

MINISTERS' SONS WHO HAVE BECOME BIG MEN

Two Born in Parsonages, Chosen for the Highest Elective Office in the World.

Edward H. Harriman and Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver Best Known in Their Class.



HOUSE AT CALDWELL, N. J. IN WHICH GROVER CLEVELAND WAS BORN



RICHARD WATSON GILDER EDITOR OF THE CENTURY



LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF E. H. HARRIMAN

BY DEXTER MARSHALL.

THE two most picturesque sons of clergymen now prominent in the eye of the world are Ed H. Harriman and Senator J. P. Dolliver, of Iowa.

Twice in the history of the Republic a minister's son was the most prominent man in the country. C. A. Arthur, President by reason of Garfield's death, was a clergyman's son, and so was Grover Cleveland.

The father of one Vice-President, Levi P. Morton, was a minister. W. B. Hornblower, the clever New York lawyer, whom Cleveland vainly tried to make a Justice of the Supreme Court, is a minister's son.

Richard Watson Gilder, a great editor, and Henry James, famous novelist, are minister's sons. James B. Hill, the creator of great corporations, is another.

You would need to go a long way to find men of greater personal force, of more pronounced achievements, of stronger individuality, than these prominent sons of ministers.

In his way Mr. Harriman, the railroad Napoleon who promised Mr. Roosevelt the other day to turn back the rebellious waters of the Colorado River, is the wonder of his age. When he first appeared in Wall Street, as a boy, a good many years ago, he was noted, as he is now, because of his dislike for too many words, his self-reliance and his energy.

His independence went almost to the point of surfeit. At first he did errands—he didn't "run" them, however; according to a printed statement by James Stillman, president of Rockefeller's city bank, "nobody ever saw Ed Harriman run"—for a small firm of brokers.

He planned to make his own way in Wall Street. Although his father was a poor minister "over in Jersey," he had rich relatives, but the boy refused to be beholden to them. From the beginning he was a speculator, and old-timers of the street will tell you that Harriman won. He seemed to have his own methods of making money, and in 1870, 38 years ago, he had enough to buy a seat on the Stock Exchange. He was then "about" 25; nobody knows exactly; in fact, nobody but himself knows just how old Harriman is today, and he won't tell.



HENRY JAMES THE EXPATRIATE NOVELIST

he can catch as many bees with a fish-pole and old-fashioned tackle as most any other man can with the finest jointed rod and the most elaborate book of flies.

Jonathan Prentiss Dolliver's father was a Methodist circuit rider. This means, as some of my younger readers will need to have explained to them, that although a regularly ordained minister of his church, his preaching was not confined to one place; he has several "appointments" for every Sunday, mostly in schoolhouses—some of them in the low cabin homes of his people that were scattered over a rather wide area.

He was constantly on the go over his circuit, in the middle of the last century, when Dolliver rode in the mountain regions of the Monongahela Valley were pretty bad and he had to go from appointment to appointment on horseback, hence the term "circuit rider." His horseback excursions were not confined to Sundays; he had the sick to visit, the dying to attend to, and his long journeys, the bereaved to console and the families of his various little congregations to call upon in order.

That he was in the saddle more than half the time is by no means imprudent, and he must have had great physical endurance. He never shrank from the snows of winter or the torrid rains of spring and fall; storms often delayed but they never stopped him. This fine specimen of an American type that has now all but disappeared died only two or three years ago as proud of his eloquent son as he has a right to be.

When in Washington during the sessions "Father" Dolliver often went to hear the Senator speak. While the latter was in the House of Representatives it was said that you could always tell when Dolliver was about to cut loose on the floor. Invariably, an hour or so would escort the venerable father, who they had to use crutches from the infirmities of age, to a front seat in the members' gallery. There he would sit and wait for the speech and listen to it with all the interest in the world, never failing to applaud at the right moment. His son never failed to recognize his presence in the gallery by smiling at him two or three times in the course of each speech.



MISS JEANETTE GILDER MINISTER'S DAUGHTER WHO HAS WON FAME AS A CRITIC FROM PHOTO TAKEN AT HER DESK



J.P. DOLLIVER OF IOWA U.S. SENATOR, GOOD STORY TELLER, ORATOR AND OLD STYLE FISHERMAN

Republican, and all his sympathies were with that party. So, as they say in Fort Dodge, "one day he blew into town and settled down." His first office was over a store. For some time he slept and studied, and fought for a practice in the one room, often working till late at night by the light of a kerosene lamp over his law books and his early cases.

education, but, like Theodore Roosevelt's father, believed it would be better for his son to spend as much time out of doors as possible and that his mental training could be carried on much more effectively in the open air than in the school-room confinement during his childhood at least.

Naturally the father saw to it that the boy's literary taste was not neglected. It is not surprising, therefore, to hear that he was fond of "Paradise Lost" before reaching his teens. But his taste in reading was broad and catholic, for he remembers distinctly that at the time of his greatest devotion to Milton's stately lines he was also much wrapped up in a certain dime novel lent to him for a time in Philadelphia and read in the seclusion of the stable.

Gilder's first newspaper venture bore upon its face a motto to the effect that its editorials were meant to "instruct and uplift mankind." It is not surprising, which he set up and edited at 18, was the local organ of the Bell and Everett party, a highly important political organization in the city.

He broke out when Gilder was 17, changed the course of his life completely. His father, who had been a captain in a Northern regiment, and died at Brandy hospital Va., of smallpox, in an army nurse, which he had entered as a volunteer nurse, to forego college training, though he has since received several honorary degrees.

The eldest son in the family had to support the other members—for a while, at least—and he fell to work. Meanwhile, just when doesn't matter, he studied law for a time in Philadelphia and served through the so-called Gettysburg campaign in an emergency organization known as the Landis' Battery, raised in Philadelphia and sent to the front at Gettysburg, which was fought before the battle of Antietam.

After the paymaster job he became a reporter on the Newark (N. J.) Daily Register. Later he was editor and proprietor of the Newark Morning Register, which has long since passed away. It was while he was running the latter named paper that he did his hard work, being fearful of the Register's future, he took the job of editing Hours at Home, published by the Scribners, and divided his working hours between two editorial desks, one in Newark and one in New York. The friend of the editor, who has long since passed away, says that no one could tell when he used to sleep in those crowded years.

Gilder began to find himself when Scribner's Monthly—now the Century—was established, with the Scribners as publishers, and the late Dr. J. G. Holland as editor. Holland selected Gilder as managing editor, and gave him a department, "The Old Cabinet," to conduct.

After Holland's death and Gilder's promotion to the editorship, "The Old Cabinet" was discontinued; much to the regret of many readers.

Sitting at his editorial desk one day Mr. Gilder received a call from "H. H."—Helen Hunt, not yet Mrs. Jackson—the author of "Ramona." With her was a young woman art student—Miss Helen de Kay—daughter of Commodore de Kay and granddaughter of Joseph Rodman Drake, and the art student fell in love at first sight, and in due time she became Mrs. Gilder.

Everybody knows what a big man he is in the magazine world today, although few remember that it was he who created the modern magazine illustration, but it was as chairman of the New York Yacht Club House Commission, in 1894, he was a great factor in the improvement of tenement house conditions everywhere, and the Authors' Club owes its being to him. He is proud of his poetry, and his "Topics of the Times" editorials in his magazine are the best of his achievements. One of his first pieces of verse published in Newark told how

The red moon stood in the sky more true, And this led to a reference in a rival paper to "the young poet who has lit moon up a tree." But nobody now knows who wrote that sarcastic reference.

psychology to be a really good story teller; those who decry William as a psychologist say that he knows too much about the novelist's art to be a successful professor, but they have both made good for all that. Their father, Henry James, was a theologian, his specialty being the mystic doctrines of the Swedenborgians, still strong in Philadelphia, though not now in many other places in this country. Henry James the younger was born in New York 63 years ago. He esteems the town as he knew it half a century back, when a boy, much more than he does the big city of today, with its subways, "L" roads and skyscrapers.

You may remember that he returned to this country last year after a residence abroad of 20 or 30 years, occupied mostly in the production of fiction, most of it rather close to the "edge," but of such persistently indirect style as to lead one to believe that he was not a novelist at all. He was received here with the same fall-down-and-worship-the-genius attitude which he had in London, and is almost universally accorded to him in the literary world of London. Even Agnes Repplier, Philadelphia's favorite and really charming essayist, said of him the other day that he has outstripped Philadelphia's Contemporary Club from the platform, and that "no one is more able than he to prick us into that mental alertness which leads us almost to the verge of understanding." Wherever he went "the elect" made quite a remarkable commotion upon him as those which he emitted concerning the people and the cities of his native land.

Notwithstanding his literary quality Mr. James looks more like a solid, successful banker or perhaps a manufacturer, than a literary man. To those who met him during his American visit and noted his usually "wholesome, sensible and balanced."

Mr. James lives at "the decayed port of Rye," in Sussex, 60 miles from London, in an ancient, tawny brick structure of the name of the family which occupied it for many generations. He is of middle height, slightly bald, and his once black hair is rapidly turning white. He dresses with the utmost care, and gives personal attention to the affairs of his house. He is a great favorite in society and has a large following of society and literary women who are known as "the very best." Not all of these women are beautiful, but every one of them is clever. Mr. James will not be bothered with stupid disciples, either men or women.

Mr. James has and always has had a competency and needn't care whether his novels sell well as books or not. He is always in demand for serial publication.

Presidential Minister's Son.

Grover Cleveland, the only living minister's son of the United States, is also the only living ex-President. His personality is at least as strong and pronounced as that of any other minister's son in the country.

The people of Caldwell, N. J., where stands the house in which he was born, a modest two-and-a-half-story frame structure, painted brown, but for half a century the old-time starting white—are daily proud that their town is his birthplace. They have never purchased the house for preservation, however, as was stated in print a few years ago, Mr. Cleveland was born in 1837 and was taken to Fayetteville, N. Y., when 3 years old. He got most of his schooling for, like Mr. Gilder, he never went to college—at the Fayetteville district school, and while a pupil there marked the desk with his name, so that President Finley, of the College of the City of New York, being able to identify it, bought it a few years ago to present to the college.

Mr. Cleveland's uncle, Professor William Cleveland, was head of the New York Institution for the Blind when the Rev. Mr. Cleveland died, and Grover, then a boy of 15, went to New York to live for a time. Fanny Crosby, the noted blind hymn writer, was then a teacher in the institution, and she has left a record of how the President-to-be used to assist her by writing out the poems which she composed and could not put on paper because she could not read. On one occasion the superintendent of the institution, whose accounts the boy was helping to keep, remonstrated against such a waste of time. Grover asked Miss Crosby to tell the superintendent her opinion of him "in plain prose." She did so and no further objections were made.

Soon after Grover went to Buffalo to live with his uncle. There he read law in an attic room and there he remained until elected Governor of New York.

Grover Cleveland and Richard Watson Gilder have been close friends for many years. (Copyright, 1907, by Dexter Marshall.)

There are now over 700 motor omnibuses owned by London companies. The number of steam omnibuses is 27.