



THE GAME OF POLE HUNTING

DISCOVERIES of the North Pole are coming so "swift and frequent" these days that I hesitate to write about them lest the situation be entirely changed before I get my proof from the printer. The American people seem to have "got the habit." If this keeps up, it will not be long until the North Pole people can hold a successful Old Home Week, and turn on the aurora borealis every night regardless of expense. Of course, I am aware that suspicious folks are hinting that Dr. Cook was not at the garden party at all; but only peeked in through the fence. Commander Peary has flatly numbered himself among the sceptics; and we are plainly in for a North Pole controversy which ought to considerably moderate the Arctic winters we have been having of late. In any case, Peary will not be able to separate Cook from those Danish dinners or destroy the memory of the time when he sat with a wreath of flowers around his neck and basked in the sunshine of admiration for the man who had discovered a place where flowers never grow and the sunshine gives visitors chills. In any case, as far as this member of the Canadian nation is concerned, Dr. Cook and Commander Peary can have their old Pole, provided they do not move it any nearer this way.

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BUT I would not refuse a rake-off on the lecture receipts. If the doubt can be kept up, there ought to be a fortune for both of them in telling crowded audiences at a dollar a head how they skated their way merrily across the ice to the Pole, and how statements made by their beloved brother and colleague, the other only Pole Discoverer, ought never to have been removed from the ice if they were expected to "keep." It will be a lot more fun discovering the Pole in Pullmans and steam-heated hotels and packed lecture halls and ten-foot type than by crawling out of a sleeping-bag in the early morning to find one's nether underwear frozen stiff and a snow bank in one's only boots. And it will be a lot more profitable too. That is where the harvest is reaped. Not that I would accuse these gentlemen of being sordid and mercenary. No one doubts that Commander Peary at all events was thinking far more of the lasting fame and the

dazzling deed. But money is a comfort after all—even to great explorers and high-minded journalists.

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THE public interest in itself amounts to pretty fair wages. Pole hunting is like golf in this respect. If there were no one to go around with the golfer and say "Very pretty!" when he gets somewhere near the spot he was aiming at, and "O-oh! a fine shot!" when he surprises himself by doing something fairly good, the golfer would soon beat his clubs into poker chips and quit the game. Even if the crowd on the verandah are a trifle cool about his "card" when he comes in with a good one, he begins to question whether golf is much of a game after all. If nobody cared two straws in a lemon squash whether Peary had been at the North Pole or the baseball grounds, Peary would never have gone. It is not that a man says deliberately to himself that here is a way in which he can make money out of the people or attract the "sweet stare of all the world," but that he finds the people wondering if anybody can do this thing and he sets out to try it. I thought for many summers that I could not get through a holiday other than by catching fish. That was when I operated in districts where people flocked about as you came proudly home with your "catch" dangling at your side, and praised the "big fellows" and wondered what they weighed and enquired anxiously where you caught them and if you used worms or flies. Then I took a holiday at an old seaport where you could stand on the wharf and haul in fish as fast as you could drop over a line, and where the people would not even look at your catch and the hotelkeeper told you that you had better throw them back, for he could buy better fish ready-cleaned for nearly nothing; and one day's unappreciated fishing cured me for the summer.

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IF we will stop to examine our own motives candidly, the most of us will be amazed to find how many things we do just because other people are doing them and think them worth while. Social functions are largely "sports" of that order, for instance. Any intelligent woman will tell you that she detests a "crush" at a "tea." Yet nine times out of ten, she will go whenever she gets a "bid" to one patronised by the right people. Why? Simply because everybody talks as if it were important—though tiresome—to go to "teas." We all wear clothes we do not like because other people do. We buy things for our houses we do not particularly want because they commonly go with the furnishing of houses. We refrain from doing a thousand things that our nature suggests because other people think them "bad form." Many a man has no motive in life but to drift with the largest crowd. He is not working consciously toward any particular goal. The result is that he seldom arrives anywhere in particular. He keeps going like a squirrel in a cage, but he never achieves his journey. So far as anyone can see, the grave is his goal and death his sole liberator. That man is the happiest who thinks out clearly what he wants from life, and then goes straight for it.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



Overhead Perspective of Toronto, the other "greatest" city in Canada, where for two weeks the Greatest Annual Fair was held with an Aggregate Attendance of 775,000 people. Many Torontonians are at the great Montreal Festival this week. Toronto and Montreal are as unlike as Winnipeg and Ottawa.