POLAR PERILS TOLD BY SCOTT

British Explorer Relates Thrilling Narrative of Expedition in Antarctic.

ESCAPES DEATH MANY TIMES

Whole Camp Floats Away on Drift Ice —Party Falls Into Crevasse—Dogs and Ponies Perish—Sends Word Back as He Starts Final Dash.

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Akaroa, New Zealand.—Lieutenant Pennell, commander of the Terra Nova of the British antarctic expedition of 1910, which arrived here, brought with him a long and intensely interesting account of the work and experiences of the expedition up to January 3 last, written expressly for the New York Times by Capt. Robert F. Scott, the leader of the expedition.

Captain Scott will remain another year in the antarctic to complete his important scientific expedition and with the hope of attaining the pole.

Captain Scott relates a story of frightful experiences in which he and most of his party narrowly escaped death; the story is plainly told, but pictures to men's minds adventures such as few have passed through. At one time Captain Scott found his camp floating away, the plaything of the moving broken floes.

This striking story begins with the expedition in winter quarters at McMurdo sound in October, 1911. They returned there on October 30 and rested, after a most unlucky start southward, in which they lost most of their dogs and Manchurian ponies, upon which, next to his motor sledges, Scott had placed most dependence. Scott says:

"Shortly after the departure from Cape Evans of the party who were establishing depots for the journey south the ice broke south of the cape, severing communication. Because of the heavy weight which had to be transported to the depots, the party consisting of twelve men, eight ponies and two dog teams, occupied until January 30 in establishing the base camp on the ice barriers near Hut Point."

Has Narrow Escape.

"The surface of the snow was soft. The work was terribly hard for the ponies and a heavy blizzard, which lasted three days, was a further severe trial for the animals, which were not in good condition.

"On February 8 We proceeded south, marching at night and resting in the daytime. The weather was exceptionally bad, but the surface of the ice improved. Nevertheless three of our ponies which were caught in a blizzard succumbed. On February 15 we reached 79½ degrees of latitude, south, and there we determined to make a depot, to leave a ton of stores and return to the base camp, and we did so with the dog teams.

"But on the way the entire party fell into a crevasse except Mears and I. (C. H. Mears was in charge of the dogs and ponies.) He and I were on the sledge, which was miraculously held up on a part of a bridge over the crevasse on which we were traveling. The two dog teams hung by the harness and were extricated with difficulty. Some were badly injured.

"After our arrival at the camp the storm raged for three days. The snowflakes (decomposition of snow, carried here and there by the wind, baffled all efforts that we made to shelter the ponies by building walls of snow. So we decided to return to Hut Point, seven miles away. I remained behind with two others to give one pony which was suffering from the blizzard. On nearing Hut Point the others of the party encountered cracks in the ice which were working and enlarging. Hastily they marched south four miles. At half past four in the morning they found that the sea ice had broken all around and that the camp was moving under a heavy sea swell. One pony vanished in a crack from the line where they had been picketed. With infinite difficulty we dragged the ponies, jumping from floe to floe towards the barrier, but found that it was impossible to climb that ice wall.

"The swell was churning up the ice and crushing the heaviest floes against the face of the barriers. One of the party eventually hoisted himself up the barrier's surface by wedging his ski stick in a crack."

Ponies Are Lost.

After relating this remarkable adventure Captain Scott goes on to describe how he joined the party when the drifting packs stopped temporarily and the men on it were rescued without difficulty by means of Alpine ropes. But three of the strongest surviving ponies were lost before the party was finally housed at Hut Point. He goes on:

"On March 15 the geological party returned, bringing our number up to 16. The western party had passed six weeks in a close survey of the dry valley of the low Ferrar and Ketilitz glacier regions. Meanwhile the depot arrangements for the coming season had been completed. The temperature on the barrier had fallen to minus 40. Ice had again formed over the sea but strong winds drove it north. Huge land ice falls on the slopes of Mount Erebus prevented the possibility of returning to Cape Evans but, because the bays were freezing, I decided to reach that station over the sea ice.

"With eight companions I started on April 11 and reached Cape Evans on April 13. All the news given me by the men I had left there was good except that we had lost the nine remaining ponies."

The party then returned to Hut Point and decided to settle down there for the four winter months in the temperature of minus 50.

Captain Scott's graphic recital continues:

"Everyone was fully occupied with the duties of the station, with scientific work and in exercising the animals that were left to us. However, I organized a series of lectures. To divert ourselves we played football, a rather frigid sport. The remaining animals improved in condition steadily. In June, which is mid-winter, several of us started on a sledge journey to Cape Crozier to observe the incubation of the emperor penguins at their rookery. The temperature was then minus 70. The party spent three days in a snow hut behind a land ridge on the slopes of Mount Terror to avoid a storm and experienced great difficulty in reaching the rookery as the twilight was very dim. Few birds were found there but they had begun to lay eggs, which should give considerable information about the embryology of birds.

Engines Get Too Hot.

"We left Hut Point on November 2, marched the night, resting in the daytime and gave the ponies the benefit of the warmer day temperature. We followed the track of the motors 60 miles, then found the machines abandoned on account of the heavy surfaces. I decided to march 15 miles only every night and maintained this pace for eight nights, when we found the motor party which had gone before waiting for us in latitude 80. They disabused my mind as to the cause of abandoning the motors. The only cause was the overheating of the air cooled engines.

"The machines dragged heavy loads over the worst part of the barriers' surfaces and crossed several crevasses. Considering the inadequate trial given to them their success has been remarkable. With the experience we have gained reliable traction cars could be constructed which could travel anywhere in this region and thus save the sacrifice of so many animals.

"On December 10 we were in latitude 83.37 south. As we proceeded the weather grew worse. The snow storms were frequent. Land was rarely visible. It was difficult to keep a straight course and maintain steady marches. We came within twenty miles of Mount Hope on December 4, then we were delayed for four days by a gale during which we were occupied continually in digging the ponies out of the snow. To my knowledge no such long storm has ever been recorded in December in these regions. We could not have advanced at all had not the leading pony worn snow shoes and been hauled along by men on skis. It took 14 hours for us to do eight miles.

"On December 21 in latitude 85.7 we were four miles west of Mount Darwin. It was very difficult to proceed because of the soft snow. The runner surface of the sledges was inadequate. Often they sank to the cross bars. For four days we struggled through this icy morass at the rate of five miles a day. It was difficult even to pitch a camp or to load the sledges on such a surface. This portion of the glacier contains more crevasses than any other.

Is Pushing Forward.

"On January 3, latitude 87.32, after leaving the upper glacier depot south from Mount Darwin, we started southwest, but could not clear the crevasses. But on the fourth day, because we were at such an altitude, we got a splendid view of the distribution of the land and of the masses of ice that fringed it and of the arrangement of the ice falls. Since then we have averaged 15 miles a day.

"On Christmas day we were close to the eighty-sixth parallel. On New Year's eve we were in latitude 86.56. There we fitted our sledges with new, short runners. This remarkable piece of work was performed by the seamen of the party, under the most adverse conditions.

"We were now within 150 miles of the pole.

"I am going forward with five men sending three back under Lieutenant Evans with this data.

"The advance party consists of myself, Dr. Wilson, the chief of the scientific staff; Captain Oates of the Inniskilling dragoons, in charge of the ponies and mules; Lieutenant Bowers of the Royal Indian marines, the commissariat officer, and Petty Officer Evans of the Royal Navy, in charge of the sledges.

"It is more than probable that no further news will be received from us this year, as our return will be necessarily late."

CAPTAIN ROBERT F. SCOTT.

Henry's Business Judgment

How He Selected His Wife's Easter Hat

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

"I DECLARE," Mrs. Granmore sighed, "I just don't know what to do about a new hat this spring."

"Of course you don't," Henry Granmore agreed with her, soothingly. "Of course you don't. There never was a woman who knew what to do about a new Easter hat—except to buy one."

He chuckled at his own sarcasm, which is a way men have. Sarcasm isn't worth a cent to your genuinely sarcastic man unless he can chuckle over it and repeat it mentally to himself and roll it as a sweet morsel under his tongue. Especially is this true of sarcasm about Easter bonnets. Regarding these very necessary appurtenances of the attire of a woman, man follows the beaten track of all the jokesmiths since Samson, who made the first riddle, and waxes sarcastic as custom dictates.

"I don't see," Henry resumed, having sated himself with chuckles over his own sarcasm, "why in the name of time a woman thinks she has to have a new hat for Easter."

"Why, every woman has one," his wife argued, meekly.

"That's the answer. Every woman gets one because she thinks every other woman will have one. And not a confounded one of the lot uses any business judgment in selecting or buying her hat. The milliners know all about women—they're women themselves. So they boost the prices up at Easter time, and laugh in their sleeves at their sisters who come trailing in and are trailing out with the contraptions the milliners are pleased to call bonnets. Bah! I'll bet no milliner will make her own hat. I'll bet she has to go to some other milliner just to have the feminine gratification of being stung. Humph! Have you brought your hat home?"

"Why, no. I said I didn't know what to do about one."

"You might have brought one home and still have been in the dark."

Henry treated himself to a few more chuckles over this sarcastic remark. The way men carry on about Easter hats, it serves them right to have to pay big prices for them. Now, if a man would just be calm and philosophical about it, and sit down and reason the matter out, ten to one his wife would either buy a cheaper hat or maybe she wouldn't buy any at all. Maybe, that is. Any rate, she would be happier with the hat when she got it.

"Well, Henry," his wife said, "I know how you always feel about my hats and what they cost, and I have decided this year to act on your advice. I want you to take an hour or so with me tomorrow and pick out a hat for me. Then you'll be sure at least to please yourself with the cost of it—and sometimes I feel that you could exercise perhaps a little more artistic taste than I can, for you are out in the world more, and you know more about what harmonizes and what suits a person, and so on."

Mrs. Granmore looked meek when she said that, but if you could have looked into her mind you would have seen the craftiest little thoughts hopping around and nudging each other in the ribs. She knew the vanity of man. She knew that if you tell a man you rely on his judgment as to anything from setting a hen to making an airship he will modestly accept your estimate of his capacity and offer you his expert services.

"Well," Henry said, "now you're talking sense. I'll meet you at 2 o'clock tomorow afternoon and we'll go and get that hat. No use to put in a lot of time over it. I'll show you how to pick out a hat, have it boxed, paid for and sent home, without any wear and tear on your nervous system and without losing a lot of valuable time."

Next afternoon he met her as per agreement and together they found their way to the millinery store. It irked Mr. Granmore a bit to have to wait half an hour before they could be waited on, but he profited by the wait by inspecting a number of new pattern hats and scoffing and sniffing at them. By the time Miss Morgan was ready to wait on him he was ready with a plenty of good professional advice on bonnet making for her.

"Taking a bunch of straw and a feather and a yard of ribbon and jamming them together isn't any way to make a hat," he declared. "People ought to use a little thought, he said as materials."

"That's what I think, Mr. Granmore," Miss Morgan said. "You know the finest milliners in the world are men. They have a greater softness of originating new designs than we women have. I wish we had a man milliner here. I do, indeed."

"Well, I don't claim to be a milliner," Henry said, "but I know what I like when I see it. Now, I've only got a few minutes to spare, and I'll just pick out a hat for my wife and let you send it home."

"Very well," Miss Morgan replied. "I wish all our customers were as good as you. They so seldom come right to us with their minds."

"That's it," Henry assented. "Women never know what they want. They fiddle around and can't decide. A man is used to making prompt decisions. His time means something to him; business, he reasons things out logically."

"What hat had you in mind for Mrs. Granmore?"

"That little gray one over there would look good on her."

"This one?" Miss Morgan smiled, taking the hat from the case. "It would be lovely."

Henry caught sight of the price mark. It was $150. He stopped Miss Morgan with a wave of his hand.

"Put it back," he said. "Now that I see the other side of it it wouldn't suit her style of beauty at all. That blue one to the left is a better shape."

Miss Morgan put the blue one on Mrs. Granmore's head, and as she did so Henry observed the price ticket. It read $175. He was quick in his disapproval.

"It's too old for her," he stated. "I thought so when I first loked at it, and now that she has it on I see I was right. Bring out that one with the bunch of grapes on it."

To exercise his expert judgment he took this one in his hands and slyly peeped at the price mark. It read $135. He pursed his lips and shook his head sagely.

"I know without her trying this one on that it would make her look too dark," he said. "She needs a hat to bring out her natural beauty and not to hide it."

Mrs. Granmore stood by meekly, while Henry had hat after hat brought out for his inspection. One after the other he condemned. This one had too wide a brim, that one was too narrow; this one was overtrimmed, that one was too plain—but each and all of them bore pricemarks that gave Henry chills of the heart.

At last Miss Morgan brought a pretty bonnet to him.

"This one," she said, "may be a trifle giddy for your taste, but—

"It's pretty jaunty," Henry agreed, taking the hat and turning it back and forth until he saw the price, $45, in the crown. "It's a bit frivolous, but hang it all! She isn't going to wear the thing as a penance. It isn't a bit too giddy for her. Mrs. Granmore has a natural dignity which overcomes any little touch of giddiness in her hats. Now, there's a hat that looks like it might have been made for her. Try it on, my dear. Why, you could hunt the world over and never find a bonnet that becomes you like that. That's my choice. Have it sent home

"Now There's a Hat That Looks Like It Might Have Been Made for Her."

and I'll pay for it. There. I must get back to my office. Now, you see how a man does things. No worry, no argument—just finding the right thing and stopping with that. Good day."

And he was gone. Mrs. Granmore seized Miss Morgan's hand and shook it.

"That was splendid!" she exclaimed. "It was perfectly dear of you to put all those big price marks on the other hats and show them to him first, but I was horribly afraid some one else might have taken this hat since I decided on it yesterday, even though I did ask you to hold it for me."

"Oh," Miss Morgan laughed, "I wouldn't show it to anybody else. I knew Mr. Granmore would pick it out."

"I'll bet," Mr. Granmore said on Easter morning, "that you couldn't have found a hat that suited you better than this one does."

"I'm sure I couldn't, dear," Mrs. Granmore answered, gratefully.

Which remark filled Henry with a perfectly justifiable pride.

CONSIDERING THE LILIES.

The lilies on the Easter hats—
They neither toil nor spin;
They smirk with hay impudence,
Sometimes they seem to grin;
They never grow in any field,
Nor prinked the meadow green;
They nod, and have their being, just
Because of a machine.

The lilies on the Easter hats—
Of every hue and shade—
Do them the styles of Solomon,
Could never be arrayed.
Three hundred silver had Solomon,
And double he could hoard,
But such a bunch of bonnets was
More than he could afford.

The lilies on the Easter hats—
The gaudy hues, bedecked—
Are never sweet; but this is what
They do for me and you;
They make us work, and toil, and labor,
That we may have the cash to pay
The milliner bill.

Not Altogether Fault of College.

"Tom's another is a college graduate, isn't he?" "Yes." "Seemed honest fellow. Hopeless, that, in justice to the college, I'd own up that he had to some letterhead." — Woman's Home Companion.

Skin the Best of Life.

"The true economizing is for to check the flow of money, not the flow of milk, but the flow of our life-blood by overworking and finally, whatever the end, good things may be."

Mixed.

"Something wrong with this item." "How now?" "Says the bridegroom took his place beneath the floral bell and 2,000 volts were immediately shot through his quivering frame."

Big Game.

"He lived size, he lived fine not, he lived size." roared the lady elephant, as she wandered across the desert pulling up the palm trees.—McCall's Magazine.

Not All Traveling the Same Road.

Don't scold the boy because he has no aptitude for the things that you delight in. A tin pail will do to carry water, but a course sack will hold wheat. And after all bread is as essential to life as water.—Burdette.

Answer Was Easy.

Old Rag: "You must be lots on travelers. They are always going to and along when just are my age? Hiram—Well, I guess I suppose by that time I shall be ready to get along with.

WHAT INSURANCE COMMISSIONERS SAY

Insurance Commissioner Wm. H. Hotchkiss of New York, chairman of the executive committee of the National Convention of Insurance Commissioners, prior to the last Head Camp of the Modern Woodmen of America, gave the following official notice to that society:

"Pursuant to action of the national convention of state insurance commissioners, at its adjourned session in December last, I write you this expression of views as to the necessity of your order—as well as all other fraternal benefit societies—placing itself on a firm foundation as to rates. An insurance society which in these days does not recognize that the cost of insurance is fixed by laws other than man's laws—namely, the laws of nature—or prescribes for its members either a flat rate, irrespective of the age of its members, or any other rate that is not scientifically safe, is deceiving both itself and its members and approaching the time—perhaps slowly, but not the less surely—when it must fail and its contracts be repudiated. The fraternal spirit is a good thing; but the rates and management of fraternal societies must also be such that the beneficiaries of the last member to die will receive every dollar that such member's certificate calls for."

State Insurance Commissioner Ekern of Wisconsin has issued an official interview in which he says: "Fraternal societies generally have come to recognize that their business must be conducted on a sound basis. This means a re-rating for nearly every society, and members who do not fully understand the situation are often inclined to complain of increases in their rates. They should understand that with a re-rating on a sound basis they have a much more valuable insurance than before. All are benefited by getting a permanent insurance for what was uncertain before. The Modern Woodmen of America, by reason of its long experience with a large membership, is permitted to make a rate upon its own experience, which is even lower than that based on the National Fraternal Congress table, which new societies must adopt. The cost of this insurance is not a matter of mortality tables or rites charged, but depends upon the actual deaths in the society. A re-rating merely means that each member shall pay his real share of that cost. Members who think of dropping their insurance will do well to take enough time to study the question before doing anything which may bring regret to both themselves and their families."

The Chicago Inter Ocean says: "It is unpleasant for the members of the Modern Woodmen Society to have to pay more for their insurance, but let them think how much more unpleasant it would be for those 5,000,000 women and children, many of them, to be deprived of that protection because their husbands or fathers got angry. That is what all Woodmen should think about."

The woman who shows her teeth and smiles is reasonably sure to attain her object much quicker than the one who shows her teeth and growls.

The Paxton Toilet Co. of Boston, Mass., will send a large trial box of Paxtine Antiseptic, a delightful cleansing and germicidal toilet preparation, to any woman, free, upon request.

Some of the charity that begins at home isn't up to the standard.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS
Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINT. fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

An optimist is a man who knows that his troubles might be worse.

Garfield Tea, the natural remedy for Constipation, can always be relied on.

Many a bride is self-possessed even when given away.

BACKACHE A SIGNAL OF DISTRESS

Pain in the back is the kidneys' signal of distress. If the warning is ignored, there is more danger of dropsy, gravel, uric poisoning or Bright's disease.

When you have reason to suspect your kidneys use a special kidney medicine.

Doan's Kidney Pills relieve weak, sick kidneys. Here is convincing testimony.

CONVINCING TESTIMONY

"Sharp Pains Made Me Wince at Stoop."

G. D. Kandel, 60 E. Mt. Vernon Place, Baltimore, says: "I was troubled with a lame back and sharp pains would shoot through me when I tried to stoop for work. I was tired, weak and nervous and had dizzy spells. I felt miserable. My friends gave me hope. At Hughes' Drug Store I bought Doan's Kidney Pills and in a few days I was free from pain and felt better in every way. I recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all who need a kidney medicine."

AT ALL DEALERS 50c. a Box.

DOAN'S Kidney Pills

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