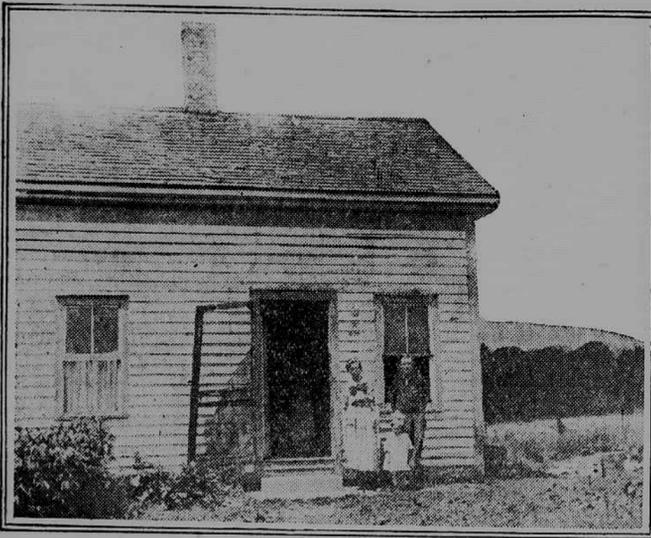


A Rockefeller Pilgrimage to the Old Homestead



Where John D. Rockefeller was born

JOHN D. and WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER stepped from their automobiles in front of the Ahwaga House, in Owego, on Tuesday forenoon, June 17, last, returned perfunctory answers to hotel attendants who rushed to greet them, noted that their travelling companions with them were all right, and then took a good, long look at the Susquehanna River—looked up the river to Hiawatha Island, opposite which, sixty-nine years ago, as boys they lived.

The island was bathed in radiant sunshine, there was no breeze, and the surface of the stream was like a looking-glass; robins were carolling in the alms, the countryside was at its loveliest.

"It hasn't changed any, William," said the elder. "It's just like it used to be."

"That's so, John," said William. "I never saw the old valley looking so fine as it does to-day."

Sixty-nine years ago John and William, lads of eleven and nine, rolled into Owego, along with their mother and Frank and the two babies, Mary and Lucy—over the hills from Michigan Hill, five miles out of Richford, twenty miles away, on the road to Marathon, from the farm where the boys were born.

And on Tuesday John and William were back in Owego—back to "shake hands" with the splendid old river at Hiawatha Island, where as lads they learned to swim and skate and fish—back to see the remaining "old familiar faces" which, like gray and grizzled phantoms, might hear of their return and greet them—back possibly for the last time together to see the river, the old farmhouse at Hiawatha Island, and to hear the robins and meadow larks and whippoorwills make music as they did sixty-nine years ago.

They had lived at other places, where the presence of father and mother and kinsfolk made it "home" to them—Moravia, near Auburn; Parma and Strongsville, and Cleveland, in the Buckeye State, and later in the great metropolis and Pocantico Hills—but none of these places rose to the sweet dignity of Owego, on the Susquehanna, where the brothers attended the old Owego Academy, under the principalship of William Smyth.

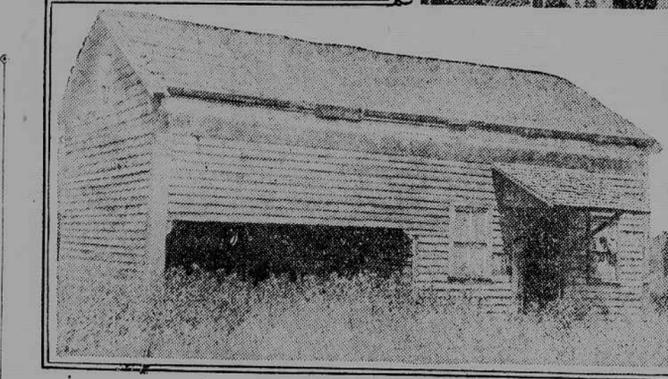
And as they looked up the river they seemed reluctant to go into the old Ahwaga, where people were gathering to catch a glimpse of the two captains of industry and of those who accompanied them.

Over the Hills

Bright and early on Monday morning, June 16, the Rockefeller party, in a large Simplex and two Pierce-Arrows, with baggage car trailing, left Tarrytown for Binghamton and Owego. In the party were John D., Mr. and Mrs. William Rockefeller, relatives, secretaries and extra chauffeurs—fourteen in all. They bit the state road—Trunk Line 4, the "Liberty Route"—near Goshen, and the scenery was familiar until they began to climb the Shawangunk Mountains at Bloomingburg. In a little while they had reached Liberty and whirled along over Young's Mountain, where a magnificent view of the lower Catskills is obtainable. At Livingston Manor the state road carried them down the Willowemoc, and they were in the John Burroughs country for twenty miles or so, as they followed it to the Beaverkill; then to the east branch of the Delaware, down that branch to Hancock, where the east and west branches join—Chebecot, the Wedding of the Waters, the Indians called it; up the west branch to above Deposit; over the "Divide" into the Susquehanna Valley at Windsor, and then over the hills to Binghamton, where a suite of fourteen rooms was reserved for them at the Arlington, and they stayed all night.

But their real objective was not Binghamton, but Owego, the old home, and the story is not so much about Ithaca and Watkins Glen, where they went from Owego, as it is about the spot where they spent the three years of their respective lives which perhaps linger most fondly in their memories.

In the last quarter of a century John D. and William Rockefeller have not visited Owego often. Probably the death of William Smyth, their old academy instructor, in 1898, had much to do with their long absences following that date. During Mr. Smyth's lifetime one or the other of the brothers would make a flying visit to the Susquehanna Valley nearly every year in order to call on him and other old friends and school fellows.



Woodshed or kitchen half of the house on Michigan Hill

When John D. and William visited Owego together about twenty-five years ago, their last visit prior to the one two weeks ago, they went with Mr. Smyth to the old academy and identified the seats they occupied as schoolboys.

The visit two weeks ago was prearranged and was quite largely to make a call on Mrs. S. J. Life, an assistant teacher of mathematics in the Owego Academy when John D. and William were there in 1852 and 1853 and a lifelong friend of both of them.

Mrs. Life is an interesting woman. For many years until her retirement she was head of the Rye Seminary for Girls, and in conducting that well known school, in which she still is financially interested, she was successful in every way. In Owego she takes a leading part in church, social and betterment undertakings, and Owego people look up to her as a leader.

The annual catalogue of the Owego Academy for 1852 gives the name of Mrs. Life, then Miss Susan La Monte, as assistant teacher of mathematics and general English studies. The names of John D. and William Rockefeller are carried in the same catalogue as students.

The plan of the academy and playgrounds is such that young ladies and young men are perfectly distinct and separate except when they meet on the recitation bench, under the eye of their teacher.

The practice of oratory is considered a subject of the highest importance, and therefore the more advanced pupils are required to prepare orations and to declaim them before their fellow students and those visitors who may wish to be present.

Students may obtain board in respectable families at from 14 to 16 shillings a week. Over all students boarding in the vicinity of the academy teachers exercise unremitting vigilance.

Tuition per term of fifteen weeks at the following rates: Reading, writing, orthography and mental arithmetic, \$3.00; English grammar, elocution, mental algebra, geography, with use of globes, 3.50; Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Logic, Moral Science, Political Economy, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology and other natural Sciences, 5.00.

Charges in addition to tuition—Fuel, full term, 25 cents; winter term, 30 cents.

Soon after reaching the hotel the Rockefeller brothers, with other members of the party, called on Mrs. Life, who is in excellent health, and who keeps busy at something every day. Another stopping place was at the home of William A. Smyth, publisher of "The Owego Times," son of the principal of the academy. The home commands an extraordinary view of the Susquehanna, of Hiawatha Island and of the hillsides to the south.

When a photograph of Dr. Phelps was shown to him, Mr. Rockefeller exclaimed: "That's he—looks just as he did when I saw him last. No, sir, I never quite got over disliking that man."

Mrs. Life and her niece, Miss Susan La Monte, motored with the Rockefellers to Hiawatha, three miles above Owego, to the old Rockefeller house. On the way out John D. Rockefeller recognized many of the houses and gave to his brother the name of the family who had lived in each when they were boys together. He pointed out the Hollenback house, now occupied by Clarence S. Mallery. He called attention to the house formerly occupied by Stephen B. Leonard, now owned by James A. Archibald. He remembered the Alexander Yates farm opposite the "Hickories," and several others.

When the party reached the weather-beaten little old frame building on the La Monte farm where the two aged captains of industry had spent three years, walking the three and a half miles to school in good and bad weather, in spirit they indeed were boys again. The dwelling is not occupied, but it is in fair condition, and had been but minor changes in the sixty-nine years.

The brothers strode through the deep grass, and soon were "prowling" around the old cottage. The building was locked up, with the key in Owego, and the oil kings were disappointed at not being able to get inside.

"Over there," said John D., pointing to his secretary, William Inglis, "is the way William and I used to drive the cows to pasture."

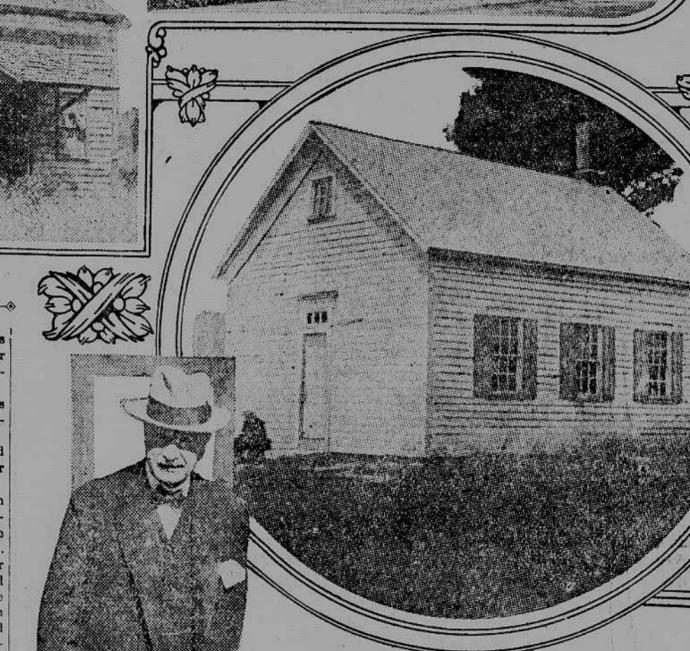
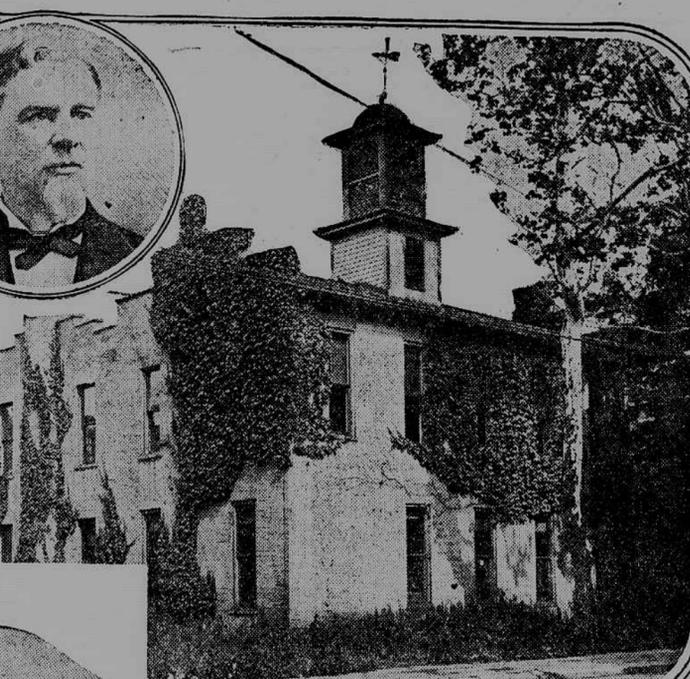
To the Graveyard Nearby

A visit was made to the little graveyard close to the old cottage, where some of the pioneers of the valley were at rest. The names on the headstones helped to recall to the mind of John D. many whom he had known as a lad. The district schoolhouse, a short distance from the graveyard, where he and his brothers attended before he went to the academy in town, was next visited. Of the little throng who were in school there with the Rockefellers only three or four are now living. Of these, Mrs. Life is one, Miss Maria Frear, of Strait's Corners, is another, and John Yates, of Owego, is the third. Mr. Yates is the senior of the coterie, being eighty-nine years old.

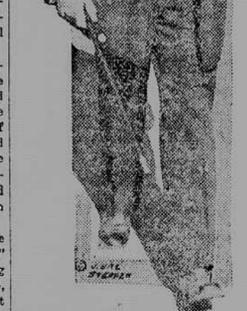
Failure to get into the old house at Hiawatha rankled in the minds of the brothers. They talked about it on the way back to the village and after they reached the hotel. They disagreed as to the size or arrangement of doors and windows, and this led to an interesting and characteristic sequel.

"Bill," said John, "it's absurd for us to come clear up here to Owego and not go inside of the old home. Let's settle the point we were talking about by going up there and getting inside."

"All right," said William. "Soon a car was ready. Through the assistance of Miss La Monte they got what they supposed was a key to the old house, and in less than half an hour they were again wading through the deep grass and at the front door. But the key didn't fit.



(Above) Owego Academy, with its principal, William Smyth (Below) Schoolhouse on Michigan Hill



William Rockefeller

John looked at William and William looked at John. The memory of a hundred battles in the realm of finance and oil probably stirred their blood.

"We'll get into this house somehow even if we have to bust something," said the richest man in the world, and

get in they did. Miss La Monte afterward said she didn't remember just how they got in, or where, but break in they did. They settled the point in controversy and came out jubilant, although they were a little cobwebby.

Of the Owegoans who were in the academy when the Rockefellers were students few are now living. The living include Theodore D. Geers, of Florida; William L. Kingman, of Yonkers; Mrs. John F. Steele, Mrs. J. B. Stanbrough, Mrs. Mary Chesebrough and Miss Eva Woodward, of Owego.

Famous Graduates

The Rockefellers were not the only ones who became prominent in national affairs. Some of the others who were in the academy either just before or just after the Rockefellers were on the school roster were General Benjamin F. Tracy, Secretary of the Navy; Senator Thomas C. Platt, General Isaac S. Catlin, Bishop George Worthington, of Nebraska, and Frederick Hewitt, who left \$500,000 to Yale and \$2,000,000 to the Post-Graduate Hospital of this city, and whose will was contested by disappointed relatives. Hewitt, at the time he entered Yale, was said to be the youngest student that had applied for entrance there. He was an unusual pupil, in whom Principal Smyth took great interest, and when he tried to enroll at Yale he was compelled to wait a year on account of his age.

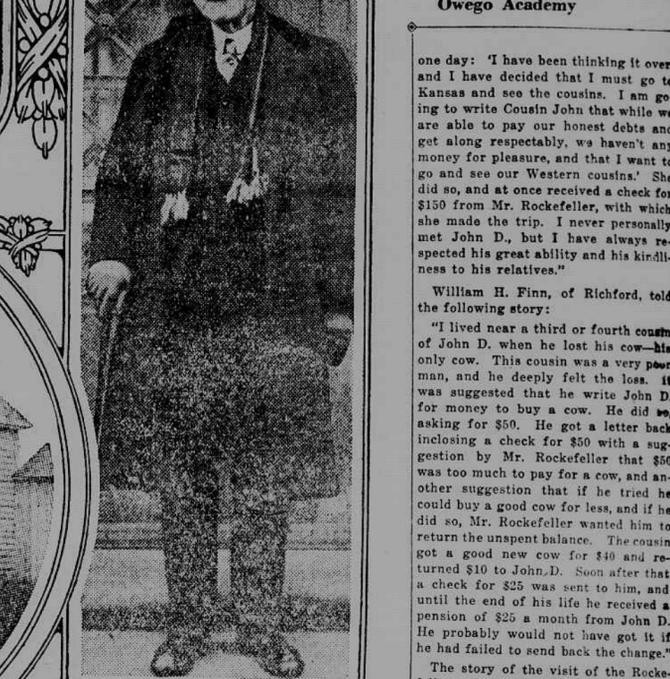
William Smyth, the famous principal, was of Scotch descent, but came from County Derry, in the North of Ireland. He was educated at Edinburgh University, a pupil, it is said, of the famous Dr. Chalmers, and studied for the ministry. On reaching New York he became for a short time a proofreader on "The New York Sun" and an editorial writer for "The New York Observer." He answered an advertisement for a principal for the Owego Academy and got the place, his letter being perfect in composition, spelling and punctuation, a point which constituted the winning margin in his favor against forty competitors. He taught until 1858, and then founded "The Owego Times," now owned by his son. He was president of the village of Owego, Assemblyman and State Superintendent of Insurance. His son, the publisher of "The Owego Times," is the Republican leader of Tioga County, and during Senator Platt's life was one of his most influential lieutenants. For several terms he was postmaster of Owego.

Miss Mina Smyth, daughter of William Smyth, who many times talked with John D. Rockefeller, in a recent statement said of him: "One thing about Mr. Rockefeller that struck me as peculiar was that he seemed a little one-sided in his way of looking at things. For instance, there were his religious views. So far as he was concerned, there was just one church in the world, and that was the Baptist. He did wonders, so far as giving goes, for the freedmen and the Indians in the Baptist missions down South, but when I talked to him about the Presbyterian mission at Asheville he said that he had never heard of it. But he had the name and all about every Baptist concern in the country at his tongue's end, so I suppose he had enough to think of without troubling his head about other denominations."

The people of Richford, twenty miles from Owego, the nearest post-office to the Rockefeller homestead on never entered into a contract at all. He imagined a system of absolute equality in which all existing institutions, except that of property, might be retained. The change would come about as the result of conviction; thus law would spontaneously transform itself, the state and property would drop away and the new condition appear. As a means of popularizing his idea he founded a People's Bank in Paris in 1849. Its aim was to insure work and prosperity to all producers by organizing them as capitalists and consumers, too.—London Common Sense.



The home of John D. and William Rockefeller in 1850 while they went to school at Owego Academy



John D. Rockefeller

Michigan Hill, where the boys were born, were much disappointed because the Rockefeller party failed to visit the old farmhouse. As already stated, the farm is about five miles from Richford village, on the road to Marathon. The place is owned, it is understood, by Simeon Rockefeller, a third or fourth cousin of John D. The present tenants are Mr. and Mrs. Frank Talcott and baby daughter. The house originally seems to have been about 60 by 16 feet, and two stories. From left to right was the woodshed and well, with an entrance to the kitchen. Then comes the kitchen, and then the sitting room and parlor combined, and off this were two bedrooms, in one of which it is said by the neighbors all the boys were born. Both the house and the barns were fairly well built, and doubtless were as comfortable as the average farmhouse. Some years ago the owner of the place got tired of having the woodshed end of the dwelling where it was and he carved the house in twain, moving it back, and built a better structure in its place, leaving the old sitting room section as part of the remodeled dwelling, and facing the remodeled structure quarter way around. Two hundred feet down the slope is a pretty brook, with plenty of suckers and chubs in it. It is plenty big enough for a swimming hole, but it is doubtful if John D. Rockefeller more than waded through it, as he was only four when his folks moved north to Moravia. Close to the old house is one which the old residents say stood there when William Rockefeller, the father of John D., built the house where his boys were born. In the garret of the part of the old farmhouse containing the woodshed, detached from the sitting room part, and for many years used as a henhouse and storeroom, is a relic that perhaps some Rockefeller will lay hands on one of these days. It is an old, hand-made skeining reel, and a genuine antique. It is about the only thing of value left in the old garret, which is festooned with cobwebs. But still it works. Peter Decker, sixty-nine years of age, who has lived nearly all of his life next to the Rockefeller homestead, says that it was in the Rockefeller garret when he first climbed into it fifty years ago.

"I have been thinking it over, and I have decided that I must go to Kansas and see the cousins. I am going to write Cousin John that while we are able to pay our honest debts and get along respectably, we haven't any money for pleasure, and that I want to go and see our Western cousins." She did so, and at once received a check for \$150 from Mr. Rockefeller, with which she made the trip. I never personally met John D., but I have always respected his great ability and his kindness to his relatives."

William H. Finn, of Richford, told the following story: "I lived near a third or fourth cousin of John D. when he lost his cow—his only cow. This cousin was a very poor man, and he deeply felt the loss. It was suggested that he write John D. for money to buy a cow. He did so, asking for \$50. He got a letter back enclosing a check for \$50 with a suggestion by Mr. Rockefeller that \$50 was too much to pay for a cow, and another suggestion that if he tried he could buy a good cow for less, and if he did so, Mr. Rockefeller wanted him to return the unspent balance. The cousin got a good new cow for \$40 and returned \$10 to John D. Soon after that a check for \$25 was sent to him, and until the end of his life he received a pension of \$25 a month from John D. He probably would not have got it if he had failed to send back the change."

The story of the visit of the Rockefellers to Owego would not be complete without Miss Kate Roche in it. Miss Roche for many years has been an important part of the Ahwaga, and the old Ahwaga itself is an institution. It is one of your old-fashioned hostleries, with large rooms and high ceilings. It was here years ago that Senator Thomas C. Platt, at about the time that Senator Depew was a candidate for United States Senator, held his buckwheat pancake breakfast. Two or three hundred Republican politicians, with a bunch of reporters, came in on special trains from around the state and sat down to a pancake breakfast that began at 10 o'clock in the morning and lasted until 3 in the afternoon. John F. Ward was the manager of the hotel then, and he is the manager now. Kate Roche was the head waitress then, and she is the head waitress now. John D. and William Rockefeller have known her for years, and so do John D., Jr., and Percy and the others.

Kate was at the side of the Rockefeller brothers when they sat down to eat at the Ahwaga on Tuesday and again on Thursday, after the return of the visitors from Ithaca and Watkins Glen. "They've been coming here, old and young and little and big, for the last thirty-five years," said Kate. "Mr. John D. and Mr. William are very smart men, and they are very nice to plain people. Mr. John D. told me that he never had such a nice trip before in his life as the one he had here. And Mr. William said the same thing. And, more than that," and here Miss Roche assumed an air of almost regal superiority and dignity—"this time they all stayed over night at the Arlington, in Binghamton, with fourteen rooms for fourteen people, and when Mr. John D. was leaving he said to me that he had had such a good time that the next time he comes, and that will be next year, he is going to stay overnight here at the Ahwaga, with all of his party. He certainly knows a good hotel when he sees it. And more than that," added Miss Roche, as a fitting finale to a perfect day, "he said that he never tasted better custard pie than I served him to-day."

The Rockefeller party went from Owego to Ithaca, where they took a look at Rockefeller Hall, one of the show places of the college town, and from there they went to Watkins Glen for Wednesday night. It is said to have been the first time the brothers ever were in Watkins Glen. They returned to Owego for the midday meal on Thursday. John D. Rockefeller visited Owego about twenty years ago, being unattended at the time. He looked up a few of the men he had known as boys, and inquired about others. William Rockefeller visited Owego last in 1910. He was on a special train with President Truesdell of the Lackawanna Railroad, James Stillman, John D., Jr., and others. At that time he took a drive around town and stopped to look at the old home at Hiawatha Island. The day was in November, and it was cold and dreary. This time it was different, as June in the Susquehanna Valley is a time to make nature lovers enthusiastic. Wherever they went, the brothers expressed the greatest pleasure over their trip and over the beauties of the country they had traversed.

Tribute to John D.

"John D. Rockefeller always has been kind to his poor relations," said John Wilcox, the harnessmaker and justice of the peace in Richford, whose wife, now dead, was a first cousin of John D. "My wife was an own cousin of John, and about twenty years ago, time were hard with us. I suggested to my wife that a man as rich as John D. was reputed to be would help us if we asked him. My wife replied, 'I can't write Cousin John for financial help without giving you a black eye, and I won't write.' Several years after that, following the announcement that Mr. Rockefeller was giving away vast sums for education, my wife said to me

Tracing Anarchism's Beginnings

SPECULATIONS of anarchistic nature may be traced in many Oriental writings. Some there are, no doubt, who, like Tolstoy, will see anarchism in the bold, moral and intellectual insurgency of Jesus Christ and his immediate followers. But that reasoned polity which in modern usage is called anarchism made its first notable appearance in the metaphysical school of which Shelley was the great daring spirit and Godwin the ablest exponent. The revolt of Godwin, 1766-1836,

was an intellectual one. He desired such a condition of society as would expand the understanding, remove whatever impedes, and fill men with a generous consciousness of their independence. Law seemed an institution of the most pernicious tendency. The world's commodities should be distributed to insure to every one the means of life, not merely in the interests of justice but because the accumulation of private property has done most to establish the empire of force in the affairs of man. Godwin deprecated any resort to violence in the realization of the new order. One's reason forbade the use of weapons which might be employed with equal prospect of success on either side. Proudhon, 1809-'65, a native of Besancon, is interesting as the first political thinker to call himself an anarchist. His own contribution to anarchism, however, is much less important than his personal influence on other writers—and particularly on Bakunin. He rejected all individual laws except the one legal form that contracts must be lived up to. Hence the state must disappear also, for it frequently attempts to coerce those who have

never entered into a contract at all. He imagined a system of absolute equality in which all existing institutions, except that of property, might be retained. The change would come about as the result of conviction; thus law would spontaneously transform itself, the state and property would drop away and the new condition appear. As a means of popularizing his idea he founded a People's Bank in Paris in 1849. Its aim was to insure work and prosperity to all producers by organizing them as capitalists and consumers, too.—London Common Sense.