

# "MASTER OF MONEY" BY ROY VICKERS

CHAPTER XX

He turned on her suddenly. "Oh, don't nag—don't nag! Where d'you suppose I got it from? You're not a child or a fool! Use your common sense!" He drained the brandy in two gulps. He began to bluster. "And I may as well make it clear, Shirley, that I'll stand no reproach. It was from the first, your idea it was to play this game. You forced it on me—I wasn't temperamentally suited to it."

"Don't worry, I'm not going to reproach you."

She was back at the window, quivering with contempt for him. This was what she had married! This! And she could have had Alan Brenaway! At Alan's name there flashed up a fresh bafflement. What had Cynzar meant by dragging Alan's name into it? If Roger had borrowed that fifty thousand from Brenaway, it would be clear enough. But Roger had not borrowed. He had stolen from trust funds. Stolen.

She cried out sharply and he stared up at her. "Now look here, Shirley—" Her words cut across his. "I want to know everything, Roger. Everything. What—how far has Alan Brenaway helped us already?"

The glass he still held fell to the floor and rolled, without breaking, almost to her feet. She was able to take an interest in it, wondering why it had not broken. She had started him considerably. He was stammering and hedging.

"Brenaway? We surely aren't going to discuss Brenaway again, are we? I'm tired of the sound of his name. It's been Brenaway, Brenaway—"

Again she found herself shouting at him.

"Tell me what I want to know, Roger. You shall tell me! How does Alan come into it? Tell me!"

Roger began to laugh. His laugh was high pitched and unpleasant.

"All right, I'll tell you."

"You're raving at me because I've stolen," snarled Roger. "Of course I've stolen. It's not an original idea, to monkey with trust funds. Other men have done it before me. My own father did it for twenty years."

"I don't believe it."

"It's not worth believing. It's so easily verified. My father took roughly five hundred thousand dollars' worth of his clients' money. I inherited the debt and I didn't know what was to become of me. I contemplated suicide."

"Roger!"

"I tried to release you a number of times but I hadn't the strength of will. I wanted you too much. But one of the clients found out and sent a libelous post card to some of the others. Brenaway brought his round to show me and I admitted it was true."

"I was in a pretty desperate state then. He asked me for details and I gave him a list of all the people my father had robbed. Then, to my amazement, he offered to lend me a half million. I wasn't in a position to refuse."

"But why—why should Alan do that? He hardly knew you, why?"

"Again Roger laughed. "Exactly. Why did he do it? Because he saw from that list that I gave him that the firm owned you \$50,000. He did it for your sake, Shirley."

"My God!" gasped Shirley. "You know that he had a certain feeling for me and you let him—"

"No, I didn't know he knew your name at the time when he lent the money. I swear I didn't. You told me he was a friend of yours. I was surprised. It wasn't till just lately that I realized he was—fond of you."

"He asked me to marry him a day or so before we announced our engagement."

"Exactly. And the day after it was announced, Brenaway began bullying me about Macedonia. . . . My father had sunk nearly all the stolen money into some wild-scheme—Macedonian developments. Brenaway took those shares as nominal security, knowing that they were valueless. But after our engagement was announced, he launched a theory that here was a chance to get the money back.

"He demanded—oh, he was perfectly courteous about it at first. He said he suggested that I should go out there at once and mess about with concessions from the government, and so on. I pointed out that I was shortly to be married, when he immediately explained that I must not take you there as it was not safe for an American woman."

"I can't believe it."

"He tried very hard to get me to go before our marriage. When that failed—as you know, he has been trying ever since."

"But why did he want you to go to Macedonia after we were married?"

"My dear girl, you know very little of the ways of men. Have you forgotten the sin of David? That country teems with malaria and leprosy and other diseases and semi-wild populations, bandits and all that kind of thing."

"I can't believe it."

Roger was on his feet. He was helping himself to more brandy. He was laughing and chattering, quite gaily.

"He paid a half million for you, my dear, and got nothing for it. I wish I could have seen his face when he discovered you were engaged to me. And he can whistle for his money back."

"You must go to Macedonia!"

"And leave some other man in charge of my affairs as they are now? Before I'd be gone six weeks, there'd be a warrant out for my arrest. The only thing for me to do now is to play my father's game till the end of my life."

"Suppose Alan finds out—what you've done?"

"Prison. He's bound to be vindictive."

"He couldn't be. It's not in

taken him to Mexico and back; but tonight he was listless.

His physical strength might be returning, but the strength of his soul had gone. Shirley had dragged it away in that moment when she had left him alone with Roger, so that Roger might with insolent finesse, thrust him outside their lives forever.

Alan leaned against the case-work and stared up into the threatening skies. He felt as though their heaviness pressed in literal fact upon every nerve and sinew. His brow long broods, almost snarling. . . . Shirley and her "policy" had won.

The latent manhood in Roger Kelton, that might have proved itself under the spur of toil, had gone down before her bland insistence that accomplishment was a matter of diplomacy.

And—Alan Brenaway—who had wrested a fortune out of the bowels of the earth—had smiled and shrugged and gone down, also in baffled silence. Decidedly Shirley had won.

Alan groaned under the oppression of his thoughts. The storm gathered outside and the air lay unmoving in his room. He would have opened his window, but lab-

stude held him. It imprisoned him. The weight of it was the weight of his failure to find the Shirley-who-might-have-been.

Into this torpor walked the Shirley-who-was. Very pale, very composed; very wet.

"My dear Shirley. What on earth—?"

She stopped in front of him, her eyes lifted steadily to his. She seemed transfixed—an echo of her strange mood on the moon-land that morning; but he sensed her mood now as more definite. If great sinners. She stood before him with rain silvering the gold-silver of her hair.

Her dress was of some heavy, woven silk—kettled, he believed—boisily open at the throat and short in the sleeves and skirt. It appeared to be dry. . . . His gaze traveled down to her feet and discovered high rubber boots. She had a dripping mackintosh over her arm. . . . She said at last: "The rain has started. Alan, I'll just hang my coat up, if I may."

Her voice was harsher than he had ever heard it.

"There's something wrong, Shirley? You look—you sound?"

"I've come to dinner with you."

and potted plants from her many friends.

Christmas decorations at Sacred Heart church this year are very beautiful, greenery, poinsettias and white chrysanthemums being used effectively. The church was crowded for the midnight mass which was held from 12 to 2 o'clock Wednesday morning.

A seven pound daughter was born Christmas day to Mr. and Mrs. Ward Manning at Willamette sanatorium in Salem. It is their first child and she has been named Mary Jane.

John, young son of Mr. and Mrs. George Gent, was riding his kiddie car on the porch at his home Thursday afternoon and he and the car fell off the porch, breaking the little boy's arm.

MURKIN STRONG

SEATTLE, Dec. 30.—(AP)—Although the 1929 championship University of Washington basketball team is a strong favorite to repeat in the northwest division Pacific Coast conference race while hopes January 10, much is expected of the Washington State and Oregon State college aggregation.

## "TELLING TOMMY"

HOW DID JANUARY GET ITS NAME, DADDY?

ITS NAME COMES FROM JANUS, A GOD IN ROMAN MYTHOLOGY. TOMMY JANUS HAD TWO FACES, ONE LOOKING FORWARD, THE OTHER BACKWARD.

FEBRUARY, THE NAME OF THE SECOND MONTH, CAME FROM A WORD MEANING, "TO PURIFY."

MARCH WAS NAMED FOR THE WAR-GOD, MARS.

APRIL COMES FROM A LATIN WORD MEANING TO OPEN.

MAY WAS PROBABLY NAMED AFTER MAIA, THE ROMAN GODDESS OF SPRING.

## "STARTING THE YEAR WITH A BANG"

JANUS THE PATRON DEITY OF MARRIAGE.

JULY WAS NAMED IN HONOR OF JULIUS CAESAR.

AUGUST WAS NAMED IN HONOR OF AUGUSTUS CAESAR.

SEPTEMBER COMES FROM THE LATIN, SEPTEM, MEANING SEVEN. IT WAS ORIGINALLY THE SEVENTH MONTH.

OCTOBER IS FROM THE LATIN WORD FOR EIGHT.

NOVEMBER COMES FROM NOVEM, MEANING NINE.

DECEMBER IS FROM THE LATIN WORD MEANING TEN.

## GOODNESS! JANUS MUST HAVE HAD AN AWFUL TIME WHEN HE WAS A LITTLE BOY. JUST THINK OF HAVING TWO FACES TO WASH!

## POLLY AND HER PALS

DON'T MAKE MATTERS WORSE BY DENYING IT, SAMUEL! I HEARD YOU TELLING GERTRUDE THAT IDIOTIC DRIVEL ABOUT "LITTLE BO PEEP!"

FOR THE LIFE OF ME, I CAN'T THINK OF A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION THIS YEAR!

SAME HERE, POLLY! LET'S FERGIT IT!

YOU AIN'T MAKIN' ONE, THIS YEAR, EITHER, I BELIEVE YOU SAID, PAW!

I'VE CHANGED MY MIND!

RESOLVED—THAT I'M GONNA TAKE ONE GOOD CRACK AT COUSIN CARRIE, IF I HANG FOR IT!

## "It's a Beginning, Anyway"

HAPPY NEW YEAR, TILLIE

SAME TO YOU, MAC, AND IT CERTAINLY MAKES ME HAPPY TO SEE ALL THIS MAIL FROM FRIENDS WHO ARE WITH ME IN THE STAND WE TAKEN FOR THE LONG SKIRTS

DID MISS KLINKER GET ANY MAIL FOR THE SHORT SKIRTS

OH, SURE, BUT NOTHING LIKE WHAT I GOT FOR THE LONG SKIRTS

LISTEN TO THIS, TILLIE—DEAR MISS KLINKER. AFTER HEARING YOUR MARVELOUS TALK FOR THE SHORT SKIRT LAST WEEK OVER THE RADIO, I MUST SAY THAT I AM NOW ONE OF YOUR STRONGEST SUPPORTERS. YOU SURE MADE A HIT WITH ME, AND AS I EXPECT TO BE IN YOUR TOWN SHORTLY, I'LL LOOK YOU UP.

WILLIAM HUNSON

THIS MAY BE THE BEGINNING OF A BEAUTIFUL ROMANCE

WHO KNOWS? THE SHORT SKIRT WAS THE DEATH OF ROMANCE

## By CLIFF STEPKET

## Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

By EUGENE SHEPHER

|    |    |    |    |   |    |    |    |
|----|----|----|----|---|----|----|----|
| 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 |    |    |

HORIZONTAL

1—stir

2—keen-edged blade

3—thirsty

4—river in west Siberia

5—no time

6—liberate

7—till

8—guided

9—alcoholic beverage

10—pertaining to the sun

11—dreary (poetical)

12—cooking utensil

13—withdrawn as from union

14—neuter pronoun

15—civet-like carnivore

16—web-like membrane

17—Supreme Being

18—plunges

19—obstruct

20—article

21—bedices agricultural

22—Biblical pronoun

23—one who would nobody's business

24—distinctions

25—towards

26—finish

27—structure

28—protuberance

29—witty saying

30—wading bird

31—couch

32—large hole in the ground

33—rounded posterior part of the foot

34—Anglo-Indian who has amassed wealth

35—Canada

36—sprays

37—Czar

38—England

39—tears

40—Rye

41—Adam

42—Sieve

43—Ages

44—Mere

45—Hart

46—Evans

47—Not

48—Trenton

49—Shi

50—Ropes

51—Loose

52—Stoned

53—Porter

14—thrust or put suddenly

15—semi-circle

16—ship's diary

17—restrain (archaic)

18—signature

19—signature

20—signature

21—signature

22—signature

23—signature

24—signature

25—signature

26—signature

27—signature

28—signature

29—signature

30—signature

31—signature

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99—signature

100—signature

## TILLIE, THE TOILER

SURE IT'S THE FIRST NEW YEAR'S EVE I'VE SPENT AT HOME SINCE I WENT ON THE FORCE—IT'S A GREAT NIGHT FOR REVELLERS, BUT A WEARY ONE FOR US POOR COPS.

I THINK COPS'RE SWELL!—LOTTA SAYS THINK IT'S REAL SMART TO SNEER AT COPS—BUT YOU NOTICE WHEN THEY YELL FOR WHEN TROUBLE COMES!!

FAITH, AGGIE, THIS STEW MAKES ME FEEL SORRY FOR THE POOR MILLIONAIRES WHO HAVE NOTHING TO EAT EXCEPT CAVIAR AND GUAN QUAIL ON TOAST—YOU MUST HAVE TRADED YOUR COOK-BOOK FOR ALADDIN'S LAMP!

WHEN THEY HAD IT FINISHED—AND IT CALLED IT "IRELAND!"

## "Free Speech"

NEW YEAR'S EVE ONLY COMES ONCE A YEAR, BUT THAT'S FUNNY FOR COLONEL HOOPER! HE HAS TO FOOT THE BILL AT A PARTY OF TWENTY PEOPLE TONIGHT, AND IT WILL COST HIM A PRETTY PENNY! MAYBE HE OUGHT TO HAVE ALL THE RAILWAY STATIONS WATCHED IN CASE HE SHOULD TRY TO BEAT IT OUT OF TOWN AT THE LAST MINUTE!

COME ON, TOOTS! THE TAX IS WAITING! HURRY UP! WE'LL JOIN THE PARTY, AND MAKE WHOOPES! WE'LL DO OUR BIT TO USHER THE NEW YEAR IN WITH A BANG!

DON'T TELL MRS. HOOPER THAT THIS IS THE COLONEL'S PARTY, TOOTS! HE DOESN'T WANT HER TO KNOW IT, AND I'VE TOLD THE WHOLE CROWD TO KEEP MUM!

IT'S A SHAME THAT COLONEL HOOPER HAS TO STARE GOOD FOR THE WHOLE PARTY, CASPER!

I'M GOING FIFTY-FIFTY WITH HIM IN A WAY, TOOTS—HE'S FURNISHING THE DOUGH, BUT I'LL FURNISH THE CONVERSATION!

## By RUSSELL WESTOVER

## LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

WHEN THEY HAD IT FINISHED—AND IT CALLED IT "IRELAND!"

## "Making the Rich 'Green' Wit hEnvy"

WHEN THEY HAD IT FINISHED—AND IT CALLED IT "IRELAND!"

## By BEN BATSFORD

## TOOTS AND CASPER

WHEN THEY HAD IT FINISHED—AND IT CALLED IT "IRELAND!"

## "Free Speech"

WHEN THEY HAD IT FINISHED—AND IT CALLED IT "IRELAND!"

## By JIMMY MURPHY