

"MASTER of MONEY" BY ROY VICKERS

CHAPTER XVIII.

"You have no sense," she said, "Please believe me, Brenaway, that I can make arrangements, with the details of which I will not trouble you, that will at least enable me to put my great indebtedness to you on some sort of systematic footing."

Another rehearsed speech, thought Alan. It was all monstrous nonsense, of course. If Kelton could get money anywhere he could only get it from a money-lender. There was that other way of course, the way his father had taken.

And that was the way he would go sooner or later unless he were stopped. For Shirley's sake he must be stopped before it was too late. . . . Alan jerked round to another aspect of the situation. "Have you said Shirley that she can't have seven and a half per cent?"

"Really, Brenaway!" Kelton flushed. "I have not told her, I have had no time."

"Shirley thinks your joint income is over \$20,000 a year. It is in place is over a thousand less. Look at this place. Look at your house in New York."

Kelton made a deprecating noise. The depreciation was not quite an insult, but very nearly.

"I'm afraid Brenaway, there are certain aspects of my private life that I could not hope to explain to you satisfactorily. Believe me, I regret my own miserable inability to make my position clear. I can only ask whether fifty thousand would be acceptable as an earnest endeavor of my intention to make every possible effort to repay you."

Alan pushed aside his untouched liquor.

"Kelton—" he began.

Kelton's lips tightened, his eyebrows went up, his hand closed readily on the handle of the glass. His attitude was as clear as though shouted aloud. He was telling Alan to mind his own business and no one else's.

Alan got up and lit a cigarette.

"I'll be running along," he said. "I have a room to walk before me. No, thanks, don't get a car out; I shall enjoy the air."

"If I may say so, Brenaway, you haven't yet accepted or rejected."

"Oh!" Alan rasped out a laugh. "I accept. With many thanks. . . I'll say good-night, Kelton."

Roger Kelton was a superlatively good shot. A day's shooting was to him more than day's enjoyment; it was a profound psychological reassurance of his superiority over other men. Just as he would return from his sport confident, exultant in his ability to triumph over any obstacle, so in the same way a domestic or business success would send him swinging off with gun and dog, arrogant as a faun in his native forest. . . .

On the day after he had entertained Alan Brenaway to dinner, therefore, Roger rose early, breakfasted alone, shook off the memory of a tiresome wrangle with Shirley who was ostentatiously Brenaway had left without even bidding her good-night, and departed with sandwiches and a full flask into the green depths of the Vermont woods.

Shirley woke about half an hour after he had gone. She had slept badly, harried by dreams of a slip approving yet remote Alan whose face was always turned a little away and whose hands, strangely daintily, played ceaselessly with pearls and diamonds brought from

Mexico. Neither her maid nor the soothing ministrations of her maid nor the prospect of a fruitful day alone could restore her mental poise. By the time she had interviewed her cook, her butler and her chauffeur, her temper was so bad that she was thoroughly ashamed of herself.

"It must be sickness," she told herself feverishly. "Everything is a matter of physical health, really. I must simply exercise myself back into decent condition."

She decided, finally, on a long ride.

Before she had been very long in the saddle, she felt that the worst of the bout was over. Frayed nerves were responding to the magic of wine-keen air and intoxicating speed. . . . The mad gallop ended, she slowed to a walk and let her thoughts wander.

Roger. Marriage. Meeting the right people at the right time. Alan.

She slipped from one disconnected reverie into another. . . . Roger looked at her, often, with open appraisal. When he did that she had to check the revelation she felt. Why? For after all, was only repeating the lesson she herself had taught him. Yet somehow he had made it different.

Her father would never have looked at her like that. Roger made it feel as if they were engaged in some kind of conspiracy, that it was her part to throw dust in the eyes of the men—for money.

The revelation was broken by memories.

With a rush there crowded into her brain all the memories of Roger as she had been to her before their marriage—memories of infinite tenderness. There swept upon her anew the craving she had felt for a spiritual companionship, a vast mutual understanding where no word of love need be spoken, where dress and prettiness and all the physical garnishments of love were unperceived.

There was the dream, too, not of merely scrambling for money but of helping him to some high diplomatic post where his talent could be used to the utmost. For he was talented; he was distinguished, too, in manner and voice and presence. In memory, she staid impersonally his appearance.

Add a little age and gravity and his face might be the face of an ambassador. Take away that hint of shrewdness that had lately come into the mouth, and it was once again the face of her dream-lover to whom her girlhood had stretched glad hands.

Strongly upon her was the sense of crisis. She realized Roger, suddenly, as she had never realized him before. She realized that it was only quite lately that he had got over the feat of marrying her. Shirley could be conceited but she was not vain.

It was without vanity that she realized Roger as carrying off one of the loveliest women in New York, chaperoned by a wealthy and ambitious aunt, and being more than a little overawed by his own achievement.

It was without vanity that she proposed to say to him, "The rules of life that my father and I held are not for you, Roger. They are mastering you, when you should be mastering them. Let us give it all up. Let us drop right out and live in a suburb and give no man the right to think that anything could ever be his that is yours—your—absolutely yours, Roger."

But supposing Roger refused to drop out? She faced it with something like alarm. If she could

neither help him to a career nor delight him only in herself, there remained absolutely nothing that she could give him—and something where in her there still lingered the firm belief that marriage was giving.

"I suppose we shall rub along somehow and make something of it," was the conclusion to which she came. "If only I didn't feel so certain that Roger is incapable! I don't believe he can hold his own with men like Alan—I believe if anything went seriously wrong he would be in a panic—he might even bolt."

He can only keep things going, really, when someone else has done all the rough work for him. . . . Strange, strange, strange that I should love him still!

Back swung the pendulum of her thoughts. She loved Roger. . . . Alan had seemed to acquiesce in

an atmosphere of genial big-brotherliness. This morning he was again the censor, curt and aloof about stocks.

"I'm extremely sorry about Corto Bellas."

"Do you mean that you are sorry that you were rude about them?"

"No. Haven't you seen the paper?"

"What about Corto Bellas?"

"They crashed rather badly yesterday. They are down to fifteen and still falling."

It was annoying thought Shirley chose that particular day to drop. "They go up and down, don't they?" she remarked. "I think Mr. Cynas said they might go down a bit but they would eventually go to fifty-eight."

"They might, I suppose. But—"

Again, Shirley frowned. It was really wearying to be criticized like this at every turn. No wonder poor old Roger found that Alan got on his nerves a bit. Roger was sensitive. Alan was simply—forceful.

"Well, at least, Alan, I must be back to lunch and time is running short. So glad to have seen you!"

(To be continued tomorrow.)

placed the valuation at slightly less than \$65,000,000. Others fixed the valuation at from \$60,000,000 to \$70,000,000.

The hearing opened six weeks ago, was adjourned for three weeks, resumed for a day, then was adjourned again. It was anticipated that the present session, which is expected to last a week or ten days, will complete the hearing.

HEARING CONDUCTED IN POWER RATE CASE

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 27.—(AP)—James W. Carey, rate expert employed by this city, occupied the stand much of today at the public service commission's joint hearing of the city's petition that domestic electric rates be lowered and the Portland Electric Power company's petition that street car tariffs be increased from eight to ten cents. Carey's discussion centered about methods used in determining valuations. He declared that if the Portland Electric Power company's valuation was predicted on a reproduction cost theory it is \$13,000,000 too high. "But if the rate base was worked out on an original cost basis, the valuation should be reduced \$6,500,000," he said. Various valuations of the power company's properties have been submitted at the hearing. Public service commission engineers

SUIT AGAINST GENE TUNNEY ABANDONED

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. 27.—(AP)—Mrs. Katherine King Fogarty, divorcee, of Fort Worth, Texas, and New York City, signed today through her counsel a stipulation that her \$500,000 breach of promise suit against James J. (Gene) Tunney, former heavyweight champion of the world, should be decided in court tomorrow in favor of Tunney.

Cloaked in legal phrasology,

the stipulation set forth that a motion for a judgment on her suit and Tunney's cross-complaint would be unexecuted in superior court in Bridgeport tomorrow, and that an injunction restraining her from ever prosecuting a similar claim should be issued against her. Colonel Lewis Field signed the stipulation for Mrs. Fogarty here today.

Indications that the suit, filed in Bridgeport last May while the former champion was abroad with his wife, the former Polly Lauder, of Greenwich, Conn., was about to collapse, came last Friday when Frank L. Wilder of Mrs. Fogarty's counsel asked the court for permission to quit the case as her representative. After it had been granted he announced receipt of a letter from the woman authorizing a withdrawal of the action.

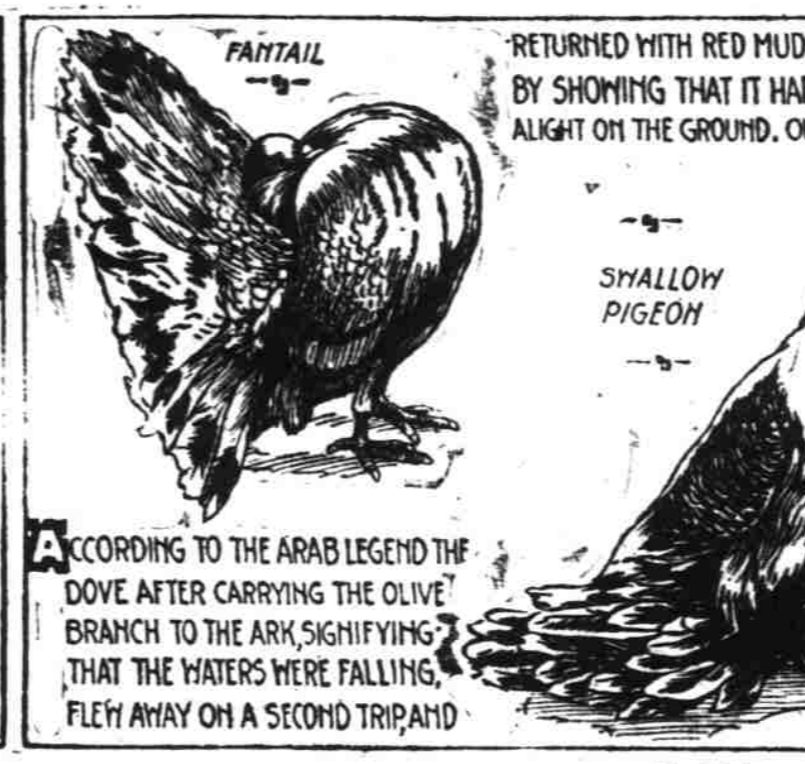
Tunney's counsel, Homer S. Cummings, would not listen to a withdrawal, insisting on a judgment of the merits of the claim. He filed a motion for a judgment which will be argued tomorrow before Judge Carl Foster. If Judge Foster grants the motion, which, in view of the stipulation it seems likely he will, the victory will be Tunney's.

"TELLING TOMMY"

"I wonder why all my pigeons have red feet, daddy?"

"Well, the Arabs have an interesting legend about their red feet, Tommy."

According to the Arab legend the dove after carrying the olive branch to the ark, signifying that the waters were falling, flew away on a second trip and



RETURNED WITH RED MUD ON ITS FEET, THERE BY SHOWING THAT IT HAD BEEN ABLE TO ALIGHT ON THE GROUND, ON ACCOUNT OF THIS

NOAH PRAYED THAT THE FEET OF THESE BIRDS FOREVER CONTINUE TO BE RED AND HIS PRAYER SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN ANSWERED.



POLLY AND HER PALS

"YOU CAN'T FOOL ME," GERTRUDE COUSIN SAMUEL'S ALLOWED YOU TO PLAY WITH ROLLER SKATES, AND HE KNOWS THAT I DISAPPROVE OF TOYS FOR CHILDREN!"

"WHY ER, UH, THE CAT KICKED HER!"

"DON'T YOU DARE DENY IT, SAMUEL! HOW ELSE COULD SHE HAVE BUMPED HERSELF?"

"DON'T MAKE MATTERS WORSE, BY LYING SAMUEL! EVERYONE KNOWS THAT CATS DON'T—"

"KICK!"



TILLIE, THE TOILER

LET ME SAY, THAT IF VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE THEN LET US HAVE LONG SKIRTS FOR A CHANGE. I THANK YOU

AND LAST, BUT NOT LEAST, LET US NOT LOSE OUR WELL-EARNED FREEDOM WHICH SHORT SKIRTS HAVE GIVEN US BY GOING BACK TO THE ANTIQUATED LONG SKIRT. GOOD NIGHT

IF YOU HAVE ANY COMMENTS TO MAKE, SEND THEM TO JONES, WHIPPLE AND CO.

YOU'VE HEARD BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION, (MRS. JONES) I THINK TILLIE'S RIGHT.

I PUT THIS RADIO STUNT OVER. NOW DON'T YOU THINK YOU OUGHT TO PUT SOME MORE MONEY IN THE BUSINESS?

WE'LL TALK IT OVER WHEN TILLIE GETS HOME



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

HORIZONTAL

1—hearken
6—scare
11—solicitude
12—Thibetan
13—not wide
15—judge
17—grinds
18—plunge
19—hat
20—end
21—help
22—nothing but
23—barcheaded
26—ventilated
27—Oriental
28—ratty
32—fossil starfish
36—cannot (contr.)
37—printer's measure
38—piece out
39—aged
40—obese
41—make a set of

VERTICAL

1—extent
2—writing
3—small pie
4—god of Love
5—novel
6—liquid
7—inclined
8—puny
9—spat
10—abounded
11—sole
12—scarce
13—far
15—beast of burden
16—burden
17—belonging to me

24—departed
25—vulnerable
26—skull
28—a letter
29—burn
30—nimbus
31—influence
32—live
34—image
37—lightened
40—festival
41—outer coat
42—give out
43—influence
45—high priest

Herewith is the solution to yesterday's puzzle.

G I N L I O U S M A B
O S B I S P A S O
E L A I N E N A V I E S
T E S E R V I C E A T
H R S N I C E J O
E B R E S E R E D A R N
H O E S E R I P E
D O T L E M O A P A D S
A W S O N G S N P
R E C H A T E A U H A
W A R R E N S I S T E R
I S Y O L E E T
N E W T U N I S I D A



By PIM

By CLIFF STERRETT

By RUSS WESTOVER

By BEN BATSFORD

By JIMMY MURPHY