

## ANDRÉE'S FLIGHT INTO THE UNKNOWN.

IMPRESSIONS AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

BY JONAS STADLING.

FROM the time of his participation in a scientific expedition to Spitzbergen in 1882-83, spending the winter there, Herr Andrée is said to have entertained the plan of a balloon expedition toward the north pole.

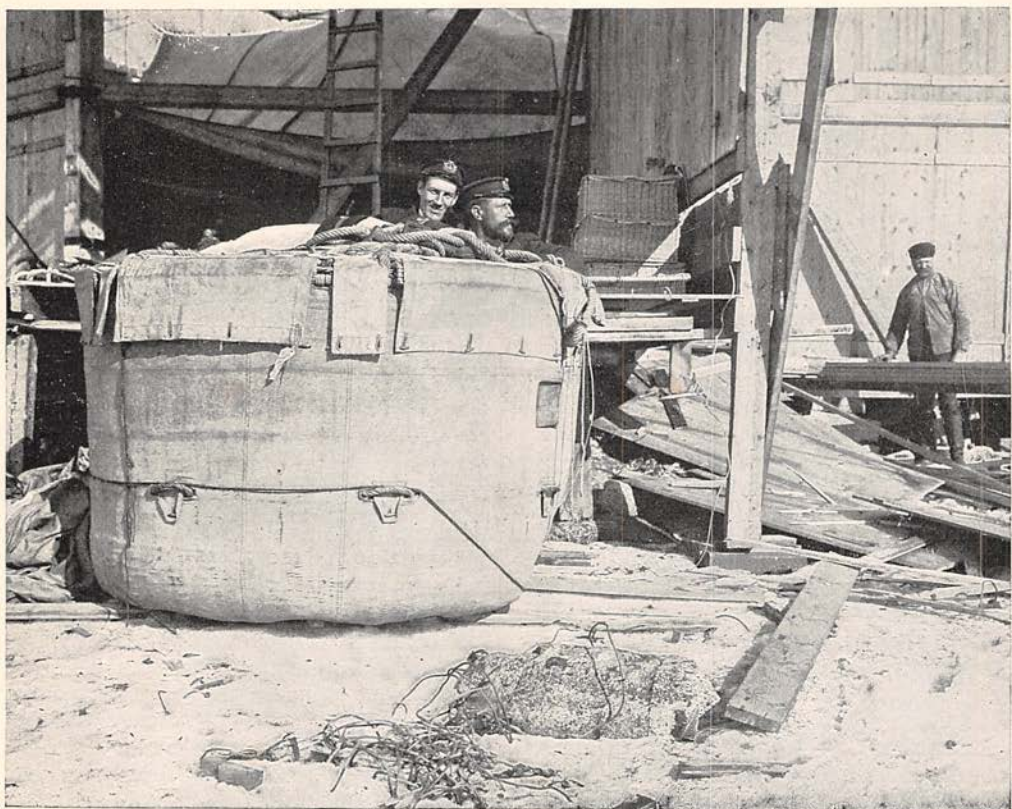
At the close of the eighties Andrée made his first experiments in ballooning. In 1893 he made a series of ascensions for scientific purposes, the expense being paid from the public funds. It was during these experiments, on October 19, 1893, that he was carried away by a westerly wind over the Baltic Sea to Finland, where he had an adventurous landing in the archipelago, spending a cold night on an island, wet, and also injured about the legs. During this trip he made discoveries that led to successful experiments in steering a balloon by means of guide-ropes and sails. On November 29, 1894, he made an involuntary balloon trip

from Gothenburg to the island of Gotland, nearly three hundred English miles across the Baltic. This was also a most adventurous journey.

Andrée's plan of reaching the north pole, or, more correctly, of exploring as much as possible of the northern polar region, by means of a balloon, of course gave rise to much discussion, and called forth differing opinions. In general, among his own countrymen, the people took a skeptical view of the plan, whereas scientists and arctic explorers viewed it favorably. In February, 1895, Andrée laid his matured plan before the Swedish Academy of Science. In August of that year he addressed the International Geographical Congress in London on the subject; and in 1896, as is well known, he endeavored to put the plan in execution, but failed to start on the balloon voyage, owing to unfavorable winds.



VIEW OF THE BALLOON-HOUSE FROM THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE.



THE BALLOON-BASKET.

The possibility of renewing his polar expedition in 1897 was secured through the liberality of his former patrons, King Oscar II of Sweden, Mr. Alfred Nobel, who died shortly after having renewed his subscription, and Baron Oscar Dickson, who died shortly after the departure of Andrée and his comrades. Having thus obtained the necessary funds, Andrée began active preparations for a second expedition, continuing at the same time, during last winter, his arduous work as head-engineer at the patent-office of Sweden. Among his preparations were measures to increase the lifting-power and tightness of the balloon, which was sent to Paris, where it was enlarged by three hundred cubic meters, and varnished inside and out. The size of the balloon thus enlarged was twenty-three by twenty-two meters, holding, in round figures, five thousand cubic meters. Otherwise there was no essential change in the preparations and plans of the expedition from those of the previous year.

On May 18, 1897, the expedition left Gothenburg on the gunboat *Svensksund*, ordered by the Swedish government to convey them to Spitzbergen. The cargo-steamer *Virgo* ac-

companied them, with materials for repairing the balloon-house, also an apparatus for producing hydrogen, and other necessaries.

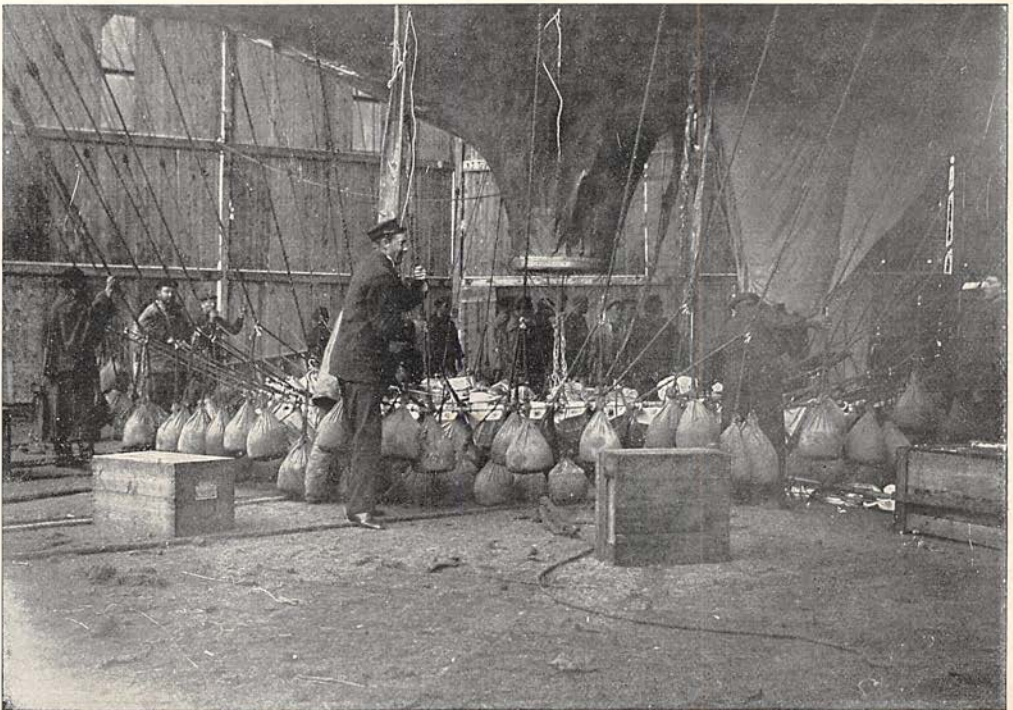
On May 26 the two steamers left Tromsø, Norway. The voyage was stormy, but no ice was encountered until, after three days' steaming against the wind, they reached Danes' Gate, some three miles from the station selected by Andrée last summer, and situated on Danes' Island, near the eightieth parallel. Here the whole strait was found packed with ice, so that it was impossible to force a passage all the way in. This made the unloading of the vessels very laborious, everything having to be brought a good distance over the packed masses of ice. Some fear had been entertained as to the fate of the immense balloon-house, erected last summer, and left standing. A building of such a kind, with a height of about eighty-five feet, might have been put to a very hard test during the terrible winter storms. But when the *Svensksund* came within sight of the station Andrée exclaimed, «No; the house is there!» Yes; it was there, but it had become twisted a little. However, by means

of wires and certain appliances it was soon returned right again. After twelve days' labor all damage to the balloon-house was repaired, and most of the cargo had been brought ashore. On June 14 the balloon was brought into the balloon-house, and was then partly filled with air in order to make it possible to revarnish it inside. This done, the filling of the balloon with hydrogen was begun on June 19, and was continued for eighty-nine hours. After the balloon was filled, leakages were discovered by means of chemically prepared cloth placed on the balloon, which showed dark spots where gas escaped; such places were repaired, the work consuming a few days.

On the 1st of July the balloon was ready, and the last preparations to start, such as pulling down the north side of the balloon-house and fastening the basket to its place, were made. But the necessary south wind was wanting. Day succeeded day of monotonous and impatient waiting. The writer, with others, made excursions to the inland ice, and engaged in hunting, while others were busy making scientific observations and mapping out the surrounding regions. But we did not venture far away, because it was necessary always to be sufficiently near the station to be able to return in three or four hours, in case of a favorable wind.

On the 6th of July, shortly after our return from a trip on *ski* (snow-skates) to the inland ice, a southerly wind began blowing. In the evening it increased to a full storm, and during the night it assumed the strength and violence of a hurricane, threatening to destroy both the balloon-house and the balloon, or to send the latter up without passengers. During the greatest suspense, Herr Andrée, a number of sailors, two carpenters, and myself watched all night in the balloon-house, taking all the precautions possible to secure the balloon, which threatened to tear itself loose from its moorings. Once, while engaged in this arduous work, the balloon raised itself several meters from the floor, and lifted, besides all the extra ballast, four men who were climbing on the balloon-net to fasten some ropes. Among these was Andrée, whose right foot was fastened in the net, so that for a moment he was hanging down the side of the balloon.

Happily, this terrible night passed without serious accident. The next morning, the storm having abated a little, Andrée's companions, Mr. Strindberg, Mr. Fraenkel, and Mr. Svedenborg (the latter having accompanied the expedition as a reserve, in case some one of the others should be disabled), were very impatient to start. To their suggestion, how-



ELEVATING THE BALLOON PREPARATORY TO ATTACHING THE BASKET.



SEARCHING FOR LEAKS WITH CLOTH PREPARED WITH CHEMICALS.

ever, Andrée wisely refused to lend ear, the experience during the night having taught him the necessity of taking precautions for securing the balloon in such a storm. After a few hours the wind quieted down, and then turned round and began to blow from the north, which it continued to do for several days. During this time some of us again made a few excursions. During one of them, Mr. Svedenborg, myself, and a young engineer were caught in a severe storm while out on the open sea in a small rowboat. We had a hard pull of it, being soaked with water of  $1^{\circ}$  centigrade from the waves which washed over us. Finally, in a terrific snow-storm we landed on an island, where we happily found a little driftwood, and were able to make a fire on the ice in a cleft, boiling coffee and roasting some ham on flat stones. In the forenoon of July 10 we reached the station.

After a sound sleep during that night, we were awakened the following morning with a joyous cry which rang out in chorus from the younger members of the balloon expedition: «Southward! A strong and steady south wind!» We rolled out of our beds, jumped into our clothes, and ran up on deck. Andrée had already gone ashore. I hurried after, gave the carrier-pigeons food and water, and went to the balloon-house. Andrée, who the night before had said to one of the younger

members of the expedition, «I feel that it will not be long before we shall go up,» looked a trifle more serious than usual as he walked about inside the balloon-house and looked up at the balloon.

After a few moments' consultation, it was decided to wait for an hour, during which time the three aëronauts were to finish their correspondence and all private preparations. The fated hour passed; another consultation was held on top of the balloon-house. Besides the aëronauts, M. Machuron of Paris, the nephew of M. La Chambre, the balloon-manufacturer, took part in this consultation. Andrée asked each one separately to give his opinion. All were in favor of starting, although the strong wind made the start somewhat risky. Then they came down. Andrée, as he went on board the *Svensksund*, seemed to be more pensive than ever.

The next moment Andrée told the captain of the gunboat, Count Ehrensvard, that he had decided to start. Immediately the order was given to make the final preparations. This was 10:45 A. M. on the 11th of July. Then followed a few hours of intense work and great suspense. In less than an hour the northern side of the balloon-house was pulled down, and in a little over two hours more the balloon had been raised a few meters,

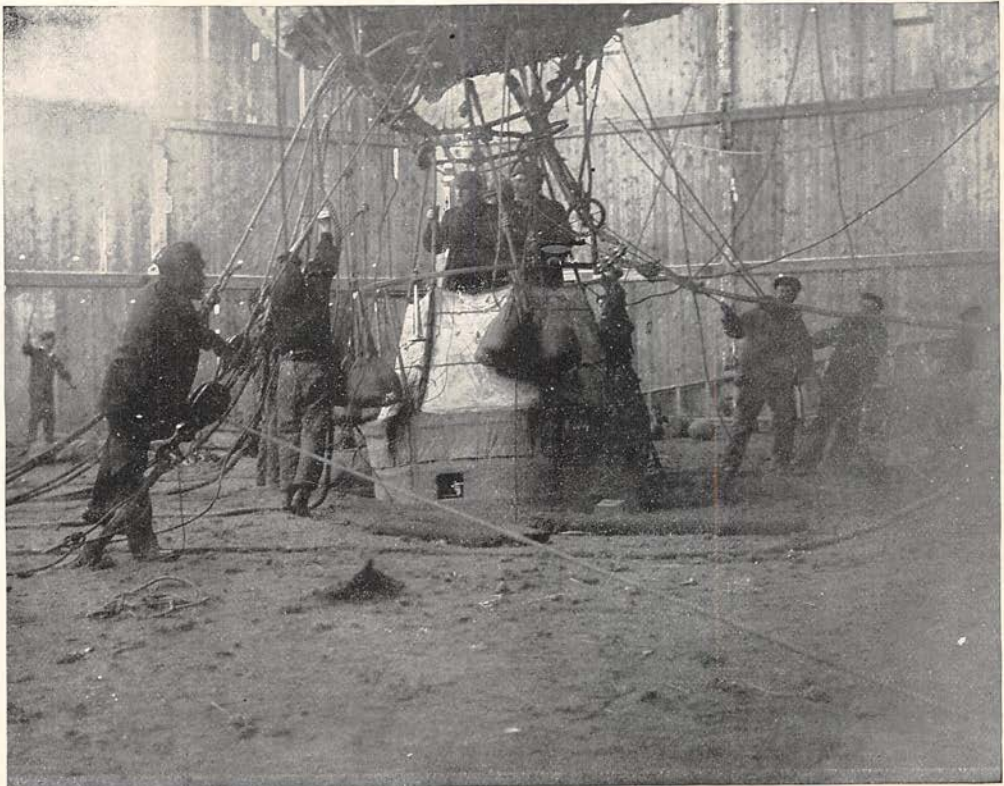
the basket securely fastened to its place, and everything else belonging to the last preparations accomplished.

All being ready to start, Andrée called me aside, and told me that he had decided to call his balloon the *Eagle* (*Örnen*), and authorized me to publish its name; he gave me some messages and salutations to his relatives and friends, whereupon he, Mr. Strindberg, and Mr. Fraenkel, smiling, and without ceremony, warmly shook our hands and bade us farewell. Then Andrée jumped into the basket, and called out, «Strindberg! Fraenkel!»—each jumping quickly into the basket as they were ordered. The extra sacks of sand were then unfastened by Strindberg and Fraenkel, and the balloon was held only by three strong ropes manned by a number of sailors.

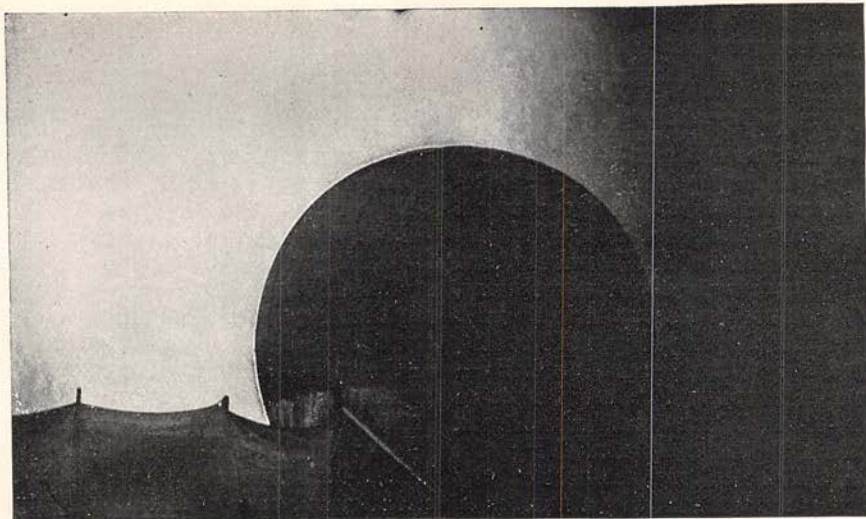
Andrée now instructed the sailors to cut the ropes when he should say, «Three!» There followed a few moments of suspense and painful waiting for a favorable moment when the wind should not blow so hard. Exactly at 2:30 in the afternoon Andrée called out with calm and steady voice, «Cut!—one, two, three!» A simultaneous snap, and the

gigantic balloon rose majestically out of its prison, while Count Ehrensvard shouted, «*Lefve Andrée!*» («Good luck to Andrée»), followed by a strong Swedish fourfold «Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!» while the daring aeronauts shouted back from above, «*Helsa gamla Sverige!*» («Salute old Sweden!») as the balloon lifted and started before the strong wind, on its way to the unknown regions of Ultima Thule—a voyage more daring than any since old Pytheas, more than twenty-two hundred years ago, sailed out of the port of Massilia (Marseilles), steering toward the unknown regions of the north.

As the balloon was being cut loose I ran up on the side of the mountain behind the balloon-house, from which point I saw it ascending, and took a number of pictures of it as it started. With its weight of about five tons, the gigantic balloon rose majestically to a height of about six hundred feet; then it suddenly descended until the basket touched the surface of the water. This depression was no doubt caused by the great resistance of the three heavy guide-ropes, each measuring more than nine hundred feet, and which in some way or other



BEFORE THE START—SAILORS READY WITH KNIVES TO CUT THE ROPES.



THE BALLOON ASCENDING FROM THE BALLOON-HOUSE.

must have caught upon something during the ascension; for it was found that a large part of them had been severed from the balloon and left on the shore. Notwithstanding this mishap,—which it is hoped caused no injury, since to the balloon were attached eight ballast-lines, each two hundred and fifty feet long, which might be used to lengthen the guide-

ropes,—the ascension was accomplished successfully, in spite of the strong wind. When the balloon had been relieved from the tension of the tangled guide-ropes, it rose again, following the current of the air between the mountains, first northeast and then north, whereupon it rose to some fifteen hundred feet, enabling it to pass over the mountainous island of Fogelsang, after an hour finally disappearing in a north-northeast direction.



HERR ANDRÉE (THE SECOND PERSON FROM THE RIGHT) AND HIS COMPANION HERR STRINDBERG (IN THE BACKGROUND).

The photographs which I took from the height behind the balloon-house show the balloon rising from the balloon-house, then rising from the water after its depression, and finally at different distances on its way northward. Its speed was about twenty-five miles an hour.

About fifty cubic meters of gas were consumed every twenty-four hours while the balloon was standing filled, from which escape of gas it was calculated that the balloon would float about thirty days. This ability to float was no doubt reduced considerably through the loss of the guide-ropes, if that loss was not counteracted by attaching the ballast-ropes to the remnants of the three guide-ropes.

The aeronauts were impatient to start this year. They had decided to wait for really favorable winds until the 17th of July. After that date they were prepared to start with a less favorable wind.

In my talks with them about the risks and dangers of their undertaking, they said at various times:

“We have taken all into account. We are prepared to face whatever may happen.”



THE BALLOON AFTER IT WAS DEPRESSED BY THE WIND.

these last years thought, worked, and calculated in preparing for this expedition, we have, so to speak, mentally lived through all possibilities. Now we only desire to start, and have the thing finished some way or other."

While talking about home and the loved ones their faces would assume a more serious expression, and a faint quiver of the voice might be noticed; but there was no wavering of purpose.

"When may we begin to hope to hear from you?" I asked.

"At least not before three months; and one year, perhaps two years, may elapse before you hear from us, and you may one day be surprised by news of our arrival somewhere. And if not,—if you never

"Suppose the balloon should burst," I asked; "what then?"

"We shall be drowned or crushed."

"Suppose you alight on the pack-ice, far away in the desolate polar regions; what will you do?"

"We shall do our best, and work our way back as far as possible. Having during

hear from us,—others will follow in our wake until the unknown regions of the north have been surveyed."

Those who think the expedition a feat of foolhardiness should remember that, humanly speaking, all possible precautions were taken toward securing a safe voyage. A new and larger balloon might have been



THE BALLOON PASSING DANES' GATE.



THE BALLOON TWO AND A HALF MILES DISTANT.



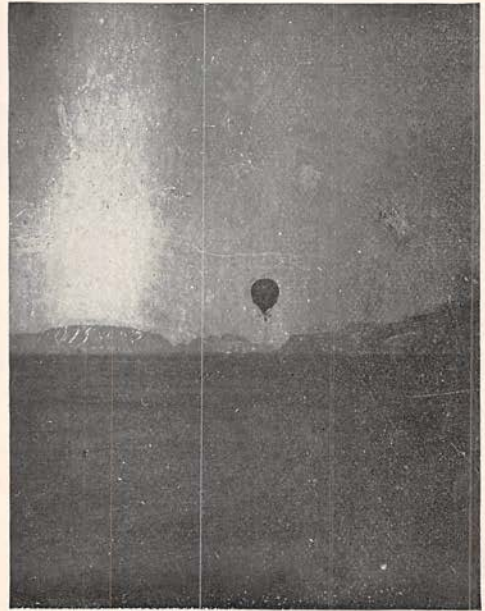
THE BALLOON AT A DISTANCE OF FIVE MILES.

made during the previous winter, but Andrée preferred to enlarge the old one; besides, a larger balloon would have been still more difficult to handle.

In the month of January, 1896, the owners of the Stockholm daily «Aftonbladet» bought one hundred and four trained carrier-pigeons in Holland, and sent them to the most northern lighthouse in the world, «Fruholmen,» Norway, in the same latitude as North Cape, where they were kept until the expedition started from Tromso on June 14, 1896. There being no carrier-pigeons in Norway, and no time for training a new stock, which would have taken two or three years, it was necessary to use pigeons from another country. During the months of April and May, when both day and night had become light, several of these pigeons were sent with fishermen and whalers out into the polar sea, and then set free. Several flew south; one of these was caught, three days after its escape, a thousand miles south of the starting-point. The pigeons that had laid eggs at their new home almost invariably returned there. About eighty that thus seemed to feel at home in Norway were selected and sent last year with the expedition to Spitzbergen. A large number of these pigeons

were sent up at different times from Spitzbergen, and all, except three which stayed, flew first high up, and then south. None, however, were captured in Norway; but carrier-pigeons were seen both in northern Norway and in Sweden at times corresponding with the flight of the Spitzbergen messengers.

On our return, in 1896, from Spitzbergen to Tromso, the remaining carrier-pigeons, which had thriven admirably in the polar regions,



THE BALLOON AT A DISTANCE OF SEVEN MILES.

were left in the last-named town during the past winter; and thirty of the strongest and best were sent back this summer with the balloon, being lodged in small two-storied baskets fastened under the balloon above the stores. It is, of course, very doubtful whether these carrier-pigeons will ever reach inhabited parts of the globe, but they might alight on vessels in the arctic seas. If regular stations for training carrier-pigeons were established in the arctic regions in summer, favorable results would no doubt be obtained from their use.

*Yours very truly,  
S. A. Andrée.*

ANDRÉE'S SIGNATURE.



fect copy of Audubon's «Birds» to a commercially minded scholar in America for a hundred dollars. The book was worth a thousand in the market. The scholar complimented himself upon his shrewd stroke of business. That was not Hammond Trumbull's style. After the war a lady in the far South wrote him that among the wreckage of her better days she had a book which some one had told her was worth a hundred dollars, and had advised her to offer it to him; she added that she was very poor, and that if he would buy it at that price, it would be a great favor to her. It was Eliot's Indian Bible. Trumbull answered that if it was a perfect copy it had an established market value, like a gold coin, and was worth a thousand dollars; that if she would send it to him he would examine it, and if it proved to be perfect he would sell it to the British Museum and forward the money to her. It did prove to be perfect, and she got her thousand dollars without delay, and intact.

WEGGIS, SWITZERLAND.

S. L. Clemens.

#### Herr Andrée at the Congress of 1895.

NONE of the delegates to the Sixth International Geographical Congress at London, in August, 1895, can have forgotten the interesting, in fact sensational, general session when Herr Andrée presented his plan for a balloon expedition to the north pole; nor can they have failed to retain a vivid impression of the hero of that arctic field day, who has since sailed away into the unknown ether more courageously than his viking ancestors sailed out into the great ocean.

Herr Andrée came to London to present his scheme to the assembled geographers of all countries, virtually unknown to them, or at best considered a visionary, and his project chimerical; but before the tall, heroic-looking Swede had finished reading his carefully written English paper the majority of his listeners had to admit the feasibility of the plan, and their sympathies were all his, captured by Andrée's interesting personality, his force and determination, his courage and enthusiasm. They saw a typical fair-haired Swede, keen-eyed, strong-jawed, tall beyond the average, broad-shouldered and muscular, with an alertness, a spring and positiveness, in his movements that proved him the man of daring, the one for emergencies. Plainly he was the man who could succeed, who knew neither fear nor vacillation, who had well considered everything, and who, inspired by his great idea, was willing to venture his life to carry it out. He did not look like a dreamer, a visionary, an enthusiast, with an impracticable, impossible scheme; and as he developed his idea and explained it to every least detail, his seemed as reasonable as any other attempt to reach the pole.

The discussion which followed was the most exciting one of the congress, and not even the sharp debate on «African day» between Count Pfeil and Mr. H. M. Stanley, aroused such interest and brought forth such a demonstration. Sir Joseph Hooker, Sir Erasmus Ommaney, General Greeley, Admiral Markham, Colonel Watson, Dr. John Murray, Dr. Neumayer, Mr. Silva White, and others of experience and theory, took part in the discussion, and there was much criticism, even open ridicule and denunciation, along with honest, carefully weighed doubts and fears.

Herr Andrée gave close attention to each speaker, making pencil notes the while; and when Sir Clements Markham asked him to the platform to answer his critics, all nervousness was gone, and he was keyed by the occasion to speaking a clearer and more fluent English than his carefully read paper led one to expect. He took up each objection, disposed of it, and crossed it off his penciled list, the silence of the audience while he spoke, and the rounds of applause that followed his telling arguments and retorts, showing how closely he held his listeners.

«If anything happens to my balloon, how will I get back?» he asked. «Well, when something happened to your ships how did *you* get back? and *you*?» addressing his words and his forefinger directly at certain of his critics whose arctic experiences had barely fallen short of Sir John Franklin's. «I risk but three lives in *my* (foolhardy) attempt, and you risked—how many? A ship-load!» And the audience gave emphatic proof of appreciation of the points scored by him.

With a final stroke of his pencil the impassioned Andrée crushed the note-paper in his hand, and slowly repeating the words, «He hopes I may succeed in *trying* to raise the money, and at least make the attempt»; he paused a second, and with a vigorous swing of the whole arm, added in exultant tones, «Well, I—*haf—gott—the—money!*»

Then all those sedate and learned geographers, Sir Joseph Hooker, Dr. Neumayer, and the most venerable of them, applauded and cheered until the great hall of the Colonial Institute rang; and Sir Clements Markham's face beamed with enjoyment at this dramatic climax, and the storming of the congress by the intrepid Swede.

Herr Andrée had left the stage with the same energetic tread with which he mounted it, and was on a back bench, wiping his brow and taking deep breaths like an athlete just come from the stadium, long before the applause ceased. He did not manifest any resentment toward critics or detractors,—not if such opponents possessed any polar or aerial experience likely to benefit him,—and he cheerfully turned the other ear to anything helpful or suggestive that he could obtain from them. The audience was not a little amused, after the program had turned to quiet paths, to watch the tall Swede tip-toe round the hall to the front bench, slip in beside Judge Daly, and secure through him an introduction to the arctic explorer who had most severely condemned the balloon plan, and forthwith engage this polar pessimist in a long and earnest conversation.

Herr Andrée was in England for the sake of his polar expedition only. He was sought for, but not always found, at the many social entertainments that crowded the afternoons and evenings of the congress week; and he was the most talked about lion in London that month, and the most interesting figure of the great geographic gathering. Although agreeable in manner and conversation, Herr Andrée was a bit chilly and absorbed, as very well became one whose thoughts were in realms far beyond our ken.

His balloon of 1896 differed a little from the one first described to the Stockholm Academy and the Geographical Congress; and the delay of a year in the actual start enabled him to make further improvements before the huge silk bubble of 1897 was cut loose and sailed away

on its incredible journey. Whether he returns at once, spends a winter on the ice, as Nansen did, or two winters, one may as confidently expect to see Herr Andrée at the Geographical Congress at Berlin in 1899 as he was positive in stating that he would be there.

*Eliza Ruhamah Seidmore.*

#### Another University in Washington, and How to Secure It.

THE agitation that has been vigorously carried on by the Hon. John D. Hoyt during the last few years has awakened a great deal of interest in the possibility of establishing a national university in Washington. Clear and ample statements have been put forth respecting the intellectual attractions of the capital. The development of the idea from the days of George Washington until the present has been carefully studied. A large number of persons, more or less engaged in the advancement of higher education, have expressed their sentiments with more or less emphasis; and a small committee, including several gentlemen of the highest distinction, have consented to act as a body of promoters. A bill has been drafted, circulated, modified, and presented for the consideration of Congress, and it has passed the first stages of senatorial legislation. Now comes a halt.

Three things have been demonstrated by this agitation.

First, there is a strong desire, not only among the residents of the Federal city, but among the lovers and promoters of learning throughout the country, that the libraries, collections, instruments, and apparatus belonging to the government should be opened to students, not as a favor, nor by exception, nor as a passing entertainment, but for study and experiment, according to suitable regulations, and especially under the guidance of such able teachers as may be already engaged in the service of the government, or may be enlisted hereafter for the particular offices of education. So far as this there would be a unanimous, or nearly unanimous, assent.

Second, the universities existing in Washington and near to it, including those of New England, would regard with disfavor, and probably with distrust, an effort to establish, by congressional action, the University of the United States. In some places there would be positive opposition. Already the capital has the old Columbian University, with its liberal charter, its buildings and funds, its faculty and alumni; the Georgetown University, likewise vigorous; the Catholic University, which has sprung with a bound, under the direct patronage of the Pope, into a position of great distinction and influence; the Methodist University, which is not likely to drag, if a strong, wide-spread and popular religious denomination can be relied upon; and the Howard University, devoted to the interests of the colored race. At the distance of an hour's ride the Johns Hopkins University offers the advantages of libraries, laboratories, and teachers of renown. What will any one of these institutions say, what will be the force of their collective opposition, if another aspirant is placed in the field? What will Pennsylvania, Columbia, Princeton, Yale, and Harvard say when the issue is finally made up? What will be the attitude of Ithaca, Ann Arbor, Chicago, Evanston, Minneapolis, and other

Western seats of learning if the bounty of the United States draws off their faculties and their students?

Third, outside of academic circles, as well as inside, there is a great distrust of the principle that Congress should provide for and direct university education. The fears may be foolish. It is easy to laugh at them. Apprehensions may be pronounced groundless; nevertheless it will be difficult to get rid of them. There will be an ever-present expectation of political interference, first in the governing body, then in the faculty, and finally in the subjects and methods of instruction. It is true that partizan entanglement may be avoided, but it will be difficult indeed to escape the thralldom?

Is it possible to reconcile these conflicting views? Can the natural and wide-spread desire to participate in the intellectual resources of the capital be gratified without awakening the antagonism of the universities already established, and without involving congressional control or political interference?

There is a way—not a way of compromise, but of combination.

The Smithsonian Institution was founded «for the advancement and diffusion of knowledge.» It has an admirable, an unblemished record of more than half a century. It is under the patronage of the government, but it is managed by a board of regents selected for their wisdom, character, and public spirit, and for their interest in the progress of literature and science. They have never shown any ecclesiastical, partizan, or sectional bias. They have never encountered the ill will of the public. They have received generous gifts from individuals. They have administered their funds with economy and prudence. They have always been progressive. Each successive administration has adapted its arrangements to the demands of the times.

The first secretary began the publication of learned memoirs which might not otherwise see the light; he encouraged the study of American antiquities and aborigines; he promoted international exchanges of books and journals; he initiated the plan of weather observations that has grown into the actual Weather Bureau. The second secretary developed two great institutions, the United States Fish Commission and the National Museum, each the offspring of the Smithsonian. The third secretary has established the Zoölogical Gardens, has carried on fundamental inquiries into the nature of light, and has made such important researches respecting aerial locomotion that the «flying-machine» is already here.

Now let the Smithsonian take another step forward. Let it organize a plan by which the literary and scientific institutions of Washington may be associated and correlated so far, and so far only, as relates to the instruction and assistance, under proper restrictions, of qualified students. If a plan can be set forth upon which these institutions are agreed, the funds for its support will be forthcoming. Costly buildings are not necessary. The current expenses will not be large. The same liberality which has hitherto promoted the Smithsonian will certainly be continued. At any rate, an experiment will not be expensive.

The outlines of such a plan may now be indicated as a basis for further suggestions. To begin with, a head of this branch of service must be announced. This may

ple. «This barbarous practice,» he declares with patriotic indignation, «does not decrease, but increases, crime. Having stained their hands in blood, its perpetrators are more easily led again to violate law. Recently a man tried on the charge of murder and convicted of shooting a citizen through the window, as he sat by his own hearthstone at night, confessed also that he it was who tied the rope around the necks of the two men who were lynched in Columbus in 1896. I condemn it, and will not apologize for such lawlessness. To exterminate the practice, it must be made odious and dangerous. The penalty should be the scorn of the people and the punishment of the law.»

The governor recommends stricter laws against the offense most often giving occasion to lynching, more

prompt administration of justice, and also laws more effectually protecting prisoners in the charge of State officials; but, above all, he appeals to that public opinion which not only makes but enforces legislation. Responsibility for the crime of lynching, as the governor well says, rests not only upon the actors, but upon the community which permits and tolerates the crime. He declares truly that «it can and will be stopped when the better element who deprecate mob law aggressively condemn and determine to suppress the practice.»

What is true of these infamous lynchings is true of all the other crying evils of our social and political system. If decent people would stand together, not only in condemning but in actually suppressing them, they would soon cease to tarnish the fair fame of the republic.

## OPEN LETTERS

### Andrée's Pigeon Message.

MR. JONAS STADLING, who described in the November CENTURY the departure of Andrée by balloon for the north pole, and who had charge of the carrier-pigeons while Andrée was waiting for a favorable wind, sends to THE CENTURY a facsimile of an undoubted message received from Andrée, with the following letter:

«I inclose a facsimile of the message from Andrée sent with the carrier-pigeon which was shot on the whaler *Alken* on July 15. The genuineness of the despatch cannot be doubted, it being written in Andrée's handwriting, and the pigeon carrying the stamps on the inside of its wings which I made. The literal translation of the message runs as follows:

Från Andrées Polarexp.  
till Aftonbladet, Stockholm.

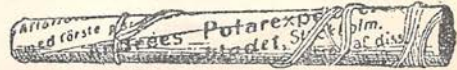
d. 13 juli  
kl. 12.30 midn.  
Lat. 82° 2'  
Long 15° 5' öst.  
god fart åt  
ost 10° syd.  
Allt väl  
ombord.  
Detta är  
Fredje duf.  
posten. r  
Andrée

«(July 13th, 12:30 o'clock noon. Lat. 82° 2', long. 15° 5' east. Good speed eastward, 10° to south. All well on board. This is the third pigeon-post.

«(ANDRÉE.)

«We cannot understand why it should have taken some forty-four hours to make so comparatively short a distance as about 400 kilometers, the wind being strong southwest all the time as far north as we know. Nor can we understand why Andrée did not, according to promise, send a shorthand message.

«If we ever hear from the intrepid fellows, I hardly think we shall do so before next summer.»



The envelop shown above, in its natural size, is of parchment saturated with paraffin, and was made fast by threads to a tail-feather of the pigeon. The open end of the tube was closed with wax to render it watertight. It was addressed as follows: «From Andrée's North Pole Expedition to (Aftonbladet,) Stockholm. Open the envelop on the side and take out two messages. Telegraph the one in ordinary writing to (Aftonbladet,) and send the one in shorthand, by the first mail, to the same newspaper.» As Mr. Stadling explains above, no message in shorthand was found.

### Charity or Economy?

OCCASIONALLY one reads a pathetic tale supposed to show the destructive effect of comfortable living on poetic genius, and implying that only grinding poverty can draw forth the sweetest songs. There is no doubt as to the educating power of keen suffering of whatever sort; but it must be questioned whether a sufficient supply of bread and butter would ever cause literary paralysis in any one whose work could not well be spared. However, be this as it may in regard to litera-

## ANDRÉE'S MESSENGER.

THE following, dated Stockholm, Dec. 2, 1897, from Herr Jonas Stadling, author of «Andrée's Flight into the Unknown,» in the November CENTURY, and of the note on the message from Andrée in the January number, reaches us just as the present number is going to press:

AMONG the thirty carrier-pigeons sent along with Herr Andrée's balloon in its flight into the unknown, on July 11, were a few young ones born last summer in Norway. I entertained some doubts as to the advisability of sending these; but they were very lively and clever, and it was decided that they should be taken. It was with a painful feeling that, on that memorable morning, I took the lovely little creatures, which used to come of themselves and pick pease out of my hand, and put them into the small cages for their adventurous journey. Little did I think, when I carried the cages into the balloon-house and fastened them underneath the gigantic balloon, above the store-department, and put

an extra handful of pease into the cage which contained the youngest pigeons, that a few months afterward I should see the body of one of them in Stockholm, the remains of the successful messenger to the civilized world from the three daring explorers, bringing the only true message up to that time from the awful voyage, although at the cost of its life. Yet so it happened.

When the pigeon sent from Andrée's balloon arrived in Stockholm, I recognized it at once as one of the above-mentioned young pigeons, the very tamest and liveliest of them all, and one which I often used to pet.

It may perhaps interest the readers of THE CENTURY to know some details about its capture, condensed from the report of the captain of the whaler *Alken*. On July 15, the *Alken* was on the border of the drift-ice, in 80° 44' north latitude, 20° 20' east longitude. Between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning the helmsman called out to the captain, who was sleeping in his cabin: «A strange bird has lighted on the gaff! You must come and shoot it, it looks so queer!»

The captain, who had been sleeping soundly, gave a rather rough reply; but the next moment his curiosity brought him to his feet and up on deck. The bird resembled a ptarmigan; but as it was sitting close behind a block, the captain could not shoot without risk of injuring the block. So he climbed up the rigging, with his rifle, and shot it, the strange bird falling forth-



ANDRÉE'S CARRIER-PIGEON (MOUNTED).

with into the sea. The captain commanded the man on the lookout, in a barrel fastened near the top of the mast, to come down and lower a boat, and fetch the bird. The man objected to taking so much trouble for a miserable little bird which probably was of no use.

So the captain went to bed again, and the bird was left in the water. Having sailed for some distance, following the ice, the *Alken* met with another whaler. On hearing the story of the strange bird, the captain of the second whaler exclaimed:

«Perhaps it is one of Andrée's carrier-pigeons.»

The captain of the *Alken*, who did not know about Andrée's ascension, at once returned to the region where

the bird was shot, and sent out two boats for a careful search. After a while one of the boats returned, having been lucky enough to find «the strange bird,» which indeed proved to be one of the carrier-pigeons, carrying the despatch<sup>1</sup> of which I have sent THE CENTURY a facsimile.

There can be no doubt whatever of the genuineness of the despatch. It is undoubtedly written in Andrée's hand, on the special paper which he took with him, and on which a line was printed; and I recognize the pigeon so completely that I can take my oath that it was among those taken with the balloon.

The bird had flown about one hundred and twenty miles from the balloon toward Stockholm, and some twenty-four miles north again, from the nearest land to the whaler, on the gaff of which it sat down, so utterly tired that it at once put its head under its wing until it was shot. It could, of course, have been easily caught alive, if the captain had known that it was a carrier-pigeon.

To any one having knowledge from observation of the dreary immensity of the polar regions, this remarkable message from Andrée and his companions, the result of the first experiment with carrier-pigeons in the service of polar exploration, must stand as a world record since Noah sent his pigeon from the ark.

<sup>1</sup> Translation of the message: «(July 13th, 12:30 o'clock noon. Lat. 82° 2', long. 15° 5' east. Good speed eastward, 10° to south. All well on board. This is the third pigeon-post. ANDRÉE.)»