

# for LOVE or MONEY

H.W. CORLEY  
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**BEGIN HERE TODAY**

MONA TOWNSEND, beautiful young widow, inherits one hundred million with the provision that she must not remarry.

Her marriage, arranged by her husband's lawyer, was a mere formality. There 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 her husband's nephew, BARRY TOWNSEND, served to the marriage when she thought Barry was to be her.

The empress, LOTTIE CARR, a fashion model, as her secretary, commences her quest for South America, where Barry and STEVE SACCARINI are pursuing a diamond mine.

Mona's mother, 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.

Learning that Barry and Steve are on vacation at Holiday Island, the girls leave their boat at Port of Spain. There they meet Bud, who takes them to Holiday Island.

Barry and Steve are cordial, but their greeting lacks warmth. Mona wishes she had not come. Barry does not ask for explanations and she can not make them.

MISS GRACIE, from Port of Spain to serve as a chambermaid.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**

girl a pair of monkeys to take back to New York.

Back to New York! Mona felt her heart throb sharply, her cheeks suddenly grow cold. Steve and Barry were thinking then of their departure!

"Don't buy those monkeys yet a while," Barry said hastily, and going to let Mona and Lottie get away for a long time. They haven't seen half the sight yet."

"Well, they've seen what many a girl in Port of Spain would give her eyes teeth to see, any how," Miss Gracie interposed comfortably.

"What's that, Miss Gracie?"

The older woman's fat face crinkled in a smile and her kind eyes were hidden for a moment.

"This house," she nodded vaguely. "Barry and Steve are popular men, you know. When they come to our house—"

"I think I'll say good night,"

"Did you ever know a girl named Celeste?" asked Mona idly.

Barry and Steve glanced at each other and burst out laughing.

"Let Lottie tell you that one, Barry. I can't do it justice."

"THEY listened to Lottie's diverting version of the affair on the boat, but when she related the gift of Barry's portrait to Celeste the men became instantly sober.

"Great heavens, that practically constitutes an engagement!" Steve exclaimed.

"But she was honest, any how. She insisted Barry hadn't paid much attention to her," retorted Lottie.

Steve rose. "Yes, that's honest, only a little too mild. You might as well say a man pays no attention to a mosquito buzzing around him twenty-four hours of the day."

"I think I'll say good night,"

Mona decided, rising. "I'm tired, hot, and have a headache."

"Anyhow, we had a fine trip," Lottie announced, as she rose to follow her friend. "Well, good night!"

As the two girls mounted the stairs Lottie said quickly, "At least Barry doesn't want us to hurry away!"

"Oh, I don't know!" Mona's voice was weary. "He could hardly have said less. Steve practically put us aboard the Miranda."

"She's a great one," was Lottie's thought. "Her heart is breaking, but she doesn't forget the forty strokes—or is it fifty or 100?"

It was, as a matter of fact, 150 that night. The brush was replaced in the dresser drawer. Mona moved from chair to closet, hanging this way and smoothing out that, taking out fresh garments for the next day.

SEATED on the bed, Lottie swung one foot reflectively and watched her.

"Maybe we'd better go soon, Lot-

tie," Mona remarked presently in a low voice.

"Before you've talked about the will or anything to Barry?"

Mona spread both hands wide. "How can I? I might possibly say something to Steve, but neither one—"

"Neither one has recognized your marriage," finished Lottie, rising.

"Well, I'm ready to go if you say so, Mona, but my advice is to get into action!"

"Listen, tomorrow, I'll corral Steve and take him some place. That will leave you and Barry alone so you can talk to him. Tell him why you came. Tell him you love him. You do, don't you?"

"He can't do anything more than call you a forward hussy and after-

that you'll know where you stand? Tell him you're the fourth wealthiest woman in New York now and want to hand over some of your gold. Ask him how it can be done—"

"He won't tell me if he knows—and I don't think he does," Mona argued.

LOTTIE came a step nearer.

"Barry never will let you get that far," she went on. "When you tell him you love him, he'll either stop you and say everything is o. k. or else he'll leave you sitting right where you are! I think tomorrow at tea time would be a good time—"

"I see you have it all planned," Mona said acidly. Then her manner changed. She took Lottie by the

shoulders. "You are a darling, Lottie! You are!"

"Anyhow, I mean well," mimicked Lottie, her face close to Mona's own.

They both laughed.

"I doubt it," Mona added, kissing her. "I never will trust blonds—or brunets either. Only I can't do all that, Lottie. If Barry doesn't speak to me soon it's all over. We'll go back home and think of something else to do but I can't speak to Barry about—"

"I understand," Lottie agreed soberly. "Well, good night. Go to sleep!"

"Oh, I'll sleep," Mona promised.

(To Be Continued)

—By Williams

## CHAPTER FORTY-TWO (Continued)

"She likes it. She dotes on it!" Lottie said soberly. "And that, Mona, is our biggest bet!"

"Miss Gracie! Whose idea was it to bring her here to preserve appearances? Do you suppose appearances would matter or even enter any one's head down here if you were just an ordinary woman?"

"That boy loves you, Mona!" Her tone italicized the statement.

"Why don't you give him a chance?"

"Do you think he needs one?"

Lottie's glance was withering.

"Think he wants one?" Mona pursued.

Lottie nodded firmly. "I do. Let's not waste any more time. Let's help them out somehow. Heaven knows, it's been done before!"

"How can we help them?"

"The other girl considered. "Tonight there's a moon. We'll dress in our prettiest for dinner."

"But we always dress. It seems to be Barry's idea of roughing it at this place to dress as he would on Park avenue."

"Anyhow, we'll dress—put on something especially becoming, smile our sweetest. There's going to be moonlight and a soft breeze. Yes, tonight we're going to make something happen!"

## CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

FOR all Lottie's artful planning dinner at Holiday House that evening was singularly unromantic. There were no lovely gowns and there was no lingering over a candle-lit table, no strolling in the moonlight.

It proved to be the first evening since the girls' arrival that no one dressed for dinner.

Their departure from Grenada was delayed, the carpenters taking a great deal of time to decide finally that they could not begin work on the hangar for at least a week.

The motorboat left the harbor two hours later than they had planned. Sam, the native boy, was at the wheel, while Barry and Steve spent most of the trip in rather discursive discussion.

When they arrived at the house, they found the table on the veranda still set for dinner, the flowers drooping under the electric light and fireflies gathering on the terrace.

The food in the kitchen had long since cooled and lost its favorableness.

"I sent the maids home for the night," Miss Gracie said, unperceiving. "There seemed to be no knowing when you'd come. I thought you might have dined at Grenada."

"Well, we can't lure those carpenters here for a week yet," Steve announced. "I was going to buy this



**As Usual**

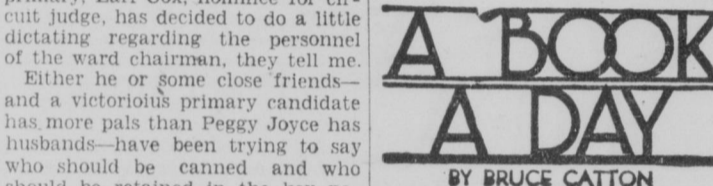
IT'S news when there is no factional conflict in the Marion county Democratic organization.

But as the man sentenced to be hanged said while waiting for a reprieve from the Governor, "No noise is good news." (How he does it at these prices and during a depression, is remarkable.)

To get on with our knitting, we wish to assure the customers that things are as usual among the Democrats. One gang is calling the other bad names, and the county chairman, H. Nathan Swaim, is pulling what remains of his fast-graying hair.

Emboldened by his victory in the primary, Earl Cox, nominee for circuit judge, has decided to do a little dictating regarding the personnel of the ward chairman, they tell me.

Either he or some close friends—and a victorious primary candidate has more pals than Peggy Joyce has husbands—have been trying to say who should be canned and who should be retained in the key positions.



**A BOOK A DAY**

BY BRUCE CATTON

ROGER SHERINGHAM, the English detective who stalks through the pages of books by Anthony Berkeley, is a pretty good detective, and Mr. Berkeley is a pretty good writer.

Consequently, Mr. Berkeley's mystery stories are highly readable, and "Murder in the Basement," its latest one, is a topnotch yarn throughout.

This story gets under way when two honeymooners discover a woman's corpse under the floor of the basement in the house they just have rented.

For eight months or so the police can't even find out who the lady was; and after they do find out, they can't get a line on the villain who put her there, except that they do know that the trail leads to a tony preparatory school.

At this point, of course, Sheringham steps in, and the outcome of the yarn is as neat a surprise as you'll find in a long time.

"Murder in the Basement" is published by the Crime Club for \$2.

I can't say nearly as much for "The Green Knife," by Anthony Wynne.

In this yarn we have an English financier stabbed to death in a locked room—from which no one could have escaped—you know the sort of thing; people go about saying: "It's simply inconceivable," and so on.

Then a couple of servants get killed in the same way, and finally Dr. Eustace Hailey ferrets out the truth at great peril to his own neck. But the whole business is so involved and complicated and generally impossible that the book falls to the ground of its own weight and I shan't try to lift it.

"The Green Knife" is published by Lippincott, and costs \$2.

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



## OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



## WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



## SALESMAN SAM

—By Small



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



## TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



**HORIZONTAL**

1 Birthplace of Napoleon.

7 Sociable.

14 Public speaker.

25 Liquid medicine for bathing skin.

16 Insect's egg.

17 Pecan.

19 Sea gull.

20 Church title.

21 Permits.

23 Valuable fur.

25 Plateau.

26 Fragrant oloresin.

28 Creek "T".

29 Ossa.

30 Counsel or advice.

32 To exile.

34 King of boasts.

37 Hastened.

38 Undereranced.

38 Lapidate.

40 Jointed stem of plants.

43 Any group of eight.

45 Tiny.

47 To glide.

49 Close.

60 Inclosure about a field.

**Answer to Previous Puzzle**

18 To make lace.

19 Rolls up.

22 Furnace for refining metals.

24 Evil.

25 Cherry.

27 Blockhead.

29 Favorite word among ex-soldiers.

31 Age.

33 Moccasin.

35 Upright post.

37 Where is Monte Carlo?

38 Kind of range finder.

39 Measure.

41 Central vein of a leaf.

42 Small Spanish horse.

44 Tree.

46 Small shield.

48 The moon.

49 Flating ice.

50 To run away from.

51 Form of blood fine.

54 Tough tree.

56 Neither.

59 South Carolina.

61 To accomplish.

**VERTICAL**

1 Governor of West Virginia.

2 Large recessed.

3 window.

4 which catches rats.

5 Every.

6 Street.

7 Electrified.

8 The shank.

9 Free mass of floating ice.

10 Watch pocket.

11 Preposition.

12 Two-pronged instrument.

13 Lax or slack.

14 To put in a mask.

15 Supreme deity of Norse.

16 mythology.

17 To total.

18 vice.

19 Ewer.

20 Hastened.

21 Cash box.

22 Medicine.

23 Plants.

24 One who does daring gymnastic feats.

25 Governor of West Virginia.

26 Large recessed.

**WRIGHT'S DOUBLE MINT GUM**

KEPT RIGHT IN CELLOPHANE

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