

"MASTER of MONEY" BY ROY VICKERS

CHAPTER X

There was really no comment to make. Kelton might perhaps have waited until he came back from Macedonia. But when you came to think of it, why should he? The half million had been paid over to enable him to marry Shirley, not to enable him to succeed in Macedonia.

In spite of what he conceived to be his clear reasoning about himself and Shirley, it gave Alan an odd pang to read the public announcement that she was to be the wife of another.

"I shall get used to it. I suppose they'll marry this year, as soon as he gets back. Why should they wait?"

There came an intense longing to see Shirley, which he fought down. If he paid a formal call, on Mrs. Sibley on account of having danced with her, she would laugh. He could not go specifically to congratulate Shirley on her engagement. He could think of no colorable excuse.

It seemed enormously difficult to find an excuse for seeing Shirley. He spent the greater part of the night trying to think of one. About dawn he remembered that she always rode in the Park before breakfast. He was waiting near the Fifth Avenue gate long before any rider appeared.

Eventually he saw her coming, and, with incredible shyness, drew back. She galloped past without seeing him. But he was content. He had wanted only to see her and he had seen her.

It was a fine morning of early the nearness of Shirley in the Summer. He lingered, forgetting knowledge that for him she was removed beyond the stars. All thought of her had become the vague dream of a dream.

"Hello, Alan!"

The dream of Shirley was shattered by the vibrant reality. She had returned in her readiness through the doorway. She answered each quiver of its body so that the two of them seemed a single creation of shimmering light. Shirley, radiant with physical, vital young womanhood, was not of the stuff that dreams are made of. Never before had he seen her so insolently—so physically alive—as at that moment.

"Congratulations!" he exclaimed. "But I expect you're sick of hearing that by now."

It was quite easy to speak like that with Shirley whirling around, trying vainly to keep her horse still, enjoying its restlessness.

"Thanks awfully—you are a sport. We are going to be married at the end of June. I'm sorry there's no holding Daphne this morning. Come and see me soon."

She was away. Alan stared after her. How splendidly she had ridden! She could make it ridiculous to mourn even the loss of her. Her happiness might be his tragedy, but it was impossible to think like that in her presence. On the way back to the club, he had leisure to consider her words.

"We are to be married at the end of June." Kelton was surely being very optimistic if he imagined that he could go to Macedonia, negotiate with the government, and get back within six weeks. Or that he could manage to think that he could take Shirley

view of what you have done to me and what you are to me—you will be my best man?"

Alan stiffened.

"I'd like to very much, but I'm afraid I'd be a failure. I'm a fearful tick at anything ceremonious. Thanks for asking me but—let me off, old man."

As he left the office he reminded himself again that he had put up the money for no other purpose than that Kelton should marry Shirley. What, then, was there to be irritable about?

In the week that followed, Alan heard nothing directly from Kelton. The case against Randon was called almost at once. The plaintiff withdrew from the action without claiming damages, after the defendant's counsel had made a speech of groveling apology.

The Macedonian enterprise slipped into the background of Alan's mind or rather was forcibly thrust there by the words of a distinguished nerve specialist.

"There's nothing fundamentally wrong with you. You're simply suffering from nervous debility. You've been overstraining your powers for several years. You want at least three months of complete laziness."

(To be continued tomorrow)

MACLEAY REPORTS NUMEROUS ITEMS

MACLEAY, Dec. 18—Friends of Mrs. Jennie Farr who was a resident of Macleay a few years ago will be sorry to hear of her illness and are hoping she will soon recover.

Ida Martin of Salem, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Larond V. Hackett for an indefinite time.

Ralph Walling is visiting his Aunt and Uncle at Rockaway, where he will do some fishing and hunting.

Mrs. Clarence Boling and Mrs. Cruthers were guests at the "Harvest Home." Some sewing was done, afterwards tea was served at a late hour.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hise and family are again living on their place near Macleay.

A very fine program is being worked on by the children of the Witzel school in charge of Estella Lebold.

MACLEAY GRANGE INSTALLS OFFICERS

MACLEAY, Dec. 18—Macleay Grange met in regular meeting on Friday evening.

Installation of officers was the main feature of business, which was done by Mrs. V. Lambert's installation team which consisted of: Mrs. Ves Lambert of Stayton; Mrs. Arthur Edwards of Surprise Grange of Turner; Mrs. A. B. Welsner of North Howell; Mrs. Tate of Stayton; Mrs. Farris of Turner and Ethel Fletcher of Salem.

A number of visitors were guests for the evening coming from Stayton, North Howell and many other granges.

Judge McMahon was present with a very good talk, which was enjoyed by all. Mr. McDonald of Stayton also gave a good encouraging talk. Mrs. Paul Silky sang two solos. Mrs. A. Bowen gave two clever readings.

Macleay Grange received nine

Two Stores and Garage at Scio Are Robbed

SCIO, Dec. 18—Sunday night some one entered the Associated store, the Red and White store and Bartus garage.

The safe and cash register of the Associated store was opened and about \$60 cash stolen. The damage done in the Red and White store was small. Only a small amount of change was taken. Oil was taken from the garage. The garage was entered by the side door leading to the alley.

County Sheriff Shelton and his deputy were here Monday morning taking finger prints from the safe. As yet no clue has been found.

Utah's turkey production for 1939 was three times as large as that of 1928.

DIES AT DALLAS

DALLAS, Dec. 18—Mrs. Ella J. Himes, mother of William and E. J. Himes of Dallas, died at her home on Mill street, Tuesday morning. Mrs. Himes has been more or less of an invalid for a number of years. Funeral arrangements have not yet been made.

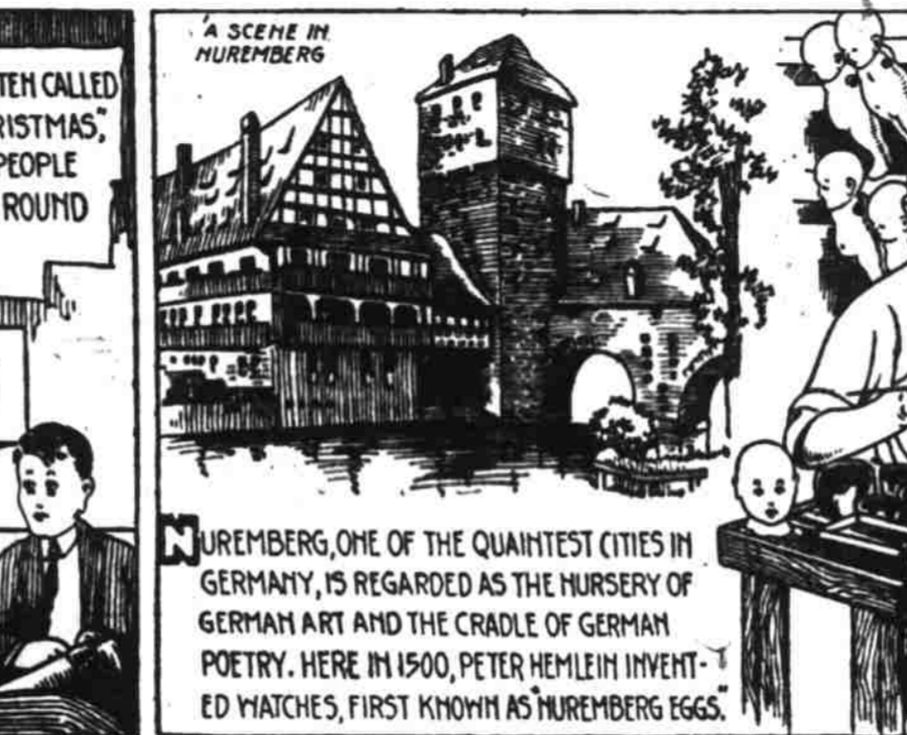
"TELLING TOMMY"

"I wouldn't worry about it, if I were you," he said more gently. "I can understand that you are feeling a bit shaken. We'll talk about it again in a day or two. Since I saw you last, I've done a bit of ferretting, and I'm more than ever convinced that it is a long way from being the wild-cat scheme you thought it. In fact, in many respects it's not as wild as the job I went to in Mexico."

Kelton brightened considerably. "May we leave it, then, that I talk it over with Shirley and come and look you up when I've got our plans fixed?"

Alan agreed. He moved towards the door, but Kelton intercepted him.

"Brennaway, there's just one thing I—I hardly like to ask—it's darned cheek on my part, but in



MUREMBERG, GERMANY IS OFTEN CALLED 'THE VILLAGE OF ALWAYS CHRISTMAS', TOMMY, BECAUSE SO MANY PEOPLE THERE ARE BUSY THE YEAR ROUND MAKING CHRISTMAS TOYS.

MUREMBERG, ONE OF THE QUANTEST CITIES IN GERMANY, IS REGARDED AS THE NURSERY OF GERMAN ART AND THE CRADLE OF GERMAN POETRY. HERE IN 1500, PETER HEMLEIN INVENTED WATCHES, FIRST KNOWN AS MUREMBERG EGGS.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK NUREMBERG FOLKS STAND AT THE HEAD OF THE CLASS IN TOY MAKING? WELL, THEY GET PAID IN GOOD MARKS, DON'T THEY?

MUREMBERG FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS HAS BEEN THE CENTER OF THE GERMAN TOY-MAKING INDUSTRY, ESPECIALLY THE FAMOUS TIN SOLDIERS, AND EVERY KIND OF TOY MADE OF WOOD OR METAL. MUCH OF THE WORK IS DONE IN HOMES WHERE SOMETIMES FOUR GENERATIONS' BUSY FINGERS MAKE READY SANTAS PAK.



POLLY AND HER PALS

"What about Macedonia?" Kelton shifted in his chair.

"Yes, I've been thinking about that. What sort of a hole is it?"

"Pretty rough," answered Alan.

"And in the summer time at any rate no place at all for a woman. It presents too many risks. You certainly couldn't take your wife with you."

"And you could hardly count on getting anything done out there between now and the end of June," continued Alan.

"No—probably not," said Kelton thoughtfully. "It would be a week or two before I could start in any case. I shall have to settle this Randon libel business. By the way, we've had a reply this morning. He's taken it all back."

"Of course. He hadn't a leg to stand on," said Alan and waited pointedly.

"Now to get back to this question of Macedonia," began Kelton, and stopped there.

"Yes?" prompted Alan.

"I must consult Shirley about it. I—I hadn't thought of it quite in that light. I'm afraid I've begun by rather fooling with it, but during the last forty-eight hours I don't know—it's been very difficult to concentrate my attention on anything. It seems absurd—but in a way—I feel more upset than I was two days ago. It takes some realizing, you



AIN'T THAT A SIGHT FER SORIE EYES, SUSIE? I EXPECT YOU KNOW THAT COUSIN CARRIE'LL RAISE THE OLE HARRY IF SHE EVER FINDS OUT, PAW!

SHE AINT GOT A CHANCE, MAW. LOOK! HMM! SHE DONT SEEM T'NOTICE ANYTHING, DOES SHE? HEH! HEH! THEY AINT NUTHIN' FER HER TO NOTICE!

OLE SANTY CLAUS AINT A MATTER OF 'SEEVIN' NO, SIR! HE'S A CASE OF 'BELIEVIN' IS SEEVIN'!

PAINTING ROSY CHEEKS ON FUTURE 'HAPPY ANNS' AND BELIEFS FOR LITTLE GIRLS ALL OVER THE WORLD



TILLIE, THE TOILER

WHY SO SAD, TILLIE? WHAT'S THAT, A BILL? NO, A LETTER FROM MR. AVERY

GREAT SCOTT! HE SAYS HE CAN'T GET AN ORDER FOR US. WHY, THAT BIRD TOLD ME HE COULD SELL BICYCLES TO ALPINE CLIMBERS

THE TROUBLE WITH US IS WE HAVEN'T ADVERTISED

THAT'S RIGHT, BUT ADVERTISING IS EXPENSIVE

WHY DON'T YOU TALK OVER THE RADIO AND MAYBE WE'LL GET ENOUGH ORDERS TO PAY FOR THE BROADCASTING

THAT'S A THOUGHT—YOU AND MISS KLUNKER HAVE A DEBATE ON THE LONG DRESS IN BUSINESS SPONSORED BY JONES WHIPPLE AND CO.

GREAT! AND WE'LL LET THE PUBLIC DECIDE



Long vs. Short

By RUSS WESTOVER



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

ALL THE SPEED OF THE SPEEDY LITTLE ROADSTER FAILED TO OVERCOME THE SEVENTEEN-MINUTE HANDICAP AND THE KIDNAPERS' CAR WAS LOST IN TRAFFIC WHEN THEY REACHED THE CITY.

AFTER REPORTING TO HEADQUARTERS PADDY O'FLINN'S NEXT TROUBLE WAS OF HOME

DEAR, OH, DEAR—WHEN THE NEIGHBOR WOMAN THAT HELPED ME HOME TOLD ME SHE SAW PADDY O'FLINN HOP ON THE BACK OF THE KIDNAPERS' CAR I WAS HOPIN' AN' PRAYIN' YOU'D BRING LITTLE ANNIE BACK TO ME—

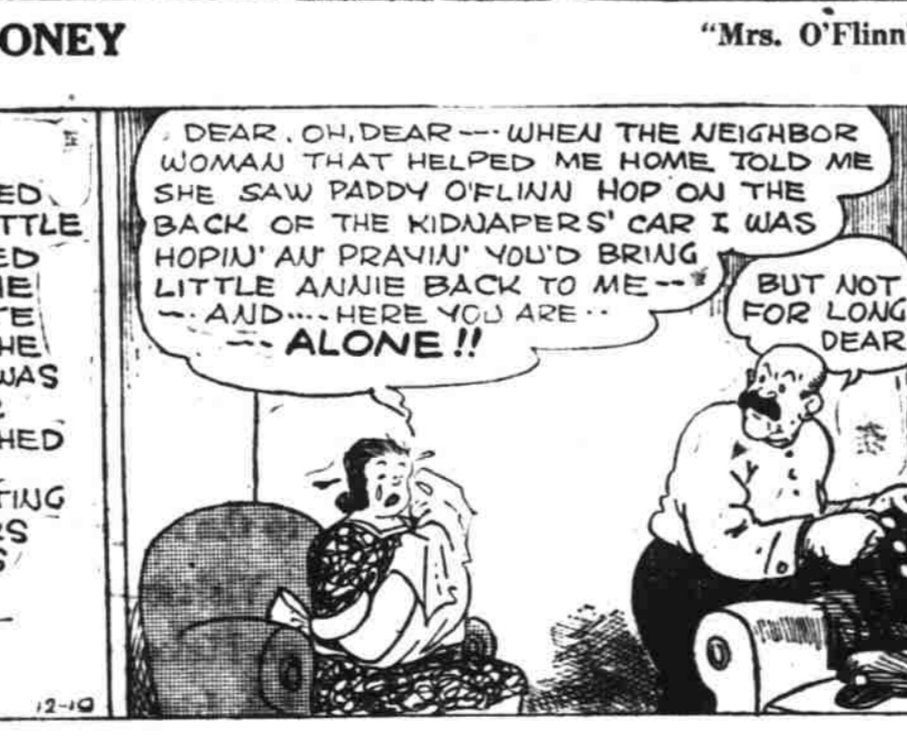
AUD—HERE YOU ARE— ALONE!!

NOW, NOW, DARLIN'—DON'T TAKE ON LIKE THAT—JUST LET ME CHANGE INTO PLEIN CLOTHES AN' I'LL SOON HAVE ANNIE BACK HERE!

—THEN BE QUICK ABOUT IT—EVERY MINUTE SHE'S IN THEIR TREACHEROUS HANDS SHE'S IN DANGER!!

NOW, DON'T FAIL, PADDY! ALL OUR LIVES WE'VE SPEAT CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CHICK OR CHILD—I'VE DONE SO MUCH PLANNING AND SHOPPING AND DREAMING ABOUT THIS CHRISTMAS— WITH HER HERE— PLEASE DON'T FAIL!

I'LL HAVE ANNIE BACK HOME BEFORE CHRISTMAS SURE AS GUNS!



Mrs. O'Flinn's Christmas Gift

By BEN BATSFORD



TOOTS AND CASPER

THAT SPEED COP HAD HIS NERVE TO ARREST YOU JUST FOR SPEEDING, COLONEL HOOFER!

MAYBE HE GOT SORE BECAUSE I TOLD HIM TO GO CATCH SOME BURGULARS, TOOTS! MY WIFE AND I HAD A SCRAP BEFORE I PUT HER ON THE TRAIN AND I WAS IN A BAD MOOD!

MY TRIAL COMES UP SATURDAY AND I'M KINDA NERVOUS ABOUT IT, CASPER! I S'POSSE THEY'LL LET ME OFF WITH A SMALL FINE!

DON'T BE TOO SURE, COLONEL! YOU MAY GET A FEW MONTHS IN JAIL! AT ANY RATE I HOPE SO! YOU'D LOOK SWELL IN BLUE DENIMS! PERSONALLY I'LL NEVER GASS A COP LIKE YOU DID BECAUSE I'VE BEEN THE JAIL!

I'M NOT CRAZY ABOUT THIS BURG ANYWAY, AND IF I THOUGHT I'D GET A JAIL SENTENCE I'D BEAT IT RIGHT NOW, AND THEY'D NEVER CATCH ME!

WHAT!

LET ME OUT! UNLOCK THE DOOR!!

DRY UP! I'M NOT GOING TO LOSE THE \$500 BAIL I PUT UP FOR YOU IF I CAN HELP IT! YOU'LL STAY IN THAT CLOTHES CLOSET UNTIL SATURDAY!!



"Casper Turns Jailer"

By JIMMY MURPHY



Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

By EUGENE SHEPHER

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								42	43	44
45					46				47		
					49				50		
51					52				53		

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1—hurled
 - 5—soar
 - 8—exclamation used to frighten cats
 - 12—low female voice
 - 13—falsity
 - 14—manufactured
 - 15—pedal digit
 - 16—dispatched
 - 17—Persia
 - 18—town in Tennessee
 - 20—newspaper paragraphs obtained
 - 22—woody plant
 - 23—cover with new
 - 26—enemy
 - 27—at present
 - 30—imitated severely
 - 31—short sleep
 - 32—existed
 - 33—equip
 - 34—secular capsule
 - 35—student in a military academy
 - 36—predatory incursion
 - 38—brownish color
 - 39—sedate
 - 41—one's
- VERTICAL**
- 3—boil slowly
 - 4—towards
 - 5—speedy
 - 6—any
 - 7—nevertheless
 - 8—strike with sudden force
 - 9—healed over
 - 10—first man
 - 11—units in the decimal system
 - 16—two-masted
 - 19—growth old
 - 20—wry
 - 22—summit
 - 23—exclude
 - 24—ornament at spire
 - 25—debased
 - 26—hobby
 - 28—crude
 - 29—moist
 - 31—incline the head
 - 32—decline gradually
 - 34—jumble
 - 35—head
 - 37—states emphatically
 - 38—domestically raised
 - 39—decrease
 - 40—assured by force
 - 41—heap
 - 42—builder of the Ark
 - 43—definite portion of duration
 - 44—vehicle on rumble
 - 46—smear lightly
 - 50—doctor of science (abbr.)
- Herewith is the solution of yesterday's puzzle.
- MOMENT BLOATS**
AMEN ERA BOBOL
RET SNAKE ELL
ENABLE ELATED
GO TWEETS LET
ARC SNARE DOE
BEAR TROPE EN
POP SPORT
STEWED IDEATE
TAR TRACE PER
ARES ALA HERO
REDEEN LEARNS