

How Young Alfred Vanderbilt Dangled from the Face of Glacial Mount Selkirk.

And How the Young Millionaire Outdid John W. Rockefeller,

GLACIER climbing, seemingly, is the all-raging fad of the New York millionaires this Summer. Two of these moneyed kings have recently distinguished themselves as daring and venturesome scalars of these ice cliffs.

Only a few weeks ago John W. Rockefeller cut loose from his party and boldly covered untrodden and forbidden parts of the Muir Glacier, in Alaska, by creeping up almost to the very front of this famous wonder.

This feat, however, is now outvalued by the young globe trotter Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, who, with his party, is just now speeding across the Pacific, though carrying with him as a climax of his continental journey the memory of a thrilling and hitherto unequalled glacier adventure, which he executed a few days ago while in the Canadian Park.

The trip of the party across the continent in their luxurious private car was highly enjoyed, especially the scenic wonders of the great mountain ranges of the Cascades, Selkirk and Rockies.

The appalling engineering difficulties overcome in railway building through these rock gorges and mountain barriers were strikingly observed and noted by the future railroad king of the world. The most imposing scene awaited the travellers when they reached the summit of the Selkirk Mountain. The train creeps slowly up the mountain side, doubling up on itself in a loop. The snow peaks of the Selkirk rise up on every side, while below, not half a mile away, lies the great Selkirk Glacier, of huge dimensions, with its mighty bowlders and gaping crevasses of ice.

At this point all trains are halted to give the tourists time to fully view the mag-



Who Ascended the Muir Glacier a Few Weeks Ago.

nificent panorama of snow-covered peaks and the awe-inspiring glacier below. The Vanderbilt car was consequently side-tracked within twenty minutes' walk of the great glacier's base. After viewing the high ice wall with its fantastic crags and pinnacles for some time an alluring and tempting spectacle met the eye of young Vanderbilt.

Almost in the centre of the upowering ice fortress the ever-rushing waters of the Columbia have eaten far into the solid ice mass of the glacier's front, forming a deep and far-reaching grotto, wherein are said to be innumerable grotesque chambers reflecting marvellous colors and images dazzling to the eye, a counterpart of Capri's Blue Grotto, in Italy. On beholding this the enthusiastic young millionaire decided to climb to the top of the glacier and descend to the mouth of the grotto to get a glimpse into the mysterious ice world hidden within. There was but one way to accomplish this difficult and dangerous task. The only available mode of descent is to be lowered down by rope. After much hesitation a party of guides with ropes were secured, who cut footholds on the glacier's top, while a loop was placed around the body of the intrepid explorer, who was then slowly lowered down the side of the precipitous ice wall, some 300 feet below, to the opening. His companions meanwhile watched with bated breath the hazardous and venturesome undertaking, for a breaking of the rope or a slipping of the guide's feet above meant sure death to a prospective groom and the possessor of five hundred millions. However, the plucky glacial explorer accomplished his daring task without any hardship, and it will form a realistic reminder when he takes a hand at the Himalayas and the Matterhorn.

THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF MOUNT SELKIRK GLACIER SHOWS HOW YOUNG VANDERBILT MADE THE DESCENT.

LOST --- A THIRTEEN-INCH CANNON, A FULL-GROWN TORPEDO, A TEN-TON BOILER, A NEW STEEL BRIDGE.

THE recent announcement that a thirteen-inch gun belonging to the United States Government had been mislaid calls attention to the fact that such trifles are occasionally lost.

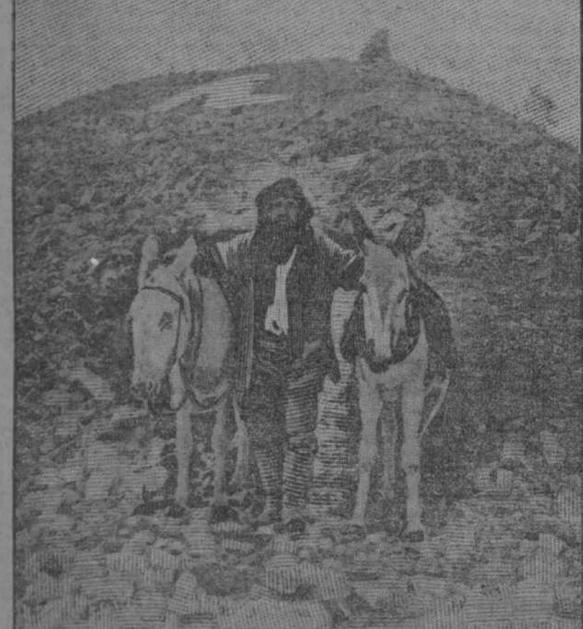
About the middle of July last an advertisement appeared in an English paper stating that a reward of fifty pounds was offered by a great engineering firm to any one who produced a full-grown torpedo that had been lost about a mile and a half east of the Trow Rocks. It was comforting to learn that there were no explosives in the torpedo, which was quite harmless; but the public were warned that it should be handled with care, lest the propeller should do harm. Whether or not the missing missile was ever recovered is not known, but strangely enough, a month later, a similar "fish" put in an appearance at Aldeburgh, in Suffolk. This torpedo was marked with a crown and numbered 2414 X, and, though originally charged with a working pressure of 1,050 pounds, when it was recovered it was quite exhausted.

Early in 1897 a peculiar case was tried at Woolwich regarding an extraordinary piece of lost property. It appeared that a gentleman purchased for \$75 a boiler whose size can be estimated from the fact that it took six horses and twenty men to move it. While this operation was being carried out the boiler, by some remarkable freak, managed to lose itself, and where it went to no man knew, nor could they find out, though the police were put on its track and it was requested to return to its sorrowing friends. Some years elapsed, and then, when a surveyor in the Office of Works was estimating the value of a fine crop of scrap-iron that a piece of ground known as "No-man's Land" had yielded, he spied the boiler; but, being ignorant of its history, ordered it to be sold by auction, at which sale it realized \$10. Then it was that the original owner recognized his long-lost property, and sued the surveyor for the \$75 it cost him. Eventually the Judge awarded him \$50, while the surveyor received \$1 for the trespass. It transpired

that the three-years-lost boiler had hid itself on a piece of land quite near its owner's residence.

A short time ago, the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railway Company had to issue quite a pathetic advertisement in the local papers. They had, it seems, fixed a twenty-eight-ton steel bridge on three flat cars chained together, and dispatched the same to Dayton, with their blessing. At an intermediate station the bridge was observed to be bearing the journey extremely well, and was seemingly in the best of spirits; nevertheless, when the train arrived at its destination not a sign of the bridge could be discovered, and, owing to the inability of the company to discover any trace of their lost property, the advertisement was issued, begging the public, should it meet with a wandering bridge, to return the same to its owners with all dispatch, when a substantial reward would be given in exchange. It was thought that the twenty-eight-tonner had slipped off at a sharp curve on the line.

CUT HIS HAIR, AFTER STRIKING IT RICH AND THEN WENT BACK FOR HIS GIRL.



"MIKE THE HERMIT," ON THE WEST OF GREY'S PEAK.

MIKE, the hermit of Grey's Peak, in Colorado, has cut his hair at last. More, he has sold his claim and is on his way to Ireland to fetch "Nellie," for whom he has been working nineteen hard years.

High up on the trail leading from Silver Plume to the summit of Grey's Peak there stands a little cabin which has been pointed out to travellers as "Mike's cabin" for nearly twenty years. No one knew the surname of the owner and not many knew his history.

Among the first of the men who sought gold around the timber line of Grey's Peak came "Mike." He said he came from Ireland by way of Denver. He was young, active and ambitious, and told all who took the trouble to ask that he was just going to find a gold mine, dig out a sack of gold and then go back to Ireland for "Nellie."

The men who listened laughed at Mike, and they laughed more when they saw that he was delving into the most unlikely spot on the whole mountain. They asked him why he did not take a rest and get his hair cut. In a rage Mike said he would never get his hair cut until he found gold enough to buy the claims of the men who laughed, and for nineteen years he has kept his word.

No one knows just when he found the vein of gold which made his fortune, for the hut in which he lived masked the entrance to his mine. It was only when he astonished the miners by walking into the barber shop that his find became known.

The cutting of "Mike's" hair was an event that drew a crowd and grew into a celebration. Now he is on his way to Nellie, and no one knows whether Nellie is wife, daughter or sweetheart.



MAY 30 1896	100
MAY 31 1896	100
JULY 4 1896	100
AUG. 29 1896	100
SEPT. 20 1896	100
SEPT. 27 1896	100
OCT. 11 1896	100
OCT. 25 1896	100
MAY 10 1897	100
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JUNE 5 1898	100
JULY 24 1898	100
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OCT. 9 1898	100
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OCT. 23 1898	100



A FEW OF THE CENTURY MEDALS WON BY MISS YATMAN WHILE PREPARING FOR GREATER ACHIEVEMENTS.

The War In Pictures.

LESLIE'S Official History of the Spanish-American War is one of the most complete and elaborate war books that have appeared. It tells in pictures as well as in printed records the story of the war from the beginning down to the present campaign in the Philippines.

Its pictures are largely those made by the artists in the field who served on Leslie's Weekly war staff. The descriptions of the battles and great events of the war are equally vivid pen pictures by correspondents, written as they followed the actual fortunes of war.

J. W. Buel, the well known historian, has woven this valuable material into a connected whole. He has added to the history of the war a statement of its causes, arising from Cuba's struggle for freedom. This is supplemented with information about the resources, climate, products, commerce and people of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines.

Besides this historic matter there is an atlas section with maps printed in colors showing all our newly acquired possessions in detail, and world maps showing their position in relation to the other nations of the world. In this section are also included all the flags used by the United States army and navy printed in the proper colors. The badges, uniforms, swords and other insignia of all grades of military rank are also illustrated.

The volume is a large quarto handsomely bound and printed. It is copyrighted by General Marcus J. Wright, of the War Records Office, at Washington.

This Woman Wheeled 500 MILES In Fifty-eight Hours.

She Consumed Forty Raw Eggs, Eighteen Plates of Ice Cream and Five Quarts of Milk While Making the Ride, and Was Keenly Disappointed When a Thunderstorm Forced Her to Dismount for Three Hours.

WHEN Miss Jane C. Yatman made a continuous 500 mile bicycle run in less than two and a half days a week ago, she made a world's record for women.

Just how she made that almost incredible run over Long Island roads Miss Yatman has now written for the Journal in the statement which appears on this page.

Twenty or more women have covered 300 miles continuously, and Mrs. Irene Brush, of Brooklyn, astounded the sporting world a month ago by finishing a "quad" century within forty-eight hours. But Miss Yatman's feat is unexampled in pluck, daring and perseverance.

Miss Yatman is a well-formed young woman of twenty-seven. She is five feet four inches in height and her normal weight is 130 pounds. She now weighs in training 117 pounds.

She is slender almost to thinness. Her bust measure is but 34 inches and her waist is 21 inches without being compressed by a corset.

Her hands are small and she wears a 6 1/4 glove. Her slender, muscular wrists measure but six inches around. Her arms are sinewy and small.

Miss Yatman's point of beauty is her abundant blond hair. Her face is slightly tanned. But there is no flush of what is usually termed healthy "color."

Miss Yatman declared last week that she felt perfectly well, but she had what most people would call a "tired look." She attended to her business, however, with methodical regularity, as if she had done no extraordinary feat a few days before.

Miss Yatman is a clerk in a book store on West Forty-second street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues. She lives at No. 118 East One Hundred and Fifteenth street and rides to and from her place of business morning and night, a distance of five miles each way.

This might be considered pretty good training in itself, but Miss Yatman does besides this a century run every Sunday.

By such work as this she had hardened herself into condition for her great effort of the season.

She started on her 500-mile run a week ago Thursday morning from Bedford Fountain, Brooklyn, and finished the following Saturday evening at the same point.

Her actual time was 58 hours and 50 seconds—a little less than two and a half days. The course which she followed in covering 500 miles, the continuous pedalling night and day, paced by the strongest men century riders, how she rode through storms and flooded roads, she tells best in her own statement.

Upon that phenomenal 500-mile run she ate 40 raw eggs, and, womanlike, she ate 18 plates of ice cream. She took no solid food whatever.

Miss Yatman is a wonderful example of healthy womanhood, never being ill and never having any ordinary aches and pains.

During the Summer months, when she rides daily, she wears no corsets, but as soon as Winter begins she puts them on, wearing them very loose. Her athletic achievements seem so natural to her that she talks of them simply and unostentatiously, as though she were saying, "It's a pleasant day."

Upon her 500-mile run she did not remove her clothes, fearing to be weakened by a bath, but upon her return her first recreation was a long rest in a delicious bath of hot water. She always takes, after a long run, a hot bath, destitute of ammonia, alcohol or any stimulant of the kind. She finds this sort of bath always a perfect refreshment.

She rides a diamond frame chain wheel. She prefers a chain wheel, exactly like a man's, and her bicycle weighs 25 pounds. It was made for her. It is a beautiful nickel wheel, of which she is very fond.

Miss Yatman prefers a diamond frame wheel even for short rides, for she says there is too much vibration about the ordinary make of woman's wheel. This is a difficulty against which manufacturers of bicycles have long struggled. In spite of the most carefully devised stays and constructive modifications, it seems to be impossible to prevent what bicyclists call "whip" in these machines.



JANE C. YATMAN HOW I RODE FIVE HUNDRED MILES IN FIFTY-EIGHT HOURS BY MISS JANE C. YATMAN.

LAST week Thursday I started on my 500-mile trip, scheduled to do it in sixty hours, and I did it in fifty-eight hours and fifty seconds.

I had several pace setters, but felt quite honored in having Mr. John T. Wall, of No. 303 West Fifty-fourth street, the president of the New York State division of the Century Club, pace for me part of the distance.

I did not rest or stop to sleep, although once I fell asleep on my wheel and almost fell off.

At the different authorized checking stations I alighted for five minutes, swallowed a raw egg, and some milk and went on. I ate forty raw eggs on this trip. I find that eggs and milk are the best stimulants, and touched nothing else, except a little ice cream.

On the entire trip I was only off my wheel one hour and a half, except the three hours I had to lose in Friday's terrific storm. I rode over ten miles in this storm, over roads just swimming in water, and then, drenched to the skin, they pulled me off my wheel and made me rest in a small country house. I stayed there three hours, chafing against enforced delay.

I felt the fatigue of this trip most in my wrists, nowhere else. I could easily do it again, but should not advise women in general to try it.

On this trip I lost exactly two pounds of flesh, but shall soon recover it. I don't look very strong, but I am, and my feet and limbs are very muscular.

Century runs are nothing to me now. I've been riding since 1890, and I have a gold badge which the Excelsior Club gave me last year for covering 5,800 miles from April to December of 1898.

But this 500-mile spin was my longest and hardest, and I don't believe I should advise many girls to try it.

The Long Island roads are perfect for wheeling, and I was in good form. I ride ten miles every day, and every Sunday I make a practice of going 100 miles.

I have twenty-nine century medals, and thirteen more are coming to me for this year.

A TEXAS EDITOR WITHOUT ARMS.

ARON SMITH, editor and manager of the Mount Pleasant, Tex., Times-Review, is the only armless editor of a newspaper in the United States. Notwithstanding this he turns out "copy" as fast as any veteran in the business, and manipulates a typewriter with a rapidity calculated to arouse the envy of any stenographer in the land.

He was born in Miller County, Arkansas, a little over thirty years ago, armless, but endowed with a high degree of natural ability, an indomitable perseverance and an unconquerable ambition.

In these thirty years he did more in the way of personal advancement than most men who had the advantages of affluence, and who were gifted with a perfect physique. When Aaron was about ten years of age his father moved to Cass County, Texas, where he followed the trade of wagon and carriage maker. His parents were very poor, and on this account their armless son was deprived of the proper educational advantages.

He attended the country schools during the Winter and in the Summer months studied at home until he had mastered those branches which he considered most essential for a successful business and professional career. In 1885 he came to Mount Pleasant and took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar.

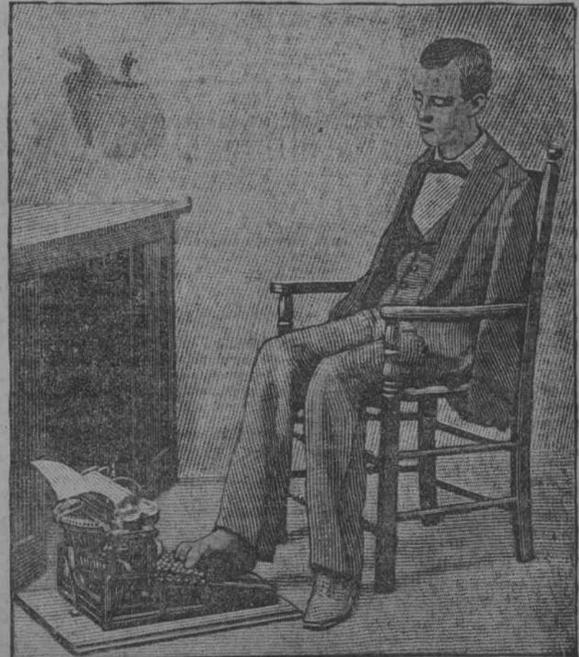
He continued the practice of law until 1894, when he purchased the Times-Review, which at that time was a very small paper with but a few hundred subscribers. "I knew nothing of the newspaper business when I purchased the Times-Review, in fact I had never been in a newspaper office and had never written a line for publication up to that time," he said to your correspondent, "but I believe I can say that I have been fairly successful," a fact which a glance at his subscription books and at the general make-up of his paper fully corroborated.

He is a public speaker of no ordinary ability, and during his active practice of law won considerable distinction for his force and impressiveness in presenting an argument to a jury.

Smith stated that he began using his feet instead of hands when very small, and that he now experiences but little trouble in doing almost anything he desires. When a boy at school he often engaged in the

excellent speed in this manner. He lives in quiet, etc., and at one time became quite a cozy little home which he recently bought, and is apparently as happy as any man one could find.

He writes at an ordinary desk by holding a pen with his toes. He uses a typewriter expect to find him, but is, on the other hand, lively, witty and contented. Mr. Smith is married and has one child.



EDITOR SMITH WRITING EDITORIALS FOR THE PAPER.