

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Breakers Ahead

By HAROLD GRAY

LOVE or MONEY

by CORLEY
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CHAPTER XXV

"Mother! I told you my husband is a good man!"

From the corner store Mona sent groceries. She paused in the butcher shop to select a roast and some fresh eggs to send to the Morans, paying for them with new bills that crackled suggestively.

She and Lottie had agreed on dinner at 7:30. Lottie, arriving just before six, found Mona comfortably ensconced in a becoming negligee, her bronze hair shining in the lamp light like a halo.

"I'm trying to decide what to send Mother," Mona said, putting aside paper and pencil and rising, her exquisite robe fluttering about her slender figure.

"You couldn't join me in a date, I suppose?" Lottie asked carelessly.

Mona's voice was tinged with sarcasm. "Hardly. You know that perfectly well."

Lottie shrugged. "Well, you might just as well have gone to prison. It's a fine honeymoon you're having!" She drew a yellow envelope from her purse and handed it to Mona. "I sent a radiogram to Barry in your name," she confessed. "Guess I should have saved my time."

Halfbrush in hand, Mona wheeled around the mirror, her face white. "You didn't!"

"I did—or rather, you did!" Lottie held the yellow envelope toward Mona who read:

"S. S. MIRANDA at Sea."

Mona Moran Townsend (in care of Lottie's address).

Barry too ill to answer. Hardly see how it could be mistake. Hope you wore the necklace. A year is a long time.—STEVE.

Mona scanned Lottie's face. "What did you say in that wire, for heaven's sake?"

"Why, I just told Barry that it was a mistake. I said in a year he'd understand. He probably thinks you married his uncle for his money. Jackson told me Barry and his uncle had a terrific row—"

"You've been talking to the chauffeur again!"

Lottie's eyes grew rounder. "Mona! You told him yourself to come for me tonight at 10:30. Anyhow, there were a lot of things I had to clear up."

"What things?" asked Mona sharply.

"He didn't tell me much," Lottie went on ruefully. "Jackson doesn't get into the house very often. This morning at about 10 when I was hanging around the dressing room waiting for orders I telephoned Jimmy. Today was his day off and he met me during lunch hour."

"Oh, how could you?"

"Lottie shrugged again. "Mona, you're tired and nervous. I don't blame you but listen! Jimmy said Barry told his uncle he wanted to marry you. His uncle wouldn't give his consent. They argued about money and Barry said he couldn't let Steve finance the mine. His uncle said, 'Give the mine to Steve and stay home where you belong. Marry that Dower girl!'"

"Barry said he wouldn't. He said 'I'll marry Mona.' The old man said, 'Maybe she won't have you when she finds out you won't get any money. Those girls will marry anyone with enough cash.' Barry put mad at that and said, 'I suppose you think she'd even marry you?' The old man said, 'With enough money, yes! That was your legally wedded spouse's answer.' For several moments neither spoke. Mona tore the yellow envelope into bits slowly. "Well, I married him," she said presently. "is that?"

"Back up, Min! It's just a year and then Reno."

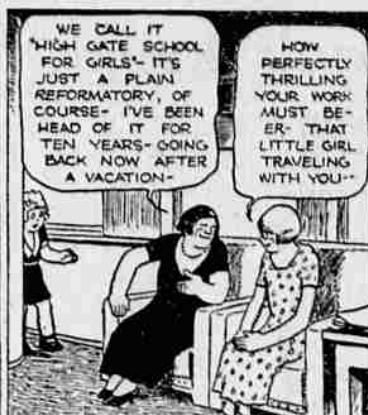
"Reno? And after that—?"

"Reno? A long time," Lottie said, unconsciously quoting the radiogram. "We'll think of something to be done in a year."

But as usual it was fate that stepped in and decided the matter.

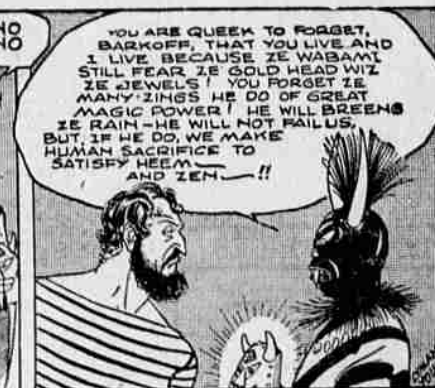
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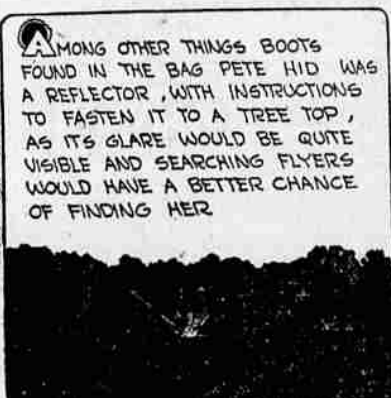
By LYMAN YOUNG



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

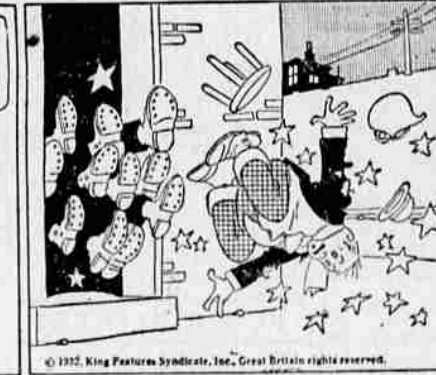
Looking Around!

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BRINGING UP FATHER

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TOMORROW—"THEIR MASTER'S VOICE."

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By WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN



THIS CURIOUS WORLD



THE MOUNTAIN LION

HAS THE WIDEST RANGE OF ANY GAME ANIMAL—IT IS FOUND FROM BRITISH COLUMBIA TO THE SOUTHERNMOST POINT OF SOUTH AMERICA.

THE CANDLE FISH, of the PACIFIC

IS SO ONLY THAT INDIANS USE IT FOR A CANDLE. IT BURNS READY IF A WICK IS PASSED THROUGH ITS BODY.