

TWENTY FAMOUS MEN; ONE WHO IS LIVING

By Thomas Tapper

It is easy to make up many lists of twenty famous men; but very difficult to settle on THE twenty famous men. In fact, the latter is impossible. Too many famous men have lived to reduce the number to that number.

A good many people have been interested, of late, in famous men. Some of them, perhaps, have looked up the meaning of this word; it comes from the Greek, and means "to speak." The famous man "speaks" his message to the world, and leaves what he does as a record.

There is a remarkable article in the Cosmopolitan Magazine for March, 1912, entitled "New Splendors of Old Rome." It tells about the discovery of Professor Dante Vaglieri. This scholar is devoting himself to uncovering the remains of the ancient seaport city of Ostia. He is bringing to light the evidences of a civilization older than the ancient cities of Pompeii or Herculaneum.

After years of study and preparation this man began to dig in the earth to find the splendors that remain of the once famous city of Ostia. He has been doing this for four years. Meanwhile, the earth has been revolving on its axis, as usual, the world has kept going on, people have loved, worked and tried to meet the increased cost of living. But in the midst of all these present-day problems, Professor Vaglieri has kept on digging to discover a thing that disappeared from sight centuries ago.

Is he wasting his time in these days of practical affairs? Or is what he is doing worth while?

To answer these questions we must be sure we understand what he is doing. In the course of his work he finds statues, columns, mosaic floors, archways, coins and the like. They all form a part of the now ruined city. Look for a moment at the buildings and the life that animates any modern

city today, then close your eyes and try to imagine what it would all be like if it were buried under fifty feet of dirt for two thousand years.

What would be the good of trying to find such remains? This is the question that confronts Professor Vaglieri. And his answer is this:

The world today, and every person in it, is benefited by all the knowledge that can be had about how people have lived. The buried city of Ostia as it lies before the explorer is precisely like a history of the United States in your hands. When you read the history you must try to see the life of which it tells. That is the only value it has. To Professor Vaglieri the excavated city of Ostia is a volume of history. Everything he finds in it is a word, and by reading the words, one by one, he learns about the life that is told in them. He knows what kind of buildings lived in those days. He discovers how the houses people lived in were arranged for use and comfort. He sees in the art treasures he finds how human mind reached out to do beautiful things.

He finds the principal street of the town, leading from east to west. In it he sees the traffic passing daily from the harbor to the sea and returns. The theatre tells very plainly that the people were lovers of pleasure. Even the machinery for stage setting and for lifting the curtain is here. And it all seems to say that, after all, life was very much the same in its desires then as it is now.

Some day Professor Vaglieri hopes to find the wharves and the buried harbor, where probably there will be discovered in the sand an ancient ship or two. Today, he says, Rome is a city of little industry; a non-productive city, because it is not directly connected with the sea. But in the days of Ostia it was so connected. And maybe it will be again.

Many good results can come from this man's digging up ancient things, for back of them is life—and that is never ancient.

You should read about the work of this man. It will make plain to you

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VINCENT ASTOR.

Vincent Astor, son of John Jacob Astor, and heir to the greater part of the \$200,000,000 Astor fortune by the death of his father, reported to have perished on the Titanic. He will also be head of the American Astor family, and its official representative in many enterprises. One of the stories told last summer, at the time of the father's marriage to 19-year-old Madeline Force (who survives her husband) was that young Vincent had been interested in Miss Force before his father met her.

how valuable the work of the scholar is. He is no mere lover of old statues and the like, for themselves. To him they shed light upon the great questions of life, which are as important now as they were two thousand years ago.

"As the years flit by," he says, "the importance of Ostia, a lesson in stone, will steadily increase, and before my mission is at an end I hope to make it visible to modern eyes as it was before Christ trod the earth and history began."

This man is justly famous, because he is making his work "speak."

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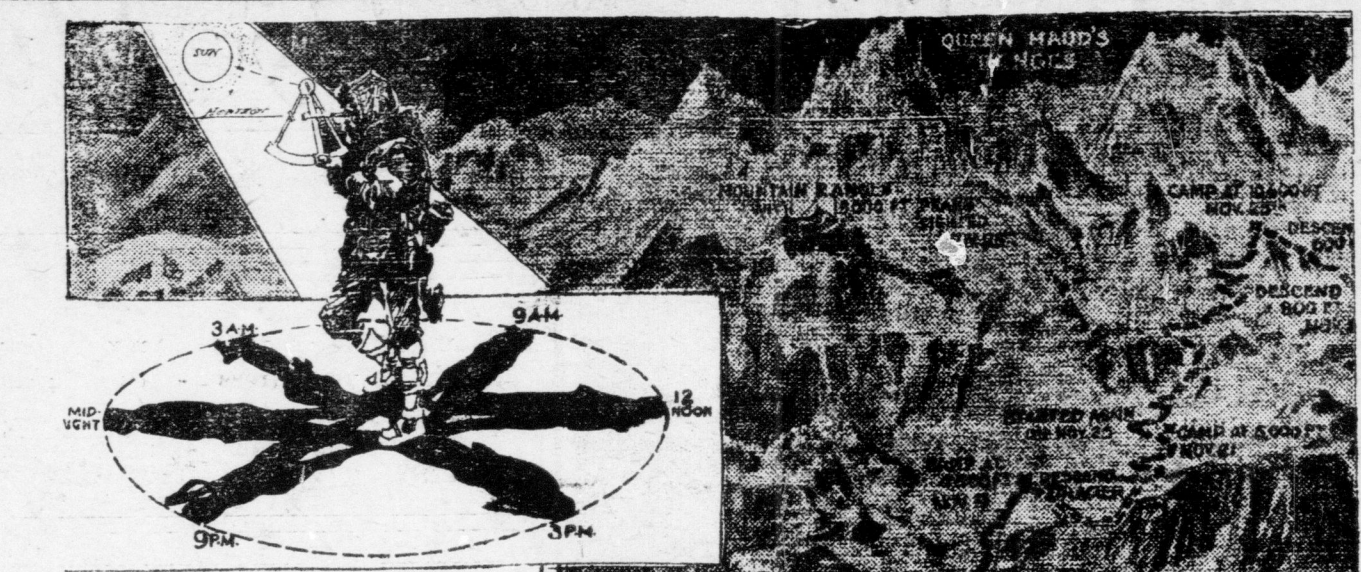
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The Climb to the Pole By Garrett P. Serviss

Startling Facts Concerning Amundsen's Wonderful Feat.

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HOW THE SEXTANT IS USED BY AN EXPLORER TO ASCERTAIN HIS EXACT LOCATION.

A birdseye view of the route taken by Captain Roald Amundsen to the South Pole looks like a mountain-crover's picture of the way up to an Alpine summit. IT WAS A CLIMB. After marching 82 miles across the wonderful plain of floating ice, called the Great Antarctic Ice Barrier—a frozen floor from 800 to 1,600 feet thick, which floats on the surface of the ocean—Captain Amundsen encountered the real edge of the South Polar Continent in the form of a lofty range of mountains, buried deep under snow and ice. Then he began to CLIMB and continued to "mount" higher for days, ascending first to 2,000 feet above the sea; then 4,500 feet; and finally, after some slight dips downwards, to 10,500 feet, which was the highest point he attained, although he saw, aside from his route, peaks 15,000 feet high.

A Great White Way.

The vast white stairway up the polar plateau, the greatest part of which Amundsen ascended in four days, is something over 40 miles long. Once on top of the immense snow-covered plain to which this strange climb led him, Amundsen found the surface comparatively level, as if he had arrived in the midst of a lofty prairie, where snow and ice and hummocks took the place of grass and trees. An almost straightaway march of about 2 1/2 miles, however, to the top of the plateau, brought him to the site of the South Pole, which is raised 10,500 feet above the sea.

Across the lofty plain, whose centre is the southern hub of the earth, fierce winds blew, charged with ice particles as piercing as needles, and Amundsen and his four companions now encountered their greatest difficulties. To the discomfort caused by the storms was added the exhaustion arising from the rarity of the air at an elevation of nearly two miles from sea level. But they pressed on, until on Dec. 14 their observations showed that they had reached the pole.

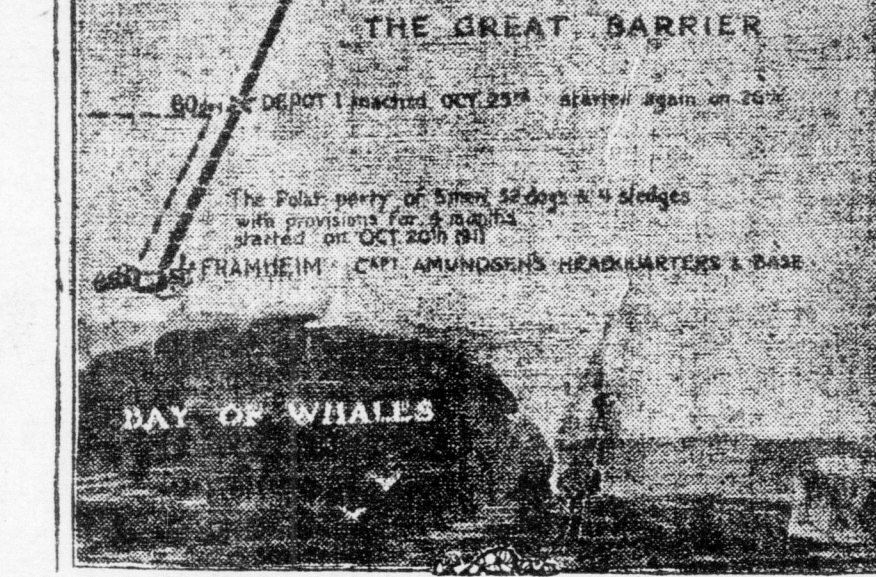
For them, east and west, and south itself, had vanished, and turn whatever way they would, they were always facing north.

Round them the sun, keeping about twenty-three degrees above the horizon, circled continually, neither rising nor setting, and neither getting perceptibly higher or lower. The course of twenty-four hours, when they saw this they knew that the pole was beneath their feet. But human senses are uncertain in their action, the atmosphere varies in its power to bend rays of light, and instruments are not perfect, and a small change in the elevation of the sun, too slight to be noticed, might mean that the observers were a mile or more from the true pole—and so, to make sure, they camped for three days, and repeated their observations again and again, and finally marched around the neighborhood of their camp, covering a circle of six miles, to make them absolutely confident that the pole could not lie outside the area that their feet had trod.

The instrument on which they principally depended to ascertain their location was the sextant. The way it is used is shown in the picture. To understand this it is necessary to remember that the height of the sun above the horizon at noon on any given date and at any given latitude may be known from astronomical tables calculated long in advance. At the poles the latitude is 90 degrees, and there, during the month of day which prevails alternately at each pole, it is always noon, because throughout the course of twenty-four hours the sun keeps at virtually the same elevation.

When, then, the explorer finds that the sun remains at the same elevation, as measured by his sextant, for twenty-

four consecutive hours, he knows that he must be at one or the other of the poles, because nowhere else would the sun remain for twenty-four hours at an unvarying altitude. The sextant is provided with mirrors so arranged that, while looking direct at the lines of the horizon, the observer can cause the image of the sun to move down until it touches the horizon. Then a gradual descent shows him at a glance the angle through which the sun's image has been moved, and that gives its elevation above the horizon. At sea the visible horizon can be employed for this purpose, but not on land. There, the explorer, like Capt. Amundsen, must use an artificial horizon, which consists of a dish filled with mercury, which is carefully levelled, and in which the image of the sun is reflected. In this case the angle between the sun as seen direct through the instrument and its image reflected in the mercury is just twice the altitude of the sun above the real horizon.



A BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE ROUTE TAKEN BY CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN TO THE SOUTH POLE.

Another Method. Another way in which an explorer could determine roughly whether he were at the pole or not, would be by erecting a vertical rod in the snow, and measuring at frequent intervals the length of its shadow as the sun passed around the sky. If the shadow always retained the same length, he would know that he was at the pole; but if the length varied during the twenty-four hours he could not be at the pole, and the side on which the shadow was shortest would show him which way the pole lay.

It is a curious fact, which may possibly have something to do with the slight unsteadiness of the earth on its axis, that while the South Pole lies in

the midst of a plateau of land nearly two miles high, the North Pole is situated in the centre of the basin of a sea, which is in places at least about two miles deep. Why this precisely opposite state of things exists it is impossible to say. One result of it, however, is that although it will be possible to erect at the South Pole a monument, that might stand for ages if its foundations were dug down through the snow to the solid rock, nothing of the kind could be done at the North Pole, because there is actual pole is at the bottom of the sea, and the explorer stands on a roof of floating ice which is gradually travelling away, while new ice takes its place.

One of the most significant things of all is the fact that round the South Pole, just as around the north one, wherever the naked rock can be reached, vestiges are found of a former age, when plants and animals in abundance flourished close about the ends of the earth's axis. There must have been a time, then, when a warm climate existed around the poles. Amundsen has simply corroborated Shackleton in finding indications of coal on the South Polar Continent. But if there is coal, there must have been other forms of vegetation from which coal is derived, and they could only have existed in a climate of tropical warmth. Some of Amundsen's party saw indications of quartz-bearing ledges, although they had no opportunity to search for gold. Nevertheless it is within the range of possibility that great gold deposits exist buried under the strange and gigantic burden of snow that covers the Antarctic as with a blanket of concealment.

had built for him in the past. Gambetta, "an incomparable strategist" took a liking to the young Marquis, and for him one day a teetotum which stopped ten times running with the word "Republic" uppermost, as against "Monarchy" on the opposite side.

The Duke de Broglie is remembered after thirty years "as a man of infinite culture and tried honesty of purpose, but always waiting for the seasons to fly ready roasted into his mouth." Today's France is the despair of our author. The old world, the old dominant culture, are gone. "Cosmopolitanism has swept my poor country like a great leveler." We have ceased to mount, we are rushing downhill, carelessly, without a moment's hesitation. "I see the France of the future looking like this: At the top, a calf, the calf of gold, broken down, a driver, a dotard. Above this malevolent though slumbering beast a huge hornet's nest, in which venomous insects have come swooping down from the four corners of humanity and swarm, rabidly despoiling all those whom they cross on their path."

The marquis is more to be reckoned with in his memoirs than in his despatches. "I see the France of the future looking like this: At the top, a calf, the calf of gold, broken down, a driver, a dotard. Above this malevolent though slumbering beast a huge hornet's nest, in which venomous insects have come swooping down from the four corners of humanity and swarm, rabidly despoiling all those whom they cross on their path."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARGET IN COWS.

An army officer, writing of the importance of the horse in warfare, says that automobiles have not appreciably lessened the demand for horses or mules in the army. One of these animals, he says, is needed for every man in a properly equipped military force. Immense numbers of horses perish in every war through starvation, it being almost impossible to provide forage for them during the exigencies of a campaign.

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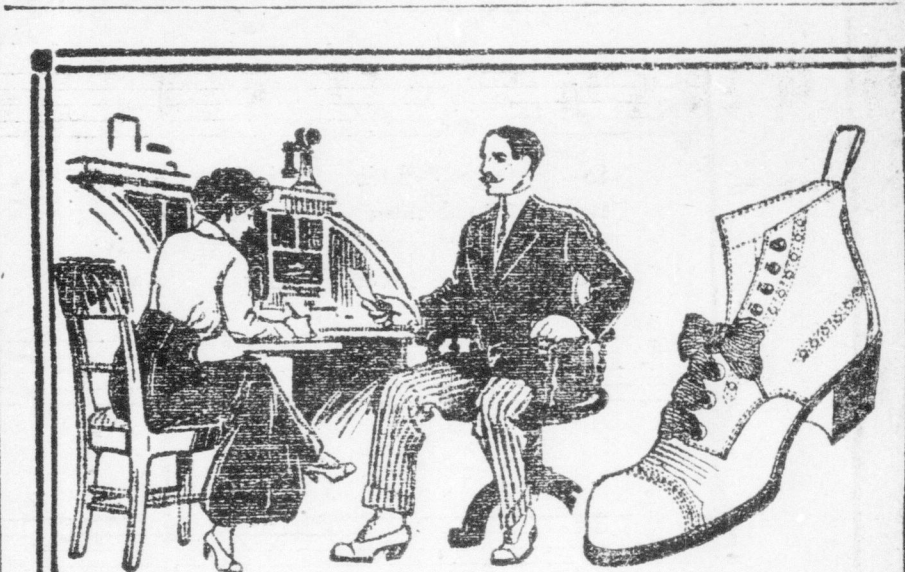
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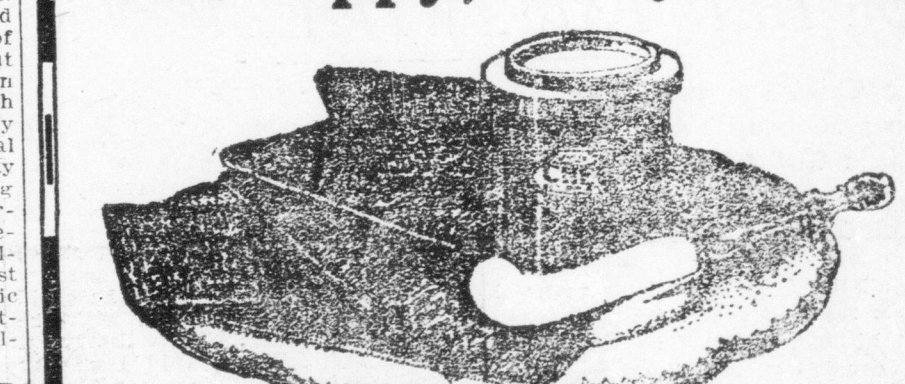
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Irish Jarvey: "Yis, sorr, that's the Devil's Dyke over there, and beyond is the Devil's Punch Bowl."
English Tourist: "Dear me, the Devil seems to own a lot of land in Ireland."
Jarvey: "Indee, sorr, he do; and, loike most of the landlards, he's always in England!"