

THE WOMEN'S PAGE

A BABY FOR EVERY FORTUNE

There's No Race Suicide Taint to the Richest of American Girls, and Infant Heirs to Millions Are Quite Numerous

THE girls who have noticed the one small shadow upon the bliss of becoming a member of the nobility—the shadow taking the form of a hearty and dimpled heir to the title as quickly as possible after the matrimonial debut of its mother—will do well to notice, too, that nursery affairs are liable to be as brisk when the incarnations of a few million dollars get married over here.

There's usually a baby for every American fortune, and there are few couples like the Russell Sages to find only the resources of charity to lavish their wealth upon. Race suicide hasn't attained the very rich American girls, no matter on which side of the ocean



two nephews. But little Nadega, while she screamed against the score of hereditary names that were poured over her at the baptismal font, was in direct line for her mother's little fortune and her grandmother's several millions. She will, in all noble and royal likelihood, find herself compelled to be content with only a fraction of both when the rest of the young family arrive.

This is very much the financial case of Viscount Acheson and his wife, who was the beautiful Mildred Carter, of Baltimore. Millionaire match, it is true, but no stupendous sum to be divided among a numerous progeny. Nevertheless, the viscountess seemed to realize her responsibilities to the title so conscientiously that it was twins who arrived, and so hurriedly that one of them wasn't alive and the other had to go straight into an incubator the hour it came the heir to the Acheson name, for it was a boy. That was last January, and even six months ago he was so frail that his anxious mother took him from London to Paris to consult a famous specialist as to the wisest way to feed him. A son, the only one, his weak life is priceless to that couple, for the hope of name and family centers in his delicate little body.

In the United States the pride of family is leaping into something as ironbound and as haughty as that which characterized the ancient Romans. Founded so largely in sheer riches, the necessity of having an heir to them has proved as imperative as that which constrains the poorest of Europe's nobility to guard against the extinction of a house. But it is the money that talks loudest here.

Had Gladys Vanderbilt married Robert Goetz, as was rumored six or seven years ago, her babies would have been heirs to combined fortunes amounting to \$20,000,000, for young Goetz himself inherited the greater part of the \$10,000,000 left by his father. Miss Vanderbilt had \$10,000,000 in her own right at the time. When she married Count Szechenyi and her mother's guardianship ended with the surrender to her share of her father's \$10,000,000 estate, she received \$12,000,000 to carry over to Hungary. There will be other millions coming to her, but these

estimated as between \$600,000,000 and \$1,000,000,000. But there are other immense American fortunes that are being protected for the families accumulating them by prompt baby heirs, and few greater than that which is likely to be inherited by little Vinson Walsh McLean, the son of Edward Beale McLean, the rich publisher, and Evelyn Walsh, daughter of Thomas F. Walsh, Colorado's gold-mine Croesus.

He is the famous \$100,000,000 baby, heir to the combined millions of the McLeans and the Walshes, and only heir at that. Early in 1908, with plans under way for a big, imposing wedding, Miss Walsh and her fiancé agreed to spare themselves the ornate but wearisome superfluities, and pleasantly eloped. Mr. McLean hadn't anybody's consent to ask but his own, and he was more than willing to give it. His bride had long been aware that her father and mother were content with her choice. So she took their consent for granted. It was granted afterward, her father going far enough to say he was simply tickled to death over their lightning road to happiness.

When the baby appeared, along about the New Year, he was acclaimed as the wonder of both families, which, in fact, he is—like every baby. Since then the population of the United States has had barely time to get in the crops and keep its hat on straight for reading about the cohorts of detectives and the electric devices that combine to keep that McLean baby safe for his obvious destiny of growing up and taking care of the McLean-Walsh millions as grandly as if he had a dukedom to inherit.

These millions of our American families, with some few exceptions like the Vanderbilts, are commonly apportioned to daughters as well as sons, the American father, for all his reputed love of riches, caring more for his children than he does for the aggrandizement of the family name. But when it is a girl who

carries the millions to the match, there isn't a bit of difference in her sense of responsibility to the fortune.

Ever heard of the Rumsey fortune? Well, it goes now under another name—the Harriman name. It was C. C. Rumsey, the sculptor, who married Mary Harriman, the railway magnate's oldest daughter, one of the heirs to the \$100,000,000 estate he left behind him in the present keeping of his widow. They were married on May 26, 1910, and the following spring brought them a baby boy. Mary Harriman couldn't help, of course, having been a girl, with a brother to perpetuate the Harriman name. But she is certain to have her sufficient quota, through her mother's care, out of the Harriman riches, and when she does that fraction will, of course, go by the Rumsey name. But the name hasn't made any difference in favor of race suicide. The future responsibilities of even a part of the Harriman wealth called for an heir as urgently as if the baby were named like his grandfather.

To the great Belmont fortune, in New York, there has already come an August Belmont, the only son of Mrs. Alexander Van Rensselaer, of Philadelphia, and his mother was Miss Dorothy Randolph, daughter of the noted horseman, Philip S. P. Randolph. They were married last Fourth of July, at Saratoga set Pier.

WEDDINGS OF WEALTH

Now Mrs. Van Rensselaer is one of the six children of the late Anthony J. Drexel, and her inherited fortune was precisely the same as that of her brother, Viscountess Maudslowe's father. She married the wealthy John H. Fell, and after his death, the wealthy Alexander Van Rensselaer. If, however, all the grandmothers' fortunes were diverted to Mrs. Robert Cassatt, Mrs. Antonio Devereux and Mrs. Howard Henry, who are his aunts, his father's sisters, and the same wife would still have a round million coming to him, for John H. Fell, as one of Anthony J. Drexel's grandchildren, has his \$2,000,000 Drexel nestegg understood to belong to each of them in reserve.

Heiresses to portions in two great American fortunes were born within a single week in October. One was a daughter to Arthur Scott Burden and his wife and granddaughter to Mrs. Burden, who was the wife of an immensely wealthy Frank Work. The little Burden girl arrived on October 15 at the New York hotel where her parents were staying. Three days more, and pretty Marjorie Gould, who has been Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., since April 19 of last year, presented a daughter to the family of Anthony J. Drexel, Viscountess Maudslowe's father, and of George J. Gould, her own parent.

The great fortune of H. H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate, went largely to his son, of the same name, who had been tested carefully by the father to make sure that he should be fitted for the handling of the vast wealth—generally estimated at \$100,000,000—which was piling up. At the time of the elder Rogers' death, his son was only 20 years old, and he was an early marriage, such as royalty and nobility believe in, and Henry H. Rogers, 3d, when his grandfather died, was not only an accomplished business man, but one so animated and bright that his childish tricks were one of the family delights.

So there isn't much choice on the score of race suicide, whether a girl marries at home or abroad. If the cable dispatches, on February 20, 1910, announced solemnly that "a daughter has been born to the earl and countess of Granard," who were married in January, 1909, why, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goetz, the standard-bearer of the Goetz wealth, the Ogden Mills fortune, who left it to the Goetz family, was married by Henry Clay, who was fared not quite so well as the Goetz wealth. There's a Goetz male heir, and there isn't any understudy—yet—for the earl of Granard.

Who Has Three Children to Inherit a Great Fortune.

The Duchess de Viseu, Mother of an Heir to the "Silent" Millions

Mrs. August Belmont, Jr., Who Has Three Children to Inherit a Great Fortune.

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Romances and Tragedies of Holyrood

THE recent visit of the king and queen of England to Holyrood Palace at Edinburgh has once more revived the stories of that famous castle. Holyrood, besides the picturesque of its ruined abbey, has a wealth of history, romances and tragedies that is unique.

It was perhaps in the reign of Mary Stuart that Holyrood Palace was best known, but its romance really began with the Stuart dynasty. James I. went there in 1603, after being a prisoner being a prisoner for years. His twin sons were born at Holyrood, and it was there, too, that James II. was crowned after the murder of his father at Perth. Then followed the wedding of James II. to Mary of Modena, when it was said that the wife of the king was crowned for hours like a queen in sea water. James II. was buried in the same place after he had been killed by his own guns at the siege of Ramour.

Then another wedding took place at Holyrood, that of James III. to the 15-year-old princess, Mary of Modena, who was Holyrood that Darnley's body was buried there two months later. James' unsuccessful invasion of England cast a shadow on Holyrood, and in 1568 the abbey was burned and plundered. It was repaired and destroyed again in 1705.

Holyrood looked brighter when Mary Stuart took up her residence there in 1568, and on a score of the many exciting events that took place in the palace. It is often called the Holyrood of Mary Stuart. Here she kept gay court and tried by her beauty and wit to turn her nobles and advisers to her way of thinking. The first important event of Mary's reign was her wedding to Darnley, her first cousin, at 4 o'clock on a July morning. Mary was dressed in black velvet, a sign of mourning for her late husband. Then her troubles began. Her first French secretary was murdered before her, while her jealous husband, who had a hand in the work, brought after he had been blown into the air at Kirk o' Field. Mary's doctored husband was killed, she was in a crape, for some time, and it was in the same room a few months later that she surrendered to the relentless power of the brutal Bothwell and married him.

Holyrood Palace did not sink into obscurity with the beheading of Mary Stuart. It was there that James VI. received the news that Elizabeth was dead and that he was king of England. Charles I. went there to be crowned king of Scotland in 1639, and 180 years later, when the troops, Cromwell had the palace restored later, and Charles II. who studied architecture as a hobby, had Holyrood reconstructed to suit his ideas.

The duke of York took up his residence at Holyrood when it was completed in 1705. When he became James II. of England a mob charged the palace, burst open its chapel doors, wrecked the interior, broke into the royal vaults and tore open the leaden coffins of the kings and queens of Scotland.

Lord Leven and Melville left \$200,000 for a complete restoration of the palace and abbey about six years ago, but the trustees decided that restoration would mean vandalism, and the money was not used.



Mrs. C.C. Rumsey, whose son is first in line for the Rumsey fortune.

they decide to cast their lot and their fortunes.

In the main, the great fortunes here are provided with a complete new generation for their inheritance, so that a few billion dollars' worth of children, a good many of them babies, would be no exaggeration to apply to the reckoning. Whether married to foreign noblemen or American business men, the richest of our girls cannot be charged with race suicide.

IT HAS been, of course, perfectly easy to understand why Margaretta, Viscountess Maudslowe, should be anxious to present to her husband an heir who could carry the title of earl of Wilhelmsa and Nottingham, to which the viscount is destined to succeed, and his oldest son after him. It has been as easy to appreciate the maternal readiness of Anita Stewart, as Duchess de Viseu, when she became the wife of Miguel, Duke de Braganza. If the first child happened to be a girl, and the little Braganza had to be named princess Nadega instead of Dom Miguel or Alfonso, amid howls of protest from the infantile lungs, why, that is all the more reason why, as quickly as possible afterward, the stork should be appealed to for rectification of the error.

Either of those two babies, apart from any wealth of their mothers, was a foregone conclusion, although boys could only be hoped for, that distinction being as yet one which Dame Nature, or Madam Stork, still refuses to concede to the loftiest titles and the most overwhelming millions. But some baby, unless insuperable obstacles intervened—and many a dynasty has gone down because some did intervene—was inevitable.

The money really hasn't anything to do with the nursery results among the nobility—at first. When, however, the supply of independent fortunes, or of government positions, for the boys and of ample dowries for the girls, begins to run low, race suicide has indiscreetly stepped in just as it does among middle-class families. If this article, one after the other, is a poverty-stricken, middle-class family indeed that takes refuge in no more babies. The name's salvation, in the form of a boy heir, is too priceless to be forfeited at the price of any dowry.

GUARDING THE DIRECT LINE

But if there be but a single male heir, it is the policy of every great European house to guard against accidents to the direct line by seeking the possession of a younger brother, or a younger daughter, or a younger son. Millionaire babies both the Maudslowe and Braganza children are, but by no means model with heirs such as we have associated with international marriages of such notoriety. It has been stated that the very large fortune of \$10,000,000, which the banker, Margaretta Drexel, was divided among his half dozen children, all in trust, so his grandchild, Margaretta Drexel, is the heir to the family fortune, by which the young couple received \$10,000,000 the first year after their marriage, and an increase of \$500,000 a year afterward, up to \$5,000,000, has been sufficient index of the family fortune and of adherence to the family tradition that a million must be sufficient portion for the old banker's grandchild to get along on, whichever sex the sex. However, the little new Maudslowe baby is the only heir to the viscountess' share of her father's wealth.

Anita Stewart, supposed to share with her mother the \$15,000,000 of the late "Silent Smith," her stepfather, at his sudden death, really inherited from him the income on a bequest of \$100,000, while her mother had received \$3,000,000 in lieu of her dowry rights. The estate was subsequently appraised at \$21,000,000, and nearly three-fourths of it went to Mr. Smith's

Kill the Grouch by Watching It.....



IN THE middle of his mad rush of invention in the material world, while he strives to assure his first, feeble conquest of the air; while he quarts about for some new motor which shall multiply his power; while he tries to harness the waterfalls and make the earth produce more than he can use—man has taken time enough to discover one small body useful practical moral utility.

IT WORKS this way: You begin by entering upon your memorandum pad, serially, whatever incentives to misery you can need as being among your pet troubles. You will begin with a rush, for one need only open the door of memory to have the contents of Pandora's box fly right out, buzzing.

Put them all down as fast as you can. By the time you reach the half dozen, you will begin to wonder whether that particular grouch isn't rather ridiculous to go on real paper, to be read by your own real eyes. You will be strongly tempted to omit it, and, if you choose, do so. But if you have any doubts about its being it, put it in. Better start off with a complete list of those granches which, however trivial, possess the power of making you unhappy. The doubtful ones will be struck out after you've noted them a few times in the use of the complete grouch-meter.

Put in the blamable old cat, and the bossy wet button, and the boss' early morning air, before he's had some trouble himself and become human. Put them all in, and if you haven't to have some real, good, honest, healthy worry, like a wife whose cough makes you wonder whether she really ought to have six months in a sanatorium, or a child who gives evidence of being headed straight for the penitentiary, don't fail to include it. It will be the most valuable feature of the instrument of your location.

Now, start right out and try its efficacy. For your confidence in it, it may be well to say that now, right now, there are thousands of people in Paris carrying grouchmeters, and all doing the same.

You encounter, say, the janitor, even before you quite

Nobody knows who is this Columbus of the virtues; but it is believed he is, by nationality, a Frenchman. At least, the first examples of the new device appeared in Paris.

It is the grouchometer. It is not patented; and if it were, its multiracial benefits could not be withheld from any one who chose to enjoy them, since the most grumpy-eyed patentee couldn't prove

make up your mind that day call you from your easy chair. He has come to express, in measured yet stern terms, his candid opinion of a gentleman who will persist in hanting an improved refrigerator out of his back window and allowing spit milk to drip on the lady janitress' best Sunday skirt, exclaiming bronies in the yard below.

Don't cuss the janitor. Take out your grouchometer, consult its crushing pens, and reflect smilingly that the words of such one are as the thorns crackling under a foot to a man who owes \$17.00 and has been kiting cheks since the first of the month until his wrist is suffering from writer's cramp.

WHEN IT'S BADLY NEEDED

Your day may pass as happily as wedding bells; somebody may turn up with the \$50.00 and \$150.00 over, that permits you to buy a square meal. You return to your home, that haven of rest, with the early love you used to feel welling up in your rejuvenated heart. As you sit at the table and tell your dear one of the lucky fortune of the day, you expatiate on the succulence—or is it the ecumenicity—of the tenderloin with mushrooms, which you indulged in the minute you cashed that excess of a dollar and a half. And she, overwrought with jealousy, plus the natural hunger of a woman who hasn't eaten anything a la Newburg for a month, hurls the dishes at you.

Weep not, and refrain from being annoyed. In the height of the bombardment extract your grouchometer from its resting place next your heart, or wherever you may be keeping it handy, and contrast your present

his rights were infringed upon.

All you need is a pencil and a memorandum pad. A few lines of writing—your own—and they are converted into the grouchometer.

Thenceforward, you have the means of happiness in your inside pocket. No more sorrow; no more mental anguish; no more nervous qualms; no more melancholia.

slightly painful plight—for she is missing every other shot—with the time when the last man who bluffed in that stock deal hit you first in the eye, then on the ear, and finally dung you downstairs. The tureen will land on your right temple, as you dodge, with the touch of a caress.

Or suppose you're not married, but hoped to be. She has just dashed that hope by addressing your kneeling figure thus:

"I've been able to tolerate you for the sake of your automobile and the theater tickets. But if you imagine I am going to sacrifice my lauded beauty for the period between marriage and divorce to such a miserable, spine-shanked, rat-faced specimen of humanity as you are, you're very much mistaken."

Should those unkind words annoy you? Under ordinary circumstances, yes. But to a man who has a well-filled, actively working grouchometer, they are merely the subject of a disdainful smile. As she concludes, he gracefully produces his record, glances down the list and replies, haughtily:

"Well, little one; don't be hectic. There were others." And he saunters to the door, whistling for his chauffeur.

That's the secret of the grouchometer. Hitherto foolish humanity has been depending on hope, saying to itself: "There are others"; but very doubtfully believing it. The grouchometer depends on realities, even if they have all been poignant. You gain present ease of mind by contrasting the new annoyance with the old.

The best feature of it is that the longer you live, the more troubles you have saved up, and the more trivial all new ones look—to the grouchometer.