

for LOVE or MONEY

BEGIN HERE TODAY
MONA TOWNSEND, beautiful young widow, inherits her husband's millions with the provision that she must not remarry.
Her marriage, arranged by her husband's lawyer, who was Mona's employer, was a strange affair, leaving her free at the end of a year to become her husband's wife in actuality or secure a divorce.
Mona, in love with Townsend's nephew, BARRY TOWNSEND, agreed to the marriage when she thought Barry was lost to her.
She employs LOTTIE CARL, a fashion model, as her secretary-companion and they set out for South America where Barry and STEVE SACARELLI are partners in a diamond mine.
Mona's brother BUD, works at the mine. Mona hopes for a reconciliation with Barry. She also feels Barry is entitled to a share of his uncle's fortune and wants to find a way to arrange this legally.
Leaving that Barry and Steve are on vacation at Holiday Island the girls have their last at Port of Spain.
There, quite by accident, they meet Bud.
He agrees to take them to Holiday Island next day. Mona alone drives to San Fernando. She sees Bud there in conference with a stranger.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

BUD faced Mona in amazement. It was clear his surprise held dismay as well.
Instantly Mona was alert. Was Bud selling those diamonds? Was the man whose quick movement had concealed the gems at her entrance buying them? Had Bud the right to sell them, and if so, why was the transaction in this out-of-the-way spot?
"Mona, I didn't dream you'd come here!"
The girl laughed uneasily. "Oh, I was just seeing the sights." She waved her hand toward the tables. "My chauffeur brought me here for tea. It's delightful, isn't it?"
"I'll order for you," Bud summoned the maitre d'hotel, who took the order and swiftly bowed himself away.
Mona sat in a large rattan chaise longue at the railing of the open room overlooking a broad expanse of green and riotous color.
Her eyes, skirting the road, discovered no other conveyance except her own. How had Bud come?
"Don't let me interrupt your business," she urged.
Bud laughed and instantly the girl knew that her first conclusion had been erroneous. There was no guile on Bud's face, only a look of amusement.
"Well," he said, "you've certainly caught me!" He took up the white cloth and the gems glittered. "You see," Bud explained, "I sold these

for the firm to Mr. Horton here. Mr. Horton, my sister, Mrs. Townsend."
The stranger bowed. "And now the young man is buying the finest of them back again," he said. "He tells me he's buying it for his mother, but I am wondering! Young men don't usually buy diamonds for their mothers—"
"I thought she'd like a diamond I'd had something to do with," Bud told Mona, with a half-ashamed smile. "She's never had a diamond, has she?"
He was concerned so obviously at this oversight on the part of his affectionate children that Mona smiled.
"I guess," Bud went on, "you've given her everything else, though." Mona shook her head. "I completely forgot diamonds."

"They all laughed. Then it settled," Bud said comfortably as they sat drinking their tea. His purchase was tied in his handkerchief and stuffed into his wallet. "I'll have it set at Port of Spain." "You'll drive back with me, Bud?" Mona asked.
"I was thinking of the train, but that will be great."
They took leave of Mr. Horton and presently were speeding toward Port of Spain. "I'd like to do something for you too, Mona," Bud said gruffly. "You put up with a lot from me!"
She squeezed his hand affectionately. "Just take me to Holiday," she said. "That's all I want."
They set out the next morning for the island.
"One hour!" Lottie cried happily. "Oh, what a difference this one hour can make!"
"Yeah," grinned Bud, helping her into the cockpit. "Want a helmet?" "Got one?"
"Sure." He swung two into the air and the girls adjusted them. Bud climbed in, adjusted the strap and looked behind. "All set?"
"Aye, aye, sir!"
"Here we go!"
The plane lifted and shot into the air. It spiraled upward. Port of Spain fell away from them into the sea.
The plane headed north and presently they passed Trinidad. Other islands lay ahead, curving like a

graceful garland of green leaves on the water. The Caribbean shimmered in the sun. They raced onward into the blue bowl of the sky.

They landed at Holiday Island. The plane crossed the harbor, dipped close to the trees and went steadily on toward a broad expanse of green.
"A golf course!" cried Lottie. "Yes, a golf course. These fellows believe in having all the comforts of home."
There was a drop, a soft bump and the plane axled, slowing until it came to a full stop. Bud clambered out, assisting the girls to their feet.
"Not bad?" he grinned. "There's the old driver," indicating a car behind the trees. "We'll drive to the house. It's not far, but we can't land on the doorstep, so they leave the bus here for me."
They piled baggage into the rear seat. Lottie held Mona on her lap and Bud started the motor. The car moved slowly down the grassy road, around a curve and through a grove of palm trees.
Then the road swerved and brought up suddenly almost directly behind the house. Still there was no one in sight.
"Nearly breakfast time," Bud mused.
"Breakfast?" exclaimed Lottie. "Lunch to you! The first meal of the day here is 'coffee' served on a tray at your bedside at 8 o'clock sharp. 'Coffee' means coffee, fruit and toast. Breakfast is served at about 11:30."
"It's too hot after that to do anything except rest. We have tea at 3:15 and dinner at 7:30. Yes, I guess the lads are probably at breakfast."
He brought the car to a halt and leaped out. The girls followed.
They mounted the steps leading to the veranda. It was a wide, cool veranda with a fine view of the sea across stretches of green and silver.
Inside were huge rooms, high ceilings and bare of floor. There was a piano with a Spanish shawl tossed across it. There were easy chairs, lamps, tables glistening from recent polishing.
A high door led into the hallway from which a broad, uncarpeted stairway rose. The house was huge, yet hospitable.
"Hey, fellows!" Bud called. "Hey!" Two voices came in unison.
"They're in the breakfast room," Bud whispered. "Don't say anything. We'll surprise 'em!"
"Are you hungry?" Barry shouted. "Come on in! How is everything?"
Tiptoeing, the girls followed Bud around the curve of the veranda. There a table was spread in the recess sheltered by cooling vines.
Barry and Steve, in spotless white, lounged in easy chairs. Pink melons were set before them. A tiny maid glided around the table, pouring coffee. Another appeared in the doorway with a tray of meats, fish, vegetables and salad.
"Hurrah! All the comforts of Broadway," Mona stood still, quite still.
"I've brought you something pretty," announced Bud gaily. Then muttered something about "washing up" he turned and fled.
"Why Lottie—Mona—!" Steve rose, grinning, his brown hands held wide.

STICKERS
A C--S-- THE G--E
TO B--A F--R--.

Yesterday's Answers

TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN

RADIO STATIONS BAR POLITICIANS

COURT HOLDS THEM LIABLE FOR DEFAMATORY REMARKS.
WASHINGTON, Sept. 2.—Broadcasting stations have been reluctant to allow political candidates to make stump speeches into their microphones since the Nebraska court of appeals in June held that a station jointly is liable with the speaker for any libelous or defamatory remarks over the air.
Since that decision many stations arbitrarily have refused to either sell or give away time for political speeches.
The federal radio commission has undertaken to discourage this restrictive policy. Harold A. LaFont, acting chairman, issued a public statement urging broadcasting licenses to permit liberal use of their facilities by candidates.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern
EGAD, JIM—HOW'S THIS DISGUISE TO THOSE THOSE DRAUGHT MEN OUTSIDE WHO ARE WAITING TO POUNCE UPON ME FOR PAYMENT OF DEBTS, JUST BECAUSE THEY HEARD I HAVE A FEW DOLLARS!
—I WORE THIS DISGUISE THIRTY YEARS AGO WHEN I SOLVED THE CELEBRATED LATOUR CASE IN MONTMARTRE, PARIS!
IS THAT VO, MISTAH MAJAH?—AH WOULDN'T KNOW IT WAS VO'EF WE PUT ON A TWO HOUR RASSLIN' MATCH, WHY VO' CAN GO RIGHT OUT WIF THOSE MEN AN' JUNE 'EM LAK VO' IS WAITIN' TO SEE TH' MAJAH TOO.
OH YES, HE'LL PASS UNKNOWN.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

HI, JIM! YOU COMIN' OR GOIN' I'M A LITTLE LATE, MYSELF.
GOOD GRACIOUS!! IT'S AN ENDLESS PROCESSION OF BOYS COMING IN AND GOING OUT SINCE POODLE HAS BEEN SICK—WE HAVE ABOUT AS MUCH PRIVACY AS A GOLD FISH!
I'M GOING! POODLES DON'T PINK—I'LL DROP IN AGAIN LATER ON—
WHILE IN THE NEXT ROOM, FRECKLES KEEPS CONSTANT WATCH OVER POODLE.

WASHINGTON TUBBS II

HA! TRYIN' TO MUSCLE ME OUT, HEY?
YOU HEARD ME—SCRAM! I TAKE PERSONAL CHARGE OF ALL PRISONERS—N' ESPECIALLY ALL LADY PRISONERS.
MEANWHILE, WASH HAS HEARD THE GIRL'S SCREAMS, AND IS ABOUT TO HAVE A FIT.
HEY! FORTH LUVA MIKE, WOT'S GOIN' ON?
FOR AWHILE IT LOOKS AS THO SLUG AND BULL MIGHT COME TO BLOWS.

SALESMAN SAM

BOW-WOW-UFF!
THAT'S WHAT YA GET, LI'L FELLA—
YIPE! YIPE!
YER ALWAYS BARKIN' UP A TREE, BUT THIS TIME YA PICKED THE WRONG TRUNK!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

A LITTLE BUSH PIG IS COMING DOWN THE TRAIL.....
THERE IS A SPOTTED, YELLOWISH STREAK, AS SPOTS SUDDENLY LEAPS FROM HIS PERCH IN THE TREE OVERHEAD.....
DOWN, SPOTS, DOWN! YOU'LL GET YOUR SHARE—JUST AS SOON AS I CARRY OFF A STEAK FOR MYSELF.
GEE, OL' FELLA—I DUNNO WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT YOU! YOU'RE MY GUIDE, BODY GUARD AN' MEAL TICKET DE LUXE.

TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN

Now to the pounding upon one door was added the noise of similar knocking on the opposite one. Tarzan measured the distance from the floor to the trap in the ceiling. Then with a little jump he sprang lightly upward. He shot entirely through it, alighting on his feet in a dark chamber.
Turning, he looked down at his friends below. The ape-man swung, head downward through the opening, catching the edge of the trap in the hollow of his knees. At the gallery door the knocking was becoming insistent. Angriely, a man's shouted, "Open! In the name of the king, open!"
"Lift Talasker to me," Tarzan directed. As the prince did so, he grasped the girl's wrist. Then he raised her until she could clamber into the chamber above. The door threatened to splinter at any moment as the angry warriors battered their way into the room.
The ape-man seized Komodoflorens's outstretched hands. An instant later as both men looked down, they saw ten warriors burst into the room in blank surprise. "Search the quarters," commanded the Vental.

Gone, but Not Forgotten

Automobiles reported to police as stolen belong to:
Richard N. Madden, 2702 North Talbot street, Oldsmobile coupe, 103-643, from in front of home.
Cy Foster, Carmel, Rao coupe, 587-697, from north side of the manufacturers' building, state fairground.
Elmer Stone, 1624 Iowa street, Ford roadster, from in front of home.

BACK HOME AGAIN

Stolen automobiles recovered by police belong to:
W. H. Middleton, 961 North Meridian street, Chevrolet sedan, found at West and Court streets.
Singapore is experimenting with a rubber paving that can be applied like asphalt.

CARNIVALS DRAW BAN

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 2.—Street carnivals have been banned in Philadelphia by Mayor J. Hampton Moore on the grounds they take funds from the city.

OUT OUR WAY

HERE'S ONE I JUST THOT UP. THIS IS JUST A ROUGH SKETCH SO IT'LL NEED A LITTLE EXPLAININ' IF YOU GOT A MINUTE.
SOME OTHER TIME! SOME OTHER TIME! I'M VERY BUSY RIGHT NOW.
THAT NUT ON TH' FLOOR SEEMS TO INTEREST TH' BULL O' TH' WOODS MORE THAN TH' NUT AT HIS ELBOW. IT WOULDN'T HURT HIM TO LOOK TWO, EVEN TH' NUTTIFEST INVENTOR MIGHT HIT ON A GOOD IDEAR.
I THINK THAT'S WHY HE'S AFRAID TO LOOK. IT MIGHT BE A BRIGHT IDEA COMIN' FROM SUCH A DUMB LOOKIN' NUT MIGHT MAKE HIS POSITION LOOK NOT SO IMPORTANT.

—By Blosser

NOT THAT I DONT LIKE POODLE, BUT I'D SUGGEST WE HAVE HER TAKEN TO THE DOG HOSPITAL!!
I WAS THINKING OF THE SAME THING!!
GREAT GUYS!! I'VE BEEN ONE SOLID HOUR TRYING TO READ MY PAPER, BUT WITH THIS CONTINUAL STREAM OF KIDS AND THEIR JABBERING, I GIVE UP!!
H, FELLAS—HOW'S POODLE?
COME IN, WILLIE!
THAT'S SWELL! WELL—I GOTTA GET ALONG—I'LL DROP IN TONIGHT, AGAIN!
YEAH—SHE'S BEGINNING TO FEEL BETTER ALREADY!!
WHILE IN THE NEXT ROOM, FRECKLES KEEPS CONSTANT WATCH OVER POODLE.

—By Crane

WHEN EASY STEPS IN AND LOOKS LIKE CERTAIN TROUBLE, THREE CORNERED FIGHT.
ENOUGH O' THAT, DAWSON! YOU'RE SCARING THE POOR GIRL OUT O' HER WITS. TURN HER LOOSE.
WOT!! LEAVE GO A SPY?
YOU KEEP OUTTA THIS! WE KNOW OUR DOOTY.

—By Small

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—By Edgar Rice Burroughs

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'CUSTOMER' GETS HEART OF STATE POLICEMAN

Cop to Marry Girl He Stopped in Car Safety Test.
Who said state policemen doesn't get their man—or woman?
Several days ago a young woman from Tennessee was stopped in her car by Fred Morley, Angola state cop. Morley was doing his duty in blocking cars for various tests under the state safety law.
The young woman razzed Morley about being handsome and resembling the public's conception of the Northwest Mounted. Later they were introduced formally.
They will be married next Wednesday.

—By Williams

UPHOLDING THE DIGNITY OF OFFICE.

—By Blosser

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THEY TELL ME

Loving Colleagues
THIS year's political campaign is just a game with loaded dice for "Lil" Arthur Robinson, junior senator from Indiana—and with him handling the ivory.
"Tails I win, heads you lose," he chants gleefully at his senior colleague, Jim Watson, as the fireworks begin crackling and the huskings get under way.
Why shouldn't Arthur be jubilant? His friends figure he can't lose—no matter what happens to Watson—and what is nicer than that?
Here's the set-up as the Robinsons begin meaning those on the federal pay roll—see the situation:
As Republicans, it would be just too bad if Senator Jim went down to defeat before Frederick Van Nuy, the Democratic candidate.
But, wouldn't it be "simply wonderful" if Jim was licked and Herbert Hoover was re-elected. Robby would be the Republican senator from Indiana and, therefore, master of all patronage.
Not only would he dispense the jobs in federal buildings over the state, but he would name every postmaster and rural mail carrier in the districts represented by Democratic congressmen. Thus he would build up a well-nigh impregnable machine to assure his re-election in 1934.
So with crocodile tears Robby discusses with friends the said outlook for the party in Indiana—but "there's a song in my heart."
As long as Watson remains in the senate, Robinson is a nonentity. The "most ostracized man in Washington" is the way Walker

HORIZONTAL
1 Large California city.
5 Terminal part of man's arm.
13 Work on a skill.
14 To register in a list.
15 Recipient.
16 Northeast.
17 Meager.
18 Important industry in California.
19 Metric measure of capacity.
20 Large inn.
21 Citation.
22 Driver.
23 Morindin dye.
24 Jester.
25 Rabbits.
26 Wine part.
27 Inspires reverence.
28 Species of pepper.
29 To cut lengthwise.
30 Writing implement.
31 Crates.
32 To think.
33 Measure.
34 Pertaining to

Answer to Previous Puzzle
GOLD WONT
PARA BIDEAN
CASE MASONIAS
PAVER USE SHAME
DENIES BSTALLIN
PROMOTION
DETET RROCKER
OPINE BOOLLEAVE
LIN ROUND PET
CELL HAGE IRON
AROW BOOK
KOEL RENT
VERTICAL
1 Ground.
2 Native metal.
3 Street.
4 Drink of the gods.
5 To snarl.
6 Sea eagle.
7 Quantity.
8 Deity.
9 To fit.
10 Source of indigo.
11 Born.
12 Forsaken.
13 Loves to excess.
14 Local positions.
15 Seventh note.