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THE LAST VOYAGE OF SHACKLETON

SHACKLETON'S LAST QUEST

EXPLORER GOES OUT TO THE GREAT UNKNOWN

Tragic Ending of a Brave Life of Triumph

SILENT VOYAGE HOME

Shackleton has gone on his last Quest. He died on his little ship on the fifth day of this year, and the news has come late through the breakdown of the wireless on the Quest.

It is a sad and poignant piece of news, the loss of this great hero.

The end of his triumphant life of exploring came with startling suddenness. One night the leader of the Quest was unwell; at half-past three the next morning, when off South Georgia, he sank rapidly and passed within three minutes out into the vast Unknown.

The body was transferred to a passing steamer and then to Monte Video, where it was received with national honours before its silent voyage home.

Getting Near the South Pole

Shackleton was an adventurer born. He passed his childhood by the sea. His birthplace was a village on the Atlantic coast of Ireland, where his father was a doctor; the sea was the element he chose when he had to determine how he would earn his living. He went into the merchant service as an apprentice, saw the world, got the habit of roving, and felt a longing to enlarge the boundaries of the known globe.

His first chance to explore came in 1901. He was 27 then, and he managed to get appointed third officer of the Discovery, the ship in which Scott went to the Antarctic. Two years later he was home again, invalided after a bad attack of scurvy. He hated to return, but he had no choice in the matter, though he began at once to lay plans for another expedition, to be undertaken and commanded by himself.

By 1907 he had got together a crew and enough money to start in the Nimrod. Little fuss was made about his start, little trouble was taken to get news from him. For two years he was forgotten. Then suddenly he became famous. He had penetrated to within a hundred miles of the South Pole.

Great Story of Endurance

The story he had to tell was one of magnificent endurance and determination. The ponies on which the Polar party relied for the transport of their provisions over the rugged icefields, up the ice-mountains, across immense glaciers, died one after another till all were gone. Then the men dragged the sleighs themselves, and, but for their supplies running short, owing to the extra time they took after the ponies were all gone, they would have reached the Pole. As it was, they got very near. His position might now have been

Shackleton's Farewell



Sir Ernest Shackleton has passed away amid the cold Antarctic seas he loved so well. Here we see him waving farewell to London as he set out on his last Quest

thought highly enviable. He was sufficiently well-off, considering his simple way of life; he was one of his country's heroes. But he could never be content with an uneventful life. His view, as he told the C.N., was that no true Briton ought to be content with civilisation. He should be always looking across the seas to fields of new adventure.

So, in 1914, just as war broke out, he started for the Antarctic again. The Admiralty, when he offered himself and his crew and his ship for war service, telegraphed to him "Proceed." He obeyed, and for another two years disappeared into the Great South. His expedition was not unfruitful, in spite of disaster. A good deal that was new was learned about the Antarctic.

As for Shackleton's lectures, they were immensely popular. He had a delightfully easy, unconventional way on the platform. He talked to his audiences as if they were parties of his friends, and the crowds he attracted showed well that what the public wants is not a vulgar play or sensational pictures. He was full of fun.

But again success and a quiet, comfortable life palled upon him. He longed to be once more in the great, white, silent, sun-steeped spaces, where, as he said once, "he felt that, even when he was by himself, he was not alone; there was an unseen presence with him." He planned a new voyage.

This time he found an old schoolfellow who had grown rich enough to fit out his expedition. With his ship, the Quest, he was entirely satisfied. One of his last letters to his friend said:

"Should anything happen it will have nothing to do with anything wrong in the ship. *The ship is all right.*"

And then he quoted two lines which ought to be put on his tomb when his body is buried in England, a fitting epitaph for one whose life was a grand struggle for knowledge, a stirring fight with all the obstacles that stood in a working boy's way:

Never for me the lowered banner,
Never the lost endeavour.

The banner of that true knight never was lowered; no endeavour of that eager spirit was lost.

THE ICE-BRIDGE AT NIAGARA

WHY IT IS CLOSED TO TRAVELLERS

Dramatic Scene of Terror at the Falls

PATHETIC ENDING OF THREE LIVES

An ice-bridge having been formed below Niagara Falls, large numbers of people have been to see the striking sight of the Falls in winter, when the spray falling over the cliffs beside them is frozen in tremendous icicles.

It was possible some years ago to walk along these ice-bridges reaching out below the roaring waters, but this is now forbidden, owing to the tragedy of the winter of 1912, when three people were drowned.

A C.N. boy whose family were friends of these unfortunate people sends us an interesting account of this pathetic tragedy.

Bridge Cracks and Breaks Away

In 1912 (he says) the frost was extremely severe. An ice-bridge formed, and, as usual, a large number of people came from the districts round. A few days afterwards the weather moderated, but the ice-bridge showed no signs of breaking. One Sunday, about noon, the bridge suddenly cracked and began to break away from the sides of the river where it was moored.

There was great excitement. Everyone who was on the bridge, except a man, his wife, and a boy, managed to jump off. The boy was on a different piece of ice, and not near the other two, and for him there was no chance at all. But for the other two, as the mass of ice moved slowly toward the sucking and gurgling whirlpool, the onlookers from the bridge down the river managed to procure a rope.

As the ice-floe reached the first bridge the rope was let down; but, to the horror of the crowd, it was *too short*.

Rushing Toward the Whirlpool

There was one more chance of saving the terrified couple, for there was one more bridge before the whirlpool was reached. Length after length of rope was added to the first, until it was thought to be sufficiently long; and, as the ice-floe went under the second bridge, the man caught the suspended rope and managed to tie it round his wife.

Then he grasped the rope himself and the men on the bridge began to haul, slowly, hand over hand.

It seemed that all would yet be well, when, alas! a loud moan burst from both the victims and the lookers-on, for *the rope had snapped*. Faster and faster went the ice-floe toward the hungry whirlpool, with both victims on their knees, uttering a last prayer. The whirlpool drew them nearer and nearer, and at last they were drawn into the waters, never to be seen again.