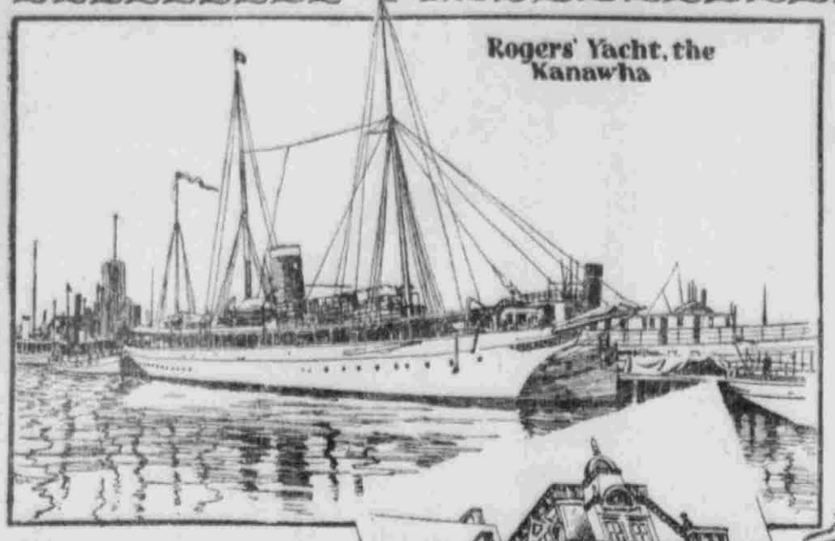
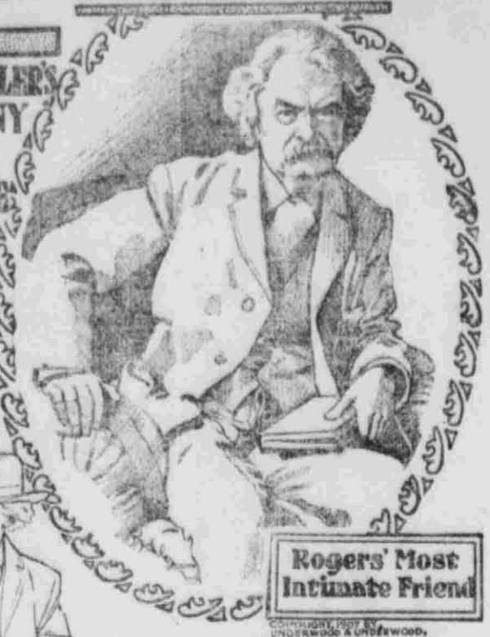
HENRY H. ROGERS, OIL MAGNATE



Rogers' Yacht, the Kanawha

Henry H. Rogers

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S ADJUTANT A MANY SIDED MAN — EVEN TO THOSE WHO ARE HIS BUSINESS ASSOCIATES HE IS A MYSTERY



Rogers' Most Intimate Friend

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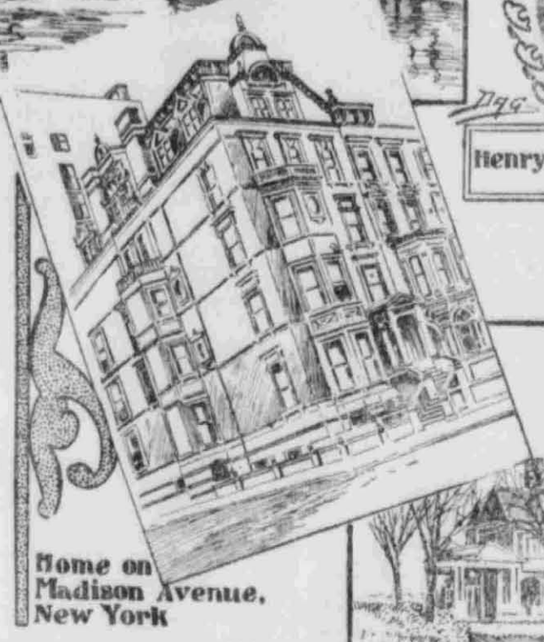

Home on Madison Avenue, New York

Rogers and Mark Twain in Motor Car

Rogers' Home at Fairhaven, Mass.

SOME time ago—before the recent lamentable access of physical infirmity freed him from the annoying activity of process servers and trust investigators—some one compared Henry H. Rogers with a kaleidoscope. For a comparison it was decidedly felicitous. To realize how many sides there are to him one needed only to watch him for a little while at one of the sessions of the Standard Oil inquiry held last year in the city of New York by Herbert S. Hadley, representing the state of Missouri. That was one of the last occasions on which his many sided personality appeared in its most interesting manifestation.

Genial, approachable, talkative and most agreeable in manner; then sarcastic, bitter and even vituperative; cordial one moment, in the next distant and chilly as ice; kindly, almost lovable, and in the twinkling of an eye harsh, even unfeeling—such was the Rogers of a few short months ago. His manner was susceptible of the most chameleon-like changes. His expression transformed itself totally while he blinked his eye. His voice traversed the scale of vindictiveness, cruelty, indifference, politeness, affability and unmistakable friendliness in a single sentence.

It has often been suspected and not infrequently asserted that the second man in the most powerful of trusts has been playing a part—many parts; that he has been concealing his real self beneath these rapid changes in deportment. There has always been the greatest variety of opinion as to when he was really natural—when he was Rogers and nobody else. His friends recognize the real Rogers when he smiles, as he is fond of doing when he is in their company. To those who have known him only in a business way he is quite another Rogers—cold and distant and trusting no man implicitly. Quite another opinion have those who have seen him both at work and at play. To them he is a modified and entirely American Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

As an illustration of his manner during the earlier stages of the oil trust inquiry there is nothing better than the following, told by one who was on the ground:

The trust's vice president appeared among the first arrivals. In tramping across the sidewalk from his automobile he had collected on his shoes a few bits of snow and mud, and upon entering the building at 67 Wall street he was shaking his feet viciously.

"When does this show begin?" he inquired gutturally, referring to the legal proceeding of the "sovereign" state of Missouri, at whose efforts to investigate the trust he had been poking fun during two preceding sessions.

The young attorney general, Mr. Hadley, who stood near by, turned away, with an irritated shrug of his shoulders.

"Why, good morning, Mr. Hadley," cried Mr. Rogers a minute later, his manner becoming courteous and his eyes twinkling good humoredly.

It seemed as though he had got rid of all the venom in his remark about the "show."

"How do you do, gentlemen?" he said shortly afterward, greeting a group of the same newspaper men whom he had avoided so energetically a few days before.

Within another quarter of an hour he was conversing with the would be interviewers as though they were old friends, volunteering anecdotes of his old chum Mark Twain and of his yachting experiences, laughingly answering any question they chose to ask and acting as though he had never in all his life hidden from them in a guarded office at 26 Broadway, the Standard Oil building.

Damon and Pythias.

There is one man at least—not to insinuate that there are not hosts of those similarly minded—who is an out and out champion of the oil trust man at all times and in all places. He would be a monster of ingratitude if he were not. Once, many years ago, Rogers read Mark Twain's "Roughing It." It so captivated him that he not only reread it, but read it aloud for the benefit of his family. He was so charmed with it that he declared that if the man who wrote it ever needed help he would go to his assistance willingly.

Although he had no reason to expect it, the opportunity came. When the Hartford publishing firm in which Clemens had invested his money and of which he was a member failed, every available asset of the great American humorist, including the copyrights of his books, went down in the crash. It was what is known in business circles as a "bad failure," and Mr. Clemens surrendered everything and tried to reconcile himself to the fact that he was stranded and that it would be necessary for him to begin again de novo.

Not long afterward Clemens and a friend happened to meet Rogers in the office of a big New York hotel. Clemens had never seen the oil man, and the friend, who was slightly acquainted with Rogers, introduced them. During the conversation which followed the subject of the failure was introduced by Mr. Rogers, and he embraced the opportunity to offer his services. Clemens was touched by the evident eagerness of the oil magnate to befriend him, but he confessed that he looked on the whole business as a hopeless case.

Within forty-eight hours Rogers had constituted himself manager of the bankrupt author's business affairs. His own time was worth thousands of dollars a day, but he drew freely on it in his effort to recoup the fortunes of a broken literary man and put all of his energy and business ability into the operation. He discovered that the bankrupt firm owed Mrs. Clemens $65,000 borrowed money, for which she held its note. Rogers succeeded in having her made a preferred creditor and to secure her claim obtained for her the copyrights of her husband's books. It was in this clever way that the fruits of the humorist's labor were not lost to him forever. They have been worth more to him than would have been an out and out gift of half a million from the oil king's strong box.

Mark Twain's self appointed good angel was not content with this. After he had seen the author safely through his immediate business difficulties he proceeded to make himself the permanent guardian of his affairs. Some years later he engineered the deal for the publication of Mark Twain's complete works, a move which placed the author beyond financial worry for the remainder of his life. Out of this generous and purely voluntary service on the part of Mr. Rogers has sprung the friendship between these men so different, a friendship that will endure to the end.

Rogers has always been very proud of his intimacy with the great humorist. He regards Mark Twain as the supreme gunmaker of the universe, and he is vigorously intolerant of any opinion to the contrary. He is the custodian of a great collection of anecdotes in which Mark figures conspicuously, and he is always ready to draw liberally on his store. One of his Mark Twain stories runs as follows:

"Well, boys, did you ever hear the story of how Mark Twain met the Rev. Dr. Twitchell and got religion? No? When he went to Hartford to live his wife said to him one day: 'Samuel, we have wandered around a good while and led considerable of a bohemian life. Now that we have settled down here I think we ought to join some church and be respectable. It's the thing to do—at least, it was that way I was brought up in Elmira.' Mark agreed and suggested that they make the rounds of the churches and pick out the one they liked best.

"They did so, Sunday after Sunday, until they had visited all, and then for a few Sundays nothing was said. Twain hoped that the subject was forgotten and he would not have to go anywhere. But one day Mrs. Clemens reminded him. 'Samuel,' she said, 'we have been to all the churches and now you should decide which one we are to attend.'

"Twain thought a long while and finally said: 'There's that Methodist church down in the side street. I rather liked the preacher's sermons. Let's go there.'

"'No, Samuel,' replied Mrs. Clemens sternly, 'it is not sermons you need, but prayers.'

"Twain thought again for awhile. Then he replied:

"'Well, if it's prayers I need, let's go to Dr. Twitchell's church. He wasn't very hard on me in his prayers.'

"So to Dr. Twitchell's church they went. Some weeks later a Hartford man met the late Senator Joseph Hawley in Washington. 'Say, senator,' he exclaimed, 'we have had a great religious revival in Hartford.'

"'Indeed!' said Hawley. 'I hadn't heard about it.'

"'Oh, it was very successful. We only lost seventeen, but we got Mark Twain.'"

Although Mr. Rogers is a resident of New York for several months in the year and has spent most of his waking hours for many years in the Standard Oil building in that city very few of its millions have ever seen the man. He has not been a frequenter of public places. He has mingled but slightly in the social world and has made no effort to be democratic.

Such is the man whose career seems to have been made up of the strangest contradictions. At peaceful Fairhaven, Mass., his summer home, which his generous opulence has beautified and enriched, he is a man with hosts of friends and few enemies. The busy world, which knows him less intimately, finds it difficult to put faith in his reported illness or to sympathize with him in his reported business woes. With $40,000,000 invested in an uncertain enterprise, the Virginian Railway company, it is small wonder that a man of Rogers' years should begin to plead the infirmity of age.

EDWARD CARY STEELE.

Professor Munsterberg and His Truth Extractors; The New Process of Convicting Criminals by Machinery

AMONG the more recent achievements of creative genius several clever little machines devised by Professor Hugo Munsterberg of Harvard university are attracting considerable attention. No mechanical device to serve a like purpose has heretofore made its appearance, at least since the days of the inquisition and the witchcraft period in New England, and the utmost interest is attached to their successful exploitation.

Although Professor Munsterberg has employed terms rather more scientific in describing his inventions, some of the popular names which have been conferred on them are vastly more informing. "Truth compelling machines" is what one person who has had occasion to speak of them calls them, and by another they have been designated as "machines to cure liars."

From this it is apparent that the object of these discoveries is to record the emotions and reveal the secrets of the human mind. That is precisely what the learned inventor of the machines professes to be able to accomplish with their aid. It is asserted with confidence by those who have looked into the matter that Professor Munsterberg has reduced a knowledge of how to get at the truth to an exact science. To this rather startling declaration is added the confident prediction that a few years hence no innocent person need go to jail or, on the other hand, will any guilty person evade the demands of justice.

Is Quite Convinced.

It is quite evident that Professor Munsterberg is convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt that he has hit upon the correct method of separating the sheep from the goats. This is his less homely way of expressing it: "To deny that the experimental psychologist has possibilities of determining the truth telling powers is as absurd as to deny that the chemical expert can find out whether or not there is arsenic in the stomach."

The professor has conducted numerous experiments, but no less a criminal than Harry Orchard, the self confessed destroyer of the late Governor Steunenberg of Idaho and several other innocent victims, was made the subject of his first exhaustive test of the detective power of his machines. These tests were made at the time of the trial at Boise. The professor is now at work on a treatise based on these experiments, and when it is made public the effect will be decidedly sensational.

The least complicated of these wonderful machines is called the automautograph. It consists merely of a wooden sling suspended from the ceiling. Upon this rests the arm of the person who is being examined. A pencil is grasped lightly in the fingers, the point of the pencil just reaching a smooth sheet of paper, on which are recorded the involuntary writings of the suspect.

It has been found that the muscles of the arm and fingers thus employed twitch constantly under the stress of any passing emotion. Tests with many different persons have established the fact that the same general outline is made by all persons under the influence of the same emotion. This of itself is one of the most important discoveries of the day. It is the foundation for all future investigation of the subject.

Still More Wonderful.

Another instrument, one that is much more delicate in construction than the automautograph, is called the pneumograph. This contrivance records the normal breathing and any variation in breathing caused by an emotional suggestion. This process is carried on by means of electricity in a room far removed from the suspect, who does not know that he is being subjected to an examination more penetrative and more exact than can be made by the most skillful specialist in criminal law.

The effect of emotional stress on the rate of breathing is a matter of universal knowledge, but it is only recently that scientific research has made it possible to take note of the character of each breath. Every breath has a story to tell, and the state of the mind may be revealed in that way. A chart of breathings has been prepared with great care and attention to detail, and by means of it an expert may determine the precise condition of a suspect's actual mental state.

Most delicate of all these telltale instruments is the one called the sphygmograph. This is attached to the wrist and records the action of the heart beats. It is a well known fact that the heart is more susceptible to the influence of emotion than any other organ and less under the control of the will. For this very reason it affords the surest test. The record of its variation from the normal affords the most certain and significant proof of all.

With all these instruments in operation at the same time it will be practically impossible for a guilty person to avoid "giving himself away." In conducting the examination of a suspect the supreme test will consist in making a comparison of the record of his emotions obtained by the use of these instruments and charted carefully with that of a person known to be innocent.

Of course Professor Munsterberg is not the first to reveal these interesting and apparently valuable ideas to the general public. The sphygmograph, for instance, has been employed by medical men for many years. The professor's claim to especial prominence in the matter is due to the fact that he has been devoting himself to a careful and extended investigation of the subject and has succeeded in reducing it to something like an exact science. If he should succeed in establishing his claims fully, it will go far toward reinstating him in the affections of the American people, who have borne him a grudge for several years.

How He Became Unpopular.

The popular distaste for Professor Hugo Munsterberg is not due to the fact that he is a German or that he is a college professor, even of Harvard. It is rather because, being all this, he began his career in this country by constituting himself a very severe critic of Americans and their ways of doing. It mattered not at all that many of his criticisms were perfectly well founded. It was not the without advantage to him that his observations were recorded with an ingenuousness that would have been charming under other circumstances.

Long before he came to Harvard—he was called there to fill the chair of experimental psychology in 1892—Munsterberg was regarded as one of the most brilliant men in his specialty. He is a personal friend of the German kaiser, and when Prince Henry of Prussia visited this country he made a special call on the professor at Cambridge and was shown over the laboratory. He is also a warm friend of President Roosevelt, who regards him as the most competent exponent of mental science in this country.

Immediately on his arrival Professor Munsterberg began to show a marked interest in American manners and to contribute articles to the magazines which were inspired by his early impressions. His manner of speaking of American women aroused a storm of dissent from all quarters. Until the foreigners who had "discovered" America and had rushed into print with the news of their discovery let not us as a rule, included the American woman in their sweeping criticisms. Munsterberg made them the special target of his rapid fire and even appeared to go a little out of his way to point out their faults.

But there is no doubt that the last year or more years spent "in our midst" have diminished the egotism and increased the knowledge of Professor Hugo Munsterberg.

GEORGE H. PICARD.

PROFESSOR HUGO MUNSTERBERG.

EBB AND FLOW.

John Adams, second president of the United States, wrote his "Defense of the Constitution and Government of the United States" at the age of fifty-two.

Lord Kitchener's post as commander in chief in India is worth about $30,000 a year and is tenable for seven years.

John S. C. Abbott published his "History of Napoleon III." at fifty-three, his "Frederick the Great" at sixty-six and his "History of the French Revolution" at eighty-four.

A motor club is arranging charming runs by car through Normandy, doing the round of the most famous French chateaux. Such a trip as a paying guest during the vineyard harvest is an ideal holiday.

Cold water is a valuable stimulant to many, if not all, people. Its action on the heart is more stimulating than brandy. It has been known to raise the pulse from 76 to over 100.

The New forest, in Hampshire, is the largest English forest, containing 60,000 acres.

The standard gauge of British railways is four feet eight and one-half inches; of Irish, five feet three inches.

Louis Agassiz, the eminent Swiss naturalist, was not elected to a professorship in Harvard college until past forty years of age. He became curator of the museum of comparative zoology [illegible] scientific [illegible] in Harvard college.

At a church near Ledbury, England, an annual sermon is still preached against dueling. This is done in accordance with the will and testament of a dancer whose rival lovers died fighting for her hand.

The number of persons to the square mile in England is placed at 489. In the United States at seventeen.

Certain perfumes are said to aid [illegible] fifty-two. Nearly all his works were written while [illegible]

health by destroying disease microbes. Of these thyme, lemon, mint, lavender, eucalyptus and attar of roses are the most useful.

Reed pens, shaped after the fashion of quill pens, have been found in Egyptian tombs dating probably from 1500 B. C.

In the days of Columbus only seven metals were known to exist. Now there are fifty-one in use.

False teeth of ivory or plates of the same material and held in place by gold wires were in use in the year 1000 B. C.

Musical people have been found to possess a musical development in a certain part of the brain, and Dr. Auerbach thinks that this characteristic also affects the shape of the head.

A light of one candlepower is highly visible at one mile and one of three candlepower at two miles.

A bridge built entirely of mahogany, said to be the only one of the kind in the world, is in the state of Chiapas, Mexico. The bridge spans the Rio Michol, and its total length, including approaches, exceeds 150 feet, while the width is fifteen feet.

Indian widows in Sitka go into mourning by painting the upper part of their faces black down to their mouths.

Sir Isaac Newton, the celebrated English philosopher and mathematician, wrote on "Theories of Motion" at forty-two and on "Optics" at sixty-one.

A RARE BIRD.

Specimens of the solitary sandpiper have been obtained in northwest Ontario by Evan Thompson. This migratory bird nests only in the "timber," or swampy woods, choosing the nests of the American robin (a species of thrush), Brewer's blackbird, the Canada jay or the cedar waxwing.

THE AERONAUT'S OUTFIT.

When you see a balloon sailing in a summer sky far above your head, you may well suppose that the passengers are getting as much pleasure from the fine weather as you are on the surface of the earth; but, as a matter of fact, they are not infrequently shivering with cold, for the higher you go the lower falls the thermometer.

To meet this the aeronaut has to provide himself with thick woolen clothing, no matter how warm it may be when he starts. Wool answers the purpose best, because it is warm and light.

An umbrella is another necessity, for he never knows when he may encounter a rain cloud which will drench him to the skin. Food has to be given a place in the car, for the length of the trip cannot be infallibly gauged, and he always refreshment with the maximum of nourishment and the minimum of weight, chocolate having a prominent place in his store.

Canvas shoes, again, for balloons are worn by some balloonists, but this is injudicious, as the rubber may become inside in some out of the way place, which means a long [illegible] at the next station. Pipes and cigars or cigarettes are not allowed, for the smallest flame might set alight the oil in the gas.