

WAYS MEN TAKE

TO GET THEIR NAMES UP.

Sudden Growth of Love for Art That Often Comes to the New Rich of America

Harriman's Failure to Get Social Recognition and How He Took His Revenge

BY DEXTER MARSHALL.

"SEE that chap on the other side of the street? Well he's getting to be a millionaire," said a rather cynical man to a friend on Broadway the other day. It won't be long before you'll hear of his buying a few famous paintings, or a delicately tinted peach blow vase or two or an exquisite group of statuary, just for the name of it; simply to win recognition in circles that are supposed to care nothing for a man just because he is rich.

Possibly he won't turn to art collecting, however; he may go into the endowment line, beginning on a few beds in a hospital, if his impulses are charitable, or a scholarship in a university if he wishes recognition from the scholarly. If his efforts to get his name up take the form of buying pictures, or vases, or statuary, it will be because he likes artistic things of course; if he enters the endowment or charitable field it may be partly because he wants to help others less lucky than himself, but most folk will believe his chief motive a desire to get his name up, whatever he does.

It is good that the world that men are moved in order to force recognition and the praise of their fellows to do many things which they need not do. The desire for the world's attention has resulted in the enormous enlargement of the world's knowledge, in the endowment of schools and universities, hospitals, museums and art galleries, in the establishment of many of the most useful and necessary charities.

This desire has impelled men of wealth to use their money to pay the salaries and expenses of scientific investigators; to equip and send expeditions to little known regions in order that the secrets of geography and geology might be sought out; to establish astronomical observatories that the mysteries of the heavens might be revealed; in a thousand ways the almost universal desire for recognition has worked out to the great benefit of mankind.

James Lick's Way.

Some men who want recognition are so constituted that they are willing to wait for it until after death. James Lick was one of these, and his way was highly successful. It will insure recognition from astronomers as long as they continue to study the stars, and from the rest of the world as long as Mount Hamilton, on the summit of which the Lick Observatory stands, escapes the California earthquakes.

Lick started out in active life with a grim determination to win recognition, not from the great world at first, but from a queer old Pennsylvania Dutchman, a miller for whom he worked when a boy. The miller had money in plenty and a pretty daughter. Lick had no money, but he wanted the miller's daughter and told the miller so. The latter wouldn't put up with any such nonsense as his daughter marrying a poor young man, even if she was in love with him. To impress the situation upon Lick's mind he reminded the young man of the mill and asked:

"You see that mill, Jimmy? When you can show me through as good a mill which you own when you can come to me and talk about marrying my daughter, but not till then."

Young Lick had nothing further to say about the girl. He learned the trade of plane and organ building and went into business for himself in Hanover, Pa.; Baltimore and Philadelphia successively, after which he abandoned his native country and located in Buenos Ayres. He worked like a fiend at his business to get enough money together to convince the old miller that he was well enough off to marry the girl. Not progressing fast enough, he added stinkiness to his hard work and became close almost to miserliness. He remained in Buenos Ayres some years and got moderately ahead of the game. In 1847, hoping to do better, he returned to the United States, settling near San Jose, Cal.

He was then a year past 50, a solitary, sulky sort of individual, who had no friends to speak of and about whom nobody even dreamed that there was a shred of romance.

Before he had been in California long, however, he showed that he had never forgotten the girl he had loved 30 years earlier, and also, that the overmastering idea of his life had been to make her father sorry for the course he had taken. Lick's method of carrying out his idea took the form of a flouring mill, which was admirably termed "palatial" by the Californians, since he spent \$200,000 or more upon it, laying floors of mahogany, putting in dividing walls and ceilings of other rare woods, and lavishing no end of care and attention upon its machinery and construction.

He knew that he couldn't win the hand of his oldtime sweetheart then, for she had long been married, but as soon as the mill was completed he had a whole series of photographs taken which he sent to the miller.

Apparently Lick was unsatisfied with his long-drawn-out and empty triumph. At all events he planned an observatory which bears his name with direct reference to winning the recognition of the entire world. This was shown by the wording of the first Lick will drawn up that contained an observatory clause, since it stipulated distinctly that the observatory should contain "a powerful telescope, superior to and more powerful than any telescope yet made." He was so anxious that there should be no hitch about it that he had the will redrawn repeatedly. It served its purpose in its final form, although the executors had to make big concessions to his brother before they got through with him.

Lick made a dozen other bequests, varying from \$100 to \$10,000 for less spectacular objects, one of which was

the erection of a monument in San Francisco to the memory of Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star-Spangled Banner," and another to found a California school of mechanical arts. None of these other bequests carried with it a stipulation that the institution benefited should bear his name, but such a clause did go with the one providing for the observatory. Nobody ever knew why he decided upon an astronomical observatory for his monument; it wasn't because of any special interest he had either in the stars or telescopes, but he could have selected no better way of getting his name up after death than by doing exactly as he did.

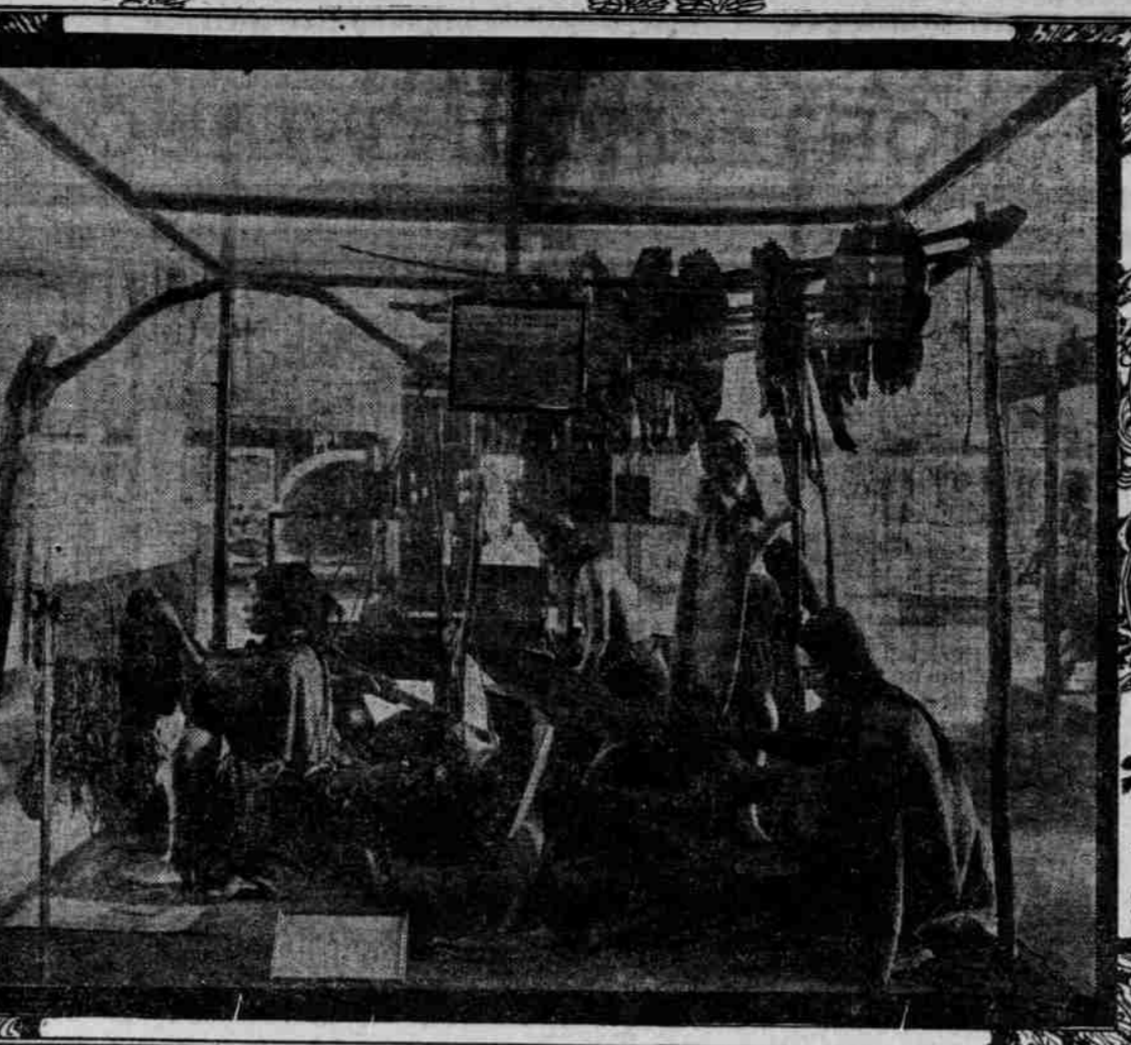
Lick's entire fortune did not exceed \$4,000,000, so that his benefactions were smaller, compared with the benefactions of Carnegie or Rockefeller distributed during life and not withheld until after death, as he withheld his.

In 1876, however, when Lick died, at 70, the size of his telescope bequest was almost unprecedented. To this day nobody else, either before or after death, has given a million in a lump to further astronomical investigation.

Explorer by Proxy.

Morris K. Jesup, who has been giving freely to all sorts of philanthropic and scientific purposes for many years, has got his name up chiefly as an explorer by proxy. He stopped trying to make any more money 23 years ago, in 1884, and since then has devoted practically all his time to spending it in the ways that suit him best.

It would not be fair, probably, to speak of Mr. Jesup's course as a planned out campaign for recognition, but his actions have brought it to him in great parcels. He now is only three years less than 83. He was born at Newport, Conn., in 1830, and went to New York when only a lad, and went to work in the office of Rogers, Ketchum & Grosvenor, of the Paterson Locomotive Works.



GROUP COLLECTION Showing how the ALASKA NATIVES LIVE. Procured by one of the expeditions sent out by MORRIS K. JESUP, and presented by him to the American Museum of Natural History.



PAINTING OF LORD NELSON IN THE CABIN OF THE VICTORY. By Charles Lucy. Presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, for Recognition by J. P. MORGAN.



LICK OBSERVATORY Mount Hamilton, Cal.

WRESTLING BOUT AT HARRIMAN'S BOYS CLUB

order of St. Stanislaus of the first class, conferred by the reigning Czar of Russia a little less than two years ago, and he held in the highest esteem the whole world over because of the way he has spent his money to push along scientific investigations. The Jesup name is certainly "up" among the scientists, and almost as much so in artistic, philanthropic and religious circles.

The movements financed by Mr. Jesup which have won for him such exceptional recognition have covered an extraordinary range. He began giving to the Presbyterian Church, of which he has been a member since boyhood, years before he retired. He was one of the founders of the Young Men's Christian Association.

He built the Boy's Lodging-house for the Children's Aid Society in New York nearly 20 years ago. Merely to list the other institutions he has founded or helped would be to write a catalogue, and to tell how much money he has spent upon them would involve a table of figures the aggregate of which would be decidedly impressive. His pet is the American Museum of Natural History, and he has won widest recognition from the exploration parties which he has sent out as president of that institution and paid for out of his own pocket.

There have been six or seven of these expeditions and they have penetrated some of the most remote parts of the earth. One of them went to Northern Siberia, where the traveling scientists learned a good deal in support of the theory that North America was originally peopled through a great tide of immigration from Asia.

The scientists also visited the island of Sakhalin, or Saghalien, which Russia held through seizure for many years, but now holds jointly with Japan. There the Jesup explorers rediscovered the rumored hairy, aboriginal, Ainu race. Another Jesup expedition visited Alaska, where painters and photographers and writers made graphic and written records of the things found by the scientists. Other expeditions visited other strange lands, everywhere studying men and women, their ways of life, the traditions, their folklore, their songs and their ways of living, as well as the physical features of the country, to which the observations of nearly all the earlier explorers and some of the modern ones have been confined.

Stanielaus. Jesup furnished Peary with the good ship Roosevelt, on which the latter made his recent famous journey to the "furbest north." As a proxy explorer, Jesup has added more to our knowledge of out-of-the-way places than any other living man.

Jesup amassed part of the wealth which has made his remarkably wide recognition possible in the banking business, but a part of it was got together in the building and financing of railroads at a time when railroad building in this country was very profitable. He got out of his railroad directorates, however, soon after quitting the occupation of banker. The South Carolina Central was the last road with which he retained official connection.

Morris K. Jesup seems to be quite ready to suffer the greatest publicity of his exploring expeditions, but he is unusually averse to seeing anything about his own personality in print. He is a handsome man for one of his age, and full of dignity, with heavy mustache and luxuriant old-fashioned side whiskers. He is a man of great suavity and is decidedly in earnest with regard to anything and everything which he undertakes. He is nearly as fond of the New York Chamber of Commerce, with which he has been connected since 1883 and of which he has been president for years, as he is of the Museum of Natural History. He dresses with extreme care, and despite the almost invariably decorative design of his neckwear, in excellent taste.

Fight for Social Recognition.

The two greatest railroad leaders now in this country, J. J. Hill and E. H. Harriman, have sought, apparently, to win the recognition for which both have been undeniably eager, chiefly along the lines of their business activities.

Yet there is a story which you have seen in the news columns, no doubt, within the last few weeks, that Harriman's ambition for the social recognition of his family, at least, has become as keen as his desire for recognition in the transportation world. This story has it that he desired Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, darling, not to say eccentric, society leader, to introduce his daughters into New York's most exclusive social set; that Mrs. Fish declined decisively, not to say rudely, and that it was because of her declaration that Harriman relentlessly forced her husband out of the Illinois Central presidency.



MORRIS K. JESUP

Such a course would seem too trivial for a man of Harriman's caliber. The knowing ones say they see no reason. If Mr. Harriman has really entered the lists for social recognition, why he should not succeed in winning all he should after, even if it should include the social humiliation of Mrs. Fish. The Boys' Club in New York, of

which Harriman was one of the founders at 28, more than 20 years ago, was not in all probability started as an aid to the recognition of anybody, but simply as a good sort of thing to have a hand in, as indeed it was and is. That the big railroad man considers it an asset now, however, seems to be borne out by the circumstance that the institution received plenty of attention in a recent article about him, the only one which he has ever authorized. He sometimes tells his friends with pride that, as president of this organization, he is at the head of the biggest club in the world. This is true, since its membership includes nearly 10,000 of the East side boys who by and by will be voters.

Harriman's push for social recognition is not being made along lines similar to those adopted by any of the other big railroad men with a banking background about the marriage of each of his three daughters to a foreigner of such "exalted" social rank

that New York's society folk had to take them and all the others of the family up whether or no.

No—not all the family. "Joe" Letter never was a society favorite, but that is probably because he preferred to get his name up as a wheat pit king and in other ways than in society, spending a million or so to learn that he didn't carry quite as much snuff.

The social campaign now being waged at Washington by Thomas R. Walsh, the gold miner who made such a tremendous strike some years ago, is one of the most interesting that has been organized for years. Like George Gould, Walsh began his campaign abroad, making friends with Leopold, the amazing Belgian King, whom he entertained in Paris at several banquets which cost so much money that the French journalists were confirmed in their strong suspicion that the American was all crony as well as too rich for their own good.

Walsh's entertainments in Washington last winter were hardly less spectacular than those which he gave in Paris. Both are freely made that, although he and his wife have not penetrated the real inner social circle, they will ultimately arrive.

Although J. J. Hill never has made a move for social recognition—once, indeed, his wife administered a decisive snuff to some society women of St. Paul who tried to conciliate her—he has made a strong effort to get his name up as an art connoisseur by the lavish purchase of paintings, and, being a better judge of pictures than most millionaires, has won his point decisively.

Morgan, Hill's great ally in the financial transportation games in which Harriman and the Rockefeller have played for years on opposite sides, has striven harder for recognition as an art patron than Hill, having assumed about the same attitude toward the Metropolitan Museum of Art that Jesup has toward the Museum of Natural History. Morgan's investments in pictures, vases, statuary, wonderful wood carvings and almost every other form of art have cost him millions—more, perhaps, than has been expended since similar lines by any other living man. Both he and John D. Rockefeller have made big bids for recognition abroad by spectacular traveling, but apparently not with ulterior society motives.

Thomas F. Ryan's chief efforts for recognition, outside his business of gathering in all the traction and insurance interests in sight, have been in the way of cathedral building.

Some Unusual Ways.

The most astounding move made by an "exalted personage" for social recognition was made by Napoleon when he divorced his wife Josephine, whom he had married for love, to marry the daughter of a Hapsburg. Napoleon had supposed that the winning