

# Love or Money

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family. There had been two children older than Kitty, both dead.

The Morans had lived in the same flat for years, protesting against the gradual rise in rents after the subway was opened. In the apartment house Terrence Moran had been something of a figure, his kindly philosophy sought at all times.

His stockinged feet high on the window sill, his eyes twinkling over his newspaper which he read with laboriously moving lips, Dad, in his way, influenced the entire neighborhood.

They came to him for advice, in matters of courtship and weddings, for condolence at the time of death, for encouragement in illness.

He had settled the Casey twins "and for all the time they ran away to Jersey and had their mother worried to death. He had arranged—yes, had contributed heavily toward—Tim Callahan's funeral. The night Joe Donahue's baby was born, Dad had walked the streets with him, giving him comfortable assurance that he and Flossie both would live through it to go through the whole thing all over again, no doubt.

Lottie Carr had sufficient reason for adoring Mona's father. There had been the time her own father had locked her out when she came home late from Coney Island with that Brower boy, Terrence Moran had straightened that out.

Yes, Mona certainly owed it to Dad to stick by the family and not to think of marriage until—until when?—Mona's thoughts could get no further with the problem, but Lottie could—and did.

"Marry a man who'll take care of your family for you," was Lottie's plan.

Such men are few and far between. So are girls like Mona, with trim figures, glowing brown hair, and best of all, an angelic disposition.

"You are the sort of girl, my dear, who'll marry some good-for-nothing some fine day and support him," Lottie averred. "Well, always room for one more! Remember—significantly—"you're not getting any younger."

"Why don't you marry?" Mona would demand hotly at this stage of the discussion.

"I've made my plans," Lottie would reply enigmatically. "Meanwhile, why not go out with us to-night and look the eligible over?"

In spite of carrying opinions on many subjects, the girls were quite friendly.

FROM 8 o'clock, when Ma gently knocked on Mona's door to supplement the alarm, until 8:15 the dark, tiny little gas-lit bathroom down the hall was Mona's sole property. Ma knew it. Kitty knew it. Even Bud—the overlord of the radio, the easiest chair, and the newspaper—acquiesced.

"She supports us all," Ma would say flatly. "If all she asks is a hot bath in the morning, by hook or crook, she'll get that bath."

And Mona got it. It took a little conniving with the janitor, but that was managed. A rich warm bath, creamy with scented salts given to Mona at Christmas by Lottie, ten minutes' relaxation in the dismal tin tub.

Another five minutes and Mona had dried her slender body, donned the wispy gettoe thing she wore under her slip, brushed her bronze hair into its customary waves, deftly turning the ends into a roll at her creamy neck, touched her lips carefully with lipstick, and drawn her tailor-made wool gown over her head, settling the white frills at neck and wrist with a speculative frown.

A delicate film of powder came next. Mona's smart little hat was drawn on carefully. Her purse—there. Her coat and gloves—here. Barring an accident or two, and breakfast in the office, she was ready.

Other girls at the law office wore silk dresses of flashy color and design. Cheap, typical. They were the dresses offered in many shops on lower Broadway. One could not, it seemed, bring one's salary very far from Wall street.

But Mona, sent by chance on an errand for her employer's wife (serving on a charity committee), had observed that this exponent of the envied class wore black wool with delicate collar and cuffs. The frills of Mrs. Gerretson's gown had, in fact, cost a trifle more than the brown crepe frock Mona was wearing.

Real lace was too expensive for Mona, but it was not long after this encounter that she disposed of the brown crepe and appeared at the office in tailored black wool.

By some odd chance Bud Moran, Mona's brother, was not only at home, but was up betimes and breakfasting. Sleek of hair, shifty-eyed and morose, Bud sat at the other end of the table, crisscrossed in consuming a bowl of cereal and milk.

Mona thought she had read somewhere that men ate far more sensibly than women, as a rule. Well, it was the only sensible thing he did.

His activities worried Mona. Bud was furtive, mysterious. Never a day passed that Mona quite escaped that nameless worry over her brother. She saw vague disgrace in the office.

There was orange juice for breakfast, scrambled eggs and golden toast liberally buttered. The delicious scent of coffee had been filling the halls for half an hour. Ma poured a steaming cup and set it beside Mona's plate.

In a clean print house gown, Mrs. Moran was taking her comfortable way between table and stove, chatting busily, neither waiting for nor expecting response. She announced that Kitty's marks at school were better this month.

"You see, Min, what a little interest in their teachers does for a child?" For Ma, swathed in her best black, had busied over to have a talk with Kitty's principal.

Where'd you get the orange juice?" remarked Bud. It was an unprecedented extravagance in the Moran household.

Minnie's beau had brought her home from a party in Brooklyn, Ma explained. And this is what he stops and buys at the market on Washington place. A crate of oranges, mind you! Drinking, I'll bet. Anyhow better than a lot of orchids!

She pronounced the word "orchards." It had met that exotic flower only in print.

"No," Mona said. "Mr. Hart stopped to talk to one of the market men in Washington street, mother. You know they get there late at night and wait until morning when the hotel people buy."

"Well, then, Mr. Hart wanted to buy something, too. The crate was right there and he couldn't take it home very well to his club, so he gave it to me. He knows we have a large family."

Mona laughed slightly. Cliff Hart was a friend of Lottie's. Rather a good sort, too. Lots of money, funny roguish eyes, twinkling gray-blue.

This rather dashing young man, in a humorous frame of mind, had insisted on driving Mona home via Brooklyn bridge. The party had been in Seventy-first street.

## A BOOK A DAY

BY BRUCE CATTON

THE way in which the shifting patterns of America's cultural ground have brought about changes in the nation's literature makes a fascinating study. And an excellent discussion of it is contained in "American Literature and Culture," by Grant C. Knight.

Knight begins by examining the literature of the colonial period—a literature almost unknown to the ordinary reader of today, but significant, nevertheless, for its reflection of the prevailing intellectual temper of its time.

Then he takes up what he calls "the literature of romanticism"—a literature which, he says, began with the revolution and petered out late in the nineteenth century.

There follows a discussion of the "realists," under which heading he groups practically all American writers since 1900.

Rightly enough, it is the romantic school to which he gives the most space.

Some of his comments on the individual writers of the first half of the last century seemed to me to be extremely good, especially his pages on Emerson, Poe, Whitman and Melville.

The section dealing with modern writers is perhaps the least satisfactory—as, very likely, is only natural.

His treatment of Dreiser is good, but his remarks on Lewis, Anderson and Cabell (to mention only three) sound like excerpts from a dissertation to a class in freshman English.

In the main, his book is a good one: not too profound, perhaps, but thoughtful, neatly written and interesting.

Published by Ray Long and Richard R. Smith, it sells for \$3.

## STICKERS

If three horizontal lines are added to one section of four vertical lines and one section of five vertical lines, and four horizontal lines are added to the other section of four vertical lines, you can spell out three four-letter words and one three-letter word.

## Yesterday's Answer

FARM  
1. FARE  
2. MARE  
3. MALE  
4. MULE

The above shows how FARM was changed to MULE in four steps, by changing one letter at a time and forming a new word in each step.

## TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN



"If our efforts succeed on this fellow," said King Elkomolago to his courtiers, "it is nothing to what will follow! Then we shall reverse the principle of which we speak. Success will crown our efforts, if we persevere. Some day it will come. Then we shall have the formula that will revolutionize all Minut—then with a hundred men might we go forth and conquer the world." The king now turned his attention suddenly upon Tarzan, scrutinizing the ape-man in silence for several minutes.

"Yeah, he did it for the family!" Bud began derisively.

"Children," ma softly interposed. She filled Bud's plate with crisp bacon and carefully browned potatoes.

"Eat a real meal now, Min. I declare, you're as skinny as a real."

"And," Bud rapped out, "it ain't so stylish!"

Kitty appeared cozy in her blue bathrobe, her hair doled and face flushed from sleep, demanding her orange juice. She moved kitchenward with a backward glance over the lifted rim of her glass and at

once engaged in conversation with ma concerning a talk at school on the subject of vitamins.

"You are early, Bud," Mona remarked with lowered voice. "Everything all right?"

Bud's eyes shifted and he looked at his sister uneasily. "Yeah."

There was a pause. Mona knew what that meant.

"It's up Fordham way. I'll need carfare, Min."

"Bud, I've got 50 cents to last until tonight. There is carfare, there is lunch and a shine."

"Make one of your swell friends buy your lunch."

The girl's lips tightened. "I don't do that, Bud."

"Well, they buy you dinner—"

"That's different. I'm out of the office then. And I don't dine with anyone I've met through the office."

It was one of Mona's unbreakable rules. She had heard Mr. Garretson thus instruct a young lawyer. "Never play round with an employee or a client."

There were plenty of others to show Mona attentions. Yes, but they didn't invite her to lunch.

"I'll give you 15 cents and that's that," Mona announced after an unsatisfactory inspection of her purse.

"You must have something with you. You have cigarettes—"

"There's a quarter on the shelf Bud can take." Ma called in quickly. "I have ice, and milk, and there's fruit—"

"Don't give him any money, Ma," threw in Kitty unexpectedly. "Make him walk to Fordham. Do him good."

Or—pertly—"get that girl of his to give him a lift in her car."

THE conversation at the table ceased abruptly.

"Who says I've got a girl with a car?" Bud inquired in surprise.

"I say so," Kitty appeared in the doorway, conscious of the backing of her mother who had followed her in innocent interest and stood close at hand. "I say so and so does Joan! Funn! We saw you yesterday at the corner."

(To Be Continued.)

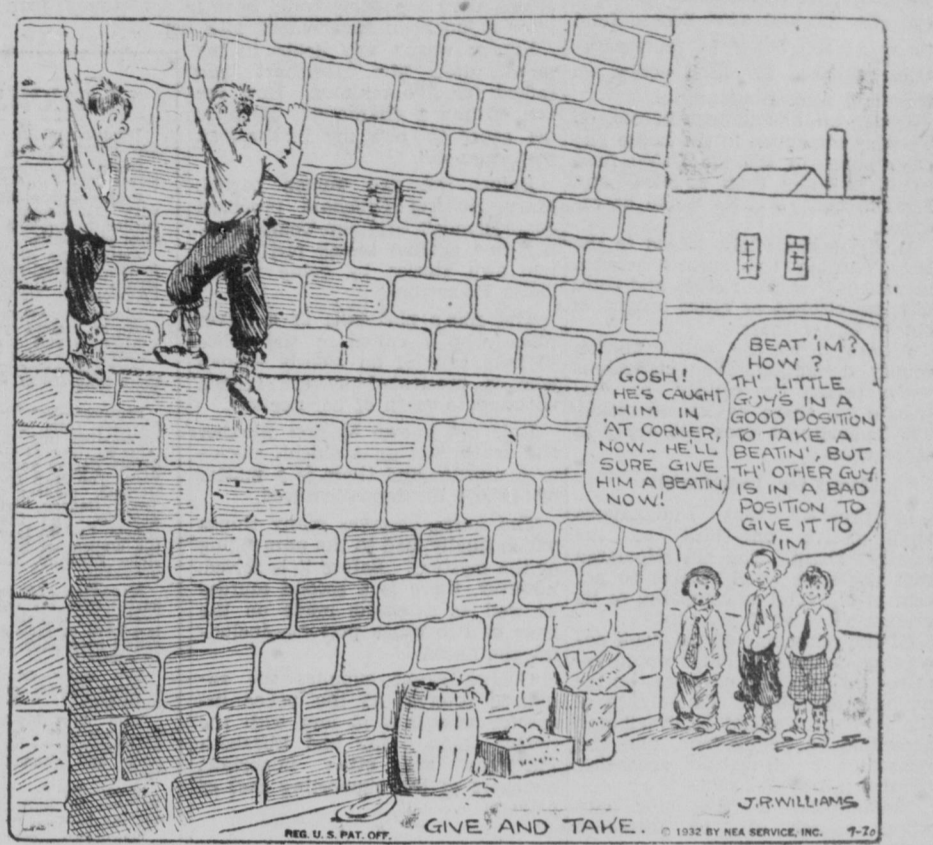
## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



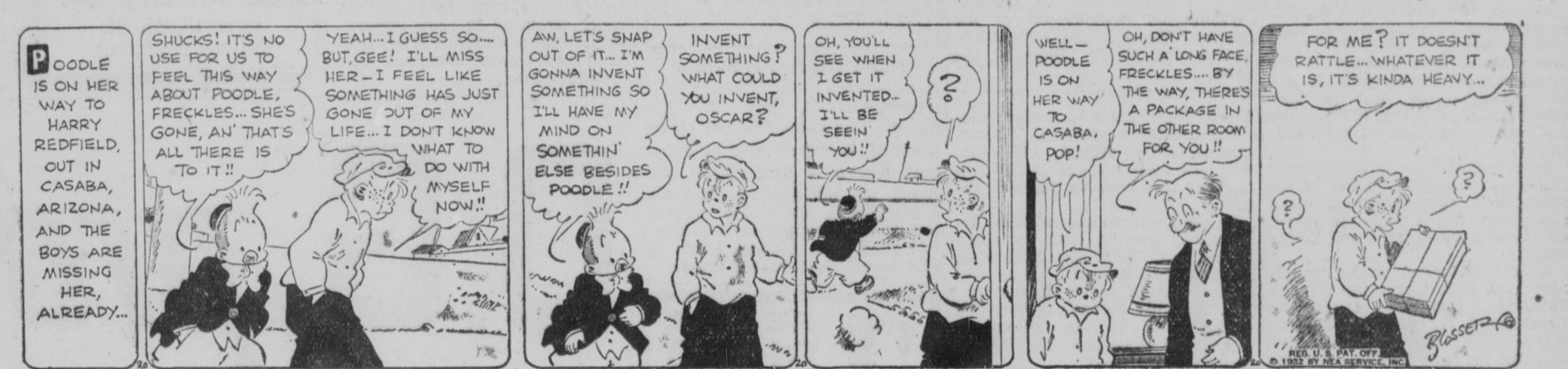
## OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



## WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



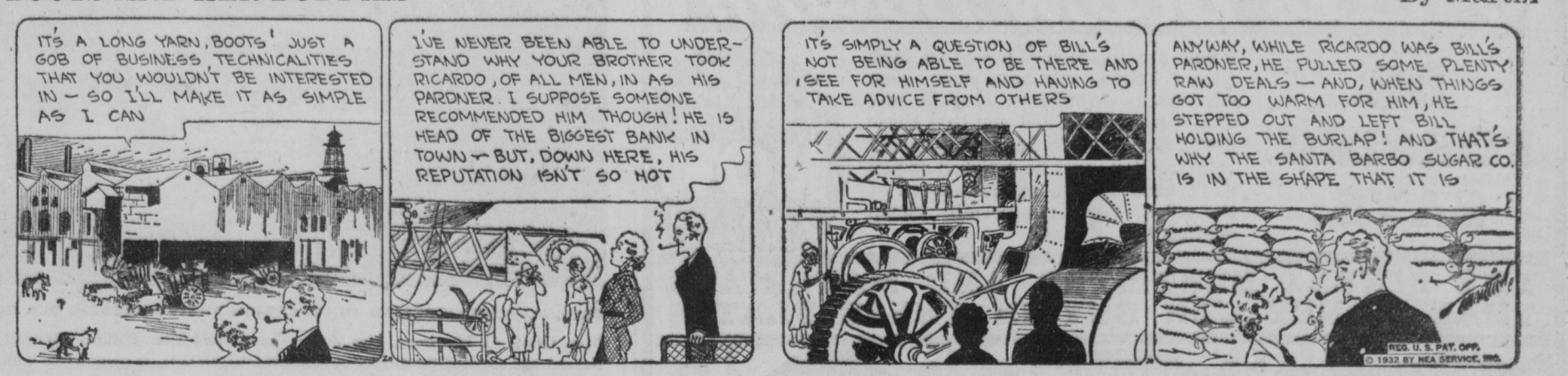
## SALESMAN SAM

—By Small



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



"From what city do you come?" demanded the king at last. "O, All-Glorious," spoke up the leader of the escort, "the poor ignorant creature is without speech." "Utters he NO sound?" demanded the king. "None since he was captured, Master of Men," replied the warrior. "We believe he is a Zertalacol." Elkomolago was examining the ape-man closely now. "He has not the features of the Zertalacols," he pondered musingly. "His ears are not the ears of the speechless ones, nor is his hair like theirs."

"See now!" exclaimed one of the courtiers, "how quickly the Sun of Science grasps all things. It is marvelous!" Much pleased, the king continued. "His body is not formed as theirs, and his head is shaped for the storing of knowledge and the functioning of reason. No, he can not be one of the cave-people."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Gofoloso, one of the courtiers. "Elkomolago, our king of wisdom, is always right." "The most stupid of us," exclaimed another flatterer, "may now easily see that he is not a Zertalacol."

At this point a warrior appeared. "O, Elkomolago, King of Velorismakus," he droned, "thy daughter, the Princess Janzara, has come and would see the strange slave from Trohanadalmaku. She craves the royal permission to enter. 'Conduct the princess to us!' commanded Elkomolago. She must have been waiting within earshot just outside the door, for scarce had her father spoken when she appeared upon the threshold followed by two other young women, behind whom were a half dozen warriors.