

DELIGHTS on the LATE JAY COOKE

EMINENT FINANCIER AND RAILROAD BUILDER AS
FISHERMAN, CHURCHMAN AND LOVER OF CHILDREN

By the Rev. William C. Sheppard, Rector of St. Luke's Church, Vancouver, Wash.



DRAWING MADE OF JAY COOKE
FROM PHOTO MENTIONED IN
THIS ARTICLE



GLIMPSE OF GIBRALTAR
AND LAKE ERIE

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH
PUT-IN-BAY, OHIO
BUILT BY MR. COOKE

On the western end of Lake Erie lies a beautiful group of islands. The largest of these is known as Put-in-Bay. It was in these waters that the battle of Lake Erie, of the War of 1812, took place; and it was from this island that Commodore Perry sent his famous message: "We have met the enemy and they are ours." Put-in-Bay comprises about 1400 acres, has a population of about 1000, and has long been a popular summer resort. Like the other islands of the cluster it contains many vineyards; also orchards of peach and plum. Thousands of dollars' worth of fruit is shipped from these islands annually.

About ten years ago I was temporarily in charge of the church at Put-in-Bay. In this way I came in contact with Jay Cooke, the noted financier, the monetary mainstay of the Government in the dark days of the Rebellion, and the father of the Northern Pacific Railway, who recently passed away at the age of 85 years. Mr. Cooke owned a tiny island near Put-in-Bay, which he called Gibraltar. Upon it he built many years ago, probably just after the Civil War, a stone mansion, or "castle" as it is generally known. I was a close and substantial structure, but not elegant nor pretentious, for with all his wealth and notwithstanding his lavish expenditures in many directions, he was a man of simple tastes. A tall tower commanding a magnificent view of the lake, the surrounding islands and the distant mainland formed a part of the castle, and in front he erected a monument commemorative of Perry's victory. This castle he was in the habit of occupying every Spring and Fall, coming up from his home at Ogontz, near Philadelphia, to engage in fishing and in such hunting as the islands afforded.

Enthusiastic Fisherman.

He was an enthusiastic fisherman, and would charter a steamboat for a period of several weeks for fishing purposes. Day after day, Sundays always excepted, the little steamer, not a launch, but a steamboat, with a capacity for 50 or more passengers, would take him to the places where the black bass, white fish and perch were the most plentiful, and rod in hand, he would spend the entire day on his deck, returning at night to Gibraltar. He kept the rector's well supplied with fish, and favored his Put-in-Bay friends generally. At other times he would exchange the rod for the rifle, and many a wild rabbit and wild turkey were his victims. Thanks to his thoughtfulness, we once feasted on turkey every day for two weeks, but toward the last it began to pall upon us. On one of his visits, years ago, a business trip, he stayed at one of the summer hotels instead of beneath his own roof. For several days there was no fish on the bill of fare. Mr. Cooke couldn't stand that sort of thing, and complained to the proprietor: "We can't get any fish just now," he was told. "I'll get you some," said he. He immediately went out in a rowboat, and returned with 123 black bass. He remembered the number, "because it was the same number that St. Peter caught on one occasion," and then he quoted St. John xxi.11: "Simon Peter went up and drew the net to land, full of great fishes, an hundred and fifty and three."

Deeply Religious Man.

As this indicates, Mr. Cooke was familiar with the Bible. In fact, he was a deeply religious man, a devout Episcopalian, and for many years senior warden of his church at home and teacher of a large Bible class, both of which positions he held as long as health permitted. He not only accumulated money here below—he "held up treasure in heaven." It was his policy to devote one-tenth of his income to religion and charity, and his benefactions were many. Best of all, he did this work in a modest way. He was a self-effacing, rather than a self-advertising philanthropist.

In the earliest days of his connection with Put-in-Bay there was no church on the island. He persuaded a wealthy

Spaniard named Rivera, who at that time owned a large part of the island, to donate an acre of land for church purposes, and Mr. Cooke erected on this property, at his own expense, a neat house of worship and a comfortable rectory. He also equipped the rectory with a complete supply of household furniture. This was in 1868, I believe, and the first rector of the parish was the Rev. John M. Kendrick, now the Right Rev. Dr. Kendrick, bishop of Arizona and New Mexico. Mr. Cooke always saw to it that the successive rectors were comfortably paid. While I was there his annual subscription was \$200, and in addition it was his custom to put a crisp \$5 note on the plate whenever he came to church.

Liked Songs, Cigars, Short Sermons.

This was every Sunday during his stay at Gibraltar, two or three weeks in the Spring and about six weeks in the Fall. Although he was 75 years of age at the time of my rectorate, he would come over to the services regularly. His rugged form and benign face shone in a front porch were a real inspiration to me as I tried to preach. My sermons suited him in one respect—they were short. "I like long cigars and short sermons," he once said to me. It was good to see him kneeling in prayer, to see him receiving the holy communion, and to hear his strong, clear voice in the chants and hymns. What an example he was to

the people of the island! Equally devoted to the church were his children and grandchildren, who occupied Gibraltar during the summer months. Some Sundays there would be as many as four pews filled with people from the "castle."

A Friend of the Clergy.

Mr. Cooke was one of the best friends the clergy have ever had. He was literally "servus servorum Dei" (servant of the servants of God). For some years he made a practice of placing his Gibraltar residence at the disposal of the clergy during the summer months. Ten clergymen at a time would occupy the house for a period of two weeks, he paying all expenses, including their transportation. Knowing him to be a pronounced "low churchman," I once asked him, jokingly, if he had ever entertained a "high church" clergyman in this way. "Not if I knew it," he replied. Three times he said to me, "Make out a list of 25 worth of the books you like most, and I will send on to Philadelphia for them." Some of the best books in my library came to me in this way. One day he handed me a package, consisting of a box of cigars, a better wood pipe, and a half-pound of Kilmikie tobacco (otherwise known as "kill-me-quick"). He owned an oyster bed in Chesapeake Bay,

and every Winter he would send to the rector of the church at Put-in-Bay a barrel of oysters which the latter was to share with the members of the vestry. Every year he would drive over the island distributing little gifts to the children, such as books and jackknives.

Fairy Story in Real Life.

Speaking of children reminds me of a

beautiful story which Mr. Cooke told us of the way in which he once surprised his grandchildren. One day he sent the whole family off on an excursion on the lake. As soon as they were gone he called the servants together and told them that he had brought supplies from Philadelphia and wanted them to wait for him. He had a fairy tale in one of the recesses under the island. They all set

to work, and 400 little dolls were dressed in bright-colored tarlatan, with wings attached, and these, together with little sheep, castles and sackbats, were arranged in the cave, making a scene of fairy-like beauty. When the children returned they began the usual clamor for a story, and Mr. Cooke told them an oft-repeated one of his about the fairies that lived under the island. He then said: "Suppose we take a boat and look for them." No words can describe the surprise and the delight of the children as they entered the grotto and saw the fairies actually before them.

Paid Every Debt.

To pass from this fairy tale to hard facts, Mr. Cooke once told me the story of his failure. "I was building the Northern Pacific," said he, "and was depending largely on capital from France and Germany. But on account of the Franco-Prussian War the money was not forthcoming. That broke me. However, I told my creditors to hold on to my paper and I would pay every dollar. This promise I made good in every case."

Story of a Photograph.

The accompanying portrait is a reproduction of a photograph which Mr. Cooke once gave my wife. He also related the history of the picture, somewhat as follows: "There was an artist at my house one day. We were conversing together and I was seated in a large easy chair with my head thrown back. 'Let me sketch you, just as you are,' said the artist. I assented, and he took a sheet of paper and a piece of charcoal, and made a hasty sketch. It took about 20 minutes, I should think. I was so pleased with the result that I had the sketch photographed, and I would like to give Mr. Sheppard one of the photographs." It is a striking likeness of the "good gray head."

But an even more interesting photograph is one which his son, the Rev. Henry E. Cooke, of Warren, O., formerly

rector of Trinity Church, San Francisco, showed me about five years ago. It was a photograph of four Jay Cookes. Seated in the center was the subject of the sketch. Upon his knee was his infant great-grandson, Jay Cooke, 4th. Standing on one side was the son and on the other the grandson and the father, Jay Cooke 2d.

A Personal Tribute.

Jay Cooke was a Nation, from a financial point of view, what Grant was to the Nation from a military standpoint. A man who contributed to the development of the country as he contributed the money by inaugurating a transcontinental railway, has written his name as with a delicate ink upon the pages of history. Yet I, for one, prefer to think of Jay Cooke as—and all this he was most certainly—the clean and upright man, the conscientious, unimpeachable citizen; the exponent of "the simple life"; the model benefactor; the faithful Christian and loyal churchman. And as I think of him I feel like saying, in the words of Tennyson (ode on the "Death of Wellington"): "Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood, Whole in himself, a common good. Mourn for the man of amplest influence, Mourning for the man of amplest influence, Yet clearest of ambitious crime."

Rich in saving common sense, And as the greatest only are In his simplicity sublime.

O, how nerve to true occasion true: Fallen at length that tower of strength, Which stood four square to all the tugs that blew.

Whose life was work, whose language stern, With rugged maxims hewn from life; Whose eighty winters freeze with one of youth. All great self-seekers trampling on the dust. WILLIAM C. SHEPPARD

PECK'S BAD BOY IN FOREIGN LANDS

He Makes Friends With Some Italian Children In Rome
Is Chased by Lions From the Coliseum.

(By Hon. George W. Peck, ex-Governor of Wisconsin, former editor of Peck's Sun, author of "Peck's Bad Boy," etc. Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Sewell.)

Rome, Italy—My Dear "Pard": Well, sir, if you could see me now you wouldn't know me, because foreign travel has broadened me out, so I can talk on any subject, and people of my age look upon me as an authority, and



And It Brought on a Revolution.

they surround me everywhere I go and urge me to talk. The fact that the boys and girls do not understand a word I say makes no difference. They do not wear many clothes here, and there is no style about them, and when they see me, with a whole suit of clothes on, and a hat and shoes and socks, and a scarpin on my necktie, they think I must be an Americano that is too rich for any use, or something that ranks with a prince at least, and the boys delight to be with me, and do errands for me, and the girls seem to be in love with me.

There is no way you can tell if a girl is in love with you, except that she looks at you with eyes that are as black as coal, and they seem to burn a hole right into your insides, and when they take hold of your hand they hang on, and squeeze like almonds, and in a dance at

home, and they snugg up to you, and are as warm and cheerful as a gas stove.

Say, I sat on a bench in a plaza with a girl about my age, for an hour, while the other girls and boys sat on the ground, and looked at us with admiration, and when I put my arm around her and kissed her on her pouting lips it brought on a revolution. An Italian soldier policeman took me by the neck and threw me across the street, the girl scratched me with her finger nails and bit me, and yelled some grand hallooing sign of distress, her brother and a ragged boy that was in love with the girl, and was jealous, drew daggers, and the whole crowd yelled dagger, and I started for my hotel on a run, and the whole population of Rome seemed to follow me, and I might as well have been a negro accused of crime in the states. I thought they would burn me at the stake, but dad came out of the hotel and threw a handful of small change into the crowd, and it was all off.

After they picked up the coin they beckoned me to come out and play some more, but not any more for little Henry. I have been in love in all countries since, and there are holes in their dresses, and their skin isn't white, like American girls', but is what they call olive complexion, like stuffed olives you buy in bottles, stuffed with cayenne pepper, but the girls are just like the cayenne pepper, so warm that you want to throw water on yourself after they have touched you. Gee, but I wouldn't want to live in a climate where girls were so torrid, cause I would melt like an icicle that drops in a stove, and makes steam, and blows up the whole house. Well, old man, you talk about churches, but you don't know anything about it. Dad and I went to St. Peter's in Rome, and it is the grandest thing in the world. Say, the Congregational church at home, which we thought so grand, could be put in one little corner of St. Peter's, and would look like 20 cents. St. Peter's covers ground about half a mile square, and when you go inside and look at grown people on the other side of it, they look like flies, and the organ is as big as a block of buildings in Chicago, and when they blow it you think the last day has come, and yet the music is as sweet as a melody, and makes you want to get down on your knees with all the thou-

sands of good Christians in Italy, and confess that you are a fraud, that ought to be arrested.

Dad and I have been to all kinds of churches, everywhere, and never turned a hair, but since we got to this town, and got some of the prevailing religion into our systems, we feel guilty, and it seems as though everybody could see right into us, and that they knew we were heathen, that never knew there was a God. Sure thing, I never supposed there were so many people in the world that worshiped their Maker as there are here, and I don't wonder that all over the world heathens in the presence of the Roman populace was played out, and that the Coliseum was a ruin and did not exist as a place of amusement. He thought everything that he had read about the horrors of a Roman holiday was running today, as a side show, and he wanted to see it, and I had encouraged him in his ideas, because he was nervous, and I didn't want to undo him. He had come to Rome to see things he couldn't find at home, and it was up to me to deliver the goods.

Gee, but I made me sweat, 'cause I knew if dad did not get a show for his money he would lay it up against me, so I told him we would go to the Coliseum, and in the dark of the night, and I broke glass down the tiers of seats and make him believe there was an earthquake that had destroyed the Coliseum, and that the lions and tigers were all loose, looking for people to eat, and scare dad and make a run back to town.

I didn't want to play such a scandalous trick on dad, but the Chicago man said that was the only way out of it, and he could get a barrel of broken glass for a dollar, and hire four ruffians that could roar like lions for a few dollars, and it would give dad good exercise, and maybe save him from a run of Roman fever, 'cause there was nothing like a good sweat to knock the fever out of a fellow's system. The thing struck me as not only a good exercise for dad, but a life-saver, so I whacked up the money, and the Chicago soap man did the rest.

After dark he went out to the ruins of the Coliseum, where a great many tourists go to look at the ruins by moonlight, and dad was as anxious and blood-thirsty as a young surgeon cutting up his first

I want to see the other extreme, and see the wild beasts at the Coliseum tear human beings limb from limb, and drink their blood, and see gladiators gladiate, and chop down their antagonists, and get some of the prevailing religion into our systems, we feel guilty, and it seems as though everybody could see right into us, and that they knew we were heathen, that never knew there was a God. Sure thing, I never supposed there were so many people in the world that worshiped their Maker as there are here, and I don't wonder that all over the world heathens in the presence of the Roman populace was played out, and that the Coliseum was a ruin and did not exist as a place of amusement. He thought everything that he had read about the horrors of a Roman holiday was running today, as a side show, and he wanted to see it, and I had encouraged him in his ideas, because he was nervous, and I didn't want to undo him. He had come to Rome to see things he couldn't find at home, and it was up to me to deliver the goods.

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"stiff." When we got to the right place and I told dad we were a little early, because the nobility were not in their seats, the villains began to roar three dollars' worth, like hungry lions, and dad turned a little pale, and said that sounded like the real thing.

I told him we better not get too near, because we were not accustomed to seeing live men chewed up by bears, and dad said he didn't care how near we got, as long as he saw the real thing.

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I Didn't Know He Was Such a Sprinter.

long as they chewed and tore to pieces the natives, so we started to work up a little nearer, when there was a noise such as I never heard before, as the hoghead of broken glass began to roll down the tiers of stone seats, and I fell over on the ground and pushed dad, and he went over in the sand and struck his pants on a cactus, and yelled that he was stabbed with a dirk, and I got up and fell down again, and just then the Chicago soap man came up on a gallop, followed by the villains playing lion and tiger, and dad asked the Chicago man what seemed to be the matter, and he said: "Matter enough; there has been an earthquake, and the Coliseum has fallen down, killing more than 10,000 Romans, and the animals' cages are burst and the animals are loose, looking for fresh meat, and we better get right back to Rome, too quick, or we will be eaten alive. Come on if you are with me! Do you hear the lions after us?" said he, as the hired villains roared.

Well, you'd a diled to see dad get up out of that prickly cactus, and take the lead for good old Rome. I didn't know he

was such a sprinter, but we trailed behind, roaring like lions, and snoring like tigers and yapping like hyenas, and barking like timber wolves, and we couldn't see dad for the dust, on that moonlight night.

We slowed up and let dad run ahead, and he got to the hotel first, and we asked the hotel, and finally we went to the hotel and found dad in the bar, puffing and drinking a highball.

"Pretty near hell, wasn't it," said dad to the soap man. "Did the lions catch anybody?"

"Oh, a few of the lower classes," said the soap man, "but none of the nobility. The nobility were in the boxes, and that part of the Coliseum never falls during an earthquake," and the soap man told dad in a highball.

After dad got through puffing and wiping about two quarts of perspiration off his head and neck, and the soap man told him what a great thing it was to be peepers in Rome, on account of Roman fever, that catches a man at night and kills him before morning, dad turned to me and said: "Henry, you go peep up and we got out of this in the morning. For I feel as though I had been chewed by one of those hyenas. Not any more Rome for papa," and the highball party broke up, and we went to bed to get sleep enough to leave town.

Do you know, the next morning those hired villains made the soap man and I pay ten dollars extra on account of straining their lungs, roaring like lions? But we paid for their lungs all right, rather than have them present a bill to dad.

Well, good-by, old man. We are getting all the fun there is going. Yours only, HENRY.

Widow's Pets.

Toronto Globe. A singular case was decided in a Montreal court recently. Mrs. L. Brossard, widow, resides in a rented house and her landlord moved to have the lease canceled on the ground that the woman used the house more as a menagerie than as a place of human habitation. It was agreed that the woman never falls during an earthquake, and the soap man told dad in a highball.