

JUDGE BURRICE'S WARNING.
He is Disposed to Drive Severely with Reckless Drivers of Autos.
"Reckless automobile driving is becoming so common that people are killed every day, and I believe the practice will not stop unless severe punishment is meted out to offenders."
This statement was made by the

Eastern Criminal court by State Attorney Alcorn, while he was asking Judge Burrice to impose a jail sentence in the case of Thomas A. Smith, a New York chauffeur who ran down and severely injured a small boy in West Hartford. The judge said he was disposed to deal severely with reckless drivers of autos, but by reason of the circumstances attending this accident he was inclined to deal leniently with the defendant. He imposed a fine of \$400 and costs.

Peary's Misfortune.
If Hanso Tanso were only Cook in a hurry. Why, he never even authorized him to go on a bear hunt.—*Charleston News and Courier.*
"Pa, what's the difference between 'gaining and realising' 'Idealism,' it is the contemplation of marriage being 'married.'—*Boston Transcript.*

Worthy Custodian of Flock.
The proverbial sagacity of the shepherd's dog is well known, and a striking example of this was seen in Culler the other day. A flock of sheep was being driven along the road, and in passing the village the shepherd entered one of the shops for a moment. In his absence a motor car came up, but in a twinkling the dog was forward and had the sheep cleared to the side of the road for the car to pass, the same as if his master had been there.—*London Mail.*

LAST BIT OF LAND FADES FROM VIEW

Dr. Cook's Little Party Now Alone On the Waste of Ice.

A LIFE-SAPPING WIND

Which Froze Their Eyes Shut—Terrific Storms Pile Great Snow Drifts Across Creary Route—Night Spent in Igloo in Temperature of Fifty-Nine Below—Waves of Mirages—Crack in Ice Several Miles Wide Halts the March—Coises of Moving Ice Lack Resemblance Those of an Earthquake.

SIXTH INSTALLMENT. THE CONQUEST OF THE POLE.

By Dr. Frederick A. Cook.

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Koolotingwah and Inugito had been our bedfellows for the entire northward run and they had gone through many dangerous and hard experiences together. We, therefore, felt more keenly their departure than the going of the first six. We were at first lonely, but the exigencies of our problem were soon sufficiently engaging to occupy every call and strain every fibre. Now our party was reduced to three, and though the isolation was more oppressive, there were the usual advantages for greater comfort and progress of a small family of workers. The increased number of a big expedition always enlarges the responsibility and difficulties. In the early part of a polar venture this disadvantage is eliminated by the survival of the fittest, but after the last supporting sleds return the men are married to each other and can no longer separate. A disabled or unfitted dog can be fed to his companions, but an injured or weak man cannot be put aside. An exploring venture is only as strong as its weakest member, and increased members, like increased links in a chain, reduce efficiency.

The personal idiosyncrasies and inconveniences always shorten the day's march, but, above all, a numerous party quickly divides into cliques, which were always opposed to each other, to the leader and to the best interests of the problem in hand. With but two savage companions, to whom this arduous life of frost, I hoped to overcome many of the normal personal barriers to the success of Arctic expeditions.

One Degree in Three Days.
By dead reckoning our position was latitude 82 deg. 23 min., longitude 85 deg. 14 min. A study of the ice seemed to indicate that we had passed beyond the zone of ice crushed by the influence of land pressure. Behind were great hummocks and small ice ahead was a cheerful expanse of frozen floss. Using the accumulated vigor of man and beast we had advanced a degree of latitude in three days. Our destination was about four hundred and sixty miles beyond.

But our life had assumed quite another aspect. Previously we permitted ourselves some luxury. A pound of coal oil and a good deal of musk ox tallow were burned each day to heat the igloo and to cook abundant food. Extra meals were served when an occasion called for it and each man ate and drank all he desired. If the stockings or the mittens were wet there was fire enough to dry them out, but all of this must now be changed.

There was a short daily allowance of food and fuel—one pound of pemmican per day for the dogs, about the same for man, with just a taste of other things. Fortunately we were well stocked for the race with fresh meat in the lucky run through game lands.

At first no great hardship followed the changed routine. We filled up sufficiently on two cold meals and used superfluous bodily tissue. It was no longer possible to jump on the sled for an occasional breathing spell, as we had done along the land. With overloaded sleds the drivers must push and pull at the sleds to aid the dogs, and I searched the troubled ice for an easy route, cutting here and there with the ice axe to permit the passing of the sleds.

Stripped for the Race.
We were finally stripped for the race; man and dog must walk together through storms and frost for that elusive pivot. Success or failure depended mostly upon our ability to transport nourishment and to keep up the muscular strength for a prolonged period.

As we awoke on the following morning and peeped out of the eye port the sun was edging along the northeast, throwing a warm orange glow on us that gladdened our hearts. The temperature was 63 degrees below zero.

Grades of Sheep.
Merino is the wool sheep, Shropshire the all-purpose and Southdown the best mutton sheep.

Proud of His Judgment.
A man likes you to think he's smart because the candidate he voted for got elected.—*New York Press.*

Maxim.
Let us not talk ill of our enemies! They, only, never deceive us.—*Hous-says.*

Malignousness.
Publish not men's secret faults, for by disgracing them you make yourself of no repute.—*Saadi.*

Not All That is Necessary.
Nobody ever did anything worth while by merely beginning well.

Fahrenheit; the barometer was steady and high. There was almost no wind and not a cloud lined the dome of pale purple blue.

After two cups of tea, a watch sized biscuit, a chip of frozen meat and a bowlful of pemmican we crept out of the bags. The shivering legs were pushed through bearskin cylinders, which served as trousers, the feet were worked into frozen boots and soon we climbed into fur coats, kicked the front out of the snow house and danced about to start the fires of the heart.

Quickly the camp furnishings were tossed on the sleds and securely lashed down. The dog traces were gathered into the drag lines and with a vigorous snap of the long whip the willing creatures bent to the shoulder straps. The sleds groaned and the unyielding snow gave metallic ring, but the train moved with a cheerful pace.

"Une noona terronga dosanawah" (good land out of sight today) we said to one another, but the words did not come with serious intent. In truth, each in his own way felt keenly that we were leaving a world of life and possible comfort for one of torment and suffering. Heiberg Island was already only a dull blue haze, while Grant Land was making fantastic figures of its peaks and ice walls.

Wave of Mirages.
The stamp of reality had given place to a wave of curious mirages. Some peaks seemed like active volcanoes, others rose to exaggerated heights and pierced the changing skies with multiple spires like church steeples. Altogether this unexpected panorama of the upper surface of Grant Land under the influence of optical illusions gave us considerable entertainment.

At every breathing spell the heads turned to the land and every look gave a new prospect. From heaving volcanoes to smoking cities of modern bustle the mirage gave suggestive bits of scenes, but a more desolate line of coast could not be imagined. Illusions were always opposed to each other, to the leader and to the best interests of the problem in hand.

Low wind swept and ice polished mountains were separated by valleys filled with great depths of snow and ice. This interior accumulation moved slowly to the sea, where it formed a low ice wall, a glacier of the malapianic type, but its appearance was more like that of heavy sea ice; hence the name of the fragments from this glacier—floeberg, which, seen in Lincoln sea, and resembling old floss, were supposed to be the product of the upbuilding of the ice of the North Polar sea.

Late in the afternoon the land suddenly settled as if by an earthquake. The pearly glitter which raised it, faded and a purple fabric was drawn over the horizon, merging imperceptibly with the lighter purple blue of the upper skies. We saw the land, however, reserved for several days whenever the atmosphere was in the right condition to elevate the terrestrial contour lines.

All Conditions Favorable.
Everything was in our favor in this march. The wind was not strong and struck at an angle, making it possible to guard the nose by pushing a mitten under the hood or by raising the fur clad hand. The snow was hard and the ice, in fairly large floes, separated by pressure lines, offered little trouble. At the end of a forced effort of four-teen hours the register indicated twenty-nine miles.

Too tired to begin the construction of a house at once, we threw ourselves down on the sledges for a short breathing spell and fell asleep. Awakened about an hour later by a strong wind, we hastened to seek shelter. The heavy floe upon which we rested had several large hummocks and over to the lee of one of these was found suitable snow for a camp. Lines of snowy vapor were rushing over the pack and the wind came with a rapidly increasing force.

But the dome was erected before we suffered severely from the storm and under it we crept out of the coming storm into warm furs.

It blew fiercely that night, but in the morning the storm eased to a steady draught with a temperature of 58 degrees below. At noon we emerged. The snow grains had been swept from the frigid dome, but to the north there remained a low black line over a pearly cloud which gave us much unpleasantness. It was a narrow belt of water-sky and

indicated open water or very thin ice at a great distance.
The upper surface of Grant Land was a mere line, but a play of land clouds over it fixed the eyes on the last known rocks or solid earth. In this march we felt keenly the piercing cold of the Polar sea. The temperature gradually rose to forty-six below in the afternoon, but the chill of the shadows increased with the swing of the sun's glitter.

A Life Sapping Wind.
It still blew that light, life sapping draught which sealed the eyes and bleached the nose. We had hoped that this would soften with the midday sun, but instead it came with a sharper edge. Our course was slightly west of north, the wind was slightly north of west; it struck us at a painful angle and brought tears. The moistened lashes quickly froze together in twinkling and we were forced to halt frequently to unseal the eyes with the warmth of the uncovered hand. An active pack and a troubled crew could not be far away, according to our surmises. The water sky widened but became less sharply defined.

This experience brought warm reassurance, but it was not to be. If we aimed to succeed the face must be bared to the cut of the elements.

At about 8 o'clock, as the sun crossed the western horizon, a line of high pressure ridges. Beyond the ice was cut into smaller floes and thrown together into ugly irregularities; an active pack and a troubled crew could not be far away, according to our surmises. The water sky widened but became less sharply defined.

We found a fine play among hummocks and pressure lines which seemed impossible from a distance, and in a few hours we saw from an unusual angle of view a long river of dark ice separating the packs—a tremendous cut several miles wide which seemed at the time to bar all further progress. We had a folding canvas boat on the sleds, but a temperature of 45 degrees below zero no craft could be lowered into water without fatal results. All of the ice about was firmly cemented together and over it a way was forged to the shore of the great lead.

Camp Beside the Lead.
Camp was made on a secure old field and over its huge ice drifts the crack seemed a long river winding between palliades of blue crystal. A thin sheet of yellow ice had already spread over the mysterious deep and a profusion of fantastic frost crystals were arranged in bunches resembling flowers. Through this young ice dark vapors rose like steam through a screen of porous fabrics and fell in feathery or dust-like particles on the shores. Etchings went east and I went west to examine the lead for a safe crossing.

There were several narrow places, while here and there floes had been adrift in the lead and were now fixed by the young ice. Awhail remained to make out another house comfortable. In exploring the shore line a partially bridged place was found, about a mile from camp; but the young ice was too elastic for a safe track. The temperature, however, fell rapidly with the setting sun, and the wind was just strong enough to sweep off the heated vapors. A better temperature condition could not be afforded to quickly thicken the young ice.

The groaning ice and the eagerness to reach the opposite shores kept us awake for a long time. The vibrations and noises of the moving pack were not unlike those of an earthquake.

Breakfast was served early and soon after we were on the thin ice to test its strength. Though the ice was hardly safe it was not thick enough to wait longer, for the western skies were darkening with a wind that might destroy the next ice and compel a halt for a long time.

(The seventh installment of Dr. Cook's story will be printed in *The Bulletin* on Thursday, Sept. 29.)

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.
Lithuanians from Connecticut and Other States Convene in Waterbury.

A convention of delegates from Connecticut and several other states, opened Thursday morning, says the Waterbury American, at 9.30 in St. Joseph's Lithuanian church in the Brooklyn district. The purpose of the gathering of delegates is to form a big Lithuanian temperance alliance.

The convention proper began at two o'clock Thursday afternoon in the parochial school connected with St. Joseph's parish. At the services, which will be conducted in the church tonight, the Rev. Father Mikulaks of Philadelphia will preach a sermon on temperance.

The temperance movement is rapidly gaining ground among the Lithuanians. A month ago St. Mary's Temperance society was organized by Waterbury Lithuanians, and there are now 125 members.

SOCIALISTS ACTIVE.
Eugene V. Debs and Robert W. Hunter to Speak in Bridgeport.

Arrangements are being made for a most active campaign in Bridgeport this fall by the socialist party and announcement is made that some of the leading men in the party of national reputation will make addresses, one of whom will be Eugene V. Debs, the candidate of the party for president at the last election. Robert W. Hunter of New York, who spoke at Seaside park, Labor day, will be another speaker.

Many speakers of note in the west will be used to come here and make addresses. Chief among the local speakers will be Conrad J. Johnson, the candidate for city treasurer. The rallies will be held in the open air and the dates will be announced later.—*Bridgeport Telegram.*

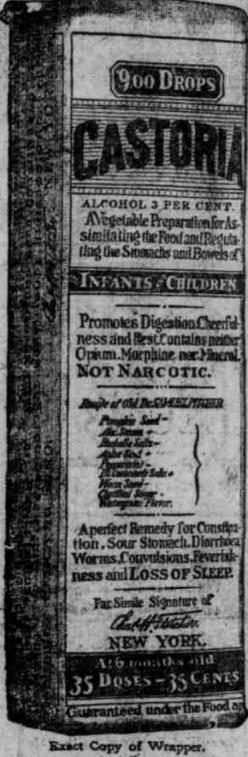
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You have read our oft-repeated statement, "In use for over 30 years." It was in the early sixties that the prescription now universally known as Castoria was first made use of. With a record of over fifty, under five years of age, out of every hundred deaths, it was the AMBITION OF EVERY PHYSICIAN to discover a remedy suitable for the ailments of infants and children that would decrease this distressing mortality. In Castoria that relief has been found.

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Until 1897 no counterfeits or imitations of Castoria appeared on drug store shelves, but since that date Mr. Fletcher has been called upon to suppress a number of these frauds. While the record for 1900 does not come down to our expectation it is owing to the carelessness of mothers when buying Castoria. The signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is the only safeguard.



CASTORIA

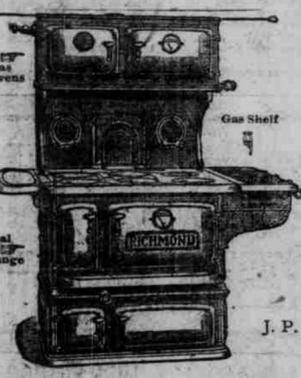
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Why Not Now?

The World's Disease.
Mammotism is only an effect of which selfishness is the cause. Selfishness—the assertion of self against the law of the universe, self-gratification instead of the general good—that is the disease of the world, and we can never have social health until society is saved from selfishness.—*Homiletic Review.*

Your Neighbor.
There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good—myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

The Lady's Gowns.
After a fashionable woman has got into her morning gown, her day gown, her reception gown, her tea gown and her dinner gown all in one day, we should think it would be about time for her night gown.—*Ohio State Journal.*

The Day of Rest.
Carrie's sister May, six years of age, in being asked why the Sabbath day was different from the other days in the week, answered very carefully: "Oh, that's the day you pin things in 'stead of sewing."—*The Delinquent.*

Every One.
Every girl who gets married has a light blue tea gown. She withstands the temptation of a light blue tea gown all her life, but when she gets her wedding clothes ready, she resists no longer.—*Atchison Globe.*

God's Plans for Mankind.
We were planned on lines of nobility; we were intended to be something grand; not mean and stingy, but large and generous; we were made to God's image; that we might be Godlike.—*Exchange.*

As It Ought to Be.
Things would be greatly simplified if the man who is ill would always enjoy eating enough, and if the man who is well could enjoy refraining from eating too much.

Much Easier.
"It would be quite a bit easier, to forgive and forget," remarked the observer of men and things, "if the coal man did not usually handle ice also."—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

Feminine Note.
The woman who is afflicted with the butt-in habit usually has a long nose, a long tongue, and says little when she talks.—*Chicago News.*

Sentiment by Tolstoy.
He who lives for the purpose of fulfilling God's will can not help being indifferent to the judgment of people.—*Tolstoy.*

Mind Must Be Cultivated.
As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation can never produce good fruit.—*Seneca.*

Grades of Sheep.
Merino is the wool sheep, Shropshire the all-purpose and Southdown the best mutton sheep.

Proud of His Judgment.
A man likes you to think he's smart because the candidate he voted for got elected.—*New York Press.*

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

Insures the most delicious and healthful food

Sal's Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE