

BLACK HAND STORY ON JAWN'S ESTATE STRETCHED

Pocantico Hills, N. Y., Sept. 11.

—Your correspondent fully expected to march right square into the jaws of death when he came up here to Uncle John Rockefeller's place, to take a few furtive peeps at the black handers lurking behind the trees, the armed guards prowling about, and the Rockefeller menage scared stiff and clammy.

Your correspondent didn't march right square into the jaws of anything except a fine September day.

As for furtive peeps, narvy a F. P. What was the use of furtively peeping, when nobody paid any attention to whether he, she or them was being peeped at or stared out of countenance?

Not a black hand in sight except the horny mitts of the colored workmen who are to be found all over the place. As for armed guards, if there was any such, he was in hiding, and your correspondent couldn't find him.

First, your correspondent came to a gate, with a big sign on it. The sign said "Private Grounds. No Trespassing. John D. Rockefeller." So your correspondent walked right in. No one was to be seen.

Your correspondent walked down a road quite a piece, till he saw a dozen men, mostly negroes, picking apples. Your correspond-

ent approached said men, picked up several of said apples, and got away with them.

Progressing further into Rockefeller's estate, your correspondent came to the home of Supt. Briggs. Was informed that Briggs was in New York. Still further penetrating, discovered a little stone stairway, climbed it, and found himself in a flower garden directly in front of the Rockefeller home. A lot of men were working in the garden, about 50 more were at work on the house, which is undergoing extensive repairs.

Your correspondent walked all around the house, promenaded the porch, looked into the windows, gazed out upon the landscape. If he had

been a blackhander and had had a few bombs in his clothes, he could have blown the whole Rockefeller institution to flinders.

Your correspondent inspected the grotto, threw pebbles into the pool and finally sat on the railing of the porch. It was about time to go home. An old gentleman on the roof, sporting snowy whiskers, yelled, "Hey, wotcha doin' there? Git out!"

So your correspondent got out. Young John's two children go driving in the afternoon, accompanied by their nurses and one of Rockefeller's secretaries. No



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Black Hands