

"MASTER of MONEY"

BY ROY VICKERS



"He told me to put \$25,000 in Corto Bellas and sell when they went to fifty-eight."

CHAPTER XV

"I know what's wrong with these curtains now," she said. "When this light is thrown upwards—"

"It's a funny thing, dearest, that you didn't seem to realize I wanted Cynaz to myself for a minute or two," he interrupted.

"I know you did—and I was afraid you'd succeed," said Shirley, still maneuvering with lights. "He told me to put \$25,000 in Corto Bellas and sell when they went to fifty-eight."

"Did he, by jove!" exclaimed Roger. "Half a second!" He went to the paper rack and picked up an evening paper. He found the financial page and then: "Good heavens, they're at forty-eight!" he exploded.

"I'm afraid that's lost on me," said Shirley. "I can only repeat what he said. Corto Bellas—fifty-eight. I've been repeating it to myself."

Kelton felt his pulses beating. It was well-known that Cynaz did not give dud tips. Forty-eight—fifty-eight. He dropped the paper and turned to Shirley.

"You clever little darling! I had no idea that that lovely head could hold stock market jargon, but of course I watched you once or twice and could see that you had absolutely knocked him. . . . What were you saying about those curtains?"

"It doesn't matter." Shirley drifted about the room still occupied, apparently, with the lights. Some of them shone up into her face as she bent over them, others sprang up at her touch behind screens of silk or porcelain and poured their shaft

of radiance down upon her. Never had her beauty cried out to him as it did now, tonight. . . .

"It she a cross little girl tonight?"

"Don't be silly, Roger. When I am tired it doesn't necessarily mean that I'm bad tempered. I haven't had enough exercise lately. I shall start riding again tomorrow."

So matter-of-fact was her tone that his face tingled, as though she had slapped it. He felt his temper rising. . . . He checked it. Absurd to quarrel after such a markedly successful venture. A queer bird, Cynaz. Five thousand bought at forty-eight—

His pursuit of Shirley forgotten, Roger became engrossed with a pencil and pad. When she left the room he did not follow her.

His calculations were of the simplest nature. They did not really require a pencil. Twenty-five thousand dollars in Corto Bellas if he bought at forty-eight and sold at fifty-eight would yield a profit of five thousand two hundred odd dollars. That would be very useful for current expenses but it would be no kind of use for the purpose of reducing Alan Brenaway's impudence.

It followed that \$250,000 in Corto Bellas similarly bought would yield a profit of fifty-two thousand dollars. That would be a very reasonable instalment off Brenaway's loan.

He pictured himself handing Brenaway a check on account for say, fifty thousand dollars. There would be no brusquerie; he would, in fact, impart just a little touch of the grand seigneur. The whole incident would serve as a lesson

in delicacy to Brenaway. He would convey that the mere handing over of part of the money in no way diminished his sense of gratitude for Brenaway's signal service.

His mind went off at a tangent. For a moment his emotional being caught the echo of that ecstasy of gratitude he had felt the day Brenaway had come to his rescue.

Looked at over a stretch of twelve crowded weeks, the incident took on a queer hue of unreality. He could not quite remember the sequence of events. He could remember only a mad moment when Alan Brenaway was giving him, as he thought, a half million dollars. He himself had been in a highly emotional state. There had been something dramatic about Brenaway's action which had seemed convincing

then. But now—

"I wonder why he did it?"

"Out of friendship for himself? But friendship could not explain all the hectoring about Macedonia and his personal expenditure."

"I believe he was carried away by the drama of the moment. He felt that he must rise to the occasion. He has had his little hour of glory and now he wants his money back. He intends to make himself a thorough nuisance if he doesn't get it."

His mind still dwelt on that 12 weeks old interview with Alan Brenaway. Odd how memory became blurred by intense emotion! What exactly had been said by Brenaway and what by himself about that impossible Macedonian project. He could remember only isolated fragments of the scene. At one point he had shown Brenaway the list of clients whose securities the firm had held.

"By Jove! When he saw that list, Brenaway must have spotted Shirley's name. Must have! So that in helping me, Brenaway may really only have been concerned to help Shirley. . . . No, wait a bit!"

Roger had the sensation of being on the verge of an important discovery.

"Let's work it out. . . . Brenaway is keen on Shirley. He finds that she is going to lose \$200,000. To prevent her doing that he paid up a half million. Rather an expensive and roundabout way of setting to work! But he is enormously rich. It's as if I had dropped a hundred or two to save her from a crushing disappointment."

He whistled softly.

"Brenaway then found that we were engaged. That must have been a bitter pill to swallow. No wonder he is sore and wants to make himself as objectionable as possible. No wonder he wants me to go out there and mop up one of those tropical diseases. That puts Machiavelli amongst the amateurs."

Suddenly he was angry, with a primitive emotional anger that made his breath come in gasps. Brenaway had his eye on Shirley when he was going through that sickening pantomime of friendship. And as for the Macedonian business, Brenaway had merely mentioned it in the first instance to cover his real motive. He pretended that he was making more or less of an investment when really he was making Shirley a

present of the money.

"He made a half-hearted attempt to get me to go out there before we were married. Macedonian developments was a bit of luck for him. It turned out to be useful to him after all. Lord, how he must have laughed when I told him that I was grateful. . . . He's had all the laugh he's going to get out of this particular trick."

(To be continued tomorrow.)

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"TELLING TOMMY"



POLLY AND HER PALS



"A Sincere Wish"



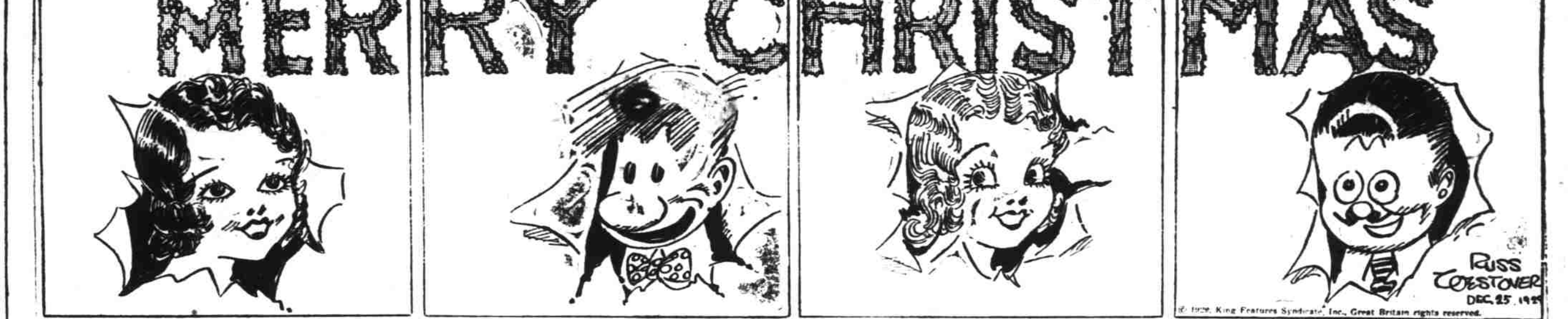
By CLIFF STERRETT



TILLIE, THE TOILER

"Greetings From the Happy Hour"

By RUSS WESTOVER



By BEN BATSFORD



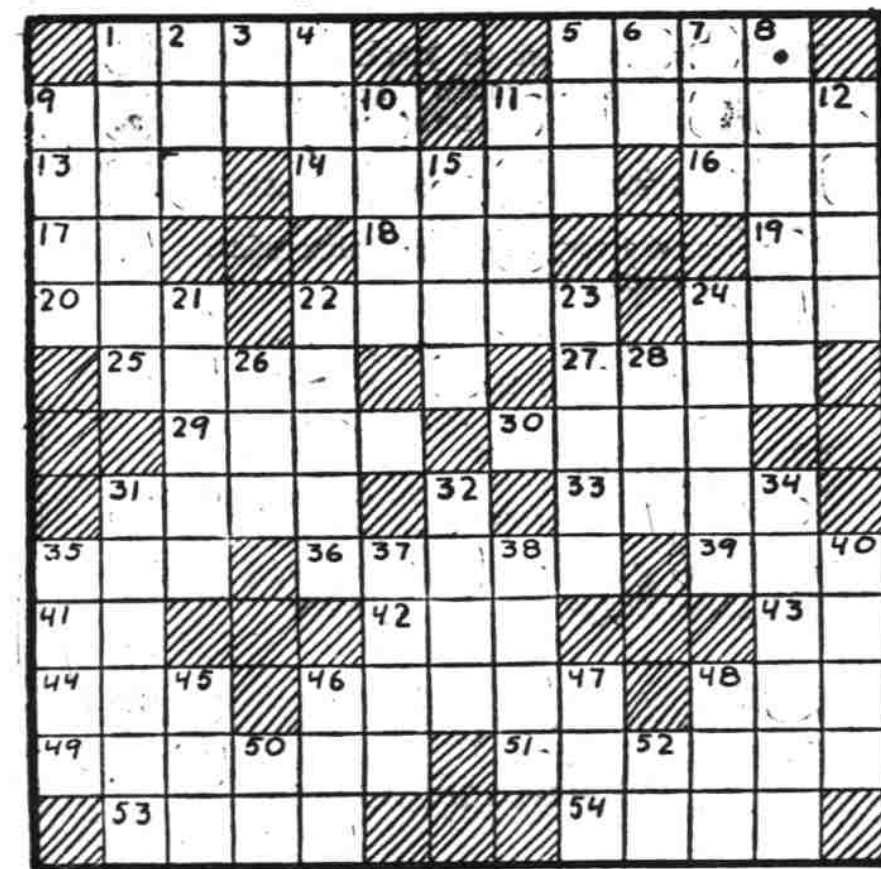
By JIMMY MURPHY



By JIMMY MURPHY

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

By EUGENE SHEPHER



- HORIZONTAL**
- inclined runway
 - West Indian plant
 - any occult or mystic system
 - loves
 - nucleated egg shells
 - cede
 - New Zealand parrot
 - Egyptian deity
 - obstruct
 - William (abbr.)
 - incite
 - ancient Hebrew coin
 - breach
 - ardor
 - comply with
 - kingdom in S. E. Asia
 - smile broadly
 - prepare for publication
 - pace
 - salutation
 - collar
 - highest point
- VERTICAL**
- river in Italy
 - congealed water
 - towards
 - piece out
 - egg shaped
 - under-mine
 - make fun of
 - decorated
 - duration
 - city in Nevada
 - despoil
 - sheeless Arabian garment
 - mother
 - work at steadiness
 - join
 - negative
 - afflict with vexation
 - a falling behind
 - a set course
 - heart of anything
 - officer in attendance on a monarch
 - Egyptian singing girl
 - hulled Indian corn
 - deserve
 - clearing in a wood
 - small two-winged flies having many-jointed antennae
 - equine quadruped
 - civet-like animal
 - keel-billed cuckoo
 - seized with the teeth
 - called to
 - semi-nocturnal rodent of Central America
 - edible tuber
 - imitated
 - refuse executive approval
 - supreme head of the Roman Catholic Church
 - epoch
 - lyric poem
 - mistake
 - river in Poland
 - center pronoun
 - symbol for neon

Herewith is the solution to yesterday's puzzle.

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