

# DR. COOK'S ESKIMOS GIVE WAY TO UTTER DESPAIR AS THE UNBEARABLE RUSH OF ICY AIR CUTS THEIR FACES.

## Bradley Land Is Named In Honor of Benefactor Of the Pole's Discoverer

Dr. Cook Writes of Passing North of This New Tract and of the Amazing Sensations That Came to Him and His Two Comrades.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN IS SPECTACULAR, ITS VARIOUS FORMS ARE UNCANNY

To the Imagination of the Cold Tortured Travellers the Orb Changes Its Shape at Times and Invariably Becomes at Last a Face.

CIRCUITOUS TWISTS SAP LIFE AND STRENGTH

Drift Ice Throws the Expedition to the East with Sufficient Force to Cause Much Anxiety, but Ultimate Success Is Now Certainly Within Grasp.

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### SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PRINTED

- In the first instalment of his thrilling story, "The Conquest of the Pole," printed in the Herald of Wednesday, September 15, Dr. Frederick A. Cook told of the start from Gloucester on the Bradley, of the voyage to the polar sea and of the overhauling en route of the equipment needed for the dash to the pole.
- In a graphic manner the discoverer wrote a story of Eskimo life that never has been excelled for human interest. He told of the home life, the legends and comedy that mingle in the dreary existence of the dwellers in the Arctic, and of the childlike eagerness of the natives to trade their valuable furs and ivory for the simplest things of civilization.
- The yacht, her owner, Mr. John R. Bradley, the explorer and his party were pictured in their preliminary work for the final dash.
- Finally, after describing the various places visited in Greenland in search of guides and information as to conditions further north, Dr. Cook wrote of the trip across Inglefield Gulf, past Cape Auckland and on toward Cape Robertson.
- Here the discoverer closed the first part of his narrative, with Etah and Annotok, the last points of call, looming in the icy distance.
- In the second instalment Dr. Cook described the voyage to Etah and then on to Annotok, the place of plenty, which he selected as the base for his dash to the pole.
- In the third instalment the explorer described the work of preparing his winter quarters, closing with a graphic description of a narwhal hunt.
- In the fourth instalment Dr. Cook described the approach of the long Arctic night, which caused his party at Annotok to become very active in preparing for the dash to the pole.
- In the fifth instalment Dr. Cook told of the actual start on February 29, 1908, and described the equipment he took for his great final dash.
- In the sixth instalment the discoverer told of the first progress of his little party and the first sight of land, and his adventures on the perilous trip with the two Eskimos who went to the pole with him.
- In the seventh instalment Dr. Cook described how his Eskimo companions saved his life.
- In the eighth chapter Dr. Cook gave a vital picture of the terrors of the Arctic cold.
- In the ninth instalment Dr. Cook described the lifeless lands passed before the pole was reached.

### Tenth Instalment THE CONQUEST OF THE POLE,

By Dr. Frederick A. Cook.

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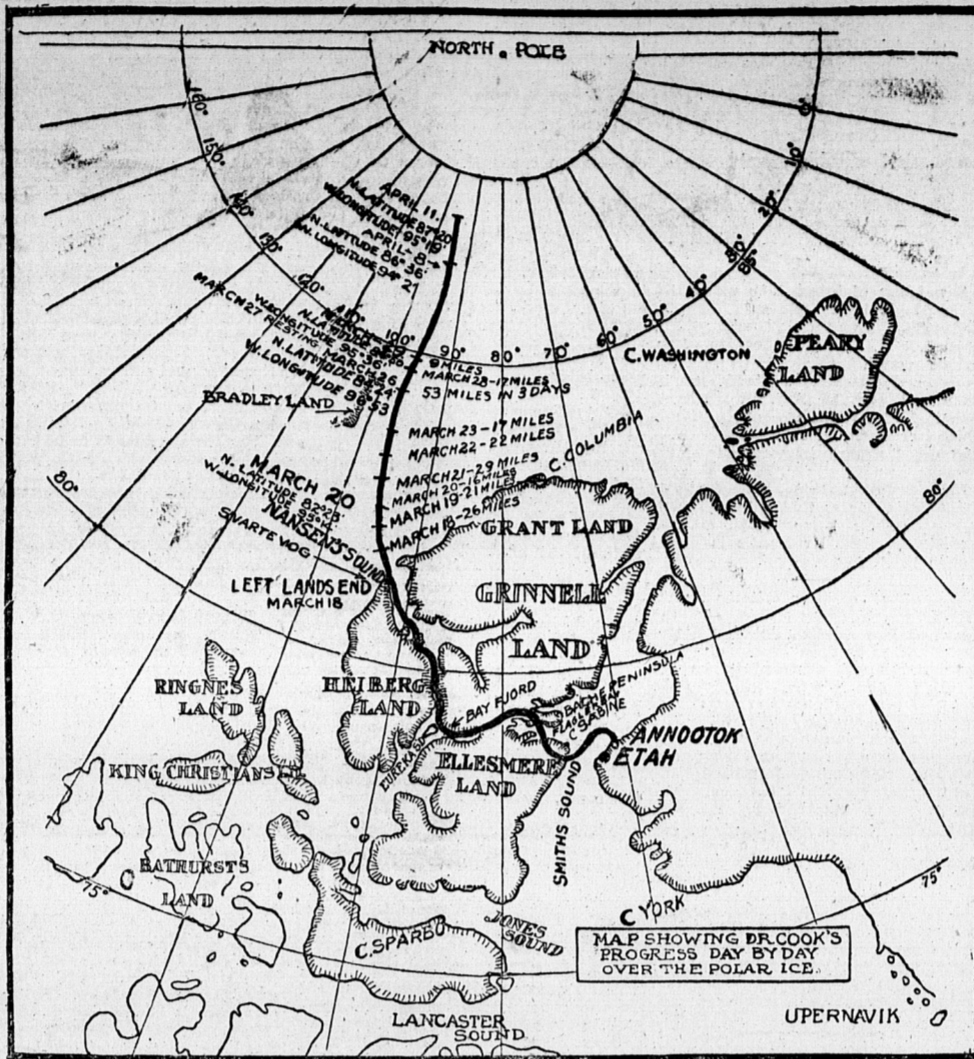
OVER the newly discovered coast lines was written Bradley Land, in honor of John R. Bradley, the benefactor of the expedition. As we passed north of this land there was nothing substantial upon which to fix the eye.

There was at no time a perfectly clear horizon, but the weather was good enough to permit frequent nautical observations. The course was lined on uninteresting blank sheets, but there were elusive signs of land frequent enough to keep up an exploring enthusiasm.

Man, under the pressure of circumstances, will adapt himself to most conditions of life, and to us the other world environment of the polar pack, far from terrestrial solidity, was beginning to be quite natural. There were at the time sufficient surprise and novelty, mingled with pleasurable anticipation, not painful torture, to compel mental interest and physical action.

Thus day after day the marches were forced. The incidents and the positions were recorded, but the adventures were promptly forgotten in the mental bleach of the next day's effort. The night of April 2 was made notable by the swing of the sun at midnight. For a number of nights it made grim faces at us in its setting. A leaping mist, drawn as a curtain over the northern sea at midnight, had given our eyes an advantage for celestial stargazing; settling into this haze, we were unable to determine sharply the advent of the midnight sun, but there was a spectacular play which interested us immensely.

Now the great sun was drawn out and shaped with horizontal lines drawn through it. Again it was pressed into a basin with flaming fires, burning behind a curtain of frosts; blue at other times, it appeared like a huge vase, and it required very little imagination to see purple and violet flowers.



The change was often like magic, but the last display was invariably a face—distorted faces of men or animals were made to suit our fancy.

We had, therefore, followed the sun's northward advance—from its first peep, at midday, above the south ice of the polar gateway to its sweep of the northern ice at midnight. From the end of the polar night, late in February, to the first of the double days and midnight suns, we had forced a trail through darkness, blood hardening temperature, and over leg breaking irregularities of an unknown world of ice to an area 200 miles from the pole. To this point our destinies had been guarded very well, and ultimate success seemed within grasp, but we were not blind to the long line of desperate effort still required to push over the last distance.

Now we had the sun unmistakably at midnight, and his new glory was quite an incentive to our life of shivers. Observations on April 8 placed camp at latitude 86 deg. 34 min., longitude 94 deg. 2 min. In spite of what seemed like long marches we had only advanced 106 miles in nine days. Much of our hard work was lost in circuitous twists around troublesome pressure lines and high, irregular fields of very old ice. The drift ice was throwing us to the east with sufficient force to give us some anxiety, but with eyes closed to danger and hardship, the double days of fatigue and glitter quickly followed one another.

The temperature, ranging between thirty-six and forty-six degrees below zero Fahrenheit, kept persistently near the freezing point of mercury, and though the perpetual sun gave light and color to the cheerless wastes we were not impressed with any appreciable sense of warmth. Indeed, the subzero seemed to make the frost of the air pierce with a more painful sting.

There was a weird play of orgies, seemingly most impressive at this time; clouds of steam arose from the frozen sea. In marching over the golden glitter snow clouds the face, while the nose is bleached with frost. The sun rose into zones of fire and set it into burning beads of ice, but with pain we breathe the chill of death.

In camp a grip of the knife left painful burns from cold metal. To the frozen finger the water was hot. With wine spirits the fire was lighted, while oil delighted the stomach. In dreams heaven was hot, the other place was cold. All nature was false; we seemed to be near the chilled flame of a new hades. In our hard life there was nothing genuinely warm. The congenial appearances were all deception, but death offered only cold comfort. There was no advantage in suicide.

We should have enjoyed this curious experience, but with endless bodily discomforts, combined in aching muscles and an overbearing languor, there could be no real joys from the glories of nature. The pleasure was reserved for a later retrospect.

In the diary of the succeeding days' doings there appear numerous tabulations of work and observations. In the new cracks the thickness of the ice was measured. The water was examined for life. The technical details for the making and breaking of the ice were studied, and some attention of ice were studied, and some at-

## Torment Almost Passing Endurance Comes to the Eskimos in Final Days

As the Weariness Overcomes Them Their Condition Is Shown by Their Lax Use of the Whip and Indifferent Urging of the Dogs.

BUT THEY TRY TO REMAIN BRAVE AND FAITHFUL TO THE BITTER END

On the Morning of April 13 the Strain of Agitating Torment Reaches the Breaking Point and the Fresh Wind Adds to the Utter Despair.

ITS SOUL TERRIFYING BLASTS ARE RENEWED

Ahlewah Bends Over the Sled, His Dogs Turn Inquiringly Toward Him, Tears Freeze on the Eskimo's Eyes, and Then He Voices His Desire for Death.



DR. COOK IN HIS ARCTIC FURS (COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD COMPANY.)

the surface, too hard for snowshoes, was also too weak to give a secure footing. The loneliness, the monotony, the hardship of steady, unrelieved travel were now keenly felt.

It is not often that man's horse power is put to the test as ours was. We were compelled to develop a working energy to the limit of animal capacity. Day after day we had pushed along at the same steady pace over plains of frost and through a mental desert.

As the eyes opened at the end of an icy slumber the fire was lighted little by little, the stomach was filled with liquids and solids, mostly cold—enough to last for the day, for there could be no halt or waste of fuel for midday feeding. We next got into harness and paced off the day's pull under the lash of duty; we worked until standing became impossible—longer in light winds, shorter in strong winds, but always until the feet became numb and heavy.

Then came the arduous task of building a snow house. In this the eyes, no longer able to wink, closed, but soon the empty stomach complained, and it was filled up again—not with things that pleased the palate, only hard fuel to feed the inner fires, while the ear sought the soft side of ice to dissipate fatigue. No pleasure in mental recreation, nothing to arouse the soul from its icy enclosure.

To eat, to sleep, to press one foot ahead of the other, was our steady vocation—like the horse to the cart, but we had not his advantage of an agreeable climate and a comfortable stable at night.

Words and pictures cannot inade- (To Be Continued.)