

# LOVE FOR TWO

RUTH DEWEY GROVES © 1928 By NEA Service Inc

THIS HAS HAPPENED  
BERTIE LOU WARD marries ROD  
EVERYTHING HAS BEEN  
gained to LILA MARSH. Lila makes life  
miserable for the bride until she meets  
a rich Mr. Palmer. Lila meets  
the past.

To keep up social life with  
wealthy friends plunges the Byers in  
debt, and Rod becomes depressed.  
He tries to persuade him to accept  
a higher salary from Lila. Short-  
ly after she asks Rod to leave  
in the name of his husband's absence.  
They disappear, and Rod wants to notify  
the police, but Lila intercedes.

He goes to the Lores without  
and Bertie Lou goes to Marco.  
Lila finds her packing a suitcase for a  
weekend at the Palmer estate, and  
she is shocked to find him dead and  
that he is infatuated with Lila. He is  
stunned to learn that Lila has never  
been to the Lores when a con-  
noisseur admires her pearls at a dinner  
party.

Confronted, she admits that she gave  
him an empty case in order to make  
him dependent on her generosity and  
to widen his love. He repudiates her  
treachery and displays his pearl  
necklace, reminding him that  
Bertie Lou is at a house party with  
young Palmer. He leaves her and drives  
madly out to the Palmer estate.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY  
CHAPTER XXXV  
FOR half a minute Rod failed to  
grasp the significance of what he  
heard, or rather the import of  
hearing Bertie Lou's voice at that  
time and in that room. He stood  
where he was, hesitating about  
breaking in upon her while the maid  
was present.

And then, before he had come to  
any decision about what he should  
do, it came to him with a shattering  
impact that Lila was right! Bertie Lou had not kept their  
agreement. She had broken her word,  
her vows, and destroyed his last  
remaining faith in her.

Rod stood there, helpless, for a  
black period that never could be  
measured, while the degrading con-  
viction of Bertie Lou's guilt rooted  
itself deep in his soul.

It was like soiled fingers tearing  
at all that was clean and decent in  
his life. A bitter nausea swept over  
him and he leaned weakly against a  
wall for support.

The maid came out of Bertie Lou's  
room and turned in the other di-  
rection without seeing Rod. It is  
likely that even if she had seen him  
she'd have mistaken him for one of  
the party.

He looked precisely like a drunken  
man at the moment. His head  
hung on one side with his chin upon  
his dress shirt front and he appeared  
ready to collapse.

After a bit he attempted to pull  
himself together. It was in his  
mind to face Bertie Lou and he even  
took a few steps toward her door.  
But he did not reach it before he  
turned and walked dazedly, stag-  
gering, away.

What was there to say? He  
could not bear to see her, perhaps  
to fall down and beg her to deny  
what his eyes had seen. Rod dared  
no longer to trust even himself.

No one was decent, no one was  
right. He might make a worm of  
himself. And Bertie Lou might let  
him do it, might lie. They might  
begin living a hell of married life  
that was without respect, without  
faith, utterly unbalanced.

Fear drove Rod out of the house.  
Fear of the depths of degradation  
to which he might sink to save him-  
self from accepting the horrible  
truth of Bertie Lou's unfaithfulness.

The temptation to plead for a lie  
from her, a lie that would admit  
him to what would always suspect  
was a fool's paradise, was too  
great to be risked.

Why he suffered so terribly over  
what he had discovered Rod did not  
ask himself. Perhaps he thought,  
vaguely, that it was the pain one  
feels upon learning of the falsehood  
of the world. Two women. One  
whom he had respected as a person  
who would keep a fair bargain had  
proved herself a cheat; and one he  
had loved and believed a really noble  
character had shown herself to be  
even worse.

Rod climbed into his taxicab and  
was driven back to the city in a  
mood as hopeless as any the human  
mind can encounter. Everything  
was gone. His position, his friend-  
ship with Cyrus Looe—though he  
hardly realized this at the time.

It was the devastating destruction  
of his faith in the two women who  
had meant all of love and honor to  
him that reduced him to a feeling  
of unspeakable disgust and loathing  
for them.

Strangely, it was Bertie Lou who  
drew his blackest thoughts. He  
could have killed her, if he'd had  
the hands on her throat then, he  
told himself. Her smooth white  
throat, her damnably kissable  
throat! The memory of it was tor-  
ture to him.

The driver turned. He thought  
he'd heard a groan. Well, it might  
have been. Queer fish, this fare  
of his. Reeling out of a house like  
a man who'd seen hell, and now  
he sat back there, his head  
dropped in his hands and swaying  
to and fro to beat the devil. "I'll  
tell 'em, I'll be glad to drop him—  
and how," he told himself.

Rod did not speak to him during  
the drive back to town. Time  
seemed to mean nothing to him  
now. The driver asked him when  
they reached the Queensboro  
Bridge, where he should take him  
and Rod gave him the address of  
his apartment.

When they got there he stumbled  
out of the cab and handed the  
driver a bill which the latter stuffed  
into his pocket with a surprised grin  
after one glance at it. Rod did not  
ask for change.

He climbed the stairs to his floor  
like an old man. Bitter, disillus-  
ioned, sick. An epithet had attached  
itself to Bertie Lou in his  
mind and he repeated it over and  
over with maddening monotony.

Money, money, money. Lila  
wanted it. Bertie Lou wanted it.  
Lila wanted love too. Rod won-  
dered, with a stab of pain through  
his dulling misery, if Bertie Lou  
was to be it—if she loved this  
Marco Palmer.

"But she didn't have to do it that  
way," Rod muttered aloud. "She  
could have had her freedom. . . . Oh,  
God, Bertie Lou!"

The cruellest thing that ever  
happened to Rod happened then.

## Best Daylight Features

—Wednesday—

WKEF (275) INDIANAPOLIS  
(Hoosier Athletic Club)

4:30—Items of interest from Indian-  
apolis Wards Ads.

5:15—"What's Happening," Indian-  
apolis Times.

5:30—A chapter a day from the New  
Testament.

5:30—"Care of the hair and scalp,"  
Stanley E. Horrell, Hair-and-Skin  
Clinic.

6:30—Business research, Indiana  
University.

7:00—Patriot Elliott on studio organ.

7:30—"Music," Fred Kresson, courtesy  
Kresson Connell Company.

8:30—Drama period, Arthur Berlau.

8:30—Serials.

8:30—"The Story with Capt. Clark  
and his "leather pushers," at the  
F. Harrison Punch Bowl.

10:30—"The Carpet,"

10:45—Dance music.

WKBF (332) INDIANAPOLIS  
(Hoosier Athletic Club)

5:00—Local news, business and sports.

6:00—Dinner.

6:15—Shelby Music School.

6:30—Garden Court Harmonists.

9:00—Apollo theater.

10:15—Brunswick Panatope.

10:25—Interesting bits of history, com-  
munity library.

10:30—WKEF shopping service.

11:30—Livestock and grain market;  
weather and shippers forecast.

WKEF (275) INDIANAPOLIS  
(Hoosier Athletic Club)

9:00—Correct time, courtesy Julius C.  
Hoffman, H. H. Huff on studio organ.

10:30—"The Carpet," Fred Kresson, courtesy  
Kresson Connell Company.

11:30—Livestock market, Indianapolis and  
Kansas City; weather report.

12:30—Play ball with the Indians va-

mpires.

12:30—"The Carpet," Fred Kresson, courtesy  
Kresson Connell Company.

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Kresson Connell Company.