

COOK IS SAVED BY HUNTING INSTINCT

Enthusiasm Dies When He Turns Back on Goal He Gained.

STORMS PREVENT TRAVEL

Perils of Northward March Surpassed on Return—Driven Far From Course by Ice-Drift, Party Lives on Game.

(Continued From First Page.)

The scene of shivering blue worried the eye, and there was no inspiration in the moving sea of ice to gladden the heart. The thermometer rose and fell between 30 and 40 below zero, Fahrenheit, with a ceaseless wind. It was still very cold. The first of May was at hand, bringing to mind the blossoms and smiles of a kindly world, but here all Nature was narrowed to lines of ice. The sun circled the skies in lines of glaring, but its heat was a sham and its light a torment.

Man's Brotherhood With Dogs.

The long strain of the march had given a brotherly sympathy to the trio of human strugglers. Under the same strain was made the descent to canine levels. The dogs, though still possessing the savage ferocity of the wolf, had taken us into their community. We now moved among them without hearing a grunt of discord, and their sympathetic eyes followed until we were more comfortable on the cheerless snows. If our dogs happened to be lonely near enough, they edged up and snarled us, giving the benefit of their animal fires. To remind us of their presence, frost-covered noses were frequently pushed and nudged, and occasionally a cold snout touched our warm skin with a rude awakening. We loved the creatures, however, and admired their superb brute strength.

Wind Carries Frosty Needles.

Much very heavy ice was crossed near the 83d, but the endless unknown fields of the northward trail were not again seen. The weather changed considerably. The light, cutting winds from the west increased in force, and the sporadic squalls came at shorter intervals. The clear purple and blues of the seas were gradually changed to light gray, and a rush of frosty needles came over the pack for several hours. The snow was not so heavy as it had been, but it was enough to reach land, while even short delays might easily jeopardize our return. We could not, therefore, do otherwise than to force ourselves against the wind, and drift with all possible speed, bearing the eye to unavoidable suffering. With no alternative, we tried to persuade ourselves that conditions might be worse.

Long for Square Meal.

The hard work of igloo building was now a thing of the past; only one had been built since leaving the Pole, and in it a precious day was lost, while the atmospheric fury changed the face of the endless expanse of desolation. The little igloo tent now lay as a sufficiency from the icy air. There were still 50 degrees of frost, but with hardened skins and insensible nerve filaments the torture was not so keenly felt. The steady diet of pemmican and tea and biscuits was not entirely satisfactory. We longed for enough to give a filling sense, but the ration was slightly reduced rather than increased. The change in life from winter to summer, which should take place at about this time of the year, was in our case marked only by a change in shelter from the snow to the tent, and our bed was moved from the soft snowed of the igloo to the hard, wind-swept crust.

Why Dogs Have Tails.

In my wakeful watches to get a peep of the sun at just the right moment I was kept awake during much of the resting period, and for pastime my eyes wandered from snoring dogs to snoring men. During one of these idle moments there came a solution of utility of the dog's tail, a topic with which I had been at play for several days. It is quoted here at the risk of censure, because it is a typical phase of our lives which cannot be illustrated otherwise. Seeing trivialities were seized upon as food for thought. Why has the dog a tail at all? The bear, the musk ox, the caribou and the hare, each in its own way succeeds well with and without a tail. Why does Nature in the dog expend its best effort in growing the finest fur over a seemingly useless line of tailbones? The thing is distinctive, and one could hardly conceive of the creature without this accessory, but Nature in the Arctic does not often waste energy to display beauty and temperament. This tail must have an important use, otherwise it would soon fall under the knife of frost and time. Yes, it was imported into the Arctic by the wolf progenitor of the dogs from warmer lands, where its swing served as a useful purpose in fly time. A nose made to breathe warm air requires some protection in the Far North. No animal feels this abhorrent as much as man. The dog supplied the need with his tail. At the time, when beside the discovery, a cold wind charged with cutting crystals brushed the pack. Each dog had his back brushed to the wind and his face

veiled with an effective curl of his tail. He was comfortably shielded from icy torment by an appendage adapted to that very purpose.

Gale Sweeps Away Snowhouse.

On May 6 we were stopped at 7 A. M. by the coming of the gloom of an unusual calm. The wind had been steady and strong all night, but we did not heed its threatening increase of force until too late. It came from the west, as usual, driving coarse snow with needle points. The ice about us was old and hummocky, offering a difficult line of march, but some shelter. In the strong-wind blasts we threw ourselves over the sled behind hummocks and gathered new breath to force a few miles more.

Finally, when no longer able to force the dogs through the blinding drift, we sought the lee of an uplifted block of ice. Here suitable snow was found for a snow house, and a few blocks were cut and set, but the wind swept them away like chips.

The tent was tried, but it could not be made to stand in the rush of the roaring tumult. In sheer despair we crept into the tent without erecting the pole. Creeping into the bags, we then allowed the flapping silk to be buried by the drifting snow. Soon the noise and discomfort of the storm were lost, and we enjoyed the comfort of an icy grave. An efficient breathing hole was kept and the wind was strong enough to sweep off the weight of a dangerous drift. A new lesson was thus learned in fighting a battle of life which was afterward useful.

Days of Icy Despair.

Several days of icy despair now followed each other in rapid succession. The wind did not rise to the full force of a storm, but it was too strong and too cold to travel.

The food supply was noticeably decreasing. The daily advance was reduced. With such weather, starvation seemed inevitable. Camp was moved nearly every day, but ambition sank to the lowest ebb. To the atmospheric unrest was added the instability of broken ice and the depressing mystery of an unknown position. For many days no

LIFE SKETCH OF EXPLORER WHOSE ACCOUNT OF POLE'S DISCOVERY IS CONCLUDED TODAY.



DR. FREDERICK A. COOK.

Lancaster Sound and touch at Port Leopold. The distance to this point was shorter than to Greenland, and by this route I hoped that I could return to Europe during the same year 1908. Passing through Hassel Sound between the Ringness lands, bears and seals were secured, and slowly we moved southward over the Norwegian bay into Wellington Channel. The ice was small, there was much open water and progress was slow, but the drift carried us along.

Take to Boat, Abandon Dogs.

At Pioneer Bay we were stopped by a jam of small ice over which sliding was impossible. Unable to wait for the ice to move because no large game was here secured, we crossed early in July to Jones Sound. Here again no big game was found. There was much open water and the folding canvas boat was spread for use.

Unable to feed the dogs, they were given the freedom of their wild progenitors, the wolves. One sled was left here, the other was taken apart and placed in the boat. Then followed a long and perilous adventure by boat and sled, during which our last ammunition was expended in securing birds for food. After that, by looped lines and slingshots birds were still captured.

Live by Primitive Chase.

Early in September we were beset on the shores of Baffin Bay with neither food, fuel nor ammunition. New implements were shaped and we returned westward to Cape Sharbo to seek a place to pitch a winter camp. An underground den was built of stones, bones and turf, and a permanent mist obscured the fougat the walrus, the bear, the musk ox and other animals. Thus food, fuel and skins were secured and death by famine was avoided. The winter and the night of 1908-1909 were spent preparing food and equipment for the return.

Across Greenland Homeward.

On February 18, 1900, we started with a remodeled sled and reached our camp at Annotok in the middle of April. Here I met Harry Whitney and told him of our conquest of the Pole. Because a ship was to come after Mr. Whitney to take him direct to home shores, most of my instruments were entrusted to his care. An excuse to gain a few months in the return home, I proceeded by sled over land and sea southward to Upernivik and from there onward to Copenhagen by Danish steamer.

Must Follow Ice-Drift South.

At the end of a struggle of 20 days through thick fog, the sky cleared and we found ourselves far down in Crown Prince Gustav sea, with open water and impassable small ice as a barrier between us and Helberg Island. With the return in Annotok rendered impossible by the unfortunate westerly drift, our only alternative was to go south with the ice. We hoped in this course to find game for food and fuel. The Scottish whalers enter

Observations had been possible and our location could only be guessed at.

The maddening struggle was daily forced, while the spirits were pressed to the verge of extinction. Now, but the object of our trip had been accomplished, much of the incentive was gone. At times it seemed as if our life's work had been accomplished, and to have lain down for the final sleep would have been easy, but the feeble fires of the homing passion kept the eye open. On May 24 the sky cleared long enough to give us a set of observations. We were on the 83d parallel, near the 87th meridian. The new lands were hidden behind a low mist. The ice was much crevassed and drifted eastward. Many open spaces of water were noted in the west by patches of water sky. The pack was sufficiently active to give us considerable anxiety, though pressure lines and open water did not at the same time seriously impede our progress.

Scarcely Enough Food Left.

There remained on the sleds scarcely enough food to reach our caches, unless we averaged 15 miles daily. On the return from the Pole to here we had been able to make only 12 miles daily. Now our strength, even under fair con-

ditions, did not seem to be equal to more than 10 miles. The outlook was far from hopeful to me, though the sight of the cleared sky infused new courage into Eshukshuk and Alivahak.

Trying to make the best of our hard lot, a straight course was set for the musk ox lands of the inner crossing. At the 83d parallel we found ourselves to the west of a large tract extending southward. The ice changed to small fields. The temperature rose to zero and a persistent mist obscured the heavens. With a few lines on paper to register the life of suffering, the food of man and dog was reduced to a three-quarters ration, while the difficulties of ice travel rose to disheartening heights.

Explorer Who Was Second at North Pole, and His Family.



R. E. PEARY, MRS. PEARY AND THEIR CHILDREN, FROM A RECENT SNAPSHOT.

COOK WILL SHOW RECORDS TO BOTH

Submit Duplicates to Danes and Americans and Let Them Decide.

VERDICT AT SAME TIME

Each to Withhold Announcement Till Other Is Ready—Peary Is Ready to Let Geographical Society Decide.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 6.—That duplicate copies of his records will be submitted to American scientists simultaneously with those sent to the University of Copenhagen, was the statement made by Dr. Frederick A. Cook in an interview today. Dr. Cook said:

"My original records will go first to the University of Copenhagen. I intend, however, to have duplicate manuscripts submitted to the American Geographical Society. I shall request the Copenhagen authorities to withhold their announcement until the American Society has had an opportunity to come to a conclusion. Then when the scientists on both sides of the water are ready the announcement will be made simultaneously in both places."

PEARY WILL SUBMIT PROOFS

Let Geographical Society Investigate His Polar Discovery.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 6.—Commander Peary today accepted the invitation of the National Geographical Society to submit his proof records for verification. Commander Peary today formally notified the society to this effect in a message to Professor Willis L. Moore, president of the society. The telegram follows:

"Copy of society's resolution is received. I am not only willing, but desirous, to submit records and data to a commission of American scientists that is impartially selected."

On October 1 the board of managers of the National Geographical Society sent to both Commander Peary and Dr. Cook a resolution, the last paragraph of which was as follows: "The National Geographical Society urges Commander Peary and Dr. Cook speedily to submit all their observations, notes and data to a competent scientific commission in the United States." So far the society has heard nothing from Dr. Cook in answer to this invitation, save through the public prints. The regular meeting of the board of directors will be held next Friday, when President Moore will place with them Commander Peary's telegram, and some action will be taken looking to the appointment of a special commission, in case Dr. Cook fails to respond to the invitation. President Moore says the special commission will consider Commander Peary's data.

HAIL COOK AS DISCOVERER

New York Aldermen to Present Freedom of City.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—Friday, October 15, was the date set today for the official aldermanic reception to Dr. Frederick A. Cook.

A DEFENDER OF PEARY

Correspondent Arises and Smites Dr. Cook, Arctic Hero.

PORTLAND, Oct. 6.—(To the Editor.)—So many are taking a whack at Commander Peary that I appear on the side of fair play. The famous Arctic explorer reached the goal of his ambition and thereby gave his country a reason to be proud through all time. Think of 23 years of effort crowned at last with success. His name and achievements heretofore stood high in the scientific world and his truthfulness unimpeached. What causes his countrymen to revile him?

Dr. Cook brought no records of his observations, back with him to either Copenhagen or America—at least he has failed to produce them. He stated that part of his records were left with Mr. Whitney at Etah, Greenland, to be taken to America. Mr. Whitney traveled part of the way with Peary and now it looks as if Whitney knows nothing about records. Cook himself says the records he left with Whitney are of no importance.

Dr. Cook has admitted that he had a supply of a fair number of records at the Pole and that he was more than eager to reach civilization in order to publish the result. Cook's account of the provisions consumed on the last dash were greater in weight than three men and 25 dogs could pull yet he alleges he traveled over the Polar ice 15 miles a day.

Dr. Cook, it is said, has not reported a single new fact or an observation as a result of his reaching the North Pole and Mr. Bernacchi, the physicist of the Discovery Antarctic expedition, declares that Dr. Cook's method of taking observations at the Pole is valueless. Dr. Cook says his polar expedition was the result of a sudden inspiration. His chief previous feat, the climbing of Mount McKinley, is not officially acknowledged by the United States Survey, and is not only without a witness but in dispute.

Taking the previous records of these men, Cook and Peary, and their achievements, comparing their present-day story—their trail in a lost account for the present general sentiment of the public towards these men, further than the reason always in evidence, that the public always prefers the impostor and the sham to the hero and the real thing. Peary has no doubt shown some feeling in the matter, but a man who set for himself the task of climbing the North Pole must be a man with strong and enduring feelings. DONALD ALLISON.

Sealed Verdict in Damage Suit.

After an hour's deliberation, the Circuit Court jury which heard the suit of H. E. Hawkins against the Portland Railway, Light & Power Company yesterday reached a finding. It was after 5 o'clock when the verdict was reached, however, and on that account a sealed verdict was returned to be opened this morning. Hawkins asks \$5000 damages for injuries sustained a year ago in a collision between a street car and Chevrolet Company No. 1 of the Fire Department, of which he is captain.

Practically all the important coal mining streets have inspection laws designed to prevent death and disaster among the miners.

Victor Talking Machines, \$1 Down, \$1 a Week. MERCHANDISE OF MERIT ONLY. Lipman-Wolfe & Co.

Ladies' House Dresses \$1.29. Ladies' Kimonos Special Value at \$1.50. Owl Cut Rate Drug Sale. Fancy Dresden Ribbons 37c.

Home Product Used. Y. M. C. A. Building Equipped with Oregon Furniture. Five Different Factories Patronized and Results Better Than Possible in the East.

All Physicians. Must prescribe some of the ingredients that are contained in Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Webbing and Calling Cards. W.G. Smith & Co. USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.