



DONALD B. MACMILLAN

TO SEEK TWO ARCTIC EXPLORERS



VILHJALMAR STEFANSSON



STEFANSSON AND HIS COMPANIONS LEAVING THE SHIP, NEVER TO SEE HER AGAIN

TWO arctic relief expeditions will leave the United States this summer, bent on bringing back explorers marooned in the frozen polar regions. One is quite confident of success and not a desperate business, as such work goes. It will seek to reach the party of Donald B. MacMillan, now believed to be at Etah, North Greenland, and reported safe in August of last year.

The second, a forlorn hope, will attempt by aeroplane search of the terrible northern seas to locate stout-hearted Vilhjalmar Stefansson, who a year ago with two companions marched straight north into the unknown from the Canadian coast near the mouth of the Mackenzie river.

MacMillan and Stefansson engaged in what has aptly been described as a race for an unknown continent. There is a great stretch of territory lying north of Alaska and Canada and bounded on the north by the North pole, which has never been surveyed by human eyes. Admiral Peary, standing at elevations of 2,000 feet and later 1,600 feet on islands west of northern Greenland, believed he saw mountain peaks of this unknown land far to the westward.

He dubbed it Crocker Land. If it exists, it is by far the largest area of solid earth now unexplored. The lure of it to the arctic pioneer is beyond understanding to the dweller under southern skies.

Last summer MacMillan pushed across the strait from Greenland and then over several large islands to the westward until he came to Cape Thomas Hubbard, the last place from which the discoverer of the North pole, Peary, believed he caught a glimpse of Crocker's Land mountains. Here a stretch of frozen ocean presented itself. For 125 miles MacMillan dashed over the ice straight west. Several times he thought he saw the land he sought. At last he had to give up and concluded that Peary had seen was only a mirage. It is improbable Peary could have seen land farther than MacMillan went.

MacMillan nearly lost his life before he got back to the comparative comfort of Etah. This summer he may attempt new feats, but he will undoubtedly keep in touch with Etah, or at any rate let his whereabouts be known. He will not be the starting mystery Stefansson has become.

A relief party will leave Labrador in July aboard the schooner George H. Cluet. The vessel is sent out by the backers of the MacMillan expedition, including the American Museum of Natural History, the American Geographical society and the University of Illinois.

All the arrangements are being made at New York. Capt. George Comer of East Haddam, Conn., will serve as ice pilot.

If Stefansson is ever rescued it will be through the devotion of his secretary, Burt M. McConnell, who bade farewell to his chief April 7, 1914. No

one has seen Stefansson or the two men he kept with him since then. His vessel, the Kariuk, drifted several hundred miles to the westward and was crushed in the ice. Part of those aboard the Kariuk were rescued through the perseverance of McConnell.

Then McConnell came back to the States and started his efforts to organize a relief expedition. It was he who evolved from his brain the idea of hydro-aeroplane. Many of his plans were talked over in the Eight Oaks, E. W. Deming's studio in artistic Macdougall alley.

The Canadian government is chided by McConnell for failing to fit out a relief expedition, as Stefansson is upon Canadian service. But the great war has intervened and monopolizes Canada's energies.

"I consider it my duty to search for Stefansson," McConnell said. "As a survivor of the expedition, I shall not be content to sit idly and in comfort in civilization until I know that my comrades are safe, or what has happened to them."

Opinions differ as to what has happened to Stefansson. He may be drifting on a field of ice somewhere north of Alaska. In this event he would reach Siberia, if still alive, about two years from now.

McConnell thus outlined his plans recently:

"Our expedition is not more hopeless than that of the Rodgers, which started out to rescue the crew of the Jeanette in 1879, two years after she had sailed.

"As to the practicability of using hydro-aeroplanes, it is well known that Amundsen intended taking flying machines with him into the Arctic and using them for scouting while his ice-ship, the Fram, drifted about in the ice pack. In using hydro-aeroplanes, too, we may discover the hypothetical continent of Crocker Land which Stefansson sought.

"North of Siberia, Alaska and western Canada lies an unexplored area of

more than a million square miles. Truly this is the 'last frontier,' the last unexplored area on the face of the globe. The prime object of the Canadian Arctic expedition was to explore that area as much as possible, but when the Kariuk was lost Stefansson was compelled to rearrange his plans accordingly. He immediately decided to go over the treacherous, moving, crushing ice fields north of Alaska in search of the continent which some students of tidal phenomena have argued exists—and which others have argued as conclusively does not exist.

"Admiral Peary and the president of the Aero club both declare the plan feasible. My plans are simple. We would leave the ship, which would be near the shore, every favorable morning, flying about 800 feet high, and go in a straight line to a point 175 miles from shore, scanning the ice fields with powerful glasses. Then we would turn at right angles for 20 miles, turn again and fly to shore parallel to the outgoing course.

"The ship, in the meanwhile, would have sailed to a point 20 miles east along the coast, where she would welcome us back.

"I would bring together the crew and outfit at Victoria, B. C., as Stefansson did. We should sail from home not later than June 1, 1915. The hydro-aeroplanes would have to be thoroughly tried out before starting and then could be set up either at Nome or Port Clarence and tried again. The date of sailing from Port Clarence, which has the best harbor on the northwest coast of Alaska, will depend on the state of the arctic ice pack, which generally comes down to Bering strait late in July or early in August.

"The hydro-aeroplanes would be of the most reliable type, with a carrying capacity of two men and 100 pounds. Their tanks should hold enough fuel for a 400-mile trip, and their pontoons should be re-enforced and equipped with sled runners, so that we may land at will on ice or water. Both machines should be of identical build, so that parts may be interchanged in the event of an accident to one of the planes."

Mr. McConnell believes Stefansson has found the mysterious land he went out to look for and is now unable to return to his base on the north coast of Alaska.

McConnell was one of the three members of this expedition who gained the mainland of Alaska after drifting about on the ice for nearly a month. He thinks Stefansson is able to provide for the party of three with the two rifles and 400 pounds of ammunition they had when last seen.

When Stefansson bade farewell to McConnell and the meteorologist of the expedition he kept with him two companions, Storkersen and Ole Anderson.

It was quite fitting that these three adventurous spirits should be descendants of the race of Leif Ericsson, the man who probably discovered America.

All three were picked veterans of many arctic campaigns. They knew all the wiles of the Eskimos, besides the scientific learning of the white men. Only some terrible misfortune could have extinguished them.

CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK, UGH! IT'S MERCURY AND SALIVATE

Straighten Up! Don't Lose a Day's Work! Clean Your Sluggish Liver and Bowels With "Dodson's Liver Tone."

Ugh! Calomel makes you sick. Take a dose of the vile, dangerous drug tonight and tomorrow you may lose a day's work.

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel, when it comes into contact with sour bile crashes into it, breaking it up. This is when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. If you feel sluggish and "all knocked out," if your liver is torpid and bowels constipated or you have headache, dizziness, coated tongue, if breath is bad or stomach sour, just try a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone.

Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store or dealer and get a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone. Take a spoonful tonight and if it doesn't

straighten you right up and make you feel fine and vigorous by morning, I want you to go back to the store and get your money. Dodson's Liver Tone is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real liver medicine; entirely vegetable, therefore it cannot salivate or make you sick.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your bowels of that sour bile and constipated waste which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable. I guarantee that a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will keep your entire family feeling fine for months. Give it to your children. It is harmless; doesn't gripe and they like its pleasant taste.

The Facts in the Case.
"Who struck Billy Patterson?" asked the law examiner.

"An arrest was made following the assault," wrote one student, "and the magistrate held the accused for the grand jury. An indictment followed, and when the case came up for trial the accused was convicted. An appeal was taken and the argument will be heard next fall. In the meantime the accused has been released on habeas corpus and has established an alibi. Billy's chances of getting damages are just 1 to 193,427."

The examiner predicts that the man who wrote this will be one of the shining lights in his profession.

Dealing in Futures.
The boys were mapping out their future careers.

"I'm going to own the biggest candy store in the world," said one.

"I'm going to build a great big factory and make a million gallons of ice cream every day," said another.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, fellows," said the third. "If you two will give me half your ice cream and candy, I'll give you each a season pass to see my champion team play baseball."

The Difference.
"Times have changed. People used to go to Europe because they wanted to be in the swim."

"Well?"
"Now they stay home because they don't want to be."

Tail Wild, at Least.

A timid little girl stood looking out of the nursery window and called to her mother: "Mother, mother! Here is a wild dog."

Her mother went to the window. "Oh, no, that dog is not wild; he belongs to the man who works across the street, and is a nice dog," she said.

After a moment's thought the child, unaccustomed to dogs, replied: "Well, his head may not be wild, but his tail is awfully wild." —Woman's Home Companion.

Humane Warfare.

Uncle (to nephew playing a game with a chum)—If you take the fortress within a quarter of an hour, I'll give you a quarter.

Youngster (a minute later)—Uncle, the fortress is taken; now let me have the quarter.

Uncle—How did you manage it so quickly?

Youngster—I offered the besieged ten cents, and they capitulated—Christian Register.

Getting Ready.

"You're going to the gymnasium pretty regular now, aren't you?"

"Yes. Bill Hawkins called me a few three months ago, and in about three months more I'll be ready to tell him he's another."

With the auto victim it is usually case of "did not know what it was loaded with."



Waiting and Eager—

When there's sweet, delicious

Post Toasties

for Breakfast.

Children take to the "toasty" flavour like a cub bear does to honey.

The skilled makers of these dainty bits of food have a way of toasting into them all the delicate, appetizing flavour of choicest white Indian Corn.

Post Toasties are FRESH-SEALED, and come crisp and tender—ready to eat with cream, milk or fruits.

Grocers everywhere sell

Post Toasties

NEW SLANG USED IN NAVY

Some Expressions Have Been Retained, But a Lot of It Has Undergone Change.

With the new navy has grown up a new line of slang, perhaps not so salt watery as was the old, but edged with as much point.

"Shiver my timbers" was a phrase that gave a yarn peculiar merit. Or added force to our ideas. But now it's changed to "Swash my turrett."

No longer do the men in navy blue refer to the chaplain as the "Sky Pilot." To them he is known as "The Fire Escape." There are no more main braces to "splice," and, moreover, nothing nowadays to splice it with—that is, nothing on shipboard. So the phrase has fallen into disuse. And as there are no more sails to "jam" their way into the wind, the term "windjammer" has been transferred to the bugler.

The medical corps is reverently referred to as "Pills." The engineer's force is known as the "Black Gang" and sometimes as the "underground

savages." The cold storage plant is designated as the "morgue," and the meal pennant, which is hoisted on all ships at meal hours, is jokingly referred to as "the deserter's recall."

Beans are known as "Boston cherries," and the Sacred God which makes its way into man-of-war storerooms with vest unbuttoned, is hailed as the "Massachusetts Nightingale." The bluejacket who asks his messmate to pass him the "sea dust," expects the salt cellar. The wireless operator answers to the name of "Sparks," ship fitters to the call of "Rivets," the electricians to the name of "dynamo busters."

The navy regulations retains the old name of blue book, but because of the many recent changes the chapter which is read to the crew at muster and known as "Articles for the government of the Navy," is now known as "The Rocks and Shoals."

The anchor is still known as the "mud hook," the water cooler as the "scuttle butt," and hammocks as "dream bags." —New York World.