to arrange that I should have the opportunity to study the face of the great petroleum organizer when he was before the public, in action, the only place he ever appeared - the Baptist Sunday School of Cleveland, Ohio. and the church.

I was not at all keen for the undertaking. It seemed unwise, like spying. My friend was so certain that it was my duty as a journalist to get a first hand impression preparatory to what they had all begun to insist the series must end with and that was a character sketch of Mr. Rockefellow. when Siddell telegraphed me that Mr. Rockefellow was to speak at the Sunday School on a certain date and that I must come, I went. From Siddell's point of view the experience was xx entirely a success.

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must see the man. It was /Mr. Siddell/ who took the matter in charge. He loved mistery and had a sense of V He watched for a public appearance of Mr. Rockefellow/ He had all the ? the only thing was to get me there in time. Mr. Rockefellow was to speak to his Sunday School. I was to hear him speak I was to have an advantage seat in the gallery of the church and watch him while we listened to the sermon. I was to have more than one painful personal experience in this work. I could not the human being.

I heard Mr. Rockefellow speak and watched him more or less ashamed of myself for doing it. My feeling was that he was the oldest man I had ever seen, but altogether one of the most powerful. His voice had power in it - his eyes had a power in them and there was a resentlessness about the features which stirred me, although I confess I was not in a state of mind to really judge. I was seeing more or less what I looked for of course. In his talk, commonplace enough for the most part, which was on dividends - the dividends of righteousness, of good work, he let fall one bit of truth, emphasized by a pointed finger which I have never forgotten, which indeed is the way I always see Mr. Rockefellow to this day if his name is suddenly mentioned.

"You must put something in," he said, "if you take something out."

I still can hear that clear but garrulous voice uttering the great philosophy of dividends, material and spiritual.

One other thing which distressed me and made me pity him was when he sat down his back was to the wall and incessantly his

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Memo - No. V

I was finding myself teetering badly. The violence of the attacks, the general hasty assumptions, which were something wicked in large combinations, in large fortunes, was contrary to all my feelings - my judgment if you please - about things. I had no quarrel with size, if the size was honestly built up and an honest development. I had no quarrel with wealth if wealth was the result of a man's distrubution to industry, to law, to science, to the world of literature and art. Besides I saw larger returns coming to men who had made in one or another field a real contribution. I was all for it. But I was sternly, and of course probably impractically, against any man having anything which he did not earn. I was in sympathy with inherited wealth unless that wealth was administered with the strictest regard to social and economic laws and needs. I could not join the human cry. I found myself resenting the use of anything I might have written to increase the popular notion of Mr. Rockefeller as public enemy No. I.

What I was interested in was getting at the roots, merely weeding out those who were unfair to the public as a whole. I felt as strongly as Roosevelt did about the whole system of privilege that we had built up; I had my little platform - free transportation, natural resources on government property to develop on long term leases. All of this seemed to me to be brought about by

actual demonstrations of where the weakness was and that you were never going to get it through these violent attacks. That is, I sympathized ardently with Theodore Roosevelt's desire after finding out what the corporations were doing, testing them by the anti-Sherman law, with his determination to stop speculation. Mr. Bryan's campaign had outraged it, and made me so that I should have voted for McKinley in '96 if I had had a vote.

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