

Arctic Region Still Staggeres Explorers With Majestic Grandeur

Conquest of Frozen North Leads Expeditions Forth

No Matter Who Found the Pole, or Whether Found or Not, Strange Area at World's Peak Appeals to Spirit of Adventure Native in Brave Men

Let the Polar battle rage around Peary and Cook and let scientists have their say, "the Land of Great Stillness" will always call loudly to the man who loves adventure.

Nothing that I have ever seen in 30 years of travel can match the cold grandeur of the beauty of the scenery in Franz Josef Fjord on the east coast of Greenland, writes Captain Johan Menander of the Explorer's club in Nature magazine of Washington. Everything there is laid out on a tremendous scale.

Then, too, there are many phenomena in the "frozen north." Just before Admiral Peary made his final dash for the pole in 1909, "red snow" was observed. Some microscopic slides were prepared by Surgeon Goodsell and sent back as a scientific record.

The ice pack has its own characteristic fauna. Seals are seen on the floes, often in great numbers, basking in the sun, or refreshing themselves with fitful slumber.

There is nothing monotonous either in life or scenery. Few places offer as many contrasting and changing aspects as the mysterious lands around the Pole. What especially lingers in the memory of a person whose fortune it has been to visit these enchanting regions is the great, wonderful stillness that at times prevails over the calm face of Nature.

flowers and listening to the chirp of the snow bunting. A few hours later a cold damp fog that chills one through may set in and blot out the surrounding vista of towering mountain peaks and glistening glaciers. The little rivulets abandon their playfulness and take on a frowning aspect. The stroller who, while the sun was shining, did not hesitate to wade through the clear beauty of a stream, shivers as he reluctantly enters the water that suddenly feels many degrees colder than while the sun was pouring warmth and cheer over the landscape.

A sunny, warm day, with a temperature of 60 to 70 degrees, may be followed by a miserable cold day, with drizzling rain or wet snow and a howling wind that seems to penetrate to the marrow of the bones. The clothing is soaking wet, the entire camping outfit is damp. The driftwood is sour and refuses to burn.

Words cannot describe the soft blue tinge of the Arctic sky that day Capt. Menander says. The transparency of the atmosphere was most remarkable. As the mist was gradually dissolved by the rays of the sun, the far-away, majestic mountains, cold and inscrutable in their snowy beauty, appeared close at hand. The peaks were sharply silhouetted against the miraculous azure of the sky.

There was an immense stillness, no sound, not a breath of wind, and a great and peculiar charm rested over the picture. In the Arctic the air at sea level is as invigorating and bracing as in the mountains further south. One feels the joy of life to the full and revels in the pure atmosphere.

Arctic lands are far from desolate wilderness, and favorable localities are teeming with life during the summer. At the end of May the warm rays of the sun melt the snow and ice on the lowlands and the beaches. Where a week or two ago everything was covered with snow, the gravelly ground is bared, merry little brooks and rills drain the ice-cold water into the bays and sounds, where the winter's ice is released from its hold on the shore. One day an iceberg drifts by, a mile or two from land, and opens a wide channel through the ice field. Next time there is an off-shore wind, the bay ice drifts out to sea, and a big shore lead is then formed.

Birds return from the south to their old rookeries. Auklets, gulls and terns are seen on the ice.

Busy Readers

(Continued from page 1.)

Newsboys had been gathered. The reporter, left at the penitentiary, phoned in the remaining facts. The extra came as a complete surprise to citizens and was sold out by 9 o'clock. So Tuesday ended.

Wednesday, February 17

Al Krause and Lew Lunsford signed contract to take over the building at 475 Court street, now occupied by Chambers & Chambers, in the name of the Emporium, new Salem department store, which is to combine, under one roof, stocks normally found only in department stores of the largest cities. Complete remodeling will begin on August 1, with the store open for business in the fall. Chambers & Chambers will erect a three story concrete and pressed brick building on High street between Chemeketa and Center streets, across from the Powell Motor company and south of the old Judge Burnett property on High street. The land was purchased from Frank Bligh, sale negotiated by Grabenhorst, realtors.

The second annual vaudeville night sponsored at the Bligh theatre by the Amenic club of the Salem high school proved the same fine success as the show of last year.

Peace reigned at the penitentiary, with press comments of the state following the lead of The Statesman, first to command the action of prison officials, in pointing out the improved discipline prevailing.

Bearcats defeated the College of Puget Sound here by a score of 29 to 28.

Thursday, February 18

The Oregon Statesman issued its annual bee keeping slogan number.

Definite improvement in posture of pupils in the elementary schools of Salem—important because of the direct connection between good posture and good health—is shown in the posture examination, taken during December and January, with results tabulated by Grace Snook, director of physical education in the Salem public schools.

Damage resulting from the penitentiary riot is to be paid for out of the prisoners entertainment fund, according to Warden J. W. Lillie.

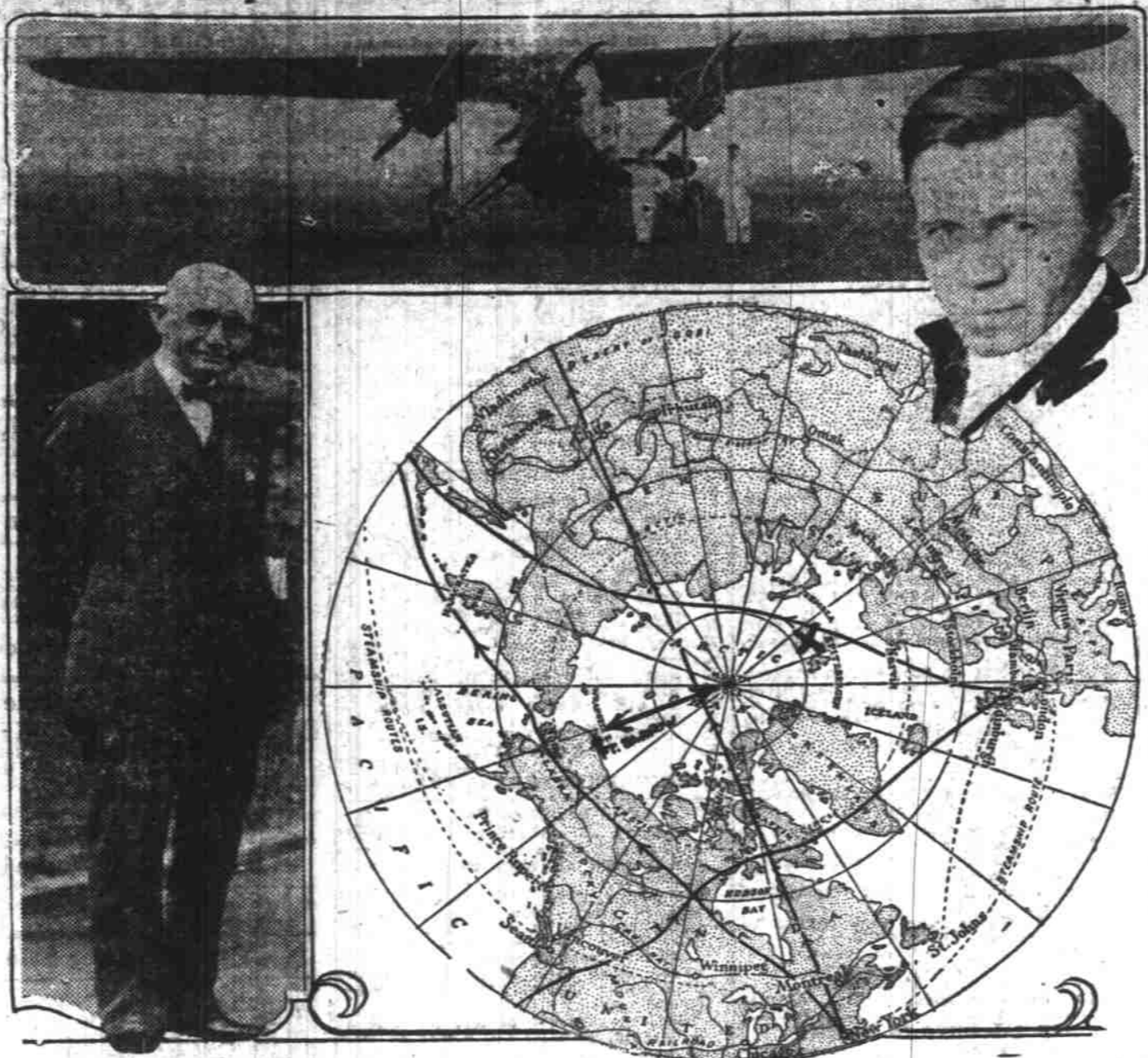
A dance will be held at the Salem armory Tuesday evening, March 16, as one of the opening features of the first annual Spring Display week sponsored by the Salem Ad Club. A band will also be engaged to play on street corners the night of the grand opening. Window cards announcing the display week are already appearing in several of the show windows.

Friday, February 19

The best way of solving the drainage problem confronting residents in the southeastern part of this city is to clean out all the creeks and ditches that carry the water to the Willamette river, according to conclusions reached at a public meeting of the state drainage meeting, presided over by Tom Kay, at Richmond school. A committee was appointed to approach the governor on the possibility of securing prison labor to do the work.

It was a busy night in sport. Salem high school took Eugene into camp by a score of 30 to 22. At the same time, University of Oregon, at Eugene, defeated OAC 25 to 15. The Bearcats, in a well played game, defeated the College of Seattle five here with a score of 59 to 35. The climax came when Robin Reed defeated Henry Jones in Albany two falls out of three, taking the western welterweight title.

Private Capital Back of New U. S. Aero Polar Adventure



An organization financed without government aid is preparing for a new attempt to conquer the polar regions with planes. A board of control headed by Wm. B. Mayo, formerly Henry Ford's chief engineer, and including Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the explorer, and Isiah Bowman, president American Geographical Society, is sponsoring the expedition, which will be commanded by Capt. George H. Wilkins, Australian explorer and aviator. It is planned to use two planes, with Point Barrow, Alaska, as the "jumping off" place. Photo shows type of Fokker machine to be used. In map, arrow indicates projected route to pole. X indicates starting point of Amundsen's attempted flight to pole. Heavy lines in map shows routes Stefansson says airplanes eventually will use in going from North America to Orient.

Dirigible Prepared for Amundsen Polar Flight



Dirigible N-1 is being prepared in Italy to carry the expedition of Roald Amundsen, famed Norwegian explorer, and his American associate, Lincoln Ellsworth, from Rome to Nome and into the Arctic. Commander S. Nobili of Italian air service, designer of N-1, will command her on flight.

lemets and gulls nest on steep cliffs, where the fox is unable to get at their eggs and young. Geese and ducks build their homes and raise their families on low islands, out of the reach of most four-footed marauders. Seals are plentiful on the remaining bay ice. The ice pack is ever and slowly moving, impelled by wind and current. The scenery is ever changing. Occasionally one meets fantastic icebergs of a glacier on some distant island. It has perhaps taken a century or more to form one of these fantastic ice bables from tiny snowflakes that one fell on the interior of Greenland or, who knows on some new continent, still to be discovered in the unknown area of half a million square miles that is covered by impenetrable ice fields, in this "Land of the Great Stillness."

HARVARD'S MOTHER INFLUENCED YOUTH

In the happy family. Thus with others to share the affection of his parents he learned the virtue of generosity. The England of Shakespeare's day into which John Harvard was born was struggling grimly for civil liberty and for every man's right to adjust his own relationship with God. The Puritans, conceiving that differences in religion might better be settled with ink than blood, were migrating steadily to the New World. The young minister, John Harvard, was imbued with the idea that vindictive theological contentions are an impediment to learning that it is not strange we find him, soon after his widowed mother's death, setting out for Massachusetts in

the hope of finding freedom from religious wrangling under New England skies. He settled as pastor of a small church at what was then Newton, Massachusetts, renamed later Cambridge, in honor of the university town where the benefactor of Harvard college had himself been educated at Emmanuel college. His thought for the then nameless school proved his

dying bequest, for John Harvard lived less than a year after his arrival in the Massachusetts colony; and the only authentic historical sketch of his efforts and those of his colleagues to found a great university at Cambridge we find in a pamphlet sent to Old England entitled "New England's First Fruits," which records: "After God had carried us safe

to New England, and we had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship, and settled the civil government; one of the next things we longed for, and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches, when our present ministers shall lie in the dust. And as we were thinking and consulting how to effect this great work, it pleased God to stir up the heart of one Mr. Harvard (a godly gentleman and a lover of learning, there living amongst us) to give the one half of his estate (it being in all about seventeen hundred pounds) towards the erecting of a college, and all his library; after him another gave three hundred pounds, others after them cast in more, and the public hand of the state added the rest: the college was by common consent appointed to be at Cambridge, a place very convenient and accommodate, and is called (according to the name of the first founder) Harvard College.

On one of the entrance gates to the Harvard Yard is inscribed the foregoing history that it may serve today as an exhortation and an inspiration to the students who enter the portals of the great university nurtured by the second son of Katherine Rogers Harvard whose lover and first husband, according to all deductions and accounts, was an affectionate friend of William Shakespeare's.

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DICKEY, THE NEWSBOY, HERO OF TODAY'S STORY

(Continued from page 1.)

was ready for membership. So he was baptized and received. Then came the every-member-canvas, and it was announced that every member would be visited on Sunday afternoon of that day.

When the committees making the calls had all come in just before time for the evening meeting, and they were busy checking up the reports, they heard someone in the entry way at the front door. Then someone crying as if the heart was breaking. They looked up and the door opened just a little and a small face showed through. Deacon Brown said, "Why, it's Dickey," and he went quickly to the door. "Come in, Dickey. Why, what is the matter, my boy?"

"Nobody called on me, and I have been home all afternoon." And again tears flowed down his cheeks. "I guess you thought I was too poor and you would not ask me."

"There now, Dickey, it is my fault," said Deacon Brown. "I took your card out, for I thought you had enough to do to help your mother."

"Ain't I a member?" said Dickey. "Yes, yes. You come over here to the table and I'll help you. I will canvas you myself, and do it right now."

So Deacon Brown sat down with Dickey and explained the card and told him what it meant. Each item was gone over carefully, and fully so that Dickey would not misunderstand it. In fact it was very simple for each thing was put down.

"When you have filled it up the way you want it, you bring it to me, Dickey," and Deacon Brown went back to the other members of the committee.

Before long the little newsboy came over and handed the card to Deacon Brown. He looked at it in amazement. Then he hand-

ed it to the pastor and this is what Dickey had put down: Attend morning worship. Yes, every Sunday. Attend Bible School. Yes, every Sunday. Will be "Big Brother" to the following: (Then followed the names of two boys he promised to bring.) For local expenses of church. 10c a week. For mission work of church. 10c a week. For the Bible school. 10c a week.

Signed: Dickey Brinstead. The pastor said: "Dickey, do you think you can do this?" "Why of course I can, and lots more. I make lots more than \$3.00 a week, and 10c out of every dollar belongs to God. I'll get up at 4:30 and sell more papers. I get up now at 5:30 so as to get to school on time. I want to do it. You will let me, won't you?" "Yes," said the pastor. "God bless you Dickey—I'm sure He will."

Deacon Brown was a million-

aire. He had never been a large giver. He hung his head for a moment, then he said: "Come here, Dickey. Will you let me be a big brother to you from now on? You have taught me something I ought to have known long ago."

New Dickey Brinstead has a good position in the office of Deacon Brown. He is teacher in the Bible school, and a junior officer in the church. "The Lord loves a cheerful giver."

INDIAN BOY DANCER IS "JACKIE COOGAN"

(Continued from page 1.)

His father, Chief Crow Feather, is a Carlisle graduate who was a star on the famous Carlisle football team when Thorp played on that 11. Chief Crow Feather began teaching the boy Indian dance steps at the age of the years.

The juvenile Indian star is a familiar figure at the Indian powwows conducted at the Glacier Park gateway hotel for the edification of the summer tourist throngs.

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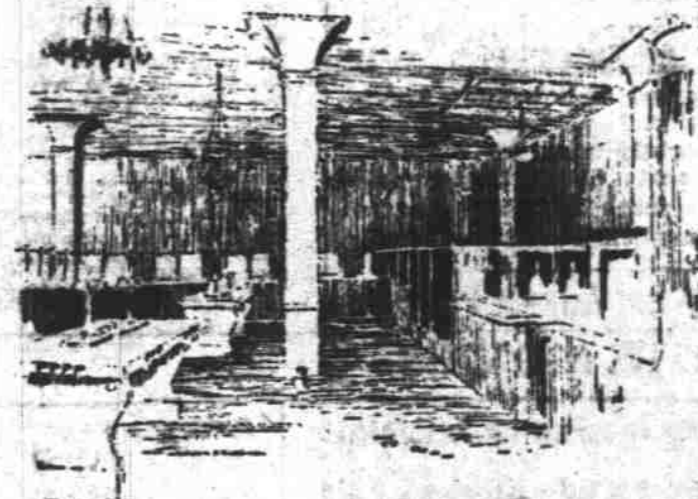
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