

# "MASTER of MONEY" BY ROY VICKERS



"Well, what about your personal plans?" he asked abruptly. Alan's words chilled her. In a single sentence he had detached himself from her. He was willing to help her—to throw her a rope from the safety of the bank. But those few words had made it clear to her that she was alone in the waters.

"I haven't had time to think. Does it matter very much? I shall go back to New York and put up at a hotel."

"Why not go to Mrs. Sibley?"

"No." She was firm on that point. "I've dropped out, Alan. You don't seem to understand that."

He made no answer and she wondered whether he understood. It had been the most rigid of all the rules her father had taught her. "Remember, Shirley, if you

drop out—drop out. Not like So-and-so, for instance."

"You see, a hotel will cost money," Alan was saying. "Your husband told me his income was about five thousand a year—that means he can make you an allowance of possibly two thousand—"

"Alan!" she cried. "How can you think I would ever take a penny from him—"

"But you will have to take money from someone," he interrupted. "There's the hotel bill, if nothing else."

"Need we talk like this, Alan?" she protested. "It isn't, after all, merely a question of money-grubbing."

He caught on the phrase. "But it is—just exactly that," he exclaimed. "Let me tell you that by the mere act of wanting to breathe and live from day to day we are all money-grubbers. Once you understand what money means you will find that money-grubbing is the solemn business of life. I tell you," he added warningly to his theme, "money-grubbing is the finest sport on earth—or the meanest—whichever you care to make it."

"It's easy enough for you to moralize about money," said Shir-

ley ill-temperedly. "You're rich." "It goes deeper than that," he countered. "There are money problems that riches will not solve. You cannot buy off money with money. I tried that with your husband and learned my lesson. Look, here, I have money enough without hurting myself—"

"Alan!"

"Quite so. When I put it like that you realize at once that it cannot be done. You realize that you cannot receive without giving. It's a copy-box maxim but it happens to be much more than good morality—it's good science."

"You come from the class that inherits money, but believe me that class gives service of some kind in return—even if it is only the service of pretending to give nothing. I believe the service demanded of you was that you should marry a millionaire or some man who could provide you with the means of doing your work—the work of being an ornament to the high world, as you call it."

"I don't understand the high world but I do understand that society seems to require it. You were not willing to give that serv-

ice—you chose romance."

"You cannot blame me for that. I loved him honestly and wholeheartedly at the time."

"I don't doubt it. But you accepted money—the money you inherited from your father—you accepted all the surroundings of the class in which you move on terms which might require you to sacrifice love. That's the contract the high world offers, you know."

"Throughout the decades that class has accepted the obligations of public service and of marriage in the interests of their class. They may be wrong fundamentally—that doesn't matter. You tried to accept their privileges and shirk the particular responsibilities those privileges involved. You tried to receive without giving."

Shirley sank down onto a boulder. Alan stood by her side, looking over her into the horizon pursuing his own train of thought.

"But—what can I give?" The words broke from her without conscious volition.

"By Jove, you've learned to ask that!" he exclaimed. "It's the first question in the catechism of money. . . . It's pretty tragic, Shirley, but though you're only 27, you've

asked that question too late in life. . . . I, at any rate, don't know the answer. We shall have to give it up and content ourselves with finding some practical way for you to live."

She sprang up from the boulder and faced him.

"You say you don't know the answer to the question, but I do. You do, too—only you think I haven't enough in me to understand it. You've made me see this—I must never take money again from anybody. I must earn. But before I have any money for myself I must pay back your half million."

"Don't harp on that, Shirley. For one thing you've got hold of the wrong end of the stick. It's all forgotten."

She ignored him. She felt suddenly as strong as he and utterly unafraid of his anger.

"Don't you remember what you said?" she pressed him. "You said we didn't owe you just figures in a pass-book. You said we owed you toil, all the nerve-wrack and the thrill and—and the despair that went to the making of that money. I can give you all of that."

"How?"

"Roger would not go to Macedonia. I will."

For a moment she saw hope in his eyes, then saw the hope fade into cynicism.

"Come out of the clouds, Shirley. You've simply keyed yourself up again. It's absurd."

"Why is it absurd?" she challenged hotly. "You said that Roger would have to see the government officials and get a concession out of them. When I've learned what to ask for, I can ask for that as well as Roger."

"It's not easy talking to Balkan statesmen."

(To be continued.)

## Swegle

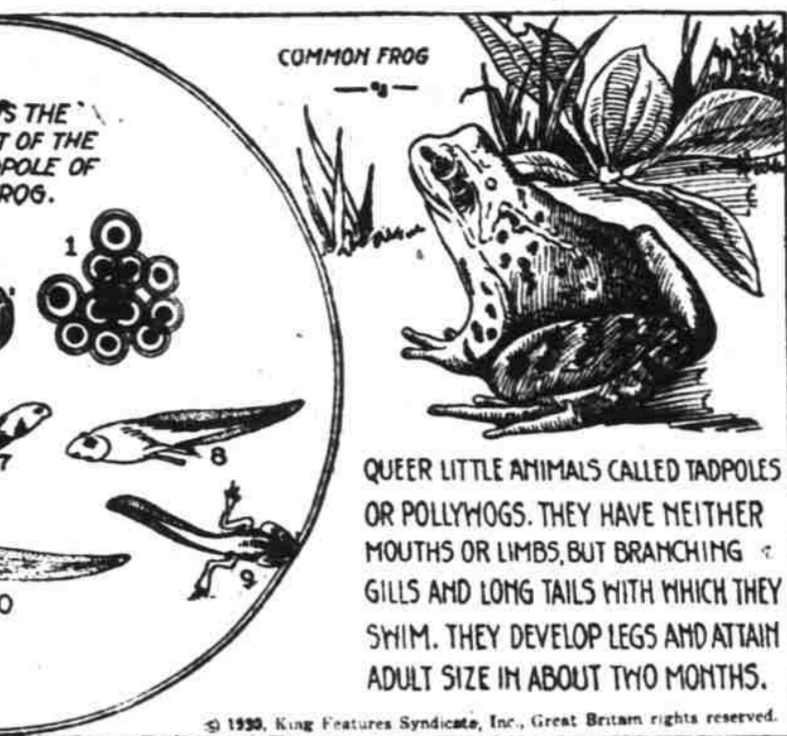
SWEGLE, Jan. 4.—Mr. and Mrs. Beeman are home again after several months' absence in eastern Oregon and Washington. Mrs. J. M. Baldwin returned New Year's day from a short visit to Roseburg.

Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Board and children spent one vacation day in Portland.

School opened Jan. 2 with few absences, in spite of our many colds.

By PIM

## "TELLING TOMMY"



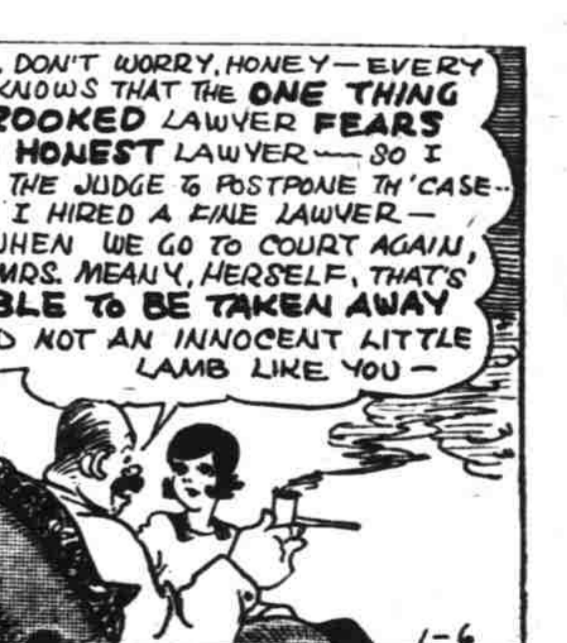
## POLLY AND HER PALS



## TILLIE, THE TOILER



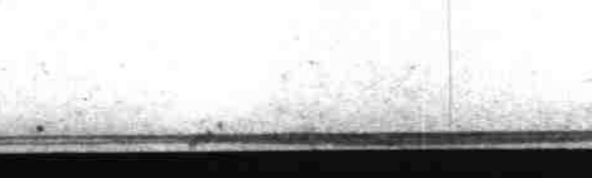
## LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



## TOOTS AND CASPER



## "Welcome" Instructions



## 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
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34	35			36		37		38	
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60	61			62				63	
64									66

- HORIZONTAL**
- What Scottish soldier and field marshal was commander-in-chief of British forces in France and Flanders, 1915-1918?
  - Whom did Hera in a fit of jealousy change into a heifer?
  - What bay on the east coast of a New England State extends from Cape Ann to Plymouth?
  - Symbol for silver.
  - With the name of what island in Greece is a famous statue of Venus connected?
  - Printer's measures.
  - Alcoholic liquor.
  - Spikenard.
  - What Elizabethan dramatist wrote "The Old Wives' Tale"?
  - Thin.
  - Twelve months.
  - Begs of fish.
  - What does the Bible tell us Eve was made from?
  - Bangkok is the capital of what kingdom of Asia?
  - Either.
  - What is the capital of the Bahama Islands?
  - Who wrote "Tristram Shandy"?
  - Month in the Jewish calendar.
  - Stringed instrument.
  - High priest of Israel.
  - Cooking utensil.
  - Cut off at one stroke.
  - Small points.
  - Fit.
  - Shut violently.
  - Greek letter.
  - Edge of a wound.
  - Plane surface.
  - Columbia is the capital of what State (abbr.)?
  - Longfellow's poem what is the name of the hero whose love John Alden conveys to Priscilla?
  - One.
  - Local position.
  - Extinct flightless bird.
- VERTICAL**
- What is the capital of the Netherlands?
  - Like.
  - Doctrine.
  - Profit.
  - Coasts.
  - Greek letter.
  - Who was Peter Gyn's mother?
  - What Englishman founded Pennsylvania?

Herewith is the solution to Saturday's puzzle.

SPARE ALABAMA  
TORE ARIO LAR  
ALE ALAN JARE  
TER SLAB RATES  
UG BOAR DATE  
TORUS LOVE IR  
OVER SAVE AIG  
RID PONE IDEM  
YD OIRE EDEMA  
DELE EVEN IN  
ATONE AREA OD  
DEMI ENOS ERE  
ELEMENTS SHED

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