



When Mr. Morgan Came To Town

Only the contractors and officials were supposed to know that the square mile of high board fence built recently off South Avenue, below the Fanwood cut, enclosed the clubhouse and grounds of the exclusive Cartefet Gun Club, formerly of New York. But paradoxically the voluble Timothy McCarthy knew. On the day of the opening, Liveryman Bill Barton had informed him confidentially that he was to meet Mr. Pierpont Morgan and party at the Westfield depot and drive them to the grounds. They would arrive on the 2:10 train. For this very special occasion, Liveryman Barton directed that his finest turn-out be brought forth and instructed Timothy to don a coachman's uniform and appear on the scene shortly before the appointed time.

"This is a private affair, Tim," continued his boss. "Mr. Morgan don't like to have crowds starin' at him. He's a very generous man, they say, if you mind your p's and q's."

Timothy McCarthy's heart throbbed in his expanding bosom. It was an honor, to be sure, and he deserved it. What man in these parts could match him at driving a barouch behind a lively pair of bays?

As the train chugged into the station, Mr. T. M. McCarthy, coachman extra-ordinary, wheeled his glistening equipage into place near the depot platform. Never had he looked so precisely regal. A competitor from Decker's stable called out: "An' would y' have a look at the damn dude!" to which the great McCarthy answered not a word.

Then came the proud moment. Mr. McCarthy stepped down from the box and doffed his hat. What elegance, thought he, as his searching eyes traversed the entire range of fine raiment. The fancy breeches of the tall gentleman fascinated him. The distinguished guests comfortably seated, he mounted the box. And now for a display that would make the crowned heads of Wall Street turn green

with admiration! He was matchless when he had Tom and Jerry under rein. This team could step in the best company. They pranced up North Avenue and under the railroad bridge in rhythmic stride, obedient to the master's artful touch. Mr. McCarthy's ears tingled. Could the gentlemen be speakin' a word of praise for such a grand show? He couldn't tell; they spoke in low tones.

At the gate Mr. Morgan took out a big gold watch, attached to a heavy gold chain and said to McCarthy: "Return at five o'clock—promptly!" then hurried inside.

In Mr. Morgan's party were his son, who some day would become the head of the famous banking house; John W. (Bet-You-A-Million) Gates, and William Floyd Jones. Manager Garnet Payne had anticipated their arrival. The club championship was on, and Morgan, Gates, Jones, Captain Monies and Payne Whitney were entered with Harry Kirkover, George McAlpin and Dan Bradley, crack shots. Monies and Gates were evenly matched and when the captain killed his 90th bird, Gates turned to him and said: "I'll bet you \$5000. you miss the next one." Monies, his finger on the trigger, answered, "You're on!" When the bird dropped, the imperturbable Gates grinned. "Good boy! You're shooting well today! . . ."

Driving homeward, Coachman McCarthy was magnificent; and when he drew rein at the depot platform he fairly bubbled over. Leaping from the box, he opened the door and saluted Mr. Morgan as he stepped from the barouch. "A nice day it was, Yer Excellence," said he. "An' I've no doubt the shootin' was of the best."

Mr. Morgan addressed Mr. Gates: "Go carefully there, John, or you'll get stuck in that puddle of Jersey mud!"

Coachman McCarthy could see no mud, but he was most apologetic. "For the life