

THREE KINDS OF LOVE

BY KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN

AFTER the parlor door had slid back, Cecily had clicked the lights on, and all the fat little cherubs on the ceiling, twining blue ribbons and red roses about through soap-sudsy clouds, smirked, and Barry loosed the dark, dusty folds of curtain, and they fell again into straight lines behind Cecily and him.

"Well," she said, "last act. Curtain drops. Here we are taking our call—but there isn't any applause."

"Don't make fun, Cecily, please."

"I'm not making fun."

"I know."

"Barry, you do understand? Leaving Ann was impossible enough before—especially after this with Mary-Frances. But now that Phil has come back—I can't do it."

"They have waited eight years. She was so good to you. So happy and unselfish. If Ann could manage without me and allow me to marry, then I must manage without her. It isn't self-sacrifice. It is simply being decent. You understand?"

"I am afraid I have to."

"But, perhaps," Barry said, after several minutes, "there isn't any—or out of a comedy. After all, simply because things have gone wrong this once is no reason for this finality—this despair. I think it is merely the let-down for us after our fright about Mary-Frances."

"Perhaps."

"Darling—let's be sensible. We're just the same persons that we were this afternoon, up in the hills. We love the same way. We aren't quitters—just because our plans didn't work out this one evening. Are we?"

"No."

"What is it, dear? We've been frightened—horribly. Well, that's over with. Just now we are both sort of unmanned with disappointment. But that will pass, too; and be over with."

"No."

"Surely it will. And then we can begin making other plans."

"No."

"Darling—You're getting into a habit. Can't you say 'Yes, once or twice, for a change'?"

"Yes. We could begin to plan and to wait. We could. But you have not lived here and watched Ann and Phil as I have for years. I wouldn't do that to you, Barry. And I wouldn't allow you to do it to me."

"And there is your willing. I remember what you said about that today—how the uncertainty affected it."

"Perhaps I was trying to bluff you, sweet."

"No, you weren't."

"No, I wasn't. But if we were engaged, I needn't be uncertain. Let's put romancing aside and be practically and conventionally engaged, for a short time at least, and—"

"And then what?"

"What do you mean, 'And then what'?"

"After we've been engaged for a short time, properly and conventionally, then what shall we do? We won't be able to be properly and conventionally married, you know."

"Of course we shall. We'll plan. We'll shape circumstances instead of allowing them to shape us. Cecily, for the love of Pete—think of it! You don't expect me to go out of that front door of yours tonight and never see you again!"

"You don't expect that. You don't want it. You can't. I'm emerging from the fog we were both in a while ago. What was the matter with us, anyway?"

"We love each other like the devil and all. Just because we missed a date with a minister to-night, are we licked? We are not. I feel as if we were."

"We aren't. You're tired—bless your heart—you're tired to death. You need to go to bed, and I'm going to leave and give you a chance to sleep and rest. I'll have to buzz to Albany tomorrow."

"But I'll drive down Saturday, and we'll have Saturday evening and Sunday together. I'll get my plotting mind to work, and I'll have a dozen or so on hand for your approval—plans, ways to work this thing out."

"Today you said you wouldn't—couldn't, I mean, wait for me."

"My plans aren't going to have a lot to do with waiting. Here's one I've just evolved. If Ann marries—or even if she doesn't, though undoubtedly she will—couldn't we marry and live on here and look after the old people and Mary-Frances together?"

"Pool finances—all that. It wouldn't be ideal; but it would be better than a separation, better than waiting forever. Surely there's room enough. I could keep out from under foot—at least every one's foot—feet, but yours."

"We'd sneak away a lot and be alone together. I could build the fires in the mornings, get the wood up—save you in all sorts of ways. Sounds to me like a pretty grand, damfine plan."

"No," said Cecily. "This great cold, draughty house for Barry in the winter time. No sun—no fresh air unless one froze while getting it. He was not strong, though he thought that he was."

"The work, the thousand petty annoyances, and Barry's uncertain—well, temperamental ways. The financial burden. Suppose she lost her job? Dump the whole thing on Barry to keep up?"

"No."

"If you won't go with me, dear; if you persist in objecting to anything I may propose, it does get hopeless, doesn't it? I won't wait, year in and out, I can't. But there is nothing I won't do, aside from waiting, in order to marry you. I'll pocket my pride; come here and live; allow you to keep on working—"

"People," said Cecily, and went to stand alone near the fireplace, "can't be married feeling that way. You never like anything you pay too much for. You—one, I mean, of course, always feels sort of spiteful about it."

"Cecily, if you deliberately misinterpret everything I say—"

Grand, looking grimmer than usual, followed by Rosalie, more flustered than usual, came into the room. Cecily, who had put a hand on the mantel and was resting her head on it, did not trouble to lift her head; she merely rolled it to one side and looked at them.

"It was a relief, just the same, when midway of the room and after Grand had said, 'Good evening, sir,' to Barry, Ann came out from behind Rosalie."

"May I ask," Grand went on, "why you are here at my home, at this hour, with my granddaughter, Cecily?"

Barry did not do nearly so well as Phil had done. He did not flinch Grand's manner. He blushed. "We came in rather late, Mr. Fenwick, Cecily has suggested that I leave."

Cecily said "Why shouldn't Barry be here? It is my home, too."

Grand, Rosalie and Ann all began, at the same instant, to say something. Rosalie went, "Of course, dear, it is your home," she said, "and has been for many, many happy years. A nest for our three—our little girls."

"But we thought, dear, that perhaps Barry—I may call you Barry, Mayn't I?—was hoping to persuade you to build a cozy nest for two—you two—elsewhere?"

"As to that," Barry spoke right up, "I want very much to marry Cecily. I—"

"You love her?" This right over again from Grand. "You can support her?"

"Naturally, I love her. And she loves me. We can live, for a time, on what I am making now. I hope to do better."

Cecily took Barry's arm. "Come," she said, and began to walk with him toward the door.

Grand said, "Cecily, one moment, if you please."

Cecily pretended she had not heard; but, at the portieres, Barry paused, in spite of her tugging, and said, "Good night," politely, if not cheerily, to every one.

"AND to you, my boy," Grand said, "good night."

Ann had almost reached the portieres, sort of sneaking away, before Grand's voice halted her, "Ann, it is my desire that you inform Cecily that I wish to speak with her, and you, here and now."

"She is tired this evening, Grand, and—"

"That I regret. I do indeed. Though I see no reason for this un-

wanted weariness since she has chosen to entertain a young gentleman until this hour."

"She is very sorry about this morning, Grand. She will tell you so in the morning, I'm sure."

"This morning is forgotten. There is, however, a certain matter which I have decided now to go into, and without further delay."

"Of myself, am weary. And with cause. I may not be able to arise in time to speak with you both in the morning. Also, in my experience, neither of you has much leisure in the morning."

"No. Do not say tomorrow evening. I am not blaming you. I am not blaming Cecily. But I must remind you that days have elapsed in this house when I have not been granted as much as a glance at either of you. It is my desire to speak with you both. Not tomorrow. Not the next day, nor the following week. Here and now. Do not force me, Ann, to frame my request as a command."

Cecily was standing alone in the hall, looking at the squares of colored glass in the panels of the closed front doors. Ann said, "Cissy, I'm sorry, but I'm afraid we'll have to go back into the parlor. Something seems to be up. Goodness knows what. Grand is still furious, apparently. I am afraid we're in for a bad few minutes."

"Not I. I'm going straight to bed. I'll lock my door."

"Well—"

"Ann! Are you going to march back in there and put up with more of that?"

"I'll have to, for a minute. I'll cut it as short as I can."

"Of course, then, I'll have to come too. It isn't right of you, Ann. It isn't fair. You force me into things of this sort. You don't seem to realize what I've been through today. I won't . . ." Grumbling, scolding, threatening, she went with Ann into the parlor.

STICKERS

10	5	4
6	8	9
7	12	11

Can you shift the above numbers around so that when they are properly placed, any row containing 3 squares will total 24? This result can be obtained from eight rows of three, two diagonal, three horizontal and three vertical.

SATURDAY'S ANSWER

10	5	4
6	8	9
7	12	11

Can you shift the above numbers around so that when they are properly placed, any row containing 3 squares will total 24? This result can be obtained from eight rows of three, two diagonal, three horizontal and three vertical.

SATURDAY'S ANSWER

SPED
WAVE
ARIA
TELL

Here is the completed word square, in which there are nine words, four across, four down and the original diagonal word, sail.

1. U. S. Open golf champion of 1931.

2. U. S. feminine golf champion of 1931.

3. Pliable willow twig.

4. Person of low mentality.

5. Bird of the night.

6. Small piece.

7. Wand.

8. Winged.

9. Black.

10. Solitary.

11. To elude.

12. African tree.

13. Lock openers.

14. Courage.

15. Smaller.

16. Spruce.

17. To let dangle.

18. Priest of Tibet.

19. Worships.

20. Pain.

21. To send forth.

22. To harass.

23. Slavic-speak.

24. ing person.

25. Heavy volumes.

26. Closed-in fireplace.

27. Kind of snow.

28. What governor's wife is a congressional candidate?

29. Aye.

30. Novice.

31. To rub out.

32. Sorrowfully.

33. Ranted.

34. Herb.

35. Sound of a bell.

36. Single things.

37. Colors fabrics.

38. Having made and left a will.

39. That which gives stability.

40. To oust.

41. Ambiguous.

42. Blockheads.

43. Irregularly indented.

44. Permits.

45. Nervous malady.

46. Mocks.

47. Secular.

48. Surfeited.

49. To possess.

50. Nights before.

51. Expedited.

52. Adult male of the red deer.

53. No.

54. Pronoun.

55. Coin.

56. Exclamation of laughter.

57. Southeast.

