

"MASTER of MONEY"

BY ROY VICKERS



She Spent Long Hours in the Office in Clerical Drudgery.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"You at least suspected that Maurois was a person of importance here—I know that he is the Big Boss and has this rotten little local government in his pocket. I think you used the old technique, Shirley, the technique you learned from your father and tried to apply with your husband—and would have done so, if he hadn't been a greedy fool. I dare say, you met Maurois at the right time—and you talked to him in the right way."

"I still don't understand," said Shirley. "I myself told you, in his presence, that Maurois must have helped."

"You heard him refuse my offer of shares in return for his help?"

"But that is not my fault," she protested.

"He does not look to me for his reward, Shirley. That man is one of the shrewdest men on earth and I should say one of the most disillusioned. I think he probably knows all there is to know about you and me—he's in touch with Cynara, for one thing. That man would not stir his little finger without reward—or the hope of reward."

Shirley said nothing. The strength had gone out of her and she was drifting. Alan was right again with the same irrelevant rightness, unanswerable from this own point of view yet never seeing the faintest glimpse of hers.

Looking backwards she could see nothing but justification for Alan's belief. . . . There was that first ambiguous conversation in Maurois, she could admit now that she had been offered the conces-

sion in the same breath with the dream-woman and his horrible ideal of lording a woman with possessions. Of course, he had been offering her a bribe then. He knew about Roger and he wanted to get her away from Alan.

She ought to have cut Maurois after that. She had refrained from cutting him because she feared his influence with Stavros. Over the weeks of their subsequent association, he had discovered that she was more difficult than he had believed at first and had changed his tactics by giving her the bribe in advance.

That was Alan's inference. What could she say? In a sense it was true. If she had held out no faintest shadow of a promise to Maurois she could admit now that she had taken no step to prevent his deceiving himself in regard to her.

Bitterness welled up within her. Maurois, the beast of prey, had cheated himself—there was at least a malicious consolation to be derived from that.

"Everything is hopelessly muddled," she said wearily. "I can't hope to explain, Alan."

"There is no need to explain," he answered dispassionately. "I am asking you nothing, accusing you of nothing. There is the concession. It only remains for me to thank you."

There came an almost irresistible impulse to laugh and laugh and laugh. "It only remains for me to thank you," she forced herself to play her part in that monstrous farce.

She got up to go to bed. "If there is anything else I can

do, let me know," she said dully. "Thanks," he answered. "I shall be glad of your help in clearing up here and getting rid of the house. I'll try and get time tomorrow to see the agent and find out how we stand. Good night, Shirley."

It was by an ironical trick of the Fates that on the very next morning Shirley and Alan should both receive letters informing them that Roger had obtained his decree.

"You're well out of that anyway," said Alan indifferently.

That was perfectly true, Shirley thought, but his indifference was disturbing. He seemed to have dismissed the matter from his mind for he hurried on.

"I shall have to fly over the ground today. I don't know whether I shall have time to see the

house agent. I was looking at a letter before I came down and I find we took the place for six months. That means we've got another two months. I suppose we shall be able to get rid of it."

"I shall keep it on," she said. She avoided his eye, but she felt him glance at her. "It isn't so very expensive and I don't want to go back to the Lutetia."

"But—why remain in the country?" he asked. "The summer will be here soon—in a few weeks almost—and then there will be the risk of malaria and forty other things."

That told her that he definitely wished to be rid of her. In the circumstances, it was just as well she supposed. It told her where she stood. She had been afraid that the granting of the decree would involve an immediate discussion of their future. She had been ready to point out that he must consider himself free of any kind of obligation towards her.

"I'm afraid I shall be up-country all the summer," he added. "Living under canvas most of the time, I expect."

"I haven't thought out what I shall do," said Shirley. "But anyhow I shall stay on here for the

present." She told him with her voice that she did not wish for any further discussion on the point. He accepted the hint without displeasure and began to talk breezily of his plans.

"It will take me the better part of a fortnight to get the gang together," he explained. "Then there will be the question of arranging supplies—and in the meantime there will be the old motor lorries to be overhauled. Somehow or other I shall have to squeeze in time to get together the nucleus of a clerical staff. If your offer to help still stands, I shall be glad of it when it comes to checking up the stores. But it will be deadly dull."

"I don't mind what the work is as long as I can do it," answered Shirley. Again she told herself that he was back again in the breezy, companionable mood. Overnight she had toyed with the theory that in some queer way he was jealous of Maurois. But today he seemed to have nothing at the back of his thoughts.

His attitude to her was frank, unembarrassed and wholly unindividual, as it had been ever since that night when he had taken her to the opera. He was treating her

easily and comfortably, almost as if she had been another man.

At midday he sent her a message requesting her to join him at his office, where she sat down and copied out lists of stores. Daily after that she left the house with him in the morning and spent long hours in the office in clerical drudgery, often without seeing him until he came to take her home for dinner. Sometimes they would return to the office together after dinner and work far into the night. He kept her too busy to think and for that she was thankful.

Before she realized the lapse of time there came the day when the troops set off up-country. On the following day Alan and his gang were to join them and work under their protection.

That night she helped him with his personal packing and on the following morning went down with him to the local depot where the gang was assembled. The depot was thronged with men and women of the different Balkan nationalities, sitting on their bundles, talking, quarreling.

"Why have the women come—say good-bye?" asked Shirley. "No—they're going," he ex-

plained. "They're jolly good workers—the men see to that. We've got a hundred and forty, all told, and fifty of them are women. I'm taking half of them today and the other half are coming up tomorrow under a foreman. We have only twenty lorries and that's about as much as we can carry with the stores and the equipment."

(To be continued)

TRAIN WRECK KILLS 2

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Jan. 21. (AP)—Two persons were known to have been killed and 25 to 40 injured, at least 10 seriously, in the wreck of passenger train number 4 of the Louisville railroad, which was derailed tonight near Trafford about 22 miles north of here. The train was bound for Chicago.

VICTORIA WINS 4-3

VANCOUVER, B. C., Jan. 21. (AP)—The Victoria Cubs won their fourth victory of the season and their first over Vancouver when they conquered the Lions here last night with a thrilling last period rally. The score was 4 to 3.

RETIRING AMERICAN AMBASSADOR FETED

BERLIN, Jan. 21. (AP)—Jacob Gould Shurman, retiring United States ambassador, tonight was given a farewell banquet by the foreign office. Among those present were Chancellor Mueller, Minister of Defense Groener, Undersecretary of State von Schubert, the staffs of the American embassy and consulate, former Chancellor Cuno, President Schacht of the Reichbank, and other leaders of the intellectual, industrial and political life of Germany.

Chancellor Mueller said Mr. Shurman had observed Germany at work during the past five years and had seen her efforts directed economically toward reconstruction and politically toward restoration of her freedom. This latter aim, he said, "is easily understood and appreciated by a people imbued with the ideals of Washington and Franklin."

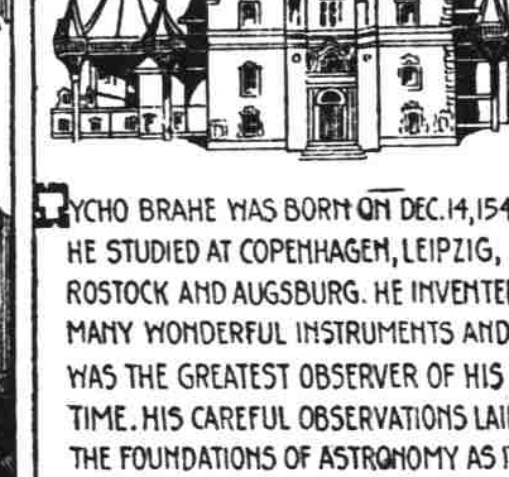
By PIM

"TELLING TOMMY"

TYCHO BRAHE THE FAMOUS DANISH ASTRONOMER BUILT A GREAT OBSERVATORY ON THE ISLAND OF HVEN, WHICH BECAME WORLD FAMOUS AS URANIBORG OR CITY OF THE HEAVENS, TOMMY.



URANIBORG CITY OF THE HEAVENS TYCHO BRAHE



TYCHO BRAHE WAS BORN ON DEC. 14, 1546. HE STUDIED AT COPENHAGEN, LEIPZIG, ROSTOCK AND AUGSBURG. HE INVENTED MANY WONDERFUL INSTRUMENTS AND WAS THE GREATEST OBSERVER OF HIS TIME. HIS CAREFUL OBSERVATIONS LAID THE FOUNDATIONS OF ASTRONOMY AS IT



SOME OF THE CURIOUS INSTRUMENTS AT URANIBORG.



DO YOU THINK TYCHO BRAHE WOULD BE A GREAT ASTRONOMER IF HE WERE LIVING TODAY?



POLLY AND HER PALS

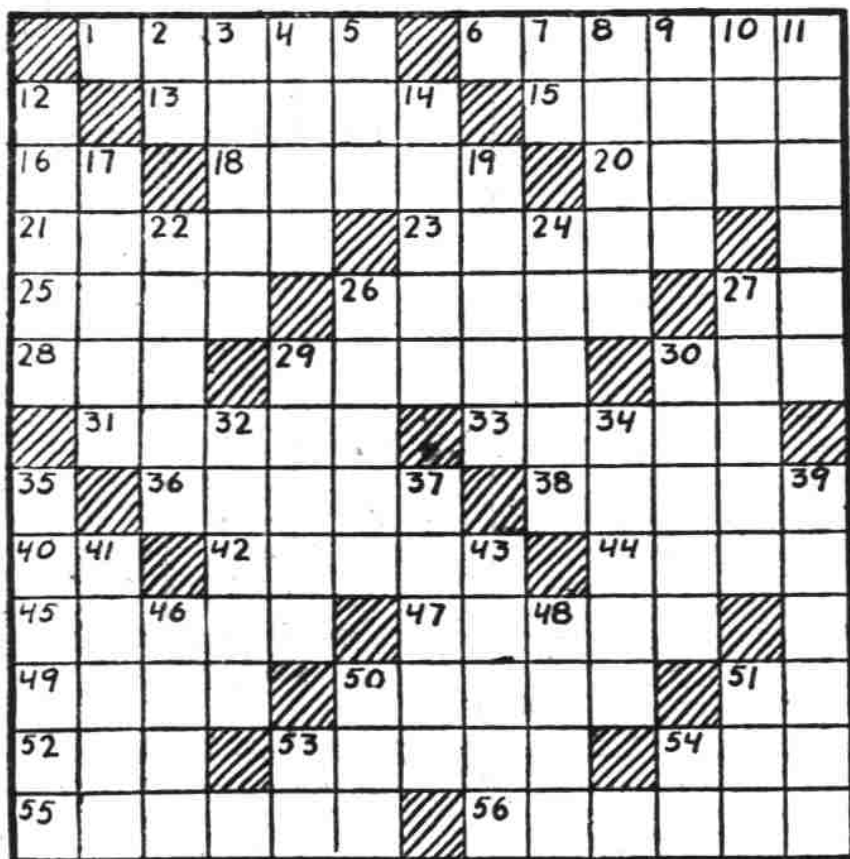


"Sprained Tonsils"

By CLIFF STERRETT

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

By EUGENE SHEFFER



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|--|--------------------------------------|----------------------------------|---|
| 1—something that gives unusual pleasure | 42—a stratum | 2—note of the scale | 17—confirmed to right conduct |
| 6—take heed | 44—numeral | 3—put out | 19—projecting edge of a roof |
| 13—additional | 47—a waits (Fr.) | 4—minute particle | 22—large herbivorous mammal |
| 15—dish of green herbs | 49—situated near the mouth | 5—thrill | 24—set again |
| 16—printer's measure | 50—embankment | 7—plural suffix | 26—pillage |
| 18—equilibrium | 51—of; used in proper nouns | 8—moisten | 27—ancient |
| 20—air | 52—convert into | 9—astrin- | 29—pertaining to blood |
| 21—Indian ancestral pole | 53—a fascinat- | 10—raced | 30—nest of a predatory bird |
| 23—women's apartment in a Mohammedan household | 54—a fascinat- | 11—ancient city of Mesopotamia | 32—told (var.) |
| 25—salt inland sea in Russian Turkistan | 55—large extinct bird of New Zealand | 12—ductile and malleable element | 34—book of wash over |
| 26—extreme excitement | 56—regret | 14—residues | 35—signify |
| 27—bone | | | 37—at no time |
| 28—one course around a track | | | 39—vanquish |
| 29—rubbish | | | 41—of or pertaining to the lore or lore (zoöl.) |
| 30—the armpit | | | 43—rant |
| 31—unit of measure | | | 46—shaft and barbs of a feather |
| 33—withered | | | 48—smooth and un- |
| 36—native of ancient Rome | | | 50—illuminated |
| 38—grew weary | | | 51—assume |
| 40—Hebrew name for God | | | 53—note of the scale |
| | | | 54—personal pronoun |

TILLIE, THE TOILER



"Rough Stuff"

By RUSS WESTOVER

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



"Strong For the 'Week'"

By BEN BATSFORD

TOOTS AND CASPER



"The Spirit of Forgiveness"

By JIMMY MURPHY

