# JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER A MAN OF FEAR

HIS REAL CHARACTER REVEALED BY THE CONFESSION OF ONE OF HIS SECRET SERVICE MEN.

ten for the Boston Herald by T. T. Timayenis; few men have had great rtunities than he to study the oll king. He ate with Rockefeller, lodged with Rockefeller, tutored the Rockefeller children, brought Rockefeller information obtained while tutoring the children of oth wealthy men, and even attended eeting of the directors of the Standard Oil Company with Rockefeller.

OR a period of five or six years I tutored the family of John D. Rockefeller.

No man, perhaps, has of late occu-pled the attention of the public to such an extent as the president of the Standard Oil Company. But a great deal of what has been said or written up to the present time, if studied dispassion does not seem to apply to Mr. Rockefeller-the man-quite so much as to the Standard On Company.

Mr. Rockefeller takes the same ground, alleging that there is a disinction between the corporation and himself as an individual. The press teems with accusations of rebates, of secret arrangements entered into with transportation lines, of persecutions against rivals, of violations of law; and languages, was patronized by leading languages, was patronized by leading Mr. Rockefeller is not only held responsible, but is rout dly abused, unable escape the public indignation.

Mr. Rockefeller is anxious to have the public understand that he is not responsible for this condition of af-lairs. He assures us that for a numof years he has taken no active part in the conduct of the Standard Oll Company, has not dictated its policy. When questioned his memory falls him, his answers lack the ring of assertion, and they are, to say the least, clusive.

#### Longs to Be Understood. -

In a word, Mr. Rockefeller is anxious to have the public believe that he is a martyr, that he is a friend and servant of the public, t .t he is the bene-factor of the poor, that he is not the black sheep he is represented to be, is not a hypocrite, but an upright, truthful, charitable man, a Christian, a patriot, a man worthy of the good opinion of us all.

O, how many times I have heard him express the desire, the ardent wish, the longing for public recognition.

Neither pen nor words, at least not mine, can describe how much Mr. Rockefeller fears publicity. He fears to have his acts questioned or criticised, fears to have even his family questioned him as to matters of business, fears-aye-the sound of his footsteps, ars his shadow, fears the reflection his own image in the looking glass.

#### Constant Fear Rules Life.

The life of John D. Rockefeller is

constant fear. He fears his friends, fears imaginary enemies, fears him associates, fears the world, fears the sound of thunder, fears to walk in the dark, fears the rush of the wind as it brushes the trees, fears night, fears the barking of the dog, fears anything and everybody, fears his own father, and the world fear is the one word he uses above all others! He fears the water he drinks is not pure, fears tradesmen are ...ot honest. In fact, I know from experience that no man who has long associated with John D. Rockefelter can escape being himself impregnated with fear. I am unable to account for this pe-

cultar attitude, so characteristic of the man. I cannot explain why he is tor-mented by gloomy fancies. A Lombrose might, perhaps, give good reasons for this bypochondria. I cannot.

And Mr. Rockefeller actually believes that he is entitled to public recognition by reason of his success in life, which success he measures by the dollars he commands!

## Nose Guards Him Well.

Picture to yourself an old man tacirn, gloomy, secretive, sensitive, and stout nose, a nose that seems to be not so much the organ of smell as an implement for detecting danger or sen-

arating truth from falsehood.

Mr. Rockefeller attaches great importance to his nose, and asserts that it is the one organ which the Almighty bestowed on man to guard him against false friends and designing scoundrels. Picture to yourself, then, a thin old man with a nose like the above also with a pair fo hard, cold eyes, which may be blue or orange, or yellow, or blue and yellow-eyes which emit no welcome, no light heartedness no contentedness; which show no ention, but only disappointment, wh possess a hypnotic influence-and then perhaps one may understand the secret of the dominant power possessed by John D. Rockefeller.

Again, picture to yourself an old man lith a large, ugly almost repellant bouth, a mouth which seems to denote subdued passion, suffering or anger cosctousness and eagerness, greed, or some inextinguishable desire, and overanxiety, and one may perhaps understand the un unsatisfied nature of the

## Wife Devoted to Children.

I was employed for a number of years to tutor his family, composed then of three daughters, Alta, Edith, Bessle, and son, John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Rockefeller was also my pupil, as well as her sister, Miss Spellman.

Nature has not endowed Mrs. Rocke feller with beauty, but few, is any, are the women possessed of a sweeter disposition, a more kindly heart, or more attractive soul. She is free of all cant, of all pretentiousness, plain and simple in her tastes, domestic, and devoted to her children. her children. In a word she is an up-

right Christian wife and mother.

I was cautioned not to use the word "theater" in the presence of my pupus for they were not allowed to visit any public place of amusement, least of all a theater. That was looked upon as an arrivally depressed and whether the second property and second property are second property. awfully dangerous and wicked place for young or old—the sure road to perdition. Thus it happens that I cannot recall any real distraction with which to connected life of my pupils during the six seven years of my tutorage.

## House Silent and Gloomy.

The elastic step, the laughter of youth the light heartedness, the romping about the playfulness, which one is supposed to meet among the young and happy were entirely lacking, lacking almost to dejection. It was a gloomy horizon with a heaviness that prevaded the entire household. Silence and gloom everywhere.

The children were not allowed to hun about the house, not allowed to step un-less lightly and cautiously, and, on my part, as soon as my lessons in composition, history and languages were over I was glad to be out again, free from the unnatural restraint, the heavy gloom, the stifling atmosphere of that immense house, free to walk, not on tiptoe, but after the manner of a healthy and strong

I must not, however, omit to state that

combination of inharmonious dissonance, seemed as if there was no sum or sub-best of all described by the single Greek stance in his suggestions. He would now

word, cacophony.

This combination of instruments were called "the orchestra," and it was the only real amusement my forlorn pupils had to offer to the few, very few, visitors who were admitted into the inner circle. It was, however, amusing to notice the excitement, the effervescence, the flattery, the foam, the bubble of the visitors; to listen to the enthusiastic compliments, to the exclamations, to the praise petowed upon the youthful players.

#### Dazzled by Patron's Riches.

How dazzling is the luster of wealth! As tutor I worked earnestly and faithfully to hold the devotion of my pupils to their teacher and their work. well I succeeded is piain from the many years of my long tutorage. During the Summer months I taught them by cor-respondence, and my relations with the family were of the best. I was then a young man with the proverbial enthus-iasm of the Greek, and I was slowly but winning for myself an illustrious

At Chautauqua I had charge of the de partment of Greek language and latera-ture. My books, "The Language of the Greeks" and "Talks with Aesop," were

families. I counted among my pupils not only the Rockefellers, but the Slaybacks, the Scribners, the family of Jay Gould. ministers, professional men, teachers. and all, attended my school to study Greek, Latin, English, French,

#### Talks Nothing but Money.

I looked forward to a life of independence and of literary reputation. when I received an invitation from Mr. John D. Rockefeller to meet him a cer tain evening at the Buckingham hotel, where he then resided.

I found him at the basement of the

hotel, in an isolated part, all by himself, enjoying a bowl of milk and crackers. He was suasive, kind, expansive and friendly. He seemed to be interested in my work, prospects and progress, and in return I was pleased with the personal concern which he took in my welfare. It was then that I asked him to accept the dedication of my forthcoming book, "Greece in the Times of Homer," for which compliment he was every and which compliment he was overloved, and be continued to ask me as to my income and prospects.

I tried my best to interest him in other matters, turning the subject of conversa-tion to a different theme, but I quickly noticed that travel, literature, pictures, or books had no charm for the old man. It was nothing but money money money. My mind began to whirl, and I was, so to speak, intoxicated, fascinated, yes, fascinated, by his description of the power of money.

#### Eyes Seem to Hypnotize.

As I listened to his marvelous story of the exchange I was persuaded that it was an inexhaustible ocean, flowing with gold, silver and dollars, out of which any man could become sooner or later a

multi-millionaire.

It is beyond me to describe accurately my mental condition as I listened to Mr. Rockefeller, not only on that memorable evening, but on different other occasions. was difficult at times to understand his meaning, as his allusions were not

and then cast furtive glances upon me, again watch me sharply, and when I feit his piercing glance I could not free myself from a sort of uncomfortable sensa-

tion that crept over me.

He was quick to notice my misgivings and his features would then relax, as well as the stress of his arguments, while his broad mouth would loosen as if about to smile.

#### Rockefeller Not Great Man.

At times I was attracted by some mys terious or invisible power toward him. and again I was driven away by his steady pressure. There was not much cohesion or consecutive and unbroken stability to his arguments or conversa-tions. He passed quickly from one sub-ject to another. He was anxious to trust me, but would I prove myself worthy of his confidence? Could he trust me, trust me implicitly?

Most often I would remain silent, ab sorbed in my own thoughts, somehow at-tracted toward him by pity, because he ooked at times so weak, so miserable, so defected. I did not then know Mr. Rockefeller

Most people-anyhow, some followed by my "History of Greece from the Earliest Times to the Present." adopted as a textbook by the Chautaugua Literary and Scientific Association.

My school, the New York School of Layerses. tlate the opinion entertained about him. Circumstances, more than anything else have made Rockefeller what he i. I a man is great because he is money mad, if a man is great because he dreams of if a man is great because he dreams of dollars, sees dollars in the air, thinks; heaven to be a beautiful place because it reminds him of the color of silver, if a man is great because he has an almost

as I have known him since.

#### idolatrous worship of gold, then John D. Rockefeller is truly a great man! Rogers Genlus of Standard.

But strip Rockefeller of his wealth! Books he despises, education he has httle. Geography, history, painting, phil-osophy, are little known to him.

It is not to be supposed that a man of Mr. Rockefeller's ability could ever create a business of such vast proportions as the Standard Oll Company, the equal of which the world has not as yet produced in any other line of achievement.

The Standard Oil Company is the conception of M. H. Porrer. ception of H. H. Rogers, a man

Once it was my good fortune to attend a meeting of the directors of the Stan-dard Oil Company. The meeting was held in an ordinary sized room in well-known building of the Standard Oil Company in New York. I would rather attend such a meeting with H. H. Rogers in it than be present at the assembly of the ministers of the proudest and greatpotentate upon the earth

My business was connected with the export of oil in Greece and Turkey. H. H. Rogers knew the geography, the re-BOULCES. the distance to be traversed. the wealth of the islands in the Aegean and the Honian Seas, and he discussed and propounded the possibilities of success as if he were speaking of Albany or Philadelphia,

#### Rogers' Word Always Law.

As for Mr. Rockefeller, he sat calm and as for Mr. Rocketeler, he sat caim and imperturbable, gazing upon the ceiling and now and then nodding assent. It was the meeting of Rogers, held by Rogers, to do as Rogers saw fit. His wordwas law. What he said, it was done. Success Mr. Rockefeller once told me.

cess of writing books, but by becoming acquainted with the secrets, the business plans, and the mode of life of the men with whom I came in contact. Such a

knowledge would harm nobody and might greatly benefit me.
"I shall make a barrel of money"-it was his pet expression every time we met—"a barrel of money for you, if you will but follow my plans and suggestions. It is a campaign we have to start-a campaign which will bring barrels of

This, then, was the campaign which it took meetings upon meetings to unfold; this was the plan, the work which I was to perform, this was the assistance and co-operation which I was to give-tocrets of my prominent pupils and communicate them to him from time to time

#### Seeks Coin by Stealth.

He was now a different man. He was no longer penaive, dejected and sorrow ful. He threw out his arms, stretched his long legs, again and again extended his arms as if gathering soliars from the air, rubbing his hands in glee, patted me upon the shoulder, while he taught me my lesson.

"Be careful, careful," he kept on saying, "Learn all your can, and be careful. The men with whom you have to deal are suspicious, alert, and men of experience. Be careful. If once they suspect that you are currious, or bent upon information, the day is lost," and with the word "lost" he ched his hand, brought it heavily upon the table, and his countenance darkened. In the course of time Mr. Rockefeller made good use of me, because I im-parted to him valuable and useful in-

formation From other sources he knew the inner life, habits and plans of financial ponents. As a detective I was a succession for Mr. Rockefeller assured me that I was doing better than others to whom he

paid good money. Now and then we were joined in the course of our promenade toward Central Park by a middle aged man, small of atature, with heavy eyebrows, a droopl mustache, whose face, manner, and to and dress suggested the detective.

#### Kept Big Secret Service.

I suspect that Mr. Rockefeller spent annually a large sum of money upon a perfect system of espionage, which en-abled him to learn the secrets of his rivals and their "escapades," for from some mysterious source he knew often in advance what was likely to take place in New York, Washington, Albany, San Francisco, as well as the profits or losses sustained by prominent men in the financial world, and many other startling secrets affecting the life of men since dead or now retired from the turmell of active life.

I knew Jay Gould, and, after careful and strenuous efforts, I was once told by him to publish, as coming from authentic sources, that the bonds of the Texas-Pacific would have a sharp advance, but no sooner were the words out of his mouth than, with his plercing, shining and smilling eyes he cautioned me not to throw money away in buying them. At another time, when the market was panicky, when stocks were tumbling, when everybody was disheartened, Mr. Jay Gould told me to buy on a certain day, in the afternoon, his Western Union, which I did, and profited thereby.

#### Disgusted Working as Spy.

All this information and all I could gather, beside, I imparted to Mr. Rocke-Meantime, I succeeded in winning the the table, and when all were scated time, which especially pleased Mrs

friendship and confidence of the vice-president of a famous financial institution. He was an aimost inexhaustible fountain of information, financial and otherwise, of deeds and misdeeds, of plots and counter plots, all of which I duly imparted to Mr. Rockefeller, who rubbed his hands and chuckled with joy.

I confess that I was disgusted with myself, and I was pining for that barrel of

I knew that John D. Rockefeller had I knew that John D. Rockefeller had me at his mercy. He had only to whisper one word to the many men of prominence who held me in esteem, who honored me with their friendship and confidence, and my days of usefulness were over. The more I thought of my position the more desperate I grew. My only hope of escape seemed to stick to Rockefeller, to work for him, to do all his dirty work, to risk everything for that barrel of money, and then to leave the country. The time at last came when all my sources of information gave out. It was then that Mr. Rockefeller asked me about my meney, how much I had,

me about my meney, how much I had, about my income. I gave him accurate information. He urged me to turn everything I could into cash, to get cash, to be sure to get cash, to have plenty of cash, and to buy his oil certificates. He told me to interest one or two friends in my project, but to be careful not to whisper his name, only I could say that my rela-tions with him were of the best, and, in the meantime, to buy his oil certificates. and to make such arrangements with my friends as I deemed best.

#### Turned Everything Into Oil.

I watched the ticker for a day or two and I saw that the price of oil held steady, and I then bought, and bought, and bought, heavily "id persistently. I bought and the price declined; I bought more, and still the price declined. I turned everything I had into cash. I sold my right, title and inter-est in my "History of Greece," and with the money I bought again, and still the price declined and declined. chool, bought again; and still the price

The time came when I found myself with nothing except the scanty income derived from my book, "Greece in the Times of Homer," which I had dedi-

cated to Mr. Rockefeller, and to this I clung, unwilling to part with it for fear of displeasu g him!

In my despair I called to see Mr. Rockefeller, but I was told that he had gone to Cleveland, to his Summer home.

What could I do? I decided to go there. What could I do? I decided to go there and there I went as fast as the train

Mr. Rockefeller was not at home when, dusty, tired, I reached my des-

Mrs. Rockefeller and my pupils extended to me a hearty welcome. I was shown to my room, and no efforts were spared on her part to make me as comfortable as possible.

#### Greeted Coldly by Magnate.

It was about 6 o'clock in the evening when I came down from my room in answer to the bell for the evening Mr. Rockefeller had arrived a short time before, and when he saw me he satuted me—O, how differently from the cordial and engaging manner of

hand, which was cold and clammy, almost lifeless, and never once grasped mine, but let it lie motionless in my paim. I did not grasp his, either, and our hands dropped simultaneously as they came in contact one with the other.

The meal consisted of cold water, milk, tea, cold lamb, and apple sauce Mr. Rockefeller, who was dyspeptic had his usual bowl of milk, dry toast a cup of weak tea, and verhaps a mouthful of cold meat. There was no animation, no conversation, no laughter or merriment during the short time we sat around the table.

#### No Chance to Inquire.

After the meal Mr. Rockefeller took the evening paper, Mrs. Roozefeller nursed her sore tooth, John Rockefeller, eccupied himself with the family cat, Alta and Edith sat by the gazing musingly upon the starry sky; Miss Spellman busied herself with a magazine, the master of the house stretched himself upon the sofa and yawned and yawned, as he turned page after page of his newspaper, and Miss Bessie, the most studious of all the daughters, and with a disposition angelic as her mother's, enumerated to me her difficulties with Latin and French composition, and thus the evening passed without my having had the opportunity to speak to Mr. Rocke-feller, whose cold, distant manner inreased my despair.

But, thank goodness, there was no music, for I feared lest the kind Mrs. Rockefeller might add music to the burden I carried within me. About 9 o'clock the sean

and each retired to his respective room In the morning we again ascembled around the festive board.

We had cold water, as usual; coffee, hash, rolls; and the master warm milk, toast and boiled eggs.

#### Thanks God for Power.

But before taking our seats around the table Mr. Rockefeller unexpectedly-at least for me-precipitated him-self upon the floor, atretched his long and ungainly legs as far as he could, buried his face within both hands, leaned upon the sofa, and offered a prayer, during which he thanked the Lord for the power which the omnipotent God gave him to overcome his enemies, thanked the supreme power for his daily bread, etc., etc. The morning prayer was longer than the prayer preceding the evening meal. Mr. Rockefeller wore no coat. coatless he took his usual seat of the evening before.

I tried my best to relieve the gloomy silence, but it was useless, for I was answered in short monosyllables, from the fact that my pupils were taught to eat in silence.

Breakfast over, Mr. Rockefeller said: Mamma, I shall be home for supper only. He addresses his wife by the word

mamma," and she, in turn, calls him With these words he arose, donned

his coat and left the house. good part of the day roaming about the magnificent grounds surrounding the really peerless and enchanting Summer home, nestling amid a scenery as majestic as it is inspiring.

About noon I returned to the house with a good appetite and spirits, too. The table was decorated with fresh and fragrant flowers, and there was some animation during the meal, which consisted of cold water, as always, soup, steak, vegetables, tea, ple and pudding. I did full justice to the meal, teased my pupils for their unusua hilarity, which increased their merri-

he bowed his head and offered a short ; Rockefeller and infused a ray of light into the silent and gloomy surround-

#### No Interest in Religion.

feller returned, not in good spirits and apparently suffering more than was his custom from dyspepsia. He looked at me with indifference, and I, in return, eyed him with unconcern.

I do not know how the conversation soon afterward turned to matters of

After supper, a mere repetition of the one already described, the conversation gradually became more interesting, and we touched upon the low and humble origin of Christ. This brought about the subject of poverty, the various sorts and conditions of men; in fact, the elements that composed soclety

Mr. Rockefeller yawned and yawned, and looked at me with eyes which

I explained to my pupils how vulgarity was to be avoided and despised, or how, regardless of how poor and low a man may be, he's a man after all, de, serving polite treatment. I placed the vulgar among the lowest of the low, I grew eloquent and fervid as I urged upon my pupils to be good and kind

#### Lash Stings Oll King.

about in his seat, and I grew more elo-

professor, how long do you intend to stay with us, for I really think-"

I was at once upon my feet, not giv-ing him time or opportunity to finish, fully realizing the importance of quick

"I came here uninvited, sir, because of a business matter which weighs heavily upon me, and for which you are responsible. I mean, sir, to have you act justly toward me, and you shall be relieved of my presence just as soon as I have your answer as to the matter which has brought me

Never before have I seen Rockefeller hesitating, so uneasy, so uncomfortable, and I said: "It is now, perhaps, late, sir, to discuss business matters; so I ask you to tell me now"-with em-phasis upon the word "now"-"if you will be at leisure tomorrow.'

Mr. Rockefeller broke in: "Tomorrow is "Yes, sir, and I ask if it will be agree

'I think you exaggerate the importance of your troubles," Mr. Rockefeller said, as an evanescent smile filitted over his wan countenance. "We shall go for a and I hope you will feel better after.

"I hope so, sir, for I will be glad to think well of you. It all depends upon you, sir.'

We started in slience, and walked and walked until we found ourselves in a se-cluded spot, where at last I had the op-

## Talks Only in Millions.

"Well, this is a nice spot to rest," he said, as he sat down. "It will do very well," I replied, and hen, calmly, slowly, but emphatically, told him of my losses, how I contracted vice, how, in a word, I was reduced to poverty and I drew before him the un-

said. "I am sorry, but I lost millions, yes, millions, believe me, professor, I lost millions where you only lost thousands. I need all my resources to save

## Offers Pittance if Secured.

to you in return for your aid. What I ask is only a loan. You will collect the royalties, and, when you are paid, then, and only then, you may turn over to me the author's right to the book again."

Mr. Rockefeller, the multi-millionaire,
the man whose annual income would more than suffice to feed and clothe all the poor and destitute in the great State of New York, the man who could pay, perhaps, the cost of the recent war perhaps, the cost of the recent war be-tween Japan and Russia and still be well off, pleaded poverty and hard times, and finally agreed to loan to me upon my making over to him a full and complete assignment of my copyright in "Greece in the Times of Homer," \$3500, not

"But I shall have to borrow the money myself," he continued. "for I am hard up. I shall have to give you a letter which you will present to a friend who transacts my private business. You will find him on the fifth floor of the Standard Oil building. He will prepare all legal papers, which you must sign. I shall have to pay 8 per cent for the money, and I shall not ask you to pay anything more than this for yourself, and I shall ask no bonus from you.

"In the meantime, you will promise not 'In the meantime, you will promise not

Just as soon as we return home, and you can start today for New York."

I agreed, and we retraced our steps in

ter. I signed certain papers that were given me, not even taking the trouble to read them over, was given a check, and

## BONAPARTES HAVE PROSECUTED DUPONTS A CENTURY

### ROMANCE OF HISTORY BEGINNING WITH NAPOLEON I. NOW CONTINUED BY HIS DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN GRAND NEPHEW

past 100 years a Bonaparte has been harassing and persecuting the du Pont rigid; tall, somewhat shrunken, with a de Neumours, says the Brooklyn Eagle. From Napoleon I. to Charles Joseph Bonaparte, Attorney-General of the United States, and from Plerre Samuel du Pont de Nemours to Henry Algernon du Pont, United States Senator from Delaware is the cry of a century, yet Napoleon I. drove Pierre Samuel du Pont de Nemours and his family from France for political reasons, and Charles Joseph Bonaparte is today prosecuting, in the name of the United States, Henry Algernon du Pont and his family as the head and front of the powder trust. It would not be strange if the house of du Pont de Nemours sometimes wondered if there is ever to be

> any rest for it from the house of Bongparte. This page of romance in the powder trust suit has thus far escaped the eye of critical observers. It is not forgotten, however, in the family of du Pont, and it is doubtful if the family of Bonaparte is unmindful of it. It is an unloue situation because Charles Joseph Bonaparte is the first man in the history of the United States admittedly of the blood of a royal house of Europe who has held a high position in the Government of this

republic. Of course it is not to be supposed that Attorney-General Bonaparte has entered upon the prosecution of Senator du Pont and his family-which is the powder trust -because of the political quarrels of his great uncle with the great-great-grandfather of the Senator. Both families have taken their place in America and have demonstrated their right by highly honorable deeds to be called thoroughly Ameri-

The transplanted branches of the du-Pont de Nemours have dropped the French affix of de Nemours. The family through its powder mills, now brought into prominence by reason of the government's suit against the powder trust, has furnished the United States with powder for every war since 1800. Admiral Samuel Francis du Pont, of the United States Navy, was a grandson of the first Pierre Samuel du Pont de Nemoura; Colonel Henry Algernon du Pont, the present Senator from Delaware, began his career at West Point in 1856 and only severed his connection with the Army in 1875, after he had been brevetted Major and Lieutenant-Colonel for meritorious service on the field of battle and won be sides medals of honor voted to him by Congress. Politically he achieved the distinction of eliminating from Delaware politics J. Edward ("Gas") Addicks, fo. which he should have had another medal

from the people of that state. On the other hand the Bonaparte family in America has been principally con-I must not, however, omit to state that my pupils were taught to play each upon fined to the Attorney-General himself. He was too young to serve in the Civil lin, the harpiscord, the fiddle, and the drum, a most undesirable and painful of life in the United States, but his

that of any individual member of the family of du Pont de Nemours.

He is a lawyer of distinction, as attested by the office he now holds; he was erful adversaries. an ardent supporter of civil service when that adjunct of present-day politics was far more unpopular than it is now; as an authority on social subjects his opinions have long been sought and liste to with attention. That he is a king's grandson and a grand-nephew of the great Napoleon is a subject rarely discussed by him. Although a connoisseur of Napoleonic relies, with which his home in Baltimore is well stocked, he has never crossed the sea to look upon the home

When about to enter the Cabinet of President Roosevelt two years ago a visttor to Mr Bonaparte said: "It is something of an omen that the grandson of a king should go into the

of his paternal ancestors.

Cabinet of a President of the United States. "Well-ha, ha!-there may be some persons-ha, ha!- who attach importance to that sort of thing, but-ha, ha! -I don't pay much attention to-ha, ha, ha!-it," laughingly rejoined Mr. Bonaparte. If the family of Du Pont de Nemours recalls that fact with vividness the sentiment expressed by Mr. Bonaparte's visitor may be said have been somewhat prophetic in this instance, at least.

Pierre Samuel du Pont de Nemouri is the starting point of the Du Pont family in America, as he is the ancestor whose deeds are held in high reverence by the members of that family. He first visited America in 1798, because of the activity of the Jacobins. and did not return to France again until 1802. Napoleon's unexpected return from the Island of Elba, whence he had gone after his first abdication again caused Pierre Samuel to come to America, he, during the absence of Napoleon, having been highly instrumental in securing the return of the Bourbons to the throne of France.

He died in this country in 1817. never having again returned to his native land. In the possession of the Du Pont family, in pamphlet form, is his obituary notice, published in the Philadelphia Daily Aurora, on August 11, 1817, which sets forth his interesting activities during the crucial period of French history, and indicates the lack of sympathy entertained by the family of Du Pont with the personality and deeds of Napoleon I.

It was not until 1808 that Jerome Bonaparte, grandfather of Charles Joseph Bonaparte and younger brother of Napoleon I, came to the United States. At that time he was an officer of the French navy, where he had been put the Civil French navy, where he had been put the Civil War as a woman remarkable for her courtilian side by Napoleon who, disappointed time again by the fallures of the ability. She died in Baltimore at an passed into the du Pont coffers. After married to, Willie."

T is an odd freak of fate that for the | position is as high and as honorable as | French arms at sea, had determined to | advanced age. Finally, under the | 1889 Eugene du Pont, who died in 1990, as infuse some of his own blood into it in the hope of turning the fortunes of war in that direction against his pow-

Jerome went to Baltimore, and there met and fell in love with Miss Elizabeth Patterson, the daughter of an Irish shipowner of that city. Mr. Patterson was then the richest man in Baltimore, and his great-grandson, the present Attorney-General, is now the largest real estate owner of that city, as a result of his heritage. Jerome first met Miss Patterson at a ball. He was 19 years of age and she only 18. They fell in love, Jerome proposed marriage, but Mr. Patterson was unwilling and sent his daughter away to Maryland. Jerome persisted, and final-

ly married the young heiress.

When the news of this marriage reached the great Napoleon, he went | tunate controversy over the marriage of into one of those furious rages which are sometimes recounted in the memoirs of his time. He ordered Jerome to leave his bride and come home. Jerome held out against his brother for two years and declined to ask the Emperor's pardon. In 1805 he sailed for Lisbon with his bride on one of Mr. Patterson's ships. There one of Napoleon's warships intercepted them, Jerome was hurrled off to Paris and Madame Bonaparte was detained on her father's vessel, Napoleon having vowed she should never set foot on soil ruled by France. Determined to rejoin her husband, Madame Bonaparte sailed for Holland, only to be intercepted again by French men-of-war, which seemed more vigilant in affairs of love than in war. She went from there to England, to be received by a great crowd of people, and a regiment of soldlery turned out to preserve

order. In England, Madame Bonaparte bore Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, the father of Charles Joseph Bonaparte. In the meantime Napoleon failed to induce the pope to dissolve Jerome's marriage to Miss Patterson, and he thereupon compelled the Imperial Council to order a decree of divorce.

erine Frederica, daughter of the King of Wurtemberg, and in the same year, 1807, ascended the throne of Westphalia, which crown he wore until 1813. Napoleon had won his point and another of his family occupied a throne in Europe.

Heartbroken, Madame Bonaparte re-

turned with her son to America. Time

and again she tried to have her son.

the father of the present Attorney

General, legitimatized in France. She

regime of Napoleon III, the French government, in spite of Jerome's efforts to prevent it, recognized the legitimacy of Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte. Attorney-General Bonaparte is the

second of two sons born to Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte. When about to be graduated from Harvard in 1871 he planned a trip around the world. that Inopportune moment his father dled and upon him devolved the settlement of the estate. His brother was in France; France was in the throes of the Franco-Prussian War, and not only did he abandon his trip around the world, but was prevented by this circumstance from joining his brother Since then Mr. Bonaparte has never even planned a trip across the sea

While Napoleon I, Jerome and Madame

Bonaparte were engaged in their unfor-

the latter couple, Eleuthere, Irene du Pont de Nemours, eldest son of Pierre Samuel du Pont de Nemours, who had accompanied his father to America, was engaged in founding the powder trust, Elleuthere was already a chemist of repute, having worked under the tutelage of Laveisier, the noted French chemist. At Newport he became acquainted with military men and listened to their complaints of the poor powder used by the army. Pressed by lack of finances he grasped at the idea held out to him. Elleuthere du Pont went to Thomas Jefferson. then President of the United States, and a friend of his father. Jefferson held out small encouragement to the proposed enerprise, but not to be outdone, Eleuthere went to France and brought back to Wilmington, Del., the latest improved machinery for the manufacture of powder Here he established the first powder mills of the du Ponts and they are still in op

eration. Prosperity dawned upon the project at the outset. By 1810 the capital of the plant was \$75,000 and employed thirty-six men. During the war of 1812 the Government brought its entire output and outside capital was offered to increase the size of the plant. With characteristic du Pont independence Eleuthere declined the proferred ald and in 1812 undertook the construction of the Upper Hagley mills with money raised in the family. Thirteen years later, out of the profits from the sale of powder, the lower Hagley mills were built. When he died in 1834 Eleuthere left a well established busi-

ness to his son Alfred, Under Alfred the business continued in unbroken prosperity and in 1838 was further enlarged by the construction of the lower Brandywine mills. When Alfred died in 1850 his uncle, General Henry du Pont became the head of the concern, where he remained until 1889. During his was a woman remarkable for her courregime the enormous profits earned by

sumed control and following him came T Coleman du Pont, a cousin of the present Senator T. Coleman du Pont is still head of the powder trust and until his election as Senator was ably assisted by Colonel Henry Algernon du Pont.

Other members of the Du Pont family actively engaged in the powder trust include Alexis du Pont, Alfred L. du Pont, Eugene du Pont, E. C. du Pont, Irene du Pont, H. F. du Pont, P. S. du Pont, F. I, du Pont, T. C. du Pont and Victor du Pont, Jr. Of all the individual defendants named by the government in As suit said. against the powder trust for combination 'illegally in restraint of trade," only six names other than du Pont appear. There never has been a time when a du Pont was not head of the powder trust, and there probably never will be a time when a du Pont will not be head of the leading companies engaged in the powder business in the United States.

So far as is known the relations be tween Attorney-General Charles Jerome Bonaparte and the members of the du Pont Nemours family have always been cordial and pleasant. In the present contest the one is discharging an official duty according to his conscience, and the other is defending a family heritage. It is possible that the same motives inspired Napoleon I and Pierre Samuel du Pont de Nemours in France more than a century aso when the first conflict between de Nemours in France more than a century ago when the first conflict between the houses of Bonaparte and du Pont re sulted in the expatriation of the latter.

## POEMS WORTH READING.

Recognition. They wander by the sad sea waves
In loving fancy free.
One little favor all he craves:
"Ah, sweet, remember me!

"When Summer breezes kiss the flower, When Winter blasts the tree, I only ask in such an hour That you'll remember me;"

Just one short month slips by— In Broadway's dizzy maze Behind the counter in a store. She meets his loving gaze. And looking at her erstwhile flame
With true patrician vim
She turns aside with scorn and shame—
She has remembered him!
—LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

The poppy leaf, the balm, the rue, The dark flower of remembrance, too, Are blended in this draught for you, With all the grace of vanished years— Their pain, their laughter, and their tears

Ariel, Eros, brim for you Chalices of silver dew.
With the moonlight smitten through; With the moonlight smitten through; Morning brings your trembling gleam, Twilight lends your dusky dream.
All things mystical and fair.
Of the earth and sea and air.
All the body's ripent flower.
All the spirit's richest dower.
Here are mingled—offered up
In love's fragile crystal cup.
—ADA FOSTER MURRAY.

## A Question of Affinity.

Smart Set.

## About 4 in the afternoon Mr. Rocke

for the sake of goodness itself, and I explained how ignorance may be forgiven, but vulgarity never.

#### Mr. Rockefeller shifted nervously

quent as I lashed, without stint, vulgarity and the vulgar. When I had finished Mr. Rockefeller then, in a harsh tone of voice, asked:
"When I Intended to relieve—" he
stopped short as I turned my eyes upon him, stopped for just a minute, and then continued in his cold and de-liberate manner of speech—"I mean,

action on my part.

Walks With Money-Mad Man.

Saturdayable to you, sir, to grant me an inter-

ward.

And with these words I bade good night to all and retired to my room. Breakfast over the next morning. Mr. Rockefeller asked me if it would be agreeable to take a walk with him, and I readily accepted this invitation.

## portunity to unbosom myself.

It was the last interview that I ever had with Mr. Rockefeller.

debts which I was unable to satisfy how I bought and bought his oil upon his adutterable future awaiting, perhaps, my sisters in faraway Smyrna, whose support I was. I told the man how I parted with my school and books and library, and I appealed to him, as a friend, to

advise me what to do. He sat silent, unmoved, imperturbable, as he listened to my outburst.
"I really can do nothing for you," he

## myself. I have to have every day, yes, every day, millions to fight my enemier successfully—I need millions."

"Stop, man!" I cried out in despair, "Stop talking about your millions. There remains to me but one course to pursue I shall tell everything." I quickly turned upon my heels to go, but Mr. Rockefeller halted me. "Have you really lost everything?" he asked, "have you no security to offer?"

enough in itself to pay my obligations contracted upon his advice to buy his

## Had to Borrow Himself.

to speak one word as to what took place between us. I shall have the letter ready

In due time, after returning to New York, I presented Mr. Rockefeller's let-I started for the street, once again