

LOVE FOR TWO

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

CHAPTER XLII

Marco said good night to Bertie Lou with great reluctance. He thought she was really ill and needed the attention of a physician. But Bertie Lou would not consent to have him take her to the doctor who had attended her during her nervous breakdown, as he wished to do.

"Let's just stop at the hospital a minute," Marco pleaded when they got back to the city.

"No, no. I'm all right," Bertie Lou protested. Marco did not believe her. She looked so tortured, with a wild, feverish light in her eyes, and a heart-breaking way of pressing her finger-tips to her lips, as though to keep back a cry of anguish.

"You shouldn't have come out today," Marco told her reproachfully. "Buying that house was too much for you, Bertie Lou. Of course it's your own affair, but that sort of sentimental indulgence is worse for you than the kind of things you say you won't do any more."

Marco spoke harshly. It annoyed him that Bertie Lou would not take him into her confidence about the house. He could guess that it meant something close to her heart. And he was jealous of her interests.

In reality he was gratified at the change in her—the way she was turning her back on the drinking, jazzing, youth-squandering life they had been leading. It would give him a strong factor in favor of his marriage to her when the time came to talk to his father about it.

But he wished that his reason for being pleased was the same as her reason for changing. Wished it had been for him that she'd settled down to live quietly and not for some secret cause. A cause that had to do with another man, no doubt.

He suspected, of course, that the man was her husband. The suspicion prodded him to harshness. Then, too, he dreaded leaving Bertie Lou without someone to look after her during the night.

He remembered, with a pang of remorse, that it had been he who had made it possible for her to follow the health-wrecking road that leads from pleasure hunt to pleasure haunt.

He thought of that day on the train when he'd met her for the first time. She had been aloof, unwilling to promise a future meeting. He'd never expected to hear from her again.

It was easy to guess now, in the fact of his greatest knowledge of her, that she had been driven by unhappiness to seek his companionship. She could, he offered in his own defense, have found another willing courier on her voyage to a hospital cot. But—and this was what troubled his conscience—there had been times along the way when her spirit had lagged and her feet had grown weary—times when he knew she was tired of the brittle hollowness of their contact with a world of incandescent radiance, mad music, and "don't care" people.

Close to her laughter had been honest tears. Her dancing feet had wanted to stop. And Marco had known it. He admitted, to himself, that he had known it. And now it troubled him that he had urged her on, plucked her when he could, done everything, in fact, that he could think of to keep her going.

He had always liked her, from the start of their friendship. He hadn't wanted her to drop out.

"You're in no condition to be left alone," he burst forth crossly, seeking, in a soliloquy for her, to put down his troublesome self searching.

Bertie Lou's nerves were beginning to cover her body with the

feel of a fine network of searing wires. She knew what that meant. The hospital cot again. Somehow she must hang on, must keep calm.

Marco had been right. The emotional crisis she had undergone in buying the house of Rod's dreams had upset her. No, it was Marco himself, with his unending desire to marry her.

She knew better. It wasn't Marco. It was her memory. Cameo clear. Dear God, couldn't she forget the past! That hot night in her room. So brave she'd been—to marry Lila Marsh's cast-off suitor. The heat might have come from a crucible wherein burned her chance for happiness. And then she had only to think a little further to feel Rod's kisses upon her hair, her eyes, her lips. Sweet, the hour of youth. . . .

Marco was saying something. She would not listen. Why try when it was impossible to forget it? Marco would be talking sense, and there was no sense in the world.

She could not ignore him though; she must not. If she sank so far into the past as to forget him entirely she might lose consciousness. She felt as if she could sink into a stupor from sheer inability to let go her poignant remembrance. Marco would rush her off to the hospital.

If she gained her bed . . . by morning she would be better. It had never been quite so bad before—this looking backward. Induced by imagination, of course. She had pictured, too unenduringly, herself with Rod in the little house at Moonfields.

But it must be dispelled, this mood of black regrets for a dead past. She must not be silly. Perhaps . . . if she had word of Rod . . . tomorrow she would do what she had resisted doing many times . . . she would telephone to Cyrus Loree. She could disguise her voice . . . oh, she would not have him speaking of it to Lila . . . Lila would carry it to Rod. Cyrus might tell her what Rod was doing, if she pretended to be a friend from Wayville.

She knew Rod was not working for Cyrus. Her mother had told her that much. But no one who would have told her more about him seemed to know. Molly, she was sure, could have given her some information had she wished.

Bertie Lou had suffered over Molly's attitude; it indicated that Rod had made unkind remarks about her. That was hard to believe, though. Rod had never been contemptible. Hadn't he though? Since he'd fallen under Lila's influence. Still, Molly never had

liked her. It did not need an effort on Rod's part to make her more unfriendly.

Bertie Lou was buoyed up by the promise to herself to try to get word of Rod. It was a comfort she had stolidly denied herself, but now that she had made up her mind to it, she felt better, in spite of the bruise she knew it would be to her pride to risk having Lila or Rod guess that the call had come from her.

She turned to Marco, and he glanced up from his steering long enough to see that she had grown calmer. There had been a silence of many minutes since his last remark to her.

"I'm out of it now," she said quietly.

"What the devil was the matter with you?" he replied peevishly. She had given him a good scare.

"A touch of homesickness," she told him. Marco did not like what she said because he did not believe it, but he was too much in love with her to express his doubt. He knew he had no right

A miracle might happen—she

to his jealousy. Bertie Lou had never encouraged him to think she loved him.

When he left her at the door of her rooming house he gazed very earnestly into her eyes. Bertie Lou put out a hand to say good-night. Marco took it and did not let it go.

"I wish you would let me take care of you," he said. "This is so dumb, Bertie Lou; your living in a place like this."

"Maybe it is," Bertie Lou returned with a wistful smile, "but just now, just this minute, Marco, I'm glad I didn't listen to you."

She was thinking of the call she was going to make the next day—the telephone call to Cyrus Loree. There was no hope of a reconciliation with Rod—she was not sure that she could love the man Lila had made of him as she had loved him when he was her ideal—but still she found a faint measure of happiness in being unchanged herself; in being the same Bertie Lou that Rod had married.

She was thinking of the call she was going to make the next day—the telephone call to Cyrus Loree. There was no hope of a reconciliation with Rod—she was not sure that she could love the man Lila had made of him as she had loved him when he was her ideal—but still she found a faint measure of happiness in being unchanged herself; in being the same Bertie Lou that Rod had married.

She was thinking of the call she was going to make the next day—the telephone call to Cyrus Loree. There was no hope of a reconciliation with Rod—she was not sure that she could love the man Lila had made of him as she had loved him when he was her ideal—but still she found a faint measure of happiness in being unchanged herself; in being the same Bertie Lou that Rod had married.

did not expect it to, but it might. Cyrus could tell her something fine of Rod. It might be a mistake about him and Lila. It might be. And then she would be so indescribably, so deliriously, happy that she had not said yes to Marco.

She laughed at herself as she undressed for bed, laughed and called herself a little fool. It was a sad sound, her laughter. And partly on account of Marco. She hated to treat him shabbily, keep him hanging on until she made up her mind. Her mind was made up! Why had she thought such a thing?

Bertie Lou lay long awake, asking herself questions. And she found that under all her surface denials, and even her joy in being free to dream impossible dreams of a reunion with Rod, there was a feeling of satisfaction in her heart over knowing that Marco stood by to take her out of her hall bedroom whenever she was ready to leave it.

It made her feel like a cheat. To be subconsciously leaning up-

on his love, while professing her determination not to accept it, was coiffed, she realized.

She broke the next engagement she had with Marco. She told him over the telephone that she would not see him again.

Marco worked up a little huff over it. A huff that lasted several days, during which time he made no attempt to see her.

Bertie Lou went back to work. She was in a dual state of firmness and softness. She would be firm about Marco, but she was extremely tender over the house she was building. It was to be the temple of a ghostly love. Rod was dead. Her Rod, that is. The other? She would forget him.

Cyrus had spoken very abruptly to her when she had tele-

phoned and asked about Rod. She had given a fictitious name and said she was from Rod's home town. And Cyrus had let her understand that he had no interest in Rod whatsoever. His tone was so caustic, and short, that Bertie Lou had quickly hung up.

So Cyrus had come to hate Rod at last!

(To Be Continued)

FLY-TOX

DEVELOPED BY MELLON INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL RESEARCH BY N.E.A. SERVICE FELLOWSHIP

There is no excuse for flies—filthy carriers of disease. It is so easy to kill them with fragrant, stainless FLY-TOX. Rooms may be sprayed freely as FLY-TOX is harmless to people and will not stain.



Copyright 1929 by The Rex Co.

Full Military Academy

TRAINS FOR CHARACTER

A non-sectarian boarding and day school for boys. High scholastic standard. Home-like atmosphere. Aviation, athletics. Send for catalogue.

Portland, Oregon



SHE THOUGHT:
"A Lifebuoy bath would make you lots more attractive, Ted."
Yet, to be polite,

SHE SAID:
"I must go now. Why don't you have a swim?"

Poor Ted...shunned by girls
—until he ended "B.O."

(Body Odor)

ANITA sounded polite. But Ted wondered—was she trying to get rid of him?

Why was it so hard for him to make friends? Why wasn't he invited to places as often as the other boys?

It puzzled him then. But "B.O."—body odor—is no drawback to Ted now. He's popular everywhere since he discovered his fault and the easy way to overcome it.

Hot weather—beware "B.O."
Who can help perspiring in hot summer weather?

No one! It's natural. Healthy. But take care—don't let perspiration make us guilty of "B.O." Remember, we

don't know when we offend. We become insensitive to ever-present odors. But pores give off as much as a quart of odor-causing moisture daily.

Keep safe the easy, delightful way millions enjoy—Lifebuoy. Its marvelous, antiseptic lather purifies. After a Lifebuoy bath you actually feel new pep—a thrilling cleanliness that lasts. No "B.O." to offend others.

Complexions, too, stay healthier, smoother with Lifebuoy. It removes germs of sickness. Lifebuoy's pleasant, extra-clean scent, which vanishes as you rinse, tells you it purifies. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.

Men, it's here!

LIFEBOUY SHAVING CREAM

with a rich, moist, double-dense lather that lubricates—softens and heals—irritated skin.

At your drugist's

Lifebuoy HEALTH SOAP
stops body odor

Going away over the holiday?

THE roads will be crowded and nothing is so embarrassing to a driver as tire trouble in heavy traffic.

Let us go over your tires now. A spare

KELLY SPRINGFIELD

tire, a tube or even just a patch may prevent a ruined holiday or a hurried repair along the road.

Don't be at the mercy of "premium price" service stations.

Come in and let us help make your trip a success. You'll find our service good and our prices right.

The Imperial Garage
3rd and Main Phone 130

Superior Service Station
2301 So. 6th St.

Justin S. Lageson
Plumbing, Furnaces, Stoves
135 N. 4th St.
Phone 565-W
Night Phone 565-R

KLAMATH FALLS-CHILQUIN STAGE LINE
Chas. B. Howard, Prop.
3 ROUND TRIPS DAILY
Leave Klamath Falls—
8:00 a. m., 12:30, 5:30 p. m.
Leave Chilquín—
9:30 a. m., 2:15, 7:00 p. m.

We Have Stages for Hire
Economy—Safety—Comfort

SIDE GLANCES
By George Clark

Another woman driver!

Mom'n Pop

BUYING OUTFITS FOR THE CAMPING TRIP. EH? WELL, THAT'S GREAT!

YES, I GOT AMY THOSE LITTLE OVERALLS BUT WAIT UNTIL WE SHOW YOU OUR OUTFITS

THEY'RE JUST LIKE WHAT THE BOYS WEAR

AREN'T THEY DARLING?

THEY'RE THE LAST WORD IN CAMPING TOGS!

UM! VERY SPIFFY !!

Pop Pulls a Fast One
By Gowan

BUT JUST HOLD EVERYTHING! I HAVE A NEW WRINKLE IN CAMPING UNIFORMS, FOR MEN

WELL, LET'S GO!!

Freckles and His Friends

DO YOU REALLY WANT TO GO HOME, FRECKLES?

DO YOU?

I'M ASKING YOU!!

WELL—I'M ASKING YOU!

To Decide It!
By Blosser

SAY! I'M NOT GOING TO BE THE ONE TO SAY IF WE GO HOME OR NOT!!

WELL, NEITHER AM I—I TELL YOU WHAT WE'LL DO !!

WE'LL TOSS A COIN—IF IT'S HEADS WE GO HOME !!

AN' TAILS WE STAY HERE—I THINK I HAVE A PENNY!!