

"MASTER of MONEY" BY ROY VICKERS

CHAPTER I

In a bedroom at the Hotel Felton, not far from Washington Square, Alan Brennaway was struggling with his tie. It had looked a good tie when he bought it, thick and lustrous; but now, under his nervous fingers, it was thinning to the dimensions of a shoe lace. He tugged frantically—and the silk split.

Alan laughed. His laughter steadied him. He looked around his littered belongings and compared them with the dingy walls and hangings. Against such a background even the most battered of his leather cases looked opulent. What had made him pick out this place? He answered his own question and the answer steadied him still further.



Downstairs in That Hotel, 7 Years Ago, Shirley Had Had Tea With Him.

"I came back here because, in a sense, I started from here. I wanted to show myself that I've done what I set out to do. It's so curiously hard to realize—"

He lit a cigarette and tried yet again to realize things. The successful culmination of seven years' struggle, the professional and social solidity that could never be challenged the two and a half millions lying in his bank—nothing dreamed about then. And yet till now his waking consciousness had not fully grasped them; perhaps because till now there had been no time.

This was his first holiday after seven grinding Mexican years. With that thought came at last a genuine relaxation; and with the relaxation came the memories that were the only measure of his achievement.

Downstairs in that hotel, seven years ago, Shirley had had tea with him; the day before he left. Shirley had slipped out of the rush and glitter of her world and come to this hole of a place and smiled at him over cakes and ices.

It was a time when the fashion had run to big black hats. Shirley had been tilted sideways and backwards somehow and her face had seemed to stand out against a background of darkness, white and rose and infinitely appealing. In those seven years the sound-memory of her voice had grown dim, but the memory of her face under the black hat was vivid—sometimes torturingly vivid.

He could remember her voice best when he could remember her actual words. To him it seemed she had odd little tricks of phrase. There had fallen a silence—a few minutes before she would have gone. He had offered her a penny for her thoughts.

"Well, really and truly"—it

was a favorite old gesture of theirs and meant that she was going to lie—"really and truly, I was admiring myself." He waited—and then came the truth. "We have been together for an hour and twelve minutes and not by the faintest flicker of an eyelash have I shown that I'm sorry you are going. And then, abruptly: 'Come back, dear old Alan.'"

There had been, or he thought there had been, a tiny pause before the "old Alan." It had lived in his memory as "Come back, dear."

She had got up then and, bending across the tea-table, said quickly and prosaically, "I know you will make a fortune." And then she had flitted off ten minutes or so before there was any need, leaving him staring at the tea things.

"I know you will make a fortune," Shirley was 20 then; she was almost fanatically in love with life, she was beautiful; her father's income could hardly be much under fifty thousand a year. Shirley traveled and danced and yachted and rode and wore frocks like dew or like flowers and revelled in every minute of every day.

She said she knew she was nothing but an exuberant young animal and she had no quarrel with the fact. She said she could not and would not have life otherwise and so long as the fifty thousand a year could buy her what she liked she would take and take and take. She said in effect—"Come back, dear—old Alan, but only with enough to give me all I want forever and ever, amen."

Claims totaling \$1315.70 have been paid to Statesman readers by the North American Accident Insurance Co. in the past year. These claims were paid on the \$1.00 policy issued to Statesman subscribers.

After she had gone, Alan had sat on, turning it over in his mind. It was not, of course, the exuberant Shirley of the illustrated papers that he loved. It was the Shirley behind all that that his spirit reached out; to the Shirley who might emerge when the delight in pleasure, as an end in itself, was growing stale. Might emerge.

He had gone to Mexico loving her, but not blinded by his love. If the real Shirley were never born his love would be mere wistful regret. If she shone forth, triumphant, his rewards would be great.

So he had left it on the laps of the gods. He had not gone to Mexico to make a fortune, though he had, incidentally, acquired one. He had gone to set in working order a mine in which his father had sunk most of his money, all his hope, and finally, his health. Alan had set the mine going—and another mine as well—and there had been subsidiary enterprises. Now there were the millions at the bank and the best years ahead, for Alan was only thirty-five.

But he looked at least ten years older. In a year Mexico can make any young man look 45—and Mexico had been given a full seven years to blot out the last traces of boyishness in Alan Brennaway. It was the sun, of course, that had parched his skin, but the sun alone could hardly have turned his black hair to iron gray.

There had been disease, disappointment, dirt to account for that—camps in the paralyzing heat, flies and filth and human depravity. The gray hair brought the vivid blue of his eyes into greater significance, but he could not guess that. He stared, frowning, dissatisfied. Thank heaven, he had kept fit—but that was all there was to it. His thought flashed back to Shirley.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

Hubbard

HUBBARD, Dec. 7.—Mrs. J. C. Overton delightfully entertained at a lavender social afternoon Thursday. Luncheon was served to the following: guests: Mrs. Lucy Sewell; Mrs. August Reichel, Mrs. B. Wells; Mrs. J. W. Branstetter, Mrs. Ed. Wolfert, Mrs. Ben Rector and daughter, Edith, Mrs. Laura Jackson, Mrs. Mary Kidston, Mrs. Rilla Zeek, Mrs. Stella Kromling, Miss Rose Jordan, Mrs. Jake Ott and Mrs. Hugh Wells.

Julius Stauffer purchased a new Ford sedan Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Grimps, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Miller and Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Erickson motored to Portland to attend a smoker at which "Spud" Murphy battled with Frankie Warneke at the auditorium Tuesday night.

Miss Elizabeth Shoehlin and Miss Ida Christen visited over the weekend at the home of the latter.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlie Boje and children, Marie and Gordon, spent the Thanksgiving holidays at the home of Mr. Boje's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wagner at De Lake.

A carload of Christmas trees was shipped by W. H. Bear of Canby to San Francisco from Hubbard Tuesday. The trees were furnished locally.

Mrs. L. M. School spent several days in Portland the first of the week. She visited with her daughter, Miss Velma, while there.

Mrs. Andrew Doran and small daughter, Joyce Marie, left for their home at Malton, Montana, Thursday. Mrs. Doran, who came to Hubbard to attend the funeral of her mother, Mrs. Agatha Eugele a few weeks ago, has been visiting her sisters, Mrs. Garfield Voget and family at Hubbard and Mrs. W. R. Munger and family at Hubbard.

One hundred twenty-two children were examined by Dr. Estil Brunk of the Marion county health demonstration, at a dental clinic held at the school house on Wednesday. It was estimated that about 75 per cent of those examined were in need of dental work.

Mrs. Nellie Cornell her daughter, Barbara and her mother, Mrs. Mattie Crocker, spent the Thanksgiving holidays at Portland. Mrs.

Give Thought to Useful Gifts— Be a Welcome Santa Claus

"WHAT a pleasant surprise it would be if I got the gift I expected," sighed Nell, in the midst of a discussion over holiday lists. "My dear family just won't take hints, and they are so sure the way to make mother happy is to surprise her they invariably give me something I don't want. With the best of intentions, I've half a mind to tell them, 'Adorable ones, this is what I expect and don't you dare surprise me!'"

"Last year they pinched themselves to give me a silver tray when I had carefully taken each member past a certain shop window for weeks admiring a bit of jade that I very much wanted. And the year before when I found my old vacuum cleaner collapse around Thanksgiving time, and held off buying one myself because I was so sure father or the boys would notice my need—they all went on a kid gloves and silk stockings debauch for mother. I still have some of those gloves—and I'm still having my old vacuum cleaner repaired instead of getting a new one."

"Often it's difficult to know what is most wanted, so the gift takes the 'gizmo' by surprise—happily or less so. But why anyone should make an exertion toward surprising anybody is a curious childish survival. Mostly it's embarrassing. You've gone to a great deal of trouble to keep the thing secret, you naturally expect a proportionate amount of hilarious astonishment at the moment when the package is opened. Which the recipient knows full well and, poor thing, always feels he can't possibly act as overwhelmingly delighted and surprised as he's expected to be. Embarrassing moment!"

On the other hand, what a pleasant state of affairs if mother, let us say, has become aware, by tactful means of course, that the fireplace or the refrigerator or the new dinner-set that she earnestly desires, is even now safely hidden away in the house. The anticipation of a gift of a certain kind is delightful. Weeks of feeling pleased beforehand. Isn't it much more than that one grand moment of surprise—even if it happily turns out to be the expected surprise?"

Incidentally, a great deal of trouble would be saved to the donors and recipients of gifts, not to mention the shops where they were purchased, if some system of making sure you're buying the expected could be invented. Shall it be a useful or a frivolous article? Guessing isn't safe. And the character of the person hasn't everything to do with the case because here where the donor gets a surprise. The jazy little bride may prefer table linen to a gauzy dance set. Or the other way round. And although grandma has complained on several occasions that her feet get cold, with what the draughts on the floor, still, she has also admitted that curious modernistic necktie that Maisie is wearing. Perhaps she's set her heart on a necktie that isn't jet, just for a change, and will be unpleasantly surprised by the furnished slippers you've almost bought.

A surprise gift is as risky as a gift that is selected because it's what Mary ought to want. Whether the article is simple or elaborate, in order to give pleasure of the sincerest kind, it really should be something the giftee wants to own, whether it's good for him or not. And most people are getting more sensible and less affected about graceful indications of what would be a pleasant Christmas surprise.

Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS.

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FEAR OF INSOMNIA IS USUALLY CAUSE OF IT

Stop Thinking About Whether You Will Sleep or Not, Advises Authority, and Leave Your Business Worries at the Office.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D. United States Senator from New York. Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

DID you ever try sleeping out-of-doors, under the stars, with the singing pines above you and the mountain air to lull you to sleep?

What an experience this is after a strenuous day in the open! If you have had this privilege, you know the deep and tranquil sleep that restores body and mind.

A physician will tell you that you cannot sleep well unless you are sufficiently tired. Most of us know from experience that this is true.

A laborer is likely to say he sleeps so soundly that he never dreams. It would seem that the type of work or the activity which indulging in has much to do with the quality of sleep we enjoy. It has much to do, too, with the sleep we may fail to enjoy.

Bodily activity and mental activity both produce certain poisons which circulate through the body. These cause chemical changes in the system. Perhaps one reason we have continued sleep is that it is only in sleep that these poisons are eliminated faster than they are produced.

The brain suffers more from such poisons than do the muscles. If we use the brain for a long-continued time without sleep, no opportunity is afforded for getting rid of the accumulating poisons. Then there may be a tendency not to sleep.

But you have noticed that if you have gone to bed with your mind active, and without having had the necessary physical exercise, you have remained sleepless. You should exercise the body by a long, vigorous walk before bedtime, if you have a habit of not sleeping. Then stop thinking about whether you are to sleep or not. People who think too much about this insomnia business. Suggestion has much to do with sleeplessness. If you are fearful that you will not sleep, the chances are that sleepless you will be.

Dismiss your worries, business or otherwise, at the end of the day. Happy is the man who learns to do this. Happy is the woman who refuses to worry and holds to an optimistic outlook on life in general.

Persons of sedentary habits, and those who use up their mental energy, should have physical exercise. Have a hobby. Play golf or tennis in moderation. Walking is doubtless the best of exercises. Any one of these will keep you fit. You should make it possible to be out-of-doors from one to two hours daily, and if you cannot be out in the daytime, take an evening walk, and thereby tone up your nervous system.

Sleep is little understood by the medical profession. People differ greatly as to the amount of sleep they need. Some people must have ten hours and others seem to thrive on five! Just why is a mystery.

The quality of sleep is the important factor. A person of the nervous type usually requires more sleep than one with a calm, even temperament. A calm mind and normal health are the requisites for the healthful sleep that speedily refreshes. If you have good health you will sleep deeply.

Answers to Health Queries

A. J. E. Q.—What causes nose bleeds?

A.—Nose bleeds are usually due to a growth, ulcer, or high blood pressure. During certain stages of diabetes nose bleeds often occur.

J. M. H. Q.—Can superfluous hair be removed?

A.—Superfluous hair may be removed by the use of the electric

DR. COPELAND.

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POLLY AND HER PALS



TILLIE, THE TOILER



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



TOOTS AND CASPER

