THE NORTH POLE—HOW TO GET THERE

By WILLARD W. GARRISON

WALTER WELLMAN

TIME—Year of 1999.

SCENE—Subway station of the Chicago and North Pole Consolidated lines, located 215 feet beneath the ethereal station of the Fort Wayne, Duluth and Polar Aerial Transportation Company.

CAST — Airship chauffeurs, subway motormen, passengers, aerocabmen, automatic newsboys, polar bears, Eskimos, wireless telephone linemen, etc.

BALDWIN'S PROSPECTIVE EXPEDITION

"ALL ABOARD!" yelled the phonographic [illegible]. "Train on the third [illegible] leaves in five minutes for the pole. Only one stop between Medicine Hat and Arctic Circle city. Eskimos, polar bears and hunters in the second story of the third car forward. All aboard!"

Gee, but I was glad to get into the polar bear section and away from that automatic instrument for [illegible] sane persons mentally incompetent. I had been reading a copy of the North Pole Friday night Post when, with a noise like [illegible] coming out of a balloon all at once, the [illegible] P. train started.

It was all strange to me [illegible]. I must have slept an awful long time to wake up here in the year of—yes, the date on the publication I was scanning said February 1, 1999. It was printed in white ink and the words were all spelled phonetically.

"Medicine Hat," yelled a voice in my ear a minute or two after the train had [illegible]. I looked quickly around, ready to punch the rude brakeman who had given vent to those rasping notes. As I did so I bumped my nose against the—well it looked like a [illegible]—sticking out from the wall of the car. Then it dawned upon me [illegible] wasn't the brakeman at all. In fact, looking around I could see no employes. As we reached the chunk of darkness, which I took to be the alleged Medicine Hat, the coach door opened without any human assistance, a man at my side punched a button and promptly disappeared through a chute which appeared at his feet.

"Two minutes for liquid air refreshments," came the same rasping, phonographic voice through the instrument at my right. I hunted for the button my disappearing friend had used to disappear by and in an instant I was looking down Medicine Hat's main street. I didn't try to puzzle out that phenomenon. I didn't care if I ever saw the pole, if it had to be seen via the cold, clammy subway route.

Nearly every place of business on the main street was labeled "private weather bureau." I glanced upward to see if it looked like rain. Far to the south I spied what looked strangely like the pictures I scanned in 1909 when I used to read about Count Zeppelin and his airship. As the big bird-like machine came closer, I managed to read the sign on the side. It read:

ROUTE NO. 34.

Fort Wayne, Duluth and Polar Aerial Transportation Company.

That was pretty near the last straw. I wanted to look at something ancient. I couldn't stand this much longer. It was getting on my nerves—these ahead-of-the-minute contrivances. The airship drew nearer. I could see a roof garden party of young people sitting among the palms on the dome of the big machine. Around them were electric heaters, which radiated heat clear to the earth. Carelessly one young man emptied the contents of his glass over his shoulder in my direction.

I tried to dodge the cloudburst of amber beverage, but, alas, too late. It caught me squarely in the face and—

I WOKE UP!

And still when one comes to think it over, considering the progress which the year 1908 saw in the way of airship navigation and polar efforts, that dream is within the realm of possibilities of the twentieth century. Less than 50 years ago the man who talked of saying "howdy" to a friend 1,500 miles away would be deported. To-day the telephone carries one's words as clearly as if spoken to parties in the same room.

So if an American should fall asleep in the year 1909 and awake 90 years hence, the things which would greet his eyes would make him [illegible] Rip Van Winkle.

[illegible] the north pole will [illegible] made within the lifetimes of many citizens of to-day. [illegible] that is what the scientists [illegible]. They say the mere discovery of the pole is simple. It is the conquering of [illegible] which must be surmounted that [illegible] and efforts.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Here is the way Mr. Baldwin [illegible]:

"Give me a cargo of logs, another of casks partly filled with emergency supplies and a single vessel specifically constructed, and I can go from Behring strait to the pole right across the Arctic ocean. Scatter the logs, portable houses and casks upon a group of heavy ice floes, surrounding the ship shifting the supplies if necessary by windlasses, motors or dogs, and we'll succeed. A single crew can handle the three cargoes. Had the Jeannette expedition adopted this plan it would have won. In support of my plan Rear Admiral Melville stated to me that a small house erected on the ice at the beginning of the drift of the Jeannette having blown away before it had been fastened down, was found two years later less than two miles from the ship, thus proving that the ship and ice proceed just as a balloon moves with the atmosphere in which it floats. With portable studios and laboratories, our artists and scientists may work with tranquillity. With balloons we will view a wide stretch of territory and as did the Baldwin-Zeigler expedition frequently, dispatch messengers homeward. With our logs as fuel we'll barbecue the walrus seal and polar bear. With the casks emptied we'll form a flotilla filled with duplicates of our collections."

That's the way Mr. Baldwin would do it. With your feet planted on the home hearthstone, the domicile good and warm, plenty to eat for each meal and no worries, it looks easy, doesn't it? But the obstacles which any expedition must face [illegible] known only [illegible] the man who has made such attempts [illegible].

[illegible] with polar expeditions, it is said. [illegible]

[illegible]

WELLMAN'S AIRSHIP IN A SNOW STORM

COMMODORE PEARY

CAPT. BOWSER'S METHOD

[illegible] newspaper man, who two years ago was assigned by his paper to find the north pole. The assignment was given him when politics which he had been covering had sort of died down in Washington.

So Mr. Wellman went way up north, far away from Sweden, and after spending a long time in the construction of his aerial pole-finder he set sail in his airship in a snowstorm. The snow was thick high up in that cold climate and it got into the pilot's eyes. Consequently the expedition was abandoned for the time.

Next June, however, Mr. Wellman will again set sail for the pole with the assurance that his machine will perform at least part of the journey satisfactorily. On ethereal subjects Wellman has become an expert. He has also had real polar experience. Mr. Wellman not long ago declared that his airship is, for his own purpose of finding the pole, more efficient than that of Count Zeppelin, which can sail all day long without dropping to earth for more gasoline.

Commodore Peary is to-day scrutinizing arctic regions for signs of the location of the pole. He will go as far north as is possible on his polar ship Theodore Roosevelt, and dogs and sledges will take him the rest of the distance. It will be several years, probably, before the real fruits of this expedition become known to newspaper readers of America.

Many lives have been lost in the quest for the pole. That and the south pole, located somewhere in the Antarctic, are the only undiscovered parts of this wide world, and the nation which plants its flag on either of the poles will be lucky, for then it will own the end of the earth.

[illegible] Capt. Bowser, a Chicagoan, who was [illegible] his scheme [illegible] was firm in his belief that he would find the pole in his especial [illegible] was designed to roll [illegible] a [illegible] small holes at each end. He [illegible] South Haven, Mich., which is a summer resort. He reached South Haven in the winter and he was found frozen on the beach.

The wind and waves carried Capt. Bowser [illegible] miles across Lake Michigan from Chicago and the indications were that his death occurred half way across the lake. Inside of his round shell he lay upon a board around which the object revolved, it being [illegible].

Bowser received a Christian burial, which is better than lots of unfortunate explorers have received for their efforts.

The north pole is a peculiar thing. It shifts [illegible] from day to day and not over a year ago a Swedish scientist allowed to escape his system the assertion that the pole was moving towards Siberia. Of course if the north pole keeps on moving like that, how can it expect to be discovered? ask skeptical persons.

The reason the north pole is said to be playing hide and seek is said to be this:

The earth revolves on its axis from west to east. Hence centrifugal forces tend to pull the regions of the equator outward, thus having the tendency to flatten at the poles. This flattening process is irregular and as a consequence the "top" and "bottom" of the earth tend to [illegible] about from place to place.

Try this scheme with a rubber ball. Soft rubber is best; it shows the flattening better than hard rubber. Push a nail through the ball, making it an axis, and then tie strings to each end of the nail. Hold the strings in your right hand and twirl them over your head. During the twirling you notice that the ball becomes flatter at each end and bulges slightly on the sides. That's why the poles are shifting. The earth moves at a rate of 19 miles a minute around its axis. Each day in revolving it has a journey of 25,000 miles, its circumference, to accomplish. It moves about 20 times as fast as the Chicago-New York 18-hour special. Is it any wonder it is flattening?

The dream above, which transplanted a citizen of the United States of the year 1909 to the year 1999, hence furnishes an ordinary example of things which may transpire when Peary, Baldwin or Wellman discover the north pole. Nobody has yet tried to discover the pole by the subway route, but somebody will, some day, and soon after they'll convict him of insanity.

TO APPEAL TO VARIOUS RACES.

Missionaries Provide "Holy Families" of Different Aspects.

A colporteur, delivering a New Year address before a Sunday school, displayed a number of pictures and images of the Holy Family.

"Here is a Holy Family for export to China," he said.

The children laughed, for the Mary of the group was a China woman, with dwarfed feet and slanting eyes; Joseph was an old Chinaman with a long, thin mustache and a queue; the sacred infant had the flat nose and oblique eyes of China.

"Here," said the colporteur, "is a Holy Family for the Congo people."

The children laughed again. Mary was now fat and black, with woolly hair; Joseph was a stalwart black warrior, a spear in his hand, a girdle of feathers about his waist; the infant, too, was black.

"Our Holy Families for missionary use," the colporteur explained, "are always made in the likeness of the people they are to go among. Those simple and childlike people would be estranged by a white Holy Family. Only this sort shows them the Deity's real kinship with themselves."

TOLD TO USE CUTICURA.

After Specialist Failed to Cure Her Intense Itching Eczema—Had Been Tortured and Disfigured But

Was Soon Cured of Dread Humor.

"I contracted eczema and suffered intensely for about ten months. At times I thought I would scratch myself to pieces. My face and arms were covered with large red patches, so that I was ashamed to go out. I was advised to go to a doctor who was a specialist in skin diseases, but I received very little relief. I tried every known remedy with the same results. I thought I would never get better until a friend of mine told me to try the Cuticura Remedies. So I tried them, and after four or five applications of Cuticura Ointment I was relieved of my [illegible]. I used two sets of the Cuticura Remedies, and I am completely cured. Miss Bar[illegible], [illegible] Highland [illegible], Md., Jan. 9, 1908."

[illegible]

Good Judge of Human Nature.

"Jones says he can [illegible] men's occupations from their appearance."

"Yes, [illegible] can. He can spot a [illegible] as far as he can see him."—Detroit Free Press.

CATARRH IN HEAD.

Pe-ru-na – Pe-ru-na.

MR. WM. A. PRESSER.

MR. WILLIAM A. PRESSER, 1722 [illegible] Ave., Moline, Ill., writes:

"I have been suffering from catarrh in the head for the past two months and tried innumerable so-called remedies without avail. No one knows how I have suffered not only from the disease itself, but from mortification when in company of friends or strangers.

"I have used two bottles of your medicine for a short time only, and it effected a *complete medical cure*, and what is better yet, the disease has not returned.

"I can most emphatically recommend Peruna to all sufferers from this disease."

Read This Experience

Mr. A. Thomas, [illegible], Box 65, R. R. 1, Martel, Ohio, writes: "When I began your treatment my eyes were inflamed, *nose was stopped up* half of the time, and was sore and scabby. I could not rest at night on account of continual *hawking and spitting.*

"I had tried several remedies and was about to give up, but thought I would try Peruna.

"After I had taken about one third of a bottle I noticed a difference. I am now *completely cured*, after suffering with catarrh for eighteen years.

"I think if those who are afflicted with catarrh would try Peruna they would never regret it."

Peruna is manufactured by the Peruna Drug M'f'g. Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Ask your Druggist for a Free Peruna Almanac for 1909.

A Safe and Sure Cough Cure.

Kemp's Balsam

Does not contain Opium, Morphine, or any other narcotic or habit-forming drug.

Nothing of a poisonous or harmful character enters into its composition.

This clean and pure cough cure cures coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It has saved thousands from consumption.

It has saved thousands of lives.

A 25c. bottle contains 40 doses.

At all druggists', 25c., 50c. and $1.

Don't accept anything else.