"MASTER of MONEY"
BY ROY VICKERS

CHAPTER XLV.

"We've got him all right," said Alan. "He'll agree. We're giving him a chance to smash the top-dog at his game and he won't let that go by. You had better start packing your things."

Shirley went to obey, but before she had finished packing she heard Abramovel's voice.

"We'll agree to that, Mr. Brennaway," she heard Abramovel say, "but you must leave your wife here until you come back."

"Nothing doing!" snapped Alan.

"Be reasonable, Mr. Brennaway," whined Abramovel. "They don't know you the same as I do. They think you'll bring back the troops—or maybe attack us with the Serbians. We shan't do your wife any harm—I'll see to that."

Shirley swept aside the curtain of sacking.

"That's perfectly fair, Mr. Abramovel," she said, trying to keep her voice steady. "I agree. I will stay here with you until my husband comes back."

"Shirley, you don't know what you're talking about—"

"Yes, I do. They want a hostage," she interrupted. "It's perfectly natural. I shall feel quite safe under Mr. Abramovel's protection." She turned to Abramovel. "Just leave us alone for a minute, will you?—it will be quite all right."

Abramovel nodded and left the shack.

"If you hedge about this, Alan, they'll think you really mean to bring the troops back to capture them. You'll simply have to consent."

He stood over her, glaring down at her.

"Suppose I'm delayed—suppose I fall ill—suppose I'm killed before I can get back here?" he demanded.

"We talked about all this in Vermont," she said quickly. "It's coming true at last, Alan. Didn't you think it would come true? Were you bluffing me?"

"No, but you are bluffing me" he rasped back. "In your own subtle way you're bluffing me even at this moment. You think that because that fellow speaks English and he's leader of the gang, you're absolutely safe with him. Let me tell you that your charm will not work on him. He's as much a Macedonian as the rest of the gang. It's clean beyond your imagination that they should amuse themselves by torturing you to death."

She winced at the hardness of his voice.

"Bluff you!" she echoed. "Why should I want to bluff you, Alan?"

"What does it matter?" he challenged. "If you are not bluffing, it only means that you are ready to be tortured to death in order to put me in the wrong. You will win, Shirley. I accept your offer. You can remain here as a hostage."

His words were meaningless to her. She had no wish to put him in the wrong, beyond claiming from him the acknowledgement that when she said she wished to pay her debts, she had really meant it. What was there to "win," except that?

"I don't understand all this fuss," she said wearily. "And besides, it's only a matter of three days."

He was flinging his few personal possessions into a kit-bag and putting on a coat.

Without a word to her he swung out of the shack. She saw him talking to Abramovel and then stride on to the workshop where his car was kept.

* * *

The New York "season" was once again in full swing. The same small section of society thronged each other's drawing-rooms and, in fact, behaved exactly as it had behaved a year before. No one mentioned Shirley because, for practical purposes of social intercourse—they had forgotten her.

As for Roger Kelton—his doings passed unrecorded with the result that "no one" knew that he was about to leave the city.

For the first few months after Shirley had left him, Roger had lived in a state of almost perpetual fear lest his counter-stroke in making Alan Brennaway co-respondent with Shirley should fail.

As the months passed and Alan made no move to expose him the fear gradually passed. By the time he had obtained his decree nisi, he told himself that he was safe.

From his clients, he reckoned, he had nothing to fear. As a result of his frenzied dealing in Corto Bellas, he was some fifty thousand dollars short on his trust account. That meant that if all his clients were simultaneously to demand the return of their securities, he would go to prison. But there was no reason what ever to fear that his clients would behave i nsuch a manner.

He had told Alan Brennaway that the credit of the firm was higher than it had ever been before, and in this he was perfectly accurate. Provided that he could earn enough to pay the interest on that missing fifty thousand, it could remain missing indefinitely without endangering his position.

If Alan Brennaway had intended to strike, he would have struck at once. By the spring he even dismissed Brennaway from his thoughts. Then had come a letter in Brennaway's handwriting.

The handwriting itself had been a shock, but the letter had been in the nature of a reassurance.

"Dear Kelton—Regarding the $1,250,000 in shares in Macedonian Developments, which I hold as collateral security for a loan of $500,000, I would be glad to accept these shares in full settlement of the above debt.

"I think this method would be more profitable to you—as it would be more convenient to me—than if I were to foreclose in the ordinary way and offer the shares in the open market. Will you, therefore, kindly arrange the transfer at your very earnest convenience and notify my lawyer, name and and address as under. Yours truly, Alan Brennaway."

Certainly a [illegible] Brennaway, with [illegible] his hands liked the money pos[illegible] so little that he wanted even [illegible] extinguish the loan. So much th[illegible] better! Everyone would be gla[illegible]ed.

He had [illegible] to write a ready acceptance [illegible] the offer when he glanced at [illegible]'s notepaper.

"Macedonian Deve[illegible]ments, 5, Rue Egnatie Salonika."

"He's on the spot! He's messing about with those [illegible]ities and the railway . . . Perhaps he was right about them after all. Perhaps the old Guy'nor was right, and just failed to bring it off. Phew! If those shares go to par, he collects Shirley and three quarters of a million net profit for his generosity."

Then immediately came the question—would it be safe to beat about the bush with Brennaway? Would it be safe to temporize—to create difficulties in the matter of transferring the shares? Anyhow, the letter need not be answered at once. He would take time to think.

For the next fortnight he thought—thought exclusively of the big profit Brennaway had no doubt planned to make.

"When you think of all that the poor old Guy'nor went through to get those shares—and here is this fellow going to snap up the lot for less than half their value—"

When he thought along those lines he developed a burning conviction that he ought not to let the shares go. On the other hand, the only means of not letting the shares go was to produce the sum of half a million.

For several days he toyed with impossible schemes for raising the money—then mapped out a plan that at least had a certain commercial feasibility.

"Cynaz might go shares. He's the worst man in the world to tackle. But he knows a bit about Brennaway and that may go far."

Taking his courage in both hands, he went to Cynaz's office and laid his proposition before him. Cynaz glared at him as if his coming were an intrusion.

"I was wondering Mr. Cynaz, whether you know anything of a concern called Macedonian Developments—"

"Your father sat in that chair four years ago and asked the same question," snapped Cynaz. "Same question—same answer. Yes. Know all I want to know about 'em, thanks."

"I own shares to the value of $1,250,000."

"Lucky boy! They'll come in useful next time there's a paper shortage."

"And Alan Brennaway," continued Kelton, "has offered me half a million for them."

Cynaz glared at him fiercely—more fiercely than ever—then dropped his eyes to his own blotting pad. In the silence that followed, Kelton knew that he had scored.

"Brennaway is out there, you ing his advantage. "He's been out there some months, I gather."

"It's an interesting bit of small talk, if it's true. Why have you brought it to me?" demanded Cynaz.

For answer, Kelton handed him Alan Brennaway's letter.

(To be continued.)

FILIPINOS RESENT AMERICAN POGROM

MANILA, Jan. 27—(AP)—A strong manifesto protesting against the death of Fermin Tobera, Filipino, during the race riots at Watsonville, Cal., was adopted at a meeting tonight of leading educators, legislators and labor leaders.

The manifesto urged "a national discipline and personal sacrifice on the part of each and every Filipino at this time of national humiliation."

Necrological services for Tobera were set for February 2 in the Manila public plaza. It was expected the entire city would turn out as a "peaceful protest."

The manifesto adopted today was drafted by Dean Jorge Pucobo of the college of law of the University of the Philippines. Couched in impressive phrases, it called the Philippines attention to the thousands of their countrymen in America whose "lives at this very movement are in serious jeopardy." The manifesto concludes "Let us all attempt to reiterate the desire for complete separation now that under the American flag we are not assured that we can enjoy the same rights and opportunities of American citizens. Let the demonstration also express our good will toward the American nation as a whole with the assurance that we will continue extending hospitality to American citizens in the Philippines."

There had been no attempts today of threatened retaliatory outbreaks for the Watsonville riots.

DRY PROHIS WANTED

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28. — (AP) — If Attorney General Mitchell has his way, prohibition enforcement officers will not be drinkers but—to the contrary—will be sincere believers in the Volstead act.

PLANE CRASHES

MEXICO CITY, Jan. 28. — (AP) — An army plane was wrecked by a fall at Valbuena field today.

TWO VESSELS NOW BATTERING AT ICE

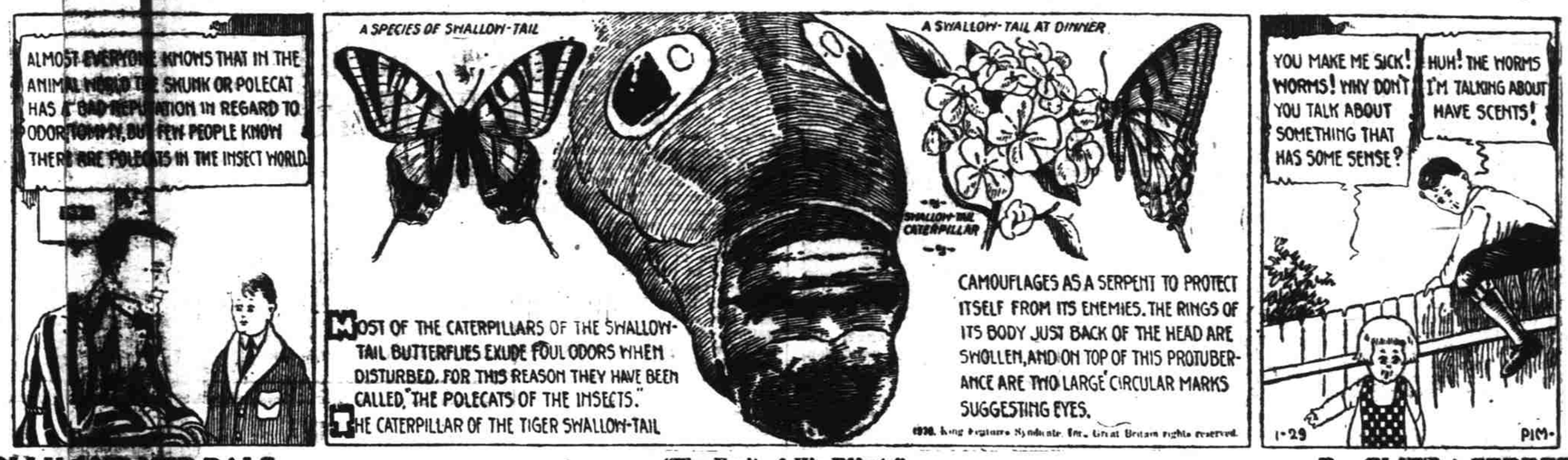
VANCOUVER, Wash., Jan. 28. —(AP)—The United States coast guard cutter Northland tonight joined the cutter Redwing here and both vessels were hammering at the river ice near the Interstate bridge in an effort to break a channel to the river steamer N. R. Lang, locked in the Columbia a mile and a half above this city for more than a week.

Previously the Northland cleared ice from the river at St. Helens and Columbia City, Oregon. At the latter place she made several trips up and down Willamette slough, freeing log rafts from the grip of the ice so that mills might resume operations.

The Redwing was to proceed to Portland later tonight and Commander Edward Jones of the Northland said his ship would dock here overnight and continue its attempt to liberate the Lang tomorrow.

"TELLING TOMMY"

By PIM



POLLY AND HER PALS

"The Fruit of His Efforts"

By CLIFF STERRETT

TILLIE, THE TOILER

"'Light' Expense"

By RUSS WESTOVER

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

"A Rewarded Courtesy"

By BEN BATSFORD

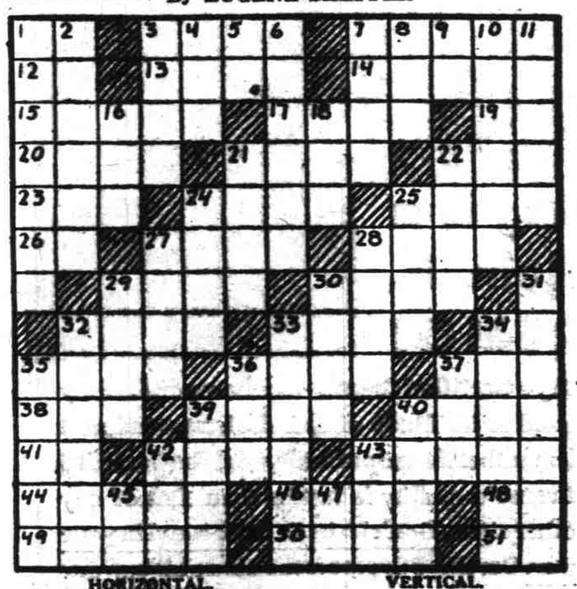
TOOTS AND CASPER

"Jumping To Conclusions"

By JIMMY MURPHY

Cross-Word Puzzle

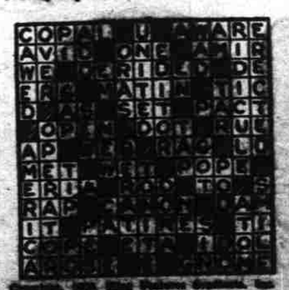
By EUGENE SHEFFER



HORIZONTAL.

1—correlative of either
3—ejected from the mouth
7—proverbial friend of Pythias
12—concerning
13—greasy
14—angry
15—separate
17—rage
19—pronoun
20—copper coin of the United States
21—leaf of a book
22—couch
23—reclined
24—grieve
25—barriers
26—common Latin conjunction
27—hypocritical talk
28—hastens
29—harbor
30—group
32—exploit
33—a color
34—Georgia (abbr.)
35—slight depression
36—acid
37—fish having a spear-like snout
38—American Regional Survey (abbr.)
39—frustrate
40—girl's name
41—Greek letter
42—smooth
43—fabulously rich man
44—continent
46—comedian
48—dart
49—stunning
50—love to excess
51—Spanish article

VERTICAL.

1—mediums through whom the gods reveal knowledge
2—reiterate
3—density
4—cavity
5—man's nickname
6—absolute ruler
7—plunge into water
8—exist
9—short for mother
10—additional ones
11—requires
18—some
19—are
21—liquid measure
22—marbled
24—portion
25—bed attached to the wall
27—outer garment
28—bombast
29—writing implements
30—maiden
31—portable sunshade
32—flat stick or rod used for punishing children
33—ached
34—place for housing automobiles
35—matrons
36—also
37—Supreme Being
39—liberate
40—cap
42—possessive pronoun
43—unequal
46—ray
47—perfume

Herewith is the solution to yesterday's puzzle.