

# THREE KINDS OF LOVE

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

ANN, CECILY and MARY FRANCES FENWICK live with their grandparents. The grandmothers—known as "GRANDY" and "GRANDY"—have long since left their wealth and the household is run by Ann and Cecily's earnings.

After this season, Ann, 22, and PHILIP ECKROD, young lawyer, are still postponing their marriage. Though they have been engaged eight years, with BARRY MCKENZIE, an engineer, but when he proposes she refuses to name the wedding date because she cannot leave Ann with the financial responsibility of the home.

Mary-Frances, 15, and still in school, makes an acquaintance with EARL, the ARMOURED stock company actor. She meets him on the way home from school. 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.

Phil takes Ann to dinner and a girl who has never seen her sends him a note. Phil's explanation is vague.

On the way home Phil steals the car and is involved in some rather serious business. KING, who wrote the note, and KENNY SMITH, her escort, come about it.

Letty addresses Phil's endeavours and Ann, angry, tells him to get out of the house and asks him to take her home. She tries to make a date for the next night but she refuses.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

## CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

IN the morning, a sunny Sunday morning with robins and church bells, a messenger boy came to the Fenwicks' front door to deliver a letter.

Ann went to the door and took the letter and read it in the hall and went back to her ironing in the kitchen.

Cecily, putting fresh papers on the cupboard shelves, asked, "What was it?"

"Nothing," Ann answered, and sized a damp finger against the iron, and pulled the cord loose for it to "except a note from Phil. I knew almost exactly what would be in it before I read it."

Cecily laughed. "Well, that's one way to say it. But it isn't what I'd say if Barry had sent me a note in the morning. You know, I think it is wonderful, this devotion of Phil's for so long. Barry loves me—but I couldn't keep him as you've kept Phil. That is, I'm afraid I couldn't."

"Suppose you read my love letter," Ann said.

Cecily, amazed, refused to do anything of the sort, and upset a can of cinnamon.

"Do, please," Ann insisted. "It is funny. It's too terribly funny. Read it, and I'll tell you about it later. I wanted to tell you, but I couldn't seem to get started."

Cecily read uneasily. "Dear Ann, if you care to telephone to me to explain, I shall be in my room until noon today. Yours, Phil."

"H-m?" Cecily questioned. "Cavalier, sort of."

"It is simply too funny," said Ann, and laughed and laughed.

"It may be funny," Cecily objected—it seemed barely possible that Ann's laughter was hysterical—"but it can't be as funny as all that. Tell me about it. You said you would."

Ann told, sparsely and with a lack of quotation that would have moved Mary-Frances or any other gifted expositor to pity and to shame.

"And now," she finished, and waved the sheet of paper, unfolded so that it flapped, "now—this!" She began to laugh again. "If I want to explain why he told me lies and why she called him 'darling sweet heart,' he'll listen to me at any time before noon today."

"Did he say 'a. m.'?" She consulted the note. "No. Well, he should have said 'a. m.' She kept on laughing.

"BUT, Ann," Cecily's very voice was shocked, "don't you—care?"

"I must care," Ann seemed to be arguing with herself. "I must care—terribly. But it hasn't started in yet, I suppose it is—excitement or something."

"There's a hole, of course. When I woke this morning I fell in the hole. But now it feels more like the place left after an aching tooth has been extracted. It is—sort of empty but comfortable—if you understand?"

Cecily, in her first love affair, up in a rarefied atmosphere amid stars and rainbows and sky things at a height from which the earth below was indiscernible, could scarcely be expected to understand the comforts of holes.

She said, "Hum-um," ambiguous-

ly, and eyed Ann and wondered as to the wisdom of attempting either advice or consolation.

Ann appeared to need neither. Ann seemed to be finding the full requirements of life in a hot iron and a nightshirt of Grand's. Ann was smiling a little, and amazingly beautiful in that yellow smock.

Rosalie, full rigged from church, came cruising into the room.

"Dear girls," she said, "I come bringing good news, and— a pause, overlengthened, and a bright smile—"I fear, bad news. Now, which shall we have first, the good news or—the bad news?"

Ann did not answer. Cecily suggested that the bad news might be better gotten over with first. She didn't believe that Rosalie had either good news or bad news, for that matter.

"Bring me a chair, will you, please, Cecily, darling? Ann, dear, could you reach and lower the shade just a trifle? Thank you, dear, so much."

"I was sorry that you girls missed church this morning. Dear Dr. Turek gave us uplift for the entire week—stimulation—um—all that. I am sure I have never listened to a more marvelous discourse. I told him so. I believe one should."

"I think, however, that it is in the worst possible taste to wear diamonds in the House of the Lord."

"Did Dr. Turek wear diamonds?" Cecily asked. "And is that the good news or the bad?"

Rosalie shook a playful finger at Cecily. "My dear! Indeed he did not. He has none to wear. I'm sure. That horribly overdone, rather common Mrs. Waggoner glittered her hands about, ungloved, you may be certain, all during the service. To say nothing of her ears."

Large red ears, absolutely unsuitable for diamonds. It was most distracting. Grand spoke of it, too. She sat in front of us. We were discussing that very thing when Miss Lane caught up with us—"

ANN stopped ironing. Cecily turned from the shelves. Miss Lane was one—and the girls felt the most interested and important—of Mary-Frances' teachers.

"Of course," Rosalie went on, "Grand and I know that Miss Lane was—well, at least, overly pessimistic. These old maids, you know. One does hate to be censorious—particularly on Sunday—but Miss Lane—of course, never having married—"

"Rosalie," Cecily interrupted firmly, "what did Miss Lane say? It was about Mary-Frances, I suppose?"

"My dear! Have I worried you? I shouldn't have called it bad news—really. She began by asking after Mary-Frances' health."

"And then she did go on to say that Mary-Frances' school work of late had not been—well, entirely satisfactory."

"Did she say how it was unsatisfactory?" Cecily asked.

Ann questioned, "Was that all she had to say?"

"Practically all, yes. She talked rather long. We got so weary, so very weary, standing in the sun. She praised Mary-Frances, you know—um—all that. Charming, really—or, rather, you understand me, she tried to be thoughtful of course she had no real personality of any sort."

It is no wonder that she hasn't appealed to gentlemen, is it? She is so sort of—well, unwhimsical. So sort of—"

"Did she say Mary-Frances' work had been unsatisfactory in her department only? Or did she know about the other departments?" Cecily insisted.

"WELL, as to that, she did mention that she had talked with the other teachers. She said that until this term Mary-Frances had been so unusually brilliant."

"She wondered about her health. Grand and I think it might be wise to take her out of school for a time."

Ann and Cecily spoke together, with one voice. "No, no, we'll not do that."

"We'll think it over, of course. We might allow her to finish this

one term—it is only a month now, isn't it? And then we'll see whether her strength can be built up during the summer."

"And now for the good news. Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael have invited Grand and me to spend the first week in July with them in their beautiful new home at Seaside. They are going to have a small house party—to celebrate their wedding anniversary."

"Mrs. Carmichael's charming sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Day—her name is Deborah—Deborah Day—isn't that utterly quaint and delightful?—are also to be their guests."

"Our first thought was, as you may know, that we couldn't leave our little girls. We said as much, and frankly. But Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael were so charmingly insistent. They quite overpowered our every objection."

"As they said, we see so very little of you now, either of you since you both have your sweethearts—"

CECILY put a stop to that. "Of course you must go. It will be splendid for both of you. Won't it, Ann?"

Ann agreed as wholeheartedly as a person whose mind is fully occupied with two other subjects at the same time could be expected to agree.

"It fancy," Rosalie said, "that our Ann may be wondering how we are to return such hospitality. Grand and I considered that dear, you may be sure."

"We discussed it, alone together, after we left the Carmichaels. Grand says that with his affairs as they are at this time, he feels reasonably certain—rather more than reasonably certain—that within a year we shall have a country home of our own—or, at best, two years; those places we are informed that rather long in building—in which we can return this hospitality and many others."

"We plan to do as the Carmichaels are doing. We intend to fill our home with our friends throughout the season. And if our darlings are married by that time, as I hope you may be, it will be the place where you and yours will spend your vacations—always."

"Grand rather favors the mountains for a location. But we love the sea. It will be a difficult decision: The mountains or the sea. Though, as Grand says, both are possible: a few months in the mountains; a few months by the sea."

"We need more vacationing. We need more playmates. All of us. And Grand and I hope and intend to see that we have them; long, lovely, happy playmates together, and soon now."

"You darlings will, of course, marry. Grand was saying this morning, in that connection, that he hoped shortly, very shortly, to be able to help both of your sweethearts in a material way."

Ann was busy with her ironing. Cecily was busy with her shelves. Rosalie talked on for a while before she pulled herself out of her chair and went away, moving slowly through her perfumed vicinity.

(To Be Continued)

## 'LEGGERS GIVEN TERMS

Four Plead Guilty, Get Federal Sentences and Fines.

Four Indianapolis bootleggers, pleading guilty before Federal Judge Robert C. Baltzell have received jail sentences and fines.

Archie Galtner was fined \$100 and a ninety-day term was suspended. Roy H. McIntyre was given sixty days in jail; John E. Watkins was fined \$100, and Elmer Thompson was given forty days in jail.

## STICKERS

1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,0.

Can you arrange the above numbers, through addition and subtraction, so that the total will be one? Each number can be used but once.

## Answer for Saturday

13	1	71	16	8	61
70	15	24	43	18	
2	21	23	0	26	3
8	16	61	45	40	
21	34	30	62	11	12
2	6	7	51	19	3
62	9	34	4	18	20

The correct numbers have been filled in to make every group of numbers, across and down, total 55.

## TARZAN THE TERRIBLE



Through the midnight jungle of an unknown corner of darkest Africa, a savage, tawny lion moved silently. The great beast slunk cautiously among the shadows, avoiding the moonlit open spaces. With every muscle ready for action, head lowered and flattened, tail switching noiselessly from side to side, Numa's yellow-green eyes stared straight ahead, intently watching the strange thing it was stalking.

A hundred paces ahead, unaware of the danger lurking behind it, the lion's intended prey paused an instant to listen. Then it resumed its way through the dense jungle. Had you been watching from the trees you would have seen that it walked erect upon two feet; you would have admired its splendid muscular body and its handsome, masculine features. At first glance you would have believed the figure to be a man's. But WAS this thing a man?

## 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



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs

**HORIZONTAL**

1 Having wings.  
6 Inspires reverence.  
9 Masts.  
14 To canter.  
15 Duration.  
16 Artificial stream.  
17 Very high mountain.  
18 Eye.  
19 Administration of medicine in doses.  
20 Black hawk.  
22 European farmer.  
24 Southwest.  
25 Buckle plant.  
27 Stone fruit.  
28 Where does the League of Nations meet?  
31 To tear stitches.  
32 Incrustation on a sore.  
36 To sup.  
37 Fortunes.  
40 To hasten.  
41 Gaelic.  
42 Aye.  
43 To recoil.

**SATURDAY'S ANSWER**

13 Murdered.  
19 Spruce.  
21 First woman.  
23 Woeing.  
26 Farewell!  
28 Driving command.  
29 Lug.  
30 Place of retreat.  
32 City in Manchuria.  
34 To be ill.  
35 Honey gatherer.  
38 Company of football players.  
39 To harden.  
40 Ocean.  
45 Vinegar bottle.  
46 Battle formation.  
48 To fill out.  
49 Pertaining to air.  
50 To eat.  
51 To harvest.  
53 Law.  
54 Snaky fish (PL).  
56 Quantity.  
60 Like.  
61 River.

**VERTICAL**

1 Exclamation.  
2 To let dangle.  
3 Designates.  
4 Second note.  
5 On top of.  
6 Telegraphed.  
7 Confusion of mind.  
8 Southeast.  
9 Barley cake.  
10 Time gone by.  
11 Collection of facts.  
12 Tatters.

**43 To recoil.**