

To be a Race to the Pole.

Next summer will witness the entry of two expeditions into the Arctic zone and the goal of each will be the North Pole. In one Norway and Italy, the north of Europe and the south, join forces in a great endeavor to plant their flags side by side on the spot so many have sought and so many have died vainly attempting to reach. The Duke of the Abruzzi, a prince of the House of Savoy, fresh from one successful journey into Arctic desolation, and Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the Norwegian who next to him has penetrated farthest into the frozen north, will lead, all Italy and Scandinavia cheering them on. In the other party an American explorer, comparatively unknown, backed by an American private citizen, will set out resolved that if human daring and skill can accomplish it the Stars and Stripes shall be unfurled first of all the nations' flags where none has flown yet. It is to be a race to the Pole, a friendly race the American says, but none the less determined for that.

"I believe that the North Pole can be discovered," says the American who backs the enterprise, "and if money and the right men for the work can succeed it shall be reached and the first flag to be planted there shall be the Stars and Stripes."

"I am convinced that the Pole can be reached," says the American who will undertake the risk, "and I think I know how to get there. I'll do all that mortal man can do to take the flag there and I believe I will succeed."

Next year he will make his attempt and Nansen and the Duke of the Abruzzi will make theirs. Neither party is telling the world much about its plans, but each has a clearly defined scheme of its own which will be followed, and in the preparation for the task neither money nor hard work is being spared on either side.

The Sun first told, more than a week ago, that Evelyn B. Baldwin, who once was in the Arctic with Peary, was to lead the newest planned American expedition to the North Pole and William Ziegler, the New Yorker who has made millions in business ventures in a dozen directions and has never yet been beaten in anything he undertook, was to finance the enterprise. They have not sought publicity as this stage of the plans for the journey and neither is anxious to talk yet about what it is expected to do and how it is to be managed, but the work of preparing for the expedition is going steadily on and when the time comes nothing that forethought and money can provide will be wanting to ensure success.

Mr. Baldwin has a plan which he has spent years in maturing to reach the Pole. He has revealed this plan to three capitalists, and each of the three has been willing to back him. Mr. Ziegler's backing was accepted. It will be simply sufficient, Mr. Baldwin says. Mr. Ziegler says that he is prepared as a patriotic American to spend \$1,000,000 and more, if necessary, to place the flag post on the North Pole, and he believes that Baldwin, carrying out his plan, can take it there. What that plan is Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Ziegler both decline to tell at present. It is a survey of Mr. Baldwin's career may give a hint here it is:

He was born in the camp of the Illinois Regulars at Springfield, Mo., and he is now 38 and unmarried. His father was a captain in the regiment and later was lieutenant-colonel of the English Missouri Cavalry. Young Baldwin was graduated from the Northwestern College at Naperville, Mo. He had as classmates J. A. and M. T. Snyder, now known as the banana kings of Columbia. At 22 Baldwin tramped through Europe, earning his expenses as he went. He studied meteorology and for a time was connected with the Weather Bureau at Washington and various stations in the south and west. Meteorology led his fancy to Arctic exploration, and in 1893 he volunteered to accompany the second Peary expedition and was accepted. He went with the party as meteorologist, and therefore studied especially atmospheric conditions in the Arctic. The expedition got as far north as the great ice cap on the head of the Humboldt glacier in Greenland, traveling along the backbone of Greenland at a greater altitude by a mile or more than any other expedition, and it reached latitude 80.

The party were in the Arctic from June, 1893, to October 1894, so that throughout an entire Arctic season the young explorer had particular opportunities to observe atmospheric conditions at a high altitude. He returned with Lieut. Peary at the end

of 1894. Three years later he hurried to Spitzbergen in the hope of accompanying the ill-fated Andree on his balloon voyage to the Pole. There was no room in the car, which carried away Andree and his two companions into the unknown, and he returned disappointed. The next year he accompanied the Wellman expedition to Franz Josef Land. He returned with his own plan for finding the North Pole.

It happened early this year and only a few months after his return that he accepted an invitation from his old classmate, the Snyders, to visit their plantation in Columbia with them. On the trip he told of his polar plan. The Snyders thought well of it and offered to fit out an expedition for him, but they discussed the plan first with their cousin, William Ziegler, while on a visit to him in this city. Mr. Ziegler heard the project, considered it, sent for Baldwin, and heard him, and then announced that he would finance the expedition. If there was to be one, himself. Baldwin joyfully accepted and that is how it happens that a New York business man is to be responsible for an expedition to the Pole, pledged to get there before any Italian or Norwegian.

Nansen's last plan to reach the pole was to drift northward with the ice over or past it and back to open water and civilization. He was stopped at latitude 86 14, the highest point attained since the Greeley expedition 1881-84, which had to return from latitude 83 24. Abruzzi, in his last journey, followed the method of older explorers, to drift northward till frozen in and then sled it as far north as possible. He reached the highest point yet attained, latitude 86-33. Andree, whose friends have now abandoned hope of ever seeing him again, went northward by balloon from Spitzbergen three years ago last July. Probably no other man who advocated an apparently chimerical theory ever received more attention and respect in advancing it than Andree. He supported his scheme of polar ballooning with so many scientific facts and his own attainments in science were so creditable that not one of the international congresses and European learned societies which heard him could utterly condemn his plan for reaching the Pole after they had studied his reasons for believing it feasible. Mr. Baldwin grows enthusiastic when he speaks of Andree.

"Andree's theory was all right," he said, in conversation a few days ago. "He was no mere ascensionist. He was a navigator and had made a number of previous voyages successfully. I volunteered to go with him, but I was disappointed. Perhaps it is as well, for I fear now that he and his companions are dead. I don't believe, though, that they perished in the way many people suppose. I believe that they descended all right. But they were only three men, and I fear that in making their way back over the broken ice the end came. They may have been carried away in the ice and starved to death. But the North Pole can be reached."

The Baldwin expedition, as it may be called, will probably be the largest ever sent into the Arctic. While no one but the promoters yet know how many persons will comprise it the number is likely to be little short of forty, and may be larger. None has yet been chosen, but the expedition will be manned chiefly by men who have had experience in the Arctic. Included will be experts in geographical charting, geology, botany, and meteorology. Mr. Baldwin says that he, himself, will pay special attention to the upper currents of air. Dogs and sledges will be taken. Whether a balloon will be also used none has learned. Two steamships will be used. It will not be necessary to build them as there are steam whalers to be bought or chartered, which properly strengthened and fitted up, in Mr. Baldwin's opinion, will serve the purpose of Arctic exploration just as well as the Fram, Dr. Nansen's specially designed vessel. Provisions for five years will be carried.

As to the route to be followed Mr. Baldwin says he will avail himself of the latest information. Peary and Sverdrup are both still in the Arctic. Peary has been away two years. He has not been heard from since September, 1899, when some members of his party returned and his steamer, the Windward, has now gone to find him. While neither Peary nor Sverdrup is expected this fall, either explorer may come out any day with the ice along the coast of Greenland with information which would materially modify or wholly change the plans of the newer adventurers.

The Duke of the Abruzzi's last expedition cost \$500,000, of which the late King

Humbert contributed one-fourth. Unlimited means are at the disposal of Mr. Baldwin, his backer says. The only condition is that he shall reach the North Pole, or that at least the rival expedition shall not reach the Pole first. That is all that either Mr. Baldwin or Mr. Ziegler will tell about their plans now, as negotiations are now in progress which might be upset by publicity.

"All that I can say for the present," said Mr. Baldwin when he was last seen, "is that the object of this expedition will be first and foremost to get to the North Pole. Anything else accomplished will be incidental. At the same time anything that can be accomplished in another direction without affecting the main object of the expedition will be carefully considered. The men who will start will be no novices in the science of Arctic exploration. We shall have abundant supplies, the best and latest scientific apparatus, and I feel as sure as a man can be that we shall succeed."

"The greatest difficulty will be to decide who is not to go. So many good men want to go that it will be a hard matter to choose. I have applications from scores of men. They come from the highest educational institutions, from the navy, from the army and from men who have undergone hardships in many parts of the world. Those are the men I want, but I shall take no one with those qualities, personalities and experience I am not well acquainted. I have put in seven years' hard work on my plan, and no care on my part will be grudged now to insure its success. And I mean to succeed."

It is about two hundred and forty-one miles from latitude 86 33, where Abruzzi's party turned back, to the Pole. Travelling over the ice at the slow rate at which progress in the Arctic is only possible a party could hardly cover that distance in less than a month. That is the nearest that human endeavor in centuries of effort has yet penetrated to the secret of the Arctic.

LOST ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

The Duke of the Abruzzi Will Go North to Try to Rescue Three of His Men.

It was announced last week that the Duke of the Abruzzi would return to Franz Josef Land next spring in the hope that he might succeed in rescuing the three men from his expedition who were lost during his recent sojourn in that far northern land. In the brief reports of his discoveries, and of the remarkable sledge journey of one of his parties which attained the highest latitude ever reached, nothing was said of the great misfortune which befell the expedition. The facts have been made known only since the expedition returned to Italy. It will be remembered that the first sledge party which the Duke sent forth from his vessel, the Stella Polare when she was frozen in the ice in latitude 81 degrees 55 minutes, was a failure, owing to the frightful cold, the temperature falling to 52 degrees Celsius. It was late in February last when this expedition returned to the ship. On March 11 a fresh attempt was made. Ten men and many dogs started northward. After ten days' march Lieut. Guarini of the Italian Navy, the Norwegian machinist Stoken, and the Italian Alpine guide Ulid, declined to go any further, and were sent back to the ship with the sledge and ten dogs.

They never returned so the ship and no trace of them could be found. All the other members of the party, with the ship's doctor as leader, advanced for twenty days to beyond the eighty-third parallel and returned safe and sound to the ship. It was the third expedition that later made the highest nothing.

Seraching expeditions were sent out for the lost men, but all in vain. Two depots of supplies were left for them at places

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which it was thought they might reach if they were alive. After the return of the expedition to Italy an official marine inquiry was held as to the disappearance of the three men. Seven members of the expedition were examined. None, except the Duke of the Abruzzi, thought the men could possibly be alive. Dr. Cavalli, who was with the party when the unfortunate men turned back, testified that the ice was weak in many places and covered with new snow, and he believed the party had fallen in and were drowned. There was no danger, he said, of their losing their course on their way back to the ship, for they knew perfectly the route to steer. A rescue expedition would be impossible in the dark season. Other witnesses expressed their belief that the men had either succumbed to snow storms or fallen through the ice.

The Duke of the Abruzzi alone said he believed there was hope that the men had reached one of the supply stations, or, at least, had found refuge on some island where they might be able to live, as Nansen did in the same region, upon the game they killed. He at once hired another vessel, the Stella Polare being too badly used up for further Arctic work, and in the spring he will make his way with a new crew across the Barents Sea to the archipelago where he spent last winter. He will lead a forlorn hope, but he has nobly determined to undergo all the hardships necessary to ascertain whether his lost comrades are still alive in the frightful Arctic waste where they were swallowed up.

His Own Coffee-Pots.

The name of Pietermaritzburg is remembered by most people only in connection with war telegrams. There is one contributor to the Cornhill Magazine, however, whose recollections of the place are not connected with war but with a hearty laugh at the expense of a friend of hers. The writer in question, Lady Broome, says:

That morning visit to Pietermaritzburg market stands out distinctly in my memory, chiefly on account of an absurd incident I witnessed. I had been much interested and amused by reports of the place are not connected with war but with a hearty laugh at the expense of a friend of hers. The writer in question, Lady Broome, says:

I had listened to the shouts of the various auctioneers who were selling all manner of wares, when I noticed some Kaffirs bearing on their heads large open baskets filled with coffee pots of every size and kind. There must have been something like a hundred coffee-pots in those baskets. The Kaffirs were just leaving an improvised auction-stand, and what interested me especially was the fact that following them closely, with an air of proud possession on his genial countenance, was a beloved friend of my own, one who, I may mention was beloved by all who knew him.

"Are all those coffee-pots yours?" I inquired.

"Yes, indeed!" he answered, joyfully. "I have just bought them. You must know I am a collector of coffee-pots, and have a great many already, but I have been especially lucky in being able to pick up somebody else's collection as well, and it was cheap, too."

I noticed that the Kaffirs were grinning and there was a general air of amusement about that I could not understand. Later the point of the joke was explained to me. My friend had just bought his own collection of coffee pots.

His wife, believing that the space they occupied in her storeroom could be better employed, and expecting that that day her husband would be absent from the market, and sent the whole lot down to be sold. She told me afterward that her dismay was great when her Kaffirs brought them back in triumph, announcing that the chieftain had just bought them. The poor lady was under the necessity of paying the auctioneers fees and replacing the coffee-pots on her shelves with what resignation she could command.

Mastodons in Death Valley.

The bones of these mastodons have been discovered in Death Valley, California, and their discoverer, a miner, has taken out a claim for excavating them. Another indication of the popular appreciation of the money value of the remains of prehistoric animals is the fact that a mining claim has been filed in southern California to cover the excavation of a fossil whale of the Pliocene epoch.

His Showcase Travels.

An odd means of drawing attention to his goods has been adopted by a woman's tailor whose shop is in a downtown business street where women rarely go to buy clothing. He has had mounted on a truck huge show cases with plate glass windows behind which specimens of his work in the sartorial line are displayed. Three horses driven at a gallop pace, draw it through the streets where women do shop and half

dozen bells strung about the thing draw attention to it. Of course the address and accomplishments of the tailor are prominently displayed on all sides of the vehicle. Cabmen and truck drivers in a hurry swear at the cumbersome truck and the slow pace at which it moves, but many people on the sidewalks say, 'That's a smart man!' and take a second glance at the display behind the glass.

A Geographical Error.

A little lake in Central Africa, discovered by Livingston in his great journey across the continent in 1835-65, has attracted much attention on account of the curious statement which the explorer made about it. The lake is situated on a plain that is nearly flat. Livingston said the lake was directly on the water parting between the Zambesi and the Kasai river, which is now known to be the largest southern tributary of the Congo. In other words, he said the lake was so exactly balanced between the two river systems that from one side flowed a stream which joined the Kasai while from the opposite side emerged a stream which joined the Zambesi. All maps therefore, for nearly half a century, have represented a water communication passing through Lake Dilolo and joining the Kasai on the north and the Zambesi on the south.



Women Are Like Flowers.

Poets have been fond of likening woman to a flower. Her fairness is flowerlike. Her sweetness suggests the flower fragrance. Her very fragility finds its type again in the frail flower, which languishes when neglected, and is so easily destroyed. It is a pretty simile and almost as perfect as pretty.

All women love flowers, and every woman who grows them knows that their health depends on daily care. Not alone are water and sunshine necessary to the health of the plant. Their leaves and roots must be guarded from the parasites which soon destroy the flower's beauty and undermine its life.

If a woman would care for herself as she does for her plants she would preserve her beauty and retain her strength far beyond the period when the average woman looks old and feels older than she looks.

THE GREAT SECRET

Of woman's preservation of her beauty lies in the intelligent care of the womanly health. So close is the relation between the health of the delicate womanly organs and the health of the whole body, that whenever the feminine functions are deranged or disturbed the consequences are felt by every nerve in the body. Severe headache, backache, pain in the side, and bearing-down pains are borne with by so many thousands of women that one who is in sound health is a rare exception. Most women would give anything to know how to be cured. The way is very plain. Follow the path made by more than a half a million women who have been perfectly cured of womanly ills and weakness.

"I believe I owe my life to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Pleasant Pellets,'" says Mrs. Maria G. Hayzel, writing from Brookland, D. C. "Six years ago, after the death of my children, I was left in a weak, run-down condition. My health seemed utterly gone. I suffered from nervousness, female weakness and rheumatism, and I suffered everything one could suffer from these complaints. Life was a burden. I doctored with three different physicians and got no relief. I tried several patent medicines, all with the same result. I began to get worse, and to add to the complications I suffered terribly from constipation. I chanced to see one of your advertisements and concluded to try the above remedies. I commenced to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Pleasant Pellets' and began to improve right away, and continued improving and gaining in strength. I cannot express the relief it was so great. Seven months later my little daughter was born without much trouble. I feel that I would never have been able to endure my confinement had it not been for the help I received from Dr. Pierce's medicines. My baby was a fine, healthy child, and the only one I have ever been able to nurse. She is now two years old and I have never had to take any medicine since, so I feel that your medicine has made a lasting cure with me. I owe so much in thanks, it would be impossible for me to express by pen how thankful I am to God and Dr. Pierce."

NOTHING IS SURER

Than the effect of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong, sick women well. It regulates the periods, stops disagreeable drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It prepares the wife for motherhood, gives her vigor and physical strength, so that the birth hour is practically painless. It is the best of tonics because it contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic. For working women in the home, store or schoolroom it is an invaluable medicine. It quiets the nerves, increases the appetite, and causes restful and refreshing sleep. Nursing mothers will find no tonic so beneficial to mother and child as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

That question is often on a woman's lips, for of her it is expected that she shall be ready to do something in any emergency in the home. When that question refers to health, sickness or if it was so great. Seven months later my little daughter was born without much trouble. I feel that I would never have been able to endure my confinement had it not been for the help I received from Dr. Pierce's medicines. My baby was a fine, healthy child, and the only one I have ever been able to nurse. She is now two years old and I have never had to take any medicine since, so I feel that your medicine has made a lasting cure with me. I owe so much in thanks, it would be impossible for me to express by pen how thankful I am to God and Dr. Pierce."