

# "MASTER of MONEY"

BY ROY VICKERS

## CHAPTER XII.

Marriage, she would admit to herself, was pleasant and even interesting. She had expected to find it absorbing and the plain fact was that it was not absorbing.

Sitting at breakfast some few days after their arrival she looked across the table at Roger glancing through his paper. She herself had suggested some weeks ago that he should read the paper at breakfast, but had been startled at the grateful eagerness with which he had adopted the suggestion.

"Roger," he looked up. "Tell me quite frankly—it won't hurt—do I look a fright in the morning?" Roger smiled indulgently. "You ask that because you have just come to the conclusion that you think you must be less interesting than the newspaper."

"As a matter of fact," she answered gravely. "I was more or less serious. Of course, I don't really think I look a fright, but—"

"Lovely child! Can't you understand that I simply dare not take any notice of you in the morning or I would never go to the office!" That, thought Shirley, was very pleasant. It meant nothing, but it was good love manners. Alan, for instance, could not have said that to save his life. That reflection made her add:

"I wrote to Alan the day before yesterday and told him we were there."

"Did you?" he echoed, and she saw that he was displeased. "Jealous?" she taunted.

"Yes, darling, jealous of every man that breathes, with the possible exception of Alan Brenaway. But—need we invariably keep him posted on all of our movements?"

"Shirley perceived that there was something behind the remark, and being inexperienced in wifehood dressed the matter."

"Out with it," she challenged. "He mimicked non-understanding."

"You've got something against Alan," she elucidated. "When I made that arrangement with Mr. Clifford about taking his place you were pleased. But when I pointed out afterward that Alan was staying a few miles away, you became suddenly grumpy. Wouldn't it be rather a good idea to get to the bottom of it, now that we are talking about it?"

Roger tossed away the paper. "I've no objection whatever to Brenaway," he said precisely. "I think he is one of the best fellows alive and I'm very glad he's your particular friend. But—if there is something that is fidgeting me—it has nothing to do with his personality."

"Fidgeting you?" she echoed. "It's one of those things that—"

he broke off—"well—they hardly exist when one tries to put them into words yet they rattle you. It's difficult to be clear. You remember we agreed that we would make it a cast-iron rule that I should not gossip to you about shop. Once you begin with an interesting little item that seems of no importance, where are you going to end?"

"I don't know where you're going to end," said Shirley coldly. "But you've begun by suggesting that you've got professional knowledge of something against Alan."

"Nothing of the kind! . . . Oh well, I shall have to give you the substance of it." He waited for her assurance but she gave none. "Some weeks before we were married—shortly after his return—Brenaway came to my office. My father used to act for his father and I believe the firm has done a little business for him. Of course he's a big man now with—"

many ramifications. He wanted me to go to Macedonia."

"What for?"

"In connection with a mining scheme he is interested in. As a matter of fact my own father was interested in it, too. It would mean my being out there at least six months—it's a dog's hole of a country. Besides—we were going to get married, so naturally I wasn't keen."

There was a note of petulance in his voice that mystified her. "But he could easily have found another lawyer. Why didn't you just thank him and remind him about me?"

"For a moment he did not answer. "It wasn't quite as simple as you seem to imagine," he said defensively. "To begin with, Brenaway believes a good deal in that mine and I don't."

"He knows all about mines." "The mine may be all right but there are difficulties in the way that I should have to overcome—negotiating with the government, and so on. Of course it was awfully decent of him to give me the opportunity—at least, he believed it was. I don't think there is anything in my fortune, well—after all it isn't my job to negotiate with comic-opera governments. You see, in the special circumstances—well, he's your old friend, and all that, I did not like to give him an outright 'no.'"

"Do you mean that you said 'yes'?" prompted Shirley.

"Upon my word, I don't know whether I said 'yes'—unquestionably. Shirley noticed that he was floundering—trying to carry the situation with a show of frankness. "But you know what a forceful chap he is. At the time, I may have been led to think a good deal more of the project than I now think after much consideration."

The word "forceful" lingered. She had never thought of Alan as strong and reliable—a man who would always know whether he had said yes or no and abide by his word.

"We left it that I should let him know when you and I had made our plans. There's nothing in it, of course—I mean nothing that would get rattled about, but he is such a forceful chap."

"Why didn't you tell me about all this before?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know—ones doesn't talk about such things on one's honeymoon."

"It affects our plans. If you have got to be away for six months, why have we come here? What's the use of our making plans for Vermont?"

"Of course there is that side of it, which I admit I hadn't considered. Perhaps I ought to have mentioned it before. But let's leave that, dearest. Do you want me to go to Macedonia?"

Shirley smiled without mirth. She had already noticed the tendency of her husband to flinch from a direct question about his own conduct. She was familiar, too, with his trick of attempting to disarm criticism by blaming himself. Nevertheless, she did not want him to go to Macedonia. Alan should have had more sense than to offer him a job like that. "I don't see how you can," she said impatiently. "We made a good start at Southampton and if we are not going to follow it up—"

"That's just exactly what I feel about it," said Roger fervently. "Apart from the fact that I don't believe that I should be able to pull it off when I get there—as you say, it would spoil everything—my going away just now."

"I suppose I should come with you if you were to go!"

"Oh, no. He made that quite clear. It's a hopeless country for an American woman."

"Well, that would complicate matters still further. I can't think why Alan should have suggested it. If you would rather not tell him you can't do it, I'll tell him for you!"

"It's lovely of you to offer," he answered. "But, my dear little girl, it would be absolutely fatal. If I have not literally betrayed a client's confidence, I have discussed part of his affairs with you. It would ruin me."

"What nonsense! Alan wouldn't mind when it's only me." Keltton was unexpectedly agitated.

"He may be a very old friend of yours, but I can't take liberties with him on that account," he stammered. "I don't say that he would take vengeful measures, but I would lose caste in his eyes—and you wouldn't have that, would you, dearest?"

Shirley did not answer. She had divined enough of the negotiations to be quite sure that Roger had already lost caste with Alan.

Instantly she veered round in defense of her husband. Alan was much, much older, and he certainly had a bullying manner. He bullied you when he liked you, when he was only meaning to be pleasant.

"I'd forget all about it, if I were you, Roger. I should think Alan probably has by now." She rose from the table. I'm going to see about that paneling this morning. I probably shan't get back in time for lunch. You'd better not come back, either."

"The paneling, oh, yes! For the dining room," said Keltton, relieved at the chance of subject. "By the way, the estimate was a bit stiff, wasn't it?"

"It was under a thousand dollars," Roger stared down at his empty plate. Then he got up and lit a cigarette. (To be continued tomorrow.)

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## Mushrooms Have a Place in Holiday Menus

But an ounce is all one needs for most purposes. Soaked overnight the dried mushrooms swell in bulk a good deal. When buying the dried variety, be sure to select the clean, well-shaped variety that come on a string. Dealers in foreign delicacies usually have them. Sometimes they come in large cans, and these they are mixed up with the stems and the less perfect mushrooms. These require washing in several cold waters to make sure they are thoroughly clean. The whole caps, bought on a string, need less washing.

**Dried Mushroom Soup.**  
1 ounce of dried mushrooms  
2 quarts of cold water  
2 cupsful of milk  
2 tablespoonfuls of butter  
2 tablespoonfuls flour  
1/2 cupful of cream  
1 teaspoonful of salt  
Soak the dried and washed mushrooms in two quarts of water overnight. Cook slowly in the same water for four hours, until the mushrooms are tender. Then remove the mushrooms from the liquid and chop them. Return to the mushroom liquid and heat together. Dissolve the flour in the cold milk, add to the liquid, then add the seasoning and serve.

**Mushroom Sauce.**  
1 ounce of dried mushrooms  
1 quart of cold water  
1 teaspoonful of onion juice  
1 cupful of hot milk  
1 tablespoonful of butter  
2 tablespoonfuls of flour  
1/2 teaspoonful of salt  
Wash the mushrooms, soak them overnight and cook until tender in the same water as soaked. Remove the mushrooms when tender and chop them. Use only one cupful of the mushroom liquid for each cupful of milk for a thick sauce. (Set aside the rest of the juice for soup.) Cream the butter and flour together, add the hot milk and mushroom juice and boil 10 minutes, then add other seasonings.

This mushroom sauce is an excellent accompaniment to meat, fish or vegetable. Poured over creamed or mashed potatoes it is an excellent substitute for meat flavor. Or it may be poured over a baked fish during baking or served separately. If this sauce is used with fish, a teaspoonful of lemon juice should be added.

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## Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS

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## "TELLING TOMMY"

WELL, TOMMY, WHEN WE LOOK UP THE FAMILY TREE OF OLD SANTA CLAUS WE HAVE TO TRAVEL BACK TO THE SIXTH OF DECEMBER, 326 A.D., TO THE LITTLE TOWN OF MYRA, IN LUCIA.

SAINT NICHOLAS

SENTATIVE OF AN ANCIENT BISHOP OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, ST NICHOLAS, THE BISHOP OF MYRA, WHOSE CELEBRATION DATES FROM THE FOURTH CENTURY.

SANTA CLAUS 1929 SPORT MODEL

WELL SOMEHOW I'M A LOT MORE INTERESTED IN WHAT SANTA PUTS ON OUR CHRISTMAS TREE THAN I AM IN HIS FAMILY TREE.

## POLLY AND HER PALS

WHAT'S THIS, A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS? THE VERY, IDEA!

I'M SURPRISED AT A GREAT BIG GIRL YOUR AGE, INDULGING IN SUCH NONSENSE!

P-S-T! HONEY, DON'T CRY, LOOK!

HEH! HEH! HEH!

HEH! HEH! HEH!

## TILLIE, THE TOILER

NOTICE NEXT WEEK TILLIE JONES AND SALLY KLINKER WILL DEBATE OVER THE RADIO ON THE LONG DRESS IN BUSINESS

THIS DEBATE IDEA OF MINE IS GOING TO BE A GREAT ADVERTISING SCHEME, MRS. JONES—MISS KLINKER, OUR NEW STENOGRAPHER IS A SHORT DRESS—CRANK, SHE WOULDN'T WEAR A LONG DRESS ON A BET

WHO IS GOING TO PAY FOR THE RADIO ADVERTISING?

LET'S GO, MR. WHIPPLE, WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE DANCE

OH-OH—SALLY KLINKER IN A LONG DRESS—SEEING RIGHT?

## LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

HEY, TAXI—TAKE ME OUT TO THE SOUTH SIDE CAR BARRIS, QUICK!

AW—RIGHT—HOP IN!!

TURN RIGHT AT THE NEXT CORNER AND GET ON THE OLD SOUTH ROAD—

—AND NOW, STEP ON IT—AND KEEP RIGHT ON GOING TILL YOU COME TO THE PLACE YOU LEFT THAT LITTLE GIRL YOU KIDNAPED!!

—AND IF YOU MAKE ONE FALSE MOVE IT'LL BE YOUR LAST!

## TOOTS AND CASPER

THE DAY HAS ARRIVED WHEN COLONEL HOOPER MUST FACE THE COURT TO ANSWER CHARGES OF SPEEDING AND SASSING AN OFFICER OF THE LAW!

COLONEL HOOPER WAS DOING SIXTY, YOUR HONOR! HE REFUSED TO STOP WHEN I MOTIONED HIM OVER TO THE CURB, AND I HAD TO CHASE HIM FOR FIVE MILES TO CATCH HIM—HE BECAME VERY IMPUDENT WHILE I WAS WRITIN' HIM OUT A TICKET—HE SAID HE'D TAKE IT UP WITH THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS!

HOOPER? HOOPER? THE NAME SOUNDS FAMILIAR!

YES, YOUR HONOR, MY NAME IS DAN HOOPER, AND I HAIL FROM KANSAS CITY, BUT HOW DID YOU GUESS IT? BY JOVE, I'VE BEEN YOU BEFORE SOMEPLACE—LET ME THINK!

WHY, DANNY, YOU OLD SEA-LION, THIS IS A PLEASANT SURPRISE! I'M GERALD DUFFINGTON! DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME? I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE WE WERE KIDS TOGETHER! SHAKE!

THEY GAVE ME MY \$500.00 BAIL MONEY BACK, SO THEY CAN HAVE YOU NOW FOR ALL I CARE, DANNY! I'M SURPRISED THE JUDGE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU AT FIRST—ONE LOOK AT YOUR MUG AND NOBODY SHOULD EVER FORGET IT!

## 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	58	59	60
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72
73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84

- HORIZONTAL.**
- 1—shortage
  - 7—like, but not completely identical
  - 13—at all times
  - 34—manifest disfavor
  - 16—hollow cut
  - 17—ball batted or thrown with force horizontally
  - 39—being a unit
  - 20—have a sloping edge
  - 31—find the sum of
  - 22—fuss
  - 24—past
  - 26—119.6 square yards
  - 27—you
  - 28—space easily traversed
  - 29—foray
  - 31—near
  - 32—clamor
  - 35—hurl
  - 37—male deer
  - 38—jollity
  - 41—dregs
  - 43—definite article
  - 44—falsehood
  - 45—cutting instrument
  - 46—to countenance
  - 48—concocts
  - 50—a fixed period of time
- VERTICAL.**
- 1—retard
  - 2—obvious
  - 3—hard off
  - 4—fury
  - 5—on the supposition that
  - 6—move along in numbers
  - 7—administer legal oath to
  - 8—within
  - 9—freeze
  - 10—melted
  - 11—ordinary
  - 12—leave again
  - 15—ahead
  - 18—rodents
  - 20—bubble up
  - 23—long deep incision
  - 28—perceived with the eye
  - 30—instrument for opening a
  - 33—very thin and broad piece
  - 35—coupled; linked
  - 38—earthy deposit used as fertilizer
  - 46—high
  - 58—grassy field
  - 70—has existence
  - 72—light evening or afternoon meal
  - 74—exist
  - 75—forward
- Herewith is the solution to yesterday's puzzle.
- MAB RIBAT TOW**  
**DRYDEN PHRASE**  
**RID FRIAR**  
**GOOD LAIN NAP**  
**ERN FOIL LIDO**  
**RE LEAR BESET**  
**M LINDBERGH O**  
**ADAMS ARES EN**  
**NINE SNOSE SEA**  
**YET YAKS TIALC</**