for LOVE or MONEY

by H.W. CORLEY

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CHAPTER XV

ONA'S voice trembled. "But I don't know what you mean, e," she said. "Why did you say e?" she said. "Why did you say n't see Bud for a long while? t's happened? Where are you?"

e sat at her desk in the down e law office. Steve's voice came er over the telephone.

'm talking over long distance," eassured her. "Bud is with me he's okay. I'll explain it all when e you. Let me meet you to- t, will you?"

Where are you?" Mona asked.

. "Yes, I'll meet you at five."

e put down the telephone in be- erment. Steve in Boston and Bud him! What could it mean. She left Steve last night about to go his club with Barry. Bud had n Lottie home and had not re- ed. Bud and Steve could hardly called close friends. "Wise guy," Bud's withering comment when e's name was mentioned.

t five o'clock Mona found Steve the curb in his roadster. She ed carefully while he explained. bout sparing her Steve sketched previous night's happenings. Bud's lation with the gang which was the Empress, his return to e's apartment, his reception and lly the drive to Boston were all ribed.

Bud is out of their way by this ," Steve said, eyeing his wrist ch. "Four hours out at sea."

But won't they suspect?"

Steve shook his head. "I don't k so. You see, even if they think helped him get away, which I t, they won't think of the Can- n boat. We're shipping our ma- ery via the Miranda. They might k we'd smuggled Bud abroad."

The machinery didn't go on the y Bradford?"

English boats—or Canadian, eith- -can't pick up American freight." or a moment Mona was silent. es this means that beside rescu- Bud from the gang, you've risked r life—"

I have nine of them," Steve inter- ted. "You have only one brother." And you paid Bud's fare to South erica. We owe you all that!"

You owe me nothing. The boy is r down there on a job. He's g to make good at it. Just being from this crowd will be a god- g." Steve put his hand over n's tiny gloved one and looked her. "You mustn't blame Bud much. There are a dozen ways get caught in these things. Prom- of big money, assurance they't be asked to break the law, ds, and then, too late, the realiza- that things have gone so far e's no road back. I found one. ry gave it to me. It was up to to find a way out for Bud."

The gang will shoot you if they it out, Steve?"

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He nodded in nonchalant agree- t. "Yes, but the newspapers with story about the sale of the Em- s will give them such a pain y'll forget Bud ever lived. You'll ."

Mona left him and climbed the rs to the apartment in a mix- e of moods. Steve had made her erstand the importance of secrecy cerning Bud's whereabouts.

Ma had finished supper and washed dishes. She said Mona could find ate in the ice box. Ma sat under light in the tiny parlor, a darning ket in her lap, listening to the ce orchestra from the Palm Gar- n playing over the radio.

At her feet, in a clothes basket, the Donahue baby. His parents e attending the Elks' Ball and had rusted the infant to Ma.

"I'll get myself something, mother," na insisted after a look at Sonny, ped and cosy in his improvised . "I'm not very hungry."

"I thought you might be eating h Steve. You often do when you late this way," her mother re- rked with eyes carefully watch- Mona's reaction to this observa- .

The girl sat down and removed hat. She turned to place it on a air.

"Steve asked me," she said. "Oh, so tired. So many worries!"

"I'll fix you up, Min. There, child. still! I'll get your supper in no e. A cup of tea will do you good."

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Drinking the tea a few minutes er, Mona knew that she would have broach the subject of Bud.

"I was saving it for Bud," she an- nced. "Eat it, Min. I made it h nuts the way you like it."

"I must tell her," Mona thought, tching her mother settle in her air again and thrust her hand into heavy gray sock.

"Sure Bud's in some scrape, I'll be und," Ma confided surprisingly. he telephone was ringing half the r asking was he around." She ed, "I worry my heart out over and that's the truth. I wish he e good like you, Minnie."

"He—he brought in money regu- r, didn't he?" asked Mona cau- tiously. If he had not done that this plan of Steve's would pave the way, perhaps, to lessen motherly anxiety at Bud's departure.

"He did not!" Ma answered promptly. "Oh, sure, bring it in he would and borrow it out again. I hardly held it in me hand."

"He'll straighten out," said Mona confidently. "He's young."

"Young! He's old enough to be a better lad, surely."

"Mother," Mona began, "what would you say if I told you that Steve had taken a hand with Bud?"

Then, without dwelling too much on the fact of Bud's connection with the gang, without mentioning the famous diamond, Mona told her mother of Steve's interest in the boy.

Steve had found him a job, "down south," she said. Half of Bud's pay would be sent each week to the family. Steve had promised the job would make a man of Bud.

"Steve gets my boy a job? His interest, I'm thinking, is in you, Min, not Bud."

Mona smiled. The task of the telling had been simplier than she had dared hope. Ma seemed undisturbed at the departure of her son.

"He's been such a worry to me, Min, I do declare," Ma said presently, as if in answer to her daughter's thoughts. "I never liked to tell you. Maybe this job will be the making of him!"

"But," Mona reminded her, "we're not to tell anyone—anyone, Mother —where he is. We aren't even to say 'down south.' Just say he's out of town or in the country."

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Busy plying her needle through a sock which Bud would never wear, Mrs. Moran sighed. She was not to be diverted from her original line of thinking.

"I'd like to see you married to some good man, Min," she announced. "Though how we'd get along without you, God knows!"

"That's what you said about Alice," remarked Mona. "She's no better off. She's not as well off as she was when she was single."

"Jim Halliday's a good man," Ma replied conscientiously. Never would she allow anyone to criticize Alice's husband. He's good, but the luck isn't with him," she repeated.

"I don't want to marry yet, mother. Not for years."

"And then it will be too late." Mrs. Moran mused over her darning.

They were joined soon by Kitty, who trailed out to the kitchen, to forage for a sandwich and a cup of milk.

"Where is Bud?" Kitty asked presently. "I've got a trade last for him. Not exactly a trade last either."

Mona and her mother exchanged glances. Mrs. Moran decided that there was no time like the present for a rehearsal. "Working in Connecticut," she said. "Bud won't be home even on Sundays for a while." Ma's look of triumph in Mona's direction was lost on Kitty who was busy applying herself to her food.

"Hm!" Kitty remarked. Everybody says Bud's a perfect terror. Mrs. Callahan says its a mystery how he keeps out of jail. She says that you would do well to look into this Fordham business. She says—"

"And I says Mrs. Callahan would do well to look to her own business!" retorted Mrs. Moran, heatedly. "Bud's a good boy! He's sending home half his salary every week now."

"Go to bed, Kitty," said Mona quietly.

"Can I have Bud's room if he isn't going to be here?" Kitty paused to inquire.

"That will be fine, Kit," said her mother warmly. "I'll make new curtains for you. Good night now, child."

Humming, Mona set the tiny kitchen to rights. Presently, saying good night to her mother, she followed Kitty after a glance at the sleeping Donahue baby.

Things were not so bad even with this worry about Bud. She would have a room to herself away from the disdainful Kitty. Barry and Steve could do so much for Bud. Somehow this made Barry Townsend seem a little nearer.

It was not Steve Mona was thinking of as she prepared slowly for the night. What would her mother say if something—later, of course—she were to marry someone like Barry?

Dreaming sweet dreams, at last she fell asleep.

(To Be Continued)

If a washable fabric has a dye that runs, often the dye is made secure by placing the fabric in a salt bath. After the garment has soaked in salt water of unusual strength, rinse it in cool, clear water. After it has been washed out in cool suds, place it in salt water, weak this time, as a rinse.

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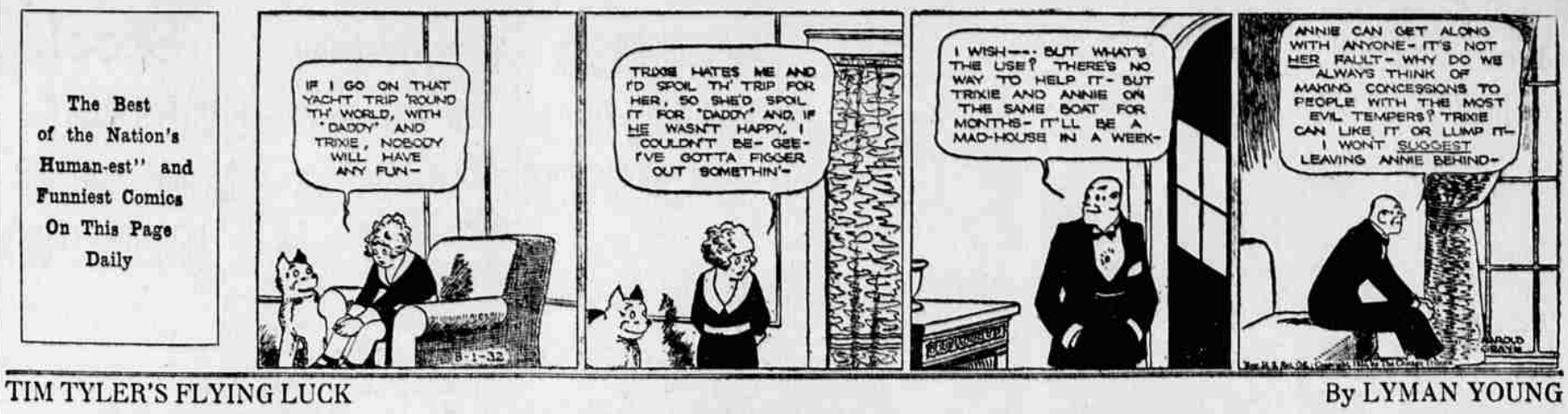

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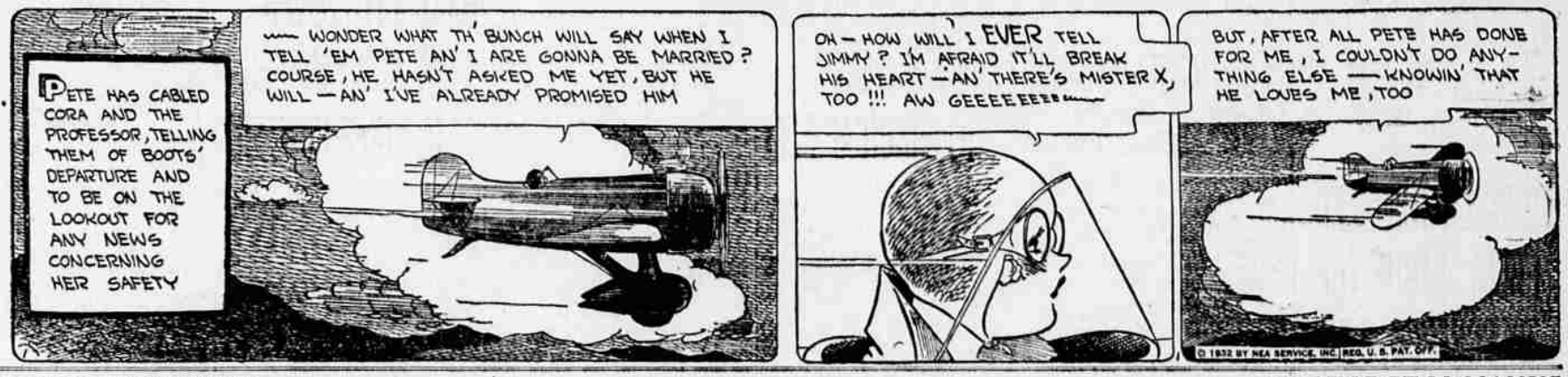

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