

LOVE FOR TWO

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THIS HAS HAPPENED

BESSIE LOU and ROD BRYER are happily married, until LILA LORE plots to separate them. For months she works to arouse Rod's interest in her while she plots to separate them. When Bertie Lou discovers that they are each other's secret, she is heartbroken and tries to win MARCO PALMER to her side.

Rod will not admit himself to Lila, although he and Bertie Lou have drifted far apart. Tired of Lila's longings, Lila tells Rod she loves him and wants him to go away with her. He repudiates her disloyalty to her husband, and she taunts him by saying that his wife is out with Marco.

Rod drives to the Palmer estate where he sees Marco and Bertie Lou in long, idle strolls and without learning that they were merely coming upstairs from the swimming pool.

Rod leaves Bertie Lou with no explanation, returns his position and drifts from one thing to another trying to avoid old habits. With women try to find him without success.

Bertie Lou obtains a position expecting Rod to get a divorce. The suspense and dreadfulness of her lot cause her to seek forgetfulness in Marco's company. She has a nervous breakdown and, while convalescing, decides to buy a "dream home" with the money Rod had sent her when he left.

Marco begs her to marry him, but she tells him she still loves Rod. She finishes her house and advertises it for sale. She is surprised when Rod answers the ad, and conceals herself while he looks at the house.

CHAPTER XLIII

BERTIE LOU could not forgive Rod, she decided, yet she did pity him. Pitying him so that she could not endure the thought of letting him walk out of her door and perhaps out of her life forever. It least she called it pity. . . .

This impulse, mood or longing, whatever it was, that had brought him out to Moonfields might be but a passing phase of his adjustment to his new existence. Bertie Lou told herself that he might never come again.

But what could she do? Rush out and confront him? Banish all thought of his return? That was what it would mean, to reveal her presence now, she believed. Besides, she did not wish to talk to him. Her mind was still in a daze. She wanted time to think. But how could she hold Rod until she knew what to do?

There must be some way!

Yet she was utterly unable to reach a solution. Rod went on with Bertie Lou from room to room while Bertie Lou fanatically searched for a means to delay his inevitable departure. He did not seem to be in a hurry to go. She was thankful for that.

The obvious thing, of course, would have been to attract Bertie Lou's attention and summon her to her side for a moment and ask her to obtain Rod's address.

But Bertie Lou was too excited, too bewildered, to think rationally. She did, however, manage to motion Bertie Lou to her without being seen by Rod. A perfectly crazy idea, as she characterized it, had come to her.

Bertie Lou excused herself and left Rod alone. He could hear an animated conversation going on in low tones in the kitchen while he waited.

In a few minutes Bertie Lou returned to his side. She asked him point blank if he liked the house. Rod said yes, but that he ought to apologize for having taken up so much of her time inasmuch as he feared the purchase of it would be quite beyond his means.

Bertie Lou did not appear to be disappointed.

"How would you like to live here?" she blurted out, and Bertie Lou, in the kitchen, groaned silently.

Rod looked startled. "Why? . . . is the house for rent?" he evaded.

"No, it's not," Bertie Lou informed him, "and the owner doesn't want to sell it, either. It was built to rent at first and then she . . . er . . . he decided to sell it. But something has happened and it's going to be taken off the market."

Much of this was true. Bertie Lou had changed her mind about renting the place. It was after a visit to it, when she had gone away feeling much to the unhappiness of the past to go on with her plans for renting the property. Every time she came to Moonfields she was thrown deeper into painful regret.

Instead of erecting a house wherein she could relieve, in her memory, the fleeting joy of her honeymoon, she discovered that she had built a prison. In it she could not escape from thoughts of Rod that were so vivid she could almost feel his presence in the little cottage.

Marco, who sometimes insisted upon coming out with her in spite of her protests, noticed that she was always greatly agitated over the visits, especially when the house was nearing completion and the furniture was arriving.

When it was fully furnished at last and every piece was in its proper place, Bertie Lou herself saw that she had built a heart-breaking memorial.

On the way home from her last trip out with Marco she told him she was going to dispose of the house.

It was a sudden decision. She regretted it later, after she had inserted the advertisement placing it on the market, but she overrode her loathing to part with it and if Rod had been a bona fide purchaser she would have gone through with the deal.

But it was impossible to think of letting it go now that it had brought Rod to the door. Unless, of course, her fantastic plan failed to work. If only Bertie Lou could fumble it.

"The owner is looking for a caretaker," Bertie Lou was telling Rod while Bertie Lou agonized over her ability to handle the situation.

"Yes?" Rod said politely. He could not see what that had to do with him.

"You . . . you wouldn't like the position, would you?" she went on, and Bertie Lou flopped helplessly into a blue chair.

Bertie Lou might as well have held up a signpost to Rod, she thought. Offering a stranger a job like that! But Bertie Lou had a surprise in store for her.

"Of course we'd have to know that you're a respectable man," she hurried along, before Rod could formulate an answer. Bertie Lou picked up her ears. That wasn't so bad—maybe Bertie Lou was so dumb after all.

"What makes you think I need a job?" Rod asked. He wondered if



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



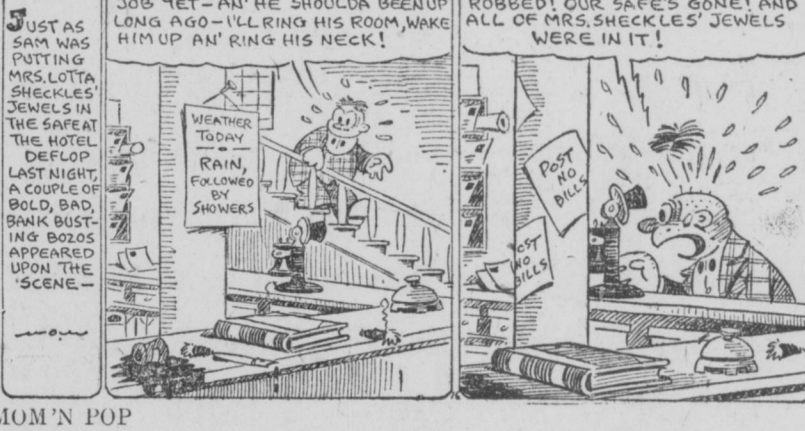
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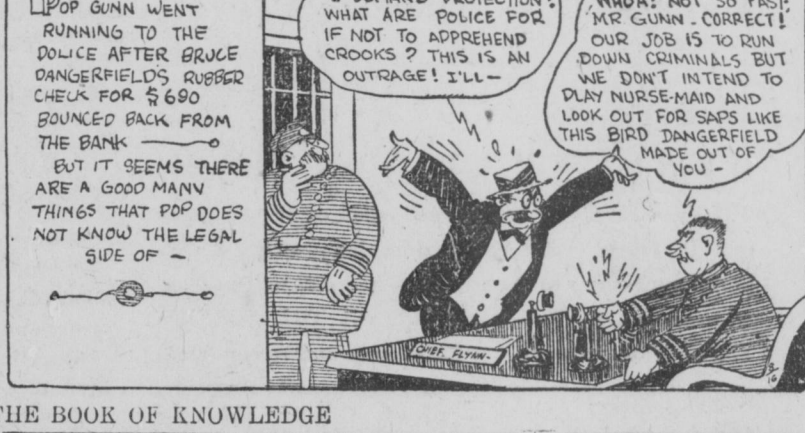
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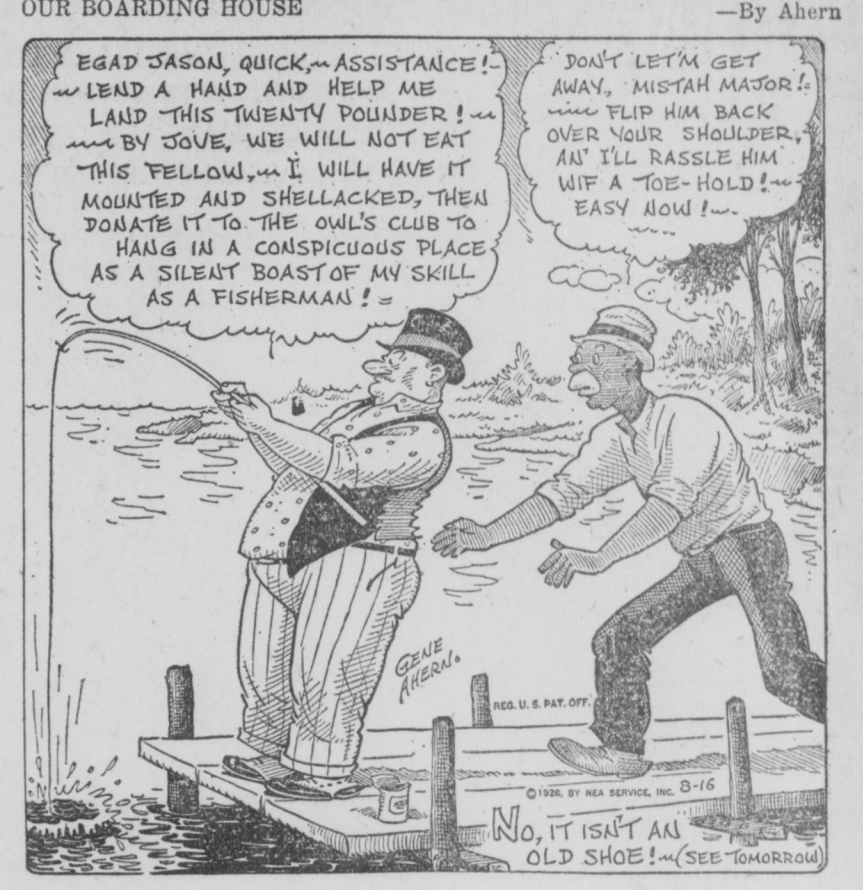
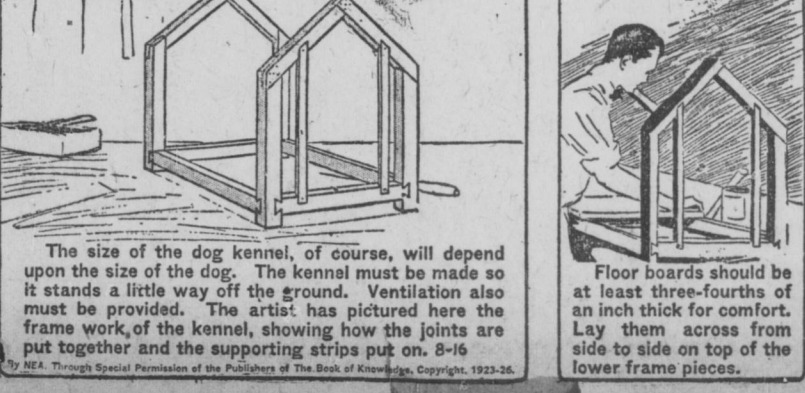
SALESMAN SAM



MOM'N POP



THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



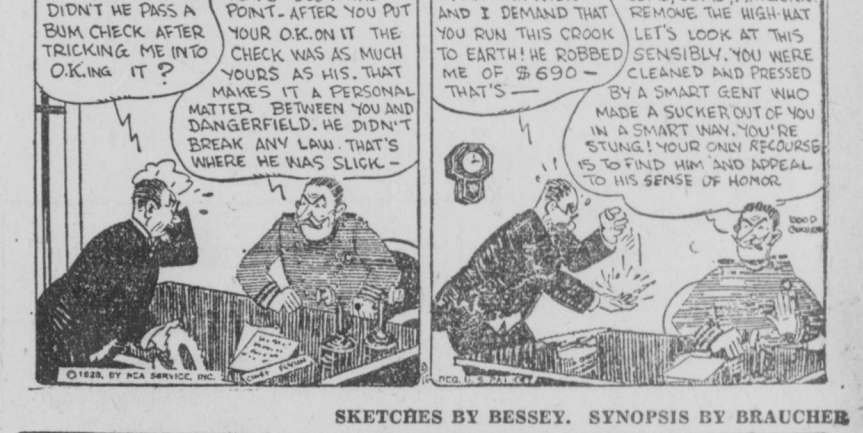
OUR BOARDING HOUSE



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THE NEW Saint AND Sinner

By Anne Austin © 1928 By NEA Service Inc.

When Tony Tarver swerved her roadster into the driveway of the new Tudor house that her father's "sudden money" had provided, she saw her mother and father seated on one of the garden benches.

"Hello, parents!" she sang out as joyously as if she did not know that Peg was angry with her for having run away from Sunday dinner. "How idyllic you two look. Bill and coo for Tony! Aw, come on—bill and coo, like a nice couple."

The swung out of the car, ran with a long-legged, swift, grace across the lawn and plopped herself down in her father's lap.

"Where have you been, Nomy?" her mother demanded petulantly. "We waited dinner for you. And the phone's been ringing for you all day and—"

"Darling Peg, please don't ever wait dinner for me," Tony pleaded gaily. "I feel it coming on that I'm going to miss a lot of meat. I've been to see Sandy, and I wheedled him into taking me up in his airplane. Thrills! Ecstasy! I'm going to learn to fly myself. You ought to try it, Peg—"

Her mother drew a deep breath and expelled passionate indignation upon it. "Annoying Nomy! Tarver! Even if you are a big girl, I'll whip you if I ever hear of your going up in an airplane again! Or you want to get yourself killed or crippled, and with that Sandy Ross, too—"

"Then I hope you won't hear of it, for I'd be quite a handful to whip, Peg," Tony said evenly, dangerous glint in her blue-diamond eyes. "But I'm not going to promise not to go up again."

"As for Sandy—he isn't 'that Sandy Ross,' he's 'the Sandy Ross,' almost as famous in this State as Pat's money has brought buzzing around us—"

Pat Tarver had been silent during the inevitable clash between mother and daughter, but the hard pressure of his hand upon Tony's had told her that she had his sympathy.

He spoke now: "Tony's right, Peg. My girl isn't a snob and I'd lick it out of her if she was. There's nothing wrong with Sandy Ross, and thousand things that are right, even if he hasn't a drawing room set of manners and a 'line,' like these young idiots whose daddies have always had money and who've been away to school."

"Attaboy, Pat!" Tony applauded, laying her cheek against her father's.

"That's right!" Mrs. Tarver complained bitterly. "You two always take sides against me. I suppose you'd be tickled foolish, Pat, if Nomy marries this flying fool and has to go back to Myrtle Street to live—"

"Don't worry about that, Peg darling," Tony pleaded, melting to

Dial Twisters

- Daylight Saving Time Meters Given in Parentheses
- WFBM (275) INDIANAPOLIS (Indianapolis Power & Light Co.)
- 4:00—Correct time; afternoon musical.
- 4:30—Terms of interest from Indianapolis Times Want Ads.
- 5:00—Correct time.
- 5:15—"What's Happening," Indianapolis.
- 5:30—A chapter a day from the New Testament.
- 5:40—Safety talk, Lieut. Frank Owens, accident prevention bureau, Indianapolis police department.
- 5:50—"Care of the hair and scalp," Stanley E. Hartz, Hair-A-Gain Studios.
- 5:55—Baseball scores right off the bat.
- 6:00—Correct time; Ed Reeser with WFBM dinner ensemble with soloists.
- 6:30—Veterinary talk for farmers, Dr. Patricia Elliott on studio organ.
- 7:00—Patricia Elliott on studio organ.
- 7:30—Marcel Hotel tin, courtesy Kruse-Connell Company.
- 8:00—Chamber of Commerce message.
- 8:05—La Shelle Choral Club with soloists.
- 8:45—Marguerite McCarthy, staff pianist.
- 9:00—Johanna Robinson and his Royal Blue Novelty Band.
- 9:10—"Romany Doo."
- 9:15—"The Columbiad."
- 10:30—Katie Wilhelm at the Baldwin.
- 10:45—Dance music.
- WKBF (252) INDIANAPOLIS (Hoosier Athletic Club)
- 5:00—The new bulletins and sports.
- 6:00—Dinner concert.
- 8:00—Studio hour, under the direction of Mrs. Will C. Ellis.
- 9:00—Circle Theater.
- 10:30—Trio players.

Best Daylight Features

- Friday—
- WFBM (275) INDIANAPOLIS (Indianapolis Power & Light Company)
- Noon—Correct time, Julius C. Walk & Sons' Lester Hall on studio organ.
- 12:30—Livestock market, Indianapolis and Kansas City; weather report.
- A synthetic tobacco has been produced in Germany; it consists of specially prepared paper impregnated with nicotine and chemically stained and performed to give color and odor.