ROCKEFELLER SAYS WORLD IS GROWING BETTER

Sees More Good Than Ever Before, Says Oil King, Moralizing.

HE IS MISUNDERSTOOD

Sorry, Says Standard Magnate, that Charity Is So Rare.

KINDNESS CURES CRIME

Many Criminals Convicted When Mercy Would Have Brought Better Results.

"I have seen very little evil in the world and only remember the good."

Quoting the words of the French philosopher as his New Year's thought, John D. Rockefeller lingered long enough in the lobby of the Fifth Avenue Church last night to express his sentiments on the world in general.

"What a great thing it is," he said, reflectively, "to know the world is getting better! There is more good in the world to-day than there ever was before.

"I am infinitely happy to-day," he went on, "and there are two things that make me so. One is, that I have seldom in my life found a man who would not respond to kindly treatment. I tell you, kindness, fairness and justice bring a response from every human being, and that man is a very low-down creature who does not respond to them.

Heard Prophecy of Thaw.

"Personally, I am misunderstood, and I am sorry for it. But let me tell you," he continued, touching one of his auditors on the shoulder, "of a little incident which was brought to my mind recently by a story of a Lutheran minister, printed in a Western paper.

"Fifty years ago I was travelling from Pittsburg to Philadelphia with William Thaw, who was then the power behind the throne in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Of course I was then a young man. In the train I was discussing with Mr. Thaw the subject of centralization. Mr. Thaw, you know, was a big man in those days, and I was only starting in business. He, by the way, is the grandfather of the young man who is at present in trouble here. Well, it seems this Lutheran minister overheard what I was saying, and as I arose to leave the car he turned and said to Mr. Thaw: 'That young man will be either the greatest failure or the greatest success.'

"But, talking about this abuse, I am so happy to think that I have only the kindest feelings for everybody. I bear ill will to no one, and it is a great thing to think that this is so by the grace of God. Of course, it is natural that the man who drove the stage coach should be antagonistic to the railroad and that the man who used to keep the small inn should look with disfavor upon the big, magnificent hotels. But it was progress; it had to come, and for a while it was a hardship for these men to adapt themselves to the new conditions. They had my sympathy. I assure you, but we all must continually meet new conditions and adapt ourselves to them. It can't be otherwise."

Kindness Better than Prison.

At this point Mr. Rockefeller was interrupted by a member of his son's Bible class, who began a discussion of crime. He recently had a talk with Judge Cowing, of the Court of General Sessions, and that jurist had told him that in his twenty-eight years on the criminal bench he had sentenced 25,000 persons, of which number 125 had been sentenced to death.

"It is wonderful," commented the oil king, "that a man has been compelled to see so much of crime. I believe, though, many of those who were sentenced would have responded to kindness."

Mr. Rockefeller's thoughts quickly turned to other matters—particularly wastefulness, of which he has spoken at length recently.

"I make it a rule," he said, "to always plant more trees than I cut down. In my country place I do a great deal of planting of evergreen and hickory. I pay about $40 a thousand for small trees, and do you know, after five years, when these trees are about three feet high, they bring $1 apiece in the market. I plant about 1,000 of these trees every year, and I have done much to preserve and take care of them. I am a great lover of fine trees."

Suddenly Mr. Rockefeller remembered that his wife was waiting for him in the church and he cut his remarks short. As he walked away he said:

"I am happy to-day; so happy!"

The Richest Man in the World Has Made His Fortune Through Real Estate.

Sunday World Wants Show the Current Real Estate Bargains.

Girl with a Pretty Face Makes a Unique Begging Visit to Wall Street

Miss Miriam Edwina Sells Chances on Herself to the Brokers.

TICKETS NUMBER 350

She Will Consider a Proposition of Marriage from the Lucky Man.

SHE HAS A FINE VOICE,

Hopes to Get Enough Money to Go to Italy and Finish Education.

Agreement

For the purpose of assisting in the completion of the musical education of

Miss Miriam Edwina

I agree to pay the sum in dollars of the number of this ticket.

Name.....

Address.....

If this number should be the lucky one and all interests being mutual matrimony will be considered.

An attractive young woman, valise in hand, descended upon Wall street to-day, and the lambs and bears and other live stock stopped work.

The young woman, in addition to the valise, possessed blonde hair, blue eyes, a cupid's bow mouth and other marks which merited attention.

Furthermore, she carried into Wall street a scheme which made even the enterprising ones of the Stock Exchange sit up and take notice.

The young woman is Miss Miriam Edwina, and she is raffling herself off for money to obtain a musical education. She has 350 chances, and they range in price from $1 to $350.

Miss Edwina has a high soprano voice and grand opera is her aim. She says she has heard of all kinds of raffling schemes for making money and she certainly wants to accumulate enough to take her to Italy.

Young and Beautiful.

Miss Edwina is beautiful. She is only nineteen. She is svelte and graceful, but the charm which she cherishes most is her voice. Here is her own story of how she came to raffle herself in the hope of raising money for her musical education:

"I have been trying to earn enough money to complete my musical education, but it seems that it is impossible. My father, who was once a United States Consul in Cuba, died three years ago, and I have had to support myself. I tried stenography, and that is how I earned money to study music for a while. Then I went on the stage. I have had voice lessons here in New York four years, but I want two years abroad. Of course, that is necessary for any one who has grand-opera aspirations."

Miss Edwina has a letter from Gustav Kerker, in which he states his confidence in the young woman's musical future.

"It seems a shame for me to let my voice go for nothing," she said, "when there are so many rich men with more money than they can use. And then lots of people think I am attractive, so as I have nothing else to raffle off, the idea suddenly occurred to me that I would raffle off myself."

The enterprising young woman descended upon Wall street to-day with a small valise in which she carries her chances. Each ticket is numbered and put in a sealed envelope. When the man draws the envelope he, of course, has no idea of the price he must pay for it. The number on the ticket represents the price he must pay.

One Man Paid $210.

Already Miss Edwina has sold ten shares or chances, the largest number being drawn so far being 210, for which a well-known and wealthy New Yorker paid $210. As the young woman started only this morning, she feels very much encouraged.

"I'm going to spend the day in Wall street," she said. "I will appeal to Wall street men because no one but wealthy men would want to take a chance."

If Miss Edwina sells all her chances she will have the tidy little sum of $31,425, which ought to help some toward a musical education.

"As you see in the agreement, matrimony is the reward for the lucky ticket—only if all interests are mutual," said Miss Edwina. "The raffle will take place in some hall, and I intend giving a concert first and letting people hear me sing."

Miss Edwina has just returned from a road tour with "Babes in Toyland," in which company she played Contrary Mary. Before that she was with "Fantana" and "The Tourist."

Miriam Edwina

PAWNED HER MAID FOR ARREARS IN HOTEL ACCOUNT

Odd Transaction Revealed in Servant's Theft Charge.

Florence Scott, twenty-one years old, pretty and fittingly attired, was arraigned in the Centre Street Police Court to-day, charged with the theft of seven French bonds, valued at $412, and $75 in cash. Considerable mystery surrounded the arrest of the young woman, but it revealed that a Mrs. Glasgow, a companion of the prisoner, once left the complainant, Mary Giles, her maid, in pawn at the Wellington Hotel for an unsettled account.

Miss Scott, as she requested Detectives Leahey and Sheehan, of Headquarters, to call her, was taken in custody at No. 129 West Forty-fifth street. The larceny is alleged to have been committed when the fair prisoner and Mrs. Glasgow lived at the hotel mentioned. The latter engaged the rooms, but when her accounts were rendered she did not pay them, explaining that she and her husband had trouble, but added that matters would soon be remedied and she would liquidate. Dec. 16 she told the manager she was going out of town for several days and wanted a smaller room for the maid. She would leave her there until she returned.

A week passed, and neither Mrs. Glasgow nor Miss Scott returned. Then Mary Giles complained that the two women had relieved her of her bonds and cash.

The Forty-fifth street address is a boarding house. Miss Scott engaged a room there two weeks ago. Shortly afterward a Miss Roland, who the police say is Mrs. Glasgow, also got a room. They said they were friends. Neither paid the second week's board, and when asked for it on Saturday night Miss Roland gave a check for the full amount. There is a check that came back marked "N. G." at the Wellington, which was tendered by Mrs. Glasgow. Detectives from the Gilsey House, where the two young women had also stopped, with Mary Giles, called at the Wellington in reference to some checks that had been cashed there.

DON'T ASK TOO MUCH WHEN YOU PRAY, IS WARNING OF YOUNG ROCKEFELLER.

He Tells Bible Class to Gauge Requests According to What Is Coming to Them.

"You must not ask the Almighty to give you things that are all out of the question.

"Ask for the things that you feel are in keeping with a correct life.

"If a man wishes to stop drinking it is not the proper thing for him to walk deliberately past the saloon which he knows he will want to enter. Instead he should go around the block.

"Do not pray in a matter-of-fact way. Put your whole heart into it. Do not pray just for the sake of saying something. If you merely go through a form of prayer and do not mean what you say, how can you expect the Almighty to listen to you? It is well to start the day with prayer and to finish it in the same way. I hope we will all start the New Year that way."

PYGMIES IN THE CONGO PLAY OUR "CAT'S CRADLE"

Which Is the Important Find Made by Prof. Starr, of the Chicago University—What Does He Hope to Prove?

That our childhood's game of "cat's cradle" is the chief amusement of the pygmies on the Congo was the discovery of Prof. Frederick Starr, of Chicago University, who arrived in New York to-day on the Red Star liner Vaderland. He considers this his most important find after travelling 22,000 miles and refuses to talk at all about the alleged cruelty of King Leopold's rubber gatherers in the Congo Free State.

Prof. Starr sailed from New York on Sept. 15, 1905, and since then has been on the Congo and its tributaries. His only white companion was Manuel Gonzales, his Mexican photographer, who returned with him to-day, and was equally reticent about what he had seen.

Studied the Dwarfs.

The professor is head of the anthropology department of Chicago University and the main object of his trip was to collect data about the Batua dwarfs, otherwise known as the lowland pygmies. The only specimen of these people that New York has seen was Mr. Ota Benga, who had an airy, roomy cage in the Bronx Zoo last summer until the colored clergymen made a protest.

Asked about the dwarfs, Prof. Starr said: "I found twenty-eight different tribes of these little negroes, and I noted they were almost as intelligent as the full-sized natives of the Congo basin. Among the Batua pygmies the largest specimen I found was 4 feet 8 inches tall. He was a giant among his kind, and I suspect he may have been the result of cross-breeding with some of the normal tribes. The smallest full-grown dwarf I saw was three feet tall, and a few of them are more than five or six inches taller than this. They are good hunters and brave warriors. Although they are very suspicious of all large-sized tribes, and especially of white men, they are friendly and hospitable when their confidence is gained."

Aha, the "Cats' Cradles!"

The subject of cannibalism was mentioned, but Prof Starr shook his head and said he could not discuss that. When asked as to the most important result of his trip, his surprising answer was: "The fact that the natives amuse themselves by making cats' cradles. From the mouth of the Congo to the headwaters of its great tributary the Kasai River, I found the natives whiled away their time in making the cradles with strings and fibres of bark. This is a most important, and exceedingly important, scientific fact, and I shall make it the basis of my report. From the studies I had made for years in anthropology I had expected to find this to be their form of harmless pleasure."

Why this game should be of such great moment to the scientific world Prof. Starr would not say. "My report," he remarked, "will explain that."

Won't Tell of Tortures.

Since he had travelled along the entire river front of the Congo Free State the professor was asked as to what he had seen of the torturing of natives by King Leopold's soldiers and rubber gatherers. He was reminded of the international attention that has been given this subject and of the attempt to have Congress protest.

"I cannot discuss political matters," said the professor. "I am interested in science."

He was asked if he had seen natives with hands and feet chopped off because they had not gathered enough rubber to satisfy the collectors. "I will not talk of the political situation," he said.

The professor left to-day for Elizabeth, N. J., where he will visit friends before going to Albany to see his mother. He will then proceed to Chicago, where they are sitting up nights waiting for the report of his travels.

POLICE METHODS SCORED BY FINN

Declares Bluecoat Raids Are Becoming a Menace to Liberty of Citizens.

Magistrate Finn in Jefferson Market to-day denounced police methods in making indiscriminate arrests on flimsy evidence and announced that he would not hold any crap-shooter brought before him. Crap-shooting is no crime, he said, reaffirming the decision handed down by Justice Gaynor of Brooklyn.

The Magistrate's ire was aroused when Antonio Rossetti and Otto Matolo were brought before him charged with amusing themselves on Sunday in Rossetti's bowling alley, No. 152 Bleecker street. Policeman Hoolihan, of the Mercer street station, said he had arrested the men for violating the Sunday law.

"What evidence have you?" demanded the Magistrate. "These raids by policemen are disgusting."

"I only obeyed orders," said Hoolihan.

"Then the orders are wrong. This man says he was merely rolling the balls around when you arrested him. What do you know about the place?"

"I've arrested two thieves there, and we understand there is sometimes a crap game there," said Hoolahan.

"Craps? Is that a crime? Let me tell you and your captain," said the Magistrate, looking toward Capt. Miles O'Reilly, who happened to be on the bridge, "that these spasmodic raids are becoming a menace to the liberty of the people.

"Something ought to be done to prevent the arrest of reputable men without evidence. The police seem to be losing their respect for liberty. These citizens are paying you and me for protection, and they are arrested and cast into cell on the only day in the week they have to enjoy themselves. Why don't you get some evidence?

"It makes me tired! As for crap-shooting Justice Gaynor eight months ago decided that crap-shooting was no crime. Don't expect me to hold any crap-shooter. Discharged!"

MORE HEADS CUT OFF IN MAYOR'S WAR ON WIGWAM

Leader Dalton's Brother and James Kennedy Lose Their Jobs.

Mayor McClellan, through his political manager, to-day resumed war on the Tammany organization. John J. Dalton, cashier of the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity, was told that his resignation would be accepted. Similar intelligence was conveyed to James Kennedy, secretary to Commissioner Goodwin, who is Tammany leader of the Seventh District. It is said that Goodwin will be next to go, and that the axe will swing merrily until every man holding an exempt position will be removed unless he comes into the McClellan fold and brings his "influence" with him.

Dalton, the cashier, is a nephew of Leader Dalton, who, with Dooling, rules the Ninth.

Commissioner John H. O'Brien, who has been credited with being the Mayor's political adviser, would not talk about these removals to-day, further than to admit that they had taken place.

Doesn't Have to Explain.

"I do not have to give a reason for requesting these men to resign," said the Commissioner. "Their places are exempt, and they have to go when I say so. That is all I have to say."

"Were these men told to resign on account of their affiliations with the Murphy leaders?" was asked.

"I decline to give my reasons," replied the Commissioner.

Commissioner O'Brien ordered a large number of corporation inspectors, all good Tammany men, to be dropped last week, and it was then said that this was the first blow in the battle between the Mayor and Tammany. The corporation inspectors are named by the city, but are paid by the corporations whose work they inspect. These posts are usually held by Tammany district captains and the custom is to change them each year.

Another of the quiet moves last week was the dismissal of Charles O'Reilly from the position of Inspector of Accounts in the Commission of Accounts. This meant the same as a direct statement that the Sullivans need not interfere. It followed the desperate attempts of Big Tim Sullivan to patch a working truce between the Mayor and Tammany pending a continuance of hostilities between him and Murphy. Sullivan cut his vacation short to make this effort, but he had hardly fairly started with his work when he was told that he would be unsuccessful, and the next day his man O'Reilly was removed, or requested to resign, which is the same thing.

Rumor About Keenan.

To-day another element is added to the uncertainty by a report that City Chamberlain Patrick Keenan has resigned. He resigned as Tammany leader some weeks ago, just in time to escape taking sides against the leader of Tammany, which he would have had to do if he had retained his leadership and his office together a month longer. Now he is said to have resigned on account of ill-health, and politicians are already busy filling his place, which carries a salary of $12,000 per year.

It is predicted that this will mean another promotion for Commissioner O'Brien, the Mayor's political manager, as it carries more honor, more pay and much more leisure for politics than his place at the head of the Water Department, which O'Brien now holds.

When the Mayor returns the day after to-morrow it is predicted that more heads will fall.

HAPPY NEW YEAR! SEEN JOHNNY MILES?

He'll Be Back at the Notion Counter Wednesday if He's Sober.

Johnny Miles, the "Napoleon of Notions," Broadway around Bleecker, is missing to-day, and may be missing to-morrow. He advertises the fact himself. On a placard in his show window forest is written:

Closed Until After New Year's.
Will Be Open on Wednesday, PROVIDING WE ARE SOBER.

PISTOL DUEL IN MIDST OF THRONG LEAVING CHURCH

Hell's Kitchen Tough and Policeman Fight with Revolvers.

Because of a pistol duel which began in front of a saloon and ended in the midst of the congregation of the German Catholic Church of St. John the Baptist, in Eighth avenue, "Tom" Cooney, of "Razor Riley's Hell Kitchen Gang," and William Coyne, his "friend," went to Roosevelt Hospital, and Policeman John O'Day is to-day receiving compliments from police and public for bravery in the face of death.

Cooney is known as "Gorilla Tom." He lives at No. 221 West Thirty-seventh street. Bill Coyne recently "did him up," and he swore by all that makes an oath binding that he'd do even. Coyne lives at No. 435 West Sixteenth street, and yesterday he went around to the "Tiger" at Twenty-seventh street and Seventh avenue, to prepare himself for a New Year's resolution. There he met Cooney, who said "Come on outside." On the pavement Cooney pulled a revolver and remarked: "I'll kill you now for what you did to me. Pray, if you know how."

Held Up Motorman.

The first shot struck Coyne in the left leg, and he went down in a heap. Cooney ran west and up Eighth avenue, where Policeman O'Day was waiting for a chance to preserve the peace. Cooney saw the policeman and boarded a car. Rushing through to the motorman, David Shaw, he fired his weapon over Shaw's head and ordered him to turn on more current and run the car for his life.

But Policeman O'Day was gaining on the car, and Cooney tumbled off, running rapidly. It was a great relief to the men and women in the car when he quit them.

The race led toward the church, where the congregation was entering. O'Day was catching up with Cooney, when he stopped, turned and fired point blank at the policeman. O'Day answered the fire and kept on running right at the "Gorilla," who dodged in among the churchgoers. They were instantly in panic and raced into the edifice in terror. O'Day chased the desperado and separated him from the crowd, when he turned again and let drive with a well-aimed shot. It hit the policeman's arm and made the blood trickle down his sleeve. But he only ran with longer strides.

Club Won the Fight.

Cooney was without ammunition in the gun, though he had a handful of cartridges which he attempted to insert as O'Day reached out and got him with his club. Down went Cooney, and another touch laid him out.

Cooney and Coyne arrived at the hospital about the same time and asked for news of each other.

"But it's that cop I mean to get," said the "Gorilla," "for what he did with his club. Look at this head o' mine. I'll fix him if it takes twenty years."

Frank Flanagan, of No. 422 West Twenty-seventh street, and John Costello, of No. 212 West Thirty-second street, had attempted to catch Cooney in front of the church, but he knocked them both down and went on his way till O'Day's club found him.

Cooney was arraigned in the West Side Court to-day with his face completely shrouded in bandages. He was held in $1,500 bail for trial in General Sessions on a charge of felonious assault. He said he hoped he'd go to the Tombs soon so that the police wouldn't even up matters any more. The man seems to be half-witted, possessed with the hallucination that he is being pursued by fiends in the shape of his former friends.

RUINED BROKER MISSING AFTER SUICIDE THREAT

Maier Speculated With Last $50, and Told Sick Wife He Would Die.

Reduced to absolute penury through stock speculation which cost him $100,000 in cash and three beautiful houses in Galveston, Tex., Gustav A. Maier, a prominent ship broker of that city, has disappeared in New York, and, it is believed, committed suicide by jumping from a Hoboken ferry-boat.

He left his wife penniless and ill in a boarding-house at No. 45 Grove street, Manhattan. Giving up all hope that her husband would return to her, she appealed to the police to-day to find a friend who would supply her with sufficient funds to get her to her home.

To a reporter for The Evening World Mrs. Maier said her husband had done a prosperous business for many years. He had accumulated $150,000 in cash, after having paid for his real estate, and then started stock speculation on a small scale. At first he won, but finally luck turned against him and he continued to lose. Almost distracted when his fortune had vanished, he came here with his wife, Sept. 1, for a rest.

Dec. 26 he figured his possessions and found he was worth just $50. He took this to a broker's office and returned an hour later to tell his wife that their last cent was gone. Mrs. Fisher, the landlady, asked him for $45 which was due. He said he would give it to her the following day, Friday. He departed from home that morning, and in the afternoon Mrs. Maier received a note brought by a bootblack from a Hoboken ferry-boat in which the broker said he was going to jump overboard.

Mrs. Maier is anxious to find Nellie Fleck, a companion of her childhood, and the only person in New York with whom she is acquainted.

RIVAL EXPRESS WOMEN SWOOPED UP POOR MAN.

Mrs. Russo Grabbed One Leg that Was in Her Territory, but was Arrested.

Miss Marietta Dorio, who is tall and stately, conducts an express business on the north side of Grand street, near Sullivan. Mrs. Elizabeth Russo conducts another one on the south side. Between them, through Grand street, runs an air line of demarcation.

Miss Dorio captured a customer alive Saturday afternoon. In the act of backing away he got one leg over the air line. Mrs. Russo grabbed it. Miss Dorio resented this. They fought for it.

Policeman Luke Miley, of the Macdougal Street Station, happened by then on the tail of a Grand street car. He hopped off and arrested Mrs. Russo, whose husband was helping her in her business, and therefore got arrested too.

In Jefferson Market Court yesterday she and he were held in $1,000 each.

MCMVII

ROYAL

Continues to be the strongest and purest **baking powder** in the market.

Three generations have used it.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

The Flavor that Grows in Favor

You'll become attached to Toasted Corn Flakes with the very first taste. Every spoonful—every bowl—every package, you eat means more—and it's all due to the flavor. It grows on you.

are so different from the ordinary ready-to-serve foods. They not only please the taste and continue pleasing it indefinitely, but they satisfy the appetite, gratify the stomach, and benefit the entire system. Try them. 10 cents all grocers.

BATTLE CREEK TOASTED CORN FLAKE COMPANY

BATTLE CREEK MICHIGAN

TOASTED CORN FLAKES

Famous TOASTED CORN FLAKES