

"MASTER of MONEY"

BY ROY VICKERS



had quarreled. "I'll be getting anxious, though, on a night like this. I wish I had a car here. You'll have to let me make as good a job as I can of yours."

"Yes. Let me make you some coffee, Alan."

He repressed further protests. You could not drive Shirley; presently, perhaps, she would be led. . . . He got her the coffee, and then sat down and watched her make the good-smelling stuff. You could not drive Shirley.

She was crouched down upon the rug, measuring, stirring and pouring. He looked down upon the slender column of her neck, the slope of her shoulders. For a moment his hands, following his gaze, hovered, closing and unclosing. And in that moment she looked up at him.

"You paid a half million for me, Alan, not so long ago. Unless my value has decreased, there seems no reason why you should continue to lose money on the deal."

Alan's first sensation was that someone—Shirley?—had struck him violently on the chest, jostling him to his feet and then backwards, through the little room to where such wind as could enter stirred the curtains.

He found himself, stammering, staring leaning against the window-post as he had leaned before she came. But now there were no leaden clouds to see; only scudding darkness. . . . And what abominable thing was she saying?

Her hands were still compositely busy with the coffee things. Only his overturned chair showed that he had not dreamed her accusation.

"Roger has told me everything," she was saying. "About his father and the desperate state he was in when you helped him. When you saw my name on his list of clients and lent—gave him that money so that less than half of that sum might be restored to me."

She poured out his coffee and,

rising with it in her hand—he could note, even now, her absolute steadiness of nerve—she put it on the table; she righted his chair, struck a match and lit the only lamp, poured her own coffee. While she moved about she talked.

"Roger, of course, never really intended to repay you. Roger in Macedonia! It's almost funny. And it's almost funny, too, that I could have loved him so—and still love him, you know, in a way. He's had a panic today over a deal in Corto Bellas, and I frightened him into a confession of what you had done."

She sat down and stirred her coffee. Alan made a dry sound in his throat. She went evenly on.

"When you did it you didn't of course, know that I was engaged to Roger. You intended to tell me what you had done for me; I should then, of course, have married you. When you found we were engaged, you began to nag at Roger about Macedonia. He was to get the money back that way; if he failed, if he was destroyed, it became simple again—I should be free."

(To be continued tomorrow)

Holdup Attempt Proves Undoing Of Eugene Man

EUGENE, Ore., Dec. 31—(AP)—Don Holland was under arrest here last night and C. J. Howe, manager of a local clothing store, nursed a severely bruised head as the result of the attempted holdup of Howe's store by Holland.

Holland, police charged, entered Howe's store and attacked the manager with a monkey wrench. Howe, an ex-amateur boxer, fought back, however, until a passerby came to his assistance. Together, Howe and the passerby overpowered the would-be-bandit.

their homes at night in Seattle, Tacoma and Everett, as the man who attacked them in their homes several months ago.

Five Seattle girls identified Fathers in the last three days, bringing the total of witnesses against him to seven.

"Bugs" Moran Present When Office Raided

CHICAGO, Dec. 31—(AP)—George "Bugs" Moran in person attended the opening ceremonies at the downtown offices of his gang today but when the police had succeeded in opening the office safe Moran was gone.

The gang leader, whose ranks were decimated last February by the massacre of seven henchmen, stood in the lobby of the building where police raided his luxurious headquarters, ostensibly the offices of a construction company, last Saturday.

"Why didn't you go in?" a reporter inquired.

"Because there are four quarts of Scotch in the vault and I don't want to get the rap for it," Moran replied, and stepped out to his automobile and departed.

"TELLING TOMMY"



ON NEW YEARS DAY IN CHINA YOU WOULD SEE MANY BRIGHT RED AND GILT POSTERS ON WHICH ARE CHINESE CHARACTERS EQUIVALENT TO THE WORDS, "HAPPY NEW YEAR, TOMMY."

EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD TRIES TO SMILE AND BE HAPPY ON NEW YEARS DAY IN JAPAN BECAUSE THEY BELIEVE, AS ONE BEGINS THE NEW YEAR SO SHALL HE END IT.

PEOPLE IN KOREA HAVE A SIMPLE WAY OF BREAKING OFF BAD HABITS ON NEW YEARS. THEY WRITE ALL THEIR TROUBLES ON A SHEET OF PAPER AND GIVE IT TO A BOY TO BURY— THAT IS SUPPOSED TO END THEM.

AREN'T YOU GOING TO MAKE ANY NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS, BETTY? WHY SHOULD I? I'M GETTING ALONG ALL RIGHT, I HAVEN'T BEEN SPANKED THIS YEAR.

POLLY AND HER PALS

They sat down. He waited dutifully upon her, urging her to eat and drink. He had added a bottle of wine to the meal and would have kept her glass filled but she would only sip a little now and then.

"Are you plying me with wine so that my tongue may be loosened?" she demanded after his third attempt. She flashed him a smile. He returned it.

"Could you blame me?"

The meal progressed leisurely. "How did you get fed in your mining camp, Alan?"

In the event it was his tongue that was loosened. With a skill he only marked later, in memory he drew Mary to speak of Mexico, Mexico as he had known it, wrestled with it, loved and hated and conquered it. He pictured it all for her, while the wind and rain shrieked against the cottage. He lived it again. . . .

It was the beating of the wind and rain that recalled him.

"Look here!" he protested. "I've been monopolizing everything, including the conversation. You've eaten and drunk next to nothing, you've not given me a chance to speak a word and you will presently have to be driven back to Roger through a record gale and blizzard." He looked at the clock.

"Shirley! I've been holding forth—between large mouthfuls—for nearly an hour. Why under heaven didn't you kick me?"

She rose with obvious reluctance and went back to the fire. There was a quality about that reluctance that impressed him.

"We ought to be pushing off," he said, uncertainly. "Roger knows you're here, of course?"

"Yes, Roger knows."

Her tone impressed him still further. Certainly Roger and she

side and forgotten.

He went to his bedroom and found them. They were grotesquely large for her and the sight of her feet in them amused them both. Presently she left the fire and began to flap about in the ungainly things, helping him to tidy the room and lay the table.

"We will have fruit for decoration instead of flowers," she said, and brought a heaped dish of apples to the feast.

"How glossy they are."

While he waited for her to be seated, she lingered over the apples, picked one up, caressing its firm flesh. There was a smile on her lips that distressed him.

"Shirley, my dear, what is it?"

"Just thinking about apples, Alan; that's all. Such a beautiful thing to lose Eden for. Perhaps it was worth it—I wonder?"

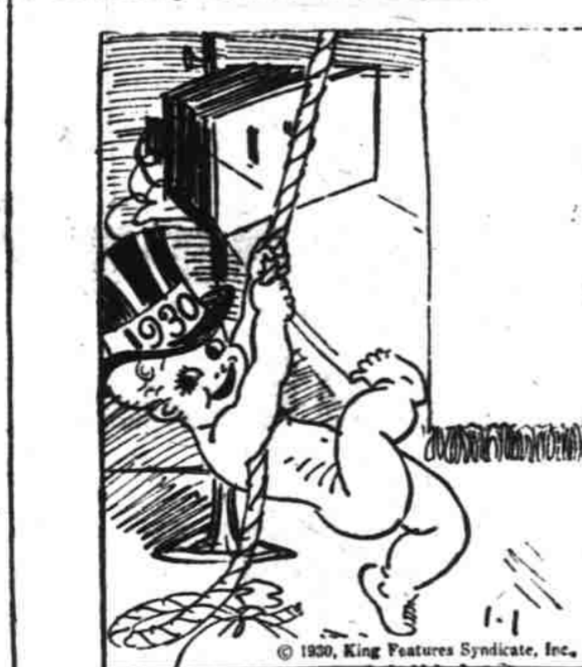
He was silent. He could not gauge her mood. He could only watch her, his own lassitude

Howdy, Little Stranger"

"Ringing' Up the Curtain"

By CLIFF STEARNS

TILLIE, THE TOILER



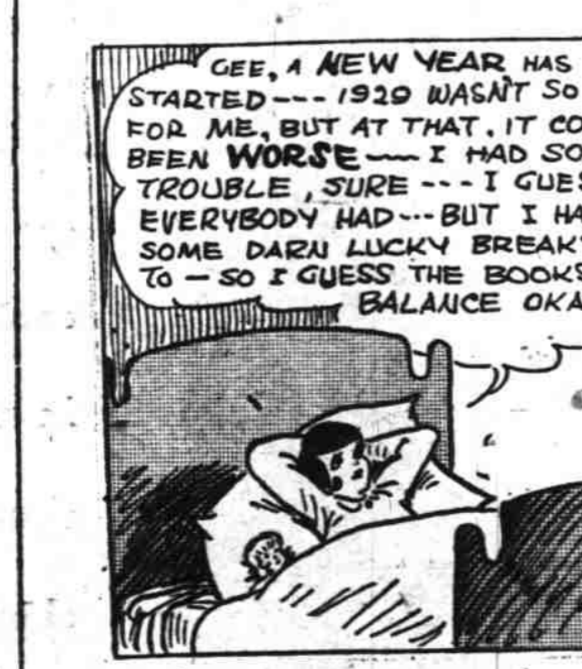
By RUSS WESTOVER

"Lots to Be Happy For"

By BEN BATSFORD

By JIMMY MURPHY

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



By BEN BATSFORD

By JIMMY MURPHY

By JIMMY MURPHY

By JIMMY MURPHY

TOOTS AND CASPER



By JIMMY MURPHY

By JIMMY MURPHY

By JIMMY MURPHY

By JIMMY MURPHY

CHAPTER XXI

She was Shirley and he loved her, loved the carriage of her head and hands, loved her quick glance and ready laughter, loved the scent and sound and sight of her. Could it not have been enough for him, prig and fool that he had been? Could he not have been content to take so much as he was forgetting. She had already given her heart to Roger Kelton.

Alan's face was grim with thoughts of Kelton when he returned to the living-room with the supper-tray.

Shirley was still by the fire but she had taken off the big boots and was holding a silk-covered foot to the fire.

"This wood is burning beautifully, Alan. It's been well dried—much better than the stuff we get. Can you lend me a pair of slippers?"

"Of a kind—yes."

He went to his bedroom and found them. They were grotesquely large for her and the sight of her feet in them amused them both. Presently she left the fire and began to flap about in the ungainly things, helping him to tidy the room and lay the table.

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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				39	
40			41					42	43
		44						46	
				45				47	50
		48						49	
				52				53	54
									55

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1—sharp explosion
 - 3—graceful aquatic birds
 - 8—seriform fluid
 - 11—edge-tool for chopping
 - 12—effect or accomplishment
 - 14—Biblical pronoun
 - 15—keel-billed cuckoo
 - 16—sea eagle
 - 17—indefinite article
 - 19—unit of energy
 - 21—distant
 - 22—personal pronoun
 - 23—procure
 - 25—painter's stand
 - 27—part of to
 - 28—check
 - 30—slight inclination of the body
 - 31—Scandinavian explorer
 - 32—vipera
 - 34—put together
 - 35—work of steadiness
- VERTICAL**
- 1—short passages
 - 2—best of burden
 - 3—pinnacle
 - 4—plural pronoun
 - 5—semicircle
 - 6—procure by dishonest means
 - 7—procure by dishonest means
 - 8—affirmative
 - 9—old age
 - 10—single
 - 11—mistake
 - 12—sewing instrument
 - 13—talk incessantly
 - 14—crippled
 - 15—neat
 - 16—pertaining to the sun
 - 17—envelope
 - 18—symbol for neon
 - 19—symbol for erbium
 - 20—one who rebels
 - 21—afraid of
 - 22—meadow
 - 23—fasten
 - 24—fettlers
 - 25—more agreeable
 - 26—British peninsula and support of Arabia
 - 27—Japanese rice liquor
 - 28—international language
 - 29—prohibit
 - 30—a thing in law
 - 31—jumbled
 - 32—synonym daily
- Herewith is the solution to yesterday's puzzle.
- | | | |
|---------|-------|---------|
| MIX | RAZOR | DRY |
| OB | NEVER | FREE |
| TIP | LED | ACE |
| SOLAR | DREAM | W |
| 5 | POT | SECEDED |
| IT | GENET | TELA |
| GOD | DIVES | DAM |
| ITEM | CERES | VE |
| LEVELER | NAP | S |
| MITEP | LAGER | S |
| S | SAT | COT |
| MEET | LABOR | PT |
| END | TO | TO |