THREE KINDS of LOVE

BY KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

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

Because of this financial responsibility, Ann, who is 28, is unable to marry PHIL ECROYD, young lawyer to whom she has been engaged for eight years.

Cecily, 22, loves BARRY McKEEL 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. He tries to persuade her to become his stage partner.

Ann and Phil quarrel when she learns LETTY KING, who works in Phil's office building, address him with endearments.

Ann tries to forget Phil by going around with KENNETH SMITH, rich and attentive. Cecily is disturbed when she learns Barry has left town without telling her about it.

Mary-Frances fails in an examination and promises De Armount she will go away with him. Barry returns and Cecily, against her grandfather's command, drives away with him in his car.

Kenneth Smith asks Ann to marry him.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

"NOW, now, Kenny. How would you like it when people came up and asked to meet your mother"

"Baloney! You got too many inhibitions, Ann. You——"

Woul Cecily go home to dress and off again to marry Barry without a word to her? Would Cecily do a cruel thing, like leaving a note? "Angel Ann: Barry and I have been married—"

"Maybe?" Kenny was persisting. "Maybe, Ann?"

"No," Ann said. "No, not maybe." Maybe what?

"Is that right, or fair, or anything? How'd you know what may happen in the future? You might change, mightn't you? It wouldn't hurt you to give me a little hope, would it?

"What is a man going to live for if he can't hope? But you don't care. You don't care how unhappy I am, do you?"

"I care, Kenny. But, after all, who is happy? I don't know anyone who is, except, perhaps, my grandparents.

"I'm beginning to think that young people never are. That they have to wait until they get through caring so desperately about everything and come out to the—well, calm, is it?—on the other side.

"You could make me happy. But you won't. You're beautiful and cruel—that's what you are. Beautiful and cruel. Crueler than you are beautiful."

"Because I remember that four aces beat a full house?"

"Check. But what do you mean—exactly?"

"Possibly I mean that I can keep my values straight."

"And I'm of no value? All right. I may not be four aces, but I'm no four-flusher, either."

# # #

ANN had time to say only, "Of course you aren't. I didn't mean that," before Mr. Redfern came into the office.

He was a thin man with protruding eyes and a long stretch of wrinkled neck between his too-large collar and his nervous chin.

He always tapped a pencil when he talked, and jiggled his foot up and down, and he fretted when he had to listen to other persons talking.

He said to Kenneth, "Don't let me scare you off, young fellow," and to Ann, "Anything new?"

"Nothing" said Ann, "except that Mr. Isanberg was in to see you about renewing the lease. He said he'd come in again at 4 o'clock."

"I met him down the street. I'm waiting for him. You may as well go, if you like, Miss Fenwick. No reason for us both sticking around here." He reached for the telephone.

Ann said, "May I get the number for you, Mr. Redfern?" and nodded at Kenny.

"I'll wait outside for you," he said, and went scowling to the door and out of it.

Mr. Redfern explained that he had thought of calling Black & Mauer, but guessed it wouldn't do any good.

"I called them this morning. They said they'd have to let the discount go—that they didn't have the money to take advantage of it this month."

Mr. Redfern sighed and tapped his pencil. "By the way, Miss Fenwick, since you brought up the matter of the lease, I guess I might as well tell you one time as another. Been meaning to tell you quite a bit now. I'm not going to renew."

"No?" said Ann, without understanding.

"Can't do it." Mr. Redfern jiggled his foot as if he had a child riding on it. "Can't struggle along with this overhead . . ."

Presently Ann understood. It was confused with what Mrs. Redfern had said and had been saying for a long time, and with the basement in the Redfern house, and with old customers who were still to be served, but one fact emerged clearly—in August Ann would be out of a job.

# # #

KENNY said, "Gosh, this is great! Good scout, your boss—though I'd like to choke him. Where'll we go? What'll we do? How about the houseboat and a swim?"

"No. I have to go home."

"'Smatter?"

"Everything."

"Gee, Ann, I'm sorry. On the square I am. I'll just run across the bridge here and back over the other one. Ride will do you good. That old crook say something to bother you, in there?"

"Yes—he did. He's going out of business, for a time, at least—except what he can carry on from his house. It means I'm out of a job—or will be, in August."

"Speaking of jobs," said Kenny, "I know of one that I'd like to have you consider. The hours are long, but the duties are—how do they say it?—comparatively light. Fact—about all you'd have to do is put up with me hanging around and have your cards engraved Mrs. Keneth Homer Smith."

For one silly minute Ann had hoped. The disappointment, administered suddenly, demanded reprisal.

"That is simply absurd," she said. "I've told you so often. If you don't stop boring and bothering me about it all the time I'll stop seeing you I think I shall anyway.

"You've agreed over and over to be friends—but you won't try to be. You have no conception of friendship—nor of anything but having your own way. I told you I wished to go straight home. Here we are, going across the river."

He went down under it. In his wail, "Ann, don't say that. Ann, I try. Ann, I'd die for you, this minute. I'd gladly die for you this minute" there was a tragic-comic youthfulness that made Ann sad and ashamed.

"I'm sorry I was mean, Kenny. It is all right. But I am so—so frightfully worried today."

"Something else besides the job?"

"Yes. Ever so many things. I'd rather not talk about them, though. Please."

# # #

THEY had crossed the wide, beautiful bridge and had come into the dingy district where shabby men milled about sidewalk blackboards in front of employment offices; where poverty protruded like a bony elbow through a ragged sleeve, and want, desperate, skulked like a starved cat and mewed and clawed.

From the door of a charitable organization a queue had formed, had crept almost to the corner, and Ann thought of it as the gently lashing tail of a monster, dozing now, but soon to waken and spring on its prey.

Even Kenneth had to drive charily through this district. He did not speak until they had come to the greens of the trees and the shadowed grass in the park blocks.

"Ann," h pleaded, "I just want to tell you one or two more little things, and then I'll promise not to open the subject again. Will you listen while I tell you just one or two more little things?"

"I suppose so," said Ann.

"I know I'm dumb," said Kenney, "and as homely as a hen's foot, but I'm not deaf nor blind, if I do say it. I know you have worries, Ann. I've known it all along. But what can I do? Nothing."

"Of course you can't," Ann said. "Forget about it, Kenny. That's all right."

"No, it's not all right. But, listen, Ann. You said you'd listen. It's not so hot, bragging about money and so on—but I have wads of it, and it is all yours for the taking.

"Of course, I know money isn't everything. In fact, I know it isn't much of anything—but it does help, Ann. Honest, it does help—lots of times."

"Yes," said Ann. "I believe it does."

"What I mean is—you don't hate me, do you?"

"I like you a lot. But I don't love you a bit."

# # #

"NEVER mind rubbing it in. What I was going to say was—outside the fact that I love you enough for two and all—that maybe you could sort of look at it unselfishly.

"I mean—there's your sisters and your grandparents. Not counting yourself, Ann, there wouldn't be much of anything you couldn't do for your folks. Your little sister, for instance. She's a peach. You'd like to put her in the best girls' school in the country—or over in Switzerland or some place, wouldn't you? And you'd like for her to have everything just as good as other girls—pretty clothes, and nice places to go, and travel and all.

Same with Cecily. Barry hasn't much, and we could help them out in lots of ways, and they'd never know we were doing it. Barry's kind of high-hat, I mean.

"And then the old people—we could give them every comfort and luxury. All like that. If you hated me, Ann, it would be different.

"But, since you don't, it seems as if you might get a big kick out of making me happy and doing things for the family and making them happy. Unselfish. Presents, and opportunities and everything. You'd like it, Ann."

# # #

AFTER a few blocks Kenny said, "You won't even answer me, will you?"

"Kenny, you tease so. You make me nervous. You bother so. I don't wish to be bothered. I'm troubled enough. I want to go home. I told you I wanted to go home. I have a headache."

"We'll stop at a drug store and get a bromo or something."

"No. I don't want a bromo nor anything. Thank you."

"But what's the use of suffering when you don't have to?"

"I don't want a bromo."

Kenny sighed and frowned. "Well, here's another thing—"

Ann put her hand on his arm. "Please, Kenny. Talk about something else. I don't want to hear any more about that—please."

"Well, of course, if you won't even let a man talk—"

Ann did not answer. She had just given Mary-Frances a fur coat in a big box.

"Anyway, answer this one question. Just one question. Answer it yes or no. Will you think it over?"

"No," said Ann. "I won't."

(To Be Continued)

BILL SEEKS TO CLARIFY PRESIDENCY SUCCESSION

House Committee Sees Need for Correcting Deficiency.

By Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—The house committee on election of President, Vice-President and members of congress probably will report out a lame duck amendment differing somewhat from that of Senator Norris, passed by the senate.

The house committee is anxious that the amendment fix more definitely the succession to the presidency under certain circumstances.

It probably will adopt an amendment providing for succession to the presidency in case the President-elect fails to qualify. Members point out that the President-elect might be detained forcibly from Washington, might be ill and unconscious, or might otherwise be prevented from taking the oath of office at the appointed time, and that the Constitution contains no provision for meeting these contingencies.

STICKERS

SAW LADS CHEER

Can you rearrange the above letters to form the name of a famous statesman of the present time?

Answer for Yesterday

C	R	O	W
L	O	R	E
O	P	A	L
T	E	L	L

Here is the completed word square. The only letters which were correctly placed are shown in circles.

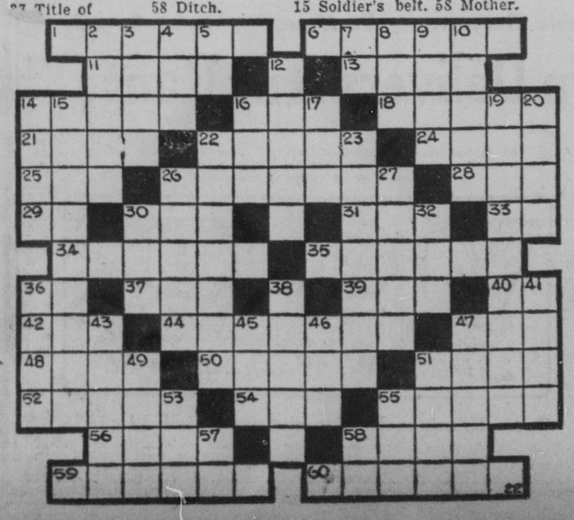
YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

HORIZONTAL

1 What country divides Germany into two parts?
6 In what state is Astoria, salmon fishery center?
11 To rant.
13 To affirm.
14 To abolish.
16 To shoot.
18 Lighted coal.
21 Story.
22 Pertaining to the cheek.
24 Caterpillar hair.
25 Unit.
26 Distended.
28 Not bright.
29 Doctor of Medicine.
30 Fowl.
31 To plant.
33 Bone.
34 Thought.
35 Contradiction.
36 Deity.
37 Title of courtesy.
39 Mesh of lace.
40 Paid publicity.
42 Shelter.
44 Behest.
47 Eye tumor.
48 Delivered.
50 Sinister glances.
51 To run away.
52 To rub out.
54 Moccasin.
55 Nails.
56 Sour.
58 Ditch.
59 Scalp disease.
60 Attorney.

VERTICAL

2 Bishop's scarf.
3 Tardy.
4 Farewell!
5 Northeast.
7 Sun god.
8 Night before.
9 Jewels.
10 Round.
12 Grinding tooth.
14 Particle.
15 Soldier's belt.
16 Chum.
17 Lump of butter.
19 Blanched.
20 Battering machines.
22 Iron.
23 Considers as an affront.
26 Coarse cotton fabric.
27 Recipient of a gift.
30 Pronoun.
32 Humor.
36 Otherwise.
38 Perfect pattern.
41 Colors fabric.
43 Growing out.
45 Fiber knots.
46 Part of a circle.
47 Roofing material.
49 Russian ruler.
51 Contest.
53 Silkworm.
55 To nod.
57 Toward.
58 Mother.



OUR BOARDING HOUSE —By Ahern

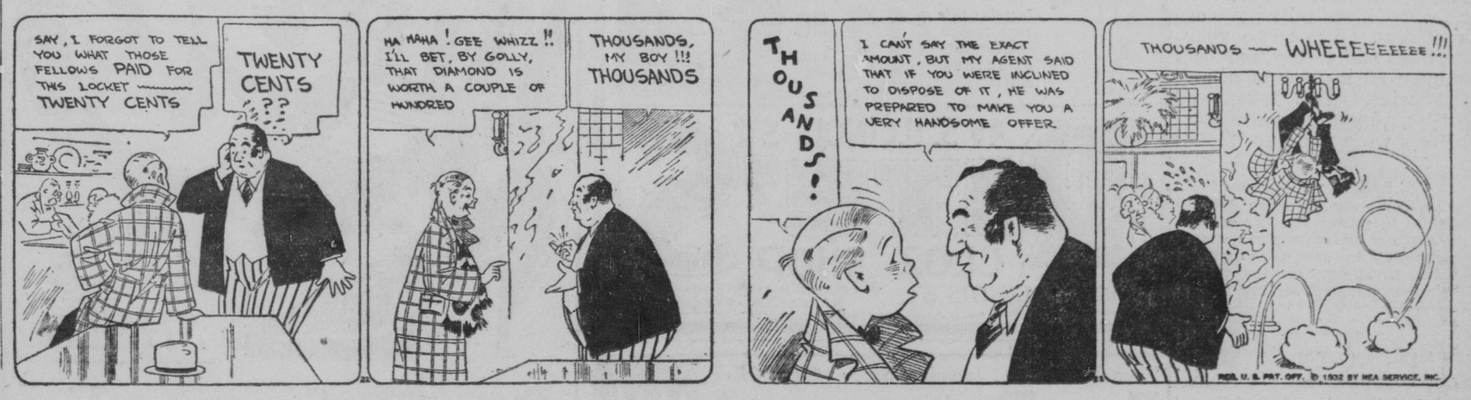
OUT OUR WAY —By Williams

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

As Tarzan's fingers closed upon the shaggy throat, with the other hand he seized the wrist of the arm that swung the club. With equal celerity he shot his right leg behind the shaggy brute. Then throwing his weight forward, he hurled the thing over his hip heavily to the ground. At the same time he threw his own massive body upon the other's chest.

With the shock of the impact the club fell from the brute's hand and Tarzan's hold was wrenched from its throat. Instantly the two were locked in a death-like embrace. The creature bit repeatedly at the ape-man but without much effect as its canines were not the sharp teeth of a flesh-eating beast. What Tarzan had most to guard against was that sinuous tail.

Time and again the creature sought to wrap its tail around Tarzan's throat, and against this method of fighting experience had afforded the ape-man no defense. Struggling and snarling, the two rolled growling about the ground. First one was on top and then the other, each most occupied in defending his throat and wind pipe against the other's choking grasp.

Presently the ape-man saw his opportunity. As they rolled about beneath the tree he forced the hairy pithecanthropus closer and closer to the pool upon the banks of which the battle was progressing. At last they lay upon the very verge of the water. Now it remained for Tarzan to precipitate them both beneath the surface, but in such a way that he might remain on top.