

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 landlady said she heard him say that he was going to Blumount."

"There is a popular resort there, you know. They may have gone there for—well, first, and planned to go north later. I don't know what it's worth, but his landlady 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—no body 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 5845? Hold the line, please. Long distance is calling Miss Pennywick from Cutter."

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 speaking—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."

"U-G-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, the fellow 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—Erna, Mendel Springs, Topknot 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 it. I'm expecting a 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. Ecroyd is a lawyer, isn't he? If he knows the district attorney, and we do have to go to the police,

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."

"BUT she doesn't. She wouldn't. At all. I could take her away—anywhere. I've had an opportunity lately—I've decided, positively, this evening to accept it."

"I can take her some place where it has never been heard of. We can live there—always. Switzerland—anywhere. I can take good care of her. Give her things—"

"I know. But she is so young. And scandals do follow—come up—"

"Only, you see, Mrs. Hill," Ann's voice was low and formal, "scandals don't matter. You—she is my sister. My baby sister. You see—that is all that matters. She is my baby sister."

"And I have to get her back. I have to get her with me and take care of her. You take good care of Ermintrude, Mary-Frances is my baby sister and—"

"Dear, I know. I know," Mrs. Hill was crying again. "But it is her life, not yours. You haven't heard from Blumount, of course?"

"No, but—"

"Wait, at least, until you do. Wait until Joe comes back, and we'll all talk it over again together. Please. I'm older than you are. Such things—I—Well, I'll call you later."

Ann waited.

The telephone bell.

"Hello, Walnut 5845? Long distance calling Miss Pennywick from Proutville."

"I am Miss Pennywick."

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

"Ann, they aren't at Blumount."

"Are you sure? Cissy, are you sure?"

"Yes."

"THERE'S only one hotel there, and one store, and a few little houses. Every one knows every one else. We—we have to be sure."

"Cissy—Cissy—Cissy—Cissy—"

"Don't, dear. Don't."

"Where are you now? Why didn't you call me from Blumount?"

"The long distance place was closed. This is the first town where we could put through a call. We're coming right in, and—"

"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.

PHILIP ECROYD was standing there. He came into the hall and put his arms around Ann.

"You beautiful! I've come home. Dear, dearest, I got your message, and I came at once. I'd have crawled, Ann, but it took too long."

Ann said: "Don't! I was talking over the telephone, and ran back to the dining room. Philip followed her and heard her say:

"No, it was only Phil. Yes. Yes. Yes, of course. Yes, I'm sure he

can. Yes. You know how careful he is."

She hung up the receiver. Phil put his arms around her again. "Dearest—you'll listen and forgive me? Give me one more chance? It was all my fault."

"Never mind," said Ann, though she stayed in his arms from long habit. "We are in deep, terrible trouble. It is Mary-Frances. Cecily and I have been so full of our own affairs that we have neglected her frightfully. And tonight—"

The telephone bell.

"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 heeds 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 unable to give attention to a letter signed "Residents of Bradbury avenue," complaining of "big, brute, cur dogs running wild on Bradbury avenue." The letter also fails to give the location on Bradbury avenue, which extends from the 900 to the 3900 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.

"If the cortin had come five minutes sooner," said Dr. de Silva, "I believe I could have saved her life. She was in a coma, but the drug probably would have caused her to rally."

Dr. Morrill had been supreme medical director of the Royal Neighbors of America.

APOLOGIZES TO ENVOY

Ethiopia Regrets Attack on U. S. Minister; Jails Natives.

By United Press. WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—The state department was advised today that a formal apology has been extended American Minister Addison Southard by the Ethiopian government for the attack on him at Addis Ababa. The guilty natives have been sentenced to a year in prison and fined.

STICKERS

REPENTANCE

Can you complete the double word? diamond with letters that will spell words across and down?

Answer for Yesterday

H E L A U
G H S B E
S T W H O
L A U G H
S L A S T

*In the above square the 25 letters have been correctly placed and they spell "The laughs best who laughs last."

TARZAN THE TERRIBLE

It was not long before Tarzan, to the delight of his two companions who had patiently taught him, was able to understand and speak their strange language. He found that the hairless, white-skinned pithecanthropus was named Ta-den. Om-at, the hairy black one, was called. Now Tarzan was able to explain to them the quest that led him thus far into their forbidden country. But neither one gave him and any slight hope that his mission would succeed.

Never had there been in their country such a woman as Tarzan described. Never, indeed, had any tallies man before himself been seen by them. "From A-lur-my city," said Ta-den, "I have been gone while Bu, the moon, has eaten several times. Many things may happen in twenty-eight days! But I doubt your woman could have lived to cross the terrible morass which even YOU were barely able to do in safety."

"Even IF she survived, she could NEVER overcome the perils that you have yet to discover. Our own shoes never venture into the savage lands beyond the cities." But Tarzan of the Apes had no intention of turning back. "A-lur-Light-City, City of Light," he mused, translating the name into its English meaning. "It is YOUR city, Ta-den?—and Om-at's?" he questioned. "MINE it is," replied the hairless one, proudly, "bit NOT Om-at's."

"Om-at's people," he continued, "have no cities. THEY live in forest trees and hill caves." "We Wuz-den are FREE," exclaimed Om-at, "only the foolish imprison themselves in cities!" "Where is A-lur?" Tarzan asked again, "are you returning to it?" "Beyond the mountains," replied Ta-den. "I do not return to it yet. Not until Ko-tan is no more!" "Who or what is Ko-tan?" queried the ape-man. Then Ta-den told his story of love, exile and revenge.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser

