

# "MASTER of MONEY"

BY ROY VICKERS

**CHAPTER XXXIV.**

"A thousand pardons if I disturb a reverend!" he exclaimed. "Your housekeeper directed me to the garden."

"I'm sorry," laughed Shirley. "I'm afraid I shall not be in the country long enough to train her properly. I wasn't really dreaming, Monsieur Maurois. I was only thinking how nice it would be to fly across this bay, perch on Mount Olympus and then fly back again."

"That could easily be arranged," said Maurois seriously. "But not this morning, I'm afraid. I can, however, offer you a poor substitute. I had called in the hope that you and your husband would let me take you for a run and show you a bit of the country. I had in mind a little jaunt, of a hundred kilometers perhaps, that would enable us to be back before the night falls."

"How perfectly delightful of you!" exclaimed Shirley. "But, unfortunately, Alan left about an hour ago—he's spending two or three days up-country and I am all alone."

"That is in the nature of a catastrophe," said Maurois. "If he had consulted me first, I could perhaps have made his journey a little easier. It is a lovely morning. A day to take the air. It emboldens me to repeat my invitation."

"And me to accept it," said Shirley. "Thanks tremendously. Give me five minutes to wrap up."

Five minutes later, wrapped in furs, she was sitting beside him in an open car. In front was a man servant sitting beside the chauffeur, and Shirley wondered whether he were an armed policeman in plain clothes.

The car took them through the suburb of Kalamaria eastwards, and in ten minutes had brought them into open country.

"How beautifully your man drives," said Shirley. "This is the first bit of fresh air I've had for a month or more."

"He is a new man," answered Maurois. "He is not yet fully trained. But he shows promise."

Shirley nodded indifferently. She did not want to talk—wanted merely to lounge back and enjoy the rush through the air. As if he had perceived this, Maurois made no further remarks, yet subtly conveyed the impression that he was vastly enjoying himself. For an hour or more they ran through rambling hills, a fringe of the Balkan range. Then, after a long climb to the grassy plateau, Maurois stopped the car.

"I think we will lunch here," he said. "While my man is getting it ready, let us stroll to the top there and I will show you a pleasing valley."

Shirley admired the valley without effort. She was even enthusiastic, but her enthusiasm was less for the valley than the occasion. She was enjoying herself, enjoying particularly the society of Maurois. It was one thing to turn one's back on the high world, but

it was undeniably pleasant to be treated once again as a beautiful woman. Maurois was an ideal companion for a day of idleness. The lunch she thought a little too elaborate for a picnic, and she risked hurting his feelings by refusing to drink more than one glass of champagne. She gathered that the second man, so far from being an armed escort, was a domestic servant. When he produced excellently made coffee, served in a dainty coffee cup, Shirley permitted herself to laugh.

"Monsieur Maurois, you asked me to a picnic and you are giving me a banquet."

He was quick to catch the faint irony of her voice.

"That tells me I have failed," he said gloomily. "It is the tragedy of my race. It is given to us to do many things better than other nations can do them, but the picnic—"

"Oh, come," answered Shirley. "I've never enjoyed a picnic so much in all my life. Perfect."

"That makes me nervous. Let us hurry away from it while we both share that illusion."

A few minutes later they had resumed their journey.

"There will be no more speed for the next thirty kilometers or so," said Maurois. "For the road becomes very rough. Nevertheless you will have the leisure to observe a Balkan village."

As he spoke they turned the bend and passed through a village of twenty or more squat houses, built on a hillside one above the other. Shirley looked for signs of life and found none.

"It's abandoned, isn't it?" she asked.

"No. The women are all inside—from one of the houses you can see smoke. The men are in the hills. This is a Comitadj village—bandits—and I fancy the men are all away on business."

"But—do the authorities know that? Why do they let it be?"

"Ah! I was wrong. They are not so far away," interrupted Maurois. "Look ahead. You are now going to see an interesting spectacle—the Comitadj at work."

A hundred yards ahead a number of men on horses were galloping from behind a rocky crag shouting to each other and spreading over the road. Shirley supposed there must have been twenty or thirty of them.

"They see in us a profitable enterprise," Maurois told her. "Are you afraid?"

"I suppose I am a bit," answered Shirley. "But not as much as I ought to be. What will they do to us?"

"You are a brave woman," said Maurois, touching her hand. "They will do nothing to us—as you will see."

The horsemen halted, massed in the middle of the road, barring it. They were dressed in the air, then four men, brandishing revolvers, rode forward.

As they neared the car, Maurois stood up and addressed them roughly in a language which Shirley did not understand. Instantly

the men pocketed their revolvers, and the leader shouted to his followers, who promptly turned about and scattered. The leader dismounted, came to the side of the car and addressed Maurois volubly in apologetic tones. Maurois waved him away and the car continued.

"A little misunderstanding. That fellow was explaining that it was unreasonable of me to expect him to recognize my chauffeur at that distance—especially as I have only had him such a short time."

"They know you, then—the bandits?" asked Shirley.

"Scarcely," he answered. "But as I think I mentioned, I have many interests in Macedonia."

"Shirley shrank back into her corner. For a moment she had felt suddenly afraid of Maurois."

"That quick, intuitive fear of Maurois was gone in a second, leaving behind merely the pleasing tang of adventure. There was adventure in Maurois as well as entertainment. Here was a man who knew a great deal more than he admitted—a rich man who used his money to bring him power over unexpected persons in unexpected places.

For two hours the car made slow progress over rough roads, through bleak, forbidding country whose only charm lay in its wildness. Maurois, gossiping with idle fluency, stopping the car to show her now a battlefield, now a legendary resting place of Saint Paul, kept her interested so that she could feel a pang of regret as they ran back through the city.

"I have enjoyed it immensely," she said as they neared Kalamaria. "I can't tell you how grateful I am."

"Dear lady, today I have lived in the civilization I have abandoned. There are times when Macedonia proves too much for one—even for me. But you have restored my courage. I feel that tonight I shall surpass myself, and it is necessary—for tonight I entertain Madame Stavros."

"She is a brilliant woman?" suggested Shirley.

"By virtue of being the wife of the Commissioner, I think that Macedonia would agree with you," said Maurois dryly. "It is for me perhaps a little unfortunate that she once spent three days in Paris and have memorized the names of our principal squares and places of public interest."

"Could you yourself sustain a conversation over a period of years on the subject of Central Park and Grant's Tomb? I do not exaggerate. The wind has but to rustle through the trees of my garden and it reminds the good lady of the Bois de Boulogne. By the way, is it permitted to enquire whether your business with the Commissioner is settled?"

"I have not heard from him," answered Shirley, "but I suppose there has been hardly time."

"Time has little meaning in Macedonia," said Maurois. "And I have never known him to do anything from his office. You must meet him socially. I hesitate to expose you to his banalities—to say nothing of those at my house tonight! It will be tedious, but it will undoubtedly advance your business—and possibly I

may seize an opportunity to show you my house, of which I am inordinately fond."

"You are very kind, Monsieur, but as my husband is away—"

"Stavros has a profound admiration for the Americans," put in Maurois. "But as his knowledge of your country is limited to their money making achievements, it would not strike him as eccentric for you to come without your husband. For myself, I have not the arrogance to beg you to assist me to entertain a couple of cumbersome guests. Only the knowledge that it will undoubtedly facilitate your business with him apologizes to my conscience in asking you."

For an imperceptible second Shirley hesitated. There was, of course, no real reason why Alan's absence should affect her—and here was a chance to advance her work.

"Monsieur Maurois, when you run on like that," she laughed, "you merely convince me that I shall thoroughly enjoy myself."

The car stopped opposite her house and he helped her out.

"I may send my limousine for you," he asked. "We dine at eight."

Shirley, looking forward to the

evening before her, lingered over the task of choosing a dinner-frock. She had left New York prepared for any emergency and had brought many of her clothes with her. She had stored them in the spacious wardrobe of two unused rooms.

It was a matter that required some thought. Her host had mentioned only Stavros and his wife as guests. She did not know the standard of dress adopted by the wife of a Macedonian official and in the end compromised with a simple gown of black silk that she had originally worn for dining with Roger and Alan in Vermont.

"It's rather odd—dressing again!" she told herself, but beyond this made no admission to herself that she was feeling again something of the old thrill at the prospect of "meeting people." Tonight, too, there was the added zest of knowing that there was much at stake.

(To be continued)

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## HOUSE PASSES '30 WAR SUPPLY BILL

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15. — (AP)—Increased to \$457,043,386 by amendments, the annual war department supply bill for the fiscal year 1931 was passed today by the house and sent to the senate.

The increases brought the total allotment for military purposes to \$339,858,194, and the outlay for nonmilitary activities to \$117,185,192.

The house restored the budget estimate for the army housing program of \$16,052,862, from which the appropriations committee had slashed \$2,000,000 in expectation of curtailment of expenditures as a result of the economic survey for non-military activities by \$12,000 to provide for the improvement at Chickamauga and Chattanooga national park in Tennessee and Georgia was approved.

### "TELLING TOMMY"



UNTIL THE SHADOW FALLS ON THE HOUR HAND AS SHOWN IN THE PICTURE BELOW, IN THAT POSITION THE HOUR HAND WILL POINT DIRECTLY TOWARD THE SUN. THE SOUTH WILL THEN BE HALF-

WAY BETWEEN THE HOUR HAND AND THE FIGURE XII ON THE DIAL. AT TEN O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING XII ON THE DIAL WILL POINT TO THE SOUTH. IN THE AFTERNOON THE POINT INDICATING THE SOUTH WILL BE BACKWARD ON THE WATCH, THAT IS, AT 4 O'CLOCK THE SOUTH IS XII.

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### POLLY AND HER PALS



### "High Tide"



### "Revenge"



### By CLIFF STERRETT

### By RUSS WESTOVER

### TILLIE, THE TOILER



### "The Blind Goddess"



### By BEN BATSFORD

### By JIMMY MURPHY

### By BEN BATSFORD

### LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



### "Memories"



### By JIMMY MURPHY

### By JIMMY MURPHY

### By JIMMY MURPHY

### TOOTS AND CASPER



### "Memories"



### "Memories"



### By JIMMY MURPHY

### 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				
43		46	47	48	49				
50		51		52	53	54			
55		56			57	58			
59	60		61		62	63			
64					65				

**HORIZONTAL**

1—pertaining to the hour  
6—conscious  
1—lyric poems  
2—consumed  
4—affirm  
5—jumbled type  
6—sacred towers  
19—myself  
20—finish  
22—worth  
23—lacquer  
24—exists  
26—place  
27—small copper coin of the Netherlands  
28—exposed  
30—speck  
31—single  
32—prefix: to  
34—net  
36—short for Edward  
39—encountered  
41—humor  
42—reimbursed  
45—castor-silk  
46—fandle  
48—towards  
50—sharp knock  
51—long-legged shorebird

**VERTICAL**

1—desired  
2—"all-seeing" god of the Norse  
3—note of the scale  
4—riper  
5—aside for future use  
7—part of to be (abbr.)  
8—average (abbr.)  
9—lacked or endured  
10—built  
12—grows old  
13—one who prepares for publication  
17—part of to be  
18—early  
21—plunge  
23—Chinese card game  
25—mend  
28—any skilled  
4—ruler  
29—modern  
31—summit  
32—name of a popular patriotic hymn  
36—animals having two feet  
37—nocturnal flying mammal  
40—tilt  
42—cylinder-shaped  
44—atom bearing an electric charge  
47—one who adhered to the British during the Revolution  
49—separate  
51—masculine pronoun  
52—symbol for sodium  
54—image or likeness  
56—nourished  
57—cut off  
60—father  
63—prefix: from

Herewith is the solution to yesterday's Puzzle.

**AMID STRENGTH**  
**RITE ARE ARIA**  
**ITERATED MOLT**  
**DOMINIE LEVEL**  
**DOON MADE**  
**HAVEN HOG LEE**  
**ABED RIB PEAR**  
**WAN BUT PADRE**  
**CEMITT SAI**  
**CERES GALAHAD**  
**OVAL ALTITUDE**  
**LETO SEE AMEN**  
**TRENCHES LENT**