

THE WORST JOURNEY IN THE WORLD

MEN WHO FACED DEATH FOR THREE EGGS.

Horror of 134-Mile Tramp in Perpetual Darkness and Intense Cold.

"Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardships, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale."

So wrote Scott, the great explorer, when, on the return journey from the south pole, he and his companions were caught in a blizzard and perished.

The world lost Scott's full account of his own epic deed, but it has gained another wonderful narrative—the story of how three other members of Scott's party made a journey under the most severe conditions imaginable, endured sufferings almost worse than those experienced by the polar party itself, and all for what? For three penguin eggs!

Clothed in Ice.

The details of this heroic undertaking, which was carried out with the object of learning more about the penguin, are recorded in "The Worst Journey in the World," an account of Scott's last Antarctic expedition, 1910-13, especially of the Winter, Polar, and Search journeys. The Winter journey was that made by the author and two companions for the eggs; the Polar journey, the one undertaken by Scott, with his picked men, to the pole; and the Search journey, that which went to look for Scott when he failed to return.

The Winter journey, which was to last six weeks, was from Cape Evans to Cape Crozier, where the penguins nests were. It was necessary to make the trip in midwinter, as later the eggs would be hatched.

The way lay over the frozen sea and the great ice barrier. "The horror of the nineteen days it took us to travel from Cape Evans to Cape Crozier (the outward journey) would have to be experienced to be appreciated," writes Mr. Cherry-Garrard. "It is not possible to describe it. I for one had come to that point of suffering at which I did not really care if only I could die without much pain. They talk of the heroism of the dying—they little know—it would be so easy to die."

The trouble is to go on. "Nearly all the time the temperature was below zero. At one period over 77 degrees below zero were registered—109½ degrees of frost. The trouble was that sweat from the body froze and accumulated. It passed just away from the flesh and then became ice."

One can try to imagine what it must have been like struggling on through snow blizzards with clothing covered inside as well as outside with ice. When they got into their sleeping bags the snow and ice melted, and they had to lie all night in this water thus formed.

Everlasting Night.

"Once, going from the comparatively warm tent to the outside, the author raised his head to look round, and found he could not move it back. His clothing had frozen hard as he stood in fifteen seconds! For four hours he had to pull the sleds with head stuck up, and from that time they all took care to bend down into a pulling position before being frozen in."

After a few days the party were travelling in perpetual darkness. They had to use candles to light their way. Progress in the dark was painfully slow. Fresh falls of snow made the going difficult, and they had to rely on pulling one sled ahead and going back for the other. The ninth day they covered 1½ miles; the tenth, 1½ miles; and the eleventh, 1½ miles. They considered these quite good progress—Cape Crozier is sixty-seven miles from Cape Evans, the journey there and back being 134 miles.

After nineteen days of struggling they reached their final camp, which was within a short distance of the penguins' nests, and they proceeded to build an igloo. The oil question was worrying them a lot, for they were now well within the fifth of the six tins they had brought. If the oil gave out there would be no more hot food, and that meant the end.

They made an attempt to reach the penguins, but without success, having to traverse enormous crevasses and cliffs. Next day they made another journey and were successful. Five eggs were secured, but two broke on the way back to the igloo. They then moved from their tent, which had been their "home" each night, to the igloo, just as a terrible blizzard was on the way.

Held by a Blizzard. "Ten minutes and it was blowing as though the world was having a fit of hysterics. The earth was torn in pieces; the indescribable roar and fury of it all cannot be imagined." The tent was blown away, and then part of the igloo collapsed. For hours they lay in their sleeping bags, believing every moment was to be their last.

It was two days and two nights before they got a meal.

By this time the spirits of the party were at the lowest ebb, for they knew

that without the tent they could never reach safety. But luck was with them, for after the blizzard they found the tent about half a mile away.

"They were tired, hungry, frozen, and frost-bitten. The horrors of that return journey are blurred to my memory," writes Mr. Cherry-Garrard. "And I know they were blurred to my body at the time. I think this applies to all of us, for we were much weakened and callous. . . . I know that we slept on the march. . . . I know that our sleeping bags were so full of ice that we did not worry if we split water or hunched over them. . . . This journey had beggared our language; no words could express its horror."

They reached Cape Evans safely, but it was a long time before they all recovered. The three eggs were eventually taken to London, examined, and placed in the Natural History Museum. Mr. Cherry-Garrard's two companions—on the search—Dr. Wilson and Bowers—were two of the party who perished with Scott on the return from the South Pole.

The whole expedition spent three years in the Antarctic—three years packed with adventure.

"Them Asses!"

"Printers' errors" are no new thing; but it is inevitable that, while printing lasts, there must always be amusing, and sometimes serious, mistakes. We know all about that gallant colonel, the "bottle-necked veteran" of a famous misprint, who, naturally annoyed at this imputation on his sobriety, received an apology, only to be worse off than before.

"Of course," said the offending journal, "whether by an unfortunate error we referred to him as a 'bottle-necked' veteran, it must have been evident that what we intended was 'battle'."

A curious printer's error was that in the "Cambridge Chronicle," where a paper read before a local society on "Rings under the Eaves of Old Houses," in connection with fire prevention, was printed, "Rings under the Eaves of Old Houses." This error is still to be found in the files.

"Write clearly" is an injunction rarely followed.

The author who, with crabbled calligraphy, wrote of "zigzag staircases," had only himself to thank when they appeared as "219200" staircases.

In a recent issue of a very serious magazine, which contained an article on a famous public man, the latter is made to say: "While under no illusion as to the heads of them asses, I respect their heads." "Them asses" could have been "the masses," of course.

Not long ago, Sir Alfred Mond was the victim of one of those typographical errors. It is well known that he is of the Jewish race. A report of a speech he had made represented him to have said that "the Jews from which we suffer will not abate until the nation returns to pork." The porkers should be made to understand this truth.

It is understood that great excitement prevailed in certain circles until it was explained that this disastrous statement was the result of an unfortunate double print.

The reference was, of course, to the national need of getting back to "work," not "pork," and it was the workers, and not the pigs, who were to be made to comprehend the necessity.

Scadunter: There's Miss Mixup over there. Just inherited her fortune. She's a millionaire.

Fewer: A millionaire, eh? From the makeup on her face I'd put her down as a vermillionaire.

Wisp of Wisdom.

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.

Laziness travels slowly, and poverty soon overtakes it.

Don't bluff unless you've something to bluff with; then you needn't.

Some people hold the key to the situation and then are too lazy to turn it.

All easy ways are downhill, although you may not notice it until you try to climb back.

Experience is what a wise man gets at the expense of others, and a fool at his own.

We sometimes hit a thing right first blow, but usually success is the result of many failures.

Greatness is measured not by what men do for themselves, but by what they do for others.

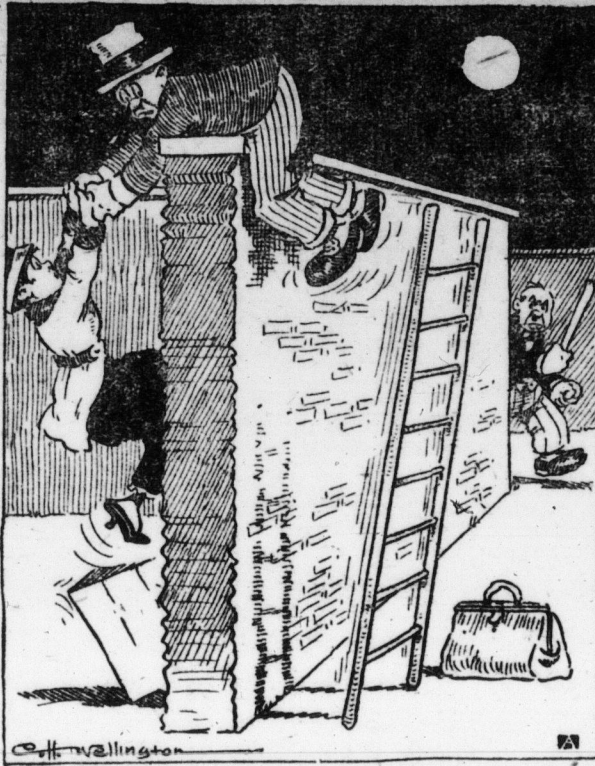
There is no victory without a fight, and those who are afraid of that fight are not worthy of the victory.

A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong; it is wiser saying in other words that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.

The man who is really indispensable to get his task rightly done so that he is not worthy of the victory.

Three days make up our life—Yesterday, To-morrow and To-day. The trouble is that Yesterday and To-morrow take up far too much of our thought, and To-day is despised and almost elbowed out. Yet To-day is our only real day.

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



Auctions by Candle.

Of course you know the ordinary auction sale at which bids increase, and the Dutch auction, at which the price is lowered until a purchaser is found; but have you ever heard of a candle auction? It is one of the oldest methods of selling.

A small candle is lighted as the article is put up for sale, and the last bid made before it burns out is the successful one.

Bidding is slow while there is plenty of candle left, but it gets brisk as the end approaches, and so many wait for the last moment that often it is difficult to tell who made the final offer.

After England's wars with the Dutch in Stuart times the "Disposals Board" of the day sold naval surplus stock by candle auction, the bidding for disused ships springing hundreds of pounds at a time as the flames flickered.

One of the strangest sales of the kind was that of two elephants, which were "snuffed out" in London for eighty guineas.

Rubber to the Rescue.

Rubber has come to the rescue of the busy housewife in a hundred and one ways, and inventors are still coming forward with new ideas for its use in the daily domestic round.

Most of the schemes are turned down by manufacturers as being unlikely to find a ready market. One enterprising person thought of unbreakable rubber buttons for underwear and blouses, which might have solved the mangle problem.

One of the most successful rubber inventions is the splash-guard for taps, the sale of which has run into millions.

Three new ideas which should appeal to housewives have recently come to light.

One is an ever-hot bag, which is merely a rubber cover designed to hutton over a bag containing a prepared chemical. It becomes hot when two teaspoonfuls of cold water are added, and it remains hot for twenty-four hours.

Another is a duster which has crepe rubber on one side and flannel on the other, and which, it is claimed, will remove obstinate dirt.

Small tea-spoons of rubber made in attractive color combinations are also on the market. Some are fitted with pockets, and are suitable either for sewing or for wearing about the house.

Where Women Excel.

In the West Indies the women carry enormous loads of bananas, oranges, yams, and brown sugar, climbing mountain roads at a steady gait of four miles an hour.

These women count a forty-mile walk a mere constitutional, and love their tramp and gossip along the roads as well as any Canadian workman's wife does her Saturday-night shopping chat.

South American coffee and cotton planters say the women and children work better than men, though their labor is rewarded with a lower wage.

Women trade with fruit, vegetables, and dress goods as "deck traders" on the West Indian islands. In Grenada they act as blacksmiths, shepherds, carpenters, and carriers.

The man of the tropics does not even look after his children. The women care for them, knowing that the poor youngsters would have no food or home if compelled to depend upon their shiftless, lazy father.

Feathered Friends as Gardeners.

If you want to have a successful garden this spring you do not want to overlook the fact that a dozen or so feathered friends are ready and willing to help you. They will work for you free of charge, and will even pay you in song for the privilege of helping to make your garden more successful.

After you have been working your garden, if you watch closely, you will see a number of these assistants fly down on the newly-turned earth and begin to pick up and eat or fly away with the worms and bugs. Then, when the vegetables are growing nicely, your friends will be busy picking off harmful insects of all kinds, making the vegetables healthier. They will be working in your garden early in the morning, through the day, and also late in the day. In fact, it is a hard job trying to have a garden without the help of these bird gardeners.

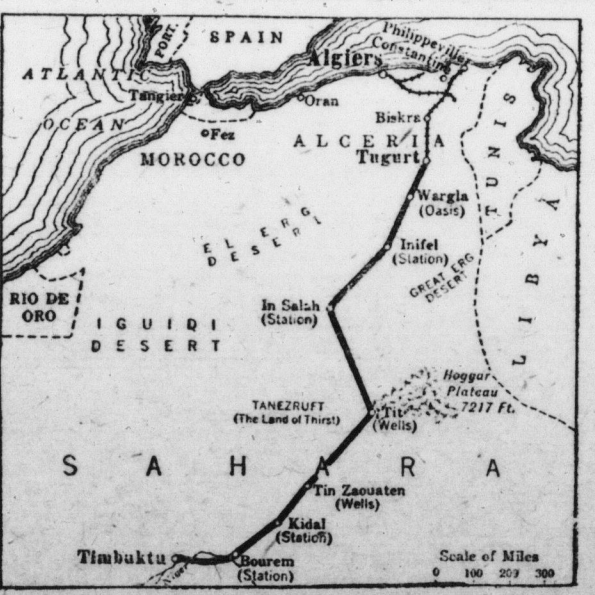
Fond of Peace.

"Say, mamma, was baby sent down from heaven?"

"Why, yes."

"Um. They like to have it quiet up there, don't they?"

After laying 50,000 miles of submarine cables in forty-eight years, the famous ship, the *Faraday*, has retired.



CONQUERING THE SAHARA

The time to cross the Sahara heretofore has been three months, but French caterpillar motor trucks have reduced the time to three weeks. A few weeks ago the first motor caravan reached Timbuktu, the ancient slave market, now a French headquarters. The caravan travelled 2,600 miles. Air-men have failed in an attempt to cross the great desert, but the motor car has succeeded. The map shows the route.

Stories About Well-Known People

The Royal Weeing.

The engagement of the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, the charming daughter of the Earl of Strathmore, did not come as a surprise, says an English writer. I heard of the romance more than a year ago, when the two young people were frequently seen together on shooting expeditions at Glamis Castle, the Earl's historic seat in Forfarshire.

The Duke of York's wooing was very ardent and began, I believe, during the war. Lady Elizabeth is twenty-three years of age, four years younger than the Duke. As you know she was one of Princess Mary's bridesmaids—one of the prettiest, in fact—and is very popular in Society. Lady Elizabeth is also a very fine dancer, and much sought after as a partner. No sooner does she enter a ballroom than her programme is simply covered with names.

It has been said in many quarters that she refused the Duke of York three times before finally accepting him. Of course, she is in love with him all the time; but who can fathom the mind of a girl in love? The Duke was very determined and would not take "No" for an answer. I think they really became engaged last September, when the Duke of York paid his most recent visit to Glamis Castle.

Lady Elizabeth spent the greater part of her childhood at the Castle, which is quite famous throughout the world for its mystery. There is said to be a secret room there, and the secret is only revealed to the eldest son of the family on their twenty-first birthday.

Friends of the Earl have told me

that the room contained a deformed member of the family who refused to see anyone or be seen. This, of course, was several hundred years ago. At his death the room was walled up, but the ghost of the dead man is believed, even now, to haunt the Castle, and there are stories of uncanny sounds being heard issuing from the secret room.

The name Glamis (pronounced Glams) is mentioned in the *Witches' scene* in Macbeth:

"All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis."

A Record in Parliamentary Annals. British parliamentary annals hold nothing to equal the record for continuous service set by Frederick J. Blackmeyer, who, on January 23 last, at the opening of the Ontario legislature, entered upon his fifty-sixth year as sergeant-at-arms of the provincial assembly.

Sergt. Blackmeyer has carried the mace, symbolic of royal authority, to and from the legislative chamber daily during every session of the House since Confederation. He was appointed to the office on December 22, 1867, and discharged his duties for the first time at the opening of the first legislature of the province, on December 27.

Sergt. Blackmeyer has seen generation after generation of legislators come and go. He has served under fifteen legislative assemblies, eight prime ministers, sixteen lieutenant-governors, and four hundred speakers. In 1916 he received from his Majesty King George the Imperial Service Order. Despite his 81 years of age, Sergt. Blackmeyer is still, mentally and physically, as alert as men many years his junior.

Acquiring Fame in Old Age.

When is a man too old to do good work? Whatever the answer, it is certain that many of the world's greatest men did their best work after they had passed their sixtieth birthday.

The famous novelist, William de Morgan, did not start writing until he was sixty-two.

The great Italian painter, Titian, continued to work until he was ninety-eight. His great masterpiece, "Venus," was one of the great pictures which came from his brush after he was sixty. Gladstone was eighty-three when he last became Prime Minister of England.

Three wonderful operas, "Otello," "Falstaff," and "Aida," were written by Verdi when he was seventy-four, eighty, and eighty-five respectively. In modern times the great American financier, Cornelius Vanderbilt, added twenty million dollars to his fortune after he was seventy.

Hokusai, a famous Japanese artist, said: "All that I produced before the age of seventy is not worth taking into account. At seventy-five I have learned a little about the structure of nature. At eighty I shall have made more progress; at ninety I shall have penetrated the mystery of things." He died at ninety-six, after having proved that what he had said was true.

Another great man who has admitted that advancing age is not a handicap is Thomas Edison. He has passed his seventy-fifth birthday, but his mind is as vigorous as ever.

Sarah Bernhardt and Ellen Terry prove that men are not alone in retaining their vigor in old age. The great French actress is seventy-seven, while her English rival is three years younger.



"ONLY PLACE IT WAS USED"

"Why did they take 'obey' out of the marriage ceremony?"

"Because that was the only place it was ever used."

The "H.P." Error.

"H.P." stands for "horse power," and if, therefore, your motor-cycle is a 4½ h.p. one, you know that what is meant is that the engine has a power equivalent to four and a half horses.

But actually it is not so. You would be incorrect to the extent of 48,000 h.p. The h.p. unit of power is a fraud, and the late James Watt, of engine fame, is responsible. He was a very careful engineer in theory and practice, and discovered, by many experiments, that the raising of 22,000 lb. one foot per minute was a good average horse-power.

But "horse-power" today is reckoned at 33,000 lb. per foot per minute—11,000 h.p. in excess!

That is due to the fact that Watt, in his anxiety to encourage business, offered to sell engines which would develop 33,000 lb. per foot as a horse-power—a 50 per cent. advance on the actual!

It would seem that he meant ultimately to be honest, but he died before that happened, and so squandered to the world, which has accepted it, a false unit measurement of horse-power.

Engineers, of course, know of the error, and make due allowance for it, but the average individual does not. Your 10 h.p. car is, therefore, but a 6.23 h.p. and its power is equal to raising 22,000 lb. a foot a minute, and not 33,000 lb.

The Business Side of Zoning.

The town planning division of the Canadian Parks Branch of the Department of the Interior points out that the zoning of cities becomes obligatory in Great Britain during the present year. In the United States more than one hundred cities have adopted zoning regulations, and a number of Canadian cities are also moving in this direction because "zoning stabilizes property values" and reduces the cost of civic government.

The zoning of cities has for its purpose the direction of the future building development of the city along orderly lines and this in the interest of all the phases of city life—commerce, industry and residence. The cost of building on the moral side is the destruction of the economic efficiency, happiness and life of the people and the creation of social disorder, disease and discontent. When slums develop they create the gravest and most expensive problem of communal life. In an unregulated city the houses of the well-to-do are usually protected from the slums by private restrictions, though these restrictions become less and less operative and effective with the changes in property ownership. The dwellings of the poor are often robbed of their light and air and pleasant surroundings and degenerate into slums, which become the disease spots of the city. Hospitals and prisons have to be built and maintained at the public cost to deal with the ill effects of bad city building.

The distinct business side of zoning brings illumination to the fact that an unregulated city is constantly lowering the assessed value of property and thus decreasing the city income and increasing municipal taxes. An industrial family man invests \$5,000 in his life savings in a home. The property is valued at \$10,000 and the home owner obtains a loan on the recognized security of 50 per cent. margin in value. As soon as the transaction is completed the value sinks that an undesirable industry is opened up near the door. This through lack of zoning regulations, the home value of the citizen's property immediately drops to \$7,500 because the home environment has been changed for the worse. The home owner immediately loses \$2,500, or 50 per cent. of his life savings.

The loan company loses 50 per cent. of its margin of security and the city loses 25 per cent. of the assessed value of the property because it is immediately called upon to reduce its assessment by that amount. The cost of zoning the city might roughly be stated at one-twentieth of one per cent. of the assessed value involved.



Wife: What can a woman do when her husband is a rolling stone?

Friend: Resort to the rolling pin!

King George's Crown weighs 39 ozs. The Arctic Ocean is said to be getting warmer, with the result that icebergs are getting smaller and smaller, and are being found in the old seal-fishing grounds.

The passage of 2,897 ships through the Panama Canal in the calendar year 1922 established a new high record. In 1921 the last previous year, 2,814 vessels used the waterway. The tolls collected in 1922 aggregated \$12,672,407, so that for the first time since the opening of the canal the monthly average exceeded \$1,000,000.

The Divine Spectrum.

The teacher had just explained that neither black nor white is a color. One, she had said, is the absence of all color, and the other is not classed as a color because it is a combination of all the colors. "Now," she asked, "what is a spectrum?"

The answer came at once: "A spectrum is a band of colors beginning with red and ending with violet; and they are the seven colors that make the rainbow."

Then the teacher took a three-sided piece of glass called a prism and held it by the window so that a sunbeam passed through it to the wall. There on the white plaster was a spectrum, or a rainbow, and it was made up of all the colors that compose white sunlight.

The next Sunday evening in the Young People's meeting, one of the girls mentioned the spectrum and said: "That is a perfect picture of Christ and His people in the world. Christ is the white light; He is called the Son of Righteousness. He himself said, 'I am the light of the world.' And He also said, 'Ye are the light of the world,' and 'Let your light so shine before men that they may see.'"

"Now we all know well that we cannot shine with the perfect light as Jesus does, for we are none of us perfectly white in soul. But we have enough of Christ in us that we can help make up the perfect light for the world. And God has wisely planned that every one of us children shall show some different Christian grace, some different part of Jesus Christ. No one shows all of Christ or perfectly represents the Saviour, but, all put together, we might do almost as much for the world as He himself did."

Oh, how thankful we should be that we have that important part to perform for Him here, small though it is! And how faithfully we should show that grace or that talent which God has put into us that our part of the world's knowledge of Him may not go wrong. Are you part of the divine spectrum? Or is there a dark ugly spot in the picture where you ought to be filling out the likeness of the glorious Christ?

Newest Lifeboat is a Marvel.

Some remarkable developments in lifeboat construction are referred to in a report just issued by the Royal Lifeboat Institution, as quoted by "The London Morning Post."

Great progress, states the report, has been made during the year just closed with the construction of what will be, when she is completed, the largest and most powerful motor lifeboat to have been built for the institution's station.

Mersey. She will be sixty feet long, fitted with two new engines of 30 horsepower each, and have a radius of over 100 miles.

Her two cabins will hold fifty people, while a total of 160 persons can be taken on board. This boat marks a very great development in the work of rescue from shipwreck, for she will be the first to rely entirely on motor power.

So satisfied are the institution's advisers with the work accomplished by motor lifeboats that there are now thirty-eight of them in the fleet of 238 lifeboats. Six more motor lifeboats are nearing completion; eight new ones will be laid down shortly, and another six are projected.

As previously reported, the last of the eight motor boats sent to the coast last year was fitted with a six-cylinder engine of 50 horsepower, and is so completely submerged and still continues to run as long as the air intake was above water.

The Sentimental Side of Lord Kitchener.

Dame Nellie Melba, the famous prima donna, has been telling us something about the great man she met in her lifetime. As everybody knows she is an Australian, indeed her professional name Melba is taken from the town of Melbourne.

She tells that when Lord Kitchener arrived in Australia he was so fated and so many parties were given for him that she felt it would only be wearying him to write. However, she received a letter. "Don't you think it is unkind of you not to send me even a little line of welcome in your own country?" and the result was she dined with him and the Governor General and the Governor of Victoria. After dinner the three men knelt before her. "I know what you want," she said, "that I won't." Kitchener drew her apart. "Madam," he said, "I have been an exile for eight years. Will you not sign just one word of 'Home, Sweet Home'?"

Melba sat down at the piano and when she had finished singing there was silence. Kitchener then came up and kissed her hand. And down his face two great tears were rolling. "And," says the prima donna, "if anybody tells me that Kitchener had no heart I have my answer ready."

Repairs to Atlantic telegraph cables have often to be carried out up to a depth of 1,000 fathoms.

Sugar has been made at Liverpool University by means of the action of light on carbonic acid.

Each hair of the head has a muscle at its root. Although few human beings can control these muscles, short-haired animals are able to make their hair stand on end at will, making them appear larger than they really are, and thus frightening their enemies.