

How to Make a Million Dollars

By Stephen Leacock

I mix a good deal with the millionaires. I like them. I like their faces. I like the way they live. I like the things they eat. The more we mix together the better I like the things we mix.

Especially I like the way they dress, their gray check trousers, their white check waistcoats, their heavy gold chains, and the signet rings that they sign their checks with. My! they look nice. Get six or seven of them sitting together in the club and it's a treat to see them. And if they get the least dust on them, men come and brush it off. Yes, and are glad to. I'd like to take some of the dust off them myself.

Even more than what they eat I like their intellectual grasp. It is wonderful. Just watch them read. They simply read all the time. Go into the club at any hour and you'll see three or four of them at it. And the things they can read! You'd think that a man who'd been driving hard in the office from 11 o'clock until 3, with only an hour and a half for lunch, would be too fagged. Not a bit. These men can sit down after office hours and read the Sketch and the Police Gazette and the Pink Un, and understand the jokes just as well as I can.

What I love to do is to walk up and down among them and catch the little scraps of conversation. The other day I heard one lean forward and say: "Well, I offered him an million and a half and said I wouldn't give a cent more, he could either take it or leave it—" I just longed to break in and say: "What! what a million and a half! Oh! say that again. Offer it to me, to either take it or leave it. Do try me once; I know I can; or here, make it a plain million and let's call it done."

Their Anxiety Over Money.

Not that these men are careless over money. No, sir. Don't think it. Of course they don't take much account of big money, a hundred thousand dollars at a shot or anything of that sort. But little money. You've no idea till you know them how anxious they get about a cent, or half a cent, or less.

Why, two of them came into the club the other night just frantic with delight; they said wheat had risen and they'd cleaned up four cents each in less than an hour.

They bought a dinner for sixteen on the strength of it. I don't understand it. I've often made twice as much as that writing for the papers and never felt like boasting about it.

One night I heard one man say, "Well, let's call up New York and offer them a quarter of a cent." Great heavens! Imagine paying the

All this shows, of course, that I've been studying how the millionaires do it. I have. For years. I thought it might be helpful to young men just beginning to work and anxious to stop.

Some Solemn Thoughts.

You know, many a man realizes late in life that if when he was a boy he had known what he knows

This may seem hard. But success is only achieved with pains.

There is no use in a young man who hopes to make a million dollars thinking he's entitled to get up at 7:30, eat Force and poached eggs, drink cold water at lunch and go to bed at 10 p.m. You can't do it. I've seen too many millionaires for that. If you want to be a millionaire you mustn't get up until 10 in the morning. They never do. They daren't. It would be as much as their business is worth if they were seen on the street at half-past 9.

Resolutions by Pint.

And the old idea of abstemiousness is all wrong. To be a millionaire, especially since prohibition, you need champagne, lots of it and all the time. That and Scotch whisky and soda; you have to sit up nearly all night and drink buckets of it. This is what clears the brain for business next day. I've seen some of these men with their brains so clear in the morning that their faces look positively boiled.

To live like this requires, of course, resolution. But you can buy that by the pint.

Therefore, my dear young man, if you want to get moved on from your present status in business, change your life. When your landlady brings your bacon and eggs for breakfast, throw them out of window to the dog and tell her to bring you some chilled asparagus and smuggle you in a pint of Moselle. Then telephone to your employer that you'll be down about 11 o'clock. You will get moved on. Yes, very quickly.

Just how the millionaires make the money is a difficult question. But one way is this: Strike the town with 5 cents in your pocket. They nearly all do this; they've told me again and again (men with millions and millions) that the first time they struck town they had only 5 cents. That seems to have given them their start. Of course, it's not easy to do. I've tried it several times. I nearly did it once in the fever of my youth. I borrowed 5 cents, carried it away out of town, and then turned and came back at the town with an awful rush. If I hadn't struck a beer saloon in the suburbs and spent the 5 cents I might have been rich today.

Another good plan is to start

something. Something on a scale; something nobody thought of. For instance, one I know told me that once he'd been down in Mexico without a cent (he lost his five in striking Central America) and he noticed that the had no power plants. So he started some and made a mint of money. Another man that I know was once stranded in New York, absolutely without a nickel. Well, it occurred to him that what was needed were buildings 10 stories higher than any that had been put up. So he built two and sold them right away. Ever so many millionaires begin in some such simple way as that.

There is, of course, a much easier way than any of these. I almost hate to tell this, because I want to do it myself.

I learned of it just by chance one night at the club. There is one old man there, extremely rich, with one of the best faces of the lot, just like a hyena. I never used to know how he had got so rich. So one evening I asked one of the millionaires how old Bloggs had made all his money.

"How he made it?" he answered with a sneer. "Why, he made it by taking it out of widows and orphans."

Widows and orphans! I thought, what an excellent idea. But who would have suspected that they had it?

"And how," I asked pretty cautiously, "did he go at it to get out of them?"

"Why," the man answered, "just ground them under his heel—that was how."

Now isn't that simple? I thought of that conversation often since and mean to try it. If I can get hold of them, I'll grind them quick enough. But how to get them. Most of the widows I know look pretty solid for that sort of thing, and as for orphans, it must take an awful lot of them. Meantime, I am waiting, and if I get a large bunch of orphans together, I'll stamp on them and see.

I find, too, on inquiry, that you can also grind it out of clergymen. They say they grind nicely. But perhaps orphans are easier.

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cost of calling up New York, nearly five million people, late at night and offering them a quarter of a cent! And yet—did New York get mad? No, they took it. Of course it's high finance. I don't pretend to understand it. I tried after that to call up Chicago and offer it a cent and a half, and to call up Hamilton, Ontario, and offer it half a dollar, and the operator only rang for a keeper from the county asylum.

now, instead of being what he is he might be what he won't; but how few boys stop to think that if they knew what they don't know, instead of being what they will be, they wouldn't be? These are awful thoughts.

At any rate, I've been gathering hints on how it is they do it.

One thing I'm sure about. If a young man wants to make a million dollars he's got to be mighty careful about his diet and his living.

The Papered Door

(Continued from Page Seven.)

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

She went back to the kitchen and filled a fresh bottle for the baby.

As before, it served as an excuse for her presence; with it on the table near at hand she trimmed carefully the rough-cut edges of the papered door. The inside of the closet was a clear betrayal. Still listening and walking softly, she got a dust brush and pan and swept up the bits of wood and sawdust from the floor. The bit she placed on the shelf, and, turning, pan and brush in hand, faced the detective in the doorway.

He made a quick dash toward the closet.

"What have you got there?" he demanded shortly.

But now, as through all the long night, her woman's wit saved her.

"Don't jump at me like that. I've broken one of the baby's bottles and I am just about to sweep it up."

She stooped and swept the broken glass on to the pan. He stared into the empty closet.

"I'm sorry, Molly—I didn't mean to startle you. That tea and the heat of the stove put me to sleep. I've been half frozen. I guess it was the bottle breaking that wakened me. I thought you said you would go to bed."

"I couldn't sleep," she evaded, "and about this time the baby always has to be fed."

She took the bottle of milk from the table and set it inside the tea kettle to warm. Every vestige of suspicion had died from the man's eyes. He yawned again, stretched, compared the clock with his watch.

"It's been a long night," he said. "Me for the street again. Listen to that wind. I'm sorry for anyone that's out in the mountains to-night."

He went into the parlor and, putting on his overcoat, stood awkwardly in the little hall.

She faced him, the child's bottle in her hand.

"I guess you know how I hate this, Molly," he said. "I—I—this isn't the time for talk and there ain't any disloyalty in it, but I was pretty fond of you on etime—I guess you know it, and—I am not the changing sort. I have never seen anybody else I liked the same way. It don't hurt a good woman to know a thing like that. Good night."

Before she went upstairs she took a final look out the back door. Already Jim's footprints were effectively erased by the wind. An unbroken sheet of white snow stretched to the barn. By morning at this rate, the telltale marks

would be buried six inches or more. She blew out the kitchen lamp and went slowly up the stairs.

The baby cried hoarsely and she gave him his bottle, lying down on the bed beside him and taking his head on her arm. He dropped asleep there and she kept him close for comfort. And there, lying alone in the darkness with staring eyes, she fought her battle. She had nothing in the world but the cheap furniture in the house. Her own health was frail. It would be a year perhaps before she could leave the children to seek any kind of employment.

The deadly problem of the poor, inextricably mixed as it is with every event of their lives, complicating birth, adding fresh trouble to death—the problem of money confronted her. Jim had been, in town parlance, "a poor provider," but at least she had managed. Now very soon she would not have that resource.

To get away from it all! She drew a long breath. From the disgrace, from the eyes of her neighbors, the gossip, the constant knowledge in every eye that met hers that her husband had intrigued with another woman and killed her. To start anew under another name and bring her children up in ignorance of the wretched past—that was one side.

But to earn it in this way—that

was another. To sell out to the law! All her husband's weaknesses and brutalities faded from her mind. She saw him—with that pitiful memory of women which forgets all but the good in those they love—only as he had looked in the one great moment of his life an hour ago. Once again he was her hero—her lover; once again he held her in his arms. "I would like to feel that I have done one decent thing."

The battle waged back and forth. She no longer cried. There are some tragedies to which the relief of tears is denied.

Four o'clock.

She slipped the baby's head from her arm and got up. Cooper was still across the street, huddled against a house, stamping to keep warm and swinging his arms. In an hour the milk train would come in and wait on the siding for the express. That would have been Jim's chance. If he could get away, he could start all over again and make good. He had it in him. He was a big man—bigger than the people in the village had ever realized. They had never appreciated him—that was the trouble. Why should she have a fresh start? It was Jim who needed it. She moaned and turned her face to the pillow.

Five o'clock.

The milk train whistling for the switch. It was still very dark. She

crept to the window and looked out. It was a gray dawn with snow blowing like smoke through the trees. The cold was proving too much for Cooper. He was making his way cautiously across the street through the snow toward the house. Once in the parlor again, she could get to the barn. The freight waited on the siding 10 minutes sometimes, and tonight, with the snow, it might be longer.

She leaped off the bed and hurried down the staircase. Just before the front door opened to admit the detective, the kitchen door closed behind her. She was out in the storm.

She stumbled along, sometimes knee-deep, holding up her thin cotton wrapper.

The barn door was open and she slipped in.

"Jim," she called. "Jim!" She was standing at the foot of the loft ladder, all her heart in her voice.

"I can't do it, Jim. I can't sell you out, even for the children, Jim!"

There was no sound from above.

She climbed up, trembling. The loft was dark. She would not believe the silence, must creep around to each corner.

"I can't do it," she said over and over. "I can't do it, Jim!" He was gone.

She felt her way down through the darkness and staggered to the door of the barn. Cooper was standing there quietly waiting for her.

From the railroad came the whistle of the express as it raced through, and the slow jangle of the milk train as the engine took up the slack.

"He's gone, Molly," said the detective. "He went out by Shultz's at 4:45. I guess he'll make a get-away." There was shame and something else in his eyes.

The freight gathered way. As they listened it moved out on to the main track.

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Notes of General Interest

An electric chair has been designed in England for taking superfluous flesh off fat people. An intermittent electric current is sent through the body as the patient reclines on the metal chair with parts of the body clamped to metal appliances. The current stimulates the muscles to a remarkable degree, it is reported, and the fat disappears correspondingly.

The largest uncut precious stone in the world, a flawless black opal, is now carefully guarded in Washington, D. C. The gem contains approximately 21 cubic inches, weighs 2,572,332 carats, and is valued by the owners at \$250,000. The colors are translucent blues and greens with a little red.

In Paris, police, when sent out to arrest dangerous criminals, wear a rectangular sheet of chrome steel over their faces, and armor in the form of overlapping sheets of steel over heavy cloth. This garment

covers the front of the body, and is capable of deflecting a revolver bullet.

A novel gauge has been patented for testing milk at home. By use of the glass tube, it is possible to determine whether milk has been skimmed or diluted with water. The lower the tester sinks into the milk, the greater the dilution. A graduated scale records the result.

American engineers recently completed a new airplane engine which showed a record-breaking test by running 573 hours without a stop. Engines of this type used during the world war ran 100 hours, and were considered excellent.

Sir Alfred Yarrow, owner of vast shipyards in England, recently gave \$100,000 to the Royal Society for scientific research. Sir Yarrow is 81 years old.

Miss Maude Odell is the first regularly licensed woman chauffeur to be seen on the streets in New York City.

Little Jimmie--

By Swinnerton

