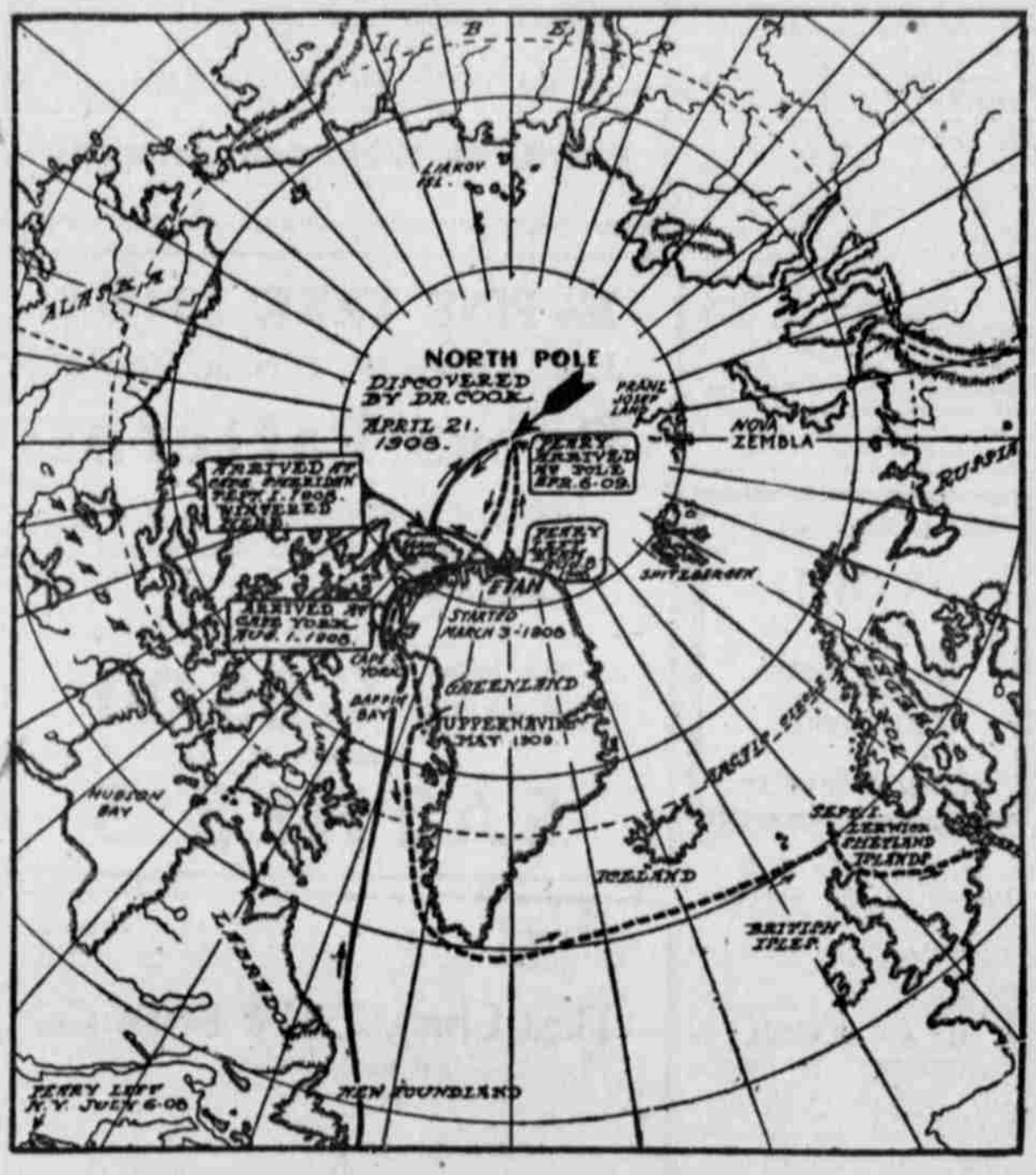
THE ROUTES TO THE POLE

WELL KNOWN GEOGRAPHER DISCUSSES MERITS OF THE PEARY-COOK CONTROVERSY



IT HAS been remarked that while the geologists, ethnologists, astronomers and navigators have been very outspoken in their opinions of the apparently conflicting Cook and Peary claims to precedence at the North Pole, explorers with wide experience, especially of Arctic conditions, have been reticent for the most part, or very non-committal.

Dr. Eugene Murray Aaron, F. G. S., who has acquaintance with both Commander Peary and Dr. Cook, and who has a knowledge of the terrors of the long night and the hardships and difficulties of travel on the Arctic ice, who for some years has been a Chicagoan, engaged in geographic authorship and publication, is well equipped to discuss the merits of the controversy. Dr. Murray Aaron has reached the time when exploration must be given up for the less hazardous duties of the editorial desk—the harpoon laid down for the blue pencil. Yet he has lost none of his interest in Arctic exploration, and his admiration for the qualities that have enabled two daring Americans to finally conquer in the battle of three centuries is all the more intense because of his knowledge of the almost insurmountable conditions to be contended with. Dr. Murray Aaron's travels and writings are widely known of all geographers, and he has a list of fellowships and memberships in geographic and other learned societies, both in this country and abroad, that expresses itself in a quite alphabetic array of initials.

"No one who knows either Dr. Cook or Peary," said the doctor, "can for a moment doubt that each of them firmly believes that he has set his feet on that spot, without longitude, where all lines converge—and hence without dimensions—that we call the North Pole. The only doubt permissible to fair-minded men who have the privilege of acquaintance with these great men is as to whether in the final dash they were able to take along those instruments necessary to scientific exactitude and whether, during their very brief stops on the top of the earth, they had sufficient time to verify their first conclusions."

"Then what proofs will the public ever have; how will these men prove beyond doubt that they have been there?" the doctor was asked.

"Of absolute proofs, such as would be undeniable in a court of justice, there can be none. We will always be compelled to accept their words. The talk of records of observations, that will support them beyond peradventure, is the sheerest nonsense. Any man competent to take such observations would be equally competent to coin them. There are no self-recording instruments to automatically, mechanically uphold him or give him the lie. The statement credited to astronomers that an eclipse, occurring at the time that Cook was beyond the 80th degree of latitude, must have been observed by him and would be contributory evidence, likewise means nothing. Those acquainted with atmospheric and hydrographic conditions in the Far North know that this is buncombe. Then, too, were Cook the sort of a man to manufacture records, and we who know him believe him to be far above it, it would have been the easiest possible thing to acquaint himself with future astronomic conditions and be prepared to incorporate such observations among his other manufactured data.

"No, not until some one has firmly established an aerial stage line to the North Pole will we be in a position to controvert the claims of those hardy men who find a certain delight in the frozen solitudes of the Arctic sea. As a matter of fact, there is nothing inherently more difficult in reaching the upper stretches of the final dash than have to be coped with in the preparatory marches; perhaps nothing as terrible as Cook must have undergone in his winter quarters in Ellesmereland, on his homeward journey.

"Yes, both reached the pole, and both by methods creditable. When their claims are finally sifted by our national hydrographic office, well fitted to be court of last resort, we will doubtless find that, to quote Admiral Schley, also a brave and hardy Arctic explorer 'there is glory enough for all.'"

Individuality.

Individuality is the only real life. It is breathing the ozone of mental, moral, spiritual freedom. All other living is an excuse, a substitute, a near thing. Nature put her stamp of individuality on every man. Some people seem to spend most of the time trying to soak off the stamp. They wear a uniform opinion, they seek to keep in step with the line, they march in solid sameness along the comfortably paved road of other people's thinking. Nature intended life as an individual problem, different for each man; she wants an individual solution.

Individuality means self-knowledge, self-confidence, self-reliance, self-poise, self-control, self-conquest. It means the fullest, freest expression of our finest self, as the most perfect rose best represents the plant. It is the complete, self-acting unity of man's whole mind, nature, heart and life. It is moved ever within, not from without. The automobile is a type of individuality—it is neither pulled, pushed nor propelled by outside forces; it is self-inspired; self-directed and self-moving.—The Circle.

Does It?

Postmaster—This letter is too heavy. You'll have to put on another stamp.

Coon—Sah, will that make it any lightah?—Princeton Tiger.

It's some satisfaction to the widow to realize that she looks well in black.

VOICES OF THE WIND.

The wind, when first he rose and went abroad
Through the waste region, felt himself at fault,
Wanting a voice, and suddenly to earth
Descended with a wafture and a swoop,
Where, wandering volatile, from kind to kind,
He wooed the several trees to give him one.
First he besought the ash; the voice she lent
Pitifully, with a free and lashing change,
Flung here and there its sad uncertainties;
The aspen next; a fluttered frivolous twitter
Was her sole tribute; from the willow came,
So long as dainty summer dressed her out,
A whispering sweetness; but her winter voice
Was hissing, dry and reedy; lastly the pine
Did he solicit; and from her he drew
A voice so constant, soft and lowly deep,
That there he rested, welcoming in her
A mild memorial of the ocean cave
Where he was born.
—Henry Taylor.

CINDERELLA

"I can't afford to send you to college, Muriel," said Mr. Ponsonby, addressing his youngest daughter.

"Very well, father," Muriel replied.

She had always felt certain that when she was old enough she would not share the lot of her three sisters.

Her reason for so feeling remained in the fact that she usually had to take what her brilliant sisters left. She was always kept in the background.

Gwendoline, Marguerite and Delicia set great store by their literary evenings. Sometimes Muriel would creep in unobserved and listen eagerly to the conversation.

One night the Ponsonby girls had secured a star in Richard Vivyan, R. A., the most popular and successful artist of the period. Dick Vivyan took matters very easily; success had not spoiled him in the least. Dick was growing bored, and then he suddenly saw Muriel seated in a corner gazing steadfastly at him. Their gazes met; a wave of color spread over Muriel's face, and she instantly became engrossed in a magazine that was lying in her lap.

"Awfully well reproduced, isn't it?" said a voice suddenly.

Muriel started, and glanced up to see Dick Vivyan's smiling face.

"They get them up sometimes to look better than the originals," Vivyan went on in cheery tones.

Then Muriel realized that the magazine on her lap was open and showing two full-page reproductions of well known pictures.

"I should not like to be the artist whose works would gain in such a manner," said Muriel seriously.

"How is it I have never met you before?" asked the artist. "I often have met your father and sisters."

"Oh, you see—er—I stay at—that is, I look after the house!" replied Muriel nervously.

"Of course, just like a man to forget that, isn't it?" Vivyan remarked. To himself he said, "Cinderella." Then he calmly sat down beside her and began to chat in the most natural manner. Muriel was dreadfully shy at first, but Vivyan so interested her that she forgot her nervousness and prattled away gaily.

Gwendoline made her way to Muriel's side and touched her on the shoulder. The girl started up, and when she saw her sister she flushed guiltily.

"Pardon me interrupting you, won't you?" Gwendoline said to Vivyan, smiling graciously. "But my little sister is required upstairs. Aren't you, Muriel dear?"

The look which accompanied the endearing term suggested volumes to Vivyan, who saw through the little byplay.

"Good-night, Mr. Vivyan!" Muriel said tremulously, timidly holding out a slender hand.

"Good-night, Miss Ponsonby! I'm awfully glad to have met you."

He watched Gwendoline shepherd Muriel out of the room, an expression half whimsical, half annoyed on his face.

"Poor little girl!" he thought. "Regular case of Cinderella."

On the following morning a note arrived from the young artist. It ran as follows:

"Dear Mr. Ponsonby—I want to ask a great favor of one of your daughters. I am at my wits' end for a suitable model for my new picture, and I should be awfully glad if you could help me out. I will call on you at about 11 o'clock to-morrow morning. Yours sincerely,

"RICHARD VIVYAN."

"Oh, father, how fine!" cried Delicia. "I wonder which of us he'll ask?"

"He means me, I think," remarked Gwendoline. "He was consulting me about the picture last night."

Delicia and Marguerite hurled freezing glances at their sister, sniffed and applied themselves viciously to deviled kidneys.

"We've had kidneys two mornings running," said Mr. Ponsonby irritably. He rang an electric bell.

Muriel came in presently, a pink overall over her morning dress, traces of flour on her shapely hands.

"Why on earth can't you be original, Muriel?" Mr. Ponsonby asked. "Kidneys two mornings running is intolerable."

Before Muriel could reply a clock on the mantelpiece chimed the three quarters.

"Good gracious," cried Delicia, "it's nearly 11! Mr. Vivyan will be here soon."

Immediately the three older girls hastened from the room to adorn themselves for the occasion. Muriel's face crimsoned at the sound of Vivyan's name, and her replies to her father's questions were somewhat disjointed.

"Mr. Vivyan, sir," announced a servant.

"Show him in here."

"Excuse this, Vivyan," Mr. Ponsonby said, indicating the breakfast table. We're a bit late this morning. Don't mind if I go on, do you? Will you join me?"

"No, thanks; it'll spoil my lunch," said Vivyan dryly. "How are you this morning, Miss Ponsonby?"

He shook hands with Muriel just as the three elder sisters swept into the room, having dressed in under ten minutes, and feeling secretly annoyed at the rush.

Vivyan shook hands with them, comparing unfavorably their elaborate toilets with Muriel's pink overall and simple gown.

"I hope you don't think me presumptuous?" Vivyan said, adding, "you got my note, I suppose, Mr. Ponsonby?"

"Oh, yes! I'm sure one of my daughters will be only too charmed to sit for you, Vivyan. Take your choice, my boy."

He indicated Gwendoline, Delicia and Marguerite, who stood in a row and beamed on the artist.

Vivyan looked somewhat surprised.

"I think there is a misunderstanding," he said. "Didn't I mention Miss Muriel's name in my letter?"

"Muriel!" came a chorus of three trebles and a bass.

Muriel's face was crimson; her three sisters stared at her in an angry amazement. Mr. Ponsonby forgot to eat, he was so astonished.

"Well, well," he muttered.

"Will Miss Muriel be so kind?" Vivyan asked.

"Certainly, my boy. Won't you, Muriel?" exclaimed Mr. Ponsonby.

"If I'll do," said Muriel shyly.

"Thanks ever so much," remarked Vivyan, with a sigh of relief. "Will an hour a day, as often as you can, be too much, Miss Muriel?"

"Oh, no."

"I should like to start to-day," went on Vivyan eagerly.

Three o'clock saw Muriel seated in an easy chair in Vivyan's studio.

That solitary hour each day speedily became a time that she yearned for. Never had she been so happy as she was during those sixty minutes. How slowly the hands of the clock seemed to go round whilst she waited for the time to start, and how swiftly that one hour sped by!

Vivyan, too, began to feel that there was another joy in that hour beside the joy of his painting. A strange thrill ran through him each time he put his hands on Muriel to arrange her posture. Every time he glanced at her from his canvas his heart beat more rapidly.

It seemed to him that he had never painted a picture at such terrific speed, and the fact that he could soon do without his model was looming up large. He invented all sorts of excuses to delay the picture, though never once during those precious hours did he behave except as the artist. The lover's part he sternly repressed, though he hungered to give play to it.

"You've finished now, Miss Muriel," he said, one day, laying down his palette with a sigh.

"Then you don't want me to pose for you again?" the girl asked, gazing up at him quickly and then drooping her eyes.

"No. Are you sorry? Do you like posing?" Vivyan asked eagerly.

"I have enjoyed it very much," replied Muriel simply. "It has been such a change to——" She paused uncertainly.

"I shall be sorry to lose my model," said Vivyan, watching the girl's face and wishing she would look up so that he could see her eyes and read the expression in them.

"I am glad you have found me useful," Muriel said.

"Oh, I've found so much more than that!" cried Vivyan, unable to check his desires any longer. "I've found new life, new hope, new everything in you, Muriel. I love you, dear."

He took her hand uncertainly; she did not withdraw it from his grasp.

"Do you care for me, Muriel?" he whispered eagerly.

"Yes," she said softly, lifting her head and gazing straight into his eyes, a strange mixture of solemnity and passion in her own.

"My darling!" He took her in his arms.—Pearson's Weekly.

WELL, ANYWAY, IT'S MINE.

NO MATTER WHO DISCOVERED IT, THERE IS NO QUESTION ABOUT WHO OWNS IT.
—Chicago Examiner.

COULD SOON DO WITHOUT HIS MODEL.