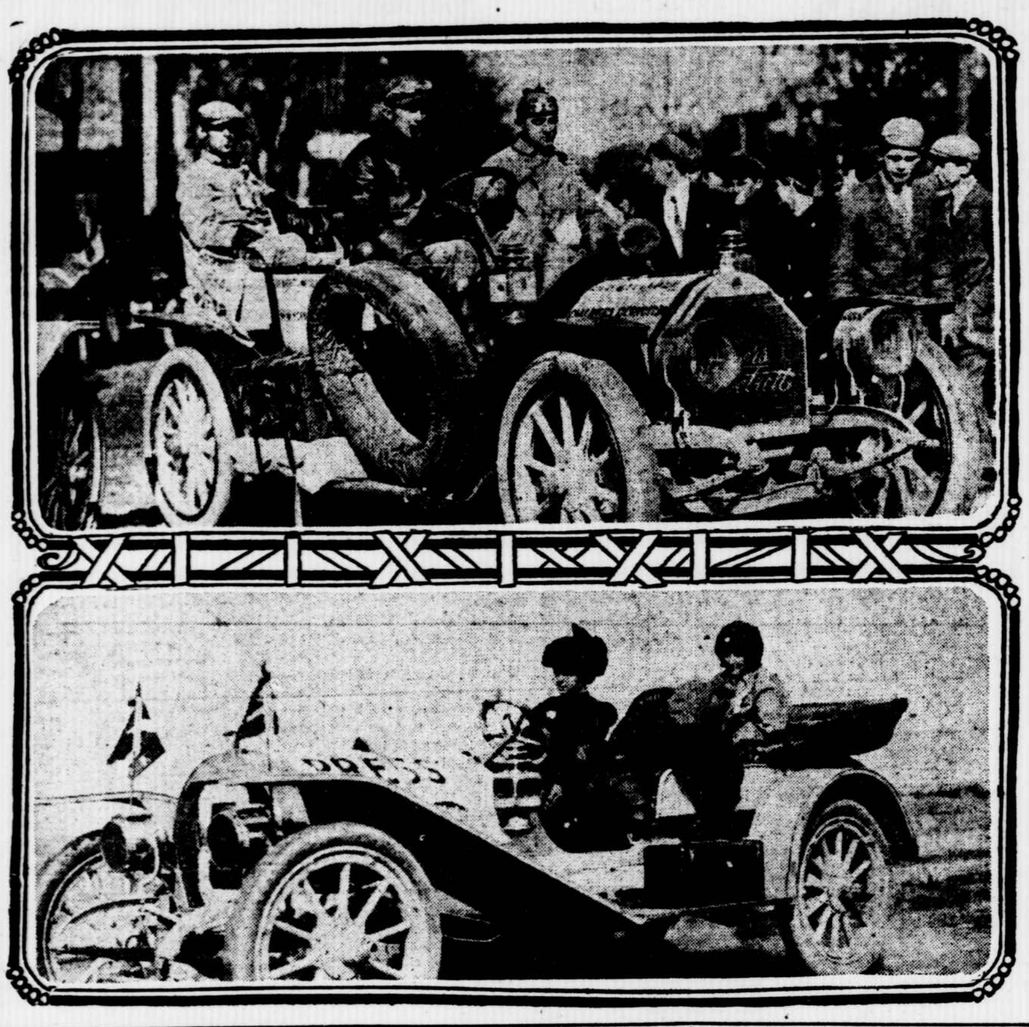
PARTICIPATING IN NEW YORK-ATLANTA ENDURANCE RUN



sale staff of the Cook & Stoddard Company and will demonstrate Franklin cars. Mr. Barnes recently returned from a trip to the factory, at Syracuse, N. Y., where he made a study of the Franklin car.

* * *

The survey of the new macadam roadway which is to be constructed between Washington and Alexandria has been completed and estimates for the work will be received the coming week. According to plans it will be necessary to widen the roadway in the vicinity of Luna Park, and it is possible that a car track spur will have to be moved. Assistance is being rendered by the Department of Agriculture in constructing the road.

* * *

One important thing for the motorist to observe is that the gasoline is strained before putting it into the tank. A very little grit or dirt is sufficient to close up the carburetor. Some troubles, of course, cannot be guarded against, but dirty gasoline is something that should never cause inconvenience, although it frequently does through carelessness.

* * *

Tyrus Cobb, an idol of the base ball world, is driving a car in the good roads tour from New York to Atlanta, which started from New York Monday morning, October 25. That Cobb is one of the star attractions of the tour cannot be doubted. He received a tremendous ovation in New York city at the start of the tour. Cobb is a southern boy, and, in fact, he represents his native town of Royston, Ga., in this tour. The board of trade of Royston wired to Cobb in Detroit, at the close of the world's series, asking him to drive a car as its representative, and he finally completed arrangements to do so. Cobb is driving a car which is scarcely less known than himself. He is driving the celebrated Chalmers-Detroit "30," which has come to be known all over the country as "Old Reliable," because of the many strenuous journeys it has undertaken and successfully completed. This car was driven last summer and fall 208 miles a day for 100 consecutive days, a total distance of 20,800 miles.

* * *

Mrs. Jean Newton Cuneo, wife of a well known New Yorker, is participating on the New York-Atlanta endurance run and is driving a Rainier touring car which is being used by the press. She is an automobile enthusiast and is considered an expert at piloting a big machine.

* * *

Ray Owen, who is driving a new model four-cylinder Reo car on the New York-Atlanta tour, is one of the veterans of the great Pittsburg endurance run of 1903, known as the run of the Mudlarks. Private owners are taking part in the good roads tour over the National highway in greater numbers than in any other tour in the history of automobiling. Many are not accompanied by mechanics, depending wholly upon themselves to make any repairs which may be found necessary.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Bender enjoyed a two-day trip last week in a Locomobile roadster, visiting Rockville, Frederick and Emmitsburg, returning to the city via Ellicott City and Baltimore over the new boulevard.

* * *

Former Senator J. B. Henderson has purchased a 1910 Matheson "Six" touring car and limousine body also. The touring car has a seating capacity of five persons and the limousine seven. The car will be delivered within the next few days.

* * *

S. A. Winsor returned a few days ago from a business trip to the Quaker city.

* * *

Extensive improvements are being made to the interior of the Central garage on New York avenue. The pillars and flooring in the center of the spacious building have been removed, thus affording ample light and additional floor space. The stockrooms will be located on the upper floors, while the repair shop will remain in its present location. As a result of the improvements, 14,000 feet of clear floor space will be afforded.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ed B. Terry and Mrs. M. P. Terry motored to Ridgeville, Md., last Sunday in Mr. Terry's Buick touring car, and after spending the day returned home in the evening. The trip was via Rockville, Washington Grove, and thence over the new Laytonsville pike.

* * *

A. B. Dulin and a party of friends enjoyed a trip over the boulevard to the Monumental City the past week in his Oldsmobile touring car.

* * *

Details have practically been completed for the National Automobile Show, which will open in the Auditorium-Armory, Atlanta, Ga., November 6, continuing to the 13th. The revised list of exhibitors shows that sixty-seven of the leading motor car makers have contracted for space—a remarkable showing for the first automobile exposition of the south. Atlanta can rightfully be proud of the response makers have made to the call from the south for a show. With the scores of accessory exhibitors, this is by far the largest list which ever exhibited at a "first show."

* * *

Always see that the spare parts carried on the car—especially the valves—are of the proper size for the engine, so that there may be no annoying delay if they should be suddenly called into requisition.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Mulford are on their honeymoon this week in the Lozier six-cylinder stock car that holds the world's record of 1,196 miles in twenty-four hours. Ralph Mulford, who drove this car at Brighton Beach, was married the day before the race and he and his bride are now making a tour through England. They will be accompanied by C. A. Emise, who is driving the Lozier car that finished second in the big race.

Both of these Lozier cars broke the world's continuous twenty-four-hour record. Car No. 3, driven by Mulford and Patsdike, made 1,196 miles and the other Lozier made 1,169 miles. The former non-stop race record, 1,050 miles, was made by a Renault on the same track, August 27-28. The winning Lozier cars, therefore, made, respectively, 146 miles and 119 miles more than were ever made by any car in a continuous twenty-four-hour race. These cars are regular six-cylinder fifty-horsepower Briarcliff stock models, and after they have been equipped with new bodies they will be placed in stock once more and offered for sale at regular prices.

J. E. McDonald of Philadelphia arrived in this city during the early part of the week, having driven over the road in his Locomobile. He is making his headquarters at the Standard garage, where he expects to remain for about two weeks.

* * *

The Flynn Motor Car Company has closed a contract for the handling of the Stearns automobile in this city.

* * *

The adoption of the gasoline power motor to commercial uses and the reduction of the cost of the engines have put them within reach of the oyster dredgers and fishermen along the Potomac, and now fully half the larger boats used in oystering and fishing are so equipped. The fishermen use power-driven boats to visit and fish their nets and to carry the catch to the shipping point, and the oystermen use them in towing the dredge boats and other work about the beds.

* * *

The definite date has been finally decided upon for the flag to flag endurance and reliability run from Denver to the City of Mexico. According to the revised conditions the contestants, of which there will be not less than twenty, will leave Denver Monday, November 22, and end in the City of Mexico the week of December 13, when an automobile show will be held in the federal district. The conditions are practically the same as those of the Glidden tour except for the fact that there will be no technical examination at the end of the tour according to present plans.

* * *

Frank Richards, a well known motorist of this city, is enjoying a hunting trip at Hughesville, Md. He motored there a few days ago in his Pope-Toledo touring car.

* * *

A. Stanley Zell and "Jack" Sperry left Friday in a Peerless touring car over the road to New York. Early yesterday morning they motored over to Long Island and witnessed the start of the Vanderbilt cup races.

* * *

H. L. Turner, a local enthusiast, has bought a Pope-Hartford touring car. The car is the new 1910 type, four cylinder, forty horsepower. The car was delivered during the past week.

* * *

Claude E. Miller has returned from a ten-day trip to New York, having motored from the metropolis to the National Capital in fast time.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Thompson of New York, accompanied by Miss Jane Mitchell and F. R. Smith, passed through Washington recently en route for the Luray Caverns and a tour of the Shenandoah valley. The car was a sixty-horsepower Stearns, the property of Mr. Thompson, who was driving.

* * *

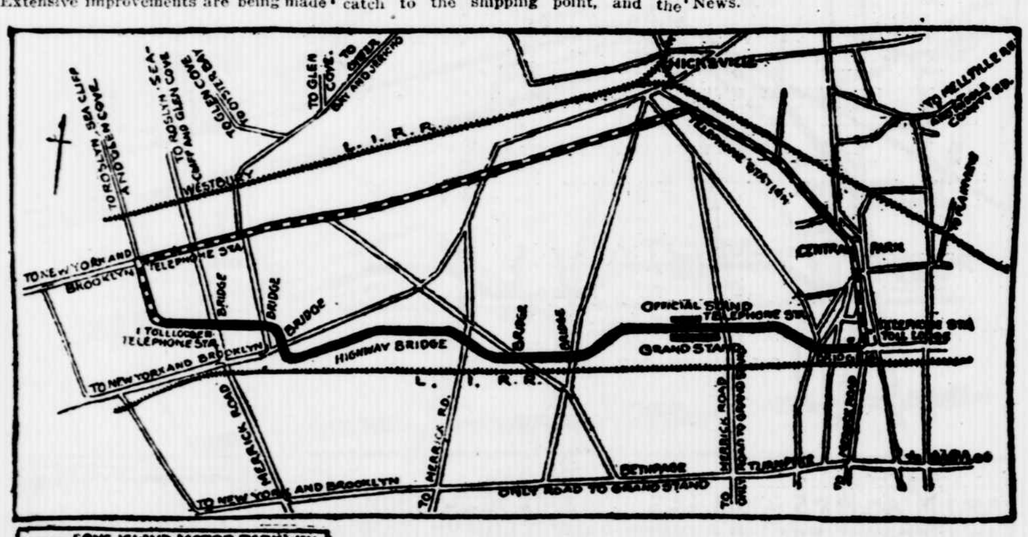
From indications it now appears that there will be enough changes in the motor cars, motorcycles and accessories that are to be exhibited at the tenth national automobile show, in Madison Square Garden, New York, January 8-15, to keep the enthusiasts busy studying them, and a thorough inspection of the new features will be a task to complete in one day. Although the motor car and everything pertaining to it will be sufficient to hold the attention of the public, the scenic surroundings in which will be set the annual array of the automobile industry's lustrous gems are promised to be so gorgeous and striking that the visitor may be excused if for the moment he forgets the utilitarian phase of the exhibition and feasts his eyes on the "Garden beautiful."

In Regard to Feet.

From the London Globe.

Anthropologists assert that the Frenchman's foot is long, narrow and well proportioned. The Scotchman's foot, according to these authorities, is high and thick, strong, muscular and capable of hard work. The Russian's foot possesses one peculiarity, the toes being generally webbed to the first joint. The Tartar's foot is short and heavy, the foot of a certain type of savage, and the toes are the same length. The Spaniard's foot is generally small, but finely curved. The Englishman's foot is in most cases, short and rather fleshy, and not as a rule as strong, proportionately, as it should be.

"Talk is cheap," quoted the moralizer. "Huh!" rejoined the demoralizer. "You just wait till your wife begins to explain why she needs the money."—Chicago News.



LONG ISLAND MOTOR PARKWAY 5.15 MILES
COUNTY ROADS 7.49 MILES
TOTAL LENGTH OF CIRCUIT 12.64 MILES

VANDERBILT CUP RACE · 22 LAPS – 278.08 MILES
WHEATLEY HILLS SWEEPSTAKES 15 LAPS – 189.60 MILES
MASSAPEQUA SWEEPSTAKES 10 LAPS – 126.40 MILES

Locomobile.

The Best Built Car in America.

Our 1910 Car. The Locomobile for 1910 is the motor car that most closely approximates perfection. A famous car in its highest stage of refinement. Proven reliability with increased quietness and the minor changes suggested by experience.

Safety. The more you see of automobiles the more you understand the necessity of selecting a car of **SAFE** construction. The Locomobile has a clean record for Safety. Every Locomobile owner has perfect confidence in his car—the more he runs it the more complete his trust in its Safety.

Development. We have been building the Locomobile for **ELEVEN YEARS.** We have been **DEVELOPING** it for eleven years. A high-class car can not be produced except through such long experience. When you buy a Locomobile you get the most satisfactory car that can be made; you also get the benefits derived from doing business with a long-established and experienced organization.

Manufacture. The Locomobile is not an "Assembled" car. No high-class car **IS.** We make our car throughout—Axles, Steering Mechanism, Levers, Motors, Transmissions, Brakes, are all **OUR OWN.** Even the Magneto and the Ignition Apparatus are made in the Locomobile Factory.

The "30" Locomobile. A five-passenger car with a unique shaft-drive system that you must investigate. Convenient, powerful, adequate for all motor service. Handy as a town car; perfect for touring. Beautiful in appearance, and of the highest quality of material and workmanship.

The "40" Locomobile. The logical choice of the customer who wants a seven-passenger car for family use or long-distance touring. Commodious and Luxurious. Reliable and **SAFE.** Very Easy Riding.

Demonstrations. We invite you to examine the Locomobile—its construction, equipment and finish. Test its road performance at the hands of a courteous and careful operator.

Touring Cars Roadsters Limousines Landaulets

The Standard Garage Co.,

2121 Fourteenth Street N. W.

THE BRONZE BELL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE.

(Copyright, 1909, by Louis Joseph Vance.)

All rights reserved, including that of translation into foreign languages, including the Scandinavian.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"The boat," affirmed Quain, too discouraged for the obvious retort ungracious. He stooped and caught up a frayed end of rope, exhibiting it in witness to his statement. "Ain't it h—ll?" he inquired, plaintively.

Amber's gaze followed the rope, the further end of which was rove through the ring of a small grapnel anchor half buried in the spongy earth. "Gone!" he echoed, dismally.

"Gone away from here," said Quain, deliberately, nodding at the rope's end. "The tide floated her off, of course, but how this happened is beyond me. I could kill Antone." He named the Portuguese laborer charged with the care of the boats at Tanglewood. "It's his job to see that these cables are replaced when they show signs of wear." He cast the rope from him in disdain and wheeled to stare baywards. "There!" he cried, leveling an arm to indicate a dark and fleeting shadow upon the storm-whipped waters. "There she goes—not three hundred feet off. It can't be five minutes since she worked loose. I don't see why * * * ! If it hadn't been for that d——d cartridge * * * ! It's the devil's own luck!"

A blur of snow swept between boat and shore; when it had passed the former was all but indistinguishable. From a full heart Quain blasphemed fluently. * * * "But if she holds as she stands," he amended quickly, his indomitable spirit fostering the forlorn hope, "she'll go aground in another five minutes—and I know just where. I'll go after her."

"The deuce you will! How?"

"There's an old skimmy up the shore a ways." Already Quain was moving off in search of it. "Noticed her this morning. Daresay she leaks like a sieve, but at worst the water's pretty shoal inshore hereabouts."

"Cold comfort in that."

"Better than none, you amiable——"

"Can you swim?" Amber demanded, pointedly.

"Like a fish. And you?"

"Not like a fish."

"D—n." Quain brought up short with a shin barked against a thwart of the rowboat he had been seeking, and in recognition of the mishap liberally insulted his luck.

Amber, knowing that his hurt was as inconsiderable as his ill-temper, which was more than half-feigned to mask his anxiety, laughed quietly, meanwhile inspecting their find with a critical eye.

"You don't seriously mean to put off in this crazy hencoop, do you?" he asked.

"Just precisely that. It's the only way."

"It's simple madness. I won't——"

"You don't want to stay here all night, do you?"

"No, but——"

"Well, then, lend us a hand and don't stand there grumbling. Be thankful for what you've got, which is me and my enterprise."

"Oh, all right."

Together they put their shoulders to the bows of the old, flat-bottomed rowboat, with incredible exertions uprooting it from its ancient bed, and at length had it afloat.

Panting, Quain mopped his forehead with a handkerchief much the worse for a day's association with gun grease, and peered beneath his hand into the murk that veiled the bay.

"There she is," he declared, confidently, "aground." He pointed. "I'll fetch up with her in no time."

But Amber could see nothing in the least resembling the catboat, and said so with decision.

"She's there, all right," insisted Quain. "'Tain't my fault if you're blind. Here, hold this, will you, while I find me a pole of some sort." He thrust into Amber's hand an end of rotten painter at which the rowboat strained, and wandered off into the night, in the course of time returning with an old eel-pot stake, flotsam of some summer storm. "Pure, bull-headed luck!" he crowed, jubilant, brandishing his trophy, and jumped into the boat. "Now sit tight till I come back? * * * Huh—hat?"

"I'm coming, too," Amber repeated, quietly.

"The h—ll you are! D'you want to sink us? What do you think this is, anyway—an excursion steamer? You stay where you are and I—I say—take care of this till I come back, like a good fellow."

He thrust the butt of his shotgun into Amber's face, and the latter, seizing it, was rewarded by a vigorous push that sent him back half a dozen feet. At the same time the painter slipped from his grasp and Quain, lodging an end of the eel-pot stake on the hard sand bottom, put his weight upon it. Before Amber could recover the boat had slid off and was melting swiftly into the shadows.

After a bit Quain's voice came back. "Don't fret, Davy. I'm all right."

Amber cupped hands to mouth and sent a cheerful hail ringing in response. Simultaneously, the last, least, indefinite blur that stood for the boat in the darkness, vanished in a swirl of snow, and he was alone with the storm and its misgivings. Upon these he put a check—would not dwell upon them; but their influence none the less proved strong enough to breed in him a resistless restlessness and keep him tramping up and down a five-yard stretch of comparatively solid earth—to and fro, stamping his feet to keep his blood circulating, lugging both guns, one beneath either arm, hunching his shoulders up about his ears in thankless attempt to prevent wet flakes from sifting in between his neck and collar—thus, interminably it seemed, to and fro, to and fro. * * *

In the course of time this occupation defeated its purpose; the very monotony of it sent his thoughts winging back to Quain; he worried more than ever for his friend, reproaching himself unmercifully for that he had suffered him to go alone—or at all. Quain had a wife and children; that thought proved insupportable. * * * Had he missed the catboat altogether? Or had he gained it only to find the motor disabled or the propeller fouled with the wiry eel grass that choked the shoals? In either instance he would be at the mercy of the wind, for even with the sail close reefed he would have no choice other than to fly before the fury. Or had the boat possibly gone aground so hard and fast that Quain had found himself unable to push her off and doomed to lie in her, helpless, against the fulling of the tide? Or (last and most grudged guess of all) had the "skimmy" proved as unseaworthy as its dilapidated appearance had proclaimed it?

Twenty minutes wore wearily away. Falling ever more densely, the snow drew an impenetrable wan curtain between Amber and the world of life and light and warmth; while with each discordant blast the strength of the gale seemed to wax, its high hysteric clamor at times drowning even the incessant deep bellow of the ocean surf. Once Amber paused in his patrol, having heard, or fancying he had heard, the staccato plut-plut-plut of a marine motor. On impulse, with a swelling heart, he swung his gun skywards and pulled both triggers. The double report rang in his ears loud as a thunderclap.

In the moments that followed, while he stood listening, with every fiber of his being keyed to attention, the sense of his utter isolation chilled his heart as with cold steel.

A little frantically he loaded and fired again, but what at first might have been thought the faint far echo of a hail he in the end set down reluctantly to a trick of the hag-ridden wind; to whose savage voice he durst not listen long; in such a storm, on such a night, a man had but to hearken with a credulous ear to hear strange and terrible voices whispering, shrieking, gibbering, howling untold horrors. * * *

An hour passed, punctuated at frequent intervals by gunshots. Though they evoked no answer of any sort, hope for Quain died hard in Amber's heart. With all his might he labored to convince himself that his friend must have overtaken the drifting boat, and, forced to relinquish his efforts to regain the beach, have scudded across the bay to the mainland and safety; but this seemed a surmise at best so far-fetched, and one as well not overlong to be dwelt upon, lest by that very insistence its tenuity be emphasized, that Amber resolutely turned from it to a consideration of his own plight and problematic way of escape.

His understanding of his situation was painfully accurate; he was marooned upon what a flood tide made a desert island, but which at the ebb was a peninsula—a long and narrow strip of sand, bounded on the west by the broad, shallow channel to the ocean, on the east connected with the mainland by a sandbar which half the day lay submerged.

He had, then, these alternatives—he might either compose himself to hug the leeward side of a dune till daybreak (or till relief should come) or else undertake a five-mile tramp on the desperate hope of finding at the end of it the tide out and the sandbar a safe footway from shore to shore. Between the two he vacillated not at all; anything were preferable to a night in the dunes, beaten by the implacable storm, haunted by the thought of Quain; and even though he were to find the eastern causeway under water, at least the exercise would have served to keep him from freezing.

Ten minutes after his last cartridge had been fruitlessly discharged, he set out for the ocean beach, pausing at the first dune he came upon to scrape a shallow trench in the sand and cache therein both guns and his game bag. Marking the spot with a bit of driftwood stuck upright, he pressed on, eventually pausing on the overhanging lip of a twenty-foot bluff. To its foot the beach below was aswirl knee deep with the wash of breakers, broad patches of water black and glossy as polished ebony alternating with vast expanses of foam and clotted spume, all aglow with pale winter phosphorescence. Momentarily, as he watched, at once fascinated and appalled, mountainous ridges of blackness heaved up out of the storm's gray heart, offshore, and, curling crests edged with luminous white, swung in to crash and shatter thunderously upon the sands.

Awed and disappointed, Amber drew back. The beach was impassable; here was no wide and easy road to the east, such as he had thought to find; to gain the sandbar he had now to thread a tortuous and uncertain way through the bewildering dunes. And the prospect was not a little disconcerting; afraid neither of wind nor of cold, he was wretchedly afraid of going astray in that uncertain, shifting labyrinth. To lose one's self in that trackless wilderness * * * !

A demon of anxiety prodded him on—he must learn Quain's fate or go mad. Once on the mainland it were a matter of facility to find his way to the village of Shampton, telephone Tanglewood and charter a "team" to convey him thither. He shut his teeth on his determination and set his face to the east.

Beset and roughly buffeted by the gale; the snow settling in rippling drifts in the folds of his clothing and upon his shoulders clinging like a cloth; his face cut by clouds of sand flung horizontally with well nigh the force of birdshot from a gun, he bowed to the blast and plodded steadily on.

Imperceptibly fatigue benumbed his senses, blunted the keen edge of his emotions; even the care for Quain became a mere dull ache in the back of his perceptions; of physical suffering he was unconscious. He fell a prey to freakish fancies—could stand aside and watch himself, an atom whirling in the mad dance of the tempest, as the snowflakes whirled, as little potent. He saw himself pitting his puny strength of mind and body against the infinite force of the elements; saw himself fall and rise and battle on, gaining nothing—an atom, sport of high gods! To the flight of time he grew quite oblivious, his thoughts wandering in the past, oddly afar to half-remembered scenes, to experiences more than half forgotten, both wholly irrelevant; picturesque and painful memories cast up from the deeps of the subconsciousness by some inexplicable convulsion of the imagination. For a long time he moved on in stupid, wondering contemplation of a shining crescent of sand backed by a green, steaming wall of jungle; there was a dense blue sky above, and below, on the beach, dense blue waters curled lazily up the feet of a little, naked, brown child, that played contentedly with a shell of rainbow hues. Again he saw a throng upon a pier-head, and in its forefront an unknown woman, plainly dressed, with deep brown eyes wherein despair dwelt, tearless but white to the lips as she watched a steamer draw away. And yet again, he seemed to stand with others upon the threshold of the cardroom of a Hongkong club—in a glare of garish light a man in evening dress lay prone across a table on whose absorbent, green cloth a dark and ugly stain was widening slowly. * * * But for the most part he fancied himself walking through scented, autumnal woods, beside a woman whose eyes were kind and dear, whose lips were sweet and tempting—a girl he had known not an hour but whom already he loved, though he himself did not dream it nor discover it till too late. * * * And with these many other visions formed and dissolved in dreamlike phantasamagoria; but of them all the strongest and most recurrent was that of the girl in the black riding habit, walking by his side down the aisle of trees. So that presently the tired and overwrought man believed himself talking with her, reasoning, arguing, pleading desperately for his heart's desire; * * * and wakened with a start, to hear the echo of her voice as though she had spoken but the instant gone, to find his own lips framing the syllables of her name—"Sophia!"

Thus strangely he came to know that beyond question he loved. And he stopped short and stood blinking blindly at nothing, a little frightened by the depth and strength of this passion which had come to him with such scant presage, realizing for the first time that his need for her was an insatiable hunger of the soul. * * * And she was lost to him; half a world lay between them—or soon would. All his days he had awaited, a little curiously, a little skeptical, the coming of the thing men call love, and when it had come to him he had not known it nor guessed it until its cause had slipped away from him. * * * Beyond recall?

Abruptly he regained consciousness of his plight, and with an effort shook his senses back into his head. It was not precisely a time when he could afford to let his wits go wool-gathering. And he realized that he had been, in a way, more than half asleep as he walked; even now he was drowsy, his eyes were heavy, his feet leaden—and numb with cold besides. He had no least notion of what distance he might have traveled or whether he had walked in a straight line or a circle, but when he thought to glance over his shoulder—there was at the moment, perhaps, more wind with less snow than there had been for some time—he found the lighthouse watching him as it had from the first; as if he had not won a step away from it for all his struggle and his pains. The white, staring eye winked sardonically through a mist of flakes, was blotted out and turned up a baleful red. It seemed to mock him, but Amber nodded at it with no unfriendly feeling. It still might serve his purpose very well, if his strength held, since he had merely to keep his back to the light and the ocean beach upon his right to win to the Shampton sandbar, whether soon or late.

Inflexible of purpose in the face of all his weariness and discouragement, he was on the point of resuming his march when he was struck by the circumstance that the whitened shoulder of a dune, quite near at hand, should seem as if frosted with light—coldly luminous.

Staring, speculative, he hung in the wind—inquisitive as a cat, but loath to waste time in footless inquiry. The snowfall, setting in with augmented violence, decided him. Where light was there should be man, and where man, shelter.

His third eager stride opened up a wide basin in the dunes, filled with eddying veils of snow, and set, at some distance, with two brilliant squares of light—windows in an invisible dwelling. In the space between them, doubtless, there would be a door. But a second time he paused, remembering that the island was said to be uninhabited. Only yesterday he had asked and been so informed. * * * Odd!

So passing strange he held it, indeed, that he was conscious of a singular reluctance to question the phenomenon. That superstitious dread of the unknown which lies dormant in us all in Amber stirred and awoke and held him back like a strong hand. Or, if there be such a thing as a premonition of misfortune, he may be said to have experienced it in that hour; certainly a presentiment of evil crawled in his brain, and he hesitated at a time when he desired naught in the world so much as that which the windows promised—light, heat and human companionship. He had positively to force himself on to seek the door, and even when he had stumbled against its step he twice lifted his hand and let it fall without knocking.

There was not a sound within that he could hear above the clamor of the goblin night.

In the end, however, he knocked stoutly enough.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

Life Near South Pole.

From McClure's.

The food supplies consisted of sugar, pemmican, biscuits, cheese, plasmon, chocolate, tea, cocoa, "emergency ration," and "emergency Oxo." Sugar, which has great heat-giving properties, was an important item. The biscuits weighed about twelve to the pound, and were made of whole meal, with 25 per cent of plasmon added.

The pemmican was made of the best part of beef, ground down and mixed with 60 per cent of lard. There are many kinds of pemmican on the market, but that procured for the expedition from Copenhagen was particularly good. The plasmon powder was added to our tea, and we found it a valuable preparation. The "emergency ration," which consisted of crushed bacon, peas and beans, was added to pemmican and powdered biscuit to make "hoosh," the chief item of the limited menu. We had hoosh in the morning and evening, with biscuits; and the chocolate and cheese, also with biscuits, were used on alternate days for lunch. We drank tea at lunch, and cocoa at break ast and dinner. Each man's outfit of garments consisted of two pairs of Jaeger pajama trousers, singlet, shirt, guernsey, Burberry overalls, ten pairs of heavy socks, three pairs of finneskoe, Balaclava cap for the head, with Burberry covering, large muffler and fur mitts, hung from the neck by pieces of lampwick so that they would not be lost when taken from the hands. With this outfit we were absent from the hut about one-third of a year. Washing is not possible on a sledging journey, though at the winter quarters we were fairly regular in our ablutions.