for LOVE or MONEY

by H.W CORLEY

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CHAPTER VI

EVE had pressed the bell three times, paused and then twice more. old signal. He sat in the lean, owning car, gloved fingers drumming on its wheel and hummed softly. eyes were intent on the dark, little entrance of the apartment

e had not parked immediately in t of the door. Mrs. Casey's winommanded too fine a view of the ance. Too fine a view of "that Steve in a big car, sitting there all the furrid like a swell."

There was a dim light in the hall. door opened, closed softly and ifty. Steve could see the narrowcrack of light vanish above some- head. Only Mona's hair could with such a halo! He must to call her Mona now.

she came into view, the glow of street light touching her gently, almost gasped. This childhood pal was beautiful! She was more that. The girl who came toward was regal, her head smartly both, her high fur collar white as ted snow, her carriage gracious.

Mona, moving toward hi min that t street, might have been a young "Get out of sight and car," she whispered when Steve was to swing out of his seat to as- her. She climbed swiftly in be- him.

Now drive like the fiend you are let's cheat the Casey's! I'm plan- to tell you what I think of a man who sends articles of at- to his young women friends."

The car glided forward but Steve's were on Mona. He approved of Three years before she would said "gentleman" and "lady nds."

Well, you liked them, didn't you?" e asked. "You looked like a mil- dollars as you came through that Steve,' I says to myself, 'is it Swanson? No. It's only that Moran girl!'"

Mona laughed in spite of herself. had occurred to her that since she wearing the gown Steve had sent could hardly be harsh with him. would have sent them back with proving note.

"I feel like a million" she ac- wledged. "Maybe I looked it, but door didn't, Steve. Nothing like And I belong behind that door. only playing Cinderella tonight use—well, because I thought it ld please you."

"It does please me," returned Steve erely.

"It so happened," Mona went on isely as though he had not ken, "that Mother had sent my one only evening gown to Alice. She ried Jim Halliday, you know, and s up in the Dyckman section. I e these because I had to, but 'll go back tomorrow."

"After you've worn them?" Steve ed, a twinkle in his eye, yet with k severity.

* * *

Mona smiled serenely. "You should the prayer books and theater pro- ms we've pulled out of 'unworn' rns at Pilgrim's," she averred.

Steve did not reply immediately. he laid a gloved hand over her and spoke softly.

"Listen, Hon. Remember the ristmasses when all I gave you was ndy box with holly on it or some ent store perfume? Well, those s are over and I'm making up for Today (he could not quite keep e out of his voice) those duds 're wearing don't mean any more me than the pound of candy did other days."

"But it's the spirit of the thing, spirit behind the box of candy, ve. It isn't the cost."

"Okay. Then it's the spirit behind handful of clothes and not their e. So that's that!"

It was not that at all but Mona de- ed on silence. She'd take the hes back tomorrow and with Lot- 's help see that they were received.

"I know you'd feel—well, just t—in any rig Pilgrim picked for We almost had every dress in place on the model before I found t the right one!"

"You went yourself, Steve? Did you Lottie?"

But Lottie had not been in evi- ce. Probably she was resting up tonight's date. Frequently Lottie ished her long connection with grim's to whst Mona thought must near the breaking point.

It was just as well that Steve dn't seen her. Lottie had liked re even when he was penniless. w that he was apparently wealthy might make a play for him. Mona ught, smiling a little, that nothing uld endear Steve to her quite so ch as Lottie's making that play. A shaft of jealousy shot through and she laughed again. Jealous! d that mean she was falling for old ve and abandoning her plan to rry a man of wealth and position? meone like Harry Townsend?

They were moving through the park w, driving slowly, and Mona en- ed it. Too often she had walked e lack of carfare), through that same park. It was luxury indeed to ride thus in costly furs, beside a handsome young man in such a car!

"I want to take you where we can have dinner and dance. I want to take you to the best night club in town. I'm so sick of loneliness and heat I can't see straight. I—"

"New York is full of girls, Steva." Mona tried to make her voice discouraging.

"It's not full of girls like you!"

* * *

Suddenly he put his arm about her—they were in a deserted section of the park—and drew her to him. He kissed her, kissed her again and again.

"When I think of you working so hard, and that brother of yours not helping—" Steve's voice was trembling. "Lord, Min, I've been making money! Let me stand behind you if you need me. It must be tough going, Min, lots of times. Most of the time!"

Mona thought of the rent, the insurance, her father's small fee at the hospital, the quarters Bud borrowed and the bills handed every Saturday to Ma who stretched them somehow to last through the week. She thought of days when she had gone without lunch, pretending she had gained two pounds the week before and was fasting to keep slim.

Then she thought of the ermine cloak she was wearing. She thought of what Mrs. Casey would say to Mrs. Callahan if she caught sight of it. And she thought of Steve's kisses.

She could not admit—even to herself—that she had wanted Steve to kiss her. No, she had merely endured those caresses. Steve's sincerity was unmistakable. It would have been cheap to take offense. He was her childhood friend and, as in the old days he had brought her apples or oranges, now he was sharing his good fortune with her. Still it wasn't to be thought that this could lead to anything more serious. She wouldn't spoil his evening by telling him that now, though.

Steve's eyes were fastened on the strip of asphalt ahead, the glittering panorama of the city, the pyramids of lighted dots reaching into the sky. The car swerved, veered again, and plunged down another highway toward Columbus Circle.

* * *

Dexterously Steve swung the car between a pile of cobble stones and a rope hung with red lights. Then Broadway, gloomy in the automobile section but bright and garish in the lower forties.

He said, "I am going to take you to the Halcyon club."

Mona knew the Halcyon Club. It had opened recently and was at the moment one of New York's most advertised supper clubs. The music was the best, the dance floor excellent, and the food (incredible for a night club!) appetizing.

They left the car in the shadows of the side street into which Steve had guided it and walked the few yards to the supper club door. The doorman recognized Steve and answered his greeting effusively, springing to hold the swinging doors apart.

Mona and Steve walked down thickly carpeted steps into the tiny foyer lined with mirrors. Then through more swinging doors toward the insinuating murmurs of the orchestra.

It was easy to see that Steve was delighted to be able to bring Mona here. The admiring glances of the men they passed, the speculative, envious glances of the women were no new experience for Mona but they gratified her escort.

Their table was near the space cleared for dancing. Mona tossed the priceless cloak from her shoulders and emerged like a sea nymph in her sea green frock.

"Like it?" asked Mona boldly as Steve's eyes registered the answer to her query. She went on, "Little thing I picked up this afternoon. Picked up in my room where it had no—business—to—be!"

She emphasized the last four words with little stabs of her finger in the air. She was flirting with him! It was safe enough here where he could not kiss her again.

Steve's eyes, however, turned away and searched the room speculatively. "I'm expecting my partner," he explained. Steve stopped short.

"Great Guns, look who's here!" he exclaimed.

(To Be Continued)

I'll fight Johnny Risko 10 rounds if you can find a promoter to put up $500,000 for my purse.—Jack Dempsey.

A man must be a self-starter. Too many people are waiting to be cranked.—Henry Ford.

I like Hollywood . . . It seems a great place to relax and also turn out some work.—Tallulah Bankhead, stage and screen actress.

A survey taken by the University of Chicago shows that there are 100 females to every 98 males in urban centers, and 108 men to every 100

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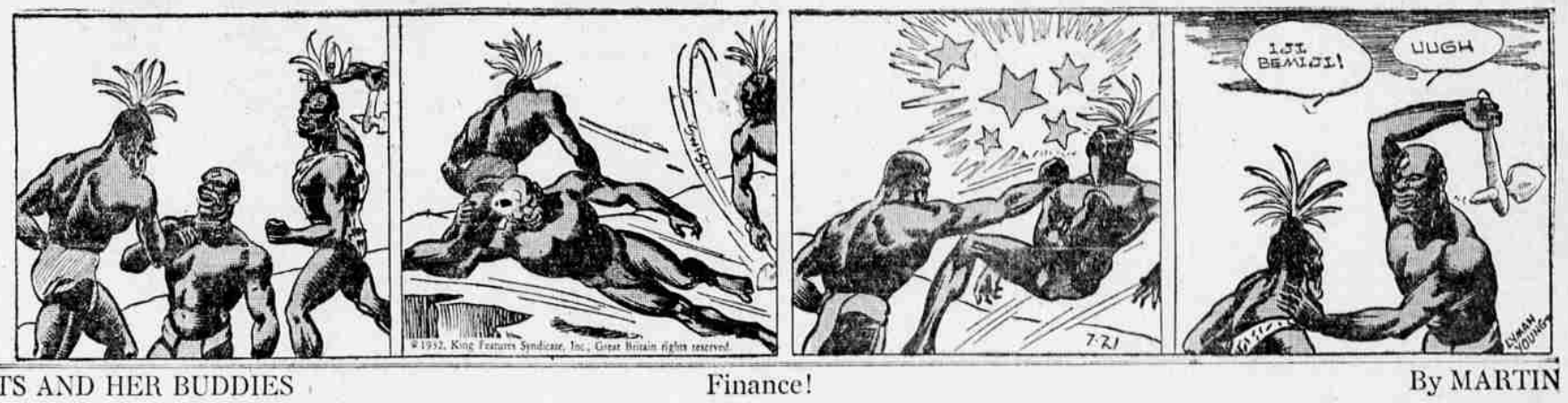

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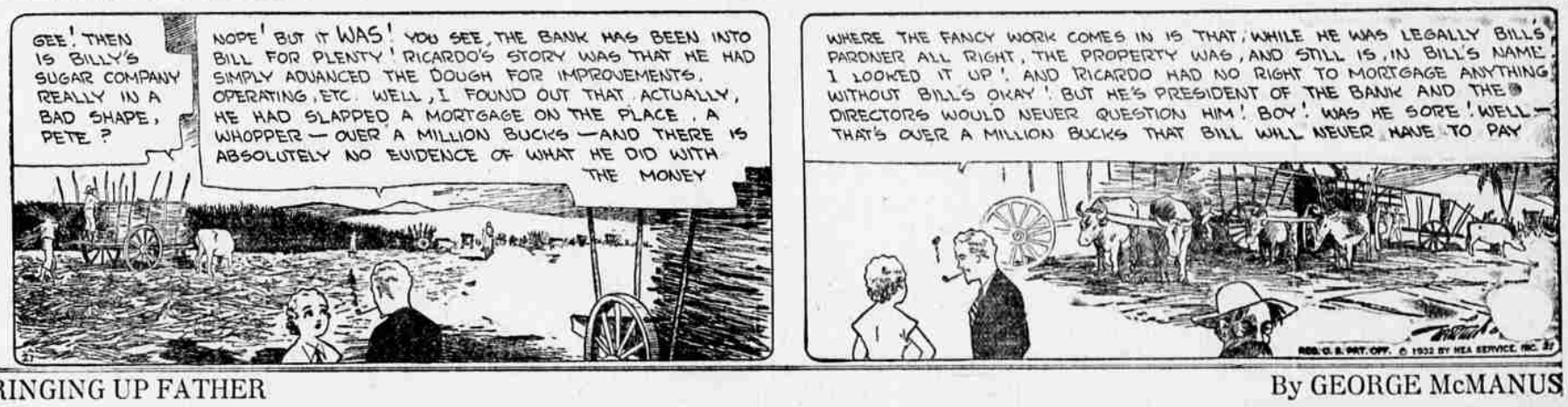

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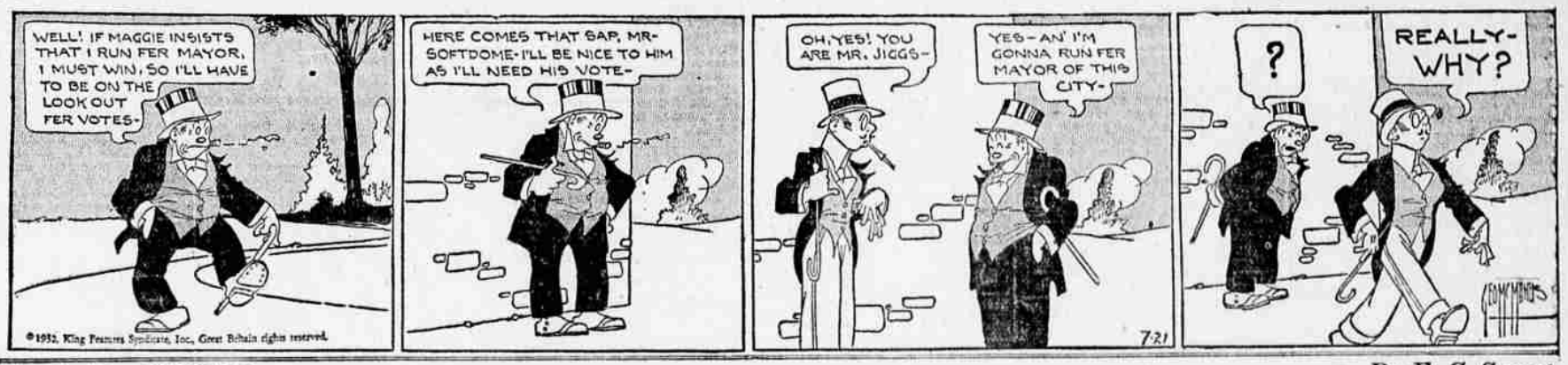

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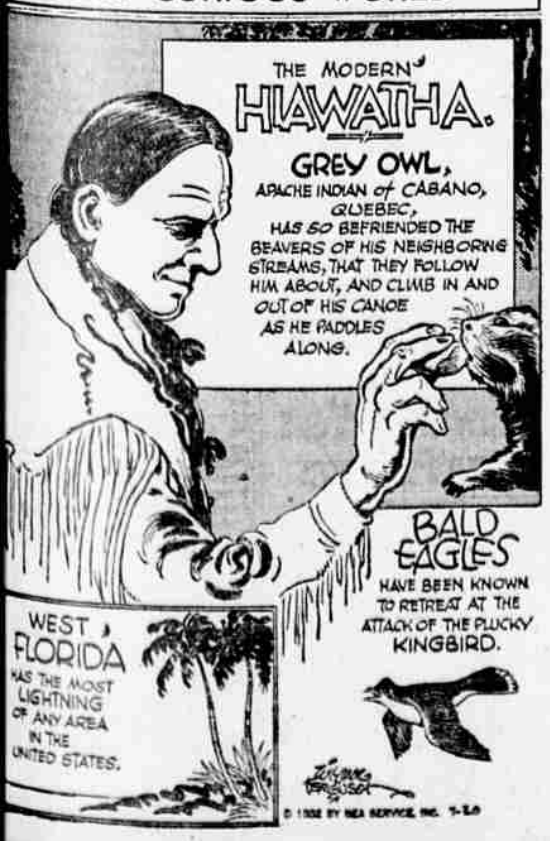

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