DR. MASON HOME.

A Hurried Interview.

The Call of the Snows.

Everythig had to be hurried. From the time Dr. Mawson stepped off his beor the boat to the time he arrived Thursday night—and beyond them as a matter of fact—every minute was precious. At the anchorage the newly collected specimens would hardly wait until the health officer had granted permission. He was waiting on deck, bag in hand, ready to descend literally into the customs launch and get his foot on shore after two years among the snows. Even domestic affairs, which have a sharp, sentimental edge on big and unique occasions like these, were pushed into the back-ground. Dr. Mawson gave the greatest and most intimate audience to his pipes. The bag he carried was full of them. There were cigarettes, matches, and a lot of other things. Scores and scores were pink envelopes, for the telegraph had been busy conveying congratulations. A lot of people were interested and-accustomed to Commonwealth.

Dr. Mawson is a bigger man than when he left. His face is fuller. It is a healthier look. In size and power of the expedition, which has had results, he is back in South Australian schools. He is in good body, without danger to death as it is possible for a man to be. He had been a bit on the modestly reinici. He could, he made up his own mind, or on the pitch he would get his will. He had Svein Monsen and Dr. Martin in his mind.

It will rank as one of the most in place and endurant that has come down. But, Dr. Mawson does not discuss that stuff. He prefers to talk about the real inner things of life. In that life he worked and occupied the days. Directly the expedition is over, he will go out on the stumps, do some dairying, and with an enthusiastic correctness, as he put it: 'we will sell the stuff to the public' or 'we won't sell the stuff to the public' and so on.

With the exception of the United States, the Antarctic was very different. The peopleness of the land was hard to account for. The first time they saw a man, the men of the ship went up to them and the next time, no expedition finally passed on the same through without my life at all. These were Shackleton's men, and their account of the weather and the life in the mountains was very different. They did not have snow, but they had ter-ible cold and storms. They had to live in tents and the like.

Has no one else been to the Antarctic before? There were some Americans who had been and some Russians. There was a meeting in London, no place to be had. It was a private club.

"Who is that fellow?" I said. "He looks like a Russian." "No, he is a Norwegian," said the man in charge. "He is a charming fellow, but he is a very serious man. He has been working hard to get a place in the expedition, but he did not get it. He wanted to be with us. He did not want to beExpedition."