'PHONE CO. LOSES

Northwestern Must Pay Assessed Taxes on Business Property.

SO DECIDES JUDGE SIMPSON

The Case Will Doubtless Be Carried to the Supreme Court for Final Settlement.

The Northwestern Telephone company will have to pay the regularly assessed taxes upon its business in this county, notwithstanding the fact that its general business income is subject to a gross earnings tax of 3 per cent per annum. This is the decision of Judge Simpson of the district court after long and careful consideration, based upon a careful construction of the constitutional amendment which provides for placing telephone and other companies upon the gross earnings basis, rather than upon the law which was afterward passed to give force and effect to the amendment.

This law, which is worded as usual and says that the gross earnings tax should be in lieu of all other taxes, contains also the following provision, which gives Judge Simpson the basis of his decision.

Provided, further, that nothing in this act contained, shall operate to authorize the assessment or taxation of any farm lands or ordinary business blocks or property owned by any such corporation, person, firm or company except in a manner provided by the ordinary method of taxation.

The property in issue includes the exchange buildings and real estate of the company as well as a separate piece of real estate in South Minneapolis, which was considered separately in the trial. The South Minneapolis property has never been used by the company for telephone purposes, though it is claimed that it is the intention to build upon it an exchange building for that section of the city. The decision is flatly against the contentions of the telephone company. It is expected that the case will be taken to the supreme court. C. L. Smith conducted the matter for the company and George D. Emery represented the telephone company.

HE IS NO HOBO

The Man Who Caught the Woodchuck Denies the Allegation.

The Journal yesterday chronicled briefly the fact that the woodchuck was discovered and run down at First street and Nicollet avenue yesterday afternoon, and gave the credit for the capture to one of the hobo crowd that hangs about that vicinity. In this morning's mail came a letter to The Journal signed "A. W.," claiming for the writer the honor of making the capture, and protesting against The Journal's definition of his occupation. He says:

Sir, having been a Patron of your Paper for the Last 18 months & Having spoke well for it to my Friends as well, I think it a insult to be called a Hoboe, & I can Prove it Quickly for I can supply References from my Employers all around Minneapolis for the last 2 years & more if wanted. now it was me who caught the Woodchuck on Bridge square & it lives yet and will do for some length of Time. it was sold by me to a man on 2d st south who wanted it for a Pet or Curiosity I suppose. I can be seen by that over Clever Reporter of yours any time so now please take back that slur or I shall take means to get a little more money in another way than selling Woodchucks.

FATAL BRAIN FEVER

Followed the Injury of Harvey Gilkerson at Chaska.

Harvey Gilkerson, a young man well known on the north side, died yesterday at Chaska from injuries received last Saturday at that place. He was a fireman on a special freight on the St. Louis road, and while standing on the gangway of his engine and while leaning out was struck in the head by a switch lantern. So heavy was the blow that the body was thrown forty feet. The skull was fractured in two places and the head was badly cut. Two surgeons were summoned, and while they did all that was possible, brain fever eventually carried off the young man. Harvey was the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Gilkerson, 2201 Emerson avenue N, and graduated from the North Side high school with the class of '97. The funeral will be held to-morrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock from the Highland Park Presbyterian church.

INDORSED THE PARK

Gifford Pinchot Approves the Minnesota National Park Plan.

During his brief stop in this city yesterday Gifford Pinchot, forester of the United States department of agriculture, met and consulted with Captain Judson N. Cross, president of the state forestry board; Professor S. B. Green of the state agricultural school, and several others deeply interested in the work of protecting the forest reserves of the state. Mr. Pinchot expressed himself at length with regard to the proposed national park for Minnesota and approved the idea, with the suggestion that the title to the land should remain in the United States government after the timber is sold. He thought that much of the timber is ripe and should be marketed, but cut in such a way as not to ruin the land for the purposes of a forest reserve, and he pointed out how this work is being done in the Adirondacks and elsewhere. Mr. Pinchot left last evening for the Black Hills.

TOTS AND VETS

They Enjoy the Hospitality of Mr. Goodrich in Royal Style.

Tuesday, the children from the Catholic Orphan's Home, were the guests of General Manager Goodrich at Wildwood. They were given all the diversions free and had a great time, remaining from 8 in the morning until 6 in the evening. They little people never had a better time. They took off their shoes and paddled in the water, rode on the ponies, the merry-go-round, and the roller coaster, and simply had a great time. Next Friday afternoon they go to Lake Harriet to hear the Banda Rossa at Mr. Goodrich's invitation. Last Thursday afternoon the old soldiers from the home at Minnehaha were the guests of Mr. Goodrich at the Banda Rossa concert, and several patriotic selections were given in honor of their presence. They will visit Wildwood as the guests of Mr. Goodrich some time in August.

A LAKE AND RIVER LAUNCH

The Mascot Will Make a Long Mississippi Cruise.

The Mascot, a new gasolene launch ordered by George D. Martin of this city, was launched this afternoon at Lake Calhoun. The boat is of an unusual type, as it is intended both for lake and river navigation. It will ply on Lake Calhoun this summer in the interest of the public, but in the fall Mr. Martin will drop the Mascot in the Mississippi river and will cruise clear to the gulf. It will be a camera trip and an outing combined. The launch was built by H. L. Boomhower and is 32 feet long and nine feet in the beam. It weighs about two tons and wil have a speed of about ten miles an hour.

Ball, Minnetonka Ice Yacht Club—Special Train Service via "The Milwaukee."

Special train, account ball at clubhouse, Minnetonka Ice Yacht Club, Minnetonka, on the occasion of the tennis tournament, Monday, July 29th, will be run via "The Milwaukee" as follows:

Leave Union Depot, St. Paul, 7:30 p. m. Leave Minneapolis ("Milwaukee Station"), 8:00 p. m. Returning, leave Hotel St. Louis (Minnetonka), 1 o'clock a. m., and run through to St. Paul via Minneapolis.

Realty in Minneapolis

For its size the Minneapolis real estate board is as valuable an oragnization as any in the city. Aside from establishing a high code of ethics in real estate circles in Minneapolis, it can and will render the city a distinct service in many ways. For instance, not long since the board had a conference with the Commercial club with regard to the movement to induce the location of industries in this city. The realty men expressed themselves as willing to co-operate and tendered their services for an purpose for which they could be used. Being familiar with the city and its vacant plots, the board can lend valuable assistance in looking up available sites for new industries with information as to size, area, railway facilities, names of the owners or agents and prices.

Such data can aturally be more readily and expeditiously secured by the real estate board than in any other way.

Municipal Improvements.

Again the board will be interested in municipal improvements, as anything in that line will tend to enhance the value of real estate. The members realize full well that a vacant lot with sidewalk, sewer, water main and other improvements is much more salable than one without these improvements, and a systematic and sensible extension of these benefits will find favor with the board.

No set of men are more enthusiastic over their organization than the realty dealers. At the last dinner a number of the leading members voluntarily pledged various sums to a fund to be used by the executive committee. A neat sum was secured which with the regular dues will give the executive committee means with which to do some work that will count.

There are at present fifty-six active members of the board. This number does not include a number of bankers, brokers and other business men who have joined the board as associate members in order to "push a good thing along."

New Map to Be Issued.

Just at present the board is interested in getting out a cheap map for the use of those interested in real estate. It will be a folding pocket map 2x2½ feet and with show all streets and additions plainly enough for ordinary use. About 25,000 will be published, and the large real estate firms will take from 1,000 to 2,000 each for the use of their offices. They will come in very handy for distribution among customers who want to look at several bits of real estate, possibly in various parts of town. The pieces can be indicated on the map, and the prospective purchaser can visit them at his convenience. It is not always convenient to send a man from the office with those who would like to look at real estate, but one of these maps will prove a very satisfactory substitute. Figures are now being secured for printing the maps and the contract will be let in a few days.

Change in Commisisons.

A change in the rate of commissions charged for making loans is under consideration. By general consent 2 per cent is the prevailing rate, but this has been cut. It has been suggested that a level rate of 2½ per cent be adopted as the board rate. This will make it uniform with the Chicago board's rate.

A new schedule of commissions and charges for real estate sales, uniform with the charges fixed by the Chicago and St. Paul boards, has been adopted for the guidance of local members of the local board. The schedule is as follows:

For making sales of real estate:

On a sale of $200 or less	$15.00
On a sole of over $200 and up to $500	25.00
	Cent. Per
On a sale of over $500 and up to $2,000	5
On a sale of $10,000 or less, on first $2,000	5
On excess over $2,000	2½
On a sale exceeding $10,000 and not exceeding $30,000	2½
On a sale in excess of $30,000 and not more than $100,000, on first $30,000	2½
On the excess to $100,000	2
On the excess above $100,000	1
On sales of farms and lands sold at $100 per acre or less	5

'TWAS A GOOD THING

That Trolley Ride to Show St. Paul Men Around Minneapolis.

It was apparent to every one who participated in the real estate junket that the scheme was an excellent one and it was proved that the person who concocted it was wise. The real estate men of St. Paul, in common with other citizens of the capital city, have had a very vague idea of what constitutes the foundation of Minneapolis prosperity. Most of them had seen the West hotel and the Guaranty Loan building and some had even been out to Harriet to hear Sorrentino, but beyond this, many of them had only the faintest idea of what the flour city looked like. They know now, after seeing the miles of lumber yards, the almost endless chain of sawmills and the number of factory chimneys on the East Side.

When the Minneapolis real estate men see St. Paul under as favorable circumstances two weeks hence they will have several things revealed to them that they wot not of now.

Possibly the most interesting feature of the whole junket was Senator Snyder's talk on the Torrens system of land registration. Affecting the real estate men most vitally, it might be supposed that everyone connected with the real estate business would be quite familiar with the provisions of the law, but some men of well-known intellignce and progressive in every way confessed that they had not yet informed themselves of the possibilities of the new law. Mr. Snyder said that, if it worked satisfactorily in Hennepin, Ramsey and St. Louis counties, the first opportunity would be taken to extend its operations over the entire state so as to make it a general law. Mr. Snyder expressed the opinion that the fees allowed were too high, but this was a nominal objection which could soon be remedied. The lucid explanations of the speaker made a great many friends for the proposed system which goes into effect on Sept. 1. It is already evident that many holders of real property will avail themselves of the privileges of the law to have their holdings registered.

The St. Paul members of the party were: W. C. Read, S. G. Pierce, E. G. Miner, Rush B. Wheeler, H. Val J. Rothschild, A. Stopelstad, L. C. Cushing, John Townsend, D. R. Elder, O. L. Taylor, M. E. Kast, W. F. Smith, W. H. Howard, L. F. Fairchild, E. J. Hodgson, George Murkert, J. W. Crossman, Thomas Cochran, W. W. Price, H. H. Hoyt, G. W. Blood, J. L. Barnes, Thomas Spence, E. T. Slayton, E. L. Allen, E. M. Ware, F. M. Stevens, E. E. Wing, F. J. Fitzgerald, Ed Rogers, A. S. Tallmadge, E. A. Meacham, P. E. Brown and E. J. Bishop.

Another Auction.

E. G. Walton is preparing to hold another real estate auction. It will come in about two weeks and will be conducted in some down-town hall. About fifty pieces of real estate, located in all parts of the city will be put under the hammer. Every ward in town is represented on the list he has prepared.

Realty Notes.

The real estate market is none too brisk at present. With half the population off on a vacation and the other half too uncomfortable to even eat it is not to be expected that there would be very much energy consumed in chasing after real estate bargains.

Building is progressing very nicely on the big blocks and the hundreds of homes begun last spring. All the labor is said to be engaged and dealers in building materials have all that they can attend to.

Work on the superstructure of the Second Church of Christ, Scientist, at Second avenue S and Eleventh street, is progressing very rapidly. Indications are that very handsome addition to the numerous church edifices of Minneapolis will be made when it is completed.

Building Items.

The Improvement Bulletin notes the following in its local report on the work of the builders:

W. C. Whitney, architect, has plans for a residence to be erected at 1218 Summit avenue for Ezra W. Goddard, of 1682 Hennepin avenue. It will be 36x46, two stories, attic and basement, with plumbing, bath, gas, mantel, leaded glass, electric wiring and furnace. R. B. Pelton has the general contract. Cost $7,500. Mr. Pelton has the contract also to erect Julius Bryson's modern frame residence at 2631 Harriet avenue, to be modern throughout. Cost, $2,400.

Martin Hayes, 316 Seventeenth avenue SE, has let the general contract to erect his residence at 320 Seventeenth avenue SE to R. B. Pelton. It will be 33x35, two stories, modern throughout. Cost, $3,100. Mr. Pelton has also the contract to erect another residence at 312 Seventeenth avenue SE for Mrs. B. Hayes. It will be 26x33, two stories, with plumbing, bath, gas, mantel, laundry, leaded plate and double strength glass and furnace. Cost, $3,000.

The Gardner-Warner Hardware company have contracts to furnish the hardware for the following residences: Mrs. Anna M. Ackerson, 1011 Sixth street SE; W. H. Gould, 2404 Grand avenue; C. W. Kerrick, Franklin and Irving; A. L. Broughton, 511 Fourth avenue SE; E. L. Trask, Humboldt avenue; the Seward school building; new storage house of Armour & Co., 523 Fifth street N; Scott flats, Twenty-ninth street and Second avenue S.

Henry Ingham secured the general contract to erect a frame flat building at 2648 Humboldt avenue S for Anna and Dora Roos. It will be 42x72, two stories, attic and stone basement, with mantels, baths, gas, laundry, electric wiring, plate, leaded and double strength glass, hard wall plaster, hardwood interior finish, decorating and furnace or combination heating. Cost, $10,000.

R. McMillan & Co. secured the general contract to erect the Mechanics Art hall and the electric light plant building at the state university, and Frank G. McMillan secured the contract to erect the veterinary building at the state farm. The first two buildings will cost about $40,000 and the latter $20,000. Charles R. Aldrich, architect.

E. P. Overmire, architect, has plans for a residence to be erected on Pillsbury, near Twenty-fourth street, for C. J. Smith. It will be 38x52, two stories, attic and basement. Will have Zenith hard wall plaster, two mantels, two baths, hard and pine wood interior finish, plate, leaded and double strength glass; combination heat. Cost, $5,000.

E. P. Overmire, architect, has plans for a frame church to be erected on Fourth street, near Ninth avenue S, for the St. James A. M. E. society. It will be 24x60, brick veneered. E. Kneeland, Grant street, has the general contract. Cost, $3,500.

George Cook, Boston block, secured the general contract for the excavating, foundation and other mason work for the new pumping station in Northeast Minneapolis, at $45,700. The Barnett & Record company's bid was $53,369.

F. D. Jones, 106 Nineteenth avenue N, has plans prepared by Otto Westfall for a frame residence to be erected at 1614 Fremont avenue N. It will be 24x42, two stories, attic and basement, with mantel, bath, gas, laundry, hardwood interior finish and furnace. Cost, $3,000.

Trainor Bros., Boston block, secured the contract for the excavating and foundation for the modern residence of P. C. Maxson at Twenty-fourth street and Humboldt avenue S. F. D. Orff architect. Cost, $3,000.

Conrard & Lane secured the general contract to erect a frame residence at 4007 Sheridan avenue S for Hugo Arnold. It will be 22x33, 1½-story, with modern interior finish. Cost, $2,000.

John Wunder got the contract for the central exchange building for the Twin City Telephone company at Third avenue S and Seventh street. The Keith company, architects.

R. McMillan & Co., 124 Fourth street N, secured the general contract to erect the Sallie Moon building at 23 Sixth street S. L. A. Lamoreaux, architect. Cost, $11,000.

Plans for the public library at St. Cloud, Minn., are on file at the Improvement Bulletin office. Bids close Aug. 1. Patton, Fisher & Miller, architects, Chicago.

The Fremont Avenue Congregational Church society will make improvements and additions to their church amounting to about $3,000.

Fremont D. Orff, architect, reports work begun on the modern frame residence of A. B. Chase at 2007 Ninth avenue S. Cost, $4,000.

J. F. Crichton has begun work on a frame residence at 2411 Aldrich avenue S. It will be 26x37, modern throughout. Cost, $3,000.

The Pond & Hasey company secured the contract for the steam heating work in the school at Boone, Iowa.

OTHER PEOPLE'S NOTIONS

The Younger Job a Mistake.

To the Editor of The Journal:

It would seem to almost any one who took the second thought, that the occupation which the state prison authorities saw fit to select for the Younger brothers was a serious mistake, if not an almost criminal blunder. The authorities, as well as the Younger brothers themselves, must know that there are a large number of people in this state who were desperately opposed to the paroling of these men. Whether right or wrong, they are entitled to their opinion. Those of us who favored their parole have met the opposition, and felt it very bitterly expressed. The recent editorial in The Journal was very pat along this line, followed up, as it was, by an article as to the receptions that are being held at the office of their employer for these men. If this were all, it might be said that the people of St. Paul, and those who visited there, would soon get tired of calling, and the matter would quiet down; but, as I understand it, they are to go on the road selling tombstones. This, of course, compels them to visit the various towns and cities of the state. They will probably make from one to two towns a day, some of which will have from one to two newspapers. As soon as it is understood that the Youngers are in town, the curious public will be on the street; it will be a kind of a holiday or celebration for the citizens. At least they will want to satisfy their curiosity by seeing the Youngers. This we cannot be surprised at.

It was supposed to be the desire of the prison authorities, and of the board of directors, that they should retire to some quiet, not very public place; that their occupation should be such that it would not bring them in contact with newspapers and the public in general. Instead of which, there has been selected for them a business which, for public advertising and for a continual bringing before the public of these men, cannot be excelled. Doorkeeper at a museum, or on the stage of some place of amusement, is not to be compared with it. This is not the whole case. Take it from the standpoint of the best interest of these men. They do not know who their friends are; they will undoubtedly, in the line of their work, meet many people who will not hesitate to make them feel the force of their opinion against the parole. This will not be a pleasant thing for them. I do not wish these men any harm; on the contrary, I hope and believe that they will endeavor, during the few years left them, to redeem themselves as far as possible from their past record; but I do believe and feel that it is bad taste, bad policy, and an injury to them, too, that the authorities should put them in a position where they will be nothing short of a "traveling show" through the country.

—S.

Farm Lands in Manitoba.

Messrs. Walker and Boston, Winnipeg, Manitoba, offers for sale at auction, Aug. 2, 1901, 60,000 acres of the very best farm lands in Manitoba.

The prices on farm lands in Manitoba are increasing from year to year. Two hundred and sixty thousand acres of land in the vicinity of Winnipeg have changed hands during the past three months.

In Need of Harvest Hands on the Milwaukee in South Dakota.

Harvest hands are needed at Aberdeen, Redfield, Wolsey, Faulkton, Madison, Eureka, Andover and a large number of other points in South Dakota on the C., M. & St. P. Ry.

Harvest hand tickets at low rates from St. Paul and Minneapolis in parties of five or more to South Dakota, North Dakota and Minnesota.

Soo Line Tid-Bits.

Buffalo, N. Y. and return, $20.

Sault Ste. Marie and Mackinac Island and return, $13.50; Tuesdays and Fridays.

Banff Hot Springs and return, $50; sleeping-car and meals en route included.

Personally conducted parties to Pan-American weekly.

A choice of routes. Itineraries, and full particulars at ticket office, 119 Third street south.

Free Pine Lands! See ad of Paris-Manning Land and Lumber Co., page 7.

Laughter of the Sphinx

A Story of Polar Exploration.

By ALBERT WHITE VORSE.

The Johann T. Bundergup expedition for the exploration of Greenland was a promising enterprise. Ostensibly its mission was to make detailed charts of the west coast from Cape York to Lockwood and Brainerd's furthest, to determine the northern limits of the great island, and to complete the unexplored line from Peary's Independence bay southward upon the east coast to Cape Bismarck. The scientific corps attached to the expedition was to take thorough observations of the weather, the glacial and magnetic phenomena, the rocks, the sea and its depths, and the birds, animals and plants of whatever region it should traverse. There was a clause in the published plans providing for a "dash" from the northernmost land over the ice pack of the Arctic ocean towards the pole. It was a modest little clause, apparently thrown in quite incidentally among the other objects of the expedition. The public was supposed to look askance at attempts upon the north pole, because there is no money to be made there. But, as the leader knew, and every volunteer knew, and most of the public knew, the clause was the heart of the plan.

The scheme of operations was drawn up according to the most recent theories of Arctic authority. The advance upon the Sphinx of the North was to be conducted according to strategic principles with ample provision for retreat. There were provisions against death from starvation. An enormous depot of supplies was to be established at Whale sound, and renewed every summer by relief vessels from New York. From this main store a line of caches, thirty miles apart, was to be laid along the entire route of the expedition.

The completion of these plans was estimated to be the work of twenty-five men for upwards of six years. If twenty years should be necessary, that would make no difference. There was plenty of money to last for an indefinite time. The patron of the expedition, a retired brewer who had made an enormous fortune and had acquired a longing for fame, perceived that immortality lies in having one's name attached to some part of the earth's surface. To accomplish this end, he had set aside two of his many millions. The interest of that sum was to support the Arctic expedition, upon condition that all newly discovered territory should somewhere bear his name and that the island nearest to the pole should be called Bundergup Land.

"Unt mit dot," said the shrewd old German, "efery poy unt girl voreffer, vot goes to dot school unt deir geographie learnt, vill misbronounce my name. Aber, my name vill pe dere on die book unt meine Seele in Paradies vill know."

Eleven hundred and three men responded to a call for volunteers. The leader selected twenty-five for the first two years of service. The Arctic Sphinx employs various methods of warfare against her assailants. Not only does she attack them directly, with ice floes that crush them, snowstorms that smother them, and the powers of cold that chill away their lives, but also she has a guerrilla fashion of wearing upon their nerves with the Dark. After his second consecutive winter in the far north man loses enthusiasm, and when enthusiasm is gone, muscle and endurance are of little avail against the Sphinx. Therefore the leader had devised a system of relays. Each force of twenty-five was to be replaced after the second season with fresh men from home.

On the 21st of June the new arctic ship Bundergup, sheathed outside with greenheart and fortified inside, after the manner of sealers, with a few scores of stanchions to resist ice pressures, steamed north from her dock in Brooklyn. On the 30th of July the party landed their wonderful equipment upon a sunny beach in Greenland. Twelve days afterwards a house, firmly anchored against arctic winds, stood perched upon a foothill, half-way between the magnificent snow-crowned cliffs of red sandstone and the bay. About the house clustered several sealskin tents, and among the tents lounged human beings with dark complexions, ruddy cheeks, white teeth and long, black manes. They were clad in the skins of seals, ice bears and blue foxes.

The ship sailed home, and the representative of the Associated Press, who returned with her, reported that the party had made friends with the Eskimos and had chosen a delightful spot for their winter home. "Around their house," he said, "a million poppies lift their little yellow-an-white heads to the never-setting sun. The botanists are crouching over rare arctic plants; the ethnologists are scrambling after black-and-white spiders, yellow butterflies and gorgeous bumble-bees. The hunters have killed walrus enough to feed the dogs for the whole winter, and by this time, doubtless, have supplied the party with haunches of reindeer, which remain ever fresh in the germless air. The morale of the party is excellent. It is safe to predict a brilliant success for the expedition."

His forecast might have been verified but for the carelessness of a waiter in a restaurant. The waiter was not a member of the expedition. The party was chiefly made up of scientific men. Most of them were Germans or of German parentage, but the principal hunter was an American member of one of the oldest families in New York. He had been chosen at the request of Mrs. Bundergup, who desired to be received in society. He was a fine, big fellow named Van Den Zee. The Associated Press representative described him as "the young aristocrat, who has killed elephants in Africa, tigers in India and ladies in the ballrooms of all nations."

He made no boast of his social position. The member of the party who proclaimed his high standing in the aristocracy was the doctor. As a class, surgeons of Arctic expeditions are the finest of men. Dr. Brank of the Bundergup expedition was an exception. He had been a protege of the patron. Bundergup had chosen him out of a public school in Chicago, had sent him to college, where he learned to play a winning game of billiards, and to the schools and hospitals in Paris, where he learned to despise religion and to worship the footlights. He rated himself a man of the world, and spoke of his honor with respect. But he referred to his benefactor as "my treasurer." Bundergup, who never did things by halves, had forced him upon the leader, and, indeed, but for his restive tongue he would have been a passable explorer. He overtopped even Van der Zee by an inch or two, and he had several medals (he brought them with him to impress his companions) won in college athletics.

He was the tallest of the party, but none of the men lacked two inches of six feet. None had passed through an Arctic winter, but most of them were experienced in outdoor life.

"A magnificent corps," said the leader to himself, as he glanced down the table at the first dinner. "We ought to carry everything before us."

There followed a series of cracking sounds, like the reports of a six-pounder rapid-fire rifle. The entomologist, who had written poetry, remarked afterwards that the Arctic Sphinx had laughed. But at that time the exclamation ran about the table:

"Hello, an iceberg has split from the glacier."

Whatever it was, it raised a great wave, which darted up the beach and carried away the windmill. The windmill lay near the shore, waiting until the party should be ready to set it up. The wave rolled it down the slope, floated it deftly between a floe and a berg, and tilted the masses of ice together. After twelve hours of hard work, the twenty-six and the eight Eskimos in the village chopped a hole in the floe and fished up what was left of the sail. Considered as a grotesque effect in wrought iron it was admirable; considered as a windmill, however, it was too curly. It had been designed extra heavy, to endure Arctic winds. The whole force of the party failed to make it look like anything but a gigantic spider playing 'possum.

"Very well, boys," said the leader to his red-faced party, "leave it alone. We can easily make another windmill. A wooden one will do just as well."

When the wooden windmill was established, and guyed against the northern tempests, a sudden squall came down from the cliffs at the south and whirled the structure over. In falling, the huge wheel broke loose. The wind rolled it bounding down the hill, like a broken hoop, caught it up at the beach, and lodged it upon a majestic iceberg that was floating down the bay. The iceberg grounded opposite the house. The windmill hung in a cleft between a tall pinnacle and the main mass of ice, and rattled a request for succor.

"I'll go and get it," volunteered the doctor.

"No, no," commanded the leader, hastily. "Never venture near an iceberg. They are dangerous. At any time they are likely to tip over and crush you. The slightest thing may disturb their equilibrium. Once a ship in which I was a passenger was passing near a big conical berg, that looked as stable as a church. Some one had occasion to blow the big steam whistle. At the sound the whole thing crumbled to pieces, and turned over, and a spur of the submerged ice rolled up not twenty feet from our rail. If it had thumped us on the keel it would have split us. We are in the midst of tremendous forces, gentlemen. It is necessary to be cautious."

He sauntered despondently into the house.

"He is an old fogy!" commented the doctor. "I'm going to have the windmill."

"Better not try," remonstrated Van den Zee. "That spire is tottering now. Wait until it falls. I wish we could get the sail, though. We may need it."

The windmill was intended to furnish power for the electric light. Without it the party would be forced to make shift with dim oil lamps in the Arctic darkness. With the aid of an arc light Nansen brought his party cheerfully through three winters. The leader had hoped for much comfort in his dynamo.

"However," he said, "other expeditions have done with oil."

Again the Sphinx chuckled, and another wave rolled up the beach and snatched at the oil barrels, but they had been hauled out of its reach. It returned upon the iceberg, slewed it around, and tilted it up on one side, so that the pinnacle hung out over the water apparently just ready to topple over. To see whether it had fallen was the first thought of the explorers when they turned out of their bunks in the morning—for by this time the sun was rising and setting regularly as it does in the temperate zones. But the ice held as steady as a leaning tower.

"Why doesn't the thing go!" exclaimed the doctor. "The sight of that windmill exasperates me. I'm going to fetch it down."

He fired twice with his rifle. A few chips flew from the base of the ice, but no crash followed.

"Very well," said the doctor. "I'm going to chop it down. Hello, there is a new berg."

A vast block of ice had taken the ground 100 feet east of the first. Its sides were hewn square, but it had a pitch roof, red with basaltic mud.

"Looks like a church," remarked the doctor, who was brandishing an ax. "We had better call our headquarters Camp Cathedral. I'm going to desecrate one of these places of Arctic worship."

But the Sphinx had other plans. An Eskimo came running up the beach with news that evil spirits had entered into his wife, and a request for the angekok to come and charm them away.

It was a case of inflammatory rheumatism, and it developed into pneumonia. The doctor worked hard, and ultimately saved the woman, thereby winning loyal affection from Tung-Wee, her husband, and awe from the rest of the tribe. Inflammatory rheumatism is the death-bane of Eskimos.

To know the Eskimos and not be fascinated by them is not possible. To the doctor and to Van Den Zee the tribe was a godsend; for it furnished lively amusement. Through the season of storms, when the snow gathered higher on a level than a man's head, and far into the cloudless season of darkness and still cold, when noonday was a twilight so dim that print was illegible out of doors, and when for months the mercury thermometer might have served as a bullet, the Eskimos kept up the spirits of the two white men.

At headquarters the scientific staff was not doing as well. In ordere to occupy his men, the leader had imposed upon them sledge-making. At first they found carpentry entertaining, but none of them was used to the atmosphere of shavings, and long before Christmas the professor scowled upon the plane, while the leader drew up his eyebrows at their sledges. He tried to rouse an interest in games, but the men of science scorned cards. One set of chessmen turned up among the supplies. Over the board, after the day's planing had been finished, two of the party usually wrangled, while the others strained their eyes by the single lamp with often-read books or with their journals. It was only upon the arrival of the doctor and the hunter with lively tales of their Eskimo friends that cheerfulness entered the house.

The leader noticed this. One night, after dinner, he drew the two companions apart.

"Look here, you fellows," he said. "We're in a pretty bad way. The nerve of the men is going; they're getting quarrelsome. You two who seem to have kept your sand are holding the party together. When you're away we are dismal. I wish you would stay at home more, a good deal more. You will deserve credit for saving the expedition if you do."

"Certainly," answered Van Den Zee.

If the Sphinx chuckled, she did it quietly. It was her hour, however. The two explorers remained at home, told stories to their comrades, laughed as much as they could, and for a time lightened the atmosphere of the house. They issued out of doors only at the exercise hour. At the end of seven evenings their laughter rang flat and their stories gave out.

"Van Den Zee," said the doctor, "this altruism isn't what it's cracked up to be. We need a change. I'm all murky inside my head, and you're green in the face. Come out and chop ice; it's my turn to furnish drinking-water."

They harnessed the dogs and raced with the sledge out over the snow-covered floes to the bergs.

"There's that damned windmill yet," said the doctor. "I'm going to have a hack at that spire if it falls and kills me."

He was in a perverse mood, and Van Den Zee was not in his normal good humor or he would have known better than to remonstrate.

"Don't be a fool," he said.

The doctor flashed around at him.

"A fool," he demanded. "What do you mean by calling me a fool?"

"Just what I say," responded the hunter coolly. "It's foolish to risk your life needlessly."

Brank's eyes gleamed in the dark like a wolf's.

"Van Den Zee," he exclaimed, "I allow no man to call me a fool. If any one in this party but you had said it—"

"What would you have done?" asked the hunter.

"Don't put on airs with me," burst out the doctor. "I'm as good as you. I've lived in France and I know how gentlemen settle their differences."

"If that's the case," replied Van Den Zee, "I had better run away. Good night."

He turned on his heel and strode to headquarters. Half an hour afterwards the doctor entered with a sledge heavily loaded with ice.

"The old church spire will never come down," he proclaimed. "I've chopped away half its foundations. It's as stiff as dogma."

"Dr. Brank," exclaimed the leader, "this is direct disobedience of my orders. I desire that you will never again risk your life needlessly."

The doctor cast a quick glance at Van den Zee, and his face turned red.

"Your orders are old maid's orders," he blurted out. "If your men and dogs can save a few hundred feet of hard travel by cutting ice from the nearest berg, you ought not to make a row. I'm going where my friends are better tempered."

Before the leader could reply he had left the house. He did not return at sleeping time, and one of the Eskimos brought word that he had taken up his quarters at Tung-Wee's. The leader asked Van Den Zee to fetch him back.

"I doubt if I am the best messenger," replied the hunter. "He is down on me, just now, and I don't feel particularly amiable towards him. Christmas is almost here. Can't you send one of the fellows to remind him of the dinner?"

It was the custom of the leader to observe holidays and birthdays with feasts, according to the time-honored Arctic precedent. The Christmas dinner was to be the great event of the year. It was set for Christmas eve, and next day there was to be a tree, with presents sent by friends of the party to the leader before the expedition sailed, and brought among the supplies in a mysterious box. The leader hoped for much good from the Christmas jollity.

The doctor appeared at the feast in high spirits.

"Why don't you fellows turn in with the Eskimos?" he exclaimed. "It's the only way to live in a savage country—adopt the customs of the natives. I'm not sure that they have not solved the problems of morals that we are always bothering about at home. Look at the case of ——." In his best manner he heeled off several tales of scandal in what he called the "society life" of America.

Van Den Zee listened, and his face turned crimson. At last he broke in with a harsh voice.

"Dr. Brank," he said, "the last three stories you have told concern friends of mine. I know the stories to be false. You read them in the newspapers."

"They are personal friends of mine, too," retorted the doctor. "The man in the last case gave a swell banquet for me, just before I came away—and by the same token, the waiter poured a bottle of Worcestershire sauce over my shirt front and made it a brown pulp."

"They don't have Worcestershire sauce at swell dinners," roared Van Den Zee. "They season their food outside."

"Do you mean that I lie?" challenged the doctor.

"Gentlemen!" exclaimed the leader. "Have you forgotten yourselves? Sit down, both of you. I'm sorry for this. I was going to propose a toast to our friends at home."

The doctor glowered for a moment. Then he sank into his seat with an indifferent air.

"Beg your pardon, sir," he said. "Propose your toast."

There was plenty of wine, and every one drank a good deal. The spirits of the explorers rose; the scientific men told scientifis anecdotes, which are extremely funny, with a flavor altogether their own. The quarrel appeared to be forgotten by every one except Van Den Zee, who sat silent.

At 12 o'clock the leader called for the last toast.

"Sweethearts and Wives," he said. Every one drank, broke his glass, and turned to his bunk.

In the midst of the confusion the leader seized Dr. Brank by the arm and led him to Van Den Zee's side.

"This has been a most successful evening," said the leader. "It only needs one thing more to be perfect. You two men must shake hands and be friends."

"Willingly," exclaimed the doctor. He seized Van Den Zee's reluctant hand and pressed it close.

"That's good," said the leader. "Now I'm satisfied that we shall pull through."

He turned away. Brank retained the hunter's hand in a firm grip. The pupils of his eyes contracted.

"You cad," he whispered, "you told me I lied. Do you dare to fight?"

"I'll fight you," replied the hunter, "but not until after the expedition is over. Then——"

"Here, and to-night," interrupted the doctor. "Come out of doors after those drunken men have gone to sleep, and bring your revolver. I'll back up every story I told."

"You will? Very well!" said Van Den Zee in a rage. "I'll meet you."

The doctor left the house. In the confusion of bedtime his absence passed unnoticed. Van Den Zee crawled between his blankets without undressing. When everything except the heavy breathing of the party was quiet, he loaded his revolver and stole out of the door.

Two flaring lights shone from the beach. Approaching them, Van Den Zee found the doctor, Tung-Wee, and another Eskimo, with three torches of wood soaked in kerosene.

"These are our seconds," said the doctor. "Come along."

He led the way out over the ice fields toward the two grounded bergs. Mechanically Van Den Zee followed. The snow was soft and sticky about his feet, and for the first time the hunter noticed that the weather had changed.

There was blowing one of those warm southwest winds called fohns, which sometimes spring up in the Arctic winter. The sky was overcast with low, drifting clouds from which fell a few hot rain drops. The floes out in Baffin's bay, broken up by the warmth, were roaring with the mighty tide. Bits of ice, snapped off by the change of temperature, were jingling down the sides of the bergs, whose white masses loomed ghostly in the heavy darkness.

At the first berg the doctor paused.

"We will fix torches, six feet high, into the sides of these bergs," he said. "We will stand directly in front of them, so that our forms will be clear enough to shoot at. You will go on to that berg, while I set my torch here. Tung-Wee will hold the third torch half way between us. When he drops it we will fire. I have explained it to him."

"I don't want to fight you here," objected the hunter. "Wait till we have done our work."

"Lache," exclaimed Brank, and struck the hunter in the face. Van Den Zee turned without a word, made his way to the second berg, dug a socket in it with his knife, and planted his torch.

When he turned, the doctor's head, which had put the torch in eclipse, was surrounded by a misty corona. Tung-Wee's red light flared murkily in the middle ground, well out of line.

"Are you ready?" called the doctor.

"Yes."

"Tung-Wee! Igni peterangitu!" shouted the doctor.

The Eskimo smothered his flame in the snow. The report of the two forty-eight caliber cartridges rang out. Van Den Zee dropped his pistol and clapped his hand to his right arm.

There followed a series of sharp snapping noises, a roar, and a crash that shook the whole frozen bay. The doctor's torch went out. The church spire had fallen.

Lights appeared at the headquarters, and black figures with lanterns rushed out over the ice. The leader found Van Den Zee leaning against his berg. Blood dripped from his right arm. He could give no clear information.

"I fired in the air!" he repeated once and again. "Heaven knows I didn't fire towards him."

A man supported him to the house; the others hastened to fetch picks and shovels. They found Dr. Brank under the edge of the debris. By some miracle he had escaped death, but his usefulness to the expedition was ended. As they carried his shattered body towards the shore, the six-pounder at the glacier opened fire, and a wave tossed and cracked the solid ice fields beneath them.

The leader shook an impotent fist towards the north.

"Laugh, damn you!" he growled. "I'll beat you yet!"

But the nerves of his men, already shaken, gave way under the shock. When the relay party arrived, in July, they found twenty-five disaffected explorers, with boxes packed, waiting to go home.

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