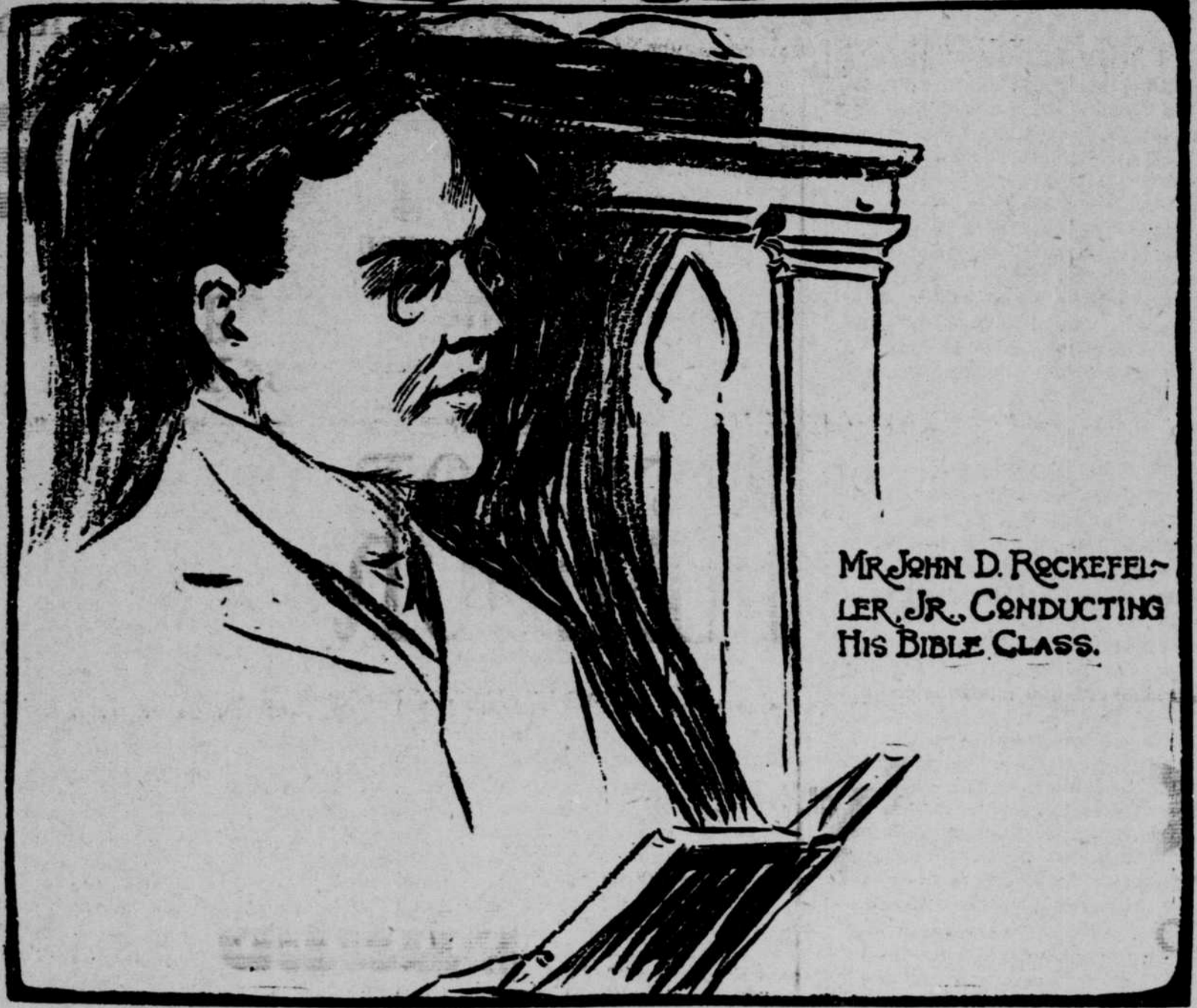


How Only Son of the World's Richest Man Devotes Himself to His Bible Class



MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., CONDUCTING HIS BIBLE CLASS.

A Rainy Sunday Morning at the Bible Class of the Heir of Richest Man in the World—Character Study of the Leader and His Methods—An Honest, Impartial, Uncolored Account of Just What Happened During an Hour of Bible Study with Young Mr. Rockefeller at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York.



MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

Item: It was shortly before 10 in the morning, Fifth avenue was comparatively deserted for three reasons, namely, it was Sabbath day, it was 100 early by some hours for an ease-and-luxury-loving residential section to be visibly astir, and it was raining—raining as when gray and ragged skies are being steadily unraveled upon an outwardly deserted city.

Standing—had there been any sun—in the shadow of the modest Fifth Avenue Baptist church spire in West Forty-sixth street, just off the mansions avenue, an observer might have counted some hundred and fifty exceptions to the prevailing rule of metropolitan desertion. An observer also might have noticed a modest couple, devoid of any crest or family insignia, just as the driver was mixing a cocktail and livery, draw up at the church entrance and deposit a young man and a young woman upon the pavement.

Had it not been raining, the couple—the young man and his wife—would have walked from their handsome Fifth avenue residence to the West Forty-sixth street church, instead of riding even in such an unpretentious conveyance as they used on this occasion. For the young John D. Rockefeller is endeavoring to live—as he preaches to his remarkable Bible class in the Fifth Avenue Baptist church—the simple life.

As founder, patron and leader of what has come to be known generally as the Rockefeller Bible class, which, incidentally, is of more numerical importance than the entire remaining Fifth Avenue Baptist Sabbath school, the younger Rockefeller occupies a position at once commanding and unique in the public gaze. Stray and striking messages from his weekly addresses to his class—addresses that are half-confidential discussions and half-sermons—wander regularly into print. But the manner in which he conducts his class, this young heir to the five hundred or more Rockefeller millions, of his personal and attitude toward him, comparatively few glimpses have been obtained.

Having accompanied his wife, a daughter of Senator Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island to the small waiting room adjoining the church proper, the young multi-millionaire leader, having been delayed a few minutes on account of the rain, hurried into the main body of the church, where some hundred and fifty class members and visitors were congregated.

Evidently the leader and the led were thoroughly en rapport. For his genial smile of greeting was vividly reflected upon nearly every face present. His smile had in it a searching warmth and cordiality that had the same thawing effect upon the beneficiaries as might a touch of sunlight upon the outside world. As a facial expression it was in many respects remarkable, beginning at the corners of the mouth, gradually taking in the whole mouth in its progress, extending to the shorn upper lip, and then swiftly enveloping the entire lower portion of the face.

Several times the smile was repeated, each time with the same revivifying effect upon the recipients, as the leader made his way to his appointed place in front of the congregated class. But it never quite reached nor included the steel gray eyes which possessed the extraordinary characteristic of never blinking, so far as could be casually observed.

Smiling his sixth, or maybe his seventh, consecutive smile, the young leader reached and ascended the slightly elevated platform. Although in doing so, he had back to the audience for a fraction of a minute, he conveyed a curious impression of not having taken his eyes from the assemblage. Choosing an ample chair of Titian plush the young man sat down, folded his arms, and calmly proceeded to survey the faces turned toward him with their varying degrees of age and experience. Simultaneous with this movement, and as suddenly as the genial expression had appeared in his face on his entrance, it was eclipsed as though by a transitory cloud of some impenetrable texture.

Something about the silent, thoughtful figure on the platform bespoke the leader. His dominance over the class was never for a moment weakened or lost. Did any one present permit his voice to touch an upper register or his foot to fall with a disturbing echo, the transgressor immediately directed an apologetic glance toward the platform as though to excuse the derelict. Yet there was a homelike quality in the atmosphere which even the bleak and bare interior could not quite dispel.

Glancing at his watch and noting that it was time to begin, young Rockefeller arose and announced the professional hymn. Everybody stood up, and led by a male quartet of exceptionally good voices recruited from the class members, joined in the song. Vocally the leader could be distinguished by his manner of prolegomena, the final notes after the other voices were lowered or hushed.

With the conclusion of the professional he remained standing while the class was seated. There was no suggestion, tipped off the collectors did the annoyance cease.—New York Press.

Gold Collects Microbes. "The poor man," said the scientist, "hasn't everything against him. It has been discovered that gold collects disease germs to a greater extent than either silver or copper.

"Thus the poor man, with only quarters and dimes and pennies to handle, is safer than the rich man, with his eagles and double eagles. And the poor man, with his silver watch can ascertain the time without half the risk that the gold-watched rich man runs.

"Seriously," said the scientist, "it has been proved that gold has a greater attraction for disease germs than any other metal. Microbes crowd a piece of gold as commuters crowd the trains in the rush hours. Silver and copper, however, the poor man's metals, are not so overrun with microbes. On pennies or dimes there is always room for the little creatures to stretch their legs and move about a

HOW TO FIND GROUSE.

Uncertain Birds to Which Rules Do Not Always Apply.

The ruffed grouse is one of the uncertain birds to which no hard and fast rules will apply, says a writer in *Outing*, yet he has a few small peculiarities of which advantage may be taken. In wild, heavy woodland, his original haunt, he has a weakness for two things—an old toterod, or any seldom used road, and the bank of a stream.

A man trying a bit of woods with which he is unaccustomed probably will see more grouse near an old road than anywhere else. In hilly country the lower slopes of the ravines are apt to be the best ground. In level country the long strips of thicket bordering large blocks of standing timber are ideal places and if the thicket happens to mark the edge of a clover field so much the better.

Never pass even a small thicket which stands out in a clover field with a wood upon any side. Grouse are fond of clover and until the winter sets in are apt to be in any fair shelter near the field. Later, in snow time, the borders and interior of large woodland swamps are the chosen places. If there be a region of thick, low-lying forest, having close-grown beech ridges here and there, these surely will repay the labor of beating them, for they are almost certain to be the strongholds of all the ruffed grouse of the neighborhood. Old windfalls and slashings are good because they afford acres of the sort of shelter the birds prefer in cold weather.

Should a single bird flush, proceed warily and ready for instant action, for a second and perhaps three or four stragglers may be within gunshot of the spot. Ground good for one bird may be as attractive to three or four, although each individual remains some slight distance from the others. When beating border thickets with a comrade, I prefer to work in the cover about along the line where thicket and forest join. Most men will choose the outside, but ruffed grouse almost invariably dash for the wood, hence across the line of fire of the inside man. Such shots are none too easy and trees have a knack of getting in the way, yet as a general thing the inside position means the most fun.

What is a Typical American?

Every nation, or rather every historic race, has certain attributes in addition to the great and more obvious virtues it believes to be peculiarly its own, and in which it takes an especial pride. Henry Cabot Lodge in McClure's *We of the United States* likes to think of the typical American as a brave man and an honest man, very human, with no vain pretense to infallibility. We would have him simple in his home life, democratic in his ways, with the highest education that the world can give, kind to the weak, tender and loyal and true, never quarrelsome, but never afraid to fight, with a strong, sane sense of humor, and with a strain of adventure in his blood, which we shall never cease to love until those ancestors of ours who conquered a continent have drifted a good deal farther into the past than is the case to-day. These are the qualities which all men admire and respect and which thus combined we like to think peculiarly American.

An Ingalls Story.

Mr. John J. Ingalls, who was always stoical, who was not seemingly affected by passion and who was perfectly indifferent to pleasure or pain, was some years ago making a long drive in the western part of the state with a companion. They were out campaigning, were full of syp water, were wholly enveloped in the dust of the desert, their bronces being completely fagged while wearily approaching the end of a fifty-mile drive. Not a word had been spoken for half an hour. Ingalls sat stiffly beside his companion, his hair, his face, his clothing thick with the alkali dust that floated in clouds above them. Clearing his throat as he turned his face to the west, he majestically waved his hand to his companion, and, speaking in his characteristic guttural tones, said: "What a magnificent sunset!"—*Eldorado* (Kan.) *Republican*.

By Comparison.

Not half so rapid are your eyes As some that flash me soft replies As some that tempt me to your lips As some alas! as some I know; Not half so dear the chin that dips Above your bosom's timid show As chins where dimpling lilies blow. Your smiles bewildering, your hair, Your woman's ways, the goddess you wear, Not half so heart-entangling fair As those of other ladies fair. With whom I meet me every day. Not half—ah, not but twice and thrice as captivating, sweet and true In every charm you than all Who ever held me in their thrall.—*Town Topics*.

Nine-Pound Potato.

Greely, Colo., claims the largest potato raised in the Centennial State this year. The tuber for which the championship is claimed weighs nine pounds and was sent to the exposition at St. Louis. Roy Smith of Montrose, Colo., has five potatoes whose combined weight is twenty-two pounds.

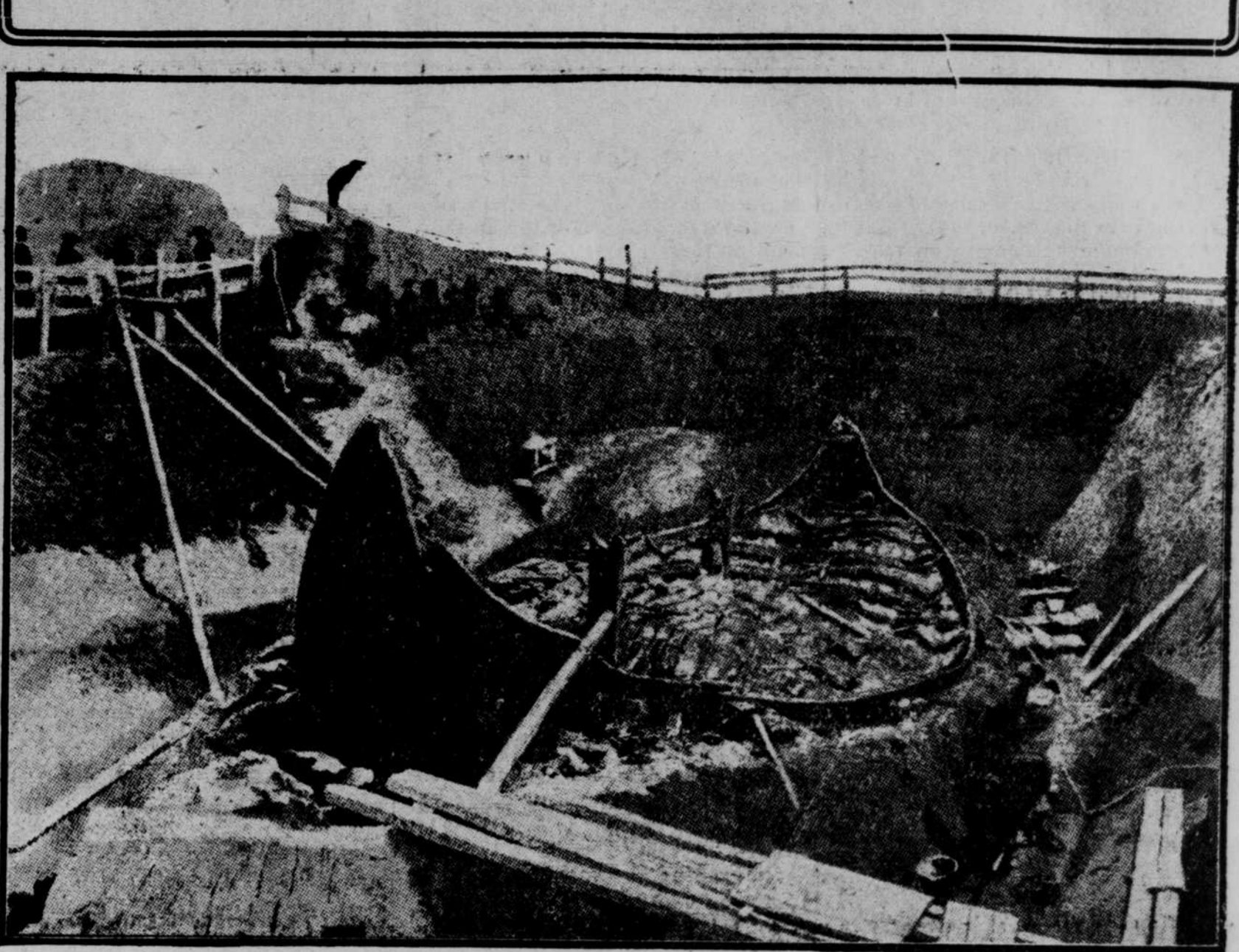
The Pleasure of Old Age.

Free from the distractions of life, the aged are at leisure to observe and admire. "I never knew," said Cornaro, "that the world was beautiful until I reached old age." This period was frequently declared by him to be the most beautiful of his life. Writing at the age of ninety-one, he said that he felt it his duty to make known to the world that man could attain to an earthly paradise after the age of eighty; but only by means of the two virtues, self-restraint and temperance. At that time he was writing eight hours a day, walking and singing many other hours, enjoying the beauties of nature, and abundant in labors for the good of mankind.—*Good Health*.

Honors Hunting Women.

The German Emperor has conferred imperial court hunting costumes upon three English noblewomen—the dowager Countess of Dudley, the Marchioness of Lansdowne and the Marchioness of Ormonde—whom his majesty saw hunting on the occasion of

Viking Ship 1,000 Years Old



The Pleasure-Barge of Some Norwegian Queen: A thousand-year-old Viking Ship Newly Discovered at Slagen, Norway.

What is supposed to have been the pleasure barge of some Norwegian queen has been unearthed at Slagen, Norway. It is at least 1,000 years old and was discovered on the coast west of Christiania bay. Various circum-

stances point to its having been the pleasure vessel of some viking monarch's queen. These proofs are said to lie in the fact that no weapons were discovered in the burial tumulus where the ship lay. Other proofs are

the fine woodwork on the rails and prow, and a loom and an elegant sledge, probably a woman's, which were also found inside the vessel. The find has attracted the attention of scientists of Europe.

HE WAS OLD FOR THE GAME.

How Kindly Citizen Got Into Trouble Helping a Boy.

A small boy was staggering under the weight of a big wooden box along Norris street, near Thirtieth yesterday, says the Philadelphia Record, when a sedate, middle-aged man accosted him. "I'll help you, sonny," said the man, kindly, and he grabbed hold of the box. The boy looked surprised, but accepted the aid, and together they marched ahead until, at Thirtieth street, a policeman suddenly appeared in view. "Cheese it!" shouted the boy, scampering off, leaving the astonished Samaritan face to face with the cop and in sole possession of the box. "Ain't you a little bit old for that game?" queried the policeman. "Wh-wh what game?" gasped the puzzled citizen. "Stealing," returned the cop, with a grin. "Swiping firewood for election." "Gee whiz!" exclaimed the kindly disposed individual, mopping his brow. After looking at the box and then at the policeman, he remarked: "I guess it's up to me to take this back." And while the cop looked on he carried the box back to where a grocer was standing, laughing at his predicament.

PHYSICAL VALUE OF YAWN.

Expands Lungs and with Stretching Aids Circulation of Blood.

During sleep the respiration is shallow and the expansion of the lungs is insufficient for active movement. It is necessary, therefore, says the Detroit News-Tribune, to fully expand the lungs on waking before or as soon as active movements commence. This is effected by a yawn, which is a deep respiration, assisted by the wide opening of the mouth.

The depth of the inspiration is often assisted by raising the arms above the head and by throwing forward the chest and thus yawning and stretching are only parts of one inspiratory effort.

Stretching also aids the return of the blood to the muscles. During sleep the circulation is feeble and the skin seems to be supplied with blood at the expense of the muscles and on waking the limbs are stretched to insure their being in working order and to restore to them their normal waking blood supply.

FOOLED HIS FATHER-IN-LAW.

Story of Senator Elkins and Vice-Presidential Candidate Davis.

Many years ago the recent democratic vice-presidential candidate and his son-in-law, Stephen B. Elkins, were going through the mountain wilderness of West Virginia, buying coal lands. It was a characteristic proceeding of Elkins to get the best bed at every little hotel where they stopped. Try as he would, Mr. Davis could never pick the best bed in a room, while Elkins could always tell at a glance which was the best, and would throw his bag and coat upon it as soon as they entered.

At one little town, however, Elkins was detained down stairs by a man who knew him, and Davis and another man of the party went up to the room where all went to sleep for the night. Davis went about from bed to bed and felt each very carefully, and found one much better than the rest. He deposited his overcoat and bag on the good bed and went down stairs. He could scarcely conceal the satisfaction he felt over his success in once getting the best of Elkins. The latter went upstairs soon after, and his practiced eye told him that his father-in-law had picked out the best bed.

"Boy," he said to the colored man who had shown him the room. "Here is half a dollar. Now I want you to change those two beds. Just the bedding underneath, now, and fix them so they will look just like they do now. Do you understand?"

"Yes sah," was the reply.

At night, after bargains had been made, the party went to the room to go to bed. Davis found everything just as he had left it. Elkins soon had his clothes off and was in bed listening. Davis leisurely got ready and, pulling down the covers, threw himself down, expecting to land on a soft and comfortable bed, but instead it was hard and rough. He groaned, and there was a suppressed snicker from the corner where Elkins had retired.

"O, Elkins, you have robbed me," remarked Davis, pathetically, and while Elkins declared he did not know what Davis referred to, his suppressed laughter connected him with the charge.—*Washington Post*.

WOUNDED JAPANESE A HERO.

With One Leg Shot Away He Crawled Forward to Fight.

"I rushed by a fellow who was down; his left leg was shot away," says a Japanese officer writing in *Lozbe's Monthly*. "He was bleeding copiously. Through the din of rifle fire and machine guns which gave us a mantle of smoke and dust, I shouted to him: 'To the rear to the field hospital, and be quick about it.' "The fellow looked at me, and upon his face was a marked sign of surprise. His lips quivered in a half smile. The expression of his face was at once an interrogation point and a mild rebuke. Then he began to wiggle himself forward through the bodies of his fallen comrades. I repeated my order, seeing that he could not walk very well with one leg, was a rather foolish one—I was somewhat exasperated at the evident indifference on his part to the order of his superior officer.

"He raised his face in my direction with the same old half smile and said to me: 'Lieutenant, I have lost one of my legs; but don't you see I have two hands?' They ought to be enough to strike at the Russians."

Long as Sherlock Holmes.

Ex-Gov. Long of Massachusetts is a Political Sherlock Holmes.

Not long ago he was at a county fair, when a farmer approached him. Gov. Long stuck out his hand and said: "I'm glad to see you again, sir, glad to see you. How's your wife? And the boy?"

All was bright and accurate, and the farmer beamed with pleasure. Gov. Long continued: "How about the white horse? Still have him, I suppose?"

The farmer beamed more than ever. "Wall, now! Who'd of thought you'd remember a little thing like that, gov'nor! Yes, I still got the old white hoss."

When the farmer had passed out of hearing a friend exclaimed: "Say, governor, that 'wife and boy' question was all right and safe. But how in the world did you know he had a white horse?"

"Well," said Gov. Long, "I'll tell you, I saw some white hairs on his coat and I took chances. That's all!"—*Cleveland Leader*.

In the Mexican Desert.

The Botanical Gazette of recent date Dr. D. T. MacDougal gives an account of the expedition which he arranged to explore the delta of the Rio Colorado and that practically unknown portion of the Mexican desert which lies on both sides round the head of the Gulf of California.

Amongst the xerophytes, which were found in the regions in extreme aridity, were many perennials containing latex and a large number of forms which secrete volatile oils or exude resinous gums; but plants with massive storage organs were absent, a fact which Dr. MacDougal attributes to the excessively small and even distribution of the rainfall throughout the year.

Judge Van Wyck Tells One.

Judge Augustus C. Van Wyck was arguing with sundry members of the North Carolina society against having a constitution that was too elaborate.

He declared that he preferred a strong society and a weak constitution to a weak society and a strong constitution.

"This reminds me," he said, "of the reply made by Rufus Choate when a friend congratulated him on having a strong constitution. 'Bless your life,' said Choate, 'I wore out my constitution twenty-five years ago, and since then I have been living on my by-laws.'"

Queer Symbolisms.

A Geneva professor who has been experimenting on the powers of symbolism possessed by his pupils secured some marvelous results. It is long since colors suggested sound, but the vowels have each their equivalent color for the sensitive Swiss subject.

The letter A gives the impression of red, I of white, O of black. The professor's experiments resulted in the identification of Sunday with white, Monday with yellow and so on through the scale to the blackness of Saturday. The blind lady in Rudyard Kipling's story puzzle "They" identifies purple and streaks with a mysterious thought in the mind of her visitor. One of the Geneva pupils drew a year as a circle.

Rockefeller's Lay Preaching.

Members of the Sunday school class of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., tell it quietly that he has changed much in the last year and a half in his disquisitions on morals. When he first took up his father's work as a teacher he stuck closely to the Bible, studiously avoiding whatever suggested the slightest leaning toward the sensationalism of lay preaching. He stood by his texts, which came mostly from the Psalms, Proverbs and the four gospels. Talking of the parable of the rich man was his delight, being born in the shadow of \$200,000,000, and his class quickly learned that Lazarus was his ideal. Lately he has drifted into a species of pleasant stimulation of the senses of his hearers, and now is in danger of becoming a thriller.

One Birth the Rule.

Former Senator George F. Edmunds recently visited one of the mountain hamlets in Vermont, where he had not been for many years. Despite the fact that it was near a railroad, it appeared not to have increased in size or changed a whit in thirty years.

"What's your population now?" the senator asked the local hotelkeeper. "Oh, somewhere between 1,200 and 1,400." "Why, the place used to have nearly 2,000, didn't it?" "Tain't so big as twas." "Well, I guess babies aren't born here very frequently, are they?" "Oh, but once."

New Colombian Minister.

Enrique Cortez, according to private information received in Washington, is to be sent here by President Reyes as Colombian minister to the United States. Senior Cortez is said to be in favor of the construction of an isthmian canal. A Pan-American diplomat is authority for the statement that the new minister will endeavor to sell to the United States several islands off the isthmus, which, it is believed, will be used by the

Great Irrigation Dam.

About 1,000 acres of valuable fruit land has been brought under water by the construction of the DeWeese dam in the Wet mountain valley, near Westcliffe, Colo. The reservoir is one of the largest in the Centennial State, and its waters will make valuable much land in Lincoln park, near Can-

Public Spirited Citizen.

Gen. William J. Palmer, the founder of Colorado Springs, Colo., besides spending \$750,000 in a park extending the length of the city, is completing a new equestrian and pedestrian trail to Crystal park, which will open up a grand scenery as is to be had in the

Her Way of Dodging Duns.

The tenants of an uptown flat house ran being greatly annoyed by persons who rang their bells and yet never came upstairs. Usually after a period of waiting, it would be decided that the postman had called and there would follow a fruitless trip down stairs.

The annoyance was finally traced to an apartment two flights up, the others invariably going to that floor, into a little quiet detective work disclosed that the woman living there never answered a ring at her own bell.

Later it developed that she was in debt. Those persons she wanted to see rang her bell and some answered. The first brought the woman to the door; the second gave the admission. If they rapped on the floor the woman admitted them. If there was a ring at her upstairs bell she knew it was a bill collector, and let him ring on until he concluded she was not in. Collectors ring only her bell usually did not gain admittance unless the door were unlocked.

Speculating on Noah's Ark.

The Danes have been modeling a vessel on the exact lines of Noah's ark as described in Genesis. The model is 50 feet long, 5 feet wide and 3 feet high—one-tenth of Noah's measurements. It was floated on Oct. 30 with a party of engineers and professors on board and proved to be an admirable sea boat.

The event confirms the theory that the Babylonians had at an early period a sea-borne commerce, and that Noah's ship was driven by a severe storm into the Euphrates and high and dry up into the mountains.

The remembrance of this great storm, which destroyed whole cities, grew into the account of the flood as we have it, says the learned professor, but as their speculations are only suggestions, we know just as much about it as before, and no more.

To Study Land Question.

It is stated that Sir Gilbert Parker, author of *A Ladder of Swords*, has gone to South Africa to make a special study of the land question there