

Men and Women of To-day.

How Colonel Henderson was "Discovered."

In more ways than one Colonel David B. Henderson, who will probably succeed Reed as Speaker of the House of Representatives, owes his peripatetic to Senator Allison, of Iowa. The two men were first thrown together in 1862. Allison had moved to Ohio to Iowa in 1856, and had at once taken an active part in politics. He had known Governor Kirkwood in Ohio, and attached himself to that statesman's adherents. He was a delegate to and a secretary of the convention which first nominated Lincoln for Presidency.

In 1861 Governor Kirkwood appointed Allison Colonel, and set him to work raising volunteers for the Union service. In all he raised four regiments, but it was an arduous task, and at one time it might have failed had it not been for the assistance of a big Scotch-American college boy from Fayette. He offered his services in any capacity that he might be found useful and Colonel Allison set him to work. In less than a week the college boy came back with a company of thirty-one men. He was the man who is destined to be our next Speaker.

That was the beginning of Colonel Henderson's military career. From the Army he went to Congress, and his subsequent history is national property. The friendship began in the recruiting camp at Dubuque thirty-seven years ago has been unbroken since that time.

A Modern Illustration of an Old Law.

Mrs. May Wright Sewell, the new president of the International Council of Women became generally known a few years ago through her participation in the general federation of women's clubs which resulted in the International Council. She has frequently represented American women abroad, and has long been a prominent figure in the important National Conventions.

Mrs. Sewell, who is the head of a classical school for girls in Indianapolis, could contribute a readable sequel to English as she is taught, for the pupils in a girl's classical school are not above the amusing blunders which characterize the efforts of their young sisters in the public schools.

On one occasion Mrs. Sewell was instructing a class in physics. (Force was the subject, and she made plain to the girls the difference between centrifugal and centripetal force.

"Centrifugal," said Mrs. Sewell, is a force whose direction is from the centre, and centripetal is a force whose direction is toward the centre. Do you all understand that?"

The class chorused assent. "Now will some girl give me an illustration?" continued Mrs. Sewell.

"The domestic virtues are centripetal," replied a small girl, "because they keep a man in the centre of his home, and a centrifugal force is—well, a saloon is a centrifugal force."

Turning a Prison "Terror" Into a Lecturer.

Mrs. Ellen Johnson, of Boston, who died suddenly in London last month, was one of the most famous penologists in the world. For many years she was the head of the Massachusetts reformatory prison for women at Charlestown, and she was an expert of worldwide fame. Many stories are told of her peculiar methods of subjugating refractory prisoners. She appealed to their finer qualities. She believed that it she could interest a woman in some kind of work her reformation might be accomplished. One of her worst prisoners was a woman of foreign birth who had been confined in nearly every prison from New York to Portland. She was a thief, drunkard, and almost a murderer. Her temper was the terror of her keepers, and she was kept almost constantly in handcuffs. About a year after the woman was brought to Charlestown a warden of a Connecticut prison paid Charlestown a professional visit.

"I have heard a good deal about your bad prisoner whom you have reformed," he said. "You know she never was in my prison, and I'd like to see her."

"You shall," said Mrs. Johnson, "if you have not already met her."

They were walking through the prison as they talked, and had come to the room where Mrs. Johnson kept some silk-worms

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and other interesting things, in which the better grade of prisoners took great interest. It was well filled with women, and a stalwart convict was explaining the cocoons to her prison mates, volubly, and with evident learning upon the subject.

"You wouldn't believe it if I were to tell you that you have probably seen her," went on the Superintendent.

"She wasn't that good-looking woman I saw in the flower-beds, was she?" asked the visitor, making a wild guess.

"No," answered Mrs. Johnson. "She is a life prisoner, sent here for murdering her husband. She is the woman who is lecturing on silkworms. She became interested in the subject, and now she is one of the best women in the prison."

The Visiting-Cards of Palmer Cox.

Not long ago an office boy in one of the great newspaper offices came grinning into the room occupied by the Sunday editor. "There's a man outside," he said "who won't give his name."

"Why didn't you ask him for his card?" the Sunday editor asked.

"I did," said the boy, "and this is what he handed me."

The boy laughed again and placed a small slip of pasteboard on the editor's desk. On it was the neat pen-drawing of a Brownie. Then did the editor smile.

"You dunce," he said to the boy, "that is the gentleman's card. It's Palmer Cox, of the Brownies."

So it was. Mr. Cox has a most happy way of putting his quaint little people on his cards and on the cards of his friends. He always has a new position for one of the well-known children of his fancy. In scrap-books over the country there are hundreds of original drawings of the quaint little people with large stomachs, and no two of the many sketches are alike.

From boy Financier to Railroad King.

If the child is father to the man the career of J. Pierpont Morgan, whose offer to light the interior of St Paul's Cathedral in London, has just been accepted, was well foreshadowed in his schooldays.

The future banker went from the public school to the Boston English High School, where during the entire course he stood among the first boys of the class. According to one of his schoolmates, he was more than a bright scholar. Even then he displayed rare executive ability and shrewdness. He was one of the first to organize his class, and under his direction and activity it became, it is said, one of the strongest class organizations in the history of the school. He also took part in forming the High School Alumni Association, whose annual functions are now a feature of Boston's social life. His business ability cropped out when the class published some little venture. None of the boys had any too much money to spend, and the problem of financing weighed heavily on the youthful mind. Morgan was appealed to, as usual, and immediately said: "Get up a subscription list on the one side and get some advertising on the other." His colleagues followed his advice. The matter was printed, was a nine-days' wonder, and not alone paid all expenses, but even netted a small profit to the committee.

To day this same man is one of the great financiers of the world. The men who have handled affairs on so large a scale as Mr. Morgan are, indeed few. His speciality, outside of dealings in national bonds, is the rehabilitation of bankrupt or unprosperous railway properties. His hobby is dogs; and the collie is Mr. Morgan's favorite breed. In his kennels, as in his business affairs, everything is run by system.

The Most Popular Photograph.

There is a fashion in photographs as there is in bonnets and bicycles. At present the most fashionable, photograph in New York is that of William Faversham, the handsome Romeo of the Mard Adams Romeo and Juliet Company. During the past theatrical season Mr. Faversham has been the favorite of the matinee audiences, and his photographs have been the best selling of all the footlight favorites. There are hundreds of women, and even men, who have bought every photograph of the actor that has been taken within the past few years. Some dealers have made a

speciality of 'Faversham sets,' and their collection has been as much of a fad as the picking up of coins or postage stamps or rare books.

Mr. Faversham comes nearer realizing the matinee girl's ideal than most actors, although very few of his admirers know it. Mr. Faversham confines his love making strictly to the stage. In private life he is an estimable husband and father and is devoted to his family. He has a son almost as tall as himself, who is his chum and companion.

Mr. Faversham is an Englishman; he came to America in 1887. Like most young Englishmen he was destined for the army, and went to India. There he developed a strong desire to go on the stage and returned to London. In 1886 he made his debut.

The actor lives in a handsome house near central Park, in New York, and prefers his home above any other.

He Wanted a Compromise.

If General Joseph Wheeler does as active fighting in the Philippines where he has recently been ordered, as he did in the South during the Civil War, he is apt to make his presence felt. General Horace Porter tells the following story, which is both true and timely: It was about the middle of the Civil War when a freshly appointed Colonel with a newly enlisted regiment joined the Union forces in the far South. They were beautifully new, both in experience and in uniforms and they were very anxious to fight. The routine of camp life drove them almost to mutiny. One bright October morning word was received that a small detachment of General Wheeler's cavalymen were on the other side of the hill, and a force started out in pursuit. The next day the confederates were reported miles distant in the opposite direction. The third day the new Colonel and a veteran Brigadier started out for a pleasure ride. A mile from camp they rode into the fugitive Confederates, who had been circling the camp for a week. It was a narrow escape, but they got away unharmed. After it was over the General said to the Colonel:

"Well, what do you think of war now?"

"Is Wheeler in this neighborhood much of the time?" replied the Colonel evasively.

"All the time. He is here, there and everywhere. What do you think of the prospect?"

"Well," answered the Colonel reflectively, "I wonder whether there isn't some way this infernal thing can be compromised."

Moody and the Reporters.

Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, is one of the most difficult men in public life to report stenographically. He drives out his words with the speed of a Gatling gun—at the rate of two hundred a minute. There is not one expert shorthand reporter out of fifty who can make a verbatim report of one of his sermons. He talks nearly as rapidly as Secretary Blaine and Bishop Phillips Brooks did. These men were the bane of the reporters of their day. It is said that there never was a complete report of Bishop Brooks' famous Lenten noonday talks to Wall street brokers in Old Trinity Church. The speed of his delivery and the faulty acoustics of the church prevented him from being audible at the reporters' table.

The New Head of the Plant System.

The present head of the great fortune left by the late H. B. Plant is his eldest son, Morton F. By his father's will the young man will have an income for life of \$30,000, but he has succeeded to the Presidencies of some of the companies which were controlled by his father. The salaries from these offices will make his income not far from \$100,000 a year. The young man is less than forty years old, and was brought up by his father to take his place.

Daniel Frohman's Start.

It was Edward Payson Weston, the pioneer long-distance pedestrian, who tempted Daniel Frohman, manager of the Lyceum Theatre, of New York, from journalism into the theatrical business. It happened this way; Mr. Weston had returned to New York after his successful walk through the West, and in 1871 he

gave an exhibition against time in the old American Institute building. This was the beginning of our present six days' walk matches. He hired Franklyn Fyles, who was then a Sun reporter, and Daniel Frohman to manage the novel affair. The receipts from this undertaking were more than \$10,000, and this success started Mr. Frohman in theatricals. Mr. Frohman has amassed a fortune since then. Mr. Fyles is a leading dramatic critic and playwright, and Mr. Weston, as young as either of his old-time friends, is an advertising agent.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

And now, ayah dearie, I will tell you a bander story and you will listen with your eyes and mouth both wide open, and shiver at the right time, same as I do when you tell about the wicked langur of jackko: and then you must look frightened and stop your ears with your finger-tips, and ask for more stories just as terrible.

"Once-upon a time there lived a bad nat bander in a big babul tree—"

It must have been a wonderful fascinating narrative of the depraved nat bandar or demon-monkey that the little boy told to his Anglo-Indian nurse, in the cool nursery in Bombay, for long years afterward, when the grown-up Kipling Sahib's name was on every one's lips, the guardian of his youth recalled with motherlike pride this childish fiction, the very first of all the splendid stories invented by the foremost of living tale-makers.

To those who know him well [Mr. Kipling is the personification of gentleness and courtesy, and from those only who know him well the present writer has been able to gather the materials for an accurate portrait of the real Rudyard Kipling, creator of immortal Mulvaney, pen-father to Wee Willie Winkie, Punch-Baba and the profane little drummer heroes of The Fore and Aft. It should be enough to recall these names to convince the most prejudiced that the man who has told their story must be first and last a gentle reader of children's hearts and ways.

Precocious beyond his years little Rudyard is on record as declaring with baby passion for games that were hard to play as against the simpler pastimes of the nursery. Books he craved and read understandingly at an age when most boys are still in their tin-soldier period. His precocity, however, was not of an unhealthy sort. Lusty of lung and limb, he was every inch a boy—brown, thoughtful, and keen or the wonder side of things.

The Making of a Famous Author.

In the crucible of his complex nature three national ingredients have been compounded. The Kiplings came originally from Holland four centuries ago, but on the side of Rudyard's mother there is Scotch and Irish blood, and in his father's veins there flows the sturdy English strain of temper and habit. The grandfathers of Mr. Kipling were clergymen; his grandmothers were bookish ladies.

John Lockwood Kipling, the father, is a man of strenuous artistic temperament, and as Director of the Art Schools of the Madras Presidency in India, as Professor of Architecture and Sculpture in the School of Art in Bombay, and as Curator of the Government Museum at Lahore he has accomplished much in the way of artistic advancement in the far East. The elder Kipling is the author of a volume entitled Man and Beast in India, and from him the son inherits his noticeable love for things artistic and a certain facility in sketching. Kipling's literary talent comes direct from his mother, herself a writer of prose and verse of no mean quality.

The biographical facts concerning Rudyard Kipling can be put down in few words. Born in Bombay, December 30, 1865, he travelled with his father to England at the age of twelve, and thence went to Paris and saw the exhibition there, which made a strong impression upon his mind.

Before returning to India, the elder Kipling placed Rudyard in the United Service College, Westward Ho, in the parish of Northam, North Devon, England. This college is the scene of the boyish escapades so charmingly narrated in the Stalky & Co. stories.

As a schoolboy Rudyard exhibited no special brilliancy. He was under the average height, near-sighted, and quiet in demeanor. He has worn spectacles since he was ten years old, and his manner of stumbling over things won for him the sobriquet of Beetle—an insect given to blundering against every obstacle in its pathway. Rudyard was an indifferent scholar, with a low percentage in mathematics, but a frequent prize-winner in English literature and the classics.

Kipling as a Newspaper Man.

During two of the five years spent at college he was editor of the United Service College Chronicle, in the files of which

many truly Kiplinglike gems may be read by those fortunate enough to gain access to this schoolboy journal.

In 1883 Kipling returned to his father's house in Lahore, and soon afterward secured a position as sub-editor of the Civil and Military Gazette. Here he often worked during sixteen of the day's twenty-four hours.

His duties were numerous and exacting; he edited all the telegraphic copy, wrote headings for all official reports, wrote short editorials on topics of local interest, and acted as reporter and editor of sporting and suburban news. Besides these duties, it fell to him to read all the proofs, except the editorial matter, and frequently he was called upon to make up the type forms and "put the paper to bed" as it is styled the act of getting the forms on the press.

Mr. Kipling was a good reporter and a conscientious editor, according to the word of those who were associated with him in his journalistic days, and the statement is not hard to believe.

His Gentle Revenge on Ouida.

When Kipling's name began to be the synonym for the most modern note in fiction. Ouida wrote to the London Times, the paper that had virtually introduced Kipling to the world:

"He has neither knowledge of style nor common acquaintance with grammar, and should be whipped and put in a corner like a naughty child for his impudence in touching pen or ink without knowing how to use them."

Later the gods gave Kipling his revenge and although the authorship of the following characterization has never been told till now, there seems to be no reason why the story should be withheld and the kinder side of Kipling's nature thereby exploited.

"Ouida," he wrote, "is a cynical, yellow woman in a lilac frock, who drinks tea and brandy, and smokes cigarettes; the world to her is as hollow as a sucked egg, bitter as green nuts; but there are certain people in the slums of Florence who could tell rare stories of her generosity and kindness. She smokes and smokes, and says nothing of her numerous charities. 'Never speak of your good deeds,' she says, 'or some one may find out your motive.'"

Difficulties of Translating Kipling.

Although Mr. Kipling's works have remained unknown to the vast majority of European readers until a year ago, there now on record four of his books that have been rendered into German, two in Norwegian and Italian, and The Jungle Books have just appeared in France under the title Les Livres de la Jungle.

It is almost impossible to rehabilitate in a foreign tongue the English of this author, as his translators well know. Kipling in French is as impossible as Irish dialect in the tongue of the Parisians. His unconventional turning of a phrase and his almost brutal directness of speech have kept his French translators, MM. Fabulet and D'Hanieres, in a constant fever of composition.

Appropriated the Hero.

Bishop Heber, the much loved and lamented Bishop of Calcutta, was, in his youthful days, fond of indulging in quizzical writings. Some of these he sent to the Gentleman's Magazine, in which he occasionally corresponded with himself, keeping down to the dullness of his model, to the great amusement of a few who were in the secret.

One of his articles was a solemn inquiry from Clericus Leicesterensis, into the remedy for the devastations of an insect which peculiarly attacked spinach—the evil, the remedy and the insect being all equally imaginary.

Another was a sonnet on the death of 'Lieut. Philip V.,' who was killed at the storming of Fort Muzzaiboo, on the St. Lawrence—fort and war being equally unknown. The last line read:

"And Marathon shall yield to Muzzaiboo."

It happened, by an odd coincidence, that a real Philip V. had been missing for some years. His uncle read the sonnet, and was so much pleased with the glow of the sonnet from a witness of his nephew's valor on the scene of his death that he sent five pounds to the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine for the author of the sonnet.

"How do you make your papa pay? I never see it anywhere."

"We print pictures of prominent men, and they buy it."

"To distribute?"

"Oh, no; to destroy."

A well-known and popular singing teacher recently received the following letter: Will you be good enough to let me know how much you charge for voice production? I have no singing voice, but I would be willing to pay you well if you can produce one for me, because singers a good deal more than I can make in the tripe trade here.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of deafness and noises the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent £1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to Department O. Q. The Institute, "Longcut," Gunnersbury, London, W., England.

