

for LOVE or MONEY

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE (Continued)

OTTIE returned in an amazingly short time, smooth of hair, dressed in baby blue and looking more than ever like a blond angel. The girls reclined in their deck chairs, the fragrant honeysuckle sweetening the breeze from across the bay. The little speedboat in which Bud had arrived swung in the harbor.

From the kitchen they could hear Miss Gracie's luring voice suggesting guava paste for tea, Josie, squeezing lemons, was singing happily.

"We'll be alone," remarked Lottie unexpectedly.

"It looks that way. Yes."

As if in answer to her query, there was a shout beneath the hill. Native boys, moving faster than the girls had ever seen them, came streaming out of the green tunnel of trees, running and shouting. The car, moving carefully under Bud's guidance, followed.

Barry was in the back seat bending over some one or something. Steve! Where was Steve?

"What is it, Mona?" Lottie stammered. She rose and ran to the edge of the terrace. "What have happened? Where is Steve?"

The boys, running ahead, reached the doorway. One of them shouted for Miss Gracie, who came hastily with Josie, Florence and Maria close behind.

The girls could hear a sharp order from Barry. Mona put her arm about Lottie. Barry was safe! Barry was safe. Where was Steve?

"There, there, dear," Mona began as Lottie started forward with a cry.

"What has happened?" she cried.

The boy came toward them, his eyes round in alarm. "Boss, he hurt very bad. Meestress! Very bad!"

"Boss Steve?"

"Boss Steve, Meestress! Very, very bad."

The car had reached the gate now and Sam ran back again to meet it. The natives all were waiting with that monotonous note of despair they reserved for irrevocable misfortune.

"What happened?" asked Lottie, struggling from Mona's embrace. "How is Steve hurt? Did he fall? Was he shot accidentally?"

"Oh, no, Meestress! Boss Steve hurt by fer-de-lance. The fer-de-lance!"

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX

THE native's cry struck terror in both girls' hearts. "Boss Steve hurt by fer-de-lance." The deadly snake of the West Indies! If Steve were a victim of the fer-de-lance, he would die!

Lottie groaned and hurried forward. Mona came behind. The car had reached the entrance now. Barry was issuing orders and Bud was helping the native boys lift out Steve.

With quick, sharp directions from Miss Gracie, they carried Steve into the house and laid him gently on a lounge. The terror-stricken natives were hustled away. Josie came running, bringing hot water.

Outside the door, Mona and Lottie waited, too frightened to speak.

Suddenly Lottie said, "The Miranda! Dr. Allen is aboard with serum. They must be close to Granada now!"

"Oh, Mona, if we could get some of that serum perhaps it would save him!" She glanced at her watch. "I'm going to try, Mona!"

The maid passed with a basin of water. Lottie ran into the room where Barry was.

"Barry!" she cried. "Quick! If we can get antitoxin from the snake institute, won't that save him?"

Quickly she explained her plan. Dr. Allen was aboard the Miranda bringing serum from the snake institute to Martineque. If he could be reached, she knew he would help them.

A light of incredulous joy spread over Barry's face as Lottie went on talking. The Miranda was a scant fifteen minutes away by plane. If there was antitoxin aboard, they must send for it.

He called Bud and explained. Steve's life was at stake. Miss Gracie, adopt in such matters, would know what to do until they could return.

"Let me go with you, Bud," begged Lottie. "I'm going!"

"Don't you think you'd better stay here, Lottie, in case Steve wants you?"

"I'll need some one to help me!" interposed Miss Gracie.

"Do they mean in case Steve wants her or in case Steve dies?" Mona thought to herself. Instantly her mind was made up.

"I'll go with Barry and Bud," she announced. "I know Dr. Allen. You stay here, Lottie. That's the best way."

Miss Gracie, kneeling by the

couch, was bathing Steve's wounded leg. Lottie, watching, thought she would faint as she saw the woman pick up a sharp kitchen knife and, with sharp, merciless jabs, cut criss-cross into the wounded flesh.

Steve lay with his eyes closed. He barely winced at the knife cuts. His face seemed incredibly pale.

MONA ran to the entrance, where Bud and Barry had arrived with the car. The automobile coughed, choked and then went hurtling forward.

Out of the yard, down through the tunnel of trees to the airport. It was a distance of half a mile, yet almost instantly Lottie heard the roar of the engine and saw the Ladybird rise in the air, hesitate and then go roaring on, its nose in the direction of Granada.

Lottie came back to the porch. Josie knelt there sobbing, holding a basin of water and watching Miss Gracie's capable hands.

"Find some disinfectant, Lottie," Miss Gracie ordered sharply. "Upstairs the girl flew. Disinfectant? Where would it be? Her fingers fumbled about the medicine

shelf. Ah, this was it. This would do!

Hurrying downstairs Lottie stood awestruck and fascinated while Miss Gracie risked her own life drawing the poison from the wound with her lips, rinsing her mouth with every application.

This she did again and again. Would she die too? For Lottie had given up hope. Leaning against the frame of the door, Lottie watched, praying for the first time in a long, long while.

"That should do until they get here," Miss Gracie was saying, struggling to her feet and looking down at the wound.

"You mean—?"

Miss Gracie shook her head. "I mean that with the serum they are

bringing he will be all right. Even without it he might have a chance! He has wonderful vitality, a wonderful constitution. I've seen men die from a snake bite in less time than it took to bring him here!"

She stopped, abstractedly, to pick up a towel, indicated the basin of water to Josie and was off to the kitchen.

Lottie dropped into a chair beside the couch where Steve lay. He seemed asleep, not unconscious, except that his face was pale and his lips hung open a little like a child off guard.

His hair, curling about his forehead, was matted with perspiration. The neck of his shirt was open, his tie missing. His hands, usually so strong, so capable, were relaxed.

One was flung out along his side, the other hanging over the edge of the couch.

The wounded leg was propped up carefully with pillows. It was bare from the thigh to ankle, a compress over the wound.

He lay so still that Lottie shivered. Except for the slight motion of breathing he might be dead!

THE minutes ticked away. Miss Gracie returned, stepping quietly for so bulky a woman. Lottie noticed that she was careful in her movements. That was a good sign. That meant she believed he would live!

"I think I hear the Ladybird," Miss Gracie said suddenly. At that very moment there was a cry outside.

The maids came clustering about the door in excitement, old Maria bringing up the rear.

"Boss Barry coming!" Florence was saying eagerly.

There was no doubt about it. The groning hum, the increasing roar was the Ladybird. It came hurtling through the air, closer and closer.

"Landing on the golf course, I expect," Miss Gracie was saying. "That's closer. One more time won't hurt it."

"One more time!" Lottie repeated. The song she and Steve had sung as they danced together went that way. "One more time! Just one more time!"

One more time to see Steve alive

and well was all that she wanted of heaven or of earth.

The Ladybird settled abruptly into a circle of trees and was lost to view. Presently the stream of native boys began once again to pour out of the tunnel, gesticulating wildly. The car followed at top speed.

Mona sat in the car. Bud was hanging on the running board and at the wheel this time was Barry. There was a stranger with them. Young Dr. Allen! That must mean that they had brought the serum.

Lottie grew weakly limp and quietly dropped to the veranda. She had, for the first time in her life, fainted away.

(To Be Continued)

THEY TELL ME

Ben Stern

Always Entertaining

HE may not be a statesman, and he may not be a sincere and able public servant, but Senator James E. Watson still is the best one-man vaudeville actor in American politics.

At least he is satisfactory to the present, past, and would-be job holders, or wives, mothers or sisters of job roll occupants, who constitute in the main the membership of the Indiana Women's Republican Club, which met Friday noon.

Jim's speech was the usual hodge-podge of apologies, evasions and blunders, that has characterized his campaigns so far.

It was entertaining, even when he didn't try to be funny. Some of the high points should be passed along, just because they are so incongruous when the true facts are known.

First, when he calmly takes the credit to himself for the Home Loan Bank bill, which, he says, "I didn't write"—a pause—"that is, I didn't write all of it." The truth, of course, is that it wasn't written by him, but he carried it around in his pocket until it was tattered and torn, and then the fire that was set under Jim caused him to send it through, under hopes of 20,000 votes.

cal parlance means a foil for a chatter act.

It must be granted that Jim knows his stuff—he looked out over the audience of veterans grown gray and with a smirk, said: "I was elected to congress thirty-eight years ago"—a pause—"that was long before the most of you were born."

It appears that his ability as an anguisher is as great as his statesmanship. But it went over. His speeches always are entertaining.

Down in Hoopole township there once lived an old tobacco-chewing trustee, who used to say "two things ruined politics—the eighteenth and nineteenth amendments." He was a wise man.

A BOOK A DAY

BY BRUCE CATTON

PROBABLY, if you are a follower of fictional or real life murder stories, you at one time or another have told yourself that it really ought not to be so hard for a smart man to commit a murder in a way that would absolutely defy detection.

(And, if you're like me, you've probably got one or two acquaintances you wouldn't mind putting on the receiving end of such a plot, too.)

This idea is developed in "The Servant of Death," by J. H. Wallis, and while the novel is marred by atrocious writing, it is rather interesting in the way the central character puts his idea into effect.

He is a social light who has fallen on evil days, due partly to the activities of a certain lawyer, and he decides to get revenge by murdering the lawyer—and by doing it in such a way that he can not be caught.

After laying careful plans, he bumps the lawyer off. All goes well; he isn't even suspected.

But pretty soon he begins to get jittery; presently he feels that he must commit a second murder to escape detection.

He devotes equal care to this job and gets away with it, too, but at last he is laid by the heels, because, in his striving for perfection, he props a clew that the dumbest tyro wouldn't have left.

"The Servant of Death" is published by Dutton and costs \$2.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE



OUT OUR WAY



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



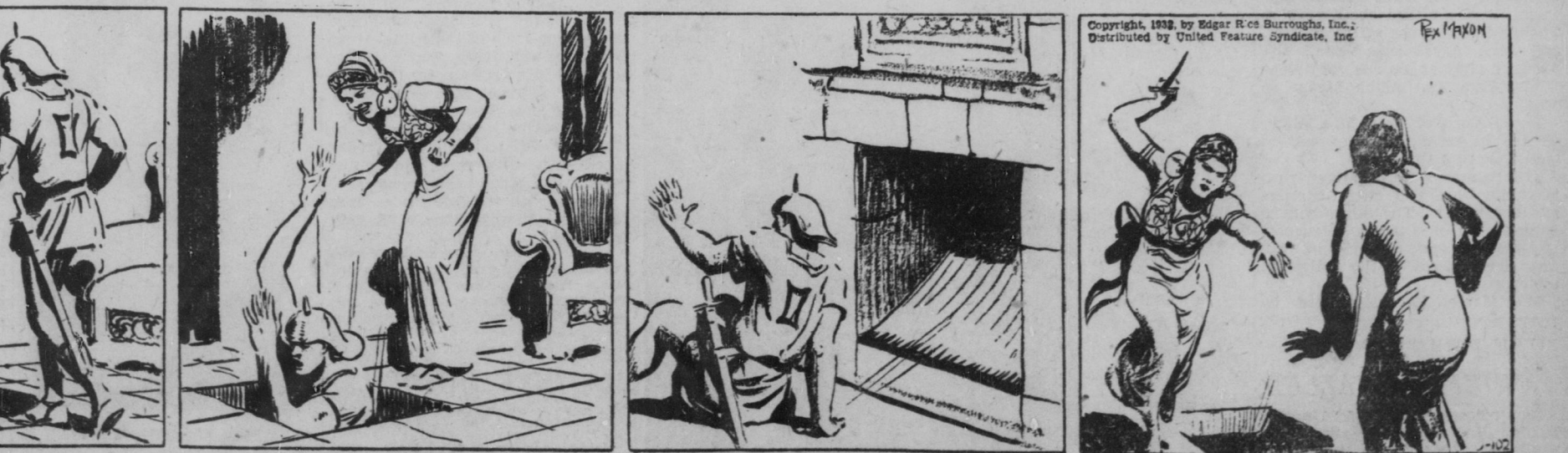
SALESMAN SAM



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN



HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle

1 To carry. **USUAL**

5 Backward (prefix). **ROSSO**

10 Dress fastener. **PROTEST**

14 Osobles. **LISTEN**

15 Homer's famous epic poem. **AGOR**

16 Ebb and flow of water. **TED**

17 In what state in the U. S. A. is Detroit? **LEA**

19 Public speaker. **GAS**

21 Ireland. **AN**

22 To thrash. **VINE**

23 Appropriated. **ELEVATE**

25 Those who work with indefatigable energy. **WIDER**

26 The heart. **SLOES**

27 Killed. **MANES**

28 Leaf of the calyx. **GRAND**

29 One. **RUMOR**

30 Coupled. **ABASING**

31 To love excessively. **EVER**

32 Sweethearts. **CHOWDER**

33 To change a diamond setting. **ARE**

34 Silver coin. **LOW**

35 Sharpened as a razor. **ADVE**

36 Melodies. **ARK**

37 Long tramps. **DOE**

38 After song. **MOE**

39 Amount at which a person is rated for assessment. **ATE**

40 Coasters. **DOE**

41 The great artery of the heart. **DOE**

42 Ringlets. **DOE**

43 Misconduct. **DOE**

44 Aperture. **DOE**

45 Political party of England. **DOE**

46 To choose by ballot. **DOE**

47 To retard. **DOE**

48 To surf. **DOE**

49 Cover of a tube. **DOE**

50 To hasten. **DOE**

51 Work of skill. **DOE**

52 Male. **DOE**

53 Wing. **DOE**

54 Neither. **DOE**

55 Lair of a beast. **DOE**

56 Violent whirl. **DOE**

57 wind off Faroe Islands. **DOE**

COARTPRUHTPAS

APR-CAPT-THURS-O

The letters in the top line were switched around so that, reading from left to right, they formed the abbreviations for April, Captain, Thursday and Ohio, as shown in the lower line.

WRIGLEY'S

SPEARMINT

GUM

KEPT RIGHT IN CELLOPHANE