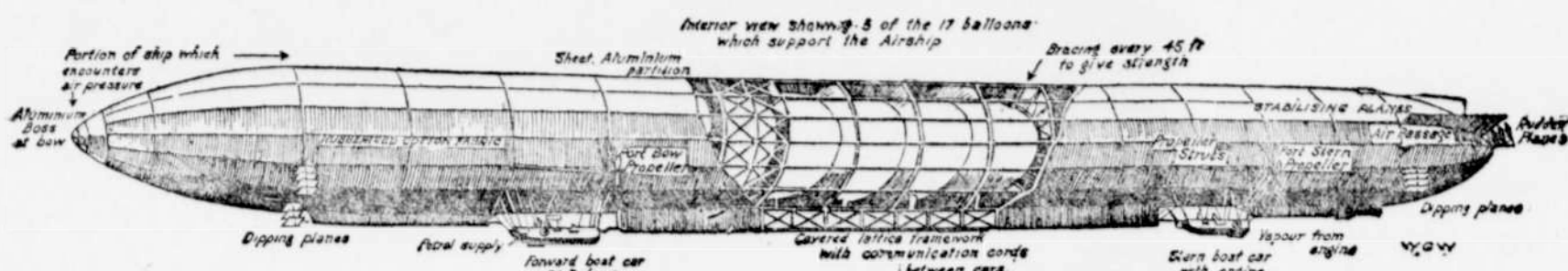


HOW ZEPPELIN PLANS TO TRY TO REACH THE NORTH POLE BY AIRSHIP



THE Kaiser and Count Zeppelin have joined forces for the discovery of the north pole by airship. The expedition is to be made with the aid of the most powerful Zeppelin vessel yet constructed. A series of preliminary flights through the polar latitudes will be carried out from Cross Bay on the island of Spitzbergen during the arctic summer of 1910. Announcements to this effect have thrilled Germany with patriotic excitement, writes a Berlin correspondent in the Philadelphia Ledger. The Fatherland cherishes the confident hope that the laurels of the arctic, for which gallant men of all nations have struggled and died, will finally fall to the conqueror of the air. The Kaiser takes an intense personal interest in aerological research, a branch of science in which great things are expected from the Zeppelin-Hergesell expedition.

The expedition is to be conducted under the personal supervision of Count Zeppelin and his meteorological expert, Prof. von Hergesell, the celebrated Strassburg aerologist. The Count has been rebuffed so long by heartless fate and Prof. von Hergesell is so conservative a scientist that they disclaim any official intention of attempting to find the pole. They aver that their expedition is designed exclusively to "investigate the unknown regions of the arctic" and to make a series of scientific explorations and measurements in the polar latitudes. That is a sufficiently ample program, however, to comprehend the finding of the pole—which everybody in the know understands full well is the real objective of the expedition.

The 800-mile route from Cross Bay over Spitzbergen to the pole is easily within the radius of action of Zeppelin's airships. Zeppelin II, accomplished a considerably greater task in its famous White Sea voyage across Germany six weeks ago. The reaching of the pole will depend wholly upon

the strength of the wind. As Zeppelin's ships, however, have amply demonstrated their ability to resist the wind, the Zeppelin-Hergesell expedition will proceed under incomparably more favorable conditions than any of their predecessors in search of the pole. Andree, for example, was compelled to adhere to certain wind directions. He was driven from his course and undoubtedly drowned.

The new expedition will certainly have to reckon with storms in the arctic regions, but climatic perils will not threaten it in summer. The snow danger is also unimportant, but the rays of the sun will provide difficulties, for the sun is constantly in the heavens and in the pure atmosphere throws off rays of stupendous degree. In the unexplored polar districts landings from airships will be possible only on ice floes, which are, however, admirably suited for the purpose. The reascend from these floes is purely a balloon engineering problem.

Fog, that arch enemy of the aeronaut in all latitudes, is a frequent phenomenon in the polar regions in the summer. Nansen, during his three years' voyage in the Fram, found an average of twenty foggy days in July and sixteen in August. On the other hand, the polar fog is never so thick, but it leaves the surface of the ice visible from an airship, and is therefore an obstacle that causes Count Zeppelin and Prof. Hergesell few qualms. A technical difficulty of considerably greater seriousness lies in the fact that the ordinary astronomical equipment, to speak only of the magnet in the mariner's compass, becomes absolutely useless in the neighborhood of the pole. This will make it necessary, as Wellman discovered, for the airship voyage to be carried out only a short distance above the ground, so that some sort of control may be kept by simple observation of the direction and speed of the flight.

SEED OF THE VIOLET.

Flower Blooms Twice in a Season—Has an Explosive Pod.
The common wild violet affords one of the most remarkable illustrations of the care and apparent forethought of nature in preserving a species, a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says. As everybody knows, the violet grows in the shade, in pastures, woods and fields where the grass is abundant and long. It comes up early in the spring and flowers at a time when the grass is most abundant and succulent. Of course, it is liable to be cut down by the scythe, but much more likely it is to be bitten off by grazing animals.

The violets that come in the spring either do not seed at all or very sparingly. But in the late fall the plant bears another crop of blossoms that are never seen save by the professional botanist. They are very small, utterly insignificant in appearance, and grow either just at or below the surface of the ground. These are the flowers which produce the seeds for the next season. The flowers on long stems blooming in spring are only for show; the hidden flowers are for use, and the number of seeds they bear may be judged from the ease with which a wild violet bed spreads.

When the seeds are ripe the pod explodes, scattering them to a considerable distance, often to ten or twelve feet from the parent plant, so that in spite of its boastful modesty the violet not only takes care of itself, but becomes a troublesome aggressor.



Doctor—Have you a last wish? Patient—Yes. I wish I had some other doctor.—Life.

"Did your new chauffeur turn out all right?" "No; that's why he's in the hospital."—Puck.

"Walter, has this steak been cooked?" "Yes, sir, by electricity." "Well, take it back and give it another shock."—

"Why did you tip that boy so handsomely for handing you your coat?" "Did you see the coat he gave me?"—Tattler.

"When she hit him with the golf ball, did it knock him senseless?" "I guess so. I understand they are soon to marry."—

Pat—An' phwat the devil is a chad'n'-dish? Mike—Whist! It's a fryin'-pan that's got into society.—Boston Transcript.

"Our train hit a bear on the way down." "Was the bear on the track?" "No; the train had to go into the woods after him."—

Bacon—I understand some of your hens have stopped laying? Egbert—Two of them have. "What's the cause?" "Automobile."—

Little Ella—I am never going to Holland when I grow up. Governess—Why not? "Cause our geography says it's a low lying country."—

Ikey—Vat is a promoter? Father of Ike—A promoter is von who vill supply der ocean if some von else vill furnish der ships.—Princeton Tiger.

Mother (at lunch)—Yes, darling, these little sardines are sometimes eaten by the larger fish. Mabel (aged 5)—But, mamma, how do they get the cans open?—

Teacher—Now, boys, here's a little example in mental arithmetic. How old would a person be who was born in 1875? Pupil—Please, teacher, was it a man or a woman?—

She (to future son-in-law)—I may tell you that, though my daughter is well educated, she can not cook. He—That doesn't matter much, so long as she doesn't try.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Police Justice—Have you any way of making a living? Vagrant—I hev, y'r Honor. I kin make brooma. Police Justice—You can? Where did you learn that trade? Vagrant—I declina t answer, y'r Honor.

"They can't drive my wife into any of these new-fangled, slim-Jane styles of dressing." "Independent, eh?" "Well, it ain't so much that. She's thirty-eight inches around the waist."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Gudething—Why did you have to leave the army? Wayward Cuffdrop—Well, you see, I was in the hospital most of the time; the food was too rich for me. I was used to living in a boarding-house.—New York Globe.

Mrs. Highsome—Why did you leave your last place? Applicant (for position as cook)—To tell ye the honest truth, ma'am, the mussus discharged me. Mrs. Highsome—Then you didn't leave of your own accord. I'll take you!

"I see that Jane Bleeker always takes Charlie Brainard with her when she drives her new motorcar. I thought she favored Clarence Green." "Yes, but poor Clarence isn't any good at pumping up tires."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Did you have a pleasant time at the picnic, Ronald? I trust that you remembered to fletcherize, and masticated each mouthful 100 times." "Yes'm, an' while I was chewin' my first bite the other boys et up all the grub."—Life.

Visitor—Who is that crazy man yelling and struggling so? Hospital Attendant—He isn't crazy. That's Dr. Sabre, the celebrated surgeon. They brought him here yesterday, and the doctors have just ordered an operation.—Puck.

Irate Tailor (who has called frequently to collect, without success)—My dear sir, I wish you'd make some definite arrangement with me, then. The man—Why, surely—let's see—well, suppose you call every Monday.—Bohemian.

"Ma, what are the folks in our church gettin' up a subscription for?" "To send our minister on a vacation to Europe this summer." "Won't there be no church services while he's gone?" "No, dear." "Ma, I got \$1.23 in my bank—can I give that?"—Cleveland Leader.

Nervous Passenger (on lake steamer)—It must be terrible to think of an accident happening to the boat while you are away down there in that hole. Stoker—It's jist the other way, ma'am. If the boat sinks I won't have to go through more'n about half as much water as you will fore I git to the bottom of the lake.

"Well, Bobby, how do you like church?" asked his father, as they walked homeward from the sanctuary, to which Bobby had just paid his first visit. "It's fine!" ejaculated the young man; "how much did you get, father?" "How much did I get? Why, what do you mean? How much what?" asked the astonished parent at this evident irrelevance. "Why, don't you remember when the funny old man passed the money around? I got only ten cents."—Lippincott's.



Germany has become the greatest producer of cocoa butter in the world, turning out about 7,000 tons a year.

The best Turkish tobacco is grown in the low mountainous region bordering the south shore of the Black Sea.

The entire fire department of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany, is to be changed from horse to motor traction.

To prevent fraud in weighing, the government is having self-registering scales built for use in customs warehouses.

The paper on which the Bank of England notes are printed has been made by a secret process in the same mill since 1719.

A resident of New Jersey has patented a tapering stiletto on which there is a sliding gauge to regulate the size of the holes it may make, to save an embroidery worker from carrying a set of tools of different sizes.

Contrary to the general impression that the country furnished by birth a much larger percentage of aging men in all walks of life than the city, Dr. Frederick Adams Woods arrives at the conclusion that it is the urban population which takes the lead in this respect. He bases his results on the birthplace statistics given in a well-known volume containing brief biographies of notable Americans. Taking the total urban and non-urban populations, he finds that the town shows a notably higher percentage of productiveness in the way of talent. This he regards as consistent with the laws of heredity, since talent of all kinds tends to seek the cities, and should be expected, generally, to reproduce its kind.

One of the most interesting achievements of Lieutenant Shackleton's polar expedition was the ascent of Mount Erebus, the most southerly of all known volcanoes, by a party led by Professor David. The highest peak has an elevation of 13,129 feet. An old crater, filled with feldspar crystals, pumice and sulphur, was found at the height of 11,000 feet. The active crater at the summit is half a mile in diameter, and 800 feet deep. It was ejecting steam and sulphurous gases to a height of 2,000 feet when the party visited it. The ascent was made in March, 1908; in June the volcano was very active, and photographs of the eruption were made by moonlight. The neighboring volcano, Mount Terror, was inactive.

Of course the ocean is not as old as the earth, because it could not be formed until the surface of the globe had sufficiently cooled to retain the water upon it, but it seems chimerical to try to measure the age of the sea. Nevertheless Professor Joly has undertaken the task, basing his estimate upon the amount of sodium it contains to that annually contributed by the washings from the continents. He thus reaches the conclusion that the ocean has been in existence between 50,000,000 and 170,000,000 years. This does not seem a very definite determination, but then, in geology, estimates of time in years are extremely difficult because of the uncertainty of the elements of the calculation. The most that can be said of such results is that they are probable.

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ONCE MORE A FAILURE!

Another American Girl Finds a Foreign Title a Burden.

Many as have been the disastrous failures among marriages between rich American girls and European men of title, none has been a more calamitous one than that of Eleanor Patterson, of Chicago, and Count Gizycki, of Russian Poland. The shattered romance began six years ago. Eleanor Patterson was the educated and sweet-faced daughter of Robert W. Patterson, publisher of the Chicago Tribune, and a sister of Joseph Medill Patterson, a young millionaire widely known for his socialistic views. In 1903 she was in St. Petersburg on a visit to her uncle, Robert S. McCormick, then ambassador from the United States to Russia. There she met Count Gizycki, a man twice her age, with a reputation as a spendthrift and rake.

The following year Count Gizycki came to Washington and renewed his acquaintance with Miss Patterson. His wooing was fast and furious and the girl was carried away by his polished manner and the glitter of his title. Despite all objection, in two weeks she married him. Her mother settled \$20,000 a year upon her and she and the count went to Vienna. Then the trouble began. The count's extravagance and gambling habits at the Austrian capital plunged him deeper in debt than before, and because of his dissipation he became the mock of Europe.

In March, 1908, came the crisis. The countess taxed her husband with his wild habits and the nobleman knocked her down with his fist. They separated and she went to London with her baby, the Countess Felicia, beginning an action for divorce in Paris, a suit which ultimately she won. In April, 1908, in connection with her suit, she crossed from London to Paris, leaving the baby countess in charge of a nurse just outside the British capital.

In the hope of stopping the suit for divorce and of forcing more money from his wife, the count made a rush trip to England, stole the baby and carried her to Vienna, where he sequestered her in one of his castles just outside the city. The countess was frantic over the loss of the child and employed detectives by the score to trace the baby. Once Felicia was located the authorities interposed so many barriers against the mother that the count had ample time to carry the little countess to a castle near St. Petersburg.

Meanwhile Joseph Medill McCormick and another member of the Patterson and McCormick families were bringing every influence to bear on the courts of France and Russia to recover Felicia legally. It was not until a secret compact, which never has been clearly explained, was entered into with the Czar, mainly through the work of former Ambassador McCormick, that an imperial decree compelled the count to give up the custody of the girl. After recovering her daughter the countess hurried to Cherbourg and sailed for New York City. From New York the party hurried on to Chicago, where the Countess Gizycki and the little Countess Felicia will reside in future, pleased to have escaped from the toils of a nobleman lost to all sense of decency.

When your ship finally comes in the cargo will be more valuable for your long wait.

NOTED WOMEN GIVING AWAY HUGE AMERICAN FORTUNES

MANY native and foreign critics of American civilization have deplored the spendthrift tendencies of a certain class of American women, with little dwelling on the reverse side of the picture—the quiet, unostentatious giving away of millions of dollars annually by philanthropically-inclined members of the sex. Foremost among the gifts made by women in the United States is the endowment of Leland Stanford, Jr., University with \$30,000,000 by Mrs. Leland Stanford. This institution was started in 1885, in memory of the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Stanford, by Mr. Stanford. His will gave the university \$2,500,000, and the \$30,000,000 gift of his widow disposed of nearly the whole residue of the estate.

Mrs. Russell Sage probably is the most prominent of living women philanthropists. She is disposing of the \$65,000,000 that her husband acquired in fifty years at the rate of about \$8,000,000 a year. The Russell Sage Foundation, with an endowment of \$10,000,000, is the largest single charity in the world. It is insured an annual income of about \$400,000. Its work, in the words of Mrs. Sage's deed of gift, will be "to eradicate as far as possible the causes of poverty and ignorance, rather than to relieve the sufferings of those who are poor and ignorant."

Miss Helen Gould's gifts likewise have been widely distributed. She has spent more than \$10,000,000 of the fortune left her by Jay Gould, her father. Perhaps no methods of moneymaking have been more widely condemned than those of Jay Gould, but his daughter has shown how great blessings can come from the wise use of money. She has endowed schools and churches and has given largely for relief and aid work among the soldiers and sailors of the United States army and navy.

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, the first wife of William K. Vanderbilt, gave \$100,000 to the Nassau Hospital at Mineola, L. I. She has been actively interested in diet kitchens for the poor of New York. Mrs. Belmont intends, it is said, to spend part of her fortune in advancing the cause of woman suffrage, to which she recently became a convert. Her daughter, the Duchess of Marlborough, formerly Consuelo Vanderbilt, is also known for her philanthropies among the London poor. Miss Giulia Morosini, daughter and heiress of the famous banker who passed away about a year ago, spends large sums in aiding children in New York, especially at Christmas time. She gives largely also to charitable institutions. Mrs. Harold F. McCormick of Chicago, formerly Miss Edith Rockefeller, had much to do with the direction of the charitable work done by her father, John D. Rockefeller, before she was married, and is said to spend largely, though quietly, now in aid of many charities.

There are countless others, less conspicuous than those named, whose spirit of giving is manifested in widely varying forms, all testifying to the American woman's appreciation of the fact that money is most profitably spent when used for the benefit of others.

DO YOU BELIEVE THIS?

Story to the Effect That the Standard Oil Company Will Rival Cow.

The Standard Oil Company has decided to drive the cow and the dairyman out of business, says the New York Press. Its skilled chemists have discovered a process whereby they can make gilt-edge butter as a by-product of crude petroleum. If reports are true, plans have been prepared and contracts soon will be let for putting up a big buttermaking plant as a new departure of the Standard Oil works in the Constable Hook section of Bayonne.

It was thought the limit had been reached in the by-product business when delicate perfumes were extracted from kerosene. Until recently no one had an idea the Standard Oil had designs against the butter and the oleomargarine industries. It is predicted confidently that within a year the only butter on sale in the American market will bear the Standard Oil label, and that petroleum butter also will be an active and aggressive competitor with creamery butter for supremacy in the foreign markets.

Since the new process was discovered every precaution possible has been taken by the Standard Oil officials to prevent the secret leaking. It was only by accident it became public. The story, which comes from Bayonne, is that the chemists and Standard Oil officials were so elated by the discovery that they made eight pounds of the butter and put it in a box to be shipped to John D. Rockefeller. When it came to making out the express slip, the term "Petroleum Butter" was used. That led to inquiries which finally elicited the information that the Rockefeller corporation is going into the buttermaking business. Nor did it end with that. Assertion also was made that the chemists, in the steps leading up to the petroleum butter discovery, also have perfected a cheap process by which they can convert the kerosene into sweet milk, with a larger percentage of butter fat than cow's milk possesses. By running the petroleum milk through separators of high speed all the butter fat, or cream, is extracted. That leaves the tanks of the separators filled with rich and wholesome self-pasteurized buttermilk. If that is true, the butter, cream, sweet milk, buttermilk and cottage cheese markets soon will be dominated by the Standard Oil.

Real poverty may bring less misery than marrying for money.

PEASANT AND THE DIAMOND.

Monster Stone Found by Antoine in an Abandoned Prospect.
Let me give you the actual episode of Antoine. Antoine was so humble a peasant that when he left Vierzon and took up prospecting in South Africa, nobody asked what his other name was, Franklin Clarkins says in Everybody's. Having no capital save his muscles, he asked leave to dig, on shares, a claim on the Vaal River with which one prospector after another had become discouraged. Antoine got a Kafir boy to help. The yield was pitiful. He asked the boy to stop working the center and try the side. When the boy did not understand Antoine impatiently drove his own pick in the place designated.

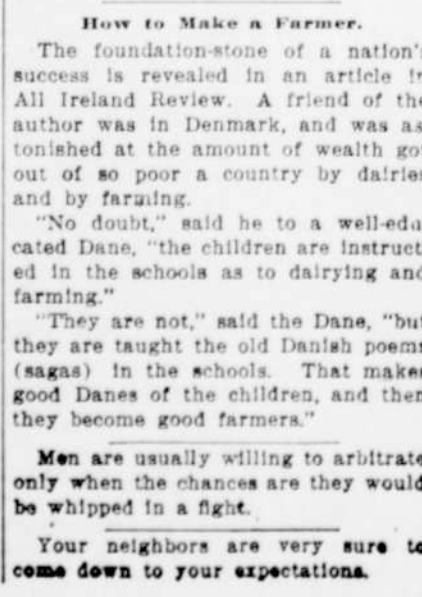
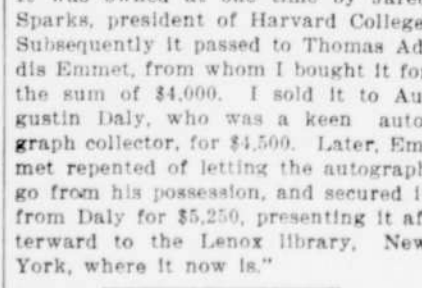
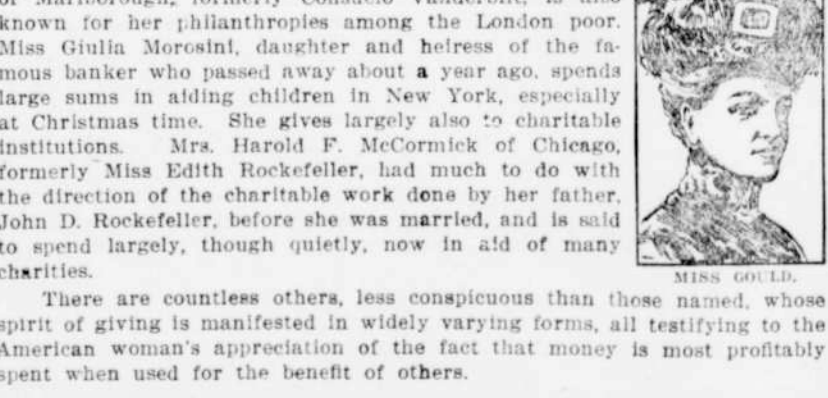
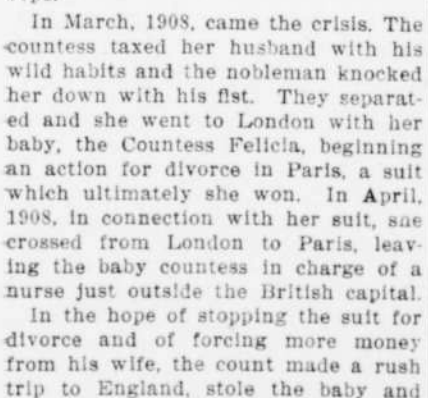
"Suddenly (says one who knew him on that day) he was spellbound at sight of a large stone—a diamond. For some moments he could not move and could not speak. He feared it was an illusion, like the mirage of water which appears to men long athirst. He expected it to vanish if he winked an eyelash. Collecting his energies, he darted forward and clutched the stone. Such was the tumult within him that for two days he was unable to eat or do anything but laugh and cry!"

Now, back home in Vierzon, where he had been a peasant, he sits, as you may see, in comfort and content, with a glass replica of the diamond on the tip of his weather vane, for the stone itself weighed 288 carats in the rough, 120 carats when cut and those who purchased it paid hundreds of thousands of dollars to possess it.

MOST RARE OF AUTOGRAPHS.
That of Thomas Lynch, Jr., Signer of Declaration, of Great Value.
"What is the most expensive autograph you ever sold?" inquired the reporter.
"That of Thomas Lynch, Jr.," answered the dealer. The reporter looked perfectly blank. "Never heard of him," he confessed.
"Well, he was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He signed it as proxy for his father, who was ill at the time. Soon after he went to sea and was never heard of again. Now, autographs of Declaration signers are much sought by collectors. None approach, in rarity those of Thomas Lynch, Jr. In fact, so far as I know, there is only one in existence."
"This is affixed to an autograph letter addressed by Lynch to George Washington, which lends it additional value. It was owned at one time by Jared Sparks, president of Harvard College. Subsequently it passed to Thomas Adis Emmet, from whom I bought it for the sum of \$4,000. I sold it to Augustin Daly, who was a keen autograph collector, for \$4,500. Later, Emmet repented of letting the autograph go from his possession, and secured it from Daly for \$5,250, presenting it afterward to the Lenox library, New York, where it now is."

How to Make a Farmer.
The foundation-stone of a nation's success is revealed in an article in All Ireland Review. A friend of the author was in Denmark, and was astonished at the amount of wealth got out of so poor a country by dairies and by farming.
"No doubt," said he to a well-educated Dane, "the children are instructed in the schools as to dairying and farming."
"They are not," said the Dane, "but they are taught the old Danish poems (sagas) in the schools. That makes good Danes of the children, and then they become good farmers."

Men are usually willing to arbitrate only when the chances are they would be whipped in a fight.
Your neighbors are very sure to come down to your expectations.



MRS. STANFORD.

MRS. SAGE.

MRS. GOULD.

MRS. BELMONT.