

THE NEWS RECORD

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ATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1909.

A Royal Romance.

The second son of Prince Oscar II. fell in love with a Miss Ebba Munck while at Bournemouth. She was one of the ladies in waiting to the Swedish crown princess, and King Oscar wished his son to make an alliance with one of the royal houses of Europe. The difficulty seemed one to be met only by drastic steps on the part of the lovers, but Queen Sophie's heart was won, and she it was who obtained the king's consent. She was very ill, and a dangerous operation was the only chance of saving her life. "If I undergo it and it is successful, will you allow Oscar and Ebba to be married?" she asked the king, and of course the king promised. A year later the queen was quite well again. The lovers were in her room when the king approached. At the door he stood and listened. Miss Munck was singing to the queen, and he waited until it was over. Then he advanced, held out one hand to his son and gave his other to Miss Munck, and so his pledge was fulfilled and the couple came into their happiness.

A Narrow Escape.

An old circus man tells this incident as one of the narrow escapes he had in the show business. He had trained lions, zebras, leopards, rhino—you know—and all sorts of beasts of prey, but this, he says, was his narrowest escape. It was when he was running a dime museum in Milwaukee. One day a mild mannered Russian came out of the railway station with a valise in his hand. He was a heavily bearded man and with shaggy hands and arms like George Esau. He hunted up a cabman and inquired modestly, "Where is the dime museum?" The cabman told him and then asked, "Want to ride up?" "Yes," the bearded stranger told him quietly, almost bashfully. "I'm to be employed up there. I'm the wild man." "The narrow escape," says the ex-circus man, "lay in the fact that no newspaper man heard the man's remark and that the cabman was an Englishman, with no sense of humor, who never thought to repeat it."—Exchange.

Very Likely.

Mamma's Darling—Say, pop, I'll be glad when I get old enough to do as I please.
 Henpecked Husband—When you reach that age you'll likely be foolish enough to get married. So what good will it do you?—Judge.



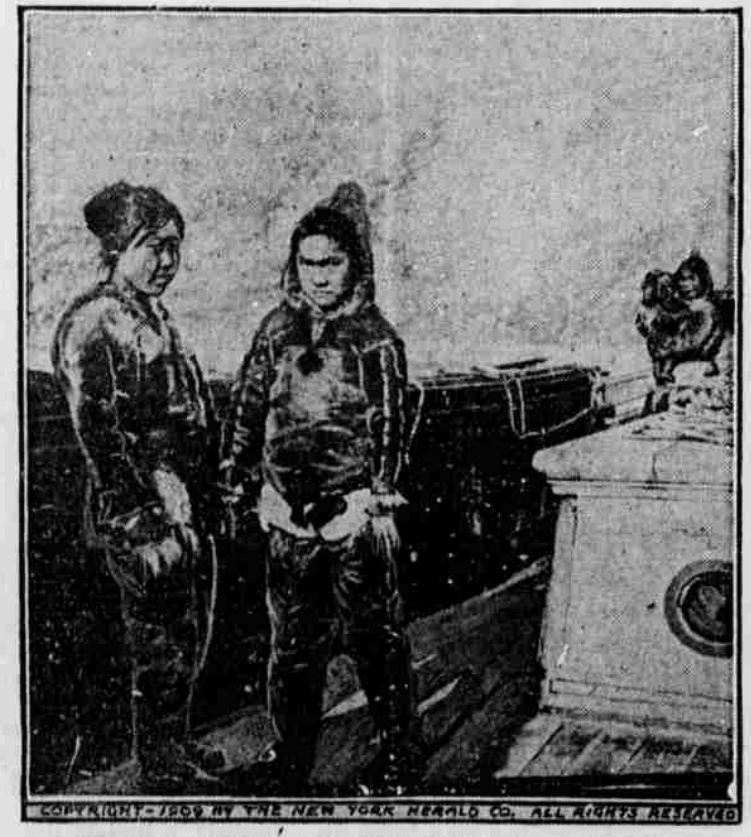
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The Conquest of the Pole

By Dr. FREDERICK A. COOK
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Eighty-Three Degrees Below—Willing Savage Hands. Marching Over the Polar Seas
 (FIFTH ARTICLE)

absolute control and ease of adaptability to a changing environment must be assured.
 It is impossible to adequately control the complex human temperament of unknown men in the polar wilderness, but the two Eskimo boys could be trusted to follow to the limit of my own endeavors, and our sleds were burdened only with absolute necessities.
Cutting Down Weight.
 Because of the importance of a light and efficient equipment much care was taken to eliminate every ounce of weight. The sleds were made of hickory, the lightest wood consistent with great endurance, but every needless fiber was gouged out. The iron shoes were ground thin, and in every way the weight of nearly everything was reduced even after leaving headquarters.
 The little train, therefore, which followed me into the farther mystery was composed of two sleds, each carrying 600 pounds, drawn by 13 dogs, under the lash of an expert



ESKIMO BELLES ON THE JOHN R. BRADLEY.

was at its lowest, there was little wind, and with an abundance of fresh meat and also fat for fuel the life in the snow house proved fairly comfortable. The ice in Eureka and Nansen sounds proved fairly smooth, and long marches were made. With an abundance of game—musk oxen, bears and hares—we found it quite unnecessary to use the supplies taken from Greenland. Caches of food and ammunition were left along Helberg island for the return.
Willing Savage Hands.
 Thus we managed to keep in game trails and in excellent fighting trim to the end of known lands. Camping in the chill of the frowning cliffs of the northernmost coast (Svartevog), we looked out over the heavy ice of the polar seas through eyes which had been hardened to the worst of polar environments.
 There was at hand an abundance of supplies, with willing savage hands and a superabundance of brute force in overfed pelts, but for a greater certainty of action over the unknown regions beyond I resolved to reduce the force to the smallest numbers consistent with the execution of the problem in hand.
 We had traveled nearly 400 miles in twenty-eight days. There remained a line of 520 miles of unknowable trouble to be overcome before our goal could be reached. For this final task we were provided with every conceivable device to ease this hard lot; but, in addition to a reduced party, I now definitely resolved to simplify the entire equipment. At Svartevog a big cache was made. In this cache fresh meat, tasinu, pemmican and much other food, together with all discarded articles of equipment, were left.
 In the northward advance every factor of the dog train had been carefully watched and studied to provide a perfect working force for the final reach over the polar sea. Etukishuk and Ahwelah, two young Eskimos, each twenty years old, had been chosen as best fitted to be my sole companions in the long run of destiny. Twenty-six dogs were picked, and upon two sleds were loaded all our needs for a stay of eighty days.
All For Progress.
 To have increased this party would not have enabled us to carry supplies for a greater number of days. The sleds might have been loaded more heavily, but this would reduce the important progress of the first days.
 With the character of ice which we had before us advance stations were impossible. A large expedition and a heavy equipment seemed imprudent. We must win or lose in a prolonged effort at high pressure, and therefore

were spanned with a jump. Soon they disappeared in the rush of driving snow. The crack of the whips and the rebound of cheering voices were the last which we heard of the faithful savage supporters. They had followed not for pay, but for a real desire to be helpful, from the dark days of the ending of night to the bright nights of the coming double days, and their parting enforced a pang of loneliness.
Another Sleep Before the Start.
 With a snow charged blast in our faces it was quite impossible for us to start, so we withdrew to the snow igloo, entered our bags and slept a few hours longer. At noon the horizon cleared. The wind veered to the south-west and came with an enduring force. The dogs had been doubly fed the night before. They were not to be fed again for two days. The 1,200 pounds of freight were packed on our sleds, and quickly we slipped around deep grooves in the great polycrystic floes.
 The snow had been swept from the ice by the force of the preceding storms, and the speed attained by the dogs through even rough ice was such that it was difficult to keep far enough ahead to get a good course.
 The crevasses and pressure lines gave little trouble at first, but the hard irregularity of the bare ice offered a dangerous surface for the life of our sleds, passing through blue gorges among miniature mountains of sea ice. On a course slightly west of north we soon sank the bold headland which raises the northern point of Heiberg island.
Camp is Pitched.
 After a run of twenty-six miles we pitched camp on a floe berg of unusual height. There were many big hummocks about, to the lee of which were great banks of hardened snow. Away from land it is always more difficult to find snow suitable for cutting building blocks, but here was an abundance conveniently placed. In the course of an hour a comfortable palace of crystal was erected, and into it we crept out of the piercing wind. The first day's march over the circumpolar sea was closed with a good record.
 The dogs curled up and went to sleep without a call, as if they knew there would be no food until the morrow. My wild companions covered their faces with their convenient long hair and sank quietly into a comfortable slumber, but for me sleep was quite impossible. Letters must be written. The whole problem of our campaign must be again carefully studied and final plans must be made not only to reach our ultimate destination, but for the returning parties and for the security of the things at Annootok.
Impossible to Foretell Return.
 It was difficult at this time to even guess at the probable line of our return to land. Much depended upon conditions encountered in the northward route. Though we had left caches of supplies, with the object of returning along Nansen sound into Cannon fiord and over Arthur Land, I entertained grave doubts of our ability to return this way. If the ice drifted strongly to the east we might not be given the choice of working out our own return. In that event we would be carried perhaps helplessly to Greenland and must seek a return either along the east coast or the west coast.
 This drift did not offer a dangerous hardship, for the musk oxen would keep us alive to the west, and to the east it seemed possible to reach Shannon island, where the Baldwin-Ziegler expedition had abandoned a large cache of supplies. It appeared not improbable also that a large land extension might offer a safe return much farther west.
Francke's Instructions.
 Because of this uncertainty Francke was instructed to wait until June 5, 1908, and if we did not return he was told to place Koolootingwah in charge and go home either by the whalers or by the Danish ships to the south.
 No relief which he could offer would help us, and to wait for an indefinite time alone would have inflicted a needless hardship. This and many other instructions were prepared for Koolootingwah and Inugito to take back.
 In the morning the frost in crystals had been swept from the air, but there remained a humid chill which pierced to the bones. The temperature was minus 56 F. A light air came from the west, and the sun burned in a freezing blue.
 After a few hours' march the ice changed in character. The extensive thick fields gave place to moderate sized floes. The floes were separated by zones of troublesome crushed ice thrown into high pressure lines, which offered serious barriers, but with the ice ax and Eskimo ingenuity we managed to make fair progress.
 The second run on the polar sea was with twenty-one miles to our credit. I had expected to send the supporting party back from here, but progress had not been as good as expected. We could hardly spare the food to feed their dogs, so they volunteered to push along another day without dog food.
Return of the Helpers.
 On the next day, with increasing difficulties in some troublesome ice, we ramped after making only sixteen miles. Here a small snow house was built, and from here, after disposing of a pot of steaming musk ox loins and broth, followed by a double brew of tea, our last helpers returned.
 With empty sleds and hungry dogs they hoped to reach land in one long day's travel. But this would make the fourth day without food for their dogs, and in case of storm or moving ice other days of famine might easily fall to their lot. They had, however, an abundance of dogs and might sacrifice a few for the benefit of the others, as we must often do.

(Continued next week.)

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