

"MASTER of MONEY" BY ROY VICKERS

CHAPTER XXX.

"There will be a good deal to do during the next few weeks," said Alan. "You will find that the hotel will get under your feet every five minutes. Why not put up here? It would save us both a good deal of time."

"That's rather a good idea," said Shirley. "Thanks, Alan, if you're sure I shan't be in your way."

"Not in the least," he assured her. "This place is quite big enough for two. As to the respectability part of it—"

"Oh that!" said Shirley contemptuously.

After Shirley had gone back to the Felton to pack up and pay her bill, Alan, lingering over a pipe, tried to take stock of the latest development and found it extraordinarily difficult.

He wandered through the four rooms. He decided to give up his own room to Shirley.

There were no complications at all in his mind when he invited her to stay at the flat. Mrs. Sibley had made it clear that no one would believe the truth. To sleep under the same roof would, therefore, have no significance one way or the other.

And if they were really going into the Macedonian business, were really going to engage their passage and make all the arrangements for traveling, there was obvious convenience in their being together.

He had been wholly unconsciously when he had given the invitation—and now already he had started worrying about her personal comfort.

He went downtown to see a lawyer, then came back to his club for lunch. A page handed him a note.

"Dear Brenaway: Can you spare me a minute in the office, please, and the signature was that of the secretary."

He went at once to the office. Cardew, the secretary, received him with a suspicious warmth.

"Ah, my dear Brenaway, I've agreed to see you since you've been back. How did the rest-cure go?"

"Fit as a fiddle, thanks," said Brenaway. "The boy just brought me your note."

"Ah! Yes, yes. I wanted to have a little chat. You see—the devil of it is—well, you know perfectly well, old man, that this little job I've taken on—often I feel I was a fool to do it—anyhow, you know perfectly well that one may well have to say a damned unpleasant thing which one would never think of saying in one's private capacity."

"I can guess what you mean, Cardew," said Alan. "But how the devil the news has spread, I don't know."

"You are forgetting that Kelton is a member," said Cardew. "And the fact is, old man, there is a motion—"

"My dear Cardew, you can surely count on me not to cause any unpleasantness in the club," said Alan.

"Let me go on, Brenaway," pleaded Cardew. "I am simply going to offer you a suggestion."

I suggest that you refrain from actually putting in an appearance here—until—well, until you and the lady are married."

Alan got up.

"I'll think over your advice, Cardew," he said. "Many thanks. I'll let you know tonight."

He left the club without the faintest intention of considering the secretary's advice. He felt it, just a little, as the porter saluted him for the last time. The Brenaways had been members of the Luke for many generations. The Luke, as every member believed, was the most companionable and the most tolerant, the most kindly club in the world.

But the Luke could not make him marry Shirley. He did not want to marry Shirley. He wanted to see her try to marry him for money, to hear her hand him out unlimited apple sauce about Macedonian Developments, wanted to see her shirk the real work and let him finish the job by falling in love with her.

There was a tacit conspiracy on the part of everybody in the world to make him marry Shirley. First there was Mrs. Sibley. The lawyer, while giving comfortable assurance about the writ, had tacitly assumed that he would marry as soon as the law permitted. Now the Luke had added its quota.

"I wonder when Shirley is going to begin—I wonder whether she has already begun?"

After lunching at a restaurant he went back to the flat. As he entered the block the janitor approached him.

"Mrs. Brenaway has arrived, sir, but had to go out again. I was to say that she's back about seven. I've taken all the luggage up, sir."

"Thank you," said Alan, and made for the staircase.

He had invited Shirley to stay at the flat, but he had most certainly not invited her to call herself Mrs. Brenaway. Here was an issue. He would ask her why she had called herself Mrs. Brenaway.

In the flat he sat down and wrote to the Luke resigning membership. This helped to fan his anger against Shirley. He would use this to make her come out into the open.

The hours of loneliness in the flat dragged on. He would not be in any way unpleasant about it. He would just get her to say exactly what material advantage she expected to derive from the fact of his being co-responder.

Perhaps she would come in before seven o'clock. It was very boring sitting alone in the flat. It had been easy enough to while away the idle hours in Vermont, but his rest-cure was finished and he had left the itch of work. At six o'clock he began listening for her footsteps, wondering, at first indifferently and then anxiously, what was she doing.

She would find it different, shopping and getting about in New York without her car. She had probably never walked about before in her life.

"Therefore she is probably

quite unused to traffic," came the startling but highly logical conclusion. By seven o'clock he was convinced that she had been killed, and at five past seven he heard her footstep and rushed to open the door.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "I thought you'd be run over."

"I haven't had time," she laughed back. "I've had a simply terrific day. I must sit down and gasp a little."

"You look tired out," he said as she dropped into a chair in the sitting room. "Have you been looking after yourself properly? Had any food?"

"Not since breakfast," she answered. "I've been round to the consulate and I've found out heaps about Macedonia. Then there were those books you ad-

vised me to get—I had a chase for those."

He looked at her disapprovingly. She had been overtaxing her strength and she ought to have had more sense after a totally sleepless night. It was just when one below par that all those three accidents occurred.

"Oh, by the way, when I turned up here with my things from the Felton, the janitor didn't know what on earth to make of me. And I suddenly saw how awkward it was for him—a strange young woman turning up at one of his flats with lots of luggage—so I told him that I was Mrs. Brenaway. Remember to back me up if necessity should arise."

"All right," said Alan. "Look here, as soon as you've got your wind we're going out to dine."

A week later writs were served and the divorce proper had begun.

The incident, unimportant in itself, brought Shirley's thoughts back to Roger. With a sense of detachment she thought of him, frightened and vengeful, trying to snatch at safety by striking at the man who had benefited him. She

despised his twisted reasoning as much as his twisted morality.

The belief that divorce proceedings would make it impossible for Alan to take any line he wished with regard to his own misappropriation—a cat spitting at an elephant. Thus she shrugged the thought of Roger out of her life and got on with her work.

One evening, a couple of days after the writs had been served she noticed that he was particularly moody over dinner. When they got back to the flat she asked him if there were anything on his mind.

"On my mind—no!" he answered sharply. "Let's do the work first anyway."

They worked as usual until midnight. When she got up to go to bed, he pulled a letter from his pocket and put it back again.

"I've heard from Grotton, my lawyer, today," he began. "Roger has stipulated for a settlement on you, as I believe you know. Grotton wants to know what I'm going to do and I should be glad to hear your views."

So that was what had been troubling him, she thought and wondered why.

"I've talked that over," she

said briskly. "There's no trouble about it at all, Alan. He said that all that was necessary was for you to give me in the deed of settlement full and unrestricted control of the capital."

"Oh, did he!" put in Alan. "And when that's been done and all the formalities attended to I can simply hand the whole thing back to you?"

"I see. And will that method be convenient to you?"

She misunderstood his question.

"It won't affect me one way or the other," she answered. "I shall leave it all in his hands. 'By the way,' she added, 'I would like to pay my share of the expenses of this flat. I know that in a way it's a bit silly—but I'd rather do it, if you don't mind.'"

"All right," he agreed. "I'll give you a bill before we sail. Good-night, Shirley."

A few minutes later Alan went to his own room.

"Clever!" he muttered to himself. "Dammed clever!"

His eye fell on a vase of flowers on his dressing-table. He was sensitive to flowers and his subconsciousness welcomed them—

pictured her hands putting them there—pictured her hands, herself—Shirley. He had forgotten the room, the flat, the talk about settlements, in his dream of her coming to him with flowers in her hand.

Abruptly he stiffened, snatched the flowers out of the vase and flung them into the grate.

"Oh, Alan! You always made me think it was a hideous country. Why, it's beautiful from here!"

They were standing together on the deck of the steamer that had brought them from Athens. The day was less than an hour old, but the traditionally cold light of dawn was here, in this land of strange contrast, as warm and tinted as a Mediterranean sunset.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

PORTO ALEGRE, Brazil. — (AP)—No one may enter a dance hall in this land of the gauchos in southern Brazil without submitting to being "tricked" for weapons. Every man hereabouts carries either knife or revolver and disputes over dancing partners became numerous and bloody.

TEST FLIGHTS ARE POSTPONED AGAIN

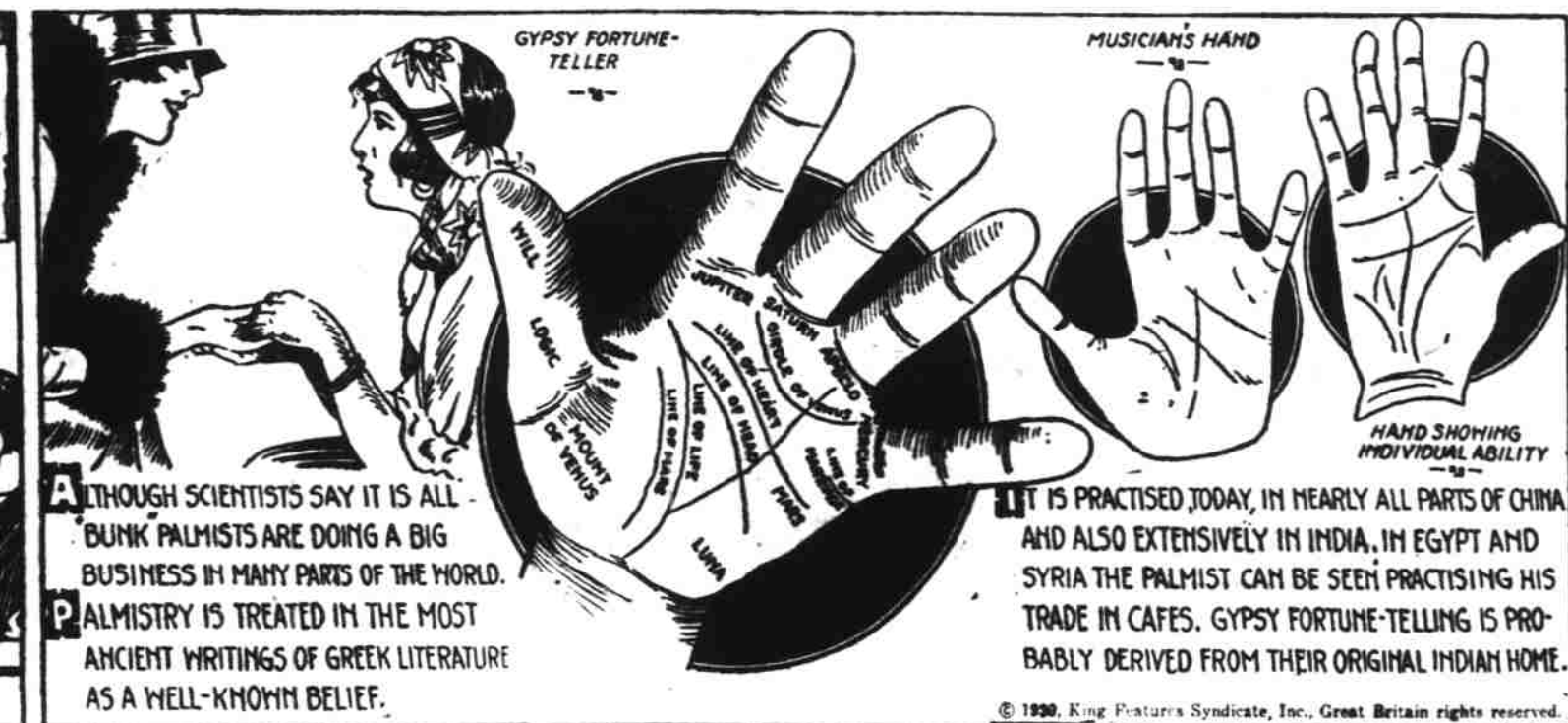
MOUNT CLEMENS, Mich., Jan. 10.—(AP)—Snow and a 40-mile wind today caused the second postponement of the army winter test flight from Selfridge field to Spokane, Wash., and the 23 planes which are to take part in the maneuver remained on the ice of Lake St. Clair.

The snow slackened in the day, and Major Ralph Royce set 7:30 a. m., tomorrow for the start. This is 48 hours later than the time originally set. The first delay was caused by an accumulation of ice on the planes, due to a rain which froze as it fell Tuesday night.

Major Royce said that a great deal of valuable experience had been gained during the two days' delay. One result will be attempts to improve the type of heaters used in planes left outdoors in cold weather.

By PIM

"TELLING TOMMY"



POLLY AND HER PALS



"Pew's Applause for An Encore"

By CLIFF STERRETT

TILLIE, THE TOILER



"It Won't Be Long Now"

By RUSS WESTOVER

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



"Should She Forgive?"

By BEN BATSFORD

TOOTS AND CASPER

"Dangerous Extravagance"

By JIMMY MURPHY



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			
50						51					
52						53					

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1—one of the 42—skill
 - 7—abdominal spasms
 - 13—undivided
 - 14—wide street
 - 15—gathered
 - 16—elementary school
 - 17—of the same family
 - 18—sword
 - 20—silk worm
 - 21—embryo plant
 - 23—negative
 - 24—mother of Helen of Troy
 - 25—try
 - 27—triddle
 - 28—directed
 - 29—a joker
 - 30—outer garments
 - 34—one offering from an incurable disease
 - 38—ages
 - 39—dry, said of wine
 - 41—the part played by an actor
- VERTICAL**
- 1—bright red
 - 2—anoints
 - 3—wagers
 - 4—till
 - 5—native metals
 - 6—part of fortification
 - 7—mark of omission
 - 8—past
 - 9—grassy tract
 - 10—verfly
 - 11—two-fifths of an acre
 - 12—(Porto Rico)
 - 12—appearing in successive parts
 - 19—youth
 - 22—valleys
 - 24—light and fine as a line
 - 26—affirmative
 - 27—buddy
 - 30—desists
 - 31—reach
 - 32—protect a particular district
 - 33—work of art
 - 35—fragrant unguent for the hair
 - 36—click beetle
 - 37—short intermission
 - 39—of sounder
 - 40—tends
 - 43—bathe
 - 44—painful
 - 47—evil
 - 49—drug
- Here with is the solution to yesterday's Puzzle.
- ALYR CAUCASUS
SILAR FRAMES C
MILES IRON EL
SEE TEAMS ERA
OR BATHS ODOR
IN PARA NEVADA
ROBE CLAME
BAREST CATS S
ABEL SADI E SA
LAS HELLE SAL
ET BETA ERATO
S BEASTS I TERN
CASTEENS IERE