

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.

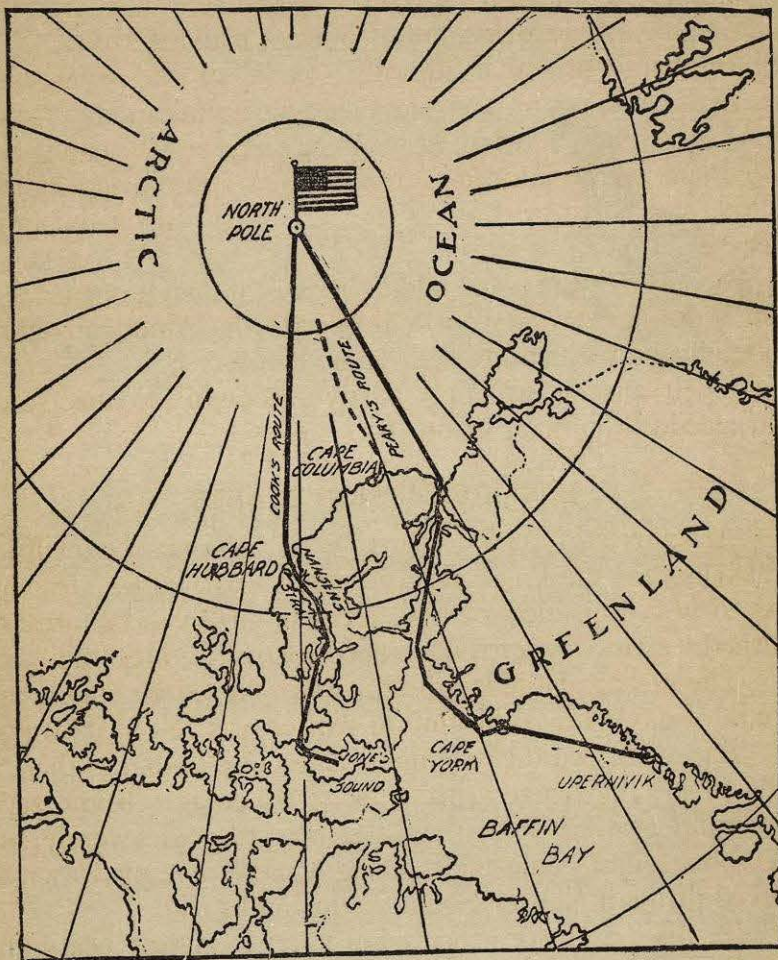
"A new highway with an interesting strip of animated nature has at last been explored.

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

"Land has been discovered upon which rests the earth's northernmost rocks.

"A triangle of 30,000 square miles has been cut out of the terrestrial unknown.

"The expedition was the outcome of a summer cruise in Arctic seas. The yacht Bradley arrived at the limit of navi-



ROUTES TAKEN BY COOK AND PEARY TO THE NORTH POLE.

gation in Smith Sound in August, 1907. Here conditions were found favorable to launch a venture for the Pole.

"Mr. John R. Bradley liberally supplied from the yacht suitable provisions for local use, and my own equipments for emergencies served well for every purpose of Arctic travel.

"Many Eskimos had gathered on the Greenland shores at

Annotok for the winter bear hunt. Immense catches of meat had been gathered. About the camp were plenty of strong dogs.

"The combination was lucky for there was good material for an equipment, expert help and an efficient motor force, and all that was required was conveniently arranged at a point only 700 miles from the boreal centre.

"A house and workshop was built of packing boxes. The willing hands of this northernmost tribe of 250 people were set to the problem of devising a suitable outfit, and before the end of the long winter night we were ready for the enterprise.

"Plans were matured to force a new route over Grinnell Land, and northward along its west coast out on the Polar Sea.

"Soon after the polar midnight the campaign opened. A few scouting parties were sent over to the American shores to explore a way and to seek game haunts.

"Their mission was only partly successful because storm darkened the January moon.

POLAR CAMPAIGN STARTS.

"At sunrise of 1908 (February 19), the main expedition embarked for the Pole. Eleven men and 103 dogs, drawing eleven heavily-loaded sledges, left the Greenland shore and pushed westward over the troubled ice of Smith Sound.

"The gloom of the long night was relieved by only a few hours of daylight. The chill of winter was felt at its worst.

"As we crossed the heights of Ellesmere Sound to the Pacific Slope, the temperature sank to 83 degrees below zero. Several dogs were frozen and the men suffered severely, but we soon found game trails along which an easy way was forced through Nansen Sound to the land's end.

"In this march we procured 101 musk oxen, 7 bears and 335 hare, and then we pushed out into the Polar Sea from the southern point of Heiberg Island.

"On March 18, six Eskimos returned from here with four men and forty-dogs, moving supplies for eighty days.

"The crossing of the circumpolar pack was begun three days later, the other Eskimos forming the last supporting party returned. The train had now been reduced by the survival of the fittest. The Eutkishook and the Aswelad, the

two best men, and twenty-six dogs, were packed for the final dash. There was before us an unknown line of 460 miles to our goal.

"The first day permitted long marches and with encouraging progress, the big lead which separated the land ice from the central pack was crossed with little delay.

"Low temperature and persistent winds made life a torture, but, cooped in snow houses, eating dried beef and tallow, and drinking hot tea, some animal comforts were occasionally to be gained.

"For several days after the site of known land was lost the overcast skies prevented an accurate determination of our position.

"On March 30 the horizon was partly cleared of its smoky agitation, and over the western mist was discovered a new land.

"The observation gave our position, latitude, 84 degrees, no minutes, 47 seconds; longitude, 86 degrees, no minutes, 36 seconds.

ADVANCE OVER SEA OF MOVING ICE.

"The urgent need of rapid advance on our main mission did not permit a detour to explore the coast.

"Here were seen the last signs of solid earth. Beyond there was nothing staple, and even on scaling nothing was noted to mark the terrestrial polar solidity.

"We advanced steadily over the monotony of a moving sea of ice.

"We now found ourselves beyond the range of all life. Neither the footprints of bear nor the blowholes of seals were detected. Even the microscopic creatures of the deep were no longer under us.

"The maddening influence of the shifting desert of frost became almost unendurable in the daily routine. The surface of the pack offered less and less trouble. The weather improved, but still there remained a light, life-sapping wind, which drove despair to its lowest recess.

"Under the lash of duty, however, interest was forced, while the merciless drive of extreme cold enforced physical action.

"Thus, day after day, the weary legs were spread over big distances.

"The incidents and the positions were recorded, but the adventure was promptly forgotten in the mental bleach of the next day's effort.

"The night of April 7 was made notable by the swing of the sun at midnight over the northern ice.

"Sunburns and frost bites were now recorded on the same day, but the double days of glitter infused quite an incentive into our life of shivers.

"Observations on April 8 placed our camp at latitude, 86 degrees, 36 seconds; longitude, 94 degrees, 2 seconds.

"In spite of what seemed like long marches, we had advanced but little more than 100 miles in nine days.

"Much of our hard work was lost in circuitous twists about troublesome pressure lines and high irregular fields of very old ice.

THE DRIFTING ICE GAVE SOME ANXIETY.

"The drift, too, was driving eastward with sufficient force to give some anxiety, though we were still equal to about fifteen miles daily.

"The extended marches and the long hours of travel with which fortune had favored us earlier were no longer possible.

"We were now about 200 miles from the Pole, and the sled loads were reduced. One dog after another had gone into the stomachs of his hungry survivors until the teams were considerably reduced, but there seemed to remain a sufficient balance of man and brute to push along into the heart of the mystery to which we had set ourselves.

"Beyond the 86 parallel the ice field became more extensive and heavier, the crevices fewer and less troublesome, with little or no crushed ice thrown up as barriers.

"From the 87 to the 88, much to our surprise, was the indication of land ice.

"For two days we traveled over ice which resembled a glacial surface. The usual sea ice lines of demarkation were absent and there were no hummocks or deep crevices.

"There was, however, no perceptible elevation and no positive sign of land or sea.

"Observation on the fourteenth gave latitude 88 degrees, 21 minutes and longitude 95 degrees, 52 minutes.

"We were now less than 100 miles from the Pole.

"The pack was here more active, but the temperature remained below minus 40, cementing quickly the new crevices.

"Young ice spread on the narrow spaces of open water so rapidly that little delay was caused in crossing from one field to another.

"The time had now arrived to muster energy for the last series of efforts.



HOME OF THE EIDER DUCKS

"In the enforced efforts every human strand was strained and at camping time there was no longer sufficient energy to erect a snow shelter, though the temperature was still very low.

"The silk tent was pressed into service and the change proved agreeable. It encouraged a more careful scrutiny of the strange world into which fate had pressed us.

"Signs of land were still seen every day, but they were deceptive illusions or a mere flight of fancy.

"It seemed that something must cross the horizon to mark the important area into which we were pushing.

"When the sun was low the eye ran over the moving plain of color to dancing horizon. The mirages turned things topsy-turvy. Inverted mountains 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.

"Slowly but surely we neared the turning point. Good astronomical observations were daily procured to fix the advancing stages.

"The ice steadily improved, but still there was a depressing monotony of scene and life had no pleasures, no spiritual recreation, nothing to relieve the steady physical drag of chronic fatigue.

"But there came an end to this, as to all things. On April 21 the first corrected altitude of the sun gave 89 degrees, 59 minutes, 46 seconds.

"The Pole therefore was in sight.

"We advanced the fourteen seconds, made supplementary observation, and prepared to stay long enough to permit a double round of observation.

"Etukishook and Aswelad were told that we had reached the 'Neig Nail,' and they sought to celebrate by an advance of savage joys.

RAISE FLAG OVER POLE.

"At last we had pierced the boreal centre, and the flag had been raised to the coveted breezes of the North Pole.

"The day was April 21, 1908. The sun indicated local noon, but time 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 the latitude was 90, the temperature 38 below zero, and the barometer 29.83.

"North, east and west had vanished. 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 spirit began to descend on the following day, after all the observations had been taken with a careful study of the local condition, a sense of intense loneliness came with the further scrutiny of the horizon.

"What a cheerless spot to have aroused the ambition of man for so many ages.

"An endless field 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.

"We turned our back to the Pole on April 23 and began the long return march. Counting on a continued easterly drift, the course was forced further west.

"With fair weather, good ice and the inspiration of the home run, long distances were at first quickly covered.

"Below the 87 parallel the character of the ice changed very much, and it became evident that the season was advancing rapidly.

"With a good deal of anxiety we watched the daily reduction of the food supply.

"It now became evident that the crucial stage of the campaign was to be transferred from the taking of the Pole to a final battle for life against famine and frost.

BATTLE FOR LIFE ON RETURN.

"The clear blue of the skies changed to a steady dismal gray.

"Several days of icy despair followed each other in rapid succession.

"There were some violent gales, but usually the wind did not rise to the full force of a storm. With starvation as the alternative, we could not wait for better weather. Some advance was made nearly every day, but the cost of the desperate efforts pressed life to the verge of extinction.

"On May 24 the sky cleared long enough to give us a set of observation.

"We had reached the 84 parallel near the 97 meridian. The ice was much broken and drifted westward, leaving many open spaces of water.

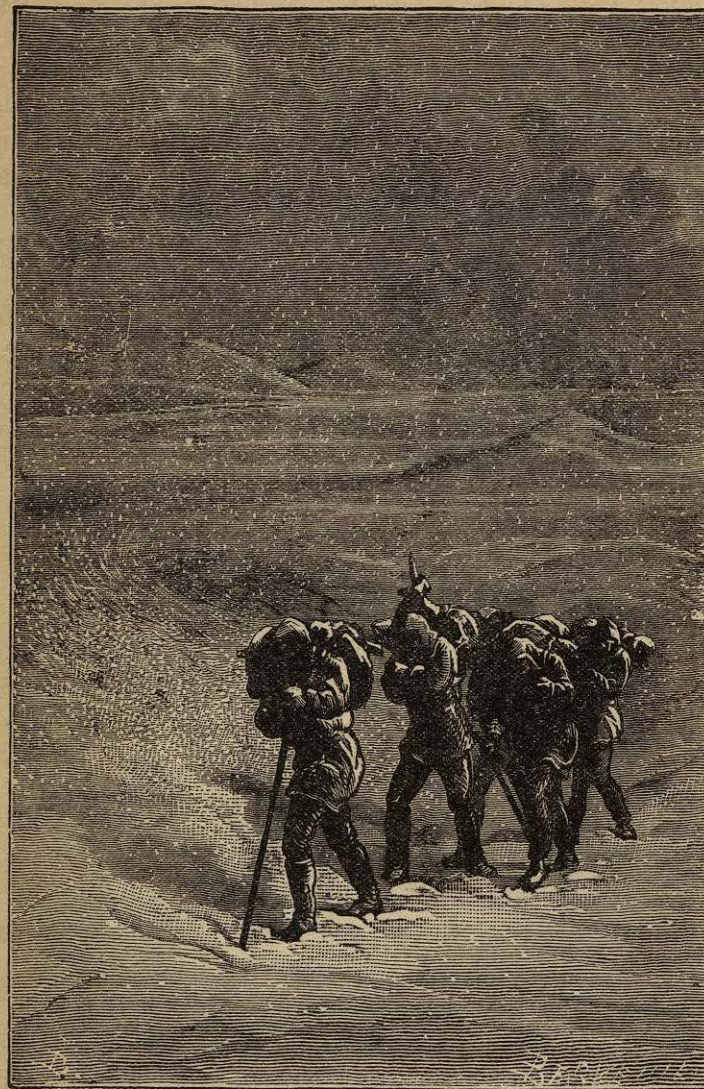
"There remained on our sleds scarcely enough food to reach our caches on Nansen Sound, unless we averaged 15 miles daily. With the disrupted 'lack' and reduced strength, we were hardly equal to ten miles daily.

"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 83 parallel we found ourselves to the west of a large track, extending southward. The ice changed to small

fields. The temperature rose to zero and a persistent mist obscured the heavens.

"The events of the following day were pressed into desperate action.



A JOURNEY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"With a few lines on papers to register the life of suffering, the food for man and dog was reduced to a three-quarter ration, while the difficulties of ice travel rose to disheartening height.

"At the end of a struggle of twenty days through thick

fog the sky cleared, and we found ourselves far down in Crown Prince Gustav Sea, with open water and impassible small ice as a barrier between us and Heiberg Islands.

"In the next few days bears came along as life savers. The empty stomachs were spread and the horizon for a time was cleared of trouble.

"With the return to Annotok rendered difficult by the unfortunate westerly drift, we now sought to follow the ice movement south to Lancaster Sound, where we hoped to reach a Scottish whaler.

"Early in July further southward progress became impossible and in quest of food we crossed the Firth of Devan into Jones Sound.

"The dogs were here given the freedom of their wolf propensities, and by folding boat and sled we tried to reach Baffins Bay with but an occasional bird to eat and a long line of misfortunes, we pushed eastward until the frost of early September stopped progress. With neither food, fuel nor ammunition we were forced to wrest winter supplies from what seemed at first like a lifeless desert.

HARD PRESSED BY HUNGER.

"Pressed by hunger, new implements were shaped and Cape Sparbo was picked as a likely place to find life.

"Game was located with the bow and arrow, the line, the lance and the knife. The musk-ox, bear and wolves yielded meat, skins and fat. An underground den was prepared and in it we remained until sunrise of 1909.

"On February 18 the start was made for Annotok. With a new prepared equipment the Greenland shores were reached on April 15.

"Here we were greeted by Harry Whitney and an anxious group of Eskimo friends.

"To facilitate an early return I moved southward to the Danish settlement and reached Upernivik on May 21, 1909."

To get the fullest possible details of this thrilling experience, it is now necessary for us to board the steamer Hans Egarde, which carried the intrepid explorer back to civilization.

The first news came from the Shetland Islands, where the ship that carried him from Greenland first touched. The

world then waited in breathless expectancy while the Egarde plowed her way across the North Sea to Denmark.

It was off Skagen, Denmark, that a correspondent boarded the steamer. His account of the meeting with Dr. Cook follows:

"I have ample proof that I reached the North Pole in the observations I took, which afford a certain means of checking the truth of my statements," Dr. Cook said.

"Although I am proud of my achievement in planting the American flag on the North Pole, I look with much greater pride to the fact that I traveled around more than 30,000 square miles of hitherto unknown ground, and opened up an entirely fresh field of exploration."

LIVED LIKE AN ESQUIMAUX.

The explorer in this, the first interview since his return to civilization, ascribes his success to the fact that he made use of the old methods, namely, Esquimaux and dogs, and that he lived like an Eskimaux himself.

The doctor then gave a hurried sketch of his expedition, in which he said:

"Going northward, I struck first a westerly course from Greenland, and then moved northward.

"I arrived at the North Pole April 21, 1908, as already announced, accompanied by only two Esquimos.

"We reached the Pole at 7 o'clock in the morning.

"I took daily observations for a whole fortnight before arriving at the Pole.

"Returning we were forced to take a more westerly route, and the ^{at}st ten days I took observations daily and recorded them. thI was unable to measure the depth of the sea, as I had not the necessary instruments.

"The lowest temperature recorded was 83 degrees centigrade below zero."

(Eighty-three degrees centigrade below zero is equal to 117 degrees below zero Fahrenheit.)

"I have ample proof that I reached the North Pole in the observations I took, which afford a certain means of checking the truth of my statements.

"Although I am proud of my achievement in planting the American flag on the North Pole, I look with much greater

pride to the fact that I traveled around more than thirty thousand square miles of hitherto unknown ground, and opened up an entirely fresh field for exploration."

The severe gale blowing cut short attempts to obtain a longer interview with Dr. Cook.

The Hans Egede was met in the North Sea by the pilot steamer Polar Bear, aboard which was Captain Amdrup, the well-known polar explorer, who was sent as a special representative of the Danish Government to welcome Dr. Cook. As the vessels approached each other Captain Amdrup led the cheers for the American explorer.

Another newspaper man thus describes his first interview with the man who had just written his name among the immortals:

"As the steamer Hans Egede steamed by I caught through my glasses a vision of a small man in a dark suit and peaked cap shading his eyes with his hands, as if straining to see the welcome civilization after years of icy exile.

"It was Dr. Cook, the explorer, whose name is on every tongue. He was chatting with the captain on the bridge, now smiling, now waving his hand. I was allowed to board the Hans Egede.

FLOWERS BRING TEARS.

"Somebody gave Dr. Cook a bouquet. Tears dimmed his eyes as he buried his face in their fragrance. 'It's years since I have seen flowers,' said the explorer with a quiver of emotion in his voice.

"I followed him to the cabin. His face was tanned from exposure. He looked the picture of splendid health—Only when he smiled one noticed the loss of two teeth. A fight with a polar bear did that,' he said.

"'You can tell the world,' the explorer continued, 'that I am in better condition than at any time and look forward with an appetite to the festivities that are promised me. My dinner has been poor these last few years, and I shall have to make up for it.'

"Dr. Cook then briefly described his journey. Regarding his discovery he said:

"'Then came April 21. That was the great day. We looked for the sun. As soon as we got it I made several

observations. Great joy came over us. We were only 16 miles from the desired spot. I said to myself, bully for Frederick; then we went on.

"'The last stretch was the easiest I ever made in my life, although I had still to make two observations, and the ice was very broken here. My spirits were high and I shouted like a boy. The Eskimos looked at one another, surprised at my gayety. They did not share my joy.

"'I felt that I ought to be there. I made my last observation and found that I was standing on the Pole.

"'My feelings? Well, I was too tired, really, to feel any sensation. I planted the Stars and Stripes in the ice field and my heart grew warm when I saw it wave in the wind.'

"'How does the North Pole look?' was asked.

STAYED TWO DAYS AT THE POLE.

"'Well,' said Dr. Cook, smiling, 'it amounts to the size of a twenty-five-cent piece. There is nothing to see but ice, ice; no water, only ice. There were more holes here than at the eighty-seventh degree, which shows there is more movement and drifts here, but this and other observations I made afterwards—when I got more settled. I stopped two days at the Pole, and I assure you it was not easy to say good-bye to the spot.

"'As I was sitting at the Pole I could not help smiling at the people who, on my return, would call the whole expedition a humbug. I was sure the people would say that I had bought my two witnesses and that my notebook with my daily observations had been manufactured on board this ship.

"'The only thing I can put up against this is what the Eskimos have told Knud Ramussen. Let the skeptics who disbelieve my story go to the North Pole. They will find a small brass tube which I buried under the flag. That tube contains a short statement about my trip. I could not leave my visiting card because I did not happen to have one with me.

"'Perhaps,' the explorer added dryly, 'I should have stayed there longer had it not begun to freeze us in our idleness. The Eskimos were uneasy and the dogs howled fearfully. On April 23, therefore, I again turned my nose south-

ward, which was much easier, as you cannot turn your nose in any other direction when you stand at the Pole.'

"Describing the return journey, Dr. Cook said:

"Fortune now smiled. We did twenty miles per day until we reached the ominous 87th degree. Then I felt the ice moving eastward, carrying us with it. A terrible fog swept round us and kept up for three weeks. We got no further than the 84th degree. Then began a heavy walk towards Heiberg's Land and another three weeks of fog. When that cleared I saw we had drifted southwest to Ring-



WATCHING FOR SEALS.

nest, and where we found open water and tower-high ice, which stopped our way eastward.

"We now began to suffer hunger. Our provisions were becoming exhausted and we were unable to find depots. We entered Ringnest and on June 20 found the first animals on our return—bear and seal. We shot a bear.

"And now our goal was the whalers at Lancaster Sound. We followed the drift ice to the south eighty miles a day, but were stopped by pack ice in Wellington Channel, which was impassable either by boat or sledge. Here was game, but we did not dare shoot it. Our bullets had run short. We went

to Jones' Sound after walrus and bears and found open, calm water. We met polar wolves, with which some of our dogs made friends and ran away.

"Now we spent day and night in an open boat ten miles from shore. This lasted for two months, while storms often raged over our heads. At last we got ashore again, but we had no food and were obliged to eat birds raw. One day we found fuel, and what a feast we had. But we suffered much hunger during this period. One night a bear came and stole our food. We had many fights with musk-oxen, which attacked us. Our best weapon against them was the lasso.'

"The correspondent's story quotes Dr. Cook as saying:

"Say that the day we reached our provision stores at Etah was a greater day than April 21. I long to get back to civilization, to move among my fellow men; I long to press my wife to my heart. I am the happiest man living. Tell the whole world I thank God I am back.'"

ARRIVAL AT COPENHAGEN.

His ship reached Copenhagen, the Danish capital, on September 4, 1909.

The account which follows lays bare still more details of his dash for the Pole.

Speaking to the representative of the Associated Press, Dr. Cook said he left at the North Pole the American flag and a box containing documents, including a brief account of his trip and certain observations and data to bear out his claim.

Captain I. Larsen, of the Hans Egede, said he had examined Dr. Cook's records and that he believed them to be perfectly correct.

In the course of the interview with the Associated Press representative on board the Hans Egede, Dr. Cook declared with great emphasis:

"I have been to the North Pole and I have brought back the most exact observations, absolutely proving my statement. I have kept a diary throughout my entire expedition, in which I recorded the most minute details.

"It was not my intention at the start to proceed to the Pole; I was merely on an Arctic excursion. But as I found conditions favorable I continued on my way to the Pole."

"I discovered two hitherto unknown islands.

"We missed the depots which previously had been established, but we came accidentally upon one of Svendrup's depots, where we found provisions and instruments in an excellent state of preservation.

"Owing to the smallness of my expedition our requirements were not large. For the same reason we were able to proceed quickly. On some days we covered as high as twelve miles, which is an extraordinary speed.

"As I approached the Pole the Eskimos with me were utterly scared at the meteorological conditions.

"On the return trip our provisions became entirely exhausted. No animal life was visible, and for three days we had nothing to eat. Then in a crevice of the ice we caught several walruses.

"I had only a few cartridges left. I crept along the ice on my stomach, approaching the animals slowly so as not to scare them. I expended all my cartridges, and as a result secured two of the walruses. Our lives were saved.

"We then broke up our only sledge and made bows and arrows of the wood, as do the Eskimos, and secured game with these arms.

"Again near Cape York we were virtually on the point of starvation when we found a young seal sleeping on the ice. At Cape York itself we found traces of musk-oxen, which we tracked and killed.

"From Upernavik to Edgesminde I sailed on the same ship that carried the Maclintock and Franklin relief expedition."

But his further revelations well may be postponed until we have told of his royal reception at the hands of the Danish King and people, on that memorable 4th of September, 1909.

CHAPTER V.

REGAL RECEPTION TO RETURNED EXPLORER.

"In World of Ice and Purple Snows"—Royal Honors for Great Explorer—Back to Civilization—Denmark's Ruler Honors Him—Guest at Brilliant Banquet—Cook's Modest Demeanor—Greetings from Many Monarchs—Copenhagen Crowds with Joy—Streets Thronged in His Honor—Guest of Danish Government—Escorted Ashore by the Crown Prince.

DR. FREDERICK A. COOK stepped from the steamship *Hans Egede* in Copenhagen harbor on the arm of the Crown Prince of Denmark at 10 o'clock on the morning of September 4, 1909, unshorn and looking like a sailor before the mast. He sat down to dinner at 8 o'clock that evening in the City Hall, the guest of a brilliant company of the capital's most distinguished men and women, arrayed in evening dress provided by the King's tailor.

The hours between these events were the busiest of his life. Polar exploration never afforded anything half so crowded with variety and excitement. They were hours of speech-making, handshaking, bowing to clamoring crowds and then, after addressing the people, who almost tore him to pieces in their eagerness to see the discoverer of the Pole, Doctor Cook was the recipient of formal welcomes at the hotel where he was the Government's guest.

There he passed through the hands of tailors, outfitters and barbers. Later he lunched with Dr. Maurice F. Egan, the American Minister, being plied incessantly for an hour with questions. He went through hundreds of telegrams, including congratulations from geographical societies of several nations, explorers and friends, offers of exploitation ranging from books to music hall engagements, and then hurried to the palace and gave the King and other members of the royal family a long account of his adventures.

Returning to his hotel, he received a battalion of correspondents, who subjected him for another hour to a merciless cross-examination, demanding explanations of all the criticisms that have been leveled against his claims.

These questions Dr. Cook answered with the best temper, frankly and fully. Whatever might have been thought of