

for LOVE or MONEY

H.W. CORLEY
NEA
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1932 BY NEA SERVICE INC.

BEGIN HERE TODAY
MONA MORAN, receptionist in a Wall Street law office, is in love with BARRY CORLETT, rich and socially prominent. She met Barry through STEVE SACCARELLI, her childhood sweetheart, who has returned to New York after three years' absence. Steve has been in South America, where he has become associated with a diamond mine owner, who has become a friend to Steve. Together they have made the mine pay and are now business partners. Steve owns a huge diamond called "The Empress of Peru." LOVING CLOUD, faithful dog of Jim MONK, BUD, and Steve, on several dinner and dancing engagements.

Now, another, BUD, becomes involved with gangsters who plan to steal the big diamond.

Steve, to stop this, traps Bud and when he confesses, lets him escape to South America, where he is now.

Some time later Barry invites Mona, LOTTIE, and Steve to spend a day at his uncle's palatial country home. They make the trip in Steve's roadster. Steve and Lottie are in love, 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 rollosome children and kept in daily touch with the Townsend menage, 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 duster."

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 checked 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 chattering.

"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, cozy and delightful.

Mrs. Faxon, busying 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 hampers, and Mrs.

HORIZONTAL

Answer to Previous Puzzle
1 Projections on rocks.
2 " "
3 Leader of the U. S. Senate drys.
4 Leader of the U. S. Senate wets.
5 Battering machine.
6 Old monetary unit.
7 Diner.
8 Type of lily.
9 Wrongful acts.
10 Existed.
11 Worked hard in studying.
12 Long pole used to elevate one in walking.
13 Habitual drunkard.
14 Native.
15 Listens to.
16 Southeast.
17 Broad-ribbed.
18 Postscript.
19 Flat.

10 A noble.
11 One of the 32 apostles.
12 Architectural term.
13 Chest bone.
14 Lens cities liter.
15 Measure.
16 Pertaining to a seta.
17 GAB STRAYED WAN.
18 RIOT HOLES PITTA.
19 ALLURED SIDERAL.
20 PEIRON R'DONE Y.
21 H SEMIREGULAR Y.
22 SECT REEL.

23 Exhausted.
24 To besprinkle.
25 Sunburnt.
26 Let it stand.
27 Fiber knots.

28 To preclude.
29 Rustic songs.
30 Half an em.
31 To melt.
32 Dests.

29 Indian.
30 To besprinkle.
31 Sunburnt.
32 Let it stand.
33 Fiber knots.

34 Oily hydrocarbons.
35 To monopolize.
36 Kettles.
37 Master.
38 To preclude.

39 Rustic songs.
40 Half an em.
41 To melt.
42 Dests.

43 Issue formed.
44 Conjunction.
45 Devoured.
46 Spring.
47 Assassins.
48 Pith of a mat.

49 To pardon.
50 Rustic songs.
51 To let fall in drops.
52 Genus of chimpanzees.
53 Postscript.
54 Cloud (prefix).

55 Poem.
56 Right.
57 To melt.
58 Above.
59 Dests.

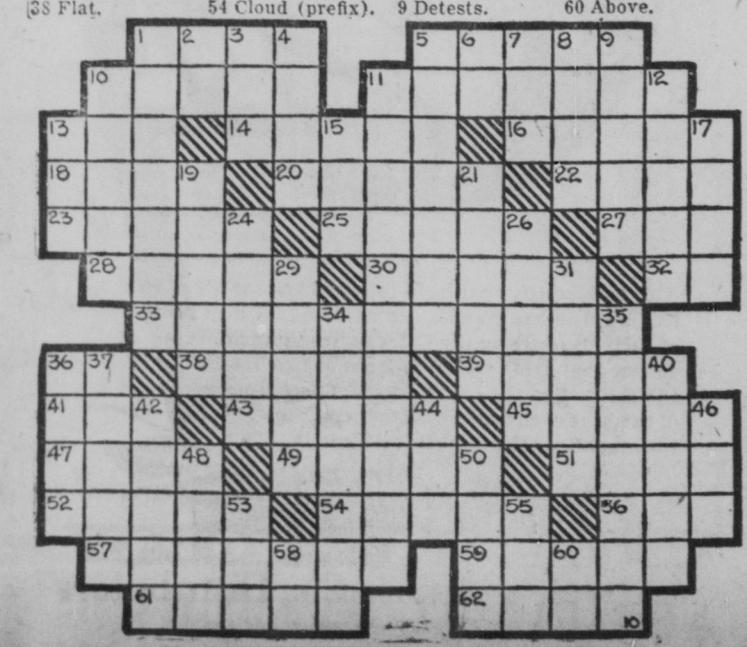
60 Above.
61 Dests.

62 Fiber knots.

63 Indian.
64 To besprinkle.
65 Sunburnt.
66 Let it stand.
67 Fiber knots.

68 To preclude.
69 Rustic songs.
70 Half an em.
71 To melt.
72 Dests.

73 Indian.
74 To besprinkle.
75 Sunburnt.
76 Let it stand.
77 Fiber knots.



THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

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 at first at the office. "You didn't like me?" Barry asked.

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."

"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 gently ask to Steve at all, Barry?"

"Of course. But Steve would persuade her that I was the best bet. He'd make her think—"

vanishing, 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.

Steve turned. "Well, we don't get to get 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?"

"All set," he called. "You look

Mona in a glow of happiness. She was to see Harry 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)

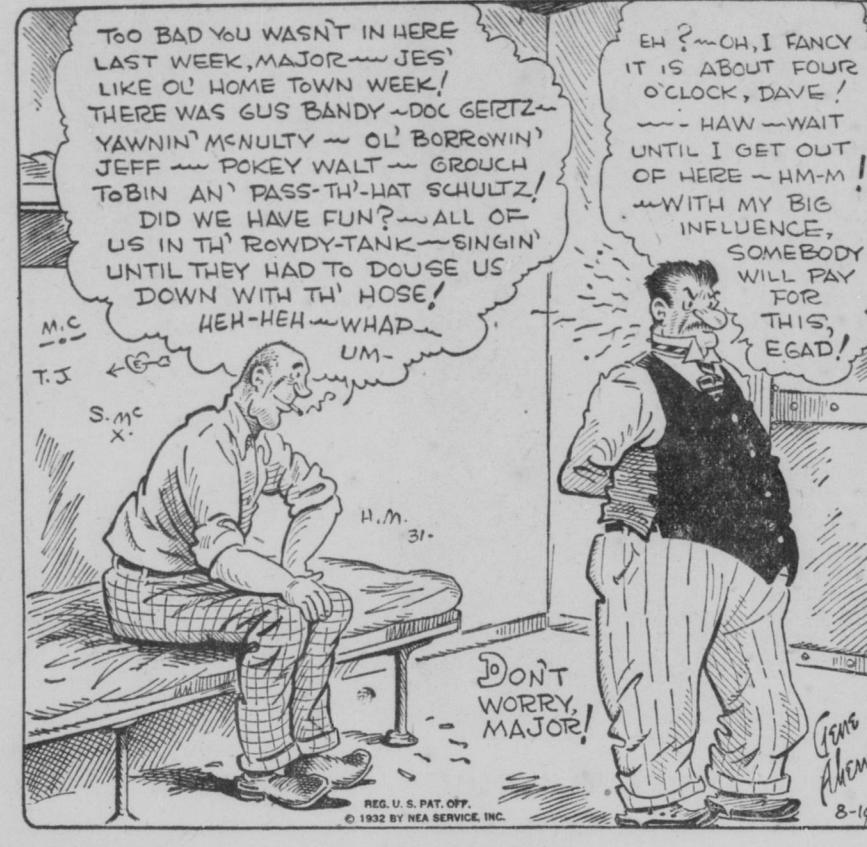
Find Body of Unidentified Man
VINCENNES, Ind., Aug. 10.—The body of an unidentified man, believed to have been about 50 years old, was found late Tuesday in a small tract of woodland four miles east of here. The skull and parts of the arm bones were missing.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



SALESMAN SAM



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN

