

"MASTER of MONEY" BY ROY VICKERS

CHAPTER VI.
The business of love, was after all, very simple, so Alan reasoned on the following morning. To go on wanting a woman who extolled honesty and decorously planned to do what she would, would be mere romantic egotism.

It was impossible, he told himself—told himself with the utmost emphasis and constant repetition—it was impossible to be melancholy and depressed over such a rejection.

Suppose she had said: "Yes, of course I will marry you, but I don't want you"—very well, then, what was there left to argue about? He had not even made a fool of himself. He would forget the whole incident.

Yes, it would be easy enough to forget the love business. Easy enough, for example, to forget that white and rose face against the blackness of darkness. Faces, good heavens! There were millions of them, all about him, and if they all wore black hats—romantic imagery—the weakness of every normal man.

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"Well, I'm flattered!" he exclaimed. "Rank morbidity. Shirley is not in trouble. She is very happy. And she is going to marry someone else, and I hope she goes on being very happy."

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He took it from the rack, noticed that it was typewritten, but before he could read it he was accosted by an old acquaintance. He slipped the postcard into his pocket.

Towards one o'clock he was the center of a small group, all delighted to see him, all pressing for details of his adventures. Then the group was broken by an angry man.

"I say this is tough, you fellows! Look here!"

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"By George, Brennaway, it's you. A awfully sorry old man. I thought you were—but I say this is tough. A postcard can be libellous, can't it?"

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Jimmy?" asked someone.

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Alan's mind was made up.

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"I'm having a guest to lunch," said Colmore. "Would you mind telling him about mine—and of course he can have it at once if he wants it."

Twenty minutes later Alan had reached William Street and speedily found himself in Kelton's office.

"How do you do, Mr. Brennaway? I heard you were back. How nice of you to look me up so soon."

So this was Roger Kelton. Alan allowed himself a long look at the boy of twenty who had become a man of twenty-seven.

"It's good to be back," he said while he was looking. "By the way, if you call me 'Mr. Brennaway,' I shall have to call you 'Mr. Kelton.'"

"Please don't do that!"

Something disappointing about his manner, Alan decided. Eager yet languid. Something placatory about his laugh, something arrogant about his eyes.

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Small talk followed. Alan let it run its course. In the meantime, he went on studying Roger Kelton.

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He had gained assurance and a certain suggestion of experience. A phrase of Shirley's came back. This young man was of the "high world" in his clothes, which were distinguished, yet strictly conven-

tional. Even his physical appearance bore the same perceptible cachet.

He was athletic and almost incredibly clean and his face, if not that of an intellectual, was certainly not that of a fool.

His clear-cut features promised much, but the big, brown eyes were the eyes of a sentimentalist. Probably to women who thought in such terms, he was a handsome man—or at least interesting looking.

"You have your hands pretty full now that you are at the helm, I suppose," suggested Alan.

"Oh I don't know, I—well, I suppose one does have to slave a bit now and again," admitted Kelton.

"Look here, Old Man, I meant to come and see you pretty soon about a job of my own, but that can wait. A very unpleasant little incident has occurred; I've had a libelous postcard about you—addressed to me at the Luke."

"Libelous!" echoed Kelton. He stiffened, then smiled faintly.

"May I see it?"

"Of course! I've come here to give it to you. By the way, Colmore had one too and read it aloud so as to give you, I suppose, extra strong evidence for the action. The club was buzzing with it when I came away. I don't know the fellow who wrote it."

As he spoke, Alan produced the postcard and handed it over.

Kelton took the postcard, read it, then leaned back in his chair and stared at the ceiling.

"You realize why I brought you that, Kelton—and why Colmore asked me to tell you about his. It was simply a matter of letting you know as soon as possible."

Still Kelton made no answer. Alan looked at him oddly.

"A thing like that is bound to make a man feel pretty rotten," he said sympathetically. "And

MORE RAIN LOOMS FOR PACIFIC COAST

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 13 (AP)—Disturbances moving toward the continent from over the Pacific ocean today augured well for a continuation of rain in Northern California for several days more, it was predicted by M. B. Summers, senior meteorologist at the weather bureau here.

Meanwhile the storm which ended the longest dry spell in weather bureau records here and was rapidly closing the gap between this season's precipitation and normal, was beginning to exact its first tribute in damage.

In northern Sacramento valley, where rainfall was exceedingly heavy, floods washed out about 100 feet of the Southern Pacific roadbed three miles south of Kennett, delaying all northbound and southbound traffic at that point. Company officials said probably all night would be required by the crew of nearly 100 men to repair the damage.

The Western Pacific railroad reported to the weather bureau here that rain in the Sierra foothills above Quincy had totaled 22 inches, and above Oroville, in the Sacramento valley, 16 inches. These figures were unofficial.

At all other points, however, Jupiter Pluvius' Christmas gift, regarded as worth millions of dollars, was being welcomed.

Order the Oregon Statesman for one year and secure one of the North American Travel Insurance policies for \$1.00.

BRITISH EVACUATE GERMAN RHINELAND

Union Jack Flutters Down For Last Time; Natives Hold Celebration

WIESBADEN, Germany, Dec. 13 (AP)—Scenes reminiscent of the first Armistice day celebration were enacted here tonight after the Union Jack had been hauled down from British headquarters and the last soldiers of Great Britain had evacuated the Rhineland.

Residents of the city held their joy within bounds until after the troops were on their way, then they cut loose. Strangers meeting on the street clasped hands in congratulation and the cafes were jammed with celebrators who toasted one another and the Fatherland.

The Union Jack came down from its staff over the Hotel Hohenzollern at two o'clock this afternoon. At the same hour another small British detachment was leaving Bingen on the Rhine. Here in Wiesbaden the company of British fusiliers mounted guard at the approach of the color-bearers and the detachment then passed in review before General Thwaites, British commander for the last time on German soil.

There was a long roll from the drums and the military band struck up "God Save the King" as the British flag fluttered down the staff. Then the troops wheeled into column and marched to the station where they entrained.

General Guillaumat, commander of the French troops in the Rhineland, and his chief of staff, also witnessed the ceremony of departure. A detachment of French cavalry was drawn up before the railway station.

The only British official remaining in the Rhineland is William Seeds, British high commissioner on the inter-allied Rhineland high commission since 1928.

Small Apartment Furnishings That Vanish Conveniently

ONLY in one-room studio apartments did you once see things that were not what they seemed. Beds made up to look like couches, so that they could serve as living-room furniture by day. Desks that went into action as a stove or a dining-room table on demand. Screens that were bits of fine tapestry on the exposed side, and studded with cup-hooks on their concealed area, where they flanked the kitchen sink.

Of such was Bohemian living, very quaint and charming. But the interesting development is that many of these makeshift ideas have been glorified, as they have been adapted to the needs of those city dwellers living in expensive but far from spacious apartments. The one-room apartment has come to stay. And people living in them demand all the comforts of home.

True, there's but one room and bath. But that one room must serve as living-room, dining-room, bedroom and be appropriate in each case. No upholstered furniture, no house radio and phonograph. Many who like the sound effect of seeing the mechanical things in the room.

And the architects have furnished the solution. Either furniture and equipment must be handsome enough in itself to remain exposed permanently in the living-room, or it has to disappear when not in use. For so ingeniously that they take care of excess objects at the touch of a button. What you see in a living-room may be extra doors leading nowhere. Behind them may be handsomely designed drawers, closets, or a diminutive dressing-room or a bed. One of the new bright ideas on the market is the disappearing bed. No, it isn't a folding-bed, or an awkward iron cot that requires muscle and skill to manipulate. This is a regulation fully equipped with box spring, mattress, pillows, which are kept clamped into space when made up, large bed, as handsome as you like. A touch, and the whole bed swings on a pivot with ease, and into a space not necessarily more than eighteen inches deep. Wherever there is wall space for a closet, such a disappearing bed can be installed. Similarly closets are being used to house radio and phonograph. Many who like the sound effect of seeing the mechanical things in the room.

Home-Making Helps By ELEANOR ROSS

Instead of investing in an ostentatious bit of furniture, they buy the best mechanical equipment, tuck it out of sight in a specially built closet, so that they can be heard but not seen.

Instead of decorating radiators with fancy covers—as is necessary when they already intrude into the room—those who are building are now being shown the invisible heater. They are built between the outer and inner wall—perhaps under the windows—but all that can be seen is a beautifully designed grille flush with the wall, and through this the heat pours in. Bases usually occupied by the bulky radiator and can be kept unobtrusive.

For those who object to the homely stove there is now available a very handsome bit of kitchen furnishing—the kitchen stove designed by artists so that it looks more like a radio console or a modernistic desk. When not in use the top part clamps forward, in the manner of a desk. It is a complete stove with all the regulation space for cooking, baking, broiling for a real family. Practical for use, luxurious in appearance, but carefully concealing its useful points when not in action.

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POLLY AND HER PALS

"Familiarity Breeds Contempt"

HEY GERTIE, LOOKIT THE PRETTY PITCHER OF SANTY CLAUS!

HEY, GERTIE! P—st! OH, GERTIE!

MY STARS, SISTER! BE YOU DEAF?

DECIDEDLY NOT! BUT THE CHILD ANSWERS ONLY TO HER OWN NAME.

- WHICH IS GERTRUDE! NOT GERTIE!!

TILLIE, THE TOILER

"A Long and Short Argument"

HELLO, TILLIE - YOU LOOK STUNNING IN THAT LONG DRESS

I'M GLAD YOU LIKE IT, TOM

THIS IS MISS KLINKER OUR NEW STENOGR. MARY

PLEASED TO MEET YOU

THANKS A LOT

OH, BABY! DID YOU SEE TILLIE IN THAT LONG DRESS? IT'S A PIP - I'M FOR 'EM

I'M NOT - I LIKE THE DRESSES DRIEF AND SHARP - LIKE MISS KLINKER'S

THE GIRLS ARE COMING BACK TO THEIR SENSES WITH THE LONG DRESSES

IF THEY HAD ANY SENSE THEY'D STICK TO THE SHORT DRESSES

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

"A Punctured Tire"

SAV, SPIKE. THEM GUVS IN THAT ROADSTER ARE RIGHT BEHIND US AGAIN - YOU'D BETTER STEP ON THE GAS - QUICK!!

AW--RIGHT-- GIVE 'EM TH' GAT - SHOOT UP THEIR TIRES - I CAN'T GO NO FASTER WITH THIS OLD CAN!!

BANG!

SWISH!

HERE'S ANOTHER BRAT THAT MUGSIE WANTS YOU TO LOOK AFTER, MAMMIE -

WELL--- AUNT SHE A CUTE LITTLE THING?!

TOOTS AND CASPER

"Much In Little"

SPAREBIBS IS PROUD OF THE NEW SWEATER I BOUGHT FOR HIM! HE'S ACTUALLY STUCK-UP ABOUT IT. HE TURNED UP HIS NOSE AT THE POLICE DOG WE JUST PASSED!

I'LL BET YOU WERE DOWNTOWN LOOKING FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO BUY FOR ME, WEREN'T YOU, CASPER?

THAT REMINDS ME - CHRISTMAS ISN'T FAR OFF NOW, IS IT?

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE EXPECTING THAT SANTA CLAUS WILL BRING YOU A FLOCK OF THINGS? IT WOULD TAKE A MIGHTY BIG STOCKING TO HOLD ALL THE GIFTS YOU'RE WISHING FOR!

NO, CASPER, I DON'T EXPECT ANYTHING BIG! ONE OF BABY'S LITTLE SOCKS WOULD HOLD WHAT I WANT!

- IN FACT A TINY DOLL STOCKING IS BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD A DIAMOND RING!

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

By EUGENE SHEFFER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11					12				13
14			15	16			17		
18			19			20		21	
22		23				24		25	
26	27					28		29	
	30					31			32
33						34			35
36		37				38			39
40						41			42
43						44			45
46						47			48
49						50			51
52						53			54
55						56			57

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1—reliable
 - 2—springy
 - 3—prefix
 - 4—hermit
 - 5—hoarder
 - 6—un-
 - 7—aspirated
 - 8—sting
 - 9—covered with frost
 - 10—rhythm
 - 11—printer's measure
 - 12—re-
 - 13—members
 - 14—upon
- VERTICAL**
- 1—rescuer
 - 2—sour
 - 3—chum
 - 4—that
 - 5—to remove
 - 6—crown
 - 7—pronoun
 - 8—the whole
 - 9—fory
 - 10—long step
 - 11—stanza
 - 12—anxious
 - 13—comfort
 - 14—part of a
 - 15—bridle
 - 16—Turkish official
 - 17—states
 - 18—tree
 - 19—Japanese coin
 - 20—poise
 - 21—harvest
 - 22—collision
 - 23—carry
 - 24—terminated
 - 25—transferred
 - 26—weary
 - 27—Orient
 - 28—short sleep
 - 29—tip
 - 30—jumbled type
 - 31—part of
- Herewith is the solution to yesterday's puzzle.
- | | |
|---------|---------|
| FLAIR | STOIC |
| FRANCE | MARIUS |
| EE | DO |
| ANT | NEARS |
| SCAT | NET |
| THREADS | DEBAR |
| DIAM'S | NEAL |
| DELIST | NEEDING |
| ALICE | HER |
| LOU | CABOT |
| ES | PAR |
| SENATE | ARARAT |
| SODOM | BERFS |

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Royal Neighbors Elect Officers At Scotts Mills

SCOTT'S MILLS, December 13.—At the Royal Neighbors regular meeting Wednesday afternoon, the following officers were elected for the coming year:

oracle, Marie Dunagan; recorder, oracle, Margery Shepherd; past oracle, Marie Dunagan; recorder, Edith Hogg; receiver, Vina Loosinger; chancellor, Ada Green; inner sentinel, Elva Landwing; outer sentinel, Blondina Sander; manager, Ella Carpenter; musician, Sylvia Shillis; marshal, Dorothea Shepherd; physical, Dr. McCannell.

Dayton O. E. S. Elects Officers

DAYTON, December 13.—Election chapter O. E. S. held a very interesting and enjoyable meeting Tuesday night after initiation of following officers were elected: worthy matron, Mrs. M. R. Cooper; worthy patron, Herman Louder; associate matron, Mrs. Oscar

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