

## Men and Women of To-day.

Mr. Rockefeller and the Land Sharks.

The troubles of a millionaire are illustrated by a story told of William Rockefeller by one of his attorneys. The oil magnate bought a large tract of land in the Adirondacks, which he used as a game preserve and forest home. A small country paper announced that Mr. Rockefeller intended to buy half the Adirondacks and make them into a park. The article was widely quoted, and soon letters began to pour in.

The letters were soon followed by brokers, farmers, real-estate agents and speculators. Mr. Rockefeller at first denied the report, but this had no effect. His secretary answered every letter in the negative, but this proved ineffective. His clerks were instructed to tell all callers that their employer did not want any Adirondack land, but even this was futile. Not long ago Mr. Rockefeller was driving, and stopped to rest his horses, when a man suddenly walked out from behind the trees and asked for a match. Mr. Rockefeller went through his pockets and handed the man three or four.

The man struck a match and said: 'I am very much obliged to you, sir; I wanted a match very badly, and you came in the nick of time. By the way, I believe you are Mr. William Rockefeller, and you want to buy some land in this neighborhood. Now—'

The sentence was not finished. The unhappy capitalist threw the box of matches to the man and drove off in a gallop.

Enjoying a Polar Candy Pull.

Albert White Vorse was one of the relief party that went into Arctic waters on the whaler Kite in 1892 and brought back to civilization Lieutenant Peary and Mrs. Peary. Mr. Vorse has made a book of his experiences, which Drexel Biddle, of Philadelphia, is printing. But not all of his experiences are included in the work. There was a candy pull on the Kite, the like of which never happened before.

'We had been for three months in the ice north of Godthab, Greenland,' says Mr. Vorse, 'and the sun had never set once. Three months of endless day, the sun circling around us, all the time in sight, and when we got to Godthab we were glad to see something familiar once more. Godthab has the most northern sidewalks in the world, and we spent hours looking at them. Then there was a schooner, and men and women, and, to cap it all, we had got into the region of night once more. Of course we were elated, and that accounted for my proposition to make some chocolate caramels and have a candy pull on the fo'castle stove.'

'It was accepted, and our party gathered around the fire while I stirred the molasses. The fo'castle was a small room at the best, and we crowded it to the limit, so when the Mate came in he grumbled. Then he told us a story. It was a blood curdling tale of the days when Kite was in the whaling trade, and had rescued a lot of fishermen who would not work, but sat around the fo'castle fire and made merry even as we were doing.'

'But we got rid of them. One of the men dropped cartridges down the funnel and they went off in every direction.'

'Before he could enter into details we heard a cracking noise as if something had fallen down the stove pipe, and an instant later there was a bang, and the men scattered in every direction. I alone was left, and that was chiefly because I didn't have time to get away. Some idiot of a sailor-man had dropped a few cartridges down the funnel. After a while they came back and we had our candy. It was good, too, only I admit that it tasted a bit of powder.'

A Reporter Worth a Million Dollars.

Colonel Sheffield Phelps, owner of the Jersey City Journal, was the richest newspaper reporter in America several years ago. From his father, the late William Walter Phelps, he inherited a fortune of several millions, and under his active and practical management he has made his newspaper the foremost journal of the state. At the end of his first year he was bitterly attacked by his political enemies, who brought libel suits for many hundreds of thousands of dollars against him, but he won easily in the courts. Since then he has been a powerful political factor in

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Hudson County, and his course has been signally indorsed by Governor Voorhees.

The Colonel, whose title comes from appointment on the staff of Governor Griggs, lives in one of the show places of the State, directly opposite New York City on the crest of the Palisades. The family estate comprises more than three thousand acres. It is probably the costliest farm in America. The land is worth in the neighborhood of \$3,000,000 for building purposes.

After his graduation from Yale, in 1886, Colonel Phelps began active newspaper work as a reporter on the World at New York. Later he became an editorial writer on the Mail and Express, and afterward filled the position of acting managing editor on the same paper.

Once, while on the World staff, he was sent to report the wedding of the daughter of a Wall Street man recently from the West. The reporters were met at the front door by a trained servant, who quickly separated them from the guests and led them to the host's private room, where the banker met them in person and gave them typewritten slips containing the information they were sent for. Then champagne was opened and the banker took some cigars from a drawer in his desk.

'Have one,' he said to Phelps. 'They're genuine conchas. I import them myself.' 'Thanks,' said Phelps pleasantly, as he took the cigar. 'Have one of mine. They're real asura maduras.'

The Great Commoner of the West.

'It took a long time to nominate Bryan,' said one delegate to another at the close of the Chicago Convention of 1896. 'Oh, no,' his friend replied; 'Bryan was nominated in a hurry, but it took a long time to beat Bland.'

Bland would undoubtedly have been nominated long before Bryan could have had the opportunity to make the 'cross of gold, crown-of-thorns' speech which nominated him, if the Missouri managers had sincerely desired the nomination, and they prevented it by delaying the deliberations of the Convention which, at the start, was largely in favor of nominating 'Silver Dollar Bland,' the most conspicuous advocate for the free coinage of silver at sixteen to one. Bland was a statesman rather than a politician, a man above common intrigue, vulgar trickery, and sincere to fanaticism in devotion to his one idea. He never recovered from the tremendous disappointment at Chicago, which was embittered by the revelation of the treachery by which he had been deprived of his legitimate reward by men whom he had trusted. It did not break his heart, it at last so affected him that when his last illness came he apparently did not fight the disease, and for the first time in his life failed to exert his great will power.

Mr. Bland was so simple in all his ways of thinking and acting, and so democratic in his manners and habits, notwithstanding his fine Virginia ancestry, that he was not appreciated fully by men who did not come in contact with his great intellectual powers. Thus he never had the reputation in the country generally which his friends thought he deserved, and which other men of much less ability and much fewer attainments, but of greater pretentiousness, obtained. The men who served with Mr. Bland in the House regarded the quiet, modest silver leader as a remarkable man. Of course he was recognized as a master of his special subject, even though his point of view was peculiar.

Mr. Bland's store of information upon the silver question was great and always at command. A Washington correspondent recalls that during the discussion of the Sherman purchase clause repeal, Mr. Bland one evening spoke of the numerous requests he was receiving from magazines for articles, with which he could not comply for lack of time, and regretted especially that he could not furnish a short article requested by one of the leading reviews.

'Dictate it to our stenographer,' suggested the correspondent. Mr. Bland said that he did not like to interfere with the work of the office, but being pressed he took out the letter from the magazine editor to reread the questions asked, and then rapidly dictated the article, without feeling that he had to stop to consult any other authority than himself. 'In fifteen minutes,' says the correspondent, 'he had finished scarcely

changing a word; nor was it necessary. I saw the article after its appearance in the magazine, and it was a model of concise and logical construction and expression.'

This is a fair illustration of the great readiness of Bland.

Mr. Bland was one of the kindest and most sympathetic of men, but as a boy, his brother says, was the most pugnacious youngster he ever knew. 'Dick was always looking for a fight up to the time he was fourteen years old. We carried grist to mill, and when I went alone I never had a harsh word with any one; but let Dick go along, and we would fight first the toll gate keeper, then a farmer we met on the road, and then the miller.' Mr. Bland was always ready to fight with intrepid courage for free coinage of silver, but otherwise he was a man of peace, and a helper and friend of everybody he knew who needed his assistance. A hundred tales are told about his kindness to young men just starting in life, and all the younger members of the Democratic side of the House drew upon him for advice and assistance without limit. Mr. Bland had known what it was to fight the hard fight of a poor boy, orphaned at an early age, and obliged to shift for himself in Kentucky farm work, and he never lost a tender feeling for struggling young men. In leaving Virginia for Kentucky, early in the century, Mr. Bland's grandfather seems to have left behind all the pride of his aristocracy, and it was not until Mr. Bland himself had become a prominent man that he learned that through his great grandfather, Theodor Bland, a Colonel of Washington's staff, he was related to the Lees, the Randolphs, and all the other great families of Virginia, and also to noble houses in England. Although he was pleased to receive the Bland coat-of-arms, he never used the crest of illud publicly to his distinguished ancestry.

He like best the title of 'the great commoner,' which was applied to him in Missouri, and rejoiced in everything that identified him with 'the plain people,' emphasizing all the democratic doctrines that he thought brought out this idea. He delighted to take part in the work of his farm, which was his one great recreation.

Irving Scott's Fighting Fortresses.

Irving M. Scott, Vice-President and General Manager of the Union Iron Works, of San Francisco and builder of the battle-ship Oregon and of Admiral Dewey's flagship, Olympia, has had a career of which few men can boast. He went to San Francisco in 1860, and after paying his first week's board he had five dollars. That was his entire capital. 'And,' he said, the other day, 'I have never had less than that sum of money since.'

His first work was in the Peter Donohue machine shops. There Mr. Scott learned his trade thoroughly. In a few years he withdrew from the shops and started in business for himself. He had managed to make a fair share of the trade his own almost from the start. Soon afterward, in company with his brother and two practical workmen, he started the Union Iron Works.

'We went into the mining business exclusively,' said Mr. Scott. 'We made the best mining machinery in the world. We made it better and quicker than any one else, and we soon controlled the trade. Our work was admitted to be the finest ever constructed. Most of it was of our own invention. I, myself, might have made a fortune out of my own inventions if I had them patented, but I did not think it was worth while at the time. We did most of the work for the great Comstock Lode, and made money fast. After the Lode played out it made hard times in mining circles, and we turned our attention to ship building. That is the way we got into that business.'

Mr. Scott is the executive man of the company. He secures the contracts and

superintends the works. In getting the contract for the Charleston, his first war-ship, he spent eleven months in Washington, and only secured permission to look at the plans during the last weeks of the time.

'I told Mr. Whitney the plans were defective,' explained Mr. Scott, 'but he told me to go ahead on the lines laid down. He said that the plans were English, and if the ship turned out a failure it would be attributed to the change. So I followed the plans, and after the ship was completed the Government paid us a great many thousands of dollars for making the very changes I had first suggested.'

A Mandarin's Wife on American Marriages.

Margherita Arlino Hamm, the well-known traveler and author, called when in China upon the wife, or rather the wives, of a great Mandarin. Her visit partook of the nature of a festival, so novel was the experience to the Chinese women, whose lives are passed almost entirely within the walls of their yamen. They examined her clothing, and were partly pleased and partly astonished at it. They were shocked by her shoes, and especially by the fact that her feet were not confined by bindings.

Finally one of them said, through the interpreter, 'You can walk and run just as well as a man.'

'Of course.'

'Then you must be as strong as most men.'

'Yes, I think I am.'

'You wouldn't let a man beat you, not even your husband, would you?'

'Not at all.'

The Chinese woman paused, laughed, and then said, 'Now I understand why foreigners never take more than one wife. They are afraid to.'

One Woman's Work.

Anna E. Dickinson, from her first appearance until she retired from the lecture field, was without question the 'Queen of the Lyceum.' She made her debut as a speaker early in the war. Attending a Quaker secular meeting, or a Woman's Rights meeting held under Quaker auspices when she was hardly out of short clothes, she heard a man make a bitter, sarcastic speech in opposition to granting women equal political rights.

'I got madder and madder,' said Anna, in telling the story, 'and just as soon as he sat down I jumped up like a Jack-in-a-box and began to reply to his tirade. As I spoke I left the pew and walked down the aisle to where he sat, and shook my fist in his face as I continued to answer him. I had no idea of speaking at all, and was as much astonished as anybody at what I did.'

That settled it. There was no escaping destiny after that. The speech astonished every one who heard it by its splendid rhetoric and logical force. She was invited everywhere. When Fort Sumter was fired on, she found her true vocation. She took the stump for the Republicans in New England, and created a cyclone of patriotic enthusiasm wherever she went. The Democrats gave her the credit of changing Vermont from a Democratic to a Republican State.

She went from there to Connecticut, and was equally successful in rousing political patriotism and in urging men to volunteer. East and West, wherever she appeared in the Northern States, the same story was told. Everywhere she was recognized as an oratorical Joan of Arc.

During and after the war she lectured in regular courses, and became so popular that only Gough and Beecher rivaled her as a lyceum favorite. But it was on war topics that she was heard at her best. Then, in pleading for the Union, she spoke and looked like one inspired, and never failed to thrill and enthral her audiences. In vituperation and denunciation she had no rival among living orators. In politics she had a 'level head.' The power of her arguments was only surpassed by the force of her anathemas.

This great woman had a passion for the stage, and after having established a just claim to be regarded as one of the greatest actors in a true sense in her country's history, she yearned to win the reputation of a great player on the mimic stage. Of course she failed. The stern and stalwart personality, the imperious individuality that made her a great factor in the history of her day, disqualified her for excellency on the stage, but not even her most devoted friends could conceal or deny the fact that she was a dead failure.

Mrs. Howe is a Great Traveller.

Julia Ward Howe comes from a long line of Puritan ancestry. She was an ardent worker in the anti-slavery cause. In 1856-7 she and her husband, Doctor Howe, edited an anti-slavery paper, The Boston Commonwealth, and were leaders with Garrison, Sumner, Phillips, Higginson and Theodore Parker. It was Doctor and Mrs. Howe who brought about meetings

in Boston for the discussion of the problems of the Abolitionists on one side and pro-slavery on the other. Robert Toombs of Georgia, who boasted that he would hold his slaves under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument, and Colonel Sam Houston, of Texas, took part. 'I remember,' said Mrs. Howe, 'we had lively times.'

In 1861 Mrs. Howe wrote the Battle-Hymn of the Republic. She presented to me the manuscript, which I have yet. She is past eighty years of age, and yet if I said to her, 'Mrs. Howe, I have an engagement for you to speak in Omaha next Monday night,' she would be there.

She is a great traveller and a great woman, and still available for the lyceum.

Mrs. Howe has devoted her life untiringly to everything that elevates humanity. For thirty years she has been lecturing in all parts of the United States, and has always shown herself the elegant well bred, highly educated woman.

She has lectured before the Parisians in the French language; also in Florence, Italy. During her last visit to Rome she preached two sermons.

SCIENCE OF MICRO-METALLURGY.

New Method of Studying the Structure of Bronzes used in Machinery.

Alexander E. Outerbridge, Jr., a metallurgical expert of Philadelphia, has recently been making some experiments in the new science of micro-photography with the object of discovering by a careful study of micro-structure of bronzes why an axle-bearing will sometimes 'cut out' in a short time, and another, not differing from it in any way that the naked eye can detect, may last ten times as long. The solution of this problem is of great importance to railroads and manufacturers. Mr. Outerbridge is the metallurgist of the Sellers tool works, Philadelphia. He said of his experiment:

'The microscope has long been employed in the examination of minute forms of life, and of the structure of leaves, flowers, thin and transparent sections of woods, materials and other objects. More recently the powerful eye of the microscope has been called to the aid of the metallurgist in peering into the arrangement of molecules of metals. A coin, fresh from the minting press, presents to the naked eye a beautifully polished, smooth surface, but when examined under a strong magnifying glass shows many defects. The surface is seen to be full of pits, or small holes, and other surface irregularities, while the design looks coarse and crude. This is quite natural, and it is only to be expected that a very moderate magnification will show these defects. Within the past score of years scientific men in Europe and this country have been delving deeper than ever before into the mysteries of the molecular structure of metals, by the aid of powerful microscopes, assisted by photography.'

'In my experiments on the micro-structure of bronzes I was assisted by Fred P. Maiesch, son of the late Prof. Maiesch, the well-known botanist, who is an expert micro-photographer. We selected for our first subject a bright new cover cap, the surface of which, in order to properly study and photograph its molecular structure, we filed and ground it as smooth as we could, and then polished to remove all scratches, after which the coin was etched in acid in order to develop the crystalline structure of the alloy. After this treatment the specimen was mounted and its entire surface examined by the microscope under a strong light. By substituting a camera for the eye and focussing the image upon the sensitized plate we obtained a micro-photograph, from which we obtained prints in the usual manner.'

'The general appearance of the picture of the cent (composed of copper, tin and zinc bronze) thus treated may be compared to that of a field which has been ploughed and then harrowed and raked. This is the 'micro-structure' so called, of metals. A large number of specimens of different bronzes were subjected to this method of examination. These were cut from as many castings, the immediate practical object being to find out, if possible, why some of these castings are more dense and homogenous than others and therefore more durable when subjected to wear or more suitable for cylinders in which steam is confined under high pressure, or for hydraulic work. We have made progress with our work and expect definite and decisive results soon.'

Mr. Outerbridge recently delivered an address on micro-photography before the mining and metallurgical section of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, which attracted a large number of experts interested in the subject, from all parts of the United States. They were of the opinion that he is on the track of important discoveries.

Evidence of It.

'Did you have a good time last night?' 'I must have had. I'm broke this morning.'

## A WISE WOMAN

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Mrs. JULIA C. RICHARD, Box 996, Montreal