

LOVE or MONEY

by M.W. CORLEY
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CHAPTER XIII
Steve put it "a man's supper." Steve had completed the explanation rather vaguely, but he explained good spirits, and in just returned from Twi- the family estate, where he had spent without much success to his uncle's aid in financing his machinery for the mine. Steve we wouldn't need your uncle's money announced. "Tomorrow be all set. Who can tell?" possibility did not seem to Barry. "But what am I do- ing?" he complained. "Not a thing!" he was disgusted until pointed out that after all had provided the business and things were coming along as well as could be expected. At the time the two girls had re- Barry's good nature was re-

"I'd love to see a fortune rolled up in one stone the size of a peanut," Lottie sighed. . . .
Steve said nothing and Barry put in brisley. "There aren't many like this one! Steve keeps it right here in this apartment."
"Risky, isn't it?" Mona asked quietly.
"Risky? Sure. What isn't risky nowadays? It seems," Steve's voice became suddenly bitter, "that it's even risky to offer a gift to an old friend. If it hadn't been for you, Mona, those diamonds would never have been mined. I wouldn't have finished the job without you to think about."
"Save the necklace for a wedding present!" Barry suggested hastily. "Maybe she'll wear it then."
"Will you, Mona?"
Something in Steve's voice frightened the girl. "Yes," she answered, "I will. If only you don't stipulate whom I shall marry when the time comes."
"I'll leave that to you," Steve said gravely.
"But about the Empress," Barry reminded. "Even I don't know where he keeps that."
"The Empress? Oh, yes," Steve straightened. "Tell you what I did with it. Remember, I know a thing or two about crooks. There was a man in the old gang named Bridgie Hayden. He was a 'dip'—used to steal jewelry right from the necks of women who came into the supper club. Time after time police would be called in but no one could ever find the diamonds on Bridgie. He'd sit there drinking ginger ale and maybe eating a sandwich before a bowl of cracked ice. The table would be cleared right under the eyes of the police and there were the jewels, hidden in the bowl of ice!"
"Was the Empress to be found among the sardines and maraschino?" Lottie asked.
Steve smiled and shook his head. "Not exactly. I put it in the top ice tray of the refrigerator."
"The refrigerator?" Even Barry gasped in amazement. Barry had not guessed Steve's hiding place.
"Yes, I bent the tray so Morgan couldn't take it out very easily and would be sure to use the lower one when he needed ice cubes. The Empress is as secure there as it would be locked in a safe!"
"Oh, Steve—you didn't! Worth a fortune and you left it waiting to slide into somebody's ginger ale!"
"Let's see it, Steve."
"Wait," Steve said mysteriously. He rose, twirled the dial of the radio and strains of dance music floated into the softly lighted room.
He and Lottie whirled into a dance while Mona and Barry sat watching. The dance ended and the four had a few hands of bridge. The game was going merrily when the telephone rang. Steve answered to return with a serious face.
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Steve looked at Steve who stood there silent. The necklace, catching the light, shone no more brightly than Mona's eyes.
"Yes, they're yours," Barry started to speak and was suddenly silent. "Why, how silly for me to think—even for a moment—could take them!" She unfastened the catch and let the necklace fall into her hand, holding it out to Steve.
"You're perfectly beautiful. Thank you, Steve, for thinking of me but of you know I can't."
Steve looked on in bewilderment. A necklace and Mona was passing up like that!
"It's a birthday present," Steve said.
"I just my birthday?" Barry asked. But he took the necklace, slowly returned to the table and tossed the glittering handful into the allotted space. Then he closed the door and came back to the em- bar-
"You're a fool, Mona!" Lottie ob- jected. "But he too knew that had been inexpressibly hurt by refusal to accept his gift, and Steve had been spurred on by thought of the gift that some- one would lay at Mona's feet. He turned her then and what a sight he found himself wishing Mona had accepted the jewels while he was the same time he understood it.
"You're the Empress, Steve," Steve said to hide her confusion. His face lighted. He raised his hand for a moment looked

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

O. K. Aloft

By HAROLD GRAY

The Best of the Nation's Human-est! and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

HERE WE ARE, DOC—AN OLD-FASHIONED, SQUARE-RIGGED SAILING SHIP—IF THAT'S NOT CUTTING OFF ALL CONNECTION WITH THE MODERN BUSINESS WORLD, I GIVE UP—WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?

A FINE IDEA—AND A MOST COMFORTABLE VESSEL, TOO, FROM WHAT I CAN SEE—

OH, SURE—IT'S ALL FITTED UP AS A YACHT—BUT THERE'LL BE NO RADIO—NO WAY FOR ANYONE TO REACH ME, ONCE WE GET TO SEA—

THE MRS. THINKS WE'RE GOING ON MY REGULAR YACHT—RADIO TELEPHONE—A BIG PARTY—NOISE—EXCITEMENT—SHE WILL HAVE A SHOCK, NO DOUBT, WHEN SHE DISCOVERS HER MISTAKE BUT SHE'LL HAVE TIME TO GET OVER IT BEFORE WE SIGHT LAND AGAIN—

YOU SEE THIS CRAFT'S IN PERFECT CONDITION BELOW AND ALOFT—

YES—AND I BELIEVE YOU ARE IN VERY GOOD CONDITION ALOFT, TOO, MY FRIEND—

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

By LYMAN YOUNG

I'M GOING TO SET HER TO TAKE HER AWAY FROM—

NO—MASSAH ROY—SPOLTS THINGS! BEEBLE KNOW IDEA!

BACK AND HIGH UP ON THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE, TIM AND SPUD ANXIOUSLY AWAIT THE RETURN OF THEIR OLDER PAL AND THE GUIDE—LET'S DO A FLASH BACK TO THEM! TIM IS ON GUARD!

BOY SAID FOR US TO KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT, SO NO ONE CAN TAKE US BY SURPRISE!

THAT REMINDS ME IT'S TIME TO HANG TW' OLD FEED-BAGS ON OUR PRISONER FELLER!

THIS WILD-EYED BOZO THINKS HE'S AT A BANQUET EVERYTIME BRINGS HIM HIS SLUG OF WATER AND A CHUNK OF BREAD—

HEY, JUMBO! COME OUT FOR YOUR DINNER—

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'VE GOT BAD NEWS, SPUD?

TH' WABAM! WARRIOR GENT—HE'S FLEW TH' COOP!!!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Homeward Bound

By MARTIN

BOOTS IS OFF—ON THE LONG, TREACHEROUS TRIP HOME

BEFORE LEAVING, SHE CIRCLED OVERHEAD SEVERAL TIMES, WAVING GOODBYE TO PETE

ONCE, DIPPING LOW, SHE DROPPED ONE OF HER GLOVES AS A KEEPSAKE

THEN—SHE DISAPPEARED INTO THE NORTH

BRINGING UP FATHER

By GEORGE McMANUS

WELL, TIM! HOW IS ME CAMPAIGN FER MAYOR GITTIN' ON?

JIGGS! YOU'RE AS GOOD AS ELECTED. I JUST PUT A POSTER OF YOU IN THE WINDOW. COME AN' HAVE A LOOK AT IT. EVERY ONE IS FER YOU, OLD PAL

I DON'T KNOW ONE PERSON WHO AINT GOIN' TO VOTE FER YOU

THAT'S GRAND

FOR MAYOR

SOMEBODY? DO YOU THINK ONE GUY THREW ALL THEM BRICKS? IT MUST HAVE BEEN A REGIMENT.

BY GOLLY! SOMEBODY DOESN'T LIKE YOU.

THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring POPEYE NOW SHOWING—"MAN OVERBOARD!"

TOMORROW—"WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE!"

By E. C. Segar

AN' THAT'S WHAT YOU GETS FOR SPEAKIN' ABOUT MUTINY!

ATTA BOY, HANK! GO GET HIM WITH YOUR BELAYIN'-PIN

GET HIM—HANK! THAT'S THE STUFF!

THE CREW IS IN A TERRIBLE TEMPER, POPEYE. I'M UNEASY

EVERY THING'S AWRIGHT—THEY WON'T DO NOTHIN'

BOOM!

BLASTED BLANKETY-BLANK! COULD YOU BLAST THEM COSSY!!

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

THE GOLD POLE OF THE EARTH IS BELIEVED TO BE AT THE SIBERIAN TOWN VERKHOYANSK, WHERE THE TEMPERATURE GOES DOWN TO 160° BELOW ZERO. (FAHRENHEIT)

MALLARD DUCKS ARE LEARNING HOW TO MAKE THEIR NESTS IN TREES, INSTEAD OF ON THE GROUND.

CLOTHES MOTHS WERE BROUGHT TO AMERICA FROM THE OLD WORLD.

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE By AHERN

DON'T JOG 'IM WITH 'AT STICK! DON'T SCARE 'IM! I WANNA SEE WHER HE STORES IT.

I DO, TOO, BUT 'IM JIS HUSTLIN' HIM A LITTLE—I LIKE T'LEARN THINGS QUICK.

I LEARNED HOW BEES MAKE HONEY—HOW TUMBLE BUGS MAKE HAY, AND STUDIED ALL THE SONGS OF BIRDS. I LEARNED A LOT EACH DAY, BUT WHEN VACATION ENDED AND BACK IN SCHOOL WED PARKY, THERE NEVER WAS A FATHER HEAD THIS SIDE OF NOAH'S ARK.

HOLDING ME LIKE THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS!—I TELL YOU, SIR, I AM MAJOR AMOS HOOPLE, OF A DISTINGUISHED AND NOBLE FAMILY! MY HERITAGE DATES BACK IN AN UNBROKEN LINE, THRU CENTURIES OF ENGLISH GENTLEMEN!—MY ANCESTORS WERE DUKES, KNIGHTS, AND CRUSADERS!—MARRY A BLEMISH HAS BEFOULED THE HOOPLE CREST AND COAT-OF-ARMS!—SIR, I DEMAND THAT YOU

KEEP STILL! THERE ARE A LOT IN HERE WHO TALK LIKE YOU DO!—THIS IS A REPORT I HAVE ON YOU, AND WHILE IT VOUCHES FOR YOUR SANITY, IT ISN'T VERY FLATTERING IN OTHER WAYS! BUT, I'LL RELEASE YOU!

G-O, MAJOR, BEFORE SAVING ANYMORE!