

AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

THE ANTARCTIC WORLD

Lieutenant Shackleton, R. N., is planning a motor trip to the South Pole. He does not expect to go in the motor himself, but to use the machine to draw sledges. The explorers themselves will go on foot. In case the motor should come to grief upon the journey, a number of Manchurian ponies will be taken along, as well as a number of dogs. The exploring steamer, will shortly sail, and by January of next year, which is summer in the Antarctic World, she is expected to have reached King Edward VII. Land, where the party will land, after which the vessel will go to New Zealand and then wait until January 1909, when she will go south to pick up the party where they were left, and bring them back to England. The exploring party will consist of twelve people, of whom four or five will be experts in various lines. The men will all, it is possible, be such as have had experience in sledge journeys. The distance from the base of operations on King Edward VII. Land to the South Pole is estimated at seven hundred miles, and if no excessively heavy country has to be traversed, Lieut. Shackleton expects to make the journey in five weeks, which contemplates that twenty miles a day on an average will be made. The object of the expedition is not merely to reach the Pole, but to make such scientific observations as may be possible.

If little is known of the circum-polar Arctic World, less is known of that which surrounds the South Pole. Explorers have penetrated a considerable distance south at various points, but there is an area of approximately four million square miles about which nothing whatever is known. The general supposition is that it is a great land mass covered with an unpenetrable screen of ice and snow, but this is uncertain. It is not even known whether the circum-polar region consists of land or water. Every one who is at all familiar with maps, knows that there is a circle of land around the North Pole a little north of the Polar Circle, broken only in three places, namely by Behring Strait, Davis Strait and the wider channel between Greenland and Norway; also that south of the latitude of Cape Horn a belt of water encircles the globe. Within the land circle at the North there is apparently a body of water, and within the water circle at the south there is apparently a body of land, but both these matters are largely conjectural.

In some places on the South to which explorers have gone there is a remarkable ice barrier, towering hundreds of feet above the ocean, which dashes against its base. It may be of a little interest to readers if we mention that the very modern school which claims the earth is not a globe, but only a flat disc, insist that this ice barrier is the edge of the disc and that if one could climb it, he would find that beyond it there is only empty space; but it is proper to add that no one but themselves take this school of writers seriously, but they are serious enough to make up for the indifference of other people. There are, however, some things about the Antarctic World which have led others than flatdists to conclude that there may be surprises in store for us. Notwithstanding the general acceptance of the theory that the earth is a sphere, somewhat flattened towards the Poles, there are reasons for supposing that perhaps the two polar regions are not identical in shape, but that towards the South the earth grows larger and is shaped somewhat like a pear. The remarkable distribution of land and water has never been satisfactorily explained. We do not know whether the continents were thrown up out of the sea, or the sea was drained off the continents by virtue of some force which attracted it to the south and holds it there. We do not know whether, if we could measure from the surface of the sea off the Coast of Vancouver Island and along its surface off the Coast of King Edward VII. Land to the centre of the earth the distances in both cases would be equal. In other words there may be a heaping up of waters to the South. We do not suggest that Lieutenant Shackleton is likely to cast any light upon this point, but in a general way it may be said that we will never be quite certain of the shape of the earth until careful observations upon the swing of the pendulum have been made in the Antarctic World.

Is this great area of four million square miles inhabited by human beings or is any part of it habitable? The contemplated expedition may cast some light upon this question. The evidence so far is all for the negative, except that blocks of clay were found by some explorers in such a position as to suggest that had been placed there by human hands. This is very unsatisfactory evidence, because instances can be cited when small blocks of clay are arranged in heaps under conditions which render human agency out of the question. So far as we know there is very little in the Antarctic World to serve as either food or fuel for human beings; yet the power of mankind to adapt itself to any conditions whatever makes it within the range of possibility at least that somewhere in this vast region people may live. From the knowledge

at present possessed of the course of distribution of the human race it seems highly improbable that men live in this great southern land. If they do, they will not be akin to any existing races, but people who were cut off from the rest of mankind by one of the great geological changes of the past. It is, of course, supposable that people may have been driven south in more recent time by stress of weather and never have been able to return, but the distance between the Coast of the supposed Antarctic continent and habitable regions to the north is so great that such a suggestion seems highly improbable.

HELEN OF TROY

Helen of Troy belongs to the morning twilight of Grecian history. There have been some writers who deny that she belongs to history at all, and say that she is simply the personification of female loveliness and its charm for men, but this notion is the invention of a certain school of very recent origin, which deceives itself with the idea that the human race was different in bygone centuries from what it now is, and evolved myths of people out of natural phenomena, and a theology out of the winds and sunshine. There are doubtless many things told of Helen, which are mythological. Around her name many poetic fictions have been woven. She has become a symbol of all that is physically attractive and morally irresponsible in woman, but that she is an historical personage does not admit of a reasonable doubt. Homer, Hesiod and all the writers of ancient Greece treat her as they would any other person, although they ascribe attributes to her, which no individual could possess. They have, or rather the traditions of ancient Greece have, for these writers only told what had been handed down to them—made Helen a symbol of the love-inspiring power of woman, and age after age has surrounded her memory with all the qualities which go to make up perfect physical womanliness; but the early writers never pretended that she was otherwise than a woman, although they ascribed her paternity to Zeus himself.

Briefly told, the story of Helen, as usually accepted, is that she was daughter of Zeus and Leda, Queen of Sparta. She was exceedingly beautiful. At the age of ten she was stolen by Theseus and Pirithous, but was rescued by her brothers Castor and Pollux. She was greatly sought after, having no less than thirty of the princes of Greece among her suitors. Leda's husband, Tyndareus, called her admirers together and bound them by the most solemn oath to rescue Helen, in case she should be carried off from the husband, whom she should choose. Having thus secured or safety, as he thought, the king bade her select one out of the many aspirants to her hand. She chose Menelaus, King of Sparta, and was wedded to him accordingly. The story of Paris is familiar to all, and so it need only be very briefly mentioned here. He was son of Priam, King of Troy, and a youth remarkable for his exquisite form and features. He was a shepherd and was called upon by the goddesses Hera, Athena and Aphrodite, to decide which was fairest. Hera promised him dominion over Asia; Athena, military renown; and Aphrodite, that he should have Helen for his wife. He awarded the Golden Apple to Aphrodite, and was by her directed to go to Sparta and carry away the lovely wife of Menelaus. This he lost no time in doing—indeed Helen seems to have been not unwilling, and he took her to Troy, to which place he was followed, but only after ten years of preparation, by the Grecian princes, with 10,000 men and more than a thousand ships. Troy was besieged by them for ten years, and was finally taken, after which Helen, although in the meantime having lost Paris by his death, she had married his brother, returned to Menelaus, her first husband, with whom she lived in a state of great dignity until her death. This is in a general way the Homeric version of the story. But other accounts widely differ from it. One of them denies that she ever went to Troy, and asserts that she was taken from Sparta to Egypt, where she remained until after the fall of Troy, when she returned to Menelaus, Paris having been driven from Egypt by the king of that country. Another version tells that after the death of Menelaus, she was exiled from Sparta. Another says that the Greeks in their indignation compelled her to hang herself. The most poetical account of the ending of her career is that she was translated by Aphrodite to an island in the Black Sea, where she was betrothed to Achilles, and where she

was alleged to have been endowed with immortality. This story of Helen is more than thirty centuries old. It was preserved by a people in whom the poetic temperament was highly developed; but there seems to be a sufficient basis of fact to warrant the statement that she was the first incentive of the union of the Grecian peoples, which made that country so potent an influence in the ancient world. But her character is of greater value to the student of history because of the light it casts upon the ancient Greek conception of the nature of women and their place in social economy. Whether we take the story as told by Hesiod or Homer or in the Cyprian legends, the same qualities of mind are attributed to her. We pass by her possession of eternal youth. The years do not seem to have diminished her loveliness in the slightest degree, but this may be set down to poetic fancy. What is not fanciful is the fact that, although Helen was stolen by lovers when a child, she was none the less an object of affection on the part of men, who had the whole nation to choose from. She eloped with Paris; she discarded him for his brother Hector; she married another of the brothers; and yet when she returned to Sparta, although to her infidelity she had added gross treachery, she was received by Menelaus with honor. Through all these extraordinary transactions she does not appear to have lost any personal dignity or been conscious of any moral guilt. Homer represents her as weeping over the bloodshed, which her elopement had occasioned, but he does not hint that she felt that the purity of her womanliness was in any way impaired. He and the other writers of older times tell us that the Greeks reproached her for the death of so many of their valiant sons and brothers, but not one of them is asserted to have chided her for her personal conduct. It is true that much would probably be forgiven to one who was the very ideal of loveliness. It is said that in one of the tales that when Menelaus learned of the fall of Troy where she awaited him, he rushed into her presence with a drawn sword, vowing to slay her instantly, only to drop the blade when he came upon her standing defenceless except for her beauty. But none of the ancient poets seem to have thought it necessary to offer any apology for her conduct or her absolute indifference to the moral side of it. From this it may be argued, and that is the view of the case that in ancient Greece women were held to be hardly morally accountable for their acts, that they were simply the property of the men, who for the time being were able to possess themselves of them. It is not suggested that what is now called "free love" was practiced by the ancient Greeks, but only that women had not as yet risen to a plane of equality with man. She was the companion, the property, the wife in sense, the comrade, the controller sometimes of men, but never his equal in point of responsibility, of which indeed they seem to have entirely acquitted her. A knowledge of the status accorded to woman in the days of ancient Greece enables us the better to understand many things, which to our modern ideas are incomprehensible. Helen of Troy may be said to represent the type of woman in the days before the philosophy of her native land, the austere sternness of Rome, and lastly, the elevating tendencies of Christianity enabled her to rise to an equality in social economy with man.

WHAT SOCIETY NEEDS.

Several of the writers, whose works are represented in the Bible, have told us that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; but so far as we are aware none of them has said that fear was the end of wisdom. If a man does not steal because he fears that he may be detected and sent to prison, we may feel that our property is safe from him, but we would hardly rank him among the best of citizens. There is not very much difference in principle between "the fear of the Lord" and the fear of the law, because in both cases what is meant is fear of the consequences, either physical or spiritual.

Fear is about as far as many people get. To-day the whole civilized world, almost, is distracted over grave social and economic problems, and the reason is that our social and industrial economy is largely based upon fear. The railway president, who when asked what his rule was for deciding what freight rates he ought to charge, said: "All that the traffic will stand" was not essentially different from the man who would steal, if he was not afraid of being sent to the penitentiary. The men who form trusts and combines to put up prices of labor or commodities beyond what they ought reasonably to be, go just as far in the direction of taking what does not belong to them, as they dare. They have only reached the beginning of wisdom. If we are to have happy and prosperous communities, we must have something more than fear to dominate the real relations of men to one another.

The social unrest so conspicuous in the world to-day is a revolt against the rule of fear, not the fear of one section of the community for another, but from the dominance of fear as the governing principle of our conduct. We may look upon the teachings of Socialists as unreasonable, Utopian, impracticable and dangerous; but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that there must be something in the existing organization of society which gives rise to their propaganda. Socialism is not a disease of the body politic; it is the effort of society to shake off a disease. The rash in a case of measles is not a disease; it only shows that the patient has a disease. If we would get rid of the rash we must cure the disease. We look upon the source of social danger as something having its origin in the willingness of men to go just as far in the way of getting the better of their neighbors as the law will let them. Society has only attained the beginning of wisdom. It has laid down certain rules, and stands ready to punish those who are found guilty of violating them; but it has not yet reached the stage when it requires that men shall deal fairly by their neighbors because it is their duty so to do. When we are ready to stage all social problems will solve themselves. The idea of private ownership of property is not inconsistent with the most advanced social development. Notwithstanding the saying of Thomas Jefferson and many others to the same effect, all men are not born equal. We all do not enter the world on an equality, and the ingenuity of mankind is not competent to the evolution of any plan whereby equality of birth can be ascertained. Seeing that we do not start on an equal basis, perfect equality is something which cannot be hoped for. It can hardly be necessary to say that we do not mean social equality, and that the reference is only to individual equality. The son of a king may start under a far more serious handicap than the son of the humblest servant in the court. He may be handicapped with the burdens inherent in the blood of one who has not lived rightly. We are referring to equality of mental and physical quality. After this the question of environment must be considered, and it is impossible that all children can grow up with perfect equality of environment. Hence when men and women reach the age of discretion, they must inevitably be divided by wide differences, with which the gradations of society have comparatively little to do. Hence also there must always be inequalities in position and in the possession of property. The only way in which these inequalities can be so controlled, that there will be something like an equality of happiness, is to abandon the religion of fear for one of love.

THE STORY TELLER

Breaking It.
M. Jacques Bonhomme et sa femme were entertaining a company of select friends, says the Cleveland Leader. They had just got seated at table when the Baptist, the waiter, rushed into the room in a state of wild alarm, exclaiming: "Quick! A glass of wine."

"Everybody stared, but his wish was complied with and Baptiste swallowed at one gulp a glass of wine poured out by the lady of the house, who enquired what was the matter with him.

"Oh, madame, I am dreadfully upset. That glass of wine has done me good; it has brought me round. Only think! I have just had the misfortune to break your two large dessert dishes of Sevres porcelain."

"Suspicion justified.
"To be honest, to be prejudiced, to be suspicious is a bad habit to judge wrongly," said Governor Sheldon of Nebraska, to the Indianapolis Star, and makes a fool of himself in error.

"There was a very suspicious countryman who went to New York to see the sights. Coming to the Metropolitan Museum, he was amazed to find that the admission to this splendid building cost nothing. He mounted the steps and entered.

"Your umbrella, sir," said a uniformed official, extending his hand. The countryman jerked back his umbrella, laughed scornfully, and turned on his heel.

"I knowed there was some cheat about it when ye got in free," he said.

At School.
Master—If your friend borrows one thousand francs, agreeing to pay fifty francs a month, how much will he owe at the end of the year?

Pupil—A thousand francs.

Master—You do not know the elements of arithmetic.

That may be, but I know my friend.—Tales.

Yes, What About Them?
Local morning paper makes the alarming statement that thousands must die in China. What about the millions that must die elsewhere? We all get there in time.—Montreal Herald.

Convincing.
In the cafe they were speaking of the proposed new tax. "But then," cried the novelist Z., furiously, what can I do when I wish to prove that I am not making money?

X., his kind confrere, replied: "Do as the merchants do, show your books."—Le Figaro.

Agreed Unanimously.
First Railroad Man—"There is such a thing as carrying a thing too far."

Second R.R. Man—"Yes, especially at a 2-cent rate."

Squared Accounts.
H. L. Jinks—"Did you ever hear of one permanently spending?"

E. Z. Marks—"Yes, I have."

H. L. Jinks—"I don't believe it. How much?"

E. Z. Marks—"He spent two weeks in the country."

Not to Blame.
A Massachusetts man recently came to grief in a horse transaction. After his purchase he sought out the man and demanded what the owner had meant by telling him the horse was "without a fault."

"This morning I discovered that the beast is blind in one eye," protested the purchaser. "You weren't telling me the truth, you know."

"Aw, gwan!" came from the harden-ed dealer. "That ain't his fault; that's his misfortune."—Harper's Weekly.

Yarn All Right.
When a lawyer tells a story, does he make it a brief yarn?—Montreal Herald.

Sounds Fishy.
Bunker—"We are our friend Hazard, who was always kicking because he wasn't on the inside, has got there at last!"

Bunker—"How'd he manage it?"

Bunker—"Well overboard down near Bermuda, and a shark swallowed him!"

Excuse me for butting in," said the goat to the comic editor, "but I wanted to set you right. Don't be a nature faker."

"What's the matter?"

"I have made careful inquiry," replied the visitor, "and have found no evidence that any goat ever nibbled a tin can or other metallic substances."

"Much obliged."

THE STORY TELLER

One day the Chicago youth was wandering about the farm, closely examining the top, sides and sides of a certain trim, well-made object fenced round in the paddock.

"What are you searching for?" asked the owner of the place, with a quizzical smile.

"Where are the doors and windows?" asked Jimmy.

"Doors and windows? Why, Jimmy, that's a haystack."

"Look here, old man," exclaimed Jimmy, "I may be only a green person from the city, but you can't bluff me that way. Hay doesn't grow in jumps like that!"—Harper's Weekly.

What Did He Say
It was a windy afternoon, and the young man was very well dressed in his neat bowler hat to the smartly polished shoes. He seemed to know that he was worth looking at, for he kept glancing at himself in the shop windows and pulling down his cuffs.

At the corner, one of those sudden gusts of wind which seemed to come from nowhere, blew his bowler hat.

He saw a hat rolling down the street, through every bit of mud and dirt visible. Of course he hurried off to get it.

At last the hat ran into the kerbstone near a corner street lamp, and with a pounce he was upon it. All flushed and breathless, he picked it up and then leaned against the lamp post to rest.

A man, also flushed and breathless, came running up, and took the hat out of his hands.

"I'm much obliged," said he.

"For what?"

"This is my hat."

"Where's mine, John?"

"Hanging behind you at the end of a string."

Then the well-dressed young man remembered that for some time he had put on a hat guard that afternoon.

On one occasion a person entered Professor Agassiz's room with a picture which he desired to sell, denominated a "Bird's-eye View of Cambridge." The professor contemplated it for a moment, lifted his eyes, looked at the vendor of the picture, and said with his characteristic accent: "Well, I thank my stars that I am not a bird!"—Boston Transcript.

Mr. Scribner (impressively)—What ever you do never marry a newspaper man.

School Friend—"Why not?"

"I married one and I know. Every night my husband brings home a lot of newspapers from all over the country which drive me crazy."

"The newspapers?"

"Indeed they do. They are just crammed with the most astonishing bargains in shops a hundred miles away."—Tales.

"I put in a small advertisement for a shipping clerk last week," said a merchant, "and I got a lot of replies. One of the replies amused me. It was from a man who wrote: 'Let me see you.'"

He took from his wallet a letter and read:

"Dear Sir: In response to your small ad, would say am applicant for post designated, and if taken on am sure would suit."

"I understand shipping in all its branches, having had seventeen years' experience in same."

"Would say further that I can always write a good letter, even when I am drunk."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"No," said Kadey, "I never associate with my inferiors, do you?"

"Really, I can't say," replied Miss Cutting, "I don't think I ever met any of your inferiors."—Philadelphia Press.

"Miserly gave the fireman who saved his life when his house was on fire 50 cents for carrying him down the ladder."

"Did the fireman take it?"

"Partly. He gave Miserly 20 cents in change."—Baltimore A.Merican.

"That boy in college has writ home for \$100," said the old man.

"What for?"

"For a wine supper."

"Didn't he write in Greek?"

"No, by thunder! It was written in plain Georgia, with 'God bless our home' and 'How's all the family?' at the end!"—Atlantic Constitution.

The Office Boy—Den youse fires me without givin' me a chance to resign? Employers—I do. Get out.

The Office Boy—A right. But I'll leave my address, where youse kin send yer apology in case dis affair turns to be a Tillman joke or a Swet-Turnam jest.—Judge.

"G-good evening!" said the young man who had come to speak to the girl's father.

"God evening!" replied the old gentleman. "You look a little nervous. How do you feel?"

"Flattered," replied the young man. "I was afraid I looked scared to death."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Mr. John W. Gates was discussing women's ideas about business, the other night. He said a woman whom he knew once mailed her broker this note:—

"Please buy for my account 1,000 shares of P. D. & Q. at 75. Sell it and be sure to send me the profits by noon tomorrow, as I am going out of town."—New York Sun.

Charity—Would you please give a poor man a dime?

"My dear sir," replied the philanthropist, "you have not grasped the first principle of charity. A dime would be of small avail, but with \$10 you could do something. Still, I am favorable to your plea. You hustle \$2.50 and the 'dear old man' is yours."

"But supposing that meanwhile I starve to death?"

"In that case," responded the philanthropist, "you won't need even ten cents."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Peer—Were any of your ancestors ever painted?

The Laborer—Yes, my grandmother had her neck painted for the mumps.

—Ally Sloper.

Servant Girl—I left my last place because I could not get enough to eat. Master—You won't find that the case here. My wife does the cooking and there is always a lot left after every meal.

CURRENT VERSE

Song of Empire
God bless our Empire vast;
O'er it Thy mercy cast;
Protecting Power;
May every colony
And each dependency
Be true to all and true;
Their shield and tower.

Where northern lights do glow
On glacier, berg and snow;
Where the fierce tropic pains
Where fall torrential rains;
O'er range and torrid plains—
Reign, Thee alone!

God bless our Motherland;
May she for ever stand
From the heart of the free;
Head of all nations' laws;
First in each noble cause;
Averter still of wars;
Make her to be.

Bless Thou our Sovereign King;
May his reign ever bring
Peace to all peace;
And though the seas divide,
Let every branch abide;
Staunch in its source and guide;
And strong in Thee.

Da Coward Dags Man.
I never see a scare, so coward man,
Like Malatesta, from Milan.
You but my life, boss—'at you call?
Hess 'chicken heart', eet sees so small
You no can find da cheeng at all
You ees da man eet out da row
Dat happen lasta Frida night!
No, No, he ees alive all right;
But now we'en he ees gattin' wail,
An' all polsees ees ask heen t'at
You ees da man eet out da row,
He josta say, 'I don't know.
Now, w'at you theenk soot coward man
Dat bade man from Seccily,
Giusseppe Galdi, pull hees knife,
An' den, so lik eet, eet eet eet
He ees da jump—soot an' steek
Poor Malatesta dees wail!
Dat—presto! He ees gon' an'—eh?
Why don't t'at den w'at I see?
Me t'at polsees? Excusa me!
You see, he ees gon' wail, so
So queeck da had man run away—
An' too, my eyes ees poor at night—
You see, ees mebbe so I might
Be wrong 'bout Galdi. Soot meesta!
Bos possiblee, you know, to mak
Excidies, w'at for I care? You see,
Eet sees no becazess for me.
Da man dat's eet he ees da best
To t'at polsees for mees arrest.
But Malatesta, from Milan,
He ees coward dago man;
Hees chicken heart eet sees so small
You no can find da cheeng at all!
—T. A. Daily in Catholic Standard and Times.

Our Fanny Language
You take a swim,
You say you're swim;
You noddle you trim,
But never trum;
And noddle you swim,
But never skum.

When the words you speak,
Those words are spoken;
If a noddle you speak,
He ees w'at you mean;
He ees w'at you mean;
Nor can you seek
And say you're spoken.

If a top you spin,
The top is spun;
If a hat you spin,
Yet it's not spun;
Nor can a grin
Be ever grin.

If we forget,
Thee we've forgotten;
Yet if we bet,
We haven't botten.
No home we lost,
Is ever totten.
What we upset
Is not upstotten.
Now, don't you think
Our language totten?

—New York World.

It Doesn't Cost Money
It doesn't cost money, as many suppose,
To have a good time on the earth;
The best of his pleasures are free to all
Who know how to value their worth.

The sweetest of music the birds to us sing,
The loveliest flowers grow wild;
The finest of drinks gush out of the spring—
All free to man, woman and child.

No money can purchase, no artist can paint
Such pictures as nature supplies
Forever, all over, to snare and to bait,
Who use to advantage their eyes.

Kind words and glad looks and smiles
Cheery and brave;
Cost nothing—no, nothing at all;
And yet all the wealth Monte Cristo could save.

Can make such pleasures befall.
To bask in the sunshine, to breathe the
pure air,
Honest toil, the enjoyment of health,
Sweet slumber, refreshing these pleasures we share
Without any portion of wealth.

Communism with friends that are tried,
True and strong,
To love and be loved for love's sake—
In fact, all that makes a life happy and
Are free to whoever will take.

Wait Awake
To let one's fancy range;
To play the bed is so,
The window so, as it used to be
In that home of long ago.

To play the door is here:
The street and crisscross there;
And then to wait, as I used to wait,
For the step upon the stair.

To count as the footsteps pass,
New names and old;
How personal they sound at night;
What company they are!

Some briak and some sadate,
I wonder where they go;
And I crowses a little, all suddenly
The dear, dear step I know.

The start of joy, the flush,
The tender, happy thrill,
And the oh, God! I am homeless and
old.

And his grave is on the hill!
—Gertrude Huntington McGiffert in
July Century.

Some Bloom
There is a spot in every heart,
Deep down below the world,
The human nature keeps apart
In sacred incense furled.

Not love or man nor love of maid
Can ever hope to be
Sacred ground that spot to fade
From dearest memory.

Not love of any mortal may
Reign o'er this sacred spot;
For she who ruled it rules today,
Although we see her not.

Oh, mother! queen of every heart,
Not if nor child that space
Can ever hope by any art,
To rule, nor take your place!

—Nancy Robinson in Table Talk.