

# MR. PEARY ARRIVES AT THE POLE

Concluding Narrative of Explorer's Northland Dash Deals With Discovery, After Untold Hardships, of the Apex of the World, His Emotions There, and His Successful Return Over the Treacherous Stretches of Ice.

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BY ROBERT E. PEARY,  
Commander U. S. N.

## PART III.

Battle Harbor, Labrador, via. Cape Ray, N. F., Sept. 11.—With the disappearance of Bartlett I turned to the problem before me. This was that for which I had worked for 32 years; for which I had lived the simple life; for which I had conserved all my energy on the upward trip; for which I had trained myself as for a race, crushing down every worry about success.

Now, in spite of my years, I felt in trim fit for the demands of the coming days and eager to be on the trail. As for my party, my equipment, and my supplies, I was in shape beyond my most sanguine dreams of earliest years.

My party might be regarded as an ideal which had now come to realization, as loyal and responsive to my will as the fingers of my right hand; four of them carried the technique of dogs, sledges, ice and cold as their heritage. Two of them, Hansen and Cottam, were my companions to the farthest north three years before. Two others, Eginwah and Sigloo, were in Clark's division, which had such a narrow escape at that time, and now were willing to go anywhere with my immediate party and willing to risk themselves again in any supporting party.

The fifth was a young man who had never served before in any expedition, but who was, if possible, even more willing and eager than the others for the princely gifts, a boat, a rifle, a shotgun, ammunition, knives, etc., which I had promised to each of them who reached the pole with me; for he knew that these riches would enable him to wrest from a stubborn father the girl whose image filled his hot young heart.

### Blind Confidence in Peary.

All had blind confidence so long as I was with them, and gave no thought for the morrow, sure that whatever happened I should somehow get them back to land. But I dealt with the party equally; I recognized that all its impetus centered in me, and that whatever pace I set it would be made good. If anyone was played out I would stop for a short time.

I had no fault to find with the conditions. My dogs were the very best, the pick of 122 with which we left Columbia. Almost all were powerful males, hard as nails, in good flesh, but without a superfluous ounce, without a suspicion of fat anywhere; and, what was better yet, they were all in good spirits.

My sledges, now that the repairs were completed, were in good condition. My supplies were ample for 40 days, and, with the reserve represented by the dogs themselves, could be made to last 50.

Pacing back and forth in the ice of the pressure ridge where our igloos were built, while my men got their loads ready for the next marches, I settled on my program.

I decided that I should strain every nerve to make five marches of 15 miles each, crowding these marches in such a way as to bring us to the end of the fifth march long enough before noon to permit the immediate taking of an observation for latitude.

Weather and leads permitting, I believed I could do this. If any proposed distances were cut down by any chance, I had two means in reserve for making up the deficit:

First, to make the last march a forced one, stopping to make tea and rest the dogs, but not to sleep. Second, at the end of the fifth march to make a forced march with a light sledge, a double team of dogs and one or two of the party, leaving the rest in camp.

### Chances to Bar Progress.

Underlying all these calculations was a recognition of the ever present neighborhood of open leads and impassable water and the knowledge that a 24-hour gale would knock all my plans into a cocked hat, and even put us in imminent peril.

At a little after midnight of April 1, after a few hours of sound sleep, I hit the trail, leaving the others to break camp and follow. As I climbed the pressure ridge back of our igloos I set another hole in my belt, the third since I started. Every man and dog of us was lean and flat-bellied as a board, and as hard.

It was a fine morning. The wind of the last two days had subsided and the going was the best and most equable of all I had had yet. The floes were large and old, hard and clear, and were surrounded by pressure ridges, some of which were almost stupendous. The biggest of them, however, were easily negotiated, either through some crevice or up some huge brink.

I set a good pace for about ten hours. Twenty-five miles took me well beyond the 88th parallel. While I was building my igloos a long lead formed to the east and southeast of us at a distance of a few miles.

A few hours' sleep and we were on the trail again. As the going was now practically horizontal we were unhampered, and could travel as long as we pleased, and sleep as little as we wished. The weather was fine and the going like that of the previous day, except at the beginning, when pickaxes were required. This and a brief stop at another lead cut down our distance. But we had made 20 miles in ten hours and were half way in the 89th parallel.

The ice was grinding audibly in every direction, but no motion was visible. Evidently it was settling back into equilibrium and probably sagging due northward with its release from the wind pressure.

Again there was a few hours' sleep and we hit the trail before midnight. The weather and going were even better. The surface, except as interrupted by infrequent ridges, was as level as the glacial fringe from Hecla to Columbia, and harder.

### Ice Breaks as Sledge Passes.

We marched something more than ten hours, the dogs being often on the trot, and made 20 miles. Near the end of the march we rushed across a lead 100 yards wide, which buckled under our sleighs and finally broke as the last sledge left it.

We stopped in sight of the 89th parallel, in a temperature of 40 degrees below. Again a scant sleep, and we were on our way once more and across the 89th parallel.

This march duplicated the previous one as to weather and going. The last few hours it was on young ice and occasionally the dogs were galloping. We made 25 miles or more, the air, the sky, and the bitter wind burning the face till it crackled. It was like the great interior ice cap of Greenland. Even the natives complained of the bitter air. It was as keen as frost of the steel.

A little longer sleep than the previous ones had to be taken here as we were all in need of it. Then on again.

Up to this time, with each successive march, our fear of an impassible lead had increased. At every inequality of the ice I found myself hurrying breathlessly forward, fearing that it marked a lead, and when I arrived at the summit would catch my breath with relief, only to find myself hurrying on in the same way at the next one.

But on this march, by some strange shift of feeling, this fear fell from me completely. The weather was thick, but it gave me no uneasiness.

Before I turned in I took an observation, which indicated our position as 89:25.

A dense, lifeless pall hung overhead. The horizon was black, and the ice beneath was a ghastly, chalky white with no relief, a striking contrast to the glimmering, sunlit fields of ice over which we had been traveling for the previous four days.

The going was even better, and there was scarcely any snow on the hard, granular, last summer's surface of the old floes, dotted with the sapphire ice of the previous summer's lakes.

A rise in temperature to 15 below reduced the friction of the sledges and gave the dogs the appearance of having caught the spirit of the party. The more sprightly ones, as they went along with tightly curled tails, frequently tossed their heads, with short, sharp barks and yelps.

In 12 hours we made 40 miles. There was no sign of a lead in the march.

### The Pole at Last.

I had now made my five marches, and was in time for a hasty noon observation through a temporary break in the clouds, which indicated our position as 89:57. I quote an entry from my journal some hours later:

"The pole at last. The prize of three centuries, my dread and goal for 20 years, mine at last. I cannot bring myself to realize it.

"It all seems so simple and commonplace. As Bartlett said when turning back, when speaking of his being in these exclusive regions, which no mortal man has ever penetrated before: 'It is just like every day.'"

Of course, I had my sensations that made sleep impossible for hours, despite my utter fatigue—the sensations of a lifetime, but I had no room for them here.

The first 30 hours at the pole were spent in taking observations; in going some ten miles beyond our camp and some eight miles to the right of it; in taking photographs, planting my flags, depositing my records, studying the horizon with my telescope for possible land, and searching for a practical place to make a sounding. Ten hours after our arrival the clouds cleared before a light breeze from our left, and from that time until our departure in the afternoon of April 7 the weather was cloudless and flawless. The minimum temperature during the 20 hours was 33 below, the maximum 10.

### Facing the Return.

We had reached the goal, but the return was still before us. It was essential that we reach land before the next spring tide, and we must strain every nerve to do so.

I had a brief talk with my men. From now on it was to be a big travel, little sleep and a hustle every minute. We would try, I told them, to double march on the return; that is, to start and cover one of our northward marches, make tea and eat our lunch on in the igloos, then cover another march, eat and sleep a few hours and repeat this daily.

As a matter of fact, we nearly did this, covering regularly on our return journey five outward marches in three return marches. Just as long as we could hold the trail we could double our speed and we need waste no time in building new igloos. Every day that we gained on the return lessened the chances of a gale destroying the track.

Just above 87th parallel was a region some 50 miles wide which caused me considerable uneasiness. Twelve hours of strong easterly, westerly or northerly wind would make this region an open sea.

### No Bottom at 1,500 Fathoms.

On the afternoon of the 7th we started on our return, having doubled the dogs, repaired the sledges for the last time and discarded all our spare clothing to lighten the loads.

Five miles from the pole, a narrow crack filled with recent ice through which we were able to work a hole with a pickaxe, enabled me to make a sounding. All my wire, 1,500 fathoms, was sent down, but there was no bottom. In pulling up the wire, it parted a few fathoms from the surface and lead and wire went to the bottom. Off went reel and handle, lightening the sledges still further. We had no more use for them now.

Three marches brought us back to the igloos where the captain turned back. The last march was in the wild sweep of a northerly gale, with drifting snow and the ice rocking under us as we dashed over it. South of where Marvin had turned back we came to where his party had built several igloos while delayed by open leads.

Still further south we found where the captain had been held up by an open lead and obliged to camp. Fortunately the movement of these leads was simply open and shut and it took considerable water motion to fault the trail seriously.

While the captain, Marvin, and, as I found out later, Borup, had been delayed by open leads, we seemed to bear a patent charm, and at no single lead were we delayed more than a couple of hours.

Sometimes the ice was fast and firm enough to carry us across; sometimes a short detour, sometimes a brief halt for the lead to close, sometimes an improvised ferry on an ice cake, kept the trail without difficulty down to the tenth outward march.

Igloos there disappeared completely, and the entire region was unrecognizable. Where on the outward journey had been narrow cracks there were now broad leads, some of them over five miles in width, caught over with young ice.

Here again fortune favored us, and no pronounced movement of the ice having taken place since the captain passed, we had his trail to follow. We picked up the old trail again north of the seventh igloos, followed it beyond the fifth, and at the big lead lost it finally.

### Devil Asleep, Said Eskimos.

From here we followed the captain's trail, and on April 23 our sledges passed up the vertical edge of the glacier Fritze, a little west of Cape Columbia. When the last sledge came up I thought my Eskimos had gone crazy. They yelled and called and danced themselves helpless. As Ootah sat down on his sledge, he remarked in Eskimo: "The devil is asleep or having trouble with his wife, or we never should have come back so easily."

The rest can be quickly told. McMillan and Borup had started for the Greenland coast to deposit caches for me. Before I arrived, a flying Eskimo courier from me overtook them with instructions that the caches were no longer needed, and that they were to concentrate their energies on tidal observations, etc., at Cape Morris, Jessup, and north from there.

These instructions were carried out, and after their return, in the latter part of May, McMillan made some further tidal observations at other points. The supplies remaining at the various caches were brought in, and on July 18 the Roosevelt left her winter quarters and was driven out into the channel pack off Cape Nio. She fought her way south in the center of the channel, and passed Cape Sabine on August 8, or 39 days earlier than in 1908, and 32 days earlier than the British expedition of 1876.

### Pick Up Whitney's Party.

A few hours later we arrived at Crane City, under the bluffs of Cape Columbia, and after putting four pounds of pemmican into each of the faithful dogs to keep them quiet we had at last our chance to sleep.

Never shall I forget that sleep at Cape Columbia. It was sleep, sleep, then turn over and sleep again. We slept gloriously, with never a thought of the morrow or of having to walk, and, too, with no thought that there was to be never a night more of blinding headaches. Cold water to a parched throat is nothing compared with sleep to a numbed, fatigued brain and body.

Two days we spent here in sleeping and drying our clothes. Then for the ship. Our dogs, like ourselves, had not been hungry when we arrived, but simply lifeless with fatigue. They were different animals now, and the better ones among them swept on with tightly-curling tails and uplifted heads and their hind legs treading the snow with pistonlike regularity.

### Hears of Marvin's Death.

We reached Hecla in one march

and the Roosevelt in another. When we got to the Roosevelt I was staggered by the news of the fatal mishap to Marvin. He had either been less cautious or less fortunate than the rest of us, and his death emphasized the risk to which we had all been subjected, for there was not one of us but had been in the sledge at some time during the journey.

The big lead, cheated of its prey three years before, had at last gained its human victim.

We picked up Whitney and his party and the stores at Etah. We killed 70 odd walrus for my Eskimos, whom I landed at their homes. We met the Jeanie off Saunders Island and took over her coal and cleared from Cape York on August 26, one month earlier than in 1906.

On September 5 we arrived at Indian Harbor, whence the message "Stars and Stripes nailed to North Pole" was sent vibrating southward through the crisp Labrador air.

This was the culmination of long experience. A thorough knowledge of the conditions of the problem gained in the last expedition—this together with a new type of sledge, which reduced the work of both dogs and driver, and a new type of camp cooler, which added to the comfort and increased the hours of sleep of the members of the party, combined to make the present expedition an agreeable improvement upon the last in respect to the rapidity and effectiveness of its work and the lessened discomfort and strain upon the members of the party.

### Compliments His Men.

As to personnel, I have again been particularly fortunate. Capt. Bartlett is just Bartlett—tireless, sleepless, enthusiastic, whether on the bridge or in the crow's-nest or at the head of a sledge in the field.

Dr. Goodsell, the surgeon of the expedition, not only looked after its health and his own specialty of microscopes, but took his full share of the field work of the expedition as well, and was always ready for any work.

Prof. Marvin and McMillan have secured a mass of scientific data, having made all the tidal and most of the field work, and their services were invaluable in every way.

Borup not only made the record in the distance traveled during the journey, but to his assistance and his expert knowledge of photography is due what I believe to be the unequalled series of photographs taken by the expedition.

Henson in the field and Percy, a steward, were the same as ever, invaluable in their respective lines. Chief Engineer Warwell, also of the last expedition, aided by his assistant, Scott, kept the machinery up to a high state of efficiency, and has given the Roosevelt the power which enabled her to negotiate apparently impracticable ice.

### Tribute to Mate.

Mr. Gushie, the mate who was in charge of the Roosevelt during the absence of Capt. Bartlett and myself, and Boatswain Murphy, who was put in charge of the station at Etah for the relief of Cook, were both trustworthy and reliable men, and I count myself fortunate in having had them in my service.

The members of the crew and the firemen were a distinct improvement over those of the last expedition. Every one of them was willing and anxious to be of service in every possible way.

Connors, who was promoted to be boatswain in the absence of Murphy, proved to be particularly effective. Barnes, seaman, and Wiseman and Joyce, firemen, not only assisted Marvin and McMillan in their tidal and meteorological observations on the Roosevelt, but Wiseman and Barnes went into the field with them on their trip to Cape Columbia, and Condon and Cody covered 1,000 miles hunting and sledging supplies.

### Supplies for Eskimos.

As for my faithful Eskimos, I have left them with ample supplies of dark, rich walrus meat and blubber for their winter, with currants, sugar biscuits, guns, rifles, ammunition, knives, hatchets, traps, etc., and for the splendid four who stood beside me at the pole, a boat and a tent each to require them for their energy and the hardship and toil they underwent to help their friend Peary to the North Pole.

But all of this—the dearly bought years of experience, the magnificent strength of the Roosevelt, the splendid energy and enthusiasm of my party, the loyal faithfulness of my Eskimos—could have gone for naught but for the necessities of war furnished so loyally by the members and friends of the Peary Arctic club. And it is no detraction from the living to say that to no single individual has the fine result been more signally due than to my friend, the late Morris K. Jesup, the first president of the club.

Their assistance has enabled me to tell the last of the great earth stories, the story the world has been waiting to hear for 300 years, the story of the discovery of the North Pole.

ROBERT E. PEARY.

(THE END.)

### Mentioning No Names.

Up in Ottawa recently a prisoner about to be sentenced yawned, and the court was so enraged that a month was added to the term of imprisonment. This led the Toronto Globe to remark that it is "fortunate that certain actors, lecturers, professors and clergymen have not the power of police magistrates."

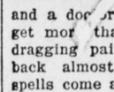
### Mutual Dependence.

The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. We cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask it from their fellow men, and no one who has the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.—Sir Walter Scott.

### PATIENT SUFFERING.

Many Women Think They Are Doomed to Backache.

It is not right for women to be ailing with backache, urinary ills, headache and other symptoms of kidney disease. There is a way to end these troubles quickly. Mrs. John H. Wright, 606 East First St., Mitchell, S. D., says: "I suffered ten years with kidney complaint and a doctor told me I would never get more than temporary relief. A dragging pain and lameness in my back almost disabled me. Dizzy spells come and went and the kidney secretions were irregular. Doan's Kidney Pills rid me of these troubles and I feel better than for years past." Sold by all dealers. 50c. a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



### SPOILED.



Biggs—Waiter, this steak is too tough to eat. Take it back.  
Waiter—Sorry, sir, but I can't; you've bent it.

### BABY HORRIBLY BURNED.

By Boiling Grease—Skin All Came Off One Side of Face and Head—Thought Her Disfigured for Life.

Used Cuticura: No Scar Left.

"My baby was sitting beside the fender and we were preparing the breakfast when the frying-pan full of boiling grease was upset and it went all over one side of her face and head. Some one wiped the scald with a towel, pulling the entire skin off. We took her to a doctor. He tended her a week and gave me some stuff to put on. But it all festered and I thought the baby was disfigured for life. I used about three boxes of Cuticura Ointment and it was wonderful how it healed. In about five weeks it was better and there wasn't a mark to tell where the scald had been. Her skin is just like velvet. Mrs. Hare, 1, Henry St., South Shields, Durham, England, March 22, 1908."

Foster Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

### It Was His Way.

A Kansas farmer was telling recently about the eavesdropping that goes on along the farmers' telephone line he is on. He said that whenever he talked he could hear the "click, click" of different receivers coming down. "And you can bet," he amended, "that they never hear my receiver coming down. No, sir; I always hold on to the thing and let it down so easy that it doesn't click!"—Kansas City Journal.

### LOW COLONIST FARES TO THE WEST AND NORTHWEST.

Union Pacific Passenger Department announces that Colonist Fares will be in effect from Sept. 15 to Oct. 15, 1909, to all points in the West and Northwest.

This year the West looks more promising than ever. Now is the time to secure land at low prices, and, at the same time, to visit the many interesting points in the West and Northwest, at which liberal stopover arrangements may be made.

A better estimate of raw lands can be made now than formerly, because these lands are in proximity to new farms that are producing wonderful crops.

For descriptive literature, write to E. L. Lomax, G. P. A., U. P. R. R., Omaha, Neb.

### Expectation.

His Daughter—Father, I wish you'd stay home to-night. Mr. Slowboy will want to ask you for my hand.

Her Father—Has he really proposed at last?

His Daughter—No; but he will to-night.

Cures Human Skin Troubles and is Equally Good for Our Pets and Domestic Animals.

Resinol Salve is my ideal and favored remedy wherever a salve is needed. It is as good for horses, dogs, etc., as for mankind. Truly a universal healing ointment.

W. P. Schmitz, Vet., Hinsdale, Mass.

### What Did She Mean?

He was reading to Miss Bragg his poem on "Love," as printed in the Boomtown Bugler.

She said: "Oh, cut it out!"—Judge.

### FREE LANDS IN WYOMING.

Chicago & North Western Railway.

Send for booklet telling how to secure 320 acres of U. S. Government lands in Wyoming free of cost, and describing various irrigation projects and the most approved methods of scientific dry farming. Homeseekers' rates. Direct train service from Chicago. W. B. Kniskern, P. T. M., Chicago.

### What Did He Know About It?

"Jinx says there's nothing in this strenuous life."

"How long has he been married?"

If you sit down and wait for your ship to come in don't be surprised if nothing but a wreck drifts in with the tide.

### FAINT HEART AND FAIR LADY

Chances Good That the Ancient Adage Once More Proved Wisdom of Man Who Uttered it.

He was afraid to tell her right out and out that he loved her, so he began in a round-about way, hoping she would catch his drift, then betray, by her confusion, her own feelings. He didn't dream but that she loved him, but thought that she, like himself, was afraid to demonstrate it.

"Heart trouble?" she repeated. "Are you sure you've heart trouble, Alfred? You know indigestion is very like it at times."

"Oh, I know I've got heart trouble all right. I—can't you see it yourself?"

"Why, how silly, Alfred; no one can see heart trouble; they have to feel it. Have you taken anything for it?"

"No, not yet, but I—I want to, don't you know?"

"Then why don't you?"

"I—I would; that is, if I could get it."

"Can't you get it, Alfred?"

"I—I don't know."

"Have you tried?"

"No, not yet."

(Silence for two provoking minutes.)

"Alfred!" (coldly.)

"Yes?"

"Let's have a game of checkers."

### On Hill's Twofers.

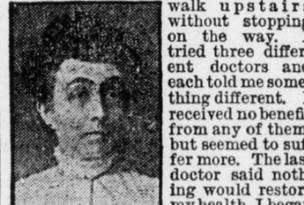
Beacon—Is Shady much of a smoker?

Hill—Not at home, but you ought to see him when he comes over to spend the evening with me!

# AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her.

Willimantic, Conn.—"For five years I suffered untold agony from female troubles, causing backache, irregularities, dizziness and nervous prostration. It was impossible for me to walk upstairs without stopping on the way. I tried three different doctors and each told me something different. I received no benefit from any of them, but seemed to suffer more. The last doctor said nothing would restore my health. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to see what it would do, and I am restored to my natural health."—Mrs. ETTA DONOVAN, Box 299, Willimantic, Conn.



The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?

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Colonist one-way second-class tickets on sale daily from Chicago, September 15 to October 15, via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North Western Line to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland and Puget Sound points. Correspondingly low rates from all points. Daily and personally conducted tours in thorough Pullman tourist sleeping cars accompanied by experienced conductors and handled on fast trains.

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