

THREE KINDS OF LOVE

by KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

CHAPTER XXV

MARY-FRANCES' protestations to Earl might be taken, by the uninitiated, as proof of the capabilities of a woman's love for supreme self-sacrifice. Though there is truth in this, the most thrilling of the novel, does come to an end after four acts. The curtain falls on the most charming and beautiful of the novel, and another one can be begun.

Plans were evolved for a girl's club, championed by Ermintrude's mother. In June, evenings were spent toward tennis and swimming. Mr. and Mrs. Hall had a car and went for drives after dinner, and took Ermintrude and her friends, and stopped on their way home at thurst stations for slush and hot dogs. But when their true creative artist has labored on a masterpiece she exults and hates like fury to turn it into a batch job.

"Sure, I know," Earl rejoined, "but I kind of been thinking—see? My first idea was to beat it. I don't know. I got my room at paid up until I don't want to go for meals around here. I could write a few letters and kind of return, and maybe I could do something in the meantime, like a domestic—educational class. No—," as Mary-Frances attempted an interruption—"wait, hold on, Mr. and Mrs. Hall had a car and went for drives after dinner, and took Ermintrude and her friends, and stopped on their way home at thurst stations for slush and hot dogs. But when their true creative artist has labored on a masterpiece she exults and hates like fury to turn it into a batch job.

"I didn't feel like rowdying around," Mary-Frances replied, and sighed spectacularly. "I had some poetry to copy."

"You'll be sorry, though, if she flunks you in them," she flunked you in them.

"I don't know," said Mary-Frances, deliberately dreamy, and one fears, deliberately vexatious. "I might be far away—married, or living my own life by having a career with Earl, or—anything, by that time."

Small dining tables were set out on a tiled terrace, and there were a pool and a fountain and a smooth green lawn, and away in the distance a lighthouse. Hood cleaned warm pink against a blue sky.

Ann brought her eyes back from the mountain to look at Phil, across the table from her. He was handsome and wise and strong and smiling, and he loved her. She smiled, too, and said, "Phil, dear, I adore this place. However did you get it, away out here?"

"A friend of mine told me about it. There's dancing, later, inside, if we care to stay."

"Let's!—can we? It has been so long since we have danced. How long?"

"Too long. We do get into ruts. Sort of forget about good times to be had, don't we?"

"Perhaps. But during the winter there isn't much to do. We don't care for public dances."

"No. But we could go places and dine, and we're doing this evening, and dance, if—"

"If what?" she asked, but she continued smiling, because she did not know what Phil had begun to say. "If you had a proper things to wear to the better places, weren't always getting dinner at home, or too tired?"

"If we'd plan," he said. "We will, after this. We'll have good times this summer, and we'll keep them up next winter. What about it, you beautiful?"

(To Be Continued)

He says he knows he isn't worthy to touch the pathway where my feet have trod. His professional career—nothing amounts to anything in comparison to our love for one another. He simply can't leave me, Ermintrude. I beg him to, but I mean too much for him to say. He says he'll go with me to the city in one. If I'll go with him, he'll go anywhere. Anywhere, if I refuse, he'll stay right here with me, and give up his professional career, and take any miserable job he can get. And then you'll leave me. I'll go with him—go with him! Mary-Frances Fench, honest, lately I think you are going cuckoo or something. Go with him! Well, I guess your grandpa and grandma and your sisters have just a little something to say about you going with him."

"Well, you said I was going with Peter," said Ermintrude. "Well, you talk about it all the time. All the time."

"I do not. Last Wednesday I just told you that he was beseeching me to. And yesterday and today I just barely mentioned it again, because, if you don't want me to say anything at all, anymore, I won't. Of course—"

"I don't care if you tell me," said Ermintrude. "Only I do, kind of, you've got this Earl, awfully in the brain. If I talked about her every living minute of the day, you'd get sick of it, too. But I guess maybe I love Peter much as you love your old Earl. I certainly haven't got him on my brain."

"Peter," said the outraged Mary-Frances. "Why, Ermintrude Hill! You still thinking about Peter Fench? Just because he asked to his birthday party the first day, and wrote a note to you the next day, and gets red when he sees you on the street? That's the way that's entirely different. That's just childish—that's all that's childish. You don't know the thing about real, true, deep, genuine love such as ours."

Startlingly Ermintrude replied, "I don't know as you know so much about love, either," and pointed to her chin out provocatively.

It was Saturday morning. They were walking to the store to do some errands for Ermintrude's mother. Mary-Frances stopped, stood still, and said, "If I don't," she demanded, "do you?"

"Older people, I guess," said Ermintrude, and tried to mask her embarrassment, with insouciance.

"Older people?" Mary-Frances, then said, "Mother said, 'containing Ermintrude, as if by chance, and opening to be on the subject of love, anyway. That younger people don't, last night Mrs. Mattson went to go over town to see her father-in-law to borrow a couple letters for her bridge tables this week. And she was worrying about her grandchildren, the twins, she said modern girls didn't read letters, or something."

"I don't remember just what she said, but I'm riding in front with you and you supposed to be stern. And mother said something, and Mrs. Mattson said they didn't understand about real love, and she said she guessed they did more as the girls of her period, or even Mrs. Mattson's period. Mrs. Mattson said why, or what her mother mean? And mother she said becoming more and more married to two people, at least, had a baby or two, and maybe she said one (she was thinking of my little brother, Danny, I don't know if they even began to understand the meaning of love, but I understand it, or know the thing about it."

"There, that's not," contented Ermintrude. "I don't mean everything you say. I mean the things that you just write different ways, to please different people."

"But you don't have to believe in things you write. Like it was in the magazine there are a few people

RADIO LOOKING TO TELEVISION NEXT

NEW YORK—(AP)—Radio greets the new year with high hopes for greater progress in the development of television.

Still looking upon sight as considerably experimental, the industry believes, however, that sufficient progress has been made to warrant a favorable outlook.

Broadcasting continued to show a tendency to maintain leadership in the radio field, while the manufacturing industry reflected general business conditions through a smaller amount of sales.

Donald P. Goddies, executive vice-president of the Radio Manufacturers' association, estimated that the total business would be approximately \$235,000,000, compared with twice that much in 1931.

An increase in the number of countries from which radio programs were broadcast came during the year, including the addition of Japan and Siam to the list. Particularly outstanding was the opening of station HVJ, Vatican City, in which Pope Pius made his first world-wide radio talk.

In the laboratories television research went on apace, including experiments on high frequencies with the idea in mind that the ultra-short waves will be the practical place to put picture transmission.

In that connection also was the work on cathode ray tubes, electrical scanning devices, performed by Dr. Vladimir Zworykin at Camden, N. J., and Philo T. Farnsworth at Philadelphia.

Engineers hoped to be able to prove the value of this picture research with the start of work on the installation of a high frequency transmitter by the National Broadcasting company on top of the Empire State building, New York.

Otherwise sound and sight experiments went forward with the addition of two such stations in New York to those already operating in Chicago and several other centers.

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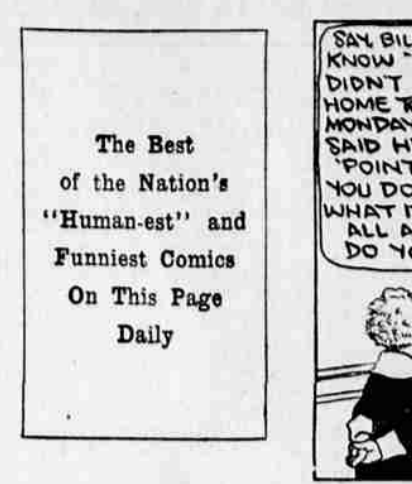
Eastern Star at Yoncalla Installs

YONCALLA, Jan. 13.—(Special)—Palestine Chapter Order of Eastern Star, installed officers for the coming year Tuesday evening in the I. O. O. F. hall. Following the installation the members were invited to the Stomaker home, where a delightful luncheon. The officers installed are worthy matron, Mrs. Della Wise; worthy patron, H. T. Westfall; associate worthy patron, Ruth Edes; secretary, Gertrude Daugherty; treasurer, H. L. Stouaker; conductress, Irene Guard; associate conductress, Edith Sprinkle; chaplain, Mary Cress; marshal, Freda Solie; organist, Bernice Brown; Adah; Blah; Palmer; Ruth Mrs. Barr; Esther; Myrtle Applegate; Martha; Nettie Hanan; Eletha; Eulalia Westfall; warder, Mrs. Lella Brown.

HONORED NEIGHBOR

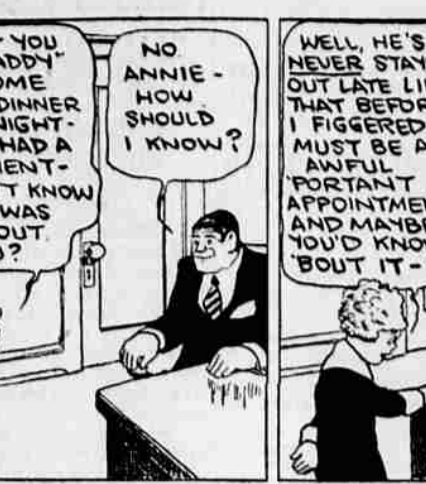
When the Minnesota basketball team appeared in the dedicatory game in the new North Dakota State coliseum yesterday, it marked the first time in the state that a Greater quarter opened the season away from home.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



The Best of the Nation's "Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

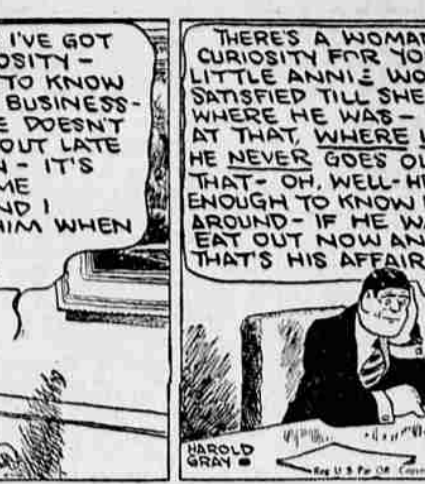
Curiosity



By HAROLD GRAY



By LYMAN YOUNG



TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK



Boots and Her Buddies



A Tough Boy!



By MARTIN



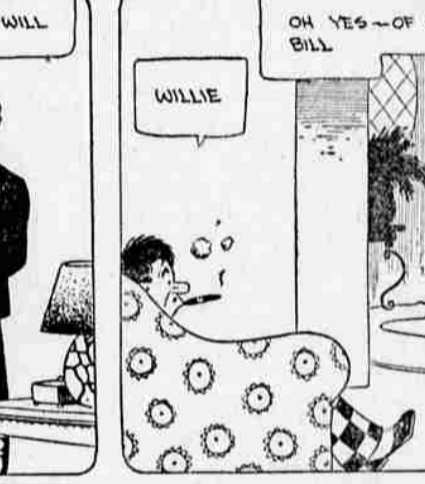
BRINGING UP FATHER



OUT OUR WAY



By WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE



By AHERN



Eastern Star at Yoncalla Installs



HONORED NEIGHBOR



THREE KINDS OF LOVE



Boots and Her Buddies



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