

LOVE or MONEY

by H.W. CORLEY
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CHAPTER XXXIV
JACKSON had drawn the Townsend
up alongside the gangplank and
Moran flocked out ahead of the
travelers. The passenger agent
greeted Mrs. Townsend per-
sonally.

"Steward," he called, beckon-
ing. "Immediately from nowhere two
white-coated members of the
crew hastened forward and
up the suitcases, bags and
trunks which the two girls
considered adequate to contain
articles left out of yesterday's
packing. The cabin, as they were
filled with other articles.

"This is a boat, Min. Are you
ready?"

Mona was fumbling in her bag and
suddenly brought forth an envelope.
She withdrew two large rectangles of
yellow paper and handed them to the
agent.

"Tickets," breathed Kitty. "They
are like will paper."
"The further you go, the bigger
you get," someone explained.
Ma instantly took Lottie's
arm, and the two girls went on
board. It sounded like a dig at
Lottie's "traveling" arrangements.
"Minie putting up the money
for everything?"

"Of course it's a boat," Ma an-
nounced. "And a fine boat."
A fine little boat. What did you
expect, a floating night club?

"Something like the Nina
the Pinta," Lottie remarked.
"Well, we're just a pair of vagabond
sailors. Want to see our crew?"
Following their guides, loaded with
bags, the girls made their way to
the lower deck of the boat. Mona
was not without certain misgivings.
She had never sailed anywhere be-
fore, but she and Lottie had at-
tended farewell parties on various
passenger liners. She had ex-
pected better accommodations than
she here.

The little party made its way into
the lower cabin, up a flight of stairs
to the smoking room, thence on
deck and up a flight of stairs to the
upper deck.

"Ashton said this was the bet-
ter deck. The natives swarm these
stairs at every port and on this deck
it is impossible for them to look in
our port holes," Mona explained.
To have the stateroom reserved for
the government official at St. Thom-
as, it must be all right."

Stateroom A was the best the boat
afforded. It was not large, nor could
it be called small. Two iron beds
were "rooted to the floor," as Ma
said. A dresser was likewise at-
tached. There were two comfortable
armchairs, and a long mirror.
Lottie looked out on a tiny deck
which the steward assured them was
their own. The windows likewise
looked out on the second cabin
passengers.

Across a sweep of lower deck filled
with benches, coils of rope and open
spaces, Mona could see the second
cabin. It looked something like a
miniature flatiron building shored
up the stern.

"They're all Harlem is aboard!"
cried Ma. "Circulation. It almost
smells so. The second-class cabin
all decks were filled to overflowing.
Yellow girls, real brown girls, all
in the "tenth street" version of
the latest fashions. There were few
women, kink-haired women. A few
children. Men who looked, and prob-
ably were, pillars of a church some-
where. Younger men in narrow
suits, crying women. Laughing
women. All the varying shades
of brown.

"Are they all leaving town?" Lottie
peeped.

They were not all leaving town, it
seemed. When the gong sounded for
dinner to go the greater part of the
passengers reluctantly sought the gang
plank.

One woman wearing a blue suit
that would have done Lottie credit
last into tears and flung her arms
about the neck of a man in gray.
"You ain't never coming back!" she
cried. "You ain't never coming back!"

"Hush, Flo, honey."
"You ain't, you ain't."
"Well, nothing. 'I ain't if you
don't want me."

Lottie accompanied Kitty on a tour
of inspection while Mona took leave
of her mother. Lottie returned, far
more intrigued with the Miranda.
"You can't even get a magazine."
"We have plenty of everything in
our bags, Lottie."

Another gong sounded.
"Are you sure this is a good cabin?"
asked Ma doubtfully.
"Of course," Mona assured her.
"Heaven help us!" Lottie inter-
jected.

Mona continued. "These are the
best of the rooms with windows out
of reach of the natives. That seems
important, particularly as we shall
stop at so many islands. All day at
some of them."

They let the natives swarm the
plank.

"It seems they do. They depend
upon the natives for a lot of freight."

Locking the stateroom, the little
party made its way to the lower deck
and on, thence to the deck near the
second cabin where the gangplank
stood.

"Write now, Min," cautioned Ma
with flowing eyes. It was the first
time Min had ever been away from
her for periods of more than a few
weeks.

"All ashore that's going ashore!"
sang the steward.

"Goodbye, Kitty. Be a good girl."
"Write to me, Min, do," Kitty said
shyly. "And give my love to Bud."

"Help Ma. Don't let her slip on
the gangplank," Mona instructed.
"We can't go down again. We are
supposed to stay up here."

The deck hands were busy with
ropes rushed this way and that. Ma
and Kitty, among the last, were
urged gently off the gangplank. The
crowd surged forward to the end of
the pier. The plank was drawn in
amid much shouting. A dressmaker's
messenger had arrived too late ap-
parently. With excellent aim the pack-
age he held in his hand was tossed
aboard and a name shouted.

The tug up forward had come along
side and suddenly the Miranda throb-
bed and quivered.

"Exactly on time," announced a
fellow passenger at Lottie's elbow.
The clock on the soap factory close
at hand struck four.

The strip of water between the Mi-
randa and the pier widened. Straw,
bottles, orange peelings rose and
swayed with the motion of the water.
The Miranda sidestepped, moving out
into the center of the river instead
of forward. Then the ship shivered
again and moved ahead. Past the Bat-
tery and Bedloe's Island. Out into
the harbor.

South America lay ahead!

"I'm going to miss that old lady,"
said Lottie, wiping a tear away. Lot-
tie was in fine fettle. Nothing short
of police instructions would have been
able to wrest her from the deck of
the Miranda just then.

"Do you mean my mother?" ques-
tioned Mona. "That's a nice way to
talk!"

Lottie shook her head. "I don't
mean your mother, you idiot! I mean
Old Lady Liberty. The statue! This
is the first time in my life I've ever
left my country 'tis of thee. Now let's
go inside and fix up pretty for the
fellow voyagers."

(To be Continued)

Woman, 80, Takes Her Daily Plunge

LONDON.—(U.P.)—Having learned to
swim at the age of two, Mrs. Vidall
still regularly enjoys her aquatic pas-
time at 80.

She is a regular attendant at the
Euford open-air tank and frequently
gives hints to hesitant beginners.

I like to see young people enjoy-
ing themselves in each other's com-
pany in the swimming pool," she de-
clared. "I can see no more harm in
it than if they are sitting together in
the movie."

Grape Vine Disease Fatal to Britisher

HAMPTON, Middlesex, England.—
(U.P.)—Edward Jacobs, 60, and here
from a disease contracted from a
grape vine in his garden.

A German specialist diagnosed the
affliction as pemphigus, a skin dis-
ease in which blisters appear after-
wards leaving a raw ulcerated surface
producing a condition akin to acute
septicaemia.

Madeira Embroidery Trade Is On Decline

FUNCHAL, Island of Madeira.—
(U.P.)—The embroidery industry, which
once assured a livelihood to 70,000
women, has been very badly hit by
the decline in trade.

Though they keep abreast of chang-
ing fashions, these industrious and
thrifty needlewomen have met with
reverses. Madeira embroidery ex-
ports are affected by the United
States tariff, and there is a sharp
falling off of foreign orders.

Women Voters in Spain On Increase

BARCELONA.—(U.P.)—Spain's pre-
mier city, Barcelona, has a total of
545,152 registered voters. Women
surpass the men by 53,102. The two
sexes list as follows:

Women voters, 260,127.
Men voters, 246,025.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Best
of the Nation's
Humanest and
Funniest Comics
On This Page
Daily

WON'T THATS—
A REAL RIVER—
THAT MUST BE
A STATE LINE—
ANYWAY, I'LL
FEEL SAFER ON
THE OTHER SIDE—
BUT HOW ARE
WE GOIN' TO
GET ACROSS?

I'M AFRAID TO
CROSS ON A
BRIDGE—BRIDGES
ARE WATCHED—
SURE ENOUGH—
SANDY—AN
OLD DOOR—
JUST TH' THING—
WE'LL USE IT
FOR A RAFT—

WHAT A CINCH—
OUR OWN FERRY—
AND CROSSIN' AT
NIGHT, NOT A
SOUL WILL SEE
US—NOT MUCH
CURRENT, EITHER—

LEAPIN' LIZARDS!
I CAN'T TOUCH
BOTTOM ANY-
MORE—AND
FEEL THAT
CURRENT NOW—
WE'RE SURE
PICKIN' UP
SPEED—

THREATENED WITH BARBOTT'S CRUEL LASH
BEETLE QUICKLY GOING THE LINE-UP OF
WABAM! SAVAGES! SURELY, FROM SOME 300
WARRIORS, WE WILL NOT BE THE UNFORTUNATE
TO BE SELECTED FOR THE "CHOICE" OF
BEING SACRIFICED TO THE RAIN-GOD!

AS THE WILD WITCH-DOCTOR PASSES DOWN
THE LONG LINE, EACH WARRIOR, WITH HIS
EYES TIGHTLY SHUT, PICKS FROM THE
BASKET A BEAN WHICH HE MUST KEEP
IN HIS CLOSED FIST!

I'M SORRY I
LET BEETLE RETURN
TO THE VILLAGE—THOSE
SAVAGES ARE UP TO
SOME MISCHIEF
AND I DON'T LIKE
TO SEE BEETLE
MIXED UP IN IT!!

LAST LAST!
THE HUGE CAT
IS FREE—AND
IT CAN THANK
BOOTS AND ITS
LUCKY STARS

Wotta Life!

GOING—THANK G-GOSH! GEE! NOW THAT
HE'S LOOSE, I KNOW I'M HERE, I
WONDER IF HE'LL
COME BACK?

AN I WONDER IF HE WAS CAUGHT BY
ACCIDENT—OR IF SOMEONE SET A TRAP
FOR 'IM?? NOW THAT'S SOMETHIN' ELSE
T'WORRY ABOUT

BRINGING UP FATHER

WHAT IS THAT
MOB DOIN'
OUT IN FRONT
OF THE HOUSE?

THEY WANT YOU TO
MAKE A SPEECH, ISN'T
IT JUST WONDERFUL?
I'LL BE SO PROUD
WHEN YOU ARE MAYOR

I'M NOT GOIN'
OUT ON THE
BALCONY AN-
TALK NOW I'M
TIRED, I'VE
BEEN WORKIN'
ALL DAY.

YOU'RE NOT ONLY GOIN'
TO TALK TO THEM, BUT
YOU ARE GOING TO READ
THIS SPEECH I'VE WRITTEN
FOR YOU, TO THEM.

GET OUT THERE
AND DO AS I SAY.
I'LL MAKE YOU
MAYOR, IN SPITE
OF YOURSELF.

LOOK OUT!
I DON'T WANT
TO GO OVER
THE BALCONY.

AN FURTHERMORE, LADIES AN'
GENTLEMEN, I WILL BE FEARLESS
IF ELECTED AN' NOT LET ANY
ORGANIZATION OR CORPORATION
TELL ME WHAT TO DO.

TALK LOUDER—
YOU IDIOT

By E. C. Segar

THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring POPEYE

NOW SHOWING—"ME AND MY SHADOW"

TOMORROW—"TRUE COLORS"

GO CHASE YOURSELF, POPEYE

STOP! YA
FUNNY-LOOKIN'
BILGE RAT!
WHO AN WHAT
ARE YA?

I YAM WHAT
I YAM, THAT'S
WHAT I YAM

By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN

OUT OUR WAY

DAT DE KIND ER
PEOPLE WHUT MAKE
MAH BLOOD BOIL—
STAND AN' WATCH
A MAN LIKE TER
KILL HISSEFF, AN'
NEBBER OFFER TER
LIFF A HAND TER
HEP HIM.

BIG ICK'S MAD
CAUSE IT'S
A STARTIN' T'RAIN
AN' NOBODY'S
MAKIN' ANY
OFFER T' HELP
HIM COVER
HIS NEW,
SECOND-HAND
CAR.

I'D GO A LONG
WAYS T' OUT OF MY
WAY T' HELP OL'
ICK, BUT I'D
HAVE TO GO SO
FUR OUTA MY WAY
WHERE IT WOULDN'
BE A BIT OUT OF
OL' COOK'S WAY
TO HELP HIM
BE A DURN FOOL.

WELL—HERE'S TH'
BAD NEWS—"DEAR HOOPLE:
INCLOSED IS A HUNDRED
DOLLAR BILL— THANKS FOR
TAKING THE RAP FOR US IN
THE HOOZE-GOW, WHEN TH'
COPS RAIDED YOUR OFFICE
AND GRABBED OFF OUR
STILL— SIGNED—
HAM &
EGGS"

MY WORD!
—EGAD, M'LAD—
READ IT AGAIN!
— SLOWLY—

WELL—
HE EARNED
IT!

A SMALL FAVOR.

By WILLIAMS

By AHERN

By WILLIAMS

By AHERN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

The PEARY CARIBOU
THRIVES BEYOND 83 DEGREES NORTH
LATITUDE, AMID INTENSE COLD, ARCTIC
WOLVES, AND WHERE THE NIGHTS ARE
FROM THREE TO FIVE MONTHS LONG.



WHEN WINTER COMES,
FROGS BURY
THEMSELVES IN
THE MUD AND
BEGIN
BREATHING THROUGH
THEIR SKINS,
INSTEAD OF
THEIR NOSTRILS.

The COLUMBIA RIVER
FLOWS 1400 MILES TO REACH
THE PACIFIC OCEAN, AT A POINT
ONLY ABOUT 450 MILES FROM
WHERE THE RIVER ORIGINATES.