

PERILS OF ARCTIC HUNTING



So fast does the world move nowadays that unless one stops to reflect a bit there seems nothing unusual in the fact that Harry Whitney, the New Haven sportsman, should have gone hunting to the place which not many years ago marked the northernmost limit of polar exploration. For nearly a year he lived by choice almost in the shadow of that Cape Sabine, where the men of the Greely expedition starved to death in 1883. Many times he passed on his expedition after game the wreck of the steamship Polari of the Hall expedition of 1871.

The adventures Mr. Whitney had as a sportsman in this far north where men before him had met death as explorers he has set down in his book, "Hunting With the Eskimos," which has just been published, says a writer in the Montreal Herald. Though the author seems to consider himself primarily a sportsman and the love of hunting strange game was what kept him through all the Arctic night living with the Eskimos and as an Eskimo, his book is interesting not as a sportsman's tale, but as a record of crowded adventure and as a portrayal of Eskimo types.

Since Mr. Whitney went as far north as Etah with the Peary expedition of 1908 and returned to civilization on the Peary relief ship Jeanie after having been the first white man to greet the returning pole finder under the shadow of the north, his book comes as a sort of epilogue to Peary's narrative of his achievement. As an amateur Arctic explorer this New Haven sportsman has at least one valuable qualification, the gift of direct and simple narrative.

In company with two other sportsmen the author went north on the Peary expedition's tender Erik, which followed the Roosevelt on its last and successful dash through the ice fields. His intention and that of his friends was merely to make the voyage to Etah on the Greenland coast, get a little incidental hunting and then to return to the world when the Erik put back and the Roosevelt continued on her way northward to Cape Sheridan.

Captivated by the Arctic.

But once at Etah, away down under the foot of the mountains with the Greenland ice cap sparkling from the summit of the range, Whitney caught the fever of the north. Though he had not come prepared to isolate himself for a year and endure the hardships of the Arctic night, Whitney broached his determination to stick it out with the Eskimos at Etah to Commander Peary before the Roosevelt left for the north on August 18, and Peary made him an allowance of stores sufficient to keep him until the return of the expedition's tender in the following August should offer passage home.

So it was that with a shack built for him by the carpenter and the bos'n of the Erik at Etah and the two members of the Roosevelt's crew left to guard a cache of provisions at Annotok, forty miles away, as his sole white companions in the land of silence, Mr. Whitney saw the Erik steam away for the south on August 21. Then he realized that he "was marooned in the most desolate region of the earth, among a race who spoke a strange tongue. There was no escape for nearly a year."

Even the Eskimo companions left to the sportsman were not many. Peary had taken the pick of the tribe north with him on the Roosevelt, men, women and children, and the Eskimos who remained began early the grilling task of storing the community larder against descending night. Whitney threw his lot in with them absolutely.

Lived the Life of an Eskimo.

He straightway became an Eskimo in his mode of life as far as he could, and before he got away from the ice bound coast of Smith Sound, Whitney had reason to count among his best friends the simple-minded folk who pass as savages.

The beginning of the Arctic night found Whitney and the Eskimo community all settled in Annotok, which is the northernmost settlement of the Arctic highlanders. The man who had come to the country to hunt speedily discovered that necessity forced him to do little else.

The descending night found the Eskimos feverishly active in the task of laying up a store against the winter. Whitney had either to remain alone in his board and packing box chack

at Annotok or to join the Eskimos in perilous expeditions over the ice on foot up and down the coast. Meat was the quest, meat which would yield light and fire and sustenance during the long months of darkness.

Some of the women had outfitted the white stranger among them with a complete suit of furs, and though he donned them early in October for weeks and months thereafter he was at hand grips with the cold hour upon hour. The author said that during the course of a bear hunt in which he joined with the Eskimos and which carried the sledge party far north into Kane Basin, his thermometer, which was only designed to register fifty degrees below zero, dropped to that point and stayed there for days on end. Whitney's feet were frozen repeatedly, his face cracked and frosted and the hours he spent in his sleeping bag of heavy skins were of misery only a shade less acute than when he was exposed to the cutting blasts on the march.

The Awful Arctic Night.

Of the darkness Whitney writes in his book:

"No words can adequately describe the awful pall of the Arctic night. It is unreal and terrible. Even the moonlight is unnatural, casting upon the snow and ice, the wind swept rocks, and the people themselves a shade of ghastly indefinable greenish yellow.

"Shifting shadows flit among moving ice masses like wraiths of departed spirits. A deathlike silence prevails, to be broken only by the startling and unexpected cracking of a glacier with a sound of mighty thunderclap or the smashing together of great ice floes with a report like heavy cannon.

The author had many occasions to witness the peculiar neurotic reaction caused by the darkness and the silence upon his Eskimo companions. Time and again one of them went "problokto," that is a sort of insane frenzy would seize an individual, cause him to strip off his clothes and run naked over the ice and snow until he was captured and overpowered by his companions. The fits came on without warning, were violent and left the victim weak and depressed for hours after.

The terror of these sudden gusts of madness sank in upon the marooned white hunter. He would be called out of his sleeping bag by cries from the igloos, rush out into the sickly moonlight to see some naked, raving figure skimming over the white snow field shrieking to the stars.

All the world seemed fairy. The silence, the flickering of the aurora, the showers of meteors which frequently streaked the sky like fire flakes from flights or rockets, these were the conditions which fostered madness. Yet in picturing the terror of the long night Whitney takes occasion to marvel at the tremendous optimism of the little people who live in this desolate land.

Eskimo Optimism.

"Eskimos are optimists," he says. "Pessimists have no place in the Arctic or any other far wilderness, for that matter, where today's dangers and difficulties are real and sufficient unto themselves. Doing his best with today and providing so far as circumstances will permit for the future, the Eskimo gives no other thought to tomorrow than a buoyant reliance that it will take care of itself, just as yesterday did.

"A pessimist who constantly worries about the morrow would positively hypnotize himself to death in these lands in a very short time. Pessimism has been the real cause of many casualties among Arctic explorers."

The blizzards came continually to complicate the life that the white stranger had to lead during the darkness. Some of the most vivid passages in his book are those which depict the raging of the storms which swept down from the north, carrying snow as hard as shot, destroying and obliterating everything in their passage.

For days on end Whitney did not dare to leave his shack at Annotok to go fifty yards to the nearest igloo because of the blinding fury of the tempest. He would have been lost a dozen steps beyond his own tunnel entrance. Yet so pressing is the need of food among the Eskimos that between the ragings of the storms they made venturesome excursions after meat and Whitney accompanied them on many of these hunts.

One occasion when a party of which

the author was a member was out after walrus in the middle of Smith Sound, they barely escaped death on a detached ice floe. Finding themselves separated from the pack and drifting downward toward the open water, which would have meant slow starvation, the members of the hunting expedition frantically explored the boundaries of their temporary prison for a loophole of escape. Finally one of the Eskimos discovered where by utilizing small ice pans as ferries the party could escape to the solid pack. That was one of the many close calls that Whitney experienced.

Eskimo Endurance.

The author never ceased to marvel at the endurance of his friends the savages. Life with them is so stern a matter of nip and tuck that the Eskimos seem to have been hardened into almost superhuman strength and stamina. Their pursuit of game is never ending, and at times the life of a whole colony will depend on the success of one hunting expedition.

Whitney saw his Eskimo companions take chances with death which were nothing short of sheer madness; he found them ready to go without sleep for three days on end, eager to be on the move as long as their legs would support them. "They cannot lean on others for support," Whitney comments, "and none among them is so poor that charity comes his way. He must work if he is to live, and no man in the world works so hard as the Eskimo or enjoys so little of life's comforts and luxuries."

With the return of the sun Whitney and a party of Eskimos crossed the ice of Smith Sound over to Ellesmere Land, where the author sought the single reward of all that winter's isolation, musk ox. With a hunter's pride he devotes several chapters of his book to the narration of this successful musk ox hunt. He knocked down more of the beasts than he could bring back to Greenland with him and the trophies in heads and hides that he secured amply rewarded his months of waiting.

Says Little About Cook.

Whitney tells only in the baldest outline of the return of Doctor Cook to Annotok, reciting how three men, gaunt as skeletons and dirty almost beyond human semblance, came in over the ice of Smith Sound pulling their single sledge behind them. On the subject of what Doctor Cook may have told him as to his pole finding the New Haven sportsman pursues his consistent policy of silence. He simply says that the Bushwick explorer stayed a few days in Annotok and then started southward for a Danish settlement.

On August 16, within a few days of a year after Mr. Whitney had been marooned among the Eskimos, the Roosevelt bearing the Peary party returned from the north and the New Haven man took ship on her for civilization. He transferred to the Jeanie, which was met coming up at North Star Bay, and after some desultory hunting along the coast of Baffin's Land, during which time the author secured some coveted polar bear, the return to the world was completed.

When Tennyson Slipped in the Mud.

It had been a stormy evening and the night was of pitchy darkness when I started out, against invitations to remain, to go to the Albion. Tennyson insisted on showing me a nearer way, but in the darkness got off his bearings. Bidding me walk close behind him, we went forward through the mud, when suddenly I found myself precipitated six or seven feet downward. Sitting in the mud, I called on the poet to pause, but it was too late; he was speedily seated beside me. This was seeing the laureate of England in a new light, or, rather, hearing him under a novel darkness. Covered with mud, groping about, he improved the odd occasion with such an innocent run of witticisms and anecdotes that I had to conclude that he had reached a condition which had discovered in him unexpected resources. His deep bass voice came through the congenial darkness like mirthful thunder, while he groped until he found a path. "This should have happened after dinner!" he exclaimed; "do not mention this to the temperance folk."—M. D. Conway's Autobiography.

"Personal Item" Didn't Pay.

"I have a personal item." A reporter looked up from his typewriter at the baggage burdened woman who rushed up the stairs to deposit a small piece of news.

"Hurry!" she demanded. "My train is about to leave. Got a pencil." "Ready," said the reporter. "I'm going to Omaha to spend a week with my sister." "Well, your name, please." "Mrs. George Meis of Highland Park—much obliged," and the woman darted out of the door with her luggage.

"Please don't publish that item about me," said a feminine voice over the Register and Leader telephone ten minutes later.

"Who's talking, please?" "I'm Mrs. Meis. I gave you a personal article ago, and if I hadn't done it wouldn't have missed my train."

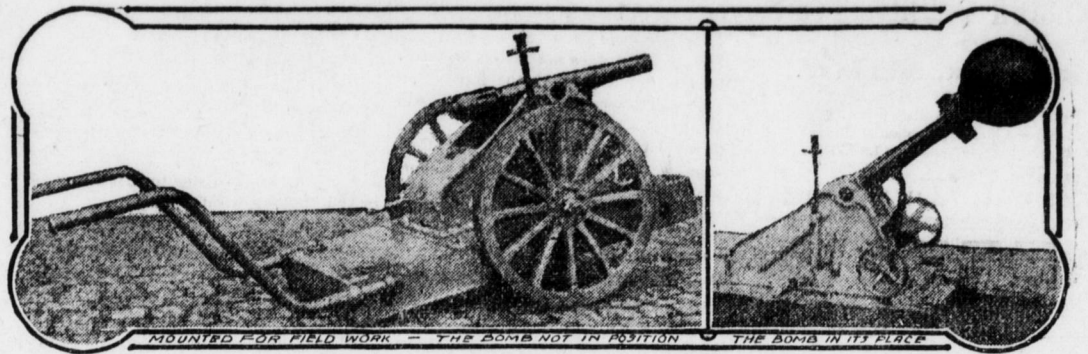
An American Duchess.

The Duchess Decazes, as all the world knows, was an American—a daughter of the enormously rich Singer family.

The duchess was once taking part in some amateur theatricals at Ragas when a New York girl said to her mother:

"Is she a real duchess?" "Yes, my dear," the mother, a Knickerbocker, answered. "Yes, real, but machine made."

NEW AND TERRIBLE WEAPON OF WARFARE



Krupps, the famous German gun-makers, have just invented a remarkable weapon known as the bomb-gun. This fires a large, very brittle bomb containing 160 pounds of explosives. Each bomb, as it bursts, fills the air with poisonous gases, which, it is said, no human being can withstand. The effective range is not more than 400 yards.

HEALING BY MUSIC

Dyspeptic Eats to Tune of "Old Oaken Bucket."

Another Sufferer in Hospital Relieved of Pain by Strain "Last Rose of Summer" in Musical Tests on Sick.

Philadelphia.—The newest science, which is also one of the oldest, is the science of healing by music. Tests are being made in the Samaritan hospital under the supervision of the Rev. Dr. Russell Conwell, its president, famous for his eloquence on the lecture platform.

Nurses who aided in making observations unite in testifying to the beneficial effect of certain musical airs upon the temperature and pulsations of patients and the evil and depressing influence of other tunes.

They found that "I Know My Redeemer Liveth" brought patients out of traces of anaesthesia with none of the nausea and feverish symptoms that usually attend an awakening.

They found that fever was abated and restlessness reduced by "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton;" that "Dixie" calmed a patient who had delirium, and that "Juanita" and "The Last Rose of Summer" sent pain-racked invalids into soothing healing sleep.

The following is a partial list of well known hymns and musical selections reported to have been found helpful to sick and well persons alike: "The Old Oaken Bucket," "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," "Listen to the Mocking Bird," "Dixie," "Juanita," "The Last Rose of Summer," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Folks at Home," "My Maryland," "Yankee Doodle," "America," "Auld Lang Syne," "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," "Rock of Ages," "Nearer, My

God, to Thee," "Shall We Gather at the River," "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth."

The following were found to be injurious: "Dead March" from "Saul," "Home Sweet Home," "Do They Think of Me at Home?" "Old Cabin Home," "Old Black Joe," "Star Spangled Banner," "Abide With Me," "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" "Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?" "Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken," "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me," and "Stand Up for Jesus." The hymn, "The Hour of Trial," was found to be one of the most depressing in the list.

In one experiment, nineteen patients were brought into one ward suffering from all kinds of diseases. Several were under the effects of morphine or other anaesthetics. A soloist sang, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." The effect on the patients was soothing and pleasant, although no special note was made of the effect on the heart action. Those patients under the influence of morphine began to awaken, without fear or wandering of the mind.

One patient, a dyspeptic unable to take food, was found to be so far influenced by the playing of "The Old Oaken Bucket" that she was able to eat.

Another, partly insane, became calm and reasonable while the organ played "Dixie."

Atom May Be Electricity.

Philadelphia.—Speaking at a meeting of the American Philosophical society, Prof. Earnest Fox Nicholas, president of Dartmouth college, took for his subject "Modern Physics."

He advanced the theory that because matter has never been freed from electricity, the atom may be an electrical structure and nothing more.

In other words, matter and electricity in the last analysis may be the same.

SQUIRELS HURT THE CROPS

Maine Farmers Turn Upon Little Pets of Law and Want "Pesky Things" Exterminated.

Lewiston, Me.—The State of Maine is overrun with gray squirrels, according to reports received at the office of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game. Thousands of dollars worth of damage has been done to the crops and in some places whole cornfields have been completely destroyed. Farmers are flooding the office of Chairman Brackett of the Fish and Game Commission with petitions asking for protection.

Two years ago a state law was passed making it illegal to hunt and kill gray squirrels. As a result the squirrels have multiplied rapidly and have become tame and destructive. Until the special law was passed gray squirrels were classed as "game animals" and each fall were hunted by the gunners. The farmers who two years ago petitioned the legislature to pass a law to protect the "little pets" now have their dander up and declare they want every one of the "pesky things" killed off. In some instances the farmers have defied the law and with loaded guns have watched their cornfields from early day until late at night.

The Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game have promised to do everything in their power to have the law repealed at the next session of the legislature.

CITY TO CLEANSE CHILDREN

Another Duty is Assumed by London County Council—To Wash Pupils' Dirty Faces.

London.—The London county council is preparing to increase the multitude of motherly duties already assumed. To this end it is making arrangements for the municipal washing of all children who go to school with dirty faces and necks. As it cannot undertake all this laundering process itself, its members are arranging terms with most of the London borough councils to clean the children and send them back to school purified, and, in case of such necessity, in clothes that have been baked or boiled.

The borough of Kensington, as a result, is preparing to spend several thousands of pounds on more public baths. In Chamberwell, however, the new idea has been in practice for some time and the council of that borough has just sent in a bill to the London county council for laundering of brushing up 3,906 little Chamberwellians.

ANATOMY OF WOMAN AWRY

Miss Moses, a Nurse, Has Every Internal Organ on Side Opposite to Usual Location.

Philadelphia.—The mixed anatomy of Alexander Jordan, whose heart, spleen, liver and stomach are reversed, according to the standard set in the construction, is paralleled in the case of Miss Anna A. Moses, a trained nurse of Osterburg, Bedford county, Pa. Miss Moses not only possesses all of the transpositions boasted by Jordan, but was treated for appendicitis six years ago by applications on the left side of her abdomen.

She presents a complete case of "situs inversus," every organ of her body being on the side opposite to where it is usually found. Miss Moses writes with her right hand, but says in learning to do so in childhood, before her mixed anatomy was known, she seemed to be conquering a protesting tendency to lefthandedness which would be the effect of an inherited righthandedness from both of her parents.

She discovered that her heart was on the right side, or rather the wrong side, while studying to be a trained nurse, in 1898, but did not suspect that the reversal was complete, and, as she suffered not even the slightest illness, was not examined by a physician until 1904.

Then she began to feel pains in the lower part of her abdomen on the left

MONKEY MADE LOVE TO GIRL

She Boxes His Ears When He Tries to Kiss Her—Simian Bites Her and Lands in Jail.

Paris.—As 20 work girls came out of a dressmaker's shop in the Rue Bolleau at midday an arm encircled the waist of one of them.

The girl protested indignantly. The too-gallant intruder was well dressed in a frock coat, gray trousers, top hat, patent leather boots and wore smart gray suede gloves. But he was a hideous little person.

The girls began making fun of him, when suddenly he caught hold of one and put his face close to hers. She boxed his ears, and he dropped on all fours and bit her leg.

There was a panic. The girls rushed off shrieking, and two policemen arrested the aggressor. The creature was a chimpanzee—the pet of an explorer living near at hand. He was captured after a struggle, and carried off by his master's cook, who went to fetch him at the police station, where he had spent the night.

An amusing item of the story is that the police magistrate got very angry with the monkey when he was first brought in because he refused to answer any questions and turned his back on the official table.

Ship's Cats Disappear.

San Francisco.—A mysterious hoodoo has descended upon the liners of the Pacific Mail Steamship company that ply between the Central American port of Ancon and this city. The ships' cats refuse to remain on board and the crews are beginning to shiver. On the last trips the cats disappeared from the San Jose, Pennsylvania and Peru. All the cats have been posted as missing at about the same place—just as the vessels were passing along Lower California. The sailors are becoming greatly alarmed and fear that some tragedy awaits the boats. Many of them declare they will not ship again.

ANATOMY OF WOMAN AWRY

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Sending Idlers West.

New York.—Jobs for idle Americans are being sought by the Bowery mission in a campaign begun the other day. The mission hopes to send men to the west, where labor is needed, and will appeal to the railroads to transport them at low rates. Four hundred unfortunates had a free dinner at the mission at the celebration of its foundation, and letters from President Taft, Governor White and Mayor Gaynor were read.

Parrot Shot as a Hen Thief.

Winsted, Conn.—A parrot owned by Otto C. Schneider of Sandfield escaped the other evening and flew to the henhouse of N. H. Snow, one of Schneider's neighbors. It talked to the hens, which became alarmed at its presence. Snow heard its voice, and thinking chicken thieves were robbing his roost, he brought his gun into play, killing Polly. Schneider gave the bird a decent burial.