

Home Journal

People and Things the World Over

Woman's suffrage is making steady progress. Last month in Norway municipal suffrage was given to all women over twenty-five years old. Hitherto suffrage was limited to women who paid a considerable personal income tax.

The nest forwarded from Middlemiss, Ont., to Dr. C. F. Hodge, of Hodge University, Worcester, Mass., as a claimant for the \$1,000 reward offered for the first nest found of the wild or passenger pigeon, has turned out to be the nest of a mourning pigeon.

Mrs. Mary Goddard, who is said to be the oldest Quaker preacher in the world, celebrated on March 10th her 100th birthday at her home in Durham, Me. This is the first time in twenty odd years that she has been unable to preach on her birthday in the Friends' meeting house in Durham.

The Egyptian goddess, Neith, was found on the Bowery, New York, where she had been pawned for fifty cents. She disappeared from the Metropolitan Museum of Art the day before, greatly to the agitation of the authorities. The statuette is 9½ inches tall, of great artistic merit, and worth about \$1,500. It dates from the seventh century B. C. It was taken back to the museum, and search started for the culprit who stole it.

The Orleans Farce Museum has just been enriched with a curious relic of the past which some workmen in making excavations in the city came across. It is a stone representing a grinning figure, showing the teeth, the countenance being repellant enough. In this way the loquacious woman, the scandalmonger, was brought to her senses. The stone, suspended by a chain, was placed round her neck, and so accoutred she was compelled to walk round the town in which she lived. The stone is supposed to date about the sixteenth century.

You are the Sufferers

"It is interfering with a man's personal liberty to say that he shall not drink this or that. A man has a right to drink what he pleases." It's an ancient argument—about the same age as the drink traffic itself. It is a high-sounding argument, too; those "personal liberty" words catch us all, and make us feel as if we had been tampering with holy things if we have ranged ourselves on the other side of the dispute. But this morning I don't know. Last night the tenant on the floor above came home about midnight with a large cargo of the draught that inebriates and also cheers more or less. He stamped up the long narrow hall of his domicile with considerable noise; but it didn't satisfy him, and he clog-danced down to the front door again and ran back. Then he sat down on a creaky bed with an emphasis that made all the electric light fixtures in that end of the block loosen in their sockets. He sat down to cry audibly, and rose up a few minutes later to laugh idiotically. Something suppressed music, and he sang "Good-bye, my Blackbird," with drunken pathos and cried himself with humming the Dead March in D major. He then lay down by beating with his feet on the floor. At half-past three he went to sleep, but silence didn't reign by any

means for he snored rampantly. As a consequence, I had no sleep and have come down to my desk in a disgruntled frame of mind, with only brain power enough to complain in this paragraph. You who are unfortunate enough to read it conscientiously will undoubtedly be bored, and if you are you can lay all the blame upon the liquor traffic and the desire not to interfere with the man-on-the-next-floor's "personal liberty" to make as much noise in the night as he pleases.

Shackleton and the South Pole

The personal element in connection with the close approach to the South Pole is almost absent, and in marked contrast to the North Pole controversy. Interest in Sir Ernest Shackleton is confined purely to what he has accomplished, and there has never been doubt or aspersion cast upon his discovery. The larger towns and cities

THE GOOD GREAT MAN

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor and wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It seems a story from the world of spirits
When any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains.
For shame, my friend, renounce this idle strain!
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,
Or heap of corpses which his sword hath slain?
Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends,
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures—
—love and light,
And calm thoughts equable as infant's breath;
And three fast friends, more sure than day or night—
Himself, his Maker and the angel Death.

—COLERIDGE.

of Western Canada are just now having the privilege of hearing the explorer tell in his modest, manly way how the great work was accomplished. The splendid photographs made into lantern slides provide circumstantial evidence of the veracity of his statements.

The preparations for Sir Ernest Shackleton's trip were not received with very much enthusiasm in England, and the "Nimrod" left amid a depressing silence. But orders were received to stop at Cowes, where the late King Edward VII. and the Queen were staying. Both came aboard the little vessel, and wished it good fortune, and Queen Alexandra presented the ship with a flag. The financial crisis of 1907 made money difficult to obtain that year, and Sir Ernest put all his own money into the venture and borrowed where he could.

A departure from the usual procedure of polar exploration was to take no dogs on the trip as the low, drifting snow got into their eyes, but Manchurian ponies were used instead. They dragged 750 pounds a day on ten pounds of food. Later they themselves were food for the party.

The sleds were made of American hickory, 11 ft. long, 18 inches high, and 2½ feet between the runners. Sails were used when the wind favored, which would increase the speed very perceptibly. A novel feature was the fifteen horsepower motor car.

Four men formed the company which made the South polar journey—Shackleton, Adams, Marshall and Wild—four men of unusual stamina and tried endurance. The first unprecedented achievement of the expedition was the beating of all previous southings when it reached latitude 82 degrees 18.5 south. The journey thence was fraught with dangers and hardships which seemed to become greater with each furlong traversed.

Affected by mountain sickness, half-starved, often escaping freezing only by placing their feet in each other's breast, these men endured sufferings truly awful. When they reached 88 degrees, 23 minutes south, 162 degrees east, a storm broke, and further advance became humanly unthinkable through loss of food supplies, the circumstances of which are described below, although there was no break in the dead white snow plains towards the South Pole, ninety-seven miles distant.

The outward journey had been difficult and arduous, but the homeward journey was a race for very life. At times the men fell exhausted in their harness and dysentery added its horrors—through unfit pony meat—to the dangers of broken sledges, sharp-pointed ice, dangerous crevasses where a wrong step meant death, and indescribable blizzards. At one time Shackleton went back over sixty-seven weary miles to ensure the safety of some of his men whom he had outdistanced.

The scientific value of the location of the South magnetic pole is very great. Its approach involved an exhausting and dangerous journey in which Professors David, Mawson and Mackay participated. The pole was located at 72 degrees 25 minutes south latitude, 155 degrees 16 minutes east longitude.

Seventeen days it took them to reach the sea again where they had left their food stores. They found the ocean open and their food gone. Only the seal and penguin they were fortunate enough to find, saved them from starvation and still more fortunate were they to be themselves found and rescued by the Nimrod a few days later.

One incident remains to be recorded before closing this brief sketch, as showing how danger lurked unseen along the path of the adventurous explorer. It was when approaching the southernmost point reached that it happened. Shackleton, Marshall and Adams were making their way a few paces ahead of Wild, who was leading the last Manchurian pony which was carrying the food supply of the party.

Suddenly Wild heard a sound of rushing wind close behind him; the rope by which he was leading the pony, slipped out of his hand; he turned round—there was no pony to be seen. They had passed over a crevasse covered by a layer of snow. This layer had been just thick enough to bear the weight of the men; the moment the pony trod on it, it gave way.

When Wild and the rest looked down into the crevasse, they saw an abysmal depth, but they could not see the bottom.

It was a miraculous escape, especially for Marshall. Had he had a firmer hold on the rope, he must inevitably have been dragged into the crevasse.

With the pony went the food supplies, "and that cost us the pole," concluded Sir Ernest, in telling the story.