

for LOVE or MONEY by H.W. CORLEY

CHAPTER XL

Barry said the words over and over. "My dear, my dear! You are here!"

She looked up at him. Tall, bronzed, glowing with health and vitality. His eyes strangely blue in his browned face. His skin darker than his hair. Steve strode forward. He, too, was brown and vigorous. In this oppressive heat, Steve was grinning broadly. "You?" he cried.

"Yes, we're here—both of us in person!" Lottie added in an effort to break the tension.

"Not a motion picture?" teased Steve. "Well, you look handsome enough for one. Take my word for it!" He tossed a napkin on the table and seized Lottie by the shoulders.

"Are you surprised?" asked Mona.

"Surprised? We're overwhelmed! And delighted too. How did you get here? Bud brought you, of course, but where in blazes did you find him?" Barry placed a chair for Mona. "Sit down," he urged. "You must be tired. That air trip always nearly finishes us."

"It was only an hour." She sat down and tossed her hat into an empty seat, fluffing her hair with expert fingers.

"We must look like wrecks," Mona added ruefully.

"And we're starved!" announced Lottie frankly. "Do you suppose, Mister, you could spare a poor girl a sandwich?"

Barry called and immediately the little maid appeared in the doorway. "Set two more places," Barry instructed them.

The arrival of the young ladies had provided much speculation in the kitchen. Maria, the old cook, had waddled to the door about which she peered with misplaced confidence in his power to conceal. Josie, another maid, the counterpart of Florence, in a red skirt and white blouse, was watching, frankly absorbed. Under a convenient tree several barefoot native boys had gathered in silent admiration of the new arrivals.

"The ladies will have coffee with American sugar, Florence. Papaw—do you like papaw, Mona? Steak and breadfruit. I'm glad you came today because we only have steak once in a blue moon. Ask Maria to toss together a salad too."

"Heavens, I thought this was breakfast," exclaimed Lottie. "You certainly don't care what happens to your figures here!"

"This is the best coffee I've had in the south," Mona announced.

"Like it? I taught Maria how to make it," Barry said proudly. "The best coffee in the world is right here in the West Indies, but no one seems to know how to make it."

"Your mother made pretty good coffee, I remember," Steve said, turning to Mona. "What is that old proverb? Black as night, sweet as love, hot as—you know the place!"

"Every man for his own country," Lottie remarked demurely and there was a burst of laughter.

Sweet as love! Why had she come, Mona wondered miserably. Outwardly she was calm enough, accepting the delectable service of the little maid, responding to Barry's casual remarks, smiling at Steve and regarding Lottie with quizzical affection.

Lottie, too, she could see was not at ease. Why had they come?

Of course there was the plan to attempt to give Barry part of the Townsend fortune. That, aboard the Miranda, had seemed an adequate reason. In the presence of these two self-sufficient young men it seemed almost out of the question.

What explanation should she offer? How could she speak of money to Barry?

"We were tired of New York and thought we'd take a trip down here," Mona found herself saying in one of the pauses, adding unnecessarily, "the West Indies, I mean."

"Where did you run into Bud?" Barry asked without looking at her. He lighted a pipe, cupping his hand over its bowl, then turned away as he flung the dead match out on the roadway.

Instantly two native boys made a dive for it. Steve laughed. "They think it's a cigaret end," he told the girls. "We give them a weekly supply of cigarets, yet they always hang around for anything they can pick up."

"Are they as poor as that?" asked

ARROW MESSENGER—Phone 610

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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

HUH! AND THEY TALK ABOUT HOW FRIENDLY EVERYBODY IS IN A LITTLE TOWN—BUT THE FIRST PLACE WHERE WE STOP, OLD PINCHPENNY GIVES US THE BUMS RUSH, FOR WE GET WITHIN FIFTY FEET OF HIS DOOR—



WHO ON EARTH IS THAT? I NEVER SEEN HER BEFORE—



I HAIN'T HEERED O' ANY NEW FOLKS MOVIN' INTO TOWN, SINCE THEM SMITHS CAME, THREE YEARS BACK—



FRIENDLY OR NOT, FOLKS HERE SURE GET A LOT O' CITIZEN OUT O' SEEN' A STRANGER—IF A CIRCUS EVER HIT THIS TOWN I'LL BET TH' NATHES WOULDN'T GET OVER IT FOR FORTY YEARS—



FOLKS IN TH' BIG TOWN MAY BE JUST AS CURIOUS, BUT IF THEY ARE, THEY DON'T LET ON—IT GIVES ME TH' FIDGETS TO BE STARED AT—MAYBE WE'D BETTER PUSH ON AND FORGET THIS PLACE—



TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BRINGING UP FATHER



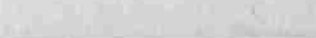
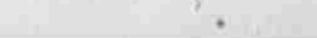
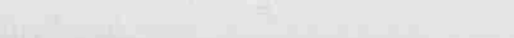
THIMBLE THEATRE



OUT OUR WAY



THE STRANGE ANIMAL



The Eyes Have It

By HAROLD GRAY

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

By LYMAN YOUNG

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

How Come?

By MARTIN

BRINGING UP FATHER

By GEORGE McMANUS

THIMBLE THEATRE

By E. C. Segar

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN

— THIS CURIOUS WORLD —

DURING THE SOLAR ECLIPSE OF AUGUST 31, THE MOON'S SHADOW WILL TRAVEL OVER THE NEW ENGLAND STATES AT A SPEED OF MORE THAN HALF A MILE PER SECOND!

NEW ENGLAND WILL NOT HAVE ANOTHER TOTAL ECLIPSE UNTIL OCTOBER, 1959

BECAUSE OF ITS MOUNTAINS THE MOON CASTS AN IRREGULAR SHADOW, JUST BEFORE AND AFTER THE MOMENT OF TOTAL ECLIPSE THE MOUNTAINS BREAK UP THE SUN'S LIGHT INTO POINTS KNOWN AS "BAILY'S BEADS."

THE STRANGE ANIMAL

