

COOK ATTAINS TO GOAL HE SOUGHT

Finds Pole in Field of Endless Snow and Ice With Continuous Day.

ESKIMOS SING FOR JOY

Even Dogs Catch Enthusiasm on Last Two Days' March—Feast to Celebrate Event—Effects of Fierce Polar Wind.

(Continued From First Page.)

hardship and wrinkles, which should be called the boreal squint.

Cold Causes Boreal Squint.

This boreal squint is a part of the russet-bronze physiognomy which falls to the lot of every Arctic explorer. The early winds, with a piercing temperature, start a flush of scarlet, while frequent frostbites leave figures in black, later the burning sun browns the skin, subsequently strong winds sop the moisture, harden the skin and leave open fissures.

The hard work and reduced nourishment contract the muscles, dispel the fat and leave the skin to shrivel up in folds. The imprint of the goggles, the set expression of hard times and the mental blank of the environment have removed all spiritual animation. We have the color and the lines of old russet apples and would easily pass for prehistoric progenitors of man.

In the enforced effort to spread out the stiffened legs over the last reaches there was no longer sufficient energy at camping times to erect a snow shelter. The silk tent was then pressed into use.

Though the temperature was still very low when the sun was high, its congenial rays pierced the silk fabric and rested softly on our closed brows in heavy slumber. In strong winds it was still necessary to erect a sheltering wall to shield the tent, but altogether the change proved quite agreeable. It encouraged a more careful scrutiny of the strange world into which fortune had pressed us—first of all men.

Mirage Turns Things Topsy Turvy.

Signs of land were still seen every day, but they were deceptive optical illusions, and a mere verdict of fancy. It seemed that something must happen, some line must cross our horizon to mark the important area into which we were pressing.

When the sun was low the eye ran over moving plains in brilliant waves of color to dancing horizons. The mirages turned things topsy turvy. Inverted lands and queer objects ever rose and fell in shrouds of mystery, but all of this was due to the atmospheric magic of the midnight sun.

With a lucky series of daily astronomical observations our position was now accurately fixed for each stage of progress. As we neared the Pole the imagination quickened, and a restless, almost hysterical excitement came over us. The boys fancied they saw beaver and seals, and I had a new land under observation frequently, but with a change in the direction of light or an altered trend in our emperment, the horizon cleared and we became eager only to push further into the mystery.

From the 88th to the 89th the ice was in very large fields and the surface was less irregular. In the distance a white was about the same as below the 87th. We noticed here also an extension of the range of vision. We seemed to see larger distances and the horizon had less angular outline. The color of the sky and the ice also changed to deeper purple blue. We had no way of checking the impression by other observations, the eagerness to find something unusual may have fired the imagination, but since the earth is flattened at the Pole perhaps a widened horizon would be detected.

Only 29 Miles to Pole.

At 5 o'clock on the morning of April 15 we camped on a picturesque old field, with convenient hummocks, to which we could easily rise for the frequent outlook which we now maintained. The tent was now pitched, the dogs were penned by blocks of pemmican. In our new enthusiasm was aroused by a liberal pot of pea soup and a few chips of frozen meat, and then we bathed in life-giving sunbaths, screened from the piercing air by silk strands. It was a beautiful day, and had our sense of appreciation not been blunted by accumulated fatigue, we would have greatly enjoyed the play of light and color in the ever-changing scene of sparkle, but in our condition it was but an inducement to keep the eye open and to prolong interest long enough to dispel the growing complaint of aching muscles.

The Eskimos were soon lost in a profound sleep, but I remained awake, as had been my habit on succeeding days, to get nautical observations. The longitude calculations lined us at 34 degrees 3 minutes. At noon the sun's altitude was carefully set on the sextant, and the latitude quickly reduced gave 89 degrees 21 minutes—25 miles from the Pole.

Eskimo Cheer, Sing and Dance.

My heart jumped for joy and the unconscious commotion which I was creating awakened Erikshook. I told him that in two average marches we would reach the "tusi shu" (the big nail). Ahwehlah was awakened with a kick, and together they rolled out to hummock and through glasses sought for a mark to locate so important a place as the terrestrial axis. If but one sleep beyond it must be a triumph. I tried to explain that the Pole was not visible to the eye, that its position was only located by a repeated use of the various instruments. This entirely satisfied their curiosity and they burst out in hurrahs of joy. For two hours they chanted and danced the passions of wild life. It was the first real sign of pleasure or rational emotion which they had shown for several weeks. For some time I had entertained the fear that we no longer possessed the strength to return to land, but the unbridled flow of vigor dispelled that idea.

Start for Uttermost North.

More sleep was quite impossible. We brewed an extra pot of tea, prepared a favorite broth of pemmican, dug up a surprise of fancy biscuits and filled up on

good things to the limit of the allowance for our final feast days. The dogs, which had joined the chorus of gladness, were given an extra lump of pemmican. A few hours more was agreeably spent in the tent and then we started with a new spirit for the uttermost north.

We were excited to a fever heat. The feet were light on this run. Even the dogs caught the infectious enthusiasm and rushed along at a pace which made it difficult for me to keep a sufficient advance to set a good course. The horizon was still searched for something to mark the approaching boreal center, but nothing unusual was seen. It was the same expanse of moving seas of ice on which he had lived for 500 miles. But looking through gladdened eyes, the scene assumed a new glory. There were plains of gold, furled in purple walls, with gilded crests. It was one of the few days on the storm pack when all nature smiled with cheering lights.

Splendor of Polar Night.

As the day advanced and the splendor of summer night was run into the continued day the beams of gold on the surface snows, thickened, while the shadows of hummocks and ridges spread a line of violet barriers through which a way must be sought.

From my position a few hundred yards ahead of the sleds I could not resist the temptation to turn frequently to see the movement of the dog train with its new fire. In this direction the color scheme was reversed. The icy walls were in gold and burning columns, while the plains

COOK AROUSES IRE

Copenhagen Objects to Losing First Look at Data.

DANES SORELY WOUNDED

University May Not Surrender His Papers if Asked—Doctor Explains His Wishes Are Misunderstood.

COPENHAGEN, Oct. 4.—The announcement of Dr. Cook's willingness to request the University of Copenhagen to waive its claim to the first examination of the records of his journey to the North Pole caused keen disappointment and what- ever may be the reply of the university to the explorer's request, present indica-

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represented every shade of purple and blue.

Through this sea of color the dogs came with a spirited tread, noses down, tails up and shoulders braced to the straps like chariot horses. The young Eskimos, chanting songs of love, came with easy step. The long whip was swung with a brisk crack, and all over there rose a cloud of frosted breath, and a certain sign of efficient motive power, which an easy southern air was driving poleward. Camp was pitched early in the morning of April 20. The sun was northeast, the pack glowed in tones of lilac, the normal westerly air of shivers brushed our frosty faces the surprising burst of enthusiasm had been nursed to its limits, and under it a long march was made over average ice with the usual result of overbearing fatigue. Too tired and sleepy to wait for a cup of tea, malted snows were poured down and the pemmican was pounded with the ax to ease the task of the jaws. The eyes closed before the meal was finished and the world was lost to us for eight hours. The observation gave latitude 89 degrees 45 minutes 5 seconds, longitude 94 degrees 52 minutes.

Last Day's March to Pole.

With the boys singing and the dogs howling, we started off at midnight on April 21. The dogs looked large and noble as they came along that day, while Erikshook and Ahwehlah, though thin and ragged, had a dignity as heroes of the greatest human battle which had ever been fought with remarkable success.

We were all fitted to the paradise of winners as we stepped over the ice, and willingly suffered the tortures of an icy hell. The earth under us seemed almost sacred. When the pedometer registered 147 miles we camped and calmly went to sleep, feeling that we were turning on the earth's axis.

The observations, however, gave 89 degrees, 50 minutes and 46 seconds. We therefore had the Pole, or the exact spot where it should be, within sight. We advanced the 15 seconds, made supplementary observations, pitched the tent, built a snow igloo and prepared to make ourselves comfortable for a stay long enough for two rounds of observations.

Our position was thus doubly assured, and a necessary day of rest was gained. Erikshook and Ahwehlah enjoyed the day in quiet repose. But I slept very little; my goal was reached, the ambition of my life had been fulfilled; how could I sleep away such overwhelming moments of elation?

Dream of Nations Realized.

At last we had reached the boreal center. The dream of centuries had been realized. The race of centuries was ours. The flag was pinned to the coveted Pole. The year was 1909, the day April 21. The sun indicated local noon, but there was a negative problem for here all meridians meet. With a step it was possible to go from one part of the globe to the opposite side from the hour of midnight to that of midday. Here there is but one day and one night in each year. The latitude was 90 degrees, the temperature—87°, the atmospheric pressure 23.8. North, east and west had no meaning. It was south in every direction, but the compass pointing to the magnetic Pole was as useful as ever. Though overjoyed with the success of the conquest, our spirits began to change on the next day after all the observations had been taken and the local conditions were studied. A sense of intense loneliness came with a careful scrutiny of the horizon. What a cheerless spot to have aroused the ambition of man for so many ages! Endless fields of purple snows. No life, no land, no spot to relieve the monotony of frost. We were the only pulsating creatures in a dead world of ice.

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SIX SEEKING VOTES

Congressional Timber Plentiful in Second District.

HARLAN AGAIN IN RACE

Oakville Editor Withdraws Withdrawal and Will Oppose McCredie as Independent Candidate. Two Socialist Nominees.

REPUBLICAN RALLY TONIGHT

Friends of McCredie Will Attend Reception at Vancouver.

WALSH AGAIN IN LIGHT

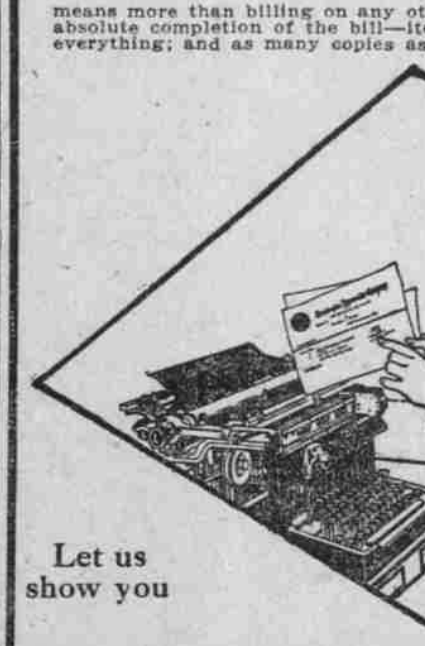
Convicted Financier to Soon Know His Fate.

Court of Appeals May Render Decision Tuesday—New Documents Are Filed in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Oct. 4.—The decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in the case of John R. Walsh, former president of the Chicago National Bank, who was convicted and sentenced to five years in prison two years ago, is expected to be given out here tomorrow.

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gest and most enthusiastic political gatherings ever held in Vancouver. Large numbers of replies of acceptance of the invitations sent out by the citizens of this city have already been received. Senator F. L. Stewart, of Cowie County, and U. E. Harmon, of Lewis County, both candidates for the nomination before the convention, have signified their intention of being present tomorrow evening. McCredie's telegrams have also been received from the delegations of Coville, Lewis, Klickitat and Skamania counties, stating that their respective counties will be represented at the reception. The formal programme will consist of music by the Vancouver City Band and speeches by a large number of the prominent Republicans from different parts of the Second District.

HARMON PLEDGES HIS SUPPORT

Lewis County Candidate Urges Election of Judge McCredie.

CHEHALIS, Wash., Oct. 4.—(Special.)—Although Lewis County Republicans would have been more than pleased to have secured the nomination of their own candidate, U. E. Harmon, of Chehalis, for Congress to succeed the late F. W. Cushman, yet there is no dissatisfaction with the nomination of Judge McCredie, of Vancouver.

The feeling is well established in this section that the nomination for Congressman was due the outside counties, and that Pierce should gracefully have conceded this point. Judge McCredie will be well supported in Lewis County, in which there is an overwhelming majority of Republicans. The general feeling of Republicans in Lewis County is well expressed by U. E. Harmon, the Lewis County candidate, in his statement made today: "Judge McCredie will be elected. I have not the slightest doubt. The feeling of disappointment in Tacoma will subside. The Republicans of Pierce County can not afford to bolt the ticket simply because their combination was not as strong as the one that finally named Judge McCredie. There are other political contests to be fought, other political battles to be won. They are as much interested in seeing a Republican go to Congress from this district as they were before the convention."

Northwest People in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Oct. 4.—(Special.)—Northwest people registered at Chicago hotels: From Portland—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Perkins, Mrs. Hamilton Brooke, M. H. Effinger, at the Congress; J. A. Long at the La Salle. From Astoria—A. Van Dusen, at the Great Northern.

The Extraordinary Demand for the OCTOBER SCRIBNER Containing the first installment of

Theodore Roosevelt's African Trip

Compels the Publishers to ask the indulgence of new subscribers and those who fail to find copies on the newsstands. The entire edition is now in the hands of the newsdealers, who are making every effort to fill orders from all parts of the country, but there must necessarily be some delay and shortage.

The following telegrams show the keen popular interest:

- Boston, Mass. We have sold over 600 extra copies so far of the October number. J. F. Murphy.
- Boston, Mass. Metropolitan, freight five hundred Oct.; Roosevelt sells spite North Pole. The G. W. Armstrong D. R. & N. Co.
- Philadelphia, Pa. Sold usual monthly supply October Scribner in two days; have doubled our order. John Wanamaker.
- Pittsburg, Pa. Send Adams express; rush one hundred October Scribner; must have for Saturday. R. S. Davis & Co.
- Chicago, Ill. Sold double our regular order; Western News Co. sold out. Charles MacDonald.
- Louisville, Ky. Sale has increased one hundred per cent; order with News Co. for eighty-five additional not yet received; can't you ship me one hundred at once? Chas. T. Dearing.
- St. Louis, Mo. Scribner's going fine; our regular order and an extra hundred are almost gone. E. T. Jett Book & News Co.
- Washington, D. C. Sept. 24, '09. Increase sale already over hundred per cent, and still increasing. Adams News Depot.
- Cincinnati, Ohio. October Scribner sales five times greater than ever before. The Robt. Clarke Co.
- Milwaukee, Wis. Scribner's Magazine sale to date about double the usual amount. T. S. Gray Co.
- Omaha, Neb. A tremendous increase in sales; everybody interested. Bennett Co.
- Seattle, Wash. Demand extraordinary; increased supply one hundred seventy-five extra. Lowman & Hanford Co.
- Toronto, Canada. Three leading dealers sold out; Toronto News Company ordering more. A. H. Blight.

From the American News Company: "We are in receipt of telegrams from a number of our news branches, as well as orders by mail from every section of the country, for an extra supply of Scribner's Magazine for October. We would like to know how far you will be able to supply the quantity required for the greatly increased demand that seems to be growing every day. Yours very truly, Stephen Farrelly, Mgr." Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers New York