

THE STAR, ST JOHN N. B. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15 1909

# DR. COOK BEGINS HIS NARRATIVE OF THE CONQUEST OF THE NORTH AND HIS DISCOVERY OF THE POLE

The Voyage North; Arctic Adventures and Life With Eskimos---Graphic Description of Life and Conditions in the Zone of Eternal Snow.

FIRST CHAPTER OF DR. COOK'S OWN STORY, TOLD EXCLUSIVELY IN NEW BRUNSWICK FOR READERS OF THE STAR.

In its desire to present to its readers both sides of the greatest and most interesting controversy in recent history, The Sun, having published Commander Peary's personal story of his expedition and discovery, prints today the first instalment of Dr. Cook's narrative in the course of which will be set forth in detail his claims to the glory of being the first human being to reach the North Pole. This story was written by Dr. Cook while a prisoner in the snow and ice, and will continue in chapters on alternate days, thus placing him before the world, which in his case, is the jury that will decide upon his claim that he preceded Commander Peary to the Boreal centre, and is therefore the discoverer of the North Pole.

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## The Conquest of the Pole

By Dr. Frederick A. Cook

### CHAPTER I

The expedition was equipped at Gloucester, Mass. All was ready on the evening of July 1, 1907. Ashore boys were testing their fireworks for the morrow of celebration, but aboard, as our vessel, the John R. Bradley, withdrew from the pier, all was quiet. There were no visiting crowds of curiosity seekers, no tooting whistles signalled our departure.

An Arctic expedition had been born without the usual public bombast. There was, indeed, no excuse for clamor. Neither the desire of the government nor the contributions of private individuals had been sought. The project was quietly given birth, and its destiny was shaped by the writer.

### A Private Venture

Mr. Bradley was interested in game animals of the North. I was interested in the game of the Polar quest. For the time being the business concerned us only. If the venture proved successful there would be time enough to raise the banner of victory. If it failed none had the privilege of hearing upon the returning Polar traveller, comes to the returning Polar traveller. As we headed for the boreal wilds and ploughed with satisfying force the chilled northern waters, there was time to re-examine the equipment and review prospective contingencies of the campaign. In a brief month all had been prepared for the peculiar mission. We had purchased a strong Gloucester fishing schooner, fitted with a motor, covered for ice and loaded down

with suitable supplies for a prolonged period.

One morning the bold cliffs of Cape York were daily outlined in the gray mist which screened the land. A storm had carried so much ice against the coast that a near approach was impossible, and continued winds kept up a sea, which made it quite a difficulty to land on the ice.

### At North Star Bay

Though anxious to meet the natives at Cape York we were forced to turn and set a course for the next village at North Star Bay. At noon the sooty clouds separated and in the north, through the narrow breaks, we saw the steep slopes and warm color of crumpled cliffs resting on the rising water.

Darting through the air were countless gullionots, gulls, little auks and older ducks. We were in the ice free north waters, where creatures of the Arctic find a marine oasis in the midst of a Polar desert.

The coast was about two thousand feet high, evidently the remains of an old table land which extends a considerable distance northward.

### A Valley of Ice

Here and there were short glaciers, which had cut down the cliffs in their efforts to push to the sea. Soon the long ice wall of Melville Bay rose, and beyond, to the eastward, we perceived the awaying lines of the inland sea of ice, which submerges the interior of all Greenland.

This kind of coast extends to the land's end. It is the abundant sea life which makes human habitation just possible here, though land animals are also important.

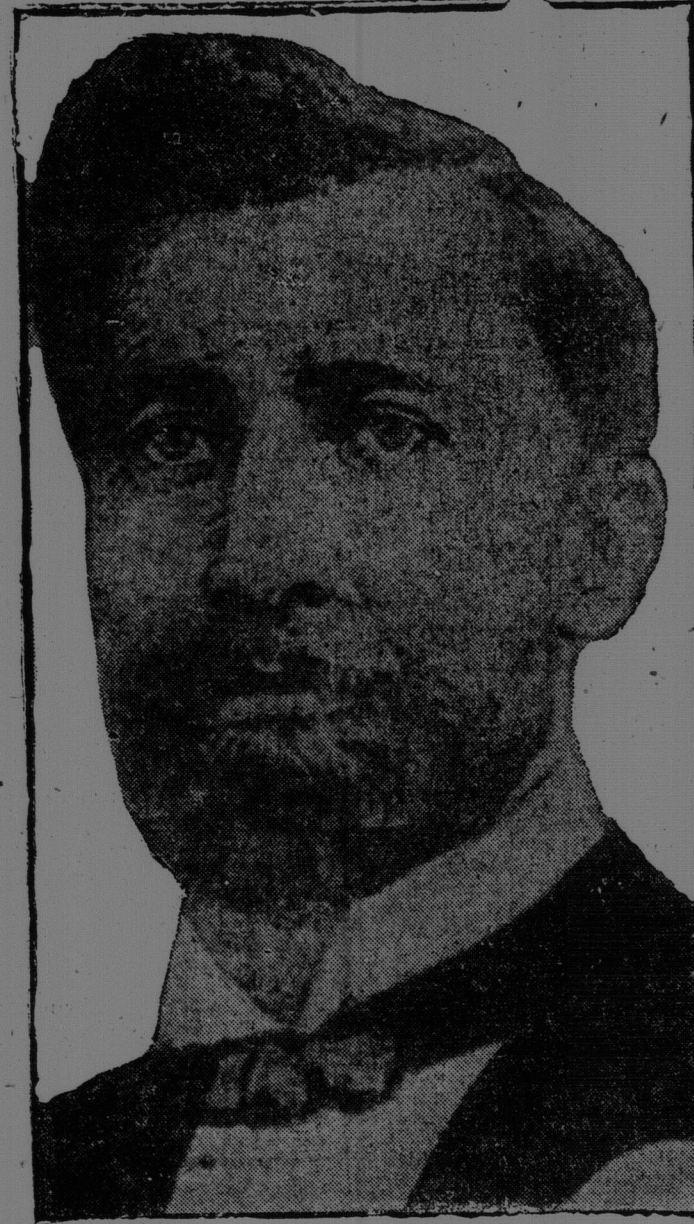
The people of the farthest north are crowded into a natural reservation by the Arctic ice wall of Melville Bay to the south and the stupendous lines of cliffs of Humboldt glacier in the north. This coast extends over feet three degrees of latitude, but with its many bays and the great folds of Wolstenholme sound and inside the gulf the sea line is drawn out to about four thousand miles.

### Home of the Eskimos

Wildly scattered in small villages, the northernmost Eskimo finds here a good living. A narrow band of rocky land between the land ice and the sea offers grasses, upon which feed ptarmigan, hare and caribou.

Numerous cliffs and islands afford a resting place in summer for myriads of marine birds that breed in the crevices of the ice waters. Blue and white fox wander everywhere. Seal, walrus, porpoise and white whale speed in the summer sun, while the bear, king of the Polar wilds, roams over the sea at all times, though abundant game, this little tribe of most primitive man does not feel his hopeless isolation.

The yacht dodged the leeches and dangerous rocks in the fog about Cape Athol, then turned eastward to Cross Volstead Sound, as near Table Mountain, which guards North Star Bay, many natives came out in kayaks to meet us. Some were recognized as old friends. There was Siyah, he of many wives, and Oboliah who had executed Angoodishah, styled the villain by Gibson, at Redcliffe house, and Pincoots, husband of the Queen, in whose family are to be found the only hybrid children of the tribe. Later Knute Rasmussen, a Danish



Dr. Cook as He Looked After a Previous Trip

writer, living as a native among the people, came aboard. With him we got better acquainted during the winter.

Our engines were disabled by a loose universal joint so we lowered a launch and two dories to tow the yacht to safe anchorage. At high tide the vessel was grounded, a propeller, which had been bent was straightened, and the universal joint put to rights. In the meantime the launch was kept floating and to and fro with Mr. Bradley and the writer as passengers. On shore the harness sun was cried and around the bay waters we bagged a number of elder ducks.

### Some Great Bargains

The Eskimos were equally elated with their end of the bargain. For a bear skin, of less use to a native than a dog pelt, he has secured a pocket knife that would serve him half a lifetime.

A woman had exchanged her fur pants, worth a hundred dollars, for a red pocket handkerchief, with which she would decorate her head and imitate for years to come.

Another had given her beakskin mits for needles, and conveyed the idea that she had the long end of the trade. A fat youth with a smile, displayed with gleaming teeth, cups, one for himself and one for his prospective bride. All of this gift had been received in exchange for an ordinary ivory horn worth about ninety dollars.

### Eskimo Town Visited

Late at night a visit was made to the town of Omaniok. There were seven triangular sealskin tents, conveniently placed in picturesque rows. Gathered about the tents were old and young, men, women and children, shivering in the midnight chill. They were old looking specimens of humanity. In height the men averaged five feet two inches, and the women four feet five inches. All had broad, flat faces, heavy trunks and well rounded limbs. Their skin was slightly bronzed. Men and women had coal black hair, a few brown eyes. The nose was short, and the hands and feet were short but thick.

A sensual woman was found at every tent opening, ready to receive the visitors in due form. We entered and had a short chat with each family. There was not much news to exchange. After we had gone over the list of marriages and deaths, the luck of the chase became the topic of conversation.

### Women Were Scarce

It was a period of monogamy. Myah had exchanged a plurality of wives for a larger team of dogs, and there was but one other man in the tribe with two wives.

Women were rather scarce. Several marriageable men were forced to forego the advantages of married life because there were not enough wives for all. By mutual agreement several men had exchanged wives, in other cases women had chosen other partners, and the changes were made seemingly to the advantage of all, for no regrets were expressed.

With no law, no literature and no fixed custom to fasten the matrimonial bond, these simple but intelligent people control their destinies with remarkable success.

On board an average of three fat, clever children for each family, the youngest, as a rule, resting in a pocket on the mother's smock.

### Dwellings of the Eskimos

The tent had a raised platform, upon which it slept. The edge of this made a seat, and on each side were placed stone lamps, in which blubber was burned, with moss as a wick. Over this was a drying rack, and there was other furniture.

The dress of furs gave the Eskimos a look of savage fierceness which their kindly faces and easy temperament did not warrant.

On board the yacht there had been busy days of barter. Furs and ivory had been gathered in heaps in exchange for guns, knives and needles. Every seaman, from cabin boy to captain, had suddenly got rich in the gambol of trade for prized blue fox skins and narwhale tusks.

### The Yacht Again Afloat

The midnight tide lifted the yacht on an even keel from her inlaid drift dock on the beach, and she was pulled out into the bay and anchored for a few hours. Omaniok was but one of six villages in which the tribe had divided its two hundred and fifty people for the current season.

To study the people, to further encourage the game of barter and to enjoy the rare sport of yachting and hunting in man's northernmost haunts, we prepared to visit as many villages as possible.

In the morning the anchor was raised and the yacht set sail to a light wind, headed for more northern villages. It was a gray day with a quiet sea. The speed of the yacht was not fast enough for the excitement Mr. Bradley suggested lowering the launch for a crack at ducks, or a chase of walrus, or a dory at anything that happened to cut the waters.

The harpoon gun was taken, as it was hoped that a whale might come our way, but the gun proved unsatisfactory and did not contribute much to our sport. We were able to run all around the yacht as she slowly sailed over Wolstenholme sound.

Seals were given chase, but they were able to escape our craft. Nearing Saunders Island a herd of walrus was seen on a pan of drift ice far ahead of the yacht. The magneto was pushed, the carburetor opened, and out we rushed after the shouting beasts.

Two with splendid tusks were obtained, and two tons of meat blubber were turned over to our Eskimo allies. The days of hunting proved quite strenuous, and in the evening we were glad to see the comfort of our cosy cabins when roast elder duck had filled a large gap.

### An Eskimo Widow's Story

Among the Eskimo passengers pacing the deck was a widow, who, in tears, told us the story of her life, a story which offered a peep into the comedy and tragedy of Eskimo existence. She had arranged a den under a shelter of sealskins among anchor chains. We had offered a large bed with straw in it, and a place between decks as a better nest for her brood of youngsters, but she refused, saying she preferred the open air on deck.

To my question as to how the world had used her she heaved a sigh in her hands and began to matter to her two boys, the youngest just in pants. I knew her early history, so could understand her story without hearing all her words between sobs.

She had come from American shores

and, as a foreign belle, her hand was sought early. At thirteen Ikawa introduced her to a wedded life not strewn with blubber. He was cruel and not always truthful, a sin for which his brother, the Angitook, or doctor, was without his consent put out of harm's way.

Two girls graced their home. One was now married. When the youngest was out of her hood, Ikawa took the children and loved her to leave, saying that he had taken to wife Ahtah, a plump maid and a good seamstress.

Mance had neither advantages, but she knew something of human nature, and so found another husband, a good deal older, but better than the first. Their life was a hard one, for Nordingwah was not a good hunter, but their home was peaceable, quiet and happy. Two children enlivened it. Both were at her side on the yacht, a boy of eight, the only deaf and dumb Eskimos in all the land, and a thin, pale weanling of three.

### A Tragedy of the Arctic

Both had been condemned by the Eskimo law (the survival of the fittest, the first because of insufficient senses and the second because it was under three and still on its mother's back when the father passed away. They were not to participate in the hunt, but an unusual mother loved them. A few days before the previous winter the old foreman, anxious to provide warm bear skins for the Eskimos in all the land, and a thin, pale weanling of three.

The executor of the brother of Mance's former husband was kind to her for the night and kept famine from her door. In the summer day she had been able to keep herself, but who could provide for her for the night to come? Her only resource was to seek the chief heart of her former husband and were performing the unpleasant mission of taking her to him as wife.

When we later saw Ikawa he did not thank us for the trouble we had taken, but he had expected no reward. The speed of the yacht increased as the night advanced. A snow squall frosted the ice to a depth of the ice air we sought our warm berths early. At four o'clock in the morning the gray gloom separated and the warm sun spouted a suitable wealth of August rays. In a few moments the winter frosts was changed to summer

At this time we passed the icebreaker and storm-swept cliff of Cape Parry. Beyond was White Sound, on a sea of gold, strewn with ice islands of ultramarine and alabaster, white spouted and walrus spotted. The gump was "out early for a fight. Large flocks of little auks rushed over on hurried mission.

The wind was light, but the engines pulled us along at a pace just fast enough to allow us to enjoy the superb surroundings. In the afternoon we were well into Inglehart Gulf, and near little there was a strong head wind and enough ice about to engage the eye of the lookout.

We aimed here to secure Eskimo guides and with them seek caribou in Olrick's Bay. While the yacht was still.

tacking for a favorable berth in the drift of Kangas the launch was lowered and we sought to interview the Eskimos of Irtibla. The ride was a wet one, and Mr. Bradley had the first important use for his raincoat, as a short choppy sea poured icy spray over us and tumbled us about with vigorous thumps.

### Women the Same Everywhere

There were only one, a few children and about a score of dogs at the place. The woman talked quickly and explained at some length that her husband and others were away on a cart-bog hunt and she told us without a leading question the news of the tribe for a year.

After gasping for breath like a smothered seal, she began with news of previous years and a history of the forgotten ages. We started back for launch and she invited herself to the pleasure of our company to the beach.

### An Eskimo Trade

We had only gone a few steps before it occurred to her that she was in need of something. Would we not give her a few boxes of matches in exchange for a narwhal tusk. We would be delighted to do so, and a handful of sweets that went with the bargain. Her strife of life. The two were eight feet in length. The two were worth one hundred and fifty dollars.

Had we a knife to spare? Yes, a tin of soap was also given just to show that we were liberal.

The yacht was headed northward, across Inglehart Gulf. This made fair wind, and we cut tumbling seas of ebony with a racing dash. Though the sea was strong, the air was remarkably clear. The great chiselled cliffs had been able to keep themselves, but the distance was over twelve miles, but we had hardly finished last evening's search of submerged rocks and shallow water.

It is necessary for deep sea craft to give Kamah a wide berth. There were bergs enough about to hold the water down, though an occasional sea rose with a sickening thump.

The launch towed the dory, of which Mance and her children were the only occupants. We preferred to give her the luxury of privacy of a separate conveyance for several reasons, the most important being the necessity of refueling; room for her dogs and her household furniture, consisting of three bundles of skins and sticks.

K-ranah was to be her future home, and as we neared the shore we tried to locate Ikawa, but there was not a man in town. Five women, fifteen children and forty-five dogs came out to meet us. The men were on a hunting cruise, and their location was not exactly known.

Ataktungwah, Mance's rival, a fat, unsteady creature, stood on a useful stone where we chose to land, and did not accommodate us with footing on its same platform. She had not seen Mance for seven years, but she scented the game and gave us the cold shoulder for the part we had innocently played in it. Ikawa was not there, so no breach of etiquette could be possible.

## Soap That is Best for the Baby's Bath

Baby's skin is very sensitive to soap; some soaps soothe and nourish, while others inflame and irritate. It is of the utmost importance that you know what soap to use, and to do this you must know what is in the soap.

So let us explain how we make **Infants' Delight**. We first go for pure vegetable oil to France. There we pay often double what we might pay. But the oil we get is pure enough to use on your table.

Then we go for pure coconut oil to the Isle of Ceylon for pure coconut oil. Both oils are carefully tested by chemists and doubly boiled.

Next they go through our own special milling process and fall like flakes of snow into enormous bins. Then they are crushed under a weight of 30 tons to press out the moisture.

Finally they pass through granite rollers and come out in miles of silky ribbons. Then they are dried eight times and stamped into oval cakes that last for your baby. Isn't it worth while to have soap like this for your baby? Why risk using common soaps when this excellent kind costs no more than others?

This lovely soap leaves the baby's delicate skin as soft as velvet and as smooth as silk. Even the baby knows the difference in this delightful soap--so we call it **Infants' Delight**.

Baby will like the perfume too. It is so dainty and fragrant--only the exquisite scent of the rose. If this soap is pure enough for the baby's skin it surely is best for your own. Try one cake--you owe it to baby and yourself.

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**How to Bathe the Baby**

Rinse the body with clear warm water and then rub in a rich lather of **Infants' Delight**. Then rinse off the lather with a cloth dipped in lukewarm water and wring out over the skin. Pat the baby's skin dry with a cloth but never rub with a towel for it causes the texture of the skin.



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