THREE KINDS of LOVE

BY KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

ANN, CECILY, and MARY FRANCES FENWICK live with their grandparents. The sisters have been orphaned since childhood. The grandparents—known as "ROSALIE" and "GRAND"—have long since lost their wealth and the household is supported by Ann's and Cecily's earnings.

For this reason, Ann, 28, and PHILIP ECROYD, young lawyer, still are postponing their marriage though they have been engaged eight years.

Cecily, 22, is in love with BARRY McKEEL, 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, 15, and still in school, strikes up an acquaintance with EARL DE ARMOUNT, stock company actor. She meets him secretly on several occasions.

The company De Armount is playing with disbands, but he decides to remain in the city.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

MARY-FRANCES' protestations to Earl might be taken, by the uncynical, as proof of the capabilities of a woman's love for supreme self-sacrifice.

Though there is this to be considered: The most thrilling drama, with the most beautiful heroine, does come to an end after three or four acts. The curtain falls. People go home.

The most exciting novel, with the most charmingly bewitching heroine, can be read through to its end in time, and shelved, and another one can be begun. Plans were evolved for a girls' camp, chaperoned by Ermintrude's mother, in June.

Evenings were lengthened toward tennis and swimming. Mr. and Mrs. Hill had a new car and went for drives after dinner, and took Ermintrude and Ermintrude's friends, and stopped on the way home at thirst stations for milk shakes and hot dogs.

But when a true creative artist has labored long on a masterpiece she hesitates and hates like fury to turn it into a botch job.

"Sure, I know," Earl rejoined. "But I kind of been thinking—see? Course, my first idea was to beat it. But I don't know.

"I got my room rent paid up until the end of next week, and they don't soak you so much for meals around here. I could write a few letters and kind of wait returns, and maybe I could do something in the meantime with those damn — pardon me — educational desks.

"No—" as Mary-Frances attempted an interruption—"wait, hon, leave me tell you. A coupla weeks aren't going to make so much difference one way or the other right now. I was thinking that if I'd stick around awhile maybe you'd feel different about that classy little vaudeville act of ours.

"Sure, I know," to prevent another attempted interruption, "the idea don't appeal to you so much. But just the same, hon, I know it would go, and go big—see? Big! Course, if you had a happy home life here or anything—but you ain't, see? And then you being so crazy about me and all.

"And you mean a lot to me, too—see? And I'm giving that to you straight—see?" and so on.

# # #

IT made excellent material to present to Ermintrude the following day.

"He says he knows he isn't worthy to touch the pathway where my feet have trod. His professional career—nothing amounts to anything to him in comparison to our love for one another.

He simply won't leave me, Ermintrude. I besought him to, but I mean too much to him, he says. He says I'm 'woman and child in one.' If I'll go with him, he'll go anywhere. Anywhere. But if I refuse, he'll stay right here by my side, and give up his professional career, and take any miserable, lowly work he can find rather than leave me. If I'll go with him—"

"Go with him! Mary-Frances Fenwick, honest, lately I think you are just going cuckoo or something. Go with him!

"Well, I guess your grandma and grandpa and your sisters might have just a little something to say about you going with him."

"Well, who said I was going with him? I must say, Ermintrude—"

"Well, you talk about it all the time. All the time."

"I do not. Last Wednesday I just barely told you that he was beseeching me to. And yesterday and today I just barely mentioned it again.

"Of course, if you don't want me to tell you anything at all, any more, why, I won't. Of course——"

"I don't care if you tell me," said Ermintrude. "Only I do kind of think you've got this Earl awfully on the brain. If I talked about Peter every living minute of the day and night you'd get sick of it, too, I'll bet.

"I guess maybe I love Peter as much as you love your old Earl, but I certainly haven't got him on the brain."

"Peter!" said the outraged Mary-Frances. "Why, Ermintrude Hill! Are you still thinking about Peter Morrison? Just because he asked you to his birthday party the first one, and wrote a note to you the next day, and gets red when he meets you on the street?

"That's different. That's entirely different. That's just childish—that's all that is. Childish. You don't know the first thing about real, true, deep, passionate love such as ours."

Startlingly Ermintrude replied, "Oh, I don't know as you know so much about love, either," and pointed her chin out provocatively.

# # #

IT was Saturday morning. They were walking to the store to do some marketing for Ermintrude's mother. Mary-Frances stopped, stood still. "Well, if I don't," she demanded, "who does?"

"Older people, I guess," said Ermintrude, and tried to mask iconoclasm, fragrant, with insouicance.

"Older people!" Mary-Frances, shaken, flung it from her.

"Come on. We got to hurry, mother said. Mother said," continued Ermintrude, as if by chance, and happening to be on the subject of mother, anyway, "that younger people didn't.

"Last night Mrs. Mattason had to go over to town to see her daugher-in-law to borrow a couple of covers for her bridge tables this afternoon, so we took her over in the new car. And she was worrying about her grandchildren, the twins, and she said modern girls didn't regard love right, or something.

"I don't remember just what she said. I was riding in front with daddy and not supposed to be listening.

And mother said something and Mrs. Mattason said they didn't understand about real love, and mother said she guessed they did as much as the girls of her period had, or even Mrs. Mattason's period.

"And Mrs. Mattason said why, or what did mother mean? And mother said she was becoming more and more convinced that people had to have been married ten years, at least, and had a baby or two, and maybe even lost one (she was thinking about my little brother Danny, I guess), before they even began to suspect the meaning of love, let alone understand it or know the first thing about it."

"Oh, well," Mary-Frances simply flicked that away with a feathery gesture and a lifted shoulder and a turned-up nose. "Of course, if you think your mother knows more about love than noted poets like Laurence Hope, and Mr. Browning, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox and everybody, there's just no use in talking to you at all."

# # #

"POETS, noted or not," contended Ermintrude, "can't mean everything they write—they'd go cuckoo if they did. They just write different ways, hoping to please different people—or for some reason.

"I don't know why. But you don't have to believe every word they write, like it was in the Bible, do you? Besides that, I guess maybe there are a few people in the world worth taking advice from besides poets.

"And if you could hear what my mother, I guess, maybe, you might think she was one of them."

"Who said I never took advice from anybody but poets?" Mary-Frances demanded. "I think your mother is an awfully nice lady, Ermintrude. But I guess she wasn't the toast of the south when she was a girl. Now, my grandmother——"

"I know. You told me. My mother didn't live in the south."

"Well, Rosalie did. In South Carolina. And I asked her just the other day how people knew for sure when they were in love, and all I have to say is that what she told me, and she talked for pretty near half an hour on the subject, certainly didn't sound much like what your mother had to say about being married ten years and babies and all.

"And if age is all you go by, why, I guess Rosalie is maybe a little older than your mother."

Ermintrude, not barren of tact, remarked, "Miss Alderman was mad as hops when you cut basketball the other day."

"I didn't feel like rowdying around," Mary-Frances replied, and sighed spectacularly. "I had some poetry to copy."

"You'll be sorry, though, if she flunks you in gym."

"I don't know," said Mary-Frances, deliberately dreamy, and, one fears, deliberately vexatious, "I might be far away—married, or living my own life by having a career with Earl, or—anything, by that time."

# # #

SMALL dining tables were set out on a tiled terrace, and there were a pool and a fountain and a smooth green lawn, and away in the distance Mt. Hood gleamed warm pink against a blue sky.

Ann brought her eyes back from the mountain to look again at Phil, across the table from her. He was handsome and wise and strong and smiling, and he loved her.

She smiled, too, and said, "Phil, dear, I adore this place. However did you find it, away out here?"

"A friend of mine told me about it. There's dancing, later, inside, if we care to stay."

"Let's! But—can we? It has been so long since we have danced. How long?"

"Too long. We do get into ruts. Sort of forget about good times to be bad, don't we?"

"Perhaps. But during the winter there isn't much to do. We don't care for public dances."

"No. But we could go places and dine, as we're doing this evening, and dance, if—"

"If what?" she asked, but she continued smiling, because she did not know what Phil had begun to say, "If you had the proper things to wear to the better places, or weren't always getting dinner at home, or too tired."

"If we'd plan," he said. "We will, after this. We'll have good times this summer, and we'll keep them up next summer. What about it, You Beautiful?"

(To Be Continued)

Mr. Fixit

Write your troubles to Mr. Fixit. He is The Times representative at the city hall and will be glad to present your case to the proper city officials. Write him in care of The Times, signing your full name and address. Name will not be published.

Mr. Fixit—We citizens on Schofield avenue between Forty-second and Forty-sixth street wish you would see if something can be done to the street. It is just one mudhole after another. We also would like to know why they have put city water on all the streets in this addition except these four blocks.

A TIMES READER.

Request that this street be given attention has been made of the street commissioner. The lack of water mains in the vicinity has been called to attention of the city engineer.

Mr. Fixit—Can something be done about mud on the sidewalk at Alabama and Prospect streets? It is caused by rain washing dirt down from a bank at this point. The mud is on the Alabama street side.

G. B.

An effort to remedy this situation will be made by Street Commissioner W. H. Winship, he said.

STICKERS

"FIN EFE AT HER SMA KEF I NEB IRDS."

By separating the above letters correctly you can make them form a well-known expression. Merely respace them, but do not change their order.

7

Answer for Yesterday

22	27	26
29	25	21
24	23	28

Above is one way to arrange the numbers from 21 through 29 in such a way that each row of three squares will total 75.

6

OUR BOARDING HOUSE —By Ahern

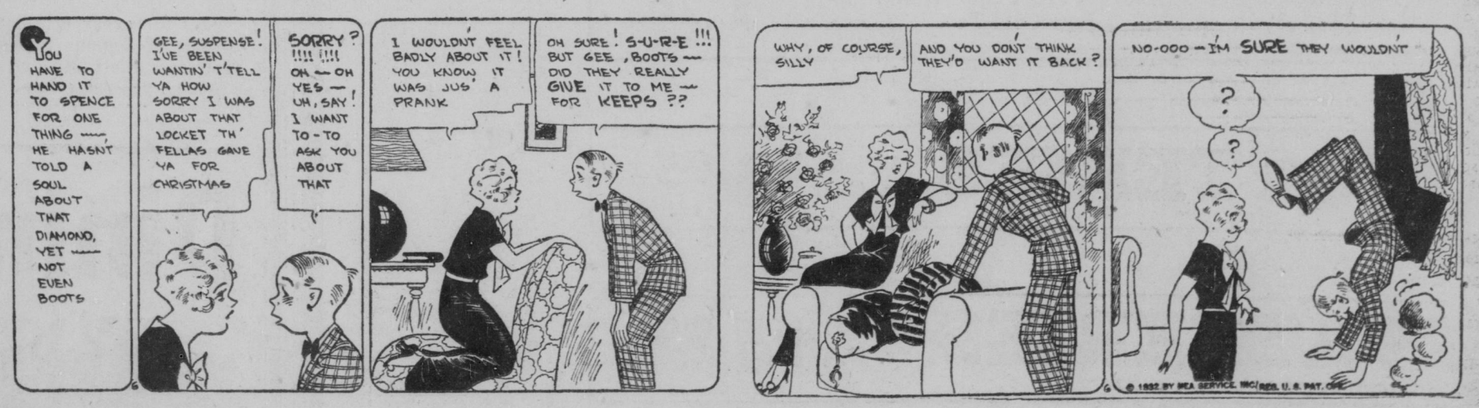
OUT OUR WAY —By Williams

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS —By Blosser

WASHINGTON TUBBS II —By Crane

SALESMAN SAM —By Small

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES —By Martin



TARZAN AT THE EARTH'S CORE —By Edgar Rice Burroughs

From Dacor, brother of Dian the Beautiful Empress of Pallucidar, the Tanar, son of Chak, each captain of a ship, Tarzan learned the fleet was on its way to attempt a rescue of the Emperor David from the dungeons of Korsar. It had been long in building and only recently had they found a water passage into the Korsar Az. "Soon now," said he who was named Tanar, "we shall be before the city of Korsar."

"Tell me," questioned Tanar, "how did you expect to rescue our Emperor with only a dozen men?" "We are not all here," answered the ape-man. "We are lost from our companions. But we have not many men in our expedition. We depended upon other means than man power to affect his rescue." As if in answer to his words a great cry arose from one of the ships and the men hastily rushed to the deck.

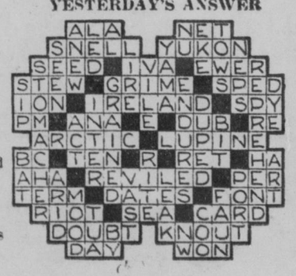
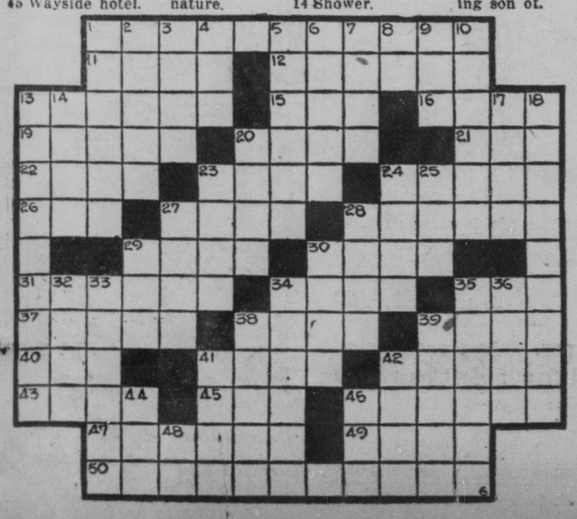
The excitement rose and spread. The warrior were all looking into the air and pointing. Already some of them were elevating the muzzles of their cannons and all were preparing their rifles. A steady, far-off roar was heard which Tarzan and Jason recognized. And as they too looked skyward, they saw the O-220 far above them. The dirigible had eviently discovered the fleet and was descending toward it in a wide spiral.

"Those are our friends," cried Jason to Ja. "That is our ship that I told you about," said Tarzan to Tanor. All that happened on board was quickly signaled to the other ships until every member of the armada knew that the great thing hovering above them was no gigantic flying reptile, but a ship of the air come from the outer world on a mission of adventure and rescue of their beloved Emperor, David I. Slowly the great ship settled toward the surface of the sea.

HORIZONTAL

1 Intermittent.
11 To seize.
12 Bristly.
13 Calamitous.
15 Frozen water.
16 Father.
19 Devoured.
20 Ray.
21 Command used in driving.
22 Falsehoods.
23 To diversify.
24 One who holds a feudal benefice.
26 Conclusion.
27 Lubricants.
28 Grapefruit.
29 Imitated.
30 Bill of fare.
31 Damaged.
34 Covenant.
35 Constant companion.
37 Atlantic ——?
38 Type of stone.
39 Vitiated appetite.
40 To bow.
41 Coal pit.
42 Blackbird.
43 Epochs.
45 Wayside hotel.
46 Ill-humored.
47 Close-fitting coat with short flaps.
49 To instigate.
50 With what inventions is Sholes' name associated?

VERTICAL

1 Remarked.
2 Clerks in the House of Representatives of the U. S. A.
3 Allied by nature.
4 Dry.
5 Pliable twigs used for furniture.
6 To rot.
7 Paragraph in a newspaper.
8 Company.
9 Venomous snake.
10 Alliance.
13 With what invention is Alexander Graham Bell's name associated?
14 Shower.
17 Sound of a bell.
18 What did Orville and Wilbur Wright invent?
20 Destitute of scalp covering.
23 Emulated.
24 Affectionate.
25 Bird similar to an ostrich.
27 To unclose.
28 To hang as it balanced.
29 Wine vessel.
30 Greater.
32 Acidity.
33 To edit.
34 Flag.
35 Turning points.
36 War flyers.
38 Muscular power.
39 Implement for peeling.
41 Minute object.
42 Mantle.
44 Asiatic bean.
46 Door rug.
48 Prefix signifying son of.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER