

"MASTER OF MONEY"

BY ROY VICKERS



"My name is Brennacay now," she went on

him she saw Alan coming down the steps of the house—through the iron railings.

She stepped forward.

"Alan, wasn't it an amazing coincidence—at the Commissioner's office, in the waiting-room, I happened to meet an old friend?" She turned to the Frenchman.

"My husband—Monsieur Maurois."

As she made the introduction, Shirley thought she saw Alan wince. It was the first time she had used the words "my husband" of him.

Maurois refused to come in and after the formalities of introduction, left them.

When the limousine had turned the corner, Alan spoke.

"I had the distinct impression that that fellow doesn't believe we are married," he said jerkily.

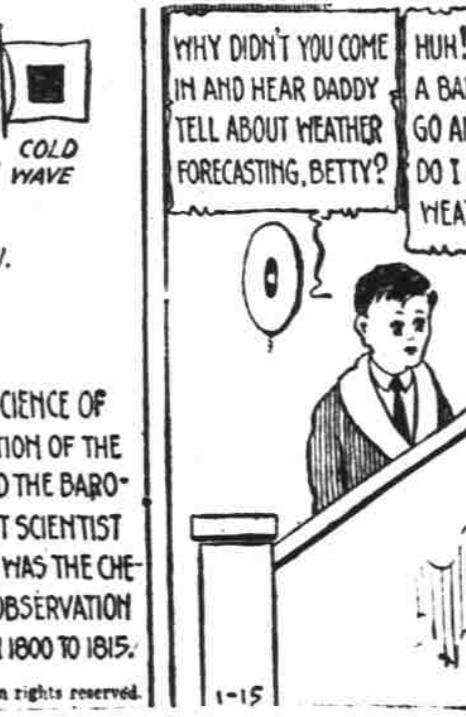
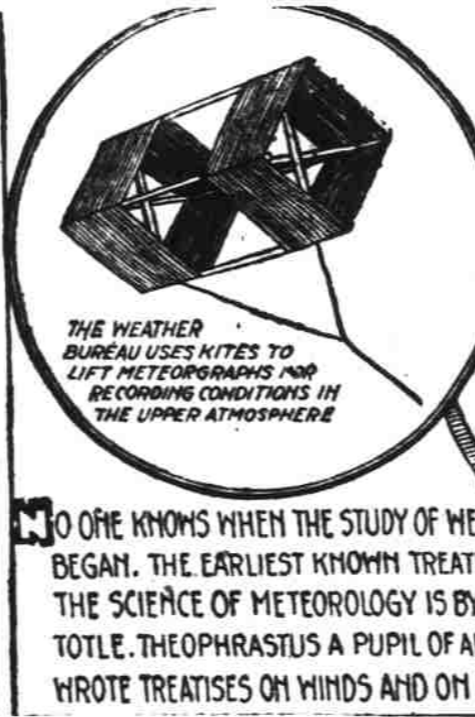
"You must be wrong," she assured him. "He has been out here four years—he told me he never read the American papers—and he addressed me as 'Miss Dane.'"

"Perhaps. But men like that have a sort of uncanny instinct in such matters. And he's a pretty shrewd sort of man. I should think, by the look of him,"

"You don't like him, do you?"

"TELLING TOMMY"

THERE IS HARDLY A CIVILIZED NATION ON THE GLOBE THAT DOES NOT OPERATE A BUREAU FOR THE PURPOSE OF GIVING WEATHER INFORMATION, TOMMY.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

In due course Shirley worked her way to the business in hand. She had come prepared to state her position very fully, to argue, and was disappointed when the commissioner thoroughly agreed with everything she said and promised that the matter of sending troops into the interior should have his immediate attention. If she would leave her address, he would write to her soon as he had made the necessary arrangements with the military authorities.

She found it hard to conceal her chagrin whilst she went through the stereotyped formula of profuse thanks for his most sympathetic attention.

She was passing through the waiting-room when her eye was caught by a man whose face was vaguely familiar to her. The man too, was obviously waiting for her, and she recognized him as one of the minor officials whom she had previously interviewed, though he certainly had not that appearance, and not wishing to give offense she bowed.

Immediately the man addressed her in English with no more than the faintest touch of a French accent.

"Miss Dane—believe me, this is the greatest surprise of my life, and the most pleasurable. I am humiliated because I can see in your eyes that you have forgotten me."

But Shirley had not forgotten him. His voice revived memory of his personality. For an instant she groped for his name and found it.

"I certainly have not forgotten you Monsieur Maurois, though it must be nearly four years since we met at my aunt's."

"It is full four years. And in all that time I have not left Macedonia. I hope Mrs. Sibley will be the manner in which Monsieur Mau-

ros treated the most important man in Macedonia. And he was obviously anxious to show every courtesy to herself. Here was the good luck she had been expecting to find at the Commissioner's.

He got in beside her, asking questions about Mrs. Sibley, the Westburys whose guest he had been, and New York in general.

"It is impossible for you to realize the extent to which one is cut off," he explained. "Our newspapers are often two weeks old—and who can bring himself to read an old newspaper?"

"Then you must find a very great counter-attraction in Macedonia," she pointed out.

"It is a country of great potentialities—and what would you?" he countered. "Here we are, I think."

He got out and as she followed

of calling upon her without delay."

"But she is not here," said Shirley, hesitating an instant and then, remembering her signature in the caller's book, added: "I have been married since we last met, Monsieur Maurois."

"Indeed! But that was inevitable and I should have guessed it."

"My name is Brennacay now, she went on. "Come and see us as soon as you can. We have a house in Kalamaria."

The Frenchman thanked her, called the elevator for her and got in himself.

"I trust my good friend Stavros has proved himself accommodating," asked Maurois as they descended.

"He is a very polite man," answered Shirley, "but it is rather difficult to tell whether he is really taking any notice of what one is saying to him."

"They are all like that. If you have any difficulty with the authorities it is possible that I might be of some service. I have many interests in this country and have learned something of its customs."

"You have a car waiting?"

"We hire one from Orosdi Apak," she answered, "and I must telephone to the garage. I sent the car back as I did not know how long I should be."

"Then you must permit me," said Maurois, nodding to the chauffeur by the curb.

"Oh, I could not think of it!" faltered Shirley. "I can easily wait or take a gharri. You have an appointment with the Commissioner?"

"That is easily settled," said Maurois, then speaking in French to a minor official who hovered round them: "My compliments to Monsieur Stavros and I would be pleased if he would call upon me this afternoon at my house?"

So that, thought Shirley as she entered the limousine, was the manner in which Monsieur Mau-

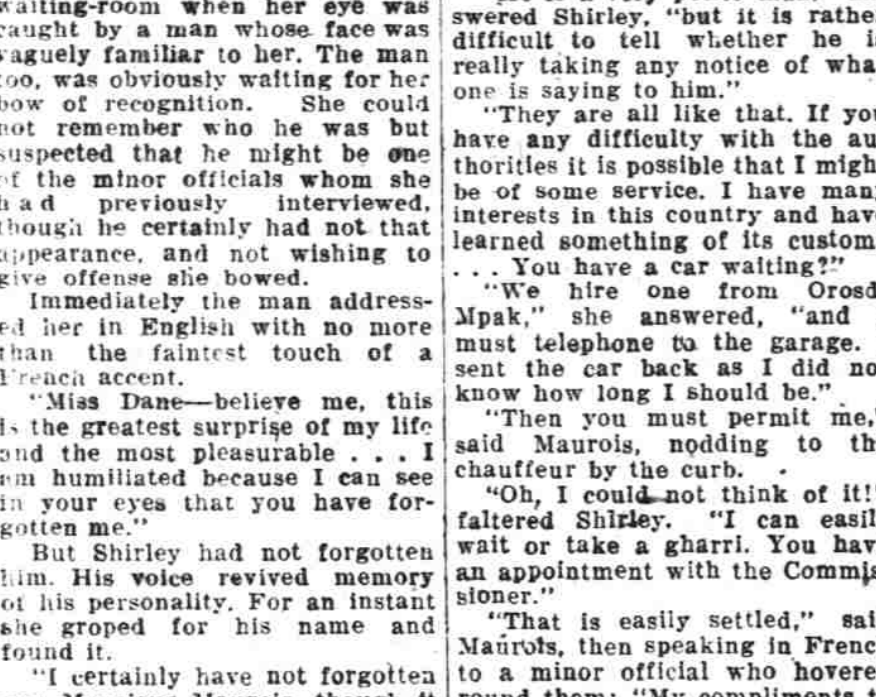
Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

By EUGENE SHEPHER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		
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18									19			
22	23	24			25				26	27	28	
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49									50			

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1—eager
 - 5—power
 - 12—network
 - 13—land measure
 - 14—melody
 - 15—repeated
 - 17—to cast off, as feathers, skin, etc.
 - 18—school-master
 - 19—embankment
 - 20—put on
 - 21—con-structed
 - 22—shelter
 - 25—porcine animal
 - 26—Confederate general
 - 29—in bed
 - 30—mark with ridges
 - 31—juicy edible fruit
 - 32—a conjunction
 - 34—father; title used in Spain or Italy
- VERTICAL**
- 1—barren
 - 2—refuse
 - 3—executive approval
 - 4—article
 - 5—ridiculed
 - 6—silk fabric of thick texture
 - 7—woody plant
 - 8—radical
 - 9—nominated
 - 10—thin piece of baked clay
 - 11—abhor
 - 12—soon
 - 19—loiter
 - 21—crowd
 - 22—turn to th
 - 23—driving
 - 24—sleeveless garment
 - 25—reverse
 - 26—strike
 - 27—organ of hearing
 - 28—prior
 - 29—groove
 - 30—pertaining to the palate
 - 31—offer a price
 - 32—sacred language of the Buddhists
 - 33—fruit of the gourd
 - 34—family
 - 35—young horse
 - 36—always
 - 37—joy
 - 38—Scottish historian
 - 39—British peninsula and sea-port of Arabia
 - 40—mark left by a blow
 - 41—residue
- Herewith is the solution to yesterday's puzzle.
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POLLY AND HER PALS



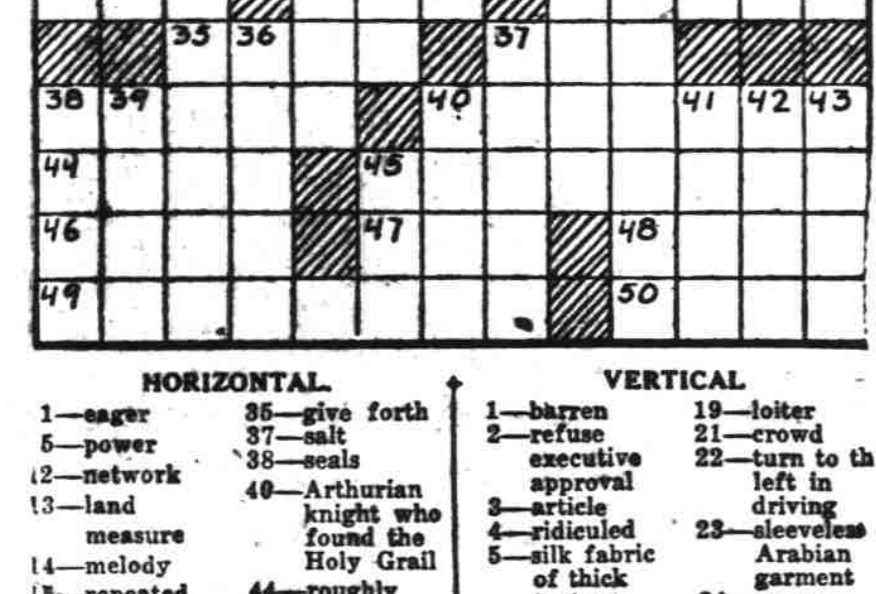
"No Interference!"

TILLIE, THE TOILER



"Dark Secrets"

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



"A Trade That Falls Through"

TOOTS AND CASPER



By BEN BATSFORD

CIVIL WAR VET IS LAID TO REST HERE YESTERDAY

Funeral services for Francis Rollo, Civil War veteran who died Sunday at the home at 250 Mission street, were held Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the Rigdon mortuary, with Rev. W. Earl Cochran officiating and Sedgewick Post, G. A. R., holding ritualistic services. Interment was made in the City View cemetery, with the Odd Fellows in charge of graveside services. Mr. Rollo had lived in Salem 12 years. He was 87 years old and a member of the local post of the G. A. R. and also an Odd Fellow. Beside his second wife, Mrs. Alice Rollo, he leaves one daughter, Mrs. Luther C. Curl of Detroit, Mich., and a son, William R. of Arkansas City, Kansas.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—(AP)—Flanked by white robed specialists in an operating room of the Presbyterian hospital, Gene Tunney took a 25 minute count Monday and awakened minus a troublesome stone that had formed at the entrance to his right kidney.

A minor operation, performed by Dr. George Winthrop Fish with Dr. J. Bentley Squares and Dr. Carnes Weeks in attendance, removed the obstruction. It was feared at first it might be necessary to take out the kidney itself. The former heavy-weight kins rallied splendidly from the operation which was described as "entirely successful."

The operation proved far simpler than the surgeons in charge had expected. X-ray pictures, taken at intervals during the past few days, revealed an obstruction in the ureter at the juncture with

EUGENE, Ore., Jan. 14.—(AP)—Robert Weber, five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Weber, of this city, was fatally burned today when his nightgown caught fire from a fireplace at his home.

His answer failed to satisfy her but she said nothing. Gloom had settled upon her at the thought of his going up-country.

"Yet he must have been in that kind of danger lots of times in Mexico," she told herself. "And I never worried about it then."

For long after he had gone she sat brooding, trying to discover what it would mean to her if Alan were killed, each time shrinking away from the question.

"I'm getting morbid," she told herself and went into the garden for fresh air. The cold snap had passed and the weather was fair and warm as an American June. A faint breeze came to her from over the bay, stirring a longing to be away from the city. She turned as she caught the sound of a footstep behind her. She turned and faced Maurois.

(To be continued)

THE OREGON STATESMAN, Salem, Oregon, Wednesday Morning, January 15, 1930

By PIM

By CLIFF STERRETT

By RUSS WESTOVER

By BEN BATSFORD

By JIMMY MURPHY