

# Heart of Liane

by MABEL McELLIOTT

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**

LIANE BARRETT is a beautiful, blue-eyed girl who lives in a small apartment with her mother, Mrs. Barrett, a rather faded woman. On a hot night she goes to bed with a book, and a neighbor, and two of Molly'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 McDERMID, the young policeman in charge, that Liane is innocent of wrongdoing. That night at the police station where Cass and Liane encounter 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 wealthy Mrs. CLIVE LADD, a widow with one son, CLIVE. Liane works in the box office, sharing duties with MURIEL LADD, pretty society girl.

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

Mrs. Cleophaugh says Cass to let Liane stay with her during the winter. Muriel Ladd is interested in Liane and does not care for her, but during the winter she shows great concern for her. Liane is sure that she will spend the winter with Mrs. Cleophaugh.

Cass goes to return to the city at the end of the season and Liane helps her, comes across an old picture of her, and she refuses to say more about her.

## NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE room was long and low-ceilinged and it seemed to Liane to be packed with ugly, comfortable mahogany furniture of the Victorian age. Mrs. Cleophaugh's big old house proved to be a curious dwelling.

"Mother's dining room is pure Borgia," Clive told her that first day, with affectionate amusement in his voice. Liane had had to agree.

The great, black, worm-eaten oak table with its huge poly-chromed candlesticks and the dark, red velvet curtains looked back from the windows, seemed out of place so near to the hall with its Chinese lacquers and cold tea box paper on the walls. Strange, strange house! Yet Liane rather liked it. It was ugly and rich and comfortable. Her own room pleased her. The great bed had a priceless lace coverlet over rose satin. There was a puffy rose-colored down comforter.

Not at all the sort of thing the young girl would have chosen, but luxurious in a heavy sort of way. "I'm dreaming," she said, sitting up and blinking as she regarded the breakfast tray which Nora, one of the deft, well-trained maids, had set down on the maid table. Mrs. Cleophaugh had five maids, all Irish girls.

The breakfast tray was very modern, set with thin, sprigged china dishes in pink and white. The covered dish held golden toast.

The fat little pink jar had honey in it. The tall, crystal glass was filled with orange juice. The bulbous pot poured out a thin, amber stream of inviting coffee.

"Luxury!" sighed the young girl, throwing her cheap childish dressing gown over her shoulders and slipping her narrow feet into well-worn broadened mules.

She dashed to the bathroom, where she splashed and showered, returning quickly to that alluring morning repast. Nora had drawn the shades, shutting out the insistent September sun.

Liane thought with a pang, "How mother would have loved this!" The thought made the delicious food almost bitter for an instant. Then she remembered, "It's what she wanted me to do."

Just the same, Liane felt a little guilty. Her mother was tired and not strong, was starting out on that dreary business of touring. Not one night stands of course. Better than that.

But Liane knew well the sort of dim, tawdry apartments and furnished rooms her mother would be able to afford in the various cities to which she would go with the New Art crowd.

"Nothing like this," thought the young girl regretfully.

THEN, being young, she forgot that guilty feeling and proceeded to enjoy herself wholly. Mrs. Cleophaugh had said automatically, "I never come down to breakfast. Never appear before 11, in fact. Perhaps you'd like to have a tray in your room?"

Liane had agreed that that would be delightful. Demure she had been. Quiet and tractable as became the young companion of an aristocratic old lady.

"I'm going to be happy here," Liane decided suddenly with one of those rare flashes of prescience which come occasionally to all of us. Why she believed that she couldn't have said. Nevertheless, she did.

She got into her old, crisp white linen present. Her dark hair was damp from the shower. It curled and shaped itself delightfully under her skillful fingers.

"Poor girls are the ones who should be born with a natural wave," Liane reflected, thankful this was so in her case. It's only the rich ones who can afford a hairdresser once a week.

She went down into the study, where she began her morning task of straightening out the accounts, sorting mail, sifting the envelopes which she knew contained bills.

Her convent training stood her in good stead. She had been taught to be neat, methodical, orderly. She was clever at figures and she wrote a clear, feminine script.

Honestly, there isn't enough to keep any one really busy," the girl thought as her slim fingers worked busily, surely, among the papers on the old walnut desk.

She was puzzled at Mrs. Cleophaugh's desire to have her there. It's probably more because she's lonely than for any other reason," she decided. Their afternoons were given over mostly to driving. If her employer was very tired, Liane read to her in the late afternoon.

If there were visitors Liane poured tea. Sometimes she worked in the rose garden, snipping leaves, spraying the bushes with villainous mixture. In the morning, too, she was expected to replace the blooms in the drawing room with study with fresh ones. This was a joy, not work, really. Yes, she was happy here.

AND yet there was a restlessness under Liane's quiet contentment. She had the feeling she was waiting, watching for something to happen.

"Hello," said a quiet voice. She looked up. Clive, the son of the house, dripping in his tennis flannels, stepped through the French window that opened on the terrace. "Hot!" he said, sighing and wiping his forehead.

"Isn't it?" agreed Liane. She looked up at him smiling and thinking she never had seen before. He held a white sweater on his arm. His fair hair fell in a damp, curling forelock over his forehead.

I thought—Mother understood my living was enough." "Nonsense!" said Mrs. Cleophaugh disdainfully. "You're being a most efficient secretary. Certainly you're to have a salary how does \$30 a week seem to you?"

"It seems magnificent!" faltered the young girl, almost overcome. Why with that she could do magic things! She could save, put by a nest egg for her mother. She could buy herself new gloves. And her shoes were shabby. Perhaps—she flushed painfully at the thought—perhaps Mrs. Cleophaugh had noticed that fact.

THE old lady was observing her shrewdly. "You're earning it, my dear, I assure you," she said with satisfaction. "No qualms are necessary."

Mrs. Cleophaugh touched a bell rope. When the fresh-faced Irish girl in her apple green uniform and crisp, ruffled apron appeared, the woman said, "Tell Mr. Clive I wish to see him when he's ready."

"He's out by the stables, Ma'am," the rosy girl reported in a few moments. "Wan of the mares has a distemper, and Mr. Clive says he don't know will he be able to come for a bit, he's that busy."

Mrs. Cleophaugh rapped her eye-glasses sharply on the gleaming desk. "Tell him I said to come at once. It's frightfully important."

Liane was disturbed. She never had seen the old lady in this mood. Perhaps this manner of his mother's explained the young man's sudden shyness, his hesitations and withdrawals. Liane sat quite hardly daring to lift her eyes.

"Want to see me, mother?" The girl looked up to see Clive, still in his damp and crumpled tennis things, standing in the doorway.

"I certainly did. I want you to dress and lunch with us. We haven't a minute to spare. Leave the animal to Kelly and hurry." The old lady's voice was imperative.

Clive said, unperturbed, "So that was it! Sorry, I am not lunching with you today." He turned on his heel. His jaw had taken on a hard line. His voice crackled.

Clive, did you hear me?" He wheeled and now Liane saw from behind her veiled lashes that his blue eyes were blazing. "I heard and I'm going," he rapped out. "No scenes, please I'm a bit weary of them."

He was gone.

"Bravo!" Liane applauded him in her heart. Yet she felt sorry for the old woman, who sat, staring at the closed door.

(To Be Continued)

## HASKELL HEAD NAMED

West Virginia U. Man Appointed in Indian School Post.

By United Press

LAWRENCE, Kan., July 6.—Robert D. Baldwin of the University of West Virginia has been appointed superintendent of Haskell Indian Institute, it was learned today.

The new superintendent is a graduate of Princeton and has studied at Columbia, Leland Stanford and Cornell universities. He succeeds R. B. Pease, who will retire July 31, after holding the position for forty-one years.

## OCEAN FLIGHT DELAYED

Unfavorable Weather Causes Another Postponement for Fair.

By United Press

NEW YORK, July 6.—Unfavorable weather caused another delay today in the proposed flight to Budapest by Captain George Endres and Captain Alexander Magyar in the "Justice for Hungary."

The fliers arose early, went to Roosevelt field, prepared to take off and then shortly went back to bed with the announcement the flight would start Tuesday.

## STICKERS

Arrange 12 counters, six of one color marked A, C, E, G, I and K, and six of another color, marked B, D, F, H, J and L in the manner shown above. Then the puzzle is to get them in alphabetical order in the manner of A, B, C and D on the top line, E, F, G and H on the middle line and I, J, K and L on the bottom line. The moves are made by exchanging opposite colors, connected by the various lines. Can you work the problem in 17 exchanges?

Answer for Saturday

174 96  
32 58

By arranging the numbers 1 to 9 as shown above and then multiplying them you will get 5568 in both cases—which is 1934 more than the multiplication total of the original problem.

## TARZAN, LORD OF THE JUNGLE

Fahd, once having served with the Algerian forces, spoke some French and addressed Stimboi in that language. "Who are you, stranger?" he demanded. Stimboi, relieved to have discovered a means of communication, told Fahd he was an immensely rich American, promising to pay him well if his life was spared.

When Fahd reported this to the sheik, Ibn Jad saw a chance for a large ransom and ordered Fahd to take the man into his own beyt and assume responsibility for him. Thus Stimboi found himself joined to the roving band of desert men who were slowly drawing closer to the fabled Leopard City of Nimura.

As they marched, Zeyd found opportunity to advance his suit for the hand of Ateja, the daughter of the sheik. And Tolloo, her uncle, sought to advance the claims of Fahd in the eyes of the sheik. But Fahd was not satisfied with his progress. He schemed constantly to rid himself of his rival. At last he hit upon a plan.

Nightly he noticed that Zeyd absented himself from the gatherings in the tent of Ibn Jad, and that Zeyd and Ateja were meeting. So one night Fahd hid near Zeyd's tent. When the youth left, Fahd crept in and seized his rival's musket, then stealthily crept through camp to where Zeyd awaited the coming of Ateja.

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



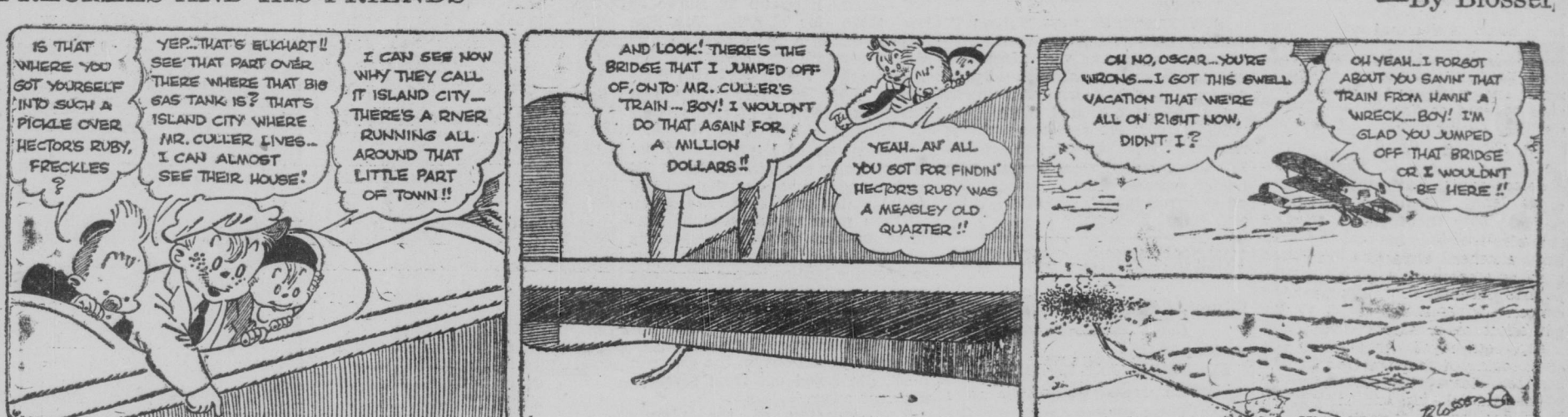
## OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



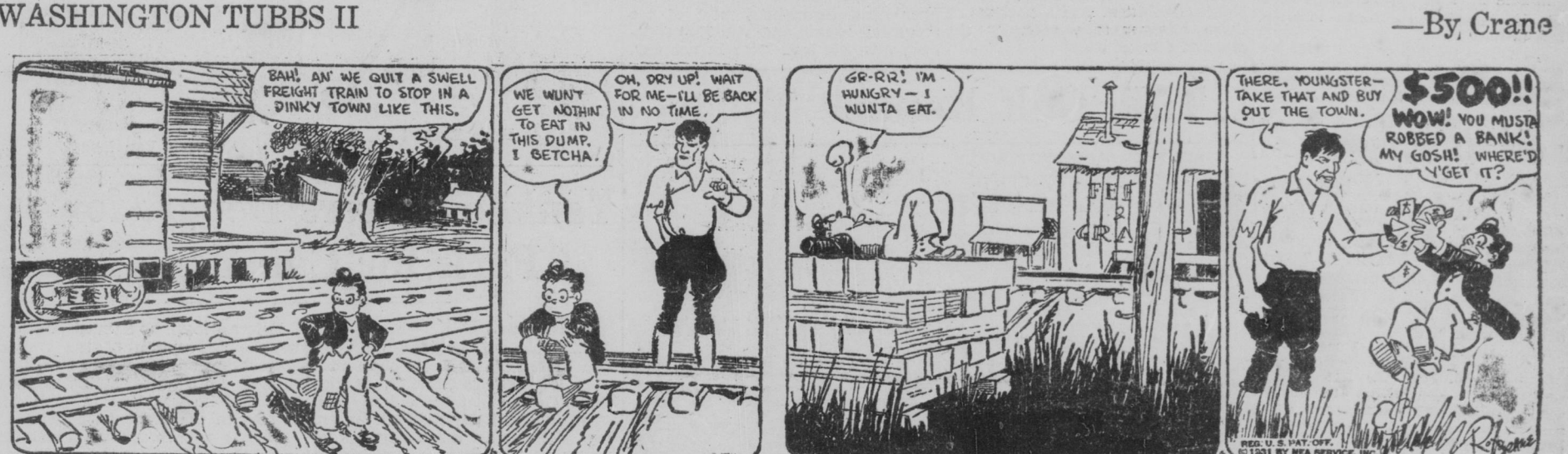
## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—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



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Animosity.
- 6 To sew.
- 11 Diced.
- 12 Moeled apple.
- 14 Pertaining to the sun.
- 16 Last word of a prayer.
- 17 Cor.
- 19 Clear.
- 20 To stroke lightly.
- 21 Signals.
- 23 To implore.
- 24 Within.
- 25 Swine.
- 26 To bark shrilly.
- 28 Southeast.
- 29 Opposite of in.
- 30 Striped cloth.
- 32 Secured.
- 34 Not short.
- 35 Inclination.
- 36 Duration.
- 38 Wrath.
- 41 To oppress with heat.
- 43 Nominal value.
- 44 Fourth note.

SATURDAY'S ANSWER

INDEPENDENCEDAY  
DAWN REEVE RULE  
OMIT KAMEE REEL  
LEPER TON HOTEL  
RAG C AIR  
ART MATRASS SEE  
LEER DEALS SLAW  
BALAS ACT WAIVE  
SLATE RYE ADDER  
OWED REND  
TARO BREAK LEAD  
IRON BORNE ERNE  
CATS SPATS SETA

- 45 Card game.
- 46 Joker.
- 48 Father.
- 49 Evil.
- 50 Corded cloth.
- 52 Sesame.
- 54 To harvest.
- 56 Rescue.
- 58 Four and five.
- 60 Door rug.
- 61 Matter-of-fact.
- 63 To free.
- 64 To replace.
- 65 Pertaining to leg bone.

VERTICAL

- 1 Mortal.
- 2 To instigate.
- 3 Two fives.
- 4 Road.
- 5 Elk.
- 6 Certain.
- 7 Exists.
- 8 Peak.
- 9 B's stick.
- 10 Rabbits.
- 11 Hairlike.
- 13 A mere pretense.
- 15 Reformed completely.

- 17 Ugly old woman.
- 18 To attempt.
- 21 Wittleism.
- 22 To droop.
- 25 Embrace.
- 27 Kettle.
- 29 Unit/.
- 30 Verb.
- 31 Social insect.
- 33 Point.
- 35 Coin.
- 36 One and one.
- 37 Moisture.
- 39 Chart.
- 41 Turf.
- 42 Rodent.
- 45 To drink dog fashion.
- 47 Cotton picker.
- 49 To diminish.
- 50 To value.
- 51 Saucy.
- 53 Monetary unit of Italy.
- 55 Organ of hearing.
- 56 Iniquity.
- 57 Monkey.
- 59 Nothing.
- 61 Behold!
- 62 Pound.

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