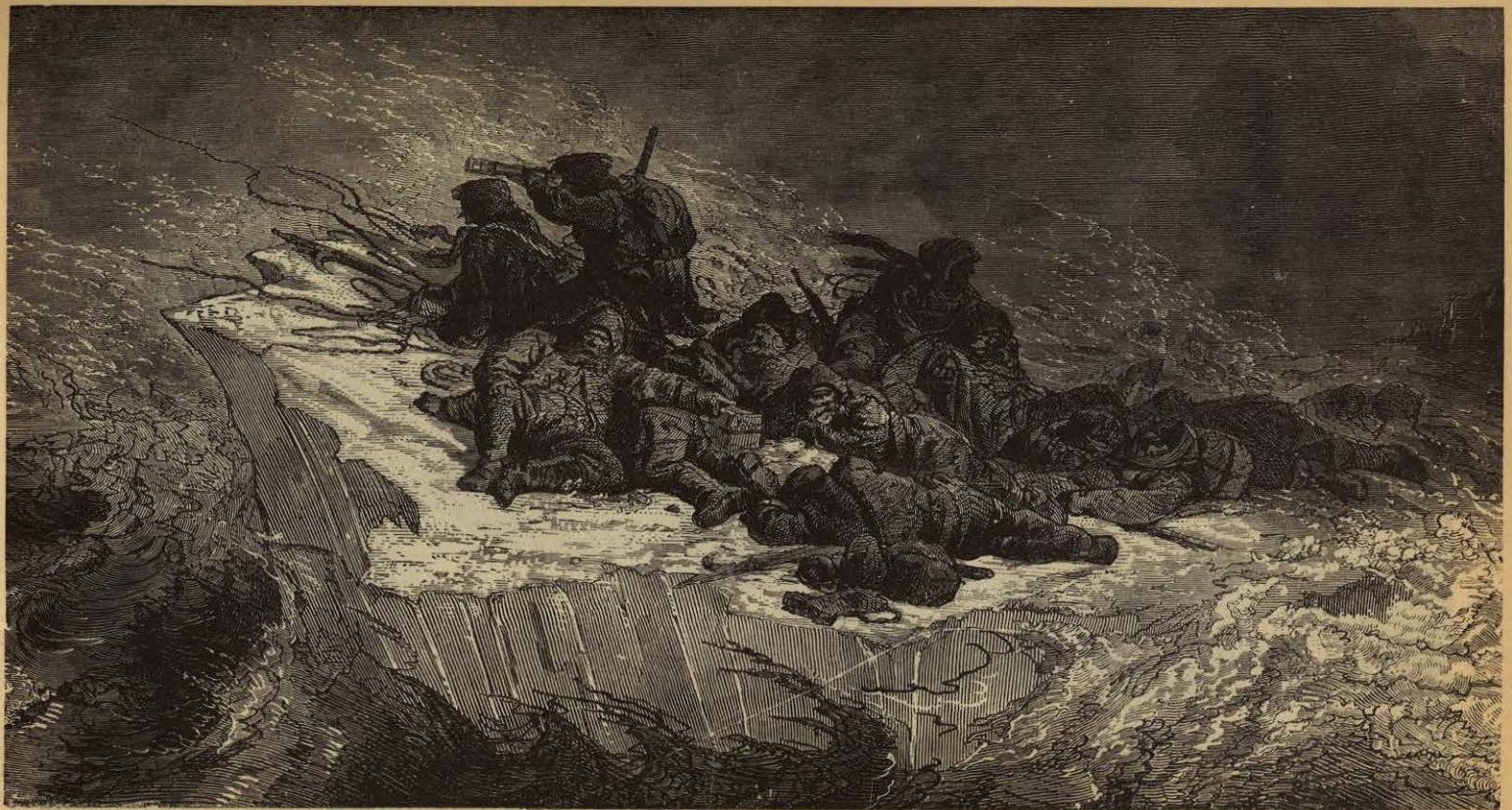




AN ESQUIMAUX SNOW VILLAGE—IN GREENLAND, NORTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.



AN ARCTIC SCENE—ON A FLOATING ICEBERG.

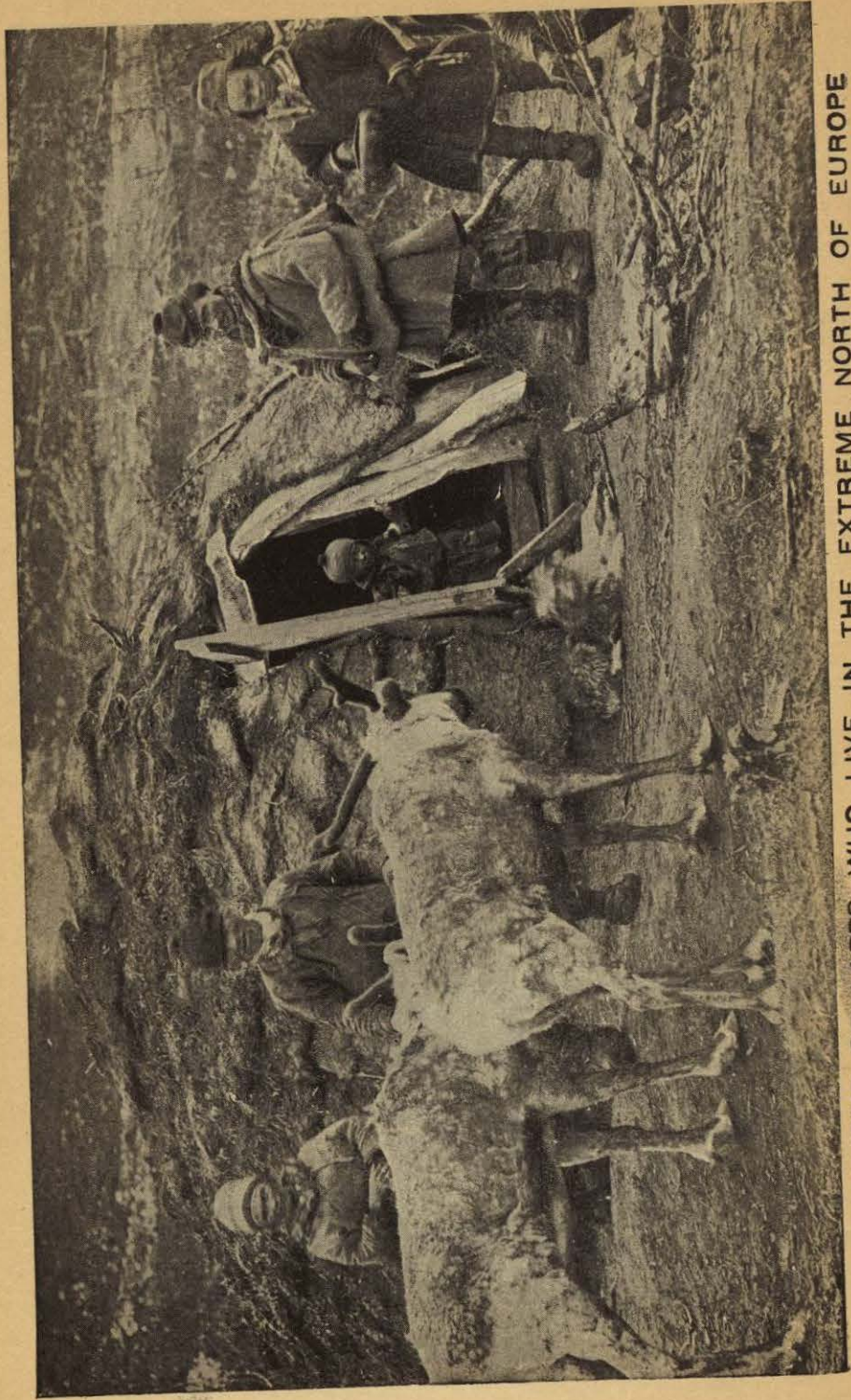


THE WALRUS OF THE ARCTIC SEAS.

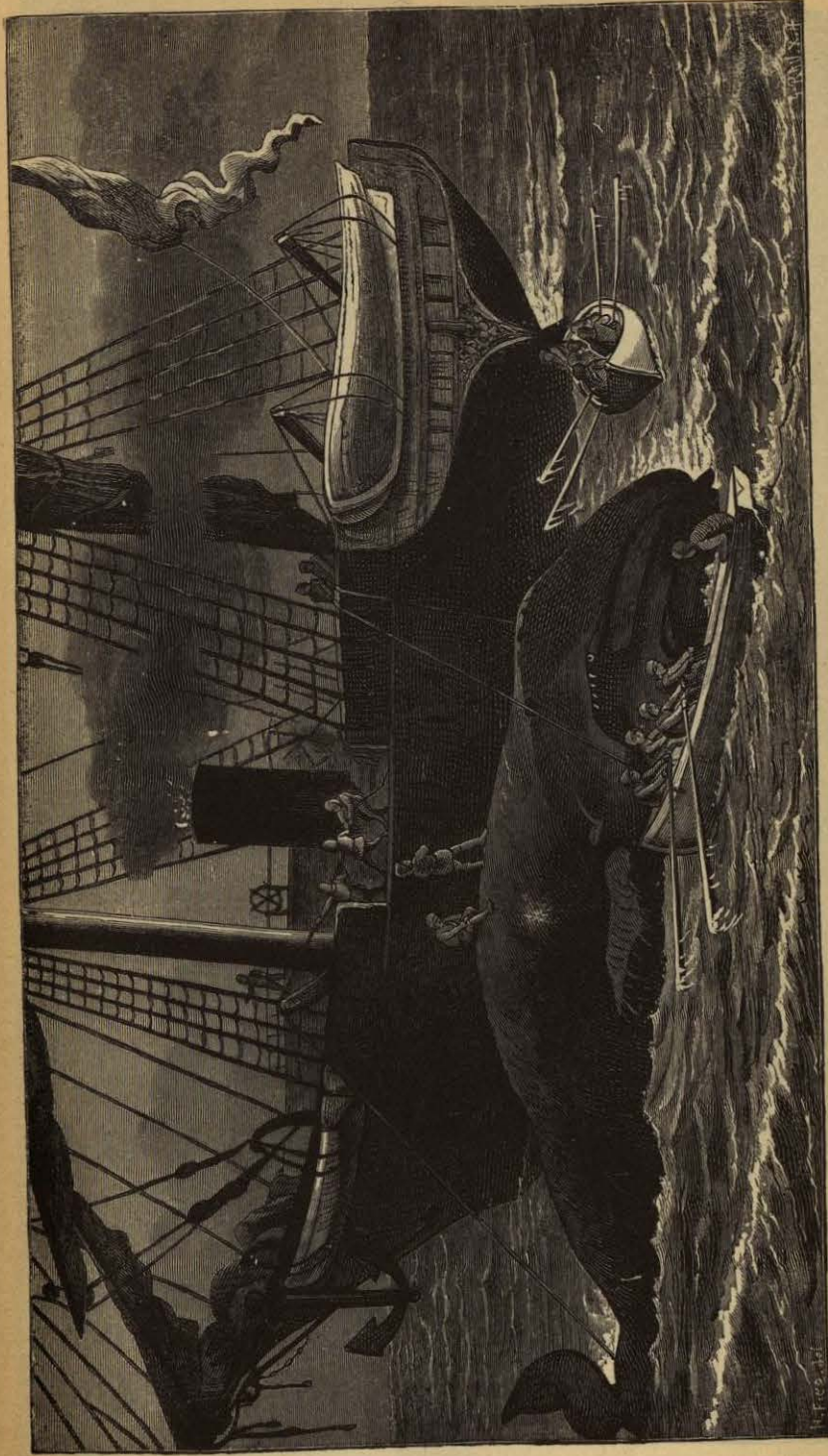
ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE REINDEER IN THE EXTREME NORTH OF EUROPE



THE REINDEER OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS.



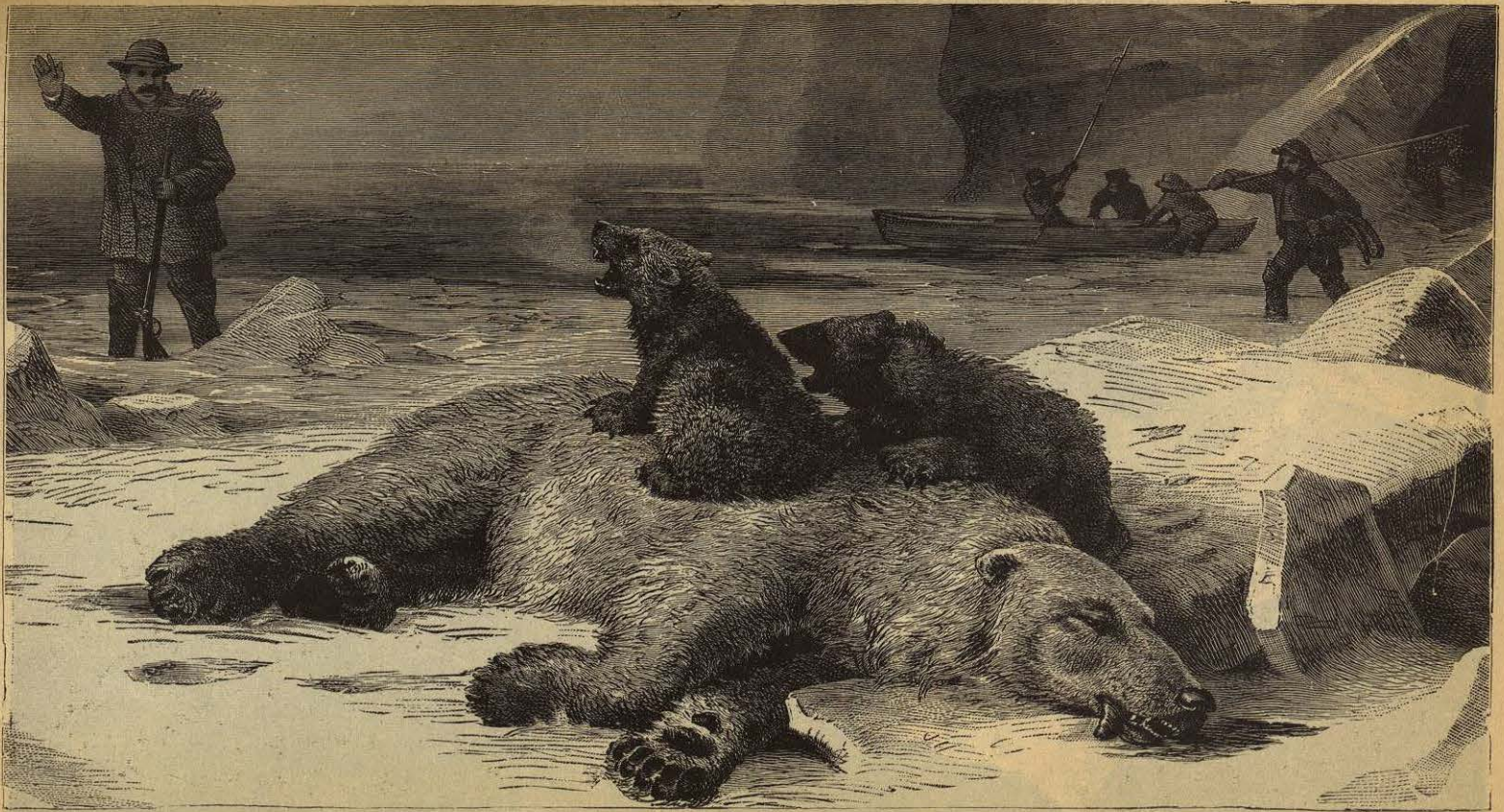
ENCAMPMENT OF LAPPS—WHO LIVE IN THE EXTREME NORTH OF EUROPE



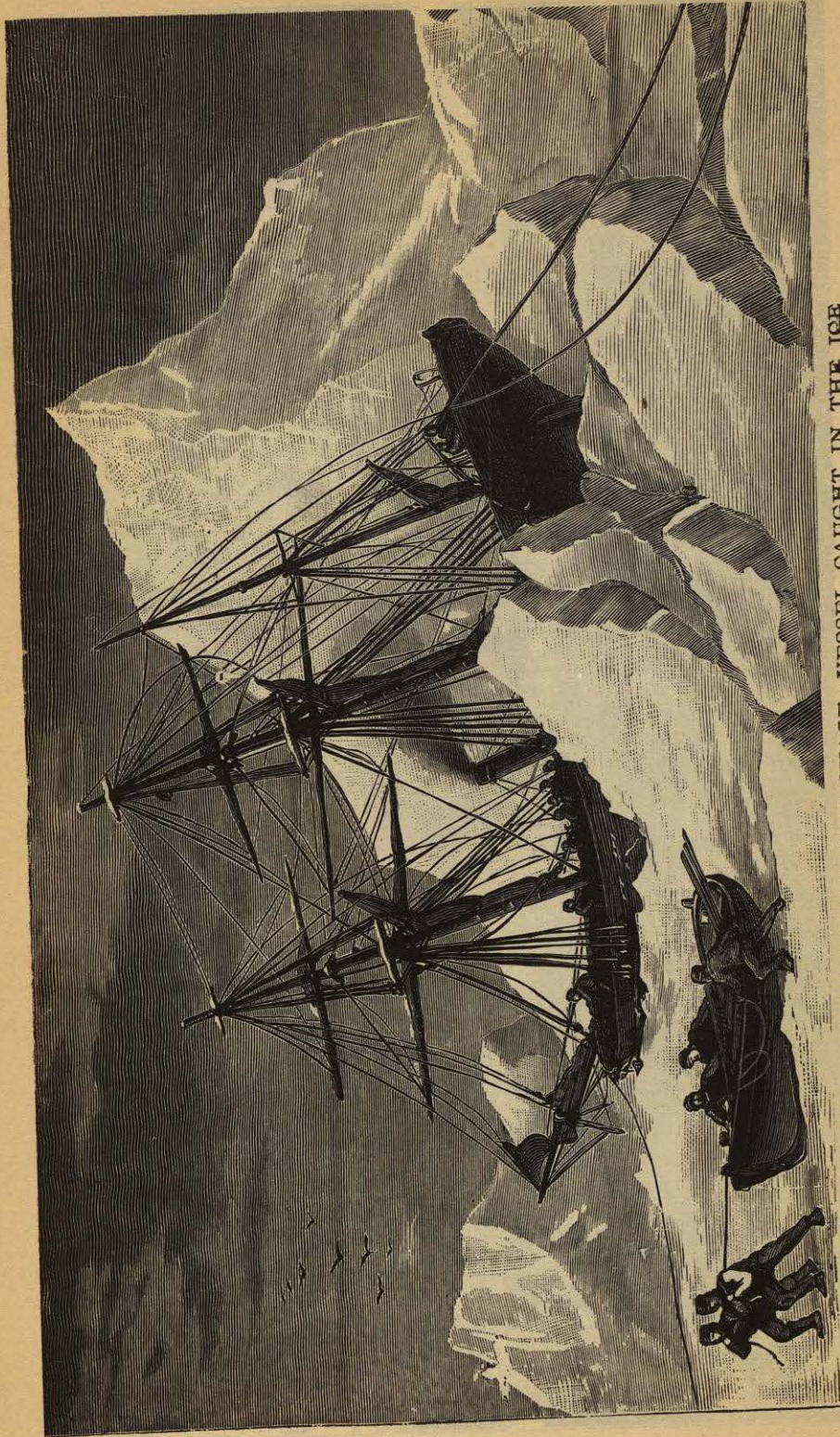
ON BOARD THE "ARCTIC" WHALER.



MEN OF THE ALERT IN THE EXTREME NORTH.



ARCTIC SCENE—KILLED WHILE DEFENDING HER YOUNG.



PERILS OF AN ARCTIC VOYAGE—VESSEL CAUGHT IN THE ICE

on a conversation in an ordinary way. I also regard the Eskimos as an intelligent and cultured people.'

"This was a surprising statement, as I had always thought the Eskimos were the most primitive and ignorant race on earth, but Dr. Cook, of course, is a high authority. By this time, he said, Mr. Rasmussen, an explorer, would have interviewed the Eskimos who came back from the Pole with him, and who are now in Greenland.

"It is, of course, impossible,' I said, 'that you could have covered 30,000 square miles of the newly discovered land. That must have been wrongly put in your first message?'

"What I did, he explained, 'was to strike a straight line to the Pole, and to come back another straight line.' He illustrated his meaning by drawing an acute angle on the cabin table. 'The area through which that angle struck was 30,000 square miles,' he added.

A JOURNEY WHICH BROKE THE RECORDS.

"Prodigious!' I exclaimed. 'Tell me, Dr. Cook, how did you manage to travel over the ice and land at a rate which beats all previous records, taking only three months for your final dash to the Pole, whereas it took you nine months to come back over the same distance? There is something very strange about that.'

"Not at all,' he said calmly. 'I traveled toward the Pole at an average rate of 15 miles a day. I could have done 30, and do as much on some days, but on others I was retarded. Ask any Danish explorers, and they will tell you there is nothing unusual about that.'

"One more pointed question I put to Dr. Cook, and then we fell to general talk, in which he went over his whole account of the journey again. The question was suggested by his laughter at sight of a photograph of himself in one of the newspapers.

"That is a very old photograph,' he said. 'I have not worn a beard for 15 years.'

"What,' I asked. 'Do you mean you shaved at the North Pole?' He laughed and said:

"No, I cut off the hair with scissors or hacked it off. No Arctic explorers wear beards or mustaches, as icicles would cling to them.'

"Remembering photographs of Shackleton and his comrades, all hairy men when they were in the Antarctic regions, this was curious.

"I had asked Dr. Cook many exceedingly impertinent questions, but he had answered all of them with good humor, with perfect readiness and with a frank look in his blue eyes. Whether his answers seem satisfactory, I will leave the readers to judge. They will have to stand the test of men of geographical science.

"Our talk now became more conversational, and the Doctor gave me many fresh details of his remarkable story.

"The expedition,' he said, 'cost \$50,000, of which my friend, John R. Bradley, gave me about \$30,000, the rest being my own money.

A SUDDEN RESOLVE TO MAKE FOR THE POLE.

"When I reached Etah, I really had no definite idea of striving to reach the North Pole that year, but there I found everything was ready in the way of equipment, and so I decided to risk the adventure at once. I started with 103 dogs, with Eskimos and sledges. As we pushed over the ice fields some dogs had to be killed to provide food for others.

"On one stage of the journey there were 38 left, and on the last stage only 26 with one sledge and my two most faithful Eskimos.'

"Cook went on to describe the difficulties of obtaining food supplies. Having no firearms, he set traps for bears and drove them into them. Dead seal that had gone rotten was greedily eaten, for he was starving, and found it quite appetizing. He slept in Eskimo huts and afterward dug holes. In the last stage of the journey he ate only pemmican.

"It is this which makes the criticism of men like Admiral Melville so untrue to the facts. They have always done their expeditions with tremendous impedimenta and all sorts of luxuries. I journeyed with two Eskimos and lived as an Eskimo. After leaving Newfoundland, with its animals and birds, I lived entirely on pemmican, dried meat and fat, thus abandoning everything which belongs to civilization.

"It was with faint hope of seeing my friends again that I plunged into the land of eternal loneliness in winter, of endless night. It was always the same, one day like another,

going onward to the north with nothing in sight upon the great white desert, with no sound, with no sun, and yet I can truly say that, except for two days early on the journey, when I dug a hole and stayed in its darkness with my two Eskimos, I did not feel the pain of loneliness or suffer from melancholy. I had no hours of exciting peril, only the continual risk of death from slow starvation.

"When at last I reached the North Pole, and when every line was south and I stood on the summit of the world, I put up a sign that my journey was at an end and that the victory had been gained for my country. I planted the Stars and Stripes upon that spot which has been the goal of centuries of exploration, and which I was destined to reach at last. I did not leave the flag flying, but I buried one in a tube. I stayed at the Pole two days, and then faced the homeward journey.

"That way back seemed never-ending, and the dreariness was indescribable. Glad indeed was I to get back to the living world. Then I came into touch with news again from the Eskimos. I learned that Commander Peary had left Etah with 60 or 70 Eskimos, men, women and children, on September 3 of last year, since which time no more has been heard of him. (Commander Peary's cable dispatch had not then been received.—The Author.)

CONGRATULATIONS TO ANTARCTIC EXPLORER.

"I received the news of Shackleton's great expedition to the Antarctic from Captain Adams. It was certainly a great triumph, and I send him my congratulations.'

"After the long interview we breakfasted in the mess room of the Hans Egede. The explorer was a great hero among the Danish seamen, and while with them he nursed a little flaxen-haired child born in far Greenland, wherein the summer sun shines by day and night and in winter there are three months of darkness.

"I stood on the bridge with Doctor Cook when the vessel came into the port of Copenhagen. It was a wonderful scene. Danish people do not doubt this story of the Pole, and they are acclaiming the man who says he reached it.

"The sound was crowded with yachts and pinnaces, and as they passed ringing cheers welcomed the Hans Egede,