

Heart Hungry

by LAURA LOU BROOKMAN
AUTHOR OF "RASH ROMANCE" © 1930 by NEA SERVICE, INC.

BEGIN HERE TODAY
Adventure enters the life of CELIA MITCHELL, 17, when she learns the truth about her father, who she has always thought of as a wealthy, successful man. She discovers that her father is a notorious gambler and has lost her home and all her possessions. She is left with only a few dollars and a broken heart. She is taken in by a man who promises her a new life, but she soon discovers that he is a con man. She is left with nothing and a broken heart. She is taken in by a man who promises her a new life, but she soon discovers that he is a con man. She is left with nothing and a broken heart.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR
EVE BROOKS stood with her back to the living room table, both hands braced against it. She faced Jordan directly. Eve was paler than usual and her eyes flashed dangerously. "Well, what if I do tell tales?" she demanded. Her voice was high and sharp. "What right have you to flout that little bit in my face? Your darling Celia—sneering at me! Do you think I'm going to stand for a thing like that?" She stopped for breath. Jordan had approached to within a yard of where Eve stood. He waited until she had finished. He was smiling, but it was not a pleasant smile. "My dear Mrs. Brooks," he said coldly, "since when has it been your duty to decide with whom I may and may not be seen in public?" "I told you I won't stand for this!"

"No? Won't stand for what? Really, Eve, I didn't know that you'd underlie a detective work. Splendid field, you know, my dear. Exercise your feminine intuition and that sort of thing. With your multitude of admirers you must be kept very busy! Or am I singled out for special honors?" Their eyes met in silent duel. The woman was breathing heavily. Her chest rose and fell and in every line of her pose anger was written. Gradually the fire of her glance smoldered. She turned away, covered her face with her hands. "How—how could you!" The words came from her lips.

"I beg your pardon? What have I to do with the situation? I don't seem to recall asking for the pleasure of your company this evening. Did I invite you to join Mrs. Mitchell and myself? By the way, who the devil did give you that bracelet?" Eve refused to look around. "Wouldn't you like to know?" she said mockingly.

"No, not particularly. Naturally it would be too much to expect such a charming lady as yourself to reserve all her favors for one admirer. Especially in the matter of diamond bracelets."

"Well, if you must know, my husband gave it to me!" She was looking at him again. Not angrily—almost appealing. Jordan grinned. "Oh, your husband! But of course—the model wife!"

"Courtney did give it to me!" Eve insisted heartily. "It was last spring. I found out so much at the races. I found out, and he knew I'd be furious. That's the way he always gives me presents—when he's done something he's ashamed of."

"Must be profitable! But what made you think I really cared where you got the thing?" The woman eyed him entreatingly. "I don't—darling—say you're not angry with me?"

"Angry? I suppose you think I enjoy such a fracas as you started tonight. Oh, yes! It's so pleasant when two women begin bawling. Very considerate, you were. I appreciate that!"

Allow me to tell you frankly, Eve, that I am quite capable of taking care of my private affairs and that I intend to do so. That being settled, may I bid you good evening?"

"Don't go!" she begged. "Oh, Tod, please—I'm sorry!"

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HORIZONTAL
34 Obstruction.
37 Nostrils.
38 Wayside hotel.
40 Sheep.
41 Sty.
42 Shelter.
43 To revoke.
44 Kemal Pasha is dictator of
45 Kill.
46 Grain.
47 Native metal.
48 To direct a boat.
49 Nothing.
50 Boat.
51 Growing out.
52 Quotes.
53 Assumed name.
54 Genus of chimpanzees.
55 Higher.
56 Fungus.
57 Treats separately.

VERTICAL
1 Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
2 Sailor.
3 Monkey.
4 Short letter.
5 Steak.
6 Male child.
7 Fish.
8 What god supports the heavens?
9 To close with wax.
10 Constituent of fat.
11 To relate.
12 Eye tumors.
13 Verses.
14 Surface of cloth.
15 High mountain.
16 To bind.
17 To expel.
18 Below.
19 Monster.
20 Substance gathered by bees.
21 Back of neck.
22 Loaned.
23 Reverence.
24 Nale.
25 Kind.
26 Born.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER
TALC ELM CARP
AGIO LEO OLIO
DEER EAT NEAT
BRACKETS
COHORT TROWEL
ADOBED ALIKE
DEPOSE EDITED
RAMBLED
SAGA BOA ABET
ABUT ERM TARE
DANE RED EDEN

left my blue sweater. There are some books, too, I'd like to get. "You'll have plenty of time. Lawyers are always so slow I expect I'll be tied up for a couple of hours. We'll start at once after breakfast." The meal was quickly over. Celia was not hungry and Mrs. Parsons, ever watchful of her waist-line, breakfasted on fruit juice and coffee. Both hurried away to dress and forty minutes later they were in the car driving toward the city. "I think I'll drop you at Grammercy Square first, Celia," Mrs. Parsons said. "I have to go farther down town. When I've finished at the lawyer's I'll telephone and we can have lunch." Celia said that was agreeable. She'd find some way to amuse herself. It was nearly 10:30 when the car halted in front of the Mitchell residence. Celia waved goodbye and ran up the steps. She rang the bell and waited. For a long while no one answered. Celia rang the bell a second time. She was listening anxiously when she heard the lock turn and Martha's gray head peered out cautiously. "Why, Miss Celia!" Martha exclaimed. "I wasn't expecting you. Come in."

The girl explained her errand. Martha nodded and led the way upstairs to Celia's room. She seemed pleased at the sight of company. "For a moment Celia stood arrested in the doorway of her lovely coral bedroom. It had been rudely changed. Ugly white slips masked the furniture. The bed was nothing but a rolled up mattress mounted on a frame of wood. "We kept it this way when nobody's using the room," Martha said. "I've got the whole house like this except Mr. Mitchell's room and the dining room and library. That's where he sits mostly when he's home—in the library." "I see," said Celia. She crossed the room to the closet where her clothing had hung. From a dark corner she brought out the blue sweater. Then she raised the cover from the desk and searched through several drawers. From one of them she took a letter.

"That's everything," she said as she straightened up. "Nothing to do, I guess, but go downstairs and wait." Martha delayed to lock the door and then followed Celia down the stairs. The girl went into the library. The room looked just as she had left it. She sat down before a shelf of books. At the sound of a step, Celia raised her head. Martha had reappeared, carrying a tray. "Thought you might like some cold buttermilk," the woman said. She set the tray down. Beside the tall white tumbler was a plate of cookies. "Why—this is wonderful!" Celia took a long drink of the buttermilk. Then she set down the glass.

"Martha," the girl said earnestly, "you've been here a long, long time, haven't you? Do you remember when my father and mother were married?" The servant nodded. "Tell me," the girl went on more slowly, "do you know why they separated?"

(To Be Continued)

MEDAL FOR UTAH MAN
By United Press
NEW YORK, Oct. 21.—Because of his development of Utah's low grade copper ore on a large scale and because he solved a critical powder shortage during the World War, Daniel C. Jackling, president of the Utah Copper Company, will be presented the 1930 William Lawrence Saunders gold medal by the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers on Oct. 31.

This medal is the annual recognition of notable achievement in mining and metallurgical engineering in the United States.

Gone, but Not Forgotten
Automobiles reported to police as stolen belong to:
James Adams, 646 Luetz street, Ford touring, from 1637 Holladay street.
John A. Buehler, 1005 North Pennsylvania street, 1929-1930, from 1005 North Pennsylvania street.
Charles Street, 835 West Vermont street, Hudson coach, 1918, from Georgia and Meridian streets.
Nathan Benson, 1657 Holladay street, Ford touring, from 1637 Holladay street.
Otto L. Jackling, president of the Utah Copper Company, will be presented the 1930 William Lawrence Saunders gold medal by the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers on Oct. 31.

BACK HOME AGAIN
Stolen automobiles recovered by police belong to:
Brown, Lebanon, Ind., Ford coupe, found at 200 North Illinois street.

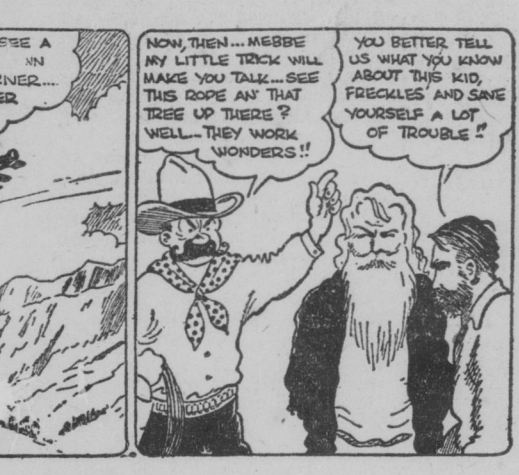
TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR
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The forgotten name had awakened the memory of Tarzan as he was struggling to reassert himself. The ape-man relinquished the Belgian and leaped to his feet. Suddenly he cried, "My wife! What has become of her?" Savagely he turned toward Werper. "You know," he cried. "The farm is in ruins. You followed me to Op. YOU stole the jewels which I thought but pretty pebbles. Scoundrel that you are, tell me or— Before he could finish, a voice came behind them said, "He is all of that and worse." Tarzan turned in astonishment.

There in the trail stood a tall man in uniform. Back of him were a number of soldiers in the uniform of the Congo free state. "He is a murderer, monsieur. We have followed him long. Now he is my prisoner. Only when I am through with him," said Tarzan sternly, and reaching out a strong hand grasped Werper by the shoulder. The Belgian officer eyed the almost naked white giant with curiosity. He noted the strange contrast between the primitive weapons and apparel and the easy fluent French which the man spoke.



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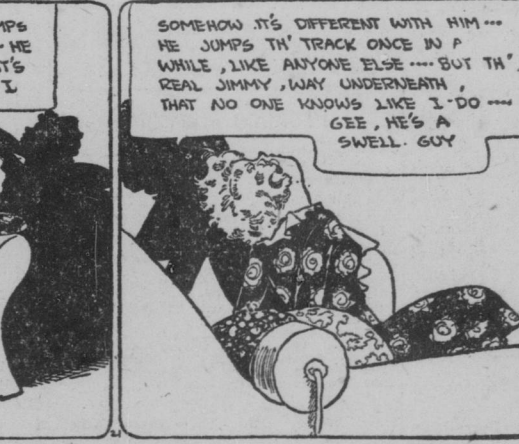
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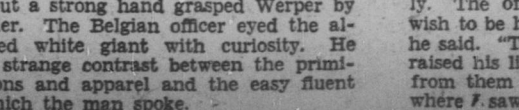
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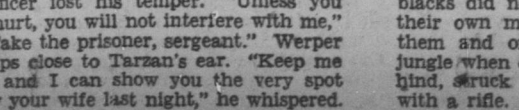
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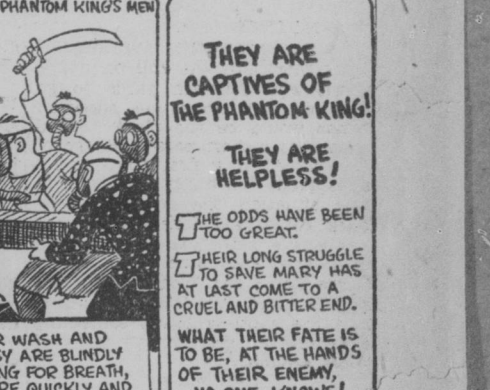
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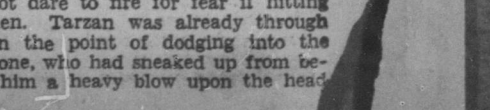
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