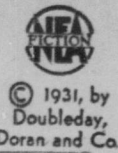


# THREE KINDS OF LOVE

BY KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN



## REGIN HERE TODAY

ANN CECILY and MARY FRANCES DENWICK live with their grandparents. The latter have been married since childhood. The granddaughters have long since lost their wealth and the household is supported by Ann's and Cecily's earnings.

For this reason, Ann, 25, and Philip KROVYD, young lawyer, are still postponing their marriage, though they have been engaged eight years.

Cecily, 22, is in love with HARRY McKEL, 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, 20, and still in school, strikes up an acquaintance with EARL DE ARMOUNT, stock company actor. She meets him secretly on several occasions.

Mary-Frances has led him to believe she is 18 years old. He tries to persuade her to become his partner in a vaudeville act.

Philip, Ann's brother, is a girl who has never before sends him a note which he burns. Phil's explanations are vague and Ann decides to so home.

On the way trouble develops with the car. Phil is trying to repair it when another car comes along and a couple get out. It is the girl who wrote the note and an escort.

Phil introduces her as LETTY KING. The man is KENNETH SMITH. Letty addresses Phil with a cold, angry, gets in Smith's car and asks him to take her home.

## NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

### CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

SHE had thought he would not understand, but he did understand, and he laughed a little, pleasantly. "I'm sitting pretty," he said. "What about you?"

Ann could lie, but not over the telephone or rapidly. She had to take her time about it.

"Care to try one of the speed boats tomorrow afternoon?" he asked. "A couple other fellows and I have a houseboat way up the river. Chink cook fixes pretty fair chow. We could go up for supper—swim, if it's not too cold—fool around."

"Thank you," Ann said automatically, "but I can't. I have another engagement."

"With Letty's boy friend?" he taunted.

"No," said Ann truthfully. "I don't understand," she went on, "why, when Letty could play with you, she wants to play with Phil."

She had spoken her thoughts aloud, but not completely. What she meant was that Letty King had appealed to her as a person who would prefer two speed boats, one houseboat, one Chinese cook, and two automobiles to one automobile in failing health.

Kenneth Smith, young, masculine, did not read her meaning clear. "All that I know is that she fell for him and fell hard. He's good looking, I guess, if you like that kind of looks, and, of course, I'm as home-ly as a hen's foot."

"Besides," she young—she's awfully young, even for her age, and she goes in strong for all this hoosy about love and tripe like that."

"YOU aren't home-ly," said Ann, though she really could not remember what he had looked like in the light and had an impression, only of cleanliness and blond youthfulness. "And you are young, too!"

"Young, too," he said, "but not too young," and paused to be pleased with his epigram.

"I'm not so young at that," he resumed. "I'll be 23 next November. That's only five years younger than you, and what's a few years between friends?"

Letty had said, "Phil told me a lot about you." It seemed odd to think of these strange people, Mr. Smith, and Letty King, and Phil, discussing her and her age. What, exactly, might "a lot" mean?

"Say," he said, you aren't sore at me, are you, for pulling that about your age? When a girl is as pretty as you are she's—she's kind of ageless. You know what I mean? I didn't think."

"No," she said. "That was all right, of course." Think. She had to think. She had not done any thinking at all as yet.

Her heart must be broken. It would needs be broken. She must think about that.

"Tell me about yourself, won't you?" she tossed to him to play with, so that he would stop bothering her and give her time to think.

THE university hadn't been so hot. She probably was a little, or whatever it was that people were from pain and shock, and the ache and the hurt would begin later. . . . Collecting rents, looking after dad's interests.

Mater liked to have him stick around, now that dad was gone. . . . This strange feeling of freedom, this

sense of escape, couldn't have anything to do with heartache. . . . Letty's folks had lived next door to them before her old man got caught in the crash. Too bad, it had given Letty a taste for nice things. It was so good not to have to ride home with Phil and quarrel and quarrel.

Odd, she didn't feel furiously angry with Phil; not any longer. Odd, she didn't seem to feel much of anything.

Numb? No, not exactly. Excited? That would pass. She was not lonely, as yet. She was not sad. She would be, later.

The edges of the road were lighted now; fruit and vegetable stands were spreading on either side; places to eat—chicken—chicken—chicken. Places to dance, to get gassy; bright, bright lights—but with big dark spaces crouching among them.

"Or," he laughed, "wouldn't you know about that?"

Ann started. For more than a mile she had heard a word that he had said. I'm afraid I wouldn't," she answered.

"Gee!" he said. "You're great! I'll tell the world that's the best swap I ever made in my life, and I'm some swapping yellow-haired boy. I do say it, Ann, 'that I haven't made a lot of trouble for you and Miss King and that you get things straightened out—"

"Not a chance!" he interrupted happily. "I acted like the devil back there on the road, but that was because I was sore at being made a monkey of—nothing more or less. I guess I talked pretty rough. I didn't know you then. Sorry and everything."

"It's all right. I think you had reason enough to be angry."

"I'll say I did. But so did you. All that love-darling boloney—on purpose for you to hear. But you weren't sore."

"Yes, I think I was. I've forgotten."

"Any girl who'd do that to another girl, horn in like that and all, is a bum sport. It's not square shooting. It's rotten—that's what it is."

THERE was the explanation. There was the reason she was not suffering—not heartbroken. Phil had not been sporting—he had lied to her.

He was not a square shooter. He was—rotten. If she could remember that—not sporting, not a square shooter, rotten—perhaps she could forestall the heartache entirely.

And the loneliness! And the long days coming on to long, long evenings? And the long life? She had forgotten that life, all of life was ahead. Life without Phil? But that, too, could come later.

"Or," Kenneth said, "wouldn't you know about that, either?"

His voice had been going on, all this while. What had he been saying? What had she said before? "Well, yes," she answered, "I might possibly know about that."

"Gee! But you are great. You are—well, if I do say it, you are absolutely the most different girl I ever met in my life."

How restful this boy, this funny, impossible boy, was. How easily pleased. How uncritical.

There was a poem she had read. She had liked it well enough to copy it; she had had Mary-Frances in mind, though it did not entirely suit this boy, Kenneth, and it did suit this boy, Kenneth, and it did suit this boy, Kenneth.

How had it gone? "Innocently wicked—innocently wise. Innocently impudent—innocent gay." . . . That was what this Kenneth was, now that he was over being cross.

He was gay. Gay. The rest of the poem, after that? Something about youth being an alien race, speaking an alien tongue, and then the lines for Mary-Frances. "These are the darlings of my heart; These are the young."

He had come to another short silence, and she spoke impulsively. "You are so young," she said.

"I like that," he disputed—youth's ears are seldom tuned to tenderness—"I am not. If I do say it myself, I'm a lot older than you are. Experience and everything. I don't want to hand it to myself, but just the same."

She let him run along with that

She listened but lightly. She thought only to postpone thinking.

"Do you know, a girl like you, she could really mean something in a man's life? Just having this ride with you tonight—it's meant a lot to me."

"I can't tell you how much driving with you tonight has meant to me. It would mean a lot to any man."

"But," she protested, not too tactfully, "I haven't said anything at all."

"That's it," he pronounced. "It's what you don't say. No line—no wisecracking, or trying to, or anything. It's the way you listen to a man and understand."

"You—well, you're deep. Deep. Knowing you, if I do say it myself, is like—well, it's kind of like going for a swim in the surf after a fellow's been wading in a kid's wading pool."

"Do you know, you are the first girl, absolutely the first girl who's come into my life that understood, just right off without asking questions nor anything—well, all about me, and my getting kicked out of the university and all."

"What you are—I know. Wait till I get the word. Inspirational. It's what you are. Inspirational."

Ann had no idea what to do with that. There was so much of it, so she said nothing.

"Gee!" he said, "but you're great!"

"I suppose," he said, when finally—and to Ann it had dragged out to a long finally—the car had stopped in the driveway in front of her house, "there's no chance for that date tomorrow?"

"I'm sorry," she said. "Pretty well dated up, I suppose?"

"Well—yes."

"Surely, I might have known it. Would you kiss me good night?"

"No," said Ann. "I wouldn't think of such a thing."

"Gee! You're great. Well, I'll give you a buzz. I'm hating in. You know the girl who said she was easy to court, but hard to wed? She's a distant relative on mine. I'm easy to catch, but hard to lose."

As Ann went tiptoeing up the stairs she thought, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if Phil and I had been married for a long time, and that sweet, crazy boy were our son?"

(To Be Continued)

## GETS 2-YEAR TERM FOR IMPERSONATION

Ohio Man Guilty of Posing as Postal Inspector.

Federal Judge Robert C. Baltzell Friday sentenced Harry Holden of Dayton, O., to two years in Leavenworth penitentiary for impersonation of a postal inspector at Newcastle. Holden pleaded guilty.

Holden was indicted on the charge of impersonating an inspector in May, 1928, but had been sentenced to six years in the Ohio State penitentiary on a concealed weapon charge.

Freed from the Ohio prison, he was taken to Kansas, where he was accused of a criminal attack. Failure to identify him positively there, led to his removal here on the Indiana charge. He pleaded guilty to the charge of cashing more than \$100 in checks at Newcastle.

## War Veterans Dies

VINCENNES, Ind., Jan. 9.—Harry F. Watts, 57, civic leader and veteran of the Spanish-American war, is dead. He was a former city engineer and superintendent of the Vincennes Water Supply Company.

## STICKERS

In the above square every group of numbers across and down should total 85. Number in each group is given. Can you supply the ones omitted? The various groups are separated by black squares.

Answer for Yesterday

Divisibility

By adding the letter I five times to the letters V, B, S, D, L, Y and T, the word shown above can be formed.

TARZAN AT THE EARTH'S CORE

Now what went on in the city below, the watchers aboard Gridley's expedition never knew. A long time they waited after the parachute floated to earth. Then a great crowd was seen to move from the palace down toward the harbor. A little later, with set sails a single ship moved out to sea toward the fleet, from Sari. Then Tarzan of the Apes knew his plan had succeeded. The dirigible followed above the Korsar's ship and Ja's flagship moved forward to meet it.

Thus was David Innés, Emperor of Pellucidar, returned to his own people. The dirigible dropped low above the flagship of the Sarian fleet. Greetings were exchanged between David and his rescuers—men from another world whom he had never seen. He was unharmed and great was the rejoicing aboard the ships as they turned back across the Korsar Az toward their own land. Tarzan and the O-220 followed long enough to obtain from David explicit directions for reaching the polar opening to the outer earth.

As the fleet beneath them began to get under way, Jason Gridley made his decision. Tarzan was saying to him: "Our adventure is successfully over. Back to civilization from the earth's core is our next move. But first we must fulfill our promise and take Jana and Thor to Zorram." Gridley shook Tarzan's hand in warm congratulation, and smiled as he replied: "My friend, give my regards to the outer world, for I'm not going back." "Not going back? Why?" exclaimed the ape-man, incredulously.

"This expedition was my suggestion. I feel responsible for the still missing officer. With David Innés' help, and native Pellucidarians, I shall attempt to find him. Nothing would change the American's mind. So the O-220 overtaking the fleet, signalled it to leave to. By this time Jason had assembled his guns and ammunition, ready to be lowered to the flagship. Reluctantly, he bade his adventurous companions good-bye. Then he turned to the Red Flower of Zorram. Before he could speak, she addressed Thor. "Good-bye, my brother," said Jata. "I go with Jason. He is the man I love."

THE END

## 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

1 Of what country is Nicot? Zamora president?

5 The tomb of what president is in New York City?

9 Street car.

11 Portion of a house.

12 Road.

14 Narrative poem.

16 Weathercock.

17 South American.

18 To annoy.

20 Brushlike.

22 Cot.

23 Shred of waste silk.

25 Pitchers.

26 Bill of fare.

27 Harmonizes.

29 Pig pen.

30 Purple flowering shrub.

31 Judicial writ.

33 Staid.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

ALPHA

SORES

AMA

LEAVE

ITEM

TWINS

STEW

ASS

PENSION

ART

ICED

CROSS

DISC

EDIT

PINTHUR

WEN

BESET

TEMU

ENDS

ASAP

BABE

TEAM

FURS

HO

REAPPEARS

DO

ALADRAPERS

HOW

RINSE

NIL

ANISE

DOTTED

LOPED

13 Drivelled.

15 Frightens.

16 To diversify.

17 Member of U. S. Upper House.

19 Pertaining to motion.

21 The capital of Russia in the days of the cars was St. . . .

22 Too late.

24 Limb.

25 Occupying the middle position.

26 Male title of courtesy.

30 Guided.

32 Beverage.

33 Measure.

36 Form of be.

37 Crowd.

40 Kettle.

42 Legume.

44 Summit.

46 To hasten.

48 Age.

50 Dined.

51 Upon.

52 Dye.

34 To soak fax.

35 Furnished with new weapons.

38 Thick shrub.

39 Inclination downward.

41 Malicious.

43 Burning of a building.

42 By.

43 Folding bed.

45 To recede.

46 Mordant tray.

47 Pedal digit.

49 To help.

50 To assess.

