MISS PECK AT TOP ANYHOW

Whether Huascaran is 24,000 Feet Up or 22,187---Triangulation is Very Nice, But Refraction is a Bother.

New York, Feb. 24.—Miss Annie S. Peck the alpinist, who conquered Mt. Huascaran of the Peruvian Andes, in September, 1908, thinks that if other women want to go around triangulating her mountains and find profit in so doing that is their business. As for her self, she believes that there are no women's records in mountain climbing that are worth while going after, and she hopes only that some day she may be able to compete with men for men's records over in the Himalayas.

What Miss Peck thinks in the matter of other women triangulating her mountains is prompted by a letter in the current number of the Geographical Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of England, written by Mrs. Fanny Bullock Workman, another American woman who finds no activity so fascinating as that of scaling pecks which had never been scaled before. Mrs. Workman's letter, published as it is in the most sanctified court of the last resort for things geographical, is short; but its tenor is sufficient to give Miss Peck opportunity for the expression of some opinion. Under the heading "Height of Mount Huascaran" Mrs. Workman's letter reads:

In July last Mrs. F. Bullock Workman sent a party of expert engineers, under direction of the Societe Generale d'Etudes et de Gravaux Topographiques of Paris, to Peru, to make a reliable triangulation of the height of the two peaks of Mount Huascaran. The head of the mission, M. de Larmin at, especially chosen for the work by Messrs. Fr. Schrader and Henri Vollot, has returned and rendered his preliminary report to Mrs. Bullock Workman, which is as follows: "The altitude of the north summit of Huascaran, claimed to have been climbed by Miss Peck, of United States of America, and estimated by her at 24,000 feet was found to be 21,812 feet. The height of the south summit works out at 22,187 feet.* The final calculations, which are now being gone over by M. Vallot for verification, may show a variation of a few feet. The full report of the results will be submitted later.

*Mr. C. R. Enock, in his book on Peru, gives the height as trigonometrically fixed at 22,180 feet, a close approximation of the above figures.

23,300 Feet.

A fact of parenthetical application here is that Mrs. Workman climbed Yun Kun in the Himalayas and found its height to be 23,300 feet. If Miss Peck's estimate of the height of Hauscaran as 24,000 feet stands approved by the scientific world then to Miss Peck goes the honor of having been 700 feet higher up in the world than any other woman.

Miss Peck is now at the Hotel Alabama in this city. She lives on the eighth floor and the elevator boy says she never uses his machine. When seen at the hotel yesterday Miss Peck had some things to say about Mrs. Workman's enterprise in sending engineers from Paris to Peru to calculate by triangulation the heighth of Huascaran. She began:—

"If Mrs. Workman chose for scientific or other reason to send engineers to South America to make a triangulation of Huascaran, the height of which above the saddle I had merely estimated, as I then stated, being unable on account of the high wind to take observations on the summit, she was perfectly within her rights in doing so. While Mrs. Workman has frequently announced her readiness to furnish evidences of altitude claimed by herself, she does not seem always ready to give them to inquirers. I wrote to her some time ago and said that I would be interested in seeing some of the figures of altitudes she had taken in the Himalayas, and she replied that they had not been published; nor did she offer to give them to me personally."

Miss Peck explained that the reason why she had been able to give only what she believed to be a close approximation of the height of Huascaran had been that she and her guides arrived at the summit at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, one of her hands was frozen thus preventing her from lighting the candle under the hypsometer she carried, and that when one of the guides tried twenty matches in the high wind then sweeping over the peak and failed to light the candle the lateness of the hour and the danger of the down trail forced them to abandon efforts to make exact observations on the top of the mountain.

Her Estimate.

She had the height of the saddle between the two peaks, where exact observations were possible, and the remaining height between the saddle and the summit had necessarily been estimated, Miss Peck said. But there were plenty of authorities on mountain climbing, she added, who would not be wholly convinced of the correctness of the revised figures on the height of Huascaran supplied by Mrs. Workman's engineers.

"In reference to the accuracy of triangulation of figures," she said, "I have only to cite the well known authority A. L. Mumm, who in his recent work 'Five Months in the Himalayas' has this to say about the accuracy of such measurements:—

"The results of triangulation do not always agree. Even when they actually coincide they cannot be accepted as unimpeachable. There is reason to suppose that the effect of refraction is not sufficiently understood, the allowances made for it are only accurate; the higher we note the summit to be measured the larger the possibility of error. Bearing this fact in mind it will be seen that any one who tries to form a decided opinion as to what persons are entitled to the honor of having reached the highest elevations has a pretty tangle to unravel.' "

Miss Peck said that Dr. Norman J. Collie, the author of "Climbing on the Himalayas," had cited an instance of how in his belief the allowance of double the usual amount for refraction in taking the elevation of the unconquered peak K2 of the Himalayas had made an error of 4,000 feet in the final computation of the mountain's height. "Any one who chooses to accept Mrs. Workman's figures is surely free to do so," Miss Peck continued, "and if he likes he may call her the champion woman mountain climber as well. I have been much more concerned in my work to measure it with that of men rather than that of other women."

Food Shortage? No, But Food Corner And Lordly Profits

GOOD EVENING! HAVE YOU BARKED TODAY?

Angus Gordon, Clinching His Exposure of Food Trust Ringsters in Chicago, Tells of the Vast Quantities of Foodstuffs He Found in Four Cold Storage Plants---Vast Caverns Filled With Products of the Farm and Barnyard---Artificial Shortage to Force Famine Prices.

By Angue Gordon.

Chicago, Feb. 24.—One hundred and twenty-five million eggs, 8,250,000 pounds of butter, 4,250,000 pounds of poultry, 85,000 barrels of apples—reader, if you should see this vast store of farm products piled up in four cold storage plants, would you believe the food trust's story that a country-wide shortage of those products was the cause of the scoaring prices for food?

You would not!

And if I wanted to, I could not believe it as I looked upon this wealth of good things. And when I remember the millions and millions of pounds of meats and other foods that bulge the walls of scores and scores of other warehouses in this one city of Chicago, I will not believe the Mother Goose shortage yarn, though the criminal ringsters repeat it a thousand times a thousand times. Not for a minute!

But we'll only talk about those four plants—eggs, butter, poultry, apples. I'll tell you what I saw at the cold storage warehouses of Swift and Co., Armour and Co., the Booth Fisheries Co., where there is today enough food to give five dozen eggs, four pounds of butter, two pounds of chicken or turkey and a quart of apples to every one of the two million people in Chicago!

One Bayliss, a foreman, guided me through the Illinois cold storage plant owned by Swift and Co. One huge room 94 feet long and 47 feet wide was piled to the ceiling with 8000 60-pound butter tubs—480,000 pounds of butter. All of the Swift butter rooms held 2,500,000 pounds. Their egg and poultry rooms I found to have the same dimensions. Some 18,000,000 eggs were in the building, and 1,500,000 pounds of poultry.

Armour's egg rooms were the same vast caverns packed tight with cases—90,000,000 eggs in this and other Armour Chicago warehouses, Supt. Tom Vaughan told me, and 1,500,000 pounds of butter in five rooms in this building. In one of these rooms I gazed in awe at 8000 tubs of butter of 60 pounds each—480,000 pounds of butter—and most of it had been right in that room for two years. Waiting for prices to go away down, do you think? or away up to famine heights?

In this same Armour warehouse I saw the wonderful sight of 1,250,000 pounds of poultry, all ready for the market when the price gets high enough—not lower.

Chief Engineer Whelan took me through the Booth fisheries plant and showed me rooms containing a total of 18,000,000 eggs, 2,500,000 pounds of butter, 1,500,000 pounds of chickens and turkeys.

Food gamblers were holding 1,750,000 pounds of butter in the Gibson Fruit Co's warehouse when I visited there. In three rooms the company had 85,000 bushels of Oregon apples, and the odor of them struck on my nostrils like perfume after the often noisome eggs and meat rooms.

I inquired after costs. Mechanical Engineer Kane of the Illinois Cold Storage Co. said 1-3 of a cent per dozen eggs will pay not only for the cost of operating the plant, but for the cost of handling, interest on fixed investment and all. Butter may be held for years at a net cost not exceeding 1-5 of a cent per pound a year. The cost of refrigerating meats is slight.

And so when the trust in the spring buys eggs at 10 to 16 cents per dozen and sells them in the winter for 25 or 30 cents, the difference is practically all profit. And the same with butter, bought at 25 and often less and sold for 35 cents per pound. So, too, with fowls, and to a great extent with the other flesh foods.

Do not forget that I am telling you about only four of Chicago's many cold storage warehouses, and only four of the 800 cold storage plants in the cities all over this plentiful land—800 storehouses filled with the nation's plenty at a time when prices are the very highest. And please remember that those same high prices are fixed by the Chicago food trust and become the basis of value from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Food shortage? No sir! Food corner? Yes—an artificial shortage deliberately caused to force high prices, to make big profits, to take from the public the money the trust must have to pay dividends on its capitalization.

OZONE LINE OVER THE SEA

This Aviator Sorry, But the Fine Boats Are Doomed---Nothing But Freight When Airships Arrive.

New York, Feb. 24.—Karl Leps, who was once in the business of arranging marine shows and who got here yesterday by the Hamburg-American liner Kaiserin Auguste Victoria after a tumultous and unusually protracted trip, said he regretted much that he had to announce the impending withdrawal from the Atlantic not only of such splendid ships as the Kaiserin herself but also of every other liner doing a passenger business. The former expresses of the sea, within a few years only, would be plebian cargo carriers, stripped of all their fine decorations. How beautiful the passage of the Kaiserin would have been if she could have sailed, as the Leps leviathans will, far above the riot of sea in the stormless cerulean!

Mr. Leps speaks English with several strata of accent, although he says that he has been in America fourteen times. An interpreter helped him explain how he was going to revolutionize seagoing or knock it into a cocked hat. The Leps airship, it was true, was not known very well in Germany because its evolutions had been performed in escret and so high in the air that the general public could not see them. Mr. Leps had made, he said, 216 ascensions, and one stayed off the earth three days and a quarter with eight men aboard, plying space between Munich, Cologne and Frankfort. There was no publication of this remarkable performance, but how could there be when the ship was out of sight.

Fifty Feet Long.

This experimental ship, a combination gas bag and aeroplane device, with propellers, is or was only fifty feet long. The first vessel of the Ozone Line would take the air next spring. It was now building in Hamburg. It would be 300 feet long and capable of carrying seventy persons and of going 100 miles an hour if pressed. Only nine passengers would be taken on the first trip to America. The ship would sail from Hamburg to Plymouth and would go thence to Valentia, the westermost port of the British Isles, off the County Kerry, which Mr. Leps says is ust 1,600 miles, as the crow flies, and as the airship may fly, to St. Johns, Newfoundland. After receiving congratulations of the people of St. Johns and the Dominion of Canada Mr. Leps will again go up in the air and head for Manhattan, using his wireless at times to tell of his approach. He expects to make the trip from Valentia to St. Johns in thirty-three hours, or somewhat more than forty-eight miles an hour. One of the objects of his present visit here is to find a good place to land on Manhattan Island and another is to persuade American capitalists to invest in his airships.

Mr. Leps declared with solemnity that the dirigibles of the ocean crossing fleet that he expects to have in commission, perhaps next year, will each be 1,000 feet long and equipped with eight motors each of 125 horsepower. Six of these motors will run each one propeller, to be used in steering only. The ships will be constructed so they may alight on the water if necessary to take care of shipwrecked people who foolishly risk their lives on the waves.

Mr. Leps said finally that he had brought a model of the new ship with him so he might explain all about it to Americans who wanted to invest. "I shall come over in the ship I am building in Hamburg probably in May," he said. "The question of getting capital to build the fleet will, after this demonstration be eliminated. I have no doubt that there will be a rush of Americans to get in. After that it will be only a short time before the passenger carrying business of the ships will be wound up. I am very sorry for the men who have their money tied up in these ocean liners, but they may reinvest their money in the air fleet."

The last newspaper record of Mr. Lep's appearance in this country was published in August, 1898. He was then referred to as a constructor in the German navy. He brought over some miniature warships that he had been exhibiting in London—in water. Some of the passengers by the Kaiserin took Mr. Leps as seriously as he took himself. Most of the ship's officers were inclined to regard his ideas as somewhat advanced and were willing to bet that they would be on the job in the Hamburg service ploughing the original main many years hence.

CHILDREN TREAD MAZES

They Spun Tops Too, But That Was By the Way --- Settlement Children Draw Pennies for Summer Home.

New York, Feb. 24.—De kids were spinning tops in Eldridge street yesterday afternoon. An illegal ball game was being impertinently played under the very lamps of the police station, but the horror of it was somewhat mitigated by the fact that only "bunting" was allowed. If you had panted up to the very top floor of the University Settlement house at 184 Eldridge street you would have realized that these signs of spring were infallible and that warm weather was almost here. But the folk dancing that was being done in the gymnasium by the children of the settlement was well worth climbing for.

The dancing was part of the bazaar that is going on in the settlement house for the benefit of the mothers' and children's summer home that the settlement supports. The Faithful Workers and the Wisdom Seekers and all the Busy Bees and Little Women squatted on the floor and watched the members of their sister organizations perform. These clubs formed by the settlement children themselves, are for the most part literary affairs. But Clio, Calliope and Melpomene were forced to bow to Terpsichore yesterday, and the light fantastic toe of Lillian Kaplowitz, one of Essex street's prominent poetesses, condescended to trip through the mazes of a Swedish dance for the sake of the summer home. Lillian, you know, is the author of that glowing lyric dedicated to Justice and the Essex Market court.

How proud you stand, O stately
manse,
Within your portals I would tarry
Where every poor man has a chance
And Justice never does miscarry.

Lillian has Posettish hair and an uncompromising tiptailed nose that makes one expect Breen rather than Kaplowitz in answer to an ignorant query as to her name. She was the leader of a plump, pigtail line of diminutive dancers who illustrated by appropriate figures the manner in which flax is reaped in Sweden. Then came the Platonian Settlers in Hungarian costume, who acted "Dornroschen," which is the peculiar way they pronounce Sleeping Beauty in the old country.

There were Danish and Scotch and Bohemian dances; and then Ruth Cohen, who stands about two fingers high, pointed a fat thumb dramatically and said a poem about "O Jack-o-Lantern" that made the hit of the afternoon and caused Miss Kaplowitz to writhe in jealous agony.

When the dancers first came on the floor they were scared 'most to deat' but presently as the music got into their blood they forgot their audience and danced with all the abandon that characterizes their impromptu performances beside hand organs on spring afternoons. Indeed so excited did Sadie Klopper, 4 years old, become in the midst of the highland fling, that she revealed a funny little pink garter to the horror of the young woman who taught the class and the intense delight of the rest of the audience.

After the dances were over every one made a bee line for good natured Dr. Robbins Gilman, the settlement's head worker, who was buried soon under a squirming mass of Helping Hands and Wisdom Seekers and Platonian Settlers. There will be concerts this afternoon and tomorrow.

The bazaard is being held under the auspices of the woman's auxiliary of the settlement. Mrs. John R. MacArthur is president of the auxiliary and among the patronesses are Mrs. Geo. F. Shrady, Mrs. Archer M. Huntington, Mrs. Edwin R. Hewitt, Mrs. Casimir de R. Moore, Mrs. John R. Prince, Mrs. James Speyer and Miss Edith Kendall.

POETS' UNION AND LESS NOISE

Mr. Rice Extends the Bounds of His Benevolence---Poetry as Risky as Explosives Says One.

New York, Feb. 24.—Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, whose Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise silenced the sirens of the Hudson River gave a party at her apartments in the Ansonia last night, and long before the sandwiches were gone a poets' union had been formed.

George Slyvester Viereck wanted a stock company, even if the shares didn't care what it was called so long consensus of inspiration was against him, and Mr. Viereck was not insistent on his message. Edwin Markham wanted to call it the Society for the Lovers of Poetry, with Dante and Beatrice as charter members. Hermann Scheffauer of San Francisco didn5t care what it was called so long as all was natural and unforced.

The advantages of a union for poets over a simple stock company were so obvious that Gertrude Atherton, who dislikes unions, was almost in despair. A union, she argued to ex-Mayor Jimmy Phelan of San Francisco, who accompanied her, would make it sound as if poets had to labor. A union, replied Mr. Phelan, could strike for the eight hour day, not to speak of more cents to the square stanza.

A Stock Company.

George Slyvester Viereck wanted the stock company because watering aside the dividends were sure to be enormous.

"At first we could sell our stock for a song," said Mr. Viereck. "Mark Twain is a corporation and why should not poets be incorporated. Like as not Shakespeare was only a trust or a title compared with Bacon as a dummy director.

"Poets must be seen as well as heard. We have no place in this country where poets can be viewed as they can in Westminster Abbey. Present conditions are dreadful. You wish to see a poet. You have to go to Hoboken or the flats or Harlem or Staten Island and then you only see one or two.

"We might have a parade is necessary. I think such a celebration would inspire interest in poetry, stimulate prices and ultimately pay for itself."

Hermann Schefiauer told how they recited poetry in the dark over in England. It was highly effective. Poetry, Mr. Schefiauer added, must be heard fully to be appreciated. A musical accompaniment to the recitation of a poem was something particularly subtle. One was affected one way and another quite differently, but no one could remain wholly insensible to the poem's heightened charm.

"But what I should most like to see in this organization," said Mr. Scheffauer, " is naturalness. In California the Bohemian Club lounges under the trees and reads its poetry there. Isn't there some place here, Central Park or the Battery where you could loaf and invite your souls? For New York is indeed a chilling environment to the poet."

It was probably a coincidence that some one shut the window.

Edwin Markham who will furnish the authentic looks for the poet's union, waited until they beseeched him to prophesy. Mr. Markham said he didn't care so long as they made the organization broad enough to include the lovers of poetry.

"There are only three ways of reaching conclusions on life," said Mr. Markham. "One is called philosophy; the others are poetry and religion. Religion," he explained, "was only poetry put in practice."

Hudson Maxim said that poetry was as risky a business as explosives. Several of the others expressed themselves pleased that poetry was now to be tested and guaranteed, put forth under innocuous auspices and the output regulated. After refreshments had been served the happy guests regaled each other with poems of their own composition. Arthur Guitermann, Leonard D. Abbot and Alexander Harvey, Louis Viereck, D. K. Funk and Mrs. Elsa Barker all took part in the discussion.

WEDDINGS.

McKnight--Ellison.

Rev. S. W. Anthony officiated yesterday morning at the wedding of Joshua McKnight, of Apohaqui, to Miss Carrie Ellison. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. William Ellison, 66 City Road, at 6.30 o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. McKnight left on the Calvin Austin on a honeymoon trip to Boston.

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