

PLANS TO SCALE MT. M'KINLEY

Miss Keen, of Philadelphia, Will Attempt the Feat.

PERILOUS PEAK TO ASCEND.

Many Explorers Have Been Baffled by the Climb to Be Undertaken by Woman—Said to Have Found New Route to the Summit.

Miss Dora Keen, daughter of Dr. W. W. Keen of Philadelphia, who has won the reputation of being one of the greatest women mountain climbers of the world, is preparing an expedition for the attempt at the scaling of Mount McKinley, Alaska, which is universally recognized as one of the hardest peaks in the world to climb.

If Miss Keen accomplishes this feat she will have greatly added to her reputation as a mountain climber and will be probably rated as the equal of Miss Anna Peck, now regarded as the premier woman mountain scaler.

Many Attempts Made.

Mount McKinley is the peak which Dr. Cook declared he had surmounted, but whose claims were disallowed. The attempt to climb it has been made many scores of times by the best of mountaineers, but so far only one party has been credited with having reached the top.

A party of the most expert climbers that made the attempt last year climbed more than 1,200 feet with the greatest difficulty, and then found above them still 1,000 feet of the peak extending upward in what they described as an almost perpendicular wall of ice.

All of this, however, offers no discouragement to Miss Keen, but makes her the more determined to accomplish the feat. She will have to carry a large amount of supplies of all kinds with which to establish stations along the route which can be used as safe retreats in case of necessity. She is said to have in her party three of the most reliable and expert of the Swiss guides whom she brought to America with her to assist in this expedition and also a number of Alaskans who have taken part in previous attempts to climb this peak and know much of its surface and characteristics.

Friends of Miss Keen say that the young woman has so thoroughly mastered the art of mountain climbing and goes at her tasks in such a masterly manner that she will scale Mount McKinley, if the feat is possible of accomplishment.

Has a Reputation.

For many summers past Miss Keen has made her headquarters in Switzerland, attacking and conquering the most lofty and dangerous peaks of the Swiss ranges. She has scaled Mont Blanc a number of times and has succeeded in ascending the Matterhorn from practically every side, a feat rarely accomplished by one climber. She has become such an expert in her work, and is so well known in Switzerland that the very best and most experienced of the guides invariably make her one of their party when there are strange slopes to explore or new paths to be discovered. She has the reputation of being most quick of perception in discovering a possible passage, and has several times found an available climbing route when the professional guides were about to declare further search and effort useless. She climbs for the sheer love of it, which possibly accounts largely for her great success.

If she succeeds in reaching the top of Mount McKinley it will be a feat of mountain climbing which probably has never been surpassed and will at once attract the attention of the entire world. It is said that in her preliminary explorations of the peak she and her companions have discovered a new route apparently leading to the summit which has never yet been tried, and that it is by this new and unknown route the effort to reach the top of the world will be made.

PECK'S WIDOW GETS \$100,000

Carpenter Eloped With Waitress Fifty-six Years His Junior.

Burr S. Peck of New Haven, Conn., who came into prominence recently by his elopement with Miss May Bryne, who was fifty-six years younger than he, is dead. Mr. Peck was eighty years old. His father was a carpenter, and his frugality enabled him to accumulate a small fortune. Burr Peck followed the occupation of his father. Through shrewd business methods Mr. Peck accumulated a large amount of property. He had been a widower several years, and while making his home with another, who was ninety-six years of age then, Mr. Peck took Miss Bryne for his second wife.

Peck and his young wife lived together for a short time, when they had a disagreement and separated. Divorce proceedings were instituted by Peck, but the suit was afterward withdrawn. After his second marriage Peck transferred a portion of his property to his young wife, but this was returned to Peck about the time the couple had their difficulties.

Peck leaves an estate of \$100,000, and this will go to his widow, who was a waitress in a Yale student

NEW STATUE FOUND OF THE EMPEROR CLAUDIUS.

Unearthed in Recent Excavations and Is Seven Feet High.

For three years Vittorio Spinazzola, director of the Museum of Naples, has been conducting a scientific excavation among the temples of Pesto and from time to time has brought to light many objects of bronze and of marble and has uncovered several of the old walks around the temples.

On June 17 at the end of a broad way his men came upon a great edifice with twenty columns lying before its facade, with a monumental entrance and sala thirty meters in length and eighteen in width.

The sala contained six niches in which had originally stood as many statues. Five of these had long since been destroyed or carried away. There was one niche, however, which had been overlooked either through superstition or carelessness, and before this there lay where it had fallen the statue which had once stood within.

It was a heroic size statue made of Parian marble and showed a face like that of the youthful Caesar Augustus, grown old with the cares of state. But instead of the toga it appeared to wear the sacerdotal robe of a priest of Neptune.

At first glance Signor Spinazzola recognized the type of the imperial family of Julia Claudia and more particularly one of the Drusi. It was perhaps Nero or Drusus.

Now, however, all doubt is ended, for Signor Spinazzola, who is very learned in all matters pertaining to political Rome of the early Christian centuries, has identified the statue as that of Claudius himself—Claudius Imperator. He did this by comparing the robe with others of known dates and the features with those of others on well identified statues of the emperor.

The statue is nearly seven feet in height and shows Claudius in the robe of Pontifex Maximus in the act of sacrificing with veiled head.

It is a wonderful piece of sculpture both in design and creation, even to the smallest details. It easily takes its place among the most notable works belonging to the first century. It was probably made between 42 and 45, for it bears a striking resemblance to a mural portrait of that date preserved in the Naples museum.

RILEY'S FIRST POEM.

Former Governor Henry A. Buchtel Gives It to His Students.

Chancellor Henry A. Buchtel of the University of Denver, former governor of Colorado, recently gave a Riley reading to his summer students and presented to each a copy of what he said was James Whitcomb Riley's first poem. At the time it was written (1876) Chancellor Buchtel was at Knightstown and was asked to deliver a funeral sermon at the burial of Hamilton J. Dunbar, a man universally popular and idolized by Riley. The poet afterward said to Buchtel:

"When the service was over I went home and wrote a poem on Ham Dunbar and sent it to the Indianapolis Journal, and the literary people said, 'A poet has arrived.' And that was the first poem I ever wrote that gave me the idea that I could be something else than a sign painter. So I always associate you," Riley said to Buchtel, "with the first poem I ever wrote."

That poem has never been published in any of Riley's books because it is so personal. Following is an accurate copy made by Henry A. Buchtel for his students:

Dead! Dead! Dead!
We thought him ours alone,
And none so proud to see him tread
The rounds of fame and lift his head
Where sunlight ever shone,
But now our aching eyes are dim
And look through tears in vain for him.

Name! Name! Name!
It was his diadem,
Nor ever tarnish, taint of shame,
Could dim its luster. Like a flame
Reflected in a gem,
He wears it blazing on his brow
Within the courts of heaven now.

Tears! Tears! Tears!
Like dew upon the leaf
That bursts at last from out the years
The blossom of a trust appears,
The blossom above the grief,
And mother, brother, wife and child
Will see it and be reconciled.

J. W. R.

TO MAKE AIR VISIBLE.

Magazine Writer Thinks We May See the Atmosphere.

Even though we can fly and send telegrams without wires, there are things to which we may look forward. At least, so thinks Augustus Post, who says in the Columbian Magazine, after recounting other possible wonders:

We may also be enabled to see air by means of glasses which will polarize the light and tell us whether it is disturbed or quiet. Then we can avoid the invisible eddies and wind gusts which now we can only realize the existence of by feeling them when they strike the wings of the machine and which by quickness of thought we are able to overcome after long practice. Some scientists suggest that birds may have powers of vision which enable them to see air in motion as they fly, making it possible for them to find rising currents which carry them up without any expenditure of energy, for the currents of air blow up and down quite as frequently as they blow in a horizontal direction, as they seem to do when our knowledge and experience are limited to phenomena observed on the surface of the earth. I would suggest that in order to study the action of the wind you watch smoke as it comes out of a tall chimney or clouds of dust or loose papers blown about by the wind in the city streets. Sometimes they are carried up far above the roofs of tall buildings and suggest how a skillful bird may be able to obtain power from the wind's velocity which it

MEXICAN PRESS IS NOW FREE

Newspapers and Magazines Print What They Like.

MADERO PROMISE REALIZED.

Some of the Comment Adverse to Madero, but This Makes No Difference People Share in the Liberty—No Abuses Followed Change.

The Mexican press is "free." That it should be was one of the many things promised by Madero, and local publishers did not wait for him to be formally elected before beginning to exercise their newly acquired right.

Their assumption, however, was justified. Emilio Vasquez Gomez, minister of the department of interior, was not slow in publicly assuring the newspaper owners that they could publish whatever they liked.

"The government is sure that the liberty of the press is the best way to obtain the efficient help of all newspapers so as to realize completely the ideas of the present government," he said in a public statement on the subject.

That this unrestricted expression is stimulating has already been demonstrated. Whether it will prove intoxicating remains to be seen. Since the advent of Madero a dozen new periodicals have been born, and as many more are said to be projected. Lack of advertising doubtless will force many of these youngsters into their graves, for the only reason apparent for their being in some instances is that some one wishes a medium of public expression.

No One Spared by Writers.

Most of the new periodicals are small magazines, the majority devoted to the publication of satirical verse and prose, illustrated with caricatures. No one is spared by the writers and artists, but, as is natural, the most stinging—and sometimes vicious—work relates to those individuals who were connected with the old regime. Among the weekly periodicals is El Ahuizote, a publication resurrected. This magazine first appeared years ago, but because of its cartoons of Limantour and other public men was suppressed.

The daily newspapers give the most lively evidence of this "freedom." El Imparcial, a paper which has always been progovernment, has inserted under its head the word "Diario Independiente" and independent it is. It publishes news and comment regardless of how it will be relished by Madero and his friends, for whom it pretends no love.

The public also has caught the spirit of free speech, and almost all the papers publish columns of comment furnished by readers. Most of it is signed by the writers' own names. In this comment and in the editorial columns the political questions are freely discussed. Madero is criticised as well as praised, and those who would like to see another chosen for the presidency do not hesitate to say so.

Capital Has "Yellow Press."

News which never would have been reported during the days of Diaz is now published under seven column heads and in ten point type. The capital now, too, has its "yellow press."

"We're free," appears to be the unspoken idea in the minds of thousands of the poorer people of the capital and perhaps furnishes the explanation of scores of curious sights to which the old resident has not become accustomed. It is not uncommon to see hundreds of men, women and children—and not all of them peons—wandering about on the grass of the Alamedas during a band concert. In the days of Diaz none ever trod that grass with impunity.

Notwithstanding signs that warn the public not to ascend the platform of the famous monument to Jaurez, the snowy marble columns are not infrequently black with hundreds of ragged men and children gathered there to hear a band or to witness a parade in the street. For a time taking a prisoner away from a policeman was a favorite amusement, but this diversion has been checked almost altogether but not yet does an officer of the law insist upon doing his duty without seeing an expression of surprise on the faces of the ragged populace. They are "free" and to learn that there are yet restrictions is disconcerting.

AN AEROPLANE HONEYMOON.

A New England Aviator Will Take Bride Aloft.

The most novel honeymoon ever planned is to take place soon in New England. It will be in an aeroplane, out of reach of rice and old shoes. Mr. and Mrs. Hector Louis Moreau of Cambridge, Mass., will be the first couple to speed down the love lanes of the sky and spoon behind the fairy shelter of the clouds. They are to make their honeymoon trip through New England in auto and aeroplane.

"It will be great fun," said the bride. "I have never been up yet, but I don't care how far our very first trip takes me in the air. If I am willing to have my dear husband in the clouds alone, why should I be afraid to be with him?"

Moreau has been building flying machines for three years. He has prepared a special aeroplane for the bride's

The Delaware & Hudson Co.

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