

# "MASTER of MONEY"

BY ROY VICKERS

**CHAPTER II**

He had not been sentimental about Shirley. He did not, for instance, expect to find the girl of 20, all rose and white against the dark softness of the luxury she loved. Reasonably, he could expect nothing at all, for what news of her he had received had told him nothing.

She had written to him only once, at her father's death, and given him no inkling of growth or change in her. He had many times seen adulation of her beauty, her energy, her grace, in the society columns.

On the other hand, she had not married, though twice there had been rumors of an important match.

Alan put out his cigarette. He found another tie, adjusted and tied it carelessly—he had always been indifferent to his appearance—finished dressing and went downstairs. There was no nervousness in him now, only a great longing to learn what, in seven years, she had become; because her fate was his, her destiny would shape his own.

He felt no inclination to linger by the table at which she had left him seven years ago. The Felton had given him what he had asked of it—the assurance that he had made good. He left it without a backward glance.

"Park Avenue!" he barked at a taxi-driver. "I don't remember the number. Drive to the north side of Seventieth street. Can you hear?"

"All right, sir, I'll slip along as fast as I can."

"Alan! It is good to see you again!"

Shirley . . .

He was standing in front of her holding the hands she had given him. Her welcoming laughter broke into a little gasp and he knew he was crushing her hands; she released them—then caught them again.

"Shirley—but, Shirley, you look exactly the same! And it's seven years ago! You were just twenty."

"My dear Alan, is it manners to throw my age in my teeth like this?"

She drew away, but still he stared. It was so amazing that she should be, physically, exactly as he remembered her. Her hair had still that queer, dull gleam that was nearer silver than gold; her eyes were still widely, deeply gray; her skin was still a wonder of white and rose. Seven years had not, it would seem,

touched her body at all.

"What did you expect, you old silly—a toothless old lady? People don't change nowadays! Until they suddenly seem to be decrepit . . . Let me look at you now; you have your back to the light. Your hair—surely to goodness it was dark when you went away, no fair! Alan! It's—it isn't fair, it's gray!"

Her horror was sincere, so sincere that Alan found himself chuckling over it as he would have chuckled seven years ago. Shirley had always been passionately young. Her eyes were darkening, her color was ebbing at his gray hair. She was pushing him into a chair, putting a cushion behind his back.

"You poor Alan, what happened down there? Oh, dear, I wish I wasn't such a wretched correspondent! If I'd written to you, you would have written to me and told me what was happening. You might have written anyway, Alan."

Alan pitched the cushion on to the floor.

"It was for you to give the sign."

"Always proud and stern, Alan!"

"With you, Shirley—yes."

"I wonder why?"

She would not have said that seven years ago, because she would not have wondered why. His pulse leaped at this first intriguing hint of a difference. Before he could probe it, the door opened to admit a servant.

The man was deaf and silent, the china and silver were perfectly chosen, the trifles of food offered were neither commonplace nor too strange. While the footman was hovering and, presently, when he had gone and she was dispensing with tea, Shirley made Alan talk. He recognized with-out resentment that he was being drawn out; Shirley had always been skillful in that direction.

He found, as the "drawing-out" proceeded, that she had learned to listen intelligently. Seven years ago her own insistent vitality had precluded a real sympathy. A second little difference . . . She was asking him about his own affairs. "I've got close to three millions out of it!"

"Splendid! Your own personal property?"

"Yes—if you like to put it like that."

"Of course I like to! Don't you?"

"I don't know. I've been handling big money for seven years, Shirley. Thousands—millions; in

"But I don't think it did. I still worship life—the sensation of living. It—it intoxicates me." She leaned back in her chair, sighing deeply. "I see no reason why I should ever stop feeling like that; it's my grand passion, my cult. What you, I dare say, would call my religion."

He was not yet conscious of his disappointment because he did not yet believe her.

"But surely—"

"When I'm swimming or riding or skating, I—I simply exult in the movement of my own body. I want nothing except the strength to continue forever . . . I'm a pagan, Alan. I've discussed it with lots of people—social workers, preachers, men of big affairs. They can't convert me."

He was silent for a moment.

"You would have me believe you haven't changed spiritually either," he said then. "But that isn't so; in one or two things I've felt a difference."

"Oh!" She moved a cushion sharply. "My experience has widened, of course. When you went away, daddy was still alive. He gave me a royal time, you will remember, and himself, too. He believed in the very best of everything. He told me, very early, how he managed to get it."

"He merely had to pay for it, I presume," said Alan dully.

She moved the cushion again.

"What should you have placed his income at?" she asked abruptly.

Alan considered it.

"About fifty thousand a year, I should say."

Shirley laughed when Alan estimated her father's income at fifty thousand a year.

"His actual income—which I have inherited—was only fifteen," she said.

"Good heavens! D'you mean—?"

"No, he was solvent, always. But he could only rely on the fifteen thousand. The margin he made by speculating. He never had a crash, because he never followed his own judgment; he knew he was too ignorant."

"He got—advice?"

"He knew all the right people, entertained them, and they advised him. I didn't understand, until

## SILVERTON YOUTH GETS SIGNAL HONOR

SILVERTON, December 9.—(Special)—On Thursday, Dec. 5, at a meeting of the two honor societies, the Alpha Kappa Psi, and the Beta Alpha Psi, held in the Oregon State college chamber of commerce rooms at Corvallis, Marshall Powell, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Powell of Silverton, was accorded special honor.

After the welcome and instruction given to the pledges of both societies by Dean Bexell of the commerce department, Erskine Sanders, president of Beta Alpha Psi, presented Powell with a loving cup in recognition of his outstanding work in accounting, qualities in leadership, and maintaining a high scholastic average.

Powell, an employee of the J. C. Penney company at Salem, and a sophomore in the school of commerce at O. S. C., is a member of the Delta Sigma Phi fraternity, and is chosen as one of two delegates to represent this society in the convention of national fraternities to be held at Richmond, Virginia, during the Christmas holidays.

## Don't Overlook Chestnuts When Making Up Holiday Menus

IN holiday season, or any other time for that matter, there is nothing like roasted chestnuts popped over an open fire, for delicious woodland flavor, but chestnuts have more homely uses, and they can do pinch-hitting for almost every part of the menu.

Chestnuts as a vegetable dish are much superior to potatoes in flavor, and have about the same food value. They may be served whole or mashed, as purées, or added to a creamed dish, or to a vegetable soup. Then there's chestnut sauce and stuffing. And incidentally, if there are not enough chestnuts for a run dish, a few added to bread-crumbs impart fine flavor to a creamed dish, patties, or croquettes.

**Chestnut Soup.**

1 pound large, perfect chestnuts  
1/2 cupful of diced celery  
1 small carrot  
1 small onion  
1 quart of milk  
2 tablespoonfuls of butter  
1/2 teaspoonful of salt

Boil the chestnuts, then shell and

## The Home Kitchen

By ALICE LYNN BARRY

cook in one cupful of hot water, simmering gently for half an hour. Meanwhile fry the onion in the butter, then add the celery, sliced carrot and milk and simmer for one hour. Add the chestnuts as soon as they are tender, setting aside half a dozen or so to be used as garnish later. Strain the soup when ready, add the water in which the chestnuts have been cooked and reheat.

If thick soup is preferred, dissolve one tablespoonful of flour in one tablespoonful of cold milk and add to the mixture just before reheating.

Or add a well-beaten egg just before serving. Do not let it come to a boil however, as it might curdle.

**Chestnut Stuffing.**

1 pound of chestnuts  
1 chicken liver  
1 teaspoonful onion juice  
1 teaspoonful salt  
2 tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs  
1 tablespoonful of butter  
1 cupful of hot water  
2 egg-yolks

1/2 teaspoonful of grated lemon peel

Boil the shelled chestnuts for 30 minutes in the hot water, or in bouillon or the chestnut soup if on hand. Then drain and chop, mix with chopped liver and other ingredients, adding the beaten egg-yolks at the last. Stuff turkey, duck or chicken with this mixture before roasting, but only two-thirds full.

Chestnuts boiled until tender, then shelled, may be added whole to a chilled, may be added whole to a fruit lettuce salad, or to a fruit salad. Use lemon juice instead of vinegar for the French dressing in either case, as it blends more pleasantly with chestnuts.

Then as dessert, chestnuts may be used in several ways.

**Chestnut Cream.**

1 pound of chestnuts  
1/2 cupful of cream  
1/2 orange

1 tablespoonful of powdered sugar

Drop the chestnuts in boiling water, cook until tender, then shell. Pound them to a pulp, moistening with the orange juice. When they are smooth and pulpy, add the sugar and the whipped cream and pile in sherbet cups.

A pleasant garnish that adds flavor is a bit of candied or preserved ginger placed atop each serving.

Chestnut dessert may be made merely by boiling and shelling the chestnuts, then simmering for about 15 minutes in a syrup of one cupful of sugar and 1/2 cupful of water boiled thick and flavored with lemon juice, or vanilla, or any other fruit juices on hand.

## Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

By EUGENE SHEFFER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
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64				65					

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1—What Trojan stole Helen, the wife of Menelaus, thereby starting the Trojan War.
  - 6—What country of Asia is ruled by a Mikado?
  - 11—What Scandinavian explorer discovered Greenland?
  - 12—Dairy of a ship.
  - 14—What Italian city is the seat of the Vatican?
  - 15—The three-toed sloth.
  - 16—What is the highest mountain peak in the world?
  - 19—Plural suffix.
  - 20—Batter.
  - 21—What river in France was the scene of two German defeats at the hands of the Allies?
  - 23—Refuse.
  - 24—Beast of burden.
  - 26—What American poet wrote "The Raven"?
  - 27—Accessory covering of a seed.
  - 28—Defensive ditch outside of a fortress.
  - 30—Contort.
  - 32—One-spot.
  - 33—In what continent (abbr.) are the following countries located: Peru, Brazil and Argentina?
  - 34—Short f r Thomas.
  - 36—(Roman Antiquity) Copper or bronze money.
  - 38—Like.
  - 39—Anger.
  - 41—Light touch.
  - 43—Perceived.
  - 45—What British general was governor-general of Canada in 1821?
  - 46—Sharp knock.
  - 48—Towards.
  - 50—Old times.
  - 51—One who plays upon a pipe.
  - 52—Crime.
  - 55—Egyptian deity.
  - 56—Who was secretary of navy during the World War?
  - 58—Hypothetical force.
  - 59—Race formerly dominant in Peru.
  - 61—Sea eagle.
  - 62—What English queen was the last of the Stuart sovereigns?
  - 64—What father and son were both Presidents of the United States?
- VERTICAL**
- 1—What American Arctic explorer reached the North Pole on April 9, 1909?
  - 2—A melody.
  - 3—What state (abbr.) is called "Little Rhody"?
  - 4—Congealed water.
  - 5—What is the maiden name of the wife of Colonel Charles Lindbergh?
  - 7—Skill.
  - 8—What river of Italy passes through Turin?
  - 9—What is the nationality of the following men: Henry Clay, Abraham Lincoln, and Herbert Hoover?
  - 10—Cuddles.
  - 12—Jump.
  - 13—Classificatory group of animals.
  - 17—Botanical medicinal (abbr.)
  - 18—Symbol for selenium.
  - 21—Low as a cow.
  - 23—Anglo-Saxon money of account.
  - 25—Carved memorial post.
  - 28—Of what state is Annapolis the capital.
  - 29—Highest point.
  - 31—Were there ever more than two stripes in the flag of the United States?
  - 33—What country of Asiatic Russia extends from the Ural Mountains and the Caspian sea to the Pacific Orient?
  - 35—Pertaining to the sea.
  - 37—Place.
  - 40—Pish.
  - 42—Large herbivorous mammals.
  - 44—Who is the Greek Goddess of Dawn?
  - 47—End of a hammerhead opposite the face.
  - 47—What mountain range runs through west South America?
  - 51—Father.
  - 52—Royal leaders (abbr.).
  - 54—Atoms carrying an electric charge.
  - 56—Obstruct.
  - 57—Rested.
  - 60—Symbol of calcium.
  - 63—Negative.

## POLLY AND HER PALS

FORGET IT PAW! IF COUSIN CARRIE DISAPPROVES OF SANTY CLAUS THAT'S HER BUSINESS!

SHUX! SUSIE, EVERY CHILD HAS A RIGHT TO KNOW ABOUT OLE SANTY CLAUS, AN' GERTRUDE AINT NO EXCEPTION

IMAGINE A FOUR YEAR OLD INFANT WOT AINT NEVER HEARD OF HIM!

WAL, IF YOU'VE GOT THE SENSE YOU WAS BORN WITH, YOU'LL MIND YOUR AFFAIRS, AN' LET CARRIE MIND HERS!

P-ST COME SET ON UNCLE SAM'L'S KNEE, HONEY, I WANNA TELL YE A LIL SECRET!

GERTRUDE HAS NO SECRETS FROM ME, SAMUEL. WHAT IS IT YOU WISH TO SAY TO HER?

## McCoy

McCoy, Dec. 7.—Miss Myrtle Davis has returned to her home in Portland. Miss Davis has been visiting at the home of her brother, Waldo Finn.

Miss Ella Carpenter, of Portland, was a dinner guest at the

## Jefferson

JEFFERSON, December 9.—A robber attempted to force the lock

## Dayton

DAYTON, Dec. 9.—The Dayton Business Men's association called a business meeting Tuesday night to make arrangements for the annual community Christmas. Committees were appointed to decorate our streets with small evergreen trees and also to place the large trees on our street.

We are sorry indeed to lose Mr. and Mrs. Carl Simpson. They have recently moved to Salem where Mr. Simpson is employed.

Through a recent deal we have lost another esteemed family. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith have traded their home and auto camp to Mr. and Mrs. Frank from Salem. The two families exchanging homes lately. We are glad to welcome this Salem family to Dayton.

J. E. Proffitt and wife have moved to their home recently purchased from the Christensen estate. Mr. Proffitt is proprietor of the Dayton Meat Co.

## TILLIE, THE TOILER

TILLIE THINKS JUST BECAUSE SHE'S A PARTNER IN THIS FIRM SHE CAN GET AWAY WITH WEARING THESE LONG DRESSES

SEE HERE, YOUNG LADY, THERE'S A LIMIT TO EVERYTHING

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, BIG BOY?

PLENTY! SPEED IS A BIG FACTOR IN BUSINESS TODAY, BUT YOU CAN'T SHOW SPEED IN A LONG DRESS LIKE THAT.

DON'T BE SILLY!

STYLE IS A BIGGER FACTOR AND I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY, I'M GONNA BE IN STYLE

O.K.

## Little Annie Rooney

HOLD ON A MINUTE, BUDDY!!

MY GOSH, OFFICER—YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY I WAS SPEEDING OVER A RICKETY OLD ROAD LIKE THIS P!

NO—BUT YOU ARE GOING TO DO SOME SPEEDING—AFTER I GET IN BESIDE YOU!

NOW, STEP ON IT—THIS BUS'LL MAKE PRETTY GOOD TIME—WANT IT, OL' BOY?

YES—BUT NOT OVER THIS ROAD—

WELL, DO THE BEST YOU CAN OVER THIS DETOUR—BUT WHEN YOU GET BACK ON THE HIGHWAY, I WANT YOU TO GIVE 'ER THE GAS—I'M AFTER A COUPLE OF KIDNAPERS AND THEY HAVE TWENTY MINUTES START ON US—

THAT'S QUITE A HANDICAP, OFFICER, BUT I'LL DO MY BEST!

## Toots and Casper

WHAT DID YOU BUY FOR ME, TOOTS?

I DIDN'T FIND WHAT I WANTED FOR YOU, CASPER, BUT I BOUGHT SOME THINGS FOR MYSELF! HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW COAT AND HAT? I ALSO BOUGHT A SUIT, AN EVENING GOWN, TWO PAIRS OF SHOES AND SOME PUMPS. NOW MY HUNDRED DOLLARS IS GONE!

DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU BOUGHT ALL THOSE THINGS FOR A HUNDRED DOLLARS, TOOTS? I KNOW BETTER! THAT COAT ALONE COST CONSIDERABLY MORE THAN A HUNDRED DOLLARS.

THE TELLING YOU THAT EVERYTHING ONLY COST ME A HUNDRED CASPER.

THAT IS I GAVE THEM MY HUNDRED AS A DEPOSIT, BUT OF COURSE THEY'LL BILL YOU FOR THE BALANCE!

AH-H! I KNEW THERE WAS A CATCH TO IT!

TOOTS IS CONSIDERATE AS TO THAT! IT COULD BE WORSE! IT'S A WONDER SHE DIDN'T KEEP HER HUNDRED AND CHARGE THE WHOLE CABOODLE TO ME!

## Whipple Lacks Foresight

Whipple Lacks Foresight

## Casper Gets Off Easy, At That

Casper Gets Off Easy, At That

## By BEN BATSFORD

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