

Where Andree Perished



Wellman's Map, Showing Frithjof Nansen Land, Where Andree's Body Was Found.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

FRITHJOF NANSEN LAND (formerly Franz Josef Land) has, after a third of a century, given up the body of August Andree, believed to have been lost forever in the Arctic ice.

The Swedish explorer disappeared in his balloon in 1897, north of Spitzbergen close to the place at which Noblie's dirigible later disappeared. Explorers were at first hopeful that he had drifted eastward to Franz Josef Land. Walter Wellman, assisted by the National Geographic society, led an expedition to Franz Josef Land the following year and thought it likely that he would find Andree at Cape Flora, on one of the southernmost of the islands which was known by Andree to be a headquarters and a frequent point of call for explorers. Andree was not at Cape Flora, however, and no trace of him or his balloon was ever found in Franz Josef Land until a few weeks ago.

Although the islands are desolate and uninhabited and have never been visited, it is possible for men to exist there, even through the winter, as the history of Arctic exploration proves. The land was discovered accidentally in 1873 by an Austro-Hungarian expedition bent on finding the northeast passage. Their ship, caught in the ice, drifted to the southern extremity of the island group, and the crew wintered in her fast in the ice.

In 1881 a British party of 25, its ship crushed, wintered on shore, living partly on bear and walrus meat. Wellman and his companions spent the winter of 1895-99 on shore, and the Zeigler expedition wintered over in 1904-5.

Group of Many Islands.

Its Austro-Hungarian discoverer named the land "Franz Josef Land" under the impression that it was a large land mass, perhaps even of continental size. Later exploration disclosed that it is a group of many islands. Thirty of these are ten miles or more in length and the remainder—scores of them—are small. Several of the islands are as much as 50 miles long. The group lies slightly farther north than Spitzbergen, and its center is as far east of King's bay as New York is east of Detroit. It is as far north of the Murman coast of Russia and the northern coast of Norway as Chicago is north of New Orleans. It is about the same distance from the North pole.

The land's name was recently changed to Frithjof Nansen Land by a vote of the Russian Association of Science. The island group's new name is appropriate because the islands were the scene of one of the most dramatic episodes in the life of the late Frithjof Nansen. The land which has been named for him literally saved his life and preserved him for the valuable humanitarian career that reached a climax when he, in cooperation with Herbert Hoover, saved the lives of millions of famine-stricken Russians.

Nansen took a small party on board the specially constructed vessel Fram and entered the ice floes off northern Siberia in 1893 with the hope of drifting with the ice across the North pole. They drifted for 35 months, locked in the ice, without sighting land and without a single contact with the world. Nansen and his crew were believed to be lost.

When Nansen found that the Fram was not drifting toward the pole, he determined to dash, with a single companion, over the ice to the top of the world. Johansen was picked to go with him. They took three sledges, 22 dogs and two kayaks (Esquimo canoes). They did not attain their objective, but they made a new "farthest north," 88 degrees and 12 minutes, just 225 miles south of the pole. From their northernmost point the two men turned south and began one of the longest marches ever made over Arctic ice. Finally they were reduced to two dogs.

After many days they reached Eva Island, one of the outlying islands of what is now Frithjof Nansen Land. Building a stone hut, they lived on the isolated isle through the winter, subsisting chiefly on bear meat. Next spring they started south for the main islands of the group. Nansen's kayak was attacked by a huge walrus that drove its tusks through the fragile craft, but Nansen scrambled out on a cake of ice as the tiny boat filled with water, and they made their way to the southern islands.

There they met, to their great joy, Frederick Jackson, leader of an English expedition. Although Jackson had met Nansen years before, he failed, for the moment, to recognize in the bearded, black-skinned, sooty-haired wanderer the famous blond Norwegian explorer. Nansen and Johansen came home on the English party's whiter; the Fram arrived a few days later. Nansen, who had been given up for dead, received a tremendous welcome.

The sea between northern Spitzbergen and northern Frithjof Nansen Land is usually packed with an almost unbroken expanse of ice so that navigation northward is seldom possible. Even the narrower channels between the Frithjof Nansen islands are eternally frozen, but the larger channels become ice free in summer. Between southern Spitzbergen and the southern islands there is often open water in summer. Farther south, however, the ice is usually packed, and this floating barrier must be traversed by ships steaming from Russia and Norway to Frithjof Nansen Land.

Because of its far northern position and the greater distance the Arctic arm of the Gulf stream must flow to reach it, Frithjof Nansen Land is marked by Arctic conditions to a greater extent than Spitzbergen. It has been called the world's "most characteristic polar land." Most of the islands are plateaus less than 1,000 feet high, covered with domes of ice. At some points the black basalt crags that form the edges of the plateaus protrude from the white ice and snow. Coastal lowlands are of small extent save on two or three of the westernmost islands.

Vegetation and Animal Life.

The vegetation of the few snow-free spots is scant, consisting only of lichens, mosses, and several grasses. The animal life, too, is meager—for the most part, a few polar bears and fewer foxes on land; walrus and seals in the water. The bird life is the richest. Great flocks of little auks, doves, and other birds frequent the islands from March to September. There are no reindeer or hares.

One important item for castaways is the existence of considerable quantities of driftwood along the shores of the inter-island channels. This is evidently wood cast out into the Arctic ocean by the great northward flowing rivers of Siberia such as the Obi and the Yenisei.

Not only has former Franz Josef Land become a memorial in its entirety, because it is divided, and subdivided, into numerous islands, large and small, with numerous channels and capes and headlands, it has demanded innumerable names.

The history of exploration in the islands by men of various nationalities is in large part written on the map: British Channel, Alexandra Island, Harmsworth Straits, Cambridge Bay, Wilczek Island, Wayprecht Sea, Crown Prince Rudolf Land, Pierpont Morgan Strait, Vanderbilt Sound, Graham Bell Island, Whitney Sea. Austrians, English, Americans, Norwegians and Italians have had a hand in seeking out the secrets of this icy island group.

One of the latest explorations in Frithjof Nansen Land before the expedition which found Andree's body this summer was in 1925 by a British party which carried into the region the first modern radio equipment. The party constantly checked its time by radio signals from the Eiffel tower, Paris, and listened to music and announcements from London and other stations.

PARADE

by Evelyn Campbell

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THE STORY

Linda Haverhill's ne'er-do-well father dies when she is seventeen, leaving her little beyond some worthless stock certificates. These he takes to her father's friend, Senator Converse, to dispose of. After a whirlwind courtship Linda marries Courtney Roth. Too late she discovers he is a penniless adventurer living by his wits. Roth dies in Switzerland. Linda continues to live like a woman of wealth. The senator supplies her with money, keeping up the fiction that her stock is yielding it. On a trip she meets Brian Anstey. He helps her out of an embarrassing situation. Linda learns the real reason for Converse's friendliness. The senator resents her friendship for Anstey. Linda has a few days happiness in Anstey's company.

CHAPTER VI

Tangled Dreams

Linda could not tear her eyes from the fascinating hat. It was the loveliest hat on the avenue, and she knew how it would look on her. She heard what Brian said vaguely.

"I must have it," she cried gaily, and went into the shop. He followed at once, but she was already in one of the little girl booths before a mirror, and a slim, undulating creature was bringing the hat, smaller even at close view than it had been behind plate glass.

It was on Linda's dark head. She wore a short fur coat, and her face flipped the edge of the high flat moire collar like a dark rose. Her color had come back, and the look of weariness that had been on her face when Brian met her was gone. The hat made her bloom.

"I love it," she said, looking up at Brian, and then to the saleswoman. "I think I will wear it today and you may send the other."

There was an embarrassing moment—a pause. The delay was imperceptible, but it was there. The saleswoman sent a secret, inquisitive glance toward the tall good-looking young man who had come in with Mrs. Roth, and Brian, conscious of this, wondered why she stood there holding Linda's discarded hat rather contemptuously away from her.

Linda gazed. She looked the woman straight in the eyes, and her own were proud and guileless. "You may send the other hat to my address—the St. Sevier," she said gently, and began to walk away.

The saleswoman followed her, frightened but determined. "But, Mrs. Roth—perhaps you had better see madame."

"There is nothing else," said Linda tranquilly, and left the shop. She was exquisite under her new crown of pale jade, but Brian was looking at her face, pale again, with lips a little breathless. Something had been wrong in the shop, but he could not grasp the exact meaning of the little scene. It was ridiculous, but it was almost as if the woman had not wanted to sell the hat to Linda.

Linda was glad to get away from the shop. She had been afraid for a moment, but luckily the saleswoman had been a stupid person. Her account was large, but she would send them a check for something as soon as her own money came from Stevens. By this time she was almost agitated at the broker, as if he had been keeping her income from her purposely.

"You look so solemn," she cried meeting Brian's troubled eyes. "I don't believe you like my new hat after all. Why didn't you tell me it was unbecoming?"

This was so artificial that they both laughed, and the unpleasant moment was forgotten.

"I wonder why I feel so irresponsible when I am with you?" Linda asked. Though she was so tall and slight, their eyes were not nearly on a level and she had to look up at him. This gave her a peculiarly appealing expression.

"If that is so, I will keep you away from the shops that sell diamonds," he answered. He was happy in spite of his gravity. A queer rustling happiness that made everything seem chaotic. The people on the avenue, the shops, the countless automobiles were nothing but shadows to him. Division was filled with Linda, a strange woman he seemed to have known all ways and far better than any one else in the world. Yet he realized he knew nothing about her.

"Who was the charming girl you danced with last night?" she questioned. There was a tiny note of jealousy in her voice. They had been dancing together when she left the restaurant with the senator.

Brian hesitated. "An old friend of mine, Daisy Fentress."

Linda had heard of the Fentresses. So had everybody else. They were rich enough to have their names in the paper every day and that is something—to be rich without being notorious is an achievement, and the Fentresses were impeccable. She knew that Simon Fentress, who had most of the money, was a secret power in Washington; Converse had often spoken of him with envy, for his own wealth was a little thing in comparison. The memory of the young girl's face, blond, inexperienced, with every thing to give, sent a little shiver of pain to her heart.

"The heiress?" she said dully. "Yes, I know."

"She doesn't like to be called an heiress," explained Brian, "and she's a wonderful old pal. I'd like you to meet her some time."

Linda made a wry face unseen by him. "Girls bore me," she said indifferently. "Daisy wouldn't," he blundered. "She's an innocent child—you'd be amused by her old-fashioned notions. She's very much against—"

Linda recovered herself. He had said something about a decision.

"You wanted my opinion about something," she said softly. "I'm afraid it will be terribly worldly, but I am like that, you know." Her eyes challenged him to discover anything old-fashioned about her.

His face lighted. "Did you remember that I said that? Are you sure I won't bore you talking about myself?"

"I shan't be bored." "Well, then, if you care enough to bother," his clear, eager eyes sought and found hers, holding them in spite of a hundred stranger eyes that might have been watching.

She did care enough. She cared enough to listen to anything he had to say. Her eyes told more than she dreamed.

"I've been offered a post," said Brian, telling his story—"diplomatic—and I'm on the fence whether to take



"Who Was the Charming Girl You Danced With Last Night?"

it or let it go past along with other things. It's a thing I've wanted for years, and now that it's here a dozen reasons have sprung up why not—"

"Not a nice appointment?" she sympathized. It was just a trivial opinion, after all, that he wanted.

"Splendid—for me. It's not that. But—I told you I wasn't rich, didn't I? I'd have nothing but my pay, and I've begun to wonder if I could make a go of it."

She gave a silvery laugh, so span taneous that he looked his surprise.

"I beg your pardon," he said stiffly. "I shouldn't have begun this. How could you possibly understand?" His glance traveled over her rich furs, the expensive little hat, her gown reflecting its extravagant maker in every line, removed her from the stigma of economy. How could she understand what it meant to be poor? And Linda laughed again, understanding far more than he would ever know.

"Go on. Tell me about it," she encouraged, to hide the tremor beneath her gaily.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Slight Warning Given of Deadly Poison Gas

Carbon monoxide poisoning is one of the greatest dangers of modern life. The gas, given off by almost all forms of combustion, has no smell and gives no ordinary warning, but two symptoms have been noted which may be valuable.

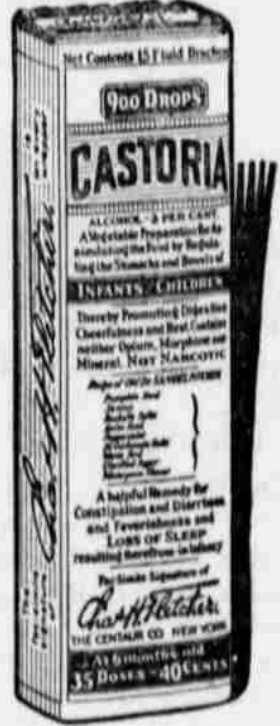
First, there may be a slight swelling and hardening of the small arteries which one can feel beating in the temples; second, there is often a slight weakness of the muscles in the back of the legs.

In treating a case the victim should not be moved more than necessary; the air must be fresh and should not be cold; the patient should be kept absolutely quiet until recovery is complete. Artificial respiration is necessary if breathing has ceased, but the most important thing is prompt use of a modern inhalation apparatus using oxygen and a little carbon dioxide.—World's Work.

Ghostly Trophies

The Jivaran tribes, a group of Indians, living at the eastern base of the Andes in Ecuador and the adjacent parts of Peru, practice the art of shrinking human heads. These shrunken human heads, called tsantsas in the native Jivaran tongue, are often seen in museums. The head, after being taken from an enemy, is carefully skinned, sewed up in the back and then shrunk and dried by an elaborate process accompanied by much ceremony. The finished product, no larger than the head of a small monkey, preserves the human expression

Castoria corrects CHILDREN'S ailments



WHAT a relief and satisfaction it is for mothers to know that there is always Castoria to depend on when babies get fretful and uncomfortable! Whether it's teething, colic or other little upset, Castoria always brings quick comfort; and, with relief from pain, restful sleep.

And when older, fast-growing children get out of sorts and out of condition, you have only to give a more liberal dose of this pure vegetable preparation to right the disturbed condition quickly.

Because Castoria is made expressly for children, it has just the needed mildness of action. Yet you can always depend on it to be

effective. It is almost certain to clear up any minor ailment and cannot possibly do the youngest child the slightest harm. So it's the first thing to think of when a child has a coated tongue, is fretful and out of sorts. Be sure to get the genuine; with Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the package.

Successful Search for Pet

The love of a Portland (Maine) man for his dog, which led him to institute a search extending from Maine to the Middle West, was rewarded when Tom, the Scotch retriever of H. Ben Eastman, which disappeared from Portland simultaneously with the departure of a circus on June 3, was found frolicking with the other animals of the circus menagerie in Dayton, Ohio. Tom was in the possession of an animal trainer, who said he purchased the dog for \$10 when the circus played Portland.

Not for the Laity

Eleanor, who lives in Greencastle, had heard much discussion on the general subject of miniature golf courses. Passing one of these in a car with her mother, she exclaimed: "Oh, mother, there is another one of those minister's golf courses."—Indianapolis News.

Poor Meester Mussolini

Friend—You look bored. Mussolini—I am at pence with the world.

Time, patience and industry conquer all things.

Famous Clock Restored

The famous clock over the entrance of Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, is running again, after being out of order for many years, says a dispatch to the New York Herald Tribune.

The clock has a double face, the hour being read both from the hall and from the entrance. Far out of the grounds striking of the hour can now be heard as it was in Jefferson's time.

Among the recent sight-seers was a jeweler who offered to put the clock in condition at his own expense. Because of his interest and labor, his ancient timepiece once again performs its allotted duty.

Youthful Assumption

"How is your son getting on in his new position?"

"First rate," answered Farmer Corntassel. "He knows more about the business than the boss does. All he has to do is to convince the boss."

Misunderstood

"Have you ever been abroad?" asked the chance acquaintance.

"No," replied the little man, "I've always been here this."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ASPIRIN

Beware of Imitations



Unless you see the name Bayer and the word genuine on the package as pictured above you can never be sure that you are taking the genuine Bayer Aspirin that thousands of physicians prescribe in their daily practice.

The name Bayer means genuine Aspirin. It is your guarantee of purity—your protection against imitations. Millions of users have proved that it is safe.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin promptly relieves

Headache Sore Throat Rheumatism
Colds Neuralgia Neuritis

SAFE No harmful after-effects follow its use. It does not depress the heart.

Aspirin is the trade-mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocentric-diolester of Salicylicacid

Oversight

Doris went with her mother to an art exhibit one afternoon. When she returned, her father asked her how she had liked the pictures.

"Oh, they were all right," Doris conceded, "but I didn't see a single picture of Mutt and Jeff!"

Nothing Doing

"Didn't you get your life insured?" "No; I couldn't. The agent found out I was a pedestrian."

If you are going to tell a lie, tell an interesting one.

Slightly Confused

"Poverty," said the cynical philosopher, "is no disgrace. On the contrary, it may be an honor."

"Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Stax; "I feel that way about it. But my tastes are so expensive I can't afford to be poor."

A Place to Stay

"How does it come about that you are in prison?"

"Well, one must be somewhere!"

Better say only half you think than think only half you say.

When you motor **Cuticura** preparations *Should Be Used*

To keep the skin in good condition. Anoint with **Cuticura Ointment**, bathe with **Cuticura Soap** and hot water. **Cuticura Talcum** is an ideal toilet powder.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Talcum 25c. Proprietors: Foster Drug & Chemical Corporation, Malden, Mass.