THREE KINDS of LOVE

BY KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

ANN and CECILY FENWICK 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-Frences, 15, and still in school, believes herself in love with EARL DE ARMOUNT, vaudeville actor whom she has met without knowledge of her sisters. He urges her to leave home and become his stage partner.

Ann and Phil quarrel when she hears LETTY KING, who works in Phil's office building, address him with endearments. Ann tries to forget Phil by going about with KENNETH SMITH, rich and attentive.

Mary-Frances, 15, and still in school, Dr Armount. The same day Cecily quarrels with her grandfather and drives away with Barry in his car.

Kenneth Smith asks Ann to marry him and she refuses.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER FORTY

OPPORTUNITIES for Mary-Frances, for Cissy. Cissy could marry, conscience clear, and be happy.

What right did Ann have to refuse all this, simply because she did not desire it for herself? Or did she, perhaps, desire it? She never had before thought of it seriously. She couldn't do the boy any harm.

He did not love her—but he thought that he did. He loved himself so dearly that he could not bear to deny himself anything.

The trouble was that marrying this funny boy was just one of those things that could not be done—not for money, nor for any reason.

Suppose Grand were ill again this winter? Suppose Cecily might be married, right now. They had not bought their fuel for the coming winter. They had paid only half of the taxes last March. How soon could she find another position, with times as they were right now?

People did do mad things. People did do things like saying suddenly, "Very well. Drive to the city hall and get a license and we'll be married right away." There was a phrase—"within the hour."

Suppose she were to say that? Suppose she simply opened her mouth and allowed the words to come out? They what would happen? The minister. The ceremony. "Honor and obey——"

She looked furtively at Kenneth. She looked longer, and drew in a deep breath and released it with a giggle, clear and antiseptic. She had been having a melodramatic dream, a bad dream, and she had come suddenly awake.

"What's the joke?" Kenny demanded.

"Nothing. I just thought of something amusing."

"Well. Headache better?" he asked, but with no solicitude.

"Much better," she said, and thought, "it would tell like a dream. Cissy, I dreamed last night that I was going to marry Kenny Smith. It seemed as if I had to, to get a fur coat for Mary-Frances, and the winter's wood.

'But when we stood before the minister, and I was just ready to promise to honor and obey, why, Kenny turned into that puppy Mary-Frances used to have. You remember—we called him 'Scowls.' He was yellow and pouty, and Grand thought he gave him asthma.

"I said to the minister, 'I can't marry him.' And the minister said, 'One, two, three. I knew all the time you couldn't. Out goes she.'

And Phil, who had been sort of in the background, all the time—" Ann passed, corrected carefully, "Phil and Letty," and forgot about the dream.

# # #

AT 2 o'clock on this same Wednesday afternoon Mary-Frances and Earl De Armount met, according to previously made arrangements, at the corner of Spruce street and Fenwick avenue.

There they held converse, earnest but brief, and there they parted. Earl made his way alone to the suburb's business center, and Mary-Frances, though she longed to go home, returned, discretion's victim, to Ermintrude Hill's house.

Ermintrude, sitting on the front porch, gloomily and slowly shelling green peas, saw her friend approaching, jumped up, spilled a lapful of pods, and rushed to meet her.

"Darling!" she exclaimed, "I just knew you'd come to your senses and think about me and everything. I just knew it! One of my——"

"It's his brown striped suit," said Mary-Frances. "The cleaners promised to have it ready by noon, but it isn't out yet, and we'll have to wait until 4. I'm going to meet him again at 4."

"No!" declared Ermintrude. "Darling—no, please," entreated Ermintrude. "It is just terrible. And, like I said——"

"I promised. He took my sister's bag."

"Well, you kept your promise, didn't you? You promised to meet him at two. It isn't your fault, is it, if he can't even have his clothes ready to wear or anything?

"Now, listen, Mary-Frances. You help me with these old peas, and then I'll go with you, and we'll get your sister's bag, and—"

"I promised again to meet him at 4. I'm going. I'm sorry if it all comes back on you, but I guess it won't.

"Anyway, I have to live my own life, I guess, and carve my own career and all. I don't know where he took Cissy's bag."

A car had parked behind the pink roses at the curb.

Ermintrude looked up and saw it and squealed high, "It's Uncle Chaney! It's Uncle Chaney—" and was halfway down the walk to meet him.

Uncle Chaney, indeed, and no other, straight from his ranch and a Dickens' novel, baskets (hampers, one should say) in hand; shirt-blue eyes in a round, red face, china-white teeth in a pretty pink plate, beaming, twinkling, "Ho-hoing!" makig all the right gestures, doing all the right things, and thoroughly well pleased with the world and himself.

# # #

MRS. HILL came, and there were more greetings, and kisses, and laughter, and Mary-Frances on lagging legs followed the three into Mrs. Hill's chastely charming yellow-and-white kitchen.

Uncle Chaney heaved the hampers to the table's shining top and said, for the third time, "Essie figured if I was going to camp on you folks, I'd better bring a little something along," and Mrs. Hill and Ermintrude began to dip into the baskets, and take things out, and exclaim, and say that Essie shouldn't have—the idea!—and that Uncle Chaney shouldn't have, and "Salt rising bread!" and "enough for a regiment for a month," and all that sort of thing.

Chickens, spring ones, ready to fry; two quarts of Jersey cream as yellow as cheese; chubby brown cookies, crooked with raisins; and angel-food cake, lacking only wings, and strawberries, early picked with the dew on them, and fragrant in fresh green leaves.

Sweet butter packed in a fat, brown crock; white lettuce, crisp as paper; curving green cucumbers; holly-red tomatoes, and fascinating things in glasses that Essie just put in 'cause she wanted you folks to sample 'em—she didn't know how good they were.

All these, and more, too, were fed to the refrigerator, and plans were afoot for strawberry shortcake with whipped cream, and Mary-Frances watched and listened, faint and forlorn.

Since breakfast Mary-Frances had eaten one salted wafer. She and Ermintrude had lunched together. When Ermintrude's cousin Esther had been married she had not eaten one bite—the cousin, Esther, that is, of course—for two whole days preceding the event.

Ermintrude's standards were high. Ermintrude's tongue was a just tongue. For years and years afterward Ermintrude would say, if she could say it truthfully: "We were together all that day, and she was in a land of dreams. Nothing could persuade her to eat a bite."

Mrs. Hill looked at Mary-Frances and thought that the child seemed miserable and said, "You'll stay and have dinner with us, won't you, Mary-Frances?"

"I—I can't, thank you," said Mary-Frances, weakly. Oh, so weakly!

"Yes, but you must. All this company food needs company."

# # #

"I—CANT. Grand isn't very well. I'll be needed at home." Mrs. Hill said, "You know best, dear, if that is the case," and felt meanly humbled. Here she had been wondering of late about the complete desirability of the little Fenwick girl as playmate for Ermintrude.

She knew that Mary-Frances was a nice little girl; still, she had been planning to encourage Ermintrude toward other friendships during the summer.

And, all the while, the poor little bunny was perfectly sweet, with a real sense of responsibility and a capacity for sacrifice that Mrs. Hill feared even Ermintrude might be unable to match.

Uncle Chaney sugested, "Maybe the little girls would relish a slice of the cake." (He wanted to see it cut, the fox, and hear the exclamations over the white velvet of its texture.)

"Essie said the oven was acting up a little, but I shouldn't wonder if it would be fit to eat, anyway."

Mrs. Hill hesitated only a second before she said bravely (after all, it was Uncle Chaney's cake, though she had intended to have shortcake tonight and save the angel food for tomorrow, when she might ask the Mercers in), "Bring me the cake knife, please, honey."

Honey brought the cake knife in a flash. Mary-Frances walked toward the door. Large virtue lies within a man who knows his own limitations. "Don't cut any for me, thank you, Mrs. Hill," she said. "I—don't care for any right now."

"I'll have a piece," said Ermintrude.

"No, you wont," said Mrs. Hill. "You take some cookies."

Cookies in hand, Ermintrude joined Mary-Frances on the front porch. She said, "You do love him, don't you, Mary-Frances? I mean, you do really love him, deeply and truly and everything," and took another large bite, and crumbs fell where they listed.

"Um," said Mary-Frances, and looked away; perhaps into a roseate, ovation-flooded future—perhaps into a pantry or an ice box.

The cookies crunched and crunched.

"Love," said Mary-Frances furiously, "is, well, it's just a perfectly thrilling, awful thing. It's—well, just perfectly awful, I mean."

"Um," said Ermintrude, and licked her fingers.

(To Be Continued)

Mr. Fixit

Write your troubles to Mr. Fixit. He is The Times representative at the city hall and will be glad to present your case to the proper city officials. Write him in care of The Times signing your full name and address. Name will not be published.

Mr. Fixit—On May 2, 1925, I paid to the Marion county treasurer's office the sum of $5.50, which was a special assessment for the extension and opening of Congress avenue between California and Ethel streets. Nearly seven years has elapsed and, as far as I can see, not a single step has been made to open up the street as provided for in the assessment. No doubt all other property owners on Congress avenue west of the 600 block paid a similar assessment and are wondering if this project ever is going to be put through, and if not, why we should not have our money back with interest. M. C. F.

Officials of the works board explain that Congress avenue officially was opened by resolution from the west property line of the first alley west of Shriver avenue to the east line of California on May 5, 1925, the original resolution having been adopted Sept. 5, 1923. The term "opening" a street merely means that it is platted with the recorder as a street. Before it is paved, a separate petition, signed by affected resident property owners, must be presented to the works board. A blank petition may be obtained at the board office, city hall.

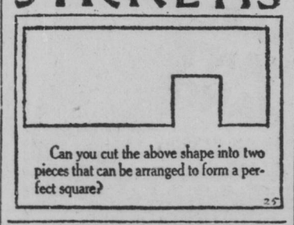
Mr. Fixit—There are some bad holes in the road at Thirty-second street and Euclid avenue, at Thirty-second street and Drexel avenue, and just north of Thirty-second on Drexel. MRS. F. D.

Street Commissioner W. H. Winship has promised to investigate this complaint.

Mr. Fixit—Please see about getting some cinders for the alley between Sanders and Orange streets. At 331 Sanders street alley is full of deep holes. H. D. M.

This request has been referred to Street Commissioner W. H. Winship for action.

STICKERS



Can you cut the above shape into two pieces that can be arranged to form a perfect square?

Answer for Yesterday

SAW LADS CHEER CHARLES DAWES

Above is the name of the famous statesman, formed by rearranging the letters in "saw lads cheer."

HORIZONTAL

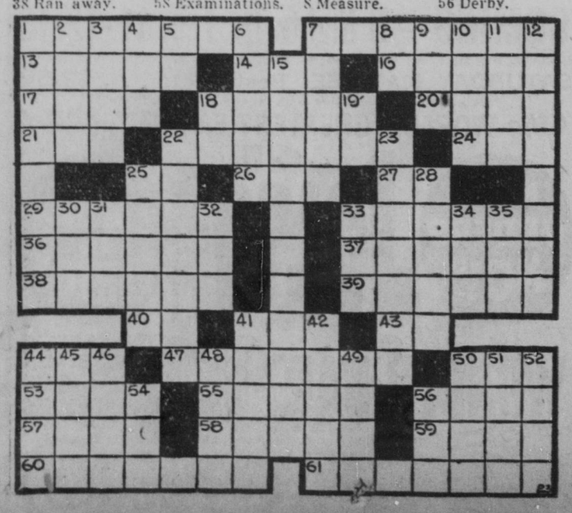
1 Where will the Republicans nominate their presidential candidate?
7 In what state did the governor recently parole more than 1,000 prisoners?
13 To cheat.
14 Cover.
16 Rustic.
17 Always.
18 Intellects.
20 To tip.
21 Aye.
22 Dogs.
24 Beer.
25 Doctor.
26 To woo.
27 Postscript.
29 Closer.
33 Musical composition.
36 To deny.
37 Sprang up.
38 Ran away.
39 Upright support.
40 Half an em.
41 Spot on a card.
43 Exists.
44 God of the sky.
46 Driveled.
50 Chum.
53 Box.
55 Habitual.
56 One's own house.
57 Above.
58 Examinations.
59 On the lee.
60 Reparation.
61 Church officials.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

POLAND OREGON
RAVE M AVER
ABATE POP EMBER
TALE MALAR SETA
ONE DILATED DIM
MD HEN R SOW OS
OPINED DENIAL
EL SIR I NET AD
LEE MANDATE STY
SENT LEERS FLEE
ERASE PAC BRADS
TART L MOAT
KERION LAWYER

VERTICAL

1 Capital of Wyoming.
2 Hoisted.
3 Frosts.
4 Mongrel.
5 Like.
6 Medleys.
7 Putrid.
8 Measure.
9 Still.
10 Air.
11 Shaded walk.
12 Altering.
15 Busy.
18 Missouri.
19 Southeast.
22 To claim.
23 Resembling a spore.
25 To hang.
28 Clips.
30 Snaky fish.
31 Since.
32 Scarlet.
33 Tree fluid.
34 Snake.
35 Golf device.
41 Attitudes.
42 Charts.
44 Acidity.
45 Hub.
46 Consumed.
48 Wheel tracks.
49 Otherwise.
50 Game.
51 So be it.
52 Dregs.
54 To sin.
56 Derby.



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

Slowly but surely Tarzan succeeded in forcing the hairy pithecanthropus nearer the water's edge. Suddenly there came within range of his vision just behind the prostrate form of his companion, the man-thing, the crouching, devil-faced figure of a striped saber-tooth hybrid. It was eyeing the ape-man with snarling, malevolent face.

Tarzan's shaggy antagonist, too, saw the menacing figure of the great cat. Immediately he ceased his warfare against the ape-man. Jabbering and chattering, he tried now merely to disengage himself from Tarzan's hold. Appreciating the danger to his unconscious companion lying near the tree, and anxious to protect him from the saber-tooth, the ape-man let go his hold upon his adversary and together the two leaped to their feet.

Drawing his knife, Tarzan moved slowly toward the still body of his companion, the man-thing. In so doing, he expected the hairy pithecanthropus would grasp the opportunity for escape. To his surprise, however, the fellow, after regaining his club, followed close at Tarzan's side. The great cat crouched, flattened, motionless save for twitching tail and snarling lips, some fifty feet beyond the prostrate man-thing.

Stepping over the body of the latter, Tarzan saw its eyes quiver and open. Tarzan felt a sense of relief in seeing that the creature still lived, for in his savage breast there was a strong bond of attachment already for this strange new friend. Only a second he paused and then continued to approach the saber-tooth. Again to his surprise he found that the shaggy pithecanthropus continued to stick close beside him.