

# 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 became 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 takes 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 \$70,000,000, for young Goetz himself inherited the greater part of the \$10,000,000 left by his father. Miss Vanderbilt had \$2,000,000 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 \$6,000,000 estate, she received \$1,200,000 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, 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 man, the railway magnate's oldest daughter, one of the heirs to the \$140,000,000 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 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 son of a couple of little sisters in the persons of Beattie and Alice Belmont, all under 5 years old. The junior Belmont was only 23 when he married Alice de Goucairn, a beautiful daughter of an old Spanish-Cuban family, whose father was resident in New York. The marriage took place in January, 1906, and the due inheritance of the Belmont millions has been effectively secured.

The much-desired Fell baby arrived a few months ago. He is the son of John R. Fell, who is 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 Narragansett Pier.

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Mrs. C. C. Rumsey, whose son is first in line for the hundred million dollars.

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 Margareta, Viscountess Maidstone, 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 just as easy to appreciate the maternal readiness of Anita Stewart, as Duchess de Vizeu, when she became the wife of Miguel, Duke of 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, and the hope 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, as 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 overmastering millions. But some baby, unless imperious 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 indisputably set in, just as it does among middle-class families, if this article, since after the other, it is a poverty-stricken, noble family indeed that takes refuge in no more babies. The name's salvation, in the form of a boy heir, is too trifling to be reckoned on at the price of any dependencies.

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. In the case of the late A. J. Drexel, the banker, children are, but by no means devoid of heirs such as we have associated with international marriages of such notoriety. It has been stated that the very large fortune of the late A. J. Drexel, the banker, amounting to \$10,000,000, was divided among his half dozen children, all in trust. So his grandchild, Margareta, Drexel, is the heir to a sufficient index of her father's share, which was some \$2,000,000, with the income only to be paid him. Colonel Drexel's wife and careful appointment of her dowry, by which the young couple received \$1,000,000 the first year of 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 was a sufficient portion for the old banker's grandchild to get along on, whichever the sex. However, the little, new Maidstone baby is the only heir to the viscount's share of her father's wealth.

## Will 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 quests 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, lonely, useful practical moral utility.

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 multitudinous benefits could not be withheld from any one who chose to enjoy them, since the most argus-eyed patentee couldn't prove

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.

Thereafter, 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 you bluffed in that stock deal bit you first in the eye, then on the ear, and finally down your downstairs. The then will land on your right temple, as you dole, 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-de-shanked, rat-faced specimen of humanity as you are, you're very much mistaken."

IT WORKS this way:

You begin by entering upon your memorandum pad, seriatim, whatever incentives to misery you can recollect 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 doze, 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 omitting it, put it in. Better start off with a complete list of those grouches which, however trivial, possess the power of making you unhappy. The doubtful ones will be struck out after you've tested them a few times in the use of the complete grouchometer.

Put in the blamed old cat, and the boss' vest 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 peninsula, don't fail to include it. It will be the most valuable feature of the instrument of your liberation.

### WHEN IT'S BADLY NEEDED

Your day may pass as happily as wedding bells; somebody may turn up with the \$5.00 and \$5.00 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 esculence—of the tenderloin with mushrooms, when you indulged in the minute you cashed that excess of a dollar and a half. And she, overjoyed with jealousy, plus the natural hunger of a woman who hasn't eaten anything a la Newburg for a month, huris the dishes at you.

Keep neat, 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

### 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 picturesqueness of its ruined abbey, has a wealth of history, romances and legends that is unique.

It was perhaps in the reign of Mary Stuart that Holyrood was best known, but its romance really began with the Stuart dynasty. James I went there in 1603, being proclaimed king of England and Scotland. 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 Gueldres, when it was said that the wine and beer he drank for hours like a man at sea water. James can boast a young Peter Goetz as heir to the Goetz estate. The Ogden Mills fortune, which is said to be as large as that of the Granard family, who left it, was appraised at \$7,500,000 by Henry Clay—was appraised not quite so high as the \$10,000,000 wealth. There's a Goetz male heir, and there isn't any understudy—yet—for the earl of Granard.

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. Robertson, 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 to handle the vast wealth—generally estimated at \$10,000,000—which was piling up. At the time of the elder Robertson's death, in 1907, he was 70 years old, and he was only 30 years old. The Robertson family 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 scholar, but one so animated and bright that his childish tricks were one of the family delights.

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