

Heart of Liane

by MABEL MCCELLIOTT

BEGIN HERE TODAY

LIANE BARRETT, 18, and beautiful, lives in a cramped New York apartment with her mother, CAROL BARRETT, a faded actress, and her two brothers, a doctor and a lawyer. Liane goes to dinner with MOLLY CHRON, a neighbor, and two of Molly's men friends.

There is a shooting and the girl is held as a witness. She sends word to her mother, who arrives and persuades her to go to the police station. Liane is innocent of wrongdoing.

That night at the theater where Cass is playing, Liane encounters a handsome stranger who speaks her name.

A few days later Cass and Liane go to Willow Stream, L. I., where Cass has an engagement in a small summer theater sponsored by the wealthy Mrs. CLEOPATRA. Liane works in the box office, sharing duties with MURIEL LADD, pretty society girl.

ELIE, MURIEL's nephew, introduces Liane to CLYDE CLEOPATRA, son of the theater. Liane is attracted to him. He tells Liane the man who wounded her in the gun fire will recover.

At Willow Stream, Liane again meets the handsome stranger who spoke to her in the theater. He is VAN ROBAR, and when Cass hears his name she makes Liane promise to have nothing more to do with him. Liane serves with reluctance.

Mrs. Cleopatra asks Cass to let Liane stay with her during the winter. Muriel and Mrs. Cleopatra are worried about her. Liane is attracted to Van Robard, and when Cass hears his name she makes Liane promise to have nothing more to do with him. Liane serves with reluctance.

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NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER SEVEN (Continued)

It was better for her not to think of him any more, never to see him again. Besides, her mother wished it to be so. Like a flashback in a cinema, her mother's white startled face appeared to her.

How terrified she had looked when first Van Robard's name had been mentioned. "You must not have anything to do with him," she had said.

Liane walked in a daze, stepping heedlessly among the vacation throng, the pretty girls in scarves and white linen, the chattering family groups coming from the stores, milling around the 10-cent store.

Yesterday she had been a part of all this. She had liked the smell and sound of this bright colored summer time village. Now everything seemed hateful to her. A blight had been cast on her happiness. It seemed to Liane that the world was an ugly, evil place.

Over and over again as she dawdled homeward the mystery of her mother's fierce objecting to Van Robard seemed to torment her. Why did Cass hate him? What was there about this tall, faintly sinister-looking man to stir up such a passion of feeling?

Liane felt she could not rest until she had learned the answer to the puzzle.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE visiting star that week was Curtis Blue, 35, blond, with eyes of so deep color they seemed almost the "violet eyes" of Victorian novels. He was of the matinee idol type and professed to hate it. He had a wife somewhere in Hollywood, a feverish, dark, young woman who was teaching the Mayfair accent to Queenie Whitehead, the comedy star.

"Isn't he a lamb?" asked Muriel the day of his arrival.

"He's rather nice. Mother played with him in 'Cabbages and Kings,' Liane returned indifferently.

"You knew him before, then?"

"Why, you sly piece!" and Muriel pretended to see something that was not there.

Blue came along, perfectly groomed in his dark gray coat and striped trousers, his beautifully curved soft gray hair. His bow was a miracle of precision.

He stopped with a side glance for the luscious Miss Ladd in her apple green sports shirt and shorts, her brown legs shapely and seductively bare.

Liane performed introductions and Muriel cooed at him. "I enjoyed your performance so much!" He looked as modest as possible.

"I thought you had threatened to break into the company this season," he said to Liane.

"You wretch," she pouted. "When I asked your advice last winter, you said not to go on the stage, whatever else I did. You told me I was an awkward cub, that I needed to learn to talk and walk and smile properly. You told me I said 'gonna'."

"Well, so you did," he returned, flashing his justly famous smile at her. "But you've improved. You might learn. Who can tell?"

Liane threw out her hands in despair. "How is a poor girl to know

what to do? First you say 'yes,' then you say 'no.' I'm bewildered."

"Oh, you'll marry within the year and settle down to have a flock of babies," Blue drawled. "Maybe it's the best way, I don't know."

"No, I shan't! How horrid of you!" she flamed. Muriel interposed, dulcet-toned: "How about me, Mr. Blue? Would you say I had a chance?"

HE favored her with an eye half insolent, half honestly appraising. The chorus for you," he said with coolness. "You've the looks, the nerve. That is, if you can dance. It doesn't matter whether you sing or not and you can speak like a macaw for all they care."

Muriel pouted. "You're very flattering, I must say."

"Well, you asked me."

"So I did. Come along and have a cocktail with me to prove you didn't mean to hurt my feelings."

He glanced at his watch. "Five o'clock. How far is it? I've got to be back at the inn by 6. Must have an early dinner or I'm all wrong for the evening performance."

Muriel said airily. "I'll drive like a streak. You need a pick-me-up with that grouch of yours."

He stared at her. He, the great Blue, being checked by a flapper! He was so used to being checked, he decided to forgive and forget. Besides, a spot of something would perk him up.

Liane watched them climb into the speedy roadster half amused, half envious. No wonder Muriel always got her man! She certainly went after this one calmly enough.

Liane wondered just how deep her feeling for the impetuous Chuck Desmond had bitten. Muriel was frightfully susceptible. She was the modern feminine version of the roving sailor. She had a boy in every port.

Even now, Liane did not like to think about that night she had hunted for Muriel with Van Robard. Was it true—what Elsie had said about him and Muriel's mother?

She shuddered away from the thought. He seemed clean and fine and straightforward. But then, what did she really know about him? Nothing except that he had a few millions dollars, played polo, and had been a soldier when she, Liane, had been in kindergarten. He must be 35.

That seemed terrifically old to Liane. And why was her mother so bitter about him? How could she ever have known him? Was it some old scandal, some half-forgotten newspaper story, that her mother remembered?

Cass really was very straight-laced, actually prim. She seemed always to be throwing guards about Liane, almost in the manner of the 80's.

"Mother would like the chaperon era to return in full force," she thought the young girl shrewdly. "But why, I wonder? She seems from the little she says to have had a gay, carefree time herself as a young girl. But then, as she always reminds me, she didn't grow up in New York."

Liane went down the aisle through the now darkened theater. A workman was hammering away at a set and the chief electrician, a tall, bold-looking young Dane, stopped to stare at her.

She felt impelled to explain her presence there. "I'm looking for my mother," she said.

His smile angered her. "Ho, the mamma's girl!" he returned, silkily. "Always so polite, so correct. Wonder what she is really like, this naughty one."

LIANE tossed her head and started to pass. In her haste she did not notice the tangle of wires and she stumbled and would have fallen if the big man had not reached out and caught her in his arms.

Drat that man! His clothes smelled of pipe tobacco and wintergreen. Liane tried to free herself, regain some of her lost dignity.

Before she knew actually what was happening he had planted his big face next hers, had kissed her squarely on the mouth.

She screamed. "You—you awful creature!" She struck out at him wildly, her small fists flailing him. He was laughing, holding her tight. Oh, how she hated him! Now, she

thought, she knew how murderers felt. The lust for killing. She knew what it meant to see red.

"You let me go . . ." she was wailing, appalled to find that her strength availed her nothing against his rock-ribbed hardness. She tasted the salt of her own angry tears.

Suddenly a hurricane was upon them. The tall Dane went whirling.

"You—scum!" That was a familiar voice, but whose?

A shabby young man in a striped suit dusted off his hands with a burlesque gesture. The Dane picked himself up, felt of his jaw.

"Was this—carnion—annoying you, my good girl?" inquired the newcomer, in his best Drury Lane manner.

Liane almost giggled. He made it seem funny. He took away from her the feeling that she was soiled, unclean, from this distasteful contact.

"He certainly was," she said soberly. "I've never spoken three words to him in all my life."

"Not a nerve!" Chuck Desmond shot his cuffs and favored the vanquished Charles Desmond, sticking the inevitable cigarette between his lips and hunting in five separate pockets for the non-existent match. "Here it's my day off and everything and I get on my bike and trail away out here to find her missing!"

LIANE started to explain but thought better of it. "She—she went home," she finished lamely. But Chuck had been watching her expressive face.

"Got herself another boy friend?" he inquired.

"There was—somebody just dropped in," improvised Muriel's friend.

"Oh, yeah?" Desmond appeared doubtful. "Well, I can't waste the entire evening just because she changed her mind. How about you trotting off and having dinner with me? I can't eat alone, I'm funny that way. Been so since earliest childhood."

"Oh, dear, if mother only would let me!" cried Liane childishly.

"Well, there's nothing like inquiring," Chuck said.

LIANE introduced the pair and to her utter amazement Cass beamed on the young man.

"Wasn't your mother Grace Franks, who played Shakespearean roles long ago?" she inquired.

"Charles said 'yes' very solemnly. 'I thought so,' Cass nodded. 'You run along, Liane, and change your dress while I talk to Mr. Desmond. There are so many things I want to ask him.'"

Will wonders never cease, thought Liane, as she hastily slipped into her one presentable frock.

Chuck Desmond was funny. He was nice, even though he wasn't the "Not Impossible He." She realized she would have a hard time squaring herself with Muriel if that young woman ever learned the truth.

"What are you thinking about?" inquired that irrepressible young man, Chuck Desmond.

Liane smiled faintly.

"Wondering if Muriel will mind my bagging her young man."

"So ho, then! I'm advertised as such." He pretended to be annoyed.

"You are," Liane dimpled at him. How simple it was to be easy and friendly with a man when you weren't in love with him.

(To Be Continued)

STICKERS

1	9	2
3	8	4
5	7	6

In the above diagram the number in the second horizontal row is twice that of the first row, and the third row is three times the first row. There are several ways of arranging the digits 1 to 9 so they still work out the same way. Can you find any of them?

Answer for Yesterday

15	31	19	20	16	18
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The 20-gallon barrel contains the order. The 18 and 15-gallon barrels, totaling 33 gallons, were sold to one man, and the 16, 19 and 31-gallon barrels, totaling twice 33, were sold to the other man.

HORIZONTAL

1 Breasts.
6 To foot gently.
12 Luminous cloudlike mass in the sky.
13 What is the Nineteenth Amendment?
15 Leered.
16 Chum.
17 Auto journeys.
18 Cross.
19 Exalted happiness.
20 Genus of lowance.
22 Roadside hotel.
23 To enact again.
25 Devoured.
26 Student's sick leave.
28 Constellation.
30 Senior.
31 Possessing flavor.
32 To throw.
34 Verb.

VERTICAL

11 Herons.
12 Waterwheel.
13 Holy man.
14 Compound ether.
16 To go to law.
19 Baffled.
20 Deprived of the scalp.
23 Packer.
24 Attempted.
27 Uncooked.
29 Data.
32 Feasted.
33 Body of ice.
34 To embarrass allowance.
35 Building material.
37 Blackbird.
38 Corrodes.
39 Low sand hills.
41 Ostiole.
43 Bandmaster's stick.
46 To slash.
48 Small island.
50 Prophet.
52 Bronze.
54 Toward.
55 Third note.

15 Across
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



SALESMAN SAM

—By Small



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



TARZAN, LORD OF THE JUNGLE

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



Blake started off toward camp. But his safari was moving in a different direction. For two days he trudged on through dense forests, sleeping at night among the trees. Once his slumbers were disturbed by the swaying of a branch.

He awoke to feel the branch sagging under the weight of some large animal. Two fiery eyes gleamed through the dark. Blake drew his automatic and fired point blank. There was a hideous scream. The beast, whatever it was, did not return, and in the morning there was no sign of it.

On the third morning the young American came out of the forest at the foot of a range of lofty mountains. Depressed before by the dark jungle, he experienced a sense of light-heartedness. Yet he saw no village in all that vast expanse—no sign of life.

"But such a well-watered region must be inhabited," he reasoned. Descending to a small stream in a canyon, he found and followed a worn path beside it. Several miles he went, seeing no signs of life, and then, at a turn in the path he found himself at the foot of a great white cross.