

LOST EXPLORERS.

Pathos and Tragedy Fill the Pages of Their Diaries.

SOME FAMOUS LAST RECORDS.

The Journals of Captain Scott, De Long, Livingston, Franklin and Others Are Mute Testimonials of Their Heroic Sacrifices For Science.

A peculiar and pathetic interest attaches to the last records of lost explorers, dying alone and unaided amid the wildernesses or in the steaming depths of tropical jungles.

The diary kept by the gallant Captain Scott teems with tragic touches, but it also has its beautiful and its heroic side.

This world is richer in the possession of facts such as these, which is why the last diaries of men dying in similar circumstances have always been ardently sought and carefully treasured.

It was, for example, in order to try to recover the papers belonging to the lost arctic explorer Mylius Erichsen that Captain Mikkelson recently spent two awful years among the icy solitudes of northeast Greenland.

These journals of poor Erichsen, if they are ever found, will doubtless tell a similarly stirring story to that left behind by Scott.

Only in De Long's case the tragedy was even more appalling than in Scott's, for his party consisted of no fewer than thirteen men, and these all died from starvation and exposure.

The last entry reads as follows: "One hundred and forty day—Boyd and Gortz died during the night. Mr. Collins dying."

The gallant De Long was then left with but one companion, Dr. Ambler, the medical officer to the expedition, for the deaths of the other men had been previously recorded, and doubtless the two last of the survivors died that day or the next.

By far the most dreadful tragedy of arctic exploration was the loss of the Franklin expedition, when the ill-fated officers and men of the two exploring ships, Erebus and Terror, 150 in all, perished. Curiously enough, though many relics of the ill-fated commander Sir John Franklin were recovered by search parties and are now preserved in the museum attached to the Greenwich hospital, none of his diaries or personal papers were ever found.

One single written record of the lost expedition remains to us. It is in the form of a sheet torn from a small pocket diary, and these are the words it contains: "April 25, 1848—Terror and Erebus were abandoned. Sir John Franklin died on June 11, 1847, and the total loss by deaths up to this date nine officers and fifteen men."

This precious scrap of paper was discovered in a cairn on King William's Island in the year 1858. There was no signature, but the handwriting was afterward identified as that of Captain Fitzjames, one of Sir John's officers.

In the tragic history of exploration no briefer record than this exists of a disaster so appalling in its magnitude, although Burke and Wills, who first crossed Australia, left behind them only a few tattered leaves from an old pocketbook to tell the story of how they and their companions had lain down in the desert to die.

Of all the many valuable and interesting documents left behind by lost explorers, however, none can vie in importance with the last journals of David Livingstone, who died, worn out by hunger and privation, in Inia, in central Africa, May 1, 1873. These were brought down to the coast, together with his body, by his faithful black "boys" and were published in December, 1874.

They told of vast and far-reaching discoveries and explorations undertaken under almost inconceivable conditions of hardship and privation. In fact, Livingstone literally laid down his life for his country since to his pioneer enterprise is largely due the fact that so great a part of Africa is today colored red upon the map.—London Answers.

Where the Benefit Was. Widow's Daughter—Mamma, why did you tell Mrs. Lamole that I am only eighteen when I am really twenty-four?

Widow—Because eighteen is six years under twenty-four, my dear.

Daughter—Yes, I know, but surely I don't need the benefit of those six years at my age, do I?

Widow—Not at all, my child, but I do.

There are proper dignity and proportion to be observed in the performance of every act of life.—Marcus Aurelius.

The Parls of Cookery. "Lezle, wumman," the old blind-er complained to his wife at breakfast, "these eggs are mighty hard boiled again."

"Nae wonder, John, denr," replied his wife triumphantly, "when the lassie boiled them by the kitchen clock and forgot it was five meenits slow."—Forth's Companion.

Scared Her. "Why has your wife decided to give up the European trip she was contemplating?" "She happened to hear somebody say that traveled broadened one."—Chicago Record-Herald.

ATLANTIC LINERS' WIRELESS.

The First Messages Are Sent Just Five Minutes After Sailing.

The first regular wireless message is sent out by the steamer slowly backs from her pier. It is timed just five minutes after sailing. The sharp crack of the sending apparatus is usually drowned by the roar of the whistle calling for a clear passage in mid-stream.

This is merely a formal message, but no wireless log would be complete without it, writes Francis Arnold Collins in St. Nicholas. This first message is known as the "T. R." No one seems to know just why. The wireless station replies us briefly as possible, and the wireless operator shuts off.

Business soon picks up. Before the passengers are through waving farewells some one has usually remembered a forgotten errand ashore or decided to send a wireless telegram in the words, and visitors begin to look up the wireless station. It is usually a detached house on the approach to the pier, just large enough for the mysterious looking apparatus and a bank or two.

If no messages are filed for sending the operator picks up the shore station and clicks off the name of his ship—as, for instance, "Athanas—nil here," meaning "nothing here." Should the operator have any messages to file he will add the number—for example, "Athanas 3." The receiving station picks this up and replies quickly. If it has no message to send it will reply: "O. K. Nil here."

Should there be any messages to deliver it will reply: "O. K. G." (Go ahead.) All the way down the harbor the great ship is in constant communication, sending and receiving belated questions and answers. The passengers, who have been calling their farewells from the ship's side as the waters widen, are merely continuing their conversations with the shores now rapidly slipping past.

Your message meanwhile will be delivered almost anywhere in the United States within an hour and in nearby cities in much less time.

Lending a Couple of Miles. "Three to Albany," said a club car passenger as he handed over a mileage book to the conductor and pointed to his two companions. The conductor ran his eye down the long strip and then turned about with the query: "Who will give this man two miles?"

Half a dozen books were presented immediately, and the conductor tore off two miles from one of them while the man who had been short expressed his thanks.

"Yes, it's a kind of treating frequently practiced," said the conductor afterward. "It's the same as with a postage stamp. When you need the extra mile you tear it from one of them, but there are few passengers who will accept the proffer of payment on the part of the man whose book has run out."—New York Sun.

The Lion of Janina. About a century ago London was threatened with a grisly show from Janina. The fame of Ali Pasha was considerable in England, enhanced by Byron's stanzas in "Childe Harold."

So when the great Albanian had at last been murdered and his head was exhibited to the public at Constantinople on a dish a merchant of that city thought the head and dish would be a paying sight in London. We need not regret that a former confidential agent of Ali offered the executioner a higher price than the merchant had and obtained the head, with those of Ali's three sons and grandsons. He deposited them near one of the city gates with a tombstone and inscription.—London Spectator.

Something Awful. "Is your wife pretty fierce in the scolding line?" asked the new acquaintance who was trying to find out what particular kind of sympathy his friend most wanted.

"Fierce! Oh, it's something awful when she scolds."

"What does she say?" "She doesn't say anything. She just shuts her mouth tight and looks at me."—Buffalo Express.

Just a Suggestion. A young lawyer appeared before a Washington judge with his umbrella under his arm and his hat on his head. The young man was so agitated that he forgot to put aside his umbrella or to remove his hat. He began speaking, when the court kindly suggested: "Hadt'n you better raise your umbrella?"—Exchange.

Punishment. "What's the matter, Hans?" "Father caught me in the shed smoking his pipe."

"Ah! So you got a good whacking, I suppose?" "No; father made me finish it out."—Fliegende Blätter.

A Prescription. "If you say your wife is a doctor why didn't you go to her for your cold?" "Too expensive, doctor. Last time she ordered me six weeks in the Riviera and came with me herself."—Fliegende Blätter.

Great is the art of beginning, but greater is the art of ending.—Longfellow. "Progressive." "Your father just told me not to hang round here after 10 o'clock," said Reginald.

"Did it hurt your feelings?" asked Ethelinda.

"No. I feel rather encouraged. It is the first time he has given a sign that he was aware of my existence."—Washington Star.

Sassy. Lady—Why, you naughty boy! I never heard such language since the day I was born.

Small Boy—Yes, mamma. I s'pose dere was a good deal of cussin' de day y'uz born.—London Tit-Bits.

How I Saw A Real Play

By MARGARET BARR

During the winter of 1911-12 I visited the isthmus of Panama to see the big ditch. Having satisfied my curiosity by going over it from one end to the other, I boarded the steamer at Colon for my return. I was standing on deck, leaning on the rail, looking down at the passengers hurrying about on the wharf or thronging up the gangway, where a party of tourists, consisting principally of young girls, came trooping along together, carrying the usual hand luggage and evidently intending to sail for home.

That they were Americans was plain from their speech. A young girl of this party and a young man stopped on the dock directly below where I was standing and, unmindful of my presence, engaged in a hurried conversation.

She—You are coming with us, are you not? He—Impossible. How can I leave here with work unfinished, without leave?

She—There are other engineers, are there not, who can do such work? Do you consider yourself the only capable one in the canal zone? He—Would you have me do all this for you?

She—Is it as much as what you said you would do when we stood on the side of the canal—that you would jump down a hundred feet for my glove if I would throw it over?

He—That was gallantry. This is the real thing. She—At this moment I caught sight of a dark face above a pile of fruit boxes on the dock watching the couple—the face of a girl with a devil in her eyes.

She was doubtless of mixed Spanish and Aztec blood, with all the virtues of this mixture of races contains. The young engineer and the girl, who were evidently the objects of her interest, were unaware of her presence. He stood irresolute. Since I was looking down from above I could not see much of their faces, but I believed her eyes were holding him in thrall. My position, akin to that of eavesdropper, was hardly an excusable one, and I was about to turn away when I caught sight of the dusky creature, who was even more of an eavesdropper than I was myself, indeed, in her fierce looks I saw danger for the lovers. I remained, thinking it possible that I might need to warn them of that danger.

Besides, in this scene enacted on life's real stage I saw a play—a play that might readily be turned into a tragedy. I saw the young engineer at his daily work on the canal, the half-breed girl viewing him as some superior creature doing what to her was miraculous. He smiles at her, thoughtlessly chats with her, possibly after working hours meets her. Quite likely he is innocent of any wrong intention. It does not require a courtship under such circumstances to set a girl wild about a young man so far above her.

Then come the party of Americans to visit the canal. Possibly the young engineer is directed by his superior to show them the section on which he is engaged, to explain to them the processes involved. They may be persons, or some among them may be persons, having influence at Washington. The hearts of this girl of the party and this young man, who are thrown together by fate on the great waterway forming to girdle the world, spring for each other like the positive and negative poles of a magnet. Or it may be she has a passion for bringing a man to her feet, like the huntsman-for sport. Let us hope the first supposition is correct.

She draws him with her to Colon—to see her depart. Once there, she wishes to try her power over him still further. It may be that she has wealth and that his work as engineer on the canal is less to her than her desire to have him with her. But this is all supposition. The only feature evident is that she is trying to make him gratify her wish.

In some way the dark girl—the "heavy woman" of the play, as the atrial persons would call her—has got wind of his infatuation. She follows at a distance. What for? Who knows? Does she know herself? Perhaps not. Nevertheless I can see danger to her fair rival in that fierce black eye. The dialogue below me continued: "Are you going?" she asked.

There was no reply. I knew she was drawing him with her eyes, and I believed she would win.

"Once more, are you going?" she asked again. "Yes. I'll go with you if you take!" I heard no more, for they passed out of hearing toward the gangway. They were the last passengers to come aboard. The gangway was hauled in, and the engine was slowly started.

The girl in whom I was interested came up and stood on deck near me. She was waving to some one on the pier. I saw the dark girl run to the edge of the dock and draw a knife from her bosom. Taking a deliberate aim at her rival, she threw it. Before the knife had time to reach the girl on deck I caught her by the arm and whirled her away. The knife passed within a few feet of her breast.

She looked at me, indignant. She did not know that I had probably saved her life—had certainly saved her from a wound. I did not enlighten her. "Pardon me," I said. "I made a mistake."

But I told the engineer the true story. "Bright Man." "Why didn't you send your man to mend my electric bell?"

"He did go, madam, but as he rang three times and got no answer he concluded that there was nobody at home."—London Opinion.

MORAL EXCELLENCE. Moral excellence is man's highest glory. Men everywhere and in all ages have rendered it their homage, but never more so than in the present time. Nothing in this age can take the place of it or atone for the want of it.—Rev. Dr. A. A. Willets.

SICK, PENNILESS, LAD WINS DEGREE

University of Oregon, Eugene, May 9.—Starting for college foot, without money, but seeking an education, David Pickett, of Prineville, came to the University of Oregon four years ago. This June he will be graduated with honor. He won the oratorical championship of the state last year, and helped Oregon win the debating championship of the coast this year. His education has been earned by daily toil—chopping wood, sweeping halls, and picking up odd jobs whenever he could. He did it all with a frail body, on the verge of sickness much of the time.

Pickett first worked his way through high school in Prineville by serving as janitor at the school. Then his ambition turned toward a higher education and he started on foot for Eugene, 160 miles across mountain and desert. A friend, however, happened to drive to Eugene with a team and the long walk was avoided.

Pickett's freshman year was hard, for sickness, which sent him to the hospital a few days ago in Salt Lake where he had some with a colleague to win for Oregon the forensic championship of the Northwest, kept him out of college much of the time. He struggled through his freshman year without glory.

His sophomore year was another year of working by day and of cramming late at night upon his studies.

This last year his work has not been that of chopping wood or doing chores, but of tutoring his fellow students. Pickett charges 50 cents or a dollar an hour, according to the nature of the subject.

"Working one's way through college sounds romantic," admits Pickett with a smile, "but if a fellow has no other way to get to college, working one's way may be all right—college is worth it."

SURVEYOR SUING FOR \$500 SALARY

With Judge Eakin presiding, the time of the circuit court Friday was taken up with the case of Frank Bryant against the Canby Canal company, an action to recover \$500 wages to be due the plaintiff for alleged as a surveyor. Gilbert L. Hedges represented the plaintiff, while Westbrook & Westbrook conducted the case for the defense. Incompetence was charged by the canal company as the reason of its refusal to meet the demands of Bryant. Argument was concluded with the close of court, and the jury's verdict will be returned Saturday morning.

Members of the jury who heard the case are: A. J. Hodge, Leslie O. Eaton, Joel Jarl, Henry Swales, T. R. Worthington, C. C. Brosnan, J. W. McAnulty, C. F. Fore, R. E. Holcomb, William Dahl, S. A. D. Hungate and S. P. Sharp.

BOOSTERS THANKED FOR AIDING SHOW

O. E. Freytag, manager of the public department of the Oregon City Commercial club, has issued the following note on behalf of the organization:

"The Oregon City Commercial club desires to extend a vote of thanks to the merchants and business men of Oregon City for their support and interest in making a grand success of the Clackamas County Stock show, and also to extend thanks to the livery barns for their donation of hacks used in the parade. Thanks are also extended to the fraternal organizations that helped add to the unique character of the various pageants, and to all others who did their share in making the Booster Day celebration a happy affair for young and old."

In addition to those whose names have been already published as contributing to the success of the annual celebration, the Commercial club also acknowledges receipts of material assistance from the following: Gamberus Brewing Co., Larson & Co., The Morning Enterprise, Elk Horn Stable, C. Krohn, F. J. Aldridge, E. L. Walters, F. D. Cox, Bell Theatre, Weinhard Brewing Co., Calvert Studio, Salsbury & Straight, P. N. Hart, J. W. McAnulty and John Leary.

AUTO MONOGRAMS SOON TO ARRIVE

The club monogram, which the Clackamas County Automobile club ordered, are on their way to this city and will be here within a week or so. W. R. Logus, chairman of the special committee states that the signs have been ordered from the White-head-Hogg company of Portland, and will be delivered in a short time.

They are neat, and in general form resemble those used by the Portland Automobile club and many other similar organizations. They are round and will be attached to the radiators of the machines. About the rim will be "Clackamas County Automobile club, Oregon City, Ore., A. A. A." Across the center will appear "C. C. A. C." which, of course, will stand for Clackamas County Automobile club. The club members will also probably be provided with printed cards, on which will be the member's name and on the other the rules of the club and general rules in regards to automobilists. The cards will also serve as an identification, so that if the owner of one is arrested in Portland or Oregon City for speeding or similar offenses he will not have to be taken to court and placed under bail at the time.

The next meeting of the club will be held in the Commercial club, on Tuesday evening, May 13. At this time plans for the next trip the club will be discussed. The trip will probably be made to Wilhoit, where a chicken dinner will be served.

And the next day it rained!

LOS ANGELES.—Lieut. J. D. Park, U. S. A., was killed Friday when attempting an airplane flight here from Santa Ana.

PORTLAND, Ore.—The O. W. R. & N. company has been fined \$129 in federal court for not taking proper care of stock in transit.

Keeping Track of Children's Needs

Children of to-day would scorn the clothes their mothers wore when they were little. In children's clothing there have been tremendous advances made in comfort and convenience during the last decade. Doctors, nurses and experienced mothers have all lent a hand in solving the problems of children's apparel. Never has there been such a variety to meet every possible demand of health, comfort, and style as there is in the shops to-day.

The careful mother will keep in touch with the world's progress in these lines by reading about the clothes and accessories advertised in the columns of THE ENTERPRISE.

In selecting her children's summer wardrobe she cannot afford to overlook anything for their comfort that she might easily procure if she knew just where it was to be had.

With the recent bright weather putting life into hop vines in nearby yards, so that the green tendrils of the young plants are now several feet above the ground and steadily climbing, general interest in hop picking is reviving. Wiseheads in hop lore declare that the plants have not really started to grow yet, as the nights are still too chilly for the best development of the vines; but all agree that the outlook so far is promising. Stories of the speed with which hop vines grow are being daily retailed, and so far the prize yarn has been told by a pioneer resident of Park Place, who insists he is ready to take oath that he once saw a hop vine grow 26 inches in 18 hours.

Oregon City restaurant men are also interested in the hop outlook, and there is reported to be a move on foot between a combination of them to "corner" the feeding of hop-pickers this season. These men propose to lease a number of tents and kitchen outfits, erect the tents at the several hop yards, and serve meals, taking their pay in hop checks. They figure that the initial outfit will be but small, that they can procure plenty of staple vegetables from neighboring farms for rock-bottom prices, and that the hop-pickers will not require much meat, owing to the fact that picking is warm work, and meat is conducive to bodily heat. In this way the schemers believe they can "clean up a pile," and gain good returns upon their original investment in leased equipment.

SCHOOL CHILDREN RUSH TO "EXAMS"

Over 400 grammar school students in the county have applied for eighth grade diplomas at the end of this school term, and examinations to determine to whom the graduation papers shall be issued are now being held. County Superintendent Gary has received the examination questions from the state board, and says that this year's questions are extremely fair, and that the answers to them should reflect the progress made by

HOP PICKERS FACE RESTAURANT TRUST

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SAID SHE WOULD FAINT

Mrs. Della Long Unable to Stand On Her Feet More Than a Few Minutes at a Time.

Pendergrass, Ga.—Mrs. Della Long, of this place, in a recent letter, says: "For five or six years, I suffered agonies with womanly troubles. Often, I couldn't sit up more than a few minutes at a time, and if I stood on my feet long, I would faint. I took Cardui, and it helped me immediately. Now, I can do my work all the time, and don't suffer like I did."

"Take Cardui when you feel ill in any way—weak, tired, miserable, or under the weather. Cardui is a strength-building tonic medicine for women. It has been found to relieve pain and distress caused by womanly troubles, and is an excellent medicine to have on hand at all times."

Cardui acts on the womanly constitution, builds up womanly strength, toning up the nerves, and regulating the womanly organs. Its half-century of success is due to merit. It has done good to thousands. Will you try it? It may be just what you need. Ask your druggist about Cardui. He will recommend it.

N. B.—Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

the pupils in their work. Examinations prepared by the state in some previous years have been criticized as being either too severe, or else as containing "catch questions."

Of the children taking the examinations, or about to take them, the great majority have signified their intention of continuing studies in the various high schools. Only a small proportion of the total will leave school and enter other fields. As it is expected that only a very few will fail to get the necessary marks for passing, there will probably be a large entering class to be cared for in the high schools, which are already comfortably filled. Room will be found for all who desire to continue their studies, however.

CHICAGO.—Jack Johnson was grilled by the prosecution Friday at the trial of the government's case against "Jim" under the Mann white-slavery act. Belle Schreiber was chief witness of the day against Jim.



The Superiority of Electric Toast

to the charred, or brittle, or soggy kind made in the tedious old-fashioned way, is relatively the same as the superiority of grilled steak to fried steak.

For one-tenth of a cent a slice the General Electric Radiant Toaster makes Perfect Toast faster than you can eat it. It is Perfect Toast because the radiant heat forces the necessary chemical change in the bread. This insures delicious golden Toast that fairly melts in your mouth.

You can operate the General Electric Radiant Toaster on the finest damask table cloth. Its neat porcelain base and cheerful glowing coils add grace and charm to any table.

This little toaster is on display at our store in the Beaver Building on Main Street.

Portland Railway, Light & Power Company

Beaver Building, Main Street

Advertisement for LA CREOLE hair restorer. It features the headline "You Look Prematurely Old" and the sub-headline "This is the Age of the Young?". The text describes the product as a hair restorer that restores natural color and is recommended by Jones Drug Co. The ad includes a small illustration of a woman's face and a testimonial about the product's effectiveness.