

Brewster's Millions

BY
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HERE is the most fascinating problem in the world to-day, presented in its most fascinating form. It is the theme of Richard P. Greaves' new novel, "Brewster's Millions." "Can you spend a million a year, get your money's worth and yet have nothing to show for it at the end of that time?" If you think you can, just read on. "Brewster's Millions" will teach you a thing or two and hold you in complete thrall while doing it.

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A BIRTHDAY DINNER

THE Little Sons of the Rich were gathered about the long table in Pettlingill's studio. There were nine of them present besides Brewster. They were all young, more or less enterprising, hopeful and reasonably sure of better things to come. Most of them bore names that meant something in the story of New York. Indeed one of them had remarked, "A man is known by the street that's named after him," and as he was a new member, they called him "Subway."

The most popular man in the company was young "Monty" Brewster. He was tall and straight and smooth shaven. People called him "clean looking." Older women were interested in him because his father and mother had made a romantic runaway match, which was the talk of the town in the seventies, and had never been forgiven. Worldly women were interested in him because he was the only grandson of Edwin Peter Brewster, who was many times a millionaire, and Monty was fairly certain to be his heir—barring an absent-minded gift to charity. Younger women were interested for a much more obvious and simple reason; they liked him. Men also took to Monty because he was a good sportsman, a man among men, because he had a decent respect for himself and no great aversion to work.

His father and mother had both died while he was still a child, and as if to make up for his long homelessness, the

grandfather had taken the boy to his own house and had cared for him with what he called affection. After college and some months on the continent, however, Monty had preferred to be independent. Old Mr. Brewster had found him a place in the bank, but beyond this and occasional dinners, Monty asked for and received no favors. It was a question of work and hard work and small pay. He lived on his salary because he had to, but he did not resent his grandfather's attitude. He was better satisfied to spend his "weakly salary," as he called it, in his own way than to earn more by dining seven nights a week with an old man who had forgotten he was ever young. It was less wearing, he said.

Among the "Little Sons of the Rich" birthdays were always occasions for feasting. The table was covered with dishes sent up from the French restaurant in the basement. The chairs were pushed back, cigarettes were lighted, men had their knees crossed. Then Pettlingill got up.

"Gentlemen," he began, "we are here to celebrate the twenty-fifth birthday of Mr. Montgomery Brewster. I ask you all to join me in drinking to his long life and happiness."

"No heel taps!" some one shouted. "Brewster! Brewster!" all called at once.

For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow!

The sudden ringing of an electric bell cut off this flow of sentiment, and no unusual was the interruption that the ten members straightened up as if jerked into position by a string.

"The police!" some one suggested. All faces were turned toward the door. A waiter stood there, uncertain whether to turn the knob or push the bolt.

"Damn'd nuisance!" said Richard Van Winkle. "I want to hear Brewster's speech."

"Speech! Speech!" echoed everywhere. Men settled into their places.

"Mr. Montgomery Brewster," Pettlingill introduced.

Again the bell rang—long and loud.

"Reinforcements. I'll bet there's a patrol in the street," remarked Oliver Harrison.

"If it's only the police, let them in," said Pettlingill. "I thought it was a creditor."

The waiter opened the door.

"Some one to see Mr. Brewster, sir," he announced.

"Is she pretty, waiter?" called McCloud.

"He says he is Ellis, from your grandfather's, sir."

"My compliments to Ellis, and ask him to inform my grandfather that it's after banking hours. I'll see him in the morning," said Mr. Brewster, who had reddened under the jests of his companions.

"Grandpa doesn't want his Monty to stay out after dark," chuckled Subway Smith.

"It was most thoughtful of the old gentleman to have the man call for you with the perambulator," shouted Pettlingill above the laughter. "Tell him you've al-



"MR. BREWSTER IS DEAD, SIR."



to your respect is interjected, apologetically. Then with his gaze directed steadily over the heads of the subdued "Sons" he added, impressively: "Mr. Brewster is dead, sir."

SHADES OF ALADDIN

Montgomery Brewster no longer had "prospects." People could not now point him out with the remark that some day he would come into a million or two. He had "realized," as Oliver Harrison would have put it. Two days after his grandfather's funeral a final will and testament was read, and, as was expected, the old banker atoned for the hardships he had endured by bequeathing one million dollars to his son Montgomery. It was his without a restriction, without an admonition, without an incumbrance. There was not a suggestion as to how it should be handled by the heir. The business training the old man had given him was synonymous with conditions not expressed in the will. The dead man believed that he had drilled into the youth an unmistakable conception of what was expected of him in life; if he failed in these expectations the misfortune would be his alone to bear; a road had been carved out for him and behind him stretched a long line of guide posts whose laconic instructions might be ignored but never forgotten. Edwin Peter Brewster evidently made his will with the sensibility that made him win Peter Brewster's money, and that once dead it would be folly for him to worry over the way in which beneficiaries might choose to manage their own affairs.

The house in Fifth avenue went to a sister, together with a million or two, and the residue of the estate found kindly disposed relatives who were willing to keep it from going to the Home for Friendless Fortunes. Old Mr. Brewster left his affairs in order. The will nominated Jerome Buskirk as executor, and he was instructed, in conclusion, to turn over to Montgomery Brewster the day after the will was probated securities to the amount of \$1,000,000, provided for in clause four of the instrument. And so it was that on the 25th of September young Mr. Brewster had an unconditional fortune thrust upon him, weighted only with the suggestion of erape that clung to it.

Since his grandfather's death he had been staying at the gloomy old Brewster house in Fifth avenue, paying but two or three hurried visits to the rooms at Mrs. Gray's, where he had made his home. The gloom of death still darkened the Fifth avenue place, and there was a stillness, a gentle stealthiness about the house that made him long for more cheerful companionship. He wondered dimly if a fortune always carried the suggestion of tuberculosis. The richness and strangeness of it all hung about him unpleasantly. He had had no extravagant affection for the grim old dictator who was dead, yet his grandfather was a man and had commanded his respect. It seemed brutal to leave him out of the reckoning—to dance on the grave of the mentor who had treated him well. The attitude of the friends who clapped him on the back of the newspapers which congratulated him, of the crowd that expected him to rejoice, repelled him. It seemed a tragic comedy, haunted by a severe dead face. He was haunted, too, by memories and by a sharp regret for his own foolish thoughtlessness. Even the fortune itself weighed upon him at moments with a half-demi-melancholy.

Yet the situation was not without its compensations. For several days when Ellis called him at 7 he would answer him and thank fortune that he was not required at the bank that morning. The luxury of another hour of sleep seemed the greatest perquisite of wealth. His morning mail amused him at first, for since the newspapers had published his prosperity to the world he was deluged with letters. Requests for public or private charity were abundant, but most of his correspondents were generous and thought only of his own good. For three days he was in a hopeless state of bewilderment. He was visited by reporters, photographers and ingenious strangers who benevolently offered to invest his money in enterprises with certified futures. When he was not engaged in declining a gold mine in Colorado, worth \$5,000,000, marked down to \$450, he was avoiding a guileless inventor who offered to sacrifice the secrets of a marvelous device for \$200,000, denying the report that he had been tendered the presidency of the First National Bank.

Oliver Harrison stirred him but early one morning and, while the sleepy millionaire was rubbing his eyes and still dreaming, he had a message from an architect had hurried from the pinnacle of a bedpost, urged him in excited, confidential tones to take time by the forelock and prepare for possible breach of promise suits. Brewster sat on the edge of his bed and listened to diabolical stories of how senseless females had fleeced innocent and even godly men of wealth. From the bathroom, between splashes, he regained Harrison by the year, month, day and hour, to stand between him and blackmail.

The directors of the bank met and adopted resolutions lamenting the death of their late president, passed the leadership on to the first vice president and speedily adjourned. The question of admitting Monty to the directors was brought up and discussed, but it was left for time to settle.

One of the directors was Colonel Frontis Drew. "The railroad magnate," the newspapers bore him, was a fondness for young Mr. Brewster, and Monty had been a frequent visitor at his house. Colonel Drew called him "my dear boy," and Monty called him "a bully old chap,"

ready had your bottle," added McCloud.

"Waiter, tell Ellis I'm too busy to be seen," commanded Brewster, and as Ellis went down in the elevator a roar followed him.

"Now for Brewster's speech—Brewster!" Monty rose.

"Gentlemen, you seem to have forgotten for the moment—that I am 25 years old this day, and that your remarks have been childish and wholly unbecoming the dignity of my age. That I have arrived at a period of discretion is evident from my choice of friends; that I am entitled

THOMPSON