

The Children of the Very Rich

A SUMMER morning at fashionable Newport. Playing on the beach with a boy in a sailor suit is a

By P. Harvey Middleton

Then there is a kitchenette, where all the baby's food is prepared, the cooking being done by electricity, the bath-

room, and a glass-enclosed sun-parlor where the baby can be taken into the air at the approach of spring without encountering the germ-laden breezes.

The walls of all the rooms are decorated with nursery rhymes and quaint pictures, and there are silver rattles and toys galore. The cooking utensils are scoured and sterilized after each use, and the rooms are cleaned by vacuum. The mattresses and blankets have a daily sun bath. Science and hygiene are the hand-maidens of the child of wealth. Bathing, ventilation, food, rest, exercise, playtime, sleeping and walking are matters that are regulated by a regime as strict as the rules of Saint Benedict.



A BOAT LOAD OF FUTURE MILLIONAIRES. PROSPECTIVELY WORTH SEVEN HUNDRED MILLIONS. Left to right—Master W. B. Leeds, Master Rockefeller, Miss Dorothy Whitney, Master Tailer, Miss Widener, Miss Norrie, Master Willie Vanderbilt, Master Whitney, Miss Whitney.

The little girl is none other than Margaret Carnegie, heiress to one hundred millions of dollars. That tiny tot perched up in the bow of the boat, cuddling a kitten, is Master W. B. Leeds, son of the head of the tin plate trust; next to him is young Rockefeller, grandson of John D. The smiling little chap in the white acket is Willie H. Vanderbilt. He was seven years old last November, and every year of his life until then he had received a birthday present of one million dollars. But, sad to relate, his parents quarreled and were divorced last year, and now Willie's father has been mean enough to cut off this little remembrance of his son's birth.



Lolita Armour. On whom vast sums were expended to restore her health.

His father, Alfred G. Vanderbilt, was always very fond of Willie, and having an almost unlimited supply of millions, decided that it would be a pleasant thing to give his son a million dollars on every birthday until he was twenty-five years old, when he would have enough money for even a Vanderbilt to start in life with. In this way his father proposed to save the great inheritance tax, besides putting enough money in his son's name to protect him from any financial errors he might make. But now Willie has passed into the guardianship of his mother, and must console himself for the loss of his birthday present with the fact that he will some day own four thousand miles of railroad and two hundred million dollars.

A \$10,000 cradle for this baby.

In the other end of the boat is Master Whitney, grandson of the creator of the New York Traction trust. When he was born he was placed in a \$10,000 cradle, and four "nurse-ladies" waited upon the little scrap of humanity, while four celebrated physicians examined him four times a day, and issued bulletins on his condition at regular intervals, just as though he were heir to a throne. Truly an unusual boatload of youngsters—future millionaires representing an aggregate wealth of seven hundred million dollars. They don't seem any different from your own children, yet their daily lives are as far removed from those of your boys and girls as the two poles. You will believe this if you follow through the various stages in the life of a child heiress from the time of her birth until she makes her debut in society, in other words, until she "comes out."

eminent doctors is in attendance and two trained nurses have been added to the staff of the great house.

A month or so later if we call at Mrs. Midas' for a brief visit, we find the massive iron gates thrown open for our carriage to pass through, and we alight at the door of a four story building of gray granite overlooking Central park. A stately individual in gorgeous uniform permits us to pass into the great reception hall, and we walk over a \$25,000 Persian rug and up a heavily-carpeted marble staircase to the second floor. Here we enter a tiny elevator, press a button, and almost in a moment find ourselves in Mrs. Midas' own bedroom.

Fortune spent in bedroom.

EMBROIDERED silken hangings cover the walls. The bed, a very miracle of daintiness, is on a raised platform in a sort of alcove, overhung with a stiff canopy of brocaded silk. The counterpane and roll cover are of costly lace. The bed linen is embroidered in fine French needlework. The soft blankets bear their owner's monogram in satin, and the down quilt of pale-colored satin is similarly marked. On the headboard and footboard are two exquisite paintings—one of sleep, the other of awakening. The dressing table is laden with about five thousand dollars worth of gold articles—gold and rock-crystal hand mirrors worth \$700 apiece, and a profusion of gold-backed brushes and combs.

A short flight of steps leads down to the bathroom—a spacious room with three real palms rising from the floor towards the ceiling. The bathtub is cut from a solid block of white marble and is sunk in the marble floor, being really a small swimming pool. The plumbing is of silver plated with gold, and on the floor is a great white bear-skin.

There are five rooms in madam's suite,—sitting room, dressing room, bedroom, clothesroom and bath room, yet she complains of being "dreadfully cramped." A hundred thousand dollars would not pay the cost of furniture and luxurious surroundings which abound in this one suite, and within a half-mile radius in this section of million-aieldom there are scores of suites almost, if not quite, as expensive.

But let us have a look at the nursery, which is a separate suite at the very top of the house. The baby girl is about to be given a bath, an important function which requires the co-operation of two nurses, one to prepare the bath and the other to undress the child. At the moment the water is found to be of the correct temperature. In the night nursery is the head nurse's cot, and in the day nursery is another crib for the nap, and cases for toys and books.

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The child who is destined from birth to become a social leader is in its early years surrounded by a special staff of servants and a foreign body-guard. It is said that when William Waldorf Astor could dispense with the bottle the following servants were appointed to wait upon the two-year-old: Two cooks, six grooms, three coachmen, two valets, and a governess, the latter person being instructed to allow no one save acknowledged relatives and friends to talk to him. Twice a month the infant boy was conducted in state into the presence of his father and uncle—meetings absurdly formal in character, and never lasting more than ten minutes.

The retinue of the rich child is planned at its birth. There is usually a German nurse and two trained nurses. Later on a French governess and an English governess are added, the former with a pure Parisian accent and the latter speaking the English of King Edward's court circle. Then comes an Italian master for dancing, and a young German woman to give music lessons. At least two of these "moulders" are always in evidence during the child's walks abroad.

Rared by specialists.

THE nurses have special notebooks in which are set down the exact height, weight and measurement of the children, with their temperatures and childish ailments. A stomach specialist is called in from time to time to regulate the diet. Should the child develop bad habits, such as biting the nails or wrinkling the forehead, means are immediately taken to correct them.

"Madam," says the trained nurse, "Miss Marjorie's arms are a trifle thin."

"You should have sent for a Swedish masseuse long ago," says madam. "Have Miss Marjorie's arms and neck massaged for half an hour every day."

If a child exhibits temper without sufficient cause, a nerve specialist is summoned, and after examination he probably recommends an eye specialist.

And what wonderful clothes the child heiress has! Scores of tiny white dresses—fine woolsens, sheer lawns trimmed with Valenciennes lace worth its weight in greenbacks of high denomination, and soft linens embroidered by gentle nuns in far off French convents, who murmured a blessing for the



Margaret Carnegie.

Who received a million dollar home for Christmas.