

# THREE KINDS of LOVE

BY KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

BEGIN HERE TODAY  
ANN and Cecily Fenwick have for years been in love with their younger sister, MARY-FRANCES, and their grandfather, known as "ROSA-LIE GRAND."

Because of this financial emergency, MARY-FRANCES has agreed to marry PHIL EGGYARD, young lawyer to whom she has been engaged for eight years. Cecily, 21, loves her grandfather an emanation, but when he proposes she refuses to name their wedding date for the same reason.

Mary-Frances, 15, and still in school, likes to act, and when she is with DE ARMOUNT, vaudeville actor, and meets him secretly. He tries to persuade her to marry him.

Ann and Phil quarrel when she hears LETTY KING, the woman in Phil's dreams, address him with endearments. Then Cecily learns Barry has been writing to her. She is much disturbed.

De Armount continues to urge Mary-Frances to marry him, and she says, "NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY."

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE  
"I CAN'T help it," said Mary-Frances. "My family would never in the world think of letting me."

"Your family? Cripes!" said Earl. "Say, listen, hon. I'd be the last man on earth to influence any girl, let alone you, against her parents' wishes or anything—see? But you ain't got a happy home life nor anything."

"And you're crazy about me; and I'm crazy about you—see? Now, look at it from that point of view. And leave me tell you this: A girl with your looks and shape could sure go far—travel, see the world."

"And come home," dreamed Mary-Frances, "and be rich and famous, and bring presents to everybody; and she would be forgiven, and—"

"Well, yeah, sure. Now, after I got the letter from Butt yesterday, I got to thinkin'—see? I got to take his bus back—see?"

"Well, what I was thinking was, why couldn't you and I just skip out, most any night now, in the bus together. No parting, nor keeping in touch through letters, like you said—"

"I didn't say 'keeping in touch through letters.'"

"Well, whatever it was. We'd be in Denver in side of a week, and—"

"Elope?" stammered Mary-Frances. She had, of course, planned for six bridesmaids, and Ermintrude as maid of honor. But—an elopement! Real romance! "Have you heard about Mary-Frances Fenwick and that handsome, famous actor? It is—"

"Well—er—huh—I've been meaning for quite a while to tell you about that. As a matter of fact, I'm not fixed to get married for about four months yet—see?"

"By the terms of my father's will I can't get married until I'm 23 years old—see?"

Whether or not Mary-Frances saw, she did not immediately say, and no wonder. Here was material for thought. She might have paused to doubt that Earl's father had ever made such a silly will—fathers rarely do so.

She might have been considering Earl's age in connection with the possibility, at least, that he had been married and divorced and could not remarry before a year had elapsed.

Or, granting her trustfulness, or credulity, or both, and without accusing her of cupidity, she might have been speculating as to the extent of the fortune to which Earl was so soon to fall heir.

Her answer finally spoken, may or may not be indicated of the thought processes that contrived it.

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