage, or meet anything else you want done, there is a good chance that they can supply just the man you want. The office is located on the third floor of the city hall, under the direction of Louis Ulrich. It is designed not only to aid the employees, but also the employers, and has a list of names on file as long as two pieces of string. The names are classified according to the kind of work with which they are familiar. Just phone 187 if you are looking for a good man. Mr. Ulrich advised yesterday.

President Tanned
HYDE PARK, N. Y., June 22.—(AP)—President Roosevelt returned to his Hyde Park home today, sunbathed after a day on the Thames river at New London, Conn. He arrived at 7:30 a. m. Eastern standard time. PORTLAND, Ore., June 22.—(AP)—Clarence V. Simons of Eugene was installed as president of the Oregon Funeral Directors' association at the concluding session of the state convention here last night.

THE FAMILY ALBUM—FILLING THE TUB

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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6-22 GLUYAS WILLIAMS

S-MATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—El Zorro Makes a Decision!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Sheriff Hurries!



THE NEBBS—Who's Sorry Now?



THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Police!

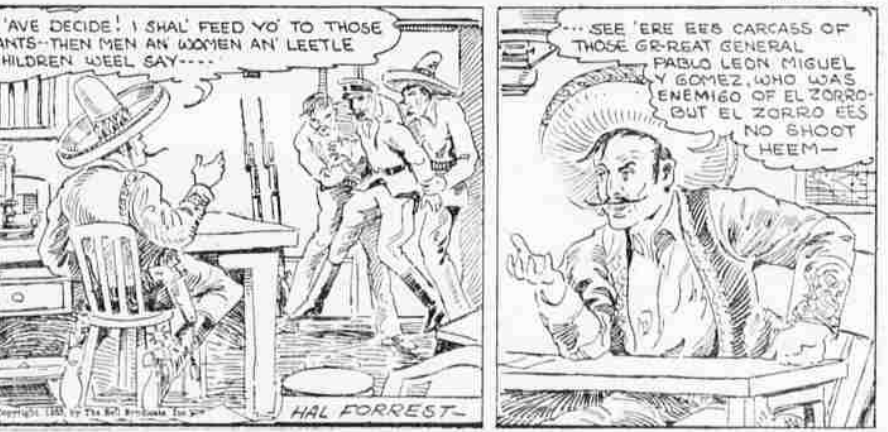


By Harry J. Tutthill

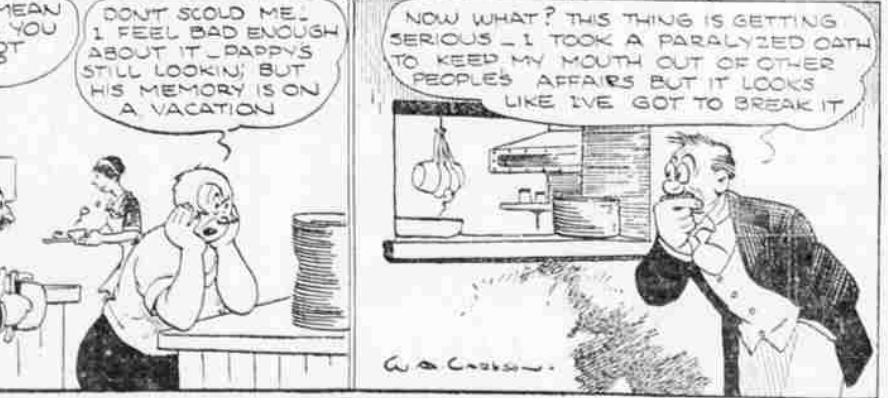
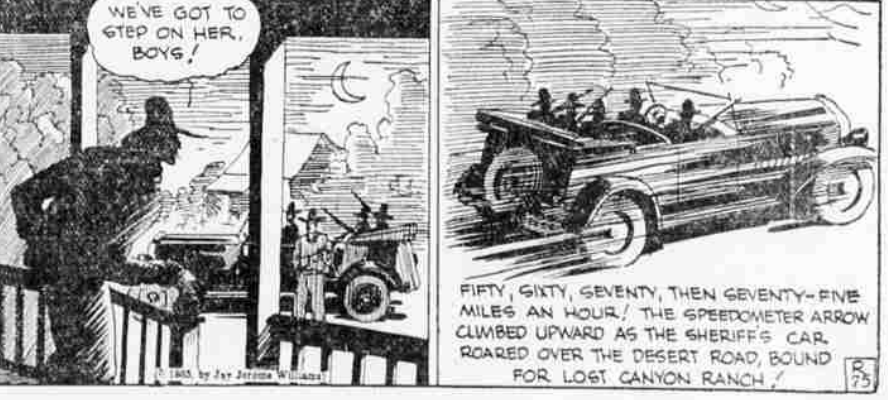
By C. M. Payne



By Hal Forrest



By Edwin Alger



By Harry J. Tutthill

"I don't know what or whom you saw, but it wasn't me," Daphne stated it with flat conviction. "I was only a few yards off. On the steps, I could see right in!" "Listen, Alison," Daphne's voice was low and level now, but there was menace in it. "I don't know what you think you're playing. You've made it pretty clear that you don't like me, that you're jealous of me and that you'd like to make your father break it off. But if you think you can do that by making up these malicious, quite impossible stories—well, you're mistaken!" "It was you! You were wearing that navy dress with red on it!" "Bolstering one tale with another doesn't help." There was grave reproof now in Daphne's flexible voice. "If you think you're going to your father with this story, you're not. I'm going to tell him myself."

"You kissed that man. And you're th love with him. I saw you looking at him just now." She was clinging to the one fact in this sea of words. "Perhaps you would like to know that I spent the entire afternoon the day before yesterday at my dress-maker's and that I had a friend with me there who can vouch for the fact!" Alison shrugged her shoulders but she did not answer. Daphne, breathing hard, said bitterly, "Don't you think you might apologize?" "Apologize for what?" Robert had come into the box behind them and was looking from one angry face to the other. "What's wrong?" "I should ask Alison!" Daphne shot a spiteful look at her. "What?" Robert was frowning now. "Nothing," said Alison. "That won't do!" Daphne's tone cut like a knife. "You'd better repeat to your father what you said to me."

"I thought Daphne was in love with someone, that's all." She mumbled the words uncomfortably. "I thought I saw her kiss him. And—well, I was mistaken!" SHE heard him catch his breath, saw Daphne's hand go out and his close on it. "I think we'd better leave this till we get home," he said with decision. "Far better," agreed Daphne; she was leaning forward on both arms, the light from the stage fell on her face and she was looking down, with a slight smile, at the end seat of the third row of stalls. Alison said nothing. She had failed. They drove back in complete silence from the theatre, the girl and Mrs. Samers sitting together, with Robert opposite. There would be another row, of course, when they got back, Alison realized wearily. It would be no good trying to make her father understand that she had seen Daphne unmistakably. She must let things take their course. On the steps of the house, Daphne hesitated. "I think I'd better get off home." She let a tactful look accompany the words. "Nonequel!" Robert said fustily. "Of course you must come in for a moment."

"WELL!" Now that he had got off his ultimatum, he let his stalling indignation burst. "What else? Haven't you said enough?" "It's nothing to do with that." Alison was careful not to look at Daphne. "It's just this, I'm not coming with you to Spain." Daphne leaned far back against the mantelpiece, her head tipped back and leaning on the clock; she did not speak, yet her half-closed eyes were on Robert, gazing at him almost as if she was compelling him by will. But Robert needed no compulsion. "You're not? My good child, you'll do exactly what you're told! You seem to imagine that because you're left school you're at liberty to be as thoroughly objectionable and disobedient as you choose! Well, you're wrong! And it's high time that you learn to behave yourself! You leave Victoria with us at two o'clock tomorrow and that's that!" "You can't make me!" Alison's hands clenched but she did not raise her voice. "Can't I? What do you propose to live on?" Robert snapped back heatedly. "D'you imagine you can earn your own living? Don't be such a little fool!" "I'm not being a fool." She was very quiet now. "I don't want to hurt you and I don't want to be beastly, but I mean it—I'd rather work as a servant than go with her to Spain!" Daphne moved suddenly. Her arms dropped and she moved forward. She did not look at Alison. She said negligently, "I know, Bob, I'm afraid that I was right. I'm going now, but I really do advise you to think over my suggestion. Such things do happen and—well, it's not normal, is it?" "You mean?" He looked so startled that Alison could barely restrain herself from breaking in to ask what they meant. His eyes veered to the girl with an expression of extreme anxiety and alarm. "Yes," Daphne picked up her bag and coat. "I can give you the name of a very good maid."

Mystified, Alison looked from one to the other; they were grave, almost solemn. "Alison, my dear," her father was very gentle now. "My dear little thing, you mustn't let your imagination run wild like this. I think, perhaps, Daphne is right. A complete rest—an absolute rest—the mountain air'll do you good. We'll have a word with the doctor before we leave tomorrow."

Alison was staring at him with wide, horrified eyes. "You—you mean you think I'm mad?" she gasped. "No, no!" he cried, shocked. "Of course I don't. But girls of your age—well, they're apt to get worked up and excitable. We'll have three weeks—a month, if necessary, of real holiday. Daphne'll get hold of a maid for you, and you shall do nothing, just rest and then we'll all be as happy as can be." (Copyright, 1935, Evelyn M. Wick)

Tomorrow, Alison finds a note of paper.

KERBY POST WILL BOAST AND DANCE

"Let's all help rebuild the capital building" is the slogan that will be used by the Kerby Post No. 70, when they present a huge Capital Ball at Caves City on Saturday, July 13, the proceeds of which are to be used in rebuilding the ruined capital. The novel idea was introduced by Elwood Humsey, past district commander of the American Legion. He believes that other Legion posts will give impetus to the idea, and the Ball will be featured throughout the state once the idea has been carried out. The ball, which is to be semi-formal, will be given in the Caves City American Legion hall, one of the largest dance halls in southern Ore-

NEBRASKA PICNIC IN ASHLAND PARK

Lithia park in Ashland will be the scene of a big picnic for all Nebraskans in this part of the valley today. A similar affair is being held in Grand Pass for the Cornhuskers from the northern part of the valley. The Ashland picnic has been an annual affair for years, and all Nebraskans are invited to attend. The picnic lunch will start at 2 o'clock, followed by a get-together for the exchange of reminiscences of days in Nebraska. A splendid orchestra has been engaged, and there will be 30 minutes of entertainment. People from all of southern Oregon will attend and success of the venture is already assured.