

# ENEMY'S KISS

*by Evelyn M. Winch*

SYNOPSIS: Alison Redd and Guy Lumley are in love. Guy is also explaining some contradictions in the story he told Alison about himself. And this story points to the fact that Daphne Sumner, who is about to marry Alison's father, is the woman who poisoned the husband of Alison's father, the man who was a practicing physician on the Riviera and caught Daphne in the murder—almost.

## Chapter 13 POISON PEN

"WELL," Guy went on, "about a month later, I began to find my practice vanishing. Patients who had been seeing me every day wrote and said they felt they'd like another doctor; people I met began to look at me in a funny sort of way, and I found myself being cut in the street.

"I stood it as long as I could and then I got hold of a man I knew quite well and asked him what had happened. He told me that there was a most scurrilous story going round about me and a young American girl called Trevor who had disappeared.

"I went to the French police, of course; they tracked the tale of some anonymous letters which had been sent to my patients. But, though they did their best, they couldn't trace the writer. And that wasn't the worst! I was asked to leave the club.

"My dear!" Alison's eyes were full of sympathy. "How awful for you!"

"Not too nice was it?" he concurred. "Anyway, I soon saw that I wasn't getting a living any more; I couldn't even sell my practice for a fifth of the sum I gave. I had to clear out. I came home here to England and I put Scotland Yard on to tracing the letters. But by then the trail was cold and they failed. An old friend of mine, Dundas, let me stop with him and help a bit in return for my board and I'd one consolation, anyway; I was doing good work again, where it was needed."

He was silent for a few seconds, looking straight out before him. His clear, light eyes came down slowly and rested on her face.

"You know, I'm not sorry, now! I mean, that it happened." He was smiling at her. "If it hadn't, I'd be out there now!"

"Rather a big price to pay!" said Alison.

"Not too big."

"Not?"

"No! Not a bit. I didn't know that anyone could be as much in love as I am with you!"

"Are you?" She knew it, yet was plining to hear him say so.

"You know I am. Utterly. When I thought I'd lost you, yesterday, I went nearly crazy."

"So did I." It was half a whisper.

"Directly the door shut I was sorry. I wanted to tear after you down the street."

"Did you?"

"Mmm..."

The clock struck the half hour. A very fat man with a scowl and a rolled newspaper, waiting for his lunch, glowered impatiently at the two who sat at the corner table.

He muttered grumpily, "Indecent, I call it!" and looked at his watch.

A young clerk, looking for a free chair, caught at the back of one by Alison's table, looked down, raised his eyebrows and went elsewhere wearing a very wide grin.

"Totally unconscious that anyone had even looked at them, Guy and Alison drifted back into their interrupted conversation.

"YOU begin to see how it was?"

"I think so," she said. "But I don't quite understand where the house at Warley came in."

"I'll tell you that in a minute. More coffee? No? A cigarette? Don't you just as well? It's a shame to be able to afford it!"

Alison turned so bright a pink that it clashed with the red ribbon on her hat.

"Be quiet! Someone'll hear you!"

"Let 'em," said Guy briefly. "What was I saying? Oh, yes, Warley. It was like this. I'd given up all hope of finding out who'd sent those letters, though I felt pretty certain in my own mind that it was this woman. I told you about it. I didn't know anyone else who would hate me enough."

"Then one day I was putting through a phone call at that little restaurant where we went in Soho—it's run by a patient of mine and I often go there—when I saw those two at the very next table. The woman and the fellow she got mixed up with in France—the gigolo."

"What was he like?" Alison broke in.

"The man? Dark, Spanish-looking—that's why I asked you the other day."

She asked breathlessly, "What was his name?"

"Called himself de Gouy—she was a Mrs. Poynter."

"Daphne Poynter?"

"Yes. How do you know?"

"I'll tell you later, said Alison. "Go on!"

"Well, anyway, they were having a most awful row. One could hear 'em half across the restaurant. She was calling him every name under the sun because he hadn't married her after her husband's death. He was a nasty bit of work and he simply sat and shrugged his shoulders and sneered and told her that if she wanted him she'd better get some money."

"He told her that if she hadn't been a fool, she'd have known about her husband having an annuity. She was obviously dreadfully in love with the fellow and half of her head and I rather hoped she might say something that would give me a clue. Unfortunately, she looked up and saw me."

"She went about as white as that mehu and shut up as if she'd lost her tongue and I saw the man look round at me. Then a waiter came up and told me that he'd put through my call and that Dundas was on the telephone and when I got back they'd both gone. But for that I might have followed them. That was about six weeks ago. And I heard nothing more at all until the other night, the night that I met you."

"ABOUT six o'clock that evening, I was in the surgery and I got a phone call. I couldn't place the voice at all, it might have been a man's or a woman's, it had a sort of whistling sound in it as if the person had got asthma."

"Talking through a comb," suggested Alison.

"I hadn't thought of that! You're probably right," he agreed. "Anyway, the person said that if I was at the Croft House, Warley, Sussex, at eleven-thirty, punctually, that night, I would meet the writer of the anonymous letters."

"So I left London that night directly I was done with my last case, got down just before eleven and parked my car right up on the downs. Then I walked down to the house as quietly as I could, found a good spot just across the road and lay down to wait. You see, I guessed the person'd turn up to wait for me, since the house looked empty and I meant to have a look at 'em first. But then I saw a light moving inside the house—"

"My light!"

"Yes. So I started to get into the garden and investigate, when I saw someone climbing in through the open window. So I thought it'd be a good idea to climb in too, and surprise 'em, as they'd be expecting me to arrive by the door. Anyway, I got in and the next thing I knew was your hand in my face and a terrific yell."

Alison look at him curiously. "But why didn't you tell me right off? I mean your name and why you were there?"

"Because I was such a complete and utterly blind fool that I thought that you might have something to do with it!"

"With the anonymous letters?"

"Yes. Or the telephone call. I felt in my bones that you were telling me the truth, of course, but—well, I didn't know what they were playing at, and I didn't mean to be caught. That's why I couldn't tell you I'd a car and take you into Warley and that's the reason I wanted you to wait upstairs. I didn't mean them to catch us together. You see, those letters had practically accused me of causing the Trevor girl to disappear and I thought they might be trying it again. I tell you, I was a blind fool!"

"Not a bit," contradicted Alison. "I think it was rather natural after what you'd been through."

"Not to anyone who'd seen you," retorted Guy. "I ought to have known—but anyway, that's what I did think. So when you were in bed I went through all the drawers in that desk, to see if I could find out who owned the house."

## PROPOSE ROBERTS AS BAR GOVERNOR

George M. Roberts, prominent attorney of Medford, was yesterday nominated by 110 lawyers in seven counties for governor of the state bar association. The nominating petition, besides gaining impetus in this county, was supported in Linn, Josephine, Marion, Benton, Lane and Clatsop counties.

More names were contained in the petition than any other papers filed to date. There are three governors in each congressional district, and election to the office is considered a signal honor. Elections will be held some time in the near future.

## ALAMEDA TO MANILA AIR ROUTE PLANNED

SAN FRANCISCO, June 26—(AP)—Pan-American Airways will start weekly flights from Alameda airport to Manila the last week in September or the early part of October. V. E. Chene, general traffic manager of the company, indicated here today.

Chene, who has just returned from a 25,000-mile inspection tour of company lines in North and South America, said one 44-passenger Martin plane will arrive in about 30 days for the first Honolulu test flight.

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## SCORE OF GIRLS ACCUSE PERVERT

PEORIA, Ill., June 26—(UP)—Gerald Thompson, 25-year-old confessed sex slayer of Mildred Hallmark, attractive cafe hostess, was accused of similar attacks today by a score of Peoria girls whose names were recorded in his "love diary."

State's Attorney E. V. Champion is to go before the reorganized May grand jury tomorrow to seek a murder indictment against the youth, held under heavy guard in a secret jail to circumvent lynch threats by aroused townsfolk.

Champion said he would demand the death penalty in a speedy trial.

The girls, whose names will be withheld, described how Thompson lured them to the lonely cemetery ravine, where Miss Hallmark's bruised body was found a week ago, and told how he used an arm lock to overcome them.

## HOLD ASTORIAN ON MURDER CHARGE

ASTORIA, Ore., June 26—(AP)—District Attorney Willis West today announced he would file first degree murder charges against Jas. Stookes, 51, waterfront restaurant proprietor, following the death of Chris Paulsen, 29, as a result of a shooting affray in Stookes' eating house yesterday.

West also said no inquest would be held.

Officers said Stookes has declined to state what he and Paulsen had been arguing about prior to the shooting but that he claims he shot in self defense.

Paulsen was shot in the head three times.

Both men are said by police to have records of convictions on liquor charges.

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## TRAIL TO WATER OPEN BY JULY 1

Superintendent David H. Cantfield of Crater Lake national park, who has returned from a few days spent at the lake, preparatory to moving there for the summer, announced that shoveling the snow from the trail to the water's edge has begun, and will probably be completed by July 1, at which time boat service will commence. The trail to Stannett Memorial is now open, he said, and park naturalists are busy installing parapet display cases in this scenic vantage point.

The rim road is open for a quarter mile to the north side at Clatsop Superintendent Cantfield reported, adding that for the benefit of tourists who are uninformed, the east entrance road from The Dalles-California highway is now open to Kerr Notch, situated on the lake rim whence cars must backtrack to the Lost Creek junction in order to proceed to park headquarters and the lodge.

## NAVY INCREASE MEASURE SIGNED

WASHINGTON, June 26—(AP)—President Roosevelt today signed the navy appropriation bill providing a record peace-time fund for naval construction.

The \$460,000,000 bill carried among other things an appropriation for starting 24 new warships and for purchasing 855 airplanes. Of the planes, 282 are for replacement and 273 for outright increases in the naval air strength in line with the navy's plan to have 3000 planes by 1942.

The sum available for construction of new warships was cut from \$29,380,000, as asked by the navy department, to \$20,690,000. Assurance was given by the department that the reduction would not delay inauguration of the construction of the new vessels, the total cost of which was estimated at \$197,427,000.

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