

W. K. VANDERBILT AS A WORKER

Began at Eighteen in New York Central Offices and Applied Himself With Quiet Diligence—His Slightest Wish Law on All Vanderbilt Roads—Big Directors Register His Decisions—Active in Railroad Consolidation.

By EARL D. BERRY, Former Railroad Editor New York Times and New York Sun. Copyright, 1903, by Joseph B. Rowles.

Noting the fact, recently announced, that young W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., had been assigned a desk in the financial department of the New York Central railroad with the object of teaching him something about the railroad business, a veteran officer of the Central said: "Well, if this young man like his father he will turn out some good work before he is thru."

William K. Vanderbilt, the elder, has been a good worker, as well as a good idler. He was a boy his grandfather, the commodore, expressed the fear that he would be spoiled by too much petting and idleness. The sturdy commodore believed that boys should begin to support themselves just as soon as possible.

During his apprenticeship William K. Vanderbilt applied himself diligently and to that time took no consideration of the possibility of William K. ever having "the chance." His father, hale and robust, had not yet relinquished the presidency of the New York Central, ready to step into William H. Vanderbilt's official shoes, and furthermore, Cornelius, physically strong, capable, sedate and plodding, in direct line of succession to the headship of the house of Vanderbilt.

Now William K. Vanderbilt has his desk—a plain, flat-topped mahogany table—within a few feet of where he drugged as a boy. Some of the clerks who patronized him are still there. The sound of his voice, the shuffle of his foot, the scratch of his pen, command alert attention and eager obedience. A letter or paper accidentally pushed over the edge of his desk and dropping on the floor helps even the highest salaried clerks to an involuntary movement to pick it up.

peals for clemency are met by the stern rejoinder: "This is a matter that Mr. Vanderbilt took up and I can do nothing about you."

Any expressed wish of W. K. Vanderbilt is law in the New York Central offices. He exercises an autocratic sway over the railroad. He is a public and forbids his subordinates to talk to newspaper men about important matters until he is ready to have an announcement made in the papers. Critics of Vanderbilt methods and policies have taken the ground that better results might be attained if the president of each Vanderbilt road was given more authority, with direct responsibility to the directors.

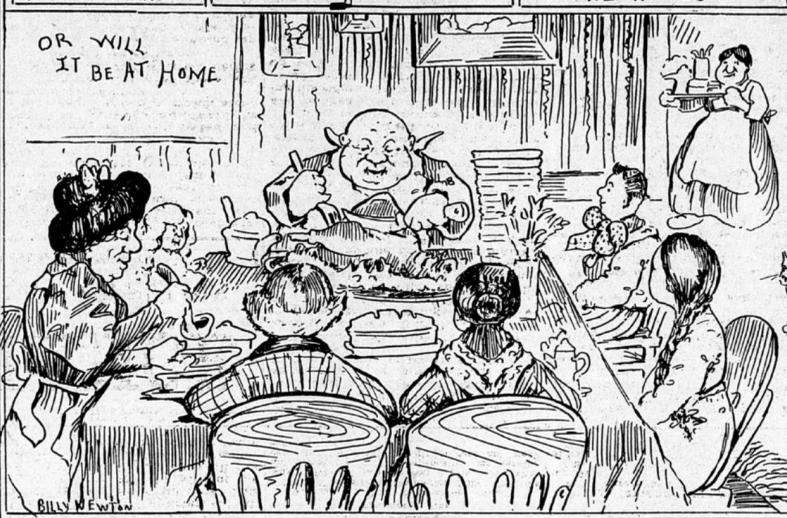
William K. Vanderbilt spends about two-thirds of his time in the city, and in the fall and winter months he applies himself energetically to business affairs. When at the office he is constantly increasing his holdings of New York Central and other Vanderbilt stocks.

Constructive energy and far-sightedness have been conspicuous features of W. K. Vanderbilt's railroad career. The merger of the New York Central, the Lake Shore and the Michigan Central was conceived and carried out by him; the gradual consolidation of railroad interests east of Chicago has been largely his work, and the extensive reconstruction of railroads to provide for future growth of traffic is in line with the policy inaugurated by him, as essentially when he took the control of the Vanderbilt properties from the hands of his afflicted brother, Cornelius, two years before the latter's death.

THE RUDE BOY. What Willie really lacked was tact, or else he never would have said that two times three was equal to the hairs upon his teacher's head.



WILL IT BE ALONE IN SOME DEPOT WAITING FOR A DELAYED FREIGHT OR WILL HE BE SNOW BOUND SOMEWHERE ON THE ROAD OR WILL IT BE TRYING TO WRING AN ORDER OUT OF PETE OR WILL IT BE ALONE AT SOME TABLE WITH THE CHINESE NAPKINS AND THE ROSES



WHERE WILL CHRISTMAS FIND BILLY PRUNES?

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE FASHIONS

A Daily Hint of Practical Value to Journal Readers of the Fair Sex.

The fashion pictures given daily in this department are eminently practical, and the garments pictured can be reproduced easily from the paper patterns, which may be obtained at trifling cost thru The Journal.



4008 Misses' Kilt Pleated Skirt, 12 to 15 Years.

MISSSES' KILT PLEATED SKIRT 4008 To Be Made With or Without the Yoke.

Kilted skirts are always graceful and are among the smartest of all smart things at the present time. This one can be made with or without the yoke over the hips and suits all the dress and skirt materials of lighter weight. The model, however, is made

BUYING, SELLING AND BUILDING

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS. Carleton Cole to Patrick J. Leighton; lot 2, block 2, Grandview, \$1,200.

CAUTION—Be careful to give correct Number and Size of Patterns wanted. When the pattern is sent measure you need only mark 23, 24, 35 or whatever it may be.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Joseph Johnson and Mayme Ferrell. James Henry Robinson and Lois Anna Morrill. Peter Homan and Ida Maria Johnson.

DEATHS

Hickey—Mary A., St. Mary's hospital. Lacombe—Ray, 3900 Union avenue N.

DOG ARE FIRED FROM A TORPEDO TUBE

The Animals Seem Not to Mind Their Novel Experience and Are Apparently Uninjured.

Newport, R. I., Dec. 24.—Unless a dog can live where a man cannot, it has been conclusively proven that the crew of a submarine torpedo boat would not necessarily be in danger of drowning in case anything unusual or unforeseen happened to the boat while under way.

MAN LIVES AT WALDORF FOR \$1 A DAY

However, This Does Not Include Tips to the Attendants—How He Turns the Trick.

New York Sun Special Service. New York, Dec. 23.—Dr. Horace Fletcher of Yale university, who since 1895 has devoted particular attention to scientific research in chemical physiology and human nutrition, is living at the Waldorf for \$1 a day.

CRADLE AND GRAVE

BIRTHS. Karlek—Mr. and Mrs. Henry L., 905 W. Franklin, girl.

IF YOU DO NOT KNOW YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

THAT—We indulge in one milch cow to every four of our inhabitants in this country.

WEATHER PREDICTIONS FOR THE NORTHWEST

For Minneapolis and Vicinity—Fair to-night and Friday; colder Friday.

Weather Now and Then—Minimum temperature to-day, 14 degrees; a year ago, -4 degrees.

Minnesota—Partly cloudy, with possibly snow flurries in east portion to-night, and northeast portion Friday; colder to-night in north portion and in east portion Friday; fresh northerly winds.

Upper Michigan—Probably snow to-night and Friday; colder in northwest portion to-night; fresh westerly winds.

Wisconsin—Partly cloudy to-night and Friday; colder Friday, and in southeast portion to-night; fresh westerly winds.

Iowa—Generally fair to-night and Friday; colder in east and central portions to-night; westerly winds.

North and South Dakota—Generally fair to-night and Friday; colder to-night; fresh westerly winds.

Montana—Fair to-night and Friday; colder in southeast portion to-night; fresh westerly winds.

WEATHER CONDITIONS. Cloudy weather is general except in the Middle Rocky mountain region and on the middle and south Pacific coast, and rain was falling this morning at points in the Ohio valley, lower Lake region, and it was snowing at Duluth and in western Montana.

MINIMUM TEMPERATURES. Observations taken at 8 a. m., seventy-fifth meridian time. Minimum temperatures in last twenty-four hours.

Table with 2 columns: Location and Temperature. Minneapolis 14, St. Louis 20, Chicago 20, Detroit 20, etc.

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The chief objection to the vessel has been that in case of accident they seemed destined to consign the crews to certain death, the alternative being an escape thru the torpedo tube at the bow of the boat.

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The largest rose bush is in Mobile, Ala. Five feet above the ground its trunk is over a foot in circumference.

Last year there were 33,000 socialist votes in Massachusetts, and they elected three assemblies; at this last election there were but 25,000 socialist votes and only one assemblyman elected.

Last session of congress there were fifty-one senators of the ninety members of that body who were lawyers, and of the 357 representatives 239 were lawyers.

yourself just then. "Well, of course, if I'm asked about it, I'll have to tell of your sprinting power. I'm not sure that you didn't lower a record."

"Oh, you're the hero of the occasion! I cut a sorry figure in it. I suppose the fact that as the maiden in distress I'll get a little glory—just a little."

"And your picture in the Sunday papers?" "Horror, no! But you will appear on your fiery steed swinging the lasso. He threw up his hands.

"That would never do! It would ruin my social reputation. "In Boston?"

"No; down there they'd like it. It would be proof positive of the wooliness of the west. Golf playing interrupted by a herd of wild cattle, cowboys, lassoes—Buffalo Bill effects. Down east they're always looking for western atmosphere."

"You don't dislike the west very much, do you?" asked Evelyn. "We aren't so bad, do you think?" "Dislike it?" John looked at her. He had never liked anything so much as this place and hour. "I altogether love it," he declared; and then he was conscious of having used a verb not usual in his vocabulary.

"And so you learned how to do all the cowboy tricks up in Wyoming?" Evelyn went on. "I wish Annie Waldorf had seen the events of the afternoon by which she was always laughing."

"I wasn't very much of a cowboy," John said. "That is, I wasn't very good at it." He was an honest soul and did not want Evelyn Porter to think that he was posing as a dramatic cowboy. "I'm not a cowboy," he said. "I'm the easiest thing in the business, and then a tame, foolish, domestic co-bos like that one is likely to happen again if they ought to provide a box of salt at every tea."

When Evelyn had gone into the room and gathered the caddies on each of them and promised silence touching of the events of the afternoon by which he had participated. They and the drivers were the only witnesses besides the more active participants, and he would have to take chances with the drovers. Then, having bribed the boys, he also threatened them. He was walking across the veranda when he met Evelyn, whose horse he had already called for.

"Did I look very foolish?" she demanded. "I'm sure I don't know what you mean."

"Yes, you do, Mr. Saxton. A woman always looks ridiculous when she runs. She's laughing at me. I'm sure I never looked so. But you couldn't have seen me; you were pretty busy

covered his head abundantly. He had a straight nose, a firm chin and a brave showing of square, white teeth. His mouth was a firm line. "You're following the pony?" "You'd better get your cow out of here; this isn't free range, you know."

He mounted the bunker with a jump and looked anxiously down into the sun pit. "Good afternoon, Mr. Saxton. You see I'm bunkered. Is it safe to come out?"

"Is it you, Miss Porter?" said Saxton, jumping into the sand. "Are you hurt?" "But I'll not say that I'm not scared." She was still panting from her long run and her cheeks were scarlet. She put up her hands to her hair, which had tumbled loose. "This is really the wild west, after all; and that was a very pretty throw you made."

"It seemed necessary to do something. But you couldn't have seen it?" "Another case of woman's curiosity. Perhaps I ought to turn into a pillar of salt. I peeped. I suppose it was in the hope that I might play hide and seek with that wild beast as he came over after me, you stopped his flight just in time." She had restored her hair as she talked. "Where is that caddy of mine?"

"Oh, the boys took it to the fence to get a better view of the show. They're coming up now."

"I'm nearly hardy say that I'm greatly obliged to you," she said, giving him her hand. Saxton was relieved to find that she took the incident so coolly. She was laughing; her color was very becoming. John beamed upon her. His face was of that blond type which radiates light and flushes into a kind of sunburn with excitement. There was something very boyish about John Saxton. The curves of his face were still those of youth; he had never dared to encourage a mustache or beard, owing to a disinclination to produce more than was necessary of the soft, silky hair which

THE MAIN CHANCE

A THOROUGH WESTERN STORY BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

CHAPTER XV. The Lady and the Bunker.

The afternoon invited the eyes to far, blue horizons, and as Evelyn stood up and shook loosely in her hand the sand she had trodden, she contemplated the hazy distances with satisfaction before bending to make her tea. Her visitors had left. Grand had gone east and she was driven in upon herself for amusement. Her movements were lithe and swift, and when once the ball had been placed in position, there were only two points of interest for her in the landscape—the ball itself and the first green. The driver was a part of herself, and she stepped back and swung it to freshen her memory of its characteristics. The caddy watched her in silent joy; these were not the fussy preliminaries that he had been used to in young ladies who played on the Country club links; he kept one eye on the player and backed off down the course. The sleeves of her crimson flannel shirt were turned up at the wrists; the loose end of her cravat fluttered in the soft wind, that was like a breath of mid-May. She addressed the ball, standing but slightly bent above it and glancing swiftly from tee to target, then swung with the certainty and ease of the natural golfer. Her ball sailed on a straight line but it fell seventy-five yards down the course; she altered her position slightly and tried again, but she did not hit the ball squarely, and her second attempt over the grass. At the third attempt her ball was caught fairly and sped straight down the course at a level not higher than her head. The caddy trotted to where it lay; it was on a line with the 150-yard mark. The player motioned him to get the other balls. She had begun her game. The fever was as yet in its incipient stage in Clarkson; players were few; the greens were poorly kept, and there were bramble patches along the course which were a material benefit to the golf ball makers. But it was better

than nothing. John Saxton said to himself this bright October afternoon, as he stood at the first tee, listening to the cheerful discourse of his caddy, who lingered to study the equipment of a visitor whom he had not served. "Anybody out?" asked John, trying the weight of several drivers. "No," said the boy succinctly. He pointed across the links to where Evelyn was distinguishable as she doubled back on the course. "Good player?" "Great—for a girl," the boy declared. "She's the best lady player here."

"Maybe we can pick up some points from her game," said Saxton, smiling at the boy's enthusiasm. He had been very busy and much away from town, and this was his first day of golf since he had come to Clarkson. Raridan had declined to accompany him; Raridan was, in fact, at work just now, having been for a month constant in attendance upon his office. He had a stack of papers piled up behind a pile of law books. Saxton was slow in his golf, as in all things, and he gave a good deal of study to the form. He played steadily down the course, noting from time to time the girl that was the only other occupant of the links. She was playing toward him on the parallel course home, and while he had not recognized her, he could see that she was a player of skill, and he paused several times to watch the freedom of her swing and to admire the pretty picture she made as she followed her ball rapidly and with evident absorption. He was taking careful measurement for a difficult approach shot from the highest grass on the course, when he heard men calling and shouting in the road which ran by one of the bourns of the club property. A drove of cattle was coming along the road, driven, as Saxton saw, by several men on horseback. It was a galloping across the course toward the goal, and he saw that the animal was not aware of the invasion of the course until her caddy, who, expecting one of her long plays, had peeped far ahead, came plunging over the bunker's ridge with a clatter of bag and clubs. The steer, following him with an amiable show of interest, paused at the bunker and viewed the boy and the young woman in the red shirt waist uneasily. One of the drovers was in hot pursuit, galloping across the course toward the runaway member of his herd, for in

hand. Hearing an enemy in the rear, the steer broke over the lightly packed barricade, and Evelyn's red shirt waist protruding the most brilliant object on the horizon, he made toward it at a lively pace. The caddy was now in full flight, pulling the strap of Evelyn's bag, and his head and scattering the clubs as he fled. A moment later he had joined Saxton's caddy on top of the bunker, and the two men were cursing the rascal from that point with absorption. Meanwhile Evelyn was making no valiant stand. She gave a gasp of dismay and turned and ran, for the drover was pushing the steer rapidly now, and was getting ready to cast his larri. He made a botch of it, however, and at the instant of the rope's flight, his pony, poorly mounted and unseated his rider, and the drover swore volubly as he tried to control him. The pony began trotting toward the gate himself. The steer could not see the boy who was racing for the gate from the inside, and boy and beast flung up toward it. "Run for the fence," called Saxton. The boy gained the fence and clambered to the top of it. The steer reached the gate, and, seeing open fields beyond, bounded in and made across the golf course at full speed. He dashed past Saxton, who stopped and watched him, his club still in his hand. The steer seemed pleased to have gained access to a simpler and a road led leisurely across the links. Evelyn, maneuvering to escape a bunker that lay formidably before her, had not yet seen the animal and was not aware of the invasion of the course until her caddy, who, expecting one of her long plays, had peeped far ahead, came plunging over the bunker's ridge with a clatter of bag and clubs. The steer, following him with an amiable show of interest, paused at the bunker and viewed the boy and the young woman in the red shirt waist uneasily. One of the drovers was in hot pursuit, galloping across the course toward the runaway member of his herd, for in

spirit had gone out of him. "You won't need another rope on him; he'll follow the pony." "You'd better get your cow out of here; this isn't free range, you know." "An old woman taught me with a clothes line," said John, kicking his feet out of the stirrups; "take your pony to the fence." "Where's that girl?" asked one of the men. "I guess she's all right," answered Saxton, waiting toward the bunker. "You'd better get your cow out of here; this isn't free range, you know." He mounted the bunker with a jump and looked anxiously down into the sun pit. "Good afternoon, Mr. Saxton. You see I'm bunkered. Is it safe to come out?" "Is it you, Miss Porter?" said Saxton, jumping into the sand. "Are you hurt?" "But I'll not say that I'm not scared." She was still panting from her long run and her cheeks were scarlet. She put up her hands to her hair, which had tumbled loose. "This is really the wild west, after all; and that was a very pretty throw you made."

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