

for LOVE or MONEY

H.W. CORLEY
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THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

BEGIN HERE TODAY
MONA MORGAN, receptionist in a Wall Street law office, and her child, a popular singer, STEVE SACCARELLI.

Mona supports her invalid mother, Mrs. KIMBER, and never marries well. Her brother, BUD, Steve has been married to, and has been returned, well dressed and prosperous.

With no thought of impropriety, he has ordered a gown and wrap sent to Mona, which, after much indecision, she wears.

At BARRY TOWNSEND, rich and socially prominent, she receives his invitation to dine with him in the Falcon Club to a dinner HASKINS, the proprietor, who has underworld connections.

Mona has underworld connections, is associating with gangsters. Steve quieted her fears.

LOVE, a fashion model, dismisses her escort, and joins Mona and Steve. Steve leaves, and when he arrives, he proves to be Barry Townsend.

Barry tells Mona how Steve years before had befriended him. How together they had fought for South Africa and have been close ever since, and how Townsend inherited.

Steve's friends leave the summer club. Haskins tells his lieutenant that Steve has a huge diamond known as the "Emperor," and the gangsters plan to steal this diamond.

Now GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER TWELVE

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Finally, breaking her vow not to indulge in social engagements with any one met through the office, Mona went to lunch with Barry.

"After all, Steve introduced me," she eased her conscience. Later she went to tea with him at a smart downtown tea place, while Mollie Drury relieved her at the reception desk.

Little by little, piece by piece, Mona gleaned the story of Barry's business in South America, Steve's connection with it, and the friendship between these two.

"Park and Third avenues never meet, no matter how far they go," she had told Barry significantly. Steve had been born on Third.

"You little snob!" Barry teased. "Don't you like me? Won't you forgive me for living on Park avenue?"

"There's no Third avenue and no Park where Steve and I belong, Mona."

He noted her look of inquiry.

A BOOK A DAY

BY BRUCE CATTON

WHEN you get too angry you can argue in such way that you defeat your own ends; and a fine example of this little truth is provided by Robert Allen in his book, "Why Hoover Faces Defeat."

Here is perhaps the most virulent book of the year.

Mr. Allen believes that President Hoover is going to be defeated in the coming campaign. He believes that he ought to be defeated. He has written this book to tell why.

So, far, so good. A book written on that basis might be a thoughtful, instructive piece of political criticism.

But Mr. Allen gets too angry—and his book will probably do the President more good than harm.

That is to say, the ordinary reader is apt to arise from a perusal of this book with the feeling that no man can be all that Mr. Allen says President Hoover is.

And he is apt to meditate that the President is an unjustly maligned man who deserves a vote of confidence.

Some of the criticisms in this book seem to me to be just; but there are so many which are palpably overdone that they take the edge off of the just ones.

If Mr. Allen could have restrained himself a bit, he might have produced an effective campaign document as it is he has produced a masterpiece of invective—but little more.

The book is published by Brewer, Warren & Putnam, and sells for \$2.

"Sure. We belong there. We're going back when we've tied up a few matters of business."

"It must be wonderful," Mona said wistfully. "No subways, no domes, no—"

"They'd make you queen," Barry put in.

SHE told Lottie what she had learned when the girls were spending a cozy evening together in Lottie's apartment a few evenings later.

"Cooking in," as they expressed it, and having a feminine hour of chat.

It seemed that Barry Townsend's mother had first been engaged to the Mr. Townsend who was Barry's uncle and Mr. Garrettson's friend.

She was half Spanish, this beautiful mother of Barry's. Wealthy and of excellent family. After being engaged to one brother she married the other. Not the elder one who had the most money, but Barry's father, whom she younger.

The jilted fiancée never recovered from this blow and the girl's father refused to forgive her for it. She belonged to an honorable family and had failed to keep her word.

The father gave his daughter her dowry, of course, but he never spoke to her again.

As a wedding gift he gave her some land in Brazil—land that had not been productive in hundreds of years.

"Maybe you'll find a diamond mine on it," the father had said. He meant it as a bitter jest, but the land was, after all, in the diamond country.

Then came the amazing part. An old Negress, crossing the land one day, picked up a shiny stone. It was a diamond!

Barry's father had worked the mine, had organized a syndicate for the mine had been a source of expense instead "gain." When Barry's father died, he left his entire estate to his son.

It was Steve who had helped Barry make something of this property. Steve was diplomatic in dealing with the natives. Together Steve and Barry had made good.

Now Barry was back in New York trying to persuade his uncle to release money that legally would not belong to the young man until he was 30, so that they could install new dredging machinery in the mine.

Steve, moreover, had found the gorgeous diamond which they called the Empress of Peru.

"Now I'll tell one," remarked Lottie drowsily, unbelievably.

The girls had cleared away the dinner—remakably well cooked by Lottie whose frivolous air concealed many sturdy qualities.

They were sitting in the little living room dressed in two of Lottie's most attractive negligees.

Lottie was manicuring her nails and Mona, lying flat on her back, abstractly traced scrolls in the atmosphere with one finger while she talked.

"Why don't you marry one of these diamond kings?" Lottie asked presently.

Mona made a slight grimace.

"I'm falling in love with him?" By "him" Lottie meant Steve Saccarelli.

She tucked her slipped feet beneath her on the chaise longue and began to become pensive. Wearing blue velvet pajamas, Lottie looked like a blond angel. Her thoughts were interrupted by the shrill ringing of the telephone.

Lottie groaned. "Let the thing ring! We can't be bothered. Let it ring."

This is precisely what the telephone did. The instrument continued to jangle noisily until Lottie little silken bedroom and flung herself down in a chair, prepared for an exhaustive chat.

Lottie was a victim of "telephoneitis," once she persuaded herself to take up the receiver.

Her voice answered sharply and

HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle

1 Broad neck scarf.

5 To secure 8 Type of clubfoot.

13 Present 14 Those that cause ennu. 16 Cotton fabric.

17 Drunkard. 18 What Philis time giant did David kill? (Bibl.)

20 Sesame. 21 Preposition. 22 Grit.

23 Fold of string. 25 Toward.

26 To diminish. 28 Northeast.

29 North. 30 Hymn of wind.

30 Ages. 32 To drink slowly.

34 Sheet of paper, folded once. 38 Prickly pear.

36 Influence. 37 Pincerlike organ.

38 To merit. 40 The "Holy City." of 53 To foreknow.

41 Broad neck scarf.

42 Grit.

43 Fold of string.

44 Sesame.

45 Preposition.

46 North.

47 Not bright.

49 Hymn of praise.

50 Drunkard.

51 Prickly pear.

52 Asylum.

53 Specks.

54 Also.

55 Also.

56 An idiot.

57 Three-toed sloth.

58 Consumer.

59 Pertaining to the air.

60 Network.

61 Substance in a blood serum.

62 Of Israel?

63 Else.

64 Behold!

STICKERS

CCTLBMAPHH

The object of this Sticker is to find six-letter words in which the last four letters are the same. The last four letters appear but once above and the other six letters are the first letters of the various words.

Yesterday's Answer

COALITION BAROMETER

Above are the two nine-letter words that were formed by filling in a twice, E twice, I twice and O three times. The original line then was split in half.

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end of the wire was that of Morgan, Barry Townsend's valet.

Mr. Townsend presented his compliments and asked if the young ladies would care to come up for a late supper? The gentlemen were dressing, and they had instructed Morgan to call several numbers until Miss Morgan was located.

Another anxiously, Mona thought. "It must be wonderful," Mona said wistfully. "No subways, no domes, no—"

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"THE car would call for the young ladies in half an hour, he said.

"Let's go," urged Mona. "Do, Lottie! I can't go alone. Steve's been

busy at some business or other and I haven't seen him for an age."

"All of two-days I'll bet! However, I like to see the young folks get together and far be it from me, Lottie Carr, to ruin any love-lorn maiden's plans!"

The blue velvet pajama jacket went hurtling across the room, caught on a picture frame over Lottie's bed. She burrowed in the closet, selecting an evening gown for herself and another for Mona.

Mona wheeled about. "Love-lorn? Why do you mean by that?"

"What do I mean by love-lorn? Why, just that. Love-lorn! You're head over heels in love."

"Don't be ridiculous, Lottie."

Lottie held her gown, a soft white halo of chiffon, above her lovely head. She let it fall and instantly

she was smiling her provoking smile. And, by the way, I'll take care of Steve. He won't mind!"

"I'll call up Bud," Mona decided as they were about to leave the apartment. "I'll tell him I'm going to be home late."

Her telephone call was promptly followed by another. It was a message from Buck Harkins to Bud Moran.

"Go after her in a couple of hours," Buck instructed. "Tell her your mother is sick, see? And while she's putting on her hat, get an impression of the door."

"Keep your eyes open, Kid, and your mouth shut. It's a safe bet Steve will show those girls that diamond tonight!"

STATION DISINFECTED AFTER BONUS EXODUS

Squad Room Sprayed When 74 Veterans Are Sent West.

Those World war coots must be long lived, if action Monday of police officials means anything.

Squad room at headquarters was given no thorough spraying with disinfectant after departure of seventy-four bonus marchers in retreat from Washington, which was quartered in the room prior to being taken to Terre Haute.

The unit "went west" on United States road 40 in three Indiana national guard trucks with an escort of police commanded by Lieut. Lee Troutman as far as the Marion county line.

(To Be Continued)

—By Williams

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