

LOVE FOR TWO

RUTH DEWEY GROVES © 1928 By N.E.A. Service Inc.

THIS HAS HAPPENED
BERTIE LOU WARD marries ROD
BRYER, who had previously been en-
gaged to LILA GROVES. Lila is
misled into the belief that she meets
a rich MR. LOREE and marries him.
But she asks Bertie Lou to forgive
the man.

Trying to keep up socially with
her new friends, Lila is debt-ridden
and becomes depressed. Lila seizes
a chance to persuade him to accept a
man named Marco Palmer, who offers
to ask Rod to put some jewels in the
safe during her husband's absence. The
diabolical plan succeeds, but the police
find out the suspicion against him might
end his career.

Bertie Lou finds out that he has been
misled and returns to Lila. She goes
home to her mother without
seeing Rod.

The separation, added to Lila's
plotting causes a coldness between them.
Rod expects the other to make the advances
or to be the aggressor. Lila goes
without her, and Bertie Lou goes out
with MARCO PALMER to gamble.

Rod is surprised to learn that Lila de-
ceived him about the stolen jewels when
a commissioner came to him.

She admits that she gave
him an empty case in order to make him
desire to have her. Rod is shocked.
He repudiates her treachery
and disloyalty to her husband, and she
repudiates him in turn.

He leaves her and drives to the
Palace Hotel, where he meets Marco and
Bertie Lou in lounging robes and leaves
unconscious without learning that he left
for the 20th floor. Not realizing that he left
because of his suspicions of her, Bertie
Lou is angry at Rod for trying to take
him away from her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXVII

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 re-
newed enthusiasm for living.

The big thing had happened. Rod
and Bertie Lou had parted. That
was all she need to set her aga-
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 de-
scents upon him and she did not
bother to ask if he were engaged.
Neither did she stop to rap for ad-
mittance.

Cyrus was at his desk, poring
over a pile of correspondence, and a
large black 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 he gave her in return
was most undaddylke. "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 con-
trol.

"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 re-
signed?" 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 Way-
ville. Didn't you see him? Have
a talk with him, or anything?"

"No. He came in early, his
stereographer told me, and wrote this
note to me. That's all I know. But
it's queer. If he'd given some rea-
son... To tell the truth, Lila, I
thought for a while that you might
have something to do with it. I've
had 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 fatuously.
"You must be more careful, Lila.
You're not the sort of girl a man
can be around very much without
being tempted to fall in love with
you."

"You flatter me, darling," Lila re-
plied 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, with-
out 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 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."

"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 mys-
tery 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
she put because he feared it might
be Lila, he recognized the description
as fitting him.

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
left his lawyer said no.

Then Bertie Lou sat suddenly
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
pagan 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 it for
her heart.

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
left his lawyer said no.

Then Bertie Lou sat suddenly
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
pagan pain in the region of her
heart supplied the answer.

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
left his lawyer said no.

Then Bertie Lou sat suddenly
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
pagan pain in the region of her
heart supplied the answer.

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
left his lawyer said no.

Then Bertie Lou sat suddenly
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
pagan pain in the region of her
heart supplied the answer.

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
left his lawyer said no.

Then Bertie Lou sat suddenly
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
pagan pain in the region of her
heart supplied the answer.

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
left his lawyer said no.

Then Bertie Lou sat suddenly
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
pagan pain in the region of her
heart supplied the answer.

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
left his lawyer said no.

Then Bertie Lou sat suddenly
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
pagan pain in the region of her
heart supplied the answer.

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
left his lawyer said no.

Then Bertie Lou sat suddenly
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
pagan pain in the region of her
heart supplied the answer.

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
left his lawyer said no.

Then Bertie Lou sat suddenly
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
pagan pain in the region of her
heart supplied the answer.

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
left his lawyer said no.

Then Bertie Lou sat suddenly
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
pagan pain in the region of her
heart supplied the answer.

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
left his lawyer said no.

Then Bertie Lou sat suddenly
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
pagan pain in the region of her
heart supplied the answer.

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
left his lawyer said no.

Then Bertie Lou sat suddenly
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
pagan pain in the region of her
heart supplied the answer.

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
left his lawyer said no.

Then Bertie Lou sat suddenly
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
pagan pain in the region of her
heart supplied the answer.

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
left his lawyer said no.

Then Bertie Lou sat suddenly
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
pagan pain in the region of her
heart supplied the answer.

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
left his lawyer said no.

Then Bertie Lou sat suddenly
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
pagan pain in the region of her
heart supplied the answer.

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
left his lawyer said no.

Then Bertie Lou sat suddenly
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
pagan pain in the region of her
heart supplied the answer.

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
left his lawyer said no.

Then Bertie Lou sat suddenly
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