



LOVE FOR TWO

RUTH DEWEY GROVES

AUTHOR OF "WHEN A GIRL LOVES" © N.E.A. Service Inc.



THIS HAS HAPPENED
BERTIE LOU WARD, on the eve of her wedding to ROD BRYEE, receives a pearl knife as a gift from LILA MARSH. Rod's mother, Mrs. WARD, becomes he was not wealthy.

The feel of the metal chilled Bertie Lou and the thought that it was a dagger to pierce her happiness flashed across her mind so that her great anticipation turned to miserable foreboding. But she courageously resolves not to let the knife be her keepers.

Bertie Lou receives a second blow to her heart when she and her mother, and Lila act as dictator in their apartment on the ground that she knows what Rod wants.

Just inside the kitchen door her foot 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 he feared she must at least have cracked her bones.

Bertie Lou laughed at him. Then she saw the bowl. "Grinnell'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 Tom-My-White?"

"What's a bowl?" Rod was magnificently unimpressed by cut glass. "You might have broken your neck, Bertie Lou." She jumped to her feet, scattering the 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. We're going to have dinner with him and Molly."

Bertie Lou paused 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 blouse come back from the tailor?"

"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.

"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

is \$40. That's at least a window."

She referred to the house they had租ed. 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.

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 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 dropped 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 foot slipped on a slice of orange and she crashed to the floor. The bowl was shattered.

The first dinner in the new home was a failure. 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 MARCELLA tells Bertie Lou that they purposefully "gave Lila the slip."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

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 every one 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 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 dropped in vases and the curtains were knotted together to let in more air.

Rod was under the shower and didn't answer. "Get me so clean things, will yuh, honey?" he wheeled a few minutes later, hearing Bertie Lou in the bedroom.

"You're spoiled," 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.

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 the 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. We're going to have dinner with him and Molly."

Bertie Lou paused 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 blouse come back from the tailor?"

"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.

"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

is \$40. That's at least a window."

She referred to the house they had租ed. 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.

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 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 dropped in vases and the curtains were knotted together to let in more air.

Rod was under the shower and didn't answer. "Get me so clean things, will yuh, honey?" he wheeled a few minutes later, hearing Bertie Lou in the bedroom.

"You're spoiled," 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.

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 the 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. We're going to have dinner with him and Molly."

Bertie Lou paused 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 blouse come back from the tailor?"

"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.

"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

is \$40. That's at least a window."

She referred to the house they had租ed. 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.

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 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 dropped in vases and the curtains were knotted together to let in more air.

Rod was under the shower and didn't answer. "Get me so clean things, will yuh, honey?" he wheeled a few minutes later, hearing Bertie Lou in the bedroom.

"You're spoiled," 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.