LOVE FOR TWO

IFA FICTION

by RUTH DEWEY GROVES

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THIS HAS HAPPENED

BERTIE LOU and ROD BRYER are happily married, until LILA LOREE plots to separate them. For months she works to arouse Rod's interest while poisoning his mind against his wife.

When Bertie Lou discovers that they see each other secretly she is heart-broken and flirts with young MARCO PALMER to retaliate. Rod will not commit himself to Lila, who gets tired of waiting 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 goes to the Palmer estate where he sees Marco and Bertie Lou in lounging attire and departs without learning that they were coming upstairs from the swimming pool.

Rod leaves Bertie Lou with no explanation, resigns his position and drifts from one job to another trying to avoid old haunts. Both women try to find him in vain. Bertie Lou gets a position, expecting Rod to get a divorce. Loneliness causes her to accept Marco's attentions although she refuses to marry him.

Bertie Lou decides to buy a little house that she and Rod had admired when they were first married. When the house is furnished, she decides to sell it and is surprised when Rod answers the ad. Acting through her friend BESSIE, as agent, she arranges to let Rod live there as caretaker.

Things go well until Bessie reports that Rod has had a woman caller in the "dream home." Infuriated, Bertie Lou goes to denounce Lila and learns that Rod had left her because of jealousy over Marco instead of surrender to Lila; also that Lila and Rod had definitely broken off.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XLVI

"I DON'T think Rod wants you to know anything about him," Bertie Lou answered Lila. She hardly knew why she said what she did, because she still believed that Rod had been in love with Lila. But her own taunting remark, her shot in the dark, had brought a slight doubt to her own mind—a doubt that was a ray of hope!

Why had Rod followed her to the Palmer place? Would he have gone there if Lila was the only girl who meant anything to him? Surely he must have cared something for her still to follow her like that.

But it was not a proof of love. Any man would have done the same if he'd had cause to believe that his wife was untrue to him.

Lila had said every one was talking about her and Marco. "Every one" must mean herself and the Frasers. One of them had filled Rod's mind with suspicion. Bertie Lou was not willing to think that Rod had passively permitted her to go about with Marco while he believed anything wrong of them.

It was not difficult for her to guess that Rod had rushed blindly out to the South Shore when his suspicions were aroused. And in that frame of mind he had heard Marco call her his future wife. No wonder he had seen his lawyer about a divorce!

Bertie Lou was thinking fast. One thought seemed to start a train of them. She remembered that Rod had not sued; had allowed her to take the initiative. That did not look as if all tender feelings for her had left him.

She took courage from this to go on with her bluff. Of course she might be all wrong, and Lila might possibly be laughing at her, but so long as there was the slightest probability that Rod really had been trying to avoid Lila she was determined to play upon it.

"If you would keep away from him so he needn't hide even his real name to save you from making a fool of yourself he wouldn't be taking care of a 'dinky' cottage," she flamed on.

Lila's eyes flashed angrily. Bertie Lou had hit too close to be suspected of not knowing what she was talking about. Rod must have told her she had sought him. Lila flushed guiltily before the scornful look Bertie Lou turned upon her.

In her mixed anger and outraged pride she lost her superior air. "Oh, get out and go back and tell the poor rabbit to crawl out of his hole. I wouldn't look at him," she cried, jumping out of bed and beginning to fumble a negligee about her shoulders.

"If I hadn't been through with him when I learned what he was doing, I'd be through now," she declared defiantly. "He must be a bigger sap than I thought he was to forgive you after what he saw. And he was some sap to begin with, let me tell you."

She stopped and laughed contemptuously.

Bertie Lou said nothing. She had a feeling that Lila was too angry to know what she was saying. A good time to learn some of the truth.

"I suppose he's told you about the 'stolen' necklace and bracelets?" Lila continued mockingly. Bertie Lou nodded, though utterly in the dark as to this remark. She was alert now to every chance to lead Lila on—to make her talk.

"Well, what do you think of your bright boy for that?" the other girl asked, still with that contemptuous curl on her lips. She waited now, and Bertie Lou had to say something.

"I guess you know," she said quietly. And then she did as Lila had bid her. She got out. It was sweet to be out. Where she could think. Thoughts were swarming in her head like bees in a hive. First and foremost, she must see Rod. She would not let him linger under his false impression of her.

She felt far less bitter toward him now. Yes, he had been infatuated—she called it that now—with Lila, but at least his infatuation had not been deep enough to lead him into deserting her for Lila's sake.

And there was Lila's reference to some stolen jewels. Why should she think that Rod had told her about them? Had Lila any reason to believe that she was in Rod's confidence now? That would look as if Rod had let her think so.

Oh, if she could just keep on thinking happy thoughts like that one. But others would intrude. She couldn't help wondering if Rod had used her to discourage Lila. Possibly he had claimed that they were reconciled. No, that wouldn't agree with some of the things Lila had said.

Especially things like Rod's blaming her—Bertie Lou—for his failure in the business world. How could he? That must be more of Lila's work. She would have that out with Rod, no matter what else they settled!

Bertie Lou remembered the sacrifices she'd made in Rod's interests..... her toleration of Molly and the way she had slaved so that they might live in a manner that she felt would help him on the road to success.

She grew very resentful, thinking about it. But she was curious, too. She would like to know about those jewels. Evidently it was something important.

There would be a lot to clear up when she saw Rod. But the prospect of settling their misunderstanding was not unclouded. She did not want Rod to lie—to tell her that he had not been interested in Lila.

Perhaps he would not think of doing it. Bertie Lou smiled sadly. Rod might not want to be coming back to her—no more than she wanted him to. No, that wasn't the way to put it. She did want him. But she couldn't forgive him.

She needn't hate or despise him any longer as she had told herself she ought to because of the things he had done.

Her reason for that had been removed. He had not deserted her for Lila. And there was nothing to prove that he had given Cyrus any cause to hate him either. She had judged hastily there. Lila could easily have turned her husband against Rod if it had served her purpose to do so.

Bertie Lou did not bother to go into Lila's possible motives for such a course.

But nothing could restore their unmarred happiness. Rod had failed her.

He had proved that first choice was strongest. His love for her was dead. He never could have endured her friendship with Marco Palmer if there had been the slightest bit of jealousy of her in his heart.

She thought of the times she had pictured Rod with Lila, and relived the pain she had suffered then. No, there was no use deceiving herself. Love was exclusive.

She would see Rod and tell him how mistaken he had been about her and Marco. And she would ask him about the jewels Lila mentioned.

Then they would have a decent parting and never see each other again. It would be better not to. Because, since she had been granted stolen glimpses of him, she realized how impossible it would be to stop loving him unless she could put him out of her life altogether.

Her opinion of him might govern her attitude toward him, but it could not govern her heart. She knew that.

She loved him in spite of everything. But they couldn't be happy, with Rod's infatuation for Lila between them. But why think about it even? Probably Rod would never want to see her again either, and not because he loved her too much, as she did him.

Bertie Lou went home in a confused state of mind. But one thing gradually became clear to her. She wanted to help Rod. To see him on his feet again.

She could do that by giving him the house. Then he could sell it or rent it. She wondered if she could do it without his knowledge. She would find out.

And wouldn't it be—well, say nice, if they could part as friends? Make a sort of event of it. Have a little celebration, maybe, of some kind.

They might laugh about it afterward—Rod might, but she would like to remember it. She'd like to see him become enthused, to help him feel some of his old ambition, and hear him say he would start over again. Give up skulking.

The thought intrigued her. She was very anxious to go right out to Moonfields and see Rod, but she was held back by her wish for some ceremony in connection with the occasion.

If she went out to the cottage with nothing to propose but a talk, and then good-by, Rod might go without feeling the way she wanted him to.

She was sure he needed some one to help him to put him on the right track. If he wouldn't let her do it now he might go on for a long time before he cast off Lila's evil spell.

Should she tell him that Lila had jeered at him. She would if she thought it would do him any good. Very likely he wouldn't believe her. She mustn't make the mistake of underestimating Lila.

Common sense told her that Rod couldn't have wanted to fall in love with Lila again. She must have exerted some irresistible power over him.

"If I tell him anything like that he might think I'm lying in order to get him back again," Bertie Lou told herself. It angered her to think that Lila still played such an important part in her life.

"It's nothing to her but an affair that didn't come out the way she wanted it to!" Bertie Lou was moved to declare aloud as she flung her hat on the bed in her room after slamming the door behind her. "But her part in it is going to spoil the last time I'll be with Rod. I won't dare say what I think!"

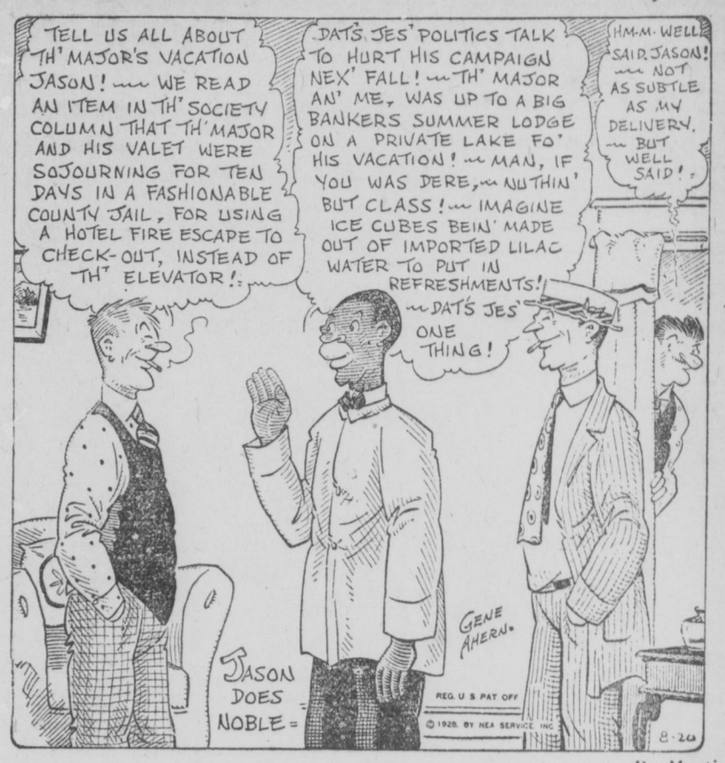
She was calmer when Bessie came home, though she had been too much upset to think of going to work.

And she had a plan for her meeting with Rod. She would make it one that he could not forget unless his heart held no room for any memory of her whatsoever.

(To Be Continued)

OUT OUR WAY —By Williams

OUR BOARDING HOUSE —By Ahern



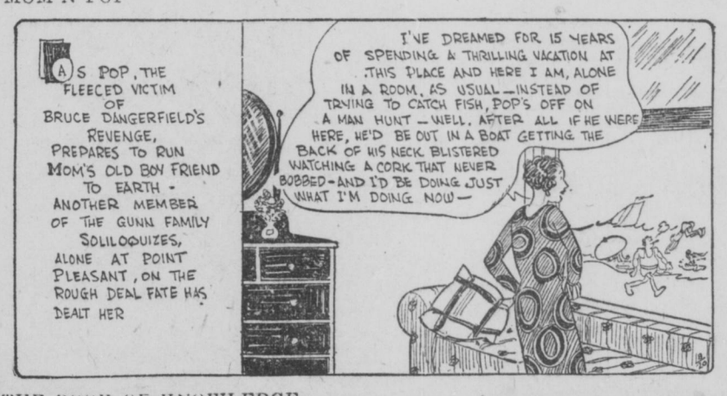
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES —By Martin

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS —By Blosser

WASHINGTON TUBBS II —By Crane

SALESMAN SAM —By Small

MOM'N POP —By Taylor



THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE SKETCHES BY BESSEY. SYNOPSIS BY BRAUCHER

During Washington's first term there had been no political parties in the country, but during his second term the people began to divide. There were Federalists, led by Alexander Hamilton and John Adams, believing in a strong central government. Republicans, founded by Thomas Jefferson, and later called Democrats, believed in "that government which governs the least." 8-20

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Adams, a Massachusetts man, had been vice president under Washington. He was elected president in 1797. Trouble with France ensued at once.

The French, angry because we had not helped them fight England, began to seize our vessels. They offered to cease the practice if bribes were tendered French officials.

A wave of indignation swept the country and Charles C. Pinckney, minister to France, made his famous remark, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." The United States prepared for war and there were a few naval battles, but France soon offered to make peace. The rest of Adams' administration was stormy, following some foolish laws that will be explained tomorrow. (To Be Continued)

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THE NEW Saint AND Sinner

By Anne Austin

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Crystal were the sleeveless yellow silk dress with the green hat, belt and shoes when she set out on her job-hunting expedition, not because she was defiant of Bob's and Faith's criticism, but because she honestly believed she looked her most charming and girlish self in it.

Bob had given her three letters of introduction to business men of his acquaintance.

Half-past nine found her seated alone in a small office adjoining the reception room of the Interstate Finance Company.

The "receptionist," a pretty, casual girl in a very smart dress of sheenless, expensive dark-blue silk, had inspected her letter of introduction to the president of the company, and had called upon the president's secretary to handle the applicant.

With the pretty receptionist Crystal had suddenly felt offensively gaudy, but the secretary who conducted her into the bare little inner room restored her self-confidence.

Miss Manley was a withered stick of a woman, worse than frumpy in a dress at least three sizes too large for her.

She had peered at Crystal searchingly, almost malevolently, through thick-lensed spectacles, which rode a nose which had apparently never been contaminated by face powder.

During the short interview, which consisted of sharp, uncompromising demands for information from Miss Manley and of Crystal's determinedly sweet, girlishly shy, but evasive replies, Crystal had reflected, with satisfaction:

"She must be at least 40, poor thing. She resents me because I'm young and pretty—well, almost pretty. Beside her, I'm a Follies beauty. I don't see how a man could bear to have her around him. Maybe he's married and has a jealous wife. I wish she'd quit jabbing me with questions and let me see Mr. Harvey."

At last Crystal made her demand aloud: "Please, Miss Manley, won't you let me talk with Mr. Harvey?"

"Mr. Harvey leaves all applications for stenographic positions to me," Miss Manley answered curtly, "but I'll see if he wants to talk with you.

"I'm very much afraid, however, that there is no opening at present. Just a minute."

The "just a minute" stretched out into five, ten, fifteen. Crystal, finding herself alone, shifted about in an uncomfortable, armless chair, crossed and uncrossed her nude-silk legs, experimented with the hem of her brief yellow silk dress—tweaking it until it demurely covered her knees, then pulled it slightly higher so that the rounded, silken knee-caps showed.

Snapping open her vanity case, she carefully made up her face anew, although it was already thickly coated with rouge and powder.

Crystal was flapping her powder puff against her nose for the second time when Miss Manley reentered the room.

"Mr. Harvey is very sorry, Miss Hathaway, but there is no opening for a stenographer at present," she said flatly, and Crystal was sure that her slate-gray eyes behind the thick lenses glinted with malicious triumph.

"But, oh, I did want to see Mr Harvey himself!" Crystal protested.

"Mr. Harvey saw you," Miss Manley retorted drily. "He never considers an applicant until he has observed her, when she thinks herself alone."

"Oh!" Crystal cried, the hot blood of shame and anger staining her neck and face. "He spied on me! I never heard of anything so contemptible!

"You can tell your Mr. Harvey for me that I wouldn't work for him if he paid me a $100 a week!"

A minute later, as she waited for the elevator, her eyes hot with tears, she tore up the other two letters that Bob Hathaway had given her.

(To Be Continued)

Dial Twisters

Daylight Saving Time
Meters Given in Parentheses

—Monday—
WKBF (232) INDIANAPOLIS
(Hoosier Athletic Club)

A. M.
10:00—Recipe exchange.
10:15—Panatrope.
10:25—Interesting bits of history, courtesy of Indianapolis Public Library.
10:30—WKBF shopping service.
11:30—Livestock and grain market; weather and shippers' forecast.
11:40—"The Truth of Purkoff Wheat," talk by Mr. Henry, county agricultural agent.

P. M.
5:00—Late news, bulletins and sports.
6:00—Dinner concert.
7:00—Station announcements.
7:30—International Bible Students' Association.
8:30—Beard's Happ Brake Liners.
9:00—Pearson Piano Company hour.

Chain Features

(Central Standard Time)
MONDAY

P. M.
4:00—Waldorf-Astoria dinner music to WRC, WEEI, WCAE, WWJ.
5:00—Talk, "Wealth," to WFI, WGY, WRC, WSAI.
6:00—Around the piano to WLIT, WTIC, KSD, WHO, WOW, WGR, WEEI, WCAE.
6:30—A. and P. Gypsies to WJAR, WLIT, WRC, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, KSD, WSAI, WCSH, WEEI, WDAF, WTIC, WHO, WGN, WGY.
7:30—General Motors party to WTIC, WTAG, WCSH, WLIT, WRC, WEEI, WWJ, WCAE, WTAM, WSAI, KSD, WHO, WOW, WCCO, WOC, WDAF, WHAS, WSM, WMC, WSB, WBT, WTMJ, WGY, WGN, KVOO, WFAA, WGR, KPRC, WJAX, WOAI.
8:00—The Cabin Door to WEEI, WTIC, WTAG, WLIT, WRC, WGY, WCAE, KSD, WHO, WOW, WFAA, WBT.
8:30—El Tango Romantico to WEEI, WTIC, WGY, WGR, KSD, WOC, WHAS, WLIT, WRC, WCAE, WWJ, WTMJ, KSM, KOA, WMC.
9:00—Park Central Orchestra to WMC, WWJ, WOW.
NBC-WJZ SYSTEM
5:30—Roxy and Gang to WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, KYW, KWK, WSB, WRC, WBT, WBAL, WREN, WFAA, KVOO, WEBC, WJR, WSM.
NBC-WEAF SYSTEM
7:00—Riverside hour to WBZ, WBAL, WHAM, KDKA, WHAS, WSB, WSB, WBAP, WBT, WSM, KVOO, KWK, KYW, WJR, WMC, KOA, WCCO, WEBM, WLW.
7:30—"Real Folks" to WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KWK, KYW, WREN, WBAL, WLW.
8:00—Russian Gayetiec to WBAL, WHAM, KWK.
COLUMBIA NETWORK
7:00—Opera "Pagliacai" to WOR, WNAC, WEAN, WFBL, WMAK, WCAU, WJAS, WADC, WAIU, WKRC, WGHP, KMOX, WMAQ, WOWO, KMBC, KOIL, WCAO, WSPD.
8:00—The Captivators to same net work.