

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 marries
ROD BRYER, who had previously
been engaged to LILA MARSH.
The only shadow on the bride's
happiness is Lila's persistence in
broadcasting to their friends that
she was Rod's first love.

A position in New York is offered Rod by TOM FRASER and he accepts. Anxious to make a good impression, they go to an expensive hotel until they can find an apartment. This seems to antagonize MOLLY FRASER, who urges Bertie Lou to buy more than she can afford. Rod wins money from Tom at poker and, feeling under obligation to them, recklessly invites the crowd to a night club. Lila visits Molly and goes to the party where she meets a rich MR. LOREE. The affair costs the Bryers more than \$100 and Bertie Lou scolds Rod for the extravagance. But their quarrel is forgotten in the rush of getting settled in the new apartment.

Lila surprises them by marrying Mr. Loree, and she asks Bertie Lou to forgive the past and become friends. She showers favors upon them with such sincerity that Bertie Lou is deceived. But keeping up appearances with their crowd is a severe strain on Rod's finances. He becomes discouraged and Lila grasps her chance to force her sympathy upon him by offering a position with more money under her husband.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXI

Lila sat before her dressing table removing the jewels she had worn that evening. She lifted the long string of pinkish pearls from around her neck and tossed it carelessly into a velvet-lined jewel box.

It was the first time she had handled them carelessly. Always their glittering beauty had excited her with the reminder of their intrinsic worth and the fact that they belonged to her.

Tonight they were, for the moment, of no more importance to her than any of the imitation strings she had worn in Wayville before she had ascended to opulence.

The bracelets came next. Just two. Lila had thought them crown jewels when Cyrus presented them to her. Since then, however, she had seen women wearing six and eight of them at a time.

Here, she felt now, were nothing to write home about. Mere single width affairs. A real bracelet, she was about ready to tell Cyrus, should be an inch wide at least. A flexible string of "decent" diamonds would please her more.

Jewels were not in her mind, however. Something more important to her than jewels occupied her thoughts. She was smiling over a campaign . . . the campaign she had launched when she had extended the olive branch to Bertie Lou.

At the moment Rod was thinking of her as a surprisingly good fellow the smile slid off her face like a mask. Cyrus had opened her door and come in without knocking. Lila quickly took up a hairbrush and began stroking her bob over her face. Some day, she feared, Cyrus would see the telltale change in her features for which his approach was responsible.

The dumb ox! Coming in like that when her mind was filled with a man who made him look like a caricature of the beef trust.

Cyrus was a little fat, and more than partially bald. But his eyes were kind in spite of the hard lines that business competition had set round them and his wide, firm mouth.

SIDE GLANCES

By George Clark



"This would be perfect if you hadn't forgotten the mustard"



"Now, look here, Bertie Lou," Rod said soberly, "we're gonna save."

He adored Lila. To him she was a kitten—a greedy little kitten who would lap the cream he gave her and then scratch. Not a soft kitten, but an amusing one.

Cyrus was not unthankful for the real measure of her affection for him. So far he'd never heard of the other man.

Lila always ducked his kisses and ran from his hugs, but she was ever teasing and wisecracking about it. Cyrus took it all in fun. That she really meant it never occurred to him.

But upon this occasion she sat very still when he put his hands on her shoulders and pressed his forehead down on her sleek hair. He sniffed appreciatively of its perfume—he knew what that particular scent cost.

Unexpectedly Lila turned and thrust her arms up around his neck. Cyrus was delighted when she kissed him. "It was a swell party, wasn't it?" she said. "No casualties."

"You've got them all beat at entertaining, baby," he told her. "Where'd you acquire all your social talent?"

"By keeping my eyes and ears tuned in on those who know what's what," Lila laughed. "Come on pretty speedy for a little girl from the sticks, didn't I? Proud of me?"

"You bet. But that sounds to me like the preliminary round to a touch."

"Maybe you could call it that," Lila assented. "Say, did you notice anything about the Bryers tonight?"

"I noticed that Bertie Lou is still almost as pretty as you are."

"Don't you think they're both looking sort of . . . sort of done in?"

"Well, Rod wasn't pulling any Samson stuff. The roof stayed on."

"He's sick with worry. And so's Bertie Lou. I feel awful bad about it because if they were compelled to quit the fight and go back to Wayville I'd lose a good girl friend."

"What's the trouble?" Cyrus most obligingly asked.

"Oh, money," Lila replied with a gesture that implied the situation was a usual one.

Cyrus frowned. "Well, you know," he began doubtfully, "I

rather think they must be spending more than they make."

"Of course they are!" Lila exploded. "Rod's borrowing from his father. But don't blame them. Tom Fraser brought Rod here and Molly started Bertie Lou out trying to keep up with them. And Tom doesn't pay Rod half enough," she added complainingly.

"Oh now, Lila, you know Rod hasn't got a very big job. I dare say Tom's fair enough to him."

"That's just it! Rod hasn't anything to look forward to there. And I don't think Rod's father can lend him very much. It will be a pity if they have to leave New York. I wish Rod could get a better job. Her voice trailed off wistfully.

"H'm. Maybe I could do something for him," Cyrus suggested. Lila became highly animated at once. "Why, of course," she exclaimed gleefully. "We should have thought of that before. You must have some place in your big company for Rod. And I'll be so glad if Bertie Lou can have more money to spend. It's always so hard to get her to trail around with me when it costs anything. Just as if you didn't give me oodles of money, you precious old darling."

"Well, I'll see what I can do."

Indeed he did something about it. He sent the auditor of his company out to take charge of a western branch and put Rod in his place. He invited Rod to lunch with him when he reached this decision and put it up to him. For a moment Rod was nonplussed. Lila certainly had worked fast. But he wanted no undesired favors.

"All right Cy," he said; "you have knocked me off my feet, but there's one thing I want to know. How much of this is due to friendship? You're offering me a lot more money than I've ever earned and I don't want to take

rest of it . . . that Lila had worked on his love for Bertie Lou. The latter was left to believe what she would, because Rod lacked her ability to guess what other people would think of given circumstances. Had she been in his place she'd have known that it must look rather strange for a person to right-

about-face. She'd have made an explanation in a case like that.

But she was not disturbed by her conclusions. Just the mere bit piqued. It wore off soon in the happiness of their release from money bondage. Later she was to remember it with far more poignant significance.

Rod remained with Tom's firm for the customary two weeks after giving notice. Two more weeks were taken up with work under the man Cyrus was sending west before he finally took charge of his new position.

Tom—and Molly too—was inclined to be a little angry about his leaving, but Lila took care to explain. She induced Bertie Lou to help her try to inveigle Bertie Lou into moving.

Rod came near going through the roof when Bertie Lou mentioned the idea to him. "Suffering swordfish, I thought we were all through being fools," he said hotly.

"All right, all right," Bertie Lou hastened to appease him. "But Lila gave me a hint about Cy. She said he liked to see the men who worked for him living well. Not like spendthrifts, of course, but he wants them to do justice to the positions they hold. He'd hate to have a Loree man who holds any kind of a job at all, making a poor impression."

"Now look here, Bertie Lou," Rod said soberly, "we're gonna save."

One month later he came home to learn that Bertie Lou had sublet the apartment.

(To Be Continued)

FASTER RACES AT STATE FAIR

SALEM, July 29, (AP)—The faster races at the state fair September 23 to 28, particularly the 2:08 pace the 2:13 trot and the free-for-all events, will show a larger number of entries than at previous fairs here, according to Ella S. Wilson, secretary of the state fair board. The racing entries have closed. The largest number of entries is in the 2:14 pace with 29 on the list.

While Mr. Mellon was fixing up our money why didn't he think of issuing a new \$1.98 bill? It would have been so handy during the summer bargain sales.

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NINETEEN DIE DURING JUNE

SALEM, July 29, (AP)—Nineteen persons were killed and 360 injured in traffic accidents in Oregon during the month of June, according to the monthly report of the chief state traffic inspector. The total number of accidents was 2,548. Failure to observe right-of-way caused 366 accidents and failure to signal 345, while exceeding the speed limit caused 117. Under the general head of carelessness 1,128 are listed. Fines for violations totaled \$4,899.55 and fees collected \$4,186.67. Stolen cars recovered by the department were valued at \$4,650.

We will not believe the country is getting back to normalcy until the stories of trans-Atlantic flights begin to be carried on page two.

(ALAN HALB)



Alan Halb is being recorded for his success in character parts by being featured in several pictures on Pathe's new program. The first is "Sailor's Holiday."

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DIES FOR KIN
JERSEY CITY.—Mrs. Catherine Casserly died recently shortly after surgeons attempted a blood transfusion to save the life of John Morrissey, her nephew. Mrs. Casserly fainted at the first prick of the instrument and died a few minutes later.

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