

FACING DEATH in the FROZEN NORTH Heroic Self-Sacrifice of Peary's Surgeon

By EDWARD B. CLARK COPYRIGHT BY W. A. PATTERSON



ONE DAY it may be Commander Robert E. Peary will tell in his own words the story of the self-sacrifice of Dr. Edward E. Vincent, the youthful surgeon who accompanied the Peary arctic expedition of 1893. All the stories of heroism in the arctic regions have not yet been told. The leaders of the polar expeditions have not been the only men to show high courage and devotion to duty in the face of danger.

Dr. Edward E. Vincent was killed accidentally not long ago in the city of Detroit. He was the brother of Judge William A. Vincent of Chicago. The story of the young physician's devotion and self-sacrifice has been told by one man, James Davidson, who until recently was in the United States consular service. Davidson was a member of the arctic expedition of 1893 and it was on his behalf that Vincent looked death in the face.

It is a simple tale, this, yet it is one that strengthens faith in human nature and makes the most unemotional of us give thanks that such men as this young Illinois physician sometimes live. Peary and his party of 10 men started from Etah in early April of the second year of the expedition to make the dash for the pole. April—the spring month—the thermometer registered 60 degrees below zero when the little band of hardy spirits reached a place about 140 miles from their starting point. One night they pitched their two tents and turned in.

A storm arose. It was a howling blizzard without the snowfall—a blizzard with the thermometer 32 degrees below the freezing point. The tent in which one-half of the explorers slept was ripped by the blast into threads. The occupants made their way as best they could to their comrades' shelter. The distance was not great, but in covering it the feet of one of the men, Davidson, were frozen. It became necessary almost at once to amputate portions of both extremities. The operation was performed by Surgeon Vincent.

It was, of course, impossible for Davidson to proceed with the party on the dash to the pole. To leave him where he was meant death. There was but one thing to do, and that was to send him back over the wastes and the ice floes and through the awful bitterness of the cold to the place whence they had come. Seven miles back were some natives and something like adequate shelter. Peary could spare but one man to go back with Davidson. It was obviously the place of the surgeon to go on the return journey, with his patient, a journey that everyone in the band believed meant death for the two men who would undertake it.

Edward E. Vincent gave up without a murmur that for which he had so longed—the chance to be one of the men to reach that goal of the explorers' ambition, the north pole. His duty was to Davidson and with Davidson he stayed. Peary gave the two men a sledge, four dogs and some supplies. They turned their faces in the direction of Etah and set out through that region of frozen silence. Davidson was unable to walk. He was a big man and his weight proved a burden to the dogs. For two days they went on slowly. On the evening of the second day they made their small fire and started to brew some tea. The bottom fell out of the pot and it could not be fixed. It was the only vessel of any kind that they had with them. In it they had heated their pemmican and steeped their tea. That accident, apparently trifling in itself, those two men felt might mean their death. From that time on they ate frozen food and had no warming beverage.

On, on they went and at last there came a realizing sense that they were lost. There was no food left which could be spared to keep up the strength of the dogs. Vincent led two of the creatures away and killed them that they might serve as food for the two remaining animals. Both men were weak to the point of exhaustion. Vincent kept up his good cheer and rallied his patient by his hopefulness. Then he went into the harness, taking the place of the animals that he had slain, and used his remaining strength to help drag the sledge onward. The two remaining dogs gave out. There would have been the blackness of despair had it not been for something in the spirit of those two men that made them see light.

"Doctor," said Davidson, "you can't drag me further. There is no reason why both of us should die. Unencumbered, perhaps you can make your way to the old camp. Try it."

Vincent's answer was the fitting of the harness over his shoulders once more and the trudging onward, dragging the sledge with its weakened burden behind him.

"Doctor," said Davidson once more, "you'd better go." Vincent turned with a sort of half smile. "Davidson," he said, "it's barely possible, as a mere matter between men, I might find it in my heart to desert you and leave you here to die. You must remember, however, that I am a doctor and you're my patient, and it would be unethical to the last degree for me to go away and leave you, so I'm afraid you'll have to put up with me."

The physician dragged his patient on through the horror of the awful stillness. Finally the end was at hand. Vincent was tottering and Davidson, weakened as the result of the operation he had undergone, coupled with the exposure and lack of food, was practically in a fainting condition. The sledge had been brought to a point from which swept away for over a mile a gentle declivity, smooth with snow and ice. Vincent sat down on the edge of the sledge.

"Old fellow," he said, "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid it's almost up with me." Then he turned away his head, but in a moment was on his feet. Far down to the right of the sloping plain he saw a grim-looking rock which held his gaze. Then he turned to Davidson again. "I don't want to raise any false hopes," he said, "but that rock looks like one that stood not far from the place where the natives are. It is like a thousand others and probably I am wrong, but God knows it's our last hope. I can't drag you further, but I'll leave you. We'll go together. We can slide down this declivity with our sledge. We may go into a crevasse, as you know, and that means death, but it's death anyway unless when we pass that rock we see some huts beyond and to the right."

Then those two men kissed each other, but spoke not a word.

Vincent used his last remaining strength to start the sledge. It went slowly with its own momentum down the barely perceptible incline. Occasionally the accelerated speed would be checked by a smooth billow of ice over which they rode smoothly. They were approaching the rock which to Vincent had looked familiar. They were almost up to it. On what the first look around the rock should reveal the physician knew meant life or death. He turned and looked at his comrade. Davidson's eyes were closed tight in the agony between the

hopes and fear of the moment. They had reached the rock. Vincent looked to the right and beyond. "Doctor, is it death?" came a voice from behind. "No; life."

Occasionally at the United States military academy. In seeking to teach the lesson of the beauty of self-sacrifice, the chaplain will tell the cadets that all heroes who give up their lives for principle do not die by rifle shot or saber stroke. The martial spirit that is engendered by military instruction and by the glorious heritage of the memory of the sons of the academy who gave up their lives for the flag often leads the cadet minds into a train of thought which holds that the death which is more fitting to the soldier than any

other is that which comes at the hands of the enemy of his country.

While the occurrence was a fresher in the memory of all than it is perhaps to-day, the West Point chaplain, in the pressing of their point, loved to speak of the death of Lieut. James E. Bell, who died because of his devotion to duty. "Jimmie" Bell, lovingly called "Jingle"

by his fellow cadets, was a brother of Maj. W. W. Bell of Chicago and an uncle of Lillian Bell, the writer. When Lillian Bell wrote her story, "The Under Side of Things," with its pathetic ending, she wove the tale about the career of her uncle, Lieut. Bell, and gave to the story the depth of pathos that truth compelled.

One of James E. Bell's classmates at West Point once said that when a man was fighting with another man he had something to grapple with, but that when a man was fighting disease the disease did all the grappling. You can't wound a disease adversary. Against him parry and thrust are nothing. Adjutant-Gen. E. D. Townsend once said that in all his army career he had never known such honors to be paid to a subaltern as were offered to the memory of First Lieut. James E. Bell. Two general orders were issued from headquarters of the army, each paying tribute to the devotion of the young officer of artillery who had died on the Dry Tortugas of yellow fever.

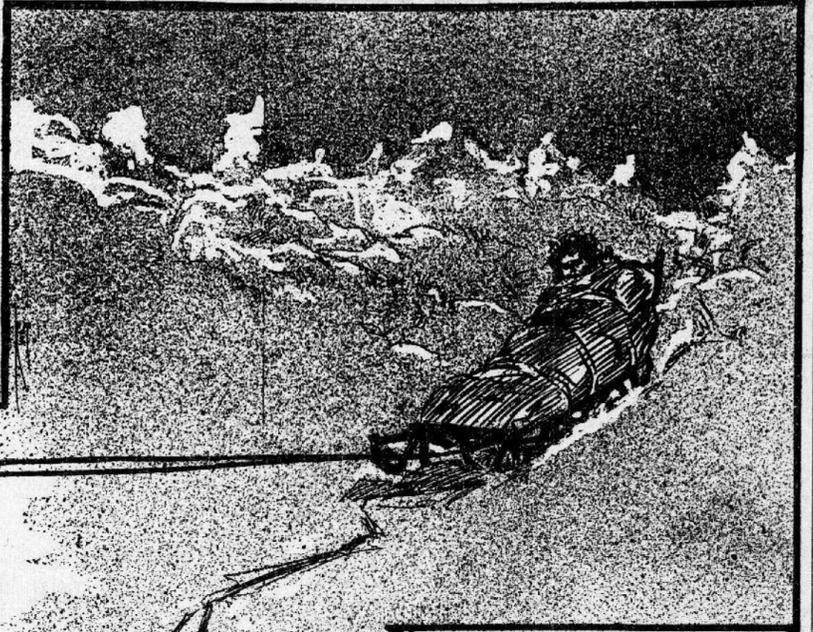
Fort Jefferson on the Tortugas in August of the year 1873 was garrisoned by Battery M, First United States Artillery. Outside of the surgeons there was only one officer, Lieut. Bell, at the post. Capt. L. L. Langdon had been granted a leave of absence to go north to the bedside of his dying father. On August 28 yellow fever appeared at the post. Within two days four of the garrison had died. Upon the first announcement of the appearance of the scourge Lieut. Bell sent all the women and children and some of the married men to an island three miles away. Within a day or two he sent to the same place nearly all the well men of the garrison, retaining only enough to nurse the sick. There could have been no criticism of Bell's course had he gone with the garrison, leaving the sick to the care of the surgeons and nurses. He stayed and devoted himself to the care of the sick in the hospital, assisted by the men who had volunteered.

The heat was fearful. There was not a pound of ice on the island and many of the deaths that followed one after another were due to the lack of this necessity. There were 20 cases of the fever and for whole days and nights continuously the devoted lieutenant, the surgeons and the nurses knew no rest. With their own hands they dug the graves for the dead and with their own lips repeated over them the burial service.

Capt. Langdon in the far north heard of the yellow fever at Fort Jefferson. He instantly relinquished his leave of absence and hastened to return to his station. Some months before the outbreak of the fever Lieut. Bell had put in an application to be detailed as instructor of military science at the University of Vermont. The application had been granted and Capt. Langdon, hurrying south to join his command, carried in his pocket the order relieving Lieut. Bell from duty at Fort Jefferson and detailing him for work in Vermont. Langdon reached his post. He called in his first lieutenant and said: "I have here orders transferring you immediately to Vermont. You have done a noble work here. There is no reason why you should stay longer. You have been through enough of the awful thing. Go."

Bell said: "Captain, I don't want the order. If I read it I suppose I shall have to obey simply because it is an order. You keep it in your pocket until the fever is over and then I'll read it and go."

Langdon shook hands with him. Bell went on with his work. In a few days he felt the hot hand of the scourge on his brow. He went to his tent, pulled up his little camp table and wrote an official letter to the assistant adjutant-general at headquarters of the Department of the Gulf, Holly Springs, Miss. It was a long letter, covering many pages. There was in Bell's heart that day the fear that he might die and leave undone an act of duty to others. He cherished the thought of the loyalty of the surgeons and the enlisted men who had so nobly performed their duties to the sick



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and dying, facing the fever and death itself without flinching. He mentioned in the official communication each doctor and man by name, recommending them for recognition at the hands of the department. Of himself he said nothing, his whole thought was that recognition should be given others.

Lieut. James E. Bell put down his pen, went to the hospital and in three days was dead.

The closing paragraphs of one of the general orders touching this man and his love of duty are these: "The only officer in an isolated post when it was visited by a dangerous epidemic, he seemed to multiply himself in his ever-present care and watchfulness for the men of his command, and it is doubtless due to the exhaustion and fatigue resulting from his anxious discharge of duty that he finally fell a victim to the disease."

"He died in the faithful discharge of a soldier's duty." Way up north were wife and child. The little one crept up to the black-robed mother and said: "Is my darlin' foddly tummin' home to-day?" "Not to-day, dear. Perhaps to-morrow."

BALLOON ARTILLERY PROBLEM

While One Inventor Constructs Air Craft, Another Builds Guns to Destroy Them.

A writer in the Star has the following to say on the subject of aerial war craft:

Germany's government has been induced by the wonderful flights accomplished by the Zeppelin, Parseval and Gross airships to form an air fleet which already numbers six cruisers, but this very success has also awakened the German military authorities to the necessity of improving German artillery with a view to combating hostile air fleets, and, therefore, just as Germany was first in the field with an aerial navy, so she leads the way with balloon artillery. This year both the Krupp and Ehrhardt works have placed balloon guns on the market.

The inventor of balloon artillery had several things to bear in mind. The objective is very mobile, can develop great speed and change its direction, up or down and to all points of the compass very rapidly and with comparative ease. Therefore the guns had to be capable of the most rapid laying while their projectiles had to be made to travel at a very high velocity. Again, since a scouting airship, when nearing the hostile zone, will ascend to the greatest height attainable, the guns had to be made so as to fire practically perpendicularly to an immense height.

It is obvious that the field artillery method of training

guns, either by moving the gun round on a fixed pivot on the gun carriage or by altering the direction of the carriage, would be out of place here as being too slow. So Krupp, in the case of balloon artillery mounted on wheels, have designed the wheels so as to be pushed forward out of the way, with handles attached to either axle, which in a couple of simple revolutions can alter the entire direction of the gun. For fortresses the balloon guns can be mounted with other ordnance on a pivot, and the same mounting is used for balloon-artillery fixed on the platform of armored motor cars, which would pursue the air cruiser until a suitable range was obtained.

Opinions are still divided as to the nature of projectile to be discharged. For spherical balloons shrapnel is undoubtedly the best, but as a cruiser of the Zeppelin type might sustain but little damage from a few shrapnel pellets Krupp, in contrast to Ehrhardt, who pins their faith on shrapnel for all types of balloon artillery, have invented special shell fitted with a slow match which ignites a gas with the object of causing an explosion in the hostile airship.

The shell on striking the airship's envelope immediately sets fire to the filling gas and the resultant explosion would totally annihilate the aerial vessel. These deadly shells are moreover designed to give off a very dense smoke so as to leave a wake which, with the aid of a glass, is distinctly visible and of immeasurable importance in sighting for a second shot, supposing the first to have missed. The distance is taken by a special apparatus set up by the side of the balloon gun, while the actual sighting is done by means of an apparatus something similar to the periscope of the submarine.

Krupps have constructed hitherto three makes of balloon guns—a 6.5 centimeter field gun, which fires a 4-kilogram projectile with an initial velocity of 620 meters, or about 2,100 feet a second, attaining at a maximum angle of discharge of 60 degrees and a height of 17,000 feet; a fortress 7.5 gun, firing a 6½-kilogram shell and a heavy gun of 10.5 caliber, primarily intended for use on board warships.

The fortress gun can hit and destroy an airship at a height of 24,000 feet from a discharging angle of 75 degrees, so that as, on the evidence of Count Zeppelin himself, an airship only in case of emergency rises to a height of 5,000 feet, the range the new balloon artillery covers all cases. The naval gun can reach a height of 35,000 feet.

SOLVES MYSTERY OF HAUNTED CHAMBER.

Sir William Henry Perkins, the inventor of many coal tar dyes, was talking in New York before he sailed for England about the Psychical Research society.

"Crookes and some other scientists go in for psychical research," he said, "though I confess that to me the subject makes no great appeal."

"Personally I have come in contact, during a fairly long career, with but one ghost story. Its hero was a man whom I'll call Snooks."

"Snooks, visiting at a country house, was put in the haunted chamber for the night. He said he felt no uneasiness; nevertheless he took to bed with him a revolver of the latest American pattern."

"He fell asleep without difficulty, but as the clock was striking two he awoke with a strange feeling of oppression."

"Lifting his head, he peered about him. The room was wanly illuminated by the full moon, and in that weird, bluish light he saw a small hand clasping the rail at the foot of the bed."

"Who's there?" he demanded, tremulously.

"There was no reply. The hand did not move."

"Who's there?" said Snooks again. "Answer or I'll shoot."

"Again there was no reply, and Snooks sat up cautiously, took careful aim and fired."

"He limped from that night on, for he shot off two of his own toes."—New York World.

A Man of Vim.

"Wasaby never stays longer than he finds necessary to borrow some money."

"I suppose a man of what you might call 'touch' and 'go'."—Baltimore American.

DOCTORS FAILED. RESTORED BY PERUNA.

Catarrh of the Lungs Threatened Her Life.

Mrs. Ninette Porter, Braintree, Vermont, writes: "I have been cured by Peruna."

"I had several hemorrhages of the lungs. The doctors did not help me much and would never have cured me. I saw a testimonial in a Peruna almanac of a case similar to mine, and I commenced using it."

"I was not able to wait on myself when I began using it. I gained very slowly at first, but I could see that it was helping me."

"After I had taken it a while I commenced to raise up a stringy, sticky substance from my lungs. This grew less and less in quantity as I continued the treatment."

"I grew more fleshy than I had been for a long time, and now I call myself well."

FARE, NOT FAIR.



Division Superintendent—How many fare passengers did you have on your last trip?

New Conductor—Fair passengers? Say, do you think all I had to do was to notice people's complexions?

A BURNING ERUPTION FROM HEAD TO FEET

"Four years ago I suffered severely with a terrible eczema, being a mass of sores from head to feet and for six weeks confined to my bed. During that time I suffered continual torture from itching and burning. After being given up by my doctor I was advised to try Cuticura Remedies. After the first bath with Cuticura Soap and application of Cuticura Ointment I enjoyed the first good sleep during my entire illness. I also used Cuticura Resolvent and the treatment was continued for about three weeks. At the end of that time I was able to be about the house, entirely cured, and have felt no ill effects since. I would advise any person suffering from any form of skin trouble to try the Cuticura Remedies as I know what they did for me. Mrs. Edward Nanning, 1112 Sanna St., Watertown, N. Y., Apr. 11, 1909."

The Kind Caddie.

"Once in a game," said the golfer, "I had the good fortune to be six holes up on my opponent by the time the eighth hole was reached. At the eighth green something went wrong with our reckoning of the strokes and I claimed that I had won that hole, too, while my opponent claimed that it was halved. After a mild dispute I yielded."

"But as I moved on with my caddie I couldn't help grumbling: 'Well, you know, Joseph, I gave in; but I still think I won that hole after all.'"

"The boy, with a frown, turned shocked and reproving eyes on me. Disgusted with my greed for holes, he whispered hurriedly, so that my opponent should not overhear: 'Shut up, can't you? Do ye want to break the man's heart?'"

Harvard Scored.

It was the morning of the Yale-Harvard game at Cambridge, and two of the New Haven collegians were wandering through the Harvard yard, looking at the university buildings. Down a walk toward them came a youth of serious aspect, but palpably an undergraduate.

"I beg your pardon," said the Yale man, who is a bit of a wag, to the stranger, "can you tell me where I can find Harvard university?"

"I'm very sorry," said the serious one, with never a smile. "They've locked it up. You see, there are so many Yale men in town."

Fair, Fat and Tidy.

A Kansas sat on the beach at Atlantic City watching a fair and fat bather disporting herself in the surf. He knew nothing of tides, and he did not notice that each succeeding wave came a little closer to his feet. At last an extra big wave washed over his shoe tops.

"Hey, there!" he yelled at the fair, fat bather. "Quit yer jumpin' up and down! Dye want to drown me?"—Everybody's Magazine.

A WOMAN DOCTOR

Was Quick to See that Coffee was Doing the Mischief.

A lady tells of a bad case of coffee poisoning and tells it in a way so simple and straightforward that literary skill could not improve it.

"I had neuragic headaches for 12 years," she says, "and suffered untold agony. When I first began to have them I weighed 140 pounds, but they brought me down to 110. I went to many doctors and they gave me only temporary relief. So I suffered on, till one day a woman doctor told me to use Postum. She said I looked like I was coffee poisoned."

"So I began to drink Postum and I gained 15 pounds in the first few weeks and continued to gain, but not so fast as at first. My headaches began to leave me after I had used Postum about two weeks—long enough to get the coffee poison out of my system."

"Since I began to use Postum I can gladly say that I never know what a neuragic headache is like any more, and it was nothing but Postum that made me well. Before I used Postum I never went out alone; I would get bewildered and would not know which way to turn. Now I go alone and my head is as clear as a bell. My brain and nerves are stronger than they have been for years."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

RECORDS BEATINGS OF HEART

Wonderful Mechanism by Which Organ is Made to Write Down Its Own Story.

A human heart, writing its own record with an actual finger of flame, is a startling spectacle that has recently been witnessed by German scientists. It sounds a fearful, doesn't it? But it is literally true; that automatic recording of the heart's action by means of

tracings from the point of a tiny blaze appears to have been made a newly practicable method of determining its condition, more reliable than any other test that can be applied.

The exact means employed is to apply to the subject's chest an instrument like a telephone transmitter, containing a thin rubber membrane, which will reproduce the vibrations of the heart. This membrane forms

one wall of a chamber to which are attached two tubes, one of which brings in acetylene gas, while the other leads to a vertical burner, where the gas is ignited. The vibrations of which the heart sounds are composed are transmitted to the membrane and so to the flame. On a paper tape run through the flame tip, therefore, will appear the record. The fluctuating flame produces a succession of rings, due to a swift succession of slight flarings, and each makes its mark, entirely legible, on the paper.

In order to allow this method to be universally applied in medical practice and to make it most effective and complete, apparatus has been designed, in which the paper tape is unwound from one cylinder to another, passing through the vibrating flame. Beside the latter is installed another flame for giving time records, which communicates with an electrical tuning fork of 100 vibrations. Producing their records side by side, on the same tape, they provide a picture from which the duration of and the intervals between

the heartbeats can be exactly ascertained.—Technical World Magazine.

London "Bobbys" Taught Politeness. Instructions to policemen, railway employes, cabmen and others in the art of being polite is the latest fad of London's society women. They seem to have banded together to instill the rudiments of courtesy into the manners of those they consider their inferiors. Few of them, however, are so particular in bringing up "the lower classes" in the way they should go