

OHND. ROCKEFELLER, JR

REACHES THE GOSPEL OF THE SIMPLE LIFE.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Devoted to His Sunday School Work.

It was shortly before 10 in the morning. Fifth Avenue was comparatively deserted for three reasons, namely—it was the Sabbath day, it was too early some hours for an ease-and-luxury residential section to be visibly stirred, and it was raining—raining as when gray and ragged skies are being eadily unraveled upon an outwardly deserted city.

Standing—had there been any sun—the shadow of the modest Fifth Avenue Baptist Church spire in West Forty-sixth street, just off the mansioned enue, an observer might have counted me hundred and fifty exceptions to the prevailing rule of metropolitan desolation. An observer also might have noted modest coupe, devoid of any crest or mily insignia, just as the driver was inus a cockade and livery, crawl up at e church entrance and deposit a young an and a young woman upon the pavement.

Stepping first from the vehicle and sing his umbrella with such agility as experienced teller may some times ex- it in handling specie, the young man orted his companion to a small side trance of the church and with her disappeared into the plain brick and stone ifice.

Had it not been raining, the couple—e young man and his wife—would have lked from their handsome Fifth Avenue residence to the West Forty-sixth eet church, instead of riding even in ch an unpretentious conveyance as- yed upon this occasion. For the umber John D. Rockefeller is endeavor- g to live—as he preaches to his re- rtable Bible class in the Fifth Avenue pntist Church—the simple life.

As founder, patron and leader of what s come to be known generally as the Rockefeller Bible Class, which incidental- y is more numerically important than e entire remaining Fifth Avenue Bapt- ist Sunday-school, the younger Rocke- feller occupies a position at once com- mending and unique in the public gaze, ay and striking passages from his eekly addresses to his class—addresses it are half-confidential discussions and if-fermons—wander regularly into it. But of the manner in which he ducates his class, this young heir to the s hundred or more Rockefeller mil- ions of his personal and attitude toward him, comparatively few glimpses e been obtained.

Publicity, as he frankly declared, has n discouraged by himself and his class. t as it had been avoided whenever sible by the Rockefeller family.

Laying accompanied his wife, a daugh- of Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of ide Island, to the small waiting room ing the church proper, the young lti-millionaire leader having been de- ed a few minutes on account of the a, married into the main body of the reb, where some hundred and fifty s members and visitors were congreg- ed. They had been about the only letrians on the neighboring streets een the hours of 9 and 10—a time n all roads in that part of the city l to the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church.

Smile Never Reaches His Eyes.

Evidently the leader and the led were roughly en rapport. For his genial de of greeting was vividly reflected n nearly every face present. His le had in it a searching warmth and lity that had the same thawing et upon the beneficiaries as might a ch of sunlight upon the outside world. a facial expression it was in many re- cts remarkable, beginning at the cor- s of the mouth, gradually taking in whole mouth in its progress, extend- g to the short upper lip, and then as itly enveloping the entire lower por- of the face.

Several times the smile was repeated, t time with the same revivifying ef- upon the recipients, as the leader le his way to his appointed place in it of the congregated class. But it r quite reached nor included the steel yest which possessed the extraor- ry characteristic of never blinking, ar as could be casually observed.

is garb was a well-fitting semi-bus- suit of iron rather than steel gray— dor almost matching the color of his e. If the wearer, as is known, did nt any special interest in athletics e in college, he must have found time had the inclination to perfect himself eally. For one need look no fur- than the broad, firmly bracketed lders and creditable chest expansion iscover why the Rockefeller tailor acquitted himself so well.

Perhaps the breadth of shoulder was ntuated by the bare feet seven

inches of the young man. His limited inches served also to accentuate the size of his head. Yet the most important feature about that member, if the eyes and their immovable lids be excepted, was the nose.

Recently in discussing faces as indexes of character, a great industrial captain and student of physiognomy declared that he attributed no small part of his commercial success to his ability to estimate character by noses. He jocularly remarked that he won each of his greatest successes by a nose. Young John D. Rockefeller, judging by the same standard, has character to spare. His nose betokens both a Roman and Greek ancestry. As a feature, it completely dominates his face.

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 his back to his 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. Simultaneously 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.

Jeffersonian Simplicity.)

Meanwhile, the room was rapidly filling with tardy arrivals, the regular class members proceeding to their accustomed places, and the visitors, of whom there were a score, receiving a welcoming hand from whichever usher met them at the door. Had it been a political meeting this Sunday morning gathering of the Rockefeller Bible class might be characterized as having a Jeffersonian simplicity. Several minutes thus went by.

Occasionally the young multimillionaire exchanged nods with those nearest him. Once again he smiled with his lower face—a face simile of the much-remembered Rooseveltian smile, in which the teeth were prominent even in the dim religious light prevailing. His eyes were, or seemed to be, watching and weighing the newer arrivals with a combined kindness and keenness of gaze which left no unexplored corners in the well-filled room.

Something about the silent, thoughtful figure on the platform bespoke the leader. Whether he were a born or self-made man was yet to be disclosed. But 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 distraction. Yet there was a home-like 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 a 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 prolonging the final notes after the other voices were lowered or hushed.

Parable of the Hidden Treasure.

With the conclusion of the hymn he remained standing while the class was seated. There was no suggestion of a smile now, as, locking his hands behind him and squarely facing his auditors while he swept them with his eyes, he announced that the text for the lesson would be the parable of the hidden treasure.

Whether it was a coincidence or whether the Bible class has a weakness for texts dealing with strictly material subjects remained unexplained. In a conversational tone young Rockefeller added that the text for the following week would be based upon the parable of the pearl. On the preceding Sunday, as he said, the parables of the mustard seed and the leaven had been respectively under consideration.

Raising his voice so as to reach every corner in the audience room, and with a clear-out, incisive tone, he repeated Matthew, xiv:44: "Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field."

sonal one—one that is intended not only for humanity in the aggregate, but for you and me as individuals? Yes, I think that is what is meant.

"But our text to-day suggests something else than that, if not all, of us must have thought of at some time or other. And that is the necessity of conscientious effort in finding the treasures of this life. Conscientious effort! Just as the air is all about us in vast and unlimited quantities and yet cannot be breathed without conscientious effort, so it is with this parable which teaches that when a certain man found the kingdom of heaven he hid it and joyfully went and sold all else that he had in order to possess the field and treasure more fully.

"In those days of war and trouble, of dissimulation and intrigue, when no man knew at what hour he might fall a victim to some more powerful neighbor or king, men were accustomed to burying their treasures for safer keeping. We read frequently of those who divided their fortunes into three parts. One part was invested in jewels, which having less bulk, could be more easily concealed as well as worn. Another portion was frequently buried, and a third portion was invested in trade or business.

The Act and the Treasure.

"So it was natural that a parable would be suggested, by treasure, buried in a field. The man who found it on that occasion was perhaps a laborer in the vineyard, who was unaccustomed to material or spiritual riches. So he, after making his discovery, put the treasure back for fear of losing it. Did he do right? Maybe some of you have opinions on the subject."

Mr. Rockefeller paused and glanced from face to face in search of an answer. Finally an elderly man in the rear of the room ventured that the finder of the treasure had done right because of his exceeding joy and his righteous caution in husbanding it. Another believed that a joy which could not abide the slightest, one that had to be hidden for fear of loss, was not such a joy as is founded upon a rock.

"Yes," agreed the leader, "that is a very pertinent definition, and it opens up a new vista. Some of us think that we can keep good company and by carefully choosing model companions can slide along with them into heaven. Such of us are apt to be very much disappointed. But, returning to the parable, the intrinsic value of the treasure, otherwise that which it symbolizes, is what?"

Somebody near the interrogator thought that the treasure was to be found in the church and nowhere else, according to Scriptural light. Having patiently listened to the chorus of opinions as to what was actually symbolized by the treasure, the multimillionaire leader enrolled himself as a preacher and avowed believer in the simple life. He grew very earnest, and spoke with emphasis as he said:

"There is only one way that the hidden treasure can be found, and that is by building up character in order to possess all that is really worth having in this world. Times are different now from what they were in former ages, when men lived more simply, when life was not such a complex affair as it is to-day.

"If you have harbored the belief that you can have and hold any worthy and substantial treasure without obtaining and possessing it by means of character, go and try it awhile. You will be very much mistaken. You will find that worldly pleasures and possessions are not worth having—not worth having at all when they are gained through moral and spiritual deterioration and the expense of character and self-respect.

"Glance into any walk of life and consider any apparently successful person of your acquaintance, and you may be sure that if such an individual has no pronounced character, no ideals, no clear conscience to take home with him in the evening, we will find that he will have nothing at the end of his life.

Not to Be Bought with Gold.

"This being treasure, then, that we must all possess, where is the best place to find it?"

A prolonged pause ensued before the silence was broken by a young man who arose and quoted: "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Mr. Rockefeller nodded in approval, but he believed that the answer was too vague. Another classmate, a young lawyer, judging by his oratorical style of delivery was firm in his opinion that it could only be found and founded upon the rock of truth. Still another was convinced that the human heart was the repository of the treasure. One valiantly championed the Bible.

"Which is right?" smiled the catechist before continuing: "We all know that there have been men who have had no opportunity to become acquainted with the church and yet who have been admirable characters. No. The church, necessary as it is in the premises, is not the only place where men may become

possessed of this inestimable treasure. Do not construe me as meaning that it is not necessary to have the religious principle implanted in the seeker after this treasure. But it can be found outside the church. Where?"

"Some men," more gravely, "have thought—have mistakenly believed—that money could buy this great treasure. They have ordered their lives upon the theory that with money they could buy their way into heaven, and they have wasted themselves in striving to get the price. In fact, there are thousands of misled people who think everything in this world can be bought. They are sadly in error. This treasure is not of such paramount value that it cannot be bought with gold.

"Again, many men have thought to attain it by intellectual paths. Others have striven toward it by hard work, by making names for themselves in the world. Even that does not suffice. Great and protracted sacrifices must be made to attain it. Now the world says impatiently that it is not worth while to make such sacrifices. The world is wrong in this as in many other things. Do not think of it as being a great sacrifice, but as a great joy, just as the laborer in the parable.

"We may have to part with money," he continued, leaning forward and lifting one hand slightly to give emphasis to his injunction: "we may have to sacrifice pleasure, comfortable surroundings, and selfish desires in order to obtain it, but it is well worthy of every sacrifice.

Missing the Prizes of Life.

"If you surrender yourselves to worldly pleasures and ambitions to the exclusion of those spiritual," declared the youthful multimillionaire, with a rising inflection, "and if you think that happiness depends upon having all that this world affords, you will finally reach a point where you will become disgusted with life as being merely an empty dream, a hollow mockery. Then you will perhaps too late awaken to the fact that your years have been wasted and your life squandered, and that you have missed the only prizes worth possessing.

"Of course it must be acknowledged—it must be admitted—that success is the one desirable thing in life—as a means to an end. It would be foolish to deny that there is a certain gratification in being successful. And it is a commendable ambition. But when you have reached the top rung of success you will find that you are not satisfied with that alone. The mere fact of success does not satisfy. However fortunate one may be, however well off he may be in worldly goods, however clear his conscience may be, if he has not come in contact with and received the saving grace of Jesus Christ nothing else is much worth while.

"So, in conclusion, I beseech you, my friends to look under your feet this morning in your search for this hidden treasure."

"Now let us sing," he concluded somewhat abruptly.

Signaling to the quartet in the choir loft with one hand and reaching for a hymnal with the other, the class leader joined in the hearty response that followed. As the final notes of the deop-toned organ concluded a trailing offertory, the young multimillionaire class leader pronounced a brief benediction.

This done, the secretary made a number of announcements as to the programme for the coming week, and the class adjourned, as customary, to the adjoining reception room, where members and visitors alike were to meet and converse personally with the young magnate.

Family Tradition Against Talking.

His hand clasp was no less cordial than his smile on meeting a press representative, until an interview was broached. His hands swiftly vanished behind his back. He glanced quickly about. Yet the smile remained, as he said quietly: "I would prefer not to discuss the class work. We are always glad to welcome visitors and to show by our actions just what we are doing. But it is a family tradition that we permit our actions to do our talking."

"You do not regard it as a sacrifice to devote so much of your time to this work?" was suggested.

Again the mouth smiled, while the iron-gray eyes remained immovable. "In my talk this morning," he replied, "I said something about the necessity of considering such things as a pleasure rather than as a sacrifice."

Then: "How are you this morning?" turning to a young man at his elbow. A few questions were asked by the newcomer and answered about a class dinner to be given at the Majestic on November 30. To another class attendant the young leader addressed a question about the class club in West Forty-sixth street. He has taken exceptional interest in this club, which occupies an entire house, and is supported by regular annual dues from such members of the class as are enrolled in its membership.

any such suggestion is both unjust and unwarranted. Certainly our leader has nothing to gain from this class save its undivided loyalty and such pleasure and spiritual profit as he may get in the work.

Few people can know of the far-reaching influence of this organization and the power it has become," continuing. "Besides our regular Sunday morning meetings, we have been at various times addressed by the foremost men in nearly every walk of life. It might even be ventured that no similar organization in existence has been addressed by such an extraordinary array of speakers. Then there are our regular monthly dinners, and also the club, which offers exceptional advantages to the members from every viewpoint.

His Gospel the Simple Life.

"Although," concluded the speaker, dropping his voice as the object of discussion passed near on his way out of the room, "the simple life is now a popular vogue, it is neither more nor less than what Mr. Rockefeller has been preaching, so to say, ever since he organized his class and assumed its leadership four years ago. He works harder than any members of the class to further its success, and nobody knows—not even the beneficiaries—just how much silent assistance he has given and is giving to many of the young men who are following his leadership here."

Meanwhile the room was being gradually vacated, many accompanying the young man whose name is a synonym for millions into the church to attend the regular service, others leaving for their homes in all parts of Greater New York, and others adjourning to the club around the corner. No restrictions are placed upon any of the members of their movements beyond the moral obligations which a membership in the class entails.

An hour later, following the church services, and as the rain was still falling, the young Rockefeller were driven home in a carriage which might have been a public rather than private conveyance of the prospective wealthiest young man in America. He has missed less than a dozen meetings of his Bible class since it was organized.—Wash. Post.

THIS AND THAT.

It has been declared that Chinese women may come to this country if they marry a regularly admitted Chinese man after arrival. Whether this is a scheme to encourage or discourage such immigration is not exactly clear.

Dr. Amelia Wilkes Lines, who recently celebrated her eightieth birthday, is the oldest practicing woman doctor in the world. She was the first woman to receive a diploma in the state of New York and has practiced in New York city since 1854.

A statistician has gone to the trouble to ascertain that 35 per cent of all the divorced women, 32 per cent of the widowed and 31 per cent of the single women are engaged in gainful pursuits. Only about 6 per cent of the married women are similarly situated.

"Why do the roses fade slowly away?" she inquired, poetically. "Well," replied the bald-headed young man, "when you think it over, it's all for the best. It's more comfortable to have them fade slowly away than to have them go off all of a sudden like a torpedo."

Many men in New York city who have been paying alimony to former wives are now much elated over a recent decree of court, that if the former wife takes a second husband the alimony ceases. If a woman really wants a divorced husband to support her she must remain unmarried.

English women are blessed with the best complexions in all the world. There are two reasons for this happy condition. One is the fact that English women are not afraid of a five or even a fifteen mile tramp, and another is that the foggy atmosphere keeps the skin from drying and becoming parched and flint.

Fencing has become the vogue among fashionable women in Newport. They are stamping their small feet in the "apple," they are learning to thrust and parry, to engage in quarts, to "cut over," to lunge, daily they are devoting more time to acquiring proficiency in the art and even many of them will fence with all the ability and skill of the old masters and of the men fencers of today.

Many of the very wealthy society women even clothe the poorer members of their own set, strange as that may seem to the outside public. Numberless women who have inherited a place in the social world but whose families have met with financial reverses not only are willing but anxious to accept the silks, satins, velvets and laces which have adorned their more fortunate sisters, and by a series of turnings, and making over no one is the wiser.

THE MAGNITUDE OF THE NEWS-PAPER INDUSTRY.

By Louis Wiley of New York, Veteran Journalist.

The day of oratory is passing, but the public taste for newspaper reading is increasing. In years gone by only a limited number of the citizenship read newspapers; now every man and woman, and indeed every child able to read, reads a newspaper.

The expense of conducting newspapers is now greater than at any other time in the history of newspaper making. The average cost of the production of a New York daily newspaper is \$20,000 per week.

The business side of newspaper work requires as much ability and as much energy as the editorial department.

Individuality was the predominant factor in newspaper work fifty years ago. Today there is more impersonality and better service to the people.

MARS AND CUPID.

Although the promulgation of the recommendation made by Gen. Corbin—that the War department should not permit an officer of the army to marry until he has an income sufficient to support a wife and family and is free from debt—was but recently made public, the returns of the opinion of the country have come in and they are largely enthusiastically critical of his suggestion. The young women are writing to the newspapers that Gen. Corbin is transgressing the field of his duty as commander of a single military division and that he ought to find sufficient employment in managing its affairs without seeking to regulate the matrimonial engagements of the whole army establishment.

A look at a few comparative figures may throw some light on the question. The pay of officers ranges from \$1,400 a year for a second lieutenant of infantry and \$1,500 for a second lieutenant of cavalry or artillery up to \$11,000 for the lieutenant general. First lieutenants get \$1,500 and \$1,600, and captains are paid \$2,000 and \$2,500. It is only with these grades that we are concerned, as with the slowness of promotion in time of peace it is a fair inference that if a man is not married when he becomes a captain he is safe for the remainder of his life. But the stated pay is not all that is coming to the young officer. He receives 10 per cent. increase after his first five years of service, and as his four years at the West Point academy are counted, the second lieutenant of infantry will only wear his shoulder straps 12 months before he is getting \$1,545.96 a year. If he is promoted from the ranks his service there counts in his longevity pay, but if he is appointed from civil life he must have five years age on his commission before he gets the increase. Taking the Sixth regiment of infantry as an example, the roster shows that six of the officers came up from the ranks, 26 from civil life and only 18 are West Pointers. Each officer is paid \$12 a month for each room he occupies as quarters when he is not stationed at an army post. A lieutenant is allowed two rooms and a captain three. When they are traveling on orders and not in charge of troops Uncle Sam grants mileage at the rate of seven cents a mile.

Too Many Questions.

The fallacy of asking too many questions is generally followed by much embarrassment.

I was stopping at a large hotel, and one day as I came out and took my hat from the hands of the hatkeeper, I said to him:

"How do you know that is my hat?"

"I don't know it, sir," said the boy.

"Then, why do you give it to me?" I insisted.

"Because," replied the boy, "you gave it to me!"—(Lippincott's).


Scrofula

Is very often acquired, though generally inherited. Bad hygiene, foul air, impure water, are among its causes. It is called "the soil for tuberculosis," and where it is allowed to remain tuberculosis or consumption is pretty sure to take root.

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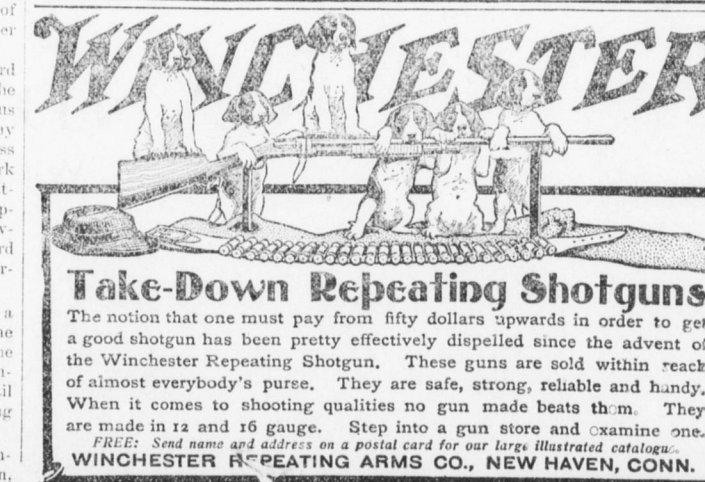
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