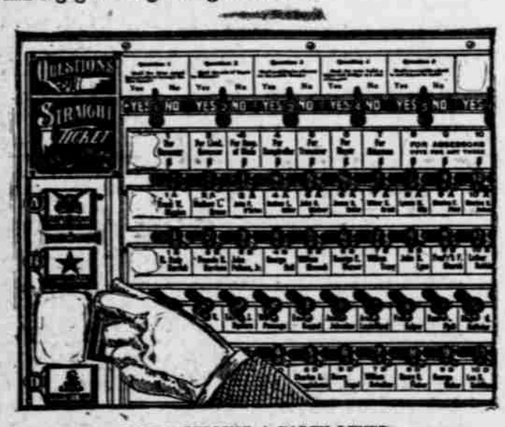
HOW TO VOTE THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET

On the voting machine the second lever, from the top on the left hand side, is designated by the letter "B," which letter stands for Buckingham. Be sure and turn down the lever with the letter "B" and you have cast your vote for Buckingham for mayor and his associates on the Democratic ticket. You want Buckingham for mayor. The city needs him. Therefore do not run the chance of losing your vote by attempting to scratch. Look for the letter "B." It is on the second lever on the left hand side of the machine. Turn that lever down and you have cast your vote for the candidates of the people. Remember this. Look for the letter "B."

HOW TO VOTE A STRAIGHT TICKET.

Having closed the Curtain—Pull the Party Lever bearing the name or emblem of your Party over to the right UNTIL THE BELL RINGS, and then let it go back. This turns down to a voting position all of the Pointers of the candidates of your party. See illustration below.

The ringing of the Bell informs the voter that the Party Lever has been pulled far enough to unlock the Curtain Lever and engage the registering mechanism.



VOTER PULLING A PARTY LEVER.

The turned down Pointers indicate the names of the candidates for whom the vote will be cast.

Leave the Pointers as they are (down in a voting position).

Move the Red Handle of the Curtain Lever to the left as far as it will go.

This will count your vote, open the Curtain, and set the machine for the next voter.

CAUTION.—Before moving the Curtain Lever back to the left, be sure that a Pointer is turned to Yes or No for every question on which you wish to vote, and that a Pointer points to the name of every candidate you wish to vote for.

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THE ALTENBURG CASE

By GEORGE DYRE ELDRIDGE

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(Continued.)

"Yes, naturally," answered Grimbleshaw. There was no question in his mind that Trafford knew where he had been and whom he had seen. It seemed a refinement of caution to make an attempted secret of it. At the same time he knew the danger of waiving privilege in the slightest degree, and he knew, too, the dangerous cunning of the man with whom he was dealing. He went on cautiously:

"It has oeen held that privilege extends so far as to warrant a physician in withholding the name of a patient. He must certainly refuse, without express permission given, to state for what he has treated him. I think the former contention somewhat finical, excepting under conditions that do not seem to me to exist in this case. Expressly claiming privilege, and disclaiming any purpose whatever to waive it, I am willing to state that the man's name is represented to me as being Harold Calden, and I have no reason to question the representation."

"Good," said Trafford. "You have been in attendance on the defaulter and escaped lunatic, Harold Calden."

Grimbleshaw looked at Trafford for a moment without speaking. The outbreak was so unlike the man, the violence of the language so distinctly not his, that one could not fail to see purpose in it. Whatever that purpose was it was his business to thwart it, unless that purpose was to drive him into that very effort.

"I am not called to pass on those implications," he said, coldly.

The two men faced each other, the one as if asking himself if it was the time to strike, the other as awaiting the blow with a touch of curiosity as to the form it would take. At least that shade of advanage was with Grimbleshaw that Trafford must take the initiative.

"Is it a part of your duty and privilege as a physician," asked Trafford at last, with the slow distinctness of a man who throws weight into very word "to advise your patients to get out of the jurisdiction of the United States courts?"

Grimbleshaw was acting at all times since the appearance of this man on the assumption that, whatever he himself might do, Trafford would learn at once, so that the question came to him without the accompanying shock that it might have given and, possibly, was intended to give. He had already reduced his estimate of possible advantage to the time required to give the other information of his every act. While the man must have been in this room uninterruptedly since before Grimbleshaw reached the farm, the latter had no doubt that his own telephone had been used to give the detective information.

"As a physician I am bound to advise a patient as his bodily and mental condition demands. With the collateral results of such advice I have nothing to do."

"Is that the best answer you can give me?"

"It is my answer," said Grimbleshaw.

"Dr. Grimbleshaw," said Trafford, suddenly giving an air of increased weight to his words, "why are you so anxious to have Harold Calden where the county attorney and the courts cannot reach him without immense trouble? Was he at the Altenburg house while you were there and therefore a witness of what you did?"

"Don't you think you should first warn me that whatever I may say will be used against me?"

"I am here talking with you without a witness. At the most it would be my word against yours."

"Theoretically, yes; practically, I would be eliminated. An accused man should be presumed to be innocent in the eyes of the law; he certainly is nowhere else."

"What are you afraid of?" asked Trafford, grimly.

"The blood-thirst of the public for a victim, fostered by men like the one who called from the platform of a train, 'Don't lose sight of Grimbleshaw!' A man can fear these things without impugning his own innocence!"

"You brought it on youerself for want of frankness after I had warned you."

"That is the weakest thing I ever heard you say."

"You haven't known me long."

"Perhaps that is a reason."

After a moment's pause Trafford said:

"Now if you feel better after that let us get back to what we were talking about. You have advised Harold Calden to leave the jurisdiction of the United States?"

"My advice to a patient is privileged. I decline to answer."

"Do you assume that privilege extends to covering a crime?"

"What I do or do not assume does not enter into the matter. I decline to state what advice I gave my patient or even whether I gave him any at all.

"In that last you're wrong," said Trafford. "A court would compel you to answer that question—even a coroner might."

"When one attempts I'll meet the issue."

"No, doctor, that's not quite fair. There is certainly no reason to refuse me an answer where the court would compel it."

"That's a non sequitur."

"If you haven't found out by this time that I've no more wish to convict an innocent man than to let a guilty one escape you're not as keen as I give you credit for being. If you have, you and your friends are adopting a course that is incompatible with both innocence and intelligence."

"In my opinion, Mr. Trafford," replied Grimbleshaw, taking him as seriously as his last words had been tuned, "the whole tendency of your work thus far has been to fasten the crime on an entirely innocent man. If you regard that as something to induce others to confide in you, I no more agree with you there than in other matters."

"I'm not aware, doctor, that you have any very complete knowledge of my work or its tendency, but I will say frankly that if I have any thought that you or your friends are involved in this murder, it is due wholly to your efforts to thwart me since I began the investigation. Mind, I say if I have any such thought. I certainly had a right to expect, at least, your friends' entire co-operation."

It came to Grimbleshaw as a flash of light that there was justice in Trafford's complaint. He had had a right to expect co-operation, and as certainly he had not had it. He had not had it because both Horace and his father believed as the fact the worst that Trafford could have uncovered. And he himself? He had believed it as well, and had acted with them in the purpose to thwart the detective. In so far his complaint was justified. Now that he was satisfied of the mistake under which they had acted what was his duty? To do nothing that by any chance should bring hurt to Judith. He, at least, did not hesitat there; to that his answer returned as the needle to the pole. If he had got to make a mistake, and very possibly he had, it must be the one that, at all hazards, would protect her and hers.

Trafford let him flounder through his self-questions without throwing him so much as a shred to help him. He felt that he could have caught at almost anything if only Trafford had offered it. Instead, he was conscious that the detective was silently studying him, which was probably the real thing that he had come there for on that particular morning, for, as a matter of fact, Grimbleshaw did not feel for a moment that Trafford needed him to tell what had occurred at the camp, to what point Calden was bound or why he himself aided in getting him out of the states. In fact, Grimbleshaw was lapsing into a study of the situation that was a practical acknowledgment that, present or absent, Trafford equally weighed large in everything he undertook these days, when suddenly the detective took up again the line of questioning:

"As a physician, judging from the condition of the wound and the blood, how long before you found him had Altenburg been struck?"

"I should say close on to two hours," replied Grimbleshaw, more promptly than he quite felt he ought. The question was one he had considered minutely since hearing Calden's story, and he had fixed so definitely the answer that it was rather like repeating it to himself than giving it to another.

"Well, let's see. David saw him about half after six. That's his story, at least, and I've verified it as far as possible by the time Antoine left Malbon's and the time the two reached the village. On the whole I think we're safe in accepting it that David was with him not earlier than six-twenty, and not later than six-forty, a range of twenty minutes. He was unhurt then at that hour."

"You are satisfied then that he was unhurt when David left?"

"Dr. Grimbleshaw, it will go hard with that man if that hint is once let loose in Lanceboro. Unless you've got something to base it on, it's unfair to start it going!"

"Any more unfair than to give weight to the rumors already afloa. affecting me?" demanded Grimbleshaw, bitterly.

"Yes," said Trafford, bluntly and unexpectedly. In the first place, you've got a hundred ways of meeting and combating an untruth, if it is an untruth, where he's got but one. In the second place, he hasn't concealed the fact of his being with Altenburg that night. I place his case in an entirely different class than yours."

This, then, was what Trafford had come to say, and he had so said it as to give it the force of a blow.

"There were two men in that room at six-thirty," replied Grimbleshaw, meeting the blow fairly. "I've always supposed one of them was Altenburg and the other——"

"Young Calden or his father?" asked Trafford.

"Why not David?"

"Because if it had been you'd have told before this."

"As a matter of fact I formed no idea who it was. I simply knew that the second man's being there prevented my going in, but it did not occur to me to be curious as to who he was. I could not foresee what interest and importance the matter might have a few hours later."

"Yet when you knew it was import-

(Continued on Page 9.)

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DR. COOK'S OWN STORY OF THE CONQUEST OF THE POLE.

North of Bradley Land == Amazing Sensations of Dr. Cook and His TWo Companions.

(NINTH ARTICLE)

By Dr. Frederick A. Cook, First White Man to Reach the North Pole

OVER the newly discovered coast lines was written Bradley Land, in honor of John R. Bradley, the benefactor of the expedition. As we passed north of this land there was nothing substantial upon which to fix the eye.

There was at no time a perfectly clear horizon, but the weather was good enough to permit frequent nautical observations. The course was lined on uninteresting blank sheets, but there were elusive signs of land frequent enough to keep up an exploring enthusiasm.

Thus day after day the marches were forced, the incidents and the positions were recorded, but the adventures were promptly forgotten in the mental bleach of the next day's effort. The night of April 7 was made notable by the swing of the sun at midnight. For a number of nights it made grim faces at us in its setting. A teasing mist, drawn as a curtain over the northern sea at midnight, had given curious advantages for celestial staging; settling into this haze, we were unable to determine sharply the advent of the midnight sun, but here was a spectacular play which interested us immensely.

Now the great bulk was drawn out egg shaped, with horizontal lines drawn through it. Again it was pressed into a basin with flaming fires, burning behind a curtain of frosts; blue at other times, it appeared like a huge vase, and it required very little imagination to see purple and violet flowers.

The change was often like magic, but the last display was invariably a face—distorted faces of men or animals were made to suit our fancy.

We had therefore followed the sun's northward advance—from its first peep at midday above the south ice of the polar gateway to its sweep of the northern ice at midnight. From the end of the polar night late in February to the first of the double days and midnight suns we had forced a trail through darkness, blood hardening temperature and over leg breaking irregularities of an unknown world of ice to an area 200 miles from the pole.

The Midnight Sun.

Now we had the sun unmistakably at midnight, and its new glory was quite an incentive to our life of shivers. Observations on April 8 placed camp at latitude 86 degrees 36 minutes, longitude 94 degrees 2 minutes. In spite of what seemed like long marches we had advanced only 106 miles in nine days. Much of our hard work was lost in circuitous twists around troublesome pressure lines and high, irregular fields of very old ice. The drift ice was throwing us to the east with sufficient force to give us some anxiety, but with eyes closed to danger and hardships the double days of fatigue and glitter quickly followed one another.

The temperature, ranging between 36 and 46 degrees below zero F., kept persistently near the freezing point of mercury, and, though the perpetual sun gave light and color to the cheerless wastes, we were not impressed with any appreciable sense of warmth. Indeed, the sunbeams seemed to make the frost of the air pierce with a more painful sting.

There was a weird play of orgies, seemingly most impressive at this time—clouds of steam rose from the frozen seas. In marching over the golden glitter snow scalds the face, while the nose is bleached with frost. The sun rose into zones of fire and set into burning fields of ice, but with pain we breathe the chill of death.

In camp a grip of the knife left painful burns from cold metal. To the frozen finger the water was hot. With wine spirits the fire was lighted, while oil delighted the stomach. In dreams heaven was hot, the other place was cold. All nature was false. We seemed to be nearing the chilled flame of a new hades. In our hard life there was nothing genuinely warm. The congenial appearances were all deception, but death offered only cold comfort. There was no advantage in suicide.

We should have enjoyed this curious experience, but with endless bodily discomforts, combined in aching muscles and an overbearing languor, there could be no real joys from the glories of nature. The pleasure was reserved for a later retrospect.

We now changed our working hours from day to night, beginning usually at 10 and ending at 7. The big marches and prolonged hours of travel with which fortune favored us earlier were no longer possible. Weather conditions were more important in determining the day's run than the hands of the chronometers.

When the storms threatened the start was delayed, and in strong blows the march was shortened, but in one way or another we usually found a few hours in each turn of the dial during which a march could be forced between winds. It mattered little whether we traveled night or day—all hours and all days were alike to us—for we had no accustomed time of rest, no Sundays, no holiday, no landmarks or mileposts to pass. To advance and expend the energy accumulated during one sleep at the cost of our pound of pemmican was the one sole aim in life.

The observations of April 11 gave latitude 87 degrees 20 minutes, longitude 95 minutes 19 seconds. The pack disturbance of Bradley Land was less and less noted in the northward movement. The fields became heavier, larger and less crevassed. Fewer troublesome old floes and less crushed new ice were encountered. With the improved conditions the fire of a racing spirit came for a brief spell.

Passing Highest Reach.

We had now passed the highest reaches of all our predecessors and had gained the inspiration of the farthest north for ourselves. The time was at hand, however, to consider seriously the necessity of an early return.

Nearly half of the food allowance had been used. In the long marches supplies had been more liberally used than anticipated, and now our dog teams were much reduced in numbers. A hard necessity had forced the cruel law of the survival of the fittest, for the less useful dogs were fed to the steady working survivors. Owing to the food limits and the advancing season we could not prudently continue the outward march a fortnight longer.

We had dragged ourselves 300 miles over the polar sea in twenty-four days. Including delays and detours, this gave an average of nearly thirteen miles daily on an air line in our course. There remained an unknown line of 160 miles before our ambitions could be satisfied. The same average advance which we had made on the pack would take us to the pole in thirteen days. There were food and fuel enough to risk this adventure.

Work and Observations.

In the diary of the succeeding days' doings there appear numerous tabulations of work and observations. In the new cracks the thickness of the ice was measured. The water was examined for life. The technical details for the making and breaking of ice were studied, and some attention was given to the altitude of uplifted and submerged irregularities.

Atmospheric, surface water and ice temperatures were taken, the barometer was noted, the cloud formations, weather conditions and ice drifts were tabulated. There was a continuous routine of work which does not appear here. It belongs to the specific details of the history of the exploration, which will appear in the later publication of scientific data.

This work, like the effort of the foot in the daily drive of duty, became more or less automatic and does not at any time enter as an active part of the story. As we now run along over seemingly endless fields of ice the physical appearances come under a careful scrutiny. I watched daily for possible signs of dangerous failure in strength, for serious disability now meant a fatal termination.

A disabled man could neither continue nor return, but every examination gave another reason to push human endurance to the limit of the strain of every fiber and cell. The hard work which followed, under an occasional burst of burning sunbeams, brought intense thirst.

Soup a Luxury.

Forcing the habit of the camel, we managed to take enough water before starting to keep sufficient liquid in the veins for the day's march, but it was difficult to await the melting of the ice at camping time.

In two sittings—evening and morning—each took an average of three quarts of water daily. This included the tea and also the luxury of an occasional soup. There was water about everywhere in heaps, but it was in crystals, and before the thirst could be quenched several ounces of precious fuel, which had been carried thousands of miles, must be used. And still this water, so expensive and so necessary to us, ultimately became the greatest bane to comfort. It escaped through the pores of the skin, saturated the boots, formed a band of ice under the knee and a belt of frost about the waist, while the face was nearly always incased in a mask of icicles from the breath—a necessary part of our hard lot in life, and we learned to take the torture philosophically. "From ice it comes, to ice it goes," like the other elements of the body, when the good preacher pronounces the last words "from dust to dust."

From the eighty-seventh to the eighty-eighth parallel we passed for two days over old ice without pressure lines or hummocks. There was no discernible line of demarcation for the fields, and it was quite impossible to determine if we were on land or sea ice. The barometer indicated no elevation, but the ice had the hard, waving surface of glacial ice, with only superficial crevasses. The water obtained from this was not salty, but all of the upper surface of the ice of the polar sea makes similar water. The nautical observations did not seem to indicate a drift, but nevertheless the combined tabulations do not warrant the positive assertion of either land or sea for this area.

An Air Line Course.

This ice gave a cheering prospect. A plain of purple and blue ran in easy undulations to the limits of vision without the usual barriers of uplifted blocks. Over it a direct air line course was possible. Progress, however, was quite as difficult as over the irregular pack. The snow was crusted with large crystals. An increased friction reduced the speed, while the surface, too hard for snowshoes, was also too weak to give a secure footing. The loneliness, the monotony, the hardship of steady, unrelieved travel were now keenly felt.

It is not often that man's horsepower is put to the test as ours was. We were compelled to develop a working energy to the limit of animal capacity. Day after day we had pushed along at the same steady pace over plains of frost and through a mental desert.

As the eye opened at the end of an icy slumber the fire was lighted little by little, the stomach was filled with liquids and solids, mostly cold—enough to last for the day, for there could be no halt or waste of fuel for midday feeding. We next got into harness and paced off the day's pull under the lash of duty. We worked until standing became impossible—longer in light winds, shorter in strong winds, but always until the feet became numb and heavy.

Then came the arduous task of building a snow house. In this the eyes, no longer able to wink, closed, but soon the empty stomach complained, and it was filled up again—not with things that pleased the palate, only hard fuel to feed the inner fires, while the ear sought the soft side of ice to dispel fatigue; no pleasure in mental recreation, nothing to arouse the soul from its icy inclosure.

To eat, to sleep, to press one foot ahead of the other, was our steady vocation, like the horse to the cart, but we had not his advantage of an agreeable climate and a comfortable stable at night.

Where Madness Sits.

Words and pictures cannot adequately describe the maddening influence of this sameness of polar glitter, combined with bitter winds, extreme cold and an overworked body. To me there was always the inspiration of anticipation of the outcome of ultimate success, but for my young savage companions it was a torment almost beyond endurance. Their weariness was made evident by a lax use of the whip and an indifferent urging of the dogs. They were, however, brave and faithful to the bitter end, seldom allowing selfish ambitions or uncontrollable passions seriously to interfere with the main effort of the expedition.

On the morning of April 13 a strain of agitating torment reached a breaking point. For days there had been a steady cutting wind from the west, which drove despair to its lowest reaches. The west again blackened to renew its soul despairing blast. The sun was screened with ugly vapors, and the path was as cheerless as the arctic night.

No torment could be worse than that; never ceasing rush of icy air. Ahwelah bent over his sled and refused to move. His dogs turned and looked inquiringly. I walked over and stood by his side. Etukishuk came near and stood motionless, staring blankly at the southern skies. Large tears fell from Ahwelah's eyes and piled a little frost of sadness in the blue of his own shadow for several minutes. Not a word was uttered, but I knew that each felt that the time had come to free the fetters of human passions. Slowly Ahwelah said, "Unne sinig pa—oo-ah-tonie i-o-doria ("It is well to die—beyond is impossible").

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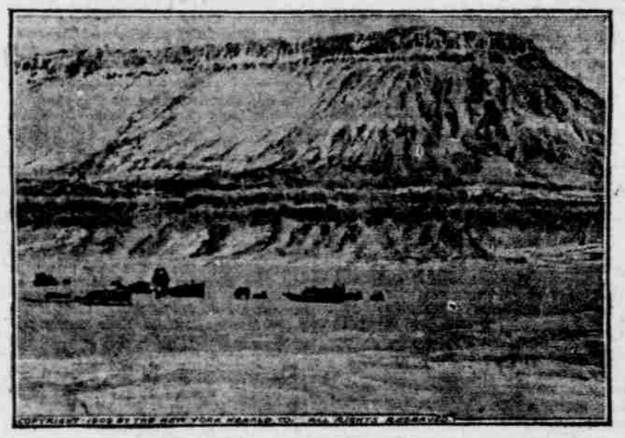

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