

for LOVE or MONEY by CORLEY

CHAPTER XLII

THE maid had brought Mona and Lottie up the uncarpeted stairs into the wide hall above. From the landing swung a huge window of shutters which, open now and made fast by means of a rope, looked out on a riot of blossoming hibiscus. Intense greens were dotted with crimson, pink and yellow. A soft breeze stirred the trees, sending in showers of perfume.

The rooms on the second floor were high and, above the doors, were latticed to the ceiling. At either side of each door there were shutters spaced to let in air. The effect was one of marvelous coolness.

"You can't tell secrets here!" Lottie remarked, eyeing this arrangement. "Heavens, a whisper would be all over the house. I hope nobody uses an alarm clock!"

From the windows of the bedroom they could glimpse the sea. It lay shimmering like a softly swaying bit of blue satin rimmed with silver. A necklace of palms fringed the beach and a white boat swung with the lazy tide.

The room contained few pieces of furniture. A huge bed draped with netting stood in the center of the farther wall. There was a dresser, two easy chairs of rattan and a table.

Mona noted with satisfaction that the room was lighted with electricity and that the bed had a reading lamp attached to its head.

"But there's no bath!" Lottie cried, pointing to a wash stand Josie had hung towels about and disappeared with two huge pitchers.

Lottie's room, connecting by door and by outer balcony, was similar to Mona's.

A knock on the door announced the arrival of the baggage and Florence entered, dragging suitcases and hat boxes after her. The boys, she explained, had brought it to the door but it seemed best not to allow them to disturb Madame.

Josie appeared almost immediately carrying pitchers of hot water. Mona and Lottie bathed, opening suitcases in search of pajamas, and finally crept beneath the netting for a rest. They were asleep instantly.

Several hours later Mona awoke suddenly. Lottie, a veritable sea nymph in green, was bending over her. "I've been out to bathe—not in the sea, just the pool," Lottie announced.

"Josie told me about it. The boys have a sort of sunken bath behind the house. It's as large as a baby swimming pool, with showers rigged up and everything. It's great!"

Half an hour later, wearing cool chiffon and dainty shoes, Mona descended the stairs. Lottie had reached the terrace just before her and sat at a small table, the silver service in front of her, quizzing the boys about their tea.

Josie, the maid, arrived with tinkling ice. Mona supposed that this must have been brought from a distant port at great expense until Lottie explained that the kitchen was outfitted with an electric refrigerator. She had made a second tour of investigation and was prepared to answer questions.

Barry and Steve, in fresh linens and sleek of hair, rose as Mona approached. It was cool on the terrace. The glare of the sunlight was softened and a gentle breeze played.

"Tea, Mona," Lottie inquired. She was perfectly at home here. "Hot or cold?"

"Cold," Mona decided. "I don't see how anyone can drink hot tea here," observed Lottie. "There is lemon or lime. Which do you prefer?"

"Let me arrange her place, Lottie," Barry said. He put down a plate of tiny cakes and took possession of the tea table. "I know what Mona likes."

It was a small courtesy yet it made Mona's heart leap as she watched. The long months seemed suddenly to have faded. She had never—really—been married to Barry's uncle. Here they were—she and Lottie, Barry and Steve—on an outing just as they had been so often before.

Things would be all right, she was sure. Barry would forgive her for everything. Some time very soon she could explain all that had happened. Now she would relax and enjoy herself.

Her dream was broken abruptly. Barry held the tumbler decked with mint out to the maid and, indicating

Mona, said, "Give this to Mrs. Townsend."

Mrs. Townsend! He might have said nothing, leaving it to the maid's deduction whom the glass was intended for, or he might have handed her the glass himself.

Mrs. Townsend! That name which might have been so sweet was a reproach.

They heard a pounding on the carpeted stairs, a sudden clatter on the veranda, and Bud, freshly dressed and glowing after his recent swim, joined them.

"Tea?" Lottie asked. "Did you have a good swim, Bud?"

"No tea, thanks. Yes I had a fine swim. To Barry he said, 'I'm going down to the plane. Is that o. k.?' Barry nodded and Bud flung himself into the rickety automobile and started off.

"He called back, 'Bobby Jones won't like you if we keep landing on the fairway, Barry! How's the airport coming?'"

"Not very well. Maybe I'll get you to handle it," Barry answered amiably.

"Any time you say," called Bud.

"He drives well, doesn't he?" said Mona, watching him career out through the gate on a single wheel and disappear in a tunnel of green trees beyond.

"He does everything well," Barry replied. "It was a great idea to send him down here. Been a big help to us. I guess Bud was just about at the turning point. He was all set to amount to something—either something pretty fine or just the opposite."

Mona nodded in agreement. "It was awfully good of you," she said softly. "I don't believe I've ever thanked you."

"Oh, we've had our thanks all right. Bud himself, looking as he does today, is thanks enough."

There was coolness in Barry's tone and Mona felt it. She was silent for some time.

Then after a little she said, "Does he handle any of the selling for you?"

Barry nodded again. "He does and he's clever at it, too. There's a man named Horton—"

"How could Barry know about that? Had he seen Bud? Then she understood that of course he had while she was sleeping."

"There's a man named Horton who's a tough customer. He gave us a good price for uncut diamonds because Bud—"

"Why don't you let Bud tell her that, boy?" suggested Steve casually. He turned to Mona. "Barry is always bragging about Bud. I tell him the boy's head will be turned."

The scent of the honeysuckle came nearer and nearer. They could hear the sea spilling and crashing along the beach. Lottie, rising, beckoned Steve to join her at the edge of the terrace.

Mona was alone with Barry at last. What was he going to say? How would he begin? With reproaches? With a demand for explanations?

Instead Barry, too, rose from his chair. "Don't take Lottie away," he called. "I promised the girls we'd take them for a drive. We ought to be starting or it will be too late. The roadster is in order, isn't it?"

"Never better!" Steve agreed. Cupping his hands together and raising them to his mouth, he shouted, "Oh, boy! Bring around the roadster!"

(To Be Continued)

Motorcycle Races Popular in Spain

MADRID. (AP)—Dirt-track motorcycle racing, known here simply as "dirt-track," introduced to this country several years ago by British racers is getting more popular. The innovation of a feminine racer has been introduced this season for the benefit of the fans.

A mixture of motorcycle racing and bullfighting was recently performed in a night burlesque bullfight at Alicante. Two riders, advertised as "Mister Sagraw" and "Mister Areata," attempted to kill their bulls while riding motorcycles, but the bulls prevented this by knocking over their mounts, so that the riders had to kill them on foot. The spectacle did not arouse much enthusiasm.

ARROW MESSENGER—Phone 610

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

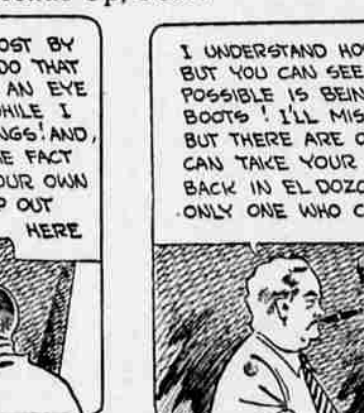
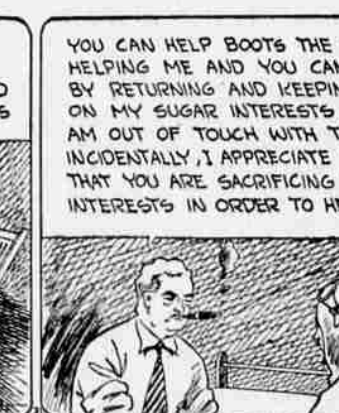
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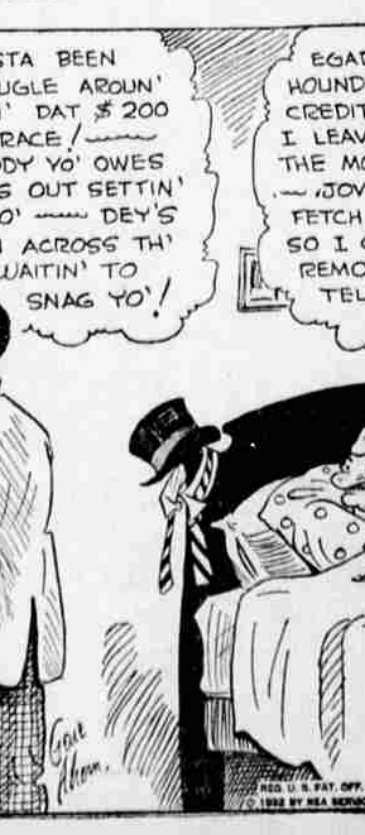
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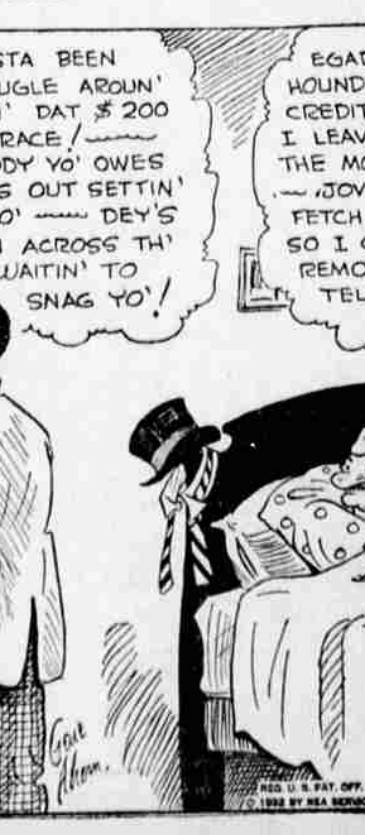
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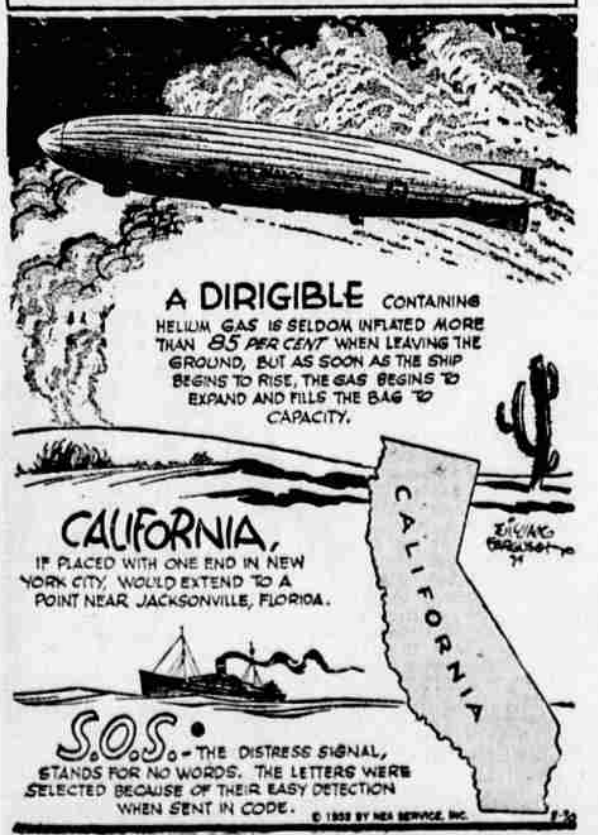
OUT OUR WAY



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



THIS CURIOUS WORLD



California. If placed with one end in New York City, would extend to a point near Jacksonville, Florida.

S.O.S.—THE DISTRESS SIGNAL, STANDS FOR NO WORDS. THE LETTERS WERE SELECTED BECAUSE OF THEIR EASY DETECTION WHEN SENT IN CODE.