

VANDERBILT, HERMIT

MEMBER OF FAMOUS FAMILY ON MOUNTAIN PEAK.

Lives in a Lonely Cottage and Has for His Friends Spiders and Creeping Things—He Is as Happy as Can Be in His Lonely Home.

Once a year old John Vanderbilt of Hexankopf, Cal., comes barefooted down the mountains to Lower Sancon, and buys a mess of coarse cornmeal. This he packs up the steep slope to his hut, to form his main food supply for a twelvemonth. Cooked with water in hoe-cakes flavored with saffras root, it forms strange enough fare for a wealthy member of the richest family in America.

Old John Vanderbilt went to the Hexankopf, or Witch's Head mountain, many years ago and bought a



JOHN VANDERBILT.

jumbledown brick dwelling of considerable size, which, because of its condition, was sold to him with several acres of almost worthless mountain land for \$450. It stands on the top of the mountain, screened by dense foliage from observation—though no observer ever passes that way save out of curiosity, and the nearest neighbor, Mr. William Raudabach, lives a mile away. Mr. John Vanderbilt bears well his more than 60 years. He is erect and vigorous, nearly six feet high, and bears a striking resemblance to the old Commodore Vanderbilt, of whom he is a relative. He is not a recluse; he goes often to the post-offices of Iron Hill, Wassergras and Lower Sancon, receiving mail at the former office and sending it from the latter. He buys supplies and pays cash. He has mortgages on houses in South Bethlehem and receives rentals from property in New Brunswick and Bound Brook, N. J. The former town is the source of the powerful Vanderbilt family, the early home of the old commodore.

In his way John Vanderbilt is a kindly man. A great spider has spun its web across his doorway; he stoops on entering that its home may not be destroyed. A few children are his only friends, chief among these being Elmer Kunsman, son of a farmer living on the only road that approaches the place. Elmer keeps a careful lookout down the road, and when strangers approach the boy scampers through the woods to warn Mr. Vanderbilt.

Efficient Postal Service.

The annual report of the third assistant postmaster general contains strong testimony in favor of the honesty and efficiency of the postal service, writes William E. Curtis in the Chicago Record. During the past fiscal year the postmasters of the United States and their assistants handled \$196,653,544, of which \$95,021,384 was receipts from the sale of stamps, boxes, money orders, etc., and the balance was disbursed for various expenses. Of this enormous sum the entire loss to the government by burglary, fire, bad debts, embezzlement and all other forms of carelessness and dishonesty was only \$19,358. I doubt if any private firm, bank or corporation, or any institution in the world that receives and disburses money, can show so good a record, and yet we keep talking about the inefficiency and corruption of the public service and other evils of partisan appointments. It may be said, too, that the customs collections and the business of the internal revenue office will show similar evidence of honesty and efficiency in our public service.

Dictates the Price of Wheat.

Samuel Greeley, a commission merchant of Chicago, testified before the National Industrial Commission in session in that city, that a combination of five wealthy grain men, of which Philip D. Armour is the directing genius, control the price of farmers' products. It is Armour who has concocted the foremost competition destroying combination in the West. He can dictate his rate of freight on any railroad in or out of Chicago. This combination between railroads and elevator operators has practically killed competition in the grain market in the West, and has left its promoters with a monopoly of the market. By hoarding immense quantities of grain in the market center it has given rise to the professional bear speculator, whose business it is to hammer down the market, and has brought into existence and made safe the bucket shop. Thus the railroads, who own many of the elevators indirectly, get in league with a class of operators who ought to be in the penitentiary.

AN INCUBATOR OSTRICH.

Account of the First Successful Result of That Experiment.

Out at the ostrich farm there is another curiosity and this time it is the first incubator hatched baby ostrich in the United States, says the Florida Times-Union and Citizen. For several years attempts have been made at Omaha and Los Angeles to hatch the eggs of the ostrich, but so far all attempts have been unsuccessful. The question of applying moisture has been the one problem that has troubled all breeders and the uncertainty of the bird's setting has made it necessary to use the incubator, if it should be proved possible. Some time ago Mr. Campbell had half a dozen eggs placed in an incubator, and has been experimenting ever since. When the eggs were 21 days in the incubator he broke two of them and found perfectly formed chicks, with feathers on their backs and rudimentary tail feathers sprouting. The birds were alive and are now preserved in alcohol at the showroom of the farm. Encouraged by this apparent success, he has watched the incubator, which, in turn, has nursed the eggs, and just 41 days from the time of the first experiment, one of the eggs showed signs of muscular life, and Mr. Campbell broke the shell. Immediately a claw was stuck through the inner skin of the shell, then another, and finally a whole foot appeared. Mr. Campbell waited until the afternoon, when the bird was about half-way out of the shell. Finally the head began to force its way out of the shell's inner lining, and then the incubator baby ostrich winked an eye, and he was put back in the incubator to finish the process of making his entry into the world alone. That part of the bird which was visible was perfectly formed and was covered with feathers. The foot had a claw about a quarter of an inch long. The young bird is a kicker and was making valiant struggles to get into business on its own account. Mr. Campbell's success in raising this bird in the incubator is in the nature of a valuable discovery. Many hundred dollars' worth of eggs have been wasted in experiments and if Mr. Campbell shall succeed in hatching out the eggs which are now in the incubator the discovery will be worth thousands of dollars. It has taken 42 days' careful watching. The thermometer has been kept at 110 degrees and the moisture has been applied at intervals as Mr. Campbell thought best. The proprietors of the Los Angeles farm have long ago given up experimenting with incubators, having had no success whatever, but Messrs. Pearson & Taylor of the Jacksonville farm, on hearing about the 21 day result mentioned above, immediately cabled to a London, England, concern, for an incubator of the same style and pattern as the concern is manufacturing for the farms in Cape Colony and large enough to hatch seventeen eggs at a time.

THE HOSPITAL SHIP MAINE.

In Which American Women Will Go to South Africa as Nurses.

The hospital ship Maine, now being fitted out in London for service in the South African war, is owned by the Atlantic Transport Line, of which B. N. Baker, of Baltimore, is president. Mr. Baker has given the ship to the British government free of cost and he will personally pay the expenses of operating the vessel, which amount to \$5,000 per month. A number of American women have already sailed for England to join the Maine and to work in its service as nurses. The company will be under the direction of Miss M. E. Hibbard. Among its members are Misses Virginia Ludenkens, Jennie A. Manly, Sarah C. McVeau, and Margaret J. McPherson. The last named is a native of Mary-



MISS M. E. HIBBARD AND THE MAINE.

land and was in the United States army service at Fort Hamilton from September, 1898, to February, 1899. The surgeons who accompanied these ladies were Drs. George E. Dodge and Harry H. Rodman, of New York, and Dr. Charles H. Weber, of Philadelphia. The fitting out of the ship is under the direction of Lady Randolph Churchill.

Speaker Henderson's Gavel.

Speaker David B. Henderson's gavel is made from rosewood brought from Manila by Capt. Charles V. Mount, captain of the Shenandoah company in the Fifty-first regiment. He secured the wood from the Spanish battleship Reina Christina, Admiral Monteto's flagship. The gavel, which is now ready, is inlaid with gold, and each end of the mallet is solid gold. Speaker Henderson's monogram and the state and national coats-of-arms, are inlaid in gold, and in the handle are 45 gold stars. Its cost is \$200.

Pleasure is very seldom found where it is sought. Our brightest blazes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks.—Johnson.

THE FALL OF KIPLING

FURIOUS CRITICISM OF ROBERT BUCHANAN.

The Famous Novelist Says That Nearly Everything That the Ex-Reporter Writes Is Tainted with a Low Moral Tone.

Robert Buchanan, whose fierce attack on Rudyard Kipling in the Contemporary Review is the literary sensation of the day, has always been noted for plain words whenever he comes out as a critic. Kipling, he asserts, has seldom uttered "anything that does not suggest moral baseness." The uncrowned laureate, says Mr. Buchanan, takes his inspiration from the street tough and sings "the coarse and soulless patriotism of the hour." The object of true imperialism is "to free man, not to enslave him." Mr. Buchanan some years ago turned literary London inside out by a ferocious criticism of Rosetti and Swin-



ROBERT BUCHANAN.

burne, making life enemies of these two poets. Kipling's robust derogator has written poetry himself, but he is better known for his dramas and his novels. His criticisms are forceful and earnest and are characterized by a directness calculated to impress the reader deeply, if not prejudice him. An incidental effect of his acumen seems to be discomfiture for the author criticized, and very often the suppression of the literature commented upon.

Wonders of the Ocean Bed.

The mysteries of the deep seas are coming to light. Scientists have measured the mountains of the ocean bed and their lead lines have penetrated into valleys so deep that the sun's rays are lost miles above their bottom. Some of these are more than 30,000 feet below the surface. If the highest mountain in the world were set at the bottom its summit would be nearly half a mile under water. In these valleys there are no plants, weeds or vegetation of any kind, because such forms of life need light, and at these depths there is total darkness. But animal life flourishes and some of the animals are of gigantic size. The geography of the

sen, "oceanography," it is called, began with the laying of ocean cables. The Pacific ocean, like the Pacific slope, is the great mountainous region of the water world; there are 24 vast valleys concealed beneath it. It is estimated that 92 per cent of the sea floor has a temperature lower than 40 degrees Fahrenheit. The temperature of the floor of the Indian ocean is under 35 degrees. A similar temperature occurs over a large part of the South Atlantic and certain parts of the Pacific, but at the bottom of the North Atlantic basin, and over a large portion of the Pacific, the temperature is higher than 35 degrees.

A FACTORY GIRL.

Deceived the Wife of a Noted General and Governor of Massachusetts.

From a work-girl in a factory to the wife of the governor of Massachusetts is rather a long journey to travel, a journey that is rarely undertaken, but such is the life story of a remarkable woman of Waltham, Mass., a woman who recently celebrated her 80th birthday. She is Mrs. Banks, widow of the late Gen. N. P. Banks, former governor of Massachusetts. Gen. Banks began life as a bobbin boy in a cotton factory and rose from that humble position to be chief executive of the commonwealth, a major general of United States volunteers and speaker of the national house of representatives. His beautiful wife left school at 12 years of age and became a factory girl. But her grace, her beauty, her intelligence, fitted her to become the first lady in Massachusetts, the honored guest of Emperor Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugenie and the envied partner of the Prince of Wales when he opened the grand ball given in his honor on the occasion of his visit to Boston in 1861. Mrs. Banks is still beautiful in spite of her 80 years. Her once raven black hair has changed to silver, but her eyes are still bright and her skin retains its ivory whiteness. Her fine voice is firm and smooth and her heart is as young as ever. After the war Gen. Banks was returned to congress, and Mrs. Banks became a gracious figure in Washington society. Her noble presence and brilliant conversational powers made her a center of admiration wherever she appeared. Subsequently she spent several years in Europe perfecting the education of her children. Among the many noted people she met while there she recalls most pleasantly her visit to the Empress Eugenie, who was about her own age, and at that time in the zenith of her power and beauty. Both the emperor and empress were exceedingly gracious to her, and the emperor talked long and earnestly with Gen. Banks in regard to American affairs. Mrs. Banks has three children living, one of whom is Maud Banks, the actress.

Few Patents Are Remunerative.

Probably not more than 1 per cent of the patents taken out ever pay, says a patent attorney. It is the patents upon simple articles in which the largest amounts of money are made. One reason is that it does not cost much to get them out, and another is that they do not attract attention until the inventor has covered the field and thus prevented some fellow slipping in and stealing the fruits of his discovery. Probably not more than 1 per cent of the patents taken out ever amount to anything.

THE DUKE DE CASTAGNETA.



Duc Gaetan Caracciola de Castagneta is considered the most desirable matrimonial catch of the year in Washington. The duke has just celebrated his twenty-first birthday. He is as handsome as a picture, charming, amiable, and rich beyond the dreams of avarice. What more could the most designing of match-making mothers demand? Indeed, if one may judge

by the number of invitations that come to him, they appear quite satisfied. Castagneta, the family residence of the Caracciolas near Rome, is one of the finest places in the neighborhood of the Eternal City. It was here that the young duke passed his childhood, becoming expert in all sorts of outdoor sports. He is a fine horseman and is particularly fond of horseback exercise.

REV. DR. R. S. STORRS

THE NOTABLE DIVINE QUILTS THE PULPIT.

Between Himself and His Father They Served One Hundred and Fifteen Years as Pastors in the Ministry—Contemporary with Henry Ward Beecher.

Rev. Dr. Richard Salter Storrs, pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, has resigned after 53 years spent in its service. The church was organized only a short time before Dr. Storrs was made pastor and he never had an assistant. When he took a vacation, which was seldom, his pulpit was supplied by neighboring rectors. The church is a large and fashionable one and Dr. Storrs was a fine pulpit speaker. His father, also Richard Salter Storrs, was pastor of the Congregational Church in Braintree, Mass., 62 years, so that the combined pastorate of father and son was 115 years.

Dr. Storrs is 78 years old and was



REV. DR. R. S. STORRS.

born in Braintree. He graduated from Amherst college in 1839, taught for a time in Morris academy and began to study law with Rufus Choate. He finally gave this up to enter the ministry. He took the course at Andover Theological seminary and was ordained in 1845. The next year he began his long pastorate in Brooklyn. Falling health led to his resignation. For thirty years he divided with Henry Ward Beecher the honors of theological eloquence in Brooklyn. Harvard university, Princeton university and Union college have conferred on him the title of doctor of laws, and Columbia university that of doctor of philosophy.

Tigers Alarmed At Sight of Man.

A cheerful place is Soronjee in India. The rainfall there often is as great in one afternoon in the rainy season as it is in New York state in a whole year, and tigers and leopards are as plentiful as dogs are on New York's east side. On account of the tremendous dampness the cattle have to be driven to the top of the hills, so that they shall not get their feet too wet, and the tigers and leopards climb to these high altitudes also, because they are imbued with the kindly desire to save those cattle from pneumonia and other ills by eating them carefully and with due enjoyment. As there are no forests on the hills, the tigers prowled about all night in the open, lying concealed during the day in the limestone caves, the coal pits and between the crevices of the rocks. The residents come upon them in all manner of odd nooks and corners so unexpectedly that the beasts are as much alarmed as themselves, and usually scamper off in one direction, their disturbers flying in the opposite one. No one stirs out at night time without a powerful lantern or torch, for, as a rule, wild beasts will not come near a light, though this rule does not hold good in all cases.

Country Inns Will Be Popular.

A girl who is making a venture in the right direction is one who proposes opening an old-fashioned country inn in a popular mountain district. "I am sure," she says, "that the automobile will create a demand for such places. People will begin to travel as they used to do in the days of the stage coach, and, of course, they will need places at which to stop for the night. They will not care about going to regular hotels, even if such places were to be found in the country. So I am going to make my place as much as possible like the inns we read about in old novels and run across once in a great while when traveling in England. I am going to have old-fashioned high bedsteads, with dimity valances, etc., but I'm going to be sure that they are comfortable, even if I have to put in wire springs; and my floors will be sanded and rush covered, and the chimneys will have great open fireplaces in which there will be big, roaring fires. Mary my word for it, the automobile will open a new field for women—real, womanly women, who know how to raise poultry, keep a good table and an immaculate house."

They Belong to Col. Hay.

A gushing Englishwoman, who prides herself upon her literary tastes, said to Bret Harte at an aristocratic country house at which both were guests: "My dear Mr. Harte, I am so delighted to meet you! I have read everything you ever wrote, but of all your dialect verse there is none that compares with your Little Breeches." "I quite agree with you, madam," said Mr. Harte, "but you have put the little breeches on the wrong man."

AN ALASKAN HOME.

The Same Spirit Rules There as in the Costly Manston.

An Alaskan hut is not the worst place in the world—far from it. Its interior consists of a square floor of earth flanked on all sides by two wide ledges rising one above the other like a terrace. On the lower one rests the cooking, weaving and fishing utensils, the knives and needles, pots and pans. On the upper ledge, with much display of wonderfully woven blankets, are the beds. In the center of the room glows the fire, the smoke groping its way out of a hole in the roof. After the day's work is done and the stomachs of both people and dogs are full the family gathers around the fire. Facing the door sits the father, next to him the mother; on one hand the sons, and on the other the daughters; even to the third and fourth generation, it may be. Beyond these are the servants or slaves. Each has his place, and takes it as a matter of course. Without, in the darkness, the dogs clatter about the door and howl. The mysterious and implacable sea keeps up its thunder. The snow-clad mountains, with their illimitable glaciers, lie just beyond. The shafts of the northern lights dart through the sky, like the harpoons of a Titan, with incredible celerity. Is it strange that, amid scenes so wild and fearful, superstitions, also wild and fearful, spring into existence? Or can one be surprised that in an unlettered country the story-tellers are of mighty power, and tell tales that affright the children till they scramble to the safe shelter of the mother's arms? When the family sings in strange, broken, yet rhythmical measures, the dogs howl louder than before, and the women sway their squat bodies back and forth unceasingly, keeping their hands occupied meanwhile at their tasks of weaving or braiding. The men carve their spoons or cut curious figures from the black slate. The suitor for the hand of one of the daughters enters slyly and takes a seat with the sons. No protest is made. The father and mother go on with their little tasks, the young girls giggle after the fashion of girls the world over. The oldest among them chants some old folk song, and the father rises. It is the signal for good-nights. The ashes are spread over the fire, and by the light of a few fishes' tails, dried for the lighting, the family goes to bed, forgetful of crashing bergs, of the mysterious aurora, of the mountains where the snow lies forever and away. So is home made anywhere, where the spirit of home exists.

A BRAVE SOLDIER.

Word has come from the Philippines of the death by drowning of a brave soldier in the person of Capt. Maximilian Luna, who perished with three other soldiers in crossing a river. Capt. Luna was one of that gallant band of Rough Riders who stormed San Juan hill and was one of the right-hand men of Col. Roosevelt in the Santiago campaign. He was of Spanish descent, his father being a full-blooded Spaniard, but that did not deter him from taking sides with this country in the war with Spain. Capt. Luna enlisted in the New Mexico National Guard when little more than a youth. Never a braver officer drew a sword or led a troop. He was in all the engagements of the Rough Riders, and although always in the fore front of battle escaped without a scratch. He was mustered out of the service at Montauk Point and returned to his home in New Mexico. His soldierly spirit asserted itself when there was need of brave men in the Philippines



CAPT. MAXIMILIAN LUNA.

and he secured a commission as lieutenant in the new Thirty-fourth infantry, a regiment recruited in the southwest among the plainsmen and cowboys.

Has an Aversion to Yellow Flowers.

Each mistress of the white house has had her favorite flower, except Mrs. McKinley, who expresses little preference, except an aversion to yellow flowers and a great love for blue ones, in which the president joins her. A large bunch of flowers is cut from the conservatory every morning and sent to adorn the president's table, while others go to Mrs. McKinley's apartments. The plants that adorn the domestic part of the white house are frequently changed, to give her the benefit of the rare and beautiful variety that fills the great conservatories. All of the finest plants share her admiration, each for as long a time as it can stand to be kept from rest in a hot atmosphere.

Over five tons of documents produced by England in the Venezuelan arbitration case have been removed from Paris. They required two large railway vans to take them away.