

Heart of Liane by MABEL McELLIOTT

CHAPTER XIV

THERE it was in black and white. She never knew later how she had got through that dreadful day. She had a confused impression of the big, busy station, of a porter who took her things. Of Olive saying swiftly, competently, "I'll pack this and find you at the gate. I'll get your ticket. Don't bother about anything."

The short journey seemed interminable. Olive had wired Elsie the time of her arrival but there was no one waiting in the dimly lighted station. She gave the cabman the address of the hospital and then sat staring through the window at the unfamiliar streets.

At the information desk a startled young woman with a detached air told her Mrs. Barrett was in 402. No change, she added. The words chilled Liane. Her heart was full to bursting as she rode up in the creaky, antiseptic smelling elevator. The man looked at her with a faint curiosity. He was accustomed to pallid visitors with terror in their eyes but this one was so young—so alone.

A strange Elsie waited outside the door of Cass' room, an Elsie pale and serious. "Glad you've come, kid," she whispered. "Can't go in right now. The doctor's there."

The throbbing of Liane's heart was thunderous. She reached for something to steady herself.

"Tell me—," she began, "just how bad—?" She couldn't go on. Elsie shook her head. "They don't know just how the crisis will come," she said. "Tonight, they think. We thought it was just a cold. She'd been struggling along with it, didn't want to mention it to you. Yesterday morning the doctor said it was pneumonia. He hurried her over here so she'd get the best care. Hope it was the right thing to do. Her bright eyes sought Liane anxiously.

"Oh, I know you've been doing everything possible," Liane began hoarsely. Both girls fell silent, watching the door. The nurse came out, gave Liane an imperious glance and hurried down the hall.

As in a trance the watchers followed her movements with their eyes. She returned in a moment with a hypodermic needle on a tray.

"Just a minute, honey," Elsie reassured the trembling Liane. "Dr. Lane'll be out and you can talk to him. Don't go all to pieces now. We'll need you. I'll be back soon. Just to see you?"

The knob of the door began to turn. Like one searching the face of the omniscient for a sign of relenting, the two girls gazed at the iron gray man who emerged.

"How is she?" gasped Liane.

"Not too bad," his tone held a professional cheerfulness, meaningless, more terrifying than gloom. The girl felt he had spoken thus to a dozen anxious watchers.

"May I go in to see her now?" Elsie looked toward him. "If you'll promise not to disturb her."

She staunchly promised. She would not allow one tear to flow.

The still figure on the bed moved ever so slightly. There was a low moan and the nurse moved swiftly to her patient's side. Alert she stood there, then turned, finger on lip, to sign the watcher with her silence.

"Just the same," she murmured, Liane looked up quickly, hopefully, at the moment. But at the nurse's words the girl's pallor deepened. She settled again in her chair, her eyes never leaving the quiet figure under the coverlet. Cass was quiet now. Before she had been delicious and that had been awful.

"She mustn't die—she won't die—she can't!" This Liane repeated over and over to herself as if it were a magic incantation to chain Cass' spirit.

"She mustn't!" She won't!"

Thus the girl had prayed, had hoped, all the long day. She had been at the hospital for three days, now, and the awaited crisis failed to arrive. At night she dreamed going with Elsie back to the hotel. She lay, long hours, in the darkness, every nerve straining for the telephone message she felt sure would come. In the dawn she would rise, with shaking fingers dash the key into her red-rimmed eyes. Exhausted, she would dress, wait for the hour when she might creep to her mother's side.

It was all terrible, terrible! She had not known before what anguish could be.

(To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Best of the Nation's "Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

YESSIR-I'VE ALWAYS ADMIRRED THAT BIRD, WARBUCKS. MOREN ANY OTHER GUY IN THE WORLD-NEVER SAW HIM PERSONALLY, BUT HIS PICTURES TELL THE STORY- WHAT A FACE-HE'S A SCRAPPER-NONE O' YER PUSSY-FOOTIN SLICK SNOBS, ROBBIN WIDOWS AN' ORPHANS- HE TOOK HIS AWAY FROM GUYS THAT COULD GIVE HIM A BATTLE-

YUH KNOW, OLIVER, YOU HAVE A LOT TH' SAME BUILD AS WARBUCKS-AND WITHOUT THOSE WHISKERS AND TH' GLASSES, YOU'D LOOK SOMETHIN' LIKE HIM, TOO-FUNNY I NEVER NOTICED THAT BEFORE-DRESSED LIKE HIM, YOU'D LOOK A LOT LIKE HIM-

HUH! THAT'S A CRAZY IDEA-

I'VE WATCHED PEOPLE A LOT-I FIGGER THAT FOLKS THAT LOOK ALIKE MOST ALWAYS ARE ALIKE- ACT ALIKE-THINK ALIKE- ALL THAT STUFF- WHY, WITH TH' SAME BREAKS THIS GUY WARBUCKS HAS HAD, YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN AS BIG A GUY AS HIM- YOU CAN'T TELL-

POPPYCOCK!

WHILE ANNIE, HAVING HEARD NOTHING FROM 'DADDY' WARBUCKS, IS FIRMLY CONVINCED HE HAS GONE TO A FAR COUNTRY-

YEAH-I'VE BEEN THINKIN' IT OVER AND I'M SURE OF IT- IF 'DADDY' WAS ANYWHERE 'ROUND HERE I'D HAVE HEARD FROM HIM LONG FORT THIS- HE MUST HAVE LIT OUT FOR CHINA OR AFRICA OR SOME PLACE WITHOUT HAVIN A CHANCE TO TELL ME GOODBYE-

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

WITH HIS NERVES ALREADY ON EDGE, OVER THE BOYS' PROLONGED ABSENCE, ROY'S STRAINING EARS PICK UP A FAMILIAR SOUND

A SHIP! - THE MOON MAN'S! AND COMING IN THIS DIRECTION!!

IF-IF HE CROSSES TO THE SOUTH OF THE GREAT WALL, HE'LL SPOT OUR SHIP, AND THEN -

GOSH- EVERYTIME WE COME TO ANOTHER TOWER, I FEEL LIKE SOMEBODY'S INSIDE WAITING TO NAB US!

THERE'S NO CHANCE OF THAT, I DON'T THINK, SPUD!

WAL, HERE'S HOPING THE COAST IS CLEAR. ALL THE WAY BACK TO ROY AND OUR SHIP -

POLLY AND HER PALS

IF YOU THINK PA'S ACTUALLY GONE GOLF GOOFY, WHY NOT CALL IN AN ALIENIST?

THAT'S A IDEA, POLLY! I'LL DO IT!

YOU SENT FOR ME, MRS. PERKINS!

YAS, DOCTOR. I WANT YOU TO GIVE MY HUSBAND A THOROUGH EXAMINATION!

HEAVENS! WOT A TIME IT'S TAKIN! THEY BEEN AT IT FER HOURS!

B-ZZZ. B-ZZZ-

MUMBLE, MUMBLE-

THEN YOU DON'T APPROVE OF TH' OVERLAPPING GRIP EH, DOC?

NO, PERKINS, I'VE TAKEN TEN STROKES OFF MY GAME SINCE I WENT BACK TO THE NATURAL GRIP!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

In the Moonlight—!

HOW FAR IS IT TO GRANDALIA, MISTER X?

'MISTER X'? I NEVER HEARD YOU CALLED THAT BEFORE, FRANZ

OH, BOOTS JUST CALLS ME THAT, AUNTIE! I'M CRAZY ABOUT IT

YES! I'VE NOTICED THAT YOU'VE BEEN ACTING RATHER ODD LATELY

GEE! TH' SCENERY IS GORGEOUS

LET'S GO OUT ON THE OBSERVATION PORCH! WE CAN SEE IT BETTER

BY ALL MEANS! THE MOON IS SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL

GEE! I KINDA DREAD GETTIN' T' GRANDALIA! IT'LL ALL BE SO STRANGE ... I WON'T KNOW HOW T'ACT

IT WON'T MATTER! EVEN IF YOU SHOULD MAKE MISTAKES, NOBODY WOULD NOTICE ... BECAUSE THEY'LL ALL GO CRAZY THE MINUTE THEY SEE YOU

Polar Explorer

HORIZONTAL

1 Who is the head of the submarine expedition to the North Pole?

2 Only state to show a decrease in population during last 10 years.

3 To estrange.

4 Diminutive.

5 Mover's trucks.

6 To hesitate.

7 To devour.

8 Intellectual.

9 Ripped.

10 Road.

11 Minor note.

12 Satan.

13 Inlet.

14 Privation.

15 Servo-motor.

16 Senior.

17 Abolishes.

18 Valley bottom.

19 Credit.

20 At no time.

21 Fodder vat.

22 Fowl.

23 To repulse.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

1 Commander.

2 Rhythmic swings.

3 Mortgage.

4 Pertaining to the kull family.

5 Pound.

6 To divide.

7 New Haven is the seat of— University?

8 Sandy.

9 Leaf of the calyx.

10 Toward.

11 Famous pianist and composer.

12 Riotous feast.

13 Fork lines.

14 Trained at—

15 Tendant for the sick.

16 Marked.

17 Triple.

18 Collection of horses.

19 Close.

20 Conceited pre-cision.

21 Snaky fish.

22 To finish.

23 Southeast.

24 Second note.

25 Famous Greek

26 Prevents waste.

27 Second note.

BRINGING UP FATHER

WELL, I SWIPED THE HORN FROM YOUR NEIGHBOR UPSTAIRS I PULLED IT THROUGH THE SKY LIGHT

THANK GOODNESS NOW I KIN HAVE A REST

AH! WELL- MY BEAUTIFUL HORN IS GONE BUT NO ONE CAN STEAL MY VOICE-

YE GODS HE'S TRYIN TO SING NOW- THIS IS TERRIBLE

AH! MY HORN- I WONDER WHO RANG THE BELL AND PUT IT HERE?

MICKEY MICE

G'BYE GOODBYE! G'BYE!

WELL, G'BYE EVERYBODY - I'VE HAD A GREAT TIME HERE AT THE CIRCUS BUT I'VE GOTTA GO HOME NOW

S'LONG

GOSH! MY HAND'S TIED OUT - IF I HAD TO SHAKE WITH ANOTHER PERSON I'D DROP OFF

G'BYE, KEE!

EXCUSE MY GLOVE!

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