

THREE KINDS OF LOVE

BY KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

BEGIN HERE TODAY

ANN and CECILY PENWICK for years have supported themselves, their younger sister MARY FRANCES, and their grandparents, known as "ROGAL" and "GILL" and "GILL" and "GILL".

Because of this financial responsibility, Ann, who is 28, is unable to marry PHIL, PENWICK, young lawyer to whom she has been engaged for eight years. Cecil, 22, loves MARY FRANCES, an engineer, but when he proposes, she refuses to name their wedding date for the same reason.

Mary Frances, 15, and still in school, strikes up an acquaintance with EARL DE ARMOUNT, vaudeville actor, and meets him secretly. She tries to persuade her to become his stage partner. Ann and Phil quarrel when she learns Mary has left town without telling her about it.

Ann tries to forget Phil by going around with KENNETH SMITH, rich and very attractive.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

G. O. CARMICHAEL, president and sole owner of the Home-Maid Bakery Products Company (Carmichael's Big Cream Loaf, Carmichael's Cookies for Kiddies, Carmichael's Cakes for Choice Occasions), stood on his front porch and frowned across his well-mown lawn over to his bugles pink roses and sighed worriedly.

Gray haired, healthy, clean shaven, excellently tailored, in appearance he resembled a banker—or thought that he did.

His ambition for twenty-five years since he bought his first small shop and stopped doing baking for the other fellow, had been to look like a banker. That, then, must have been so much to the good on this early Monday morning.

Also, conscience clear, he had slept well, had arisen, breakfasted satisfactorily, kissed his wife whom he loved devotedly, and had gone now—as far as the porch, at least—to a business that was thriving robustly at a time when many businesses were failing.

Neither surfaces nor depths seemed to provide any reason for Mr. Carmichael's depression. Peace should have been dropping slow.

But, had someone come inquiring as to the absence of the nine bean rows and the hive for the honeybee, he would have been told that Mr. Carmichael had a disagreeable try to perform. Duties were Mr. Carmichael's fetters. Kindly, well meaning, earnestly mistaken about many things, Mr. Carmichael did not need to see his duty to do it.

He scented duties from afar and made them his own with a whiff or two. He heard them whispering in the wind and caught them on the wing. No duty, no matter to whom it belonged, was safe anywhere near Mr. Carmichael.

Mary Frances Penwick was coming down the walk on her way to school. Mr. Carmichael, affecting a strolling gait, met her by the pink roses in his parking.

"Good morning, my dear," he said.

"Good morning, Mr. Carmichael." "Nice morning, isn't it?" On your way to school, I suppose?"

"Yes, Mr. Carmichael." "School soon out now, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. We're having our finals this week. It is algebra today. I am dreadfully worried about it. It's so hard."

"SPEAKING OF WORRIES," said Mr. Carmichael, "I've been quite a bit worried myself, here of late. Very queer thing. For some time now I've noticed a young couple over in your yard—right near the corner."

"They meet there frequently. I wonder if your grandfather would like to have that sort of thing going on in his yard?"

"What sort of thing?" said Mary Frances.

"Love making. I have no doubt. Innocent love making," modestly insisted Mr. Carmichael, "but—night after night. No, I am certain that your grandfather would not like it."

"I don't much think he'd care," Mary Frances comforted.

"I'm not so sure of that, young lady. I'm not so sure of that. Here is a peculiar thing. The girl is your size and build."

"In fact, if I didn't know what a sensible little lady you were, I'd be positive that she was you. But I know you too well, that if you were you'd be sparking out in the yard, night after night, when you should be in the house studying your algebra."

"That's the way I know this girl isn't you. You understand, I'm sure she isn't. In fact, I'm sure of it that, unless I see the couple there again, I've decided not to mention it to your grandfather at all."

"Of course, if I should ever see them there again, even once more—and I feel it is my duty to watch out—then I'll be bound to inform your grandfather, and no ifs nor ands about it."

Mary Frances' cheeks dimmed the roses' color. She said, "I'll have to hurry now, I guess. I always go by for my friend, Ermintrude Hill. Goodbye, Mr. Carmichael," and walked away so fast that she heard Mr. Carmichael say, "A word to the wise, only once, though he said it three times before he said, 'Well, that's off my mind,' and smiled his satisfaction, and went to take his car from the garage."

It was a pity, a great pity. But for Mr. Carmichael and his duty, there is a slim chance, at least, that Mary Frances might not have flunked flat in her algebra examination; and there is a stout certainty that she never would have written to Earl DeArmound:

Dear Prince Wonderful—All has been discovered. We dare never meet again. Whatever you do, don't come to see me tonight. I mean it really. This, dearest, is our first enforced absence from each other.

Beloved, let us put our hearts together and get comfort. It is not a true separation to know that another part of the world contains the rest of me. Oh, the rest of me, the rest of me that you are! So, thinking of you, I can never be tired. I rest yours.

I will give this letter to my friend to take to you, and if you will answer in the inclosed, addressed, stamped envelope I shall get it before I go to school in the morning.

Answer at once, and be sure to use the envelope, because it is Ermintrude's writing, and if the family should see it before I do they would think I was getting a note from Ermintrude. Dearest, I love you too much, too much. I can't not write it.

I am your most unhappy and loving, FRANKIE.

ERMINTRUDE, who had been waiting during the long process of the letter's construction, said, "Well, if you're through at last, let's go. Let's not waste the whole afternoon."

"Waste!" sighed Mary Frances. "Waste!" reproached Mary Frances, and followed Ermintrude out of the door, dark old library into the warm fragrant bouquet of June.

On the front porch Ermintrude paused to say again—she had said it several times before—"I just don't see any sense in it."

Mary Frances crooked her arm around Ermintrude's plump waist. "Come on, darling. I'll walk as far as the fire house with you."

"No, but what I mean," explained Ermintrude, as she allowed herself to be led along, "is that if you're going as far as the fire house, I don't see why you can't go on the rest of the way and call on him yourself and tell him yourself about Mr. Carmichael and all, instead of me calling on him and giving him a letter."

"All I can say to that," deplored Mary Frances, "is that if you don't just naturally understand a thing like this, Ermintrude, just naturally understand it, it wouldn't be any use in the world for me to try to explain it to you."

"I'd do as much for you, any time. And, anyway, I don't think it is such an awful lot to do, considering that I'm right in the midst of a life tragedy and everything."

"Mary Frances," said Ermintrude, "are you positively certain that you flunked algebra this morning?"

"That's about the hundredth time you've asked me. What's the use of talking about it all the time?"

"You don't even care, do you, that we won't get our ponies to ride in camp nor anything?"

"I do too care. But I think your father will get yours any way. It wouldn't be right not to get yours just because I flunked."

"The trouble with Daddy," sighed Ermintrude, "is that he always does just exactly what he says he will, and he never does what he says he won't."

"He said if we both passed in everything he'd get us both ponies to ride. And if we had, he'd get the ponies if he'd had to go to Pendleton or some place and steal 'em."

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"He said if we both passed in everything he'd get us both ponies to ride. And if we had, he'd get the ponies if he'd had to go to Pendleton or some place and steal 'em."

"But since you flunked, he won't, and that's all there is to it. I guess I know my own father better than you do."

(To Be Continued)



BY BEN STERN.

WITH unctuous tone and many protestations of fervid desire to serve the people, twenty-six members of the state senate put on a show here Saturday that was, to the initiate, funnier than any revue skit.

Frank R. Kent, well known national political commentator, once wrote, "Insincerity is an essential part of political equipment." The apotheosis of this insincerity was manifested at the Saturday meeting, by all except, perhaps one or two. The remainder showed themselves to be even more than abundantly equipped.

Almost every known proposal for tax relief was suggested, except the one praised most highly by the soundest economists and students of taxation—the income tax.

The senators meeting here shrank from that topic as if it were anathema, and contented themselves with discussions and mouthings of worn phrases regarding the bankruptcy facing the state.

An example of the type of comment made was that of Senator Thollie W. Druley of Boston, known to his colleagues as "Driveling Druley," who said: "A special session would be good for the morale of the people."

Not a word about soup kitchens, nothing about the prospect faced by thousands of small home owners and farmers that their homes and farms may be taken from them next month because of tax delinquency.

It is true that all agreed that a special session is necessary, but few, if any, of those present displayed an intelligent knowledge of what may be a remedy.

All but one or two were loath to embark upon a discussion of a substitute for the present obsolete, unfair and inadequate system.

It was a curious meeting of evasions and subterfuges, and the most apparent when Senator Lee J. Hartzell of Ft. Wayne, senate pro tem, who issued the call, attempted to exclude the press over the protests of others, who declared that "the taxpayers had a right to know what was being discussed."

Hartzell, the friend of lobbyists opposed to the income levy, tried to gavel through a motion to close the doors to all except legislators, only to meet defeat at the hands of Senators Walter Chambers, John Niblack, Frank Southworth and George Sims.

The meeting was disappointing in that the majority present seemed to lack the nerve or mental alertness really to grapple with the problem.

The one saving grace was that all recognized the need for a special session.

The remark which brought the loudest applause was that of Hartzell, who ended a long peroration in favor of every kind of public salary and budget reduction, including that of school teachers, with the statement: "If we don't do it, we are cowards and should resign."

STICKERS

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



ALVIN HAS EVERY CONFIDENCE IN HIS ILLUSTRIOUS UNCLE.

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FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser

—By Crane

—By Small



LOOKIT ALL THIT SWELL I PICKED UP ON TH RAILROAD TRACKS

THAT'S GREAT! NOW WE'LL GET A GOOD FIRE GON' AN' HAVE OUR CLUB HOUSE

NICE AN' WARM—NOT DISSTY!!

Y'SEE THE HOLE IN TH ROOF WILL TAKE CARE OF THE SMOKE—

YOU KNOW, LIKE AN INDIAN'S WIGWAM DOES!!

SURE. IT'S WARM ALREADY!!

SUCKS! A LITTLE SMOKE LIKE THIS WON'T HURT ANYTHING—IT'LL BE BETTER SOON

THE FIRE GETS GON' GOOD!!

I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHOEVER INVENTED SMOKE ANYWAY—

I BETCHA IT WASN'T EDISON!!

I TELL YOU WHAT WE OUGHTA DO—GET DOWN CLOSE TO THE GROUND—IT'S ALWAYS THINNER DOWN THERE!!

COFF—IT'S IN MY EYES—GEE! COFF COFF COFF

DO LIKE I DO, OSCAR—SHUT YOUR EYES AN' KEEP YOUR HEAD ON THE GROUND. COFF

I'M GETTIN' SLEEPY!!

SO AM I!!

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WASHINGTON TUBBS II

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