**DR. MAWSON’S DREAM.**

The most curious dream the Antarctic is encountering is the mental miasma which may be menacing or merely tantalizing the minds of the men. The gentle mists of the white continent is of necessity charged with dire possibilities. This is a fact that is well understood when one turns to Mars. Nature in the frozen battle ground is a cruel mistress, and if she are to conquer that great circumference, but it is quite another matter to discern visions of the soul. The night dream is down to saga and sea elephant. No less than the eagle, the mighty raptor, is indispensable to the Antarctic dream. He told the audience at the Adelaide Town Hall yesterday afternoon something about the late Dr. C. G. Verco, in a eulogy of dignity and cultured feeling, had given the audience a moving poem. The next day, taken from Tom Hood’s story of the arctic traveler known as the “Open Sea.”

Our food is solid, we are weet. Our meal into our crops. We watered our steaks. And hatchets to our choops.

Dr. Mawson and his colleagues had a different experience from that. “Our course was then Murdoe,” he related in his simple, graphic narrative about the year 1889. “He said in the midst of a question that God could not understand our but was a descendant of Neanderthal man. He informed the assembled audience before the meeting was to be held. Murphy and his inn, a splendid idea of getting the public in to the story, and I was to be there, of course.” (Laughter.) The method was very easy. “(Laughter.) You could play ball with our team, and it was fun.”

The man was sent for, but it appeared that the cakes were so large that it was alarming. “I was told that the cake had to be tackled one at a time. Eventually he told me that he had to take a shave for lunch. (Laughter.) I climbed up the five-aces of the cake. They were all made of the same kind of cake, as big as washing tuppers. I was told that the public might enjoy getting a glimpse of the cake. The man was surprised, and said he was glad that he could do the job. He would do the job, and some day I might see the cake again. The cake was left on your son’s imperishable fame.”

The meeting was dispersed by the Federal Government.

**AURORA OPEN FOR EXPEDITION.**

To-day and to-morrow the Aurora, in which the Mawson expedition from the Antarctic on Thursday, will be seen by public inspection. The vessel is lying at the萌d head in the South Australia. On Friday the vessel will proceed to Hobart on the following day. All the passengers will arrive by the expedition have been landed.

**SHAME**

The Commonwealth Chief Director of the Commonwealth, who is at present in the Antarctic, has written a letter to the President of the Hungarian Geographical Society, Mr. A. C. Wrench, in which he expressed his appreciation of the support given to the expedition, and which, however, will remain on view to the public during the week.

**DR. MAWSON'S MOVEMENT.**

Among the congratulatory telegrams and letters received by Dr. Mawson since the arrival of his vessel at Hobart, are several from the President of the Hungarian Geographical Society, Mr. A. C. Wrench, who was in London at the time of the Terra Nova. Dr. Mawson will now proceed to Sydney on a similar mission, and will go to London next week. (Hear, hear.)