

# Heart of Liane

by MABEL McELLIOTT

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**

LIANE BARRETT is a beautiful, blonde-haired girl with a winning smile. She is a graduate of the high school and is now attending college. She is a member of the Glee Club and is a very popular girl. She is a very kind and generous girl and is always ready to help her friends. She is a very brave girl and is always ready to stand up for her friends. She is a very loyal girl and is always ready to stand up for her friends. She is a very kind and generous girl and is always ready to help her friends. She is a very brave girl and is always ready to stand up for her friends. She is a very loyal girl and is always ready to stand up for her friends.

**CHAPTER EIGHT—(Continued)**

Desmond surveyed her with interest. "You're pretty nice, easy on the eye. How come you haven't a permanent boy trailing you?"

She tossed her head, enjoying herself. "How do you know I haven't?"

"Sorry. I was just fishing." Liane thought. This is good practice for me. Maybe the next time I see Van Robard I won't be such a school-girlish idiot.

Her heart pounded at the thought. "Next time I see him." For of course, she would. And soon!

## CHAPTER NINE

CHUCK DESMOND could be an entertaining dinner companion. Having summoned a taxi, he handed Liane in with a flourish and demanded to be driven to Wishwaters, the sea-food palace down on the shore.

He promised Cass he would have her daughter home in good time for her evening appearance at the theater.

It was all very surprising and Liane enjoyed it. The young man talked easily and wittily. His was the vernacular of the newspaper city room, crossed with the world of sports and of Broadway. He was as cynical as a stage manager, in some ways as artless as a child of 6.

"Muriel will—well, she'll crown me for this," Liane said, laughing as they sat over their coffee.

Desmond lifted an interrogative eyebrow. "Says which?"

"Oh, all this," Liane indicated the dancing floor, mirrored and smooth, on which a few early couples were even now executing slow-small-like steps.

The tented top sparkled with lights. Cars were beginning to buzz into the drive, their wheels crunching on the gravel outside.

Desmond regarded his cup indifferently. "Nice girl, Muriel, but thoughtless," he observed drily. "You were pretty sweet to come with me on a last minute bid."

"I was delighted," Liane told him. She meant it.

"Well, it was my luck. No fooling, I do hate to hang on the nose-bag when I'm alone. There's genius for you!"

She couldn't tell whether he was laughing at her or not. Not thrilled, not all-over gooselish and cold chills running up and down her spine as when she was with Van Robard. Just pleasantly, quietly satisfied with things.

Chuck Desmond, who had been given the glad eye from the Battery to One hundred twenty-fifth street, would have been amused at her estimate of him.

For his part, Desmond thought, "Good kid," affably measuring Liane's pleasant slowness, the significant width between her soft, dark eyes and her engaging trick of listening with a breathless air of concentration.

Of Muriel Ladd he scarcely thought at all, except with a mild irritation, as one may who has been "stood up" by a girl just out of finishing school.

He dubbed Muriel "a hot number" and considered the characterization complete.

"He's not bad looking, really," Liane summed up her companion. Entirely she overlooked the charms of this devil-may-care young man in the rather noisy suit.

"I'll be seeing you," Chuck Desmond said.

LIANE'S heart was beating so rapidly it almost stifled her. Of course he must know she was there. What a fool she was to mind! Oh, she hated him, she hated him! Liane had a sudden wild longing for green fields and cool dark places where she could bury her face in long grass and weep long and satisfyingly, unheard.

Instead, she had to sit there, passive, immobile, in her old gray dress, feeling like a shadow on the edge of the pretty, painted throng.

How she envied all these young girls at Willow Stream. They had everything—money, family, that vaulted and elusive thing called background.

They could reach out and take

what they wanted in their greedy little jeweled hands with the nicotine-stained fingers. No matter what they desired, a star sap- phire, a trip to Europe, a handsome husband, there almost always was some adoring male to get it for them. What did they know of striving, of heartbreak? What did they know of saving up for a winter coat, wearing some friend's cast-off shoes?

No, they had their little ermine wraps, their half a hundred Paris frocks, their perfumes, their horses and their planes. No wonder when a fascinating man looked about for a girl to admire he chose one of them. They were so petted, so admired.

They had a nimbus of glamor about them. The Cinderellas of the world hadn't a chance beside such rivals.

She put her head down to hide the push of tears that threatened to come.

A shadow fell across the book in front of her. "Don't move. Don't say a word," warned a menacing voice. "Slide up that window and give me the cash!"

The startled girl looked up into somber eyes under a pulled-down cap. Trembling she obeyed. Her fascinated gaze watching the blue barrel of the gun he leveled at her. There was an electric tensity in the little foyer.

Two other men, both armed, stood in the doorway. "You people, give us all you've got," commanded one. The women, whimpering, had begun to strip themselves of their rings. One screamed and was ordered summarily by her white-faced escort to shut up.

Liane tumbled at the catch that swung open the barred door of the cage. Underneath the shelf was a short, ugly weapon to be used in case of emergency. She thought quickly.

"I can't budge this," Liane said, with a child's querulousness. "You'll have to come around."

"No funny business, now," warned the man in the cap, backing off. As Liane opened the door of the coop, she brought her good right hand down suddenly. The invader fell with a thump.

ALL at once there was confusion in the lobby. A woman shrieked. "She's got him." A gun barked once. There was a rush and a scurrying. Four men were grappling with the robber, who had fired his gun while the other made a precipitate rush for a parked car.

A giddiness swept over Liane. She stood staring at the slumped figure at her feet. "Take him away, somebody," she moaned weakly. Every thing swirled blackly around her. She felt herself falling.

When she opened her eyes, Van Robard was bending over her.

"Good girl," he was saying huskily. "You were the best man among us."

She felt those words were her accolade. The girl in the black dress was whimpering. Somebody cheered. Well, she'd showed them, anyhow, hadn't she? She might be a beggar maid, but she wasn't a coward.

Van was carrying her into the little office now. He was all solicitude, the blond girl forgotten. There was a terrific hubbub all about. A woman was having hysterics.

Men were rushing to and fro. Under cover of the noise Van murmured, "Tried to get you to look at me before tonight, but you were absorbed in business."

The look of faint reproach Liane gave him was tinged with mockery. "I saw you," she murmured.

"Hadden't you better go back to her?" He flushed angrily. The little doctor bustling in with his black bag interrupted their tableau.

"Here, here, Mr. Wells thinks I'd better look you over. Any bruises?"

She talked animatedly, a cigarette dangling from the corner of her geranium-stained mouth. She looked bored and exotic.

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## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

## OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



## WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



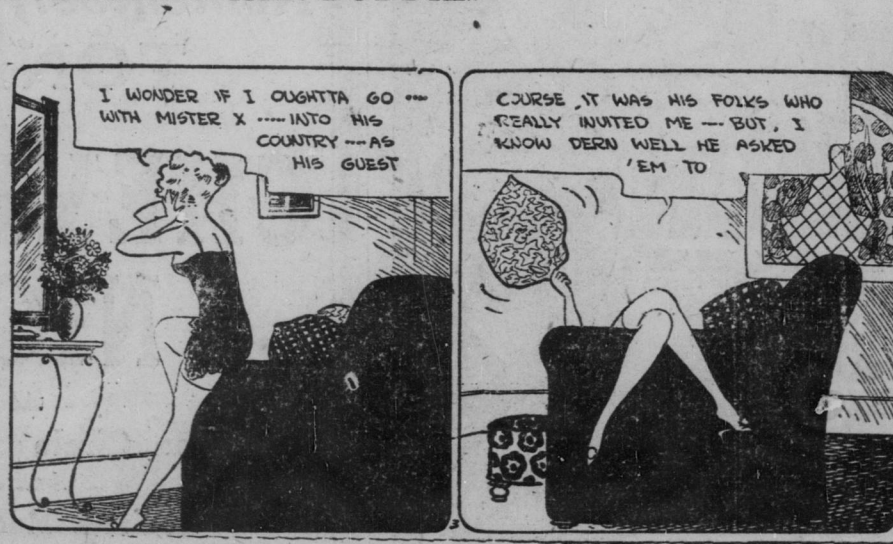
## SALESMAN SAM

—By Small



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



HORIZONTAL	YESTERDAY'S ANSWER	12 Hub.
1 Humbug.	10. BUBBLES	13 Adult male salmon.
2 Where is the Great Wall?	11. BUBBLES	21 To soak fax.
3 Flat bell.	12. BUBBLES	22 Noah's boat.
4 To carry.	13. BUBBLES	23 Plaster of Paris.
5 To fit.	14. BUBBLES	24 Heaven.
6 Russian mountains.	15. BUBBLES	25 American poet.
7 Perfume.	16. BUBBLES	26 Data.
8 Winged.	17. BUBBLES	27 Auto.
9 Edge of a roof.	18. BUBBLES	28 Eggs of fishes.
10 To slander.	19. BUBBLES	29 To sin.
11 Entangled.	20. BUBBLES	30 Wine vessel.
12 To harden.	21. BUBBLES	31 Wallows.
13 Sentinel.	22. BUBBLES	32 Chooses.
14 Spring.	23. BUBBLES	33 To woo.
15 Sandpiper.	24. BUBBLES	34 Child.
16 Territory of Japan in Asia.	25. BUBBLES	35 To exchange.
17 Hong—?	26. BUBBLES	36 Helmsman.
18 Organs of smell.	27. BUBBLES	37 To loak.
19 Pattern.	28. BUBBLES	38 To drive.
20 Twelve months (pl.).	29. BUBBLES	39 Portrait.
21 Valuable property.	30. BUBBLES	40 Carved ivory statue.
	31. BUBBLES	41 To vex.
	32. BUBBLES	42 To rant.
	33. BUBBLES	43 Always.
	34. BUBBLES	44 To mend.
	35. BUBBLES	45 Light brown.

ANSWER FOR YESTERDAY
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## TARZAN, LORD OF THE JUNGLE

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



Blake stood spellbound as he looked upon the ancient symbol in this lonely place. High and weatherworn the carved letters upon it were impossible to decipher, though they appeared of early English origin. Majestic, hoary with age, it seemed to call upon him to stop, silently warning him not to venture beyond it into the unknown.

With a laugh Blake threw off the mood and went on. Another turn in the path and the narrowed. Two huge boulders towered on each side. Cliffs of great height rose above. Blake asked himself where this trail was leading. The instant he passed the two boulders a huge black stepped out behind him and another in front.

Blake's eyes bulged in astonishment at the costumes of the two blacks. They were dressed in the fashion of the Middle Ages, wearing leathern jerkins and carrying two-handed broadswords. They carried also ancient pikes. "Who be ye?" demanded the negro that faced Blake.

Had the man addressed him in Greek, Blake would have been less surprised. "Doubtless he is a Saracen, Paul," said the black behind him, "and understands not." "Whosoever he be, it is for you to take him to the captain of the gate. I will abide here to guard the way until ye return, Paul Boddin."