

# "MASTER of MONEY"

BY ROY VICKERS

## CHAPTER XLVII

"I'll take it again first and you can watch me," said Shirley as they rode back into the clearing.

This time the mare responded at once and made a clean jump of it.

"Now remember what I told you," she cautioned, as she handed her mount to Abramov. "Ask your friends to stand away from the ridge or they may frighten her."

Abramov shouted and the men moved away, with the exception of one who was bigger than the rest.

"Ask that other man to move away too," protested Shirley. You ought to give yourself every chance at the first."

"Oh, I don't mind him!" said Abramov contemptuously, and started for the jump.

As before, the mare refused the jump at the last second. Abramov shot over her head. For a moment there was a curious silence, which was suddenly broken by a big man who still lingered near the jump.

Abramov caught the bridle and was in the saddle, riding back for a second attempt.

"You rushed her too much," said Shirley. "Don't fluster her. Take care that—"

Abramov was centering away for the second attempt. Shirley watched with a sporting interest, wholly unaware that there could be any other interest than a sporting one.

At the second attempt, the mare took the jump and Abramov kept his seat. He turned the mare in order to ride round the jump into the clearing. Shirley went forward to congratulate her pupil, her comic-opera bandit who looked like a tramp.

She was still walking towards Abramov when one of the bandits put out his arm in front of her as a barrier. She stopped, but the nothing warned her to turn away. She saw Abramov leap from his horse and rush at the man who had laughed at his tumble.

It was over before she could turn away. The knives flashed in the sun—there came a hoarse scream as Abramov re-established his leadership which had been destroyed by the laugh. Simultaneously it seemed that there came a cry in unison from the other five bandits.

"Zeto Abramov!" Sick with horror, Shirley staggered back to the shack. She was trembling with fear, not an animal fear, for her own person but a deep mortal fear. It was her sense of civilization that was out-

aged. Her imagination was trying to envisage the irreconcilable. Abramov, the comic-opera bandit who wanted to learn to jump—and Abramov, the fierce white savage, fighting hideously like a wild animal.

For a long time she sat in a kind of stupor and was roused by Petros bringing her a meal. It was ten o'clock and the gangs were ceasing work.

"The heat comes," said Petros. "Madame would do well to eat and then sleep."

The Greek's words made her suddenly conscious of her physical surroundings. She changed from her riding-kit to the lightest things she had and found that it scarcely made any difference. With the heat came the flies and every few minutes, it seemed, the swarms were doubled.

She tried to eat but the flies buzzed about her food even while she was conveying it from the table to her mouth. She gave up the attempt. She crept to her bed, and opening the mosquito net, lay down under it.

It was a different thing, she found to face the heat of a Macedonian summer in an iron-roofed shack up-country from facing it in the comparatively well-built house in Kaimakia. Sleep was impossible. The heat seemed to break on her from the iron roof in waves. Once, feeling she would suffocate, she went out of the shack, only to be driven back to the protection of the mosquito net.

Finding she could do nothing to cool herself, she lay and endured the hours of heat, dozing fitfully, starting to wakefulness in the hope that she had slept for hours and finding that scarcely a couple of minutes had passed.

At four o'clock there was a sensible lessening of the heat and she fell asleep, to wake a couple of hours later cool and refreshed by a slight breeze. Such was the distorting effect of her surroundings that the events of the early morning, Alan's departure, Abramov's duel, alike seemed afar off.

At sunset the foreman came up to the shack with the records of the day's work. It took her no more than a few minutes to find out that Alan made records of these in an account book and, vastly relieved at some kind of occupation, she set herself to copy them out.

When darkness had fallen, there came to her from the camp the sound of reed instruments and singing—and this time the singing was rhythmic. She looked out across the clearing.

A big fire had been built near the tents and round it the men were dancing. Her curiosity was aroused but instinct warned her not to leave the shack. She picked up a pair of field-glasses and watched them.

She saw a score or so of men, linked by their arms into a single line while they performed stamping movements with their feet. For a minute or more the line would be motionless; then it would move a dozen or so feet in one direction and then back again.

As she watched, Alan's words came back to her: "Sometimes they dance like savages, only worse." Shirley understood now. In the dance was the hideous animal outline that had shocked her when Abramov had sprung upon his comrade. It

## "TELLING TOMMY"



POLLY AND HER PALS

was the dance of a people whose religion is blood. And she was alone with them in the heart of the mountains.

She was seized with acute physical terror, unimaginably maimed, while they danced round her. Abruptly the moment of panic passed.

"They will leave me alone until Alan comes back," ran her thoughts. "And if Alan never does come back—it will be worth it—and when it is all over, somehow, somewhere, we shall both know it was worth it."

Alan arrived shortly after dawn of the third day. Shirley was having breakfast when she heard the first of the lorries rumble round the bend into camp. She wanted to run down to the camp and wait for his car, but prudence restrained her.

One by one, the lorries lurched and staggered over the uneven track. There were 12 of them this time—the first four loaded with men, some 15 to a lorry—the remainder, she supposed, contained supplies and equipment. Last of all came Alan's car and out stepped Alan. She saw him look towards the shack and she stood

outside and waved. He waved back and immediately turned to the men by the lorries.

The minutes passed while she watched and waited for him to come. She lost sight of him in the haze of activity round the lorries. "Why should he bother to come up to the shack?" she asked herself. He could see that she was all right when she waved to him.

There was a lot of work for him to do and it would be an idle formality to come all that way merely to ask how she had got on with the brigands—whether she had been frightened or subjected to any indignity.

Suddenly she saw him on horseback coming towards her—galloping. As he neared the shack, he belloped to Petros, who leaped out of the kitchen quarters and took his horse.

As Alan dismounted, she shrank instinctively back against the door of the shack. There had come to her the ridiculous fancy that he was going to touch her. He stood before her, a little out of breath, and for a moment neither spoke.

"How goes it?" His tone was balanced, friendly—there had

been no danger of his touching her.

"None the worse," she answered with a smile. "Except that I have been bored to death."

"Are you going to stay here now?" he asked.

The words electrified her. Before he had threatened to remove her from the camp by force. Now he acknowledged that she had won her right to remain.

"Yes, please, Alan," she answered evenly. "But do give me some work to do!"

"I'll work you until you cry for mercy," he answered, laughing. "I've got a lorry-load of boots down there. The first thing you can do is distribute them amongst the comradji. One pair to each man. And to make sure, don't give up the new pair until each man has given you his old pair. Feel like it?"

"You bet!"

"Good. I'll give you a couple of men to do the actual handling. Make every man who can write sign his name and the date. I think they all can write. It's wonderful how well these savages are educated."

"When you're through with that, go to lorry No. 7 and get

the foreman to have it unloaded. It contains medical stores and I want to see they're handled carefully. That'll carry you through the morning and we'll meet here at 10 o'clock for dejeuner. In the meantime, I'm going to fix up a scouting system with Abramov."

"I've got the Serbians all right," he added. "Just so. At a pinch they can tackle Stephanos and Abramov and his little lot as a makeweight."

(To be continued tomorrow.)

## Life Saving Test Held Successful

ABOARD U. S. S. FALCON off Keywest, Fla., Jan. 30.—(AP)—Successful delivery of two men from the sunken submarine KH-4 by Oans of the O'Rourke diving bell was accomplished during safety tests here this afternoon. At the same time, two members of the experimental expedition successfully passed from the deck of the Falcon to the interior of the submarine through the use of the bell.

## GLIDER TEST MADE BY MRS. LINDBERGH

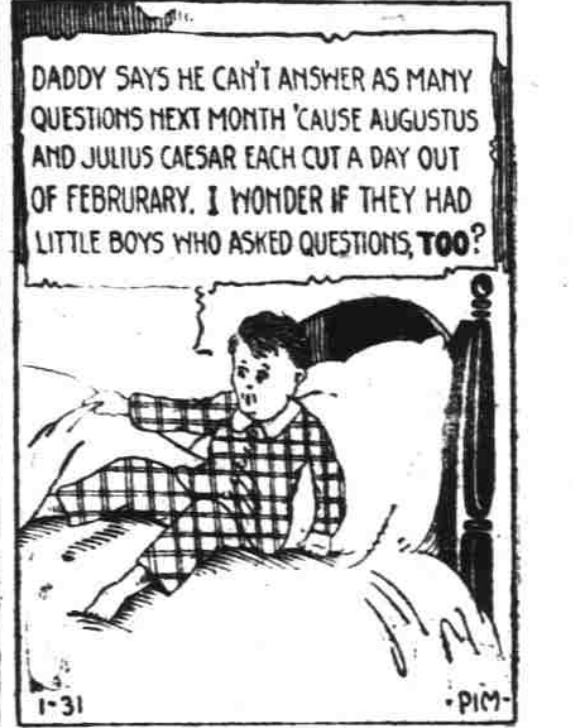
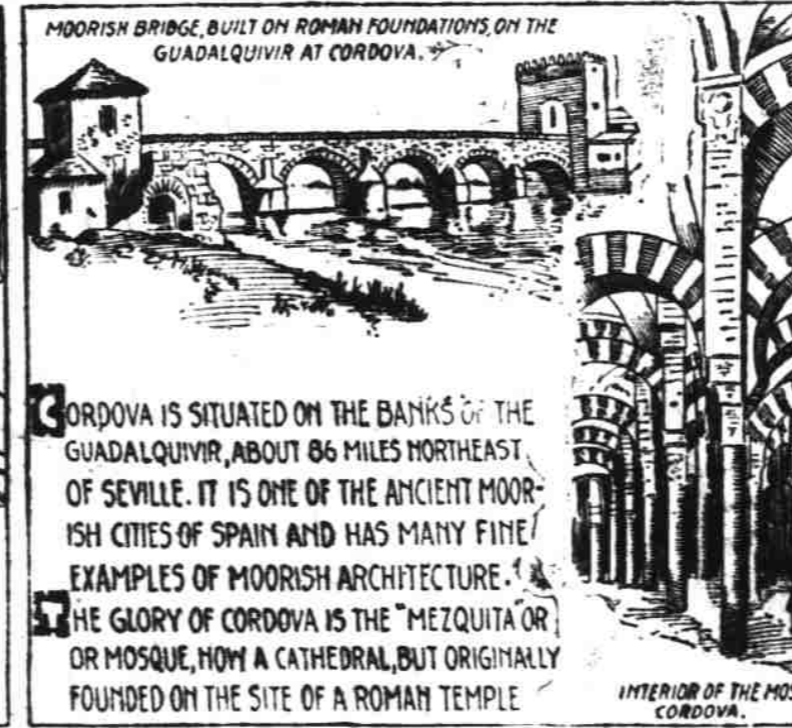
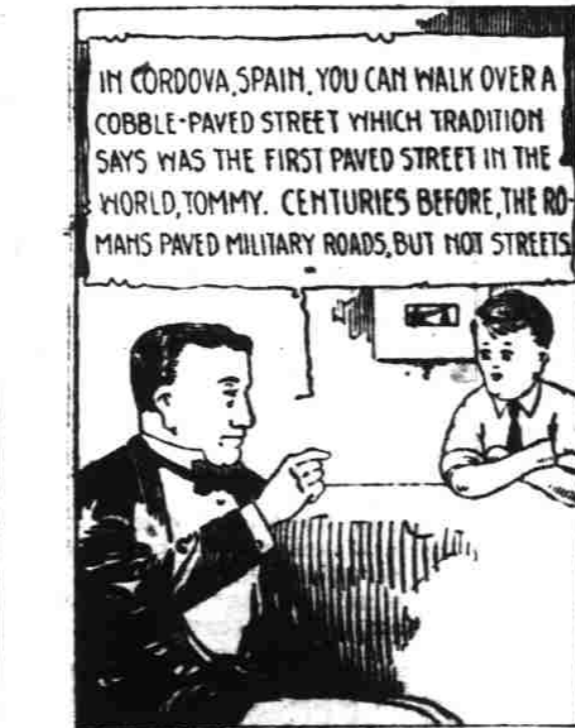
SAN DIEGO, Cal., Jan. 30.—(AP)—As easily as though she has done it numerous times before, Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh this afternoon made her first glider flight here, staying aloft a fraction over six minutes and winning a first class pilot's license for gliders.

The flight, witnessed by her husband, Colonel Lindbergh, took place at Soledad mountain in a sail plane owned by Hawley Bow-lus. While the flight was in progress Colonel Lindbergh stood with William Van Dusen and J. L. Hicklin, official timers for the National Glider association, watching every second of the flight.

## DEMING RESIGNS

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.—(AP)—William C. Deming, president of the civil service commission, has submitted his resignation to President Hoover.

By PIM

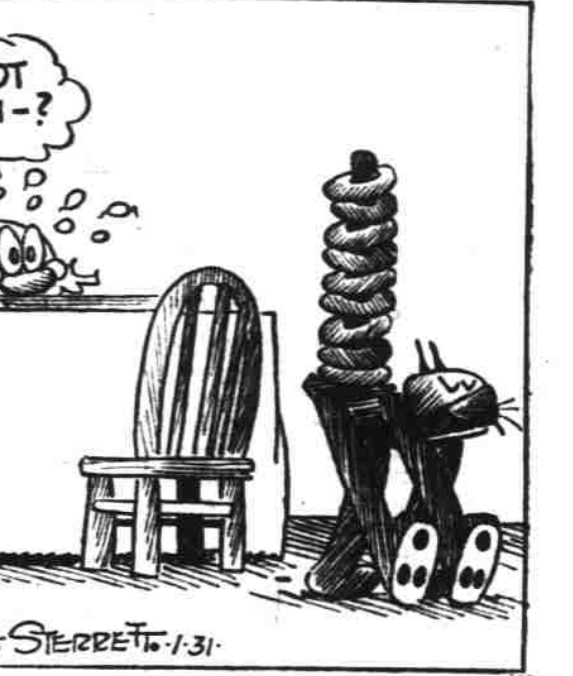
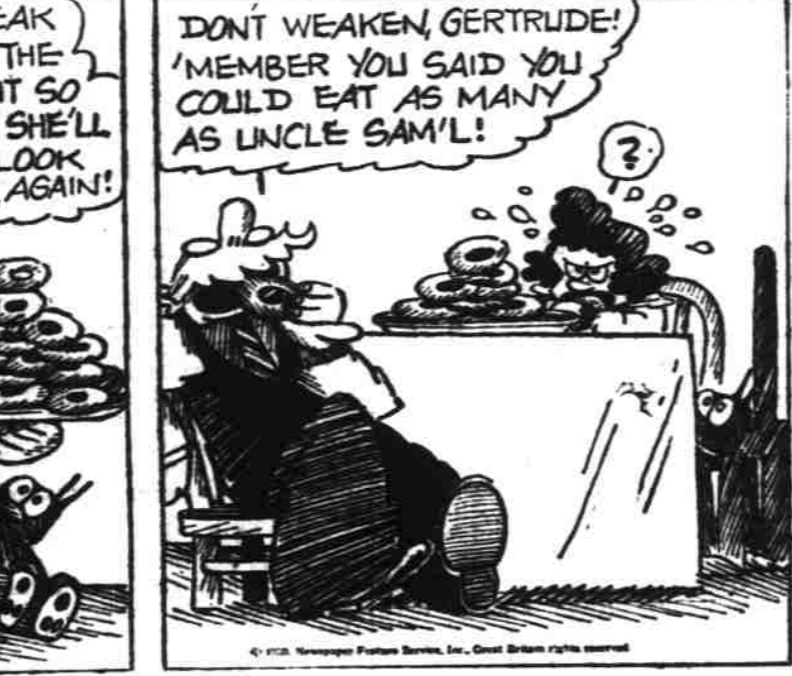


POLLY AND HER PALS

"It Was a 'Swell' Idea"

By CLIFF STERRETT

By CLIFF STERRETT



TILLIE, THE TOILER

"A 'Show' Down"

By RUSS WESTOVER

By RUSS WESTOVER



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

"Two Bits and Not One Bit Worried"

By BEN BATSFORD

By BEN BATSFORD



TOOTS AND CASPER

"No Such Luck for the Colonel"

By JIMMY MURPHY

By JIMMY MURPHY



By JIMMY MURPHY

By JIMMY MURPHY

By JIMMY MURPHY

By JIMMY MURPHY

## 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	45	46	47	48
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1—Who wrote "Ethan Fromm" and "The Age of Innocence"?
  - 2—What city on the Adriatic became a free city by the Treaty of Rapallo, 1920, after a seizure under the leadership of Gabriele d'Annunzio?
  - 3—Recline.
  - 4—What hunter, slain by Artemis, was changed into a constellation?
  - 5—Lieutenant (abbr.).
  - 6—Established value.
  - 7—Sea eagle.
  - 8—Pronoun.
  - 9—Age.
  - 10—What great Hebrew lawgiver led his Israelites out of Egypt?
  - 11—Distant.
  - 12—Transgresses.
  - 13—Spray for drying.
  - 14—One side of a leaf of a book.
  - 15—What Spanish adventurer discovered the Pacific?
  - 16—Domestic animal.
  - 17—Myself.
  - 18—Atmosphere.
  - 19—Barricade.
  - 20—Nest.
  - 21—Able.
  - 22—What is the capital of Poland?
  - 23—Rodent.
  - 24—Substance used in making shells.
  - 25—Dutch cheese.
  - 26—Native metal.
  - 27—What English romantic poet wrote "Des Juncos"?
  - 28—Before.
  - 29—Symbol for corium.
  - 30—Contraction for over.
  - 31—Catch tightly.
  - 32—Spanish definite article.
  - 33—Heron.
  - 34—Catchword.
  - 35—Not the same.
  - 36—What is the capital of New Jersey?
- VERTICAL**
- 1—What is the sailing word of the title of the book of —?
  - 2—Shut for Alfred.
  - 3—Fear apart.
  - 4—Two or more horses hitched to one harness.
  - 5—In the Yale House the famous