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Some Morgan Anecdotes.

Since the death of the great financier, J. Pierpont Morgan, many anecdotes have been related about him, and the New York Evening Post, a journal with which he was closely in touch, recently published a number which throw light on the character of the man.

A firm of jewellers who had received a fine pearl decided to send it down to Mr. Morgan and let him have first bid on it. The price was placed at \$5,000. The jewel was carefully sealed in a leather-covered box. Mr. Morgan read the firm's communication, opened the box, was delighted with the pearl, and thrust it into his pocket. Calling his cashier, he instructed him to draw two cheques to the firm of jewellers—one for \$4,000 and the other for \$5,000. The \$5,000 cheque Mr. Morgan placed in the box that had contained the pearl. He had the package carefully tied and sealed.

The \$4,000 cheque he enclosed in a letter to the jewellers, in which he wrote that if the firm was willing to accept that amount for the pearl, the box might be returned to him at once and the transaction considered closed. In the event, however, that the firm was unwilling to accept less than \$5,000 for the pearl the \$4,000 cheque was to be returned without delay.

Mr. Morgan, with the pearl in his pocket, sent the messenger back, bearing his letter and the box. In less than an hour the messenger returned, fetching the box in which was the \$5,000 cheque. The jewellers had decided to accept the \$4,000 offer.

Mr. Morgan met one of the members of the jewellery firm at a dinner later, and told him the story of the two cheques. The jeweller averred that his firm had lost money by the transaction. "If you were losing money," asked Mr. Morgan, "why didn't you keep the box, with my \$5,000 cheque?"

The jeweller answered: "I can understand now, how it is that you have earned your place as the leading financier."

The way he dealt with a certain owner of coal lands in Pennsylvania who knew that Mr. Morgan must have his property was characteristic. The owner had come prepared to exact a good price. Mr. Morgan kept him waiting for a long time, and then allowed him to come forward. "I'll give you \$— for your property." And there the bargain was closed. His habit was to deal in ultimatum; he would say: "I'll do this," or "I'll do that." He seldom asked advice, even of his partners. No doubt, his confidence in himself inspired confidence in others.

Probably no one who was present will ever forget the meeting between the late John Bigelow and Mr. Morgan on the occasion of Mr. Bigelow's 93rd birthday.

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, Morgan," chuckled Mr. Bigelow, "but I'll have to tell you what I told Carnegie. I'm old enough to be your father. But you're a promising young

man, and you'll make your mark yet."

And John Pierpont Morgan, himself three score and ten, bowed in smiling acquiescence.

A year or two ago, when there were rumors of Mr. Morgan's approaching retirement, somebody asked Thomas F. Ryan who would make a good successor to the great financier.

"In my opinion, there will be none," replied Mr. Ryan. "There has been only one Morgan, and there cannot be a second."

Mr. Morgan had many admirers, among them Bishop Potter. In one of his last books, "The East of Today and To-morrow," the Bishop inscribed this dedication:

"To John Pierpont Morgan, Financier, Philanthropist, Friend, to whose munificence these opportunities for observation were owing, and whose constructive genius, which upbuilds and never pulls down, has indicated the tasks which await Western civilization in Eastern fields."

This may be partly explained by the fact that the financier took an active interest in Episcopal Church affairs. He often attended gatherings of the New York diocese. At one of the annual church conventions in San Francisco he was guarded throughout his stay in that city by a force of detectives, who remained close to him on all occasions.

A saloon-keeper on Lower Sixth Avenue once bought an oil painting of Mr. Morgan at a public auction for \$35. The portrait was the work of a struggling Swedish artist, who had it sent to America, hoping that the banker would be flattered by the likeness and buy it. He asked \$25 for it, but Mr. Morgan did not offer to buy.

When the news that the canvas had fallen into the hands of a saloon-keeper, who had placed it alongside of a stuffed monkey just above his bar, reached Wall Street, there was much excitement among Mr. Morgan's friends.

But the portrait had not hung there an hour when the saloonkeeper received a visit from a stranger who came in a cab.

"Nice picture," said the caller. "Art with a big A," replied the proud owner.

"Sell it?" queried the customer. "He's had his chance."

"Who has?"

"Your friend down town."

"You're up the wrong wall," said the stranger.

"No, your friend's picture is," said the owner, "but your friend can't buy himself off with a railroad."

"Never mind about that," said the stranger, and they repaired to a back room.

The stranger and the picture left in half an hour. The saloonkeeper did not get a railroad, but he made a handsome profit on the transaction."

Pie-eating was one of Mr. Morgan's failings—possibly because he came from that part of New England which is known as the "Pie Belt." At any

rate, he was not one of that group of Wall Street financiers who ate sparingly at lunch time. A large wedge of pumpkin or apple pie was often the mainstay of his midday meal. He explained once that this was a habit contracted in his boyhood. He could never shake it off.

He had a private dining-room fitted up in his banking house at Broad and Wall streets, and he went there with his partners at one o'clock each afternoon. They sat around a small table, and during the meal discussed the events of the day. In this way no time was wasted from business. Mr. Morgan frequently took a small cup of bouillon first, then a chop or piece of steak, and always a piece of pie.

Upon one occasion he rushed into the luncheon room, seized a piece of pie, and at the same time held up a quotation of ticker tape, containing a quotation for a well-known railroad stock.

"Look at that quotation!" he cried, joyously. "If all the people who bought stock in that railroad at the time we first took hold of it had kept it until to-day they would have regained all of the depreciation and about 25 per cent. more."

In 1903, according to an officer of the British Museum, quoted in the London "Daily Mail," Mr. Morgan "cleaned out the entire lot of both real and fictitious antiquities." I don't think," said the officer, "there are any really good forgeries in the market at the present time. Mr. Morgan has practically cleaned up the big output. He has been induced to pay small fortunes for forged works of art."

On his frequent trips abroad, Mr. Morgan seldom left for home without bringing with him some art treasure of the Old World. For this, many a European felt none too kindly disposed towards him. In Italy, however, he won many friends through his purchase of the famous Ascoli cope, which he returned to the Italian government. This he did in 1904. The cope had been stolen from the Cathedral of Ascoli, and the Italian authorities had searched for it in vain until one day an expert in textiles saw it at the South Kensington Museum, London, to which it had been lent by Mr. Morgan. When the owner learned of its history he gladly relinquished his claim to the relic and presented the cope to Italy.

There was great rejoicing in the municipality of Ascoli when the cope was returned to its place, and the people of the town voted to confer honorary citizenship upon Mr. Morgan in the City Palace, together with a marble tablet recording his generous action, and to bestow his name upon one of the principal streets of the city.

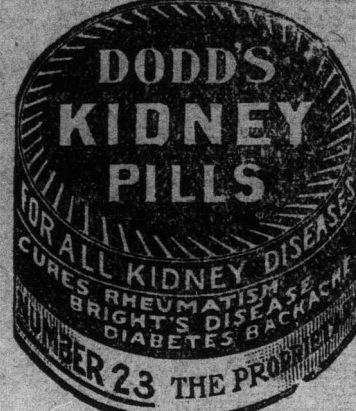
Nor did the Italian government allow his generosity to go unrewarded. King Victor Emmanuel conferred upon him the great cordon of Saint Maurice and Lazarus, a decoration which gave Mr. Morgan the rank of "cousin to his Majesty." It was the second highest honour in the King's power to confer.

An incident worth relating occurred two years ago on one of Mr. Morgan's visits in Rome. Lloyd G. Griscom was then ambassador, and through him Mr. Morgan sought an audience with the Pope and also with Queen Helena. There was some misunderstanding about the hour for these meetings, and the result was that both were scheduled for about the same time. Mr. Morgan, not to be beaten, decided to go to both audiences with the aid of his swift automobile.

The difficulty of this task will be better realized when it is considered that etiquette prescribed that for the Queen's audience Mr. Morgan should appear in a frock coat with a fancy tie, and Mrs. Herbert L. Satterlee, his daughter, who was to accompany him, should appear in a light colored walking gown with an appropriate hat, while the etiquette of the Vatican prescribed for Mr. Morgan evening dress and a white tie, and for Mrs. Satterlee a black gown and a black lace veil over her hair, both to the ungloried and unjewelled.

The audience with the Queen lasted twenty minutes. The clothing of both was changed in another five minutes, and they then motored to the Vatican, arriving there ten minutes late, which was excusable owing to a general strike in Rome, which impeded traffic. Conversation with the Pope was carried on through an interpreter. The Pontiff ended by giving to Mr. Morgan for his autograph album several lines in Italian written with Mr. Morgan's fountain pen. They read: "We hope God will impart every prosperity to J. P. Morgan and his family."

Mr. Morgan was a man of few words. It was a lucky interviewer who found the financier in a mood to talk—even when he was about to sail for Europe. Nor did he take kindly to the camera "sharp shooter," who invariably followed him to the steamship pier. There were several snapshot experts waiting for him at the pier one year when he sailed. As he stepped from his motor, Mr. Morgan struck out with his heavy cane and succeeded in scattering them. On another occasion he remarked that he would gladly give \$500 to any man



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who smashed any camera that held a snapshot of him. But he was not always found in this mood. Just before his ship pulled out a year ago, some one mustered up courage to ask Mr. Morgan if it was true that he was going to corner the pyramids.

"Pyramids haven't any corners," was his reply. Then an afterthought added with a smile, "Besides, I never corner anything."

Here and There

Campbell's Milk Shakes are delicious.—Jan 27, 11

SALT CARGO.—The s.s. Snowden Range is now due from Cadiz with a cargo of salt from Bowring Bros.

For Pure Milk, delivered daily, try J. W. Campbell's, Ltd.—Jan 27, 11

LOADS DEALS.—The S. S. Mountfield which arrived here with salt will on discharging, leave for Miramichi and will load lumber there for England.

Earrings. A very pretty assortment of the latest English Earrings has just been opened at TRAPNELL'S.—ap 23, 11

SIX ARRESTS.—The police arrested six prisoners last evening and night. Two of these were drunk and disorderly, one was a vagrant and two were taken under warrant.

Locketts and Chains that will just put the necessary finishing touch on your new spring clothes, can be had in great variety at TRAPNELL'S.—ap 23, 11

WILL LOAD ORE.—The s.s. Adventure, which will make a trip to Philadelphia for coal before going to Hudson Bay waters, will go to Bell Island first and take a cargo of ore to Philadelphia.

PRESCRIPTION "A" is the name to ask for when suffering from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Catarrh of the Stomach and Nervous Dyspepsia. Prices, 25 and 50 cents a bottle.—ap 24, 11

POGIE FISHERS OFF.—About 30 men from the eastern settlements will leave by the Steamer "Cape" for New York and Boston to engage in pogie fishing. These men prosecute this fishery every summer out of American ports and make big wages.

The Christian Brothers of Mount Cashel beg very gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of Twenty Dollars, from Hon. George Knowling.—may 3, 11

CORRECTION.—Owing to an unfortunate error, on the part of one of our compositors, a marriage notice was placed under the wrong heading in yesterday's issue. We have had the notice re-set and put in under its proper heading in to-day's issue.

The man who has cloth to be made up, and the man who wants up-to-date cloth tailored to his measure should bear in mind C. M. HALL, Genuine Tailor and Revolver, 243 Theatre Hill.—ap 17, 11

VOTES FOR STRIKERS.—The Firemen's Union met last night and voted the sum of \$30 to the girls in connection with the shoeworkers' strike. At a meeting of the Carpenters' and Joiners' Union it was decided to give \$100 to the sixteen girls who are out on strike.

New Spring Stock of Gent's Furnishings, including Hats and Caps; all styles. Shirts, Ties, etc. THE NATIONAL STORES, Greaves & Sons, Ltd.—ap 25, 11

MAN CUTS HEAD.—Yesterday afternoon a carman met with a mishap while driving along his team on Water Street. One of the wheels came off his cart, causing a jolt, and he was thrown to the curb, struck, downward. Two cuts were inflicted on the man's forehead and he had to seek medical attendance.

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CASINO TO-NIGHT!

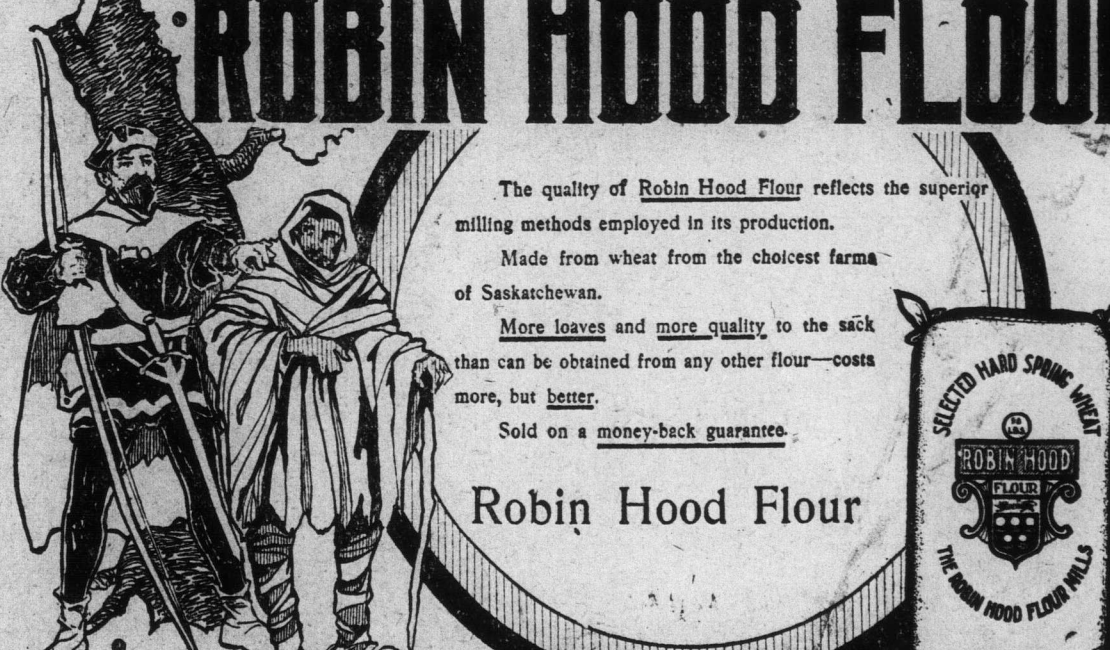
The Casina Players A Fisherman's Luck.

WILL PRESENT A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE DRAMA, ENTITLED:

CAST:

Tom Diamond (a Fisherman) WILLIS REED
 James Farnsworth (a relentless foe) JOSEPH WRIGHT
 Si Waters (Ambitious to Act) HARVEY DENTON
 Uncle Dave (Cast up by the Sea) GEORGE BARR
 Rose Dayton (who loves Tom) AMELIA BARELON
 Mrs. Diamond (Tom's Mother) RACHEL BARR
 Ruth Diamond (Si's Sweetheart) CORA ELVIRA
 SCENE: Tom's Home by the Sea.

DIG MATINEE SATURDAY. 2 SHOWS EVERY NIGHT—7.30 and 9.15



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50 Sacks Irish Potatoes.

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 50 sacks Irish Potatoes.
 50 cases Valencia Oranges.
 10 cases Jaffa Oranges.
 5 cases Lemons.
 20 sacks Onions.
 1 case HUBBARD'S RUSKS.
 1 case Black Cat CIGARETTES.

By s.s. Stephano, Thursday, May 1, '13:
 N. Y. Turkeys.
 N. Y. Corned Beef.
 N. Y. Chicken.
 Grape Fruit, Bananas.
 Wine Sap Apples.
 California Oranges.
 New Cabbage, Tomatoes.
 Cucumbers, Celery.
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