

THREE KINDS of LOVE

BY KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

ANN CECILY, AND MARY FRANCES
BEGIN HERE TODAY
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Doubleday,
Doran and Co.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

“YOU’VE been so good, lately,”
Ann said. “And I know you
are working too hard. All that
evening work—”
“Do you know, Ann, when you
look like this you are so beautiful
that I scarcely feel as if I had a
right to love you.”

“When I’m away from you I for-
get, at times, how very beautiful
you are—or I decide that perhaps I
am exaggerating it. But when I get
with you again—it makes me
humble, dear.”
“Phil! Isn’t that silly? Every-
one says I’m good looking, so I sup-
pose I must be. But it is no credit
to me. I didn’t make my face. You
don’t love me just because I’m
pretty, do you, dear?”

“You aren’t pretty,” he said. “You
are supremely beautiful. I loathe
pretty women.”
“Nothing of the sort. Cecily’s
pretty, and you don’t loathe her.”
“Nor do I think she is pretty.”
She has a charm about her face,
but her features are far too small
and her coloring is too delicate to
suit me. It won’t last as yours lasts,
Ann.

But let’s leave Cissy out for this
evening. Here we are, just the
two of us. Let’s leave every one
else in the world out for this even-
ing, will you?”

“We will,” she agreed. “Don’t look
right away,” she went on, “but
there’s a girl over there who keeps
staring at us. Just now she said
something to the boy with her, and
he turned to look. I wonder whether
you know her.”

Phil looked instantly. He nodded
to the girl. His face flushed, and
when he turned it again to Ann
there was a suggestion of fright and
anger in it.

“What’s the trouble?” she asked.
“Nothing whatever. She works
across the hall from my office—a
filing clerk, I believe.”

The encounter, at least, was not
Phil’s fault. Letty had told him
she had to go with her mother that
evening out to see a poor old blind
lady who lived in Forest Grove.

“But,” said Ann, “you looked as
if you were angry, or embarrassed,
or something.”

“I was, possibly. You told me not
to look just then, but I did and got
caught in the act. Also, I was
slightly annoyed over the fact that
people were staring at us and dis-
cussing us.”

“She does stare,” said Ann. “She
hasn’t taken her eyes away from me
once since they sat down over there.”

“And that,” said he, “is the pen-
alty of beauty, you know. But sup-
pose you stop looking at her, and
you won’t know that she is looking
at you.”

ANN tried looking again at the
mountain girl and had become a for-
bidding thing, in cold blues and
whites, as lonely as majesty.

“She has such a bright, hard way
of staring,” Ann said. “It—it sort of
gets on my nerves.”

“Shall we allow it to spoil our
evening, or shall we forget it?”
Ann asked. “How well do you
know her, Phil?”

“My dear girl—” odd how nothing
can be as impatient as patience,
heavily stressed—“how well is one
apt to know an office associate?”

“I thought she worked in the of-
fice across this hall.”

“She does. We meet occasionally
in the hall or in the elevator. Not
long ago she lost the heel of her
shoe in the downstairs entrance, and
I took it around to the shoemaker’s
for her.”

“Since then, she stepped into my
office one day to sew the hem of
her dress—or petticoat—that had
rippled.”

“Why didn’t she sew it in her own
office?”

“Because there happened to be
about a dozen or more people in her
office, and I am alone in mine.”

“Oh,” said Ann. The girl had
stopped staring and was writing
something with a red fountain pen
she had borrowed from her escort.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” said
Ann.

“Tell you what?”

“About the heel, and the ripped
hem and all?”

Phil pressed his lips together,
and straightened them to a smile,
and shook his head slowly. He
meant, by so openly despairing of
Ann’s intelligence, to shame her;
but it seemed not to work that way.

“Why didn’t you?” said Ann.

“Because I hadn’t an idea that
such minutiae would interest you.
Also, I forgot it. Are you paying
me the doubtful compliment of
jealousy, or what is the object of
this inquisition?”

The girl gave the note to the
waiter.

Ann said, “You are jealous of me
when no other man is concerned at
all.” (The waiter supercilious,
stealthily—an erratic combination
at best—had started toward their
table, had grown shy, had paused to
rearrange some flowers in a vase.)

“You are jealous of Cecily and
Mary-Frances and Grand and Ro-
salle.”

Phil was about to say that her
accusation was unjust and untrue,
but the waiter spoke first. “Every-
thing all right, sir?”

Phil said, “Yes. Quite all
right.”

“Pretty view out east there,” the
waiter suggested.

ANN looked out east there. Phil
said, “Yes.” The waiter moved
away.

“May I see that note, Phil?” Ann
said.

“Shall I pass it across imme-
diately? Or might I look at it
first?”

“Read it yourself, first,” said
Ann.

“Some nonsense,” he frowned, as
he unfolded the tight two square
inches of paper. He continued
frowning as he read: “Darling
sweetheart man: I didn’t story to
you, honestly I didn’t. Call me up
when you get home and I’ll explain
everything. Your L. If I think
you are mad at me I won’t sleep a
wink. Call up sure.”

Semi-sensibleness was all that
was ever claimed for Letty; but
occasional cleverness has been
claimed for Phil, and an assump-
tion that he was smart enough to
make his way in the world. He
burned the note, right there in the
ash tray, while Ann looked on.

“I think I’ll go home,” Ann said.
“Darling,” Phil pleaded. “Don’t,
please! I’ll explain everything
later.”

A certain similarity to the word-
ing of the note may be seen. But
Ann, who had not read the note,
liked the unusual “darling,” and
she liked, also, the eager promise to
explain. She did not like the com-
notation of “everything,” so she re-
peated it.

“Everything?”

Phil had gained time and found
himself. “There is nothing to ex-
plain,” he said. “After all, I am a
lawyer, and I do try to observe
some of the ethics of my profes-
sion.”

“You didn’t tell me that she was
a client of yours.”

“She isn’t. But there happens to
be another woman with a poor old
blind mother—” He stopped. “See
here, Ann, I have no right to go
into this.”

“If you insist— But why not
take my word for it and trust me?
Won’t you please do that, dear?”

“WELL, yes,” said Ann. “Still I
do think it is very strange
that she should have to write notes
about it in a place like this.”

“She didn’t have to. She is an
extraordinarily silly little girl. She
could have stopped in the office for
a moment in the morning. I sus-
pect that the sole reason for her
sending the note was to make the
boy she is with jealous.”

“Or me?” said Ann.

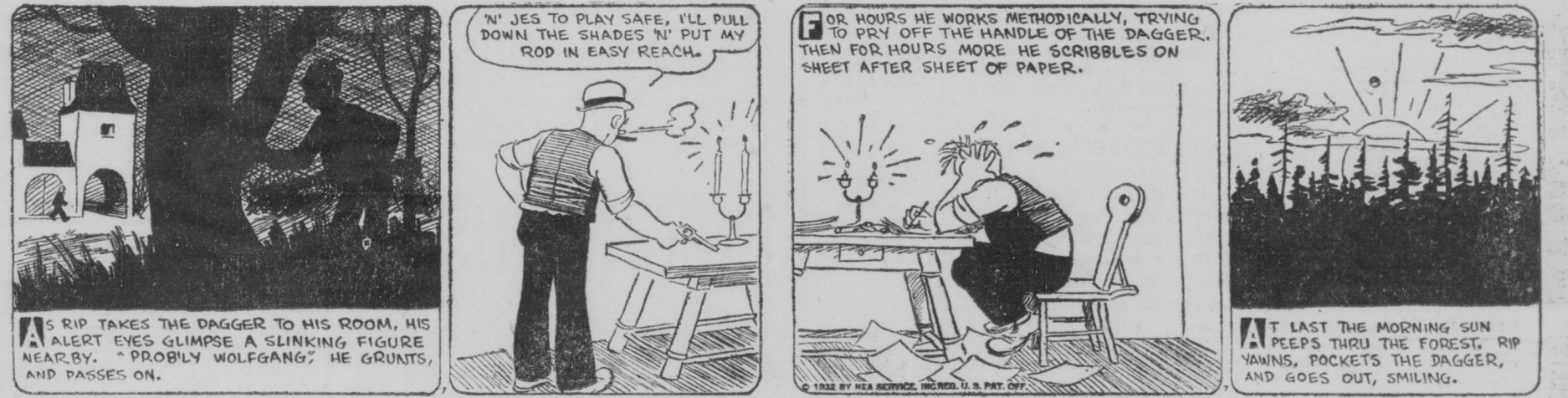
“Hardly. She’s silly, but not
jealous.”



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



SALESMAN SAM



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



TARZAN AT THE EARTH'S CORE



Now the dirigible dropped within speaking distance of the flagship. At Tarzan's suggestion a sling was lowered. The ape-man and Jason, Thoar and Jana and the Waziri were hoisted aboard. Before leaving, Tarzan requested Ja to proceed toward Korsar. The dirigible would keep in touch with the fleet, meanwhile perfecting plans for the rescue of the Emperor from the enemy dungeons. It was a happy reunion for the men of the expedition, marred only by the absence of their still missing first lieutenant.

Thoar and Jana were filled with boundless amazement at the giant dirigible. Being the only woman aboard, Jana was accorded all the formalities of civilization. After presenting the Captain to her, Tarzan, turning to the man of Zoram, said: "And this is Thoar, the brother of The Red Flower." As Gridley heard that, he almost lost his composure. "Her BROTHER!" They had all known it. Why had he been so stupid as not to have understood! Suddenly the whole inner world looked brighter to him. Jana might not love him, but Thoar was not her mate.

Slowly above the waters of the Korsar Ax moved the O-220, dropping occasionally to within speaking distance of the fleet. When the distant city of Korsar was sighted, a sling was again lowered and Ja hoisted aboard. Rescue plans were discussed. He was returned to his ship and then Lajo, the Korsar, with his two companions were brought up. Tarzan himself, purposely conducted the three prisoners through the giant craft and as things were explained to him, Lajo was filled with awe and consternation.

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