"MASTER of MONEY"
BY ROY VICKERS

CHAPTER LIV

"I'm sorry," she continued. I can give you no information at all. I thing you had really go back and wait until you can see Alan."

A footstep sounded in the clearing and Abramovel put his head in the shack.

"Can you come down to the camp, Mrs. Brennaway There's an argument between the Serbians and the laborers about their piece work."

"All right," said Shirley. "I'll come at once." To Roger she added: "If you like, you can have a meal before you go, Roger, but I think it would be better for you not to stay over night. I shall probably be back in half an hour or so if you'd like to rest here."

He made no answer and she mounted the mare and rode off to Abramovel. She had tried to be polite to Roger, but had found it an effort. By his presence he had irritated her, but for the rest his coming had been little more than an interruption. The life in which Roger had played so large a part had shrunk into nothingness.

By the time she had settled the dispute among the workmen, she had almost forgotten him. Riding back to the shack, she determined to force herself to be as considerate as possible towards him.

When she entered the shack it was empty and she thought with a sigh of relief that he must have gone while she was dealing with the workmen. Then she noticed that all the papers had disappeared from her desk.

So that was how Roger had made use of her absence! She had half formed a plan for pursuing him when Petros appeared, his arms laden with papers.

"What have you there, Petros?" she asked quickly.

"They are Madame's papers," answered Petros. "I chanced to come in here after Madame had gone and found a thief who was putting all the papers in his bag."

There was something in the Greek's manner that frightened her.

"What did you do, Petros?"

"Madame, he took his pistol and fired at me, so I killed him with my knife. Madame will see the mark of the bullet on the wall—here. But Madame need not be distressed. There are now no papers in his bag."

Petros was placing the papers on the desk, utterly unperurbed. To Petros it was an everyday happening—someone tried to kill you and you killed him first. Struggle as she would with all her might, Shirley could not help sharing something of the Greek's view. Roger had been killed, and who, in the end, was Roger? She had forgotten even the unhappiness he had caused her.

That night she wrote to Alan telling him what had happened, but next day received a letter crossing hers.

"Dear Shirley, My little trouble is over and at last they will allow me to write. Three fellows I sent for from England have arrived. One of them, Walters, will be up tomorrow. You can hand everything over to him. I shall not try to tell you how grateful I feel for all you have been doing. —Alan."

vTuee

The next day Walters arrived and brought a French lawyer with him. Shirley left him to deal with the complications of Roger's death and with an odd feeling of regret, got into the car that was to take her to Salonika.

On the next day she went to the hospital, feeling neither excitement nor reluctance. If he were to speak of themselves she would just tell him plainly that she loved him.

When she saw him sitting on a shady veranda in an invalid chair, she was not so sure of herself. He looked weak and part of his bronze had gone, but otherwise he seemed none the worse.

"Hello Shirley!" he greeted her, and they shook hands. A nurse brought her a chair and left them alone.

"I've been trying to think up something to say to you Shirley, but I decided that to say anything would be an impertinence."

"In any case it would be unnecessary," she said, laughing uneasily. "You had arranged everything pretty thoroughly, you know. It was only a question of being amiable to Abramovel and the men."

He asked questions about the camp and for a time they discussed the details of what she had been doing.

"You're getting tired," she suggested. "I'd better buzz off."

There came a long pause.

"Not a bit" he answered vigorously, "I shall be up and about in a day or two. No, I was just thinking . . . We must arrange money matters as soon as possible. Your husband's death may make complications over the shares. In any case, I don't want the shares to come into the open market. They're yours, you know and I'll take them from you at a valuation. Legally, of course, they're still his, but we shall be able to work that out somehow."

"Need we talk about it now?" she asked.

"I don't think so. Just leave it at this. However we work it, there will be a good income for you that will leave you absolutely independent."

"Thank you," she said tonelessly. She was tongue-tied, unable to say any of the things she had planned to say.

"Let me know your plans as soon as you know them yourself," he went on. "And if you're going back to New York, don't forget to send me your address."

"Of course!" she answered, controlling her voice. "I'm going back at once." She got up. "But it will be quite a rush and in case we don't meet again—goodbye, Alan."

"Good-bye, Shirley." They shook hands lightly, formally. "The best luck!"

* * *

A month later, in a cottage on Cape Cod, she received a letter from Roger's firm in New York.

"Madame—we have received from Salonika proof of the late Roger Kelton's death and have to inform you that by a will executed on your wedding day you inherit all property of

We should perhaps add the deceased.

that the bulk of the deceased's property consists of shares of doubtful value in a foreign industrial enterprise, known as Macedonian Developments. We should be glad to receive instructions in due course. We are, yours faithfully.—Keltton & Rood."

So Roger had been prevented by death and his own negligence from perpetrating his last act of meanness on Alan, thought Shirley. Roger had left her his property—if indeed it could be called property. Out of that, she would, of course, make good the deficit to the trust fund and then she could forever forget Roger.

Forget Alan, too.

She had built a castle of dreams out of nothing more substantial than the delirious ravings of a sick man. In his delirium he had talked nonsense—and part of the nonsense had been the nonsense that he loved her.

The sun was sinking when she went out and climbed to a high, grassy ledge that looked out over the sea. She dropped into a deep reverie of her life in Macedonia, of Alan, so that it seemed but part of her dream when she saw him coming slowly up the winding path towards her.

"Are you real?" she asked as he stood over her.

"I think so," he answered. "At this moment, for the first time in my life . . . Now I know that I have done well to come."

She did not look up at him. He still seemed part of her dream of him. She stood on the borderland of reality and was unwilling to cross.

"Why?"

"Because you were thinking of me and wanting me to come."

"Yes," she answered simply. "Why were you so long in coming? . . . I know . . . "It isn't love—it's just honor."

"Funny! We read each other's thoughts . . . Why do we talk? I'm going to kiss you."

"I wanted to stay until you said that—stay here forever. Now I want to run away," she said quickly.

"But you do not move," he said, then stooped and picked her up.

In his kiss Shirley yet again discovered man—and this time it was man the lover—a strange wonder utterly unlike anything she had dreamed of. Gone from her now was the instinct of defensiveness, as the desire to run away.

Darkness came and they wandered down the path to the village, then aimlessly into a lane, now talking, now keeping long silences. Now and again they would chatter of Macedonia.

"A funny things is," said Alan presently, "I can't remember anything about that battle with Stephanos. My recollection ends just as I was going to round up the Serbians. You were in the dugout, of course. I suppose you heard everything that happened?"

"Oh, yes," she answered. "It was all wonderful—but not as wonderful as this, Alan. Let's walk about all night and watch the dawn."

The End.

Wheel of Saw Flies 2 Blocks Killing Woman

RICHMOND, Va., Feb. 7—(AP)—Death, assuming the form of a fly wheel to a saw, flew through space for two blocks today, plunged through the roof of a house, slashed a woman's head from her shoulders and buried itself deep in the ground under the floor.

James Brice, a negro, was sawing wood in a vacant lot. The balance wheel, an iron disc half an inch thick, snapped as the saw was turning at high speed. One part fell to the ground and the other sailed high in the air, clearing a two story church and two small houses, and plunging through the roof of a third.

Winnie Jones, negro woman, was struck by the iron with terrific force. Her face and half her head were severed.

KIDNAP PLOT PROBED

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Feb. 7—(AP)—Nine persons were in the custody of New York and New Haven police tonight in connection with the kidnaping of Max Price, 62 year old real estate operator, while the victim of the ransom plot was recuperating in a private sanitarium from the effects of eight days in the hands of kidnapers.

Survey Effected For Fire Boxes

A survey of the city of Salem preliminary to the mapping out of the proposed fire alarm box system on which bids have been asked by the city council, is being made by F. D. Webber, chief electrical engineer for the Oregon insurance rating bureau, who arrived here Thursday from Portland. Installation of 50 alarm boxes this year is planned, with more to be added later.

HOOVERS GIVE DINNER

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7—(AP)—One of the most colorful of the series of state dinners at the White House was given tonight by the president and Mrs. Hoover in honor of the speaker and Mrs. Longworth.

Dancer Finishes Heart Balm Case

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 7—(AP)—The prosecution completed its case today against Ferdinand Pinney (affinity) Earle, artist, defendant in a suit for $30,000 brought by Dolores Salazar, Spansh dancer, for breach of pre-nuptial contract.

The last witness called was the plaintiff's mother, Mrs. Aurelia Salazar who, in broken English and with many gestures, related that Earle had won the good graces of the Salazar family.

BILLIARD TITLE WON

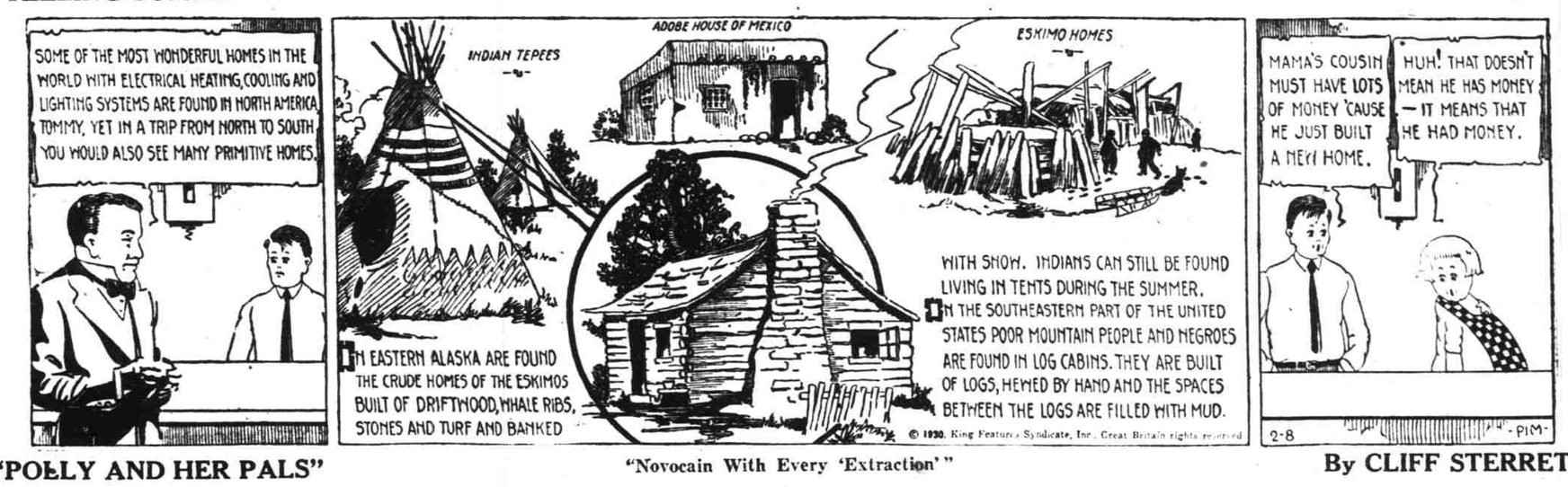
SEATTLE, Feb. 7—(AP)—Wallace Lindsley of Mount Vernon, Wash., won the Pacific northwest amateur three cushion billiard championship here tonight from Jerry White of Seattle 50 to 48 in a playoff match. The contest lasted 86 innings.

RIOTING KILLS THREE

BUCHAREST, Rumania, Feb. 7.—(AP)—Three persons were killed during municipal elections which ended today.

"TELLING TOMMY"

By PIM



"POLLY AND HER PALS"

"Novocain With Every 'Extraction'"

By CLIFF STERRETT

TILLIE, THE TOILER

"A Bad Risk"

By RUSS WESTOVER

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

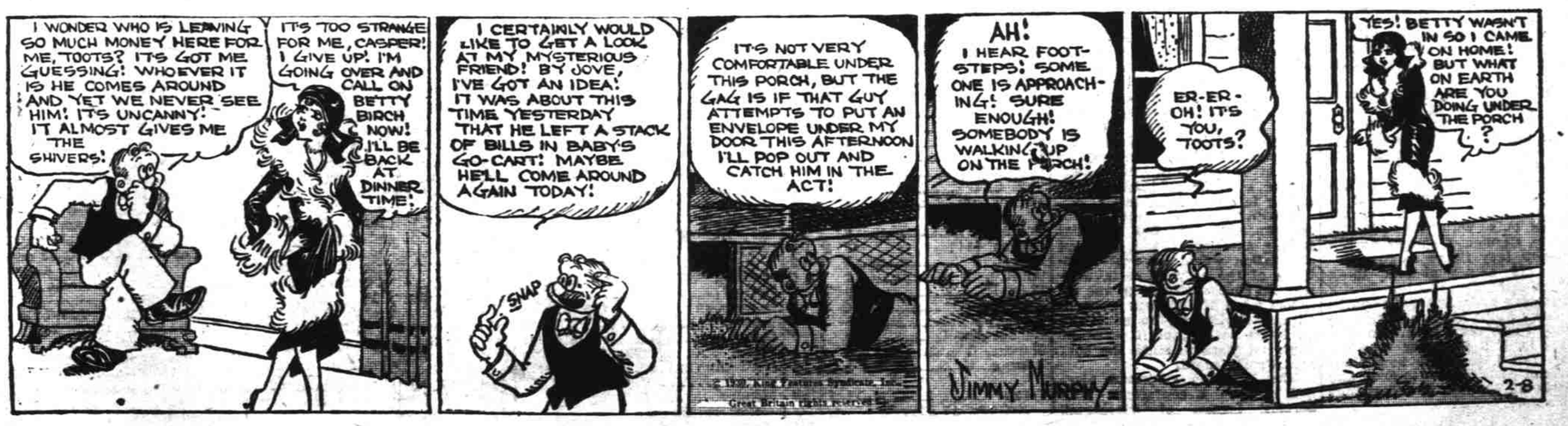
"Lost and Found"

By BEN BATSFORD

TOOTS AND CASPER

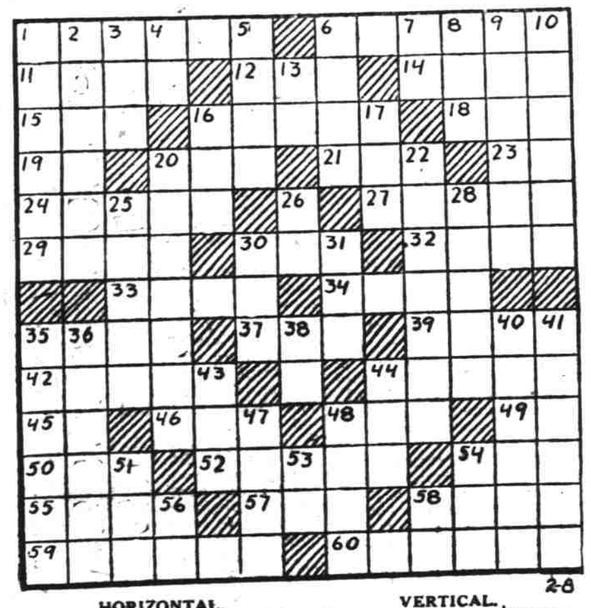
"A False Alarm"

By JIMMY MURPHY



Cross-Word Puzzle

By EUGENE SHEFFER



2-8

HORIZONTAL.

1—rest
6—to strike out
11—character of "Idylls of the King"
12—comprehension
14—ripped
15—large tub
16—Latin author of 1st century B. C.
18—to strike
19—printers' measure
20—dispose of
21—earth
23—district attorney (abbr)
24—mutiny
27—doctrine or opinion
29—spirit
30—measure of area
32—foundation
33—network
34—pertaining to wings
35—excited
37—seed case of peas
39—scorch
42—nuisances
44—set over again
45—symbol for aluminum
46—solar body
48—footlike organ
49—bushel (abbr)
50—celebrated (abbr)
52—notified or summoned
54—slough
55—well-connected body
57—utensil
58—false
59—irony
60—gladdens

VERTICAL.

1—respect
2—kind of paint
3—deep hole
4—hypothetical force
5—scraped up
6—son of Seth
7—neuter pronoun
8—Spanish gentleman
9—wears away
10—argue
13—epistle (abbr.)
16—nothing
17—drunkard
20—fails to follow suit in cards
22—lowers in value
25—feudal lord
26—act
28—nostrils
30—fabric with a corded surface
31—father
35—counting frame
36—a mineral, common ore of lead
38—bone
40—scold
41—musical exercises
43—have supper
44—violent color
47—base of the neck
48—short for Peter
51—illuminated
53—move
54—rug
56—symbol for titanium
58—note of the scale

Herewith is the solution to yesterday's puzzle.

Copyright, 1930, King Features Syndicate, Inc.