

Romance of the Millionaire's Daughter Who Marries Just as Papa Said She Should

Constance Vauclain's Surprising Marriage to a Humble Bank Clerk and How It Will Test the Truth of the Old Adage That "Father Knows Best"



"Only a bank clerk? Fine!" says Mr. Vauclain. "That job will give him the training he needs to help Constance look after her fortune."

WHEN Constance Vauclain, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Samuel Vauclain, immensely wealthy president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, promised to love, honor and obey William H. Hamilton, of Brooklyn, her fashionable friends in the horse-show world and Philadelphia society had their breath taken away. It was a match so utterly different from what everybody had expected for this heiress of one of America's greatest fortunes.

Who was William H. Hamilton? Nobody knew. His name was not to be found in the social register, he was entirely unknown to the exclusive circles in which his bride and her family have long been prominent figures. A little investigation showed that he was a perfectly worthy young man, but with no fortune, with no social standing, with nothing that would seem to give him any claim to the heart and hand of this fashionable heiress. From society's proud, mercenary viewpoint it was the sorriest of matches that was made when Constance Vauclain gave herself to a humble bank clerk in the offices of the Guaranty Trust Company.

But Constance's father is as delighted with his pretty daughter's match as her society friends are disappointed. In fact, if it had been possible for him to construct a son-in-law in his machine shops from his own blue prints and specifications, he would doubtless have turned out just such a young man as Mr. Hamilton.

"No social standing? Fine!" says Mr. Vauclain, who has never had any use for the typical society man. Constance herself has never cared for the butterfly life, and when her father was establishing a stable for her she was quite willing to give the promise which he exacted from her—that she would never encourage attentions from the society and horse type of men.

"Has no money? All the better!" says Mr. Vauclain. "Constance will have enough for them both when I die. And a man who is born poor will be far better able to appreciate the advantages and responsibilities of great wealth." The last, by the way, is one of the fundamentals of the Vauclain philosophy.

"Only a bank clerk? Great!" cries Mr. Vauclain, enthusiastically. "We should all know how to earn a living. I have taught Constance to keep house on a budget and to understand investments, and if she had been a boy she would now be wearing overalls and helping build locomotives in my shops. That job of young Hamilton's will give just the graining he needs to help my daughter look after her fortune."

Thus you see Constance Vauclain, in marrying an obscure young bank clerk whose name and face are strangers to fashionable society, has proved herself that rarest of jewels nowadays—an obedient daughter. In choosing such a man for a husband in preference to the far different ones she might have had, she has made precisely the kind of marriage her father has always said she should, and he is su-



Mrs. Hamilton and the Husband Who Meets All Her Father's Exacting Requirements as Closely as if He Had Been Made to Order in Mr. Vauclain's Locomotive Works.

premely happy to think that she has not thrown herself away on some worthless parasite.

The head of the great locomotive works is a self-made man, and a mighty good job he has made of himself! Beginning in a store and hardware shop somewhere out north in Philadelphia, to-day Vauclain is known throughout the world as the "big engine man."

Mr. Vauclain is a hard-headed business man, but he has not been too busy making a name and a fortune to overlook the future happiness of his daughter.

At the age of fifteen Connie was a national figure in the horse world; she drove her ponies at the national show in New York's Madison Square Garden and The Whip, her greatest prize winner, bought at a cost of \$10,000, was the envy of every horseman.

Mr. Vauclain saw that nothing he could do would discourage Connie from going ahead in her chosen career, and so he wisely encouraged her in the right direction. Her older sister, Anne, in whose name, by the way, Connie's horses were originally entered, was appointed her special chaperon and went everywhere with her. And sister Anne proved a stalwart supporter of her father's orders.

"Don't let Connie hang round the stables when on tour, and, above all, don't let her form friendships with the men who follow the shows," summed up Vauclain's instructions.

Even in the beginning Mr. Vauclain was thinking of Connie's future husband, and he did not intend to have her bring home a son-in-law who reeked of the Horse Show stables. Neither did he intend that she should marry any of the ne'er-do-well so-

ciety butterflies that began to hover round Connie even before she made her debut.

No, indeed! The man who married Constance Vauclain and so became sharer in the Vauclain wealth must have as many points as The Whip or any other horse in the famous stable. Fortune or lack of fortune was not important. Vauclain appreciated fully that a man may be both rich and decent. But he contended that such a man would not be found hanging round the horse-show ring nor in the flock of butterflies hovering round his daughter. He wanted his daughter to marry for love, but he saw no reason why she should not fall in love with the right sort of man. His first step was to surround Connie with the proper chaperonage, and the second step was to hire honest-to-goodness stablemen to run her stables. No broken-down gentlemen with sporting proclivities were put in charge of her horses, and not by the wildest stretch of girlish imagination could Connie make heroes of her father's hired men!

The next important step was to drill her in a thorough understanding of money and what it might buy. She was put on an allowance, and, more than this, she was given a budget within which her stable must be run. As she grew older she was taught to run a household on a budget and led to study the domestic tragedies that grow out of extravagance.

But Mr. Vauclain was canny. He did not discuss husbands as personal matters with his daughter. That might have been fatal. He depended instead on his training and protection of her to lead her to make the right choice. The sons of many well-known Philadelphia families may have wondered why they never had a chance to

get "close" to the pretty girl out on the Main Line. It was all part of Mr. Vauclain's shrewd policy of circumvention. An ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure might well have been his motto.

"No man who does not understand the value of a dollar can make a good husband or a good father," became a sacred saying in the family and perhaps unconsciously Connie grasped this truth and also perhaps unconsciously she judged the men she met by this standard. Just as she judged horses and ponies.

Naturally the marriage of a young woman of so spectacular a girlhood as Constance Vauclain enjoyed must be of intense interest to society, and particularly to that society whose walls she had scaled by way of her horses. But no one could point to any one man as more favored than another.

"Gad," said one man whose name spells society at its highest and gayest in the City of Brotherly Love, "I felt like a wind-broken horse when the Vauclain filly looked me up and down, and I decided that she had placed me way back in the field instead of in the winning row."

In May when the mistress of Broadlawn announced her engagement to one William H. Hamilton, fashionable society was stunned. Who was the lucky young man?

Hamilton, it was found, had been hard at work learning the banking business for some time. Putting two and two together, Philadelphia gossip says that when Hamilton first met Constance he was just out of the army and that it was a quiet little suggestion from her that sent him to the bank to demand a job. The United States Army is a good school for financiers, at least a man learns the value

Mrs. William H. Hamilton and One of the Prize-Winning Horses Given Her by Her Father on Condition That She Discourage the Attentions of Fashionable Society Men.

of a dollar there and also how to economize to the last degree. But to marry an heiress one needs a wider knowledge than can be learned from living on a junior officer's pay. So Hamilton went with the trust company at a salary less than Broadlawn paid some of its stable experts.

When, therefore he applied to Sam Vauclain for the job of son-in-law, he was able to prove that he was a real working man and knew something at least of how fortunes should be protected. Another thing in Hamilton's favor was his supreme lack of interest in horse shows and prize horses.

Underneath Mr. Vauclain's specifications as to his son-in-law was the theory that one horse-mad member of a household was enough. He felt that Connie would be happier with a man whose life interests were entirely outside the ring. When

both husband and wife spend their time touring the country in search of silver cups and blue ribbons, children are apt to prove a nuisance and family life is therefore disrupted. And Samuel Vauclain, father of several children, believes firmly that children, and many of them, are great stabilizers of domestic happiness.

William H. Hamilton fitted in splendidly with all Mr. Vauclain's theories, and the latter speedily said "Bless you, my children!"

It was just the sort of marriage he had always wanted his daughter to make, and the tactful skill with which he brought it about is an example other parents might well follow.

Will it turn out as happily as he hopes? That's the question. If it should not, it will be a body blow for the truth of the old adage that "father knows best."

Photos by
H. L. HILL'S
STUDIO