

for LOVE or MONEY

BEGIN HERE TODAY

MONA MORAN, a girl in a Wall Street law office, goes with her child-like sweetie, STEVE SACCELLI, to a popular summer resort, the Halcyon Club.

Mona supports her invalid father, when, after much indecision, she wears a dress that she has bought for three years. She has returned, well dressed and prosperous.

With no thought of immorality, he has ordered a gown and worn it to Mona, who, after much indecision, she wears a dress that she has bought for three years. She has returned, well dressed and prosperous.

Bud Moran comes to the Halcyon Club to see BUCK HARKINS, the proprietor, who has underworld connections.

Mona sees her brother and fears he is associated with gangsters. Steve, then Steve's business partner, arrives. He proves to be Barry Townsend.

Barry tells Mona how Steve years before had befriended him, how together they sailed for South America and have been operating a diamond mine that Townsend inherited.

After Mona and her friends leave the summer club, Harkins tells his lieutenant that Steve has a huge diamond, known as the Emerald of Peru. He suggests that they plan to deal this diamond.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE next few days passed swiftly for Mona. She was relieved about Bud, had persuaded herself that the boy she had seen that night at the Halcyon Club was some one else.

But was working regularly now, had turned over \$20 to Ma on Saturday. Kitty was doing well in school, too.

Steve, braving good-natured little Ma's indignation, called Mona on the telephone. Barry Townsend haunted the office.

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?"

"Do you wish to be forgiven?"

"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 overdrawn that they take the edge off of the just.

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.

HORIZONTAL

1 Broad neck scarf.

5 To secure.

8 Type of clubfoot.

13 Present.

14 Those that cause ennui.

16 Cotton fabric.

17 Drunkard.

18 What Phillips' fine giant did David kill?

20 Sesame.

21 Preposition.

22 Grit.

23 Fold of string.

25 Toward.

26 To diminish.

28 Northeast wind.

30 Aces.

32 To drink slowly.

34 Sheet of paper, folded once.

36 Influence.

37 Pincerlike organ.

39 To merit.

40 The "Holy City."

41 City of 63 To foreknow.

43 David.

43 Small stream.

45 Tanner's vessel.

46 Small child.

47 Not bright.

49 Hymn of praise.

52 Asylum.

54 Specks.

55 Also.

57 Prickly pear.

58 Consumer.

59 Pertaining to the air.

61 Network.

62 Substance in a blood serum.

15 Short stake.

18 Channels.

19 Horn covering on a horse's foot.

22 A congregation.

24 Preface.

26 Curse.

27 Perishes.

29 Wing.

31 Platelike.

32 To close.

33 Plot of ground.

35 To water land artificially.

37 To stuff.

38 Wingshaped.

41 Nights before holidays.

42 Paradise.

43 Branch.

44 Larva of the ghost moth.

45 Beats.

48 Fra.

50 Valiant man.

51 The heart.

53 Golf cry.

55 Wine gask.

56 An idiot.

59 Three-toed of Israel?

60 Behold!

VERTICAL

1 King David's favorite son.

2 Carbon in smoke.

3 Bed.

4 Upon.

5 Precious metal.

6 Silkworm.

7 Wild duck.

9 Dye.

10 To soak fax.

11 One.

12 Which of King David's sons became a king?

13 To foreknow.

14 Os.

15 Short stake.

18 Channels.

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THEY TELL ME

By Sam Stern

A Political Tip

AFTER a week of watching the effects of Governor Harry G. Leslie's "negative" message to the special session, it is apparent that the result was one of "reverse English."

If you've ever played billiards, you will understand the metaphor. If you haven't, then, for the purpose of explanation, "reverse English" is obtained by so striking the billiard ball that it rolls back instead of going forward.

And that is exactly what the Governor did when he announced he would veto the bills providing for a \$1.50 maximum real estate levy and a corporate and personal income tax.

He thought that, as titular head of the Republican party in the state, the legislative members of that faith would abide by his decision to oppose the bills.

The contrary has happened. Immediately following delivery of the message, the senate passed the companion bill to the \$1.50 maximum levy under the leadership of the Republican floor leader, and when the house Democrats sought to put the G. O. P. senators on the spot, the latter group repudiated the message.

The house, over strenuous opposition from the Republican minority, invited the senate to recall the \$1.50 maximum real property tax bill which passed that body and the senate refused to do so and thus refused the opportunity to sustain the Governor.

The house Democrats now believe it to be good politics to rush that bill through to passage and let the Governor veto it. When it comes back, they will attempt to pass it over his "thive action." Thus they hope to make friends of the thousands of farmers, small home owners, and real estate dealers over the state who believe the bill to be their salvation.

Similar course of action is planned on the income tax levy and, even if this bill does not pass the senate, the Democrats expect to be able to go out in the fall and say that the Republican Governor sought only "to protect the vested interests and serve special privilege."

Yet, in all fairness, Leslie's speech did one thing. It awoke members of both houses to a realization that if they waited for him to recommend a constructive tax equalization and relief program, they would still be waiting at the end of the forty days.

They grasped the thought that anything constructive must be done upon their own initiative and come from their own efforts and so the members buckled down to work.

Awaiting leadership from the man elected to furnish it, they have received nothing but negation.

Shortly after the session was convened, Leslie promised that if the legislature appeared stalemated on a program he would offer one.

He didn't deliver and the only thing that may be called a program before the assembly are the bills presented by house Democrats.

They conceived the uniform salary slash, budget reduction, and similar bills and are sponsoring the income tax measure.

So, after analyzing the effect of the Governor's speech, the column will pass on a political tip—if you want your pet bill passed, get Leslie to announce he's "agin" it.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

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One of the warriors stopped to look through the small open doorway. He scrambled through the corridor and ran forward toward the fighting slaves. Before they were aware of his presence he stood facing Tarzan and Talaskar. It was Kalistoban!

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.

As a matter of fact, Morgan had been instructed to call out "the police, the fire department, and the marines," but the discreet valet understood these exaggerations and modified his instructions to suit the circumstances.

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 see the fun from me, Lottie Carr, to ruin any love-lorn maiden's plans!"

The blue velvet pajama jacket went hurling 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? What 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.

"So I'm ridiculous?" she said, setting the gown carefully about her hips and surveying the effect in the mirror.

Then she looked back at Mona. "Ridiculous? Not at all! You're in love, my girl, or my name isn't Lottie. Sherlock William Burns Carr."

"Do you think I'm in love with Steve Saccerelli? Why, you know I'm not!"

"I didn't say Steve. You're in love with Barry Townsend!"

"Barry? What in the world makes you think that?"

"Oh, I read it in the Gazette. Now hurry! Let's be off to the festi-

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A HARD ONE TO BACK OUT OF, MAJOR 8-2.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

IF OSCAR'S NOT STRINGIN' US ABOUT THIS INVENTION OF HIS, WHY DOESN'T HE SHOW IT TO US?

YEAH...THAT'S WHAT I SAY! LET'S MAKE HIM SHOW UP, OR SHUT UP!!

EITHER SHOW US THIS MOTORLESS AUTO, OR WE'LL JUST PUT IT DOWN AS SO MUCH HOOEY!!

WHY, IT ISN'T QUITE READY... SOON'S I GET IT DONE YOU'LL SEE IT... THE WHOLE WORLD WILL WANT TO SEE IT, TOO!!

JUST IMAGINE WHAT A WONDERFUL THING I'M DOIN' FOR THE WORLD RIGHT NOW... PEOPLE HAVEN'T MUCH MONEY, AN' MY INVENTION WILL BE A LIFE SAVER FOR EVERYBODY!!

THINK OF AN AUTO THAT DOESN'T NEED GAS, OR OIL... NO MACHINERY TO WEAR OUT... NOTHING TO GET OUT OF WHACK... AN' WON'T COST MUCH MORE THAN A BICYCLE!!

AN' BEST OF ALL... OSCAR, PLETZENBAUM, OF SHADYSIDE, IS THE GREAT INVENTOR!!

WASHINGTON TUBBS II

HE ESCAPED CONVICTS TURN INTO A SMALL HARBOR, HOPING THAT THEY HAVE REACHED VENEZUELA AND SAFETY.

THE HARBOR IS DESERTED EXCEPT FOR A FEW FLOATING ORANGES AND A JUNKY STEAMER.

BUT THERE IS A TOWN, BLINDING WHITE, AND FANNED BY GENTLY SWAYING PALMS. IT IS TYPICALLY LATIN AMERICAN, SIZZLING HOT, IL-PAVED, AND DIRTY. AS USUAL, THE MOST PRETENTIOUS BUILDINGS ARE THE BARRACKS, THE JAIL, AND THE CHURCHES.

SALESMAN SAM

WHEN SAM WAS BEGGIN' TURN HIM LOOSE FROM THE LOCKUP, A TOUGH EG DROPPED INTO THE STATION AND TOLD THE SARGE AND SAM TO "STICK 'EM UP!"

HEY, YOU! WAIT YER TURN! I'M A SALESMAN, AN' I WAS HERE FIRST!

NOW, HERE'S A SLICK LIL' FOUNTAIN PEN, SARGE! JES' WATCH HOW CLEVER IT WORKS!

TEAR GAS!

STICKERS

CCTLBMAPHH

The object of this Sticker is to find six five-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 twice, E twice, I twice and O three times. The original line then was split in half.

TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN

As Caratasp grasped the braider filled with red-hot coals and rose to his feet, the on-looking slaves cried out, "No weapons!" A slave tripped him and two others wrenched the brazier from his hands. "Fight fair!" they warned, dragging him to his feet.

Tarzan had stood smiling, awaiting Caratasp's charge. The latter fairly leaped upon the ape-man in his madness to destroy him. Tarzan met him with a doubled fist upon the point of his chin, stretching him upon his back. The slaves applauded loudly.

The girl, Talaskar, had come to Tarzan's side and stood looking up into his face. To the jealous Caratasp, the expression in her eyes seemed to speak of love. Once more he rushed upon the ape-man. Behind them some slaves were being led into the corridor.

One of the warriors stopped to look through the small open doorway. He scrambled through the corridor and ran forward toward the fighting slaves. Before they were aware of his presence he stood facing Tarzan and Talaskar. It was Kalistoban!

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs