

To the Pole.

Commander Peary is on his way to the Arctic, confident that this time he will reach the north pole. Whether he succeeds or not, he is without doubt the best equipped Arctic explorer who has thus far appeared. He has spent more years and more thought upon the problem than any other man. He has reached a point nearer the pole than any other explorer; and if he had known as much as he now knows about the direction of the ice drift above Greenland, he would at least have come pretty near reaching his goal. This time he starts with that knowledge. He is planning to establish his base of supplies, not on the land, but on the ice, 125 miles farther north, and will travel northwest with his sledges, hoping that the eastward drift of the ice will be the same as he found it before. If this should be the case, he ought to be able to make good progress in the direction of the pole itself. He has adopted an ingenious way of carrying a house north with him for use as headquarters. It will be built of the boxes containing his supplies, explains the Youth's Companion. Each box is eight inches high and ten inches wide, and of such length as is convenient. These boxes will be piled up to form the walls of the house, with the end to be opened turned to the inside. When a package of crackers is needed, he can knock out a panel in the wall of his house—that is, open the end of a box—reach in and get all the crackers he needs, and so on with bacon, pemmican, oatmeal, sugar, tea, coffee, roast-beef hash or condensed milk.

A publication devoted to femininities asks what has become of the fair haired people we used to admire? Where are lovely blondes, the strawberry blonde and the blonde cendree, or even the red-headed girls, where are they? Look where one will, brown hair or dark hair predominates. Science tries to account for it. We are told that the time is coming when the genuine golden haired beauty will be as rare as the "copper butterfly," and that a head like a wheat sheaf will be to proclaim aloud the colporteur's artful aid. The best of it is, exclaims the Boston Herald, the peroxide blonde has "passed away," so much so, in fact, that the very name is spoken in derision. And what means this darkening of the race? One theory is as good as another, and a favorite answer is, intermarriage; the different countries, with their distinguishing types, are blending more and more. Scandinavia and Italia, the north and the south, mingle in the west, and the degree of latitude, the temperate zone does the rest.

Nature may as well prepare to give up her secrets. Thomas A. Edison is going to quit the moneymaking game and devote the rest of his life to investigations in the realms of pure science. Now we shall know why is a hen and all those other intricate and hitherto unanswerable problems. The vermiform appendix that heretofore has laughed when questioned as to its purpose will have to sit up and give straight answers or it will be ruthlessly exposed. University professors who have been making starfish may as well throw up their hands. The electric wizard doubtless will make sunfish or moonfish at the first attempt. As for radium, probably he will show how each family can make a supply for home consumption out of a pair of old shoes. Proceed, Tom, exclaims the Chicago Daily News. May you live long enough to find out all there is to be known, and write it out for us in a neat, if rather large, book.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the president of the Canadian Pacific railway, was the guest of honor at a banquet given in Toronto on June 16. In the course of his speech Sir Thomas referred to the fact that just 25 years have passed since his arrival from the United States to assist in the management of Canada's new transcontinental railway. The influence of that line on the development of Canada is beyond estimate. England has recognized the service rendered to Canada by this Milwaukee-born American railroad man, and it would be hard to say how much has been done for the United States by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and by that other American-born railway builder, Sir William Van Horne.

William Redmond, the Irish leader in the British house of commons, recently in a genial mood and in playful allusion to the birthday honors list asked whether "as a matter of general convenience and in order that honorable members might know how to address their colleagues with becoming respect it could be arranged that honorable gentlemen who had joined the titled classes should wear rosettes for at least one month after the conferment of the title." No minister was bold enough to answer.

ROUND THE CAPITAL

Information and Gossip Picked Up Here and There in Washington.

Gen. Rucker Beats Mortality Table



WASHINGTON.—The person who reaches the age of 95 has lived long enough. He has no technical right to go on living, anyway. Of course, they usually do, just as lots of people refuse to be Oslerized at 60, but they do it at their own risk, so to speak, and in defiance of a formidable array of mortality statistics. This was the discovery made by life insurance interests the other day when they looked up the "technical" demise of Brig. Gen. D. H. Rucker of Washington, father of Mrs. Philip H. Sheridan. The general has reached the hoary age of 95, and being still hale, was surprised by being informed by the life insurance concern which had been carrying him on its books for years and years that it was ready to pay his claim.

The action is declared a startling innovation in insurance annals. Local experts could not recall any previous case of such action, at 95 or any other age. But when they looked up their tables of logarithms and trigonometry they were convinced that the action was not only justifiable, but logical.

These tables showed conclusively that out of 100,000 individuals at the promising age of ten just three may expect to round out 95 full cycles. Those three in turn have no right at

that age to expect that Father Time will dole out to them an average of more than six months apiece. More than that would be overdraft, for honoring which the guardian of the hour glass and the scythe should be held directly responsible.

According to these same mortality tables life is seen to be a thing of uncertainties. They prove unquestionably that the longer you live the older you are likely to be before you die. That is to say, while the expectation of life decreases as the age advances, it does not fall away nearly so fast as that advance.

The youngster of ten can count on living to be nearly 59, but when he has reached the manly age of 21 his chances are better. He can now count on rounding 62. At 48, rotund and jolly, his chances are the best for living out the allotted span of three score years and ten.

But that is not the end of his hopes by any means. When he gets to be 60 his expectation increases to 75, edging away just like that elusive pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. But at 75 the chances of life still give him six more years. At 80 his chances are of the best for seeing 84, but if, on the gambling chance that is his, he marches on to 90, there is still a year and a half to his account in the national bank of life.

But at 95 you come to the end of the mortality tables. The account has dwindled to six months, and if you are obstinate enough to go right on living, the statistician simply don't know what to do with you unless he pays the claim, calling you "dead," and thus keeping the tables correct.

Bridal Table of Mrs. William H. Taft



THE wife of the Republican candidate for the presidency has many valuable possessions, gifts from the mighty ones of earth, kings, emperors and princes, but her most cherished treasure is a round mahogany table, black with age and showing daily use.

This table is used by the Taft family whenever their household goods are set up and has been ever since Mrs. Taft attained the dignity of the married state. It was the table on which the wedding breakfast of William Howard Taft and Helen Herron was served some odd years ago.

Judge Herron and Mrs. Herron, parents of Mrs. Taft, were lovers of old mahogany, and they had many

beautiful pieces in their Cincinnati home. After the wedding Mrs. Herron believed that the young couple would appreciate having for their dinner table the same board on which they had partaken breakfast on the bridal day. So it was sent to their modest home in Clifton, Cincinnati, and it was set for the first meal after Mr. Taft brought his bride home from the wedding journey and ever since it has been the medium of the family fare as well as its most elaborate hospitality.

Mrs. Taft took the table to the Philippines, and again it came back to Washington. Just now it is carefully swathed in soft cotton wrappings and stored in the commodious attic of the assistant secretary of war, Mr. Oliver, awaiting its resurrection. But whether its next appearance be in the White House or in the private home of William Howard Taft, it will be the dining table of the family, as Mrs. Taft expresses it, while the clan holds together.

Red Rose on Coffin of Bismarck's Friend



WITH simple funeral rites, and accompanied only by a few faithful friends of his declining years and a single representative of the German embassy, the body of Baron Alexander de Pury-Herve, an aide-de-camp to Bismarck and a member of one of the oldest houses of Germany, was laid to rest in a little cemetery here the other day. Two lilies and a single red rose reposed on the plain coffin. It was his dying request.

A friend and comrade of Bismarck, he was numbered with the pride of the German army that participated in the Franco-Prussian war. He married a princess of royal blood, but he erred once, it is said, and, rather than have the finger of scorn pointed at him by his comrades, he quit the army and came to America. That was 28 years ago. His princess wife divorced him.

In New York he married an actress with whom he fell in love. The family pride of the De Pury's is great, and he was disinherited and his allowance of \$300 a week cut off.

When he was disinherited he turned to journalism, working on the New

York Staats Zeitung and other papers. Then his actress wife died, leaving him with three children. He moved to Winona, Minn., where he took charge of the Herald.

After a few years he married again. He came to Washington and went to work in the storeroom of the government printing office. The heavy work of lifting documents was too much for the old man and he suffered a severe strain, which made an operation necessary.

All his life the old soldier wore a rose of red, but he never told why until a few days before his death.

The story of the red rose was woven around the figure of Bismarck, whom he loved.

A battle which the iron chancellor had been witnessing had ended, the sun was setting on a field of carnage, and Bismarck, with bowed head, turned and rode away, his aids around him.

The figure of a young officer in the full pride of manhood lying white-faced on the field caught the eye of the prime minister. Without a word he dismounted, picked a red rose from a bush near by and placed it over the young officer's heart. And as he placed it there a tear fell from his eye. So, when the old baron died, unnumbered, unknown, they placed a red rose on his breast, for they knew his secret at last.

Commission Getting Data on Resources



ALTHOUGH only a short time has elapsed since President Roosevelt appointed the national conservation commission, the work of taking stock of the nation's resources has been begun. It will be carried on vigorously to enable the commission to make its report to the president by January 1, 1909.

A large amount of the material on waters, lands and minerals is available in the executive department, the heads of which have offered their cooperation in the task the commission

has undertaken. Other important data will be collected through special channels, including state conservation commissions now being formed and several of the national organizations represented at the White House conference.

By early fall the commission expects to have sufficient material to begin the study of the inventory of the country's resources and by the middle of October it hopes to have the greater part of this material in hand, so that the full commission, which will hold its first meeting December 1, may take up at once the study of data which the summer's work has brought together.

One week later the commission will hold a joint meeting in Washington with the governors of the states or their representatives, with the view of closer co-operation with the state

TWO LATE MODES



The gown at the left is of black crepe de chine. The half-empire skirt is trimmed lengthwise with tucked bands of taffeta and is finished at the bottom with a wide band of lace re-embroidered with jet paillettes. The corsage and little sleeves are trimmed to correspond, and also with a jet fringe. The tucked guimpe and the undersleeves are of white tulle. The other gown is of black chiffon-mousseline. Undulating bands of taffeta and panels of filet gimpure trim the skirt. The prettily draped corsage is of the filet gimpure trimmed around the neck with the taffeta bands. The yoke and undersleeves are of white lace; the girdle with pretty knot, is of black taffeta.

FROCKS FOR THE TUB. WAY TO MAKE NEAT HEM.

Blue and Brown Galatea Among the Best of Materials.

Among the cheapest of the good-looking tub jumper frocks are those made of blue and brown galatea. The material sells at a very small price everywhere and washes like a collar.

It comes in good tones that do not show soil and comes out of the tub without being faded.

Linen makes charming ones, but every woman does not care to afford many linen frocks. The good quality is the only one worth buying, and a frock of it amounts up.

When a girl feels she can afford only one, she should get it in rose pink or Nile green in order that it may be dressy enough for afternoon wear.

This is the ideal costume for church this summer, at home or on a vacation.

Cotton duck is another material that is excellent for everyday wear, as a whole season of constant service makes little impression on it.

The reason most of these materials were not comfortable before for summer frocks was because of their heat around the neck and arms.

TWO SMART LITTLE DRESSES.

Both Suitable for Girls from Eight to Ten Years of Age.

The first costume pictured is a smart little dress in blue checked zephyr. The skirt is trimmed with a band of plain blue zephyr, the pinafore-bodice being bound with the same, and the shoulders and fronts connected by straps of zephyr fixed under tiny buttons. A blouse of white muslin printed lightly with blue is worn with it.

The second is another pretty wash-



ing-dress of pink zephyr. The skirt has a shaped piece turned up at the foot and stitched on the outside.

The bodice has a small yoke of piece lace set into a shaped yoke and platoon of zephyr, the sides being plaited and laid under it. The tight-fitting lower part of sleeve is of piece lace.

Materials required for the first dress 3 1/2 yards zephyr 28 inches wide, 3/4 yard zephyr for trimming, 2 yards muslin for blouse.

The second requires 5 yards zephyr, and 3/4 yard piece lace.

Accomplishment Few Women Seem to Have at Command.

It is really surprising how few women know how to make a neat hem, although this was considered a necessary accomplishment in the days of our grandmothers. It is used to finish the raw edges of goods and it is most important that it be evenly and neatly turned down; always turn it toward you. To do this, turn down one-quarter of an inch all along the edge and baste it on the crease with even basting stitches.

Take a stiff piece of cardboard and mark on it the exact width of the hem. Place the edge of the creased cardboard at the creased edge of the goods and mark the desired width with a thread, using the short and long basting stitch. Fold the hem on this line of thread and baste to the material along the upper edge with an even basting. In hemming do not use a knot. Hold the hem across the end of the forefinger of the left hand. Point the needle toward you, to the right, and insert it under the edge of the hem close to the right hand. Draw the needle through, leaving an end of the thread to be tucked under the edge.

To begin the hemming stitch, point the needle toward the middle of the left thumb and take up one thread of the cloth and the same of the fold. To have the thread slant in the right direction, see that each time a stitch is taken that the needle points directly across the middle of the left thumb. To have the hem appear well when finished care must be taken to have the distance between each stitch exactly the same.—Exchange.

A Belting Jumper.

Embroidered linen belting, in white and color, may be bought by the yard, and a very clever little lady has used it to make herself a jumper. A double thickness over each shoulder, from the waist line in the front to the waist line in the back, is the foundation of the garment, while a few strips across the back and front give the whole a very jumper-like appearance.

The four loops at the waist line formed by the shoulder straps are used to slip the belt through, so, when it is worn with a white skirt and blouse, the effect is of one of the popular one-piece dresses.

It is just such an arrangement that makes it possible to wear a blouse and skirt without a coat.

Old Idea Revived.

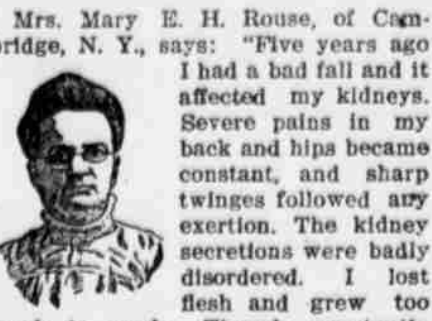
A pretty way of trimming a muslin and lace frock is by heading the deep insertion of lace on the skirt (the band of dentelle so beloved of Paris) with a beading wide enough to admit a soft satin ribbon, some two or three inches in width, this ribbon being threaded through it at intervals of about a foot, tied into pretty bows, but these are not left on a level with the beading. They are pulled through so that the bow hangs down over the lace, the little ends having a ball of floss silk to finish them off, with a bunch of fringe falling from the center of each ball. These loosely hanging bows look very quaint against the lace background.—Queen.

Dressy Robes of Marquissette.

The very dressy robes for afternoon or evening wear are now composed of marquissette. This is so very fine that it looks like organdie or mousseline from a distance. It comes in all colors, too, and the colors are very dainty and delicate. Of course the marquissette is flimsy, but everything this season is the same. Drapers declared that goods were to have more body a year or two ago, but heavy goods have not yet made an appearance.

HER GOOD FORTUNE

After Years Spent in Vain Effort.



Mrs. Mary E. H. Rouse, of Cambridge, N. Y., says: "Five years ago I had a bad fall and it affected my kidneys. Severe pains in my back and hips became constant, and sharp twinges followed any exertion. The kidney secretions were badly disordered. I lost flesh and grew too weak to work. Though constantly using medicine I despaired of being cured until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Then relief came quickly, and in a short time I was completely cured. I am now in excellent health."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

PICNIC FOR THE PUP.

His Devotion to Duty Rewarded by Strange Luxuries.

A Boston bulldog owned by George H. Clapp was so determined to capture a woodchuck which he had chased into its den that he followed after and staid in the hole all night.

When the dog had got his jaws about the enemy he found that he could not get out owing to the small size of the animal's hole.

Rather than lose his prey the dog retained his hold on the woodchuck over night, and was helped out by his master in the morning. The dog was nearly exhausted, and revived after feeding and drinking in a curious manner.

CURED HER CHILDREN.

Girls Suffered with Itching Eczema—Baby Had a Tender Skin, Too—Relied on Cuticura Remedies.

"Some years ago my three little girls had a very bad form of eczema. Itching eruptions formed on the backs of their heads which were simply covered. I tried almost everything, but failed. Then my mother recommended the Cuticura Remedies. I washed my children's heads with Cuticura Soap and then applied the wonderful ointment, Cuticura. I did this four or five times and I can say that they have been entirely cured. I have another baby who is so plump that the folds of skin on his neck were broken and even bled. I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and the next morning the trouble had disappeared. Mme. Napoleon Duceppe, 41 Duluth St., Montreal, Que., May 21, 1907."

On the Doctors.

Mrs. Mary G. Baker Eddy, who, of course, has no faith in medicine, told a Western Christian Scientist, at one of her latest audiences, an anecdote about a friend of hers.

This friend, a thin and nervous woman, could not sleep. She visited her physician and the man said: "Do you eat anything just before going to bed?"

"Oh, no, doctor," the patient replied.

"Well," said the physician, "just keep a pitcher of milk and some biscuit beside you, and every night, the last thing you do, make a light meal."

"But doctor," cried the lady, "you told me on no account to eat anything before retiring."

"Pooh, pooh," said the doctor, "that was three months ago. Science has made enormous strides since then."

Cape Cod Fog.

"Yes," remarked the Down Easter, "we do have fog along Cape Cod sometimes. One night the fog came up and in the morning when I went to milk I couldn't find the old cow. Knew where she was in the habit of lying, though, and followed her easy enough. Got to her just in time, too."

"Why, I just went through the hole she made in the fog—sort of a tunnel like—and pretty soon I came up to her. She was almost smothered. You see the fog had packed ahead of her and she'd jammed her horns into it and got stuck. Had to chop her out. You may believe it or not, but I'll show you the cow when you come 'round."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

REMAINS THE SAME.

Well Brewed Postum Always Palatable

The flavour of Postum, when boiled according to directions, is always the same—mild, distinctive, and palatable. It contains no harmful substance like caffeine, the drug in coffee, and hence may be used with benefit at all times.

"Believing that coffee was the cause of my torpid liver, sick headache and misery in many ways," writes an Ind. lady, "I quit and bought a package of Postum about a year ago."

"My husband and I have been so well pleased that we have continued to drink Postum ever since. We like the taste of Postum better than coffee, as it has always the same pleasant flavour, while coffee changes its taste with about every new combination or blend.

"Since using Postum I have had no more attacks of gall colic, the heaviness has left my chest, and the old, common, every-day headache is a thing unknown." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.