

New York City, where the New York Central tracks run down to the old Vanderbilt freight-station on Hudson Street, is still seen the relic of this old law, duly copied in this country. A few freight-cars, drawn by a box-car built over a locomotive in order not to frighten the horses, are bravely preceded by a boy on horseback waving a red danger flag. What was the direct result of this “safety-first” legislation in England in 1831? Simply this, that England, having its finger-tips almost closing around the automobile at that time, found progress along that line paralyzed—and the auto-

mobile was developed sixty years later in France.

Be sure we will do it, not limpingly nor by the skin of our teeth, but very ably and magnificently. The uplifting sense of power that every one has felt when with a touch the high-powered car leaps forward to take a hill, and confidently breasts it, will come for all of us when, adequately fitted out with strong and powerful engines and planes, we, like King David in his prophetic vision, take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth.

“GOOD-BY, PROUD WORLD, I’M GOING HOME!”

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

I AM going back to my valley, my own,
 Away from the streets of stone!
 I am going up to the great gray hills at last,
 To lift the fairy gauntlet the snake has cast,
 To find red buds and a shivering reed,
 Thistle, wild thorn, and weed;
 And I shall see the scarlet salamander on the dark moss,
 And I shall see the brook, the belovèd, toss
 Rainbows over her fall;
 And I shall kneel to praise her silver being
 And bless my hearing and my seeing. . . .
 Through fence—over wall—
 And then brook, belovèd, I too shall run,
 My feet on earth, my feet on stone,
 My feet amid fern, amid meadow-grass—
 Stand back, pine, and let me pass!
 Catch me, berry-bush! Wind me, vine!
 (Lost wildness of mine!)
 For I am coming back to you, birch-tree, bride!
 Cedar, I will stand straight at your side!
 I shall watch with you, wood-thrush, soon!

*O sun, burn the months from me and bless
 My soul with nakedness
 And sear my heart with its hot content;*

*Then rise, rise through the dusk and heal
 Me with many and many and many a veil,
 Mistress of mystery, veiled, unspent
 White moon!*

SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF THE ARCTIC

PART V.—OUR FIRST DISCOVERY OF NEW LAND

BY VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

LIKE all of our Arctic winters, the winter of 1914-15 was spent in getting ready for the exploratory work of the coming spring. The previous summer the *Mary Sachs* had brought to Cape Kellett at the northwest corner of Banks Island an outfit of such things as we still had left after the loss of the *Karluk*, but our good sledges were gone, and consequently Captain Bernard of the *Mary Sachs* occupied most of his time making sledges. Much of the material for these was obtained by dismembering the ship to secure the hardwood and iron. Our pemmican had also gone with the *Karluk*, and for that reason our steward, Baur, and others spent many hours slicing up and drying beside the galley stove the meat of polar bears, seals, and caribou, which the rest of us killed either at sea or on shore and brought to the camp. The *Sachs* had not brought us much fuel, so that one or two men had to busy themselves continually in searching up and down the coast, under the snow, for pieces of driftwood and hauling these home, sometimes a distance of fifteen miles.

With this work going on, Natkusiak and I nevertheless found time for an exploratory crossing of the south end of Banks Island. As we made this in the darkness of midwinter, first-class geographic results were not to be expected. Our main purpose was, in fact, to pay a visit to the Eskimos whom we supposed to be wintering on the southeast corner of the island. The supposition that we should find them there was based on the verbal statements of these Eskimos themselves when, in the

spring of 1911, I had met them on their return from Banks Island on the ice of Prince Albert Sound. Eskimos may be as truthful as any people, and are so in fact; nevertheless they frequently give wrong impressions to one another and to those most conversant with them because of their fatal lack of exact words for time and distance. They cannot count above six and have to describe distances by such indefinite terms as "not far" or "very far," and with regard to time their vocabulary is almost equally vague. We now know that the portion of the winter spent by them on the southeast corner of Banks Island is not January, but March and April.

But not knowing it then, we devoted much of December to a hazardous crossing of the mountains back of Nelson Head. The danger is not in the mountains themselves, although precipices are frequent, but in the darkness which makes every precipice treacherous. Because of the elevation of the land to perhaps fifteen hundred or two thousand feet, and because of the open water which prevails most winters around the south end of the island, every breath of wind that blows off the sea is converted into clouds of fog when it strikes the colder hills. The daylight is negligible; and the moonlight, which comes to you commonly enough first through clouds that are high in the sky and later through a mass of fog that immediately envelops your party, is a light which enables you to see your dog-team distinctly enough, or even a black rock that may be one hundred yards away, but is scarcely better than no light at all upon