

LOVE FOR TWO

RUTH DEWEY GROVES

CHAPTER XXVII
Lila spent but little time over her breakfast, having used up the best part of two hours in making herself presentable. It was not easy to erase the ravages of her night of fury.

But when she left the apartment she looked stunning in a dove gray outfit and a two-skin fox scarf. And her eyes were sparkling with renewed enthusiasm for living. The big thing had happened. Rod and Bertie Lou were parted. That was all she needed to set her again on the old road of conquest, with Rod's heart as her goal.

He would be at the office, of course. It was not uncommon for her to see him there. Frequently she dropped in for a word or two with him when she visited Cyrus. She nodded and smiled fleetingly at the girl in the reception room as she passed on her way to her husband's private office. Cyrus was tolerant of her unannounced descents upon him and she did not bother to ask if he were engaged. Neither did she stop to rap for admittance.

Cyrus was at his desk, poring over a pile of correspondence, and a large black scowl clouded his usually good natured expression. Lila paused a moment inside the room, to make up her mind what to ask for as an excuse for this particular intrusion. She decided to make it something unimportant, seeing that Cyrus looked annoyed.

"Lo, daddy," she greeted him. The greeting gave her in return was most undadlike. "Well, what do you want?" he grunted.

Lila came over and leaned against his desk. "Oh, nothing if you've got a cross on," she pouted. "Did you drink too much last night?"

"Never mind last night. Unless you can tell me why Rod Bryer left the party."

Lila started. "You were the last to see him," Cyrus went on. "Didn't he tell you anything?"

"Why, what do you mean?" Lila asked, barely keeping herself from stammering.

Cyrus reached out over his desk and picked up a sheet of paper. This he thrust toward Lila. She took it in nervous fingers. "Read it," Cyrus said, unnecessarily. Lila was reading. When she put it down her emotions were under better control.

"That's a mean way to treat you!" she declared warmly. "After all you've done for him!" Cyrus glanced sharply at her. "Haven't you any idea why he resigned?" he queried doubtfully. "Of course not!" Lila answered promptly. "He didn't tell me a thing. But I could see that he was upset and I asked him what was wrong. He wouldn't tell me. It's Bertie Lou, I guess, and the way she's behaving with that young Marco Palmer. Maybe Rod's quit his job to take her back to Wayville. Didn't you see him? Have a talk with him, or anything?"

"No. He came in early, his stenographer told me, and wrote this note to me. That's all I know. But it's queer. If he'd given some reason. . . . To tell the truth, Lila, I thought for a while that you might have something to do with it. I've an idea

that young puppy thinks more of you than he should."

Lila laughed and came over to put her arms around his neck. "Don't be a silly old daddy," she purred. "If Rod cared anything about me I'd know it."

Cyrus reached up and patted her hand. "You've been seeing a lot of him," he reminded her faintly. "You must be more careful, Lila. You're not the sort of a girl a man can be around very much without being tempted to fall in love with you."

"You flatter me, darling," Lila replied with a wry smile. "But we needn't worry about Rod—I think he's concerned over Bertie Lou. And when a man's thinking about his own wife he isn't likely to fall in love with another's. You don't know where he's gone!" she added suddenly.

"I don't know anything except what's in that note. He quit, without notice and without giving a reason. And I'm damned if I'll take him back!"

Lila did not think Rod would ask to be taken back. He was showing more manhood than she believed he had. This was a move she had not anticipated. It would be hard to keep in touch with him now.

"Oh, don't be harsh," she said. "It is enough to make you angry—such ingratitude. I felt that way at first, but after all, you know, we might find out that he had a very good reason, or maybe the poor boy just didn't know what he was doing."

"You're too soft hearted," Cyrus told her with admiring reproval. "People aren't always grateful, you know, dear. See how Bertie Lou has returned your kindness."

"I know," Lila sighed, "but Rod is different; let's give him a hearing anyhow. Have you any idea where we could find him?"

Cyrus hadn't. And Lila soon left to search for Rod in her own way. She called on the private detective she had retained to solve the mystery of her "stolen jewels." She had let him work on that job for a week and then had dismissed him, well paid and with a thorough understanding that she did not wish

the mystery solved. Now she sent him out to find Rod. It was a matter of days before he returned with the address of a rooming house in the West Forties. Lila went there immediately. But she did not find Rod at home. And when the landlady described his caller in answer to the questions he put because he feared it might be Lila would not care to visit him at his fitting her.

Again he moved, and this time he left no trace. He took a room in the upper East Side, well outside the pale of the fashionable river section. He believed Lila would not care to visit him there even if she located him. And he was in no mood to see her.

Life was a stark reality of fundamentals now. A matter of bed and bread. For Rod was broke. He had engaged a lawyer, paid him a fee for the legal work of handing over everything Rod possessed to Bertie Lou; turned most of his personal belongings into cash which he sent to his father to clear the loan he had received from him, and started out in search of a new position with no credentials and no patronage.

It did not seem to him quixotic that he should strip himself of everything he owned, except a few clothes, and give most of it to his wife. He wanted nothing to do with money earned through Lila's interest in him. Bertie Lou might as well have it. At least it would buy her a decent trousseau when she married Marco Palmer. . . .

It was not a huge sum that he sent her, but it made Bertie Lou gasp. Nearly two thousand dollars! At first she wondered where Rod had got it, then she remembered that he had been saving half his salary for many months. Since spring, in fact, and it was

now early fall. She was inclined not to touch the money. It seemed to her that Rod had saved it in cold calculation as the price of his freedom. He could not desert her without making some provision for her, Bertie Lou surmised. So he had saved until he could go without feeling like a scoundrel.

Bertie Lou wept and laughed over the money. No wonder he never would tell her why they must live so niggardly, do without things, move into a cheap apartment and not have a maid—not even a cleaning woman by the day! He was saving to leave her!

She cried and laughed some more. It really was funny, she told herself. Their living together that way, saving just as they'd planned to save for that home they were going to build some day. . . .

But that was before they were married. Bertie Lou sat suddenly down on her bed and ceased to laugh, even hysterically, as she had been doing. That house! Had there ever really and truly been a time when she and Rod had planned a house, a home of their own? A stab of poignant pain in the region of her heart supplied the answer.

Rod ought to have known that he couldn't buy himself away from her though, she mourned. He could go, but she would not use the money. Perhaps she could get him to take it back.

But his lawyer said no. Then Bertie Lou put the check in the bank and set about earning her living without touching Rod's money. She did not know what she would do with it finally, but at least she would not use it for herself. . . .

Marco Palmer begged her to get a divorce and marry him, but Bertie Lou laughed at him as one laughs at an amusing child with impossible ideas. However,

ANSWER TO LETTER GOLF

Here is the answer to the Letter Golf puzzle on page 4:
STARE, STARE, SHARE, SHIRE, SHINE.

ATTENDING NATIONAL MEET
SALEM, Aug. 16. (AP)—Mark D. McCallister state corporation commissioner, left today for St. Paul where he will attend a convention of the National Security Commissioners' association. McCallister is president of the western division of the association. More drastic state legislation for the suppression of fraudulent securities will be planned by the convention.

EXPLOSION WRECKS BUILDINGS
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, England, Aug. 16. (AP)—An explosion, she felt, then, that the blow had fallen.
(To Be Continued)

Clark & Landreth

REGISTERED ARCHITECTS
Pelican Theatre Building
Phone 684

There's nothing else like Budweiser



Klamath Mineral Hot Springs
Especially beneficial for rheumatism.
Tub baths, showers and plunge.
Water in plunge changed Sunday, Wednesday and Friday nights.
503 Spring Street

Big Used Car Sale

- 20% DISCOUNT ON CARS AND TRUCKS
50 Cars and Trucks to Choose From—They Must Be Sold—All Cars and Trucks have been put in Good Shape.
- 1—1929 Victoria 4-Pass. Coupe, as good as new.
 - 1—1929 Victoria 4-Pass. Coupe, only run 15,000 miles. Just broke in.
 - 1—1929 Victory Sedan, only 2000; good as new.
 - 1—1928 Durant Coach. Good paint and good rubber.
 - 1—1928 Chevrolet Roadster, 11,000 miles. New tires. A bargain.
 - 1—1927 Pontiac Coach. New paint, good tires. Cheap.
 - 1—1927 Ford Sedan. Good tires and runs good.
 - 1—1927 Ford Touring. A real car in wonderful condition.
 - 1—1926 Hudson Coach. New paint, new tires.
 - 1—1926 Star Coupster. Good tires, good paint.
 - 1—1927 Whippet Coupe. Good as new. A bargain.
 - 1—1926 Nash Sedan, only run 15,000 miles. Good tires.
 - 1—1926 Chevrolet Coach. New tires and in fine shape.
 - 1—1927 Landau Chevrolet Sedan, as good as new.
 - 1—Studebaker Touring. Good tires and paint. A bargain.
 - 1—1925 Star Touring. Good rubber and runs good.
 - 1—1926 Chevrolet Touring. This car is in fine shape.
 - 1—1925 Jewett Coach. Good paint and rubber. Runs good.
 - 1—1923 Chalmers Touring. Good curtains. Car is in good condition.
 - 1—1924 Chevrolet Sedan. Good tires, fair paint. A bargain.

Ostendorf Motor Co.

The Largest Used Car Lot in Town—424 So. 6th St.
Come in and Look These Cars Over.
Open Evenings and Sundays Phone 272

Plan Books

If you ever doubt the value of OUR House Plan Books, Just look around town—Nearly every new home is a treat to the eye.

BIG BASIN LUMBER CO.

Long-Bell
"EVERYTHING TO BUILD WITH"
Phone 107 Spring and Main

SAVE WITH SAFETY

ATTAIN AND RETAIN THE IDEAL COMPLEXION



SHARI BEAUTY CREAM \$1.50

Smooths out the wrinkles and erases the blemishes which cause women to appear old before their time. Use Shari Beauty Cream regularly and you need never worry about your complexion. Sold only at your Rexall Drug Store.

STAR DRUG CO
The Rexall Store

RED BALL STAGE LINE
Two Stages Daily for Lakeview, Oregon
Leave K. F. 8:30 a. m.
Leave K. F. 2:00 p. m.
Office 6th & Main
PHONE 999

SIDE GLANCES

By George Clark



Mom'n Pop



Tiny Makes the Grade



By Gowan



Freckles and His Friends



Hurry Up, Freckles!



By Blosser

