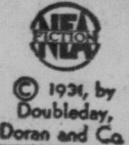


THREE KINDS OF LOVE

BY KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN



BEHOLD HERE TODAY
ANN, CECILY AND MARY FRANCES
LIVE WITH THEIR GRANDPARENTS.
The girls have been married since
childhood. The grandparents—known as
ROSEALIE and "GRAND"—have long
since lost their wealth and the house-
hold is supported by Ann's and Cecily's
earnings.

For this reason, Ann, 28, and PHILIP
SCROED, young lawyer, are still wait-
ing their marriage though they have
been engaged eight years.

Cecily, 25, is in love with BARRY Mc-
KEEL, an engineer, but when he pro-
poses she refuses to name the wedding
date because she can not leave Ann
with the financial responsibility of the
house.

Mary-Frances, 15, and still in school,
strikes up an acquaintance with EARL
DE ARMOUNT, stock company actor.
She meets him secretly on several oc-
casions.

Mary-Frances has led him to believe
she is 18 years old, and tries to per-
suade him to become his partner in a
vaudeville act.

Phil takes Ann to dinner and a girl
she has never seen before sends him a
note which he burns. Phil's explana-
tions are vague and Ann decides to go
home.

On the way trouble develops with the
car and Phil stops to investigate.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN
ANN did not need to listen; so
she breathed a smallish, con-
fused prayer to the gods of garage
men that this particular knock
in Phil's automobile might emanate
from some source, any source, other
than clogged piston rods.

Phil's responses to that special
species of knock were invariable.
He began by diagnosing the disease
as fatal, since one mechanic named
Jake Lucca had left town, and went
frantically on from there.

His procedure was to drive the
car for a few hundred yards and
stop it, and leap out, and open the
hood, and peer despairingly into the
insides of the thing, and with an
air of suppressing much prophecy
that this was the end.

Usually, since there was nothing
else to be done, he would get into
the car again, and start it with dif-
ficulty, and go for a few hundred
yards more before he leaped out and
lifted the hood, and peered, and
so on.

Cars, Ann had learned, suffering
from this malady are moody, hys-
terical things; then will knock like
a woodpecker, and then, once in a
while, they will stop and refuse to
go another step until, after a short
rest, they will pick up with a spurt
and stop knocking and pretend that
nothing has even been the matter
with them.

If a garage is in sight they will
recover completely—cars with dis-
eased piston rods dread garages—
until the place has been left miles
behind.

Then, worn out with the extra
exertion of simulating strength
where there were only weakness and
courage, they will break down for a
time and refuse to budge.

Ann knew her piston rods. But
Phil was a proud man, and thrifty,
and to drive a seemingly healthy
car into a garage, and to subject
himself, or his patient, to a charge
of neuroticism and four or five dol-
lars, was a performance in which he
would take no part.

So they always flashed by the
garages and broke down in some
lonely spot on the highway. And
then Phil would leap out, talking
about Jake Lucca, and open the
hood and peer. . . . Stronger women
than Ann have gone to pieces with
less provocation than that afforded
by piston rods.

CONVERSATION during cala-
mity is heartless and footless,
crippled and offensive, so Ann had
long since ceased attempting it.
They rode in silence, except for the
knock.

Phil had his head cocked to one
side so that never a vibration of
sound should escape him, and Ann
had ever so much time to think
about the girl who wrote notes that
ended to be burned at once, and
Phil's night work of late, and the
hard, bright antagonism in the girl's
eyes.

the fact of its approach. Another
of Phil's conventions concerning pis-
ton rods was a refusal to ask for aid
from other motorists.

Jake Lucca alone, in a world full
of men, could repair piston rods,
and Jake was leagues upon leagues
away.

The lights grew larger still, and
dangerous, seeming, and Ann
stepped out of the glare just as the
car—the sportiest sort of sports
model—stopped, and stopped, and a
girl's voice called, "Hey, hey, Phil!
Some more trouble!"

Phil had started the engine and
had his car to its breast so that he
could hear the knocks. Ann receded
farther into the shadows.

Letty stepped from the car, and
crossed to Phil, and said, her child-
ish voice raised high above the
groans of the engine, "What is it,
old dear? Piston rods again?"

Phil lifted his head, but he did
not come back to a complete con-
sciousness of the outside world—a
heartless, knockless world where
piston rods were of secondary im-
portance.

A voice that he knew had greet-
ed him, and he returned the greet-
ing abstractedly.

"Hello, Letty," he said to Miss
King, whose first name he was un-
sure of, could not really remember.

IF one small cat slinks out of a
bag, wisdom may attempt to cap-
ture it. If dozens of spiny black cats,
loosed possibly on purpose and all
at once, plunge forth to trip and
skip and caracole into the night,
confounding wisdom, courting and
frollicking with folly, nothing much
can be done about it.

Letty's next remark, addressed to
Ann in the shadows and made with
one hand on Phil's arm, was,
"doesn't the poor darling have the
foulest times with his old piston
rods?"

Ann came forth and was intro-
duced as Miss Fenwick to Miss
King, and Miss King said politely,
"Phil told me a lot about you."

Miss King's escort came along.
His name was Mr. Smith—a nice
easy name to remember, and he was
glad to know every one, or so he
said.

He disclaimed all knowledge of
things mechanical, but offered to
give Phil a tow, if Phil had a rope.
Phil had no rope.

Letty said to Phil, "Say, listen,
sweetheart—darling. . . . And had
retreated again to the shadows, so
she might have been out of earshot;
but Kenneth Smith was right there
until he walked back to the sporty
sports model and climbed into it.

Phil said, "Never mind that, now,
Letty," and she said, "Yes, but I
want to tell you—"

Phil said, "Don't go, Ann. Stay
here." And Ann kept right on go-
ing, and Letty kept hold of Phil's
arm.

Kenneth said to Ann, "Some
crush over there," as if he were in
pain, and Ann said brightly, "Yes, it
does seem to be."

KENNETH sighed; Ann did not.
Kenneth offered, "She makes
me sick, if I do say it. She used to
be a swell woman, but since she's
gone bash on that sheik she's one
wet smack right."

Can't see a heavy date; can't see
but a couple dances after dinner;
can't see a damn thing but sheiky
and trailing him around. I'm fed.
I'm bloated. I'm through. I'm not
doing bloodhounding for a living.
Not yet."

"Sure of it?"
"Positive. Listen to his engine.
It will run."

"I'm on!" said Kenneth, and
reached with a gesture of violence
for the clutch, and he and Ann were
off.

FOR a short time Ann gave her-
self over completely to the
soothing, heart-easing luxury af-
forded by the absence of piston
rods; but presently, when Kenneth
had reiterated and told the world
for the third time, that he was
through with, or off of, Letty King
for life, she felt sorry for him and
said that she hoped she hadn't
made trouble for him, and that he
was not going to be unhappy.

"Any time!" He said it twice,
and added that Letty King gave
him a pain in the neck, and in-
vited Ann to call him Ken, or
Kenny, or anything she liked but
Mr. Smith.

He went on to say that he was
unaccustomed to taking girls out
for an evening and having them go
cow-eyed over other men, writing
notes and sending them by waiters,
and that he had no intentions of
accustoming himself to such activi-
ties from his girl friends.

They could stand him up once,
just once; after that he'd show
them whether or not he was dizzy.
Ann repeated that she did not
blame him.

Unexpectedly Kenneth proffered
the suggestion that they park in a
road they would reach in a minute,
and take a turn or two at necking.

ANN declined pleasantly, offering
by way of apology eccentricity
of habit. She had never gone in
for that sort of thing.

"One big evening!" Kenneth re-
marked.

Ann again was sorry.
"No, I didn't mean that," said
Kenneth. "I don't go in much for
necking myself. Oh, of
course, I go in for it; but I don't get
any kick out of it. Never have."

Most girls do, though. That's
all most girls care about. I just
kind of thought it was a shame for
you to have your evening wrecked.

"What a girl like you, so pretty
and—and all, can see in a wet
smack like that boy friend of Let-
ty's, I don't know, if I do say it."

"I don't either," said Ann.
"He's a cold dish if ever there was
one."

"I rather think so, too," said Ann.
"Letty gave me a bum steer then,
as usual," he said. "She told me
that you were engaged to him, and
that he was trying to get out of it
and couldn't."

"I thought she was lying all
along, and after I saw you tonight
I was certain she was. I'll tell
the world you aren't hard to take, after
Letty King. Yes, I was certain she
was."

Ann was not the one to dispute
with a certainty. "What a grand
car you have," she said.

"She goes," he said carelessly. "If
she won't, I have another that will.
Same with my speed boats. Got a
couple. One to run and one to keep
in reserve in case of accidents or
anything."

"How wonderful," said Ann, "al-
ways to have something in reserve
in case of accidents."

(To Be Continued.)
Dr. Stuart on Program
By Times Special

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

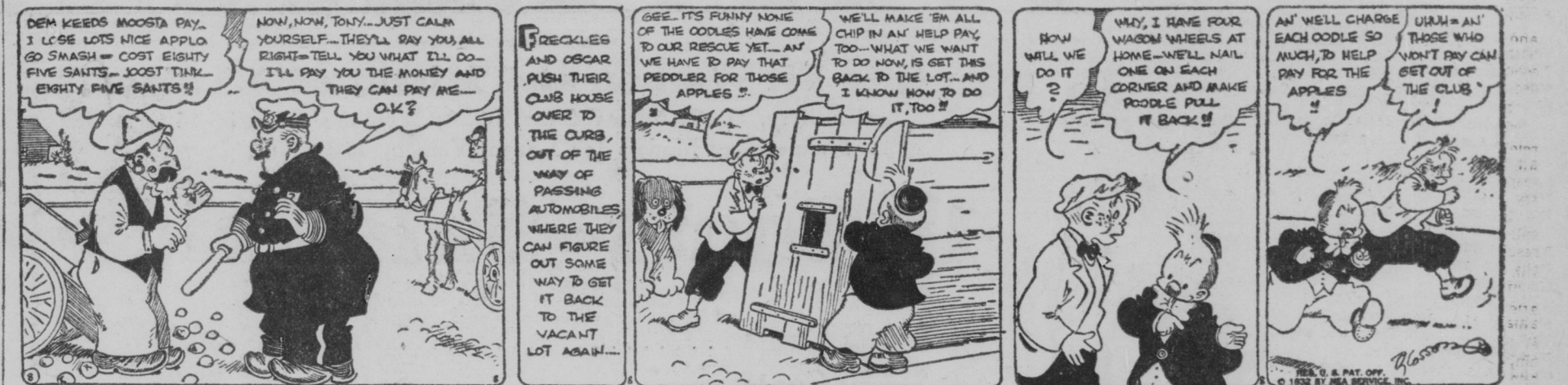
—By Ahern OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



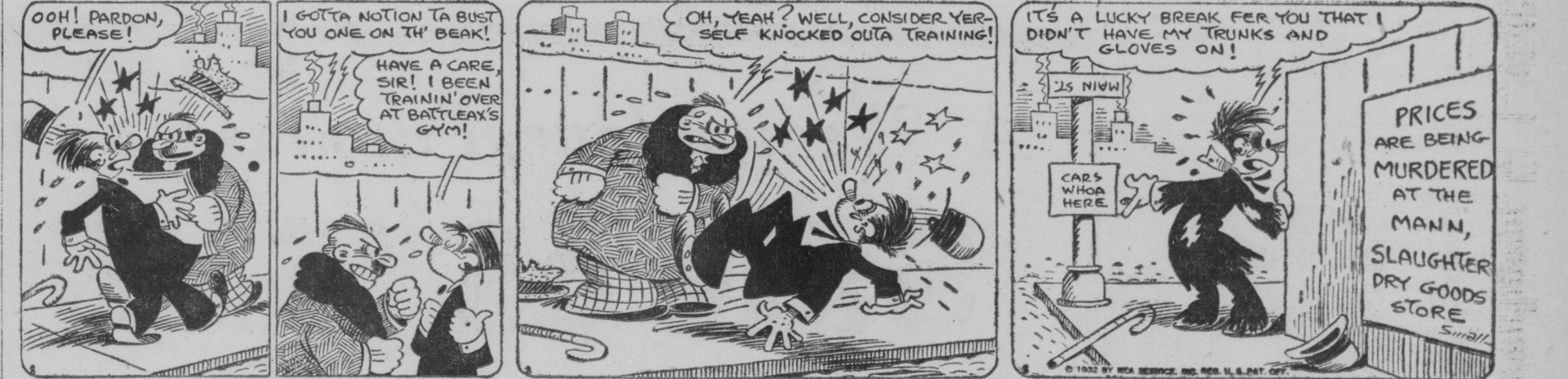
WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



SALESMAN SAM

—By Small



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



TARZAN AT THE EARTH'S CORE

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



HORIZONTAL

- First letter in the Greek alphabet.
- Meat.
- Bruised spots.
- Eucharist vessel.
- To depart.
- Newspaper paragraph.
- Third sign of the zodiac.
- To simmer.
- Beast.
- Boarding-house in France.
- Work of skill.
- Frosted.
- Plate.
- To redact.
- Pea.
- God of thunder.
- Tumor.
- To bestow.
- Bird.
- Finishes.
- Snake.
- To abound.
- Pea.
- Stand still.

VERTICAL

- Through what continent does the Hwang or Yellow river flow?
- Quantities.
- For what important office will there be a U. S. election this year?
- Edge of a skirt.
- Like.
- Bachelor of Laws (Abbr.).
- Copper.
- What are the 615 acres of underground labyrinths of Rome called?
- Above.
- Salamander.
- River in U. S. called the "Father of Waters."
- Blackbird.
- To scatter.
- Turf.
- House cat.
- Insect's egg.
- Slag.
- Scissors.
- Female sheep.
- Tiny vegetable.
- Knots of wool fiber.
- To regret.
- Sowed.
- Fiscal.
- Riemish.
- Distast.
- Arduous.
- Hodgepodge.
- Skillet.
- Snaky fish.
- To act as a model.
- Was indebted.
- Insect.
- Bone in the side.
- Southeast.
- Negative.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

1. S. 2. A. 3. C. 4. E. 5. H. 6. I. 7. L. 8. M. 9. N. 10. O. 11. P. 12. Q. 13. R. 14. S. 15. T. 16. U. 17. V. 18. W. 19. X. 20. Y. 21. Z.

Answer for Yesterday

The dotted lines indicate the fences blown down and the lines marked replaced show where the workman put them. He thus formed three chicken coops instead of four.