

# LOVE FOR TWO

RUTH DEWEY GROVES

CHAPTER XXII  
Rod climbed the winding stairs of the Lorees' duplex apartment in a small embarrassment. The butler had told him Mrs. Loree would receive him upstairs in her boudoir.

Boudoir! In Rod's mind the word was closely associated with bedroom. But rather than send up word to Lila that he'd prefer her to come downstairs, and possibly have her read his mind and laugh at him, he went up to her. The door was open and Lila called to him in greeting as he reached the landing. "Good of you to bother to bring them yourself," she thanked him when he handed her the jewel case.

He felt a little less uncomfortable after his first glimpse of the room, which was in reality a private sitting room, Lila was dressed for the evening and not in negligee as he had half feared. Even if he had wanted to Rod could not have found anything here that suggested an attempt to break the conventions.

If someone had told him at this moment that Lila was a dangerous enchantress he would have swept the assertion aside. To him she was a benefactress, and a devoted wife to her wealthy husband. His uneasiness dispelled, Rod made no objection when she said they would go down and have a cocktail.

"Wait until I put on my necklace," she added and started to open the case.

"Let me," Rod offered and Lila handed him a small key.

The key stuck a bit in the lock. Rod asked if the lock was out of order. Lila said no and held out her hand. Rod returned the key to her.

"I don't want the bracelets tonight," she said, fussing with the lock, "but since you didn't have a key to the case..."

Her words broke off abruptly. The case was empty!

For one devastating moment Rod was without a thought. Then the full import of the empty case burst upon him. He looked, without realizing how idiotic it was, beside the case and on the floor.

"They're gone!" It was the merest whisper in which Lila uttered the words.

Rod turned to her with the dawning of a solution in his mind. Rod turned to her with the "Maybe you didn't put them in the case," he said hopefully.

Lila nodded emphatically. "Yes, I did. There's no question about that."

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"Please look around," Rod urged, his anxiety revealed in the rapidly rising excitement of his voice.

Lila moved over to a safe in the silk-paneled wall. "They'd be here, but I know they're not," she said tonelessly. "I put them in the case myself, just before I gave it to you to take to the office."

Lila's words, and the gesture she made when she turned back from the open safe empty-handed, roused Rod to a true appreciation of his terrible predicament. His face paled under the stress of it.

"Then they've been stolen," he said slowly, reluctantly.

"But how could they?" Lila cried, apparently recovering from the numbing shock of the discovery. "You didn't let anyone else have them, did you, Rod?"

"No, of course not," he answered. "My God, Lila, don't you see how it looks for me?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, in a small, strained voice that echoed his own emotion. Rod could see that she harbored a frightening thought.

"You know," he said more quietly. "I am responsible for them. The safe wasn't robbed. There were other articles of value in it. A thief would not have left them."

"Isn't there anyone down there who could have taken it? Perhaps you left it unguarded a little while on your desk or some place before you put it away," Lila suggested with an air of seeking to refresh his memory.

Rod's face shadowed with deepening trouble. "No one touched them," he asserted firmly.

"Couldn't someone have taken them out of the safe?" Lila pressed a little breathlessly.

"No one has the combination except Cy and myself," Rod explained.

Lila was silent for a few seconds. "How did you come up

here?" she asked then.

"By taxi. I didn't want to risk being robbed in a crush," Rod smiled ruefully. "A fine precaution that was."

"Haven't you any idea when... when they were lost?" Lila said, ignoring the jibe at himself.

"You mean when they were stolen," Rod corrected her. "They haven't been out of my possession except when they were in the safe," he went on. "We'd better inform the police at once."

He turned toward the telephone but Lila interrupted him. "Wait a moment," she urged. "You don't know what you're doing."

"Well, I've got to do something. And you ought to notify the insurance company without delay," Rod advised her, reaching for the telephone again.

"Rod, wait," Lila insisted as she put a hand on his arm. "A few minutes won't make any difference," she added quickly. "And I think you're too disturbed to see how this thing is going to end if you call in the police."

Rod hesitated. Lila shoved the instrument aside. "Sit down," she said and pressed him into the chair at the desk. She touched a button.

"Don't misunderstand me," she began, when a maid had come and gone. "But if everything you say is true, Rod, I mean if you really didn't give anyone a chance to rob you while the case was out of the safe, then we can't take this mess to the police."

Rod stared at her. "Wait until you've had a chance to inspect the safe," she went on. "Perhaps it was tampered with."

Rod started to speak. "I

know," that," Rod admitted.

Rod moved nervously and glanced at the telephone. Lila pushed it farther away.

"Rod, listen," she burst out suddenly. "Cy mustn't know about this. I asked him to help you for Bertie Lou's sake. I was sincere and that satisfied him, but he knows about... about us. That was all right, too. But don't you see? If you can't prove your innocence you'll be under suspicion. And you know human nature. I'm not saying he will, but Cy might turn against you."

"Think of what you would lose through no fault of your own," she paused and Rod asked her why she didn't believe he had stolen the jewels.

"Oh, rot," she returned impatiently. "I'm not a complete fool. And I got you into this."

"But if you don't notify the police and the insurance people at once you'll lose your jewels," Rod pointed out to her.

She smiled. "I know that," she admitted. "but they aren't worth so much to me that I'd sacrifice you to get them back."

"Lila, you're a thoroughbred, but I'd be a fine kind of cur to

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let you protect me."

"Now wait a minute," Lila hurried on. "I'm thinking of myself, too. I boosted you with Cy. If you get in trouble it gives me a black eye."

"Why go through all that? Let's get a private detective. I know one. Investigate before you go rushing into a cloud of suspicion. If we can find out who took the jewels before Cy learns about the theft you will be saved a lot of sorrow. It's worth a try."

Rod glanced. "I'd rather take a chance on Cy giving me a break."

Lila shrugged. "I know Cy better than you do. In some ways he's bigger than any man I know but in others he's... well, he's got a queer streak. Rod. He's unreasonable about some things. If it entered his head that you had robbed him he would send you to the penitentiary if he could, no matter how warm your friendship had been."

Rod winced. "But he's got to know," he said dully.

"No, he hasn't. No one has to know. I've got a string of pearls just like the genuine and copies of the bracelets. They're very good, too. No one will know the difference."

"If we lose time trying to catch the thief ourselves you may never get back your real pearls and the bracelets," Rod cautioned her.

"What if I didn't?" Lila exclaimed impulsively. "They aren't worth more than a few thousand dollars. That's nothing to be compared to your future. If this should become one of those unsolved mysteries you'd be ruined forever, Rod."

Watching closely, she saw the expression in his face that she had hoped for.

(To Be Continued)

The objection to giving some criminals another chance is that they think an unlocked door is another chance.

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A non-sectarian boarding and day school for boys. High scholastic standard. Home-like atmosphere. Activities: athletics, music, etc.

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If prices go lower we will remit the difference.

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10 loads ..... 35.00

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load .....\$ 5.00

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Oil Burners and Hog-Fuel Burners

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## BANWELL IS ASSOCIATION SECRETARY

GRANTS PASS, July 31. (AP)

A. H. Banwell, Tacoma Chamber of Commerce publicity director, will assume the secretaryship of the California-Southern Oregon Development association on Sept. 1, he announced here today.

Headquarters will be in Medford or Grants Pass.

Banwell was elected to his position at a meeting of the association directors in Medford last night.

Two immediate objectives of this association, the development of the port of Crescent City, Calif., and extension of the railroad from Grants Pass to that port, will be the principal matters demanding the attention of the new secretary. A sound financial basis for the organization, budget expense by counties and a detailed working program is to be followed, Banwell said.

Until the government's appropriation for Crescent City harbor improvements have been agreed upon, Banwell said, he will spend his time between that city, Grants Pass, Medford and Klamath Falls.

The counties interested in the development are Josephine, Jackson and Klamath in Oregon, and Del Norte in California.

Banwell left for Tacoma today and announced that before returning here September 1 he expected to be married in Tacoma. He has been in the Puget Sound district five years in publicity and promotion work.

## MAN FATALY SHOT

BUFFALO, July 31. (AP)—At- tacked as he alighted from his automobile at his home with \$9900, which he had just drawn from a bank here, Ferdinand Fechter, 53, proprietor of a soda grill, was fatally shot by one of

three bandits who escaped with a black bag containing the money. Fechter's wife and children witnessed the shooting.

It is estimated that there are 44,000 thunder storms occurring daily on the earth.



## Your wife should have telephone convenience

She who prepares the meals, cares for the children and manages the household should have extension telephones in these three convenient places: **Living room, Bedroom and Kitchen.**

The cost of such extensions is only a few cents a day. Simply notify our Business Office, or tell any telephone employee.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY



**SHE THOUGHT:**  
"B.O." is awful in a closed car.  
**Yet, to be polite,**  
**SHE SAID:**  
"Let's open the windshield. It's such a hot day."

## How Fred's happiness was nearly ruined by "B.O."

TODAY—he had planned to propose. But her attitude froze him. What could be the matter? It was hot, to be sure. But why should that distress her so?

Fred never suspected "B.O." then. Yet body odor isn't interfering with his happiness now—he's married to Anne. Read how he found the easy way to keep perspiration odorless.

Perspiration without "B.O."

"Like any normal, healthy human being, I perspire—particularly in hot weather. I've been told that pores give off as much as a quart of waste daily."

"But it never occurred to me that perspiration means 'B.O.' We become insensitive to an ever-

present odor. I offended—unknowingly!

"Then I changed to Lifebuoy—and what a difference! When I step out of my daily tub now, I feel alive—gloriously clean! Pores are purified so deeply by Lifebuoy's marvelous antiseptic lather, that 'B.O.' is prevented."

"Lifebuoy's a fine skin soap, too. It guards health—by removing germs. Its pleasant extra-clean scent, that vanishes as you rinse, tells you Lifebuoy purifies."

LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.

**Lifebuoy**

HEALTH SOAP

stops body odor

## AT THE LIBERTY

Last Times Today

CHARLES DELANEY and JUNE MARLOWE

in

"THE BRANDED MAN"

## AT THE ORPHEUS

The little house with the big silent pictures.

Today is the last showing of

"DOMESTIC MEDDLERS"

Claire Windsor and a fine cast in a thrilling comedy-drama.

## At The PINE TREE

"Alias Jimmy Valentine"

Starring William Haines, Lionel Barrymore and Lelia Hyams

"Jimmy Valentine" loses nothing in its transformation from a standard stage success to the talking screen—and gains a great deal.

You'll enjoy every moment of it!

## Forget this unusual heat—take a two-hour vacation in a comfortable chair and see and hear—

"THE SHAKEDOWN"

A snappy prize fight story of a faker who laid down for money but fought like a wildcat for love.

FIRST SHOWING TODAY AT

The PELICAN

## Mom'n Pop

A YOUNG LADY COMING TO VISIT US?

YES AND I WONDERED IF YOU WOULD MIND SLEEP- ING OVER THE KITCHEN SO SHE COULD HAVE YOUR ROOM?

IF SHE'S A BLONDE THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME. IS SHE NICE?

WELL, IF SHE'S HALF AS CUTE AS SHE WAS THE LAST TIME I SAW HER, SHE MUST BE A LITTLE BEAUTY

OH BA-BEE! GIVE HER ANYTHING I HAVE. TELL ME MORE ABOUT WHO THIS WINNER IS, MOM!

IT'S JUST ELEANOR MORRIS' LITTLE GIRL. SO DON'T GET EXCITED. SHE CAN'T BE MUCH OLDER THAN AMY.

AMY! SAY GOSH, WHY THE HECK SHOULD I GIVE UP MY ROOM FOR A NURSERY EVERYTIME WE HAVE COMPANY I GET SHOWN UP INTO THE GARRET AND WICKED AROUND LIKE AN OLD PIECE OF FURNITURE. WHY CAN'T SHE PARK IN WITH AMY?

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