

Heart of Liane

by MABEL MCLELLIOTT

BOIN HERE TODAY

LIANE, a beautiful, lives in a cramped New York apartment with her mother, Mrs. CLESPAUGH. She is a rather faded actress. On a hot night Liane goes to dinner with her mother, CROWIN, a neighbor, and two of Mollie's friends.

There is a shooting and the girl is held as a witness. She sends a note to her mother who arrives and persuades SHANE, MODERATE, the young policeman in charge, that Liane is innocent of wrongdoing.

That night in 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, N. Y., where Cass has an engagement with a wealthy MRS. CLESPAUGH. Liane works in the box office, sharing duties with MURIEL LAUD, pretty society girl.

At Mollie's home Liane again meets the handsome stranger who spoke her name in the theater. He is VAN ROBAR, but when Liane mentions his name her mother makes Liane promise to have nothing more to do with him.

Mrs. CLESPAUGH asks Cass to let Liane stay with her during the winter. Liane leaves the mother one evening with CHUCK, DEMOND, newspaper man, and Mollie's mother one evening. Van Robard in search of the couple. He takes them to a New York hotel. Liane is known as Mrs. Ladd's lover and the girl is crushed. Liane dines with DEMOND and finds him interesting. Van Robard comes to her home one night, but during a holdup at the theater one night, she shows concern about her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER TEN

Van, defeated, shrugged himself away. Liane submitted to the physician's ministrations.

"Right as rain," was his verdict. "They tell me you were a brave young lady."

She smiled at him faintly, scarcely listening. Liane thought, "right as rain except for a great bruise on my heart."

MOTHER, how about asking Mr. Walters if I'm to have that job as a dress model at Hendels?" Liane asked.

It was the last week of August, the week after Liane's adventure with the bandits. The local paper had made quite a hero out of her.

Clive CLESPAUGH, who never had spoken to her before, had stopped shyly to shake her hand. Chuck DEMOND had sent her a wire which said simply: "Attababy."

But it was all over now and the season itself was drawing to a close. Cass was going on tour with the New Art company, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, and Detroit. Home by the middle of January.

"We were lucky to rent the apartment," Cass reflected, not answering Liane's question.

"Do pay attention to what I'm saying," warned the girl. "I say the stage is out and I must have a job."

Cass wrinkled her fine nose in distaste. "I hate to think of turning you into a clothes horse," she observed in some dissatisfaction.

"But it pays \$35 a week, and I'd have a chance to do posing for the magazine advertisers," Liane reminded her.

"I know, but perhaps something better will turn up," Cass seemed mysterious.

"But mother, I've got to work and I'm not trained for an office. What else is there for a girl like me?"

Liane looked very young, very eager and imperative in her thin kimono of dusky red stuff. Her dark hair, bronze in the light, fell loose about her shoulders.

She was exquisite, Cass thought, with a sharp shyness. What, indeed, was she to do? True, there was Mrs. CLESPAUGH's office, she had asked for more time, had Cass, putting off the moment of decision. Now the autocratic old lady wanted her answer.

"What does she want of the child?" Cass mused. "And would it mean a definite extra?"

Would she be a sort of companion? a snubbed under-secretary, running with cushions for the lap dog?"

"I shall have to decide today," Cass muttered, half to herself.

"Decide what, mother?"

"Elsie rose, rattling up her bag, her discarded hat and white gloves. "See you at supper," she said departing.

"Decide what?" repeated Liane impatiently.

Cass determined to take the plunge.

"Mrs. CLESPAUGH wants you to stay with her this winter," she said tremulously and was surprised at the response the young girl gave. She flushed and smiled. Her soft eyes were lighted charmingly.

"You like the prospect?" Cass asked in amazement. She thought

the old lady something of a Gorgon herself.

"It might be fun," Liane faltered. "Oh Mums, not that I shouldn't mind being away from you! Of course I'd hate that."

But you said yourself that you'd have to be going on the road and I can't trail along. This—honestly now—doesn't it look like a gift from the gods?"

Cass had to admit it did. With a heavy heart she said, "It's settled then? You want me to tell her you'll come?"

"Well, mother," Liane looked grave, "I seem a sensible thing to do, I could at least earn my living that way. It'll be better than the ribbon counter."

Then with a mercenary change the girl rushed across the room, inhaled the older woman in her arms and cried in a muffled voice: "Do let me come along with you! Vernon will let me play bits. Maid parts, walk-ons. I'd rather. Why do you so hate the idea of the stage for me?"

That passionate outburst settled Cass. "Never," she said, firmly. "Let's not talk about it. You'll go to Mrs. CLESPAUGH in September."

Liane thought, "I can't tell her now about Van Robard. It would upset everything."

NOW THEY WERE PACKING. Cass' big oak trunk, the one which had traveled with her to all four corners of the continent, stood yawningly open.

It spilled tarnished evening dresses, faded scarves, shoes run down at the heel.

"All this junk!" moaned Cass, surveying it in disgust. "I must throw some of it away."

She leaned over and fished out a pile of old letters, a battered scrap book with an imitation leather cover, Liane, sorting stockings, stockings, looked up. "Anything interesting there?" she asked.

Cass waved the pile aside with a rather pettish gesture.

"Nothing you'd care about," she said.

"Tel-le-phon!" Mrs. Smithers shrieked at the foot of the stairs. "For Mrs. Barrett."

Cass caught her printed dressing gown about her neck and ran.

Liane sat there in the hopeless confusion of the room winding ribbons and smoothing out wrinkled flannel. Her glance strayed to the pile of papers.

Out of the heap idly she selected the book. She sniffed fastidiously at it. The odor of shabbiness and disuse flavored its pages. She flipped them back, reading a clipping here, pausing to stare there at the faded photographs. She was deep in an old newspaper paragraph when Cass returned.

The older woman glanced sharply at what Liane was reading, said in a rather nettled tone, "Do give me that old thing. I told you there was nothing to interest you."

"But there is—scads of stuff," protested Liane. "Why didn't you ever let me see it before? I'm fascinated."

"Do give it to me, Liane. I'm serious. I want to put it away. It should have been burned ages ago," cried Cass, strangely impatient at the delay.

Liane glanced up, dimpling impulsively. "I'm crazy about it," she cried. "All about what a riot you were in Syracuse stock in 1908."

Cass snatched her book in its frayed satin mule. Almost there were tears in her fine eyes.

"Give it to me this minute, do you hear?"

Liane arose with exaggerated dignity and handed her the book. As she relinquished it a photograph fell to the floor.

"You can at least let me see it at you looked like as Juliet," grumbled the girl, stooping to retrieve it. She gazed curiously at the inscription on the back of the small card.

"Luisa Emerson, May, 1903."

"Why, she looks awfully like you, mother," marveled Liane, turning it over and regarding the smiling features. The pose of the pictured girl was consciously dramatic. She wore a swirling pompadour, a rose in the curve of her neck.

"She's lovely," said Liane. "But mother, you never told me you had a sister."

CASS, ominously silent, received the picture from her hands.

"You like the prospect?" Cass asked in amazement. She thought

amusing my belongings," she said in a voice furiously low.

All this was so unlike her, even-tempered self that Liane glanced at her, amazed. "I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to tease."

Cass went on. "I never have spoken of Luisa because her death was such a shock to me. To all of us. It's all too painful."

Liane said pityingly: "Don't tell me about it, mother. I'm sorry, honestly I am. I didn't mean to snoop."

"No, no. There's no reason you shouldn't know," Cass continued. "She was beautiful and talented. She died of brain fever when she was 21."

"Oh, mother. I am sorry," mourned Liane. Cass' eyes were filmed. "I didn't get over it for months—years, really. I never want to talk about it."

"Is that why you never go back home?"

"Partly. Besides, there's no one back there I want to see." Cass was putting the picture away now. She was self-possessed once more.

"That was 30 years ago," called, she said. "She will send the car for you tomorrow morning. It's all settled and she's delighted you are coming."

"Whatever made you decide so suddenly?" Liane asked.

Cass was tossing papers and clippings into the trunk. She looked around as if in surprise. "Didn't you want me to say you'd come?" Liane drew her brows together thoughtfully.

"I didn't know how I'll fit in in that grand house."

Cass said, "Don't be silly. You've been brought up properly. You know which fork to use."

"I didn't mean that. Perhaps I'll feel like a pensioner." Rebellion swept over her soul. Why need they be so poor, to accept such favors at the hands of strangers?

"I rather take bits, walk-ons, anything, and stay with you," Liane grumbled. "I don't want to be anybody's man Friday."

Cass came over and shook her gently by the shoulder.

"You're a naughty girl to talk like that. This is a business arrangement, not charity. You know tramping always ruins your digestion and you catch such terrible colds. I won't have to worry about you this way."

She watched Liane anxiously.

"I hate being poor," flamed the girl bitterly. "I hate all of it, cast-off, clothes and patronage and the rest. What wouldn't I do to be independent?" It was more a challenge than a question.

Cass paused in the act of sorting shoes. She echoed Liane's words with a sigh. "What wouldn't I do to be independent? Anything short of murder." She sat down.

She looked weary and old. The girl's heart smote her. "I'm a beast," she cried, contritely. "Of course I'll go. That'll be one worry off your mind, anyhow."

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

YOU AND YOUR TWO-HEADED CHICKEN, HMF! WHAT SORT OF WORK, OR BUSINESS IS YOUR HUSBAND IN, MRS. HOOPLE? WELL, AH—RIGHT NOW HE IS RUNNING A KIND OF SIDESHOW, EXHIBITING A FREAK CHICKEN! THAT'S YOUR IDEA OF WORK, EH? YOU DOUBLE ORDER OF LAZINESS! GET DOWN IN THE BASEMENT AND TURN THAT ICE-CREAM FREEZER AND NO READING OLD MAGAZINES, YOU HEAR ME!

A MODERN BARNUM

PRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

A GREAT DAY TO BE SAILING AWAY! THE FOURTH OF JULY! WHO WOULDN'T BE HAPPY TO BE LEAVING ON SUCH A WONDERFUL VACATION AS PRECKLES, TAG AND OSCAR ARE GOING TO HAVE?

NOT DO! NUTHIN TO WORRY ABOUT—JUST OUT FOR A GOOD TIME—AND ARE WE HAVIN' IT!! YIPPEEE

EVERYBODY BACK THERE O.K.? JUST KEEP YOUR HEADS IN AND BIT TIGHT!

WONDER WHICH WAY THIS LAKE OF MR. KINGSTON'S IS? WHY, WE'RE GOING NORTH—SAY, MR. KIRK... I MEAN JOE! WOULD YOU MIND DOIN' ME A FAVOR?

TAKE US OVER ELKHART SO I CAN SHOW TAG AN' OSCAR WHERE THAT DETECTIVE AN' I CAUGHT FARBAR—I MEAN, ALMOST CAUGHT HIM!!

FLY LOW SO WE CAN SEE IT!!

WASHINGTON TUBBS II

STILL TAGGING ALONG, ARE YOU?

SURE, YOU CAN'T GET RIDDA ME.

FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS WASH AND EASY RIDE THE RATTLES.

ADVENTURER ON RADIO

Jungle Experiences to Be Described by Indianapolis Man.

Experiences during three years in South American jungles will be described over WENR, Chicago, at 8:45 p. m., Monday, by William Collins of Indianapolis, interviewed by Cal Johnson during the Outdoor Life program.

Johnson is one of the nation's best known authorities on game, forests and wild life. Collins is a world traveler and a native of Nova Scotia. He has followed the wilderness trail on several continents including India and the Americas.

FIND POISONING CURE

Wash Infected Parts With Strong Soap, Says Walton League.

By United Press

CHICAGO, July 4.—A cure for ivy poisoning was claimed today by the Isaac Walton League of America. The first thing to be done in the cure is to wash the infected parts with strong soap. Next, apply a 5 per cent solution of ferric chloride which has been added to a 50-50 solution of water and alcohol, said the league.

STICKERS

Two multiplication problems, with the digits 1 to 9, are so arranged above that they bring the same result. Can you rearrange the digits so as to bring a large total, but still multiply in one case three numbers by two and in the other case two numbers by two?

Answer for Yesterday

The diagram shows how the five pieces of the same size can be formed into a perfect square, only one piece having been cut in two.

TARZAN, LORD OF THE JUNGLE

The trail led toward the cliffs where presently Blake saw the black mouth of a tunnel. Here the Negro halted. He took a torch of twigs dipped in pitch and lighted it with a spark struck from flint and steel. Then he pushed Blake on again into the tunnel. Toward what?

Equally strange was the grim prank fate meanwh. played on Stimbo. Tattered and half-starved, he slunk through the jungle. At last he came to a well-worn trail along which men and animals had passed. Pushing on, he came at last, a day later, to the Menzil of the sheik Ibn Jad.

Fejjuan, the galls slave, discovered him and took him to the sheik's beyt where Ibn Jad and Tollog, his brother, with several men were sipping coffee. "By Ullah! What has thou captured now?" demanded the sheik. "Perhaps a holy man," replied the credulous black, "for he is without weapons."

"Another Christian dog!" said Fahd, spitting. "A Freny, perhaps." "Perhaps," said the sheik. "Maybe he is from Fransa. Speak to him in that vile tongue." The sheik was merely curious. He was inclined to have Stimbo's throat slit, as the easiest way to get rid of the helpless white man.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



PRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



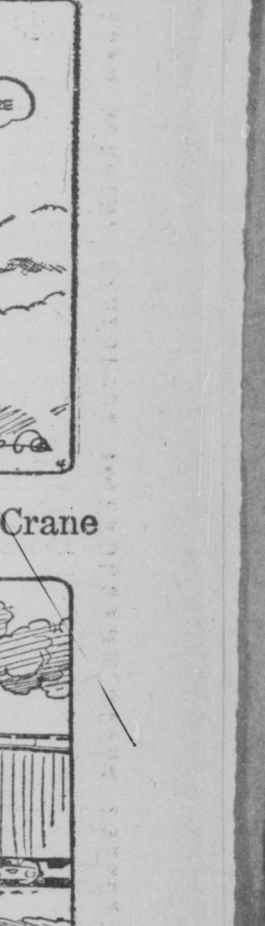
ADVENTURER ON RADIO

—By Small



FIND POISONING CURE

—By Martin



STICKERS

—By Martin



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



TARZAN, LORD OF THE JUNGLE

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs

