

# LOVE FOR TWO

RUTH DEWEY GROVES AUTHOR OF "WHEN A GIRL LOVES" © 1928 By N.E.A. Service Inc.

**THIS HAS HAPPENED**  
**BERTIE LOU WARD**, on the eve of her wedding to **ROD BRYER**, receives a paper knife as a gift from **LILA MARSH**, who had turned Rod down because he was not wealthy. The feel of the metal chilled Bertie Lou, and she thought that it was a dagger to pierce her happiness. She flashed across her mind so that her dreaming anticipation turned to miserable foreboding. But she courageously resolves not to be jealous of Rod's past love affair. His future is in her keeping.

Bertie Lou receives a second blow to her pride when she accidentally overhears one bridesmaid ask another if she thought the bride liked being second choice. She goes through the ceremony in a daze, but when Rod whispers "My wife" with a world of adoration in his eyes, she knows that she would rather be second choice than to give him up.

They spend an ideal honeymoon in a mountain resort, and Bertie Lou almost forgets the shadow cast by the predatory ex-sweetheart until they return and find Lila acting as dictator in their apartment on the ground that she knows what Rod likes. Both the bride and her mother resent Lila's efforts to annoy and MRS. WARD advises Bertie Lou to try to avoid meeting her in the future.

The first dinner in the new home was a failure but Bertie Lou makes up her mind to be a good cook and housekeeper. They are given a surprise welcome-home party by some of their friends and MRS. MARCELLA tells Bertie Lou that they purposely "gave Lila the slip."

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**



"Looks like we'll need a new budget," she said, striving to speak lightly.

### CHAPTER VI

It was just as she feared, Bertie Lou admitted the fact as she lay staring out of the open window at the street lamp on the corner. It made the room too bright.

"But if I pull down the shade there won't be any air," she reflected. Sleep was impossible anyhow, she knew.

Marcella's remark kept her awake. It proved to Bertie Lou that everyone was aware of the situation that troubled her. That Lila wasn't to be invited to a surprise party for her former sweetheart and his bride could have been taken for granted. But that it was considered best to keep her in ignorance of the affair revealed the town's knowledge of her still active interest in Rod.

Marcella's tactless admission confirmed the fear that Bertie Lou had expressed to her mother. Her marriage was going to be like a three-ring circus for her friends.

Her face had flamed resentfully when Marcella had told her of keeping Lila in ignorance of the party. For a moment she was tempted to go to the telephone and ring up Lila. Ask her to come over. Let people see that she was not afraid of her. But the impulse was stayed by the knowledge that Lila was capable of turning the occasion to her own advantage in some way.

"I wonder if I am afraid of her?" Bertie Lou asked herself with an honesty she did not hesitate to indulge in secret. She fell asleep finally with the question unanswered.

In the morning she got up quietly to avoid waking Rod and went out to put her little home in order. She looked like a flower in a junk yard as she stood in her crisp morning dress, mourning over the appearance of the living room.

The rug was rolled into a corner. Chairs were piled upon one

another, wilted flowers drooped in vases and the curtains were knotted together to let in more air.

Bertie Lou could have wept, but she remembered that it was her own gang that had done this. Many times she'd been along when other homes were upset. She sympathized now with her mother, who'd often complained of the damage done at parties.

"Oh, why didn't I straighten it up last night?" she wailed. A nasty taste in her mouth answered her. Whoever had made that punch...

She went out to the dining room and started to carry the heavy punch bowl to the small latticed entry off the kitchen. Just inside the kitchen door her slip slipped on a slice of orange and she crashed to the floor. The bowl was shattered.

Rod came running to her, white with alarm. He picked her up as gingerly as though he feared she must at least have cracked her bones.

Bertie Lou laughed at him. Then she saw the bowl. "Grin-nel's old public utility," she moaned. "Gone forever. Oh, Rod, we'll have to pay for it. And you know what the last one that got broken cost Tommy White!"

"What's a bowl?" Rod was magnificently unimpressed by cut glass. "You might have broken your neck, Beks."

"I've broken \$40. That's at least a window."

She referred to the house they hoped to build. To have it soon was one reason why they had taken this flat over the Busy Bee. It was cheap and near Rod's work. Saved car fare. When they got out to Willow Heights, where they wanted their house, he must ride in on a bus or have a car of his own. They'd need to save almost penuriously to "make" the Heights.

Bertie Lou finished putting the flat to rights with a heavy heart. Rod whistled cheerfully in the bathroom, though really he was not feeling so good either. His head ached and he was wondering what Bertie Lou would say when they came to "budgeting" last night's party. Somehow, be-

fore it was over, he'd been practically forced to buy some Scotch. "Tony" had been planted at the back door. He could see that now. Certainly he hadn't sent for a bootlegger. Well, it had worked. The gang had made a night of it.

"But that's the last show of that kind in my house," he promised himself virtuously. "No more wild parties. It's us for the Heights."

Bertie Lou puzzled over what to do with the leftovers, resolved that henceforth she would do the buying herself. Rod seemed to have no sense of limitations.

"The idea of two pounds of salted almonds! Nearly four dollars worth! I'll have to remind Rod that our appropriation for entertainment isn't quite as big as the French war debt."

They set the cost of the party down against the emergency fund and Bertie Lou said she would try to make it up from her household expenses.

Several weeks later she sat perplexedly poring over an account book and a bank statement. Something was decidedly wrong. Rod would find it at once, but she hated to have him know she'd muddled.

The appropriation for entertainment had in some unaccountable manner spread out to include recreation, emergency, education, travel, and even the dentist's small slice of their round dollar system.

It had seemed a very generous sum when first they had planned the budget. Their friends had been gorgeous to them. Bertie Lou and Rod didn't want to be niggardly in returning their hospitality. But they hadn't expected to have so many impromptu parties.

Bertie Lou was in despair when Rod came home. She'd even forgotten to start dinner. She heard him come up the stairs three at

a time, as he always did. She jumped to her feet, scattering thickly scribbled sheets of paper to the floor.

She was in the kitchen when he opened the front door. He'd never heard her make such a clatter.

"Dinner's late," Bertie Lou confessed.

"Never mind it. We're going out. Tom Fraser's in town. He wants us to have dinner with him and Molly."

Bertie Lou passed over a half-peeled potato. "Why didn't you telephone me?" she asked.

"He came into the store just as I was leaving. Say, did my blue suit come back from the tailor's?"

"It's on the bed. I didn't have time to hang it up. Some of the girls were in for a little bridge." Bertie Lou was hurriedly putting away the potatoes and carrots she'd started to prepare. She was delighted at the prospect of having dinner with the Frasers. Tom was an important man in Wayville. His success in New York was well known in his home town.

"I suppose Molly will be wearing fall clothes," Bertie Lou thought, going over her own wardrobe in her mind. Her nice things were all for summer wear. "Well, it's still warm weather here. And my beige chiffon looks good. Wonder if I'd have time to clean my blond kid slippers?"

"What time must we be there, Rod?" she called. "Where are they? The Arlington?"

"Yep," Rod yelled back from the bedroom. Dinner at seven. Swanky, aren't they?"

"Thank goodness. That gives me time to dress decently. I wish people in this town would stop eating with the six o'clock whistle."

Rod was under the shower and didn't answer. "Get me some clean things, will yuh, honey?" he

whedled a few minutes later, hearing Bertie Lou in the bedroom.

"You're spotted," she called back. But she willingly got out fresh underwear and socks for him.

Then she took her slippers out to the kitchen to clean them. When she returned Rod was throwing a fit. His freshly-pressed suit was covered with white hairs.

"Did Belle have that darned dog up here again?" he stormed. Bertie Lou sneaked into the bathroom and locked the door. Rod could cool off while she took a shower. On second thought she opened the door again and threw him a wet sponge. "Here, use this, it will pick up the hairs," she advised.

When she emerged from the bathroom, tingling from a cold spray, Rod was in the dining room going over the bank statement. A frown drew his fine black brows together. Rapidly he ran through the cancelled slips. Bertie Lou's signature was on most of them.

By this time Bertie Lou was dressed he had the accounts straightened out for her: She came up and put an arm on his shoulders.

"Looks like we'll need a new budget," she said, striving to speak lightly.

Rod looked up at her soberly. "We'll have to find some way of cutting down, Bertie Lou, if we're going to keep within our income. There won't be a penny of this month's salary to save."

"I know it," Bertie Lou answered dejectedly. "But I don't see what we can do unless we send out notices that we're not keeping open house."

The weight of the budget remained on her mind until they entered the Arlington hotel and saw the Frasers waiting for them in the lobby. But it was forgotten the instant she saw who was with them.

(To Be Continued)

Fourteen people in New York City are married every hour.

**COLLECTORS OF STAMPS MEET**

An enthusiastic group of fourteen stamp collectors met Thursday and formed a temporary organization, naming J. W. A. Drummond as president, Bert C. Thomas as vice-president, and Mrs. L. B. Hague as secretary.

The club plans to have regular meetings and to take up questions of interest, such as, having the local post office keep on hand new stamps as they are issued by the United States government.

The date of the next meeting was fixed for Thursday, August 5, 1929, at the office of Mrs. L. B. Hague, 210 Willis Building, at 7:30 p. m. All persons interested in stamp collecting are invited to get in touch with any of the officers. Some of the members exhibited very valuable old envelopes bearing the endorsement of the carriers on their pioneer mail trips; and some members have collections of more than six thousand stamps.

**JUDGE GILMAN VISITS KLAMATH**

Judge L. C. Gilman, St. Paul, vice-president of the Great Northern railroad paid an official visit to Klamath Falls Thursday, leaving last night for San Francisco.

With T. F. Dixon, general superintendent and C. B. Harding, Judge Gilman made a tour of the proposed extension from Klamath Falls, south to Lookout.

**Clark & Landreth**  
 REGISTERED ARCHITECTS  
 Pelican Theatre Building  
 Phone 684

**NOTICE OF Auction Sale!**

A sale of Unredeemed pledges, of Watches, Diamonds, Guns, Rifles, Cameras and Musical Instruments, will be sold at Public Auction Saturday, July 13th at 2:30 p. m., at 1004 Main St. Pledges to be sold represented by the following numbers:

No. 1	No. 45	No. 92
No. 3	No. 61	No. 97
No. 9	No. 62	No. 100
No. 10	No. 67	No. 112
No. 13	No. 71	No. 118
No. 16	No. 74	No. 129
No. 21	No. 76	No. 134
No. 23	No. 83	No. 142
No. 37	No. 89	

S. J. CARLISLE, 1004 Main St., Klamath Falls, J. H. Plant, Auctioneer Portland, Ore.

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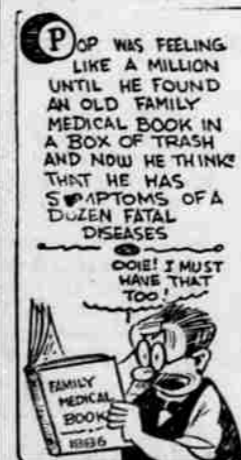
### SIDE GLANCES

By George Clark



"Now Mom, when you meet this date please don't tell him how it seems only yesterday I was running around barefoot and making mud pies in the road."

### Mom'n Pop



POP WAS FEELING LIKE A MILLION UNTIL HE FOUND AN OLD FAMILY MEDICAL BOOK IN A BOX OF TRASH AND NOW HE THINKS THAT HE HAS SYMPTOMS OF A DIZZEN FATAL DISEASES



NOT FEELING RIGHT?—FOREVER MORE, WHATEVER'S WRONG WITH YOU, IT CERTAINLY ISN'T INSOMNIA. THE WAY YOU SNOORED ALL NIGHT IS NOBODY'S BUSINESS

### Pop Has All the Ear Marks



JUST THE SAME, I'M GOING TO STOP IN AND SEE DOC STULL, HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT LEPROSY!



LEPROSY! WHAT ON EARTH GIVES YOU THE IDEA THAT YOU HAVE LEPROSY?

### Freckles and His Friends



YOU AREN'T ANY MORE TO BLAME FOR TAG GETTING LOST THAN I AM, DAN—COME ON, LET'S GO BACK TO THE RANCH AND GET SOME HELP!

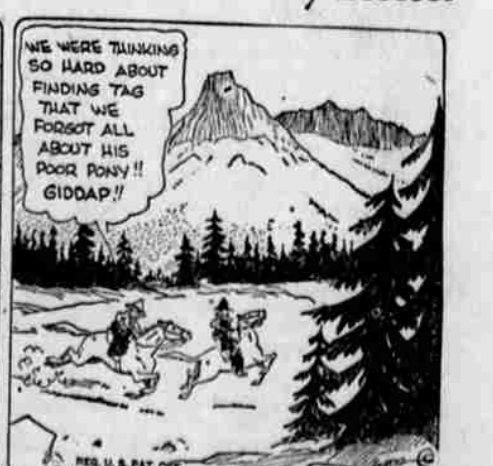


GOSH—I FEEL BAD ABOUT THIS!

### Poor Lindy!



WE'LL GO AND GET LINDY NOW AN'—



OH! THAT'S RIGHT!! GEE, I FORGOT ALL ABOUT HIM TIED TO THAT TREE!!

By Blosser