

an international museum of what is left of these things the twentieth century would have to its credit enough to balance it with the eighteenth and nineteenth for land discovery. But the most the world knew of either was that Amundsen had no ponies and Scott was not dependent upon dogs. The personnel was different; just how much may be gathered from the quartette that in each case got to the Pole. But whatever the rank each had the finest of men.

Then for more than a year the South swallowed Scott and Amundsen and the world suspended interest in the race.

THE year 1911 swung along while 1,500,000,000 people became richer and poorer, and the world wiser and bigger—without the Poles; when in England that had sent Scott out there seemed to be problems enough to make the South Pole, whoever should find it first, only an item of scientific interest.

Came 1912—and as yet no story of the South Pole. A hundred men were on the way, down in the land of no law, and for the last reaches of no life at all. Wireless failed to tell the world that three weeks before New Year's, 1912, the flag of Norway was over the South Pole. And Scott knew just as little of Amundsen. Across those magnificent snow-clad solitudes no dog barked. And if some Andree in a balloon could have blown over that shrubless land he would have seen the silent working out of an almost superhuman drama. He would have seen the depots in two converging lines crawling down towards the Pole; straggled lines of dots beating back as the winter began to come on; in one line the ponies and the motor-sledges of Scott; in the other the dogs and the sleds of the Norwegians—all back to the head camps many miles apart, there to stay until spring came in October.

Then the spring—when no buds burst Winter quarters were abandoned. The big party of scientists and geographers off the Terra Nova began to

rolled into the deerskin bags; past one depot which they perhaps tapped for casual necessities.

In the still of the white night with not even a dog to howl and nothing but the low hiss of the wind over the snow, they may have listened for some yelp of a Norwegian dog; wondering how far from this trail was the trail of Amundsen converging to a point where sooner or later all trails must meet like the meridians.

IT must have been the third day, in S. Lat. 88, when the man at the end of a sled-rope made out something in the snow that caused him to stop pulling.

"What's the sign—?"

His fur hood slipped back as he knelt in the snow.

"By Jove! It's Amundsen's dogs!"

Snow had sifted over the faint web of tracks made by the huskies which gradually on the return trip Amundsen and his four men killed for food as Shackleton had done his ponies. That was less than forty miles south of the point where Shackleton turned.

The two mysterious trails had met.

But from the drift none of the party could tell—whether it was an outward track, or an inward—or both.

One thing certain—Amundsen had blazed that trail.

Nobody can do more than conjecture what effect the discovery may have had upon Scott and his men. Some say the captains were not racing.

Anyway Scott had no intention of quitting the trail. There was room on the Pole for two flags; the going was good and the weather excellent—though lower in temperature than might have been expected at that season.

Seventeen miles a day—Scott and his four got down past 89; another long, weird milestone. Here they planted a cache—the last one. More dog-tracks. No doubt of it. And what man was superhuman enough in that little squad not to wish there were none?

On again; when every time they pegged the tent it was seventeen minutes of latitude more out of the final 60. On January 17—perhaps five minutes more.

Hold on! Here at the edge of the last three minutes of measurement—what?

Grey-white almost like a patch of cloud against the snow. They knew what it was.

Tracks were thicker now.

"It's a tent, plain as can be, sir—"

"Yes," said the leader, "it's—Amundsen's."

And they were shrewd enough of signs to know that neither man nor dog was left in that tent, but three miles from the Pole. Here it stood as they came up to it; tight-lashed to the pegs and feebly snowed in. Maybe by the scuff of a fur boot on the snow—some blood-mark of a dog killed for a dinner; some rough hubbly ice where an oil fire had melted the snow.

Pass on. This grey, silent tent whistling in the wind and devoid of even a blanket—was the base from which Roald Amundsen had made his dash with the dogs three miles south to the Pole. They who came after were welcome to examine it; the sole landmark in miles of white.

From that on Scott and his men had in their mind's eye a clear picture; and there was but one left to behold as a sign of the men who had gone before.

The three-point flag of Norway, with its big one cross idly lifting and signalling with a benevolent mockery to the men upon whose sledge, rolled up and ready to loose, was the three-cross flag of England.

And there it was.

Here by Amundsen's reckoning was the end of the world which before him no man had seen in all the generations of men upon earth. By the floor of a sundog in a web of grey cloud they saw it. And for half a mile in a circuit thereabouts the Norwegian had left landmarks to prove to them that came after that he had not shirked so much as a dog-track, nor left anything to doubt.

And Scott knew that the world would soon know this—from the photographs taken by Amundsen.

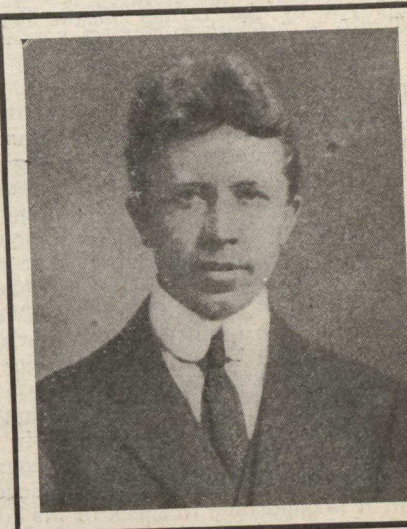
They pitched camp and slept the night of the 17th at the Pole. Next day was clear. By the theodolite, Amundsen's sextant was perhaps half a mile out. The flag of Norway was not exactly on the Pole. But what matter? Half a mile now was nothing. With what ceremony the five men planted the Union Jack half a mile from the Norwegian flag there is no record. The temperature was but twenty below. In that sublime doing of a common-place thing the Captain may have slipped back his fur hood and led his little band in singing "God Save the King." We know not. But there was small time even in the land that in all the ages of man had never known the tick of a watch—for mere ceremony. Ten photographs were taken. The camera and the plates were packed on the sledge. Camp was pulled on the third day. At the tent of Amundsen two more pictures were taken. The letter to the King of Norway left by Amundsen for the postman whenever he might come or whoever he might be, was taken and laid among the records. It was a brief document, in a tongue that perhaps none of the party could quite make out, though they understood what it might say.

Carry it on. The world was waiting.

It was all very easy. Back along the trail—the two trails in one—went the sled-squad of no dogs. Winter would be on in a month or so. Hundreds of miles yet to



LIEUT. SHACKLETON
Who Came Within 111 Miles of the South Pole.



Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Canadian Explorer Who Discovered the Blond Eskimos.



Where Men and Dogs Are Midgets.

even the gulls and the penguins. Seven hundred miles and more to the sea where the Terra Nova would be waiting. Back over the white plateau eighteen miles a day; when there seemed to be no time in such good going for trouble, whether of man or nature. Back to the first depot at Lat. 89; what was left they took—for they would need it, when the depots were sixty-five miles apart, which with a week's supplies at a depot meant an average of nine miles a day.

Yet it was not all the drive of
(Continued on page 20.)



Glazing a Sub-Arctic Sled-shoe With a Veneer of Ice.

split up. Two squads of five each, one under Captain Scott and Lieutenant Evans, pushed on with dogs and sledges down past the depots all snowed in. Months of this. Three weird and leafless summer months among the gawky, ceremonious penguins and the great white gulls; away from the seal floes and the whale waters; a summer of ice-marching with no particular recorded adventure and no fever of haste—whatever Amundsen might be doing.

And it was in Lat. 87.35 on January 4, 1912, which would be the beginning of autumn, that Scott and his four picked and splendid men parted from Lieut. Evans. It would be then 156 miles to the Pole, or about three days' march to the latitude where Shackleton quit. The outfit now was sublimely simple; no dogs; nothing but sledges to haul the camp outfit and the instruments, the dunnage and the flag—down past the remaining depots.

It should be but a few days; with the worst luck imaginable not more than two weeks before the Pole was reached. The bulk of the big work had been done; the great plan laid; the chain of depots planted and the main party detailed in expeditionary squads over the area of trails more or less known and mapped—with nothing for the five men to do but traverse the small arc of the spheroid beginning at S. Lat. 87.35 and ending at 90. There had been some delay owing to bad weather and misfortunes of ponies. But there was plenty of provisions and fuel. The itinerary was as complete as the march of an army. Science leaves nothing to chance—in a land where there is not even an Antarctic gull to shoot for a meal.

It was the manless, beastless and birdless white land with a savage splendour of solitude; the five men lugging at the rate of seventeen miles a day over a soft surface of snow which the heft of the sled-shoes melted as they bumped on and on.

Twice they pitched the silk tent, cooked supper and