

Heart of Liane

by MABEL MCLELLIOTT

I thought—Mother understood my living was enough.
"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Cleespaugh.
"You're being a most efficient secretary. Certainly you have 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. Cleespaugh had noticed that.

She had got into her old, crisp white linen presently. 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 not 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, slitting 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. Cleespaugh'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. Her employer was very tired, Liane noted to her in the late afternoon.

If there were visitors Liane would open tea. Sometimes she worked in the rose garden, clipping leaves, spraying the bushes with a villainous mixture. In the morning, too, she was expected to replace the blooms in the drawing room and 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 flannel, 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 the tall, shy young man look so well before. He held a white sweater on his arm. His fair hair fell in a damp, curling forelock over his forehead.

"Heard from Elsie?" he wanted to know.

Liane frowned. "I had a letter—see?"—Monday from Boston," she said. "From mother. She said Elsie threatened to write me soon. They've been gone just a week," she reminded him.

"Yes, I know." His tone sounded careless, but as he went on, with a smile and a nod for her, she couldn't help wondering. How deep had his flirtation with Elsie gone? The actress was beautiful in a lush, ripe way.

"She's the sort," Liane thought artlessly, "that men must go simply mad about." This particular young man seemed so shy, so reticent, one couldn't guess how seriously his feelings were involved.

"He's nice," she decided. Yes, that was exactly the word for Clive. Not exciting probably, but good, dependable. She hoped, quite gravely, that Elsie hadn't trifled with his young affections. Elsie had a way of doing such things.

Mrs. Cleespaugh rustled in on the stroke of 11. Her white hair was piled high. She was majestic in lilac-colored swiss, her lorgnette dangling from a thin platinum chain.

"Good child, to get through all that stack," she approved, flicking the pile of checks and sitting down to sign them. "I thought we'd drive to Easthampton for luncheon. It's sticky, isn't it? Has my son put in an appearance yet?"

Liane told her Clive had gone up to change.

"Ah, then perhaps he'll join us," said the old lady in a tone of quiet satisfaction. "By the way, my dear, I haven't given you your salary check yet. I think it would be better, perhaps, if I arranged to make that a weekly matter."

"Salary?" Liane stammered. "But

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

Liane had agreed that that would be delightful. Demure she had

HORIZONTAL SATURDAY'S ANSWER 17 Ugly old woman.

1. Anomist. 6 To sew. 11 Dice. 22 Mooley apple. 14 Pertaining to the sun. 16 Last word of a prayer. 17 Cor. 19 Clear. 20 To stroke lightly. 21 Signs. 22 To implore. 24 Within. 25 Swine. 26 To bark shrilly. 28 Southeast. 29 Opposite of fn. 30 Striped cloth. 32 Secured. 34 Not short. 36 Inclination. 38 Duration. 40 Wrath. 41 To oppress with heat. 43 Nominal value. 45 Pertaining to a bone. 44 Fourth note.

1. DIAR. 2. REEVE. 3. RULE. 4. OMIT. 5. REEVE. 6. REEL. 7. LEAPER. 8. TONE. 9. HOTEL. 10. RIG. 11. AIR. 12. LEER. 13. MATKASS. 14. SEE. 15. PEALS. 16. SLAW. 17. BALLAS. 18. ACT. 19. WAIVE. 20. SILLATE. 21. RYE. 22. ADDER. 23. OWNED. 24. REND.

25. Coin. 26. One and one. 27. Moisture. 28. Chart. 29. Turf. 30. Verb. 31. Social insect. 32. 33. Point. 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.

1. G. 2. E. 3. I. 4. B. 5. H. 6. A. 7. C. 8. L. 9. D. 10. K.

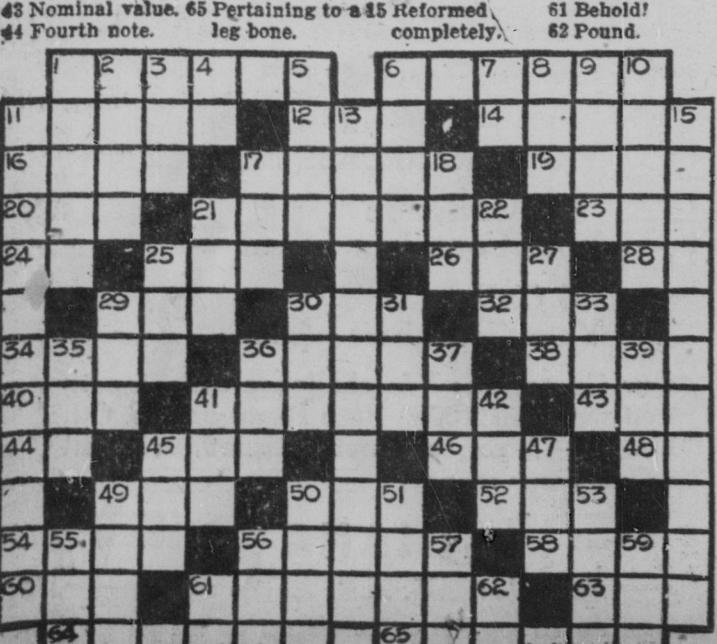
Arrange 12 counters, six of one color marked A, C, E, G, I and K, and six of another color, marked B, D, F, H, J and L in the manner shown above. Then the puzzle is to get them in alphabetical order in the manner of A, B, C and D on the top line, E, F, G and H on the middle line and I, J, K and L on 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

1. 7 4 9 6
3 2 5 8

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 Stimbol in that language. "Who are you, stranger?" he demanded. Stimbol, relieved to have discovered a means of rich 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 baya and assume responsibility for him. Thus Stimbol found himself joined to the roving band of desert men who were slowly drawing closer to the fabled Leopard City of Nimmah.

As they marched, Zeyd found opportunity to advance his suit for the hand of Ateja, the daughter of the sheik. And Tollog, 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

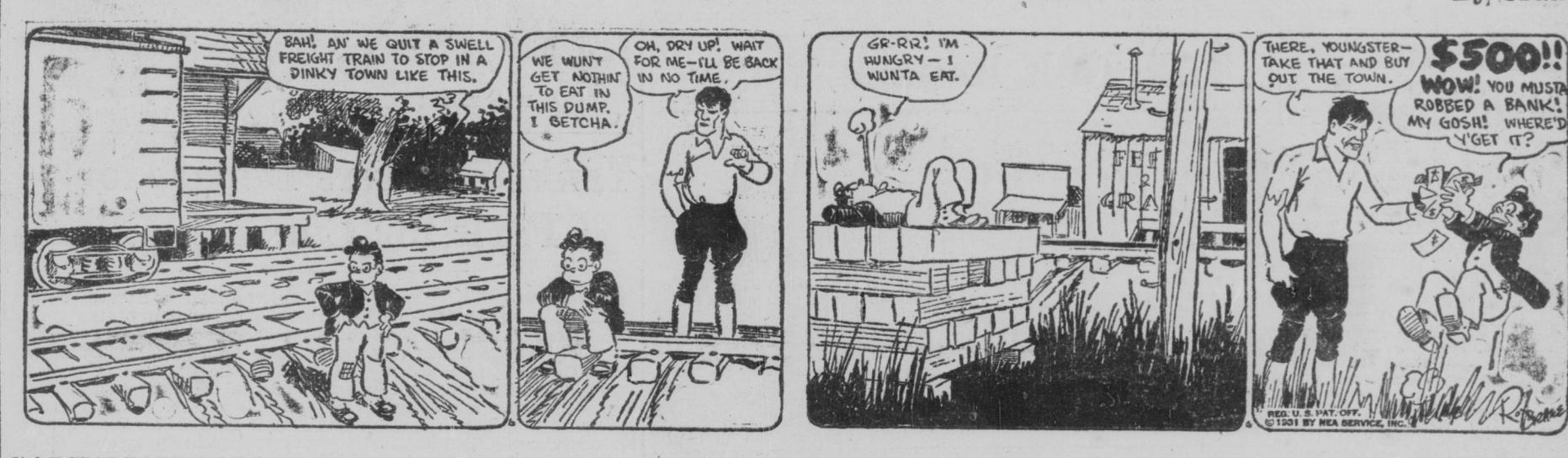


FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



—By Blosser

WASHINGTON TUBBS II



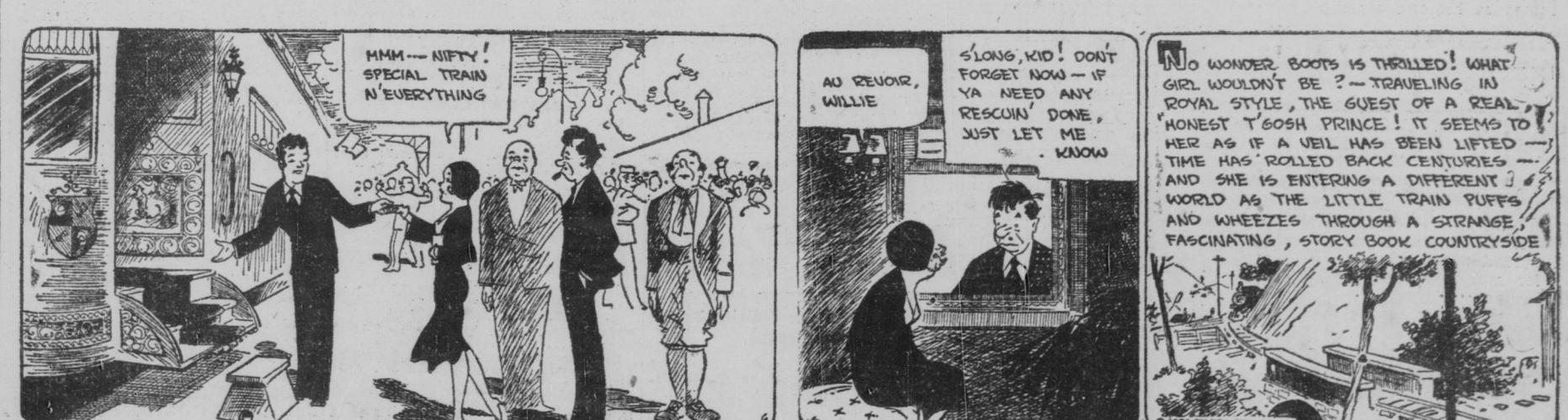
—By Crane

SALESMAN SAM



—By Small

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



—By Martin

TARZAN, LORD OF THE JUNGLE



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



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WHY MOTHERS' GET GRAY

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