

# AIRSHIP TRIP TO NORTH POLE.

Features of Walter Wellman's Latest Attempt in His Dirigible.

## PROVISIONS TAKEN FOR A YEAR

Explorer Expected to Make the Trip in Four or Five Days if Successful. Food for the Expedition is Carried in Special Guide Ropes.

For several years Walter Wellman, a Chicago newspaper man and magazine writer who recently left Spitzbergen, Norway, in his dirigible balloon bound for the north pole, has been working to carry out his belief that the north pole can be discovered in an airship. He has made two expeditions by sledge and boat into the polar regions and is well acquainted with conditions there. His airship theory grew out of his experience and his study of the progress of aeronautics. After two years of preparation his dirigible balloon, the America, first ascended from Dane's island, Spitzbergen, on Sept. 2, 1907, carrying Mr. Wellman and two assistants, to make a dash for the pole. A furious storm made progress impossible, and the party descended safely on a glacier.

## His First Hunt For the Pole.

The initial expedition of Mr. Wellman in quest of the pole was made in 1894 by sledge and boat from Spitzbergen. He reached latitude 81 degrees. His second trip was made by the same means in 1898-9, when he penetrated to latitude 82 degrees north. Then Mr. Wellman turned his attention to the airship problem. M. Louis Godard, a French expert, was given an order to construct the largest and strongest dirigible balloon in existence. With the exception of the Zeppelin craft, no airship of the balloon type has ever been constructed so large as the America.

Shipped northward from France in the early summer of 1906, the America reached Spitzbergen early in July. It was found to have so many defects that it was sent back to M. Godard's shops to be reconstructed. In the following summer it again reached Dane's island.

Gales and the work of perfecting the details of the airship delayed Mr. Wellman until Sept. 2, when the ascent was made. Owing to the lateness of the season no other attempt was possible in 1907. The America has since been in storage. The inflating of it began on July 31.

## Escaped Disaster Three Times.

In September, 1907, the storm bore the airship three times toward the mountains, but each time the America, by means of its motor power, was able to make a circle and escape impending disaster. Finally Mr. Wellman concluded it was useless to continue so hazardous a journey, and a descent was effected on a glacier half a mile from the sea. The airship had been in the air three hours and a quarter, and its motor machinery never stopped until the order was given to stop it. Mr. Wellman's companions at that time were Melvin Vaniman of Paris, who was chief engineer of the America, and Felix Riessenberg of Chicago, who was navigator.

Mr. Wellman left New York on May 12 of this year for Spitzbergen, where he has been engaged in completing his preparations for the start he is now said to have made a few days ago. He estimates that under favorable conditions the pole can be reached from Spitzbergen in from two to five days.

Mr. Wellman estimated that his airship America would hold 226,000 cubic feet of gas, capable of lifting 20,000 pounds and retaining its buoyancy for thirty days. His ship and equipment weigh 7,000 pounds and his cargo approximately 8,000.

**Wellman's Companions.**  
He has with him Melvin Vaniman, a young American, who is his right hand man and has figured much in continental theoretical aeronautics the past year, and a third person whose name is not known in New York.

The explorer had planned to carry 5,000 pounds of gasoline, food and other supplies, enough to last a year; a complete sledging outfit, a large life-boat and wireless telegraph apparatus.

The steel car is 115 feet long, 8 feet high, 3 feet wide and shaped like a V. Its keel is a tank containing 1,115 gallons of gasoline. The ninety-horsepower motor drives two twin screw propellers made of steel, eleven and one-half feet in diameter.

The car is divided into fourteen sections of eight feet each. One holds the navigating deck, another the motor and machinery, and the third is where the crew sleeps and eats. Food is carried in specially constructed guide ropes. The hams, bacon, butter and bread stuffed into long leather tubes, six inches thick, serve the purpose of keeping the craft within reasonable distance of the ground.

The airship is made of several thicknesses of fabric, two of cotton and one of silk, which gives the greatest possible strength to the envelope in proportion to lightness.

Mr. Wellman's attempt recalls the Andre expedition of twelve years ago. Andre built a huge spherical balloon, which he expected to steer with a sail and drag ropes. He never returned, and it is believed that he was killed by Eskimos.

**The First Roosevelt Hunt Trophy.**  
The Smithsonian institution recently issued a careful description of the first specimen from the Roosevelt expedition in Africa, which has been prepared for mounting. The specimen is a new species of rat and has been named by J. A. Loring "Georchus kapitli." The description issued by the institution is written by Edward Heiler, a member of the expedition. This new rat has prominent front teeth and is evidently a destructive animal. The expedition captured eight of this kind, all of them being of a drab gray color and almost identical in the peculiarities which distinguish the species.

# THE THING THAT WAS BEST.

They Concluded It Was Above Even Music or Painting.

## By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ.

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He had not come to the little seaside place for idleness, although it was true, because he was tired and overworked, he had come for rest and recuperation. He had brought with him canvases and colors, and by permission of his landlady he was allowed to improvise a tiny studio in a building outside the boarding house.

She, too, because she was nervous and restless, had come for change and quiet. Like him, also, because she loved her art, the summer could not be enjoyed to the exclusion of that art. Hers was music. She had an exquisite voice and was studying for the operatic stage. The landlady considered them both an addition to her little seaside place.

To be a really great painter was the man's highest aim. To be a singer, in the same sense, was hers. And there was one other point of similarity—for the furtherance of their respective arts love and marriage had been quite laid by.

On the veranda of the cottage the ladies who knitted and embroidered called him hard names because he chose rather to be alone in the boat or strolling on the sands or cooped up in his six foot studio than to mingle with them. But this was before she came. The night that she arrived he did an unusual thing. He took a rocker on the veranda, and he kept it in the shade of the vines, whence he could see her face. Often, after that, he watched her furtively as he heard her



SHE TORE OFF A STRIP OF HER PETTICOAT TO BIND IT.

practicing. Yet he evinced no interest in her voice.

His omission and his commission both were observed by her, and both were resented. If she was beautiful at all, she thought, she was a musician first and a beauty afterward. It gave her no pleasure to be admired for her appearance by one who had no appreciation of the music.

One day one of the ladies who knitted told her that Max Burgess had paid her a compliment.

"Yes?" asked Judith, with a delicate uplifting of her eyebrows. But it was with difficulty that she concealed her expectation.

The woman elicited her needle several times. "He said he would love to paint you as you looked when you sang," was her answer.

"Thanks!" returned Judith, flushing crimson and raising her dainty chin in the air. "I do not aspire to be an artist's model."

The next morning at breakfast Mr Burgess inquired if she would care to come to his studio and look at some canvases. Now, if Max Burgess took little interest in her art, she, in turn, took as little in his. She knew nothing of pictures. Nevertheless she went.

"You say nothing," he observed, with a strange, smile after she had made a survey of his work.

"I don't know good pictures from bad," answered she. "To me, personally, they are equally unappealing."

"Not seriously?" The smile had disappeared.

"Oh, seriously. You see," with a provokingly exquisite gesture of her slender hand, "it's much the same as your indifference to music. Fancy your liking music, for example, simply for its visible effect on a singer's face!" She was rapidly growing indignant.

"The rest of the justness of her rebuke but the artist in him was awake.

"Ah, it is as a singer that I wish to paint you!" he cried. "You know, people forgive artists for personalities. The other day, when you were singing that thing that made your color play and your eyes gleam, I veritably tingled for my brushes. Would you—perhaps—some time?"

"Decidedly not," answered she. "I could not dream of so degrading my art. You would like me to sing, to let my soul utter itself in my voice—so that you might get the effect on canvases?" There was no mistaking the ringing scorn in her voice.

"Indeed, I am very sorry if I have offended you," said he.

His eyes were on the horizon.

"Would you still care about painting me?"

"Would I care?" His eyes were no longer on the horizon. It must have been that which made the blood fly to her cheeks.

"Well," said she, "if you ask me to row out with you in your boat we might talk it over."

So they rowed out and presently they were far, far from shore. He must have been looking at her hands instead of the land, or he would have seen that they were getting into a very heavy sea; that each moment the skies were growing darker. Spray wet Judith's dark hair and gleamed there just for an appreciable fraction of a second like milky agates in the bed of a black stream.

"Isn't it glorious?" cried she, with sudden joy.

His eyes questioned her keenly. She challenged, and then he understood. With an effort he brought the boat around and pulled for safety. His thin jersey showed the lines of his strong, supple body. The muscles of his arms and chest rose superbly. Judith watched him, fascinated. Then the rotten oak cracked.

She tore off a strip of her petticoat to bind it and make it strong enough for work.

He put an oilskin about her. Her hair brushed his face. He kissed it furtively, but she detected him. Willfully she drew a damp curl forth from under the edge of the oilskin where he had tucked it—and then she laughed at the look in his eyes.

"Attend to the boat!" cried she. And the oilskin was new—rich yellow; the hood was scarlet lined, her hair was like midnight, and her face was a flower. Yet he, the artist, the lover of color, must needs attend to the boat!

When they were safe at last, when he was helping her ashore, he looked at her with a protecting tenderness she had never imagined him capable of.

"Ah," cried she, "if only you cared for my art!" She looked on at him. His hand masterfully sought hers, then:

"But there's something better, sweetheart—there's something better than even music or painting. Have we found it, do you think?"

"I think," she admitted, reflectively and demurely, while a smile was running riot over her piquant face—"I think we've found the thing that is best."

**The Sort of Table He Wanted.**  
The following conversation was overheard between a joiner and his customer a short time ago:

Joiner—Please, sir, I've brought the table you ordered me to make.

Customer—Well, put it down here, my man, and let's see what sort of job you've made of it.

The man set it down in the middle of the room, and the customer examined it with the air of a critic.

Customer—Why, my man, there is here a crack filled up with putty.

Joiner—Yes, sir, Well, sir, I know about that, but it won't be noticed when it sets hard.

Customer (coming across some more putty)—But here's some more, my man. What is the meaning of this?

Joiner—Well, sir, you see, a little bit of wood chipped off the corner, and I just put a little putty there to fill up. It won't do no harm, sir, when it's set hard.

Customer (finding some more putty patches)—Look here, my man, this won't do. Why, here's a big lump right in the middle of this leg. What can you say about that?

Joiner (scratching his head and trying hard to find some excuse by which to retrieve his honor)—Well, sir, that's no harm whatever, and the putty when it sets hard will be firmer and harder than the wood. So, you see, it will be all the better if you wait a bit, sir.

Customer (sarcastically)—Here, my good man, just take this table home and bring me one made of putty all together. I want a good strong one, and you can fill up the cracks with wood.—London Tit-Bits.

**They Were Shady.**  
Bung—So you have succeeded in tracing back my ancestors? What is your fee? Genealogist—Twenty guineas for keeping quiet about them.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

## HARD NAMES.

Some in Scotland That Aroused a Lady From Schenectady.

Few Americans have trouble in pronouncing the name "Schenectady," although the spelling of it is not always so easy. In "Talks in a Library" Lawrence Hutton tells of an old Scotch laird whose guest one summer was a young lady named Miss Cunningham, who came from Schenectady. "Skenney-taddy" and "Sken-ter-addy" were as near to it as the laird usually came.

In his eyes the orthographic and orthoepic beam of his own titles and appellations was entirely eclipsed by the marvelous mote known as Schenectady, and he never realized that the inhabitants of the counties of Schottland, Cattaraugus and Chemung in the state of New York might safely bite their thumbs at the residents of the shire of Pife in the kingdom of Scotland until his eyes were opened somewhat rudely and his sight was in a way restored.

"Uncle John," I said to him suddenly one evening when he was in convulsions over Schenectady—"Uncle John, what is the name of your place?"

"Balduth!"

"And of your parish?"

"Aronerach."

"And of your postoffice?"

"Pittenweem."

"And of your railway station?"

"Killconghar."

"And still, Uncle John," I continued, "you, as laird of Balduth (the vernacular form), elder of the kirk of Aron-craw, receiver your letters and papers at Pittenweem and taking your trains at Killconker, think Schenectady funny?"

"Attend to the boat!" cried she. And the oilskin was new—rich yellow; the hood was scarlet lined, her hair was like midnight, and her face was a flower. Yet he, the artist, the lover of color, must needs attend to the boat!

When they were safe at last, when he was helping her ashore, he looked at her with a protecting tenderness she had never imagined him capable of.

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## THE MARIENBAD WORLD.

Taking the Cure at the Salt Springs of Bohemia.

When you are at Marienbad the first sound you hear is tap, tap, tap, at your bedroom door.

"Half past 5! Time to get up!"

"All right!" you growl in reply, railing while you slowly get out of bed against the absurd tyranny of medicinal waters that insist on being taken so early in the day.

Sallying forth, you find the Marienbad world already astray. Water drinkers are converging from all sides to the spring. Each one on arrival provides himself with a glass and goes forward to receive his daily dose. You join the waiting file. Soon it is your turn, and the attendant maiden for a modest coin fills you a bumper. You take it aside and eye it keenly, holding it to the light. Then, surreptitiously sniffing, you taste it cautiously. The flavor, it appears, is not unpleasant.

You are reassured, and, assuming a resigned air, you drain the glass.

Elated by this proof of your courage, you walk out. The band is playing, the promenade crowded. Here you may see the crowned heads, millionaires, great singers and all the other celebrities who frequent Marienbad.

There is a peculiarity of the place that will quickly strike you—the stonage of many of the visitors. As the Baron von Seldspitz, himself a man of girth, remarked to an English friend, "There are many thick people in Marienbad."

Hunger by this time probably possesses you, for it is 8 o'clock, but do not expect a hearty breakfast. Crisp rolls or toast and fragrant coffee will be enough, served in the open air. To a favored few an egg or a small plate of cold meat is permitted.

Curious morning tasks are prescribed for some of the patients. Mr. X., for instance, is ordered a piping hot mud bath, while Mr. Z. follows the "terrain" cure. This consists in walking an increased distance each day, so as gradually to strengthen the organs of which the functions are impaired. Most people, however, spend their time in reading, writing or lounging.

The welcome call to dinner draws all together about 1 o'clock. Again the fare is simple, the motto being, "Nothing very sour, nothing very sweet, nothing very salt, nothing very fat." Even the restaurants are not allowed to provide dishes harmful to the "cure." So you make yourself content with fish, roast meat or chicken, green vegetables and stewed fruit, and, as for drink, water, diluted claret or Pilsener beer must suffice. Woe to him whose choice strays to made dishes, pastry, cheese or spirits, for these he must abstain as long as he stays at Marienbad.

To rest awhile without taking "forty winks" is the patient's next problem, and when he has worked through it he will probably stroll along to a concert or make an excursion among the delightful pine clad hills that enclose the Marienbad valley.

When evening approaches the gardens and promenade fill with people. They sit about at small tables and sip their coffee while listening to the band.

Your last meal is a light supper at 7 o'clock, and by 9 you should be in bed.

The normal length of the "cure" is four weeks. It is said, however, that Americans, with characteristic energy, have been known to compress it into something like half that time.

**Homemade.**  
Bill—Thought you always smoked Havana cigars? Jill—So I do. Bill—It says "Colorado" on that box you just handed me.—Yonkers Statesman.

Do but half of what you can, and you will be surprised at your own diligence.

**Corrected.**  
Employer (angrily)—Young man, what do you mean by sitting there doing nothing for the last half hour? Don't you know better than to waste your time in that way? Office Boy—I ain't wastin' my time. It was some of yours.—Chicago News.

Be not arrogant when fortune smiles nor dejected when she frowns.—Antonius.

# GOV. STUART SHOWS THE WAY

Popular Executive Lauds the Republican Nominees.

## PENROSE SOUNDS A WARNING

Philadelphia to Stand Loyal by the Full Party Ticket, and Importance of Big Vote in State is Dwelt Upon.

[Special Correspondence.]

Philadelphia, Oct. 12.

With Governor Stuart presiding at the opening meeting of the campaign, the largest Republican rally ever held in South Philadelphia, the canvass for the state and local candidates may be said to be fairly under way.

That every man on the Republican city ticket will be elected by at least 50,000 majority is the confident prediction of those in a position to gauge public sentiment and that Judge von Moschizker, Philadelphia's representative on the state ticket and his colleagues, Messrs. Sisson and Stober, will poll the full party vote, is conceded on every hand.

There is a spectacular campaign being waged by a few malcontents against the local Republican ticket, with the aid of the Wanamaker newspapers.

The fact that all of the independent newspapers are this time refusing to foster the schemes of the Van Valkenburgh political bureau is a source of chagrin to the old-time insurgents.

The great mass of the public spirited citizens are in line with the Republican party.

**Governor Leads the Way.**  
Governor Stuart's attitude is truly representative of the thought of the best citizenship of the community.

In his address opening the campaign the governor among other things said:

"I am here tonight in behalf of the Republican ticket, at a Republican meeting, to speak in favor and to use my best efforts, and by my presence, to show my sympathy with the Republican ticket, and my interest in the success of that ticket in state, city and county, at this time, in Philadelphia."

"The state ticket is headed by a candidate whom you well know, and the position is justice of the supreme court."

"That gentleman has been nominated by the Republican party for the office of justice of the supreme court, and the name of the gentleman is Judge von Moschizker, a resident of Philadelphia county, and a member of the Philadelphia bar, and he has filled the position as a member of one of our courts for the past seven years; a young man of undoubted ability and integrity, and a man, to my mind, who will make one of the greatest jurists of this commonwealth. By reason of his position as a candidate for the supreme court of Pennsylvania, he will not be here tonight."

He then paid a tribute to each of the local candidates, and in presenting Messrs. Sisson and Stober, the state nominees, who were present at the meeting, he was very felicitous.

**Tribute For Penrose.**  
Not only was the initial meeting of the canvass a great and imposing affair, but on the following night there was a great demonstration given in honor of Senator Penrose by the workmen of Kensington in recognition of his services in formulating the new tariff bill.

This was undoubtedly the greatest gathering of the kind ever held in this city. It was an expression of loyalty to the Republican party, which will be evinced, as they said, in a practical way in the vote at the coming election.

The nominees on the Republican state ticket had a conference with Colonel Wesley R. Andrews, chairman of the Republican state committee, this week, and report that the receptions accorded them in every place they have visited have been spontaneous and cordial in their enthusiasm. They are assured that there are no disaffections or dissensions anywhere, and that they can expect the full party vote at the coming election.

The schedule of meetings for this week include visits to Uniontown, Greensburg, Huntingdon, Lebanon, Honesdale, Scranton and Wilkes-Barre.

**A Hero.**  
Tommy's mother had made him a present of a toy shovel and sent him out in the sand lot to play with his baby brother. "Take care of baby now, Tommy, and don't let anything hurt him," was mamma's parting injunction. Presently screams of anguish from baby sent the distracted parent flying to the sand lot. "For goodness' sake, Tommy, what has happened to the baby?" said she, trying to soothe the wailing infant.

"There was a naughty fly biting him on top of his head, and I killed it with the shovel," was the proud reply.—Lippincott's.

**Because.**  
She—I tell you the moral superiority of woman is recognized in the language itself. There isn't any feminine for "rascals," is there?

He—Of course not, but that's because—  
She—That's because there are no feminine rascals!—Chicago Tribune.

**Didn't Care For Him.**  
Little Eleanor's mother was an American, while her father was a German.

One day after Eleanor had been subjected to rather severe disciplinary measures at the hands of her father she called her mother into another room, closed the door significantly and said, "Mother, I don't want to meddle in your business, but I wish you'd send that husband of yours back to Germany."—Ladies' Home Journal.

**Won Him.**  
Bibbs—Henpeck thinks you are the finest fellow in the world. How did you manage to make such an impression? Sibbs—Oh, I pretended to be surprised when he told me he was a married man.—Philadelphia Record.

Be sure to put your feet in the right place, then stand firm.—Lincoln.

# ROAD'S MODEL FARM.

Pennsylvania Line to Conduct One at Bacon, Del.

## AN EXPERT PUT IN CHARGE.

In Addition to Showing Possibilities of the Soil, He Will Lecture at Granges and Farmers' Institutes—Immense Market Near.

In line with the endeavors of the railroads east and west to develop the resources of the territory lying along and near their rights of way is the establishment of a model farm by the Pennsylvania railroad at Bacon, near Seaford, Del., on the Delaware railroad. The company recently purchased there a farm of fifty acres and will conduct it as an experimental station for the benefit of the farmers of the Maryland-Delaware-Virginia peninsula.

It is believed that by exploiting the advantages of that section there will be a marked increase in the number of those who desire to pursue the work of farming.

In the fall of 1908 James McCrea, president of the Pennsylvania, made a three days' trip over the railroad lines on the peninsula. He saw thousands of acres in one of the richest agricultural districts in the world idle, with adjoining farms flourishing and their products in great demand in all of the large markets of the middle and eastern states.

**Success on Long Island Road.**  
Knowing the success attained by the Long Island railroad with its two experimental farms, which have been in operation about four years, Mr. McCrea suggested that a committee look into the matter of establishing an experimental farm on the peninsula, where the railroad could show the agricultural possibilities of the land. The committee's report was favorable, and the railroad bought the farm at Bacon.

According to the last census, there are 3,916,500 acres of land on the peninsula, of which 2,058,200 acres are under cultivation. There are 28,355 farms on the peninsula, and it has a total population of about 500,000. To induce more farmers to cultivate the 1,858,501 acres of idle land is one of the reasons for which the Pennsylvania railroad is to undertake the operation of the experimental farm. The co-operation of the farmers is already assured, and the state agricultural colleges, agricultural boards and horticultural societies are enthusiastic supporters of the project.

It is argued that points on the peninsula 100 miles south of Wilmington are, in point of transportation facilities, as close to the markets of Baltimore, Philadelphia, Wilmington and New York as the Long Island farms are to New York city. The railroad officials say it is possible for the farmers to get their products into the large markets in excellent condition. Deliveries are made in one day in central Maryland and Pennsylvania.

**Farmers' Immense Market.**  
An immense market is enjoyed by farmers of Maryland and Delaware. It includes practically all of the country east of the Mississippi river, made possible by a preference freight train service that has created a wide demand for fruits and vegetables grown on the Delaware-Maryland-Virginia peninsula. This demand is greater now than can be met, and the railroad is taking steps to aid in increasing the number of farmers to supply it.

To develop its experiment station the railroad has appointed as superintendent H. S. Lippincott, a graduate of the Agricultural college at Cornell university. He has done practical farming at his home in Burlington county, N. J., and in North Carolina. Superintendent Lippincott has taken an interest for years in experimental work, and he intends to visit the granges and farmers' institutes on the peninsula, that he may become personally acquainted with the farmers from Wilmington to Cape Charles. He will be prepared to make addresses, visit farms and make exhibits of some of the products raised on the farm and thus demonstrate the interest which the railroad is taking.

**The Cynics.**  
Cynics was the name applied to a school of philosophers founded by Antisthenes, a pupil of Socrates. The main tenet of the extreme cynics was that civilization is a curse, and true happiness can be obtained only by gratifying the most primary physical appetites which man has in common with brutes. The general attitude of the cynics as distinguished from that of the stoics, who regarded everything in the external world with indifference, was one of contempt. They were not an important philosophical school numerically, but attracted attention largely by their eccentricities and insolence. On account of their contempt for refinement their name came subsequently to be applied to any one who takes a mean view of human life.—New York American.

**SOMETHING NEW!**

**A Reliable TIN SHOP**

For all kind of Tin Roofing, Spouting and General Job Work.

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**PRICES THE LOWEST!**

**QUALITY THE BEST!**

**JOHN HIXSON**

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## Every Minute

One of our mammoth guns must be shot every minute to supply the call for Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

For, last month, these foods were served for seventeen million meals.