

### BUILT BIG BUSINESS

Where Staid Qualities, German Thrift and Industry Made Possible the Great Shoe Business of the P. Mayer Shoe Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Manufacturers of Mayer Quality Shoes.

Most of us see only the present. We see success only as we are brought face to face with it today. How many of us ever look back for the cause, the vital things that make success possible?

That the key to real business success is often based on a sound principle, rather than money, is best illustrated by the reproduction of the following biographical sketch of Frederick Mayer, founder of the P. Mayer Shoe & Shoe Company, reproduced from an issue of the German American National Alliance.

Frederick Mayer, founder of the factories at Milwaukee and Seattle now bearing his name, came to this country from Nierstein, Hesse Darmstadt, in May, 1851, and immediately proceeded to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where he entered the employ of R. Suhm as a journeyman shoemaker.

The spirit that prompted him to seek his fortune in the new world was soon responsible for another change, and in 1853, a year later, he embarked in business on his own accord, making boots and shoes to order as only a German apprenticed artisan knows how.

Subsequently a stock of goods was carried and a retail business conducted until 1859, when the manufacture of shoes was engaged in at wholesale to the trade.

The business succeeded from the beginning and it was here that the staid qualities of German honesty and persistence, together with the knowledge of shoe making gained by a strict German apprenticeship, came to the aid of a young business destined to become a factor in the production of shoes in America, for it soon became known that the shoes manufactured by P. Mayer had qualities not ordinarily found in shoes, and business began to expand.

In 1890 the business was well established, the foundation firmly laid and the policy well determined. From that time on the growth was more rapid. Factories, additions, more factories and more additions were added, until now the plant occupies a substantial group of buildings in Milwaukee and Seattle. The capacity of the present Mayer factories at Milwaukee and Seattle is 9,000 pairs per day, giving employment to an army of people, paying annually over six hundred thousand dollars in wages, and employing sixty-five salesmen who travel 24 states in the interest of Mayer shoes.

Frederick Mayer died on March 15, 1893, after building up a large and successful business. He was succeeded by his sons, George P. Mayer, Fred J. Mayer and Arthur J. Mayer, who, by rigidly maintaining the policy of the founder, have succeeded in bringing the business up to its present magnitude, where it stands as a monument of German thrift and industry. Frederick Mayer was a man of strong character and amiable disposition. He believed in a square deal for everybody. He was popular and had hosts of friends, especially among the early settlers of Milwaukee, who admired him for the qualities that were responsible for his success. He was a man of simple tastes, who loved his home and believed in the strict observance of his duty to God and man. He left behind him a striking example of what has, in at least one instance, been contributed by a German to the welfare and prosperity of this great country.

The leading brands manufactured by the P. Mayer Shoe & Shoe Co. are: "Honorbilt," for men; "Leading Lady," "Martha Washington," "Comfort Shoes," "Yerman" Cushion Shoes, "Special Merit" School Shoes.

The savings banks of Germany have some 19,000,000 pass books out, and their deposits amount to \$2,214,000,000.

Skia Humor 25 Years. "Cuticura did wonders for me. For twenty-five years I suffered agony from a terrible humor, completely covering my head, neck and shoulders, so even to my wife, I became an object of dread. At large expense I consulted the most able doctors far and near. Their treatment was of no avail, nor was that of the Hospital, during six months' efforts. I suffered on and concluded there was no help for me this side of the grave. Then I heard of some one who had been cured by Cuticura Remedies and thought that a trial could do no harm. In a surprisingly short time I was completely cured. S. P. Keyes, 147 Congress St., Boston, Mass., Oct. 12, '09."

Face Covered with Pimples. "I congratulate Cuticura upon my speedy recovery from pimples which covered my face. I used Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent for ten days and my face cleared and I am perfectly well. I had tried doctors for several months but got no results. Wm. J. Sadler, 1614 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, May 1, 1909."

Special Offering at New York Store. "Here is something new in shaving dishes. Customer—What is its special feature? Clerk—It produces only nightmares that are perfectly gentle.—Judge."

\$100 Reward, \$100. "Who readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dread disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Cuticura. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Cuticura being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and enabling nature to do its own work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists.

Great Writers' Costly Pens. An English firm of collectors has just sold for \$98 the last pen used by Charles Dickens, but this was less than half the sum received years ago for the pen which the great author used in writing his "Sketches by Boz."

One of the most valuable souvenirs pens of the world is one that was used by Lincoln when he was President. It is now owned by Isaac Reed of New York, and the stock was carved from the lens box of George Washington. Mr. Reed also, it is said, owns the quill of a golden eagle's wing, the property of Empress Eugenie, with which the treaty of Paris was signed in 1856.

# WINNING THE POLE

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)  
The storm lasted for ten hours, and the weary travelers anxiously watched for the morning. About daybreak its fury seemed to have spent itself, and Hatteras, accompanied by Bell and Altamont, ventured to leave the tent. They climbed a hill about 300 feet high, which commanded a wide view. But what a metamorphosed region met their gaze! All the ice had completely vanished; the storm had chased away the winter, and stripped the soil everywhere of its snow covering.

But Hatteras scarcely bestowed a glance on surrounding objects; his eager gaze was bent on the northern horizon, which appeared shrouded in black mist.  
"That may very likely be caused by the ocean," suggested Clawbonny.  
"You are right. The sea must be there," was the reply.  
"That tint is what we call the blink of open water," said Johnson.  
"Come on, then, to the sledge at once, and let us get to this unknown ocean," exclaimed Hatteras.  
Their few preparations were soon made, and the march resumed. Three hours afterwards they arrived at the coast, and shouted simultaneously, "The seal the sea!"  
"Ay, and open sea!" added Hatteras. And so it was. The storm had opened with the pole, and the loosened packers were drifting in all directions. The icebergs had weighed anchor, and were sailing out into the open sea.  
This new ocean stretched far away out of sight, and not a single island or continent was visible.  
After a careful survey of the coast, Hatteras determined to launch the sledge that very day, and to unpack the sledge, and get everything on board. By 5 o'clock nothing more remained to be done. The sloop lay rocking gracefully in the little bay, and all the cargo was on board except the tent and what was required for the night's encampment.

CHAPTER XII.  
The sight of the sloop suggested to Clawbonny the propriety of giving Altamont's name to the little bay. His proposition to that effect met with unanimous approval, and was forthwith ratified by the title of Altamont harbor.  
According to the doctor's calculations, the travelers were now only three degrees distant from the pole. They had gone over 200 miles from Victoria bay to Altamont harbor, and were in latitude 87 degrees 5 minutes, and longitude 118 degrees 35 minutes.  
Next morning by 8 o'clock all the remaining effects were on board, and the preparations for departure completed.  
A quarter of an hour afterwards the little sloop sailed out of Altamont harbor, and commenced her voyage of discovery. The wind was favorable, but there was little of it, and the weather was positively warm.  
Toward evening Hatteras and his companions lost sight of the coast. Night came on, though the sun remained just above the horizon. Since the departure from Altamont harbor, the sloop had made one degree farther north.  
The next day brought no signs of land; there was not even a speck on the horizon.  
At length, about 6 in the evening, a dim, haze, shapeless sort of mist seemed to rise far away between sea and sky. It was not a cloud, for it was constantly vanishing, and then reappearing next minute.  
Hatteras was the first to notice this peculiar phenomenon; but after an hour's scrutiny through his telescope, he could make nothing out of it.  
All at once, however, some sure indication met his eyes, and stretching out his arm to the horizon, he shouted, in a clear, ringing voice: "Land! land!"  
His words produced an electrical effect on his companions, and every man rushed to his side.  
"Yes, yes, so do!" exclaimed Johnson.  
"It is a cloud," said Altamont.  
"Land! land!" repeated Hatteras, in tones of absolute conviction.  
"Let us make right for it, then," said Hatteras.  
It was impossible longer to doubt the proximity of the coast. In twenty-four hours, probably, the bold navigators might hope to set foot on its untrodden soil. But strange as it was, now that they were so near the goal of their voyage, no one showed the joy which might have been expected. Each man sat silent, absorbed in his own thoughts, wondering what sort of place this pole must be.

At last sleep overcame the tired men, and one after another dropped off, leaving Hatteras to keep watch.  
While Hatteras dreamed of home and fame, an enormous cloud of darkness had begun to darken sea and sky. A hurricane was at hand. The first blast of the tempest roused the captain and his companions, and they were on their feet in an instant, ready to meet it. The sea had risen tremendously, and the ship was losing its footing on the waves. The wind was blowing from the north, and kept a firm hold of it, while Johnson and Bell baled out the water which was constantly dashing over the ship.  
This sudden tempest might well seem to such excited men, a stern prohibition against further approach to the pole; but it needed but a glance at their resolute faces to know that they would neither yield to winds nor waves, but go right on to the end.  
For a while the struggle lasted, death threatening them each moment. The next evening just as the fury of the waves seemed at its highest pitch, there came a sudden calm. The wind was stilled as if miraculously, and the sea became smooth as glass.  
Then came a most extraordinary inexplicable phenomenon.  
The men were bathed in light, and the sea above with a fiery glow.  
"It is a phenomenon," replied the doctor, "neither met hitherto. If we go on, we shall soon get out of this brilliant glow and be back in the darkness and tempest again."  
"Well, let's go on, come what may," said Hatteras.  
The doctor was right. Gradually the

fog began to lose its light and then its transparency, and the howling wind was heard not far off. A few minutes more, and the little vessel was caught in a violent squall, and swept back into the cyclone.  
But the hurricane had fortunately turned a point toward the south, and left the vessel free to run before the wind straight toward the pole.  
At last they began evidently to near the coast. Strange symptoms were manifest in the air; the fog suddenly fell like a curtain torn by the wind; and for an instant, like a flash of lightning, an immense column of flame was seen on the horizon.  
The wind suddenly changed to southeast, and drove the ship back again from the land.  
As Hatteras stood with disheveled hair, grasping the helm as if welded to his hand, he seemed the animating soul of the ship.  
All at once a fearful sight met his gaze.  
Scarcely twenty yards in front was a great block of ice coming right towards them, mounting and falling on the stormy billows, ready to overturn at any moment and crush them in its descent.  
But this was not the only danger that threatened the bold navigators. The ice was packed with white bears, huddling close together, and evidently beside themselves with terror. For a quarter of an hour, which seemed a whole century, the sloop sailed on in this formidable company, sometimes a few yards distant and sometimes near enough to touch.  
The storm now bore forth with redoubled fury. The little bark was lifted bodily out of the water, and whirled round and round with the most frightful rapidity. Mast and sail were torn off. A whirlpool began to form among the waves, drawing down the ship gradually by its irresistible suction.  
At five men stood erect, gazing at each other in speechless terror. But suddenly the ship rose perpendicularly, her prow went above the edge of the vortex, and getting out of the center of attraction by her own velocity, she escaped at a tangent from the circumference, and was thrown far beyond, as swift as a ball from a cannon's mouth.  
It was 2 o'clock in the morning.  
For a few seconds they seemed stupefied, and then a cry of "Hatteras!" broke from every lip.  
On all sides nothing was visible but the tempestuous ocean.  
"To the helm, Altamont!" said the doctor, "and let us try our utmost to find our port captain."  
Johnson and Bell seized the oars, and rowed about for more than an hour; but their search was vain—Hatteras was lost!  
Lost! and so near the pole, just as he had discovered the goal of his quest! At such a distance from the coast it was impossible Hatteras could reach it alive, without an oar or even so much as a spar to help him; if ever he touched the haven of his desire, it would be as a swollen, mutilated corpse.  
Longer search was useless, and nothing remained but to resume the route north. The tempest was dying out, and about 5 in the morning, and the sea gradually became calm. The sky recovered its blue clearness, and less than three miles away the land appeared in all its grandeur.  
The new continent was only an island, or, rather, a volcano, fixed like a lighthouse on the north pole of the world.  
The mountain was in full activity, pouring out a mass of burning stones and glowing rock.  
This enormous rock in the middle of the sea was 6,000 feet high, just about the altitude of Hecla.  
"Can we land?" said the doctor.  
"The wind is carrying us right to it," said Altamont.  
"Let us go, then," said Clawbonny, dejectedly.  
He had no heart now for anything. The north pole was indeed before his eyes, but not the man who had discovered it.  
As they got nearer the island, which was more than eight or ten miles in circumference, the navigators noticed a tiny fiord, just large enough to harbor their boat, and made toward it immediately. They feared their captain's dead body would meet their eyes on the coast, and yet it seemed difficult for a corpse to lie on it, for there was no shore, and the sea broke on steep rocks, which were covered with cinders above water mark.  
At last the little sloop glided gently into the narrow opening between two sandbanks just visible above the water, where she would be safe from the violence of the breakers. Before she could be moored, Duke began howling and barking again in the most piteous manner.  
"Duke! Duke!" called Clawbonny.  
But Duke had already disappeared.  
Duke was barking vehemently some distance off, but his bark seemed full of grief rather than of joy. He had found the body of Hatteras.  
All four rushed forward, in spite of the blinding cinder dust, and came to the far end of a fiord, where they discovered the dog barking round a corpse wrapped in the British flag.  
"Hatteras! Hatteras!" cried the doctor, whose heart was broken on the body of his friend. But next minute he started up with an indescribable cry, and shouted, "Alive! alive!"  
"Yes," said a feeble voice, "yes, alive at the north pole, on Queen's Island."  
For a few minutes the joy of recovery of their captain filled all their hearts, and the poor fellows could not restrain their tears.  
The doctor found, on examination, that Hatteras was not seriously hurt. The wind had thrown him on the coast where landing was perilous work, but after being driven back more than once into the sea, the hardy sailor had managed to scramble on to a rock, and gradually to hoist himself above the waves.  
Then he must have become insensible, for he remembered nothing more except rolling himself in his flag. He only awoke to consciousness with the loud barking and caresses of his faithful Duke.  
After a little Hatteras was able to stand up, supported by the doctor, and tried to get back to the sloop.  
He kept exclaiming, "The pole! the north pole!"  
He had become quite delirious with excitement, and fever burned in his

veins. His eyes shone with unnatural brilliancy, and his brain seemed on fire. Perfect rest was what he most needed, for the doctor found it impossible to quiet him.  
Altamont speedily discovered a grotto composed of rocks which had so fallen as to form a sort of cave. Johnson and Bell carried in provisions and gave the dogs their liberty.  
But Hatteras would do nothing till the exact position of the island was ascertained; so the doctor and Altamont set to work with their instruments, and found that the exact latitude of the grotto was 89 degrees 59 minutes 15 seconds.  
The 90 degrees of latitude was then only about three-quarters of a mile off, or just about the summit of the volcano.  
When the result was given to Hatteras, he had a formal document drawn up to attest the fact, and two copies made of which should be deposited on a cairn on the island.  
Clawbonny was the scribe, and indited the following document, a copy of which is now among the archives of the Royal Geographical Society of London:  
"On this 11th day of July, 1861, in north latitude 89 degrees 59 minutes 15 seconds, was discovered Queen's Island at the north pole, by Capt. Hatteras, commander of the brig Forward of Liverpool, who signs this, as also all his companions.  
"Whoever may find this document is requested to forward it to the admiral."  
(Signed.)  
"John Hatteras, Commander of the Forward."  
"Dr. Clawbonny."  
"Altamont, Commander of the Porpoise."  
"Johnson, Boatswain."  
"Bell, Carpenter."  
After the party made themselves as comfortable as they could, and lay down to sleep.  
(To be continued.)

### CASE LIKE CRANE'S

Edwards Started as Minister for Mexico, but Never Got There.  
The experience of Charles E. Crane with the mission to China recalls the case of the almost forgotten Ninian Edwards, who started out as United States minister to Mexico, but never reached the capital of the sister republic.  
Edwards had been United States Senator from Illinois, and Monroe near the close of his second term gave him the Mexican mission, says the New York Sun. The country was then nearing the end of the so-called era of good feeling, and Edwards had been contributing his share to the political discord of that curious time by writings signed "A. B." in a Washington newspaper published in the interest of Calhoun. These letters accused William H. Crawford, secretary of the treasury, of corrupt practices in office, and they were intended to kill off Crawford as a candidate for president. Calhoun himself was the subject of similar attacks instigated by Crawford, but he easily disproved them.  
Edwards arranged that after he had started for his post in Mexico the "A. B." letters should be sent to the House of Representatives as the basis of impeachment proceedings against Crawford, and it was then that the authorship of the letters became known. In transmitting them to the Speaker of the House Edwards avowed himself their author and added to the charges already made public others that were sufficient as ground for impeachment.  
Crawford at the time lay ill at home, having been attacked with paralysis about four months earlier, in September, 1823, and left in such condition that he transacted much of his business as Secretary of the Treasury by proxy. The attack in the House had been made by Edwards at such a time as made it difficult for Crawford to prepare a defense before the political campaign of 1824 was finished.  
His friends rallied to his aid and asked that Edwards be fetched back. The House accordingly sent the sergeant-at-arms after the minister and he was overtaken near New Orleans. He came back 1,500 miles to Washington in the custody of the sergeant-at-arms.  
Crawford meanwhile had got together a mass of evidence on his side and Edwards completely failed to make good his charges, so that a committee of which Daniel Webster and John Randolph were members unanimously reported in vindication of the accused Secretary.  
Although Edwards had had a long, honorable and successful public career as a judge in Kentucky and as territorial Governor of Illinois, and then as Senator, this affair was his ruin in national politics. It was known that Crawford had fought two duels and killed his man in one of them, and maybe this fact was taken into account by the public in estimating the quality of Edwards' performance in making an attack upon a physically disabled man and hastening to a distant land just when his share in the matter should have been known.  
At any rate, such a storm of contempt broke upon him that he resigned his appointment to Mexico and returned to Illinois. He was then under 50, but he took no further part in national politics, though he had a sort of vindication at home by his election as Governor of Illinois. He died less than ten years after this affair. Crawford, the invalid, outlived him by about a year.

### Well Defined.

"Dad, what sort of a bureau is a matrimonial bureau?"  
"Oh, any bureau that has five drawers full of women's fixings and one man's tie in it."—Houston Post.

### Best We'll Get.

"Well, the proofs are out."  
"Of the pole discovery?"  
"No; of the book"—Kansas City Journal.

### New Definition.

Scott—A Bohemian is a chap who borrows a dollar from you and then invites you to lunch with him.  
Mott—Wrong. A Bohemian is a fellow who invites himself to lunch with you and borrows a dollar.—Boston Transcript.

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### Memories of the War

A Confederate's Description of Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg.  
John J. Garnett, a colonel of artillery in the Confederate army, and a participant in the great battle of Gettysburg, thus graphically describes General Pickett's desperate charge on the Union lines:  
Pickett was sitting on his horse, when General Wilcox rode up to him and, taking a flask of whisky from his pocket, said:  
"Pickett, take a drink with me. In an hour you will be in hell or glory."  
"Be it so, General Wilcox," returned Pickett, taking the proffered drink; "whatever my fate, I shall do my duty like a brave man."  
The line being formed, the gallant men on whom were centered a people's hope of a nation moved out of the woods.  
Firm-faced and slow, a horrid front they form,  
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm.

Nothing interrupted the view of this superb movement. From the cannon-covered top of Cemetery hill, along the Federal lines, the soldiers of the Federal army watched with wonderment, not unmixed with admiration, the oncoming of those heroic columns, while the Confederates looked on admiringly, hoping against hope that success would reward the splendid courage evinced by Pickett's men. When a short distance from their starting point they obeyed to the right and then to the left in order to secure cover in the undulations of the plain across which they were moving. By some strange fatality the artillery smoke, which had settled over the field after cannonading, and hung there close to the ground, lifted after the Confederate division had got some distance in its journey to death and glory, and revealed distinctly to both armies the movement then being made. Marching in the direction of the objective position with measured step and unflinching courage, Pickett's division drew nearer and nearer to their goal without hindrance from the foe.

What did it mean? Was their attack to be a bloodless victory? These were questions that sprung instinctively to the minds of the gallant men. Oh, no; for suddenly a cloud-burst of flame, shot and shell came thundering from the ridge into the devoted ranks. There was no wavering, no halting—on went Pickett's men, presenting as solid and undaunted front as the rock of Gibraltar. Many dead and wounded were left by their brave comrades on the spot where they fell. There was no time for anything but duty, and that stern duty was ahead of them. Again and again the Federal batteries poured forth a rain of shot, shell, shrapnel and canister upon them in un stinted measure. Horrid rents, which are quickly closed up, are made in their lines as the men press steadily forward, a thunder cloud of war that would not be stayed. The Federals, seeing that they were dealing with a desperate foe, increase their fire, if possible, with no apparent effect, except to mark the tract over which the force is moving with the dead and wounded heroes.

Never was there a sublimer exhibition of bravery on the field of battle. Courage was personified in every man. On they went in the face of the relentless hail of death that was beating against them. General Armistead was seen with his hat aloft on his sword, marching resolutely at the head of his gallant men. Shot and shell whistled about him, and yet he was undaunted. His journey was a desperate one, but he continued bravely on, not with the courage of desperation, but with the courage of a perfect man and a gallant soldier.

"Don't flinch an inch, boys," he had said to his men before starting away, and they were heroically responding. The carnage in their ranks was fearful to contemplate. It seemed more like cold-blooded butchery than systematic war. That part of our army not engaged watched the gallant band in painful suspense. It did not seem within the limit of human endeavor that they could ever reach the objective point, so terrible was the slaughter to which they were being subjected. On they went, with every step becoming more determined. Surely there never was seen such matchless heroism. Nothing could stay or check them. When within a short distance of the Federal line their wild yells of defiance were heard above the thundering of their guns. The greatest moment of their lives had come. They dashed forward in a wild and disorderly front. Garnett, whose brigade was in front, fell dead within a hundred yards of the Union front, sword in hand. His men rushed madly upon the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-first Pennsylvania regiments, who had been awaiting the coming attack. At this moment they were brought under the fire of Stannard's brigade, which was occupying a small wood in advance and to the left of the point of Pickett's attack. Hancock realizing the purpose of the attack, and always on the alert to seize a favorable opportunity, threw a force on Pickett's flank. Two of Armistead's regiments were frightfully decimated and thrown into a disorganized state by this movement. The remainder of his brigade dropped into the rear of the center of Pickett's lines. Armistead, swinging his sword wildly, and rushing from point to point, urged his men forward and reached the front rank between Kemper and Garnett.

In the impetuous rush which ensued these brigades became a compact struggling mass of human beings, all bled on bloody work. Pushing forward, as if moved by some irresistible force superior to the individual will, they threw themselves upon the Union line

### Old Favorites

By Cool Silliman's Shady Rill.  
By cool Silliman's shady rill  
How sweet the lily grows!  
How sweet the lily grows!  
How sweet the lily grows!  
How sweet the lily grows!  
How sweet the lily grows!  
How sweet the lily grows!  
How sweet the lily grows!  
How sweet the lily grows!

Lo! such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod  
Whose secret heart with influence  
Sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God!

By cool Silliman's shady rill  
The lily must decay:  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
And stormy passion's rage!

O Thou, whose infant feet were found  
Within the Father's shrine!  
Whose years, with changeless virtue  
Crowned,  
Were all alike divine,  
Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,  
We seek Thy grace alone.  
In childhood, manhood, age and death,  
To keep us still Thine own!  
—Reginald Heber.

Unheard Melodies.  
Caged in the post's lonely heart,  
Love wastes unheard its tenderest  
Tone;  
The soul that sings must dwell apart,  
Its inward melodies unknown.

Deal gently with us, ye who read!  
Our largest hope is unfulfilled—  
The promise still outruns the deed—  
The tower, but not the spire, we build.  
Our whitest pearl we never find;  
Our richest fruit we never reach;  
The fading moments of the mind  
Drop half their petals in our speech.  
These are my blossoms; if they wear  
One streak of morn or evening's glow,  
Accept them; but to me more fair  
The buds of song that never blow.  
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

### TREASURE OF THE ZUYDER.

How Gold and Silver Lost in Sea Will Be Searched For.  
The Dutch await with curiosity the results of a work undertaken in the Zuyder Zee. On October 9, 1799, the English ship of war *Latina* sank in Dutch waters, carrying with it to the bottom 30,000,000 of gold and silver in bars that the British cabinet was sending to Hamburg to help at a financial crisis in the Hanse towns. The cargo, insured for nearly 25,000,000, was entirely lost.

The Dutch government, urged by France, tried to recover the wreck, but a violent storm covered the ship with such a thickness of sand that it had to be given up. After the restoration of European peace the king of Holland abandoned his rights to his English colleague, who ceded them to the company of Lloyd.

The company made a new attempt in 1820 and its efforts were not unsuccessful, for they drew from the ship 193 bars of silver and 1,200 ingots of gold, a total value of \$2,500,000. Probably francs are meant.

The company of the Lloyd has entered into a contract with another society which to-day undertakes the work with the help of a new apparatus invented by an engineer named Lake. This apparatus is composed of a floating bridge, at the keel of which are fixed the instruments for diving. They consist of a number of pipes which can pump up in twenty-four hours 40,000 tons of sand. At the extremity of these pipes one finds the room of the divers, all bulk of metal. This chamber rests on indented wheels placed in action by a motor of a peculiar system, in such a manner that the drivers can remove their room like a carriage, and roll it at the bottom of the sea, which makes the work easier and quicker.—London Globe.

### NOISE OF CITY'S STREETS.

Subways Afford Some Relief from the Ear-Splitting Din.  
Horse transportation is but one factor in the total passing of the city. Cable and trolley cars rattling from side to side, motors with their flesh variety of whistles thread their way in and out; while the overhead trolley wires, like the strings of some huge, discordant violin, never cease their vibrations. Thoreau speaks of the sounding of the telegraph wires, "that winter harmony of the open road and snow-clad field." Grateful as that song may be in the quiet of the country, in the city the noise of the racked trolley wire above adds a peculiarly trying factor to the pounding from the rocking cars below, the Atlantic says. When corporate officials desire to economize on traction lines they not uncommonly equip the service with poor rails and wheels. The rails soon wear away. The wheels assume the shape of polygons instead of circles, and, as they turn, strike flattened angles against the irregularities of the iron rail. This is a particularly effective method of adding to the total noise. Fortunately, there is one way of relief in sight. Few devices in transportation have done more for the quiet of the city than have the increasing use of subways. Though the reverberation within the subway proper may be greatly increased, the relief of the street is marked. Only in our greater cities and along main trunk lines, however, does the subway yet exist. The elevated, so far as noise is concerned, gives practically little advantage over the surface car save for the intermittence of stopping and starting and the absence of the sound of the bell.

A Big One.  
"What a nice advertisement for the personally conducted travel trips!" remarked the Casual Observer.  
"What is?" demanded the Practical Person.  
"The fact that the north pole has been discovered by a Cook tourist."

Michael Idvorsky Pupin, known as the inventor of wireless telephony, and who, according to report, received \$800,000 for an invention which is used in long-distance telephoning, worked his way up through Columbia College.

The value of brick and tile products for 1908 in this country, according to the United States geological survey, was \$108,062,207, a decrease of 16 per cent from the value of 1907.

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## CASTORIA

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