

# for LOVE or MONEY

H.W. CORLEY  
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**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
MONA MORAN, receptionist in a Wall Street law office, has been with BARRY TOWNSEND, rich and socially prominent, for three years. Barry, who is a diamond mine, has returned to New York after three years absence. Steve, Barry's brother, who has been associated with Barry, owner of a diamond mine, has made the mine pay and are now business partners. Steve owns a huge diamond called "The Empress of Peru." LOTTIE GARD, fashion model, joins Mona, Barry, and Steve on several dinner and dancing engagements. Barry's brother, BUD, becomes involved with gangsters who plan to steal the big diamond. Steve suggests this traps Bud and when he confesses helps him escape to South America, where he is to have a job at the mine. Some time later Barry invites Mona, Lottie and Steve to spend Sunday at his uncle's palatial country home. They make the trip in Steve's roadster. Barry is a delightful host, however, when he and Mona are together, he fails to propose.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**  
**CHAPTER NINETEEN**  
MRS. FAXON joined the young people at luncheon. Elizabeth, Barry's sister, had telephoned, she said. Elizabeth, marrying early, was the mother of four frolicsome children and kept in daily touch with the Townsend ménage, yet Mrs. Faxon mentioned her call as if it were an occasion.

"Want anything?" Barry inquired. "Just to say hello. And to suggest that you might like to drive over for dinner this evening."

"That reminds me!" Barry exclaimed. "I thought it might be a good stunt to have dinner at the camp. There are steaks around somewhere, aren't there? Jean could make—"

"Splendid!" Mrs. Faxon said delightedly and took the reins of preparation out of Barry's hands. "I'll send Jimmy down to get the place warm and dusted."

Turning to Mona, she went on. "You should feel duly flattered. Barry shows the camp only to his closest friends. I've known of people to hint for weeks."

"It's my private thinking place," Barry admitted. After luncheon the four piled into Barry's roadster and made a tour of the countryside. They stopped for tea at a small inn and when they returned to the motor car Barry drove with Mona beside him.

Steve and Lottie, in the rumble seat apparently were deep in some gay secret. Steve's chuckles, punctuated by Lottie's high-pitched chatter, reached Mona in the front seat.

The car ran smoothly along the highway, dipping with the hills, rising again amid rows of oaks and maples. It glided past the carefully checkered meadows that made up the well-groomed estates of the rich.

Here all was luxury—no huddled towns of tiny houses, no glaring billboards, no small shops. As the road twisted and turned, the sinking sun reddened, danced ahead of them, danced to the left, then the right again and finally disappeared, as if to terminate the pleasant game of hide and seek they had been playing.

Almost immediately they were back at Twilands, returned by a new road. Dusk was settling in the trees. The girls ran upstairs, laughing and chatting.

"Hey, you!" Barry called. "That's for me," explained Lottie. "Didn't I tell you he always calls me that?" She turned and said, "What?"

"Hey, you! Dinner is broiling. Come on!"

MRS. FAXON had gone ahead with Jimmy and Jean and the huge basket of supplies. Mona and Lottie, Steve and Barry, set out to follow over the gently freezing road, then struck out crossroads for the camp.

On the veranda the appetizing odor of broiling steak greeted them. Jimmy, kneeling before the flame, was guarding the piece de resistance tenderly, but relinquished his place immediately to Barry.

Jean, smiling from the kitchen door, was mixing salad dressing. The camp now was warm, cosy and delightful.

Mrs. Faxon, buying herself at the table, called them at last to sit down. When they had finished eating, they turned on the radio and danced. Mona, puzzled at first, decided that Barry was avoiding her. When he addressed her he seemed to keep the conversation on a general note.

The servants departed, carrying the emptied hamper, and Mrs.

Faxon, from her crotone fire-seat, beamed on the little party approvingly. "She likes us," Mona thought. And she was right. Mrs. Faxon thought Mona exquisite and her friend Lottie, refreshing and amusing.

"Barry should have more good times like this," Mrs. Faxon was telling herself. Loyal to each, the dissension between Barry and his uncle worried her.

She did her best to help each of them arrive at a more complete understanding. At last all of them left the little camp wrapped in darkness and silence. Mona thought, as she took Steve's arm, that the whole day had been over too soon.

Lottie walked with Barry and he told her of the southern cross, of the tropics and the lunar rainbow he had seen once in Port-of-Spain. "Every one was excited about the lunar rainbow," I remember. Steve and I had gone to bed. The night was lighted by the whitest moonlight I had ever seen and after a while it began raining.

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and he drew her into the drawing room. "Does it make any difference to you that Steve is my friend?" he asked. "I mean, do you like me any better because of that?" His eyes, looking into hers, were troubled. "You didn't like me at first at the office, did you?" Barry went on. Mona drew her hand away gently. "Of course I like you," she said promptly, though a trifle shakily. She had wanted to see Barry alone. The moment was here now and she hardly knew how to meet it. "I want to ask you something, Mona," Barry went on. "I've asked Steve. I've asked your loquacious little friend, too, and now I'm going to ask you. They've both encouraged me a little in the hope—"

"Hope?" The girl's face was scarlet. "The hope that I'm not intruding. That the situation between you and old Steve isn't serious. If I hang around a bit—dine with you—take you out once in a while—am I butting in? Hang it!—are you in love with Steve?"

Mona raised her eyes and looked at him squarely. "Steve never has asked me that, Barry," she said. "You see," he went on earnestly, "if Steve were engaged to a girl and I wanted to take her to dinner, he cheerfully would postpone the wedding ceremony and persuade her to go with me! That's Steve!"

"He thinks a great deal of you, I know," Barry said. "And he thinks a great deal of you, Mona, too!" Once more Barry grasped her hand eagerly. "Wouldn't the girl's feelings in the affair matter to Steve at all, Barry?" Mona gently asked. "Of course. But Steve would persuade her that I was the best bet. He'd make her think—"

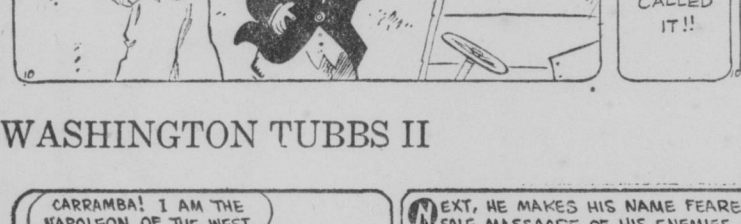
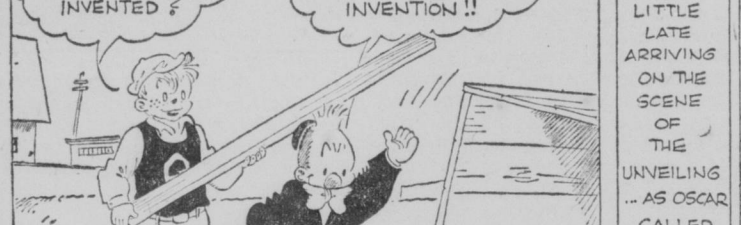
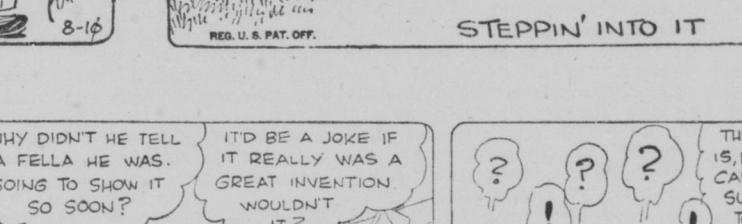
They were interrupted by a shout from without. Bright headlights threw the hedges into artificial daylight as the car smashed into the darkened space before the entrance. Steve, bareheaded, jumped from the driver's seat and raced to the door. "All set?" he called. "You look

ravishing, Lottie. Make it snappy, will you? Where's Mona?" "You are the most beautiful thing in the world," Barry was saying softly, when Steve appeared in the door. Barry turned. "Well, we don't seem to be getting anywhere," he said smiling. "Steve, as soon as I get this girl half-way agreeable to a dinner date, you and Lottie have to break in and ruin everything!" "You can date her up any time," Steve said. "I've got to be in town by 10:30. Come on—everybody ready?" "All right, then," Barry was saying in a low tone. "Have dinner with me Monday? Tuesday then? Confound it, Wednesday?" Monday and Tuesday passed for

Mona in a glow of happiness. She was to see Barry Wednesday. But Barry did not call on Wednesday. The telephone rang frequently. Five calls came for her, but none was from Barry. At 4 o'clock Steve telephoned. Barry was ill, he said. Out at Twilands, Mrs. Faxon was afraid it was influenza.

**(To Be Continued)**  
**Find Body of Unidentified Man**  
VINCENNES, Ind., Aug. 10.—The body of an unidentified man, believed to have been about 50 years old, was found late Tuesday in a small tract of woodland four miles east of here. The skull and parts of the arm bones were missing.

**OUR BOARDING HOUSE**  
—By Ahern



**HORIZONTAL**

1 Projections on locks.

6 Tired to.

10 Leader of the U. S. Senate dyes.

11 Leader of the U. S. Senate wets.

13 Battering machine.

14 Old monetary unit.

16 Diner.

18 Type of lily.

20 Wrongful acts.

22 Existed.

23 Worked hard as in studying.

25 Long pole used to elevate one in walking.

27 Habitual drunkard.

28 Native.

30 Listens to.

32 Broad-ribbed.

33 Postscript.

35 Flat.

**ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE**

SAGA  
MACON  
D  
GOAL  
AKRON  
LIVE  
TROLL  
TRAP  
ERA  
DIARIES  
TRAV  
LENS  
CITIES  
ITER  
ITAG  
DUN  
HOE  
S  
OS  
WAS  
G  
RAN  
DO  
GAB  
STRAYED  
WAN  
RIOT  
HOLES  
PIITA  
ALLURED  
SIDERAL  
H  
SEMIREGULAR  
Y  
SECT  
REEL

**VERTICAL**

1 Not real.

5 Scandinavian legends.

7 Assassin.

9 To pardon.

11 To let fall in drops.

13 Genus of chimpanzees.

15 Cloud (prefix).

17 A noble.

19 One of the 22 apostles.

21 Architectural term.

23 Chest bone.

25 Measure.

27 Network.

29 Pertaining to a set.

31 Bed laths.

33 Engagements.

35 Luggage.

37 Organ secreting bile.

39 Advantage.

41 Indian.

43 Oily hydrocarbons.

45 To monopolize.

47 Kettles.

49 Master.

51 Infection.

53 Reels.

55 Frost bite.

57 Spring.

59 Pith of a matter.

61 Evil.

63 Not real.

65 Rustic conclude.

67 Rude.

69 Half an em.

71 Era.

73 To melt.

75 Dets.

77 50 Above.