

ROCKEFELLER TALKS.

Oil King Breaks Silence at Last--Speaks Freely of Secluded Life.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 12.—John D. Rockefeller today broke another precedent, when he admitted a newspaper reporter and submitted to an interview. The oil king proved to be easy to interview because he did most of the talking. He mentioned the visit last week of the American press humorists, and, told of the surprise and pleasure expressed by the joke-smiths over their reception, he said: "You say they were surprised? At there is something I cannot and never could understand." Although he did not say so, it was evident he of the popular impression of himself closeted in his fortress at Forest Hill, beyond the gates of which it is supposed that none may enter.

"Time will straighten many of these things," he said, not referring to the jokes again: "Yes, we had a pleasant hour together. I enjoyed it, and hope they did also. In regard to what is called my seclusion, it has been imperative that I deny myself the associations with people that I naturally enjoy. Nevertheless, I have been much with people—in fact, almost every day groups of them come to see me, and it is a bright spot in the lives of all of us, as we drive or walk about the grounds. I have never been a clubman, and have not frequented places where people generally go for company. My friends, during hours of recreation, are many of them from my home church."

Other topics came up, but as referring to my remark about the newspaper jokers, he added to his comment that "time alters and adjusts almost everything," the following:

"It takes infinite patience and courage to compel men to have confidence in you. I believe I have both these qualities, and I also believe they are the secrets of my success. I learned to cultivate both of them when I was sixteen years of age. My first real test was when I was making out bills of lading for canal and lake boats here in Cleveland. There was the first opportunity in my life to take the wrong course, to rebel rather than compel confidence from my associates and employees."

"Often a captain would want me to put down the wrong figures. He

would assure me that it would never be known, that it was the customary way of doing things, and that it was the right thing for me to do. I reasoned with him. I insisted upon what I thought was right, but had patience with all who opposed me. Soon my employers noticed my methods of doing business, other employers knew that I wanted to do the right thing; bankers then came to have confidence in me, and then success followed step by step."

"What was the young man's chances today?" was asked.

"Far better today in Cleveland than when I was a boy here. In those days this was a small city and the industries that flourish here today were unheard of. There were very limited opportunities for the young man who wanted to make a substantial figure in life. But soon afterward Mr. Chisholm began to develop the iron and steel industry here, we went into the oil business; others branched out along the different lines—all were successful, and today every young man of Cleveland derives great benefit from those early enterprises. The city grew up around them, and it seems to be only a matter of choice with the young man himself today; the city is full of opportunities."

Mr. Rockefeller said, as he looked out of the window at the drizzling rain and autumn gloom:

"I never regret the coming of fall, although it marks the close of the outdoor season, and I have found outdoor exercise wonderfully beneficial to my health. I like to ride my wheel over the golf links best of all perhaps, and winter puts a stop to that. But we need winter. I believe we, in the temperate zone, are better for it. We need the invigorating influence of cold weather. Each winter I take a party of my friends south to spend a month. This is for the purpose of getting into the open air more, rather than for the purpose of getting the milder climate. Mrs. Rockefeller always admonishes me against too long a stay in the south because she maintains, and rightly, I believe, that all of us who belong to the north need the cold winter."

Japanese Army Receives News of the Peace Terms with Universal Indignation, Soldiers are Plunged Into Grief.

General Oyama's Headquarters, Mukden, September 11.—(Via Hankow, September 12.)—The terms of peace, which were withheld from the Japanese army for over a week, by a stoppage of the mails, are gradually becoming known to the officers and the men in the ranks.

They are received with universal consternation and indignation. The soldiers declare that they would prefer to continue fighting at any cost, rather than stop the war on such terms.

News of the treaty was first brought to the Japanese lines by a Russian officer, who rode forward under a white flag, accompanied by a few Cossacks, to ask why the Japanese outposts continued to fire, when peace had already been declared. Since that time a few telegrams have found their way to the front giving the terms of peace. These came like a thunder clap to the army. Everybody supposed that the original demands of the Government would be enforced without exception, for to all outward appearances the Japanese are now in better condition than ever before to fight a great battle. The Japanese probably have no less than seven hundred thousand rifles under Oyama, against less than five hundred thousand in the Russian army. The foreign attaches have generally believed that the next battle would result no less favorably for the Japanese than did the battle of Mukden. They have insisted that there was a good chance of the entire Russian forces being surrounded and captured, together with the commander.

JAPANESE HAMPERED.

There is no question but that the Japanese have been hampered seriously by inefficient transportation facilities, but during the past six months vast quantities of supplies have been accumulated at the various depots. These were sufficient to have enabled the army to advance 150 miles and fight at least one great battle without rupturing the line of communication. All the divisions are now in a condition of overstrength, the soldiers are in the pink of condition and keen for a conflict, which all have felt would permanently settle the Far Eastern

question. Even the high officers of the army do not attempt to conceal their dismay at the outcome of the negotiations. General Nogi has aged perceptibly with disappointment.

It is freely reported that Marshal Oyama, General Kodama, his chief of staff, and the other high authorities are equally disgruntled. According to current stories, none of the army commanders was consulted save in a perfunctory way in regard to the terms of peace. The feeling is growing that the Japanese have gained little from Russia beyond promises which can be enforced only at the cost of another conflict. Many officers assert that in spite of the unprecedented victories, which the army has won, the sum total of the war is a flat failure.

GRIEF OF SOLDIERS.

The grief of the soldiers in the ranks is pathetic. All insist that such a peace as has been secured is but temporary, and that Japan must be prepared to renew the struggle within a few years. The wildest rumors are circulating in regard to disturbances in Tokyo and everywhere else in Japan. The soldiers seem generally to rejoice at the reports of the destruction of buildings.

With this feeling in the air, General Fukushima has proceeded toward the consummation of an armistice. The meeting with the Russian representatives will probably be held today between the lines or above an equal distance from Kaiyuen and Changtufu. The first steps toward demobilization have already been taken. Supplies have stopped coming up from the seaports, and the backflow of these under transport has begun. It is said that the Japanese authorities hope to complete the evacuation of Manchuria by next February. The return of the victorious army, writhing under what is considered a humiliating peace, tends to mar the unity of feeling in Japan which heretofore has characterized this remarkable war. It is believed here that if not the dominant factor in the affairs of the nation. Its officers openly assert that the diplomats of Japan have forfeited the confidence of the people.

PREMIER McBRIDE HAD HARD EXPERIENCE

Went on a Shooting Trip and Was Stranded at the Hope Mountains Without Supplies.

New Westminster, Sept. 13.—When the Hon. Richard McBride, who with a select party of friends is taking a holiday in the Hope Mountains, re-

turned, or a thesis on the comparative values of solids and liquids as foods. For, according to the latest advices received in this city, the premier of British Columbia and his party are at present stranded at Hope, with nothing wherewithal to keep body and soul together, save half a dozen cases of the very finest Scotch.

How this remarkable state of affairs came to pass is a hard luck story throughout. A few days ago, Premier McBride, his brother, Mr. W. L. McBride, Mr. J. Cambridge, registrar of the New Westminster court house, Mr. Thomas Gifford, M. L. A., Mr. F. A. Fletcher, assessor for New Westminster district, and Mr. D. Starratt left on what was to be a pleasant little shooting trip through the Hope Mountains. The party arrived at Hope, and found that the shooting was liable to become more of a necessity than a pleasure, for of the large and varied assortment of provisions which they had ordered to be sent in advance, not so much as one soda biscuit had showed up.

The liquid portion of the commissariat had arrived all right, and six cases of the very best lay awaiting there the distinguished party. There was some consolation in this, but it was not long before it was forced upon the minds of party that the best Glenlivet is no sort of article to subsist on indefinitely. Then there was some rapid fire work over the C. P. R. telegraph lines, and the waiters at Hope were informed that Mr. T. S. Annandale had shipped the provisions on August 31. It was September 6, still there was no sign of it at Hope.

The C. P. R. officials could not tell where it had gone to, so Mr. Annandale today forwarded another stock of provisions. Until it reaches Hope, the party will have to hold out as best they can.

Mr. Annandale states that, owing to the present arrangements of the C. P. R., all goods shipped from this city up the line have to first go to Vancouver, where they are transhipped, and he thinks that the goods in question must have been overlooked in Vancouver, in the transshipping, and are now lying in one of the Terminal City warehouses. All the merchants of the city complain of this arrangement, which, they state, kills all chances of any trade with points up the line. It is probable that at its next meeting the board of trade will make strong representations to the C. P. R. on the matter.

GEORGIA NEGRESS POSED AS A MAN IN OLD COUNTRY.

Wore a Piece of Tar Paper Inside Her Hat to Scare Away Devils—Taken in London.

New York, Sept. 13.—The Herald in a copyright cable from London, says:

Paul Downing, who has been ordered at the Mansion House to be sent the insane asylum at Hartford, turns out to be a Georgian negress, who for two years has been masquerading in England as a man. She was arrested on Blackfriars bridge Saturday, but the police had no suspicion of her sex, and not until she was removed to Bow infirmary was it discovered she was a woman. The negress, who posed as a man, claimed to be looking for his wife in the omnibuses that were passing.

Following racial instinct, the woman as a tramp went to a chicken farm and applied for work. This, it is supposed, was readily obtained. The new comer was never suspected of being a woman, saying that "his wife" had been lost in America and asserted "he" had fled to England by way of France through fear of lynching. "He" wore a hat patched inside with tar paper "to keep the devil away," and told tales of the number of converts "he" had made at camp meetings. "He" delivered religious exhortations on every possible occasion, insisted on wearing gloves while working and, pleading cold, wore never less than three pairs of trousers. After her mind became unbalanced she came to London. Her age is about 30.

JACK'S REMEDY.

A veteran tar, who had served for many years in the capacity of boat-swain in the navy, on getting too old for the sea, was appointed by his commander, in grateful memory of his former conduct, a kind of sub-gardener at his country seat. Jack had not been long in possession of his new seat, when he perceived every morning, on walking around the garden, that several of the beds were pawed about and the borders destroyed. This indicated the visits of some stealthy canine wanderer. Jack immediately communicated the news to the commander, who concurred with him in his opinion as to the cause, and advised him to go to the garden a few hours earlier in the morning and give the intruder a warm welcome.

Jack accordingly did so. Hiding himself in the shrubbery, he soon espied a long, lean dog, between a mastiff and a pointer, spring upon the garden wall, and, jumping into the garden, beginning running about and exploring with a great degree of activity and keenness, the depths of the strawberry beds. Jack watched his opportunity, and at the moment the dog had burrowed his head in the leaves out of sight, stole behind him with a spade, and, without word, struck off his tail. The dog sprang over the wall again, yelping. Some time after, when the commander came into the garden, Jack accosted him.

"All right, your honor. We were boarded by a dog, sure enough, of a long, sharp, sailing build, rather white about the bows and dark in the midship."

"And what did you do with him, Jack?"

"I prevented him finding his way back here any more."

"You did not kill him, Jack?"

"Oh, no; I laid by upon the look-out there in the shrubbery, and when I saw him drowse his bows in the strawberry bed I dropped softly behind him, and with this here tool unshipped his rudder—that's all."

IMPORTING RIFLES INTO FINLAND.

Serious Disclosures Regarding Revolutionary Movement in Russia.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 13.—The news from Finland of the accidental discovery of the importation of rifles and munitions in large quantities is the most serious disclosure regarding the revolutionary movement in Russia that has yet been made, as it indicates an intention to form a regular military organization. The importation of revolvers to Finland, Poland, the Baltic provinces and other districts of Russia has been an open secret for a long time. In fact the initiated have found little difficulty in purchasing repeating rifles of a small type in St. Petersburg itself, but these are pocket weapons intended only for use in street rioting and in attacks on the police. The importation of small calibre repeating rifles and carbines of a modern type, however, pre-supposes a design of organize formal resistance to the troops and the presence of bayonets in the consignment strengthens this supposition.

Much speculation exists concerning the possible identity of the Fillbuster steamer which, according to one despatch from Helsingfors, is supposed to be cruising under the American flag, though this probably was used as a mask. It is considered here that the active faction of the young phenomenon party of Finland is probably involved in the conspiracy, and it is recalled that the investigation into the assassination of General Dobrickoff, Governor-General of Finland, in June of last year, disclosed the existence of a society formed to import arms.

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Plans and specifications may be seen at the Station Master's office at Pictou, N. S., and at the Chief Engineer's office, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager, Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 25th August, 1905, Aug. 29, d13i.

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