

# ENEMY'S KISS

by Evelyn M. Wink

**SYNOPSIS:** Alison Rede and Guy Lumley of last week straightened out the tangle between them. They also have determined that Daphne Sumers, who is marrying Alison's father today, is the same woman who ruined Guy's practice on the Riviera, and killed her former husband in the bargain. Guy is just finishing his explanation of his presence in Daphne's vacant house in Gassen.

## Chapter 39 RACE

"I REALLY meant to tell you the whole truth that first time we lunched," said Guy, "only you said something—"

"I mentioned Daphne?"

"Yes. Her name was Daphne Poynter. So I thought I'd go warily and find out a little more first about Mrs. Daphne Sumers and whether she was the same woman before I said anything."

Alison nodded.

"I'd have told you, meant to tell you, the next time I met it," he went on, "but when you told me it was her house and how your father met her and that he was marrying her in six weeks, I saw suddenly why she might want me out of her way. And I didn't want to frighten you."

"Then you're pretty sure she is that woman?"

"Plumb certain."

Alison pushed back her chair, stood up. The world was real again and it had darkened suddenly.

"But then," the words came in a scared whisper, "but then you think that she may mean to do the same thing again to my father?"

"I'm afraid so, if she marries him."

"But she is marrying father now, today, at one-thirty!"

The bronze-faced clock over the archway of the stairs pointed to ten minutes to one.

"Come on!" Guy jumped to his feet and fled towards the stairs, digging in his pockets as he ran. The cashier said, "Your bill, sir?" But he threw a note down on the desk without waiting for change.

They raced up Southampton Street and scrambled, breathless, into the car.

"Where'll she be?"

"I don't know," admitted Alison. "He was to fetch her from her flat, but I don't know when. She might be there."

"We'll try it first, anyway."

He threw in the clutch and the car gathered speed down hill. Alison, holding on tight as the speedometer mounted and the light car rocked, said, "I'm afraid father won't believe you!"

"I'm not counting on that. I'm going to see her and bluff."

A policeman's hand was going out as Guy tried to dodge between two buses travelling in opposite directions; he missed them both by landing on the island. He hit the centre post neatly, tried to back off and found his way blocked by a large blue arm.

"Driving to the danger," said the policeman grimly. "I'll see your license, please."

"Oh, please," Alison leaned forward, "we didn't mean to do anything wrong! But it's terribly urgent. It's—a matter of life and death!"

The policeman was sympathetic but unimpressed.

"Sorry, miss, I've got to do my duty. I'll see your insurance, too, sir, please. . . ."

He was a large policeman, even as policemen go, and he was leisurely.

"LISTEN, Guy, I'll get a taxi and go on. I'll try and keep her!"

"No! You must go near her—it's not safe!"

But his protest was lost. Alison was already out of the car and running to the pavement.

"Flat's number 17," she called back to him as, waving she hailed a taxi.

She was getting into it as Guy leaped out and tried to follow. A ham-sized hand in a white glove fastened on his arm and dragged him back.

Guy was not a light weight. He gave a shove. The policeman reeled, his helmet did an undignified somersault into the road but he held on.

With one word "Assault!" he summed up the case and blew upon his whistle.

Guy found himself staring back over his shoulder at a taxi's tail lamp as it vanished while two large policemen propelled him none too gently in the direction of the nearest police station.

Alison, in the taxi, had seen none of these last events.

Nine minutes past one! Would she be in time? Not far to go but

the taxi-driver had no romantic urge to hurry.

As the taxi drew up, Alison tumbled out. She ran up one flight of stone steps, through a short, dark passage and down three more steps to a little half-glass door set cornerwise and marked in brass "13."

A slatternly-looking scrap of a maid-servant answered the bell.

"Mrs. Sumers can't see no one now, she's packing." The maid stood in the crack of the door and held it tight.

"But I must," Alison was desperate.

The maid shook her head.

"If it's the installment people, she said you was to come back tomorrow and you can take the stuff away."

"It's nothing to do with money!" Alison almost wailed. "I've come from Major Rede, who's marrying Mrs. Sumers!"

"If you'd said that at first," grumbled the maid and opened the rest of the door, letting Alison into a narrow hall.

"She's in there," said the maid, tipping a grimy thumb towards the first door. Considering that this information was enough, she went down the passage, leaving Alison to find her way in alone.

The door gave on the sitting room which she had seen once before, but it was exceedingly untidy. A small white dog, a hillock of tissue paper and a trunk occupied the middle of the floor and Daphne was on her knees trying to get a trunk shut. She did not look round.

"ETHEL, come and sit on this," she ordered.

Alison sat down on the trunk; Daphne, her head bowed, heaved. The lock clicked and she sat back on her heels in triumph.

"Yes," said Alison, "it's me."

"So it is!" Daphne rose, dusting down her dress. "You've changed your mind then?"

"I've come to see you," said Alison. "I—I've got to talk to you."

"Oh!" Daphne reached out for a label, one of a pile which lay addressed on a low chair. "I'm afraid I haven't time to listen now. I've got to be ready to go with your father in a quarter of an hour to the registry office. If you want to talk, why not come along with us?"

Alison had come into the room feeling rather frightened but the cool tone of the woman, the remembrance of the fact that she was the center-piece of Guy's story, made her forget her fear in a rush of anger.

"All right, I'll come if you like," she flung it at her, "but if you won't listen to me, I'll have to tell father. That's all—Mrs. Poynter."

The silence lasted while a person might count five; then Daphne put out her hand, took a cigar from a packet which lay open on the chair and lit it slowly, looking steadily at Alison above the flame.

"I see," she said. "Well, what do you want to say?"

"Only this," Alison faced her standing. "I've found out all about you. I don't want to be beastly but you can either clear out now and leave a note for father saying that it's off, or I shall have to tell him the truth. I'm not going on my own word either. I've got someone else to prove what I'm saying."

"Dr. Lumley, of course!" Daphne gave a faint caw of laughter.

"Yes, Dr. Lumley," Alison was not shaken now. She felt safe. He would be here at any minute to back her up and at all costs she must keep Daphne until then. "He knows all about you—and the anonymous letters that you wrote—and everything."

Daphne drawled, "Everything? He a little more explicit!"

"All right!" involuntarily, Alison's eyes flew to the square plated clock on the oval writing table. One twelve. . . . "If you want me to tell you. He knows that you murdered your husband, and that you hate him because he tried to stop you and that you wrote to all his patients telling stories about him to get even."

Somehow, somewhere, it was missing fire! As she spoke, Alison could see that Daphne was smiling; a tight-lipped, unkind smile. She said icily, "When you've quite finished repeating all these lies, perhaps you'd let me speak? You don't know, I suppose, that you can get two years in jail for repeating lies like that?"

Alison did not believe it but even if it was true she did not mind. She was worked up now to a pitch when nothing mattered any more.

(Copyright 1935 Evelyn M. Wink)

Alison is hurried at Daphne's sinister plan, tomorrow.

# CAVES CUSTODIAN SPENDS YEARS IN STUDYING DEPTHS

Late one afternoon in October, a long, lean horseman came over a ridge in the Siskiyou mountains and drew rein before the cabin door of Melvin Lewis, a district ranger in an untamed wilderness. This was many years ago, before smooth highways and motor cars cut down distance, and when farms were few and population sparse.

The lone horseman had come many weary miles to report to Lewis preparatory to taking over duties as custodian at the Oregon Caves.

It was agreed that this man, Dick Rowley, was to act as guide for the adventurous souls who dared the tortuous passageways of the caverns. In his spare time he was to improve the openings started by nature so some rooms not now available even to the guide might be shown to the wondering eyes of men. The entrance itself was low and twisting and would have to be enlarged so a man could walk upright through it.

There were holes of almost bottomless depth, the position of which made extremely hazardous any attempt to go farther into the caves. These would have to be covered or new passages found.

On many evenings, after he had completed endeavors of the day—showing two or three ambitious hikers through the caverns—he would

take leaves in one pocket and candles in another and explore some hitherto untraveled passage. He placed the leaves on the floor of the passage he was traveling, with the stems pointing the way from which he came. He laid a rock on each heel to keep it in place. It was by this method that he located the more interesting portions of the caverns.

He found one huge room from a candle tied to a stick.

There are many levels in the caves, and so varying that ladders are required. At first he constructed wooden ladders, made of tough saplings, 12 feet long, spliced with nails and rope. These wooden ladders lasted about four years, when Rowley made new ones to assure safety for the few visitors. In course of time steel ladders were installed.

While Rowley had long been familiar with rock formations and mining, the unusual formations in the caves puzzled him and he was unable to answer inquiries from visitors. One year Prof. Alexander Winchell came to the caves to make a scientific survey for the government, and provided Rowley with the opportunity of learning more about cave geology.

They spent many hours together. Rowley showed the scientist the outstanding formations and the latter offered geologic explanations. Later, Rowley acquired knowledge from books. He learned that the caves began forming shortly after the last great glacial period, somewhere around 200,000 years ago and that once the mountain of limestone sheltering the caves was at the bottom of the ocean until the earth crinkled and the limestone rose from the ocean floor. He learned that the oldest and largest column in the caves, the joining of a stalagmite and stalactite, is around 80,000 years old.

He knows every crook and turn in

# MEDFORD AIRWAY AMONG BUSIEST

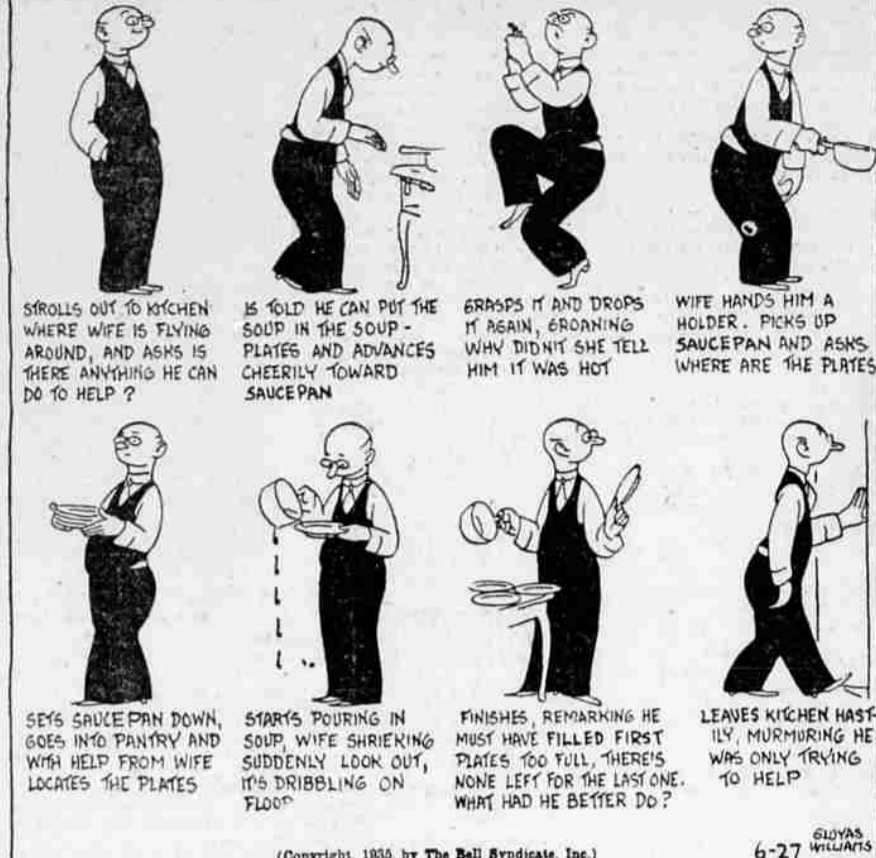
With new and improved air transport schedules along its entire length, the Pacific coast airway between British Columbia, Medford and San Diego today has the distinction of being the busiest north and south international route in the world, according to figures released today by United Air Lines, through L. G. Devaney, field manager here.

Following United's recent expansion and speeding up program along the coast, its planes are flying 12,316 miles a day, or 373,000 miles a month, registering more mileage than on any other north and south route in the country.

Three daily round trips are flown between Seattle, Medford and San Diego, four daily intensity trips between Portland and Seattle and nine daily round trips between Los Angeles, Oakland and San Francisco. One-fourth of all the daily mileage checked up on United's nationwide system is flown over the Pacific coast airway which links practically every seaboard city of 100,000 population or over.

Devaney pointed out that the route's present status is proof of his company's determination to provide adequate travel facilities up and down the Pacific coast at all times.

# THE FAMILY ALBUM—SOUP



STROLLS OUT TO KITCHEN WHERE WIFE IS FLYING AROUND, AND ASKS IS THERE ANYTHING HE CAN DO TO HELP?

IS TOLD HE CAN PUT THE SOUP IN THE SOUP-PLATES AND ADVANCES CHERILY TOWARD SAUCEPAN

GRASPS IT AND DROPS IT AGAIN, GROANING WHY DIDN'T SHE TELL HIM IT WAS HOT

WIFE HANDS HIM A HOLDER. PICKS UP SAUCEPAN AND ASKS WHERE ARE THE PLATES

SEES SAUCEPAN DOWN, GOES INTO PANTRY AND WITH HELP FROM WIFE LOCATES THE PLATES

STARTS POURING IN SOUP, WIFE SHRIEKING SUDDENLY LOOK OUT, IT'S DRIBBLING ON FLOOR

FINISHES, REMARKING HE MUST HAVE FILLED FIRST PLATES TOO FULL, THERE'S NONE LEFT FOR THE LAST ONE. WHAT HAD HE BETTER DO?

LEAVES KITCHEN HASTILY, MURMURING HE WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP

(Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) 6-27 GLUYAS WILLIAMS

# S-MATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—A menace—For Tommy!



LET US RETURN TO THE THEATRE OF WAR AT SANTOS CALIENTE, REBEL STRONGHOLD, WHERE WE FIND THE FEDERAL AND REBEL PLANES BATTLING FOR SUPREMACY OF THE AIR.

GOL JOLLA'S SQUADRON HAS MANAGED TO TURN THE TABLES ON THE FEDERALS.

2219



# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Ben's Fate



# THE NEBBS—True Love Never Runs Smooth



# THE BUNGLY FAMILY—Face To Face



# ASHLAND DRAFTS HEAVY PROGRAM FOR 4TH OF JULY

ASHLAND, June 27.—(Sp.)—Plans are complete for Ashland's Fourth of July program, according to H. L. Claycomb, chairman of the general committee.

The day's festivities will open at 9 a. m. with bicycle, tricycle and roller skating races on Main street. Immediately afterwards the parade will start, and according to reports, it will be one of the most interesting presented in southern Oregon Fourth of July celebration in many years.

At 2:30 p. m. the 42 rounds of bowling will start in Little park. This card will utilize the best GOC boys

in this district and is expected to attract many from southern Oregon and north California.

The bathing beauty show at Twin Plunges opens at 4:30. It is expected that there will be over 100 entries from all parts of Jackson, Klamath and Siskiyou counties.

Also in the afternoon will be sports for the children in tennis park.

The Shakespearean drama, Twelfth Night, will be presented at 8 p. m. in the new Elizabethan theater. A beautiful fireworks display will be shown immediately after the play.

The carnival, band concerts and other attractions will be run all day. Several dances will conclude the program.

What, No Battleships?

PORTLAND, Ore., June 27.—(P)—The Journal's Washington correspondent today declared that Admiral Bryant, navy chief of staff, had informed Senator McNary at Washington that that training in the Pacific makes it impossible to send a vessel to Newport during the encampment of Veterans of Foreign Wars next month.