

# A Rich Man's Son

By W. E. Hill

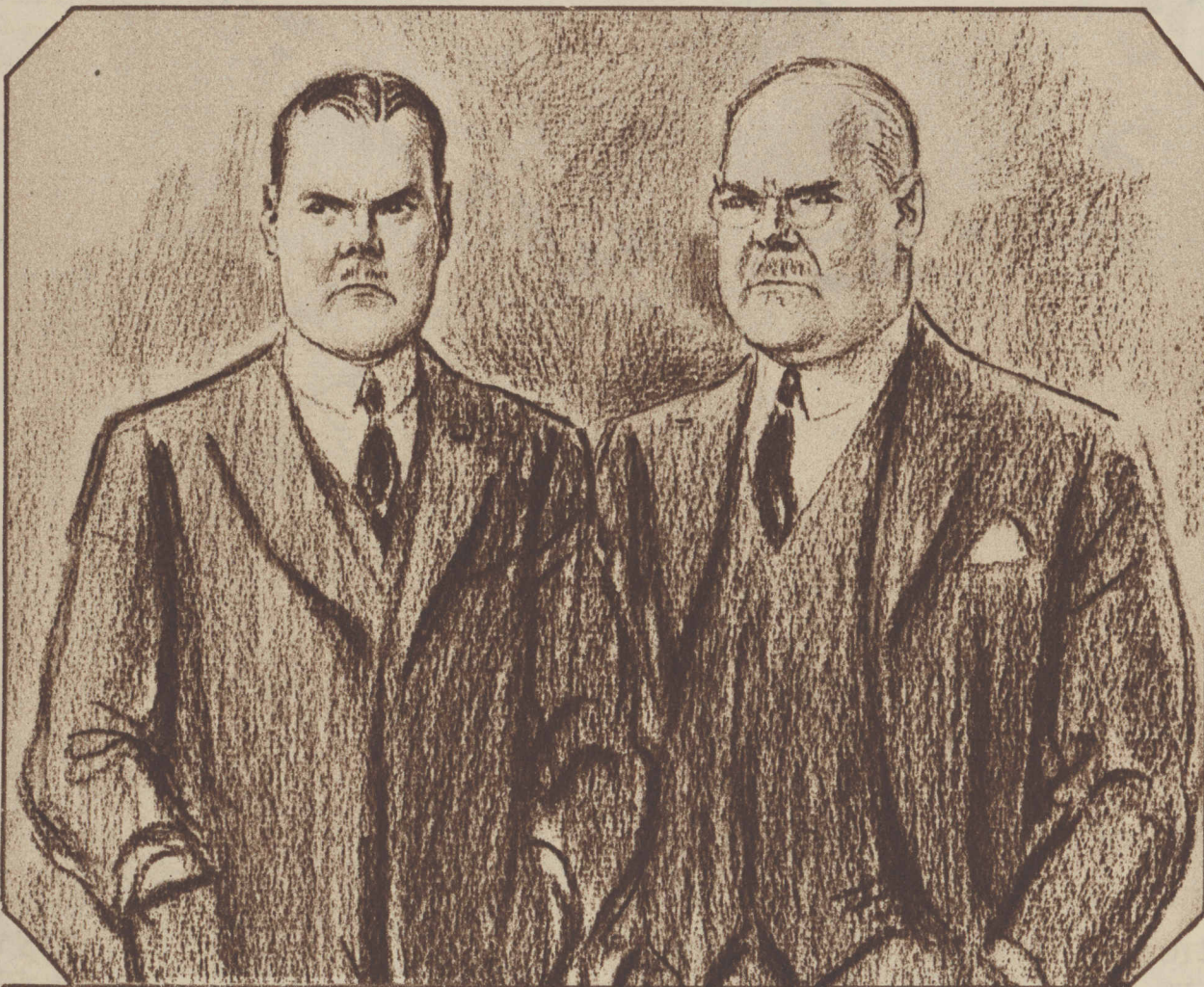
(Copyright, 1930, By The Chicago Tribune.)



The collector. After all, money, whether you make it or inherit it, is good for only what it can buy, and Millionaire Daly's little boy, Clarence, spends his on objets d'art. Clarence is collecting bits of old Chelsea, Battersea, and Staffordshire. "See," Clarence will say with a well earned note of pride in his voice, "I bought this Staffordshire dog from a dealer in London, and I am waiting now for an old lady in Dublin to die, so that I can purchase its mate!"



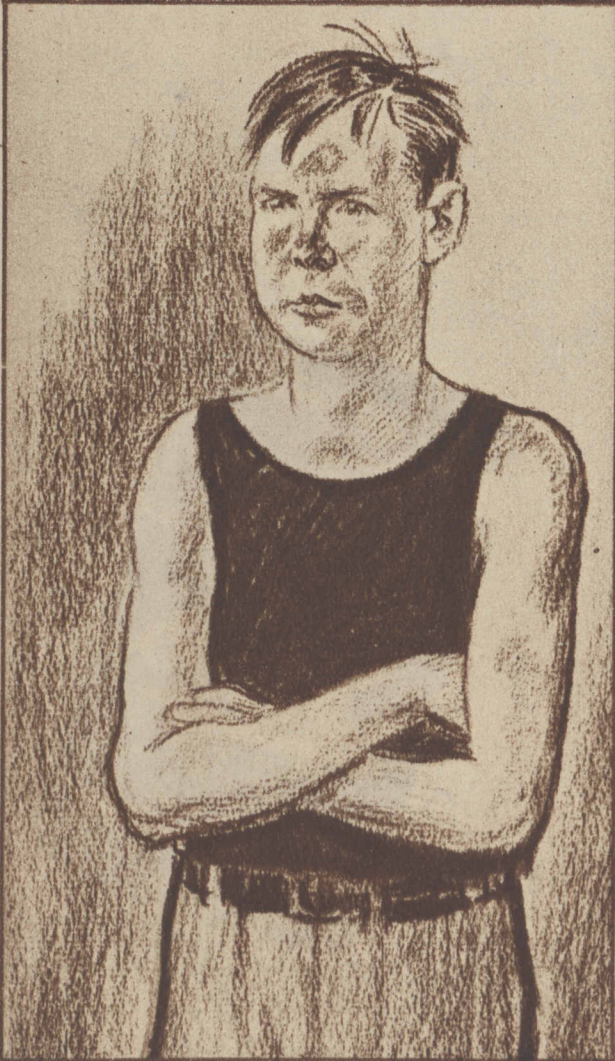
The delicate son. Louis is fortunate in being the offspring of great wealth, so that he can look after his health in the right way. Louis takes great interest in diet lists, blood pressure—high and low—and liver enlargements. "Pulse subnormal, temperature ninety-nine and one-eighth," Louis will record in his diary instead of the usual weather reports, followed by "slept fitfully without recourse to my pill." Battle Creek and Baden-Baden are his chief hobbies. "We must treat our bodies as the most delicate of machines," Louis will tell you if you are fortunate enough to know him.



The artistic son. A few rich men are blessed with sons whose souls are attuned to higher things than money grubbing. They like to follow the arts, and there are really so many arts nowadays that a boy with the right background can easily adapt himself to, making this dull world more beautiful than he found it. Howell is taking up esthetic and transitional dancing as a step beyond lamp shade painting and batik, and we are fortunate in being able to show you Howell and his draperies in a more restful moment of "The Dance of the Seven Pomegranates."



The social stepper. Clinton's old man is a self-made millionaire of the most virulent type and wants his son Clint to make the most of the shekels. So Clint, having memorized a couple of the more exclusive blue books, is on the up and up with nearly the right people at nearly the right places. Better luck as time goes on, Clint.



Bigger and better business. Ross is a great joy to his father. He seems to take to the business naturally and knows to a fraction of a cent what the dividends will be, and how much the output was in 1927. All his waking hours are spent planning for enlargement or retrenchment, and many a dinner party is enlivened by Ross' usual preamble, "I was out at the plant today—," when the coffee and cigarets are brought in.



The matrimonial catch. Winthrop's parents are loath to allow their son and heir out of their sight. Because Winthrop's pa is always having alienation papers served, or having to institute annulment proceedings.



The socialist. Clayton is heartily ashamed of his father's money and wants the latter to give it away and be a child of the people. Clayton gave his dad a copy of the doctrines of Karl Marx last Christmas, and they have not spoken since.

Right at the bottom. Lester's papa is giving Lester a look-in at the factory right from the very bottom up, so that in later years, when anything goes wrong, he will be able to tell a cog-wheel from leather belting. The grease and machine oil are a great trial.