

Heart of Liane

by MABEL MCLELLIOTT

Perhaps it meant nothing. Who knew?

It was the lure of the snake for the humming bird, she reflected. And wanted to laugh hysterically at the idea. This man affected her strangely, made her use phrases that belonged only in melodrama.

"Remind me to talk to you about the Alken house," she heard Mrs. Cleespaugh murmur to Robard as they rose from the table.

Clive went to the radio in the corner of the study and twirled the dial. A raucous voice came through. His mother shuddered.

"However can we talk with that hideous thing screeching at us?"

"Clive grinned at her. He found another station and a luscious baritone came rippling into the quiet, luxurious room.

"Heavens, what stuff!" murmured the fastidious Mrs. Cleespaugh, pausing in her monologue.

The baritone wailed the tune, smacking his lips over the honeyed words:

"The moon is new, but love is old—lover come back to me."

Liane looked into the fire. Silly words they were, full of pathos—but there was something about them. It was a wall from the heart.

"Shut that wretched machine off and ring for Ellen," demanded Mrs. Cleespaugh, the autocrat. "We must have some bridge."

Although Clive made a show of rebellion, presently the table was set up and there began for Liane an evening of exquisite torture.

She sat opposite Van and when he was dunny he came and leaned impudently over her shoulder. She could catch the scent of the gardenia in his buttonhole, the aroma of his cigarette.

His coat sleeve brushed her cheek and the button caught in her hair. There ensued one of those awkward interludes during which "I'm sorry" and "Stupid of me" were said more than once, and from which Liane emerged extraordinarily rosy.

He did that on purpose!" she thought, half glad and half resentful. He was the sort of man who simply must be noticed.

If there were no other way, she said to herself angrily, then he would catch his sleeve button in one's hair. Oh, it was cheap. It was abominable!

But although she tried desperately to hate him, she did not seem to succeed very well. She knew every word that he spoke, every inflection of his deep-timbered voice. It was a spell against which she struggled in vain.

At 10 their hostess, glancing at the great clock, began to rise. "I'm an old woman," she said majestically. "You know my habits, Van."

The game was ended. The evening, too, Liane had thought it interminable, but now she cast about in her mind wildly for some plan to hold Van here. She might not see him again—ever.

He stood, leaning idly against the mantel, and watched her as she swept the cards into a neat little pile. Clive was punctiliously attending his mother to the staircase.

Liane was conscious of a burning excitement. All evening she had felt Van's piercing gaze upon her. She longed now, with a sudden fierce eagerness, to ask him why he blew, now hot, now cold, in her direction.

None of this showed in her composed manner and before the words formed in her mind the moment passed. A coal fell in the grate with a rattle and Liane pretended to start at the sound.

This was the hour she had dreamed of when they should meet face to face. And yet she seemed to be stricken dumb. What an idiot he must think her, standing there!

She could hear Clive's step in the hall. Against her will, Liane's eyes were drawn to Robard's.

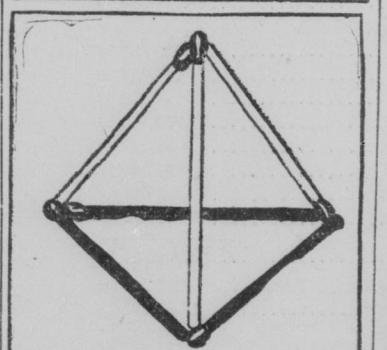
(To Be Continued)

STICKERS

ROME WAS NOT BUILT IN A DAY.

Can you make a six-word sentence with the same letters as are used in the sentence above?

Answer for Yesterday



The above diagram is drawn in perspective and illustrates how four triangles can be made from six matches. To explain how the problem stands, after being worked, the three black matches are flat on the ground and the three white ones are standing in the air, in pyramid shape. Thus there is a triangle on the bottom, and one on each side of the pyramid.

HORIZONTAL.

1 Seraglio. 13 To breathe laboriously.

6 Shallow dish. 21 Matter from a sore.

11 Contagious. 22 Grave.

12 Fowl disease. 23 Maple tree.

14 Musical drama. 24 Bill of fare.

15 To entertain. 25 Invited.

16 Coln. 26 Paddle.

17 To become exhausted. 27 Paddle.

18 Flat-bottomed ships. 28 Marble.

19 Iniquity. 29 Poem.

20 Opposite of shut. 30 Part of a church.

21 To vouch. 31 Equal.

23 Military snare. 32 Small nick.

24 Bugle plant. 33 Conjunction.

25 Heavy cords. 34 Closer.

27 Unit. 35 Former secretary of war from Ohio.

28 Seas. 36 To chant.

29 Enraged. 37 Last word of a 4 Fast histories.

30 To darn. 38 To secret.

31 Melody. 39 To be secret.

32 To retard. 40 Bad.

33 To lay a street. 41 To dwell.

34 To a law. 42 To proceed.

35 To make into a law. 43 To be secret.

36 To a law. 44 To be secret.

37 To a law. 45 Bad.

38 To a law. 46 Grown coarse.

39 To a law. 47 Believers of a particular creed.

40 To a law. 48 Bugle plant.

41 To a law. 49 Heavy cords.

42 To a law. 50 Former secretary of war from Ohio.

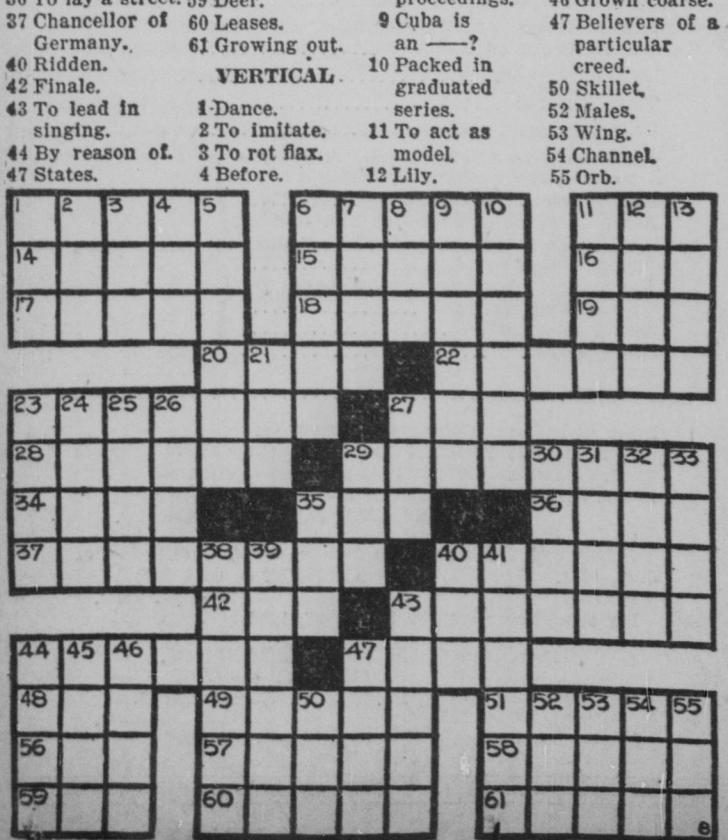
43 To lead in singing. 51 Enfry.

44 To lead in singing. 52 Males.

45 By reason of. 53 Wing.

46 By reason of. 54 Channel.

47 States. 55 Orb.

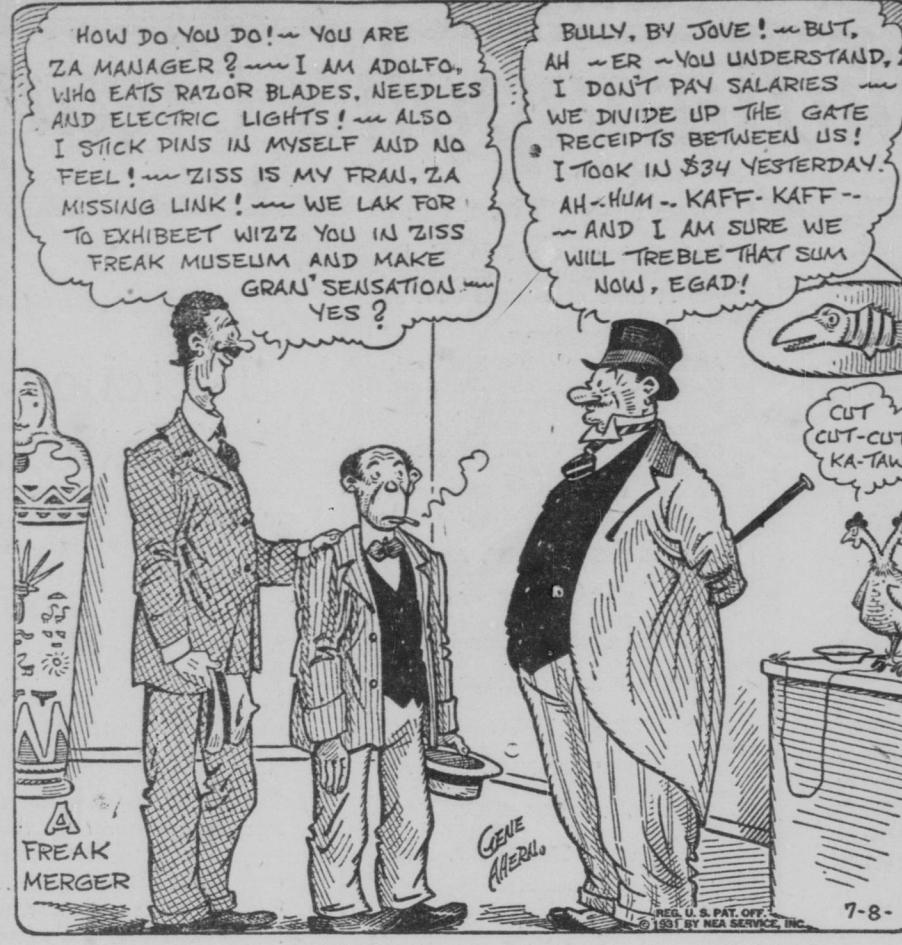


THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

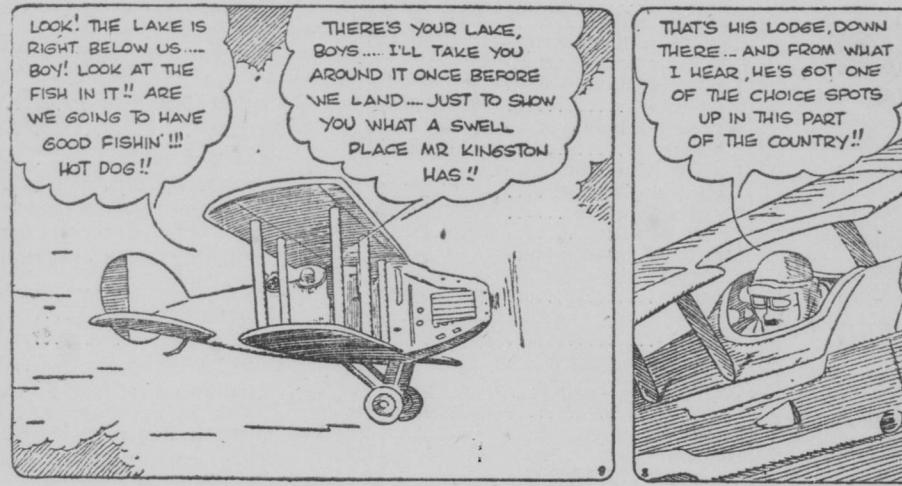
OUT OUR WAY

JULY 8, 1931
—By Williams



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



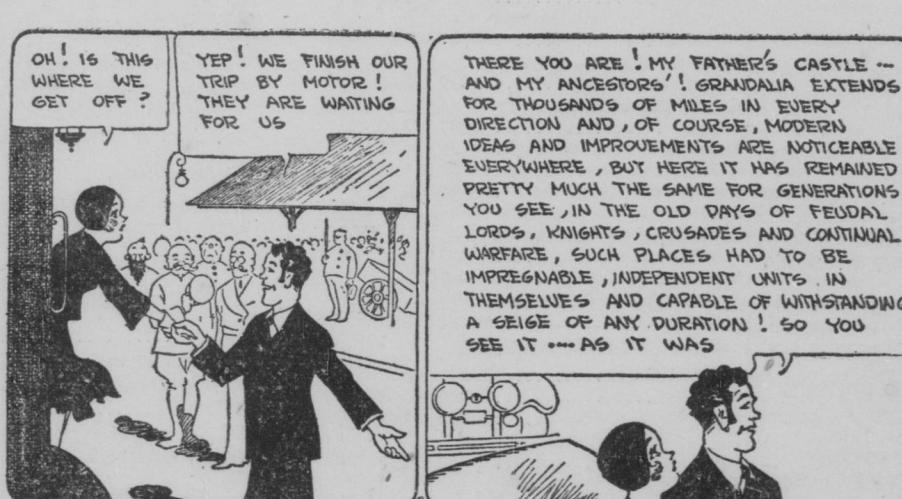
SALESMAN SAM

—By Small



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



TARZAN, LORD OF THE JUNGLE

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



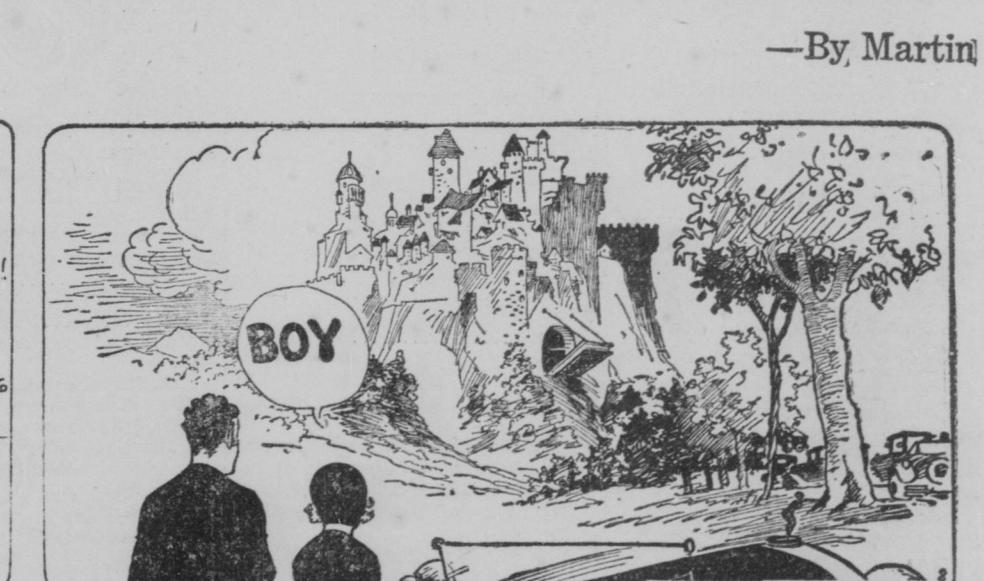
Atéja rushed to her father and fell upon her knees. "Do not slay him," she cried. "I know it was not he." Silence, girl," ordered the sheik, sternly. "Go to thy quarters and remain there." They took Zeyd to his own beyt and bound him securely, while in the mukaaq the elders sat in judgment.

Behind the curtains of the women's quarters, Atéja listened. "At dawn, then he shall be shot," she heard them decide. And Zeyd struggled to free himself, aware of what his fate would be. Long into the night Atéja lay sleepless. When quiet fell upon the camp she raised the tent cloth and rolled beneath it into the deserted mukaaq.



A HOUSE DIVIDED

J.R. WILLIAMS
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Zeyd, sleepless, heard her. "Who comes?" he demanded. "It is I, thy beloved," cautioned the girl. Deftly she cut his bonds. "Take this food, thy musket and the freedom I give thee," she whispered. "Thy horse stands tethered. . . . May Allah guide thee." Zeyd pressed her tightly to his breast, kissed her and was gone into the night.