

LOVE FOR TWO

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THIS HAS HAPPENED
BETTY LOU WARD married ROD BRYER, who had previously been married to LILA MARSH. Lila makes life miserable for the bride until she meets a rich Mr. LOREE and marries him. Then she asks Betty Lou to forgive the past.

Trying to keep in socially with wealthy friends plunges Rod in debt and he becomes depressed. Lila seizes her chance to persuade him to accept a higher salary from Loree. Shortly after she asks Rod to leave the house in the safe during her husband's absence. They disappear and Rod insists on secrecy, pointing out that suspicion against him might ruin his career.

Betty Lou finds out that he has been seeing Lila secretly and is heartbroken. 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 advances or explanation. Rod goes to the Loree mansion and Lila goes out with MARCO PALMER to retaliate.

Rod is stunned to learn that Lila deceived him about the stolen jewels when he came to her for help. She gave him an empty case in order to make him dependent on her generosity and to win his love. He repudiates her treachery and disavows his husband and she reminds him that his wife is at a house party with you.

He leaves her and drives to the Palmer estate where he sees Marco and Betty Lou in the garden. He has been unseen without learning they were merely coming upstairs from a morning swim. When Betty Lou gets home, Rod is waiting for her. He offers her \$5,000. Not realizing that he left her a large sum of money, she tells him she has no need of it. She tells him she has no need of it.

Lila denounces Lila 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 renewed enthusiasm for living.

The big thing had happened. Rod and Betty Lou had parted. That was all she needed to set her ago 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 and she did not bother to ask if he were engaged. Neither did she stop to rap for admittance.

Cyrus was at his desk, poring over a pile of correspondence, and a large black scowl 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 undecipherable. "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 handed to 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 control."

"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 resigned?" 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 Betty 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 Quiverville. Didn't you see him? He's a talk with him, or anything?"

"No. He came in early, his stenographer told me, and wrote this note to me. That's all I know. But it's queer. If he'd given some reason. . . To tell the truth, Lila, I thought for a while that you might have something to do with it. I've 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 replied with a wry smile. "But we needn't worry about Rod—I think he's concerned over Betty 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 no 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 told her with admiring reproach. "People aren't always grateful, you know, dear. See how Betty Lou has returned your kindness."

"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 mystery 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 he put because he feared it might be Lila, she recognized the description.

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 was in no mood to see her.

Life was a stark reality of fundamentals now. A matter of bed and bread. For Rod was broke. He had engaged a lawyer, paid him a fee for the legal work of handing over everything Rod possessed to Betty Lou; turned most of his personal belongings into cash which he sent to his father to clear the loan. He had received from him, and started out in search of a new position with no credentials and no patronage.

It did not seem to him quixotic that he should strip himself of everything he owned, except a few clothes, and give most of it to his wife.

He wanted nothing to do with money earned through Lila's interest in him. Betty Lou might as well have it. At least it would buy her a decent trousseau when she married Marco Palmer. . .

It was not a huge sum that he sent her, but it made Betty Lou gasp. Nearly two thousand dollars! At first she wondered where Rod had got it. Then she remembered that he had been saving half his salary for many months. Since spring, in fact, and it was now early fall.

She was inclined not to touch the money. It seemed to her that Rod had saved it in cold calculation as the price of his freedom.

He could not desert her without making some provision for her. Betty Lou surmised. So he had saved until he could go without feeling like a scoundrel.

Betty Lou wept and laughed over the money. No wonder he never would tell her why they must live so miserably, do without things, move into a cheap apartment and not have a maid—not even a cleaning woman by the day! He was saving to leave her!

(To Be Continued)

THE NEW
Saint AND Sinner
By Anne Austin
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Tony's long slim legs did not flash up the stairs. Her feet dragged a bit, as her impulsive mind, unaccustomed to analytical thinking, turned over the amazing things that a black girl of her own age had told her—directly and indirectly.

At the head of the stairs she was about to sing out, "Peg! Pat! Food!" when the sound of bitter, loud quarreling stopped her.

The sound of harsh, high, angry words was always like resounding slaps upon Tony Tarver's ears. Slaps that maliciously struck through and down to her heart. Tony shivered. Her mother's high, quivering, "abused" voice penetrated the door.

"If I've told you once, Pat Tarver, I've told you a thousand times that I won't have you carrying on with girls and married women that come to this house!"

"And always belittling me—sticking me off in a corner and poking fun at me. . . I might as well be a servant in this house, for all the respect I get from you and Nomy, and all these years, too—after all I've done for you both, working my fingers to the bone."

"Now all you think of is carrying on like one of these 'sheiks' that Nomy fills the house with. Pinching Mrs. Harrison's cheek, and her husband standing right there."

Tony clenched her fists against her breast. Her beautiful face was quite white as she heard her father answer, in the booming, half-teasing half-angry voice which his wife's tirades called out of his good nature.

"Now, Peg now. . . There ain't a bit of use going over all this again. Sure, sure. You're right—most times, but I'm not half the devil you make me out. The girls don't mind me. They know I'm just kidding. And they like it. You ought to loosen up a bit yourself."

"Oh, hold on, honey! I'm not asking you to act any different from your nature, but honest, Peg, it's as natural for me to kid a pretty woman or girl along as it is to breathe."

"Nothing underhand about Pat Tarver. And I want you to learn to play bridge and poker. Sure! And blow all the money you want on clothes and doo-dads."

"Yes, and what kind of example are you setting Nomy, I'd like to know, Pat Tarver? You and your 'free and easy' age! You won't think it's so fine if she goes astray—and nobody to blame but yourself and your loose-living friends."

Tony could stand no more. She knocked, then sang out as gaily as she could: "Peg! Pat! Breakfast! Rawsbris and cream, toast and muffins. Last call for breakfast!"

Her father flung open the door then stretched out his arms in a mighty gesture of welcome.

Tony looked at him critically, appreciatively, because he was so very good to look at; tall, big, broad, but not an ounce of superfluous flesh; thick, coarse, waving black

hair; twinkling, fun-loving black eyes; swarthy skin; strong, intensely male features of the "Black Irish" type; a thick, short black mustache; a broad, sensual mouth, curled upward at the corners, big, square teeth as perfect and white as Tony's.

There was an extraordinary understanding and kinship between father and daughter. But as her father hugged her ecstatically, Tony looked over his shoulder at her mother, a dumpy, plain, dowdy little figure, with pale blue eyes, watching the father-and-daughter tableau jealously.

"Come her Peg! Join the magic circle! The three Tarvers against all the world!" Tony cried.

"I'd thank you to call me 'Mother' Nomy," Mrs. Tarver retorted, her little dumpy body trembling with anger and the tears she had not finished shedding.

"If you'll call me Tony, not Nomy," Tony bargained for the thousandth time, and with no hope of success. "If she won't come to us, Pat, we'll have to go to her—take the fortress by storm," she added.

(To Be Continued)

Dial Twisters
Daylight Saving Time
Meters Given in Parentheses

WFBM (235) INDIANAPOLIS
(Indianapolis Power and Light Co.)

4:00—Tea time trio.
4:10—Items of interest from Indianapolis.
4:20—Correct time; legends of mythology.
4:30—"What's Happening," Indianapolis Times.
4:40—Chapter a day from the New Testament.
4:50—Care of the hair and scalp, Stanley E. Morrill, Hair-A-Gain Studio.
5:00—Baseball scores right off the bat.
5:10—Correct time. Ed Reusser with WFBM dinner ensemble; Dick Powell, soloist.
5:20—Veterinary talk for farmers, Dr. J. C. Vance.
5:30—Patricia Elliott on studio organ.
5:40—Marriott Hotel Trio, courtesy Kruse-Cannell Company.
5:50—Chamber of Commerce message, Ed Morrill, secretary.
6:00—Lassalle Choral Club.
6:10—Earle Hove Jones, staff pianist.
6:20—Silver Crescent Quartet.
6:30—Mansfield Patrick, banjoist.
6:40—"The Columbian."
6:50—Katie Wilhelm at the Baldwin.

WKBF (232) INDIANAPOLIS
(Hoosier Athletic Club)

5:00—Late news bulletins and sports.
5:30—Dinner concert.
5:50—Studio hour, under the direction of Mrs. Will C. Ellis.
6:00—Circle Theater.

Best Daylight Features

—Friday—
WFBM (235) INDIANAPOLIS
(Indianapolis Power and Light Co.)

Noon—Correct time, courtesy Julius C. Walk & Son; Letter Hour on the studio organ.
12:30—Livestock market, Indianapolis and Kansas City; weather report.

WKBF (232) INDIANAPOLIS
(Hoosier Athletic Club)

10:00—Recipe exchange.
10:10—Brunswick Panatrophe.
10:20—Interesting bits of history, courtesy of Indianapolis public library.
10:30—WBFB shopping service.
11:30—Stock market and grain, market; weather and shipper's forecast.

OUR WAY



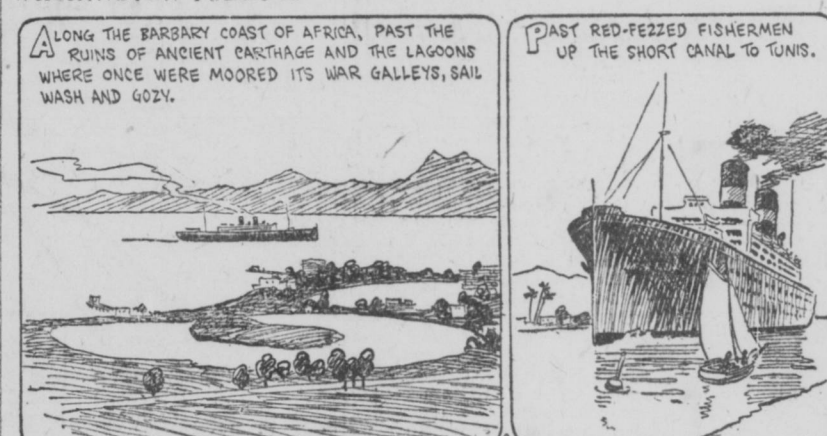
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



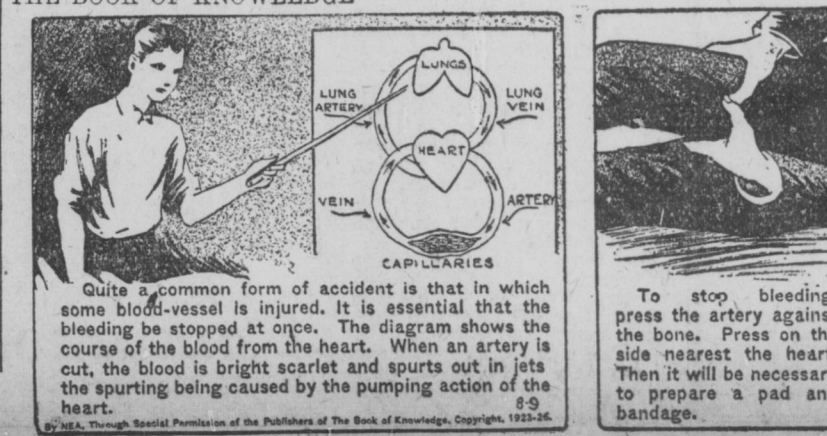
SALESMAN SAM



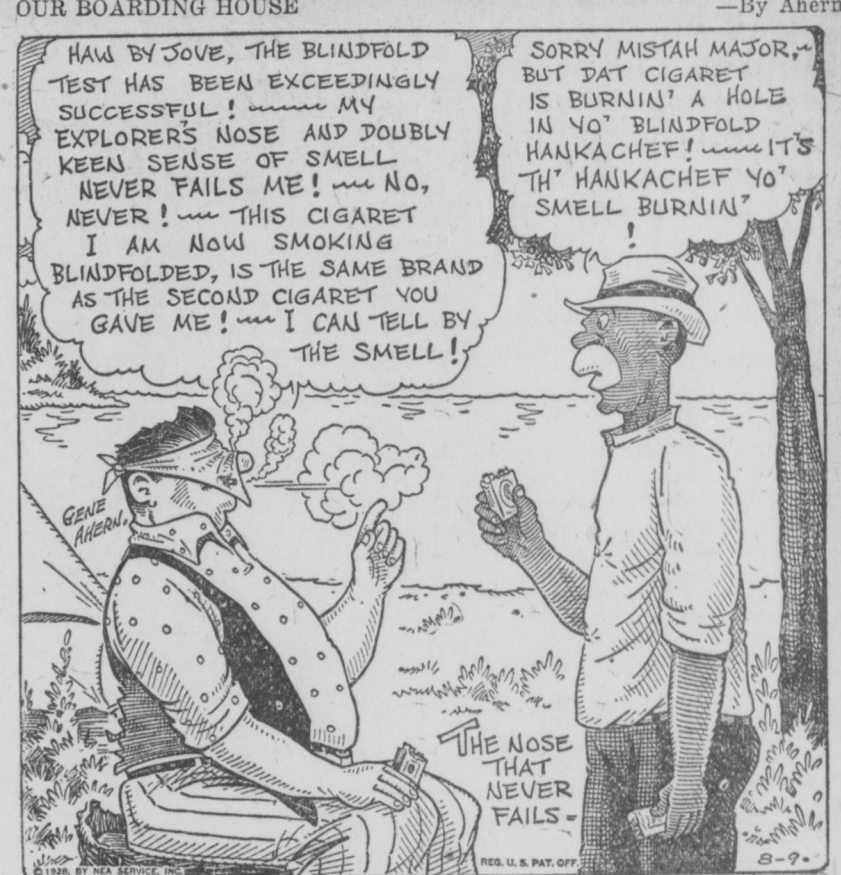
MOM'N POP



THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



THE NOSE THAT NEVER FAILS



MY G-GOSH! W-W-WOT WAS T-THAT?



OH-IM NOT A BIT SCARED ARE Y-Y-YOU?



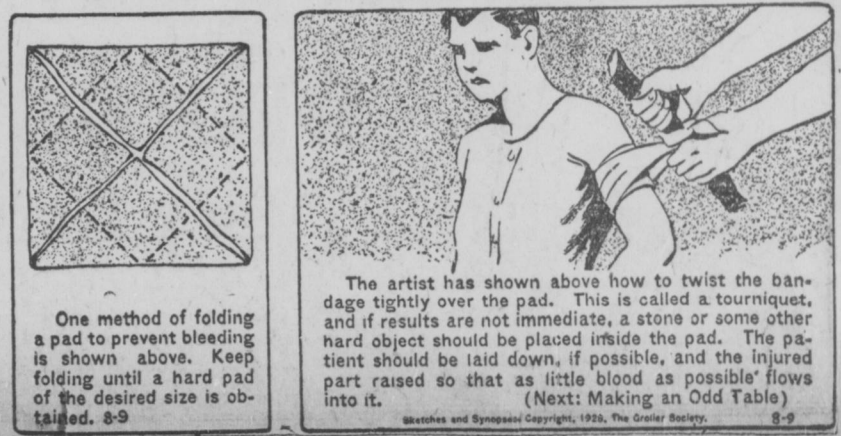
TUNIS!



POP GUNN, FOR FIFTEEN YEARS WE'VE BEEN GOING ON VACATIONS WHERE THE HAD TO SIT IN A SHACK ALL DAY WHILE YOU WENT FISHING AND CAUGHT NOTHING. THIS YEAR WE'RE GOING TO A REGULAR RESORT.



THAT OLD DREAM OF POVERTY DOESN'T GO ANYMORE. WITH A COUPLE OF BOOTS' MILLIONS IN THE BANK, WE'RE GOING TO POINT PLEASANT—IM THROUGH BUSTLING MY COMPLEXION! BUT TO A DEEP RED STANDING OVER A HOT MOM! I STOVE ALL DAY FINDING HAM AND EGGS, AND TIGHTENING MOSQUITOES ALL NIGHT.



One method of folding a pad to prevent bleeding is shown above. Keep folding until a hard pad of the desired size is obtained. 8-9