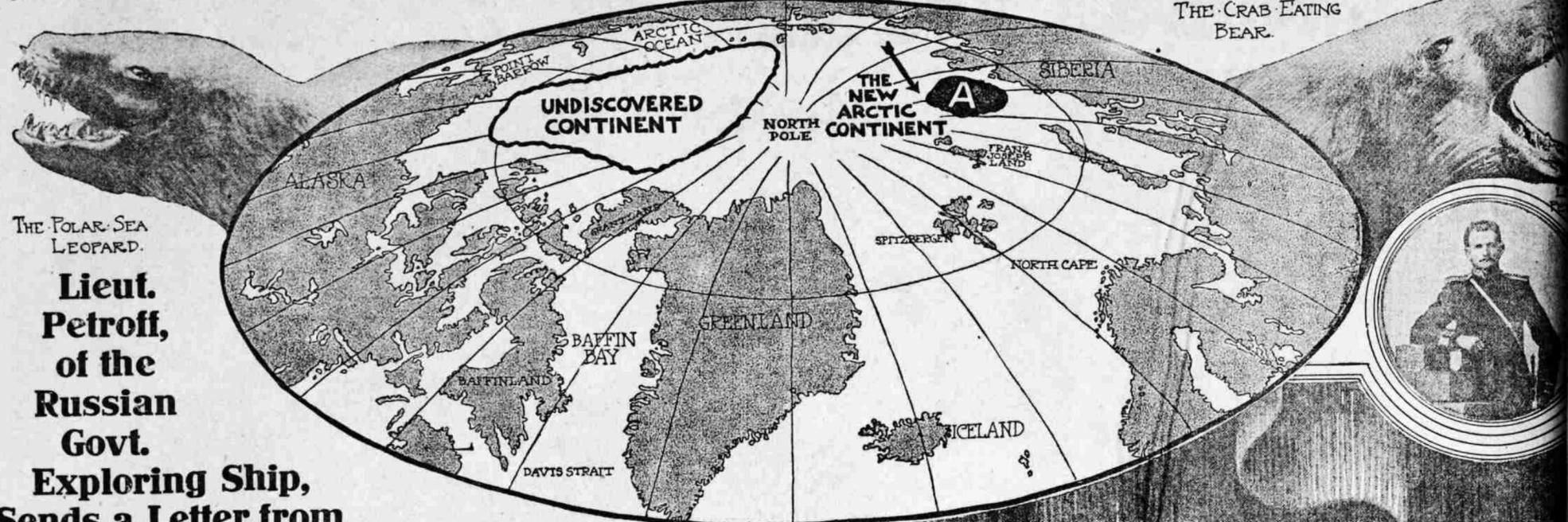


FOUND!—A Strange New Arctic Continent



Lieut. Petroff, of the Russian Govt. Exploring Ship, Sends a Letter from the Arctic Giving Strange Tales of a New and Warm and Fertile Land in the Dreary, Frozen North

A Map of the Arctic Regions, Showing the Land Discovered by the Russian Expedition and Another Large Continent Which is Believed to Exist There.

COMMANDER WILKITSKY, of the Russian flagship *Taimyr*, who is now on his way back to civilization after an extended trip of exploration through the Arctic region, has just cabled the announcement that he has discovered a new continent in the frozen north. He took possession of the land in the name of the Czar and christened it "Nicholas II. Land."

Further details of the discovery are awaited with keen interest, for the question of what, if any, land remained to be discovered in the Arctic regions has long been a subject of debate with explorers, map makers, meteorologists and other scientists.

Commander Wilkitsky's cable dispatch gives only the bare fact of his important discovery, but interesting details concerning it are contained in a letter sent by one of his aides, Lieutenant V. Petroff, to a brother in America. This letter was entrusted by Lieutenant Petroff to a hunter bound back to Russia two months before the expedition reached a place where it was possible to send a cable dispatch. As the hunter chanced to travel back to civilization by a shorter route than the one the expedition took, he was able to post his letter so that it reached New York several days before the Commander's cablegram.

After admonishing his brother not to make his letter public until the expedition's success has been officially announced by the commanding officer, Lieutenant Petroff, says:

"We have just discovered a continent most paradoxical in its nature. Situated in latitude 81 degrees North and in longitude 103 degrees East, this is a land of geographical puzzles. When we first saw its rocky shores with ghastly cliffs, which possessed an ominous lustre, we all felt some- thing uneasy. There was something haunting and strange in the mere shadowy outlines of the forbidding shore, and the closer we sailed the

stronger grew this peculiar feeling. The frozen peaks seemed to emanate an uncanny odor.

"We sailed for days along the coast of the new land. While everything along the southeastern shore gave the impression of a land covered with everlasting snow and ice, yet, as we went farther toward the north, the climate became more moderate and we saw traces of plant and animal life.

"All our theories of scant vegetation in the Arctic regions went to pieces when we met a party of five Yakut hunters who were on their way back to Siberia. Sheftan, the leader of the party, proved to be a man of experience and considerable intellect who also spoke fluent Russian. At first he was taciturn and suspicious of us, but when he learned that we were only scientists he became quite friendly, especially to me, and told me that there was a spot on the desolate continent which was inhabited not only by various strange animals, but by what he superstitiously termed 'ghosts.' He showed me a fur that he had made of white foxes and another of the plumes of what he called 'Arctic ostriches' which he had shot in that region.

"Sheftan showed us shells of transparent crystal-like appearance which he said were the egg-shells of peculiar birds found on this new continent. They were as thick as the shells of an oyster and as large as swans' eggs. These birds, he said, had no feathers, but long snow-white hair. According to his description the birds had feet like the ostriches and very small wings which they flapped in the air when they ran. With the exception of an Arctic eagle, which he described as of an abnormally large size, he could not tell us anything further of animal life of the continent.

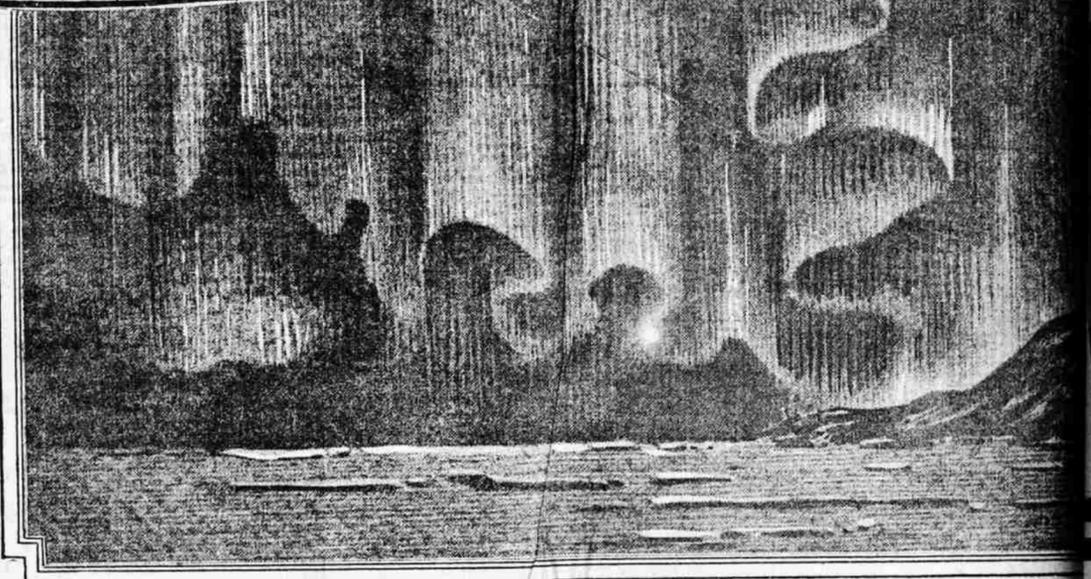
However, he said there were deep valleys and high mountains, some of which smoked like huge chimneys, while others had wells of boiling water. Around that region he had

seen trees, flowers and high grass growing as they do in southern climes. This is what he told me of his last journey:

"We had seen the smoking mountains from a distance on two previous occasions. But we had never dared to approach them, for there is an old story that smoking mountains are the abodes of evil spirits. We heard a hollow rumbling from the direction of the peaks, as if the armies of inferno were engaged in a fierce battle. We prayed and turned around. When we saw them for the third time, we did not hear any roar, and after many hours of meditation we decided to explore them.

"Our way was very difficult, as we had to skirt yawning precipices, climb steep rocks covered with ice and cross rivers of steaming water. But when we arrived at the summit of one of the peaks we beheld on the other side a wide green valley hundreds of miles in extent. It looked like a fairyland to us after so many weeks of snow and ice. There were huge trees with queer-shaped leaves and many were in bloom. The air was warm and balmy. Small rivulets of warm water ran down from the steaming mountains where snow-clad peaks stretched high above the clouds. In spite of the eternal winter that prevailed outside, there seemed to be everlasting summer in the valley itself. Many of the trees had fruit and nuts that tasted delicious, and deer were feeding here and there. None of the animals in that wonderful land of eternal green seemed to be afraid of man. We patted the various birds while they were sitting in their nests and staring at us with their big, calm eyes.

"As it was evident that there was no fear of wild animals or lack of food, we decided to remain. We had plenty of ammunition for hunting, and there was an abundance of delicious fish in the rivers and eggs, fruit and berries would supply the



An Auroral Curtain Photographed During a Polar Night. This Curtain Was of a Pale Straw Yellow Color. The Intensity of Its Brilliant Rays and the Way it Seemed to Wave and Fold Made a Most Wonderful Spectacle.

rest of our meals richly. But this was the summer, when the sun never set nor rose.

"We decided to risk it, however, and began to build a small log cabin and gather fuel. We built a stove of rock for cooking our meals. Then provisions of birds, dried fish and venison were accumulated systematically. We were ready with all our preparations before the seasonal sunset, which meant the turning point of our life. Every moment we expected snow and a lowering of the temperature to zero and below.

"Who can describe our great surprise when we found that the cold of the winter that raged everywhere around was unknown here? Life in that magic valley went on the same as during the summer. The chief difference was in the foliage, which became a pale yellow instead of dark green. The blossoms of the winter flowers were mostly gray or white, and the grass had a corresponding colorless appearance. But, neverthe-

less, everything continued to grow just the same. The weather slightly cooler, but there was never a sign of frost or snow such as was visible on the mountains. The glistly glow of the aurora borealis was so brilliant that one could see everything clearly for a long distance. This new light was sufficient for life.

"We would have remained longer in this strange garden of the north, if something had not happened that filled us with horror. One night when we had gone to sleep in our beds of dried grass and leaves we were awakened by a voice that roared like thunder. We jumped up in a fright and looked around but there was nothing out of the ordinary to be seen, and after a few minutes the noise ceased. But as soon as we had gone to bed again the same voice came growling louder than ever.

"Little by little we began to see what looked like monstrous phantoms, flitting about among the trees

along the mountain's sides. It seemed to be these strange creatures that made that terrifying noise.

"We were very uneasy for many days and nights until we discovered that the shadowy shapes which were everywhere in the woods never did any harm either to the animals or to us. Gradually we became accustomed to their noisy visitations and paid them no heed.

"When the first rays of the rising sun came a great change fell on the valley. The trees began to turn green and the flowers turned from a monotonous white to their former brilliant colors. And the dismal phantoms seemed to have vanished without leaving any trace that they had been there. Under the cheering influence of the summer sun we began to think that perhaps our eyes had deceived us and that what we had thought phantoms were only clouds of steam from the mountains to which the glistly glow of the aurora borealis gave a supernatural

aspect. And their growth it not have been the rum smoking mountains which alarmed us before entering? Soon after this beautiful country and been able to locate it again.

"This remarkable story of a nomadic Yakut of Siberia, idea of the strange character newly discovered continent.

"That the continent broad valley which is volcanic energy of the collected by high rocky mountains the cold winds is plausible now unknown to us in means of maintaining a developed animal and vegetation throughout the dark winter any direct influence of in a region which is surrounded by ice and snow. I believe that our new continent will prove most important scientific of the century."

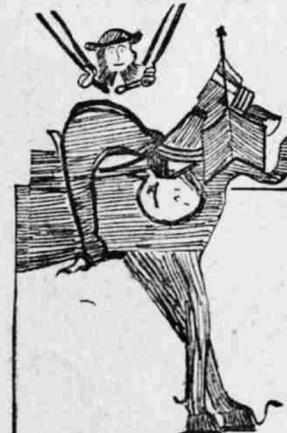
Some Really Crazy Pictures---All Drawn by Hopeless Lunatics

STUDENTS of insanity are discovering that the illogical and fantastic pictures which many lunatics are fond of drawing are valuable indications of a patient's state of mind and may be of considerable assistance to physicians in diagnosing the character and extent of mental disease.

As with drawings made by children, far more is to be learned from a lunatic's drawings than from his speech or writing, because the drawing is more spontaneous and a more accurate revelation of the action of the mind. The previous ability of the insane is, of course, taken into consideration, for the variation from the normal is directly related to the usual or normal state, and the artist when insane may do things that the man or woman who never did any artistic work before can not do.

For example, in a German asylum is a man who was formerly a successful artist. But the pictures he now tries to draw are the worst crudities, with less form and reason than even a child in the kindergarten would be able to show. This indicates plainly how seriously affected he is both in perception and in muscular control.

In judging the drawings of insane persons German scientists take into consideration the individual facility as such and the ability to perceive imperfections, the fantastic activity



A Characteristic Example of the Illogical, Unfinished Pictures Made by the Insane. Only a Part of the Horse's Body and Two of its Legs are Shown, While its Head has Been Made to Look Like a Serpent's. The Rider's Body is Missing, and His Head is Suspended Above the Saddle in a Swing Formed by the Stirrups, Which Hang in Midair.



A Maniac's Absurd Attempt to Picture the Seaport Town Where He Lived Before His Confinement to the Asylum. At First Glance the Drawing Looks Like a Fairly Creditable Piece of Work for an Amateur, but a Closer Examination Shows its Insane Inconsistencies. The Size of His Men and Women is Some of His Birds is All Out of Proportion to the Size of His Buildings. He Shows a Man Propelling Three-Masted Sailing Vessel with an Oar, While Another Craft is Balanced on Its Bow with Its Stern Led High Out of the Water. In the Upper Right Hand Corner of the Picture is the Gigantic Figure of a Man Poised Midway Between Sea and Sky.



This is the Effort of a Violently Insane Man to Depict the Wife Whose Throat He Cut on Her Wedding Night. He Never Attempts Any Other Subject, but Draws This Same Picture Over and Over Again Hundreds of Times a Day. A Remarkable Thing is the Fact That He Never Varies the Lines of His Composition in the slightest Degree, but Makes All the Pictures Alike.

ment. Those who imagine themselves the victims of insanity draw pictures of their own. Others who imagine themselves about to take place draw of the thief and, laying "Now he can't steal, for..."

A drawing by an insane shows that he believes he is pursued by the Furies. He thinks that he is sent to Paris by the Emperor, a court of justice in Church and the Devil, less demons, play the ob-

Monomaniacs in the often display a wonderful details, carrying them almost obliterate the combination of writings is common. Feeling the of words, the insane their thoughts to fill coming more completely.

German scientists are more and more attending study of these drawings insane, hoping to gain the operation of the poor unfortunates so they treat the sufferers fully.