

SCION OF VANDERBILT MILLIONS BECAME WORKER TO WING GIRL WHO WANTED WORTH-WHILE HUSBAND

Young Cornelius, Jr., Made Good on \$30-a-Week Job as Reporter and Now Is Fitting Himself for Lifework as Publisher and Journalist

NORTHCLIFFE HIS IDEAL; FINDS NOTED NAME DOESN'T HELP AS MUCH AS HARDWORK

Young Millionaire Is Spreading Doctrine of "See and Know America." Labors Long Hours, but Has Wife's Approval

WHEN wealth and a great family name come in the door, humble career flies out the window.

That is the rule, and the exceptions are few and far between; but there are exceptions.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., laboring under the handicap of a too-well-known name and more wealth than Croesus had, became a cub reporter on a New York paper, and is today making good.

And he is largely making good because he has a young wife who insists that her husband must earn his own living, who insisted that he prove his mettle for a year before she promised to marry him.

During his year of probation he lived on a salary of \$30 to \$40 a week, despite the fact that he might have drawn on thousands of dollars.

In 1920, month of April, after viewing his own and his wife's million dollars' worth of wedding gifts, he returned to newspaper work and a small salary, just to show that he meant it when he said, "I want to do something worth while."

No career of the social butterfly for Cornelius, Jr.; no life of irresponsibility for this blue-eyed scion of the Vanderbilt family; the height of his ambition is to be accepted as a journalist on his own merits—and his task has been no lead-pipe cinch.

He wants to own a string of newspapers, and his ideal is the late Lord Northcliffe.

He was born in 1898, and, son of Brigadier General Cornelius Vanderbilt, engineer and specialist on locomotive boilers, he was fondled in the lap of luxury. But it didn't agree with him. At a dance in his mother's palatial home he met pretty Rachel Littleton, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Littleton, of Tennessee. And the lap of luxury didn't agree with her either.

They were attracted to each other, and their mutual interests led them to talk about life—with a capital L.

"Earn Your Own Way," Girl Said, and He Did

"This world is changing," opined the young woman, who is two years younger than Cornelius, "and every man will have to learn to look after himself. I want you to live by what's really in you—I want you to rub shoulders with the humblest of men and measure your ability with them. You mustn't allow your wealth to help you, nor your name, but you must fight it out alone. I believe in you. I think you can do it."

And Cornelius lived to find his wealth and his name a handicap. The war broke out and he enlisted. He became a chauffeur for Generals Pershing, Haig and others, and later became chief wagoner in the Thirtieth Division. He was gassed twice, learned to live more or less comfortably in mud, filth, on army show and short rations.

Later army authorities sent the young man to Camp Lewis, Washington, as instructor in army transportation, and he was discharged honorably from service in 1919.

All this time he communicated with Rachel, and once out of the army, Cornelius determined to try his hand at newspaper work.

"A long while back," he says, "I made up my mind that newspaper work was the thing cut out for me. When the world was torn by terror and bloodshed, it seemed to me that newspapermen were playing the biggest part in the game of rehabilitation. When men of resource were needed newspapermen were called in. "It was the profession that seemed to me to afford most chance for public service. To give folks the news of the world honestly and impartially appeared to me to be the biggest kind of service."

He scouted around, then, for a New York paper where he knew no one; where no one might wrongly suspect that he would use his name and wealth to help him in his chosen career.

His father's lawyer did not get him the job; he got it himself, in the usual difficult way. He asked for it.

Family Had Other Plans for His Life Career

His family did not enthusiastically approve of his work. They wanted him to be an engineer. They didn't disown him, or any romantic thing like that, but they gave him a room in his home to live in if he wanted to, and they gave him the option of meals at the family board.

But Cornelius had little oppor-



Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., as a reporter

has embarked on a career as freelance interviewer and publicist.

He is now engaged in interviewing statesmen, politicians, financiers and celebrities loomed large in the news, setting down their observations on life and events with his own hand and selling the product to newspapers in the United States, Cuba, France and England.

An hour's chat with young Vanderbilt to learn his future plans and what lies back of the selection of journalism as a profession developed the fact that, although he is having the time of his life but entirely serious and purposeful life, he has a much more weighty goal.

He labors often far into the night in a compact and plainly furnished suite of offices in New York, on the avenue bearing the family name, within sound of arriving trains at Grand Central Terminal, monument to the transportation genius of his great-great-grandfather, founder of the multi-million railroad dynasty and the phrase, "The public be damned."

"At twenty-four Vanderbilt is working long, arduous hours in pursuit of an earnest, consuming ambition. In prosecuting his plans, he said, he has been obliged to relinquish most of his favorite pastimes, for he is one of the most pre-occupied persons in busy New York.

Is Given First Taste of His Own Medicine

He spends about half of his time in Washington, where he also has an of-

Will Tell Both Sides and Let Public Judge

"The public gets all of its opinions and ideas on current events from the news columns of daily newspapers. The

there are bound to be occasional inaccuracies, of course, usually more due to the persons who give out or suppress facts than to the newspapers that publish them. But beyond that point, it seems to me that the most vital thing for a newspaper to do is to publish the several sides of a public question or news event. If only one side is treated, it gives the public a warped viewpoint.

"If I ever have newspapers of my own, and I am sure I shall some day, I intend to make it my cardinal rule to publish both sides of every story and let the public be the umpire. It seems to me that is what newspapers are for and after that they fairly give the side of the underdog as well as of the one on top."

Mr. Vanderbilt was asked what style of newspaper, as now published, he preferred.

"My preference is the very human kind of a newspaper. I shall hope to own and edit newspapers with a wide appeal."

He indicated that the name of Vanderbilt was not always an open sesame in the obtaining of an interview in his efforts to perfect and qualify himself to become a publisher.

"It isn't always so easy for me to get interviews with men of importance," he said. "Sometimes my friends seem to think that all I have to do is just walk into a man's office, sit down and make myself quite at home. Just because my name chances to be Vanderbilt doesn't help me a darned bit in that way. Often I have to sit around and wait for a man two or three hours before he can or will see me."

"When I was on the newspapers in New York my name didn't help me any, either. They treated me in the newspaper offices just as they did the rest of the men, and honestly that really pleased me very much, for I was not looking for favors. I wanted to work for everything I got and to earn it, and I think I did."

"Many young people of today live too much on their names. They start at the top instead of at the bottom, and expect the family name to keep them there. They talk in thousands, though their permanent commercial value to the community isn't higher than a Lincoln penny."

First Pay Check Brought Vanderbilt Just \$30

"I got \$30 a week when I got my first newspaper job on a New York morning staff, and I told the other fellows with whom I worked that I intended to live on my earnings. They didn't see how I could do it and doubted I could, but somehow I did. Now, while I am making some real money on my own initiative as an independent writer of news, selling it to a list of papers, I have a heavy expense, although I make every effort for economy."

Young Vanderbilt is unquestionably in deadly earnest about his work and puts all of his available time into it to the exclusion of everything else. He said that he was out of bed every morning by 10, that he has a light breakfast and then plays tennis for a half hour or hour for exercise so as to keep fit. By noon he is at his office and "on the job." Assistants in his office said he frequently is there until 12 or 1 o'clock at night and that he often works on Sundays and holidays.

"My favorite outdoor sport is sailing, and I have a fine sloop, but I haven't been out in it this year more than four times. It has been suggested that I might as well sell it for all the good it is doing me."

The biggest reporting job that Vanderbilt has done was the Disarmament Conference at Washington, where his colleagues said he was by far the youngest officially accredited news writer present. He wrote for more than 20,000,000 readers.

"My work," Vanderbilt went on to say, "is a matter of pride with me. In trying to accomplish something constructive and worth while I want to earn my own way in the world and make good. This being a member of a well-to-do family is too frequently a very serious handicap when one has such an ambition. I take the greatest pleasure in my work. It is neither a fad nor a hobby with me."

"I personally write every line that appears under my signature, and with all that I have to do it is a pretty tough job at times. But I am young and keen on my work, so I can stand the pressure. Eventually I expect to spread out and take in European and international topics and personalities everywhere and greatly to extend my acquaintance among big men of affairs."

Moving Picture of a Man With His Wife Watching a Moving Picture

—By J. P. McEVROY

SCENE: Man stumbles down dark aisle after usher.

Wife stumbles after man. Boys climb into their seats over protesting corps of earlier patrons. Fierce whispers reach their burning ears.

Something about sitting down and hurrying up about it. Wife turns and glares into darkness.

Man sends a few glares of his own. Both sit down. In the movie a man is pounding the desk with his fist.

Newcomers don't know why. Can't even guess. Man in movie rises suddenly and swings on young visitor.

Just then wife in theatre drops handbag. Husband stoops down to pick it up and mumbles about sixty-seven feet of picture.

When he comes up for air with the handbag the scene has changed to the great Northwest.

in preparation for my career as a publisher."

Urges All Americans to Study Own Country

This ambitious writer is a great believer in his own America. Speaking of the shiploads of prosperous Easterners that have been carried abroad this year, he said:

"It is surprising and disappointing how little the majority of these people know of their own country, particularly of the great Pacific Coast. I want to emphasize that since I 'discovered' the Coast I have had no ambition to visit Europe, though before I made my happy discovery I went over there every year."

"One doesn't have to cross the Atlantic for change of scenery or to view the world's wonders. Those who live in the East ought to turn their footsteps westward to these States washed by the blue waters of the Pacific. They put it all over Europe in diversity of scenery and health-building surroundings."

"This young man's views on what some of rich men ought to do with their time and money came to light in his discussion of the son of a Detroit automobile manufacturer, who, when asked what he intended doing with a million-dollar legacy left him by his father, replied:

"I intend to spend it in play and travel."

"Wealthy Americans with idle sons ought to think over what that fellow said," observed young Vanderbilt, with a rather grim frown. "Too many sons with too much money have the same warped view of life as this fellow Detroit youth. They play, travel, dance, smoke, drink, motor—do most everything except work. You see them Rolls-Roycing along Fifth avenue, New York, wasting their best years and missing entirely the best fun there is in the world—that of industriously earning a honest living."

"They kill afternoons in Washington hotel lobbies. They amble along Chicago's Michigan boulevard and Broadway, Los Angeles, in all their highly tailored uselessness. I overheard one of them tell another recently that he had a frightful bit of news to report—namely, that Jones had actually gone to work. Both yawned in disapproval of Jones' fatal resolution."

"The country swarms with these vagrant sons who look upon work as a leprous thing to be avoided. The common tramp is sent to the workhouse because, hating work, he is branded a parasite on society. Are these idle sons of the rich, despising work no less than the tramp, to continue to go scot-free because they are spick and derbied and don't have to forage for a meal? If they could know the inexpressible joy in a day's hard work our communities would be blessed with a lot more useful citizens."

Lord Northcliffe Ideal of Young Millionaire

The poor little rich boy, who never was poor in the monetary sense, who is "poor" no longer in the matter of a purposeful life, sits in his office in his shirt sleeves, thumping hours in and hours out on his favorite typewriter.

Not unlike most young men he has his "hero," his inspiration, and it is none other than the late Lord Northcliffe. Six weeks before the death of the great English publisher young Vanderbilt received a letter from him. And it is one of his most priceless possessions.

"It was a great regret to me," observed Vanderbilt, "that I had not received his autographed photograph from him. He promised it to me. I knew the value of it, and I admired his astounding journalistic feats. Once he made me an offer to go out on the Far East for him as correspondent, but because of my own plans I was unable to go."

"When I am a publisher of dailies," and the young man has something of the enthusiasm and the penetration of the poet in his eyes when he talks that way, "I expect to model them in a general way after the Northcliffe papers."

And this dreamful young man is confident of himself. His confidence is anything but unlikely. He has the confidence which comes first of all from the pardonable assurance of the power of a widely known family name; but the most commendable portion of his confidence grows out of the faith in him which his wife holds.

One must live up to the conception that flowers in the heart of a loved one—simply must measure up to the faith of a young and devoted wife.



Photo by Alfred C. Steyer for the Evening Public Ledger

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

And he proved to be no "sacred cow." He wanted no favors, and he got none. He drudged along with the worst and the best, and before a year was up he had proved to himself and to his sweetheart that he could hold a man's job with his own two fists.

Family Had Other Plans for His Life Career

His family did not enthusiastically approve of his work. They wanted him to be an engineer. They didn't disown him, or any romantic thing like that, but they gave him a room in his home to live in if he wanted to, and they gave him the option of meals at the family board.

But Cornelius had little oppor-



Young Vanderbilt as an army chauffeur

And now, following his apprenticeship as police reporter and general assignment man, young Vanderbilt

It is, therefore, not easy to catch Mr. Vanderbilt between his appointments, but this democratic young man, who might serve as a model for many

responsibility of newspapers is therefore tremendous. In the hurry of publishing what is not only a daily newspaper but oftentimes a daily magazine