

# Heart Hungry

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**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
CELIA MITCHELL, 17, leaves Baltimore where she has lived with her mother, MRS. MITCHELL, and her father, JOHN MITCHELL, in New York. Her parents are divorced and Mrs. Mitchell is a widow. Celia is a beautiful girl, with long, wavy hair, and a sweet, winsome smile. She is a student in the high school and is very popular. She is also a member of the school choir and is a very good singer. She is a very kind and generous girl and is always ready to help others. She is a very brave girl and is not afraid of anything. She is a very smart girl and is always up to date in the latest fashions. She is a very popular girl and is always the center of attention. She is a very beautiful girl and is always the envy of other girls. She is a very kind and generous girl and is always ready to help others. She is a very brave girl and is not afraid of anything. She is a very smart girl and is always up to date in the latest fashions. She is a very popular girl and is always the center of attention. She is a very beautiful girl and is always the envy of other girls.

pathy for the loved ones of those unknown men and women who must be suffering as she was.  
The telephone rang again, and the man with the green eyeshade reached for the receiver. "What's that?" he demanded excitedly.  
There was a noise at the door, but Celia did not hear it. She was watching the man at the desk. Then she saw the others start, and one of the men came forward. She swung around.  
Laughing and crying at once, she ran on her feet and beside him. "Barney!" she repeated over and over again. "Oh, I'm so glad! I'm so glad!"  
Barney Shields, hatless, clothes torn and soiled, stood in the open door. He grinned weakly.  
"Hello, everybody!" he said. "Gosh, I had a time getting here! The man with the green eyeshade threw down the telephone receiver and hurried to join them.  
"Good boy!" he exclaimed. "Some fire, wasn't it?"  
Barney looked pale and worn. There were dark marks under his eyes and his hair was matted. He was looking at the man with the green eyeshade. "Sit down, Shields," one of the men spoke up. "You're all in!"  
"Am tired," Barney admitted. "Here, take this camera, will you, Jerry?" He handed the leather case to one of the younger men. "If they aren't spoiled, I think there's some pretty good stuff there."  
The young man dropped into the chair that had been shoved toward him.  
"You mean you got pictures of the fire from inside building?" he asked the man with the eyeshade who nodded affirmatively. "I shot as long as I could," he said. "Used all my plates. There was one of a little girl being rescued that ought to be a peach. Smoke may have blurred it."  
The youth who had been addressed as Jerry was rushing toward a door with the camera.  
"I'll have them out in a hurry!" he shouted over his shoulder.  
Immediately there was a great deal of talk of pictures in technical language which neither Celia nor Lisi could understand. Shields was insistent and finally won his point, though the other two argued.  
Celia hovered near Barney. She was afraid he would leave her alone. It was plain that he was exhausted. Suddenly a door on the right opened and a slim, gray-haired man stepped into the room. He had an air of authority. As he came forward the others stopped speaking.  
"Well, Shields," the man said, "you must have had a close call. Barney tried to smile.  
"Yes, sir, Mr. Wagner," he said, "it was—rather hot."  
"Get any pictures?"  
"I hope so. Tried some good shots—that is, if they turn out all right."  
WAGNER asked more questions. Suddenly he looked down at Barney's left arm. There was something unusual about the way the arm was hanging.  
"Hurt yourself?" he asked shortly.  
"Why—I guess there is something the matter. Turned my ankle when I jumped. Arm went down under me. It doesn't hurt much."  
Wagner touched the limp arm and Barney winced.  
"Him? Broken?" said the older man. "I thought so. You've got to get to a doctor!"  
"I'd like to see how these shots come out first," Barney began, but Wagner silenced him.  
"Don't be a fool and take chances," he said crisply. "Moore, can you take Shields to a doctor to have his arm set?"  
There was no doubt that Wagner was the executive of Apex Picture Service. Things happened quickly when he spoke. It was arranged that Moore, a doctor to a physician's office, was to take Barney to a physician's office. "And go home and go to bed after the doctor gets through with you!" was Wagner's parting word as he turned to re-enter his private office.  
There was no opportunity for Celia to talk to Barney privately. Now that she knew he was safe nothing else seemed to matter. At any other time she would have been embarrassed before so many strangers. While the young man called

## CHAPTER FORTY-ONE (Continued)

If Lisi had been in a normal mood she would have laughed. Instead she said soberly: "Celia, I've been thinking. Wouldn't it be better to go to the office where your friend works and try to find out about him there?"  
"I know a little about hospitals, and they keep you waiting hours. Don't you think it would be quicker?"  
Evelyn burst out angrily: "You're going no place but to take me home!"  
"You're wrong," Lisi answered, meeting her gaze evenly. "Can't you see how Celia's suffering? We started out to find this Barney person, and we're going to find him. There was no disputing Lisi. Lisi can when she spoke in that tone. There was delay in locating the address of the Apex Picture Service, but eventually they reached there.  
Celia and Lisi burst into that office, startling a group of men gathered about a desk.  
"Have you heard from Barney Shields?" Celia cried.

## CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

DOWN in the streets newsboys were shouting extras. The man who had spoken to Celia held a rumpled newspaper in his hand. It bore in huge black type the glaring banner "33 Perish in Flames."  
"We're expecting to hear from Shields any minute," the man told Celia. "Waiting for the call now!"  
"Then you don't know if he's hurt? Oh, isn't there some way to find out what's happened to him? Maybe he's—?" She could not finish the sentence, but turned away, hiding her face in her hands.  
There were two other men in the office besides the one who had spoken. They had been leaning over the desk. At sight of the two girls they straightened and moved back respectfully.  
"We've got four men down there," the man with the green eyeshade continued, "and one at the hospital. Half of the injured aren't identified yet. No use to worry, ma'am."  
The telephone on the desk rang shrilly. One of the other men reached for it.  
"Apex Picture Service," he said curtly.  
Instantly the room was soundless. All eyes were turned on the man at the telephone.  
"Yes," he was saying slowly. "Yes, I get you. That was another pause and then, "O. K., Ben." He put down the instrument.  
"That was Shrauger," he said. "He's sending some plates up. Says he hasn't seen anything of Shields." The man who had spoken first pushed a chair forward.  
"If you're friends of Barney Shields, maybe you'd like to sit down and wait," he said. "Here—have some chairs."  
The girls sat down. Lisi murmuring thanks. Celia forced the tears back, but her lips, tightly pressed together, were tremulous. She twisted and untwisted a corner of her coat.  
"Let's see what the papers say," Lisi suggested. There were newspapers—all with bold headlines—on a chair nearby. She arose and picked up the one on top.  
"Thirty-five Lives in Fire," was the line across the front page of this one.  
There was a list of names headed, "Dead in Fire Tragedy." The list was incomplete.  
Celia traced through the names with an uneasy finger. Most of the men were foreign, their names impossible for her to pronounce. Celia felt a tremendous wave of sym-

## OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



## WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



## SALESMAN SAM

—By Small



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



## TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



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49					50				51

**HORIZONTAL**  
1 Harding's secretary of commerce.  
6 What is blood-poisoning?  
11 To possess.  
12 Window part.  
14 Tree.  
15 Northeast.  
16 Top piece.  
18 Mother.  
19 Circle part.  
20 To plant.  
22 Lace-like.  
24 Back.  
26 Strong taste.  
28 Tubular iron.  
29 Vampire.  
31 Horrah!  
32 Minor note.  
33 Argued.  
35 Vastness.  
36 Verid.  
37 To vibrate.  
39 Auricle.

**VERTICAL**  
40 Owed.  
42 Witticism.  
44 Moroccan capital.  
45 Chimes.  
47 Intention.  
49 Young fish.  
50 To spot.

**YESTERDAY'S ANSWER**  
10 Circle part.  
11 To possess.  
12 Window part.  
14 Tree.  
15 Northeast.  
16 Top piece.  
18 Mother.  
19 Circle part.  
20 To plant.  
22 Lace-like.  
24 Back.  
26 Strong taste.  
28 Tubular iron.  
29 Vampire.  
31 Horrah!  
32 Minor note.  
33 Argued.  
35 Vastness.  
36 Verid.  
37 To vibrate.  
39 Auricle.

**STAKED CURDLE**  
TUT WILES OIL  
ELL EVADE TED  
ALAS ICE RAGE  
DESTINY RULER  
ARE DAM  
PHONE DENOTED  
ROAD HIT RIPE  
URK WOVEN MIE  
ODE APACE IDE  
RENEGE TINDER