

RESCUE SHIP of the ARCTIC

HISTORY again repeats itself. Seventeen years ago, in November, 1897, the United States revenue cutter Bear was dispatched northward to rescue the crews of eight whaling vessels ice-bound in the Arctic ocean somewhere in the neighborhood of Point Barrow, Alaska. Now the same ship is off once more for that frigid region, but this time to effect the relief of that part of the crew of the ill-fated Karluk now marooned upon Wrangel island, to the northwest of Bering strait.

As will be recalled, the Karluk set out to explore the Arctic region north of Beaufort sea and if possible to examine more closely Crocker land, which was sighted by Peary on the 24th of June, 1906, from a distant point. The discovery of Crocker land gave tangible support to the old contention that the polar region was not a great ice-covered sea, but instead that a vast continent existed there beneath its eternal cloak of snow and ice. Stefansson was one of those who believed in the existence of an Arctic continent in that wide untraversed realm, and his aim was to trace a part at least of its boundaries.

To the casual observer the untimely ending of his expedition might seem to have thwarted his purpose and to have rendered useless the venturing of the Karluk, but the loss of that craft in itself has, paradoxically, added cumulative evidence of the existence of the shores that Stefansson and his followers did not see. To make this clear it is necessary to explain how the searching mind of the scientist has already determined the probable existence of an uncharted Arctic continent or a vast archipelago of large islands covering a total area of quite 500,000 square miles—an area more than ten times as big as the state of New York or as large as Alaska itself.

Have you ever spilled a cupful of water on a level bit of ground? If so, you have probably noticed how far the liquid spread. Again, you have no doubt poured a bucketful of water into a barrel and been disgusted at the modest degree it went toward filling it. In a popular way this illustrates the manner in which the waters of a rising tide advance upon low-lying lands and, again, how the same influx is relatively, but little noticed when the basin is deep and broad.

Without entering into the details of Arctic tides, it is a fact that they are normally of modest range, and yet in some parts the rise and fall is considerably less than it should be if the water were free to circulate from shore to shore or from side to side of the Arctic basin. Indeed, as we are told by R. A. Harris of the United States coast and geodetic survey, "at Bennett island at Teplitz bay, Franz Josef land, the range of the diurnal wave has about one-half of the magnitude which the tidal forces acting over an uninterrupted Arctic basin would produce." In other words, the normal or theoretical flow is somehow impeded, and the question is, What is the nature and the extent of this obstruction or series of tidal checks?

"The semi-daily tides found in the Arctic ocean are derived almost entirely from those of the North Atlantic, because the semi-daily forces vanish at the pole and are very small in the higher latitudes," Mr. Harris continues. "It is a case of getting near the hub of a wheel. These tides enter the Arctic ocean proper by way of the strait lying between Spitzbergen and the eastern coast of northern Greenland. They are propagated through the Arctic to the New Siberian islands, the average rise and fall at Bennett island being 2.5 feet.

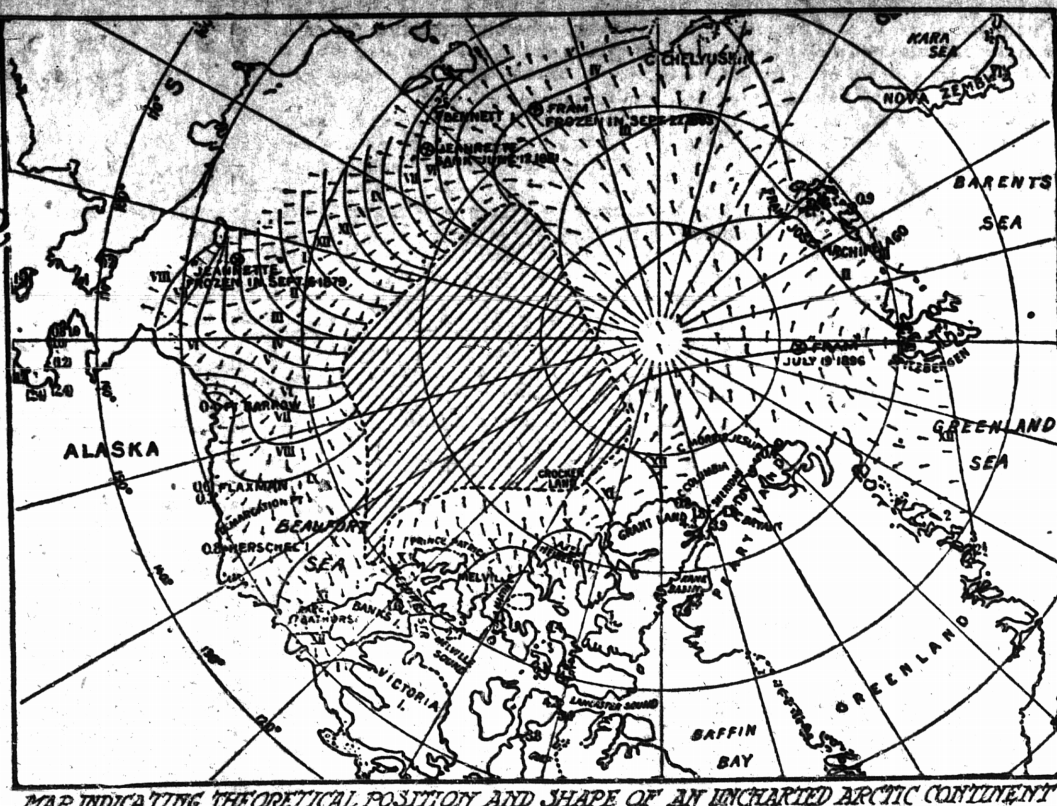
"Now upon the assumption of an uninterrupted Arctic basin the tides at Point Barrow and at Flaxman island could not differ greatly in size from the tides which would, upon the same assumption, be found at Bennett island. But as a matter of fact the rise and fall of the semi-daily tide is 0.4 foot at Point Barrow and 0.5 at Flaxman island."

But the presence of an obstruction, assuming the water for the tidal movement to come, as Mr. Harris says, from the Atlantic ocean via the passage between the northeastern coast of Greenland and Spitzbergen, is further evidenced by the directions in which the ebb and the flood tides flow. If no barrier existed to the free movement of the flood from east to west then the ebb would run east to the outlet between the two points mentioned. In short, it would leave by the shortest route to the original point of entry into the Arctic basin.

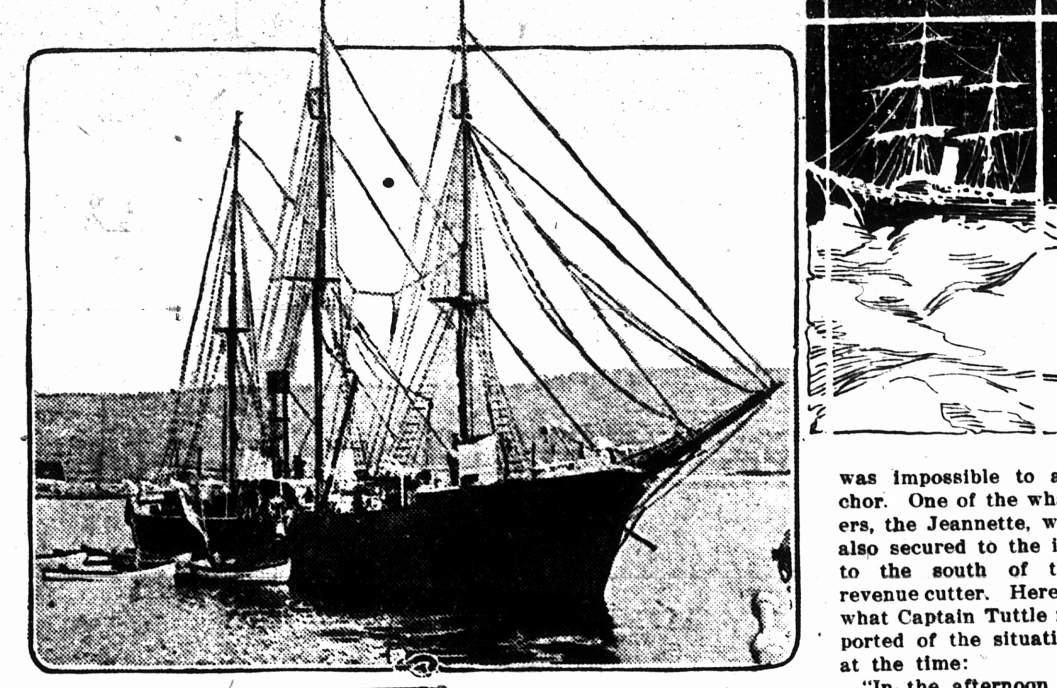
Other records are available that help to bear out Mr. Harris' argument in favor of a vast uncharted continent or extended group of big islands of which Crocker land is but a part. In September, 1879, the Arctic exploring craft Jeannette was caught by the ice and frozen in near Wrangel island, where the Karluk's men are now marooned. She was carried by the ebb tide along with the ice to the westward until she sank on June 12, 1881, to the northeast of Bennett island.

Again, Nansen's Fram was frozen in to the eastward of Bennett island on September 22, 1893, and after drifting generally westward got clear on July 19, 1896, at a point nearly due north of Spitzbergen. Now let us see what happened to the Karluk.

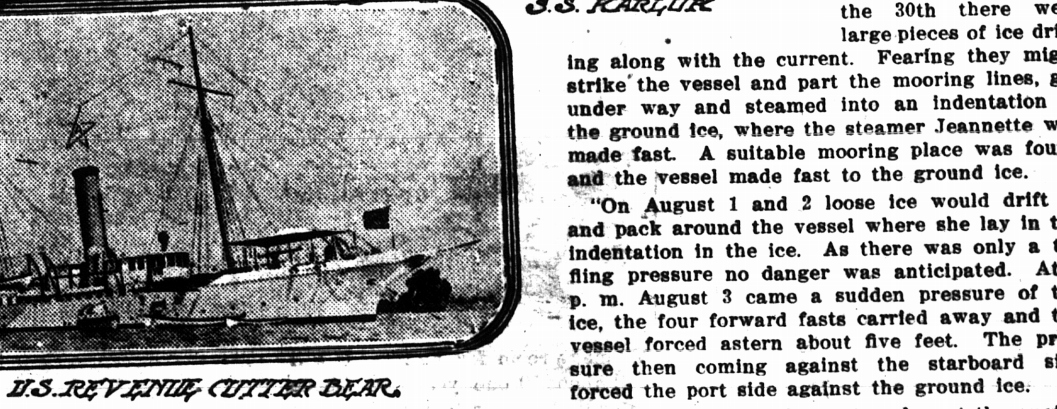
On October 6, last year, Stefansson's ship was swept from her anchorage by a gale and carried off shore at a point northeast of Barter island near Manning point. There she was caught by the Arctic pack, from which it was impossible to break her loose, and thence she, too, drifted to the westward—always westward—until crushed and sent to the bottom north of Wrangel island



MAP INDICATING THEORETICAL POSITION AND SHAPE OF AN UNCHARTED ARCTIC CONTINENT



U.S. REVENUE CUTTER BEAR



U.S. REVENUE CUTTER BEAR

at a position close to that in which the Jeannette was first gripped by the ice in September, 1879.

Why should all these vessels have been moved continually to the west by the Arctic drift? Simply because, as Mr. Harris and others have explained, the incoming tide from the Atlantic has to sweep to the eastward and around some great obstruction that reaches down from close to the pole to a point fairly near Alaska and the uppermost shores of the Dominion of Canada. The ebb tide in passing out in turn has to follow the same circuitous route, but its movement is to the westward, and probably stronger in its general effect than the incoming or flood tide. Why should this be?

Look at the little map that goes with this article. The curving lines with time marked in Roman numerals show how the advancing high tide moves from the Atlantic and the other figures and decimals indicate the measure of the rise. Plainly, the further the water sweeps into the pocket ending at Beaufort sea the smaller the tidal flux and the slower the water moves in the interval of tide change: the water, so to speak, is being crowded. Accordingly on the ebb the sweep is freer, as it is trending toward the great open Atlantic, and this probably accounts for the aggregate net gain in the westward drift.

In this fashion, with the tidal data available, the hydrographer has been able not only to compute the general area of the unknown continent or archipelago, but to approximate its broad contours. True, the Karluk never reached her objective, and Stefansson did not even see Crocker land, but his ship, in her unchecked wanderings in the grip of the Arctic pack, confirmed the existence of the vast barrier in the Arctic basin and will inspire further efforts in the direction of its exploration.

After the Karluk sank Captain Bartlett and his men made their toilsome way southward over the pack ice to Wrangel island, where they encamped with such of the ship's stores as they were able to carry off with them. From Wrangel island Captain Bartlett and one Eskimo made a sledge trip to the Siberian coast and Providence bay, thence crossing in the American whaler Herman north of the St. Lawrence island to St. Michael on the Alaskan shores. From St. Michael news of the predicament of his men on Wrangel island was dispatched to the United States, and steps were at once started looking to the early relief of the shipwrecked crew.

At this time the United States revenue cutter Bear is on her way into the Arctic ocean and would undoubtedly have gone sooner had it not been learned that the Arctic pack was still as far south as Point Hope, Alaska. The work cut out for the doughty little steamer is perilous, for she will probably have to nose her way north and westward against a good deal of opposition as it is. We can best gather an idea of the task by reference to the kindred duty performed by the ship in the early summer of 1898 when she got the crews of the eight whalers out of their hazardous positions on the northern Alaskan coast.

Capt. F. Tuttle, then in command of the Bear, started from St. Michael on July 7 and on the 17th of that month stood northward through Bering strait. Arriving off Point Barrow about July 30, the Bear was made fast to the solid pack. It

was impossible to anchor. One of the whalers, the Jeannette, was also secured to the ice to the south of the revenue cutter. Here is what Captain Tuttle reported of the situation at the time:

"In the afternoon of the 30th there were large pieces of ice drifting along with the current. Fearing they might strike the vessel and part the mooring lines, got under way and steamed into an indentation in the ground ice, where the steamer Jeannette was made fast. A suitable mooring place was found and the vessel made fast to the ground ice.

"On August 1 and 2 loose ice would drift in and pack around the vessel where she lay in the indentation in the ice. As there was only a trifling pressure no danger was anticipated. At 2 p. m. August 3 came a sudden pressure of the ice, the four forward fasts carried away and the vessel forced astern about five feet. The pressure then coming against the starboard side forced the port side against the ground ice.

"A point of ice under water abreast the engine room, the weakest place in the vessel, as there are no athwartship timbers there, forced the port side in sufficiently to buckle the engine room floor plates. Men were immediately sent with ice chisels and the ice was cut away. As soon as the ice was removed the pressure at that point ceased and the floor plates dropped back in place.

WHALES SWEEP IN BY BIG TIDE

Resort Visitors See Mother and
Calf Carried Ashore at
Long Beach.

TAKEN FOR WARSHIPS

Pair Battle Valiantly in Vain Struggle
Against the Waves, Lashing Water
Into Foam—Natural History Museum
Gets Bodies.

New York.—"There she blows! Whales in the offing!"

A young man, bareheaded, with stentorian lungs and wearing a proper bathing suit, raced down the boardwalk at mean high tide at Long Beach the other morning. While his out-repeated cries might not have aroused the placid inhabitants of New Bedford, it did stir up a sensation at Long Beach.

He was terribly in earnest, and to passers by he explained as best he could that there was the sight of their lives awaiting those who had confidence enough in his word to go up the beach a short distance beyond the boardwalk.

"Whales coming ashore" was enough to bring the bathers out of the way of possible danger, and as soon as wraps could be donned there was a rush for the rolling chairs in order to get a sight at the unusual visitors who had dared to disturb the serenity of Long Beach.

Such unwonted excitement had changed the cry of whales into a yarn that the objects off shore were a couple of German cruisers chasing a British ship in shore for refuge. Glasses that some of the crowd had reduced the cruisers to submarines, when the owners of the glasses described the two black objects that were creating very much of a hubbub in the waters as they splashed their flukes and sent the spray skyward in something like miniature waterspouts.

Those who were earliest to reach the spot where later the visitors landed were sure that the strangers were nothing more than huge porpoises. An extremely long and exciting half hour solved the mystery, for there was then



The Pair Struggled Against Fate.

plainly in sight a big specimen of the bottle-nosed whale and her calf coming toward the shore in the sweep of the tide in spite of all their efforts to regain the safer waters of the ocean.

"There she flukes!" shouted one of the elderly chasers of the sensation who had read many sea stories and recalled the expression of old whalers.

"Fluke" she certainly did, for with a swish that threw her great ponderous body up in the air until her white belly glistened in the sun, the mother dove. She must have found shallow bottom right there, for in less than a minute she was back alongside her calf and being swept to the shore by the force of the tide. For perhaps five minutes more the pair struggled against fate, lashing the water into foam and giving to the onlookers such a sensation as is generally vouchsafed to people at summer resorts only when the sea serpent puts in his annual appearance. But there was no "fake" about this show.

With one unusually high and strong sweep of the waves mother and babe were thrown high and dry on the shore and so far inland that no succeeding wave was strong enough to sweep them back into the water.

Their death struggles were not long drawn out and so there was no necessity for the use of harpoons.

When the excitement had abated, and a few tears shed by sympathizing young women who possibly thought that tears at such a time would make a hit with susceptible young men, word of the unregarded arrivals was telephoned from Nassau to the American Museum of Natural History and Doctor Rockwell and a couple of members of his staff arrived at Long Beach and were proud and happy to get possession of two such admirable specimens for preservation in the archives or show cases of the museum. The mother whale measured 18 feet and 2 inches "over all," and the baby was nine feet exactly.

Rabbit Hunter Grabbed Rattler. San Marcos, Tex.—Herman Allen, of San Marcos, went rabbit hunting recently, ran a cottontail into a rock fence, reached after the rabbit and a rattler bit him on the hand. Antidotes and the prompt arrival of a doctor saved his life.

Four Twins Each Hour. Berlin.—Every hour in Germany two pairs of twins are born, 35 children die, three fatal accidents and one suicide occur and there is a net increase of 100 in population, according to vital statistics.

Hadn't Troubled to Figure. Recently in a justice court in the state of Kansas some wheat in the stack had been attached, and it became necessary, through an order of the court, to have the same thrashed. One of the workmen among the thrashers put in a voucher for \$11, which seemed entirely too high to the court.

The court questioned the workman concerning his labor and asked him how much he charged a day. He replied, "Three dollars."

The court then asked him how many days he worked and the workman replied: "Two days."

The court then asked the laborer how he figured the bill at \$11, since he only worked two days, at \$3 per day.

The witness replied "I didn't figure it; I just decided on it."

Degrees.—"So you think it safer to be a political boss than a railroad president?" "Sure thing, my boy. To admit that you have burned your books is a confession, while the worst they can get out of me is that I never kept any books at all."—Puck.

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THE RED W BRAND

TOOK BISHOP AT HIS WORD

Footman May Have Been Considerably Astonished, but He Was There to Obey Orders.

Bishop Brindle, the well-known English clergyman, sometimes tells this story against himself. Dining at Sir Evelyn Wood's he narrated the old story of the small boy who, going to a party, was instructed to refuse cake, as he had not been very well. "But suppose they ask me again, mummy?" he said. "Oh, you must still say, 'No, thank you.'" "And if they ask me again?" "Oh, they wouldn't be so rude as to do that. Now, it is time you were off." The small boy returned home in tears. Asked what had happened, he replied: "Well, mummy, they asked me to have cake, and I said, 'No, thank you,' and they asked me again, and I said, 'No, thank you,' and then they asked me again, and I said just like daddy says, 'Take the damn thing away!'"

At that moment a passing footman caught the bishop's last words, and with a start swooped down on his half-finished plate, and bore it away.

ECZEMA ON CHILD'S BODY

670 High St., Oshkosh, Wis.—"When about two months old my nephew had sores break out on different parts of his body. The trouble first began as a rash which itched so at night someone always held his hands, even while sleeping, as at the least scratching it would run together and form scabs. His night-clothes had to have moccasins on them or the sores would be raw and bleeding by morning. His clothing or the least friction irritated the trouble. His face and scalp were covered. They called it eczema.

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GOOD EATING FOR NEIGHBOR

Man Discovered, Altogether Too Late, That He Had Been Killing His Own Chickens.

A good story is told about two well-known residents of the North end. Both kept hens, and as each has a garden they have been rather fussy about keeping their henhouses locked up and the birds confined. Both have the same breed of hens. Only a few days ago one of them found that a hen had been

scratching and injuring his garden. He looked at his hencoop and saw it was all shut up and he immediately suspected his neighbor's fowls. The annoyance continued and finally one day he said to his friend:

"Say, your chickens are raising havoc with my garden."

"Is that so?" said the other. "Now if you find any of my hens over on your place just kill them."

"Do you mean it?" said the other.

"Certainly I do," replied the man.

A few days later the man's wife saw a headless chicken thrown over on the lawn. She picked it up and carried it in the house and told her husband about it when he came home to dinner.

"We will eat it," he quietly said. Two more came over; and the family had more chicken dinners. A few days ago the man who had been doing the butchering met his neighbor on the front lawn and said:

"Say, do you know, I have been killing my own hens?"

"Sure," said the other, "and I have been eating them."

NOTICEABLE ACCENT.

Rosemary—Look at the man making motions with his hands and wriggling his shoulders.

Thornton—Yes; I happen to know him.

Rosemary—Who is he and what is he doing?

Thornton—He is a deaf and dumb man who talks with a French accent.

WORTH TRYING.

"Now some doctor advises people to eat sand. Seems dangerous to me. What do you think?"

"Dunno. I think it might be safe to 'take a chance. Most of us need it badly in our systems."

Replacing Animal Fats.

Oil pressed from copra, the dried meat of coconuts, is rapidly replacing animal fats in the manufacture of artificial butters in Europe.