"MASTER of MONEY"
BY ROY VICKERS

"That's Salonica ahead!" said Alan, absently.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Ten miles ahead of them in the shadow, it seemed, of the old Turkish fortress that frowned from a long, squat hilltop, lay the city that is older than the written work—the city that has known more of war, plague, pestilence and famine than any other city in the world.

"That's Salonica ahead!" said Alan absently. "I suppose it has a sort of prettiness—a beauty even—seen from here. It's that litter of minarets and white towers—they aren't really towers—and those grim-looking hills. But really it's the ugliest place in the world, Shirley. The whole country has a queer genius for making itself hated. You'll find that."

"I shall love it!" said Shirley. "Perhaps it has been waiting all these centuries for just that."

Absorbed in the view, she had slipped her arm through his.

"H'm! An amusing fancy! But I doubt if it will work out in practice . . . You won't find any difficulty in walking about the deck now," he added. "The sea is as steady as a millpond." As he spoke he disengaged himself from her arm, walked on a little and began to fill a pipe.

Shirley continued to gaze towards the city, scarcely noticing that he had left her side. Ahead was the land of adventure, and behind, by countless miles and vast stretches of time, were the conventionalities of New York, the remote nightmare of Roger and lawyers with settlements and incredible, irritating tactfulness.

The week or so of the Bohemian life with Alan she remembered now as a maze of work and confused activity. There has been endless trouble with the consulates and it had been practically impossible for her to obtain the necessary papers under her own name.

As Mrs. Brennaway, however, everything in the end had been simple. It was odd, she thought, that from the moment when she had first taken his name to get over a trifling awkwardness with the porter at the flat the name had clung to her.

"It won't matter here. No one knows us," she told herself. "Of course, it didn't matter in New York either—"

An atmosphere of furtiveness had crept about the use of Alan's name—and that had irked her. It might be no more than a mere social prejudice, but there was, she discovered, something distinctly shabby in describing oneself as another man's wife.

She took a deep breath of the clean, morning air and shook herself, as if she were shaking off all the little shabbinesses that had inevitably clung to her in New York. She was in bounding health, equipped with clear knowledge of the work ahead of her, anxious to begin it.

"It will take them a bit of time to get through the harbor," said Alan, rejoining her. "Everything ready for the customs?"

"No. I hurried up on deck when you tapped on my door," she answered. "I'm ever so glad I came—I wouldn't have missed this for anything."

"Tourist!" he grunted. "I'll come along in half an hour and see if you want anything strapped up."

As she returned to her cabin she glanced at her wrist-watch. He had said he would come in half an hour and she must take care not to keep him waiting.

Punctually to the minute he knocked on the door.

"All ready!" she told him.

"As there isn't much room for two, you'd better snap out of it, Shirley . . . Look here, you've left something."

He pointed to her night dress, partly concealed by the pillow.

"Oh, never mind! I'll leave it," she said. "There isn't an inch of room anywhere. I could only just manage."

"Nonsense, you can't afford to leave things about like that! If you haven't got room for it, roll it up and give it to me."

She obeyed and he stuffed it into the pocket of the overcoat on his arm.

"Shall I wait for you on deck?" she asked as she stepped out of the cabin.

"Yes. I shan't need you here. By the way, I'll do all the tipping."

No man had ever spoken to Shirley as Alan spoke to her, but she was quite conscious of that fundamental fact. In small matters he would consult her taste and defer to her. For everything else he issued orders, which she would obey without discussion, finding an odd and wholly unconscious pleasure in obeying.

She went on deck, which was littered now with a nondescript medley of other passengers. There were merchants and various kinds of tradesmen of mingled nationalities, but the Turkish type of face predominated.

So far she had not picked out a single western European.

Soon they were docked in the harbor and her view of the city was shut out by the customs buildings.

As the gangway was lowered confusion broke out among passengers and crew alike. Alan led her to a deserted part of the deck.

"There's nothing to be alarmed about," he explained. "They're like this—all talking at once and shoving each other about. As soon as the customs men come on board I'll fix it. Here they are. Don't move from here until I come back."

She saw him shoulder his way through the babbling crowd and address an officer in Greek military uniform. For a few seconds they talked together; then Alan came toward her with the Greek officer, who saluted and addressed her in French.

"I will make it my business to see that madame is in no way inconvenienced. Permit your baggage to be sent to my private office and you may reclaim it at your leisure."

Shirley murmured her thanks.

They moved towards the gangway, where an avenue through the gesticulating, protesting passengers was made for them by the customs men.

"The rest of those poor devils will be on board for another six hours or so," Alan explained as they set foot on the quay. "Let's see now . . . Through here's the quickest way out."

Shirley was wholly incurious as to how Alan had managed it. Once in her inmost thoughts she had contrasted his swift competence with Roger's blustering timidity. On their honeymoon Roger had always left her to deal with customs and other officials. "They'll do more for a woman," he had explained.

They passed through the customs buildings into a narrow enclosed space that was the dockyard. Drawn up in a straggly line were six of the quaintest carriages Shirley had ever seen. They were, in fact, very old open carriages of the Victoria type, and each was drawn by two emaciated horses.

"These things were probably in general use in Paris and Rome 30 years ago," explained Alan. "I don't suppose there are any taxis here. We'll have to use one. As far as I can remember, the best place here is the Lutetia."

They approached the nearest vehicle and a man in a very old silk hat stepped forward, bowing and smiling.

"The Lutetia," said Alan in French. "And I will give you five drachmae."

Shirley got in while Alan engaged himself in a prolonged haggle. Once he beckoned to her to get out, but as she was about to obey the bargain was concluded for another two and a half drachmae.

"What have we saved by all that talk?" she asked.

"Oh, in our money about a nickel," he answered. "If I had not haggled the word would have gone round to the various cutthroat societies that a couple of rich foreigners had arrived."

The man in the silk hat mounted the driver's seat, called loudly and presently a second man got up beside him and began to drive.

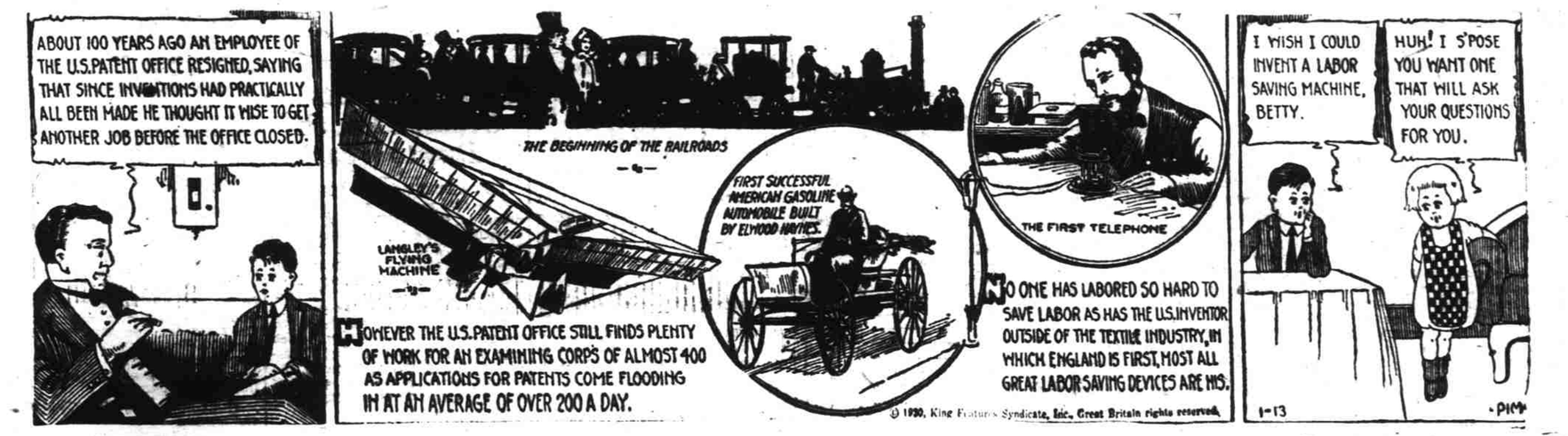
"How delightful! We're going to have a coachman as well," laughed Shirley.

(To be continued)

Great Shires Is Again Victorious

BOSTON, Jan. 11.—(AP)—Arthur (the great) Shires chalked up his fourth ring victory out of five starts here last night by gaining a four round technical knockout over bald headed Al Spohrer, Boston Braves catcher. Spohrer struck a defensive pose in the second minute of the opening round and held it to the end.

"TELLING TOMMY" By PIM

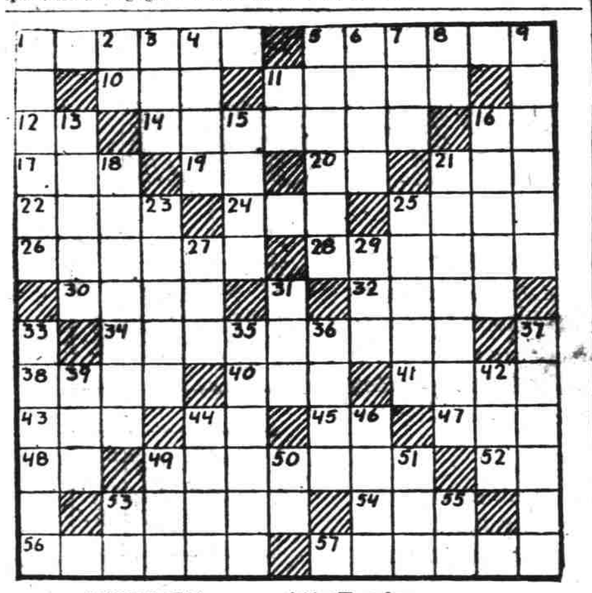


POLLY AND HER PALS — "Following 'Suit'" — By CLIFF STERRETT

TILLIE, THE TOILER — "The Diplomat" — By RUSS WESTOVER

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY — "The Poor Rich Kid" — By BEN BATSFORD

TOOTS AND CASPER — "Money Doesn't Grow On Bushes" — By JIMMY MURPHY



HORIZONTAL.

1—Who is the patron saint of England?
5—Procure another to commit perjury.
10—River (Span.).
11—What Titan was forced to support the heavens on his head and hands?
12—What city is the site of Rutgers College (abbr.)?
14—Of what state is Helena the capital?
16—Great Britain (abbr.).
17—Deity.
19—Prefix: down.
20—Note of the scale.
21—Professional (abbr.)
22—With what American railroad was Jay Gould connected?
24—What was the official name of the American forces in France? (abbr.).
25—Small bedstead with high sides.
26—What are the last six lines of a sonnet called?
28—What is the capital of Greece?
30—Finished.
32—Food given to horses.
34—What great actor played in the motion pictures, "The Sea Beast" and "General Crack"?
38—Beverages.
40—Exclamation.
41—Girl's name.
43—What English poet wrote "The Beggar's Opera"?
44—Therefore.
45—Egyptian sun god.
47—Familiar term for father.
48—Bismarck is the capital of what State (abbr.)?
49—Medes.
52—Symbol for sodium.
53—Who was the Roman goddess of growing vegetation?
54—Pinch.
56—Courses to be traveled.
57—Who was the herald and messenger of the gods?

VERTICAL.

1—What river extends from the Himalaya Mountains to the Bay of Bengal, India?
2—Correlative of either.
3—Edge.
4—Noble.
5—Where is Fingal's Cave?
6—Inner of two bones of the forearm.
7—Bleat of a sheep.
8—Bone.
9—What is the name for native deputies or viceroys in India under the Moguls?
11—By.
13—Pierced.
15—Tidy.
16—Smiles broadly.
18—Violate a command.
21—Make believe.
23—Vessels to heat liquid.
25—Obsolete spelling of char.
27—Contraction for ever.
29—Also.
31—Organ of sight.
33—What great musician wrote the opera "Tannhauser"?
35—What Englishman controlled the British South Africa Company and ruled over the extensive territory now called in his honor?
36—City in Asia Minor.
37—Who was the head of Hull House in Chicago when it was founded?
39—Small boy.
42—Scotch name.
44—Withered and dry.
46—Who was Queen of England from 1702 to 1714?
49—Encountered.
50—Exists.
51—Title of respect.
53—Symbol for copper.
55—Afternoon (abbr.).

Herewith is the solution to Saturday's puzzle.

CA	STOR		CO	LICS								
EN	TIRE		AV	ENUE								
RE	APED		RE	ADER								
IL	K	SA	BER		ERI							
SEED		NOT		LEDA								
ES	SAY		Y	PE	DAL							
		LED		WAG								
CA	PES		G		LEPER							
ER	AS		SEC		ROLE							
AR	T	LA	MAS		MAC							
SI	RIAN			RO	TATE							
EV	OLVE			ER	ODES							
SE	LLER			SE	MERS							

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