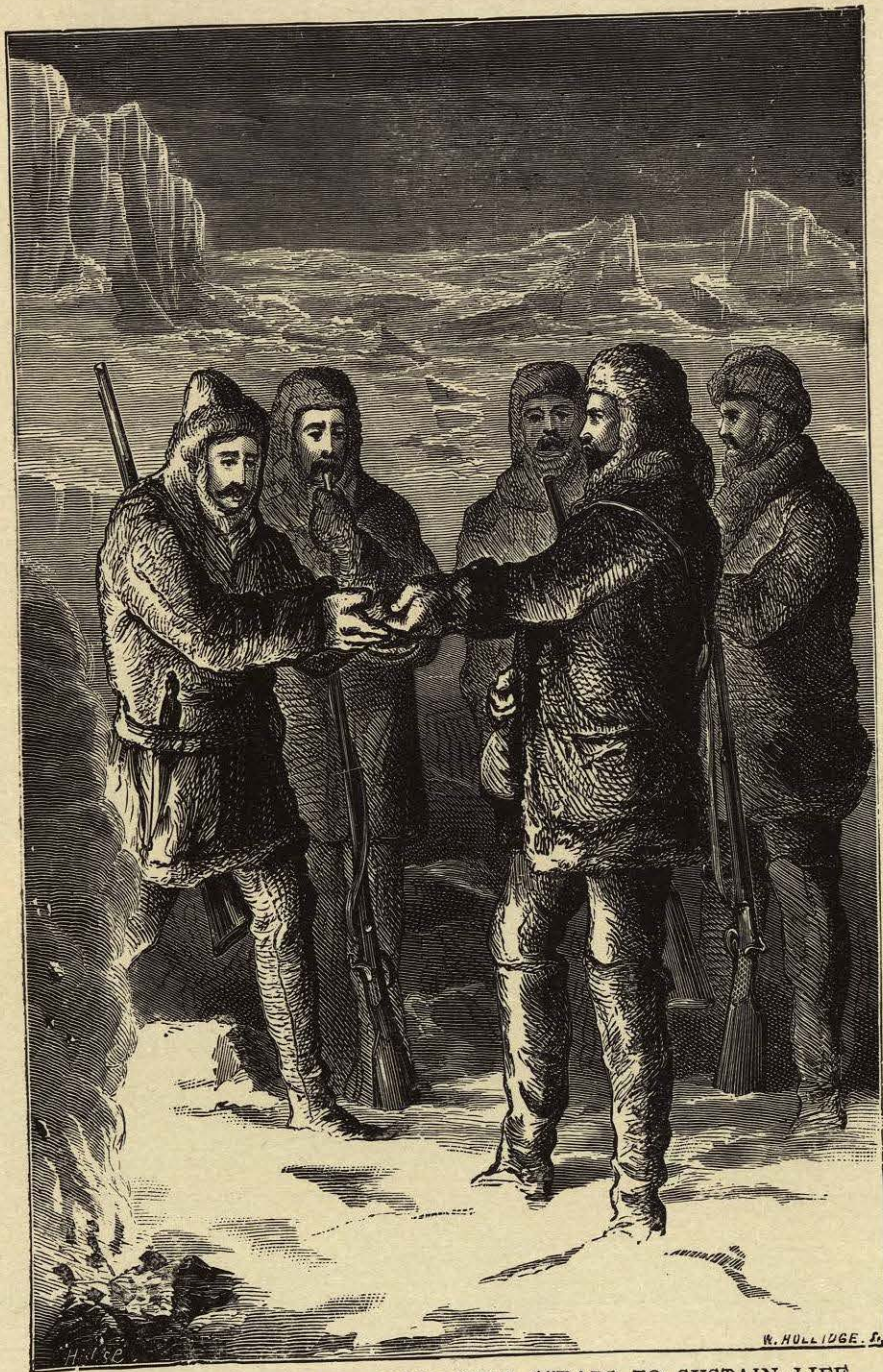


success than his sister-in-law, Mrs. Henry Harvey, of Penauken, N. J.

"Tears of joy came to my eyes when a neighbor rushed in, telling all about Fred's wonderful feat," said Mrs. Harvey when seen at her pretty home.

"He had been away so long that I had almost given up hope of his ever returning, though my sister refused to believe that anything had happened to him and insisted that he would turn up again safe and sound, but only after accomplishing his object. I, however, had not her faith, and



STARVING MEN EATING DEER-SKIN SCRAPS TO SUSTAIN LIFE



BEAR ENTERING A HUT IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

it was a great surprise as well as a wonderful relief to learn that he had been heard from.

"So far I have had no word from my sister and my only knowledge of her plans has been gleaned from the newspapers. Of course, she will write me when she has time, but just now I expect she is too excited and too busy to think of anything but how she may reach Fred the quickest. Why certainly she will go to meet him at some point on his homeward journey. Just where will depend on definite instructions from him. But it had been arranged before he went away that she would join him as soon as she could after hearing from him.

"But isn't it wonderful to think that Fred really reached

the Pole, and all by himself performed the feat that has been tried by so many larger and seemingly better equipped expeditions. Fred, however, had his own ideas and his own pet theory as to the best way to reach the Pole. He has often talked to me about his scheme, and declared positively that if he ever had the chance to make the trip along his own lines, would infallibly succeed in reaching the earth's northernmost axis.

"But I am certainly sorry that he did not have witnesses beyond the two Esquimos to back up his statement. Of course he will probably be able to prove the truth of his claim to the satisfaction of the various scientific bodies interested in such matters; but there will always be scoffers who will detract from his achievement.

EXPLORERS' RIVALRY.

"For instance, I don't think Lieutenant Peary will be the first to proffer congratulations or put himself on record as convinced that Fred did actually stand where latitude and longitudes are but names. Well, hardly! No; I won't admit that there is any personal hard feeling between Fred and the Lieutenant; it's only the explorer's rivalry; but you wait and see—Peary will probably come out with a statement demanding 'the fullest proofs' and implying a polite doubt that Fred ever got beyond Peary's then mark of 87 degrees 6 minutes.

"But, leaving aside the question of proof, isn't that journey of 500 miles, all alone, an awful thing to contemplate? Just think of it—500 miles across ice and snow, uncharted seas and unknown lands, with only hope to buoy him up and keep him going. I don't see why he didn't go mad in the terrible loneliness. The return trip, of course, could not have been so bad. In the first place, he knew the way; in the second, he had the consciousness of success to help him overcome the difficulties in his path.

"As I said before, though, he had always declared that the only way to reach the Pole was with a small party. Every additional man doubles the difficulties for the whole expedition, he said to me once, and then went on to explain that every mouth to feed meant more food, more food meant more dog teams, more chance of accident. Then, too, the

whole party would be kept down to the pace of the weakest member and there would be consultations and arguments, all of which would waste time and energy. 'Give me some acclimated Esquimaux, provisions, a little luck and my own way, and I will guarantee to reach the Pole,' he used to say. Another of his sayings was: "If too many cooks spoil the broth, too many leaders will spoil any expedition, no matter how well equipped."

Mrs. Harvey scouted the published report that her sister



THE CRESTED SEAL.

had been forced to sell her home to keep herself and children from starving while Dr. Cook was away. "My sister is comfortably off," she said, "otherwise how could she have sent additional supplies to Dr. Cook last year, spend the summer in an expensive summer resort on the Maine coast or think of making a 2,000 mile trip to meet him on his homeward journey. I don't see how that report could have been started. It is absolutely false."

How Mr. Bradley came to send an expedition to the North Pole is an interesting story of itself. Primarily, as has been told, he did not equip the schooner which later he turned

over to Dr. Cook for a strictly polar expedition, but, having hunted big game in every other quarter of the globe and sighing for other game than leopards, lions and tigers to conquer, he decided to shoot polar bears and such other game as could be found along the northern fringe of this continent. He wanted sport, and Dr. Cook, who had become notable as the first man to conquer Mount McKinley in Alaska, the tallest and bleakest peak in North America, if not in the Western Hemisphere, went along as a companion and to make scientific observations.

Mr. Bradley said that he had had the Bradley built in Gloucester, Mass., in the summer of 1907, especially for this polar hunting trip. At what cost to himself he would not say at this time, he declared, but he paid for it out of his own pocket, and equipped it for a two years' trip.

BRADLEY'S PICTURESQUE CAREER.

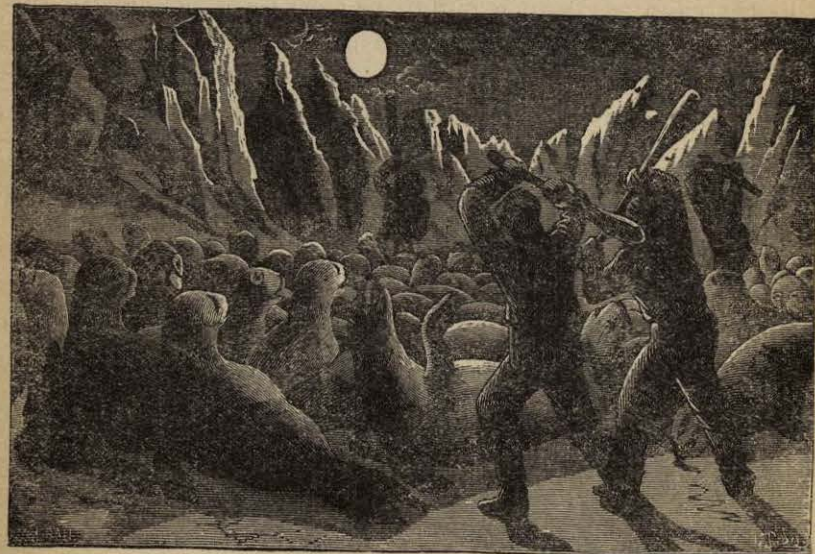
Whatever were the intentions of Mr. Bradley and Dr. Cook when they sailed from Gloucester in the fall of 1907, their purposes crystallized when they reached the Arctic regions 'round Christmas time, and Mr. Bradley found that shooting lazy and clumsy polar bears on the ice was tame sport when compared to being chased by a 4,000-pound rhinoceros in the jungles of Africa. Mr. Bradley determined to come home and to permit Dr. Cook to take the vessel on an expedition to discover the Pole.

Mr. Bradley, whose independent fortune made the Cook expedition possible, is one of the most picturesque characters in this country, if not in the world. All his life he has never been anything else but a sportsman, hunting big game. He has always scorned the title of huntsman, declaring that a real distinction existed between huntsman and sportsman, the former killing for the money there was in it from the sale of skins, furs, ivory and tusks, but that the sportsman hunted for the trophies only and for the pure love of the chase.

Down in Pennsylvania where Mr. Bradley was born he was known from the time he was 18 years of age as the one man who could bring down any kind of game he shot at. When he grew older, coupled with uncommon success and skill as a marksman and hunter, he developed a roving spirit,

which took him finally to every country on the globe and into the darkest recesses of Africa and even finally into the wild Dzungarian district of Mongolia, from which no other white man, according to good authorities, has returned alive.

This Mongolian expedition was undertaken for the purpose of obtaining the ovis ammon, a rare mountain sheep found only in the densest section of Mongolia. He went against the advice of friends and the earnest admonition of Russian officials, who assured him that he had not one chance in a hundred to escape the murderous bandits who infest the mountains which he was to traverse. With one man he



KILLING SEALS.

knew, a Persian interpreter, and such of the Mongolian natives as he could hire and drill into a sort of bodyguard, he faced death a dozen times, nearly as many times in hand-to-hand encounters with the half-savage highwaymen of the mountain trails. When finally he crept back into the land of civilization he brought with him twenty-five ovis ammon, ten ibex and four antelopes.

Mr. Bradley has lived more tales of adventure in Africa than most men could possibly invent. He is reputed to be one of the few men in the world who has ever seen the Congo, so rare as to be held by some as a myth, a huge, grass-eating animal that no white man has ever killed, and that is to be

found in no museum in the world, except the horns of one which were bought from an African black man.

Mr. Bradley assembled most of his hunting trophies except such as he had given to museums in his apartments, then in the Sixty-seventh Street studio apartment, 27 West Sixty-seventh Street, about two years ago, aptly calling his rooms "The Lair." One opened his door leading from a modern apartment corridor into what was seemingly a mass-meeting of all the wild beasts of the African jungle, so thickly did the trophies of the chase and rifle hang about the walls and cover the floor. His pictures, the products of his still hunts with the camera, formed one of the rarest collections in the world.

He had hardly settled down again, receiving now and then groups of his friends, when the stories of the animals Peary had seen on his Arctic expeditions attracted his attention. The old longing came to him again, and this opened up the only remaining new line of sport left him. He determined to set out as soon as practicable and to make it his last. He lived at the Holland House for a while after his return, then at the Plaza, and finally settled down in the present handsome rooms in Fifth Avenue.

CHAPTER IV.

DR. COOK'S STORY OF HUNGER AND PRIVATION.

"How I Found the North Pole"—Doctor Cook's Own Story—Beset by Unceasing Perils—Polar Campaign Begins—Three in Final Dash—Over Sea of Moving Ice—Begin Eating Sled Dogs—Raise Flag over Pole—Battle for Life on Return—Bears were Life Savers—Dying from Hunger—"I Stood on the Pole" Scared Eskimos.



STRAIGHTFORWARD and clear is the narrative of the explorer, truthfully and entrancingly told. Dr. Cook narrates the story that no one but himself can tell.

The earlier phases of his trip already have been detailed graphically by Mr. Bradley and Dr. Cook's only white companion on the first of his dash into the Arctic wastes. The climax and the weary hours that preceded his triumph are in Dr. Cook's own words.

No sooner had he returned to civilization to find his discoveries discredited by jealous scientists than he gave out a series of detailed accounts of the various phases of his fearful trip.

Put into consecutive order they tell a tale that no other man alive can relate—a tale which hundreds of his less fortunate predecessors have died in a vain endeavor to make their own.

Scarcely had he gotten home when the first of these appeared. Since then, piece by piece, he has laid before the world a story so daring, so seemingly incredible, but so graphic that doubt was speedily dispelled.

Beginning at the Pole itself, and taking up his adventures in fragmentary style he says, through the columns of the Paris edition of the New York Herald:

"After a prolonged fight against famine and frost we have at last succeeded in reaching the North Pole.

"A new highway with an interesting strip of animated nature has at last been explored.

"Big game haunts were located, which will delight the sportsmen, and extends the Eskimo horizon.