

that. During the games on the ice at Cape Sheridan at Christmas he won the 60 yard dash over all the Eskimos, thereby winning more fame for his waiting Eskimo.

"When we got back to Annotok," concluded the Commander, "Whiskey Oo-Quah got everything I had promised. He laid these things before the girl's father, who forthwith relented. Whiskey came back to the Roosevelt with his bride and stayed with us until we got to Etah."

GOOD TIMES ON ICE.
"Tell us something about some of the good times you had if there were any," one of the group on the floor put in. "How about Christmas or New Year's Day?"

"Sure there were good times," Peary answered. "And Christmas Day was about the best. We spent that at latitude 82 degrees 30 minutes on the Roosevelt at Cape Sheridan and it was the middle of the Arctic night, but it was Christmas all right. I think it was McMillan who got up the field day, wasn't it you, Mac?"

"Yes, the great Arctic Athletic League's field day for amateurs only," came the voice of McMillan back in the gloom.

"Well, McMillan arranged the field day on the ice foot near the Roosevelt. It was black except for the starlight and we marked off the course of the races with lanterns. There were two at the start, several along the 100 yards of smooth ice that made the course and two at the finish. We had separate races for Eskimo and white men, for the huskies can't run as fast as a white man. Then we had one race for the women and another for the Eskimo children. You know we had seventeen women, seven boys and six girls along on the Roosevelt.

"Poor Marvin, I remember, won the third heat of the white man's race, and in one of the Eskimo races his own favorite boy, waddled over the ice in the lead. We had the most fun out of the race for the women, carrying babies in their hoods. There were three in that race, as I recall, and Tu-Oul-Ah and her baby won. We all wanted to see what prize she would choose. She had her pick of a box of four cakes of scented soap, two boxes containing needles and thread and a thimble and a frosted cake that Percy, the cook, made. Of course we picked her to choose the cake, but she was floored when she chose the scented soap. That raised Tu-Oul-Ah about 50 per cent. in our estimation.

"No she didn't eat it, she used it," laughed the commander when one of the correspondents wanted to trace the psychology of Tu-Oul-Ah further.

"Then we had a tug of war between the men forward and those in the after part of the ship, and the day ended with a big feast. Tell them what we had to eat, Matt."

FEAST AT 82.30.
Matt Hensen coughed apologetically; he didn't like being thrust into the limelight. From his seat on a salt barrel he then named the menu of that feast at 82.30.

"Well, sir, I remember we had mink and seal and hare, not to forget the mink soup. Then we had Washington pudding and plum pudding brought from home—from down in America, and nuts and raisins and whiskey, sir, and wine. After that seagulls, yes, sir, seagulls and cigarettes and candy Mrs. Peary had given us before we sailed—plenty of candy, sir."

The Commander took up the tale again. He had received a surprise box delivered to Capt. Bartlett before the Roosevelt left New York, he said, and Capt. Bob had promised Mrs. Peary not to give the Commander his surprise box which she had provided until Christmas. The whiskey had been the gift of Sir William McGregor, Governor of Newfoundland. John Ayre of St. John's, N. F., had supplied a great lot of candy and a case of books from Archbishop Howley of St. John's had completed the Roosevelt's store of presents. "Altogether, it was the best sort of a Christmas," was the way the head of the Roosevelt's party concluded his summary of holiday joys.

SCIENTIFIC ASPECTS.
"Before his interrogators had finished with him Commander Peary had to say what he thought was the real value to science of his successful expedition. He said:

"I presume that our contributions to the science of geography and oceanography can be counted as perhaps the greatest results of the expedition. For instance, our soundings from Cape Colville in Grant Land to the pole clean up and give an approximate outline of the bottom of the ocean from the top of the American continent to the top of the world, and this advances and supplements the information of Nansen and Cagni. But there is one great thing accomplished which is not in the province of science.

The attainment of the pole is a sign of proof of man's physical conquest of the earth. As long as there remains a spot on the globe not attained by man so long will there continue a reproach to the prowess of the race. After the discovery of the north pole that of the south pole must follow as a natural sequence. But there has not been the same sentiment and the weight of history behind the struggle for the south pole."

Peary said in answer to a question that he did not know what disposition might be made of the Roosevelt. She would make a good revenue cutter, he said, or an ice breaker for New England harbors or she might be made by the Peary Arctic Club a floating memorial to her own adventures, like the Nansen ship, or the Stella Polare, Abruzzi's Fran.

BURNING ISSUE.
This completed the interview with Peary in the stores loft. Just as the commander and the correspondents were descending the stairs a gray haired gentleman in a red sweater ran up to the group and singled out the representative of a Boston paper.

"I read your paper," said he. "Tell me how the series between the Detroit and Boston stands."

"The exiled fan said he was E. J. Sheldon of Boston.

The afternoon newspaper men raced in vain hope up the creak behind the town where the spindle pole of the wireless raised its web in the face of the winds from Greenland. There the four Gordon Sprackling, the young Nova Scotian who for five days had slept four hours in each twenty-four while giving Peary's message to the world. He smiled and took the correspondents' copy almost mechanically.

Out to the ship the rest hurried counting each minute as freighted with value never to be had again. On the forward deck were the photographers already manhandling Borup and McMillan and Henson. The Eskimo men had climbed their kap-tan, their kood-letah and blue-foxskin and deerskin coats with blue-tin trousers—and they were posing on the three sledges that had gone the

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90 degrees north with Peary, 50 woolly husky pups tumbled about their feet.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.
Behind and around the men in their hairy garments were indescribable confusion and much dirt. The detritus of the whole year in the ice and the accumulations of months of shooting had still to be removed before the Roosevelt would look like a respectable explorer. Inside of the ship, in the main companionway leading from the forward to the main deck, there was a scene of near approach to a tragedy—a neatly drilled bullet hole through two wooden partitions and a mattress, still blood covered.

Young Borup explained these holes and what had been the accompaniment of their making.

It was on the night of August 11, he said when the Roosevelt was making down the Baffin Land coast that Peary had ordered one of the crew—Borup would not say who—to clean one of the rifles that had been used in the walrus hunting a week before. McMillan was asked a near approach to a tragedy—a neatly drilled bullet hole through two wooden partitions and a mattress, still blood covered.

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He had lost all his dogs and he and his two huskies were pulling their sleds along the ice. Peary and his Eskimo natives were they had come from and their reply had been "Far, far north."

The repetition of the adverb in this case is more a measure of distance than an expression of the superlative, says Dr. Greve of the Grenfell Mission. The man added "that they had been a long time gone and had suffered much."

"I didn't have anything to do with Cook," said Pritchard, "but Murphy had some trouble with him over stores. Cook claimed he had some stores there, but Murphy said all the stores were Peary's, and I don't think Murphy gave Cook any. Cook seemed to want to stay at Etah, but after the trouble about the stores he and his Eskimos left."

This was all Pritchard would say as to the much discussed dispute between Cook and Peary partisans over the possession of the Etah supplies.

A BULLY GOOD TIME.
McMillan then took up again the thread of his adventures.

"Hardships," he echoed, "why, yes, there were some; but they were forgotten each night after we had turned into snug igloos. The excitement of the whole thing far outweighed the dangers, and all in all, I don't believe you will find a man on the ship who realizes to-day that what we considered just a bully good time was really an event so important that you fellows chase us away up here to get the news of it. If they start to give us any demonstration in New York, we won't know how to take it. Of that I am certain."

The man who stood with his furled head leaning against the mast and his hands jammed into his pockets found the correspondents importunate. They wanted all he had to tell, and he shrugged his shoulders good naturedly and began to speak of remarkable adventures in the light of commonplace.

"I had to turn back at 85 degrees because I had frozen one of my feet pretty badly." Others had said that McMillan kept up for days with his frozen foot before Peary himself ordered him back.

"You see, we all wore grass between our deerskin socks and the soles of our kaukis or boots. Should that grass slip out and allow the soles of the feet to touch the boot insole weather, the feet would surely be in cold weather. That's what happened to me. I had my foot frozen on March 15 when the thermometer was down to 58 below.

"YOUNG ICE."
"So Peary ordered me dragged back to the ship on a sledge and left with me the command that when I got to the Roosevelt I should go with Marvin on a geodetic survey and tidal measurement expedition to Cape Morris K. Jesup in north Greenland. But I had to take Borup instead of Marvin, because before we started the Eskimos had come to me to tell of Marvin's death. They hung their heads in the telling and pointed downward, repeating 'Young ice, young ice.' We understood."

"One day before we left the Roosevelt for Greenland Borup and I tried a little stunt. There was a ribbon of open water near the ship and we stripped and plunged in. It was on April 17, I remember, and the thermometer stood at 29 above. When we got out we found that the ice wasn't as cold as the water and we ran up and down on the ice sheet near the ship for about five minutes while the huskies yelled with laughter. They thought we were out of our first because we had taken a bath at all and then because of the manner of our taking it."

"On April 19 we left the ship for the trip across Grantland and North Greenland to Cape Morris K. Jesup. We had six sledges and forty-eight dogs with four Eskimos who helped drive. We took provisions according to Peary's order to put in caches along the Greenland coast in case he might be carried thither on his return trip as he had been on his return from the 87 degrees 6 minutes mark in 1908. On April 23 we crossed Robt. In Channel and we reached Hand Bay in San Land the next day.

DEAD MAN'S MESSAGE.
"In four marches we made the distance that the Lockwood and Brainerd British expedition took twelve days to cover in reaching Peary's depot. The first march which he had erected in 1900 at 83 degrees 30 minutes, on May 4, and we got to Cape Morris K. Jesup two days later. We had been following the route of the Lockwood-Brainerd party up as far as DeLong ford and one day we found directly in our path a linen cuff with the name 'Lockwood' pencilled on the face of it. It had been there ever since Lockwood himself had passed that way and had given up his life in the expedition. What it meant we guessed too well. A final message from a man lost and dying, perhaps."

LIVE MAN'S MESSAGE.
"It was on May 8 that Karko and Wee-Shah-Ok-Sie, two of the Roosevelt's Eskimos, hurried up to us with a message from Peary."

McMillan went to his bunk and returned with a worn and soiled sheet of paper bearing the Roosevelt letterhead. It read:

"My Dear McMillan: 'April 28, 1909. 'Arrived on board yesterday. Northern trip entirely satisfactory. There is no need of Greenland depots. Capt. Bartlett came aboard the 24th Concentrate all your energies on tidal observations and line soundings north from Cape Morris Jesup. Use intended supplies for me for this purpose. 'COMMANDER R. E. PEARY."

"You can imagine how happy that letter made me," McMillan continued, "although it left so much unsaid. How successful had Peary's Northern trip been? Did he mean that he had reached the pole? We hardly dared to believe it, although we had both left him with conditions favorable for the achievement."

"We returned from Cape Morris K. Jesup to the ship as quickly as we could after completing our observations."

GAME OF TAG WITH THE STORK.
Here McMillan struck a new lead of narrative. He had something funny to tell, although he didn't know how the correspondents were going to get it in the papers. It was about Iup-Oo-Pee's baby.

It was the custom of the Eskimos to build a new igloo whenever they expected to visit from the Arctic stork, and the Arctic mother was always moved to this igloo in time to have the fresh ice walls shelter the baby.

Well, this Iup-Oo-Pee heard the rustle of the stork wings while she was wintering on the Roosevelt, and her husband went out on the ice and erected the lying-in igloo. Thither Iup-Oo-Pee was moved, but the Arctic bird of cheer tarry and Iup-Oo-Pee was moved back to the Roosevelt's forward quarters. "Again a bit later she had her baby to the igloo and still again the stork had the job on her."

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thrice removed and thrice returned to the ship the bird violated all Eskimo ethics and landed the baby on the Roosevelt.

"One of the Eskimo ladies, who bore the little Spring Hell Jack, was deeply scandalized at the occurrence."

PORT CONGER.
"Oh, by the way, I haven't told you what I found at Fort Conger, have I?" ejaculated McMillan.

"The correspondents shook their heads. 'Well, you may find it interesting,' McMillan remarked as a prelude to his tale."

It was in November of 1908, when the Roosevelt was in winter quarters at Fort Sheridan, he and Borup had started south on a hunting expedition. When ninety miles from the ship, in latitude 81 degrees 44 minutes, they had come on the base of the Greely expedition. Fort Conger it was then and is still called. Here it was that the expedition had established a base after being landed from the steamer Proteus in 1881, and it was this last bulwark of safety that Greely and his men abandoned in 1883 after vainly waiting for the return of the Proteus. The relief ship had been crushed in the ice, and the consequent tragedy of slow starvation at Cape Sabine is common in the annals of Arctic exploration.

The two hunters came upon the old stronghold of the Greely expedition in the middle of the Arctic night some time in January. The storehouse, with its heavy shelves of snow blanketing, still stood as it had been left the day that the sorely stricken men of the Proteus had forsaken it to turn southward—just a monument to the lure of the northland, there alone in the mystery of a dead world.

McMillan and Borup entered the place after cutting through the snowbanks blocking the door. They made a light and then they began to examine the relics of men some of whom had died in the misery of Cape Sabine's shores, while others escaped death only by a mere hairbreadth.

WEIRD BELIEFS.
One thing they found was an empty trunk with the name David L. Brainerd on the cover. The trunk was dragged out of the hut and used to protect himself while taking observations.

Then in carefully written ten pages they found Gen. Greeley's report of the food caches he had made throughout the vicinity of Lady Franklin Sound. It was all very methodically and carefully entered, an ironical testimony to the fruitfulness of man's precautions in the desolate ice waste.

In a chest they found Gen. Greeley's dress uniform, brass buttons and gilt epaulettes under the table, and the navy cloth unfretted by moth. The dress uniforms that other men had carried north with them in their vanity reposed in other chests. There were also cuff links, scarf pins and the whatnots of a man's toilet.

Over in one corner was a school text book, evidently a boy's book, which had seen much use. In a boyish hand on one flyleaf were written some words, and as McMillan wrote the page open the correspondents copied:

"Let my dear father from his affectionate son: May God be with you and return you safely to us HARRY KILINGBURY."

ONE OF THE LOST.
Lieut. Fred Kilingbury was one of the seventeen men who slowly starved to death at Cape Sabine, and his body lay there under a cairn of rocks and the snow for many years. More recently it was brought home to his native city of Rochester, N. Y.

On an opposite leaf were the names of several students, evidently at Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario, and the address presumably of Harry Kilingbury, which was Fort Carter, Montana.

Another of the dead Lieutenant's books lay near by. It was a hymnal of temperance songs and in the flyleaf was this inscription:

"Lieut. Frederick Kilingbury, from his old friend and well wisher, the author, George W. Clarke, Detroit, Mich., May 18, 1881."

Between the pages of a magazine of the date 1881 were developed plates that had belonged to George W. Rice, the official photographer of the Greely party. On the floor was a fugitive sheet of paper closely written. It was the dope sheet on all the best performances of the trotting horses in America in 1880.

stores which had been denied to the twenty-five desperate men who wintered at Cape Sabine in '81.

McMillan and Borup ate some of the food and took other parts with them when they left. It was as sweet and clean as the day it was placed there.

POLARIS MEMENTOS.
Other relics of former exploring expeditions these two from the Roosevelt found during the course of their long hunting trips. On Littleton Island, in frozen Smith Sound, they came across the remains of the frame house that Commander Hall had brought with him in the ship Polaris on his expedition of 1871 and had erected at Thank God Harbor. The Arctic winds had strewn most of the timbers over half the island, and nothing but some of the foundation posts remained. Near by were some brass fittings stamped "U. S. S. Polaris, Washington Navy Yard, 1871."

Still another record of past incursions into the frozen silence fell to the hands of the Roosevelt's men. One day they came to the hut of an Eskimo, who called himself Jacob Sohuah, away down a hundred miles and more south of the Roosevelt, at Cape Sheridan. Aaking for food, McMillan was surprised to have whale meat served on a real china plate. He turned the plate over when he had finished his meal and on the bottom was the single word "Ojoo," the name of the ship in which Roald Amundsen discovered a northwest passage to the Pacific in 1903.

"I offered to trade a tin cup for the plate," said McMillan when he had given the incident, "and the Eskimo and his wife made the trade eagerly. But I could not get them to tell me where they found the plate."

Just as McMillan had begun another tale of the ice wilderness Peary the cook came out of the galley and sounded the dinner bell. A most untimely person, Peary, McMillan went into the cabin, called a mess room and that was the end of it.

BARTLETT.
But Capt. Bob had been stalked to his den on the main deck even before McMillan had begun to talk. Capt. Bob is a rather short, slight man in his thirties who is overcome with inordinate modesty. Moreover he is a Newfoundland and Newfoundlanders are given to doing things without much powwow about it.

The Captain's cabin is a study in analytical psychology. Perhaps when it is known that his ambition was once to go through St. John's College at Newfoundland and now is to work his way through one of the big technical schools in the "States," the testimony of his room will be better understood.

In the jumble of magazines, rifles, snowshoes, chronometers, sextants and compasses about the walls and on the table there is space for a bookcase. On its shelves are Leconte's "Elements of Geology," Savage Lander's "Across Wildest Africa," and Stanley's "In Darkest Africa," "Causal Essays of the Sun," and three Bibles. These books he has carried with him on each of his trips in the Roosevelt. A picture of his mother—Capt. Bob is a bachelor—and one of Dr. Grenfell, the Labrador missionary, are tacked to the walls.

Cap'n Bob was absolutely mum. At every suggestion of prying into his secrets he simply grew red and begged to be excused. He did make one concession, and that was to bring from his trunk a remarkable clearance paper that had been given to him when the Roosevelt left Sydney in the summer of 1908. This is it:

"Customs Canada, Clearance of the S. S. Roosevelt of New York, 348 tons burthen, with 18 men. A picture of his mother—Capt. Bob is a bachelor—and one of Dr. Grenfell, the Labrador missionary, are tacked to the walls.

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and is one of the most resourceful men I have ever known. Besides being a physician of great ability he is also an expert machinist. In fact he can turn his hand to most anything. I am not surprised that such a man as Dr. Cook should be successful in reaching the pole. From my close acquaintance with Cook and my knowledge of the man's high character I believe every statement he has made to be the exact truth.

"I doubt if any one has stood at the exact spot where the pole is located, as the ends of the earth's axis are not steadily in one place, but move about slowly, and the consequent change of latitude all over the world has been proven by experts."

Prof. Tarr said: "I do not think it fair for one to express in public an opinion as to whether or not Peary was the first to reach the north pole until the evidence of both Dr. Cook and Commander Peary is in. I know both men very well and I believe Peary really reached the north pole because Peary's name is on the map. I was misquoted in a Seattle paper which credited me with the assertion that I did not believe Cook ever was at the pole."

SPEAKS UP FOR DR. COOK.
W. S. Champ, who once went on Polar Trip, Thinks Cook Discovered the Pole.

William S. Champ, who was secretary to the late William Ziegler and who had charge of a polar expedition that went to the relief of Anthony Fiala, arrived yesterday by the White Star liner Celtic with some sentiments about the Cook-Peary controversy. He said:

"I know Dr. Cook very well and I am also acquainted with Commander Peary. I think that both have discovered the pole. It seems to me that Peary has been somewhat foolish in his dispatches discrediting Dr. Cook. He should have kept quiet or should have called his congratulations to Dr. Cook."

"Every polar explorer should make an effort to have at least one other man with him acquainted with scientific methods of polar research so that there could be no question about his discoveries. Many men do not have believed Hansa if he had not supplemented his word with scientific data."

Mr. Champ said that while he was in London he saw an exhibit of pictures taken on by Dr. Cook. They were received by the English in silence. The poison of doubt, Mr. Champ said, had been spread by Commander Peary's statement. "Every one who knows Dr. Cook," Mr. Champ continued, "feels certain that he could not make up a tale of discovery like that which has been published. The Danish case is a shrewd lot and you may be sure that they would not have accepted Dr. Cook's declarations unless he had offered them evidence of their truthfulness. It will take a long time to go over the records of Dr. Cook and Commander Peary in order to prove scientifically that they have done what I sincerely believe they have. Dr. Cook would be an honor to the scientific world if he could not prove his case."

WOMAN POSED AS A MAN.
Registered at Hotel With Husband's Name and Finally Got Into Hands of Police.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Sept. 19.—Mrs. Henry Melvin of China, Me., spent last evening at the Hotel Kearsarge under police surveillance, all because she had previously spent two days at the hotel masquerading as a man.

Today the police announced that they expected her husband, a prominent resident of China, would arrive and clear up the mystery surrounding her stop at the hotel garbed as a man and registered as one.

She arrived here Thursday and signed the book as Mr. Henry Melvin. She was dressed in a neat suit of men's clothes and attracted no attention whatever. After being shown to her room she came to the office floor and lounged about through the early evening. Friday she did much the same. She made numerous acquaintances not one of whom suspected that the person they were conversing with was other than a man.

Saturday afternoon she was sitting in the office chatting when a telegram came addressed to Mr. Henry Melvin. She tore it open, read it and then appeared to be a trifle confused.

She hastily left the hotel, and after visiting a number of stores and making purchases she returned to the hotel and made the startling statement that caused the clerk to send for Deputy Marshal Hurley. She asked the clerk for permission to change the entry to that of Mrs. Henry Melvin.

On his arrival at the hotel Marshal Hurley went at once to her room, where he found an attractive looking woman attired in a kimono reading a book. At the outset she refused to talk, but after being threatened with prosecution she admitted that she was a woman and that she was in the city on business.

She had several bank books, some in her own name and some in her husband's name, called for a considerable sum of money.

Deputy Hurley questioned her for a time and then decided to place her under surveillance till the arrival of her husband.



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