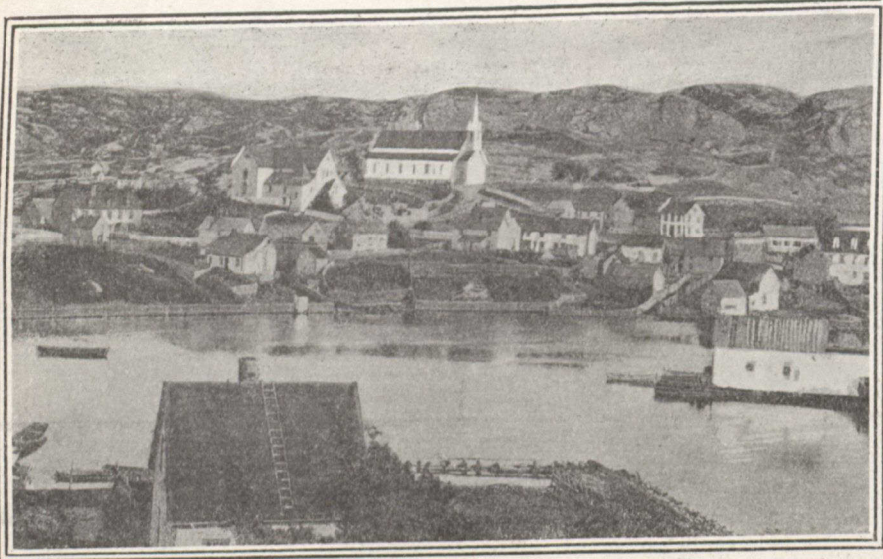


THE CRADLE OF A NORTH POLE MARINER



The little Fishing Village of Brigus on the rocks—where Capt. Bartlett of the North-Pole Roosevelt was born and learned to go abroad in ships.



This is the sort of steamer in which the Newfoundland Captain of the Roosevelt learned what it feels like to be stalled up in miles of ice.

The North Pole Crew in Battle Harbour

BATTLE HARBOUR, Labrador, has become famous. It is the place where the most remarkable battle of words in the history of exploration and discovery began to come to a climax. It was leaning up against the window of a Labrador fisherman's shack in Battle Harbour that Commander Peary gave out to forty newspaper men who had steamed up from Sydney to see him that Dr. Cook was a romancer. It was there that Peary locked himself up for ten days while he kept the world waiting and the newspapers guessing. This was his first appearance to civilisation. It was there he came out of the wilds. And alas! poor Teddy down among the hippopotami and the elephants of South Africa knows little or nothing of the walruses and the musk oxen of the Arctic Circle. He is perhaps uninformed that two of his recent subjects have leaped into the limelight in a manner that even he was never able to accomplish. All that is left to the originator of the "Teddy" bear—which does not happen to be a polar bear—is the reflection that anyway the ship Roosevelt is the craft that carried the men that found the Pole that promises to become the biggest bone of contention ever handed out to the world from the brains of explorers.

It was at Battle Harbour that the newspaper men first saw not only the grizzled and time-wrinkled veteran Peary, but the doughty Capt. Bartlett, the Newfoundlander from Brigus, who was the discoverer's lieutenant. There they first saw Hensen, the only negro who ever saw the North Pole. Odd that tropical person should have been permitted to help locate that headquarters for Frost when Capt. Bartlett had to stay behind.

And the crew was as cosmopolitan as air. Many were Newfoundlanders, Irish and Scotch, and Americans being the majority.

But of them all, Peary was the man who stood out large and overwhelming. He has been seen and heard in Canada before; will be seen and heard a good deal in various parts of the world after this. But as he looked at the critical forty newspapermen on board that clambered ashore at Battle Harbour—this was how he looked to the representative of the Montreal Star:

"Commander Peary was aboard at work in his cabin. Presently he steps out on deck through a narrow little doorway. The door looks smaller and narrower in contrast to the man over six feet tall. Gaunt and broad, wearing a huge red moustache, he gives first the impression of a man of tremendous physique. The second impression is of a man of still greater will power. His is a strongly marked face with stubborn lines of mouth and jaw made sharper by unkempt stubble of red beard. The eyes, light blue, are bright, though deep set, under eyebrows. The jaw shapes up bony and square under the hollow of the cheek. The lean figure is clad in an old blue flannel shirt, frayed trousers and top boots rolled down at the knees. Peary has an expressive face, one that is too much worn by labour and exposure to hide his feelings. One is struck by the triumphant and yet somewhat fierce look of it. There are lines in Peary's face which tell what his words, for he is not given to expressing himself, failed to reveal."

But the Eskimos, Ootam and Hansen, Egingwah and Sigloo—they were not at Battle Harbour. They stayed up in the Arctic. Ootam, however, sent his name down to civilisation. When the Roosevelt

comes to be enshrined in a tabernacle of some national museum at New York or Washington there will be found the name "Ootam" scrawled and carved from topmast to keel in various characters and at sundry and divers times by the scholarly mannikin Ootam, who helped Peary discover the Pole, who has been with him on various expeditions, and who, having accomplished his labours had nothing left to do but write his name on the Roosevelt that the people of coming ages might know that he, Ootam, had not been an Eskimo in vain.

Then there was McMillan, of Worcester, Mass.—the topographer. "Mac," as Peary calls him, has the records. He knows more lore about the north Polar region than any other man alive, unless it be the topographer of Dr. Cook's party. Neither did McMillan see the Pole. It was McMillan who, while up at Fort Conger in the vicinity of Cape Columbia, came across the relics of the ill-fated Greeley expedition of 1881. That was last year. In thirty years there had been nothing much to change the relics of that expedition of whom seventeen in twenty-five starved to death far from the ship's cache at Fort Conger. And at Fort Conger McMillan found the "grubstake" that might have saved some of them—coffee and tea and hominy and canned stuff, potatoes and rhubarb; the grubstake of a party, the head of which had starved to death when McMillan was a child.

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Peary's Newfoundland Captain

CAPTAIN Robert Abram Bartlett was born at Brigus, Newfoundland, on August 15th, 1875, and is therefore slightly over 34 years old. He was educated at the Brigus Academy and afterwards at the Methodist College in St. John's. The original intention of the family was to have him become a physician, but his tastes were all for the sea. He therefore took a course at Doyle's Nautical Academy in St. John's to fit himself for this profession. His forefathers had all been fisherfolk and gradually attained positions of importance in the commercial life of the country, his grandfather being a member of the Legislature and his father one of the best known and respected of the merchants who operated extensively on Labrador. Like every young Newfoundlander of this class he had an early acquaintance with the sea, going to Labrador with his father as a lad, and accompanying him to the seal-fishery at 14, where he proved his ability to do almost a man's work. As required by the British Board of Trade, he had to begin his seafaring career as an able seaman, and made foreign going voyages in several vessels in the Newfoundland trade to the Mediterranean and Brazil. On his first of these voyages, made in the barque "Corisande," he was shipwrecked on the way home, at Mistaken Point, near Cape Race. Subsequently he became mate of the barque "Resina" and then changed into "steam," acting the same capacity in the steamer "Strathaven" and "Grand Lake." During recent years he has commanded the steamers "Kite," "Nimrod," "Algerine," and "Leopard," at the seal-fishery. His Arctic career consists in his having gone north as mate in the "Windward" with his uncle on the Peary expedition of 1898-1902, and as master of the "Roosevelt" in 1905-6

and again in the same capacity, in the expedition that has just ended. He is unmarried, but it is understood that he will forsake single blessedness soon after his return to Newfoundland.

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The Negro at the Pole

MATHEW HENSEN is perhaps the most fortunate if not the most remarkable negro that ever lived. To be of the coloured race is a big handicap in the climb to fortune. Booker T. Washington has all along been regarded as the greatest black man. But Booker T. has never seen the North Pole. Mathew Hensen has. He is the only negro who ever did or perhaps ever will see the Pole. He led the Eskimos in the cheering when the flag was hoisted. It is not related, however, that Mathew struck up a few plaintive bars of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," which would have been a highly appropriate sequel to "My Old Kentucky Home."

The intrepid polar explorer first made the acquaintance of Mr. Hensen in the year 1886. Peary was digging a canal in Sunny Nicaragua. One morning a short, chubby negro boy dropped in at the surveyor's camp and asked for a job. He had a wide smile and a big jaw. The combination looked good. Hensen joined the Peary staff. His Trojan methods of cleaning up things endeared him to Peary. When he formulated polar ambitions Hensen went along. He could not pronounce the word astronomy but his eyes saw things that the wise men missed. His ready wit and invention helped them out of many a dilemma. He designed the new-fangled sleds which brought the pole in tow.

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Polar Musings

THIS is what the editor of the St. John Sun thinks about polar discoveries:

"And thus endeth the ancient dream of Ultima Thule; of a strange land and people behind that stern barrier which has turned men back these many years; of a garden of Eden kept inviolate by guardian angels with swords of boreal flame. Knowledge has taken all this away and has left us 'nothing but ice.' It seems to be the business of science these days, this shattering of old and comfortable dreams. They took our fairies long ago, these men who peer and pry and prove things out for themselves. They have shown us our dryads but twisted trees glimpsed suddenly; our nymphs but shadows of leaves. They have followed the rainbow to its foot and found no gold. They have mined away the foundation of faith from under that city whose light to tired men's eyes was like unto a stone most precious. They have found the place where the earth turns around on its axis under a vertical north star; but they have not found why the earth turns around or why the star stays vertical. They have taken away the pot of gold from the rainbow's foot, but they have given us the ultra-violet rays. For Boreas they have given us the barometer; for Neptune's trident, the compass. Our magic carpets are gone; but we have telephones and flying machines. Puck has vanished but we have wireless. We may have lost something of our vision of the life to come, but we have gained a new vision of the greatness of this life here. Half-gods are going, but gods arrive."