

Marshall Field 3^d Puts Americanism Ahead of His Riches

CAPTAIN Marshall Field 3d, grandson of the great Chicago merchant and without doubt America's richest young man, after a two months' apprenticeship with Lee, Higginson & Co., Chicago brokers, where he had embarked on a commercial career as a bond salesman, has finally taken hold of the vast holdings of the Field estate, and is now virtually in control of Chicago's largest property holdings owned by an individual estate. It is estimated that his fortune, when he comes into the millions of his grandfather, will be close to \$1,000,000,000.

When it is said young Mr. Field is interesting, the word is used advisedly. Not only is he a multi-millionaire at twenty-eight by the will of his grandfather, but he is of the particularly creditable type of the American born lad who has been brought up under British institutions.

Like most young men of the great English schools—Eton, Harrow and Rugby—young Field has very frank, engaging manners. There is nothing snobbish about him. He bears a striking resemblance to Donald Brian, set so much in looks as in manner. Young Field has wonderful locks of raven black hair, shiny as silk and straight as an arrow. He is thoroughly amiable and unspoiled. He nearly always dresses in black. His clothes are the latest offerings of the tailor's art—and American made. He is rather slender and his willowy form betokens the liteness of a well trained athlete. He is without doubt the most popular young man in Chicago to-day, not excepting "Chick" Evans, who, from a caddy at the Edgewater Golf Club, reached the pinnacle of fame in golfdom by winning the two big open world's championships in the brief span of ten years.

Marshall Field 3d is not winning fame and popularity in the hearts of all Chicago merely because he is the grandson of Marshall Field, but because he is Capt. Marshall Field. Here is a young man worth many millions who went to war as a buck private. He sought no honors because he was rich and had influence, but he had to like a real man. In Texas at the training camp he was beloved by his comrades for he was a real comrade. He worked as hard as any other man—for his country's sake. He refused favors not won by merit. He put on no "side." He fitted himself to fight and he went to France and fought there along with his buddies and was mentioned in the despatches more than once for his bravery in battle.

Among the First to Enlist.

He was among the first to enlist when the war broke out. He joined the crack Cavalry regiment that went from Chicago and made history—the old First, which during the war was the 12th artillery. While lesser young millionaires of Chicago and men with influence were looking for commissions and safety first positions, young Field thought that being a private was better than not fighting at all.

That he is a real specimen of American manhood is well set forth by his statements in an interview the day he became the newest rookie in the old First.

"I decided to enlist in the old First," said he, "because I think there is a greater chance for immediate active service there. There is certainly no reason why I should not be willing to fight for my country, just as every other young man should do. From now on I am just plain Private Field, and I shall feel very uncomfortable if it is suggested that I be treated as anything but an ordinary private in Headquarters Troop."

"I am enlisting because I believe it is my duty to serve the United States in this war.

That is my personal conviction regarding myself, and myself solely. I am not meddling over what other people should do. I felt I ought to do my bit. My wife, after some hesitation, agreed to my enlistment. Because I didn't know enough about military matters to be an officer I enlisted as a private. I chose the cavalry because I believed this organization was more likely than others to see service and because I considered it the most distinguished of the Illinois organizations. The fact that I like horseback riding and have done a great deal of riding also may have had something to do with my enlisting in the cavalry."

And when he returned to America after the armistice was signed, he was Capt. Marshall Field, the most popular man in the regiment. It is needless to ask why. He worked hard and his promotion was rapid and honorably earned.

Since his return he has been the best friend the Chicago soldier has had. He has done more to help returned soldiers get jobs than any five agencies or a thousand men. He is called "The Soldier's Friend," and his assistance and counsel in this work have endeared him to the hearts of every service man in Chicago.

His work as associate director of Chicago's "bureau of justice" for returning soldiers, sailors and marines was commendable. It was a continuous grind and he was on the job at all hours of day and night to see that the returned boys received justice. He also contributed a daily column of advice to returned soldiers through the columns of a Chicago evening paper. Another one of his after the war activities in the interest of returned service men was the founding of a soldiers, sailors and marines employment bureau in Chicago. He took hold of this bureau in the business manner and in a week the bureau was finding jobs for ex-service men at the rate of 200 a day.

Lands Job for Himself.

When the work of the bureau was completed, three months ago, he started out to find himself a job. He spent a week looking around. Finally he landed a job with the bond and brokerage house of Lee, Higginson & Co., one of the oldest in La Salle street. He wanted to learn the business of selling bonds. He started at the bottom. For the first month he was put through the office routine. He was appointed to the head bookkeeper, who had young Field at his elbow from 9 in the morning until 4:30 in the afternoon. At the end of a month he went out on the street as a solicitor. He was just plain Mr. Field when he started out. He was assigned to a specified territory, as is the custom, and given the usual batch of "leads" that are furnished bond salesmen. And he made good. Not one sale did he make among his own friends. After a month's selling he decided to take hold of the Field estate and devote all of his time to its management and supervision.

His office is a plain every day business office on the sixteenth floor of the Merchants Loan and Trust building at Clark and Adams streets. The writer dropped in on him on a Saturday. He was busily engaged in checking up a list of leases. His coat was off and his shirt sleeves were rolled down length.

Let it be said right here and now that Capt. Field's office is a real American office. It is as democratic as young Field is himself. There is no brass railing, no mahogany fence, no secretaries, no sub-secretaries. Not a buffer in the office. It is the office of Marshall Field, plain every day American business man, and nobody who has business to transact with him meets any artificial barriers. His example no



CAPTAIN MARSHALL FIELD, 3rd, WHO TAKES CONTROL OF \$120,000,000.

doubt will be an effective lesson to many always busy individuals. Mr. Field has a lot of ideas along this line that may eliminate red tape and camouflage from Chicago business offices.

It was a real smile of welcome that greeted the writer of this article on entering Mr. Field's office. He sang out cheerily, "Come right in; I am a real business man now," and he shook hands.

"What do you think of my office?" he continued with the enthusiasm of a boy with a new bike.

"I'm here so I can be seen—and heard. And one can talk with me if he has business to transact. The day is just when it takes a year to see a man for a minute."

"What do you think made your grandfather a wealthy man? Courtesy, yes, sir, courtesy. That is the first rule of every successful business house, and without it you are doomed to fail. My grandfather was a wonderful man,

and it was his ability to make and hold friends that made him wealthy."

"Look at the big men that the House of Field has given to the business world—and I may say millionaires: A. G. Selfridge, John G. Sheid, the late Harlow N. Higginbotham, James Simpson, and you will find upon close analysis that their entire business careers had for their foundation stone—the stone of courtesy."

"Are you going to run the estate all by yourself, or are you—"

"Why, certainly I'm not going to run anything," the Captain broke in. "There are four trustees. I'm one of them, another is the bank, and the other two are getting old. I'm just going to help them. I have no title, no official station. I've just got a job to help them."

An elderly man approached at this stage of the interview, holding a memorandum bearing a row of figures. Capt. Field excused himself for a moment while he listened to the

clerk. In a moment Mr. Field, perched on a high stool, was going over a ledger with the clerk comparing the figures, and in a few minutes was back again to resume the interview.

"On the street it is said you are America's richest young man. Is that so?"

"That I cannot answer," said Mr. Field. "You know I won't come into the bulk of my fortune until I am fifty years old—if I live that long—but please don't discuss my financial affairs."

It was suggested that there would have been little surprise had he brought back to America a titled beauty as his bride.

"Well, I married an American girl," said he with a satisfied laugh.

What He Thinks of Newspaper Work.

Then, the conversation turned to his newspaper experience.

"Did I like it? Ask me that question again. I certainly did like it. It is a great work, the last word in fascination, but somehow I wanted to get into the commercial end of business. I know of no other occupation that brings out the good or bad in a man more than the work of a newspaper reporter."

"How did you find selling bonds as compared to newspaper work?"

"It is hard to draw a fair comparison between the two lines of endeavor," he replied. "I will say this from my own observation and brief experience in both lines, that the mediae operandi employed either by the newspaper reporter or the bond salesman are much alike; it is a little harder to deliver the goods as a bond salesman than as a newspaper reporter."

"I will explain. A reporter parts a man from his conversation, while a bond salesman separates people from their money, and you can always get lots of talk, because talk, they say, is cheap, and when it comes to money, you are getting something that is dear and sweet to the most of humanity."

Mr. Field admitted that in years past big men, railroad presidents, heads of large corporations, winners of finance, even his own grandfather, Marshall Field, were prone to deny themselves to reporters.

"All of which I understand thoroughly," he said. "It was because the reporter wanted to talk to them on subjects which they themselves thought were sacred trusts. But you will agree with me when I say that these hardships are over to a large extent now."

"He was right in his deduction."

"Would you advise a young man with a good education to take up the career of a bond salesman?"

"If he is a natural born salesman, yes. If he has the knack of making friends, and holding them, by all means. Get with a good boss by all means. It isn't so much what you say in salesmanship as what you are selling. The law of average is the keynote of the selling game. The more calls you make, the bigger the result. Dress neatly. People always like to do business with a young man who looks every inch a shooesh."

"Always talk to a man about his business, not about yours. Show him how he can make some money and he is interested. A good, sound, bond issue needs no flowery argument. A handful of facts is sufficient. Never commercialize your friends to satisfy your own ends."

Mr. Field has just been elected head of a new community society that has for its purpose the organizing of neighborhood centers throughout Chicago. He is greatly interested in the work.

"Our society," said he, "has planned some wonderful neighborhood work. You know the padding of the saloon and the vicious athletic

clubs of Chicago has thrown lots of young men practically on the street. These community centers will provide clubhouses fitted up with clean recreation appointments. There will be plenty of amusement, good concerts, an abundance of sports. It's a real cooperative organization where everybody will help one another. Yes, this community work will be a big factor in Chicago in more ways than one. It will be a first aid in reducing crime in Chicago. It will take the young man off the streets. He will get lots of good reading; he will receive real help, not professional advice."

The interview was ended when the elderly clerk beckoned for Capt. Field to come over to the direction of the high stool and the big ledger again.

Oftentimes the reporter is obliged to interview along the line of suggestion. But not so with Capt. Field. He is a real red blooded, two fisted American. And if the fates continue to smile kindly on him, as they have with J. Ogden Armour, who also inherited a large fortune and trebled it when taking hold of the business since the death of his father, the late P. D. Armour, Capt. Field will come pretty close to passing the billion dollar mark that is predicted for the Field estate when the Captain comes into full possession of the estate at his fiftieth birthday.

Capt. Field's Heritage.

The death of Henry Field left Marshall Field 3d the only claimant to the bulk of the huge Field estate.

Under a codicil added to the will of Marshall Field after the death of his son Marshall Field, Jr., the residuary estate was left in trust to the two grandsons. Henry was given two-fifths and his brother, Marshall Field, 3d, was given three-fifths.

When the will was filed January 24, 1916, the published estimate of the value of the estate was as follows:

Business, wholesale and retail.....	\$30,000,000
Real estate, downtown.....	30,000,000
Real estate, outlying.....	6,000,000
Real estate, New York city.....	3,000,000
Pullman holdings.....	7,000,000
Northwestern Railroad.....	3,000,000
Rock Island Railroad.....	2,000,000
United States Steel.....	1,000,000
Chicago Edison.....	1,000,000
Chicago City Railway.....	1,000,000
Merchants Loan and Trust Co.....	1,000,000
Illinois Trust and Savings.....	600,000
Other Chicago bank holdings.....	400,000
Mining and farming lands.....	2,000,000
Other stocks and bonds.....	20,000,000
Total.....	\$118,000,000

In the almost twenty years since the estimate, which was considered conservative, was made, the real estate and other holdings have increased enormously in value under the shrewd management of the astute trustees. It is predicted that when the trust expires and the estate is handed over it will come close to the \$1,000,000,000 mark.

Capt. Field's wedding was the climax of a romance of the sea. In September, 1914, Miss Marshall of New York was returning from Europe, where she had been with her mother. On the same ship came young Mr. Field, also returning from England, where he had been a student of Cambridge University. Before the ship reached port they were engaged. The whole thing was to be kept a secret. Miss Marshall went to her home and for some time Mr. Field flitted back and forth between Chicago and New York. While in New York he lived within a stone's throw of his fiancée's home. They were married in New York.

History Repeats Itself in Present Drive Against Radicals

HISTORY is only repeating itself in the nationwide drive now being made by the agents of the Department of Justice against the Bolsheviks, Reds, anarchists and other disturbing elements in and out of our population. A Mayor has been assassinated, some women have destroyed the national flag, sedition shouts have been heard and some rebellious acts have taken place, a few armed bands have appeared to create disturbances—is there not a familiar sound to this intelligence?

And yet it is not the United States of today, but the France of one hundred years ago, the France of Napoleon, in which we learn these acts have taken place. What did the great Emperor do in such a situation? Did he simply by and allow these preachers of disorder to have full sway? Do you think that the man who crushed the greater part

of Europe would sit still while a few discontented individuals in his own empire, in his own country of France, attempted to undo all that he had fought so hard to do—of course you don't—but he did.

Napoleon did just that. He showed these agitators of one hundred years ago to preach their doctrines and to create disturbances, until they overstepped themselves—and then he acted. Acted with the decision and determination which characterized him, and so he directed the Duc d'Angoulême, his Minister of Police, to draft a policy of action and submit it for consideration. A copy of that report is in the archives of Paris, and events of today make it interesting reading. Parts of it are presented herewith:

"Sire—At the moment when Your Majesty resumed the reins of Government, France had no other resources from escaping from anarchy

than those which were supplied by her own proper energy. Abandoned to exile, government no longer afforded any means of national protection, and was, in reality, nothing but the instrument of a reaction.

"It was the intention to rekindle the ashes of the camp of Jarnac and La Vendée; to rally the remnants of the insurrection of Brittany and Normandy; to compress the people by terror, and to bring back by violence the barbarism of the feudal ages.

"Everything was directed to the accomplishment of that project. The public treasury was dissipated in rewarding criminal employments and for services which the country either knew not or disapproved. Employments, pensions, honors, were lavished on obscure individuals, loaded with the public hatred, branded by public opinion, while certain public writers, and even the timid, shook the foundations of

property, and attacked the law which the head of the church had made its duty to respect.

"That violation of social order—such contempt of public morals—such strange forgetfulness of the principles of the most simple general insurrection. The danger was imminent. It was about to bring with it the destruction of the imprudent and presumptuous men who excited it. Once more they owed their safety to you.

"Considering under a general point of view, France presents at present an imposing spectacle, and the most favorable dispositions. She wishes for peace, but will not sacrifice her glory and her independence. She wishes to enjoy now what she wished for in 1792—namely, civil liberty and a representative system, but, enlightened by experience, she feels that these blessings can only be guaranteed by a powerful and firm government. The same as in 1792, she is agitated in the interior by a party which has lost nothing of the pretensions, but which, however, has no longer the same power, nor the influence, and who are constantly complaining of rigorous measures used toward them, but who should recollect that they themselves provoked these measures in consequence of their intrigues, their opposition and their rury.

"The lessons of the past appear to have been lost. Those men whom you would recall to their country—those men who are indebted to you for their political existence, and whose tranquility was insured to them, those men, sire, whom you were detesting during the first twelve years of your reign of reconstituting the nation, appear to wish to separate themselves from her and to renounce their kinship.

"It is now time to put an end to the manoeuvres which are now practising. Emigrations are again commencing; correspondences are opened with foreign countries—committees are formed in the towns and disturbances are fomented in the country places.

"If, on the first appearance of these symptoms in France, the evil had been stopped, in place of being satisfied with threats and following the advice of a tempering indulgence, the Government had made use of the extent of the power with which it is vested, the country would not have been brought to its present state. It would not now have to deplore the violent means which the existing Government were constrained to use and which even the importance of existing circumstances can scarcely justify. In fine, many real disorders appear to result from the measures which are now being taken.

"In a commune of the Department of Gard a few disaffected individuals have for a time seized the white flag. A few armed bands

have appeared in the Department of Maine and Loire and of the Lower Poite.

"Some women have destroyed the tricolor flag in the Department of Calvados.

"Seditious shouts have been heard, and some rebellious acts have taken place in the Department of the North.

"In that of the Cortes-du-Nord a Mayor has been massacred by the old Chouans.

"These crimes have spread alarm in the places where they have been committed. I am aware that to the efforts that have been made for one year will be attached the spirit of reviving the revolutionary hatred, and of re-establishing a civil war. They do not depend exclusively upon the political changes which have taken place, without any obstacle—they do not threaten the safety of the state—they do not even mark a party in existence or formed.

"Assuredly those who attack property and commit murders—those who break all ties which bind them to France, and promote discord, such men cannot be called Frenchmen; they may follow the opinions, second the views of some accomplices, but they have no parti-

cipals. All good men—all friends to good order and peace, whatever their political views may be, must detest such atrocious acts. All must be interested in not propagating such disorders, but must wish that they check with a severity, in order to stop their progress. I do not propose to Your Majesty to adopt extraordinary measures, or to exceed the limits of the constitution.

"Already, in several provinces of France the purchasers of national property, whose tranquillity is not disturbed, have equipped soldiers at their own expense, for the general safety.

"The youth of Brittany, for the defence of the throne and their country, have renewed the federative party of Pentivy. That generous devotedness must not pass by without praise, without imitations, or without support.

"Everywhere the national guards are organizing; therefore, it is only necessary in order to insure tranquillity in the interior to enforce laws already existing; to direct their application, and to promulgate the articles of the penal code.

"Such is the object of the project of the decree which I have the honor to submit to Your Majesty.

The Amateur Orator Makes Great Hit in Most Surprising Way

"THIS is the season of getting up club dinners and after dinner speeches, and so forth," said Archibald Anderson, who sells options on city real estate in the nearby districts and confidently expects to handle the Woolworth Building if it changes hands. He added: "I'm a pretty glib talker most times, have to be in my business, but I don't mind telling that I came an awful cropper when I tried to give a literary conference before Mrs. Archibald Anderson's little circle."

"You see we meet once a month for a kind of literary refresher and once a week for bridge. Mrs. Anderson says to me that the bridge nights was the popular nights, and when it came round to the literature evening most all the men found they had an engagement. She was real down about it.

"Says I to her, I'll take a look in on this and you give out that your next speaker on literature topics will be Archibald Anderson, Esq. That will hold the boys, for they've heard the speak and will look for some genuine goods. But I forgot to inquire what the topic was for the evening in question. Later I was informed that I would speak on 'Walter Pater and his Appreciation of Authors.'"

fore I was set down to discourse I began to get pretty nervous. You see, I didn't want to disappoint the boys. All of them had sworn they were going to turn out to give me a hand.

"The day of the affair I felt like running away; it had turned serious, but I pulled myself together and says I, inwardly, I'll read my essay just the same as Maeterlinck and the other big literary gobs does. But there wasn't any essay and this was the day of the party. Suddenly a bright thought struck me and I says to my typewriter:

"Mabel, drop them circulars for an hour and chase down to the nearest bookstore and find a piece about a man named Walter Pater, one 'L' then you copy it out nice for me to use to-night."

"It took her longer than an hour, but by gum she come back toward evening with a sheet typed out that looked fine. I skinned it over and found I could read it as easy as print.

"Everything went off fine at the start. The house was full and I could see that the boys was all there ready to do me if I give them a chance. But I serves up and when the lady president announced 'We have with us this evening the distinguished literary fancier Mr. Archibald Anderson, who is to edify us with an essay of great interest. The subject is 'Walter Pater and His Literary Apprecia-

tions,' why, I stepped up in front and unrolling my papers started to read my piece.

"This Pater, according to my information, was a queer bird who wrote stuff that only a few highbrows read. I told how he began and kept right on writing pieces until he died. The stuff was pretty dry and the boys began to twist and wriggle, but I kept on like a man and got over the hard words in pretty fair shape.

"I was pretty near through, by gum, when I struck a part which read like this, and I rolled it off in my best tones:

"In order to introduce this remarkable writer to the widest public, we are prepared to make the following special offer: For one dollar we will send the complete set of Walter Pater's works on approval, money to be refunded if the books are returned to us within five days, we paying express charges both ways. If you want these books without which no gentleman's library is complete, they are yours on payment of one dollar a month for two years."

"There was a roar when I read out this concluding passage. I went right through without seeing that I had given the whole snap away. But the boys were on to me and for a long time afterward just the mention of Walter Pater cost me the drinks.

"But I got even with that fool typewriter; I dried her the day after the party."

Descendant of President Jackson Heads Relief Party to Russia

CARRYING hospital supplies, medicines, serums and clothing, the first expedition to be organized by the American Central Committee for Russian Relief sailed at 2 o'clock on Saturday, January 31, on the White Star steamship Baltic to fight the typhus epidemics now raging in Estonia, Lithuania and Poland. The expedition will go by way of England and Riga, in addition to rushing urgently needed supplies to the typhus stricken Russian refugees behind Gen. Yudenitch's demoralizing armies they will make a thorough survey of conditions and arrange routes of communication for future relief work.

Andrew Jackson, a descendant of President Andrew Jackson and recently decorated by France with the Croix de Guerre for distinguished bravery at Chateau Thierry, will superintend the relief activities of the party, while E. Percy Noel, a correspondent, and James H. Hare, veteran photographer, will accompany him to report the situation. They will remain several months, travelling by automobile to the remote villages where recent despatches of the appalling conditions. Describing these conditions under date of January 24, the representative of the American

Relief Administration in Estonia, with whom the central committee is co-operating, cables:

"Gen. Yudenitch has commenced the liquidation of his army. He has notified the missions that transportation will be furnished for all desiring to go to North Russia. Sanitary conditions are very bad. Approximately 20 percent of the Russians are ill. The typhus epidemic is spreading in the districts allocated to the Russians and 3,000 soldiers and 1,700 refugees have returned to Soviet Russia in the past ten days. My opinion is that very few will take advantage of the offered transportation to Northern Russia. The sick and wounded will, of course, demand support."

Other expeditions will be organized later by the Central Committee for similar work among the non-Bolshevik refugees in eastern Siberia, where the situation in Estonia is duplicated.

The American Central Committee for Russian Relief is an outgrowth of the "Special Mission to Russia," all the civilian members of which are on its board of directors.

The purpose of the committee, headquarters of which are at the Buckingham Hotel, is to aid with hospital supplies, food and clothing the Russian refugees on all fronts who have been driven from their homes by the Bolsheviks.