

COOK'S STORY

Of His Trip to the Far North... Cook's Story

TELLS ALL ABOUT TRIP

"Confession." to be Printed in Hampton's Magazine, Details a Remarkable "Mind Journey," Devoting Itself Largely to Psychic Phenomena.

In the first installment of his own story, which is to appear in the forthcoming January Hampton's Magazine, Dr. Frederick A. Cook frankly confesses, as promised in recent news dispatches, to uncertainty regarding his claim to the discovery of the North Pole.

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"I am told that many people who discredit my original story of my experience believe in my good faith," says Dr. Cook. "This moves me more than I can tell. If I did believe in myself, honestly and sincerely, when I felt convinced of my claim, when I reached Copenhagen and later New York, is it just to call me the world's most intrepid explorer, a common, deliberate swindler?"

Declaring a desire to take friend and foe into his confidence, Dr. Cook, in a painstaking effort to explain himself gives an account of his early life, his boyhood ambitions and the final focusing of his desire upon the boreal center.

After detailing the supplies taken on his trip, Dr. Cook says: "Were our supplies sufficient to take us to the pole? Much criticism has been expressed concerning the meagreness of food. I can only say that in the final analysis, this supply barely allowed us to keep alive. I doubt if any man ever suffered from hunger so intensely as we did and lived. Death was, on our journey northward and southward, a grim, persistent companion, and only the love of life, most deep-seated of human instincts, kept us from succumbing to utter despair had its mental reaction—a reaction which was fortunate, for it was the belief in my achievement that kept me alive in hours of direct physical trial."

Dr. Cook says that his proposed journey was not one of scientific conquest, but one for which he expected to receive a large sum of money.

"When I left New York my plans were not at all definite. Even had I known then that I should try for the pole I should not have sought any geographical license from some vague and unknown authority. Though much has been made by critics of our quiet department, I always felt that the object of the pole as a personal ambition, a crazy hunger I had to satisfy."

"Accused of being the most colossal liar of history, sometimes I feel that more lies have been told about me than about anyone ever born.

As a popular illustration of the sort of yarns that were told, let me refer to the folic acid of the gum drops. Some one started the story that I expected to reach the pole by bribing the Eskimos with gum drops. Hundreds of pounds of gum drops were sent to my hotel with the compliments of the manufacturers.

"Wherever I went on my lecture tour after my return to the United States, much to my irritation I saw 'Cook's gum drops' conspicuously displayed in confectionery store windows. Hundreds of pounds of gum drops were sent to my hotel with the compliments of the manufacturers.

"I could make one powerful dash and achieve the thing that had haunted me for years," he asks. "My former failures dogged me. I did not try now, it was a question whether ever again an opportunity should come to me. At Annotok I gathered the best hunters of the tribes and ready immediately to go with me. I finally determined to make a northward trip; not until then did I tell my decision definitely to Mr. Bradley.

One of the most extraordinary features in Dr. Cook's confession is his admission that the conviction of attaining the North Pole was based largely upon his observation of his shadow. This theory he presents with great detail.

A SAD LIFE STORY

HOW A BEAUTIFUL LOVE SONG CAME TO BE WRITTEN.

The True Story of "Lorena," One of the Most Popular Songs of Its Day, and "Paul Vane."

We print below a true, but very sad love story of the long ago:

The years creep slowly by, Lorena. The snow lies on the grass again; The sun's low down the sky, Lorena. The frost gleams where the flowers have been.

As when the Summer days were high, The sun never dip so low Adown affection's cloudless sky.

A hundred months have passed, Lorena. Since last I held that hand in mine; And felt that pulse beat fast, Lorena. Though mine beat faster far than thine.

A hundred months, 'twas flowery May, When up the hill slope we climbed, To watch the dying of the day And hear the distant church-bells chime.

We loved each other then, Lorena. More than we ever dared to tell; And what we might have been, Lorena, Had but our loving prospered well!

But, ah! 'tis past, the years are gone, I'm not call up their shadowy forms; We'll say to them: "Lost years, sleep on, Sleep on, nor heed life's pelting storms."

The story of the past, Lorena, Ah! I care not to repeat; The hopes that could not last, Lorena, They're withered and are dead.

They lived, but only lived to cheat, I would not cause e'en one regret, To rattle in your bosom now—"For if we try, we may forget."

Were words of thine long years ago, Yes, these words of thine, Lorena—They are within my memory yet; They touched some tender chords, Lorena, Which thrill and tremble with regret.

"'Twas not thy woman's heart which spoke—" The heart was always true to me; A duty stern and never broke, The tie which linked my soul with thee.

It matters little now, Lorena, The past is with the eternal past; My head will soon be low, Lorena, But life's tide ebbs out so fast.

Of life this is so small a part, 'Tis due to dust beneath the sod, But there up there 'tis heart to heart.

—REV. H. D. L. WEBSTER.

One of the most popular of American sentimental songs is "Lorena," the author of which is Henry DeLafayette Webster.

Henry DeLafayette Webster, who was born in Oneida county, New York, in 1824. His father, William Webster, was a lineal descendant of John Webster, who was Colonial governor of Connecticut in 1856 and later. Henry DeLafayette Webster was the youngest child in a family of five children and two sons. He died in Chicago on November 2, 1896. In 1828 his father moved to Ical county, Ohio, and located about three miles south of Elyria, where he worked for many years at his trade, that of blacksmith.

The author's opportunities for acquiring an education were limited, and as he grew in years he was required to do his share toward the support of the family, so that falling trees and work in the forest was, perhaps, his best accomplishment.

But he was studious and in spite of his limited opportunities, eventually he had acquired sufficient knowledge to teach school and to do hard work in a store and as tutor, where he was able to pay his way through college at the institution in Columbus, O. He attracted to some theoretical discussion, this led him to investigate the subject, with the result that he soon availed himself of a University, laid aside the law and prepared himself for the ministry.

In the year 1848, being then 24 years of age, and full of poetry and romance, he was enjoying his first pastorate in Zanesville, O. His leading parishioner was a wealthy manufacturer, whose residence was upon the slope of the hills which surrounded that smoky town, and he was about half a mile out, as the crow flies, from the house which he had just vacated.

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AFTER THE FAKIRS

MANY ARE ARRESTED FOR USING THE MAIL TO DEFRAUD.

Names of the Persons and Some of the Slick Schemes They Used to Get Money.

Nineteen arrests were made Friday in towns in Pennsylvania and New Jersey in the government's crusade against persons accused of using the mails to defraud. The arrests were made by postal inspectors; and all the defendants were given hearings before United States commissioners and held in ball for trial or for further hearings on charges of "using the mails to defraud."

Seven of the defendants were given hearings in Philadelphia. These were four officials of the Chain Shoe Stores syndicate, with offices in Philadelphia; two constitute the Pine Helghts company, a New Jersey mail improvement concern with Philadelphia connections; and the seventh is a local physician.

The complete list of defendants with the results of their hearings follows: Chain Shoe Stores syndicate: Louis L. Rice, president, Philadelphia; Andrew C. Patterson, first vice president, also president of the Excelsior Trust company of Philadelphia; Edgar Pehllr, second vice president and treasurer; Geo. H. Brooks, vice president, Philadelphia, each was held in \$1,000 bond for a trial hearing.

Pine Helghts company, Robert G. Morris, Philadelphia; Harry P. Stanton, Ocean City, N. J., waived hearing and held in \$500 bail each for trial.

Other individuals arrested were: Dr. J. B. Hornstein, Philadelphia, \$1,000 bond held for the court; Charles B. McKee, Huntington, Pa., \$1,000 for a further hearing; J. Lepech, Ridgeway, Pa., \$2,500 for further hearing; John A. Weltzal, Lancaster, Pa., \$1,000 for further trial; Abram Stauffer and Oscar A. Stauffer, Palmyra, Pa., \$4,500 for trial; J. C. Webster, Newark, N. J., \$1,000 for a further hearing; Oscar Gustafson, Jersey City, \$1,500 for further hearing; S. J. Sullivan, Pittsburgh, \$2,500 for court; Lewis Conrad, Conrad Lotze and Wm. Binham, officers of the Correspondence Institute of America at Scranton, \$1,000 each for further hearing. This organization has no connection with the international Correspondence schools.

The government alleges that the Chain Shoe Stores syndicate sold stock through fraudulent representations; that McKee, the Philadelphia physician, is accused of sending through the mails circulars advertising a remedy and is charged with making fraudulent statements in his literature; Conrad, Lotze and Binham are respectively the president, secretary and treasurer and manager of the Correspondence Institute of America. The postal inspectors allege that this concern procured lists of high school students and wrote to them stating that their names had been recommended as those of new students with artistic talent. On this account the institute offered a \$42 course of art instructions for \$18.50. It is said that there was no faculty of artists, but there were 60,000 students enrolled on the books of the concern.

McKee, who was arrested in Huntington, traded as the Charles B. McKee Commission company and the Huntington Fruit and Produce company. It is alleged that he bought produce of farmers through the mails and failed to make payment. Lepech is a jeweler, and is alleged to have defrauded the Adams Express company with a false claim for \$3,000 damages. His claim was an alleged loss of \$3,000 worth of jewelry which he said he had sent to a Philadelphia jewelry firm for appraisal. It is charged that Lepech merely sent an empty box by express.

Weltzal is accused of buying bronze and iron castings through the mails and neglecting to pay. Gustafson is said to have sent improper literature through the mails. Silverman is alleged to have collected money for a supposed charity, using the names of prominent Pittsburgh men without their consent.

The arrests are, it is said, ordered by the postmaster general, upon the report of postal inspectors who were on duty for a month and a half.

Advance the Colors. We take the following from the last issue of The Commoner, owned and edited by William J. Bryan: Believing that democrats do not desire to engage in a sham battle with the Democratic members of the House, the Democratic party must be progressive.

No Wall Street candidate can hope to hold the democratic vote. Democracy must go forward and meet present day problems boldly in the spirit of Jefferson and Lincoln.

The democratic victory of 1910 is the result of fourteen years of democratic fight for reform. The party cannot retire now. It must go forward.

We heartily agree with all Mr. Bryan says above. It would be suicidal for the Democratic party to retreat. The people have turned to the Democratic party for relief, and if the party fails them now, it deserves and will be disastrously defeated. Advance the colors to the firing line, and let every Democratic rally to them, and victory is sure.

Why Not Hang Him? When eighteen-year-old George Bloebaugh, one of the murder of Ethelma Stargis at Kalamazoo, Mich., was sentenced to life imprisonment he begged the officers to hang him. He said he would rather die than face the prospect of spending the rest of his days behind the bars. Bloebaugh confessed he dropped a bomb on the head of his victim while the latter was asleep.

Those people who are trying to read William Jennings Bryan out of the Democratic party seem to lose sight of the fact that the party would be doomed to defeat if they succeeded in their efforts.

PASS UNDER THE ROD.

I saw a young bride in her beauty and pride. Bedecked in her snowy array; And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek. And the future looked blooming and gay.

And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart At the shrine of idolatrous love. And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth By the chain which her tenderness wove.

But I saw when those heartstrings were bleeding and torn, And the chain had been severed in two; She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief, And her bloom for the paleness of woe.

But the healer was there, pouring balm on her heart, And wiping the tears from her eyes; He strengthened the chain he had broken in twain, And fastened it firm to the skies. There whispered a voice—"twas the voice of her God—" "I love thee, I love thee! Pass under the rod!"

I saw a young mother in tenderness bend O'er the couch of her dear slumbering boy; And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name, While the dreamer lay smiling with joy.

O, sweet as the rosebud encircled with dew, When its fragrance is flung on the air, So fresh and so bright to that mother he seemed As he lay in his innocence there. But I saw when she gazed on that same lovely form, Pale as marble and silent and cold, But paler and colder her beautiful boy, And the tale of her sorrow was told.

But the healer was there who had stricken her heart, And taken her treasure away; To allure her to heaven he had placed it on high, And the mourner will sweetly obey.

There had whispered a voice—"twas the voice of God—" "I love thee, I love thee! Pass under the rod!"

I saw a fond father and mother who leaned On the arm of a dear gifted son, And the star of the future grew bright to their gaze. As they saw the proud place he had won.

And the fast-coming evening of life promised fair, And its pathway grew smooth to their feet; And the starlight of love glimmered bright at the end, And the whispers of fancy were sweet.

Then I saw them again bending low o'er the grave Where the hearts' dearest hope had been laid, And the star had gone down in the darkness of night, And the joy from their bosoms had fled.

But the healer was there, and His arms were around, And He led them with tenderest care, And showed them a star in the bright upper world—" 'Twas their star shining brilliantly there.

They had each heard a voice—"twas the voice of their God—" "I love thee, I love thee! Pass under the rod!"

—Mildred L. Perry.

What the Farm Does. In his annual report Secretary of Agriculture Wilson says "nothing short of omniscience can grasp the value of the farm products of this year. At no time in the world's history has a country produced farm products within one year with a value reaching \$8,926,000,000, which is the value of the agricultural products of this country for 1910. This amount is larger than that of 1909 by \$305,000,000, an amount of increase over the preceding year which is small for the more recent years. The value of farm products from 1890 to the present year has been progressive without interruption. In the value of that census year he regarded as 100, the value of the agricultural products of 1900 was 106.4; that of 1901 was 112.7; that of 1902 was 119.1; that of 1903 was 124.8; that of 1904 was 129.8; and that of 1905 was 133.

"The year 1906 was an extraordinary one for agriculture, both in quantity and in value of production. The value increased to 143.4, as compared with 100 representing 1899. In the next year, 1907, the value of agricultural products rose to 158.7; in the next year, 1908, to 167.3; in 1909 to 182.8; and in 1910 to 189.2, or almost double the value of the crops of the census year eleven years preceding. During this period of unexampled agricultural production, a period of twelve years during which the farmers of this country have steadily advanced in prosperity, in wealth and in economic independence, in intelligence and in knowledge of agriculture, the total value of farm products is \$79,000,000,000."

Think of it. The farmers of this country in the last eleven years have added seventy-nine billion dollars to their wealth. Can you grasp these figures? Remember that this immense sum of money values was absolutely produced by the farmers in the last eleven years. In other words, in the last eleven years the farmers of the United States have created seventy-nine billion dollars where not a cent existed before. Has the United States any more valuable asset than its farmers? Ought not the government to protect this valuable asset, instead of holding up the farmers who constitute it by the tariff law to be plundered of two billion dollars each year by the trusts, and other plundering schemes, such as the protection of so-called infant industries and other pet institutions? It seems so to me.

Our readers will do well to read our advertising columns and patronize those merchants whose ads appear therein. They want your trade and will treat you right.

STRIKER KILLED.

At Chicago in a clash between striking garment workers and police, one workman was shot dead, another fatally wounded and several combatants on both sides seriously injured. Non-union tailors employed by R. Kuppenheimer & Co., were being escorted to a shop and having been assailed by the strikers.

If the Edisto project falls it will go to be any fault of Mr. Lever. He proposed on the job ever since it was proposed, and still on it. We hope he will get win.

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CLASSIFIED COLUMN

Wanted—Four colored barbers. Apply at once. R. M. Wicker, Wadesboro, N. C.

Ship your calves, hogs, sheep, lambs, etc., to the Parlor Market, Augusta, Ga., 1018 Broad Street.

That Unexpected Gift—You'll have to send on back. Send us \$1.50 and we will mail in pretty holly card. Address Miss M. R. J. Sims Book Store, Orangeburg, S. C.

Wanted—Men to take fifteen day practical cotton course. Accept good positions during the fall. Charlotte Cotton Company, Charlotte, N. C.

Wanted—Every man, woman and child in South Carolina to know that the "Aleo" brand of Salt Peas and Blinds are the best. Lumber Company, who manufacture everything in Lumber and Millwork and whose watchword is "Quality." Write Augusta Lumber Company, Augusta, Georgia, for prices on any order, large or small.

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