

UNSULLIED BY INTERVIEWS. CARED FOR AS A BABE, JOHN D. RESTS AT EASE BEYOND THE GATES IMPENETRABLE

BY FRANK W. GETTY.
(International News Service Staff Correspondent.)
TARRYTOWN, N. Y., July 30.—John D. has outdone Georges C. The former had two rows of barbed wire to keep away reporters. Ever since he became the world's richest man, John D. Rockefeller has been the goal of Journalism. Thousands of would-be reporters have dashed their ambition against the close-barred gates and high walls of

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the Rockefeller estate. One or two have made their way through in the past twenty years or so. It's just as hard today.

"Run out to Tarrytown," says the editor, "and interview John D. Rockefeller. Anything he says will be interesting."

It probably would be. The only trouble in John D. won't say it. The aspiring reporter comes out to Tarrytown, gets off the train, looks around, and the taxi men all grin. They have seen them come that way—and go—for years and years.

The reporter rides up to the "Slater's Gate," a twenty-five cent trip that costs him a dollar and a half. A one-armed guardian, who has been holding down a camp chair just inside the grounds saunters to the portal with a pleasant grin. The grin is encouraging. But the guardian is not. "You can call up Mr. Davis (the Oil King's secretary) if you like," he suggests.

Through the high iron gate the reporter catches a glimpse of pleasant rolling lawns. John D. himself is nowhere in sight.

So the reporter rings up Mr. Davis. Mr. Davis' voice like the gate guardian's grin, is encouraging. But, alas for ambition, his words are not.

"Mr. Rockefeller never gives out interviews. It is a rule of twenty years' standing," he says, with an air of finality.

"How about getting in for a look about the grounds? Feature story," suggests the reporter.

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Barbed Wire Goes on Forever.
But they have heard that before at Pocomo Hills.

"If you will go to New York and apply to the Rockefeller Foundation and present the proper credentials, perhaps they will arrange for a guide to take you in," says Mr. Davis pleasantly. "Of course, I can't say, for it hasn't been done, but I wouldn't say it was impossible, isn't it warm? Good day."

Following which conversation, if his ambition and expense account permit, the reporter makes a tour of the grounds. A bumpy road winds interminably through pleasant hilly country, with a view of the Hudson on the right and two high fences of the best barbed wire on the left. Presently the Hudson fades from view, but the barbed wire does not.

After a while one comes to the other gate, Pocomo Gate.

The only difference here is that the guardian has two arms.

"I'm just a stray visitor over from England," says the porter. "I'd like, if I may, please, to look at the grounds. I will promise not to pick flowers."

"Young man," says the porter, "you are the four hundredth and seventh sub reporter that has told me that since March first. Kindly keep right on going and you will strike the main road back to the station."

The barbed wire goes on forever. Fear of cranks, and the necessity of having some time to himself in which to make a little money, keeps the world's richest man penned up inside his gilded cage. He has been secluded so long that many people have ceased to think of him as a personality, until polecats get onto his golf-links or he has a birthday or some detickan invents a new menu.

But he is easy in his mind. The encircling walls and red tape make getting into a war-zone or Georges Carpentier's training quarters seem simple in comparison with crashing through to John D.

MANHATTAN MOURNS DEATH OF ONE OF ITS INSTITUTIONS IN PASSING TO OBLIVION OF ORGAN GRINDER

Gaily Dressed Hurdy-gurdy has Long Lent Color to Sidewalks of New York Streets.

By MAX KASE,
International News Service Staff Correspondent.

NEW YORK, July 29.—New York City has aptly been called the wonder city where things unique are taken as a matter of course. It is a hurdy-gurdy "garage," believed to be the only one of its kind in the country.

Nestled among the stupendous skyscrapers that mark the lower district of Manhattan is a small, dingy, weather-beaten building, strangely out of place among the surrounding palaces of business. This is the home of the hurdy-gurdy. Situated but a stone's throw from the city hall, in a small block called City Hall Place, and passed by thousands of the city's dwellers daily, the building has gone unnoticed for years.

The hurdy-gurdy has long lent color to the sidewalks of New York. For years it was a common sight to see the gaily-dressed Neapolitans trundling their organ into a crowded street and become the center of a crowd of laughing, shouting, dancing, joyous children when the first strains of music came from the organ. The small ones would sway to the tunes of the "Side-walks of New York" and other favorites, or lustily join in the chorus of some popular song. Even the grown-ups would stop awhile and listen while the hurdy-gurdy man played some selection from "Il Trovatore" or "La Gioconda," or perhaps some sentimental song which would bring a catch to the voice and a tear to the eye. And when the song was finished the organist with a tambourine would pass among the crowd seeking his reward.

But all this will soon be a thing of the past, for the hurdy-gurdy, like the wooden Indian, the hoop skirt and the late-lamented five-cent beer, is slowly but surely passing to things extinct.

"The organ business is dying out," said the silver-haired Italian proprietor of the "garage" sadly, speaking through an interpreter. "The people don't seem to care about music the way they used to. The girls grow up about ten years younger than they used to. They dress up and go to the public dance halls while they are still children. And then the passing of the saloon had something to do with it. Men who had a drink or two, not the drunk men, seemed to be affected more by the music."

The "garage" has been in existence thirty years the owner said. It had formerly been a saloon. For thirty years he said, the doors of the building have opened, letting forth the Italian organ grinders and their shawled women, carrying their organs. They went on regular routes, agreed among themselves, to different parts of the city, over the bridge to Brooklyn and even to points in Staten Island and Jersey.

"Over There" was the biggest song hit the organs ever played, the proprietor declared. "During the war and when the soldiers were coming home," he said, "there wasn't a song in the world which would reach the people's hearts as quickly as 'Over There.' You'd hear a little organ grinding it out on a side street and as the people passed they'd swing into step. Men in uniform fathers, mothers, boys and girls—the music seemed to go right through them. Their eyes would shine and generally you would see a tear or two so slipping down their cheeks. Then they'd drop something shiny into the tin cup. Generally it was a nickel or a quarter.

"But the grinders don't play 'Over There' any more. It isn't good for even a few pennies now. The people have forgotten."

The most remunerative sections of the town for the hurdy-gurdy men, the aged proprietor said, were where the ordinary American citizen lived. He responds to music the quickest.

"Most of the people who are now in the organ business," continued the owner, "are the old and crippled. On holidays, which are generally the best

days, an organ grinder sometimes makes \$8. But you must remember that this is not an average and that there are many days on which there is nothing taken in and the organ is often the sole income of the family. My sons I have sent to dental college in this way."

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