THREE KINDS of LOVE

by KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

CHAPTER XX

THEY had left the red-and-yellow sunset on the other side, and ere was a night-blue sky, with a w early stars and a clear white arter moon. They climbed the rus- steps, and followed the cranky umbling path, and came to the car rked beneath some fir trees on the road.

Cecily looked up at the fir trees d the moon, and boldly and with- t warning Barry kissed her. The iverse reeled over her head, and der her own two feet she could el the roll of the world, and she for- t Bea and Constance and her chauf- ur; she forgot Cecily Fenwick; she rgot Barry, almost, until his arms ew her closer and he said, "Now u kiss me."

After that he said, "I love you," ree times, rapidly, and stopped.

"Say it again, Barry. Just say it gain."

"You say it."

She said it, and added a "dear," r good measure, as generous wo- en are prone to do.

"You'll marry me," he stated. "I ean—when? I mean, darling, you ill, won't you?" No, he did not do well with that. Rumor has it that en seldom do.

"Let's don't worry about mar- ge," she said. "At least, not now— t yet for a while."

"Let's you and I not ever worry out it," he said, and laughed his light. "Let's you and I just say, ertainly. Tomorrow morning very rly,' and change the subject, if you e."

"Only—" she said—"I thought u didn't approve much of marriage."

His happiness could not encompass r gravity. "I don't. I stubbornly approve of all marriages except urs and mine, which is to take place morrow morning very early."

"But on the porch at Marta's, that st evening, you said—"

There was nothing to do but stop at insanity with another kiss.

"Dearest," she said.

"Darling," said he, and went on. was a fool that evening, Cecily—love your name. An ignorant, opin- nated fool. The less I know, the nger and louder I talk. It's a habit e formed. I did have a down on arriage, because dad and mother de a mess of theirs. I wish I hadn't d you—at least, not until later. oes it make a difference, Cecily? eir being divorced, I mean?"

* * *

"Barry! How can you be so ab- rd? How could that make a dif- rence?"

"But something," he insisted, eems to be making a difference. Or it— Well, is it that you just don't sh to marry me?"

"No, dear. No. I do wish to. t—"

"We're engaged!" He caught her nds and did some crazy dance steps d called to the trees and the moon. We're engaged. We'll be married in morning. It sounds like a song. is a song. Let's both sing it. We'll married in the morning. We'll be rried in the morning. We'll be mar- d in the morn—ing. To that we th agree. Why don't you sing, dar- g?"

"I can't," she said.

"Well, then, why don't you clap?" She was glad that Barry had such splendid singing voice. She was d that he was so happy and silly; t she could not understand why he s. Her own happiness made her l quiet and grave and almost sol- n.

"I know," he said. "You think I making a joke out of the most pendously serious thing in the rld. It isn't that, Cecily. I'm not e what it is. It seems to be that e gone mad—drunk?—imbecilic, ybe, with happiness. But under- th I'm wholly and deeply serious. ove you, darling—and I want you marry me. I'll wait a week—even . But I don't want to wait. Do ? No sir, you can't. Why need ? Come, let's sit in the car. You're d, standing there. Now, then, u don't want to wait a long long e to marry me, do you? Do you? you?"

She settled back into the cushions refused with one flash to think Ann and Grand and Rosalie, of the use, and the Very-Fancy Educa- nal Fund, and said hinestly, "But, rry, I hadn't thought of marriage. e has to think about it, you know. girl does, anyway—and a man uld."

"I have," he declared. "I'll admit t my speeches this evening have an unfortunate extemporaneous lity—that's your fault. You go to head. The minute I met you I s afraid I was going to ask you marry me. I was afraid all that ht. The next day, when we had cheon together, and ever since n, I've been afraid I'd never get enough courage to ask you. So, h this and that, marriage hasn't n out of my mind for more than w seconds since I met you—and ked at you and loved you. You't think I'm critical, will you, dar- , if I say it seems sort of queer t you hadn't given it one thought?"

* * *

"I've thought a lot about love," she essed. "But I hadn't gone fur- than that—not into marriage." "Cecily," he said, and his horror but faintly exaggerated, "you n't the sort of girl who goes and marriage all mixed up with mon- ms and guest towels and table kins—are you?"

"No," she denied. "But marriage s bring lots of other—well, prac- l considerations. Let's don't, for hile. Let's just be happy, and in , and not go worrying about mar- e."

Practical? He nabbed it grimly. So t was the trouble? He had forgot- to be practical. She was like ? Well—women, all women were, supposed. "It is this way, dear," said. "I'm not in debt, and I have w hundred dollars saved—I'd have more but for the doctors—so on. ave a job fairly good because of permanency. It doesn't pay a lot, I'm sure we could live on it for a out Berg, with prices as they are. er people live on much less. —"

Her hand, fragrantly cool, had gone over his lips. "No, Barry. It t that. Really it isn't."

He had wished to continue, and tell again about the book, and how he ved in it, and Joseph Ammington, New York editor and critic—who, reviously, was also his friend—be- ed in it, and why. He had wished tell her about other books, that to follow this one. He had ed to plan and dream about them about how she was to help him. though he kissed her fingers be- he took them away, he said, ry well," with an appealing imi- n of indifference.

Coldly thought, "He thinks that it ecause he isn't a rich man. He ks that I am greedy and calcu- g." She denied it desperately. Barry, dearest—no! It isn't ey nor jobs nor things of the sort. I don't care a bit about any of that. It is only—that I can't marry."

"Cecily! What are you saying? You aren't married now, are you?"

No, of course not. But—"

His sudden relief brought resentment with it. "Then," he said, "suppose we take a shot at being sensible for a moment or two and stop talking like characters in an O'Neill play. If you aren't married, and you care for me as you seemed to not so long ago, there is no reason on earth why we can't be married and soon."

* * *

"Yes," she said, "there are ever so many reasons." She spoke in a small, conventional voice, as if she were making chatty conversation with a stranger who was, above all things, a stickler for the wholly sensible. "You see, I happen to be one of the heads of a household. If you were married now, and had a family, you couldn't desert them all and marry me at once."

"Cecily, darling, what is the matter? I'm not married. You aren't married."

"But it is much the same. Ann and I have often said so. You see, Ann and I love each other more than man married people do, I am sure. And we've shared everything, including responsibilities and clothes, and hopes, and work, and fun, and money, and everything, since—well, since mother and father died."

"Cecily, sweet," he objected, "you aren't going sentimental, are you, and self-sacrificial and all that?"

"If it is sentimental to pay the grocer and the butcher, and see that the family has a place to live, and that Mary-Frances has an education, I've gone already, years ago. Ann makes $25 a week. I make $30. It takes every cent of it—"

"But, darling," he interrupted, "never mind about that. It is you, you, you, in whom I'm interested. You don't love Ann more than you do me, do you?"

"It is entirely different," she said, and added irrelevantly, "Ann didn't rush off and marry Phil the minute he asked her. They have been engaged for eight years."

He simulated a shudder. "Hear me, you woman person. I'm not going to wait eight years nor eight months, nor eight weeks for you."

(To Be Continued)

CHURCH OFFICERS ELECTED AT MEET

SANTA CLARA, Jan. 7.—(Special)—The church held its annual meeting Dec. 29 and elected the following officers: Secretary, Melvin Swezey; treasurer, Owen Thompson; pianist, Mrs. E. C. Hart; assistant pianist, Miss Lillian Hart; chorister, Miss Irma Strome; assistant chorister, Mrs. Nat Hart; Sunday school superintendent, James Chapman; assistant Sunday school supt., Herb Sims; elders, Mr. Scroggs, Harshel Benshuddler, Owen Thompson, James Chapman, Mr. Swezey, Mr. Aubury and Herb Sims; deacons, Horace Taylor, Milo Hart, A. V. Thompson, Bart Flannigan, James Barker, Arthur Williams, Clyde Willia.ns, Melvin Swezey, Earl Chapman, Mr. Walton, Walter Smith, J. I. Hart; deaconesses, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. J. I. Hart, Mrs. Clyde Williams, Mrs. Arthur Williams, Mrs. James Baker, Mrs. Swezey, Mrs. A. V. Thompson, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Nat Hart, Mrs. Milo Hart and Mrs. Schrink; building fund secretary, Milo Hart; trustee for 3 years, Wilmer Walton; primary superintendent, Mrs. Owen Thompson and assistant supt. Mrs. Emerson.

The church board met Monday evening with Herb Sims, chairman and Miss Strome, clerk. Plans for the year of 1932 were discussed along with the regular monthly business.

Tuesday night the grange met at the hall with the following new officers in charge: Mr. Vogt, master; Owen Thompson, secretary; Mrs. Walter Smith, treasurer; Al Robitaille, overseer; Mr. Ross, gate keeper; Mr. Boehringer, steward; Mr. Overgard, assistant steward; Mrs. Chezem, lady assistant steward; Mrs. Swesey, chaplain; Mrs. Hunsaker, lecturer; Mrs. Vogt, Mrs. Overgard and Mrs. Reinholtz, the Graces; Mr. Smith, Mr. Cadman, A. V. Thompson, the executive committee.

The Sunday school elected the following officers Sunday morning: Mrs. Swezey, treasurer; Miss Florence Thompson, secretary; Miss Lillian Hart, pianist; asisstant, Miss Irene Wilson; song leader, Herb Sims.

Albert Ezell left Saturday night for Buffalo, Texas, to see his father who is very ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Eagy and family returned home Friday from Portland. Mr. Eagy attended the state teachers' meetings.

Emil Strome spent last week at Mabel with the Earl Green family.

Many students returned to school Monday. Ralph Thompson and Miss Kirkpatrick went back to O. S. C. Miss Opal Barklow, Miss Irene Wilson, Miss Kathryn Fry, Miss Louise Griffin, Bob Chapman and Miss Irma Strome returned to Oregon.

The senior Endeavor held a New Year's watch party at the Santa Clara garage New Year's eve. All present were dressed in old clothes.

The intermediate Endeavorers watched the old year out and the new year in at the church.

Mrs. E. C. Hart entertained with a New Year's party at her home Thursday night.

Bob Bennett spent Sunday in Roseburg.

Miss Edith Bennett returned to Marcola Monday where she is teaching. Misses Jennie and Edna Bennett returned to their school teaching at Alvadore.

Mrs. Phillips and son of Stayton, Oregon, are visiting her brother and family, Earl Downing.

Miss Laurel Emerson entertained 16 friends New Year's Eve at a party at the home of her parents. The evening was spent playing games.

Several Garage families surprised Walter Smith New Year's eve by holding a party at his home.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

H. L. Bown, sheriff, to Abbie E. Wheaton—Lot 9, blk. 61, Chicago add. Florence, $10.

H. L. Bown, sheriff, to Wm. M. Karnowsky—Lot 5, blk. 27, Gallagher's part Florence, $8.33.

H. L. Bown, sheriff to Eva Counts—Lots 5 and 6, blk. 60 Chicago add. Florence, $20.

H. L. Bown, sheriff to Arthur B. Johnson—Lot 8, blk. 60, Chicago add. Florence, $10.

Mattie J. Sheridan to Wendell P. Sheridan, Exec et al—N½ lot 6, part of lot 7, blk. 1, Harris add. Eugene, $10.

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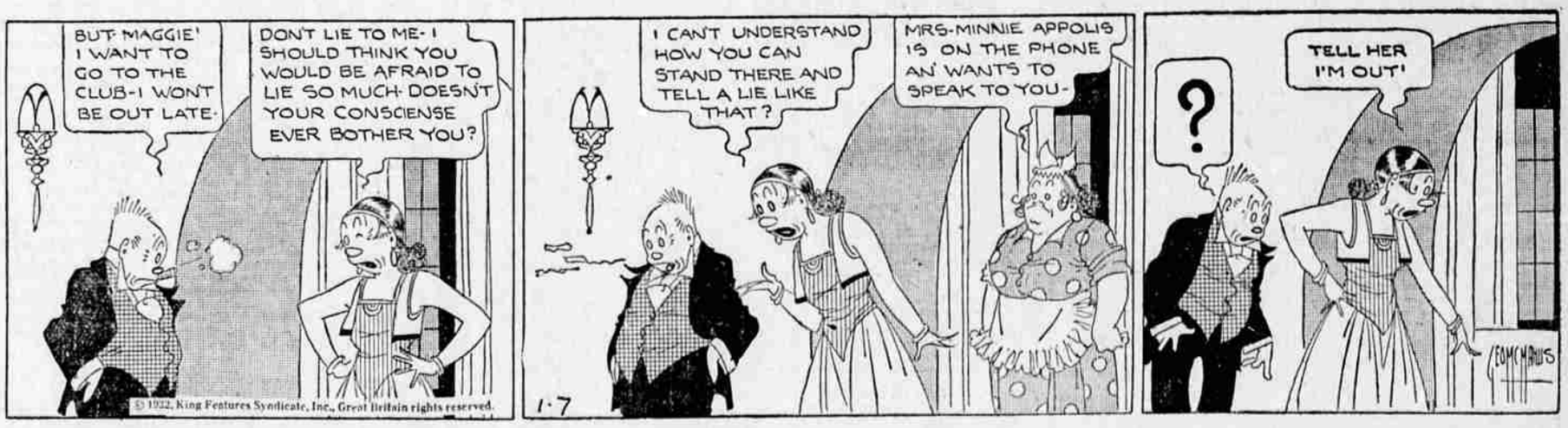

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