

YOUNG ROCKEFELLER DRAWS A MORAL FROM JEAN VALJEAN'S STORY

THE one topic of discussion at the meeting of the Rockefeller class last Sunday was the singular choice which John D. Rockefeller Jr. made when he read before the club members of his class on Saturday night the story of Jean Valjean, from Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables"—that virile protest against the unjust oppression of social conditions as they existed in the early part of the nineteenth century. It was not until yesterday that the class knew it was to take its own lessons from the reading.

"I think it was better to let the class draw its own morals," explained Mr. Rockefeller. "The members of the class are not children, and it is not necessary to point out to them the lesson that could be drawn. The chapters that I read could teach a lesson to the world."

The Story of Jean Valjean

The story of Jean Valjean in "Les Miserables" is that of a peasant confined in chains for nineteen years because he broke a window and stole bread to feed the children of his widowed sister. It shows the development of a strong man, who from the lowest depths of ignorance raised himself by the very resolute character which had made him steal to feed his



John D. Rockefeller Jr. Reading the Story of Jean Valjean to His Bible Class, and Small Sketches Showing Characters in the Story

sister's starved young ones, to the position of a respected manufacturer employing hundreds of persons. His generous treatment of his workmen excites envy that exposes the record of his former life and drives him a fugitive from luxury, because disfranchised by his crime, he had held the office of mayor under an assumed name.

The part of the book read by Mr. Rockefeller with dramatic expression Saturday night related to the great crisis in the life of the convict, who, returning from nineteen years' service in the galleys, embittered by the great injustice done him, and a very Ishmaelite, steals for the second time, and experiences the first touch of human kindness, which so transforms him that from a criminal in thought he becomes an honest man.

"While the newcomer (Jean Valjean) had his back turned to watch himself," he read, "the worthy landlord took a pencil from his pocket and then tore off the corner of an old newspaper, wrote a line or two, folded up the paper and handed it to a lady who whispered a word in the lad's ear. The lad returned shortly with the paper.

"I cannot make room for you, sir," said the landlord.

"The man turned on his stool.

"Put me in the stable with the horse."

"I cannot give you any supper."

"I am dying of hunger. I have been on my legs since sunrise, and have walked twenty leagues. I can pay and demand food."

He is Turned Away, Hungry

"He is turned out into the night. The landlord informs him he is known. Other Inns treat him similarly. At the prison he is told to get arrested for a night's lodging. Savage and hostile to civilization he turns to sleep on the

steps of the palace of the bishop of D. He is told to knock at the door.

"Come in," called the bishop.

The door opened wide as if some one were pushing it, energetically and resolutely. He entered and stopped, hearing the door open. He had his arm around the neck of the dog, and his hand and a rough, bold, weary and violent expression in his eyes. The light fell upon him, he was hideous; it was a sinister apparition," continued Mr. Rockefeller. "Mrs. Magliore had not even the strength to utter a cry; she shivered and stood with widely opened mouth. Mlle. Baptistine turned, perceived the man and half turned in terror. The bishop fixed a quiet eye on the man.

"The man leaned both hands on his stick, looked in turn at the two aged females and the old man, and said in a loud voice:

"My name is Jean Valjean. I am a galley slave and have spent nineteen years in the bagne. I was liberated four days ago and started for Pontarlier, my destination. I have been walking for four days, since I left Toulon, and today I have marched twelve leagues. . . . I have been told to be off, went to prison—the goaler would not take me. I got into a dog kennel, but the dog bit me and drove me off, as if it were a man; it seemed to know who I was. . . . What sort of a house is this, do you keep an inn? I have money—100 francs, 15 sous, which I earned at the bagne by my nineteen years' toil. I am very tired and frightfully hungry; will you let me stay here?"

"Mrs. Magliore," said the bishop, "you will lay another knife and fork." "Lay them as near as you can to the fire," he said, then turned to his guest with: "The night breeze is sharp on the Alps, and you must be cold, sir."

"You need not have told me who you were; this is not my house, but the house of Christ," said the bishop. "This door does not ask a man who enters whether he has a name, but if he has a sorrow; you are suffering, you are hungry and thirsty and so be welcome. Before you told me your name I knew you had one, which I knew. You are my brother."

"It was 2 o'clock when Jean Valjean awoke. The bed was too comfortable for sleep," continued Mr. Rockefeller, impressively. "As he could not sleep, he began to think. He had noticed six silver forks and spoons and great ladies at dinner. They were a few yards away from him. It seemed as if he were hesitating between two abysses."

Young Mr. Rockefeller raised his eyes, glanced over the listening class, and then proceeded slowly.

"The one abyss, that saves, and the one that destroys; he was ready to dash out the bishop's brains or kiss his hand. At the expiration of a few minutes, his left arm slowly rose to his cap, which he took off; then his arm fell again with the same slowness, and Jean Valjean resumed his contemplation with his cap in his left hand, his crowsbar in his right, and his hair standing erect on his savage head. A moonbeam rendered the crucifix over the mantel-piece dimly visible, and it seemed to open its arms for both, with a blessing for one and a pardon for the other."

At this point Mr. Rockefeller paused a moment.

Jean Flees With Basket

Jean Valjean fled with a plate basket. Later he was arrested and he was confronted with the bishop.

"Ah! there you are," said the bishop, looking at Valjean. "I am glad to see you. Why, I gave you the candlestick too, which are also silver, and will fetch you 200 francs. Why did you not take them away with the rest of the plate?"

"Jean Valjean opened his eyes and looked at the bishop," continued Mr. Rockefeller, "with an expression which no human language could render.

"Monsieur," the corporal said, "what this man told us was true then? We met him, and he looked as if he was running away and we arrested him. He had this plate."

"And he told you," the bishop interrupted with a smile, "that it was given to him by an old priest at whose house he passed the night? I see it all. And you brought him back here. That was a mistake."

"The gendarmes loosened their hold," read Mr. Rockefeller. "Jean Valjean tottered back."

"Is it true that I am at liberty?" he said, in an almost inarticulate voice, as if asleep.

"You will never forget that you have promised to employ this money in becoming an honest man," said the bishop. Jean Valjean, who had no recollection of having promised anything, stood silent.

"Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. I have bought your soul of you. I withdraw it from black thoughts and the spirit of perdition and give it to God."

The voice of the reader had fallen to a whisper and he closed the volume before a hushed audience.



THANKSGIVING CHEER

Free Turkey—Free Turkey

At no time during the year do you have a better chance of meeting old friends than around the dining table, loaded with good things to eat and surrounded with all that goes to make you full of good cheer. Nothing tends to give you more enjoyment on this occasion than a nice dining room outfit or a new set of dishes.

From now until Thanksgiving we offer exceptional bargains in Dining Room Furniture and Dinner Sets

With every Dining Room Outfit, Set of Dishes, or \$25.00 or over worth of Furniture, goes a **TURKEY FREE**

Terms \$1.00 down and \$1.00 a week.



Side-board
Similar to cut—made of hardwood, finished golden, has large bevel plate mirror. A very roomy piece of furniture.
\$9.25
\$1 down and \$1 a week.



China Closet
Like cut, made of quartered oak and is hand-polished, has bent glass ends and fitted with adjustable shelves—
\$12.75
\$1 down and \$1 a week.



Porcelain Dinner Set
Like cut, consists of 100 pieces, has beaded edge and is handsomely decorated in apple blossom flowers—
\$8.23
\$1 down and \$1 a week—Free turkey



Set of Six Dining Chairs
made of solid oak, have brace arms and cane seats. A very cheap set at
\$5.87
for the six.
\$1 down and \$1 a week

SMITH & FARWELL CO.

THE HOME FURNISHERS
Sixth and Minnesota Sts. ST. PAUL, MINN.



cient schools of Erin. It will be essentially an Irish school that will teach the language of the country, the literature of the country, the history of the country, and it is to be hoped the love of it.

A correspondent writing to the papers antecedent the ceremony of the laying of the foundation stone of this school, relates the following very touching incident: "Towards the close of the joyful celebration on Friday last a pathetic little incident came under my notice, reminding me forcibly that the tears are ever wedded to the smiles in this dear old motherland of ours. Three young girls, bound, I believe, for Montana, U. S. A., on Saturday next, stood on the fringe of the crowd looking down on the fine stone that had some short time before been placed in position. When with bent heads that vast crowd knelt to receive the papal benediction imparted by the Bishop of Raphoe, their pent-up grief could no longer be restrained, and slowly the tears trickled down until they found a resting place on the great foundation stone of St. Eunan's college, while one of their number bent lower still and kissed the sod beneath her. The sad little scene took the nature almost of a second benediction—the sorrowing tribute of tears from those so soon to be exiled children of Erin."

This is only one of the thousand little things that, thrown upon the emigration tragedy, are bringing it poignantly home to the hearts of the people.

The novel, "The Circle," which has created not a little sensation, is the work of a Cork woman. The father of Mrs. Thurston, the author, was Ald. Madden of Cork. It is a frontispiece which MacLure, the celebrated Cork artist, prepared for "The Bellows of Father Proul," some thirty of the most famous men of letters of that day are represented sitting around the table of Fraser's Magazine, and the proprietor of Fraser's Magazine, in this group along with such men as Carlyle, Thackeray, Coleridge and Southey are seated four noted Cork litterateurs, Crofton, Croier, Father Prout, Sergeant Murphy and that wonderful genius, Father Magin. The writer in the Freeman's Journal, who has been drawing attention to this, points out also how in a later generation some of the sweetest singers of the Young Ireland days, Denny Lane,

Michael Joseph Barry, "Mary of the Nation" (Mary Downing), came from Cork, and in later days Mrs. Hungerford, and now Mrs. Thurston.

A century ago, and more to the south of Ireland and its copper mines. It is thought that copper mining is beginning to stir again here. Rumors are afloat that the old copper mines of Cork and possibly those of Waterford, will soon again be set working. It is feared that the Waterford mines, in the vicinity of Bonmahon, have been flooded by the sea. But it is known that the copper lode runs far inland, and not a fourth part of it was worked. Enormous quantities of copper lie around Bonmahon, only waiting to be taken out. If these mines be re-opened, as is likely, the only thing to be regretted about the re-opening is that it will be done with foreign capital. Our people have fifty million pounds sterling lying idly (as far as its owners are concerned) in banks. They have not energy or enterprise enough to invest it for their own good or the good of the country. Meanwhile, all over Ireland, at the present time, English and Scotch capital is being sown in the working enterprises, and the rich harvest reaped is yearly being carried across the channel.

The Irish bull still rants and roars in England. Of course a bull is always an Irish bull, irrespective of the place of its nativity. At a meeting of shareholders held in London the other week, the chairman (as reported in the press), informed the audience that "S" had gone through a long period of depression and we are not out of the woods yet. But I believe bed-rock has been found, and although the turning point may not at the moment be in great prominence, it cannot be far off. On the whole this is not a bad bull, even for a Johnny Bull.

A correspondent of the Freeman's Journal has been pointing out that Sir Horace Plunkett, who so ardently desires to see the people of Ireland helping themselves, has entrusted the plans for his new town residence to a Danish architect, and has ordered the stained glass windows from England. Sir Horace, I suppose, believes that the common Irish may be good enough to work for the common Irish, but not good enough to work for him. Still, the gentle knight, one might think, should practice what he preaches. Seumas MacManus, Donegal, Ireland.

Sized Up by the Layman

An ill-paid minister went to his deacon to solicit an increase of salary. "Salary!" cried the deacon. "Salary! Why I thought you worked for souls!" "And so I do," meekly replied the impecunious minister. "But I cannot eat souls; and, if I could, it would take a good many souls the size of yours to make a dish!"—Exchange.

Relief for the Congregation

A remarkable story is told of a clergyman abiding in a southwestern suburb of London, who, concluding a sermon, said: "Yes, my brethren, there is a hell," and then, drawing out his watch, added, "but we will not enter into that just now."—London Tatler.

TRY THE GLOBE'S PAYING WANTS

Lord Rossmore As a Reformer

BY SEUMAS MacMANUS

LORD ROSSMORE was at one time most rabid of Orangemen. He has now proclaimed himself an ardent Irish reformist. For his fiery Orange utterances he was many years ago, deprived of the justice of peace title which he held. As familiarity breeds contempt—even in Ireland—a justice of the peace is generally supposed to have peace breaking privileges that are denied the ordinary lawless man. Consequently, as might well be supposed, Rossmore's utterances were lurid when the English government felt compelled to strip him of his judicial dignity.

Since that day, probably twenty years ago now, things have been moving in Ireland, and Lord Rossmore and many another lord had to move with them. In the new Irish Reform association Rossmore is faithful benchman to Lord Dunraven. The members of the Loyal Orange lodge, as well as all loyal Conservatives in the north, are furious, and are "resolving" thunderously, and oratorical bombs are bursting thickly around the head of Lord Rossmore.

The lines of the Irish Reform association are cast in difficult places. They have been treated to abuse in plenty from their friends and approbrium without stint from their enemies. All the world and his wife hasten to disown them, with the possi-

ble exception of Mr. William O'Brien who, at Cork the other day—being his first public appearance since he finally retired from public life twelve months ago—showed that he has a great deal more than a sneaking regard for the Irish Reform association, the chiefs of which he made the personal acquaintance of at the great land conference. Mr. O'Brien made an appeal for the Reformists to get encouragement, and reading between the lines of his speech a man with one eye could detect that William is at least their ardent friend, if not their patron. He will hardly find his wish granted in this respect, though. The great bulk of the Irish party are evidently determined that the Irish Reform association shall not be patronized or befriended by the people. The Freeman's Journal, which is their voice, loses no opportunity of giving the infant association a smack over the head. Their argument is that the landlords and Unionists who form the association desire to withdraw people's attention from home rule, and at the same time, the peculiar construction of the Irish Revolution scheme, to give for themselves a large share of the Irish representation. It is my opinion that the association should get generous toleration. They are capable of advancing the Irish question by at least a good step; every advance should be welcomed. It is absurd to suppose that the great body of the Irish people will, if they are granted a portion of their claim, rest satisfied—as fully ab-

surd as to suppose that the whole measure of home rule will make Ireland a contented province of the great British empire.

We have in the Irish bench a mediocre wit named Judge Adams, who is county court judge of Limerick. All of the counsel who are pleading cases before him roar heartily with him when he passes one of his prime jests. One time, however, taken off their guard, they roared at him. It was in a case where a jury man, a simple plain country farmer, was claiming to be exempted from serving on the jury on the score of deafness. "Didn't I see you sitting in the court, sir, during my charge to the jury in the last case?" the judge somewhat perceptibly asked him. "Yes, your honor, you did. I have been here since morning." "And you were listening with attention, too, if I mistake not. Didn't you hear me?" "Your honor," said the poor man in the simple candor of his heart, "I heard every word you said, but I couldn't make any sense out of it."

Ireland, the land of saints and scholars, was one time noted for its schools. That time is long, long ago. I think, however, it will soon be noted for its schools again. Their numbers and their importance are rapidly increasing here nowadays. Dr. O'Donnell, bishop of Raphoe, laid in Leitrim, recently, the foundation stone of one that will be its part in reviving the lost glory. The bishop aims at carrying on this school, which will be under his own patronage, very much upon the lines of the an-

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 16,
TWIN CITY DAY AT
WORLD'S FAIR
RETURN TICKET ONLY
\$10.00
2
Trains
a
Day
VIA
MINNEAPOLIS & ST. LOUIS
NIGHT
RAILROAD CO.
Tickets on sale daily Nov. 14 to 26, limit Dec. 1, at
398 Robert Street; also at Union Depot.