

THE MAN OF THE HOUR



Of Mr. Morgan's charities one learns less than of any other of his activities, but few rich men in the country have given more to the public than he has. His gifts are a rule are not for his own name, but for the most common inscription on the buildings his philanthropy has erected. In 1891 he gave \$100,000 to the New York Trade School and in 1897 \$1,000,000 for a university hospital in New York. To Harvard University he has given a \$1,000,000 medical school in memory of his father, Julius Spencer Morgan. The great work that centers in the parish house of St. George's church, New York, is the result of Mr. Morgan's liberality, and on more than one occasion he has doubled the contributions of the rest of the congregation to the church's endowment fund. Mr. Morgan has also given much toward the erection of the monumental Cathedral of St. John the Divine, now building on Cathedral heights in New York city. How much money he has lost nobody knows. His father left him \$10,000,000, and that he has greatly increased. He may be worth \$50,000,000 or \$100,000,000 or more.

As a member of the cup committee of the New York Yacht club Mr. Morgan is one of the arbiters of international boating. Art is, however, the great passion of his life. He has a private gallery of his own in Madison avenue, New York, and another in London, stocked with priceless pictures from the brushes of old masters and new. His collection of other objects d'art, including embroideries and tapestries, jewels, gold and silver work, is the envy of all antiquaries. He especially prizes things in his own hand, and the great church. It was his penchant for rare things that involved him with the Italian government and the pope when it was found that the famous cup of the pope, for which Mr. Morgan had paid \$80,000, had been stolen from the church. As soon as it was proved to Mr. Morgan's satisfaction that the cup was not from whom he purchased it was not its rightful owner he promptly returned it to the pope. The Metropolitan Art museum in New York, of which Mr. Morgan is a trustee, owns much of his personal collection. The Morgan collection of books, which is in the American Museum of Natural History is considered the finest in the world.

A. W. FERRIN.

FOUR years ago John Pierpont Morgan was an "undesirable citizen" in the minds of the American people. His great International Mercantile Marine company was a laughingstock. The wreck of the shipbuilding trust wrecked the shores of the industrial ocean. Faceless brokers were potting this sign in Wall street. "Pedestrians must not throw banana peels, apple cores or United States steel stocks on the sidewalks." The "Morgan myth" had been exploded, people thought.

Today J. Pierpont Morgan is again the colossus of American finance, his prestige greater than ever. His mistakes have been forgiven or forgotten or have proved themselves no mistakes at all, but the acts of prophetic genius. Out of the depths the financial world cried out to Morgan to become again its Moses. He heard its cry and led it out of the wilderness. Credit was dead or dying, panic was supplanting prosperity, depositors were descending on the banks like swarms of ants, individually innocent, but together threatening the very foundations of the money world. The waves of the coming deluge were lapping the steps of the Stock Exchange when the doors of the ark at 22 Wall street opened and, like a modern Noah, J. P. Morgan invited in bulls and bears and lambs, not two by two, but by herds and flocks, and in that sure refuge the heterogeneous company rode out the storm. There may be "certain malefactors of great wealth," but no man of the many who owe their financial lives to Morgan will class him among them.

Not in Wall street only, but throughout the metropolis, if not far beyond the city's confines, a huge sigh of relief went up when men read the newspaper heading, "J. P. Morgan is on the job." As Israel in prosperity forgot the Lord, so the twelve tribes of finance had been worshipping idols. But when the flood came all eyes and all hearts turned back to the master.

Working hand in hand with Uncle Sam in the person of George B. Cornell, Morgan stopped the run on New York's banks and recreated credit. As the clock of the Stock Exchange struck 3 on the afternoon of Thursday, Oct. 24, the entire membership gathered in the center of the "floor" and gave three cheers for Morgan, cheers which must

have warmed the "old man's" heart. His kingdom had come back to him. J. Pierpont Morgan was born in Hartford, Conn., seventy years ago, the son of Julius Spencer Morgan and Juliet Pierpont Morgan, of old American stock on both sides. His father was a banker and, after studying in Hartford, Boston and Gottingen, J. Pierpont followed in his father's footsteps. For several years he was a clerk in a small banking house in New York. In 1870 he began his career in almost every great railroad or commercial reorganization. "Ask Morgan what he thinks about it" was a necessary preliminary to every big business deal. His enemies regarded him as the personification of the trust. His friends and followers expected everything to which he put his hand to turn to gold.

In 1899 he performed his magnum opus, the formation of the United States Steel corporation. That achievement was followed by the organization of the International Mercantile Marine company, which was to monopolize the Atlantic ocean. When he "gobbled up" the White Star line Great Britain went wild. Morgan was caricatured as an ogre feeding on money and as an octopus grabbing everything in sight with his tentacles. English papers printed pictures of Windsor castle guarded from Morgan by the entire British army and the crown under lock and key. British textographers added to their detestable the verb "to Morganize." Kings, emperors and presidents when they wanted money sent for Morgan.

Then the collapse of the Schwab shipbuilding syndicate dimmed Morgan's fame. The International Mercantile Marine company sailed into a storm. The industrial depression of 1902 took the dividend off the common stock of the steel trust, and it sold down to \$8.75 a share. But Mr. Morgan did not acknowledge defeat. He looked through the clouds to a sunlit, prosperous land. He had capitalized the future. In regard to the steel trust at least he has

already been almost justified. The last quarterly statement of the United States Steel corporation showed net profits of \$41,000,000. The common stock once more pays a dividend. The trust has appropriated \$50,000,000 from its earnings for a great steel city at Gary, Ind., has accumulated a surplus of over \$100,000,000 and has \$70,000,000 cash in banks. The Mercantile Marine has not done so well, but Mr. Morgan is understood to believe in it still. He refuses to be called a "high financier" in the Levee house. In an interview last fall Mr. Morgan said:

"I do not remember that in my whole life I ever willfully misrepresented anything to anybody at any time. I have never knowingly had connection with a fraudulent scheme. I have tried to do good in this world, not harm, as my enemies would have the people believe. I have helped men and have attempted in my humble way to be of some service to my country."

Mr. Morgan finds plenty of intervals in his financial activity to enjoy other things than the making of money. He is a many sided man, an art collector and critic, a yachtsman, a traveler, a philanthropist and an ardent churchman. He has been commodore of the New York Yacht club, and his beautiful Corsair is familiar to the denizens of every civilized port. At the triennial conferences of the Protestant Episcopal church Mr. Morgan is always a leading figure. His voice is potent in the church's councils, though at one session it was not strong enough, even when backed by a tentative donation of \$1,000,000, to abolish the diocese of Pondicherry in India, which services are held which Mr. Morgan does not consider orthodox.

Old Men Who Repeat the Marvelous Feats of Early Life; Two Remarkable Modern Examples of Physical Endurance

FORTY years ago the most popular outdoor exercise in America was pedestrianism. At that time there was such a craze for long distance walking that scores of professional pedestrians made their appearance in all parts of the country, and some of them secured for themselves a good deal of fame and not a little fortune.

Prominent among them were Edward Payson Weston and Dan O'Leary, both of whom are still in the flesh and quite as ready as ever to repeat the wonderful tests of physical endurance which made them the envy of every husky youngster of the late sixties. It was only about a year ago that Weston, now in his seventieth year, accomplished the feat of walking from Philadelphia to New York, a distance of ninety miles, in twenty-four hours. Last month Dan O'Leary, five years Weston's junior, completed successfully the most ambitious undertaking of his entire professional career—the walking of a mile at the beginning of each of 1,680 consecutive hours.

Weston's great pedestrian feat of 1867 was a revelation to the public, and it aroused the heartiest enthusiasm all along the line. When he made known his intention to walk from Portland, Me., to Chicago in thirty days without counting in as workdays any of the included four Sundays, there were numerous skeptics. When he accomplished the feat of endurance in an hour and twenty minutes less than twenty-five days he was made the recipient of an ovation that was quite big enough for a national hero.

During his progress across the eastern portion of the continent Weston was the object of extraordinary attention on the part of the public. Extra editions of the newspapers chronicled every step of his advance, and his physical condition was the subject of almost hourly bulletins. The inhabitants of the towns along the prescribed route made his appearance in their locality the occasion of a general holiday and turned out in brave array to get a glimpse of the wonderful walker. It is not wide of the mark to say that Weston's entire tramp was along a course lined on either side with interested, cheering spectators, all anxious to do something to speed him on his way. At night huge bonfires were lighted in advance along those points in his itinerary at which he was expected, and when the dapper pedestrian made his appearance the local bands and glee

In the Face of Athletic Teaching.

He declares that he has never trained for a single day in his whole career. The explanation of the really superb physical condition which Weston has maintained during his long service of muscular activity lies simply in the regularity of his habits and the simplicity of his diet. He is not a total abstemious in theory, but in practice he falls within that rule. He declares rather proudly that he has never in his life been served with refreshment at a bar. During his walking feats he does not vary from his ordinary diet either in quantity or in variety of food.

It is a day seem to be quite enough to keep Weston in his ever ready condition. For breakfast he eats the equivalent of two eggs, four slices of bread and two cups of strong coffee. Lunch he eats, but makes what he considers a generous dinner on a quarter of a pound of meat, two potatoes and any other vegetable he may fancy. He never partakes of dessert and at night takes only a cup of weak tea without embellishments. Fish, poultry and game he fancies but rarely, shellfish and pastries never.

He rises every morning at 8 o'clock, which is early enough for one who says he retires before 2 a. m. It is one of his facts that six hours of sleep are ample for any well regulated adult and that

anything in excess of that tends to lethargy of the bodily functions. Rain or shine, every day in the week except

Sunday he walks a dozen miles for exercise. He declares that he is always a victim to the torpor consequent upon

his Sunday inactivity, but he will not on that account abandon his custom of resting on that day.

Although Weston is probably the greatest pedestrian who ever came prominently to the front, Dan O'Leary,

his frequent rival, is not far behind him as a walker of long distances. In 1875, when Weston had been to wage a little in popular favor and O'Leary was at his apogee, a match was arranged between the men. Six John Astley, providing a belt. The race—for such it was—had a time limit of 12 hours, but seems to have been a sort of gas-pipe pleasure affair in other respects. Toward the close O'Leary was making good in advance when suddenly Weston sprang and gained eighteen miles. For some reason which has never been explained Weston then left the track for two hours. When he returned his performance amounted to what was the record of the time. O'Leary's record was 100 miles, 1 mile at the beginning of 1,680 consecutive hours recalls a novel performance to the credit of his rival which was set off in 1869—the covering of 2,000 miles in 1,680 hours. In the same year Weston broke the record for six days walking, making the average of 166 miles a day. In 1874 he walked 141 miles in 141 hours and 26 minutes. Two weeks previous to this match he had walked 362 miles in about the same time merely to stretch his legs and to satisfy himself that he had made no mistake concerning his ability to do the feat.

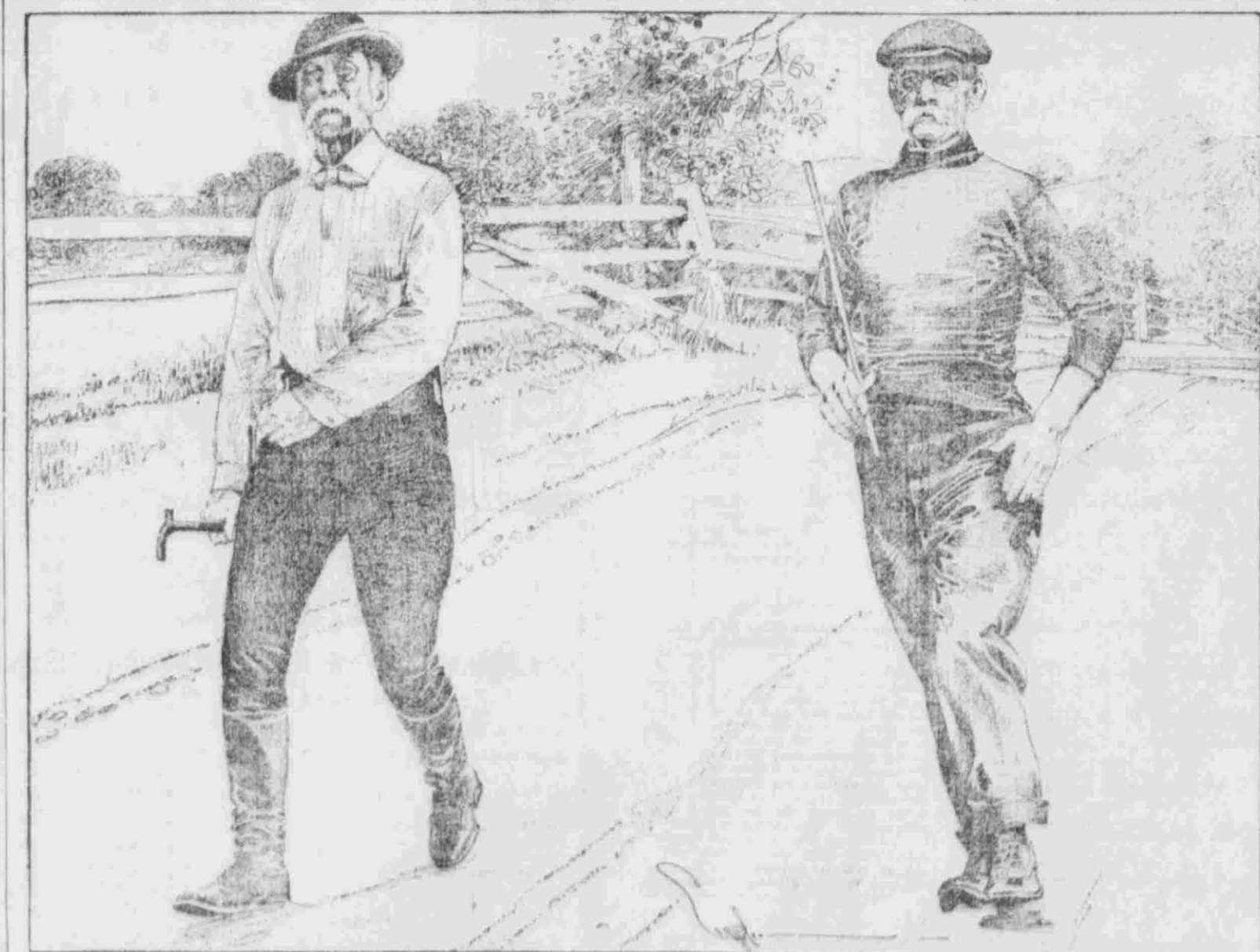
A Temperance Lecture.

In 1864 Weston traversed 3,000 miles in England in 100 days, fifty miles a day, and delivered a temperance lecture every night. In 1866 he walked another match with O'Leary and won it, but so completely that the pretty woman left the track to disgust. Weston's record stands in a single day he made 115 miles, although he was made 127 miles on his own account. The fastest mile he has ever made was done in 7 minutes 50 seconds.

According to Weston, the last day of a six day race is easier than the first and the second day is the most trying of all. He declares that more than two hours sleep at which time is exceedingly hazardous—that the muscles become cramped and stiffened after that. Although some of his actions do not accord with the teaching of modern science, the fact remains that he is a wonderful physical specimen, in which else no certainly as to his careful observance of the natural law.

Both Weston and O'Leary are good examples of the vital energy that need not become greatly impaired by age, and as physical specimens they are a striking refutation of the older law.

JAMES E. RYAN.



HERE AND THERE.

The total number of stars down to the fourteenth magnitude is about 30,000,000. The first steel pens were made in England in 1820. The first gross sold for about \$7.50. The O'Leary-Morgan play had its origin in 1842 after a severe pestilence.

Winchester, founded in 1387. It is the second oldest. St. Paul's third and Elizabeth's fourth. The wine cups of the Assyrians were shaped like our saucers and were of agate, other semiprecious stones, gold and silver. There are more old women than old

have passed the age of eighty-five there are 1,699 females to every 1,000 males. St. Peter was known to the ancient Egyptians, to the Greeks and to the Romans. His use was revived in Italy in the middle of the sixteenth century and brought to England a little over a hundred years ago. It is calculated that as a bright summer day there are raised into the air

Mediterranean 5,280,000,000 tons of water. Most people mistake their food with the teeth on the left hand side of the mouth. An adult has about twenty-eight pounds of blood, and ten pounds are sent through veins and arteries at each pulsation. Generally speaking, you are perfectly

twenty feet of a properly insulated lightning conductor. A thousand millions of the animalcules found in stagnant water do not collectively equal the size of a grain of sand. The great seal, of which the lord chancellor of England is the official custodian, uses up over four hundredweight of sealing wax per month. "Blue blood," so some say, is an exaggeration of bluish color. It is not

in speaking of those who had never been terminated with Moore. There is a great shortage of silver in Spain this year, a fact that will probably increase its price in the country. Out of 300,000 newspapers published by hydraulic machinery an American has constructed a yacht sixteen feet long. Every part, including the mast and sails, is of paper.