

THREE KINDS OF LOVE

BY KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN



BEGIN HERE TODAY

ANN, CECILY, AND MARY FRANCES FINNICK live with their grandparents. The girls have been orphaned since childhood. The grandparents—known as "Uncle" and "Aunt"—are very kind and are supported by Ann and Cecily's earnings.

For this reason, Ann, 22, and Philip ECHOYD, young lawyer, still are postponing their marriage. Cecily, 22, is in love with HARRY MORRIS, an engineer, but when he proposes she refuses to name the wedding date because she can not leave Ann with the financial responsibility of the home. Mary-Frances, 18, and still in school, strikes up an acquaintance with EARL DE ARMOUNT, stock company actor. She meets him secretly on several occasions. Cecily arrives home the night Barry takes her to the movies and confides the news to Ann.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

CECILY, who had made no efforts at wisdom, found Ann's admiration disturbing, annoying indeed, rather than gratifying. "Pooh," she said.

"Don't be engaged for a long time, Cissy," Ann went on earnestly. "Not for a long time. Things settle down so afterwards. It is much more fun and exciting and all to keep things uncertain."

"It isn't that exactly," Cecily said. "No, I like certainties much better than uncertainties."

Ann thought for a moment before she conceded, "Women usually do, I suppose—or they think that they do. But men hate 'em, Cissy. Before they are married, I mean."

"If they hated them before they'd hate them after, just the same," Cecily argued. "Marriage is a ceremony—not a rebirth. I'd surely be afraid to marry a man I was afraid to be engaged to."

"I didn't mean afraid," said Ann. "No, and I don't think you know what you did mean. Do you think Phil hates the certainty of being engaged to you?"

Phil's different. Still, he is getting sort of—difficult. All he'll talk about, any more, is when we can be married."

Cecily laughed again. "These men who hate certainties," she twitted.

Ann yawned. No one could be expected to believe it, but Ann yawned, was still beautiful. "Well, we'd best be getting to bed. Oh, yes, I nearly forgot. Marta called you this evening during dinner."

"Well, what did she want?" Cecily asked. "Marta, at the moment, was intolerable. She was a long exclamation, not a question."

"It seems to me that she did, but—"

"Well, what in heaven's name did she do that for?"

"Well, what in heaven's name is the matter with you, Cissy, all of a sudden? I suppose the child didn't realize that it was a secret. I didn't."

Cecily sulked before she answered, "I don't care to have my affairs bandied about all over town."

"Nonsense! You and Marta have been friends since grammar school. If you don't trust—"

"I'm not talking about my friends, nor trusting them. I'm talking about my affairs."

ANN, with her hand on the door-knob, paused to be thankful that tomorrow would be Saturday. "I'm not tired," Cecily denied. "That is, of anything except gossip."

"Simply because your little sister told you best friend that you were out with Barry, you go off like this, raving about gossip. Are you ashamed of him?"

"I'd be ashamed of myself, Cissy, if I were you. You may think, right now, that Barry is all you need, but he isn't. A man never is. You'll need your girl friends as much as you ever have. More, in some ways."

"Nothing is sillier than to give up your girl friends for a man. You can't drop girls for months, either, and then when you need them, pick them up again."

"Who wants to drop them or pick them up again?"

"I'm just trying to give you some good advice, that's all."

Cecily muttered: "Which you never followed."

"What?" Ann asked.

"Nothing."

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1 Thomas, Carlyle gained fame in what type of literature?
 - 8 Forming a covering.
 - 10 To perforate.
 - 11 To thrive.
 - 13 Withered.
 - 14 Eucharist wine vessel.
 - 16 Accomplishes.
 - 18 Conjunction.
 - 19 Region.
 - 21 To goad.
 - 23 Electrified particle.
 - 24 What was George Inness by profession?
 - 26 Biblical prophet.
 - 27 Northwest.
 - 28 Empty.
 - 29 Native name of Persia.
 - 30 Doctor.
 - 31 Mooney apple.
 - 33 Divorcee's allowance.
- VERTICAL**
- 1 Hither.
 - 2 T. Barnum by the scale.
 - 3 11th.
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"Are you cross with Marta about something? Did Marta—"

"No! I am not!"

"You'll wake everybody up, shouting like that."

"I wasn't shouting. You're standing half in and half out of the room."

"Oh, well, Cissy, I'm sorry that you are feeling like this. You've been going too much—too much excitement. Grand said this evening that he hadn't seen you for three days."

"If he'd get out of bed and come down to breakfast he'd see me."

"Yes, I know. And next week you'll be at home. Grand and Rosalie are old, of course. It doesn't seem right to fuss and worry them. Still, if you have made a definite engagement with Barry for tomorrow afternoon and evening, I suppose I can manage."

An engagement for tomorrow afternoon? None. For tomorrow evening? None. No more engagements, ever. So that was what Marta had been up to, slinking through the room and gabbling.

That the girl had intended no good, Cecily had been confident from the moment of her entrance. That it would be wiser to ignore her, to refuse to listen to her, Cecily had also known.

But now there was no evading, no escaping. Marta, honestly. She came forward in an utterly ravishing chiffon rag that rippled around her ankles and shouted, "Remember!"

MARY-FRANCES, who had been in the kitchen replenishing the dining room, returned to the table. "This love that makes us happy," she took her place at the table, reached for the cream pitcher, and began again, still not softly, "This love that makes us happy."

Ann protested, "Well, Mary-Frances, I must say! It's a good thing Grand and Rosalie aren't down to listen to you singing at the table."

"And I must say," retorted Mary-Frances, "that Cissy isn't hurrying very fast."

"Hurrying?" Cecily questioned.

"Why should I hurry? It isn't late."

"Just poking along," Mary-Frances reproached, with a bitter touch, "Just munching. Not hurrying at all."

"Munching!" Cecily repudiated. "I am not. Where did you ever pick up such a word?"

"Munching," Mary-Frances substituted. "Not hurrying at all."

Ann and Cecily exchanged worried glances. Mary-Frances, of late, was so often—well, at least odd.

"But, dear," Ann said, "why should Cissy hurry? Did you wish her to hurry for some reason?"

"No, I don't care," Mary-Frances dismissed any suggestion of personal interest by lifting her shoulders and dropping them and humming a little.

"If you'll come into the music room," Cecily offered, "I'll play your accompaniment."

"No," would, remarked Mary-Frances.

Ann said, "Mary-Frances, I want you to stop being so rude. It seems to me you are just trying to be naughty this morning."

Naughty! That was nice, wasn't it? That was going just a little too far. Naughty—to a person who had memorized, from Rosalie's padded satin-bound book, "Delicate Love Poems of the Nineteenth Century," only the night before: "Well, you can, you must set down to me, Love that is Life—Life that is Love. A tender of breath at your lips decrees, a passion to stand as your thoughts approve, a rapture to fall where your foot may be." Yes, she knew it by heart. "Well, you can, you must—"

"And," Ann continued, "I won't have you moving your lips and muttering to yourself like that, Mary-Frances. Why don't you answer me?"

"I DIDN'T hear you, did I? I was thinking of something. What does t, e, n, u, e, mean?"

"Tenure? Holding—holding to do with real estate," Ann said. "I'll ask Phil. He'll know exactly."

"So would the dictionary," suggested Cecily. "But I think it means—"

"Holding?" interrupted Mary-Frances.

Frances. "Could it"—intensely, hopefully—"possibly mean holding your breath?"

Cecily tossed back her head and laughed.

Mary-Frances turned in fury. "Laugh! That's all, about, that you do any more. Just laugh and laugh. I'll bet he's not laughing out there waiting for you by the hour. By the hour."

"It's just heartless. I'd think you'd ask him in, or send him off, or anyway hurry a little. Sitting there in front of the house in his car. It looks funny."

Before Ann had finished saying, "Who is sitting where?" Cecily had slid across the dining room floor, remarking, "Hurrah for the one!"

The sun was shining, and the air was sweet, and as she ran down the front steps from the porch, Barry got out of the car and came to meet her.

She thought hazily, "I've never been so happy. This feeling is what people mean when they remember the happiest minute of their lives."

"Barry!" she said. "Barry!" and gave him both her hands, and he took them and held them.

"Do I look pretty?" he asked anxiously.

She stood back and surveyed him. He was wearing a dark suit that she had not seen him wear before; his necktie was just this side of gaudiness; his hair was slicked too much—she loved his frowns—his face, especially the short, but nose, looked so much like a little boy's face that it had been washed and polished too vigorously.

The darling! He might make a joke of it, but he had, he actually had "dressed up."

"You look grand!" she said.

"I tried so hard," he explained. "But I had to hurry. I thought you might look out of the window any time after 6—I've been here since then."

"Dear-dearest! My silly little sister saw you, but she told me just this minute. Why didn't you come to the door?"

"Afraid. Bashful. It was too early to call."

"Why didn't you honk your horn?"

"Any guy that sits in his car and honks his horn at my girl gets a punch in the nose. May I take you to your office? Won't there be time for a little ride first?"

In her room, as she pulled on her hat and searched for her best gloves, she found herself humming that foolish song of Mary-Frances: "This love that makes us happy..."

(To Be Continued)

PLANS ATLANTIC HOP

British War Pilot to Fly Bellanca "Pace Maker" East Over Ocean.

By United Press

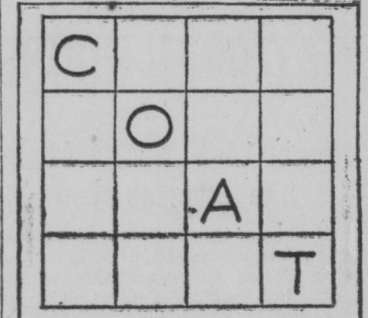
TRURO, N. S., Jan. 2.—Eric Redgrave-Gummer, an English pilot and war flier now living in British Columbia, plans to attempt a solo flight across the north Atlantic early in 1932.

He plans to start the flight from Cape Breton flying field in a Bellanca "Pace Maker" airplane with a 300-horse power Wright Whirlwind motor. Redgrave-Gummer has communicated his plans to Nova Scotia officials.

New Year Brings Heat Wave

MELBOURNE, Australia, Jan. 2.—Thousands of Australians greeted the New Year by sleeping out of doors, due to the intense heat. Adelaide had a temperature of 80 degrees at midnight, the highest in half a century. Grass fires in western New South Wales destroyed 20,000 sheep.

STICKERS



Can you supply the empty spaces with letters that will form right words, four across and four down without changing the letters of the diagonal word, COAT, already shown? ©

Answer for Yesterday

TENEMENTS WERE ERECTED WHEREVER THESE STREETS NEEDED THEM.

When the vowel E is filled in 19 times, it enables you to form the sentence shown above. ©

TARZAN AT THE EARTH'S CORE



As favorable winds carried Tarzan's craft up the sunlit sea, the O-220, following the same route cruised in wide circles upon what its captain now considered his hopeless quest for the missing members of the dirigible's party. Also, he was beginning to wonder if they could find the polar opening and return again to the outer world. Serious problems concerning fuel and oil confronted them if they did not soon start back for civilization.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

