

Heart Hungry

by LAURA LOU BROOKMAN

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
Adventure enters the life of CELIA Mitchell, 19, who left her home in New York with her father, JOHN MITCHELL, and her aristocratic grandmother.

MARGARET MORGERS, Celia's mother, now Mrs. JOHN MORGERS, died and later married BARNEY SHIELDS, young newspaper photographer, is in town. Celia is determined to leave Baltimore. Celia promised to be loyal to his love.

Mitchell asks EVELYN PARSONS, beautiful widow, to introduce the girl to his friends. Mrs. Parsons is considering Celia a means to win Mitchell's affections, thus and thus our story begins, scheming to get rid of the girl.

The introduction of Celia to Tod JORDAN, fastidious but of dubious character, does all she can to encourage the match, and Tod's social acquaintances become Celia's loyal friends.

Mitchell learns Jordan is his daughter's admirer and forbids her to see him. Celia offends her grandmother and the elderly Mrs. Mitchell feels ill-tempered for the rest.

The girl goes to Mrs. Parsons' Long Island home. There she meets Tod. Then Jordan calls frequently. He and Celia go to a supper club to dance. Tod's companion is MARY REVERE whose marriage does not interfere with her flirtations. Evelyn shows Celia the secret which Tod and Jordan gave her. The man denies this. After taking Celia home he calls on Mrs. Parsons.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

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 flaunt that little brat in my face? Your darling Celia!—slipping her! Do you think I'm going to stand for a think 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?"

"Tod, I tell you I won't stand for this!"

"No? Won't stand for what? Really, Eve, I didn't know that you'd undertaken 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 especial honors?

Their eyes met in silent duel. The woman was breathing heavily. Her chest rose and fell 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 chokingly.

"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 Miss Parsons 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 heartedly. "It was last spring. After he'd lost 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. "Tod—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 brawling. 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?"

THROUGHOUT Jordan had spoken in a cool, detached manner. He seemed to take a malicious delight in the situation. Now Eve Brooks threw herself forward.

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