THESE HEIRS TO MILLIONS BEGAN AT THE BOTTOM

To find out whether young Rogers should be entrusted with his estate, the late H. H. Rogers started him in on a little nine-mile-long railway—M. C. D. Borden, the largest individual factor in the world's cotton print industry, worked and lived on five dollars a week.

Difference in the training received by George Gould and that which he is giving to Kingdon—William R. Grace as a mechanic—The apprenticeship of Hill's boys—Young Morgan's training similar to that of his father's—Humble tasks to prove an heir's fitness for succession.

ALFRED AND REGINALD VANDERBILT (CENTER FIGURES) WHO WERE NOT PUT IN CONTROL OF VANDERBILT PROPERTY.

MR. & MRS. GEORGE GOULD AND TWO OF THEIR CHILDREN

KINGDON GOULD AS AN AUTOMOBILIST

H. H. ROGERS JR. AS AN OFFICER OF THE NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARD.

W. R. GRACE JR. WHO BECAME A MECHANIC IN ORDER TO TAKE UP ONE OF HIS FATHER'S BUSINESSES

Of course, it's more or less just plain, every-day human nature for us who are not burdened with the cares of great wealth to say—as in the case of Henry H. Rogers, Jr., to take a recent illustration—that a rich man's son becomes the head of a great business, or businesses, on the death of his father, simply because he is the son of his father, and regardless of whether or not he is fitted to assume the responsibilities of managing a great property or properties.

But the truth of the matter is, that, since the day of old Commodore Vanderbilt—from which dates most of America's great captain-of-industry history—most of the son-blest famous wealth builders of the country have striven hard to fit their male offspring for the headship of great enterprises by making them learn at the very bottom the tricks of running railroads, financing kingdoms, keeping the wheels of great manufactories humming, forming and upbuilding trusts, and doing what not that engages the attention of great dollar-making ability.

"There is no son of a rich man who is now controlling important properties who did not begin at the bottom," said a retired railway manager of great wealth some time ago. And he might have added that not a few of the sons of wealthy fathers who today are classed among the "idle rich" are not engaged in directing the great properties built up by their respective fathers simply because, when they were given their chance to learn at the bottom how to become great captains of industry or finance, they failed lamentably, and so were shunted aside by their parents in favor of outsiders. There is a marked difference between leaving a son millions and placing him in charge of a business of millions—and no one is quicker to realize this vast difference than the multi-millionaire father.

M. C. D. Borden, today the world's largest individual factor in the cotton print industry; Louis J. Hill, George J. Gould, H. H. Rogers, Jr., younger Pierpont Morgan (likewise the "old gentleman"), James Stillman, Jr., and William R. Grace are all sons of wealthy fathers who tried them out before they put them in the way of assuming the direction of great enterprises. On the other hand, "the Vanderbilt boys," as the social world calls them, are splendid examples of that other class of rich men's sons who are not put in charge of their fathers' properties simply because they do not display even a common or garden variety of business judgment.

The case of the present-day Vanderbilts is all the more remarkable from the fact that until they came upon the scene, at least one Vanderbilt was always found to be capable of running the Vanderbilts' railroads.

The Commodore tested successfully his son William H. by putting him in a subordinate position upon a little railroad in Staten Island. William H., in turn, found out, by placing his two oldest boys in humble positions that they would make likely successors. Cornelius began his career upon a stool before a desk in a New York bank; his younger brother, William K., was a clerk of the lowest grade in the New York Central offices, and both earned their promotions by hard work and mastery of the details of their various positions. It is a notorious fact that "the Vanderbilt boys," when it came time for them to be trained after the manner of their forefathers, showed themselves utterly incompetent ultimately to manage great properties. So, as far as their directing them is concerned, the Vanderbilt roads are such in name only—a situation that doubtless would cause the founder of the family fortune to use most picturesque language, were it possible for him to visit the offices of the New York Central tomorrow morning and behold no Vanderbilt there running things with a masterly hand.

Yale's First Student to Own a Horse.

Probably no living son of a millionaire father ever had a severer course of training at the bottom than did M. C. D. Borden, the present head of the famous family of that name.

It was in 1864 that Matthew C. D. Borden was graduated from Yale College. He had made a creditable career as a student, but it was also said of him that he had probably had the best time in college of any one who ever received a degree from President Woolsey's hands. He was noted among his fellow-students as the first young man ever matriculated at Yale who owned and drove a spirited horse, or was able to keep a good riding horse. Moreover, while in no sense a dude, young Borden nevertheless knew what the latest styles for a well-tailored young man were, and he was looked upon by his fellow-students as a model as far as clothing was concerned. He was a happy student, everybody's friend, and though a rich man's son, he was a perfect Democrat, regarding every man in college as his equal so far as college life was concerned.

After commencement day young Borden suddenly realized that his career in the world was just about to begin. He had not the slightest idea what his rich father intended to do with him. He presumed that he would have a chance in the offices of the great mill at Fall River, which his father was instrumental in building up.

A day or two after his arrival at home from college, his father said to him, "Mat, do you owe any money in New Haven?"

"Yes, father, I owe quite a little," was the reply.

"Well, do you know what the items are and to whom you owe bills?" his father asked again.

"Yes, I think I can account for every dollar that I owe in New Haven."

"Well, now, Mat," the father went, "I want you to bring me an itemized statement of all you owe. After you have brought me the statement we will see what is best to be done."

As soon as possible after his father made that request young Borden went to the office of his father and put before him a tabulated list of his debts. The old gentleman scrutinized the list carefully. The aggregated indebtedness was about $4000.

At last, holding the list in his hand and looking searchingly, and yet not unkindly at the young man, his father said, "Well, Mat, every one of these bills must be paid. Some of them show that you were foolish, but there's nothing in the list that shows you have done anything to be ashamed of, or to cause me to be ashamed of you. Now I will give you some money and I want you to go to New Haven, pay every bill, get receipts, and bring them to me as soon as possible."

So it happened that a few days later young Borden re-visited New Haven, squared accounts with all his creditors, and then returned to his father's home, in Fall River. He still wondered what his father had in mind for him to do, but was certain that he would be compelled to show whether there was any good stuff in him, any firmness, industry, seriousness, and concentration of purpose.

Living on $5 a Week.

He soon discovered what his father's purpose was. In New York City, the great manufactory at Fall River maintained a large commission house or jobbing house, where a considerable part of the products of the Fall River mills were marketed. The elder Borden said to his son: "Now, I am going to see whether you have got anything in you. You've had a good time all your life, and have never had a reasonable want which was not gratified. Now you must begin to work for yourself.

"I am going to send you to the commission house in New York. You are going to begin at the bottom of the ladder. If you're worth anything you'll be able to work your way up, but you'll only work your way up on your own merits. No favoritism is to be shown you because you are my son.

"Your salary will be $5 a week. I have secured a nice boarding place for you in Brooklyn. You will pay $3 a week for your board. That will leave you $2 a week for your personal expenses, and you'll have to make that do, for I shall not add one cent to your income."

"All right, father," replied the young man who had been spending thousands a year; "I'll undertake to live on $6 a week, and you can be certain that I shall not involve you or myself in any debt. I am ready to begin tomorrow."

Young Borden's boarding place in Brooklyn was a comfortable but modest home. In order to save money, or to make his little surplus of $2 a week go as far as it would, he usually walked from the boarding-house to the ferry, and then walked home at night. He never went out evenings excepting to take a little exercise. His noonday lunch frequently consisted of a bowl of bread and milk. He was bound to make the $2 a week over and above what he paid for his board carry him through the week, and even tried to save a little. Not until long afterward was there suspicion that possibly his board bill was greater than $3 a week and that it had been privately or secretly met by some understanding with his father.

He was at the commission house as soon as the porters unlocked the doors. No manual labor was too severe for him. He undertook to master every detail, and finally became expert in judging of the quality of goods, in knowing when consignments were to come and what they were to be, in keeping track of markets and in the shipping of orders.

At last, after a year or two, young Borden was promoted, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that the promotion was entirely upon merit. He had thoroughly disciplined himself, and in doing so had become fascinated by his sense of business opportunity. After three or four years his advance was rapid, and he had the additional gratification of knowing that his father was highly pleased with his business development.

In such fashion was Matthew C. D. Borden trained to become the head of his father's business. Because his training was of this sort is the reason assigned by Mr. Borden for his individual supremacy in the cotton print industry of the world; and this same training doubtless was back of the audacious undertaking which brought him into prominence not only in the United States, but in all the world's markets where cotton is supreme.

It was at the time of the depression consequent upon the passage of the so-called Sherman silver law. Business was stagnant throughout the United States. There was a currency famine. But Mr. Borden ventured into the market, risking his credit, his reputation and his resources upon his judgment, and bought so great an amount of cotton that as much as a million dollars was necessary to pay for it. He bought when it was cheap, relatively, but he believed that he could see far enough into the future to detect the return of business prosperity, and his judgment was perfectly vindicated within six months.

Ever since then the name of Matthew C. D. Borden has been one to conjure with in the world's cotton marts.

H. H. Rogers, Jr., Trained as Was William H. Vanderbilt.

When H. H. Rogers, Jr., was graduated from Columbia University with the class of 1901 he knew that his father intended to put him under a course of training which would fit him for the direction of some of the properties which Mr. Rogers exclusively controlled. At that time the senior Rogers was contemplating the building of a railroad from the coal fields of West Virginia to tidewater at Norfolk, Va. It was to be as perfectly constructed as any railroad in the United States, with a length of 450 miles approximately. And it was to be built almost wholly with the money credit furnished by Mr. Rogers himself.

This railroad was completed only a few weeks before the death of H. H. Rogers, Sr. It passed immediately under the direction and absolute control of H. H. Rogers, Jr., and other heirs of Mr. Rogers. In the construction and operation of this railroad is found the explanation of what seemed to be a somewhat eccentric beginning for young H. H. Rogers.

His father, having majority control of a little railroad on Staten Island, put the young man in charge of it. He became a sort of railroad poobah, not using the word offensively. He was president, secretary, treasurer and practically general manager. The little railroad was only nine miles in length, and young Rogers, in his capacity as president and general manager, brought vividly to mind the manner in which Commodore Vanderbilt began the training of his son William H. Vanderbilt to see, as the Commodore expressed it, "whether Bill had got anything in him or not." For William H. Vanderbilt began his career as the president, treasurer and general manager of a little railroad upon Staten Island which his father built.

Young Rogers was thought by many to look upon his little railroad as a plaything. He certainly was fond of the open air riding across the island that his property made possible, and he used often to look yearningly at the deep, and the sails and the incoming and outgoing steamers thereon. But despite his love of the sea—inherited from his father—he dutifully mastered the details of railroading, and with a characteristic quietness that kept most of the line's patrons from learning that he was the son of a famous Standard Oil magnate. Practically his whole period of training was spent under the stern, yet kindly eye of his father, who doubtless would have taken great pleasure in a little item of railway news which appeared in the newspapers early in June. It was to the effect that the Virginia Railway, under the management of H. H. Rogers, Jr., had broken all records for hauling coal to tidewater, bringing in one train of 80 cars about 5000 tons of coal from the mines.

Lover of the Outdoors.

Mr. Rogers' love of outdoor life and outdoor sports is almost a passion with him. He is an expert yachtsman. He knows every channel, every eddy and current in Buzzard's Bay and in the dangerous passages between the Massachusetts mainland and the islands off the coast. Largely because it would keep him in the open a part of the year he became a member of the New York National guard; and because he has been in the habit of getting out of doors at every opportunity he has a bronzed skin and clear eyes that often cause him to be pointed out by strangers as a picture of perfect health.

It was the good fortune of Mr. Rogers to marry a young woman—Miss Mary Benjamin—who had gained high reputation for brightness of intellect, vivacity and energy, and especially as the possessor of the saving grace of good common sense. She, too, is an intense lover of outdoor life, and nothing pleases her more than to engage in some exciting, though not dangerous sport.

It is said of her that no woman, and but very few men, have ever been able to cast a fly farther or with more accurate aim than she. From her Mr. Rogers gained his knowledge of fly-casting, and the two have often spent weeks in the Maine wilderness.

A year ago Mr. and Mrs. Rogers were at their Maine camp, and one morning started out for a day's sport with rod and real. Mrs. Rogers took her place in the canoe and cast a fly, as it seemed, farther than she had ever been able to do before. In a moment a trout rose to the bait. There followed a brilliant battle, that lasted half an hour. At times the rod bent almost double, but Mrs. Rogers played with the skill of a veteran of the wilderness; and when at last the trout was brought from the landing net into the boat it was perceived that it was one of the largest fish ever taken in those waters. When it was weighed it made a record, being the largest trout ever captured there.

Now that he has succeeded his father as head of some of the Rogers properties, young Mr. Rogers will doubtless continue to find his surcease from business cares on the sea and in the woods, both of which the elder man loved.

Training of Two Goulds.

Probably because George Jay Gould has discovered that his son Kingdon is best fitted by natural ability for success upon the financial side of railway management, he has recently brought the young man into the board of directors of one of the railway companies which Mr. Gould controls. In that sense Kingdon Gould is not to begin exactly at the bottom. If he had ambition or ability for competent direction on the operating side of the railroad, undoubtedly he would have been placed in the shops in a subordinate position under some of the master workmen and have been thus trained. But his special gift is understood to be in the direction of financial management, and undoubtedly his father thought he could learn that thoroughly through immediate association with those who are directors of the Gould railroads.

Thus young Kingdon's training will differ widely from that received by his father.

When Jay Gould was satisfied that his son George Jay had received all the schooling that was necessary, the father determined to become his immediate daily and personal teacher. Therefore, he brought the young man into the Gould offices in the Western Union Telegraph Company in New York City. The father instructed the son in the mysteries of the Stock Exchange tape. He taught him Wall street human nature, and it was said by the late Marcellus Hartley, who was long an associate of Mr. Gould's, that Jay Gould could put into a word or an adjective a perfect description of every man prominent in finance in his day. The boy had a desk near the one used by his father, and he was initiated into the mysteries of the railway finance and railway construction. He was compelled to read and master the statistics telling of the creation and development of American railroads. Furthermore, he was taught telegraphing.

When the days were hot George Gould still sat at his desk, coatless and without waistcoat often, the sleeves of his shirt rolled up, plodding away at his tasks, so that at last he became not the scholar, but the associate of his father.

James Stillman, Jr., whose close resemblance to the late Richard Mansfield in private life, never escapes any one who knew both men, began as a humble and hard-working clerk in the great bank of which he is now vice-president. His training took him through every department, and because he proved himself capable of being trusted, he is his father's financial eye. Young Pierpont Morgan, who lately was added to the directorate of the Steel Trust, was trained after the manner of his father, in the London offices of the family banking house, beginning there as a clerk, and remaining abroad until he had shown clearly his ability to finance important enterprises. Young Mr. Morgan's training in the art of keeping silent has been particularly noticeable since he returned to this country; and partly because of his ability to hold his tongue he is looked upon as a regular chip of the old block.

College graduates like Rogers and Borden, Stillman and Morgan, the two sons of James J. Hill, are other good examples of sons of rich men trained from the bottom up to take care of great properties. Louis J. Hill, who has succeeded his father, not merely nominally, but actually, in the leadership of the Hill railroad property, has much of his father's energy and tenacity of purpose. How skilfully he was trained by his parents was revealed in the brilliant railroad diplomacy and sagacity by which he was enabled to put an end to the friction upon the Pacific Coast caused by the purpose of Harriman to enter what is called the Hill railroad territory.

Mastering a Great Industry.

One of the big figures in the great American industry of supplying the world with compressed air apparatus and rock drills—without which implements such wonderful works as the under-the-river tunnels around New York City might never have been undertaken—is William R. Grace.

For some time after he had reached young manhood it seemed as though this son of the late Mayor of New York, who made his millions trading with South America, would become noted chiefly for his devotion to outdoor sports, polo particularly. But there came a day when he appeared at the great rock drill works, in which his father was interested, to do the work of an apprentice.

He was not afraid of grimy hands, nor did he disdain to wear overalls; and in the works he remained until he had learned how to make drills and other machinery. Then he took a place in the business office. Here he studied the world's markets. He learned all about the great railway building in Siberia and South America. He became familiar with the gigantic work done at the Iron Gates of the Danube.

This training over, he turned his attention to finances, and began all over again, at the bottom. And not until his financial ability was demonstrated was he permitted to assume any of the responsibility of conducting this particular property of his father.—Copyrighted, 1909, by the Associated Literary Press.

IN CHARGE OF DIVISION OF FAR EASTERN AFFAIRS IN STATE DEPARTMENT.

Willard Straight.

NEW YORK, June 26.—(Special.)—Willard Straight, who has been in charge of the Division of Far Eastern Affairs in the State Department for some months, is now in New York in consultation with the capitalists who expect to participate in the Chinese loan. Mr. Straight was Consul-General of the United States at Mukden for some time, and knows the conditions in China thoroughly. He may be expected to look closely and intelligently after American interests in the Chinese Empire. These involve not alone the railway, for which the present loan is being raised, but also other railways which are planned, and general commercial relations.

SHOCKS NEW JERSEY ARISTOCRACY BY ENTERTAINING EMMA GOLDMAN.

Alden Freeman.

NEW YORK, June 26.—(Special.) Alden Freeman is the man who shocked the Oranges in New Jersey by entertaining Emma Goldman. He first invited her to a society dinner, and later arranged to have her deliver a lecture in a local hall. The society requested Mr. Freeman to resign and the police refused to let Emma have the use of the public hall. But Mr. Freeman brought her audience to his father's home and there gave her the use of the family barn, where she spoke to 1000 persons. Mr. Freeman belongs to an old and wealthy family of Orange. He is regarded as peculiar because of his liberal views.

A Choice of Two Costs.

Atchison Globe.

Question for the Lancaster Literary Society: Which costs the more, a visitor or a spell of sickness?