

dogskin. The best kind of mittens are woolen ones, with sealskin mittens drawn over them. We found that our best sleeping bags were made of Buffalo robes. We liked the ones in which two men could sleep best, as in these each helped to keep his fellow warm."

"Has Nansen's work really added to our knowledge of the polar regions?"

"Not to any great extent," replied General Greely. Nansen floated along in the current that he thought existed, but the current did not carry him over the pole, as he supposed it would."

"How about Andree and his balloon; do you think that the reports which state that he has been heard from are true?"

"No, I do not," replied Gen. Greely. "The alleged message from Andree, supposed to have been sent from the balloon, was dated sixty-five days after he left. From this you would suppose that the balloon was still in the air at that time. Now, it is known that when Andree started he had only enough gas to last twenty-six days, and you know he never expected the balloon to remain in the air for more than forty days. It might have stayed up that long under the best of conditions, but he lost a lot of gas at the start. Taking these things into consideration it seems improbable that he could still have been flying at the end of the sixty-five days."

"Then you think he is lost—dead?"

"I don't see how one can think otherwise," was the reply. "He may be wandering around the wilds of Siberia, but it is hardly probable."

"Is the pole any nearer to us today, general, than it was fifteen years ago, on account of our increased knowledge of Arctic matters?"

"I should say it is," replied Gen. Greely. "We are learning something every year by experience. We now know almost surely that the Smith's Sound route is the best one for reaching the pole."

"What do you suppose the north pole is like, general? Do you think there is any land there?"

"I have no doubt," said Gen. Greely, "that there is somewhere in the vicinity of the north pole a considerable tract of land. There is reason to believe that it is covered with ice at least a half mile thick at the edges, and it may be several miles thick in the center."

"Why do you think that?" I asked.

"It is evident that that is the case from the icebergs which float about in the Arctic ocean. There are different kinds of icebergs, just as there are different kinds of coal. You can tell the difference between a piece of bituminous coal and one of anthracite. Well, it is just as easy to tell the difference between the different kinds of icebergs. The icebergs that come from the land about the pole are known as floebergs. They are made up as glaciers are made, and their surfaces are almost flat. They are as a rule almost rectangular in shape. You can see from the strata from which they are made, that they have been built up by the snow falling year after year on an almost level surface, and then freezing. The ordinary icebergs are different in shape. They are not so flat. The floebergs, as a rule, are fresh water ice made by the melting and freezing of the snow. Some of those floebergs are very thick. I have seen some which were more than nine hundred feet in thickness. There are some of them which, according to the scientific rule for estimating their size, must have been from two to three thousand years in forming. These icebergs have broken off the edges of the polar ice cap. They have fallen down into the sea and the water there being very cold they remain a long time without melting."

"Do you think any one could live at

the North Pole for any length of time, general?"

"I don't see why he could not, if he had the provisions and means of keeping warm."

"Where do you think the pole actually is on the ice cap?"

"It is probably on the southeastern edge of it," was the reply. "It is at any rate nearest the North American continent. I should say that the North Pole was the American side of the earth."

"What would be the advantage to the world of finding the pole?"

"I do not think there is any particular advantage to be gained," replied Gen. Greely. "We really know just about where it is. The chief thing is to get to the point and to actually know what is there."

"Suppose you were at the North Pole, general. There is no special mark there; how could you know you were actually on the point?"

"You could tell by the sun," replied Gen. Greely. "At the North Pole the sun rises steadily from day to day for a part of the year. It then sets steadily, and goes on setting for another part of the year. It keeps rising on until noon, and after noon goes on rising without the least cessation. Anywhere else in the polar regions but at the pole itself the sun rises until noon, and then drops slightly before it goes on rising. You look at the sun at noon through your instruments, and keep on looking. Now, if there is the slightest fall, you know you are not at the pole, but if the rise is steady and unceasing you are sure you are just there."

"Suppose you were twenty-five years old, general, nad had your present knowledge of what arctic experiences is, would you feel inclined to try it again?"

"I don't know whether I should or not," replied Gen. Greely. "Yes, if I were that young, and had the chance, I suppose I might again make the attempt."

"How did you come to go north?"

"I went because it was in the line of my duty," replied Gen. Greely. "I try to do what lies before me. This was offered, and I took it. I am, you know, in the service of the government. It is my business to obey orders. I do not have to look out for new fields of work. It is my business only to do to the best of my ability that which I am asked to do."

"The strain of those days must have been terrible, general. I suppose you still feel the effects of your privations?"

"I have no doubt but that the experience lessened my vital powers," replied Gen. Greely. "It could not be but a great shock to the system. I think I have less reserve force than I used to have."

"How about the stories which have been recently published as to the finding recently published as to the find-cannibalism?"

"Lieut. Peary has denied that statement. I have already told my story, and I don't see how I can put the statement much stronger. I think I am aware of everything that was done by my men. I was in command, and I felt myself responsible for every act committed there by them or by me, and I have said, again and again, that I do not know of a single law, either human or divine, which was broken by them. I think this disposes of that statement."

The conversation here turned to the shooting of Private Henry, when Gen. Greely said: "I made out the order for his execution in writing, and it was carried out. In looking back over my action; I have no reason to regret it, for I did the only thing that could be done under the circumstances. We were, you know, slowly starving to

death. We had to apportion out the food and to eat very little. Henry was stealing from the stock. He was detected again and again, but he still continued stealing, taking the little food that remained, and hiding it away. The only chance of life for the party was that he be killed, and that soon, for he was already stronger than any two of our party, and could have overpowered us had he wished. One of our chief articles of diet at this time was seal skin, a little strip of which we had each day. After Henry was shot we found twelve pounds of seal skin hidden away among his things. He had a pair of my sealskin boots and other things belonging to other members of the party. These were articles of food, you know, and not clothing."

"Have you ever regretted that you went on the Arctic expedition, Gen. Greely?"

"No," was the reply. "I am not one who thinks much about things after they have passed him. My interests are in the future, and what I can do now. I look upon my polar experience as only one of the episodes of my career. It was an interesting one, but it now belongs to the past."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

### A GLIMPSE OF ARIZONA

Arizona has long afforded the elastic civilized man its unbridled series of fantastic and blood-curdling delights. The absolute monarchies of despotism's darkest reign, or isolated barbarism of outlandish lands, have yielded no atrocities as deeply dyed in fiendish gulle as those associated in the public mind for generations past with the name of Arizona. The Apache horrors made modern warfare, or Spanish inquisition tortures and Protestant persecution, appear to encounter hosts as merry pastime in comparison. This very land to strangers everywhere has seemed to exude the pestilential dews of the Valley of Death, and its mountain and forests to stand as everlasting monuments to barrenness and petrification. For when the tide of empire began to turn toward the setting sun, bursting beyond the narrow bounds of the Atlantic shore, sweeping slowly but irresistibly through the western land toward the fields of gold, nothing appeared in view to light up the seeming waste and gloomy solitude, as each succeeding ripple of the human tide passed on, more than the gleaming bones of ill-fated men who had gone on before. Murder, rapine, starvation and maddening thirst were the pictured impressions indelibly painted on the observers' minds, and from them reflected and reproduced with gruesome vividness through every channel of communication. The impressions thus formed grew more intense with the succeeding years and grosser exaggerations, until the region now known as Arizona had become, and in many places is still believed to be, synonymous with crudest barbarism and deathly barrenness. Because of this, in great degree, the flow of immigration through later years swept around the boundary line and carried its life and energy to other parts. And, so, much that was true, and a great deal more that was untrue, restricted the growth and development of this interesting region for many years. It was true that recollections of the old overland trail, the stories of men perishing from maddening thirst, the knowledge of numerous stage robberies in the mountain passes, all tended to rear a barrier against further investigation; but such occurrences did take place and cannot be denied. Civilization, however, with its mighty arm of law and order, could not forever brook this state of affairs, and with the advent of the iron horse