

# LOVE FOR TWO

By RUTH DEWEY GROVES © 1928 By NEA Service Inc.

THIS HAS HAPPENED

BERTIE LOU WARD marries ROD BRIERLY, and everybody's been Rodriguez to LILA MARSH. Lila makes life miserable for the bride until she meets a man who's been trying to make her life miserable. The man asks Bertie Lou to forgive the past.

Trying to keep up socially with wealthy friends plunges the Bryers in debt and Rod becomes depressed. Lila still has him, however, and he's still willing to accept a higher salary from Lila.

Shortly after she asks Rod to put some jewels in her hair, she goes to the police to notify the police, but Lila insist that he keep quiet. Lila then points out that suspicion against him might still his career. Bertie Lou finds out that the jewels are missing. Lila seems and is brokenhearted.

She is called home, but she sickens and dies again without seeing Rod. The separation, added to Lila's plotting, causes a coldness to spring up between them. Rod, however, still wants to make advances or explanations. Rod goes to the Lores without her and Bertie Lou goes to the Lores with MARCO PALMER to re-taliate.

They grow farther apart, and one evening, finding themselves alone, they have a week-end at the Palmer estate. Angered, he admits to himself that their love is dead. The man is fascinated with Lila. He attends a dinner at the Lores and a Frenchman admires Lila's pearls. Rod, however, thinks the imitations are the ones he lost.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

A DISTINCT pallor showed under Lila's makeup as she dropped the pendant and settled back in her chair. She made no move to hand over the pearls to Monsieur Clavier.

A hush fell over the party. One by one the guests began to sense her attitude. She did not wish the pearls examined! Cyrus looked at her in astonishment and Monsieur Clavier began to consider a way to relieve the growing tension.

It was Rod who supplied it. He overturned a glass of wine. Lila was quick to grasp the lifeline he had thrown her. She turned and beckoned the butler, who already was hurrying toward her.

She made as much of the incident as possible. But it did not save her. When the broken glass was removed and the slight commotion over, Cyrus very quietly requested that she let Monsieur Clavier have the pearls.

He was deeply puzzled over Lila's strange behavior, but it was plain to him that their guests also were puzzled. And he knew these pearls were genuine. Surely, he thought, Lila did not realize what comment might be passed upon her reluctance to have an expert handle them.

Cyrus had heard of women who substituted imitations for their real gems, but he did not believe that Lila had done that. Why should she? His allowance to her was more than generous. He did not want people saying that his wife had to resort to tricks to obtain money.

Lila looked up at him. He nodded, and she noted that he was wearing what she called his business expression. He had worn it when he had dismissed an insolent servant a few days before.

She looked at Rod and he fancied there was a despairing appeal in her glance. But there was nothing he could do to help her now. Cyrus must know that the gems were false.

Rod hoped that he would be the only one to suffer and that Lila would escape her husband's wrath. He regretted that the exposure couldn't have been put off until the next day—when he meant to tell Cyrus himself.

His expression, to Lila, appeared sphinxlike. She had never made such a great appeal to him as at that moment, when he thought she was facing a painful revelation in consequence of her kindness to him.

His features became blank in order not to risk showing his feelings, but he hoped that Lila would see in his calm composure a willingness to face the music—that he understood she had done her utmost for him.

Lila slowly drew the rope of pearls over her head and gave them to Monsieur Clavier. "They're really very insignificant to receive your attention," she found voice to say disparagingly.

Privately Monsieur agreed with her, and was mentally chiding himself for having created an awkward situation over a few small pearls.

Hereafter, he resolved, he would refrain from commenting upon the jewels belonging to people who practically were strangers to him. Especially if his appreciation of the gems was less than his admiration for their wearer.

But he was in it now, and he did not wish to say before madam's husband and her guests that he had been more interested in the perfection with which the pearls matched

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THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams

her complexion than in the pearls themselves.

Still, his breeding would not permit him to express his true opinion of them, which was in accord with Lila's. Turning them over in his hand, scrutinizing them closely, he cast about in his mind for some genuine praise the bestow upon them.

Rod was watching him with fascinated interest, waiting for the denouement. He expected the Frenchman to show surprise, to become embarrassed. Instead, Monsieur Clavier returned the pearls to Lila with the remark that they were very well matched, indeed, and of a really good color.

"They're the iridescent pearls that are found in the Pacific, near Australia," he told Cyrus. "No other pearls could be so suitable for Madam's fair skin."

Lila took them in a limp hand. She did not look at Rod, who sat with a rather foolish expression of amazement spreading over his countenance.

Cyrus alone thanked Monsieur Clavier for his opinion. Then the company burst into an excited chatter that covered their relief over a threatening cloud dispelled.

It was still evident, however, that their hostess was disturbed, but at least there was no further cause to dread the subtle sense of trouble that had hovered over them.

Lila did not turn her head toward Rod until the dinner was ended. In rising, while he stood to pull back her chair, she let her eyes meet his with great reluctance. Rod gazed back at her from a frozen visage. A slow flush stole up Lila's cheeks as she turned quickly away without a word.

Rod contributed very little in conversation to the half-hour the men spent at the table over their black coffee after Lila had taken her women guests away. He sat, still frowning, over his cigarette while the other men told their stories and drank their liqueurs.

When they went to the drawing room he was black-browed with suspicion. Lila was seated before the piano, half-heartedly trying a new jazz piece. She seemed to know, without looking up, when Rod entered the room. Someone twitted her for the harsh discord she drew from the keys, and Lila stopped playing.

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"Oh, Rod," Lila said with surprising softness, "don't be a complete idiot any longer. You must know why I did it."

"If I did it's not do to be too smart to have let you put it over," Rod replied. "I guess I'm a complete idiot, all right."

Lila moved swiftly toward him, and put her hands on his arms. "Rod," she breathed, "Rod, I had to do it."

Rod stared down at her in utter astonishment. Lila's eyes were dark lamps in a mist, filled with indescribable pathos.

"I had to make that moment over our glasses come true," she said, "that moment at the table tonight. You never would have said it, Rod darling, but it was in your heart. I knew it. I'd have done anything to make you speak. And I never intended to let you pay for the jewels. Oh you dear, stupid, never to have guessed that I gave you an empty case..."

Rod silenced her by tearing her hands hastily from his arms, where gradually they had been creeping toward his shoulders. "Lila, for God's sake..." he began, but she interrupted him with a soft palm on his lips.

"Not so loud," she cautioned. "And don't act as if I'd murdered you or something. You must have known for months that we'd have to have an understanding some day. Well, I'm glad the time has come. I couldn't stand it any longer."

"But what did you do that for?" Rod asked her. "You don't know what I've gone through over that fake theft?"

"Yes, I do," Lila contradicted: "but don't you see, Rod, that it served to put things in their true light for you?"

"How do you mean?" Rod questioned sharply.

"Why, I mean about... us, and Bertie Lou, of course."

"I'm afraid you're jumping to conclusions," Rod rejoined; "everything is hopelessly muddled as far as I am concerned."

Lila made an impatient gesture. "Why do you make me say it?" she cried. "Can't you see that if you hadn't got in trouble you wouldn't have found out that Bertie Lou doesn't care anything about you? That she was only interested in your future success with Cy? When you put a stop to her extravagance she found someone with money to spend on her, didn't she?"

Rod was white. "You mean you faked that theft to get me in a hole?" he asked.

"To make you think me a good friend," Lila explained; "to get you to thinking of me with gratitude. You've always loved me, Rod; if you hadn't started hating me simply because we couldn't afford to marry each other you'd never have imagined that you didn't love me. Do we have to be cheated out of happiness forever? Simply because you made a mistake like that? I've never stopped loving you," she added and moved forward again to throw herself into his arms.

"You'd better tell me all about it, Lila," he said with ominous quietness.

For a moment Lila was silent. The impulse to lie that had seized her, the lies themselves that she had been formulating since leaving the dining room, slipped from her mind. Rod could not be deceived, and I'd help you with Cyrus, you know."

She paused and looked beseechingly at him. "You do love me, don't you?" she pleaded and, reached up quickly to put her lips to his.

(To Be Continued)

THE NEW  
**Saint and Sinner**  
By Anne Austin © 1928 By NEA Service Inc.

They kept up their silly banter, Crystal flirting desperately so that Tony and Dick and all those other boys and girls whom she did not know, even by name, would conclude that she was having a gorgeous success at this, her debut party in Stanton.

George doggedly obeyed Faith and complimented Crystal extravagantly on her hair, her eyes, and on her hand, which he called "a white flower, like a gardenia," and which he pretended to want to wear forever as a boutonniere on his coat.

When the orchestra toolled "Th-a-a-a's all!" Crystal saw Tony Tarver and Dick Talbot skat Swiftly, hand in hand, over the waxed floor to the door leading out into the Marlboro Country Club's "necking jungle."

Tony had confessed shamefully and casually that Dick had already kissed her, and now in Crystal's mind there was no doubt at all that more clinging, ardent kisses would be exchanged among the whispering trees and flower-burdened shrubs of the "necking jungle."

The conjured-up picture sickened her with envy, for she still thought she was in love with Dick Talbot.

"Will you excuse me now?" Crystal panted. "Must repair damages to make-up. One gets so warn dancing—Of course, another dance later!"

"Ugly old bear!" Crystal sobbed in her heart, as she ran awkwardly across the dance floor. "A man like that could simply ruin a girl's chances. But of course I'd rather dance with him than sit alone at the table."

She tore open the first door she came to, found that it gave upon a corridor leading to the "jungle."

She ran out into the night, her eyes grateful for the dark, but keen for a flash of Tony Tarver's white chiffon dress. She had no plan—only a terrible acne to see, to know.

(To Be Continued)

Dial Twisters

Daylight Saving Time  
Meters Given in Parentheses.WFBN (225) INDIANAPOLIS  
(Indianapolis Power and Light Company)

5:30—"What's Happening," Indianapolis

5:30—"The Hair and Skin Show,"

5:30—"Scores right off the bat,"

6:00—"Correct time," Ruth Noller on the

Lyric Theater organ.

6:30—"Medical hygiene," Indiana Medi-

cal Association.

7:00—"Grandstand Trio with soloists,"

7:30—"Sahara Grotto," Glee Club with

8:00—"Walks on Baylor on the studio organ," Baylor news, Indianapolis Chapter N. A. A.

8:15—"Johnnie Robinson and His Royal Guards," Robinson and His Royal Guards.

8:45—"Katie Wilhelm at the Baldwin Grand," Baldwin Columnist.

10:00—"The Mystery,"

10:15—"Dance music,"

10:30—"Dinner concert,"

WKBF (225) INDIANAPOLIS  
(Hoosier Athletic Club)

9:30—"International Boys Students' As-

sociation," from Detroit, Mich.

11:00—"First Presbyterian Church,"

and more than 50 others—See local newspapers

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