

# "MASTER of MONEY"

## BY ROY VICKERS

## CHAPTER LII.

They say about 30 of them came through, Mrs. Brenaway, answered Abramovl apologetically. "Seven of them tried to surrender and they think four got away. Some of them are after the four now and expect to get them, as they were wounded."

Shirley turned from him and for a moment thought she would fall from the mare. Summoning all her strength of will, she thanked Abramovl and rode back to camp.

When she reached camp it was half-past nine. The whole battle, in which the most formidable band of comradis had been wiped out, had lasted little more than an hour. She remembered the machine guns and a few what must be round the bend out of sight. With this in mind, she collected a couple of foremen and told them to take all laborers and clear the track.

At the shack Petros ran out to meet her, cowering like a wild Macedonian. "Zeto Kyria!" he cried wildly and then, suddenly returning to his role of respectful servant, explained apologetically that he but to offer Madame his respectful congratulations.

"Is he better then?" demanded Shirley excitedly. She had forgotten the battle. Stephens, Abramovl, everything but Alan.

"But no, madame—" She knew all the remorse of neglected duty as she rushed into the dug-out. She stared down at his closed eyes and thought that he was sleeping until the morning.

"Alan, Alan, I had to leave you. I could do nothing," she wailed. "Don't die, Alan—don't die. Life is so gorgeous."

Before ten o'clock they got Alan into his bed in the shack. As the heat rose he became restless, the moaning increased, and more than once she caught the word "water."

"The mouth may be moistened but he must not drink," warned Petros. "It is horrible but it is not serious, madame."

To Shirley it was the most serious thing in the world. She moistened his lips with a rag dipped in water, then thought of sponging his face and chest.

It was a laborious process, for she had to keep him covered with a mosquito net lest the flies torment him. Petros stood by her till she sent him to rest.

Presently, cooled by her bathing, he dropped to sleep. She waited motionless beside for ten minutes, then crept to her own bed.

She was dozing when he shouted her name with sudden sharpness.

"I'm here, Alan!" she called and ran to his bedside. "What do you want?"

"Shirley," he repeated. "Shirley! Get into your dugout!"

"It's all right, Alan—there's no need to get into a dugout, it's all over. You'll be glad to hear—" She stopped as she saw that he could not hear her. He was sitting up in bed, his eyes glassy. She tried to force him back on the pillows and could not.

"That's better!" he rapped out. "They've got no guns and a rifle bullet can't possibly get her in the dugout. Now for those Serbians! Come on, you devils, get out those mules!"

She shuddered as she realized that he was now utterly beyond her control. He loved her, she mechanically moistened his lips and sponged him, uncertain whether she were doing the right thing for him, guessing that at any moment he might seize her and strangle her, not knowing even that she was there.

"Slacken fire, Abramovl. One man in three now, and stand by to bolt when I give the word."

With uncanny precision he was going over all the details of the battle he had planned them—as she had carried them out.

"Shirley!" he shouted. "Shirley—you can come out of the dug-out. We've won. . . . Steady, you fool, for God's sake don't kiss her. She doesn't want to. It isn't love—it's only honor. She has paid her debt and she wants to pay it again and again out of pride. She'll give anything to be allowed to go on paying. She doesn't love anybody."

"Don't kiss her, friend, we've beaten them. Come into the shack and have some food—no drink—I am thirsty. Water . . . water . . . water."

He sank down into unconsciousness and was still. She went on moistening his lips while her own thoughts stamped on the words he had uttered. "It isn't love—it's only honor." He was confused, of course. In delirium some of the words were sensible and some were not. What did he mean by "honor"? Nothing of course. A delirious raving. Fiercely she told herself that the words meant nothing whatever.

He flung himself around in the bed.

"Oh, you want me to marry Shirley, too, do you, Cardew? Well, I'm not going to do it. Here's my resignation from the club. I've no moral obligation towards her whatever—she has brought the whole situation upon herself. . . . You're very clever, Mrs. Shirley, but I'm not going to argue with you."

"Who told you you could call yourself Mrs. Brenaway? And what do you think you're going to gain by all these little wifely touches? I wish you wouldn't dust this room. You're throwing the dust all over the place and making me thirsty. Give me some water. The dust is choking me. I'll give you all the money I have for some water. Oh, the dust—I can't breathe!"

He was rising up in the bed and she made the discovery that by crossing her hands over his forehead she could lower him back again. Then with one hand still pressing on the forehead with all the strength she could spare, with the other she continued the bathing. For hour after hour, it seemed, her left hand went endlessly to the water bowl.

"You're tempting me . . . Damn you, Shirley, do you think I'm made of steel? . . . Day after day in the same house. Night after night. You're too clever to play the warden. You're breaking me down but I won't touch you, I won't, I won't."

"She isn't trying to marry you after all, Own up. Be fair to her. You've misjudged her all these months and behaved damned dishonorably towards her. She wants to tell you."

## "TELLING TOMMY"

BULLFIGHTING IS A VERY OLD SPORT, TOMMY. COMBATS WITH BULLS WERE COMMON IN ANCIENT THESSALY AND IN THE AMPHITHEATRES OF IMPERIAL ROME.



## "POLLY AND HER PALS"

AW SHUX, COUSIN CARRIE, THIS LIL HUNK OF SALT-WATER-TAFFY WON'T HURT HER, NONE!



BULLFIGHTING WAS INTRODUCED INTO SPAIN BY THE MOORS AND AT ONCE CAPTURED THE FANCY OF THE SPANIARDS AND SOON BECAME THEIR NATIONAL SPORT. POPULAR TRADITION NAMES THE GREAT CID HIMSELF AS THE ORIGINAL BULL-FIGHTER. IT IS PROBABLE THAT THE FIRST SPANIARD TO KILL A BULL IN THE ARENA WAS DON RODRIGO DIAZ DE VIVAR ABOUT 1040. AT THE PRESENT DAY NEARLY EVERY TOWN AND CITY IN SPAIN HAS ITS PLAZA DE TOROS OR BULL-RING.



## "Pew's Sweet Teeth"

I WISH YOU'D MIND YER OWN BUSINESS, PAW! YOU SHOULD WORRY ABOUT GERTRUDE'S LOOSE TOOTH!



AN' BESIDES, YOUR THEORY ABOUT EXTRACTIN' TEETH WITH TAFFY IS NUTHIN' BUT A OLD WIVES' TALE!



## "A Question of Age"

THAT POLICY PROVIDES FOR THE LIFE OF EACH PARTNER, AND HAVING THE PREMIUM PAID BY THE FIRM, IT COSTS NEITHER OF YOU ANYTHING, AND WHEN ONE DIES, THE OTHER GETS ENOUGH MONEY TO CARRY THE BUSINESS ON.



## "A Charitable Gentleman"

BEING THAT I'M ONE OF THE PARTNERS, I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT ALL THIS IS GOING TO COST THE FIRM.



## "Another Shower of Money"

YES, TOOTS, I JUST FOUND ANOTHER ENVELOPE, WITH MORE MONEY IN IT, UNDER THE DOOR! A TYPE-WRITTEN NOTE ENCLOSED READS: 'DEAR MR. CASPER: ENCLOSED IS \$5,000.00 MORE FOR YOU! PARDON THE MYSTERIOUS WAY I SEND IT TO YOU. I HAVE REASONS. SINCERELY, A FRIEND.'



## "Who is the Mysterious Friend?"

WHO IS THE MYSTERIOUS FRIEND? WHY DOES HE SO STRANGELY SHOWER MONEY ON CASPER? IT'S TOO DEEP FOR US! CAN YOU SOLVE IT?



"MY FRIEND" HAS BEEN HERE AGAIN! THIS TIME HE REACHED IN THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW AND LEFT THE MONEY WHERE I'D BE SURE TO FIND IT!



## "A Stack of Money Under the Covers"

WHAT'S THIS? A STACK OF MONEY UNDER THE COVERS! WELL, I'LL BE SWITCHED!



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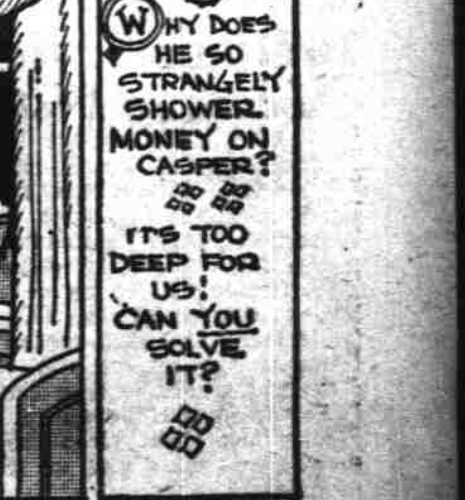
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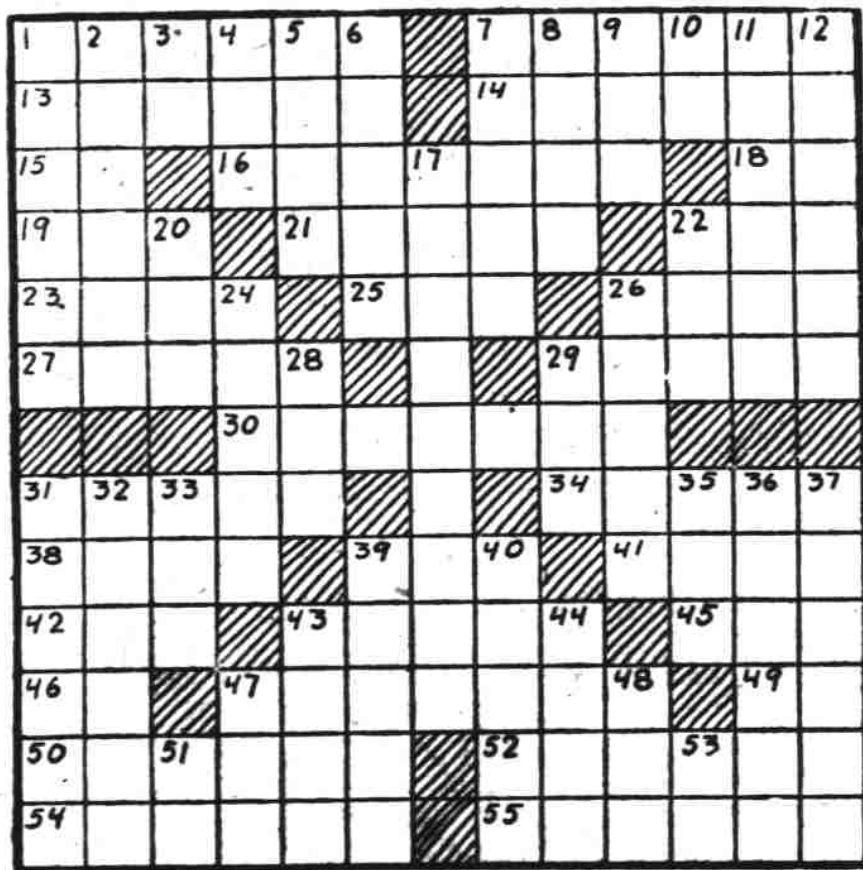
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## Cross-Word Puzzle

By EUGENE SHEFFER



- HORIZONTAL**
- 1—religious
  - 2—sect chiefly settled in Utah
  - 3—passing look
  - 4—black and orange bird
  - 5—read anew
  - 6—prefix: from, out of
  - 7—encamp for the night without tents
  - 8—note in scale
  - 9—Greek letter
  - 10—lubricated
  - 11—strike
  - 12—assists
  - 13—nothing
  - 14—clamping device
  - 15—dropsy
  - 16—drank excessively
  - 17—grandson of Eli
  - 18—piecing out
  - 19—legend
  - 20—sub-committee of jurisprudence (abbr.)
- VERTICAL**
- 1—the three Greek goddesses of fate
  - 2—genus of terrestrial tuber-bearing plants
  - 3—Rhode Island (abbr.)
  - 4—crowd
  - 5—miscellaneous collection
  - 6—American composer
  - 7—semi-liquid food of meal and milk
  - 8—light
  - 9—part of a circle
  - 10—northeast (abbr.)
  - 11—light loose gown
  - 12—prepared for publication
  - 13—stars in government in which supreme power is restricted to a few
  - 14—lyric poem
  - 15—part of the body
  - 16—one who collects
  - 17—Russian alcoholic liquor
  - 18—one-spot
  - 19—digit of the foot
  - 20—causes a stinging sensation
  - 21—historic place of execution in London
  - 22—consumed
  - 23—angry
  - 24—crink of the gods
  - 25—estimates
  - 26—marks left by wounds
  - 27—Mohammedan religious war
  - 28—in cod
  - 29—division of ancient Africa
  - 30—bustle
  - 31—place
  - 32—army order (abbr.)
  - 33—exists
- Here with is the solution to yesterday's puzzle.
- MAD SPURT GA**  
**EM TEASE THOU**  
**ICICLE MAE K**  
**DOMES COXAE**  
**W B D ALIPED**  
**AR DEBATE ERA**  
**DID ORE DIM**  
**EPI SWERVE S**  
**REVILE AWE S**  
**C N I C E R S C E N E**  
**C N O W G O U R D S**  
**O X E N T O R U S P I**  
**L I T T E N E**