OH, MONEY! MONEY!

by Eleanor H. Porter

Author of "Pollyanna"

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CHAPTER I

Exit Mr. Stanley G. Fulton

THERE was a thoughtful frown on the face of the man who was the possessor of twenty million dollars. He was a tall, spare man, with a fringe of reddish-brown hair encircling a bald spot. His blue eyes, fixed just now in a steady gaze upon a row of ponderous law books across the room, were friendly and benevolent in direct contradiction to the bulldog, never-let-go fighting qualities of the square jaw below the firm rather thin lips.

The lawyer, a youthfully alert man of sixty years, trimly gray as to garb, hair and mustache, sat idly watching him yet with eyes that looked so intently that they seemed to listen.

For fully five minutes the two men had been puffing at their cigars in silence when the millionaire spoke.

"Well, what am I going to do with my money?"

Into the lawyer's listening eyes flashed, for a moment, the keenly scrutinizing glance usually reserved for the witness on the other side. Then quietly came the answer.

"Spend it yourself, I hope—for some years to come, Stanley."

Mr. Stanley G. Fulton was guilty of a shrug and an uplifted eyebrow.

"Thanks. Very pretty, and I appreciate it, of course. But I can't wear but one suit of clothes at a time, nor eat but one dinner—which, by the way, just now consists of somebody's health biscuit and hot water. Twenty million dollars don't really what you might call melt away at that rate."

The lawyer frowned.

"Shucks, Fulton," he expostulated with an irritable twist of his hand. "I thought better of you than that. This poor rich man's 'one-suit-one-dinner-one-bed-at-a-time' hard-luck story doesn't suit your style. Better cut it out!"

"All right. Cut it is." The man smiled good-humoredly. "But you see I was nettled. You didn't give me a chance at all. I asked you what was to become of my money after I'd done spending it myself—the little that is left, of course."

Once more from the lawyer's eyes flashed that keenly scrutinizing glance.

"What was it, Fulton? A mouse or rabbit, or a wedge of mince pie now like mother used to make? Why, man alive, you're barely over fifty, yet. Cheer up! It's only a little matter of indigestion. There are a lot of good days and good dinners coming to you yet."

The millionaire made a wry face.

"Very likely—if I survive the biscuits. But, seriously, Ned, I'm in earnest. No, I don't think I'm going to die—yet awhile. But I ran across young Bixby last night—got him home, in fact. Delivered him to his white-faced little wife. Talk about your maudlin idiots!"

"Yes, I know. Too bad, too bad!"

"Hm-m; well, that's what one million did—inherited it. It set me to thinking—of mine, when I get through with them."

"I see." The lawyer's line came together a little grimly. "You've not made your will, I believe."

"No. Dreaded it, somehow. Funny how a man'll fight shy of a little thing like that, isn't it? And when we're so mighty particular where it goes while we're living!"

"Yes, I know; you're not the only one. You have relatives—somewhere, I suppose."

"Nothing nearer than cousins, third or fourth, back East. They'd get it, I suppose, without a will."

"Why don't you marry?"

The millionaire repeated the wry face of a moment before.

"I'm not a marrying man. I never did care much for women; and—I'm not fool enough to think that a woman would be apt to fall in love with my bald head. Nor am I obliged enough to care to hand the millions over to the woman that falls in love with them, taking me along as the necessary sack that holds the gold. If it comes to that, I'd rather risk the cousins. They, at least, are of my own blood, and they didn't angle to get the money."

"You know them?"

"Never saw 'em."

"Why not pick out a bunch of colleges and endow them?"

The millionaire shook his head.

"Doesn't appeal to me, somehow. Oh, of course it ought to, but—it just doesn't. That's all. Maybe if I was a college man myself; but—well, I had to dig for what education I got."

"Very well—charities, then. There are numberless organizations that——"

He stopped abruptly at the other's uplifted hand.

"Organizations! Good heavens, I should think there were! I tried 'em once. I got that philanthropic bean in my bonnet, and I gave thousands, tens of thousands to 'em. Then I got to wondering where the money went."

Unexpectedly the lawyer chuckled.

"You never did like to invest without investigating, Fulton," he observed.

With only a shrug for an answer the other plunged on.

"Now, understand, I'm not saying that organized charity isn't all right, and doesn't do good, of course. Neither am I prepared to propose anything to take its place. And maybe the two or three I dealt with were particularly addicted to the sort of thing I objected to. But, honestly, Ned, if you'd lost heart and friends and money, and were just ready to chuck the whole shooting-match, how would you like to become a 'case,' say, number twenty-three thousand seven hundred and forty-one, ticketed and docketed, and duly apportioned off to a six-by-nine rule of 'do this' and 'do that,' while a dozen spectacled eyes watched you being cleaned up and regulated and wound up with a key made of just so much and no more parts and preachments carefully weighed and labeled? How would you like it?"

The lawyer laughed.

"I know; but, my dear fellow, what would you have? Surely, unorganized charity and promiscuous giving is worse——"

"Oh, yes, I've tried that way, too," shrugged the other. "There was a time when every Tom, Dick and Harry, with a rundown shoe and a ragged coat, could count on me for a ten-spot by just holding out his hand, no questions asked. Then a serious-eyed little woman gravely told me one day that the indiscriminate charity of a millionaire was not only a curse to any community but a corruption to the whole State. I believe she kindly included the nation, as well, bless her! And I thought I was doing good!"

"What a blow—to you!" There was a whimsical smile in the lawyer's eyes as he spoke. The millionaire was not smiling. "But she was right. It set me to thinking, and I began to follow up those ten-spots—the ones that I could trace. Love! what a mess I'd made of it! Oh, some of them were all right, of course, and I made those fellows pay for spot. But the others—I tell you, Ned, money that isn't earned is the most risky thing in the world. If I'd left half those wretches alone they'd have braced up and helped themselves and made men of themselves, maybe. As it was—well, you never can tell as to the results of a so-called 'good' action. From my experience I should say they are every whit as dangerous as the bad ones."

The lawyer laughed outright.

"But, my dear fellow, that's just where the organized charity comes in. Don't you see?"

"Oh, yes, I know—Case No. 23,741. And that's all right, of course. Relief of some sort is absolutely necessary. But I'd like to see a little warm sympathy injected into it, some way. Give the machine a heart, say, as well as hands and a head."

"Then why don't you try it yourself?"

"Not I!" His gesture of dissent was emphatic. "I have tried it, in a way, and failed. That's why I'd like some one else to tackle the job. And that brings me right back to my original question. I'm wondering what my money will do, when I'm done with it. I'd like to have one of my own kin have it—if I was sure of him. Money is a queer proposition, Ned, and it's capable of almost anything."

"It is. You're right."

"What I can do with it, and what some one else can do with it, are two quite different matters. I don't consider my efforts to circulate it wisely, or even harmlessly, exactly what you'd call a howling success. Whatever I've done, I've always been criticized for not doing something else. If I gave a costly entertainment, I was accused of showy ostentation. If I didn't give it, I was accused of not putting money into honest circulation. If I donated to a church, it was called conscience money; and if I didn't donate to it, they said I was mean and miserly. So much for what I've done. I was just wondering—what the other fellow'd do with it."

"Why worry? Twon't be your fault."

"But it will—if I give it to him. Great Scott, Ned! Think what money does for folks, sometimes! folks that aren't used to it. Look at Bixby; and look at that poor little Marston girl, throwing herself away on that worthless scamp of a Gowing who's only after her money, as everybody (but herself) knows. And if it doesn't make knaves and martyrs of them, ten to one it does make fools of 'em. They're worse than a kid with a dollar on circus day; and they use just about as much sense spending their pile, too. You should have heard dad tell about his pals in the eighties that struck it rich in the gold mines. One bought up every grocery store in town and instituted a huge free grab-bag for the populace; and another dropped his hundred thousand in the dice box before it was a week old. I wonder what those cousins of mine back East are like?"

"If you're fearful, better take Case No. 23,741," smiled the lawyer.

"Hm-m; I suppose so," ejaculated the other grimly, getting to his feet. "Well, I must be off. It's biscuit time, I see."

A moment later the door of the lawyer's sumptuously appointed office closed behind him. Not twenty-four hours afterward, however, it opened to admit him again. He was alert, eager-eyed, and smiling. He looked ten years younger. Even the office boy who ushered him in cocked a curious eye at him.

The man at the great flat-topped desk gave a surprised ejaculation.

"Hullo, Fulton! Those biscuits must be agreeing with you," he laughed. "Mind telling me their name?"

"Ned, I've got a scheme. I think I can carry it out." Mr. Stanley G. Fulton strode across the room and dropped himself into the waiting chair. "Remember those cousins back East? Well, I'm going to find out which of 'em I want for my heir."

"Another case of investigating before investing, eh?"

"Exactly."

"Well, that's like you. What is it, a little detective work? Going to get acquainted with them, I suppose, and see how they treat you. Then you can size them up as to hearts and habits, and drop the golden plum into the lap of the worthy man, eh?"

"Yes, and no. But not the way you say. I'm going to give 'em say fifty or a hundred thousand apiece, and—"

"Give it to them—now?"

"Sure! How in I going to know how they'll spend money till they have it to spend?"

"I know; I do—"

"Oh, I've planned all that. Don't worry. Of course you'll have to fix it up for me. I shall have instructions with you, and when the time comes all you have to do is to carry them out."

The lawyer came erect in his chair.

"Leave instructions! But you, yourself—?"

"Oh, I'm going to be there, in Hillerton."

"There? Hillerton?"

"Yes, where the cousins live, you know. Of course I want to see how it works."

"Humph! I suppose you think you'll find out—with you watching them every move." The lawyer had set feet back in his chair, an ironical smile on his lips.

"Oh, they won't know me, of course, except as John Smith."

"John Smith?" The lawyer was sitting erect again.

"Yes. I'm going to take that name—for a time."

"Nonsense, Fulton! Have you lost your senses?"

"No." The millionaire still smiled imperturbably. "Really, my dear Ned, I'm disappointed in you. You don't seem to realize the possibilities of this thing."

"Oh, yes, I do—perhaps better than you, old man," retorted the other with an expressive glance.

"Oh, come, Ned, listen! I've got three cousins in Hillerton. I never saw them, and they never saw me. I'm going to give them a tidy little sum of money apiece, and then have the fun watching them spend it. Any harm in that, especially as it's no one's business what I do with my money?"

"No-no, I suppose not—if you can carry such a wild scheme through."

"I can, I think. I'm going to be John Smith."

"Nice distinctive name!"

"I chose a colorless one on purpose. I'm going to be a colorless person, you see."

"Oh! And——do you think Mr. Stanley G. Fulton, multimillionaire, with his pictured face in half the papers and magazines from the Atlantic to the Pacific, can hide that face behind a colorless John Smith?"

"Maybe not. But he can hide it behind a nice little close-cropped beard." The millionaire stroked his smooth chin reflectively.

"Humph! How large is Hillerton?"

"Eight or ten thousand. Nice little New England town, I'm told."

"Hm-m. And your——business in Hillerton, that will enable you to be the observing fly on your cousins' walls?"

"Yes, I've thought that all out, too; and that's another brilliant stroke. I'm going to be a genealogist. I'm going to be at work tracing the Blaisdell family—their name is Blaisdell. I'm writing a book which necessitates the collection of an endless amount of data. Now how about that fly's chances of observation, eh?"

"Mighty poor, if he's swatted—and that's what he will be! New England housewives are death on flies, I understand."

"Well I'll risk this one."

"You poor fellow!" There were exasperation and amusement in the lawyer's eyes, but there was only mock sympathy in his voice. "And to think I've known you all these years, and never suspected it, Fulton!"

The man who owned twenty millions still smiled imperturbably.

"Oh, yes, I know what you mean, but I'm not crazy. And really I'm interested in genealogy, too, and I've been thinking for some time I'd go digging about the roots of my ancestral tree. I have dug a little, in years gone. My mother was a Blaisdell, you know.

"Her grandfather was brother to some ancester of these Hillerton Blaisdells; and I really am interested in collecting Blaisdell data. So that's all straight. I shall be telling no fibs. And think of the opportunity it gives me! Besides, I shall try to board with one of them. I've decided that."

"Upon my word, a pretty little scheme!"

"Yes, I knew you'd appreciate it, the more you thought about it." Mr. Stanley G. Fulton's blue eyes twinkled a little.

With a disdainful gesture the lawyer brushed this aside.

"Do you mind telling me how you happened to think of it, yourself?"

"Not a bit. 'Twas a little booklet got out by a trust company."

"It sounds like it!"

"Oh, they didn't suggest exactly this, I'll admit; but they did suggest that, if you were fearful as to the way your heirs would handle their inheritance, you could create a trust fund for their benefit while you were living, and then watch the way the beneficiaries spent the income, as well as the way the trust fund itself was managed. In this way you could observe the effects of your gifts, and at the same time be able to change them if you didn't like results. That gave me an idea. I've just developed it. That's all. I'm going to make my cousins a little rich, and see which, if any of them, can stand being very rich."

"But the money man! How are you going to drop a hundred thousand dollars into three men's laps, and expect to get away without an investigation as to the why and wherefore of such a singular proceeding?"

"That's where your part comes in," smiled the millionaire blandly. "Besides, to be accurate, one of the laps is—er—a petticoat one."

"Oh, indeed! So much the worse, maybe. But—and so this is where I come in, is it? Well, and suppose I refuse to come in?"

"Regretfully I shall have to employ another attorney."

"Humph! Well?"

"But you won't refuse." The blue eyes opposite were still twinkling. "In the first place, you're my good friend—my best friend. You wouldn't be seen letting me start off on a wild-goose chase like this without your guiding hand at the helm to see that I didn't come a-cropper."

"Aren't you getting your metaphors a trifle mixed?" This time the lawyer's eyes were twinkling.

"Eh? What? Well, maybe. But I reckon you get my meaning. Besides, what I want to do is a mere routine of regular business, with you."

"It sounds like it. Routine, indeed!"

"But is—your part. I'm en I'm off for South America, say, on an exploring tour. In your charge I leave certain papers with instructions that on the first day of the sixth month of my absence (I being unheard from), you are to open a certain envelope and act according to instructions within. Simplest thing in the world, man. Now, isn't it?"

"Oh, very simple—as you put it."

"Well, meanwhile I'll start for South America—alone, of course; and, so far as you're concerned, that ends it.

"If on the way, somewhere, I determine suddenly on a change of destination, that is none of your affair. If, say in a month or two, a quiet, inoffensive gentleman by the name of Smith arrives in Hillerton on the legitimate and perfectly respectable business of looking up a family pedigree, that also is none of your concern."

With a sudden laugh the lawyer fell back in his chair.

"By Jove, Fulton, if I don't believe you'll pull this absurd thing off."

"There! Now you're talking like a sensible man, and we can get somewhere. Of course I'll pull it off! Now here's my plan. In order best to judge how my esteemed relatives conduct themselves under the sudden accession of wealth, I must see them first without it, of course. Hence, I plan to be in Hillerton some months before your letter and the money arrive. I intend, indeed, to be on the friendliest terms with every Blaisdell in Hillerton before that time comes."

"But can you? Will they accept you without references or introduction?"

"Oh, I shall have the best of references and introductions. Bob Chalmers is the president of a bank there. Remember Bob? Well, I shall take John Smith in and introduce him to Bob some day. After that, Bob'll introduce John Smith. See? All I need is a letter as to my integrity and respectability, I reckon, so my kinsmen won't suspect me of designs on their spoons when I ask to board with them. You see, I'm a quiet, retiring gentleman, and I don't like noisy hotels."

With an explosive chuckle the lawyer clapped his knee.

"Fulton, this is absolutely the richest thing I ever heard of! I'd give a farm to be a fly on your wall and see you do it. I'm blest if I don't think I'll go to Hillerton myself—to see Bob. By George, I will go and see Bob!"

"Of course," agreed the other serenely, "why not? Besides, it will be the most natural thing in the world—business, you know. In fact, I should think you really ought to go, in connection with the bequests."

"Why, to be sure." The lawyer frowned thoughtfully. "How much are you going to give them?"

"Oh, a hundred thousand apiece, I reckon."

"That ought to do—for pin money."

"Oh, well, I want them to have enough, you know, for it to be a real test of what they would do with wealth. And it must be cash—no securities. I want them to do their own investing."

"But how are you going to fix it? What excuse are you going to give for dropping a hundred thousand into their laps like that? You can't tell your real purpose, naturally! You'd defeat your own ends."

"That part we'll have to fix up in the letter of instructions. I think we can. I've got a scheme."

"I'll warrant you have! I'll believe anything of you now. But what are you going to do afterward—when you've found out what you want to know, I mean? Won't it be something of a shock when John Smith turns into Mr. Stanley G. Fulton? Have you thought of that?"

"Y-yes, I've thought of that, and I will confess my ideas are a little hazy, in spots. But I'm not worrying. Time enough to think of that part. Roughly, my plan is this now.

"There'll be two letters of instructions: one to open in six months, the other to be opened in, say, a couple of years or so. (I want to give myself plenty of time for my observations, you see.) The second letter will really give you final instructions as to the settling of my estate—my will. I'll have to make some sort of one, I suppose."

"But good heavens, Stanley, you—you——" the lawyer came to a helpless pause. His eyes were startled.

"Oh, that's just for emergency, of course in case anything—er—happened. What I really intend is that long before the second letter of instructions is due to be opened, Mr. Stanley G. Fulton will come back from his South American explorations, he'll then be in a position to settle his affairs to suit himself, and—er—make a new will. Understand?"

"Oh, I see. But—there's John Smith. How about Smith?"

The millionaire smiled musingly and stroked his chin again.

"Smith? Oh! Well, Smith will have finished collecting Blaisdell data, of course, and will be off to parts unknown. We don't have to trouble ourselves with Smith any longer."

"Fulton, you're a wizard," laughed the lawyer. "But now about the cousins. Who are they? You know their names, of course."

"Oh, yes. You see, I've done a little digging already—some years ago—looking up the Blaisdell family. (By the way, that'll come in fine now, won't it?) And an occasional letter from Bob has kept me posted as to deaths and births in the Hillerton Blaisdells. I always meant to hunt them up some time, they being my nearest kith and kin. Well,

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"Now, what am I going to do with my money?"

RIVET-DRIVING RECORD

Gloucester Gang Scores 3424 in Thirty-four Hours

At the Pennsylvania yard of the Pusey & Jones Company, of Gloucester City, during the last week, according to the report given out by the company, a new eight-hour-day riveting record was hung up when Lawrence Heinich, riveter; T. Burrows, holder-on, and H. Prickett, heater, comprising one gang, drove a total of 3424 rivets in thirty-four hours, or a total of 808 in one hour. Heinich also holds the record in the yard for the highest eight-day drive, having to his credit a total of 827 rivets driven each day of eight hours.

The Pusey & Jones Company run a competition among their riveters each week, as they find they secure greater efficiency and more work. The one second on the list is Ralph Eicher, a former Gloucester City basketball star, who went to the shipyard to do his bit, and he finished second for the week, with an average of 471 rivets each eight hours, while J. Miller was third with 456.

WORKMEN'S TRAIN RUN

Special Carries Them to New York Shipyards

A special train was started from Knight's Point ferry, Camden, to the new south yard of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation, Gloucester City, this morning. The train left Camden at 6 o'clock and carried more than 800 workmen from Philadelphia and Camden to their work. It stopped at King street and Broadway, Gloucester, where the main gate of the new plant under course of construction is located.

This train will leave Gloucester this afternoon at 5:30 on the return trip. Workers are carried from Philadelphia to Gloucester for a five-cent fare. The train has greatly relieved the congested condition on the trolley road.

200 SHIP HOMES ROOFED

Plans to Thirty a Week Finished at Yorkship Village

Plans have been placed on more than [illegible] of the homes for the New York Shipyard workers at Yorkship Village, the lower end of Camden. They are being finished at the rate of from [illegible] to thirty each week, and by the [illegible] of September, it is believed, more than half of the homes will be ready for occupancy.

In all, there are 2000 homes to be erected, but they will not be occupied before the streets are laid out and improvements finished by the City of Camden, the work on which is being pushed. The shipbuilding firm hopes to have the houses ready so that they can be occupied by October.

Band Concert Tonight

[illegible]

BUILDING THE BOATS TO BEAT THE BOCHE

HELPS TO ADJUST MAN AND HIS JOB

C. A. Bourner Tells of Aiding Misplaced Shipworker to Find Himself

Giving a shipworker another chance after he has failed in one department may help him to "find himself" and get on good terms with the job for which he is best fitted and at the same time help supply the enormous demand for skilled labor.

This is the view taken by Charles A. Bourner, superintendent of adjustments, of the Merchants' Shipbuilding Corporation, at Harriman. He said:

"There are men everywhere who have never been able to fit themselves into the right niche, who never appear to be adjusted to the right line of work; in other words, who have not found their vocation. In this great, industrial America of ours, we have been looking for skilled workers ready-made, just as men and women look around for garments to wear. What we want we want right now. But we are living in an age whose demands are enormous, whose pressure is terrific, whose supply of man-power is being drained by the exigencies of carrying on a war, the magnitude of which confuses the mind as we try to think of millions in men, and billions in money.

"Unskilled substitutes are having a hard time of it trying to do work for which they have not been trained, but which they can do—most of them, if there is shown patience on the part of those that know, who can teach an unskilled man to become a skilled worker.

"Many human 'misfits' have been fitted into right grooves wherein they not only could run smoothly, but could and did produce gratifying results. In other words, either by the discovery of latent ability brought out sometimes by accident or on the advice of interested friends, they 'found themselves,' were lifted out of the dumpheap of life's discards into suitable spheres of usefulness and influence.

"It costs good money in every industrial plant to hire and start men. They can be discharged in a moment of vexation by their foremen, and many a potential industrial success has been fired outside the gate who ought to have had another opportunity to make good. Every case of discharged men ought to be investigated on its merits. Perhaps the man's temperament is at variance with the job he has undertaken. Perhaps the man is not in good health. Perhaps the man is not in the right place. Perhaps the man's ability has been misjudged. Perhaps the man's ability has been misjudged. Perhaps the man's ability has been misjudged