THREE KINDS of LOVE

BY KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

ANN, CECILY, and MARY-FRANCES PENWICK 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, are still 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, vaudeville actor. She meets him secretly and he tries to persuade her to become his stage partner.

Phil takes Ann to dinner. A girl she never has seen before sends him a note. Phil's explanations are vague. On the way home Phil stops the car to investigate engine trouble.

LETTY KING, who wrote the note, and KENNETH SMITH, her escort, come along in another car. Letty addresses Phil with endearments and Ann, angry, gets in Smith's car and asks him to take her home. Next day he sends flowers.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

CECILY had looked up the number in the telephone book on Friday, the day before yesterday. She knew it by heart.

She dialed it with icy, trembling fingers. The muted ringing sounded again and again in her ears. She prayed, "Let him answer it. Dear Lord, let him answer it. Let him answer it. Let him—"

"Hello? A woman's voice, agreeable, cheerful.

"May I please speak to Mr. McKeel?"

"Mr. McKeel is playing golf." A note of interest was added. "I am Mrs. McKeel; may I take a message for him?"

"I mean—Mr. Barry McKeel."

"Barry?" The interest changed to amusement, faint but audible. "He isn't in town now."

"Oh. I didn't know. Where is he?"

"He is in Albany." Cheery again, almost hearty. "He has been there—let me see—since Friday."

"I—I didn't know. Do you expect him back soon?"

"No. Not very soon," sympathy was added. "He is superintending the work on a building that his uncle is putting up there."

"Could you give me his address?"

"I am sorry," sincerity seemed to be indicated, "but when he telephoned yesterday he said that he was leaving the hotel and would find a boarding place today. So, just for the moment, I don't know where he is. We'll know in a day or so; if you'll call again I'll be glad to tell you."

A day or so! There could be no answer to that.

Curiosity came at last, with a touch of crispness. "Is it seriously important? My husband had spoken of driving to Albany this evening. He had given it up. But, perhaps—"

"No," said Cecily, and tried again and said, "No—thank you," and hung up the receiver and went upstairs to her room and darkened it to shut out anything the June month might have to offer, and rolled down into the deep hollow of her bed.

# # #

ANN found her there when she came in at 7 o'clock that evening, purposely early, from boating with Kenneth.

"Cissy, honey," she protested, and stooped to put her arms around her. "You didn't hear from him? But dear, dear, you can't—you mustn't do this way."

"I telephoned," Cecily replied in a small choked voice. "He's gone. He's left town."

"Sister's sweetheart! He'll come back. But you can't do this way. You're ill already. You're wearing yourself out. You could make it easier, dear, if you'd just go on with life the best you can. We have to live, you know."

"Why do we?"

"Lots of reasons. Mother and father gave us life—trusted us with it—a part of their lives. And there is Mary-Frances, and—"

"We didn't ask for the gift. I don't want it. Life is too horrible. It cheats us. Fools us. Takes us and hurts us—so. I'm afraid of life.

If Barry came back, if he were sitting where you are, right now—I'd still be afraid of life. Always I'll be afraid after this."

"I shouldn't have left you, honey. I shouldn't have. I didn't want to go, and I didn't enjoy myself, and—"

"I made you go. I'm better alone. Please go now, won't you, Ann? Please go. You — you make me nervous."

"No, I don't. I shouldn't have believed you this afternoon, and I don't believe you now." She lay down on the bed, and Cecily stiffened under her curving arm.

"I hate everything!" she declared.

"You don't hate me," Ann said. "You couldn't, when I love you such a lot."

"Who said I did?" said Cecily, and began to cry softly.

"Just let me rest and talk to you a little while," Ann coaxed. "If I make you too nervous, you can push me off. But, Cissy, I've been thinking a lot. All about life being horrid and hurting and everything.

"It is—and it does, of course, sometimes. But not all the time. In a way, too, it is sort of up to us how much we'll allow it to hurt us."

Cecily shook her head; shook her body. "No. No. No. No."

# # #

"WELL, but it is. And here's something else. Life gives us lots of pleasant things—but it won't always allow us to pick and choose for ourselves.

"There's love. I don't know about men—but women have to have love. Only—I've decided that they don't have to have men's love. There are so many different sorts of love, and I believe—or try to believe," she amended truthfully, "that lots of the sorts are better, surer—happier, anyway, than the love between men and women.

"Take our love, Cissy, for each other and for Mary-Frances. We've always had it, so we don't always appreciate it. But, honey, stop and think if you can what it amounts to.

"It is certain. It is safe. Nothing can change it or hurt it, and it will last forever. Before I'd hurt you—as you're hurt now—I'd—take myself to pieces and cook me.

"I wouldn't want to live if I'd hurt you, Cissy. And you wouldn't hurt me, as I'm hurt now, not even to have Barry again. But these men, these mean men hurt us, and break our hearts, and go away and stay away and let us be hurt and suffer.

"Why should we accuse life of hurting us when it is only men, mean men who hurt us? And why should we value that love, men's love — old hateful, hurting, selfish love—so highly?"

"I don't know. I just want Barry. I want to love him — whether he loves me or not. I want to see him—hear his voice.

"I can't live, I can't breathe without him. I can't, and I don't want to, and I won't try.

# # #

YOU think that way now, but you'll find out later that you can. Someway you—you get used to it. I thought that way too, last month. That Sunday, Cissy—truly I was out of my mind, almost.

"I had a strange obsession that I was dead—like the stories one reads, you know—and didn't know that I was dead, and was just walking around watching myself. But that passes off. Truly it does, honey. Truly it does.

"See how much better I am now? And it has only been a month ago today. Just exactly a month ago today."

"Ann, I don't want to be hateful. But Barry and I were—are—I will say are. I will say Barry and I are—are—are—"

"Yes, darling. Of course. What are you?"

"We are different from you and Phil. In every way. Do you think, for instance, that I'll ever look at another man? Do you think that I could do as you've done?

I don't blame you, but I mean I couldn't. I couldn't start right out to play with another man as you've started to play with that funny Kenneth thing. I couldn't. I wouldn't."

"That's just like saying, Cissy, honey, that if you were in one of these tropical places, being devoured by mosquitoes and bugs and things, you'd sit down and let them eat you alive because you couldn't and wouldn't use a shoddy, inferior grade of netting to keep them off."

# # #

CECILY cried a little more and said. "No, Ann—you don't understand. You don't understand."

"I try to, dear. Dear, I do try to. I wish you had come with us this afternoon, as I begged you to, instead of staying in this stuffy old house. The river was lovely, and we swam——"

"Listen, Ann. The more I think of it, the more I'm sure that we didn't really quarrel. Will you listen while I tell you about it again, and see if it seems like a quarrel to you?

"I mean—if it doesn't seem to you that, after Barry's had time to think it over, he'll decide that it wasn't actually what he'd call a quarrel.

"I told you, you know, that he said raised voices, and squawking sarcasms, and things like that. I'm sure I didn't raise my voice. I never do scream—do I, Ann? Truly, do I?"

"Honey, honey, of course not."

"It began about the party. Or—did I tell you about that?"

"Not all about it," lied poor Ann.

"I didn't say a word, you know I didn't, when he went to Gretchen's party in April, though he knew I hadn't been invited.

"He'd promised to go before—well, before we'd found each other. I didn't let him know I cared a bit—was pleasant and nice about it as I could be. And he said he didn't have a good time at all, and was bored to death, and kept hoping that he could get away early enough to see me later.

"But I took notice that he didn't. And when the picnic came up in May I didn't say much, either. I said a little, and he explained that the crowd had been nice to him ever since he'd come back to Portland, and all—I guess I told you—about how he was going to put a girl something like Gretchen in his next book—a self-made sophisticate he called her—and, well, I didn't fuss even about the picnic.

"But when this third affair came up, it simply got to be too much of a good thing. I couldn't understand why he wished to go places, constantly, without me.

"I wouldn't have gone near any place where he hadn't been invited. I didn't say that he should not go. I just tried to find out, if possible, why he cared to go. And he said—What did I say he said, exactly, Ann?"

"That he didn't care to go. But that the Steigerwalds had been very good to him, and that he'd rather sacrifice an evening than lie to them. And he reminded you that you'd rather get in early than lie to Grand and Rosalie in the morning.

"Wasn't that it? And that if you'd allow him to say that you and he were engaged, he'd be glad to say that he couldn't go, and why."

"All that stuff! Conventional—absurd. It wasn't Barry. Barry never takes the conventional attitude about anything. I can't understand it.

"And I can't understand how we could have—well, even disagreed about so trivial a thing as Gretch Steigerwald's darned old party. Ann, we couldn't have quarreled over a thing like Gretch Steigerwald's party!"

(To Be Continued)

Bancokentucky Head Freed

By United Press

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 13.—James B. Brown, president of the defunct National Bancokentucky, was acquitted in United States district court here Tuesday of a cherge of misapplying $46,777 of bank funds. Judge Charles I. Dawson directed the jury to bring in a not guilty verdict.

STICKERS

1. HEAD
2. • • • •
3. • • • •
4. • • • •
5. • • • •
6. FOOT

Can you change the word "head" to "foot," by changing only one letter at a time and forming a new word in each step?

Answer for Yesterday

R
FED
GIVER
ROW
L L S
LED U APT
REMONSTRATION
TOT I ERN
N O E
ONE
PRAYS
ERE
Y

Above is the complete word diamond, in which each horizontal and vertical row in each diamond is a word and the long horizontal and vertical lines are 13-letter words.

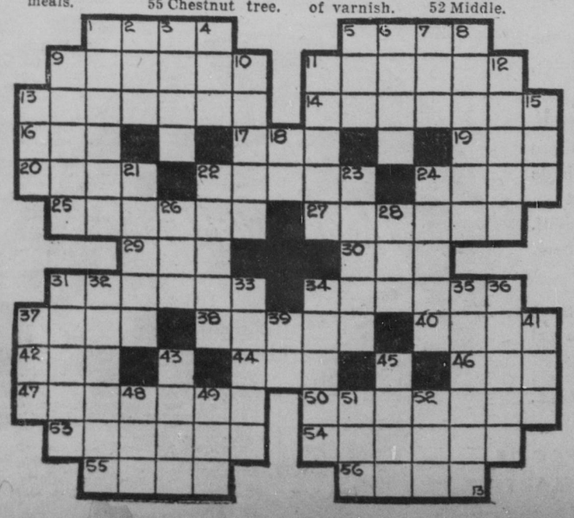
YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

HORIZONTAL

1 Repast.
5 Tree of genus Pyrus.
9 Who is the speaker in the U. S. House of Representatives?
11 Who opened the U. S. 72d Congress?
13 One to whom a legacy is bequeathed.
14 Perfume.
16 Sea eagle.
17 Sorrowful.
19 Merry.
20 Foretoken.
22 Living.
24 Smooth.
25 Thread.
27 To go back.
29 Skillet.
30 Assistance.
31 To operate on the skull.
34 Huge serpent.
37 Afternoon meals.
38 Thin plate.
40 God of love.
42 Young devil.
44 Males.
46 Secured.
47 A letter.
50 In what country is Adolph Hitler the head of the Fascists?
53 Wigwams.
54 Country gallants.
55 Chestnut tree.
56 Finishes.

VERTICAL

1 Loadstone.
2 Epoch.
3 Species of pier.
4 Shelter.
5 Matter.
6 Gaelic.
7 Supped.
8 Crowbar.
9 Microbes.
10 Ingredient of varnish.
11 Tree.
12 Meager.
13 Lion.
15 Orb.
18 Preposition.
21 Backs of necks.
22 Mercenary.
23 To ascertain.
24 Declivity of rock.
26 Chart.
28 By way of.
31 To entice.
32 Two-edged sword.
33 Cognomens.
34 Clangs.
35 Largest wind instruments.
36 Mid-days.
37 To bind.
39 Myself.
41 Eye tumor.
43 Let it stand.
45 Chaffy part of grain.
48 Spring.
49 Field.
51 Female sheep.
52 Middle.



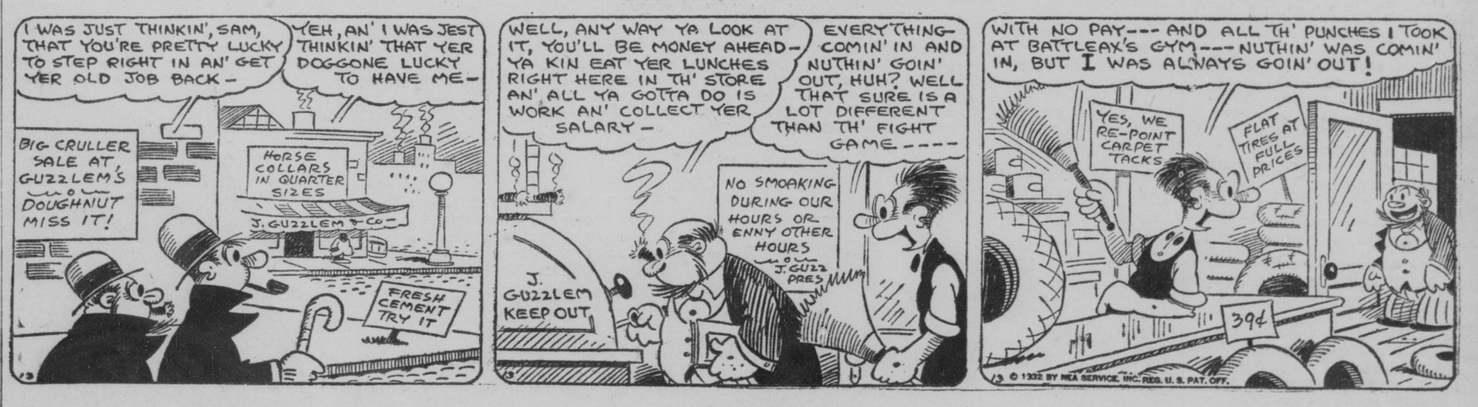
OUR BOARDING HOUSE —By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY —By Williams

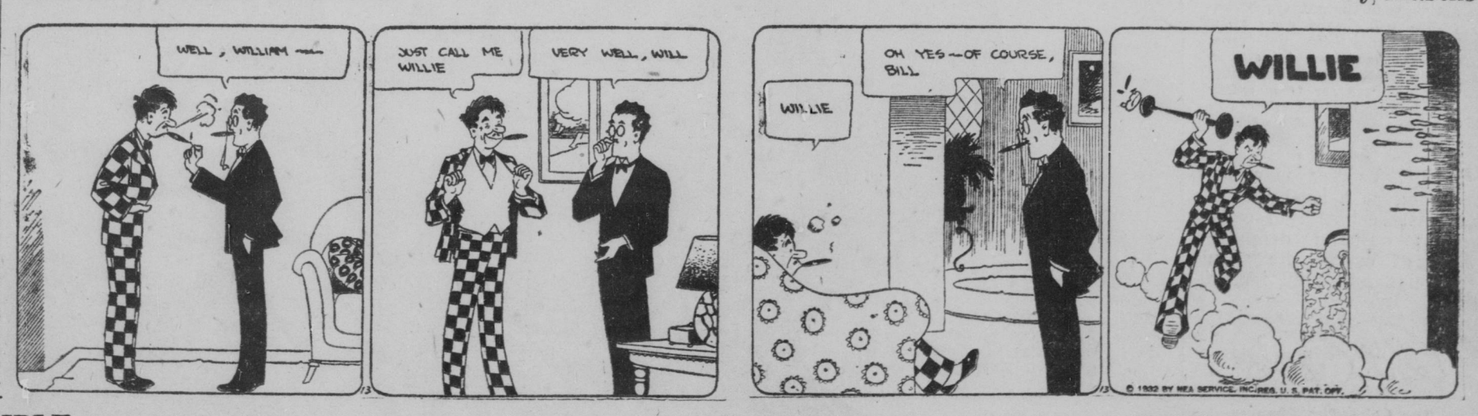
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS —By Blosser

WASHINGTON TUBBS II —By Crane

SALESMAN SAM —By Small



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES —By Martin



TARZAN THE TERRIBLE —By Edgar Rice Burroughs

After leaving the man-eaters' village, Tarzan made his way southwest, crossing after the most appalling hardships a vast, waterless steppe covered with dense thorn. At last he came into a district that probably had never previously been entered by any white man and was known only in the legends of the tribes whose country bordered it.

There were precipitous mountains, wide plains, well watered plateaus and vast, swampy morasses in which at night the ape-man saw many weird monsters. Only after weeks of arduous effort did he succeed in finding a spot where he might cross these dreadful, forbidding swamps. It was a hideous stretch infested with all manner of venomous and dangerous creatures.

When at last Tarzan of the Apes stood upon firm ground, he realized why it was that for perhaps countless ages, this territory had defied all efforts to penetrate it. It seemed to him that he had discovered a new world as yet unspoiled by man. Hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses and elephants in and about the marsh he often encountered in great numbers.

In this strange country Tarzan was amazed to find every known species of bird and beast, together with many unknown to the rest of the world. Not the least interesting to him were the black and yellow striped lions. These were smaller than those he knew in his own jungle. They possessed sharp, saber-like teeth and were exceedingly ill-tempered. Some were spotted like leopards.