

# THREE KINDS of LOVE

BY KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR  
"No, I think not," Joe Hill told Ann over the telephone. "The garage people said that he mentioned Blumount for tonight, and his lady said she heard him say that he was going to Blumount."

"There is a popular resort there, known. They may have gone there for—well, first, and planned to go north later. I don't know what it's worth, but his lady said he seemed a decent enough fellow—quiet at least, and not a drinker nor a drug addict."

"She claimed to like him. Said he paid his bills. I couldn't get anything around the theater—nobody seemed to know anything about him. I'll be getting along now."

"I think I'll start scouting the highways. Heard from Uncle Chaney?"

"He called. But only to find out about the make of the car."

"All right. Don't give up hope. I'll call later."

The telephone bell.

"Miss Fenwick, Ermintrude says that the man said he was only 22 years old. That is better, isn't it, than if he were older? And, dear, from what Ermintrude says, I am sure that as yet everything has been—well, perfectly harmless."

"As yet," said Ann.

"Yes. But she's only a child, and we'll get her home again. We'll find ways to keep her happy and sweet. She'll forget."

"I want so much to help you, later. I've been thinking of ways I can help—when we get her home again—if you'll let me. I must. I—I Well, I'll call you later."

Ann thought, "Now, isn't that odd? That pretty, fat little Mrs. Hill is crying, and I'm not crying at all."

The telephone bell.

"Hello. Hello, Walnut 5847? Hold the line, please. Long distance is calling Miss Fenwick from Cut-ter."

Cutter? What a queer name. Where was there a place named Cutter? Perhaps Mary-Frances was sorry. Had changed her mind. Dear, dear God, if you will, please."

"Here's your party. Go ahead, please."

"Hello. Hello. Oh, that you Miss Fenwick? This is Hostetter speak—Chaney Hostetter. I'm out here at a place named Fenwick—no, Cutter, I mean.

"Well, the constable says that a couple passed through here this evening going lickety-cut in a car as described. About 6 o'clock. Lickety-cut—he could just see that it was a fellow and a girl. Of course, there are lots of yellow cars and all still, I don't know. Heard from Joe?"

"Yes. He says that the man did have a desk that he said he had to return to Denver, and that he has taken it with him."

"UG-HUH? Well, I kind of thought that from the first. Now, what I was thinking was that I might as well come in and get hold of Joe and—well, kind of put this thing up to the police after all."

"If that was them passing through here in the yellow car, they're headed for Denver—but it isn't going to do much good for me to trail along after them, three hours behind, in his broken down old boat of mine."

"We could get telegrams going on ahead—India, Mendel Springs, Topknob Point—I got a road map here—so on. What do you think?"

"Oh, yes. I think yes. Perhaps I'd best get in touch with the police right away and not wait for Mr. Hill."

"Haven't heard yet from the folks that went to Blumount?"

"No. I don't understand. I'm expecting to call every second now. There must have been time."

"Well, I'll tell you what. You wait till you hear from the folks at Blumount. There's a dog's chance from that direction."

"If I was you, I'd wait and let Joe or me go to the police. It's a man's job, not a lady's. If you hear from Joe, you tell him what I said. I'll come right on in now."

Ann waited.

The telephone bell.

"Miss Fenwick, I was thinking. Mr. Ercroyd is a lawyer, isn't he? If he knows the district attorney, and we do have to go to the police,

HORIZONTAL  
1 What is the highest order of Mammals?  
2 Belonging to winter  
3 Northwest.  
4 Type of aero-plane.  
5 Forbidding.  
6 Era.  
7 Pronoun.  
8 To depart by boat.  
9 Devoured.  
10 Ink stain.  
11 Outer vest-ment worn by clergy.  
12 Wall of the stomach of the ox.  
13 Plaintive moans.  
14 Cowardly.  
15 Made of oatmeal.  
16 Formed a coalition.  
17 Above.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER  
notes.  
1 DUAL PEST  
2 RENNET HEGIRA  
3 SATIATE ENGLISH  
4 APES SLEET ANSA  
5 VROT LAD AGE EM  
6 AS NOR'S EWE SM  
7 NEW DICTION PAL  
8 NEAR DRESS TORT  
9 ANNUI ERAL LASO  
10 TREMA GUILLE SLAS  
11 SAGES OPALS GORY  
12 LATE LESSENS  
13 CORNWALLS, 1781  
14 VERTICAL  
1 Fowl disease.  
2 To narrate.  
3 Elegy.  
4 Hair on a horse's neck.  
5 Beer.  
6 Half an em.  
7 To make less distressing.  
8 Pronoun.  
9 Scene of the surrender of

10 Store, as in a granary.  
11 To mature.  
12 Splinter.  
13 Expected.  
14 Was appropriate to.  
15 Jacket plated with steel.  
16 Shameless.  
17 To remove a beard with a razor.  
18 Large cask.  
19 Drone bee.  
20 Last word of a prayer.  
21 Bee line.  
22 Last word of inquiry.  
23 To feel indignant displeasure.  
24 Scene of the surrender of

25 26 Large cask.  
26 27 Refrigerator  
27 Guided.  
28 29 Drone bee.  
29 30 Last word of a prayer.  
30 31 Bee line.  
31 32 Last word of inquiry.  
32 33 To feel indignant displeasure.  
33 34 Scene of the surrender of

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mightn't he be able to keep it out of the paper?"

"I thought of that, Mrs. Hill. He's a friend of the district attorney's. But he isn't at home. I can't reach him. But Mr. Hostetter just telephoned, and he said . . ."

"O, I don't know, dear," Mrs. Hill disputed, when Ann had finished telling her what Uncle Chaney had said. "No, I don't know. To me it seems so important to keep it absolutely quiet."

"Not as important as getting her home again. No. Not nearly."

"Well, dear—yes. More important, in some ways. It isn't as if she didn't have to go on with her life, and her school and so on, right here in Portland."

"Hello!"

"Hello, Ann—"

Ann swayed a trifle and caught hold of the telephone box.

"—this is Mary-Frances."

(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.

Anonymous complaints do not receive attention from Mr. Fixit. While Mr. Fixit helps requests that names not be used, it is necessary that names and addresses of complainants be signed to letters.

For this reason Mr. Fixit is a letter signed. "Residents of Bradbury avenue," complaining of "big, brute, coarse dogs running wild on Bradbury avenue." The letter also fails to give the location on Bradbury avenue, which extends from the 900 to the 3000 block.

If the letter is rewritten, giving names and addresses, section of the street in question, and, if possible, names of owners of the dogs, Mr. Fixit gladly will co-operate by referring the matter to the police department.

## LIFE-SAVING DRUG IS 5 MINUTES TOO LATE

Famous Woman Doctor Succumbs to Addison's Disease.

By United Press

ROCK ISLAND, Ill., Jan. 28.—Dr. E. Franc Morrill, famous woman physician, died of Addison's disease here Tuesday, five minutes before arrival of a rare drug which might have saved her life.

While she was breathing her last in a hospital, Dr. Edward de Silva was rushing to her with a package of cortin extract, which had arrived by air mail a moment before.

"But what will we do? What will we do? I don't care what any one says, I'm going to the police I'm—"

"Wait, Ann. Barry says his uncle knows a man who could keep it out of the papers."

"I can't stand it any longer. We need real help."

"But you have to, as Barry says, it isn't as if the police could reach right out and get her immediately. They can't. But just one little paragraph about Jonathan Fenwick's granddaughter, and Mary-Frances will be beyond the pale. Barry says—"

"I don't care what Barry says. She may be somewhere this minute, frightened, crying, trapped—"

"You're thinking about moving pictures."

"How can you?"

"Ann, I don't want to be mean. But she is my sister, too, and—"

"Wait. Some one is at the front door. It might be—"

She ran to the door and wrenched it open.

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