

Off for the North Pole

By Evelyn B. Baldwin, Commander of the Baldwin-Zeigler Polar Expedition.

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SOLOMBALA, Russia, July 28.—At last we are off! Our faithful old pilot has fulfilled his task and is waving us a farewell from the deck of a light ship off the far-away north coast of Norway. Three steamers, America, Frithjof and Belgica, are dipping their flags to the civilized world behind them, and their crews are listening to the faint hurrahs from the shore. It is a gorgeous sunlight night—the Arctic circle miles to the south of us—and we are bound for the mysterious and fascinating realms of the north, whose secrets so many brave men have attempted to discover.

Not without unusual toil and trouble has our start been brought about. Perhaps in truth I should say that this little event—our farewell to the world—is not our start at all. We made that many months ago, when our labors began with selecting our ships and their crews, getting together the members of the expedition and purchasing equipment and provisions. Americans already know how these things were accomplished and are proud of the fact that American generosity has fitted out the most completely equipped expedition that has ever sailed away to the frozen north. And not only to Americans are these things known, for at every stop in our progress along the northern coast of Norway, even at little fishing hamlets, we were greeted with cheers and sped on our way with good wishes for success.

It was at Tromsøe, Norway, that we assembled our little fleet. Here we took on cargoes which most sailing masters would have hesitated to attempt carrying. Indeed, so confident were many of the ship owners in Tromsøe that we should need assistance in transporting our equipment to Franz Josef Land that they had steamers ready to offer me (at a good hire) when I arrived. They all said the "Frithjof" was considerably overburdened and that the stores awaiting shipment on the "America" would require another ship at least. There were 5,000 separate bundles in the warehouses and the first sight of them in scattered confusion was somewhat disconcerting. But when we had dispensed with the useless crates and packing boxes, our four years' supply of food assumed such a compact appearance that the need of another ship was not apparent and the vessel lying at anchor by our side silently spread her sails and stole away.

Besides a general cargo of provisions and equipment I had contracted for ten tons of dried fish for our dogs and now that the extra steamer had set sail the merchant from whom the fish had been ordered became alarmed and without waiting to see whether we could take the fish from his warehouse quietly remarked to me (taking

it as a matter of course that there would be no room for the fish on the "America"): "Of course, you will be obliged to pay me a commission for taking the fish off your hands."

He was not a little astonished when I assured him that every fish would be taken aboard and it was only when bale after bale of this dog food had been taken away in large lighters that he gave up the idea of an extra gratuity. By separating the bales and stowing the fish a handful at a time between boxes, barrels, tins and, in fact, wherever a small space appeared, we at length solved this most important problem. Finally there remained but the three portable houses and the "Frithjof" took two of these and the third one was placed on the "America." This last task was completed on Saturday night and the Sunday following was a day of rest.

We were not able to get away with our heavily loaded ships without accident, however. While all hands were at dinner on our first day of rest America began to drag its anchor on the starboard side before a strong southwest wind and a very swift sea current. It was being driven rapidly toward the shore when we dropped the anchor on the port bow and stopped the vessel before any damage was done. Strange to relate, a similar accident occurred to Antarctica when, a year or two ago, it lay at anchor in this same port. Our chapter of accidents is made complete by the recording of but one other. On the following Tuesday, the day of our departure from Tromsøe, one of the large whaleboats dropped on the foot of one of our search and an amputation of the little toe was necessary. The operation was quickly and skillfully done by our own doctors. The injured man pleaded hard that he be not left behind, and with such a spirit of course we should not have thought of denying him, even had he suffered a greater disability. Dreilich, the injured man, is a type of the men who make up our party.

On board our vessels many professions are represented, yet every man does his share of the hard manual work. As soon as we were out at sea—on the way around to Solombala, where we took on our dogs and last lot of equipment—the men busied themselves getting our cargo into better shape. On the fore-castle a group was busily employed in breaking up crates and boxes, storing the wood in the engine room to save fuel; another group was willing to blacken hands and faces in heaving coal from between decks into the bunkers. Here was an example of the sudden and strange transformation from the gentler American life which many of us have just left behind—a comparative ease abandoned for whatever fate or fortune may have in store, everyone lending a hand as though he had



FIRST DISTRIBUTION OF FOOTGEAR.—Photo Copyright, 1901, by E. B. Baldwin.

been accustomed to just such ways as these for a lifetime. These are the kind of men who are facing the dread terrors of the north with such courageous spirit—Dickson from the mechanical engineer's office, Seitz and Verner from the practice of medicine, Flala from the photo engraving room, Porter from the draughtsman's office, Lellingwell from the university, Barnard from business, Hare from the studio, Sandin from the theological seminary, the two Vedde brothers from the electrical engineering room, Andree from the college, Rihliet from the manual training school and Vineyard from the mercantile life.

On the afternoon of the day of our arrival at Solombala, in company with Mr. Paetz, British pro-consul, I proceeded to Archangel to pay a call to his excellency, Alexander Engelhardt, governor of Archangel district. For some months this energetic and affable man had shown a sympathetic interest in our expedition, and upon our arrival immediately extended his congratulations upon our apparent good prospects and expressed a desire to see the dogs and the ponies. No one was more welcome than the governor of this great Russian district to receive and enjoy the freedom of the expedition. While the governors of other districts, particularly those in Siberia, had prohibited the gathering of so many dogs, Governor Engelhardt had personally found time from his official duties in directing the affairs of a territory larger than all Germany to bring the gathering of the Siberian contingency of the expedition to a successful issue, notwithstanding the strong opposition of his colleagues in authority.

Our chief task at Solombala was the taking on of the dogs and ponies. Four hundred yelping, wild Siberian dogs, which, if free, could have torn us all to pieces in a few minutes, are not easily handled and there were many exciting scenes in the transfer to lighters and then to the dog quarters on board ship. Tronheim, who had gathered the dogs for Nansen and the duke of the Abruzzi, had been engaged for months in collecting these animals for our party and right glad he was to see them safely lodged with us. The six young Siberians who assisted Tronheim were taken on as recruits to our expedition forces. Unable to speak a word of English they explained through an interpreter that they

had entrusted all to me "as to a father," and at this very unusual appeal to me as a young man without family ties I could scarcely repress a smile. The contracts were arranged to their complete satisfaction.

By the time our live stock was aboard the keel of the America was very low in the water, and I decided not to take on the hay and oats required for the ponies until after passing the two bars on our way down the Dwina. We thereupon betook ourselves to what might be called an international love feast, a sumptuous repast laid by the British pro-consul, Mr. Paetz, and participated in by several Russian and German officials, as well as by more than half of the members of our expedition. Many were the expressions of hearty good will which were exchanged between autocrat and republican, and the governor of Archangel led us all with his "After all, we are all brothers!" With the same generosity of sentiment he voluntarily translated for me a lengthy dispatch published that day in a Russian gazette detailing the plans of Admiral Makaroff. Makaroff, it seems, will first circumnavigate Nova Zembla in his famous ice breaker, Yermak, and proceed thence to Port Dickson on the north coast of Russia in order, if possible, to communicate with Baron Toll's expedition. In addition to Admiral Makaroff's plans for exploration in Franz Josef Land, it is also his purpose to leave information at Cape Flora, the proposed first rendezvous of the America and Frithjof.

Owing to the care we had to give to our overloaded craft it was arranged that a "pilot extraordinary" should accompany us down the river. When we had passed the second bar we no longer needed his services and our own pilot took charge. It was no easy matter, however, to take our craft out into the open sea. We were obliged to proceed slowly toward the outer bar, at which point we arrived nearly an hour too soon. We had let go the anchor in order that the ship might not drift from its position; the two lines of stakes which mark the deep water channel drew closer and closer together until but a few rods separated them. That we were very close to the bar was painfully evident from the sudden thudding of the propeller and the trembling of the rigging. To one on the bridge cognizant of the real state of affairs it seemed as though the next instant we should stop. Less than half of the ship's length intervened to the last stake. Then a few more turns of the propeller sent the bow beyond the outer mark, the rigging forward steadied itself and joyously we felt ourselves upon the bosom of the placid deep. The old pilot, drawing a long breath and crossing his arms upon his chest, signified his relief from a mental strain which had taxed his nerves to the limit. We placed him aboard the lightskip which always lies at anchor at this place and as we got under full speed ahead he waved us a parting signal of "bon voyage." EVELYN B. BALDWIN.



JOHN KOTZOFF, PILOT.—Photo Copyright, 1901, by E. B. Baldwin.



THE AMERICA AND THE FRITHJOF AT TROMSØE, NORWAY.—Photo Copyright, 1901, by E. B. Baldwin.

Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

THE LATE Bishop Whipple, in his autobiography, told this story of his first parish, Zion church, Utica, N. Y.: "Like most young clergy, I was overconfident of my theological attainments and of the soundness of my philosophy. Rev. Dr. George Leeds, my neighbor in Grace church, Utica, had asked me to preach for him. I selected the sermon which I considered my best. The following day I met Judge Beardsley, who had known me from childhood, and, laying his hand earnestly on my shoulder, as I supposed to commend my eloquence of the preceding day, he said: 'Henry, no matter how long you live, never preach that sermon again! I know more philosophy than you have learned. You must not try to preach to the judge, but to the tempted, sinful man. Tell him of the love of Jesus Christ and then you will help him.' My aunt, Mrs. George Whipple, a niece of Daniel Webster, told me that when Mr. Webster was visiting in the country he attended the little church morning and evening. A fellow senator said to him, 'Mr. Webster, I am surprised that you go twice on Sunday to hear a plain country preacher

when you pay little attention to far abler sermons in Washington.' In Washington," Mr. Webster replied, "they preach to Daniel Webster, the statesman, but this man has been telling Daniel Webster, the sinner, of Jesus of Nazareth, and it has been helping him."

Henry G. Bryant, who attempted the ascent of Mount Assiniboine, in the Canadian Rockies a few weeks ago, has returned to his home in Philadelphia. In company with Walter Dwight Wilcox, a fellow of the Royal Geographical society of London, he reached an altitude of 11,125 feet, the altitude of the summit being 12,000 feet. He hopes to be more successful next time. In 1891 he explored the Grand Falls of Labrador and was the first to measure them. The next year he was the second in command of the Peary relief expedition to North Greenland and in 1894 was in command of the Peary auxiliary expedition. He also commanded the Mount St. Elias Alaska expedition in 1897. Mr. Wilcox was graduated from Yale university in 1893 and since that time he has traveled and made scientific investigations, especially in the Canadian Rockies and Hawaiian islands. He was elected a fel-

low of the Royal Geographical society in 1898. He has written two books on the Canadian Rockies, besides many articles for the Journal of Geography of the Royal Geographical society.

It may be said that the motto "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" cannot be applied literally to Rear Admiral George W. Melville, who has been chief of the bureau of steam engineering about fourteen years. Except for his trip to the Pacific coast with President McKinley recently and one week at the Chicago exposition, he has not had more than a forty-eight hours' leave at any one time in the fourteen years.

Masons at Richmond, Va., recalled the initiation of President McKinley as a member of Hiram lodge of Masons at Winchester, Va., and comment on the way in which he was taken in. Major McKinley joined the lodge May 1, 1865. He had been in the valley campaign with the federal troops and was greatly struck with the kind way in which federal officers who were Masons treated confederate prisoners who belonged to the order. This so impressed him

that he applied for membership and was received. He and George Washington were the only two Virginia Masons who were illegally initiated. McKinley, because he had not been a resident of the state for a year, according to the regulations of the order, and Washington, who was taken into the lodge at Fredericksburg, when he was 29 years old, 21 years of age being the minimum limit.

Richard Croker's visitors at his English country place, Mount house, give a glowing account of his public services as a benefactor of Letcombe. Not content with beautifying his own property, he is improving the village by widening and straightening the public roads, by extending a picturesque wall and by placing seats for villagers in the meadows under the trees. He has also licensed the village boys to bathe in his new lake at certain hours and has promised to provide a fountain near one of the old mills. He has furnished employment for a large force of workmen in improving his estate.

As is well known, Admiral Dewey was assigned to the Asiatic squadron at his

own request. He believed that the continuing desk work as chief of the Bureau of Equipments in the Light House board was making inroads upon his health. He used to take his meals at the Metropolitan club, corner of Seventeenth and H streets, in Washington, exactly one block from his office. The menu was choice, but Dewey complained to his friends that his digestion was not the best.

"You must eat less," was the suggestion some one volunteered.

"That's just it," replied the future hero of Manila, "but you see I can't dispense with my evening walk after office hours and this sharpens my appetite."

"Shorten your tramp, then," was the admonition.

"Can't very well," responded Dewey.

"Why so; how much of a walk do you take?"

"From my office to the club," was Dewey's reply.

The admiral enjoys humor of a quiet kind. There is nothing boisterous in his nature. In courtly grace and in polite reticence he is the personification of the well bred gentleman. He enjoys the cere-

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