THE POEM THAT WILL LIVE.

peare did a little writing be race is still reciting. too, did some inditing se do not think of slighting.

Barns's poems keep on going, Shelley's work still life is showing, Kests's numbers still are flowing, Teanyson we still are knowing.

When these fade as does the ember all the world will still remember Thirty days hath September, April, June and November." McLandburgh Wilson, in the New York

00000 Grandfather and the Bear. By Mary Wells.

Perhaps it was the Teddy Bear which suggested the tale. Baby Harriet had left it lying forlornly on the floor, whence it looked up with an exssion so woe-begone, and withal so ludicrous, that grandfather laughed outright as he stooped to pick up his uraine majesty. At any rate, when, a little later, Sam and Bob demanded a story, he settled himself comfortably to the big chair before the fireplace, and with a twinkle in his eye, be-

"When I was a lad of fourteen, the country wasn't as much settled as it now. Our nearest neighbor lived a mile and a half away, and, in order to reach his clearing, we had to follow a winding road through the woods. On either side the beaten path the underbrush rose in thick profusion; and, though there were various trails leading in different directions, it was well for one to keep closely to the main road, since nothing was easier than for the unwary or unacquainted to lose himself in the forest, where he might wander until he was overcome by exhaustion or hunger.

"One fine spring day father had been ploughing the clearing at the right of our dwelling, and the rich boam shone brightly under the warm rays of the sun. The spirit of spring was in the air. The birds sang in the thickets, and the scent of blossoming was everywhere. The bells tinkled cheerfully as the cows moved slong the hillside back of the house. It was one of those days that make one glad to be alive. Towards night, however, it grew warmer, until the heat became almost oppressive. I suppose it was more noticeable, coming at such an unusual time of year.

"About six o'clock father, finding that he had to have for the next day's work a tool which he had lent to his neighbor, Mr. Flemming, sent me over to get it. My younger brother and my sister begged to go with me; and we set off through the woods, promis-Ing to return in good season. We little knew what was to befall us before we reached home.

"We found the Flemmings glad to nee us. Mr. Flemming inquired about there's ploughing, and gave us varlous items of news, for he had been to the Cross Roads the day before. Tom Flemming proudly displayed a knife which he had bought of a pedber. It was a beautiful knife with three blades and a buckhorn handle. I can see it yet, and can yet feel the envious pang that smote my soul. The girls discussed with animation the merits of their respective patchwork, Mary Flemming expressing a preference for the log-cabin, and Sister Lucy favoring the sunrise pattern. Mrs. Flemming insisted on our trying some of her caraway cakes and current wire; though, to tell the truth, we meeded no urging, the merits of Mrs. Flemming's caraway cookies and curment wine being well known.

"As I said before, the afternoon had grown very sultry, and suddenly, as I was sipping my second glass of currant wine, clap! came a reverberating peal of thunder. I hurried to the door on find the sky ominously black and the clouds piled high in the west, Already a few big raindrops were falling and the wind was rising.

"'We must go right home!' I exclaimed, turning to the children; but, even as I spoke, the storm was upon s, and the rain fell in a blinding sheat, hiding the woods.

"By the time it had slackened somewhat it was already dark. The Flemmings urged us to remain for the might, but, afraid that mother would worry, I declined. I took the lighted lantern which Mr. Flemming made ready; and with a big umbrella in one band, and the children on either side, started on the homeward journey.

"Thus fortified, we progressed without mishap for the first half-mile. The rain fell fitfully, Lucy was well wrapped in Mary Flemming's waterproof, and the lantern gave a cheerful

"Unfortunately, the calm was of hort duration. The wind quickened. and over our heads the branches writhed dismaily. Vivid flashes of Eghtning made the darkness of the woods more awful. The rain fell in terrents, and suddenly there came a Burious gust. The light of the lantern ared, flickered, glimmered faintly, m disappeared, leaving us in total arkness, relieved only now and then by the glare of the lightning.

Lucy began to cry, and I consoled or as well as I could, raising my e that it might be heard above the Afraid of losing our way, we atted for each new flash, making our forward by its gleam, still carrythe diapidated umbrells and the se lantern. It was slow we we cheered ourselves with the

thought that each step was bringing | us a little nearer home.

"All at once there came a blinding flash. I felt Lucy clutch my arm convulsively, with a little gasp. She was evidently too frightened to cry out.

"There in the road before us, not five feet away, sat a great bear, erect on his haunches, calmly surveying our trembling trio. The apparition was almost instantaneous. There followed a terrific clap of thunder, then total darkness. We clung to each other in silence, but new horrors awaited us. There, to the right in the shadows, appeared a gleaming pair of eyes, shining direfully from the thicket. I turned to the left, only to see the

gruesome phenomenon repeated. "In front of us the bear! To the right and left, unknown terrors! The perils of the forest were less to be feared. Better to die of starvation than to be ignominiously eaten by a bear or devoured by two unknown, unnamable monsters.

"Dropping Mr. Flemming's lastern, and abandoning the umbrella to the winds of heaven, I grasped the children and dashed wildly into the thicket. On and on we fled, struggling through underbrush, stumbling over vines, colliding with trees, not daring to glance behind us lest we see those gleaming orbs in close pursuit. On and on, till, gasping and breathless, we found ourselves, miraculously as it seemed, in an open space. In a tumult of joy I recognized our own clearing. We had come out of the woods into the field which father had been plough-

"On we struggled, the light of home before our eyes, and the light of hope in our hearts. The rain-soaked soil gathered in clods on our shoes, impeding our progress, while our drenched garments clung tightly to our shiver-

"At last the house was reached, and we burst in on our astonished parents, muddy, wet, and draggled. Mother raised her hands in bewilderment, and father let fall to the hearth the pipe he was smoking. They had supposed us safe and dry at the Flemmings.

"Breathlessly, we told our story, while mother bustled about the kitchen bringing dry clothing and preparing steaming bowls of ginger tea. Father was rathed sceptical concerning our narrative, being inclined to regard the bear as a hallucination on our part, but we knew better. That bear was real and big. And, as for those balls of fire in the thicket, the testimony of three we felt should be sufficient.

"This testimony was shortly corroborated in a most startling manner. The fury of the storm had abated, the rain had ceased, the sky was celar, and the moon had appeared, silvering the clearing with its mellow light. The shadows of the trees were etched sharply on the glistening soil. I was standing at the window, admiring the beauty of the night, when there came the sound of wheels, and I saw a light gig stopping in front of the house. Two men alighted, and came quickly up the path. As father opened the door in response to a loud knock, he was accosted by a portly individual.

"'Good evening, sir, I'm sorry to disturb you at such an hour, but we stopped to inquire if you know anything of the whereabouts of one yellow bear and two deer?"

"Seeing father's astonished look, he hastened to explain, "They're a part of Fielding Brothers' Great Show, the best of its kind, which is to exhibit at Shelby the fifteenth.' The portly individual's voice had assumed an oratorical tone. 'Back here, a mile or two, the horses got scared at the storm and bolted. The cages were overturned, and the animals escaped; but we think they must be around here somewhere.

"'They are,' piped up Lucy: 'the bear is standing in the road a mile back, and the deer are each side of him in the woods.'

"At the ludicrous image conjured up by Lucy's words, father burst into a hearty laugh, then he hastened to narrate to the visitors our harrowing experiences.

"After questioning us minutely, they departed in search of their missing menagerie; but, before they went, the fat gentleman bestowed upon each of three blissful children a ticket to 'Fielding Brothers' Great Show, the best of its kind."

"They succeeded in locating the lost animals, for we afterward saw them in their cages at Shelby, but that," said grandfather, observing the eagerness on the faces of his listeners, "that, children, as Kipling would say, is another story."-Christian Register.

Getting Even.

"Nearly every portrait you've got in here has just one eye," the woman remarked, looking around at the portraits in the studio. "How's that?"

"Well, you see," explained the portrait artist, "when I do portraits as orders I have to give them two eyes. When I do them just for pleasure I get even by giving them just one .-New York Times.

A Sad Story.

"Haven't you a home?" asked the sympathetic citizen.

"Yep," answered Plodding Pete. "I had a nice home; but de first t'ing I knew it had a woodpile and a garden and a pump. And den it got so much like a steady pob dat I resigned."-Washington Star.

Sanitary conditions in Berlin have so improved in 30 years that the average life of a citizen is now usine years longer than it was then. It is erage life of a cittle

Comme The The FOR CENTURIES RECORD OF ARCTIC EXPLO-Tramp Has a Real Value By Jack London

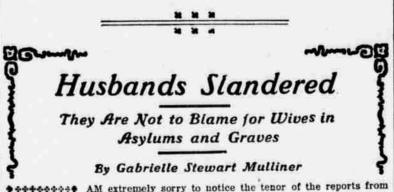
Comme F the tramp were suddenly to pass away from the United States, widespread misery for many families would follow. The tramp enables thousands of men to earn honest livings, educate their children and bring them up God-fearing and industrious. I know. At one time my father was a constable and hunted tramps for a living. The community paid him so much per

head for all the tramps he could catch, and also, I believe he got mileage fees. Ways and means were always a pressing problem in our household, and the amount of meat on the table, the new pair of shoes, the day's outing or the textbook for school was dependent upon my father's luck in the chase. Well I remember the suppressed eagerness and the suspense with which I waited to learn each morning what the results of the past night's toil had been; how many tramps he had gathered in and

what the chances were of convicting them. But it's all in the game. The hobo defles society and society's watchdogs make a living out of him. Some hoboes like to be caught by the watchdogsespecially in winter time. Of course, such hobos select communities where the jails are "good," where no work is performed and the food is substantial. Also there have been and most probably still are constables who divide their fees with the hobos they arrest. Such a constable does not have to hunt.

He whistles and the game comes right up to his hand. It is surprising the amount of money that is made out of stone-broke tramps. All through the South are convict camps and plantations where the time of convicted hobos is bought by the farmers and where hobos simply have to work. Then there are places like the quarries of Rutland, Vt., where the hobo is exploited, the unearned energy in his body, which he has accumwated by slamming gates, being extracted for the benefit of that particular

community. Tramps pass the word along, and I first heard of those quarries when I was in Indiana. By the time I got into New Hampshire I was pretty well keyed up over those quarries, and I fought shy of railroad cops, "bulls" and constables as I never had before.-Chicago Tribune.



AM extremely sorry to notice the tenor of the reports from the International Council of Women in Toronto. I do not think that the report of the speeches is representative of the thought of the majority of the women in attendance or represented by delegates. The statement made, as reported, by Mrs. Symes Thompson, that half the women in asylums and graves were there because of their husbands, certainly gives a wrong impressing of the attitude of the International Council of Women toward life. Of course the vast majority

of women are happily married, and devotedly attached to their husbands, and content with the lot in which they find themselves, no matter whether it be

Women are going to their graves from bad health, because the entire civilization needs to learn better the laws of life. It is not men alone, but all persons, who are responsible for conditions under which women live. They go to asylums not because of their husbands, but because they themselves do not know how to attune themselves to life. They must learn not to be selfcentred, but to make of their lives a mosaic, and have many interests, so that they can be well balanced, and keep an interest in life even if one interest proves disappointing. But are there no men in asylums, or do the death notfees contain no names of men?

There is vice, there are bad habits, there is inattention, and there is cruelty, against which women have to battle. But we are all human beings, only a few of us are angels, and plenty of us are more or less whitewashed devils. But it takes two to make a divorce action, and three to carry a case through New York courts, so I for one resent the insinuation that all women are suffering unhappiness because some of them do.

Let those of us who are happily married come to the rescue of the husbands who are proving themselves nature's noblemen.

Hard for Youth to Meet Nice Girls By Dr. N. I. Gillman of New York



ESIRABLE society is inaccessible to a good many worthy young men. What chance does the thrifty young man stand with the modern young woman out for a good time? Her ideal is the sporty spendthrift who lavishes his hardearned dollars upon her caprices. She has no earthly use for the economical, home-loving species. She scoffs at him and appends such epithets as "stingy miser" to his name.

A good many women do not use discretion in the choice of a life-companion. Mere appearances are usually victorious. Physical beauty, stylish apparel, distinguished deportment, a knowledge of the arts of flattery and dancing are the only keys that will open society's door.

The plain, sincere, home-loving young man usually lacks these keys. Then too, with but few exceptions, the modern woman is unfit to assume domestic and maternal responsibilities. Too much time is wasted in studying the art of external adornment. Of what use is a smattering of music or French to the practical young man who prefers a digestible meal?

Give us some more girls with a knowledge of domestic economy in lieu of lawn tennis and basket-ball, and "E. D." will have no cause for bemoaning the waning of marriages.





CCORDING to expert government reports on fuel, the gas engine is capable of generating from two and a half to three times as much power from a given amount of coal as the steam engine. It economizes in another way also by making it possible to obtain power with a low-grade coal valueless under steam boilers. Fuel with so high a percentage of impurity that it could not hitherto be used in factories can now be made to generate sufficient power, by means of gas engine, to do the same work that otherwise would re-

quire double the quantity of high-grade coal. The lignite coal of North Dakota has thus been made to give out as much gas engine force as the best West Virginia and bituminous coal used under steam boilers.

Some sort of coal is indigenous to almost all parts of America, but the fact that in the average steam engine only five percent of the coal energy is transformed into actual working power made low-grade coal of little commercial value until the perfection of the gas engine, which increases the efficiency of tuel by almost twelve percent. Time was when the big mills had to be placed beside some swift running stream to secure water power. Later on, actories sought the vicinity of the great coal fields, but today, with the gencrating power of the gas engine, it is a matter of little importance—so far as

RATION HAD BEEN MARKED BY FAILURE.

Greatest Tragedies of the Far North Were the Loss of Capt. John Franklin and All His Men in 1845 and the Disaster to the De Long Expedition, in Which Twenty Out of Thirty-three Men Perished.

PEARY MOST PERSISTENT OF ALL LATTER-DAY EXPLORERS.

Andree Tried It in a Balloon and Was Never Heard of After He Had Started-Northwest Passage Made by Capt. Amundsen in 1904-08.

have been trying to penetrate the frozen north to find the pole and the fabled Northwest Passage to the Far East. From first to last, until Dr. Cook reached the goal, their attempts have been fruitless, and the records of their voyages have all been alike in tales of freezing weather, fields of impenetrable ice, days of suffering and often the silence of unsolved trag-

Modern science contributed little to the progress of discovery in the Far North. Explorers of the twentieth century scarcely went further than the men of the seventeenth century. Norsemen were the first to touch Greenland and Iceland, many centuries ago, but authenticated records of northern discovery begin soon after the discovery of America.

1527-First polar expedition sent out by Henry VIII. of England, for "discoverie even to the North Pole, faire ships well manned and victualled, having in them divers cunning men to seek strange regions." One ship was lost north of Newfoundland, the other returned to England.

1596-First crossing the eightieth degree of north latitude by a Dutch expedition under William Barentz, looking for the Northwest Passage. The ships reached 80 degrees 11 minutes north latitude. This is the first expedition that left definite records of its experiences

1906-The record farthest north, until Cook's feat, made by Commander Peary reaching 87 degrees 6 minutes. an advance of only 480 miles in 300

Tragedies of the North Pole,

Sir John Franklin and all his men in two ships of an English expedition were lost in 1848. Capt. De Long and an American expedition were nearly all lost in 1881. Nineteen out of twentyfour men in Lieut. Greely's party perished in 1884. Prof. Andree started for the Pole in a balloon in 1897 and never was heard of again.

Positions of expeditions around the Pole are usually given in degrees and minutes of north latitude. A degree of latitude at the Pole is 69.4 statute miles, and a minute, which is a sixtleth part of a degree, is approximately 11-7 miles

Most modern expeditions reach 80 degrees north with relatively small dif-Pole. The struggle has been to cover the intervening region of ice, snow and barren islands. Peary in 1906 got within 203 miles of the goal. Nansen of Norway in 1895, the Duke of the Abruzzi in 1900, and Anthony Fiala of Brooklyn in 1903, all reached points word from the dead: about 250 miles from the Pole before

being obliged to turn back. Three Routes Often Tried.

has been up through the channel be- under the command of Capt. F. R. M. tween the east coast of America and the west coast of Greenland. The sec- grees 37 minutes 42 seconds N., longiond lies long the eastern side of tude 98 degrees 41 minutes W. Sir John Greenland, with Spitzenberg as a base. The least used is the Pacific ocean route through Behring Straits and pushing north from the Siberian coast.

Likewise there are there modern methods of conflucting expeditions. The one most often used is to push as far North as possible through the ice in a strong ship and then with a wellequipped sledge outfit dash across the ice on foot. This was the method of Commander Peary in the past and the one he is now using.

Dr. Nansen gave a striking example of another plan. He had constructed an exceptionally strong vessel, the Fram, which he allowed to be frozen in the ice at a chosen spot, expecting that the Arctic currents would carry him to the pole. The currents, however, drifted him off to one side.

Andree's Trial by Balloon Failed.

The most modern of the schemes is to sail through the air. Prof. Andree tried it first in 1897. With an ordinary balloon-for airship had not then been devised-he set out from Tromsoe, Norway, hoping to be blown to the pole by favorable winds. But the balloon and its daring passenger were lost somewhere in the trackless Arctic re- Greenland route. It had a horrible gion. Wellman is experimenting with a dirigible balloon in Northern Norway. Count Zeppelin and others have planned to use airships.

Early expeditions to the Far North were not directed toward the North Pole. The object of navigators was to find the fabled Northwest Passage that would give a short cut to India and the Far East. That was even the alm of the voyages of Columbus. Henry Hudson, whose discovery of the Hudson river is to be celebrated this most persistent seekers for the Northwest Passage. In the year 1607 he pushed his way past 30 degrees and set the mark for the firthest north of ended his life in the frozen regions, the first noted victim of Arctic explor-

For more than 300 years explorers | English Government Offered Rewards The English government in 1743 proclaimed an award of \$180,000 for the discovery of the Northwest Passage. In 1776 an act of Parliament offered a reward of \$25,000 to any captain who should first penetrate to within one degree of the Pole. Additional awards were added later for explorers who should attain lesser latitudes from 83 degrees upward.

> After the outburst of voyages in the early part of the seventeenth century there was a lapse of nearly 200 years before hardy explorers plunged again into the frozen north. The English have the credit for the revival of exploration. They started out two expeditions in 1818, still searching for Northern Passages across the top of the world. Peary and Ross took two ships westward under orders to make the northwest passage along the upper part of the American continent Buchan and Franklin took two other ships to the northeast to attempt the Polar passage, by way of Spitzenberg. Both expeditions got a short distance past the 80th parallel on their way North, but did not succeed in reaching the Pacific.

In 1827 this same energetic Capt. Parry started out on a voyage toward the Pole using for the first time the plan of the dash across the ice on sledges. All previous explorers had stuck to their ships. Parry went up to Spitzenberg in a vessel. There he mounted two twenty-foot boats on runners and loaded a number of dog sledges and supplies. With these he set out over the ice and traveled 290 miles, only to be blown back nearly half the distance gained by the southerly drift of the ice. His farthest north was 82 degrees, 45 minutes, which set a record for the time.

Franklin and His Men Lost.

Next in order of time comes the English expedition of Sir John Franklin, the greatest tragedy of the Arctic, one that aroused the interest and sympathy of the civilized world. Franklin sailed in 1845 with two ships, the Erebus and Terror, containing 134 officers and men. They went up the west coast of Greenland and were last seen in Baffin's Bay, latitude 74 degrees, 48 minutes.

After three years of complete silence search was begun. In the ensuing six years fifteen expeditions of various ficulty. That is 694 miles from the kinds set out from England and America to hunt for Franklin and his men but all in vain. In 1859 skeletons and relics of disaster were found along the coast of ing William's Land, far to the westward. In a pile of rocks was this record of the voyage, the only

"April 25, 1848, H. M. ships Terror and Erebus were deserted on April 22 five leagues N. N. W. of this, having There have been three often tried been beset since Sept. 12, 1846. The routes to the Pole. The most favored officers and crew consisting of 105 souls Crozier landed here in latitude 69 de-Franklin died on June 11, 1847, and the total loss by deaths in the expedition has been to this date nine officers and fifteen men.

De Long's Attempt Fatal.

The next thrilling tragedy was the loss of the American expedition under Commander De Long in the steamer Jeannette in 1881. The party went up the Pacific coast through Behring Strait and attempted to push their way through the ice toward the Pole. The ship was crushed and sank off the north coast of Siberia. The men put off in three boats. One commanded by Lieut. Chip was never heard of. The second, und : Engineer G. W. Melville, reached lar I safely, and with the aid of natives earched for the others.

Comman' - De Long and his party of the third boat were discovered by a relief expertion in miserable huts on the Siberian shore at the mouth of the Lena river. Only two of this party survived, and they were in the last stages of starvation. In all twenty out of the thirty-three men in the expedition were lost.

Soon afterward another expedition under Lieut. Greely started up the experience fdom cold and starvation. When rescuers reached them in 1884 in their last camp on a desert island north of Greenland only nineteen men were left alive out of the twenty-four that started out.

Peary Made Many Trials.

The most persistent explorer of recent years has been Commander Robert E. Peary, of the United States navy. His first experience was in 1886, when he did some Greenland exploration. month, was one of the earliest and Ever since then he has been working at the polar problem, making half a dozen voyages under auspices of geographical and scientific societies. Each time he succeeded in forcing further that day. A few years later he pene- north, reaching 84 degrees 17 minutes trated Hudson bay. There he was set in 1901, and then the record, 87 deadrift in a small boat by mutineers and grees 6 minutes, in 1906. His dashes over the ice were made after careful calculations of natural conditions and human endurance.