

Heart of Liane
by MABEL McELLIOTT

CHAPTER XVIII

"My dear," began Mrs. Lissel-
maugh, expansively. "I can't tell
you how glad I am Clive is brightening
up so."

Liane looked up. In her plain
black frock with the bronze gold of
her hair demurely framing her rosy
cheeks she looked like a happy child
this morning.

"He does seem more interested,
doesn't he?" she observed demurely.
The old lady favored her with a
sharp glance.

"Yes," she said with firmness.
And she seems to have given up
his plan of going east—at least he
couldn't speak of it any more.

"That's true," Liane said, faintly.
Then she remembered
Ladd flaunting that star
of his Purple Ring on the third finger
of her greedy little hand and she
straightened.

"There's improving great-

a frock of pink satin and cream—
lace, and a new book and a
thin box of mints, Cass' favorite
candy.

"You're nice," Liane said to the
young man as they turned homeward.
Said it simply, matter-of-factly,
she meant it.

"You think so—honestly? You've
got over being mad at me?"

"I was never—exactly mad," Liane
confessed, looking up at him with
candid, troubled eyes. "I was con-
fused and startled at the whole idea."
She didn't know exactly how to take it.

"I'm a clumsy calf," Clive said,
gripping the wheel grimly with those
lean brown hands of his.

Liane said, "You weren't but I
thought you were waging me and I
didn't like it. The whole thing
sounded—well, fantastic."

"You're the old lady observed in a moment of silence. 'Dr. Mendel's very much pleased with her progress. I'm glad she's settled down to a quiet convalescence. She was so restless and nervous. I persuaded her to let things drift. She's not used to this, you know. She's never been so quiet before. Just—"

And she thought, deep down. "It's worth it—worth anything I can do if Mother gets her life back. I just heard him come down," said Mrs. Cleopha in a satisfied tone. "He'll drive you down to the village to get the errands," she said.

Liane went obediently to get her hat.

She thought the young man wore a decidedly bulky coat as he handed her into the roadster. Then she was silent. Once she stole a side glance at his moody profile. It looked like a statue in the morning, brook-like with a reckless flourish. Something had certainly happened to disturb him.

"The idea of marrying me was fantastic! His laugh grated a little, but I could stand it. I was not so sharply aware of the roar of the motor. 'You know I didn't mean that! Why will you be so difficult? I meant that the idea of your marrying me was a dream. Mary, Cophesus and the beggar maid.'"

But the young man didn't seem to notice. He drove on. Out of the gate, he turned right. He was a deep revere he said with trustfulness. "Let's announce our engagement before Tressa Lord arrives!"

The new girl was all in gray. Gray like the old Tressa. Gray like Gray for her long illness. Gray like skin turban coquettishly draped over her green eyes. Gray reptile skin shoes startlingly abreaking of the Rules.

When Liane came down 15 minutes later Tressa Lord was pouring tea and looking as though she had never been ill. She was the first of the old Sheffield urn. Liane felt gauche and school-girlish as Mrs. Cleopha was present.

"My ward, Liane Barrett," Mrs. Cleopha said. "This is my daughter."

On of a clear sky she said abruptly, "Mother tell you about those damned women coming?"

"What women? No, she didn't," said Mrs. Fanny Amberton and her sister, Tressa Lord, Devilish musician.

Fanny's 10-15 years older sister, Tressa. Thinks we should make a match of it. Mother doesn't throw fits at the idea either."

Lina said, mystified, "Which one thinks you should make a match of?"

"Oh, Tressa, of course. She's about my age—maybe a shade younger. Mind of a cagey kitten, effective looking but dumb. Fanny's manages but bad. Marie's fakes but bad. Mother says she has social presence, whatever that means."

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sa Lord gave her a piercing glance of inquiry, taking her in from the top of her bronze gold head to the tips of her old brown eyebrows.

"So glad," she murmured with an air of dismissing the younger girl.

Her sister, Mrs. Amberton, was a highly colored woman with a richly massaged look. She might have been 35, but she might have been 10 years older. One couldn't tell. She prattled on in an affected voice of their stay at Nice, the "charming men" they had met on the boat, the terrible time they had had getting used to the custom of the place.

"And where's the darling boy?" she asked at last.

"Clive was so sorry. He had to go into town on business. He will

lance laughed. "W'nonner you're havin'?"

"On your birthday," he asked.

"November 10," Lance told him, quite irreverently.

"I'll be 19,"

"Infant!" He'd forgotten his place now, was laughing at her again.

"Infant yourself. I'm worlds older than you are, really."

"I tell you what! Let's play a game. Let's go back for lunch. Let's go on to Southampton and see Ted and buy your mother some good-buds to cheer her up. Flowers and things. Maybe a what-d'ye-call-it—bedspread?"

"Lance, it sparkled. "Oh, but we oughtn't to! Your mother won't like it."

"The young man took on masterly control in an instant.

"I'll make it," he said. "Don't you worry. I'll phone from the village."

Mr. Amberton sighed in satisfaction. She cast an arch look at Treasa who ignored it.

"This dear child," Mrs. Amberton purred, stretching out her hand to her sister-in-law, "hasn't been so thought after—so frantically wooed—by half a dozen darling boys that she's in need of a rest. Dancing till all hours! Every human soul we want to be in Paris just before we left."

Treasa lit a cigarette and stared out of the window.

"Let's change," she said abruptly, to her sister, Doring Eva, "this with an abrupt change of manner as she turned to Mrs. Cleespaugh, "you're so sweet to have us here!"

Mrs. Cleespaugh looked properly gratified. Lance, near and far, was a charming fellow, and Fanny, in their rooms? I've given them places in the new wing. It's a great deal

Liane knew she had never enjoyed a day more thoroughly. Even when she was laughing and laughing, she didn't bother her much. They drove through the drifting leaves to a little blue and scarlet tea room where girls in Peg Woffington caps served them a golden omelet and golden mushrooms, and some ruby wine, and the color of jade. They drank tea out of thin cups and the young man smoked as the girl ate a pistache pastry.

"You don't smoke?" Cliko asked.

Liane apologized. "I never learned."

Cliko seemed to like that. They drove to what he called a "shoppy" more comfortable. Liane and her mother are next to me in the old room."

Tressa arched her brow. Mrs. Amberton said politely, "Ah, Miss Barrett's mother is here then?"

"Yes. She's been very ill and I persuaded her to come here until she's strong. You must excuse her. She's here for guests. Such a sweet person. I'm so fond of her."

Liane was leading the way. She felt the visitors' suspicion and dislike and stiffened herself to meet it. Tressa said as she left them, "So kind of you. But one might have used to an upper servant."

(To Be Continued)

Diversified Questions

HORIZONTAL

1 Milkman's
band cart.

5 Maple tree.

9 Trunk of country
river drained by
tributaries.

14 Genus of frogs.

15 Learning.

16 Got up.

17 Auditory.

18 Unable to find
the way.

19 Valley of the
moon.

20 To run away
and marry.

22 Classified.

23 Senator from
New Jersey.

26 Verb.

27 Leave of ab-
sence.

28 Second largest
city in Russia.

34 Wigwag.

35 Wise man.

36 Wrath.

37 To amuse.

38 Decree.

40 Age.

41 Punsy.

42 To abscond.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

S	T	A	L	A	N	C	E
L	O	A	N	O	V	E	R
C	L	O	S	E			
A	N	D		B	L	E	A
S	E	M	I	E	N	G	R
H	S	E	A	S		P	R
H	A	S	S	P	R	I	N
L	E	N	S				
L	E	N	S	S	L	I	M
I	N	K		E	P	O	D
O	P						
O	D						
N							
C	A	K	E	S			
I	M	A	G	E	S		
I	M	A	G	E	S		
Z	O	N	E				
E	W	E	R				

VERTICAL

1 — and con?

pillar of salt?

22 To smile
broadly.

23 To apportion
out.

24 Cattle used as
beasts of bur-
den.

25 To lease.

26 Soon.

27 To lend.

29 Prophet.

30 Thankful.

31 Hastened.

32 Since.

33 Lair of a beast.

35 To halt.

38 Cure.

39 Eccentric
wheel.

41 Comb of a
cock.

42 Expensive.

43 Detroit river
empties into
what lake?

44 To telephone.

45 Toward sea.

46 Story.

47 Egg-shaped.

48 Not any.

49 Spruce.

50 Hurdens.

51 Rule.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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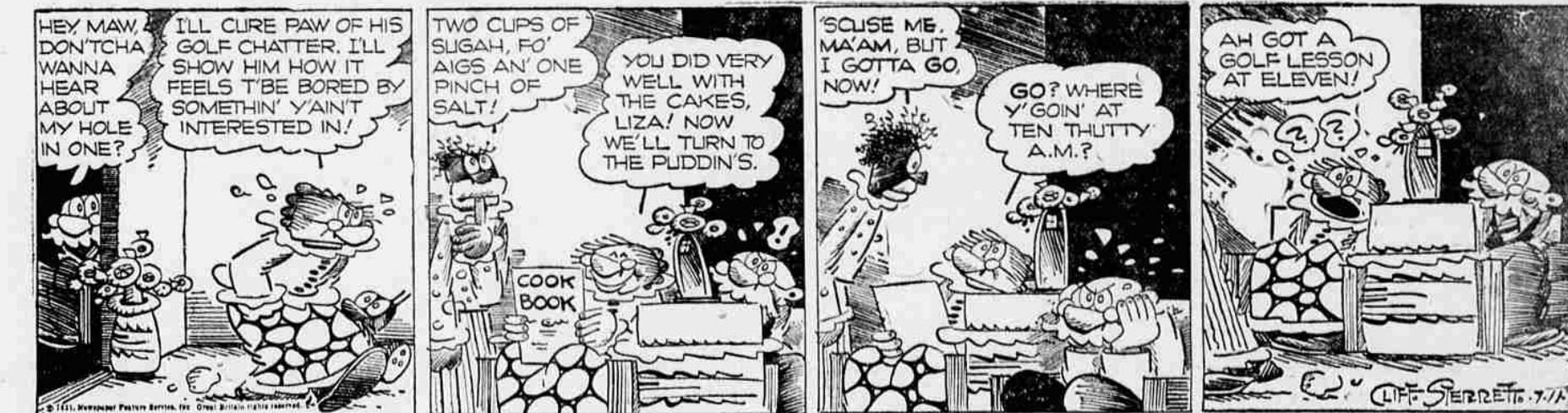
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POLLY AND HER PALS

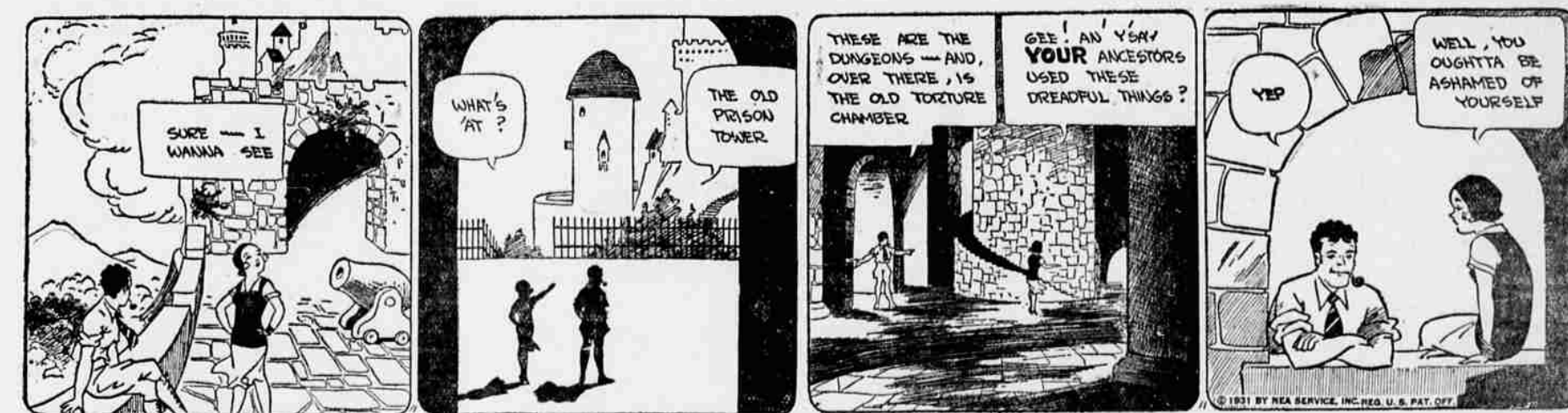
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BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Tsk! Tsk!

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