

WORLD HERO AND HIS WIFE

ROMANCE OF THIS MODERN ULYSSES AND HIS PENELOPE—HE BEGAN SELLING VEGETABLES, SHE WRITING SHORTHAND—EACH BURIED A FIRST LOVE.

In the year of our Lord 2008, when our great-grandchildren may be holding the Cook-Wright centennial—as we now to celebrate our Hudson-Fulton day—the orators who wax eloquent upon that distant event will perhaps comment upon the fact that through the stout hearts of our three men who passed into glory in 1908 had coursed the same quality of Teutonic blood. Although the names Cook and Wright both have a strong Anglo-Saxon flavor, all three are Teutons. Cook—properly, Koch—has German descent on both sides and the Wrights being the sons of a Teutonic mother, Catherine Koerner, while their father is a bishop of the Moravian church, the United Brethren in Christ. It was this blood which conquered the Romans and which now nourishes those brains which lead the world in scientific achievements. Another parallel between Dr. Cook and the Wright brothers is that all are sons of fathers poor but learned, the one minister of the gospel, the other a country physician. All three are serious of the great middle class, the real aristocracy of earth, the achieving class that produces the counselors of kings and the leaders of men.

Birthplace and Parentage.

When the last thunderous echoes of the Civil war were dying in the soil of the southland, when Theodore Roosevelt and William Taft were lads of six and seven, when Robert Peary was a boy of nine, when Willbur Wright was not yet born by two years, and when Orville Wright yet had six years to await the mysteries of birth, Frederick Albert Cook first saw the light at Callicoon depot, a mere speck on the Empire state map, which even to-day cannot boast of half a thousand inhabitants. Here, to be exact, the boy Cook was born to his good mother, Magdalene, June 10, 1865, when the sun was warming to a new golden summer and a new era of peace was dawning a calm a warlike land. This town lies upon the banks of the Delaware, across whose rippling can be seen the green hills of Pennsylvania. Forty miles to the southwest lie the black coal fields and the anthracite sixty miles west of Poughkeepsie rises above the Hudson, fifty miles below, on the Erie road, is Port Jervis, and eighty miles further in throbs the great metropolis.

The father into whom this son was born was a country doctor, Theodore Albert Cook. He was a Pennsylvania Dutchman, and had settled at Callicoon with others of that stanch stock. As far as he had been able to climb, over the mountains along the western limb of his family tree, he had found Doctors Koch, one of whom, after assimilation with the new American race, had been complete, had anglicized his name and called it Cook.

Magic of Names.

If there be magic in names, it may have been given with this one, bringing it the prowess with which the celebrated English navigator of that century, who, a century and a half ago explored eastern Australia and New Zealand, discovered the New Caledonia, the southern continent, and, in an interminable battle with icy seas, searched for an arctic passage from the Pacific around the north of our continent. But Dame Fortune was more generous with the new Explorer Cook than with the Sandwich Islanders in revenge for having flogged one of them to death.

Magdalene Cook of Callicoon on the Delaware, on one of those proud June days of forty-six years ago, gave to the infant son the father's middle name, Albert. Before this she placed another name of royal Teutons, Frederick—that of the then crown prince of Russia, later emperor of Germany.

Struggles in Boyhood.

The lad began as a farm boy, as goes the story of nearly all of our leaders of the on—commencing with nature between shores, absorbing into his soul the stanchness of the hills and the calm of the woods, leading the life that knows not of microbes or nerves. Nature's lot of strong, and his cheeks and brow, like his hair, blended into the brown of the furrowed fields. He walked two miles to the common school at Hortonville and two miles back a thousand times. Then the father of the little family led and the wolf got to coming very near to the door sometimes. Next came the lure of the great city and early in its teens the lad turned his determined eye toward the metropolis. He got as far as Brooklyn, and in Fulton market, here his elder brother William was working, he went from stall to stall,



turned twice already since manhood's dawn. When he bade the little family group good-bye in 1891 their tear-dimmed eyes had little hope of looking upon him again.

His Quarrel With Peary.

In truth, the young doctor had ill-luck ahead of him. Up in the frozen north he and Peary disagreed, and it is said that the naval officer sent his surgeon to the rear.

The consciousness of being wronged is the spur that has quickened men to the greatest heroic efforts of history. It is the germ of the spirit of martyrdom that has upturned creeds and nations and reversed the destinies of man over and over again since his race first evolved. It has made the slave the master and the master the slave, while smoldering under the discipline meted out to him by Peary, Cook conceived the great ambition of his life—to fleth the "big nail" from his rival and quarrelsome.

His first independent attempt at polar honors was with the yacht Zena, a year later, but this failed. Then he organized and commanded an expedition on the steamer Miranda, but she got crushed in the ice. After a rather inglorious return to Brooklyn the young man's fancy now turned to an enterprise quite as serious as polar exploration, but by no means as frigid. He wooed Miss Anna L. Forbes of Brooklyn and they became engaged. But before their wedding day another chance for glory loomed up on the horizon. The Belgian expedition to the antarctic was organized and he was offered the important commission of surgeon and

two big long years and waiting through a long antarctic night, the expedition returned. The skipper of an American ship moored at Punta Arenas, the southernmost town of earth, met the party coming back and, finding a young American aboard, proposed that the meeting be celebrated with American beer.

"I don't drink," said Cook. But the skipper never sized him up as a molly-coddle. When the expedition got back the Belgian king decorated the Yankee surgeon with the Order of Leopold.

Sad Home-Coming.

But it was a sad home-coming now. The girl left behind in Brooklyn had been dead over a year before the first word had reached her absent fiance. He now saw many more black days than now saw an antarctic winter. But after three years dedicated to the task of reviving his practice, a brighter star commenced to peep over the horizon.

When, as a barefooted country lad, at Callicoon, Frederick Cook had watched the calm Delaware roll toward the sea, little did he dream that far down upon the nether bank of that calm stream dwelt a tiny tot of a girl who would one day be the guiding light of his life. The abode of this child was Camden, 200 miles below, and her name was Marie Fidell. Her, too, was a surname charged with magic, Fidell is anglicized from the French "fidele," meaning faithful.

Enter Marie Fidell.

Marie Fidell, like Frederick Cook, came of a stock proud but poor, and like him she was ambitious. She studied

stenoigraphy, grew proficient, and became the private secretary of a Camden lawyer. Adjoining the lawyer's office was that of a surgeon, Dr. Willis Hunt. He often met the pretty amanuensis as she went in and out. He admired her, sought an introduction, wooed and won her, but their wedded happiness was cut short by fate. In a year and a half he died, leaving her with a daughter, Ruth. The young widow then moved to Brooklyn, where she was mourning her husband at the same time that Dr. Cook was grieving for his lost fiancee. When little Ruth was about two she fell ill in the night and a physician had to be called. Dr.

horrible that the mental tortures of the faithful wife who spent long, wakeful nights wondering and wondering after her little ones had kissed in the image of him whom none of them could kiss in the flesh.

Two Pictures in Contrast.

When at Copenhagen a fortnight ago was beheld the most remarkable tableau that the world has seen in many a year—when a modern Rip Van Winkle, ragged and unshorn, was welcomed by a resplendent prince back to a world long lost. It gave unto it perhaps a world newly found and to recieve, mayhap, the mantle of Columbus and Ma-

have lost any of the citizen's rights? A READER.

According to article 4, section 6 of the state constitution "no idiot, insane person or persons convicted of treason, or even against the elective franchise, unless restored to civil rights, shall be permitted to vote at any election or be eligible to hold office in this state."

Section 1298, subdivision number 2, Compiled Laws of Utah, 1907, says, "A person who shall not be competent to act as a juror: First, who does not possess the qualifications prescribed by the next preceding section; who has been convicted of malfeasance in office or any felony or other high crime."

While there may be no recognized or established rule on the question, the general opinion seems to be that a man convicted of a felony, although under 21 years of age, would be disqualified from all the privileges enumerated above and the ordinary privileges of citizenship, unless pardoned for his crime. It is a doubtful question, however, if a man who has committed a crime against the federal statutes can ever be restored to citizenship.

Salt Lake City, Sept. 8.

Will you kindly answer the following in your questions and answers column next Sunday: How, when and where did Edgar Allen Poe die? J. N.

He died October 7, 1849, at the Marine hospital, Baltimore, in delirium.

Meeteetse, Wyo., Sept. 7.

Please inform me through your questions and answers department if Miss Ada Jones, the singer, whose songs are played by the Victor machines, is still living. If not, when did she die? She is still living. A SUBSCRIBER.

Tribune Want Ads. Bell Main 5200. Ind. 360.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Rigby, Ida., Sept. 16.

Please publish in your Semi-Weekly Tribune question and answer column if the Great Salt Lake ever ran into the Snake river. SUBSCRIBER.

It is computed by scientists that ages ago, when there was an immense inland sea here, many times larger and much higher of level than now, it did so, through the Portneuf.

Salt Lake City, Sept. 15.

Where is the highest bridge in America? TOM CLARK.

So far as we have the record, it is the Kuzma iron and trestle bridge in Warren county, Pennsylvania, which is 301 feet in height.

Mercur, Sept. 16.

Has Scott's Ivanhoe ever been dramatized, and if so, when and by whom? LOYAL READER.

Never, so far as we know.

Salt Lake City, Sept. 6.

A borrowed \$75 of B, giving B a bill of sale of a certain horse for security. A still retained possession of the horse, but it was understood between A and B that if the money was not paid within thirty days the horse belonged to B. According to law, could B take the horse at the end of thirty days? READER.

Probably so, but he ought to have something better than an "understanding" to show for it, if A resists.

Ross Fork, Sept. 15.

In your questions and answers please tell (1) The name of the brilliant star seen in the east at evening now. (2) What of the story that it is the star of Bethlehem? A SUBSCRIBER.

It is Mars; quite the reverse of the signal for the Prince of Peace. Besides, it is not a good time of year for the Star of Bethlehem.

Price, Utah, Sept. 17.

Please name and give location of the highest mountain in Utah. SUBSCRIBER.

Gilbert Peak, Uintah range, 13,657 feet elevation.

Scottsfield, Utah, Aug. 30, 1909.

Is a man in real sense of the word a miner that works for some mining concern even though he does not have anything to do with the mining of coal, for instance, a steam fitter, a weighman, an electrician or a foreman for any person that has nothing to do with the mining of coal, would they be called a miner or not? The workmen you designate are not miners merely because the exercise of their trade calls them to work in a mine. They might work other places as well, and be just what their trade makes them in skill—nothing else.

Salt Lake City, Sept. 13.

When a person is sent to the state prison, serves out his time and is home before he is 21 years old, will he have the full right as an American citizen when he becomes 21 years old? Will he

gellan, quite a different drama was being enacted on this side of the deep. The modest wife of him who was being hailed as the man of the hour, the world hero and returning conqueror, the bright particular star then on the stage center of the drama of life, lay in hysterics, giving way to her pent-up anguish, in a modest New England cottage, whither she had fled to hide from the publicity which an excited world pressed upon her. Such is the man whom thousands have hailed as our returning Ulysses and such is his patient Penelope.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.

Mizzpah chapter No. 5, O. E. S., will hold a special meeting Monday evening, September 20, at 8 o'clock. All members of the order are cordially invited.

ELIZABETH R. SCHRAMM, W. M. FLORENCE E. SINCLAIR, Secretary.

Volumes for Public Library.

The following twenty-four volumes will be added to the public library Monday morning, September 20, 1909: Miscellaneous—Bovill, Hungary and the Hungarians; Bumpus, Cathedrals of Norway and Denmark; Chandler, Trial of Jesus, 2 vols.; Curtin, Mongols in Persia; Harper, Sainte-Beuve; Kleiser, How to Develop Power and Personality in Speaking; Philosophers, Ancient and Modern Series; Plato, Locke, Comte and Mill; Thomas Hobbs, Stoicism, Berkeley and Spiritual Realism; Early Greek Philosophers; Herbert Spencer, Scholasticism; Sherwood, Manners and Social Usages; Stimson, Wandering Chords.

Fiction—James, After of the Dead, Lady Barbara; Lesson of the Master, Roberbator; Webster, Much Ado About Peter; Wright, Calling of Dan Matthews.

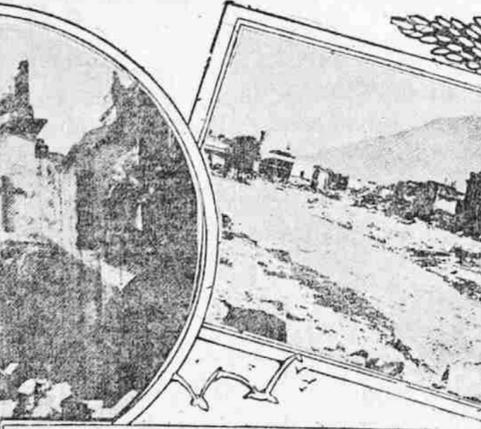
Tribune Want Ads. Bell Main 5200. Independent 360.

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MONTEREY, MEXICO, FLOOD PICTURES. The unprecedented flood in the Santa Catarina river which swept through Monterey, Mexico, on August 27 and 28, caused a loss of life numbering 2000 and 2500 people. More than one thousand dead bodies were recovered and buried. Hundreds of victims were swept far down stream and their bodies never found. The value of the property destroyed is estimated at \$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000. Scores of blocks of residences and business houses were swept away, not even debris being left to mark the spot where some of these structures once stood. More than fifteen thousand people were made home-



Scene in flood-swept part of Monterey, Mexico.



Scene of devastation along the Santa Catarina River in Monterey, Mexico.

Tribune Want Ads. Bell Main 5200. Independent 360.

HERE'S SOMETHING WORTH WHILE: "Lights and Shadows of Mormonism"—"A Revelation in the Mountain." The former, a history of the Mormon church; the latter, a delightful, sparkling Mormon romance. If you get busy, you can have both books for \$2.25. Single copy of either work, \$1.25. Postpaid upon receipt of price. For sale by all news dealers and at The Tribune office.

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