

THE DIVORCE GERM IN RAILROAD MONEY



Mrs. Frank J. Gould.



Mrs. Alfred B. Vanderbilt.



Alfred G. Vanderbilt from his latest photograph.



William K. Vanderbilt, whose Divorced Wife Became Mrs. O.H.P. Belmont.

The Singular Marital Unhappiness of Two of America's Great Families

"DO YOU know, I never realized until now what a terrible curse it is to have money? I suppose I am being paid back for some of the money I have."

It was young Frank J. Gould who said it, so very wisely, only a few weeks ago, as he declared, in almost the same breath, that he would tell nothing of the causes that led to his estrangement from his wife.

And his words were most true. Of all these heirs whom Nemesis pursues, young Frank Gould with his "bully" wife, whose love for him was so great that it bade her defy her religion's rules, with his love for her that endured as a beacon for other lovers harassed in the trials of marriage, with all that should assure a husband's happiness—should have been the last to discern the cause of it in money.

But he did not pursue the analysis, which his misery, in that single flash, opened to his eyes. For, of all the unhappineses that have sprung from wayward, baffled or starved affections, those that have befallen the heirs of the millions made in the making of the great railroads have been most numerous and most unconquerable.

THOSE two huge fortunes—of the Goulds and the Vanderbilts—made amid the smoke of financial battles which were Homeric even when compared with the giant conflicts of railway interests today, bequeathed to the heirs, who received them under the most elaborate safeguards, strike more bitter than any ever waged by the original creators of the wealth.

And the battles incident to that strife have been fraught with far keener suffering than any that raged in the mere making of the riches.

The conquering "Commodore" Vanderbilt, ousted from one company in the days of California the Golden, never repined. Heart-whole fighter that he was, he found delight in establishing a rival line, and, by the sheer force of his genius, beating his former colleagues into submission and into his reinstatement with all the honors and more than the profits of war.



Frank J. Gould.

The astute Jay Gould, covered in his lifetime with as many anathemas as there were dollars in his ever-growing hoard, found no chagrin, no regrets. Whatever he was as a financier, he was the fighter whose happiness is in conflict.

When a Vanderbilt clashed with a Gould—giant grappling with giant—the vulpine shrewdness of the Gould genius could devise the trick of insulating more and more stock as, day after day, the Vanderbilt courage could buy it up.

And when the Vanderbilt brains perceived that the capital of the whole earth must fall in a combat with any stock printing press unlimbed by law, they were discreet enough to relinquish the attempt to control the Erie Road and daring enough to establish the New York Central. When the "Commodore" died, in 1877, he left a fortune estimated at \$100,000,000—the fortune a Staten Island farm boy had begun to accumulate when he was 16, and started a farmer's ferry from his home to New York.

COULDN'T MAKE MONEY SAFE

Gould, dying, was able to bequeath the millions wrangled from the game old fighter in that tremendous struggle over Erie, where Greek met Greek, to his children under the infallible protection of the "family council," that European device for guarding the head against the heart, which works so automatically abroad in balking fond lovers and leaving the family wealth and position undiminished.

But neither the far-seeing shrewdness of a Gould nor the English primogeniture plan of the wise old "Commodore" could make railroad money "safe." The "heads" of the Vanderbilt family have been no more able to steer all its scions to the haven of happiness, and keep them there, than has the "family council" intrusted with the government of the hearts and fortunes of the Gould heirs.

Society has since acknowledged that it was started by the divorce suit, in 1895, of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Sr., against her husband. Society is mild in its recollection. As a matter of fact, society was stunned. It revived only when the more astounding fact became known that Mrs. Vanderbilt named as co-respondent with her husband a notorious Parisienne, Nellie Neustreter.

The decree against him was so severe that the court forbade him to marry again, although his wife was free as any woman who had never worn matrimony's



Mrs. Howard Gould from a recent painting.



Anna Gould, at the time of her Marriage to Boni de Castellane.



Howard Gould.

those consequences go on still. With the Vanderbilts it has not been husband and wife making money, but money making husband and wife. In the blood of the Vanderbilts, which might have come of the kinship the early commodore felt for the rails that bound whole communities literally with iron, has sufficed to part mother and son.

For seven years Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt refused forgiveness to her son, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., for defying his family and marrying pretty and proud Grace Wilson. The headship of the Vanderbilt families

goes where the money goes, and the rash lover's father penalized his older son by leaving the bulk of his huge fortune to Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt.

It was Alfred who, when his brother was the father of two children, effected the reconciliation, which came about the time that William K. Vanderbilt was relieved of his odium by the courts of New York. Mother and son, and pretty and proud Grace Wilson, and the grandchildren who had come to this inheritance of strife, all were reunited. The curse of the railroad millions seemed to have been burned out in suffering.

It had merely been dulled for a time. The very Alfred, "head" of the house by virtue of the money, married more than seven years ago to charming Elsie French, daughter of the late Francis Ormond French, director in many railroads, rode into Central Park little more than a year ago laden with his happiness and the still increasing millions—he got \$60,000,000 when his father cut off the independent Esau who was his older brother—which young Frank Gould beholds as the source of man's curses.

Radiantly beautiful, Mme. Rutz was dismounting from her horse. The saddle was slipping. Of course she did not know the impressionable young millionaire, with a heart that was brother to one able to fling away \$60,000,000 for another fair face, was near her. Mme. Rutz—Belle O'Brien-Baudouin-Hilton-Rutz—the divorced wife of a young Cuban, the daintiest and most fetching of such women in New York, the iron-willed creature who had weighed from 200 to 115 pounds, could not have premeditated it.

But impressionable Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt gave her the aid she needed, or didn't need. And the divorce suit of the recent recommendation for absolute separation of the couple by the referee, had its scandal enhanced by the interposition of the pitiful story of the casting off of Florence Schenck, once a belle of Norfolk, Va., by Charles Wilson, the head of the Vanderbilt stables.

Young Frank Gould, when the iron entered his soul, did not recall, in the fever of the helms of the ancient Goid, that he only his own family misfortune, with its background of his own family miseries.

A BITTER REMINDER

The marriage of Anna Gould to her persistent Prince de Sagan could serve only as a bitter reminder of the unblinking casualities, banalities and brutalities of his relative and predecessor, the unspeakable Boni de Castellane. How the Gould family council fought with Boni first, and with Elsie later; how the combined wisdom of the council failed before the inherited shrewdness of the heir, they so earnestly sought to protect! What could have been done with the fox-like cunning of the greatest of the living Goids, but to set at naught all the forebodings which his descendants sought to safeguard her? And what could destiny have that fate yet in store for her?

It has had no mercy on Howard Gould. He has sworn before the courts that he was married to Katherine Clemmons, a drunkard, a woman whose breeding was a public offense, whose manner of life was such that his self-respect, if nothing else, forced him to leave his own home, Castle Gould.

It was a shocking reverse to the picture of social triumph that was presented in their early married life, when a great Parisian theater showered her with roses as the most beautiful woman who breathed within its four walls, when the German emperor honored her as the most agreeable and brilliant American woman he had met, and when society acclaimed her as its smartest and most elegant belle.

Equally shocking was the mass of counter charges the woman flung at him, when she declared he was unfaithful to his marriage, and not with one woman alone, but with half a dozen.

The Howard Gould divorce scandal dragged its wretched length along with such an effluvia of shame and infamy, until there came this last tragedy of the railroad millions, the tragedy of Frank Gould, so young that he can only wonder at the cruelty of the fate that forced him out in the midst of his quiet, ecstatic marriage.

There is no scandal there. There is only too much love and foolish jealousy. Helen Kelly, marrying for love one of her best friends, such a woman could well be, resented her young husband's overfond jealousy. And so there was a separation and the beginnings of a suit for limited divorce, and all the other things which have since followed, including more than ever, and puzzling, like a hurt child, at the wantonness of the evil that had befallen him.

THE up-to-date TRADE of the SHOPLIFTER



The Capacious pocket in the Jacket.

"Bottomless" Case, into which Jewelry May be Dropped.

"GOOD afternoon, miss. Don't you want to—"

"No, I don't want anything. How dare you speak to me!"

"I'm sure you will excuse me. But don't you want to—"

"NO! I—don't—want—anything. Is that plain? And if you annoy me further, I shall call that officer."

"Well, before you do—or I do—don't you want to see the manager?"

The very elegantly garbed young woman, as slender as she was haughty in the graceful curves of her princess gown, standing there in front of the great department store, with her fawn-colored auto cloak over her arm and her auto itself, attended by the obsequious chauffeur, waiting at the curb, stared for a single, brief instant into the steely, penetrating eyes of the well-dressed man who had accosted her.

"Oh, yes, thank you. Perhaps I do."

And, with the corner policeman, whom she had threatened to call, exchanging a friendly wink with her insistent escort behind her princess back, she turned to re-enter the store.

A rich and respectable girl, ten minutes previously, the pet ward of the city's guardians in her walks and rides, now she was a shoplifter, caught in the act of crime, affrightedly on her way to punishment.

DISHONEST? Not at all—until ten minutes ago. Dishonest now? Not in the least, although five minutes hence, her arm only then released from the apparently gallant hold by which the petite store detective clasp the motor coat tightly lest she drop from its folds the lace it conceals, she will be a confessed thief, wildly hysterical.

Until her identity is fully assured, the vigilant detective will not be positive whether he has "pinched" a new and gorgeous professional, and so acquired much glory, or has merely rescued \$3 worth of Irish point and made nearly as much trouble for himself as it is worth.

For this is the day of the shoplifter, when, after the years of sporadic developments and chance discoveries and arrests, she has evolved into specialized types and classes, all duly scheduled and all duly handled as part

of the routine of the great modern store.

Give her a skin-tight sheath gown, a Charlotte Corday hat, a primrose and rose, a pink and white traveling bag, and she will live like a baroness where her prototype subsisted like a beggar.

It may be interesting to know that the bag, has a hidden bottom, opening into the counter for her predatory indusness inspection, she can fumble inside of it and gather up \$10 worth of plunder in a minute.

Or—her best-liked ruse in 1908—leave her nothing more than a loose coat or wrap over her pretty, rounded arm, with her delicately modeled hand lying, innocently and innocuously, on the goods before you, very close while the other holds up for inspection the articles and you put them before her.

The tricky little sinner has three hands, instead of two. It is the third, or perfectly tinted wax, which plays before your eyes the passive role of companion to the genuine one that takes the goods as you show them. The other real hand is busy, under cover of the wrap, in gathering up the articles the wrap conceals.

It takes four men detectives, and as many women, to guard the average department store in dull times; it takes five times that force in the late fall, when the Christmas crowds are pouring in.

Yet the ordinary department store of a large city rarely escapes with fewer than forty or fifty captures a month. And every one of these is a case of guilt, detected in the act and caught with the goods. A single take could cost the establishment \$50,000 in civil damages.

Whenever it is possible, the arrest is effected outside of the store, and the goods, before you, very close while the other holds up for inspection the articles and you put them before her.

The professional, whenever caught, is prosecuted to the extreme extent of the law. As for the impulsive kleptomaniac—weak femininity's eternal blessings on the doctor who coined the word some thirty years ago!

"Madam, the steady eyed detective is staring at the occupant of that beautiful princess gown, a recently doffed and more recently resumed, "we are satisfied it is your first offense. But we must have your signature to this confession, in order to safeguard the store from any resentment you may later seek to satisfy."

"A confession! I—I sign a confession!" "Would you—snuggly—consider—use to call up your father, so that he can arrange bail, while we are sending for the police patrol?" "Oh! Oh, my—don't do that! I'll sign—I'll sign. Oh, please—let me sign, won't you?" "Thank you, your—snuggly—consider—use to call up your father, so that he can arrange bail, while we are sending for the police patrol?" "Oh! Oh, my—don't do that! I'll sign—I'll sign. Oh, please—let me sign, won't you?" "Thank you, your—snuggly—consider—use to call up your father, so that he can arrange bail, while we are sending for the police patrol?"

The Shoplifter's Three Hands—one for Work.