MULIONAIRES OF

WORK FOR \$5 A WEEK ALTHOUGH MOST OF THEM HAVE THEIR AUTOMOBILES



WILLIAM G. ROCKEFELLER

BY RICHARD SPILLANE UNITED STATES SENATOR who had some stock market interests that concerned him particularly sat in the office of one of the principal Wall street banking and brokeruses the other day and watched the drift of prices. He could not help but admire the cleverness with which the youth who marked up the quotations did his work. The market was active and the ticker was spinning out the fluctuations at its highest speed, but fast as they came the young man kept pace with With either hand he worked with equal facility, never making an error getting flustered, marking the eighths, the quarters and the halves with the same regularity that the ticker worked, and never making a false mo tion and never making an unnecessary

"Bright young man, that," remarked the Senator to a member of the firm. "Yes," replied the broker, "I think he is the best board boy in the street."

That evening the Senator was a guest at the house of the head of the banking and brokerage firm. Next to him at dinper sat a young gentleman who bore a striking resemblance to the quotation board youth whose dexterity the Senator had admired earlier in the day. The youth seemed to be perfectly at home He called the daughter of the house "Kitty," and she called him "Bob." After dinner there was a game of bridge. The Senator did not play, but as he and his host sat emoking in a side room he

didn't catch Mr. Bob's name when we were introduced-bad habit I've got of not getting names but he is enough like one of the young mon in your office to

### On \$5 a Week.

Mr. Duncan smiled. "No," he sald, "Bob isn't a twin. He is just himself. He works for me. I give him five dollars a week."

The Senator looked at Bob again. The young man's irreproachable evening ciothes and general appearance indicated familiarity with company like that he was in at the moment. 'And-er is is he able to do this on-

er-five dollars a week?" inquired the Senator.

Bless your heart," exclaimed the banker. "Bob has more money than I have, or, at least, he will have. He is Fiske's son. His father asked me to take him into my office. Pretty good boy, His father asked me to too. A bit refractory and conceiled, but have that knocked out of him. No better place on earth to ed discipline a rich boy than in Wall street There is no favoritism down there, is Bob, my old friend's son, in house, but down town he is only quotation boy, and I'll stand no non-sense from him. And he knows it." Wall street is full of Bobs-of \$5 mll-

Honaires. Some of them run errands, some attend the telephone, some see that the inkwells are kept filled and all the the inkwells are kept filled and all the stationery is in proper place on the desks of the partners and the clerks; some do clerical labor and some develop enough cleverness after a while to do the work at the quotation board. They work side by side with some of the smartest youths in America, lads born in the tenementses, where the Irish and the Jews the Irish and the Jew youths will put them to shame. Some of them are col-lege graduates, but some of the 15 milnaires were expelled from college for cause or another and were shipped to Wall street by their parents for punish-ment. As a reformatory, Wall street is more serviceable than most institutions

## A Reofrmatory for Some.

While it is a reformatory for a few, it is the training school or the business crucible for all of them. The millionairs who has sense knows that the young man of wealth who is left to idleness or his own devices is not likely to be of much account. He also knows that a father is not a good business trainer for a son, being either too indulgent or too severe, so he does the wise thing and dumps the young man into the big Wall

The hopper plays no favorites and it does not spoil any good ones. It does not matter the \$5 millionaires have their automobiles and their yachts, their private bank accounts and their valets; in Wall street they have to buckle down and work like all the other young men or they will be cast aside. The \$5 a week may not be much more than a straw to them, but they never fail to collect it. It is something they have enrued by their own energies and it means something more other money means. It signifies that they are part of the mighty machine of Business, a working, integral part,

and the \$5 millionaires get to know young Rockefeller fell ill did not get this early in the game. There is an equality and a democracy that the youths did not know before. It surprises and startles them. College records go only so far in Wall Street. The dandy football player is heartily welcomed the day of his advent into the Street and forgotten the next. Wall Street is a world unto itself and recognizes no other.

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MACHINE OF BUSINESS .

Thaw's Few Weeks. Sometimes a young millionstre reconcile himself to Wall Street's leonoclastic attitude and he turns away. Usually he is a spoiled darling. One such went into Wall Street some years ago. His mother, kept looking at the youth at the bridge dulgent to her son, had appealed to a table.
"Duncan," said the Senator at last, "I Railroad to find a good position for her boy in Wall street. The vicepresident, eager to do anything to help the widow of an old friend, came to New York and saw the head of a prom-inent brokerage house in behalf of the youth. A \$5 a week job was the result, youth. A \$5 a week job was the result, and the widow's son came on from Pittsburg to begin his business life. In Pittsburg to begin his obsiness life.

In Pittsburg he was a person of importance. Every one knew the wealth of his family. Every one glossed over his eccentricities. He had but to express a wish and it was gratified.

It shocked the young man to find a It shocked the young man to find a different atmosphere in the broker's office. No one seemed to know of his family's millons, or, knowing, cared. Clerks ordered him around. He was called "Harry" by persons he looked down upon and he was sent like a messenger boy to deliver notices and securities to other brokerage houses. He did not like it, and he didn't put up with it for long. A few weeks of such experience was enough for Harry K. Thaw. But it was far different with men

like Wm. G. Rockefeiler, Walter Lewis-ohn, Mortimer L. Schiff and Clarence Mackay, and it is far different with hudreds of other \$5 millionaires of today. Walter Lewisohn, whose father was immensely wealthy, went the \$5 route through the house of A. A. Housman & Co., delivering stock, marking quotations, carrying messages, doing anything or everything he was ordered to do, and all the time keeping his eyes and ears open so that he could learn everything there was to be learned by a youth in the Street. Today he is one of the firm of Lewisohn Brothers, and is about as well equipped for Wall Street work as any men in

### William G. Rockefeller.

William G. Rockefeller did not work in a brokerage office, but had his \$5 experience in the Standard Oil Company's headquarters at No. 25 Broadway. He started as an errand boy in the purchasing agent's office. It did not matter that his father was one of the greatest millionaires of the world and that he himself was past 21 years and that he himself was past 21 years old. He had to start at the bottom. He was just out of college. If he had the usual vanities of the young collegian he hid them pretty well. He settled down to work as if he liked it. And if he did like it he certainly had plenty of it. There were 18 or 20 clerks in the department who were his superiors and most of them seemed to take a hellish delight in keeping him busy. They sent him on messages just for the pleasure of ordering him about.

And he never uttered a protest. He took everything that was coming to him in the way of work and locked

him in the way of work and looked for more. His pay was raised to \$40 a month, and he deserved it if ever a young man did. With the increase in pay he seemed to think the Standard Oil was entitled to more work from him. He worked so hard in order to show that he was worthy of the re-ward that he fell ill from typhoid fever. It took him a year to recover, and part of the treatment was a trlp around the world. But even on this trip he would not cease work. Incidental to his general journeying he took side trips to various places to inspect the Standard Oil plants and to study the company's business at those points. When he returned he probably had a better general knowledge of the Standard Oil Company's trade throughout the world than any other person. To-It took him a year to recover, and the world than any other person. Toand that they are producers.

Wall Street has no use for any but the live ones, be they youths or men, G. Rockefeller's errand boy job when

A CHAMIPION GOLFER STANDING ON RIGHT

ery Friday the steam yacht would be at anchor in the bay, waiting for Harvey (that was the sen's name) to go aboard, and then the family would go up Long Island Sound or down the coast, or to Newport, for the week end. Never did Harvey let it be known that the antomobile which he stepped into each evening and which, by his orders, awaited him in a side street instead of in front of No. 25 Broadway, was his own property. Never did he let it be known that the big steam yacht was his father's. He never mentioned yacht, in fact, but in Summer time regularly every Friday about noon time regularly every Friday about no he would go to the head of the de-partment and ask if he could get off at 3 o'clock, as his father wanted him to go up the river or up the sound or some other place. As regularly as the request was made, some job would be found for him that would take every minute of the time up to 2 P. M.
Sometimes Harvey would be sent to that place of horrible smells, Newtown-Creek, sometimes to Bayonne, N. J. By racing hotfoot ail the way he could get back in time to get away on the yacht in sesson, but it always was a tight fit. But never did he whimper, although he hated every one in the office fully as much as they hated him. he knew he was offensive to nine persons out of every ten he met and that nature made him offensive but he seemed to be satisfied if he only could revenge himself on those who did not like him. He planned, just as soon as he was promoted, to have his revenge on the men in the office. For one year he was kept on the \$5 a week job. Then in disgust he resigned.

### A Champion Golfer.

A far different character than this is Harold Sands, one of the country's greatest golf players and winner of various champlonships. He works in one of the big banking and brokerage houses near the Stock Exchange, and s one of the most popular young men in the financial district. He is a mem-ber of a family prominent for genera-tions in New York society and of large means. He is a \$5 millionaire, his present employment being that of attending to the telephone connecting his employer's office with the Stock Exchange. He is learning the details business and learning them thoroughly, Clarence Mackay, now the head of

the Postai Telegraph Company, and the other big corporations organized by his father, was a \$5 millionaire for a short time, getting just enough of the experience to season him for tak-ing employment in a minor capacity in one of his father's companies. Mortimer L. Schiff, who is destined to take his father's place as head of the great banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., went through the & mill, as did Allan Ryan, son of Thomas F. Ryan; James C. Brady, son of Anthony K. Brady, and a lot of others. But none of the house of Vanderbilt was sent to Wall street to take the \$5 course. Maybe if they had the splendid property left by the first and second generations of the family would not now be falling into other hands.

Neither has Harriman given the Wall street & training to his sons. One of them s out in Idaho working as surveyor's assistant at \$65 a month, but he is young enough when he has learned something of field work and something of practical railroading to take a post graduate course

### Some Become Partners.

James Stillman, too, has had his son go West to learn railroading, but railroads no longer are managed by practical railroad men. The day of the man who began at the firebox or at the brake is gone. The man of the ticker is the boss today. Possibly that is why the % millionaires Possibly that is why the W millionaires are so numerous. For every young pinto-crat who goes West to take a railroad job a hundred go into Wall street.

No doubt the % millionaires make it a bit harder for the youth who has to work for a living to get a position in Wall

street. No doubt many banking and brokerage houses would be giad if heads of trusts, heads of banks and millionaire customers did not dump their sons and fheir nephews upore them, but there are just as many houses that are glad to have the glided young men in their employ. Everything is fish that comes to the Wall street net. The \$5 millionaire may not be a brilliant clerk, he may have no special qualification for posting quotations and he may balk at filling the ink wells, but he may be a wonder at steering business to the shop or at getting valuable inforto the shop or at getting valuable infor-mation. The young millionaire who is a good mixer and who is on terms of in-timacy with the sons of other millionaires can get their trade, or, from the talk of the young men, may learn of stock mar-ket deals in which the fathers are enket deals in which the fathers are engaged, the knowledge of which is worth considerable to the \$5 millionaire's employer. These are the scouts and the pullers-in and they are the ones the commission houses are glad to get hold of. Sometimes, too, the \$5 millionaire is used to advantage by being taken into partnership. It flatters his vanity and sometimes it saves a house that is shaky.

### Never Ask for a Raise.

There is one thing about the \$5 million tire, however, that is a cardinal virtue in the eyes of the employer. He never kicks for a raise in salary. He may have all the conceits of the other employes, referring to the concern's operations as what "we" are doing or what "we" did or what "we" think of the market, and he may have his business cards specially engraved the day he first goes to the street.

YORK TXCHANGE.

bank account. If he gets enything at | sum on flowers for a chorus girl or he ut he never has designs on the firm's Christmas time he is likely to spend the I may give it to his valet. Unless he has

the money itch he is not after the paltry dollars that come from his job, but for the action, the strife and the vicissitudes

CLARENCE MACKAY

HARRY K. HAW

that attend if.

The & millionaire who is of the right stuff never presumes. He is understrap-per in the office and be takes orders from customers and clerks and bosses with equal good will and willingness. He isn't servile, but he never is impolite. He al-ways shows proper respect for the mem-bers of the firm or the heads of departments. Equality comes when he is out-side the office.

At the Piaza Hotel the other day the manager of a big Wall street house saw two of the stock boys dining together. They halled him as he went by and invited him to join them. They had no wine, but their bill for that meal would riddle their week's wares for one of them got their week's wages, for one of them got

The bill cut no figure, for both of them "The whole firm seems to be up here tonight," said one of the youths. "The boss is diving, just six tables down from here. Junior (the junior partner) is 'way down the other side of the room and Clindra and the said of the room and the ro ton, manager of the cotton department, left a few minutes ago." At the Plaza all were equal, but in

Broad street the next morning those two stock boys were stock boys again.

# OBADIAH OLDWAY AT YAQUINA

Sights at the Ocean Shore as Seen by the Hoaxville Philosopher; Gainful Diversions Indulged in by All Summer Visitors.

county seat to Yaquinny, and them cars was swelterin' hot. I noticed when we'd crossed the river for about the 17th

three there wasn't quite so much bliarity agoin' on. Half of them women as was so chuminy and swappin' home-made candy and cake and whoopin' cough

us to get off and take the boat for New-

"Not on your life," says I. "I bought

a ticket to Newport and I'm agoin' to ride there on it. I don't pay no hoat to take me over, young feller. I've traveled

own boat. It won't cost you a cent more. Your ticket is good on the boat."
"Well, I never knew that before," says I. "Next times we go to Portland, Han-ner, we'll buy boat tickets and go down

on the railroad—that'll be quite a savin'.

By this time the boat was awhistlin

work to swash all that water about and

I'm agoin' to draw the curtain on our

keep it amovin'.

too much to be swindled like that

H OAXVILLE, Or., Aug. 24.-Mr. Ed- women and laughin' children when we got on, but we finally did get a seat paper for next Sunday don't forget to state that Obadiah and Hanner Oldway has just returned from Newport. Yes, phant, as the poet says.

John and Elviry-John's got him a sec ond wife, you know. She's Elder Jones' girl and a right spry woman, too. They come home from their weddin' trip and insisted that me and Haner go some wheres for a spell and let them do work durin' the hot weather. We didn't like much to leave right in Well, I vest, but John runs that derned bindin machine and hires a blower thrashin outfit, so there ain't much for me to do but stand around and see things hurried headlong through the season, and goln' to waste right and left, so I up and says, says I; "Hanner, let's us go to Newport and see what's the attrac-tion over there."

"But, my dear sir," says he, "the rall-road ends here and we take you on our I'd found out that the railroad was assilin' cheap round-trip tickets just then, thinkin' more than likely that bein' in the busy season, there wouldn't be many people take advantage of it. I think it is a sin to miss a opportunity of gettin' ahead of a railroad. It ain't offers a faller water a beaut for and the feller hurried us onward. often a feller gets a chance to beat 'em of them little steam tubs—sort of water automobiles—was abarkin' at the landin', out of a cent, but when it does happen I think we should all stand in together but the railroad man said we'd have to pay extra if we took that, so went on to the railroad boat to be safe. We spent about a half a bour gettin' and get what's comin' to us.
Elviry borrowed her pa's tent and Hanner's cousin lent us his camp stove.
Hanner and Elviry cooked up a whole over to Newport on the tother side of the bay, and there was the ocean alayin' out there before us, agrowlin' and smoanin' and aheavin' like it was hard

trunk full of stuff and we launched out on our journey. The railroad had a extra good streak The railroad had a extra good and on that day. I'll be harged if they didn't check everything we had along-grub, tent, tent poles, feather bed, wearin' apparel, a water bucket full of eggs, a call of apples and the satchel. "Is that sack of apples and the satchel. "Is that all now, Mr. Oldway?" says the baggage

experiences in gettin our camp set. There was some remarks made by us and others likewise employed that ain't just exactly fit for narratin'. However, if you have been placed in a similar "Yes," says I, "that's all for this time, thank ye."

Gosh! I wished I'd taken the dog and situation you know what a ordeal it is, with the wind aflappin' the tent and apullin' up the tent stakes faster than a few more things along and had him check all that was due us on our tickets. you can get 'em pounded in. But I don't suppose Mrs. Oregonian would make things quite as unpleasant for you un-der the circumstances as Hanner did It seemed as if everybody in the country had took a notion all to once to see the ocean, especially the women. I'll bet the most of 'em left their hus-I'll bet the most of 'em left their hus-bands to home to do the harvestin' and the cookin' and milkin' besides. It never used to be that way. The men used to do the harvestin' and then they went somewheres on a huntin' and fishin' trip to rest up. The women stayed at home and done their duty and said nothin'. Shakespeare says that it's a long lane

that ain't got no turnin', and by and by we got things settled for the night and went peacefully to sleep to the song of

tide is out, but when it ain't and you got on, but we finally did get a seat and held on to it till we got there. It takes quite a spell to get from the have to walk in the dry sand it's worse'n follerin' a plow all day.

The ocean is like liquor. The more

you get the better you like it and the more you want. Old as I be, I'd just more you want. Old as I be, I'd just stay in camp long enough to get a snack to ent and then go right out again. When the tide is agoin out the heach looks like a lunatic asylum turned loose. Everybody runs out as far as they car candy and cake and whoopin cough everyheady runs out as far as they can receipts as we was agoin' up the mountains was mad at the other half and slappin' the bawlin' young 'uns and slappin' the bawlin' young 'uns and and grabs at every little rock they see. They call the prettiest ones aggits and everyone tries to get more'n everybody else. I rolled up my pants and hunted was agoin' down the tother side.

When we got to Yaquinny they told the tother side. four bits. He had a machine for shinin' 'em up and makin' 'em into jewelry to sell to Easterners. I made that money easy, didn't I? Wisht I could do that way here at home. You want to try it when you go out there. You just run in after a wave and grab a rock out of the sand, hold it up to the light and squint one eye. If you can kinder see through it, it's a aggit; drop it into your pocket and skedaddle for the shore before the next wave gets you. It don't take long to learn. Just watch the crowd and you'll soon see how it's done.

It's more fun than cats awrestlin' to see the people go in swimmin'. Hannel wouldn't watch 'em after the first time She said it was disgraceful for men and women to go into the water together. especially in such garb. She wanted me to keep away, too, but I done as I derned please for once. You'd ought to seen 'em. The women all put on little girls' dresses that come about to their knees and left their stockin' legs ashowin'. The fat ones looked the funniest when they'd try to jump the waves. The men would hang on to their hands to keep them from fallin' over, and of all the squealin' and hollerin' you ever heard it was on the shore of that ocean at swimmin time. I set on the dry sand in front and laughed and old Ocean, he was behind the crowd winkin' at me and and a laughin' as he sent a big wave every now and then that would catch 'em unawares. If the water hadn't been so derned com and I'd had one of them abbreviated dress suits along I'd atried

it myself. Say, did you ever dig clams? up one morning as soon as I could s and beat the crowd out. I got half gunny sack full and didn't pay 15 cents a can for them either. You just go along on the clam flats when the tide has left them all slimy, bend The days that followed was one con-tinual round of joy and sorrow. The see the water go "squir-r-r-t," right up What are we acomin' to?

As I said, the train was full of gabbin' beach is better'n a sidewalk when the towards you. Then you dig for all you're

worth till you run on the clam shell. Sometimes they'll be squirtin' all around you and you can't dig fast enough, then ag'in you won't see a livin' clam all day.

I drawed the line at huntin' crab.

They're too free with their nippers. Han-

mer got them herself.

We had stayed a week when Hanner happened to think of a old hen she had set and forgot to tell the girls about, so nothin' would do but we had to come home to once. Comin' home we stopped home to once. Comin' home we stopped at a station and I got out to get Hanner some coffee for her headache, and what do you suppose I found in my purse? Well, sir, it was a Canada 10-cent piece. I knew I didn't get it, so I says to Hanner when I went back, "Hanner, where did you get that 10-cent piece?"

"I got it of the greeer man at Newport yesterday," says sib.

vesterday." says sho. "Why didn't you make him take it buck?" says I. "Can't you see it is Canada money?"
"Yes," says she, "but I lowed it was good or he wouldn't a give it to me."

'Well," says L "It ain't good and you don't want to be trustin' everybody that way. There's sharpers everywhere nowadays. I see a paper boy out there and I'm agoin' out and buy a paper and get a good nickel in change." "Where's a good nicket in change. Where a that paper you bought last night? says she. "You ain't read that, have you?" Ain't it no good? Of course, if it ain't you'd better get a new one, but if it is I don't see why you need to waste it." "You don't see nothin' do you?" says

I want to get shed of this here Can-Portland some time and ride on the streetcar with it." "Yes," she says, "that would be better. It was passed on to us and we ought to have a right to pass it on." Barrin' this last misfortune, we reached

home safely and had a great trip.
Yours truly,
OBADIAH EVERAT OLDWAY. P. S.—Goin' out over the bar is fins for cleansin' the stomach if you've et somethin' that don't set good. I was out one day and it was wonderful.

Henry Van Dyke. Thou who hast made thy dwelling fair With flowers beneath, shove with starry

And set thine altars everywhere-On mountain beights, In woodlands dim, with many a dream, In valleys bright with springs,

And on the curving capes of every Thou who hast taken to thyself the wings Of morning to abide

Upon the secret places of the sea.

And on far islands where the tide Visits the beach of untrodden shores. Waiting for worshipers to come to thes In thy great out-of-doors! To thee I turn, to thee I make my

prayer God of the open air.