



His Holiness, the Pope, is said to have remarked in a recent interview that his days on earth would be bounded by the close of the year 1900.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the young man of many millions, whose deeds in Wall street have won him the applause and approval of his elders, was recently, it is whispered, cheated out of \$2 by a street fakir whom he endeavored to instruct in the art of playing a little trick.

GONE IN SEARCH OF APE-LIKE MAN.

Again Scientists Will Try to Find the Missing Link, This Time in the Wilds of Distant Java.

George W. Vanderbilt gives the best answer to the critics of the money class. He never has desired to be rated with the Four Hundred, but the inheritance of large wealth has forced him into a social plane from which neither argument nor willing seclusion can release him. But he has decided to do something of consequence for the human race.

The prove that the moneyed class is not wholly indifferent to the advancement of science and the progress of thought, or idly insouciant regarding the great problems affecting the human race, the young master of Biltmore manor house has selected a brilliant Yale student, David J. Walters, to lead an expedition into far-away Java to settle, so far as human research may do so, the most important problem that now confounds the biologists of the world—namely: Does the actual species of ape-like men that the logic of biology (worked out by Lamarck, Darwin, Huxley and Haeckel) demonstrates to have lived at a remote period of the earth's history, still exist?

Ernest Haeckel, the distinguished professor at the University of Jena, maintains that this soulless, voiceless, five-fingered, tailless creature is still extant amid the jungles and tangled forests of Northeastern Java, and he last spring announced his intention to

set out in quest of this only link yet missing to complete the wonderful chain in the theory of man's descent, beginning with the monera, or organisms without organs; advancing to the ameba, thence by seven stages to the skull-less vertebrates.

THE MISSING LINK.

The specimen of the Pithecanthrop, or ape-like men, that Mr. Vanderbilt hopes to find, marks the twenty-first stage of advancement from the single-celled monera or protoplasmic germ. It is the one link that must be found, alive or in the fossil state, to completely demonstrate the new, wonderful and startling philosophy of human existence that eliminates a God, and to clinch what must be admitted to be the most brilliant product of the human brain—the theory of development. Whether it is called Darwinism or Haeckelism is of little importance. The doctrine of evolution owes its own development to several stages, but to Lamarck, Goethe, Huxley and Darwin in particular. It has divided the Christian church, it has made a warfare of science, and has commanded more, serious thought by the brightest minds than any theme of the nineteenth century.

Into this arena, in which the death grapple between religion and advanced science will be fought out, Mr. George

Walters is now on his way to Java, where a special steamer will be hired and properly equipped for this expedition to the island of Java. It is hoped to render the projected voyage of Prof. Haeckel unnecessary. Mr. Vanderbilt expects to find the Pithecanthrop at once if he be where Dr. Haeckel believes him.

If the ape-like man is not in Java, Mr. Vanderbilt's agent will search the forests and the swampy savannas until he is convinced of that fact. The Pithecanthropus must be found or dismissed from the field of contemporaneous existence.

Although it is possible to discourse with great deal of chimpanzee regarding the subject of apes and man-like apes, Mr. Vanderbilt's agent will readily distinguish the Pithecanthropus from all other members of the simian race. He cannot be deceived, because he is looking for the ape-like man; not the man-like ape! The difference is radical, as a little thought will make clear.

Man began to be a foreshadowed possibility when the primary form of ape appeared. Our semi-ape ancestors, if Darwin and Haeckel be right, possessed only a faint resemblance to the still living short-footed apes. The tertiary period probably produced them. They "originated" perhaps out of marsupials, or pouched animals (of which the kangaroo remains). "The certain proof that genuine apes are the direct descendants of semi-apes is found in their comparative anatomy," declares Haeckel.



SCIENTISTS BELIEVE THAT THIS SOULLESS, VOICELESS AND TAILLESS CREATURE IS THE ONLY LINK MISSING TO COMPLETE THE CHAIN IN THE THEORY OF MAN'S DESCENT, AND THAT IT IS EXTANT IN THE JUNGLES OF JAVA.



ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT, OF NEW YORK.

Alfred Vanderbilt, heir to the Vanderbilt millions, has "gone to work." Two weeks ago he entered the employ of the New York Central, and can now be seen in the car shops and wears overalls at his daily tasks. Alfred will shortly marry Miss Elsie French.

Count Leo Tolstoy has, it is said, yielded to the entreaties of his friends on this side of the water and will journey to this country. The Count is opposed to war and does not wholly approve Russia's vigorous policy in dealing with criminals. He works half the day with the peasants in the field and devotes the other to the writing of his books.

W. Vanderbilt casts his wealth and American enthusiasm with a promptitude that is characteristic of his grandfather, the old "Commodore." The finding of the North Pole, the determination of the Nile basin, the genesis of the polyglot languages of the Sargasso Sea, are as nothing compared to a final determination regarding the truth of the Biblical theory of creation. Upon the result of a successful hunt for the Pithecanthropus depends the faith of 230,000,000 Christian people who cling to the beliefs of their ancestors.

Mr. Vanderbilt is a believer. He imbued a devout reverence for the Christian faith from his devoted mother, and, however great his respect for science, he never has wavered in his acceptance of the Adamic theory of creation.

Mr. George W. Vanderbilt wants the truth. He is like the editor of a newspaper in quest of facts. He has adopted the practical and natural method of doing what Prof. Haeckel wants done. He has sent out a party himself. Mr. David J. Walters is now on his way to Java, where a special steamer will be hired and properly equipped for this expedition to the island of Java. It is hoped to render the projected voyage of Prof. Haeckel unnecessary. Mr. Vanderbilt expects to find the Pithecanthropus at once if he be where Dr. Haeckel believes him.

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COUNT LEO TOLSTOI

THE GREAT DEAL OF A GREAT MAN.

How M. C. D. Borden, the "Calico King," worth 15,000 Yards of Calico and Saved a City.

Matthew C. D. Borden, the head of the largest cotton manufacturing business in the world, has again proved himself the friend of labor.

By purchasing 500,000 pieces of cotton goods at 2-8 cents he has foisted a conspiracy to reduce wages, averted a strike and saved an entire community from undesired disaster.

This is not the first time that "the Calico King" has appeared as the champion of the toilers against his fellow-manufacturers.

In 1861 he cleared out a glutted market and saved 50,000 mill hands from idleness and famine by buying 850,000 pieces of cotton goods.

In February, 1897, he repeated the operation. This time he took the entire stock held by the Fall River mills—750,000 pieces—and paid \$1,000,000 for it. The effect on the market was an active demand at advanced prices. What appeared most to Mr. Borden was the effect on labor—3,500,000 spindles working full time instead of half time.

In November, 1898, Mr. Borden again started New England by compelling his fellow-manufacturers to advance wages 10 per cent. He had tried his usual remedy of buying a large stock of goods, but his rivals had balked him by delaying the completion of the deal.

Determined that the army of wage-earners should suffer no longer, and that all talk of a strike should cease, he voluntarily granted the advance of 10 per cent. to the 4,000 hands employed in his own enterprises—the Fall River Iron Works and Cotton Mills, and the American Print Company's works.

Only a month passed before the other manufacturers of cotton goods, much to their disgust, were compelled to follow suit.

Fall River alone gained \$25,000 a week in wages by Mr. Borden's action, and throughout New England not less than 100,000 operatives were made prosperous and happy.

And now, in 1900, "the Calico King" has won another victory for labor. Again the cotton goods market was in a perilous condition. Again the mill-owners were threatening to cut wages, and the hands were preparing to strike. New England seemed on the eve of an industrial cataclysm.

Mr. Borden's purchase of 500,000

pieces of cotton goods at a total price of \$750,000 relieves the mills of over-produced goods and stimulates the moribund market into activity.

As each piece will run from forty-six to fifty yards, he has become the owner of 25,000,000 yards of cotton—enough to carpet a footpath from New York to San Francisco five times over. But this is not such a vast quantity to the man whose own mills in a single year produce enough calico to make a bandage round the middle of the earth, with 5,000 miles to spare.

The story of Mr. Borden's life makes interesting reading. He comes originally of French stock, and can trace his ancestry back to Bourdonny, an ancient village in Normandy. The first member of his family to land on British soil entered England with William the Conqueror and having served His Majesty faithfully was rewarded with vast estates in the County of Kent after the overthrow of King Harold.

From that time until the middle of the seventeenth century the original Borden lived in England steadily increasing in wealth and number of family.

In 1655, however, Richard Borden, who then was the lord of the estate, came to America and settled in Rhode Island. With his emigration to this country the family fortune was confiscated by the English and he was left to share the privations of the early colonists. Finally he married and the union was blessed with a son, Matthew, the first child of English parents to be born in Rhode Island. From this point the family descent is authentically recorded up to the present time.

In spite of his illustrious ancestry and the fortune that smiled upon his forefathers, the present Mr. Borden was born in 1842 amidst humble surroundings, endowed only with the love of devoted mother and father and good health. When he was quite a boy his father removed to Fall River and there became a leader in all that contributed to the success of the thriving village.

Later the elder Mr. Borden went to the war and came out, decorated with the regalia of a colonel.

Young Matthew was sent to Phillips Academy at Andover, Mass., to be fitted for a course of higher education, and when his term was completed there he went to Yale, graduating with honors in the class of 1864.

As soon as he had graduated he was offered a position in the stock department of a New York dry goods store, which he accepted and held for three years, until he became a partner in one of the leading commission houses of the metropolis. He continued a member of this firm until 1875, when it failed.

ALASKA'S WEALTH NOT HALF TOLD.

A Wonderful Climate Prevails in the South, With Great Possibilities For the Sportsman and Farmer.

Reindeer have made themselves thoroughly at home in Alaska—that marvelous country whose richness in animal life and agricultural possibilities is not yet half suspected by the majority of Americans.

The pilgrim fathers of the family were imported from Lapland in the early stages of the Klondike craze to be worked and eaten by the starving miners. They luckily escaped being eaten, and were later reinforced by 700 reindeer doe imported by the Government from Siberia.

From the mixed herd of 1,000 head, or a little more, they have multiplied to 3,000, and under Uncle Sam's protection they promise to play an important part in the future of Alaska and add greatly to its wealth. The twenty-five Laplanders who came over with the first contingent are on their way home with about \$700 each, saved out of their earnings as reindeer drivers and mail carriers.

But Alaska needed no importations to add to its fascinations. Gold? Of course—everybody knows about that, but everybody doesn't know that gold

is one of the least interesting things about the country that Uncle Sam was shrewd enough to buy from Russia.

Take strawberries. Alaska has near Big Stone a strawberry bed seven miles long and two miles wide. Fourteen square miles of strawberries! And they are beauties. Nothing finer is grown in this country outside a hothouse. Uncle Sam can produce no nearer approach to the English strawberry, whose haunting fragrance is equaled by no other fruit.

Raspberries and blackberries, too, reach a high pitch of cultivation in Alaska, which is popularly supposed to grow nothing more nourishing than glaciers.

Oats splied by mules as they feed grow wild higher than a man's head, and would yield, it is estimated, 200 bushels to the acre. Alaskan tomatoes are described as big as a man's hat. All manner of fruit and vegetables belonging to temperate climes thrive amazingly and under proper cultivation there is no reason why Alaska should not become Uncle Sam's kitchen garden.



Determined to prove to the world that men of wealth are not indifferent to the progress of science, Mr. Vanderbilt has equipped a party of explorers with the necessities required to search for the missing link in the theory of man's descent.