

BOY MILLIONAIRE TO SEARCH FOR POLE

Aim in Life of William Ziegler, Jr., Is to Realize Ambition of His Foster Father.

YOUTH UNSPOILED BY FABULOUS WEALTH

Inherits \$30,000,000 Through Death of His Uncle—Will Go Through College and Then Take Up Arctic Exploration—Slowly Recovering from a Serious Injury.

New York.—Through the will of his uncle a 14-year-old boy has come into a fortune of \$30,000,000. The uncle is William Ziegler, the millionaire manufacturer of Noroton, Conn., baking powder king and projector of arctic expeditions, who died a short time ago; the fortunate youth is William Ziegler, Jr., his adopted son.

Although but a child in years, young Ziegler has been unspoiled by the sudden inheritance of the fabulous wealth. By the time he becomes of age the estate will have grown to more than \$40,000,000. His income now is \$1,000,000 a year. He is the richest boy of his years in the world and he will be among the world's richest men.

The boy has been brought up to understand that he is the son of the man who fitted out polar expeditions. His books are volumes dealing with adventure in the far north seas. He has been made to understand that it was always his father's wish to have one of his expeditions locate the north pole.

Wealth No Handicap.

To some 14-year-old boys a fortune of \$30,000,000 would be a terrible handicap. To young Ziegler the money promises to be anything but a drawback; for the boy, few in years though he is, seems thoroughly to appreciate his unique position, to understand the responsibilities connected with the possession of so much wealth and, what is infinitely better, to have formed a definite object in life, toward the gaining of which he proposes to devote the millions left to him.

He is a manly little fellow, ambitious to achieve heroic adventures. This is an ambition which the cherished dream of his foster father makes it possible for him to realize. He begins life now with millions and a mission, for he is the boy who must discover the north pole.

The task is not imposed upon him in the will, nor is it even specified that he must prosecute the search for the Fiala expedition, lost in the frozen north. But the boy is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the elder Ziegler, and even now regards the search for the pole as his life work.

Thought Father His Uncle.

His father, George Brandt, whom he has been taught all his life to believe was his uncle, resides in Chicago. Brandt is half-brother to the elder Ziegler. When the boy was a baby his father gave him up to the millionaire, then childless. The baby was legally adopted, was called William Ziegler and did not know until the death of his foster father that he was other than William Ziegler's son.

The greatest care was taken with his preliminary education, designed to fit him for Columbia university. He will be given a careful business as well as a scientific education, so that he may not only prosecute the biographical researches instituted by the elder William Ziegler, but may also be fitted to look after the vast business interests entrusted to him.

His home, until he is of age, will be with his foster mother, Mrs. E. Matilda Ziegler. William J. Gaynor, a justice of the supreme court, and William S. Champ, a trusted employee of Mr. Ziegler, will share with the widow the responsibility of directing the boy's education. He will spend his summers in Noroton, and in the winter will reside in the Ziegler mansion in Fifth avenue. He will not be cooped up and held aloof from other boys of his years, but will be taught democracy as well as business integrity and scientific truth.

He is passionately devoted to Mrs. Ziegler. His own mother died when he was a baby, and his foster mother has filled her place with complete devotion. His own father is simply "Uncle George" to him.

Suffers Severe Accident.

Since April 1, when young Ziegler suffered from a distressing accident, he has been laid up. A few weeks ago he had only a bare chance to survive an operation performed by one of New York's best known surgeons. To-day the boy, always vigorous and strong, is a waste of the sturdy young fellow who started a pillow fight on April 1 in his father's home which since has

taken him to the operating table on three different occasions.

On March 31 Ziegler came home with two schoolmates in the Browning school. The boys anticipated the coming of All Fool's day. Several jokes had been planned for the benefit of Mr. Ziegler's valet. The valet slept in the room with the boys, on a cot between the brass beds. The day had hardly begun when Ziegler awoke his companions. The valet was asleep, but he awoke quickly, a victim of the youthful jokers.

Ziegler grabbed a pillow and the fight began. The instigator of the sham battle was soon exhausted and sat on the edge of the cot to rest. One of his friends jumped on him. Ziegler was severely torn by a long iron hook on the cot and fell wounded. From that moment he has been ill.

But health is gradually returning. The cheeks thinned by suffering are filling out and reddening, the "boy" is forcing the "invalid" into the background. When he is well again he will be the same "Willie" Ziegler, with one difference—when his injury sent him to bed and under the surgeon's knife, he was just a 14-year-old lad,

once filled the vacant crevices in their hearts as fully as their own could have done. He returned the affection and between him and his foster father grew a love that was noticeable to the merest stranger.

Shared Father's Confidences.

They were inseparable, the millionaire and the schoolboy, and when, a few years ago, William Ziegler began to crave the distinction of being the founder of an expedition that should find the north pole, the lad was one of the few who shared his confidences, who listened to his ambitions and sympathized with him in his desires.

All this time, and until William Ziegler died, last month, the boy never had the slightest doubt that he was not the real child of the man whom he loved and who gave him all that a boy could ask. His actual father he knew as "Uncle George," and looked on his brothers and sisters as cousins. He was fond of all, but fonder of his "father," and it was on account of this very affection that they forebore from telling him of the actual conditions of affairs.

Even when Mr. Ziegler's funeral took place, and the little boy, worn and weak from his illness, was allowed to hear the services from an adjoining room, the tears that he shed were for his "father," for it was not for several days afterward that he was told that Mr. Ziegler had been only a foster parent.

When the boy learned this, however, it did not weaken the strength of the loving memory in which he held the man who had done so much for him. Nor did it weaken his resolve to carry out the wishes that Mr. Ziegler had expressed to him so many times. He set his lips and said to himself, "I will do as my father wished me to."

To a reporter, who saw him at the Ziegler home at Noroton Point one day recently, the boy was as communicative as could be expected of one weakened by more than two months of suffering. Mrs. Ziegler, the widow of the millionaire, and as loving a mother as a small boy could wish for, was afraid that he would not like to talk.

Were Like Boy Chums.

"Willie was more overcome by his father's death than I believed it possible for a boy of his age to be," she said. "He was very fond of my husband; in fact, the two were always

a high point of land which stretches away to the beach. From the windows a clear view of the water is given, and on this stormy, dark day the sea was forbidding and ugly. Yet the little boy, propped up on his bed near the window, was looking out on the waves as his visitor entered, and there was no sign that the bleakness of the sea had affected his youthful spirits in any way.

"So you are the fortunate young man with a fortune of millions of dollars?" said the reporter, as the boy turned toward him. Willie only smiled, as though the matter of vast possessions was of no consequence to him.

Goes North When Twenty-One.

"I don't know anything much about that," he said. "I only know that I wish it was a pleasant day, so that I could go out for a drive. I've been laid up here for two months and over, and now that it's vacation I'd like to be out. The doctor was going to let me go out to-day if it was not rainy. In a few days I'll be able to walk."

"But it will be some time before you start on your Arctic exploring, won't it?"

"Not so long, perhaps; though it does seem quite a while till I'm 21. Perhaps, though, somebody will discover the north pole before I get ready to go."

"Do you think there's any great danger of that?"

"No, not much. You see, it costs a good deal to fit out an expedition, and people don't seem to be very anxious to do that. My father would have sent more expeditions, and his plans, if they had been carried out, might have made the discovery possible before now."

"What do you think of Mr. Fiala's expedition?" he was asked.

Anthony Fiala, a young Brooklyn newspaper man, and a great friend of the late Mr. Ziegler, went out at the head of the second Arctic expedition projected by the millionaire, two years ago, after the first, under Capt. Baldwin, failed of its purpose. The expedition has not been heard from for some time, and fears are entertained that it has ended in disaster. Mr. W. S. Champ, confidential secretary to the late Mr. Ziegler, is now at Tromsø, Norway, ready to go in search of the Terra Nova, Fiala's ship. Should the death of Mr. Ziegler made him determine to return home, the expedition will continue under the direction of some one else.

Sure Pole Will Be Found.

"Mr. Fiala's expedition may have succeeded for all that is known," replied the boy. "But I don't think so. My father's plans would not be called failures if it did not reach the pole, or, in fact, if several expeditions failed to do this. Finally, though, after several expeditions have got further and further toward the pole, one will reach it. I am sure. I would like to be the one to do it."

The pale, wan face lit up with a worthy ambition, and the little body, which needs only the sunshine and the healing of time to become as stanch and sturdy as before the accident, seemed to take in renewed vigor as he spoke. It was plain to see how firmly the idea of reaching the north pole has taken possession of this youth.

"Did you and your father arrange any definite plans for reaching the north pole?" he was asked.

"We talked over it many times and in many ways. But there is nothing absolutely certain about it, for people do not know much about the geography up there. By the time I am ready to go, though, there will be improvements in ships and more will be known, so that conditions will be different. I shall study all about it and follow everything connected with Arctic discovery."

"You have already reach much about the north?"

"I have read a great deal, all that has been given to me; but most of what I know I have learned from my father, who had studied the matter thoroughly."

"What good do you think the discovery of the pole would be for humanity?"

"Lots of good. It might show us a new passage in the northern seas, or—anything that is good for science is good for everyone, anyway. Beside, there would be the glory of doing what so many others have tried to do and failed."

Will Go Through College.

"In the meantime, before you become 21, what are you going to do?"

"Go to college. I am advanced enough already, they say, to take the preliminary examinations for Columbia, but I shall not be allowed to till next year. Then, when I am 16, I hope to enter and take a thorough course."

"Your fortune—have you thought what you will do with that?"

"It doesn't seem like anything real to me, for I couldn't use much money, anyway, could I? I suppose when I grow up I will find I am very rich, and then I shall try to do as much good as I can. How? In every way I can think of."

"You have not thought of any career?"

"I don't know. I should like to write—and then I should like to be a lawyer. But nothing that would stop my going on the expedition to the north pole."

MISSISSIPPI MATTERS

The following data, covering a period of seventeen years, has been compiled from the Weather Bureau records at sixty observation stations in Mississippi. They are issued to show the conditions that have prevailed in the State during July for the above period of years, but must not be construed as a forecast of weather conditions for the month.

Month of July for seventeen years:

TEMPERATURE (in degrees).

Mean or normal temperature, 81.

The warmest month was that of 1901, with an average of 83.

The coldest month was that of 1904, with an average of 79.

Some of the highest temperatures recorded were as follows: 105 at Greenville and 107 at Batesville in 1901.

Some of the lowest temperatures recorded were as follows: 55 at Duck Hill, Lake Como and Pittsboro in 1904.

PRECIPITATION.

Average for the month, 5.26.

Average number of days with 0.01 inch or more, 9.

The greatest average monthly precipitation was 10.02 inches, in 1892.

The least average monthly precipitation was 2.19 inches, in 1896.

Some of the greatest monthly amounts of precipitation recorded were as follows: 15.63 inches at Brookhaven and 15.83 at Columbus in 1892 and 16.67 at Magnolia in 1900.

Some of the least monthly amounts of precipitation recorded were as follows: 0.13 inch at Hernando and 0.16 inch at Austin in 1896.

CLOUDS AND WEATHER.

Average number of clear days, 14; partly cloudy days, 11; cloudy days, 6.

WIND.

The prevailing winds have been from the southwest.

There has developed a good-sized sensation in regard to the arithmetics adopted by the Uniform Textbook Commission. These arithmetics are published by Sanborn & Co., located at Biddeford, Me. Nine sample copies of the book were submitted to the commission, and in all the books submitted there were pasters all through them. After the commission adjourned someone got hold of one of the sample copies, and just for curiosity wet the paster and revealed to light the original example. The first one revealed was something like this:

"There were 260 white children in a school. Each tenth child was colored. How many children were there in all?" When this paster was removed, other pasters in the book were loosened, and some just as bad were revealed. One question related to the yellow fever in New Orleans. Another related to stock in a Texas oil well, running something like this: "If a man bought a hundred shares of stock in a Texas oil well, paying therefor \$1 a share, and next day was forced to sell it at 10 cents a share, how much did his experience cost him?" Just what will be done about the matter is not known.

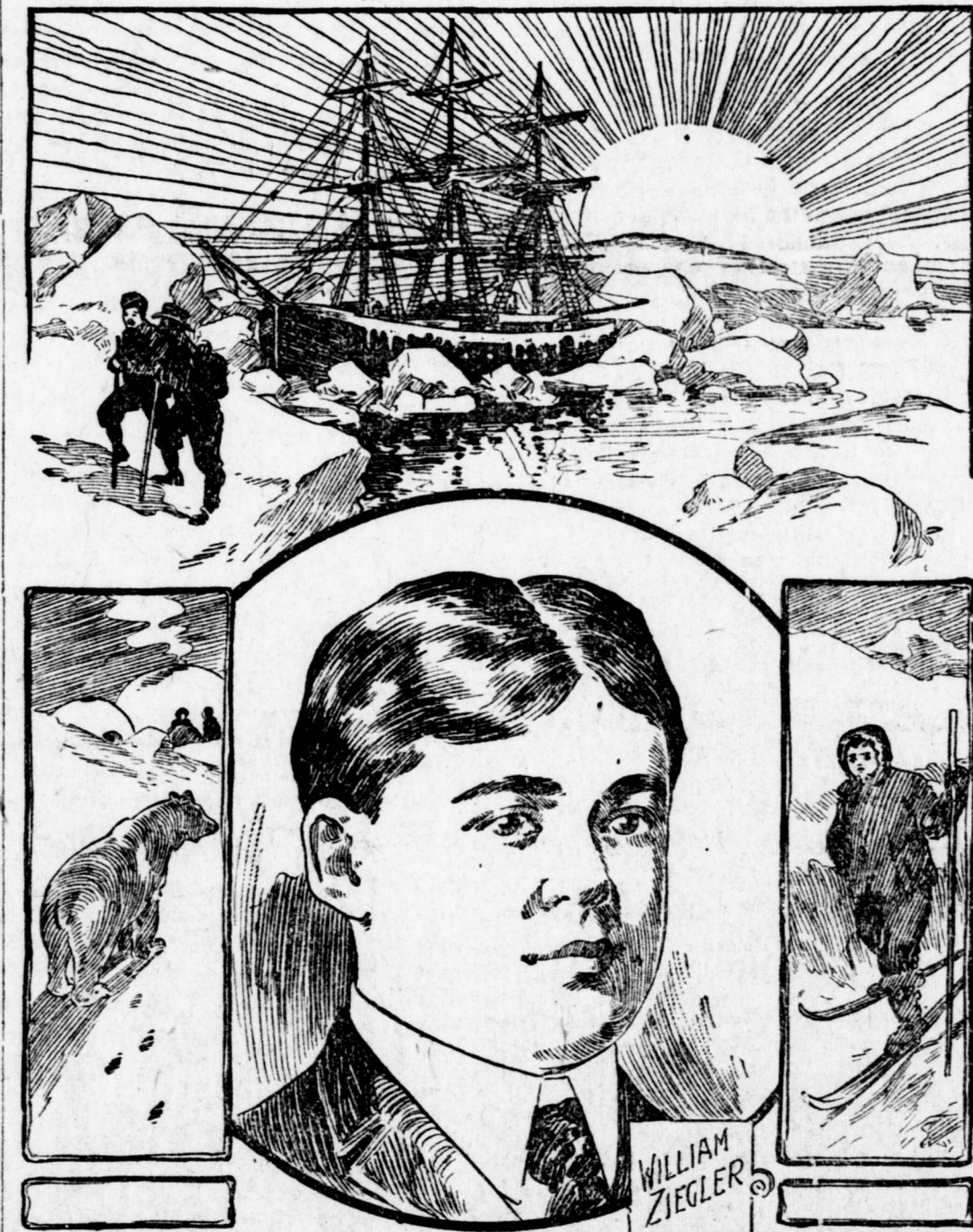
Secretary Maxwell, of the Railroad Commission, has sent out a circular to the various railroads of the State, in operation or projected, requesting them to file with the commission as soon as possible a statement of their mileage actually in operation, branches in course of construction or for which contract has been awarded, and the projected lines which will be built. The object of the commission in securing this data is to publish a new railroad map of the State, and when the information is received it is expected that the railroad map of Mississippi will show some very striking changes, owing to the numerous new roads in prospect, and which are quite likely to be built within the next year or so.

Congressman E. S. Candler has recently been promised a complete city mail delivery for his home town, Corinth; an extra railway mail service from Nettleton, between Tupelo and Aberdeen; a double daily service between Tupelo and Fulton, and an additional rural route for Monroe county. The Secretary of Agriculture has also promised to order a complete soil survey for the entire First district, to be made at an early date.

One of the biggest rains that has fallen this season fell in Panola county last week, being a regular water-spout. It did great damage to the crops, completely washing up the corn and cotton in low places. Creeks that have never been known to rise out of their banks overflowed, doing considerable damage to the portions of the crop along their banks. The iron bridge over a creek just north of Tallahatchie river was so damaged by the high water that it was unsafe for the trains to cross.

President J. C. Hardy, of the A. & M. College, says extensive preparations are being made for the Farmers' and Industrial Convention, which is to be held there from July 12 to 14. Some of the most prominent farmers in the State will be present and deliver addresses. President Hardy says that pasturage will be furnished free for all stock belonging to those who may come through the country to attend the meeting, and meals may be had on the grounds for 25 cents each.

Pat Geary, one of the oldest engineers in the service of the Illinois Central Railroad, has retired and will hereafter receive a pension of \$58.50 per month. Mr. Geary is a resident of McComb City.



with boyish thoughts and nothing to do but enjoy himself; now he is William Ziegler, the possessor of a colossal fortune and with a definite aim in life.

Definite Aim in Life.

That aim is the discovery of the north pole, the quest that has cost so many valuable lives from the time of Sir John Franklin down to the days of the Jeannette. The glory of the purpose has been pictured to the boy; he has thought and read and talked of it since the late William Ziegler began to be absorbed by it. And now, lying on his bed in the little room that faces the ocean, the boy watches the ships sailing away, and pictures himself as one of them, some day, with her prow pointed to the north.

There is something pathetic behind all this. Yet pathos and romance have governed the whole career of this little boy, who was not the child of the man whom he knew as his father, except by adoption. The baby was born William Brandt, his father being a half-brother of Mr. Ziegler. At an early age it became necessary for relatives to assume the support of one or more of the children, and Mr. Ziegler took the little boy. He and his wife were childless, and the little chap at

more like two chums than father and son. During the early part of Willie's illness, before Mr. Ziegler suffered the accident that resulted in his death, Mr. Ziegler spent a great deal of time talking to him, their conversation having a lot to do with Arctic exploration, in which Willie took as great an interest as he did. I do not know whether I entirely like the idea of his making that his life aim, but there is a long time between now and the day that he shall attain his majority, and, perhaps—

She spoke as though in the hope that time would change the little fellow's determination; but the hope seemed to vanish as quickly as it came, for Mrs. Ziegler added:

"No, I don't believe he will change. He is a deep little fellow, and when he once gets an idea he is steadfast in carrying it out. Especially true do I think that will be in this case, for his love of Mr. Ziegler, if nothing else, would be incentive enough to keep the matter constantly in his mind. But you may talk to him yourself for a little while."

The room occupied by Willie Ziegler faces Long Island sound. The house is a long distance from the shore, on