

for LOVE or MONEY

H.W. CORLEY
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BEGIN HERE TODAY

MONA TOWNSEND, married six months and widowed, inherited her husband's millions providing she does not need. Her money, however, was not a blessing. She was a strange girl, leaving her husband at the end of a year to become her husband's wife in actuality or secure a divorce.

Mona, in love with her husband's money, had thought Barry was just a boy. Barry Townsend, however, was a diamond mine. Mona's brother, Barry, works for them. LITTLE CARB, a famous model, is Mona's closest friend. Mona feels Barry is entitled to a share of his uncle's money. She is a girl who will do anything to get her money. She employs Lottie as her secretary and companion.

They sail for South America, Mona being for a reconciliation with Barry. Barry is a diamond mine. Mona's brother, Barry, works for them. LITTLE CARB, a famous model, is Mona's closest friend. Mona feels Barry is entitled to a share of his uncle's money. She is a girl who will do anything to get her money. She employs Lottie as her secretary and companion.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

"ARE you going to marry me or aren't you?" asked young Dr. Allen beseechingly.

"The jury is still out," Lottie answered. They were standing at the rail in Bridgetown Harbor, looking across the stretch of water to the shore.

The deck was deserted. Mona had gone to the Aquatic Club with an attractive passenger who had come aboard at Martinique.

"Going to the dance tonight?" pursued the doctor.

Lottie shrugged. The Miranda was to remain until midnight, so that passengers and crew could attend the weekly hop at the Beach Club.

"Perhaps." Her eyes ignored the earnest young man at her elbow and sought little hobbling specks on the water which were growing larger.

"Diving boys!" she exclaimed. Though the Miranda had been met by the same group in every port, Lottie never tired of watching them.

"There are girls, too," said Dr. Allen.

"Girls? It's the first port where I've seen women diving!"

"There were girls in the boats, sure enough."

"Maybe they won't dive," suggested the doctor. "Maybe the ladies just brought them along for scenery."

"The girls at the moment were not diving. There were three of them clad in bathing suits of scarlet, lavender, and green. Each was seated in a small boat with her own flock of boy divers.

"Do you dive?" called Lottie, holding forth an American quarter. The girl in blue looked up and folded her arms.

"Sure," she said scornfully, with out-mooring.

"Two shilling, mistress! Two shilling!" one of her escorts explained.

The doctor produced two shillings and flung them toward the girl who arose and dived gracefully from the boat. She emerged in a moment holding the money aloft and striking out for her boat with swift, clean-cut strokes.

"She doesn't swim as well as the boys," remarked the doctor.

"Want your money back?" Lottie's voice was indignantly curious.

"Look who's here!"

She pointed toward the shore where a tiny boat, urged forth by small shingles held in the hands of its occupant, was leaving the quay.

The tiny figure in the perilous bark was another girl, her head flaunting a magnificent bandanna of black and white. The girl was driving her boat rapidly toward the Miranda.

She was a novice at handling the bark apparently, but there could be no doubt about her eagerness to reach the steamer.

Presently an agitated parade reached the jetty, headed by a tiny half-naked, black boy. They selected a boatsman, jumped in the boat he proffered and were after the girl.

She turned her head, spied them and rebuked her efforts, splashing through the water frantically.

As she reached the foot of native boats, it was clear that she was an alien. The natives refused to make way for her and, taking aside her paddle, the girl rose, poised and clef the water sharply.

Abruptly she came to the surface again and swam toward the companion ladder.

She extended a hand, caught the chain and pulled herself aboard.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

1 Given to de-
jection.
2 Greek.
3 Jupiter's
Satellite II.
4 Pertaining to
birds.
5 Company.
6 Pertaining to
bodies at rest.
7 List.
8 Great Buddhist
festival in
Japan.
9 Curses.
10 To sharpen as
a razor.
11 Verb.
12 Killed.
13 Frothy.
14 Aperture.
15 Dress fastener.
16 Harbor.
17 God of love.
18 Those who
color fabric.
19 Brilliant dis-
play.
20 Monk in Mon-
golia.
21 Afternoon
meals.

22 Capital of
Massachusetts.
23 To swing.
24 Musical instru-
ment.
25 Blamish.
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33 Formal objec-
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36 A tissue.
37 Understated
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38 Large estate.
39 Nimbus.
40 Occurrence.
41 Falsehoods.
42 Upright shaft.
43 Half an em.
44 Portrait
statues.
45 Rabbit.
46 You and I.

47 Neither.
48 Crossbeam.
49 Mountains of
Europe.
50 Toward.
51 Magic.
52 Effort.
53 Conjunction.
54 Related by
blood.
55 To make fu-
rious.
56 Mountain.
57 To handle.
58 Threads.
59 Slanders.
60 Avenue.

61 Written or
oral communi-
cation.
62 Opposite of in.
63 Milkman's
hand cart.
64 Lots.
65 Sheds as blood.
66 Large estate.
67 Nimbus.
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Delight shone in the eager little
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aside her comb and moved toward
her hostess. "You th-eenk he
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Neither noticed that Mona, hav-
ing returned from the Aquatic Club,
stood in the doorway.

"I am sure of it, Celeste," said
Lottie softly. Celeste apparently
did not hear. Her eyes were fixed
on something just over Lottie's
shoulder.

"Why, what is that picture doing
here?" she asked.

She rushed toward Mona's ward-
robe trunk, on top of which a
leather folder stood containing two
portraits. One was of a blond young
man. A darker man, older, looked
gravely out of the other frame.

But Celeste was not looking at the

darker man. The blond youth ab-
sorbed her attention.

"You have h-eem here! You know
he-em!" Celeste covered the por-
trait with kisses, crooning softly.

"Who is this girl?" asked Mona,
her face very pale.

Celeste, unmindful, clasped the
portrait to her heart. "My Barry!
My Barry!"

(To Be Continued)

London's oldest bank is the
Hoare's, the age of which can not
be certainly stated; but there is in
existence a receipt dated in 1633
for money deposited there in that
year by Lawrence Hoare, who was
in business as a goldsmith.

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She wore the native costume of
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w-eel-ly?"

Neither noticed that Mona, hav-
ing returned from the Aquatic Club,
stood in the doorway.

"I am sure of it, Celeste," said
Lottie softly. Celeste apparently
did not hear. Her eyes were fixed
on something just over Lottie's
shoulder.

"Why, what is that picture doing
here?" she asked.

She rushed toward Mona's ward-
robe trunk, on top of which a
leather folder stood containing two
portraits. One was of a blond young
man. A darker man, older, looked
gravely out of the other frame.

But Celeste was not looking at the

darker man. The blond youth ab-
sorbed her attention.

"You have h-eem here! You know
he-em!" Celeste covered the por-
trait with kisses, crooning softly.

"Who is this girl?" asked Mona,
her face very pale.

Celeste, unmindful, clasped the
portrait to her heart. "My Barry!
My Barry!"

(To Be Continued)

London's oldest bank is the
Hoare's, the age of which can not
be certainly stated; but there is in
existence a receipt dated in 1633
for money deposited there in that
year by Lawrence Hoare, who was
in business as a goldsmith.

THE boat had reached the ship
now and the old lady in it did
indeed "look wild." Probably she
was not very old.

She wore the native costume of
Martinique and announced that she
was nurse for Mademoiselle, who
had stolen a boat from a native boy
and climbed aboard it.

"What's this, what's this?" asked
the captain, appearing from the
crew's quarters suddenly. "Why
Maria, what's up!"