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PEARY'S BIG SEND OFF Thousands Cheer as Explorer Starts For North Pole.

EVERYBODY MOST OPTIMISTIC Commander of Expedition Confident of Getting Farther North—Vast Quantities of Provisions on Board—Large Assortment of Useful Presents For Eskimos. Undoubtedly every one aboard the Roosevelt, Commander Robert E. Peary's arctic bound steamer, felt a thrill as the big weather beaten vessel pulled slowly out of the recreation pier at the foot of East Twenty-fourth street, New York, the other afternoon at 1 o'clock, while from the shore thousands of voices gave lusty cheers for the intrepid explorer as he started on his third quest for the north pole. As the ship passed up the stream she was saluted by three whistles from every kind of vessel.

"It ain't all salt horse, either," the Irish chief explained, "for we have got arctic fodder to a science now, and we can have our spring vegetables out of this time, ye see, on Christmas day at the pole, when we get there. Every one from Commander Peary to the boy's are optimistic regarding the success of the venture. Commander Peary said: "This certainly has been a splendid send-off. I am deeply grateful for the honor. We are ready for the trip. I have done entirely too much work in that country to be certain of anything, so I'll not promise anything before I start, except that I am going to put into every part of my expedition, mental and physical, that I possess."

"I feel confident that in any case I shall carry the American flag farther north than ever. Unless the unforeseen happens I shall plant the stars and stripes at the magnetic pole. The Roosevelt has been thoroughly repaired from her last struggles with the ice, has been fitted with two new boilers of 500 horsepower each, making her now an ailer ship as regards power. She is, so far as we are able to make her, equipped to meet any emergency. If conditions are no worse in the next season than they were during the last voyage I shall hope to accomplish the object of the expedition and return in about fifteen months—that is, in October, 1909. I am prepared, however, for a stay of three years."

Huge bouquets of roses and other flowers filled the cabin in which Commander Peary will spend much time during the trip. The cabin is comfortable and as well furnished as a stateroom on a big ocean liner, and it is far more homelike. Nor will there be lacking books to while away the tedious hours when the Roosevelt is winter bound in the northern ice fields. The publishers of New York have seen to that. They all clipped in to furnish books for the explorer and his crew. All told, more than 200 volumes have been stowed aboard the vessel, and they represent almost every type of literature and every large publishing house in New York. Among the stores on board the Roosevelt are 16,000 pounds of flour, 25,000 pounds of bread, two tons of codfish, 200 cases of beans, 200 gallons of oil for fuel and lighting, 200 cases of tomatoes and several hundred of brown bread.

WOMAN SWIMMER'S DARING. Hides Horse Half Mile to Sea, Amazing Crowds by Her Exploits.

Miss Kayton wears a plain black bathing suit, the horse nothing but a bridle. Bareback she rides into the surf, while hundreds of spectators applaud her daring and dangerous feat. Occasionally she is compelled to dig her heels into the animal's sides, for the mare is still a little afraid of the booming of the waves.

SEAGOING SANITARIUM. Ship For Invalids Undertaken by Builders of Mauretania.

According to the Neue Freie Presse of Vienna, a company is being formed to provide a floating sanitarium for invalids likely to derive benefit from sea voyage, but whose requirements are not at all or only imperfectly met by a voyage on ordinary vessels. An English firm, builders of the Mauretania, have undertaken to build for \$500,000 a vessel specially designed for invalids and devoted entirely to their needs.

The Reason. The new director gown is expensive, uncomfortable to wear and very striking in its appearance, which is why the dear women will insist on wearing it.

The Frozen Grail. [To Commander Peary and his band.] Why sing the legends of the Holy Grail, The dead crusaders of the sepulcher, While these men live? Are the great birds all dumb? Here is a vision to shake the blood of song And make Fame's watchman tremble at his post.

Off to North Pole Robert E. Peary's Eighth Trip to Frozen Regions—'The Snow Baby' Grown Up—The Roosevelt.

So long as the north pole remains undiscovered it will continue to be the goal of adventurous expeditions into the regions of the Arctic ocean. When the pole is once placed in the domain of things we know about and the mystery surrounding it is cleared away the interest in journeying to the far north, in the marking of coast lines and descriptions of animal and vegetable life, but the north pole itself will not be apt to exert the fascination upon the popular mind that it does now as an undiscovered and hence mysterious entity.

Commander Robert E. Peary, who has just started on what he declares will be his last trip to the polar regions, is as enthusiastic as ever in his quest. "If I do not make a successful dash," he said before leaving, "I do not think I shall try again, because I have failed, but because I am growing old. I have the same enthusiasm, but the years are piling up on me."

Commander Peary was fifty-two years old in May last. It is thirty-one years since he graduated from Bowdoin, twenty-seven since he entered the United States navy as a civil engineer and twenty-two since he went on his first arctic trip and made his reconnaissance of the inland Greenland ice cap. It is just a score of years since he married Miss Josephine Diehl, who went with him on his expeditions of 1891-2 and 1893-4 as far as winter quarters in Greenland and who was the first white woman to winter with an arctic expedition. It was while her parents were in the arctic that Marie Ahlgrims Peary, famous as the "snow baby," was born. She is now a young lady, or almost on that rate. On September 12, 1897, wrote Commander Peary, "she interested me."

Commander Peary thinks the lesson of that journey will be a help in winning success in this expedition. He has taken every possible precaution against accident, failure of supplies, etc. The steamship Roosevelt, which was equipped for this expedition by the Peary Arctic club at a cost of about \$50,000, contains a splendid outfit. President Theodore Roosevelt boarded her when she dropped anchor in Oyster Bay on her way north and made the explorer and his party good-byes. He is much interested in the success of the expedition to the frozen north.

NEW RAILROAD SAFEGUARD Test of Device to Help Make Traveling No Risk.

In the apartments of Major Craighthead Webb, in New York city, an electrical safety device system was demonstrated the other day which, so its sponsors contend, will effectively put an end to railroad accidents. By this system, a small model of which was operated by Fred LaCroz, the inventor, signals constantly are registered in the locomotive cab to apprise the engine driver of all conditions affecting his train—whether tracks are clear, switches properly set, drawbridge closed or trains following or preceding. A telephone instrument in the cab always the engine driver communication at all times with the men in the rear or with telegraphers at stations along the lines.

The basis of the device is that of the present block system. Instead of utilizing semaphores along the track, however, signals are registered in the cab by means of a time recording device, a whistle, a gong and an electric bulb. Electrical connection is maintained by use of a third rail, which is placed between the running rails, the current being generated by steam turbines attached to the locomotives similar to the method now in use in lighting trains and headlights electrically. The track is divided into blocks of one mile each. Instead of the five mile lengths usually found in prevailing block systems, the recording devices, so the inventor asserts, are effective over distances of fifty to a hundred miles. And as only twenty to thirty volts are required for operation of the recording rails hold no danger to human life.

REAL DONKEY FOR TAGGART. Named Denver, and He is to Be Democratic.

The real-simon pure Democratic donkey, the emblem of the party, is now in possession of Chairman Tom Taggart of the Democratic national committee. The donkey was given to Mr. Taggart the other day at Denver by one of the newspapers owned by the late M. Patterson, former United States senator from Colorado. There was much ceremony about the presentation. In order that it should be done in proper style Denver, for that is the donkey's name, was taken to the Brown Palace hotel, led across the lobby, placed in an elevator and carried to the second floor, where the headquarters of the national committee are located. In spite of the assurance of those in charge of Denver that he was really a Rocky mountain nightingale and that most people out there would call him a burr, Taggart insisted that it fitted in every way the description of Democratic campaign insignia.

Taggart was delighted with the gift and accepted Denver without delay. He said that he would take Denver back to French Lick with him and intended to make him one of the attractions of that resort. Painted on one side of the donkey was the legend, "My Name is Denver; Ask Me," while on the other were the words, "I belong to Tom Taggart." Taggart and Denver posed for their pictures in the Democratic headquarters and many newspaper photographers took snapshots of them.

The Bible in One More Language. The American Bible society announces that it recently completed and published a translation of a considerable portion of the Scriptures into the Chiamoro language. This is the native language of about four-fifths of the population of the island of Chamoro. The publication of this volume is tantamount to the creation of a written language for these people, as it is the first time that their dialect has been embodied in written form. In order to promote the continuing development of the study of English among these people the society has bound up this translation and the English rendition of the same portions.

To John D. Rockefeller. [Note.—Mr. Rockefeller will enter the literary field as a magazine writer about himself.] Say, Mr. Rockefeller, will you please hold your pen And do not snatch the hard earned bun From us poor writing men? And writing women, just the same— And have a roof and wear some clothes Or be all to the blink. If we had copped off such a wad As you have got, do you imagine that we'd hand them out As you propose to do? If we had money we'd work In proxy things or rhyme? Would any of us ever try To scribble over time? Would we postpone an auto trip, Or turn a golf chance down? Or call a racing party off, Or blather to the town. In order that the fiddle pen Accustomed to our leisure, Might put in shape the stuff to meet The editor's demands? Not much! We'd tell the editors To go to—well, we'd tell them. Them where to go and hand them out Our happiest farewell. Say, Mr. Rockefeller, please, How would you like, for us To butt into your lace pants? And grab your cotopaxi? Oh, Mr. Rockefeller, if You do not wish to rob Us poor folks, give us your pen, And you can have our job. W. J. Langston in New York Times.