

THREE KINDS of LOVE

BY KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

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ANN HERE TODAY
Ann and CECILY PENWICK have for years been the best of friends. Their younger sisters, MARY-FRANCES, and their grandparents, known as "RO-SALIE AND MUD," are the best of friends. Because of this financial responsibility, Ann's wife is a young woman, PHIL ECHYED, young, answer to whom she has been engaged for eight years. Cecily, however, is a young woman, an engineer, but when he proposes, she refuses to name their wedding date for the time being.

MARY-FRANCES, 15, and still in school, before her, is her mother, MARY ARMOUR, a vaudeville actress whom she has met without the knowledge of her father. He has left in his absence and become his stage partner.

ANN and Phil quarrel when she hears LARRY KELLY, a stock broker's office

buildings, address him with endearments. Ann tries to forgive him by pointing out that he is a good man and a good wife.

MARY-FRANCES agrees to go away with him. The same day Cecily quarrels with her grandfather and drives away. He has left in his absence.

Kenneth Smith asks Ann to marry him, and she refuses.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

THE front hall, when Ann came into it, was chill and dim and dusty as usual, and poked through a hook on the hall rack was the note Anna fearfully had expected.

Her only thought, as she reached for it, was that it had been odd of Cecily to put it there, where either Grand or Rosalie might have found it first, instead of pinning it to the pillow prescribed by convention.

She had read the "Dear, dear girls," and through the first lines before she realized that the note was not from Cecily. She had to go back and begin it over again.

"Dear, dear girls: Mrs. Carmichael felt that fresh air would be beneficial for Grand's weakened condition, so she has very kindly taken us for an outing in their car.

"We are to call for Mr. Carmichael and, according to their delightful plans, to go on and dine with Mr. and Mrs. Day in that quaint, charming place where they live. Guests are always welcome there, if notification is given in advance.

"As I write, dear Grand declares that he feels almost himself again. However, all things considered, I feel that for some reasons than one, our absence from home this evening would be best for us all.

"Darlings, do not misunderstand your Rosalie. Our hearts are wide open to our three, as always. Only Grand's physical strength, not his brave spirit, is being taken into consideration.

"And, this for you, Cecily dear. All day we had hoped and hoped to hear from you. We were disappointed, but—"

About there Ann stopped reading, and folded the paper carefully in her fingers and dropped it on the floor and ran, too fast, up the stairs and down the hall to Cecily's room.

Cecily was not there, nor had she been there since her hurried departure from it that morning. Ann patted the pillows and turned them over and searched the pin-cushion before she went to her own room.

No note was to be found. She returned to Cecily's room, and hung the lime pajamas on a hook, and made the bed, and tidied, aimlessly, and told herself over and over that Cecily would have to come home, that she could not go about, anywhere, in her old blue bathrobe and green satin mules.

FRIGHTENED, suddenly, at the notion that the telephone might ring and she might fail to hear it, she ran downstairs and there became foolishly, all but undeniably lonesome.

She had a mind, she had a good mind to run over to the Hills for half an hour—visit with Mrs. Hill, see Mary-Frances and ask about the history examination. But suppose Cecily should come home while she was away?

She could leave a note, "Cecily, I've run over to see Mrs. Hill." But why should she go to see Mrs. Hill? Cecily might, and fairly, think it odd that Ann should choose today to go paying neighborhood calls.

People could go into shops and buy clothes—dresses and shoes and stockings and hats—but they could not go shopping in bathrobes and slippers.

Was Barry the sort who could shop in ladies' wear departments? Who could do so? One could never tell? Cecily wouldn't be so extravagant. Cecily had no money. Barry's money—Cecily surely wouldn't? One never could tell.

Thinking of money: "Not so hot, talking about money, . . . I've wads of it, Ann, and all yours" . . . That had been a bad dream.

Deliberately she had turned it into a dream—a funny, doggy

HORIZONTAL

1 Picture.

6 What state did Ponce de Leon discover?

8 Monk's cowl.

9 Fungus on decaying fruit.

11 Debated.

12 Kentucky is famous for its—?

14 Small salamander.

15 Bag-like part.

16 To mind.

18 Plural of—?

19 The earth.

21 Oak.

23 Stir.

24 Crustic.

25 Bent.

26 Payment demands.

28 To build.

29 To discharge.

30 Mud in running water.

32 Some.

SATURDAY'S ANSWER

11 Obtained from the poppy.

12 Sets.

13 Crowded.

14 Breeding place.

15 Formation having a saw edge.

17 Too long.

18 Father.

19 Pedal digit.

20 Social insect.

22 Where is the corner?

27 Taking all the tricks in bridge.

3 Correlative of either.

4 Government by property owners.

31 Weight allowance.

33 The crystal-line— is in the eye?

35 Source of indigo.

36 Fees.

38 To total.

40 Form of "A."

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