MRS. PEARY TO JOIN HER HUSBAND

FITTING OUT A VESSEL TO START THIS MONTH WITH HER LITTLE DAUGHTER

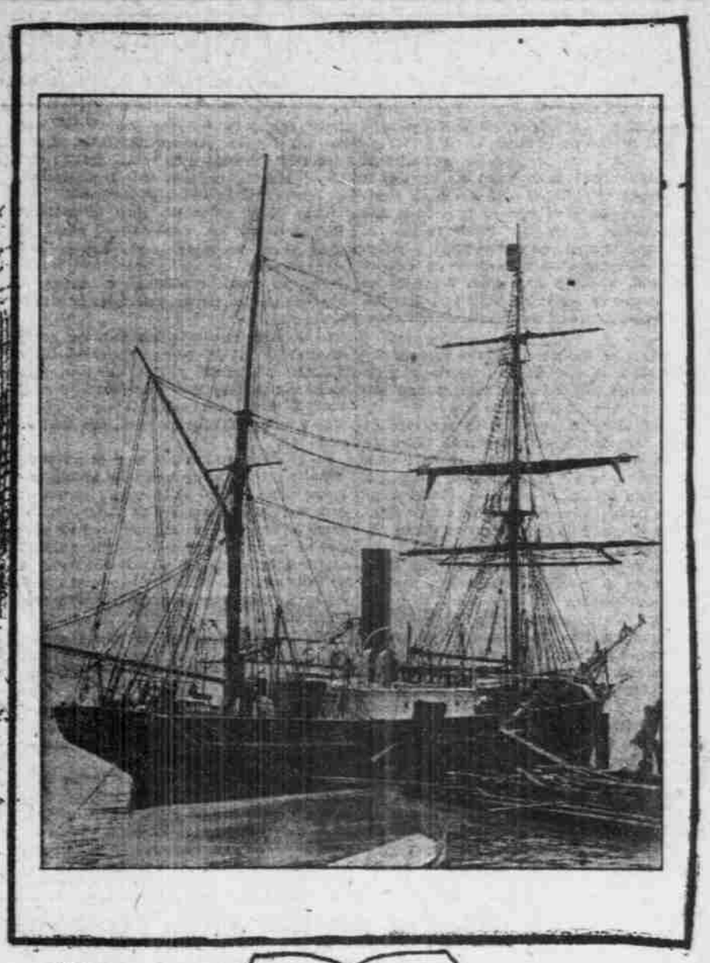
Capt. Bartlett, of the Windward in his Eskimo Suit.

Lieut. Robert E. Peary. Who left for the Arctic Regions in July. 1898

Little Marie Peary.

Mrs. Robert E. Peary.

Peary's Winter Quarters near Cape Sabine.



The Windward.

NEW YORK, July 25.—(Special Correspondence.)—Mrs. Josephine Diebitsch Peary, wife of the Arctic explorer, undaunted by the hardships which confront her, has been in New York for a week, preparing for her relief expedition to the far North, where she confidently hopes to find her husband sound and well.

Mrs. Peary has entire charge of the expedition. She joyfully anticipates meeting her long absent husband, Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, at Cape Sabine. Sharing the mother's anticipative joy at the longed-for reunion, little Miss Marie, daughter of the explorer, daily watches the plans for the relief expedition and impatiently longs to be en route for the far North.

During Mrs. Peary's stay in this city she has made frequent trips to Newburg. It is there that the relief vessel, the Windward, has been overhauled, and made stanch for the long, slow trip to the frozen land. Many improvements made in the vessel have resulted from Mrs. Peary's suggestions.

Certain of Success.

At the St. Dennis Hotel, which has been the headquarters of this fearless wife of Explorer Peary she has been the recipient of many calls from scientific people and others who came to wish her success in this her latest venture in the Arctic region. To all Mrs. Peary has expressed never a doubt but that success will crown her efforts. In conversation this handsome woman bristles with enthusiasm in speaking of her husband, of their daughter, and of the exploration work in which she sympathizes mind and body with her husband.

Mrs. Peary is no stranger to the dangers of the far North. During the trip of 1897-99, at which time Lieutenant Peary skirted Greenland, Mrs. Peary went to her husband's aid in this same vessel, the Windward. The experience which she gained on that voyage stands her in good stead, and this time she goes North better equipped both in aids to Polar Sea investigation and in the appointment of the vessel.

Up to the present time Mrs. Peary's chief interest has been in equipping the Windward, because upon this vessel's seaworthy condition depends the whole success of the trip; and this explains the frequent trips made by Mrs. Peary from Washington, and later from New York, to the Newburg shipyard. To visitors in Newburg the vessel has been only second in interest to Mrs. Peary herself.

The Windward has had an interesting career. At present it is the property of the Peary Arctic Association, and it is the vessel on which Explorer Nansen was brought South in 1897, after one of the hardest trips ever made by a Northern explorer.

This little vessel is bark rigged, with steam equipment. In its early life the vessel is said to have been a whaler. Since her purchase by the association the Windward, however, has been twice overhauled, the object being to convert her into a vessel exactly suited for exploration in the ice fields. Three thicknesses of planking line her sides, and the bow planking is fully five feet thick. Necessarily such a vessel is a slow-going boat at sea, and up to recently the Windward was handicappped by limited engine power, which explains why more than seven weeks were required on a trip which she made across the Atlantic in 1898.

During the overhauling, which has just been finished at Newburg, new engines and boilers were put in. New cabins were also added, and neatly arranged quarters were made for Mrs. Peary. The new boiler is of modern type, and has 120 pounds' pressure, while the new engine will have 200 horsepower, enabling the vessel to make seven knots at sea, instead of three knots, which in the past was about her speed limit.

Mrs. Peary, during her visits to the vessel this week, expressed satisfaction at the alterations made, the changes having provided suitable quarters for herself, her daughter and the maid who is to accompany them.

Of necessity the quarters on the Windward are small, but lack of space is made up by preparations for protection from the extreme cold of the Far North, and for other comforts possessed by modern vessels. The wall seats are upholstered in heavy leathers. The woodwork exposed is of hard woods highly polished. Little brass or ornamental work is to be seen throughout the boat, tidiness having taken the place of ornament.

Captain Bartlett, who commanded the vessel on previous trips to the Arctic, is in charge during the present preparations, and proudly explains features of the boat to the many visitors at the shipyard. The captain also has a rare collection of garments worn by the natives of the Far North, many of which have been adopted by explorers of recent years. He not only pleases his visitors by showing the valuable collection of furs, but has also donned some of the garments showing to better advantage their uses in the Polar country.

In recounting the history of the Windward, Captain Bartlett recently told of how a railroad caboose was converted into the vessel cabin during the voyage of 1898. At that time Lieutenant Peary was given caboose No. 4259 by the Erie Railroad Company. The caboose was put aboard, and in its transformed duty as boat's cabin did valuable duty to the explorer while the vessel was imprisoned in the ice of All Man Bay, Grinnell Land, for eight months. Later, in August, 1899, this caboose was put ashore at Etah, North Greenland, an addition was built to it, and it did duty as a home for the Lieutenant and his companions during the Winter of 1898-99.

When Lieutenant Peary was ready to resume his journey around the northern end of Greenland, he left the old caboose. It was not forgotten, however, and when the second arrival of the Windward at Payer Harbor, near Cape Sabine, was made, the old transformed part of a freight train was looked up, put aboard, after being brought some distance over the ice, and again did duty until the return of the Windward to the United States. Later, with due formality, and a vote of thanks from the Peary Association, the old caboose was returned to its original owners, the Erie Railroad Company.

Although the forthcoming trip of Mrs. Peary will not be made in the caboose of a freight train, converted into the uses of a cabin, the Windward will carry articles equally novel to the idea of hunting for the North Pole. One of these novel ideas will be a series of games for children of the Far North whom Mrs. Peary may meet. Ping pong sets will be among the games with which little Miss Peary proposes to entertain her forthcoming friends among the maidens of the frozen zone. It is believed the Eskimo girls will take a keen delight in this new game, which figures so prominently in the amusements of the modern home, and aboard the ocean liners. Other childish games likely to delight the old and young of the inhospitable Arctic will be taken along. These games will also serve nicely to while away the long hours of the voyage.

Mrs. Peary, the fearless woman who has so seriously planned all of these details for the relief of her husband and party, is an interesting woman, aside from her executive ability, and the honors which have come to her through her distinguished husband. Persons who know her describe her as delightful. At the St. Dennis she was one of the handsomest women guests.

Her young daughter is equally attractive, and before other visitors knew who she was, they frequently remarked her pretty features and taste in dress before being told, "Why, that is brave Mrs. Peary. She is here getting ready to go up near the North Pole in search of her husband, the explorer. They say she is the grittiest little woman in America." To all which comment Mrs. Peary has been oblivious, going steadily about her relief expedition plans, happy and content in her endeavors, and never doubting by word or action that the Lieutenant will be at Cape Sabine some weeks from now, eagerly awaiting the coming of herself and daughter.

HOMES AND HAUNTS OF FAMOUS AUTHORS

V.—SHAKESPEARE, BY PROFESSOR DOWDEN, M. A. of Author of "Shakespeare: His Mind and Art," etc.

THERE is a certain propriety in the fact that the greatest interpreter of the mind of England should have belonged to the midmost region of the English midlands—to Warwickshire, which his contemporary, Drayton, names "the heart of England"—and should have passed many of his days in London—"this mighty heart" as Wordsworth calls it—thus bringing into connection civic with rural England in the experiences of his life, as he has done in the creations of his genius. In Warwickshire, some influence of race and many local names remained as a heritage from the old Celtic population of Britain—the name Avon is itself Celtic—and critics have alleged that the English mind in Shakespeare may have been quickened by a dash of the more mobile and vivacious blood of the conquered people. In times comparatively recent at the date of Shakespeare's birth, the county had taken its full share in the turmoil of the Wars of the Roses; the great "kingmaker," Richard Neville, was Earl of Warwick; the White Rose and the Red divided the allegiance of Coventry and Kenilworth; and memories of the fierce times must have survived in many a household until the days when Shakespeare was a boy.

The pilgrim to Stratford of today, who desires to become an intimate of the poet, should, if possible, remain in the neighborhood long enough to hear the lapsing river murmur some of its secrets, to listen to the songs of birds, to gather wild flowers of the meadow or the hedgerow, and to hold discourse with some ploughman or shepherd or drover, or woman standing at a cottage door. These, perishing and renewed from moment to moment, from year to year, from generation to generation, are the true immortals, and Shakespeare saw the daffodil, which "takes the winds of March with beauty," and heard the lark singing "hymns at heaven's gate" even as we may see and hear them today. But structures of wood and stone decay, and except the church by the riverside, and a few venerable walls and roofs and modest interiors, little in Stratford remains as it was when Shakespeare's eyes surveyed his native town. The country then not only enveloped the little town, with its scattered timber houses and its fourteen or fifteen hundred inhabitants, but ran in upon it, fields changing to orchards bright with blossoms in Spring, and gardens where the housewives plucked their potherbs and gathered their simples. Yet Stratford in Shakespeare's lifetime was not a healthy town; the river rose, flooded the dank meadow-lands, and fevers and agues followed the flood; the plague was not unknown in Stratford; in the year of Shakespeare's birth it carried off no small proportion of the townsfolk. Sanitation had not become a popular superstition in the sixteenth century, and the first mention of the poet's father in the borough records exhibits him as an offender fined 12-pence for the pile of dirt which rose in front of his Henley Street house. Physicians found much to do in seventeenth century Stratford, and the case-book of Dr. John Hall, Shakespeare's son-in-law, speaks well perhaps of the vitality of those patients who suffered his heroic remedies and yet survived.

Shakespeare's Sporting Instincts.

The configuration of the surrounding country, beautiful with a quiet English beauty, less easy to exhaust than the beauty which Nature, the scene-painter, invents for more striking theatrical effects is of course unaltered since Shakespeare's boyhood. But if the country had then been what it is today we might never have seen Rosalind, with gallant curtle-ax upon her thigh, encountering Orlando under the forest boughs of the French Arden; nay, we might never have received a line of poetry from that respectable butcher of Stratford-on-Avon, William Shakespeare who, finding no deer to kill unlawfully, might never have wandered to town and joined the players. Stratford stands on the edge of the old boundary of the Woodland—that division of Warwickshire, which, with spaces or patches of pasture and arable land, was still in Elizabeth's reign to a great extent covered with timber, the remains of the great forest of Arden.

How comes it to pass, asks our foremost student of Shakespeare in connection with Elizabethan sport—Mr. Justice Madden—that when people invented stories about Shakespeare (if they did invent them) they thought

Effect of Environment.

In Drayton's poetical description of Warwickshire—the 13th song of his Polyolbion—the wood-nymphs of Arden bewail the destruction of timber and the inclosing of the grounds. Yet many a shady grove still remained for them, and all the "feathered sylvans"—choristers of the forest—press into Drayton's verse, singing "hunts-up to the morn," as "the lark and not the nightingale" sang an unwelcome hunts-up to the lovers of Verona. The hunting of the hart, the windings of the horn, the yelling of the hounds, the cries of the huntsmen, the tears of the dying stag—(such tears as Jacques moralized in the Arden of Shakespeare's comedy) are described as familiar to the Arden of Warwickshire. And then, as if Drayton remembered that "old religious man" who met Duke Frederick in the skirts of the French Arden and converted the usurper to the life of a recluse, the poem goes on to tell of "hermits that have oft had their abodes in ways that lie through forests," and spend their happy time in observing the works of God. Drayton's hermit, indeed, seems to transform himself from the old religious man of "As You Like It" to Brother Laurence of "Romeo and Juliet," culling virtuous plants for the osier-basket, in the solitudes outside Verona:

And in a little maund, being made of osiers small,
Which serveth him to do full many a thing withall.

He very choicely sorts his simples got abroad. Among which simples enumerated by Drayton is "your plantain leaf," pronounced by Romeo excellent for a broken skin, but which was not perhaps quite so effectual for his malady, a wounded heart. The flowers and birds, the field and woodland sports of Warwickshire entered brightly into Shakespeare's plays; the townsfolk of old Stratford and the peasants of the neighboring fields and villages moved him both to love and laughter. George Eliot, who was also of Warwickshire, and Thomas Hardy, historian of our "Wessex" tragedies and comedies, show much of Shakespeare's gift—that of dropping sympathetically from the heights of passion or of thought into the slow-moving rustic mind, the awkward yet by no means always ineffectual intelligence of the peasant. In "As You Like It," Corin and Phoebe are not of Warwickshire, but of Arcadia—or, if it be not an anachronism, of the Dresden china shepherd and shepherdess factory; but that somewhat stupid youth, William (outshone by the courtier Touchstone), and Touchstone's beloved, Audrey, whose ideas of poetry were undeveloped, and who on the way to wedlock might surely have borne her body "more seeming," are of the stock of the English midlands. Perhaps Dogberry and good man Verges may have assisted in "comprehending vagrom men" in Henley street, and the Rother Market of Stratford, and to their honor be it recorded that when transferred to Messina, though wit and courage failed to unravel the plots of Don John, their majestic dullness and ineptitude triumphed.

Let us hope that the schoolmaster, Holofernes, was no better than a caricature of Walter Roche, who taught Shakespeare his quis, his quaes and his quods in the Stratford Grammar School. The Guild Chapel, the Guild Hall (where Shakespeare saw strolling companies of players, the first of which visited Stratford when his father was Bailiff), and the Grammar

Shakespeare's House Stratford

School may be viewed without any qualms of historical skepticism; and though Shakespeare may have smiled at the pedagogue, provided with Lily's grammar and the ferrule, as compared with those greater teachers, Life and Love, and such a smile can be perceived in the pages of "Love's Labor Lost," still he cannot but have thought with gratitude of the education which gave him his first entrance into the world of Roman history and classical mythology. "Small Latin and less Greek" were his, as estimated by the scholarly standard of Ben Jonson; undoubtedly he economized his time and brain power by the use of translations, and what use he could make of a translation we know from the Roman plays; but his small Latin was not inconsiderable, if the ordinary grammar school teaching of Elizabethan days was in force at Stratford, and it may be that when he wrote "The Comedy of Errors" a Latin Plautus was open before him.

Birth and Death conduct the Stratford pilgrims to the house in Henley street, and the church by the Avon side, and it is indeed a fact of some significance that where Shakespeare was born, there he chose to die. Dante may have desired to return to his native city, Florence, but it was at Ravenna that his spirit departed. Goethe, though his relations with Frankfort had been so important and intimate in his earliest years, had certainly no wish to quit that house in Weimar, which had become his place of labor and his place of repose. But Shakespeare, who knew the vivid and various life of London, made his choice at a comparatively early age that his years of dignified leisure should be spent among the fields and woods which were dear to him in boyhood. In such a resolution lay some of that wise spirit of conservation which Goethe expressed in the closing lines of his "Herman and Dorother"—he who cleaves fast to his thought moulds the world to his will. Here, in Stratford, were the roots from which Shakespeare had grown, and there he would abide. Father, mother, wife, his daughters' faces, his son's grave held him to Stratford, and therefore he could not quit it for London or for any visionary Cloudcukootown. His voyaging spirit had been that of a later Ulysses; all experience had been for him "an arch where thro' gleams the untravell'd world," but now he would return to his Ithaca, and—since with Birth and Death there is a third conductor of pilgrims in Stratford, Love, who guides their feet across the fields to Shottery—why should we not add that he would return to the elderly Penelope? Critics may conjecture what they please about Anne Shakespeare and the second-best bedstead; the indubitable facts are that her husband looked forward to spending his years of ease and dignity in company with her who had been the wife of his youth, that he carried out his resolve, and that his favorite daughter inscribed on brass words in her mother's honor, which are full of affection, gratitude, and the sense of irreparable loss. We may add that in Shakespeare's latest plays, written perhaps during his Stratford retirement, there is a spirit of clear serenity—"the light-thrilled ether of your rarest skies"—incompatible with domestic unhappiness, and that never was his ideal of woman, of woman both in the budding years of life and in the years of advancing old age, more pure or more reverential than in these latest creations.

"Relics."

With the thought of Shakespeare at Stratford mingles the thought of some of those drawn thither by the power of Shakespeare's name. It is pleasant to tread as one of a countless democracy, in the steps of Scott and Dickens, of Hawthorne—in spite of certain kindly follies perpetrated on behalf of poor Delia Bacon—and of that amiable humorist, "Geoffry Crayon, Gent." Washington Irving's "Sketch Book" carries us back to a time when coaches still run on all the great roads of England, and country inns had little sunshiny parlors, and sanded floors, and rubicund paternal hosts. It was at the Red Horse that he took his ease. The birthplace was shown by a garrulous old lady, who zealously exhibited the relics of the shrine—the veritable matchlock with which the young poacher shot Sir Thomas Lucy's deer, Shakespeare's—tobacco-box, the sword with which he played "Hamlet," and other sacred objects, together with an ample supply of the famous mulberry tree, which the Vicar of Frodsham, proprietor of New Place, maddened by the invasion of devotees, had shamelessly felled. Washington Irving indulged himself as far as was possible in a wise credulity, being pleased to be well deceived when the deceit cost nothing; and he would even have accepted the statement that the garrulous old lady, with her frosty red face and artificial locks curling under an exceedingly dirty cap, was a lineal descendant of the poet, had she not put into his hands a play of her own composition, which, as he tells us, "set all belief in her consanguinity at defiance."

Relics such as those which were shown to the American pilgrim, and even more authentic relics, do not greatly help us to understand Shakespeare; but the fields, the hills, the river with sedgy margin or bordering willow and alder tell us of what he loved, and bring us nearer to Perdita and Florizel, the sheep-shearing feast, and the light-hearted and light-fingered rogue Antolycus. Among visitors to Stratford in recent years no one has written with more geniality than the founder of "The New Shakespeare Society"—Dr. Furnivall, youngest and most vigorous of septuagenarians. With his words we may close: "Walk up the Welcombe road, across the old common lands whose inclosing Shakespeare said, 'he was not able to bear'; when up Rowley Bank, turn round; see the town nestle under its circling hills, shut in on the left by its green wall of trees. The corn is golden beside you. Meon hill meets the sky in your front; its shoulder slants sharply to the church where Shakespeare's dust lies; away on the right is Broadway, lit with the sun; below it the ridge of Roomer Hill, yellow for harvest on the right, passing leftwards into a dark belt of trees to the church, their hollow filled up with blue haze. In this nest is Shakespeare's town. After gazing your fill on the fair scene before you, walk to the boatplace, paddle out for the best view of the elm-framed church. . . . then pass by cattle, half knee-deep in the shallows, sluggishly whisking their tails, happily chewing the cud; go under Wire-Brake bank, whose trees droop down to the river, whose wood pigeons greet you with coos; pass many groups of gray willows, with showers of wild roses between; feathery reeds rise beside you, birds twitter about, the sky is blue overhead, your boat glides smoothly down stream; you feel the sweet content with which Shakespeare must have looked on the scene. . . Yes, Stratford will help you to understand Shakespeare."

Next week: "Ruskin," by W. G. Collingwood, M. A.

Gray ashes or dust sufficient to partly whiten their tunics fell from the sky a few days ago on some Constables in the police barrack yard at Kilkenny writes a Sergeant of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

Wordsworth would write one or two sonnets every day. When engaged on "The Excursion" he produced from 150 to 200 lines a day.

FOR THE SCRAP BOOK

CHOICE SELECTIONS FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS

The Mitherless Bairn.

When a' ither bairnies are hush'd to their hame,
By aunty, or cousin, or freckly grand-dame,
Wha stands last an' lamely, an' sairly forlairn?
'Tis the puir dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane bed;
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heellies are hard as the airn,
An' lithless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow, slecan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kaim his dark hair!
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e na the locks o' the mitherless bairn.

The sister, wha sang o'er his saftly rock'd bed,
Now rests in the mools whare their mammie is laid;
While the father toils sair his wee baniock to earn,
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that pass'd in yon hour of his birth
Still watches his lone lorn wand'rings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn
Wha couthille deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

Oh! speak him na harshly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your biddin', and blesses your smile;
In the dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn! —William Thom.

If I Desire.

If I desire with pleasant songs
To throw a merry hour away,
Comes Love unto me, and my wrongs
In careful tale he doth display,
And asks me how I stand for singing
While I my helpless hands am wringing.

And then another time if I
A noon in shady bower would pass,
Comes he with stealthy gestures sly
And, flinging down upon the grass,
Quoth he to me: My master dear,
Think of this noontide such a year!

And if elsewhere I lay my head
On pillow with intent to sleep,
Lies Love beside me on the bed,
And gives me ancient words to keep;
Says he: These looks, these tokens number,
May be, they'll help you to a slumber.

So every time when I would yield
An hour to quiet, comes he still;
And hunts up every sign conceal'd
And every outward sign of ill;
And gives me his sad face's pleasures
For merriment's or sleep's or leisure's. —Thomas Burbridge.

Comedy.

They parted with clasp of hand
And kisses and burning tears.
They met in a foreign land
After some twenty years—

Met as acquaintances meet;
Smiling, tranquil-eyed;
Not even the least little beat
Of the heart upon either side.

They chattered of this and that,
The nothings that make up life;
She in a Gainsborough hat,
And he in black for his wife.

Ah, what a comedy this!
Neither was hurt, it appears;
Yet once she had leaned to his kiss,
And once he had known her tears. —Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Echoes.

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And live forever and forever.—Tennyson.

O blind, despondent one! with locks disheveled,
Wrapped in the mantle of thy loneliness,
Sitting beside the road thy hands have leveled,
Waiting in vain for greeting and caress!

Claim kindred with all men—they are thy brothers,
Let not the life path that thy hands have made
Be all divergent from the ways of others,
Though rough they be, or wanting sun, or shade.

How canst thou sit supine and broken-hearted
When every breeze bears on its hurrying wings
Echoes of voices, ages since departed,
Ready to join the song thy spirit sings?

Lift up thy voice! Each hath his part assigned him
In the great anthem of the universe;
Each heareth echoes of the past behind him—
Echoes for him to capture and rehearse;

Nor only this—to pass along the ages,
To linger long in every land and clime;
Transmitted voices of earth's patient sages,
Swelling the music with their strains sublime! —Anna Gardner Hale.

A Toast to Our Native Land.

Huge and alert, irascible yet strong,
We make our fitful way 'mid right and wrong,
One time we pour out millions to be free,
Then rashly sweep an empire from the sea!
One time we strike the shackles from the slaves,
And then, quiescent, we are ruled by knaves.
Often we rudely break restraining bars,
And confidently reach out toward the stars.

Yet under all there flows a hidden stream
Sprung from the Rock of Freedom, the great dream
Of Washington and Franklin, men of old
Who knew that freedom is not bought with gold.
This is the land we love, our heritage,
Strange mixture of the gross and fine, yet sage
And full of promise—destined to be great.
Drink to our Native Land! God bless the State! —Robert Bridges.

The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls.

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
Along the sea sands damp and brown
The traveler hastens toward the town,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls;
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks, the steeds in their stalls
Stamp and neigh as the hostler calls;
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveler to the shore,
And the tide rises, the tide falls. —Longfellow.

Written in Edinburgh.

Even thus, methinks, a city rear'd should be,
Yea, an imperial city, that might hold free
Five times an hundred noble town in fee,
And either with their might of Babel old,
Or the rich Roman pomp of empery
Might stand compare, highest in arts enroll'd,
Highest in arms; brave tenement for the free
Who never crouch to thrones, or sin for gold,
Thus should her towers be rais'd—with vicinage
Of clear, bold hills, that curve her very streets
As if to vindicate, 'mid choicest seats
Of art, abiding Nature's majesty;
And the broad sea beyond, in calm or rage
Chainless alike, and teaching Liberty. —Arthur Henry Hallam.