

**HOW THIRTEEN MEN WENT
TO THE NORTH POLE.**

"HURRAH! Hurrah! Hurrah!" Men shouted, handkerchiefs waved, the Albert Hall rang again and again with applause as the stalwart figure of Fridjof Nansen appeared on the platform.

A great general flushed with victory? No! A great admiral home from the conquest of the sea? No! A great statesman crowned with peace and honour? No! Then what was he? Only a simple man who had done what he had set himself to do!

It seems strange, doesn't it, that all the most fashionable and celebrated people in London should assemble in their hundreds and thousands to applaud a simple thing like that? Yet that is what they were applauding. He had done what he had set himself to do. The handful of scientists cheered him for what he had done for science,—the handful of members of the Royal Geographical Society shouted because he had gone a few degrees farther North than anyone else had ever gone before,—but the mass of the people, the men and women in the streets who have made him a hero—what do they care for science? What do they know of the importance of a few degrees of latitude or longitude? But they know,—we all know,—what it is when a man in the face of every difficulty, and in spite of every obstacle, sets his teeth and goes

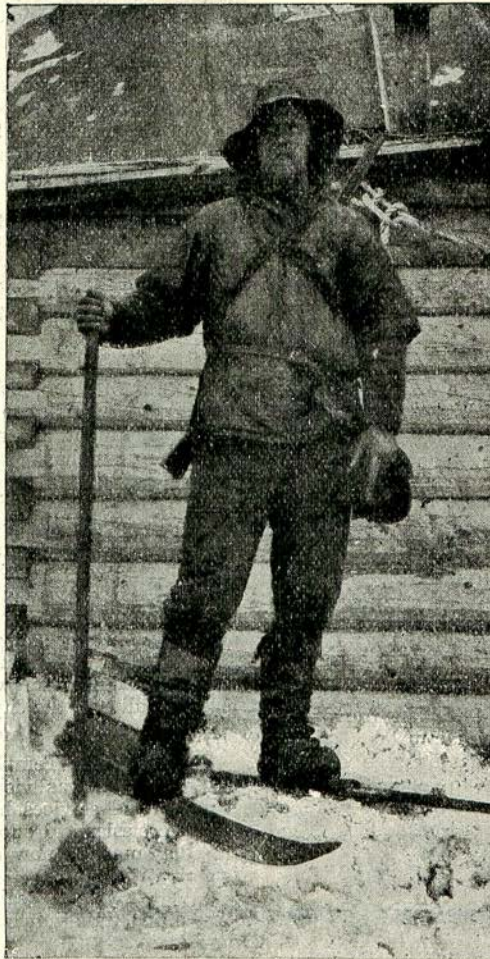
ahead, turning neither to right nor to left until he has accomplished what he has set himself to do!

And such a man is Nansen. Simple, unpretending, modest,—like all great men,—with his gay laugh and his bright eye, looking almost like a boy, yet a hero all the same.

And the best kind of hero, too! For in the moment of his greatest triumph, when everyone was praising him and him alone, all he could find to say was, "What I have done is nothing compared with what the others did who went before," alluding, of course, to the great Englishman, Franklin, and his followers, who in the past had set out for the North Pole, but, less fortunate than himself, had never come back.

From the time when he was quite a boy, Nansen always wanted to be an explorer. "I shall go to the North Pole when I'm a man," he used to say, as he sat reading in his story books of the brave deeds of brave men. The dreams of his youth were the realities of his manhood. When he became a man, his first, his only thought was, "I am going to the North Pole, the only question is, how am I going to get there?" That was a question which took him a good many years to answer.

In an enterprise like that, it is not enough to



NANSEN AT CAPE FLORA

The "HOME MAGAZINE" speaks for itself, but a good word to a friend is always in season.

be brave and full of courage; you have got to have money—and a good deal of money too—if you are going as far as the North Pole. Like most great men Nansen was not rich. That did not stop him. That never stopped anyone who was worth his salt. If you want a thing enough and try hard enough to get it, you are bound to succeed sooner or later. Nansen found out the truth of that, too. He succeeded.

But it wasn't easy work. "A piece of wood has drifted through a certain passage from the North down to us," said Nansen. "The same way that wood has come, a ship can go." People laughed. "Listen to the young enthusiast," said one. "Don't pay any attention to the young

but it is a very different thing when one has a wife and a little child and it comes to saying "Good-bye." The bravest heart may falter, the sternest eyes may fill with tears! It is one thing to stand up in the Albert Hall when the enterprise is safely over, and smile while all the world applauds and the band plays "See the conquering hero comes!" It is quite another thing to bid good-bye to wife and child when you don't know if you will ever see them again.

The ship was built, the crew was found, but the hero looked at his wife and child. "It may be for ever," he said.

"You must go," she replied; "it's your duty." Brave wife of a brave man! That's the kind of

woman a man always wants for his wife. "It is your duty! You must go!"

She christened the ship with a smile; with a smile, and her child in her arms; she stood in the garden and waved him good-bye. The man set his teeth and went.

Within twenty-four hours a fog came up, a storm broke out. The thirteen men who formed the Expedition were within an ace of being wrecked al-

most within sight of their own homes. "Had we not better go back?" said one. "We have started," said Nansen; "we are going on!"

They went on. Through the night and the darkness and the storm. The sun was shining when they reached their last coaling place. There was the ship, there was the coal! Where were the men to bring the one to the other?

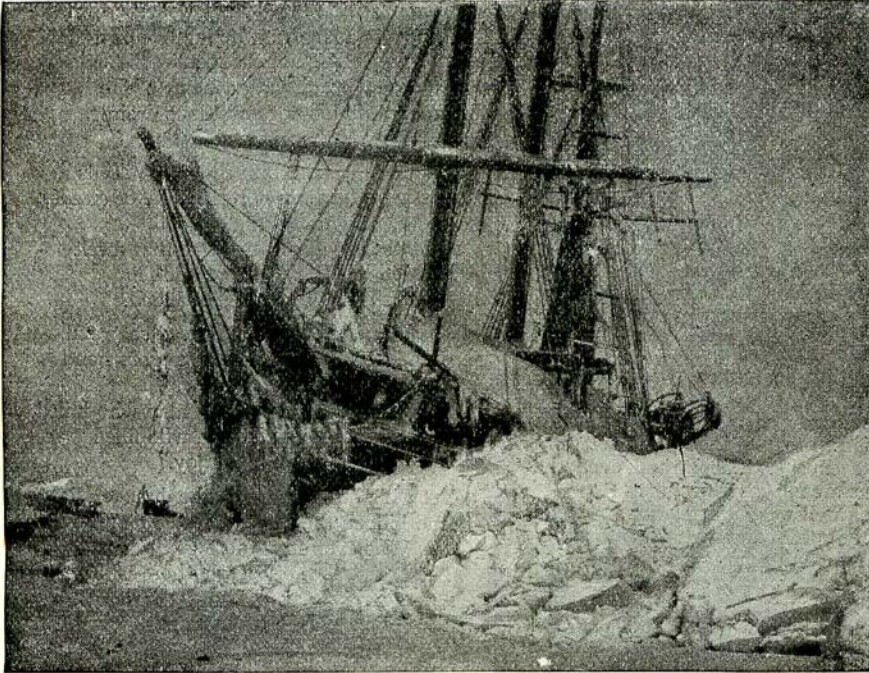
"There are no men," said somebody; "the place is keeping holiday!"

"There are thirteen men," said Nansen, turning up his sleeves and picking up a shovel.

A couple of hours later the Mayor arrived with a deputation. "Where is Dr. Nansen?" asked the Mayor.

A dirty, coal-begrimed collier looked up and laughed. "Here!" said he.

"I mean the great Nansen, the great explorer,"



THE "FRAM" AFTER AN ICE PRESSURE, 10TH JANUARY, 1895.

fool," said another. "The thing is impossible," said one and all.

"The same way that piece of wood has come, a ship can go," said Nansen. "I'll prove it. Give me a ship!"

From pillar to post he went. From one sceptic to another. For seven long years he went about, he talked, he argued, he prayed, until at last his dogged determination conquered. He got the money.

Then he set to work to plan out the ship.

"That ship could never live in those seas," said one. "That ship could never stand the pressure of the drift ice," said another. "Where that piece of wood has come that ship can go," said Nansen. He set to work and built his ship.

It is one thing to get money and build a ship,

said the Mayor ; "the man who is going to the North Pole."

"That's where I'm going," said the collier, "I'm the man you mean."

The deputation nearly had a fit. Nansen the great explorer shovelling coal ! When he was leaving, the Mayor took Nansen apart and said, "Do you think it dignified for the leader of a great expedition to do dirty work like that ?"

"There's no such thing as dirty work," said Nansen. "What's not dirty work for my men is not dirty work for me ! Good-bye and thanks for the Address !" and he fell to shovelling coal again.

That's the kind of stuff that heroes are made of ! The thing that lies to their hand is the thing for them to do, and they do it with all their might ! We can all of us be heroes, though we can't all of us go to the North Pole !

Unfortunately we have not space here to tell all about that wonderful expedition ! How Nansen and his twelve men drifted with the ice ; how they fought with the bears ; how they camped out on icebergs ; how he and one other man left the ship and went in a sledge hundreds of miles across the ice where no human foot had ever trodden before ; how they shot a bear and washed themselves with the fat boiled down, their first bath for months ; and how at last they were found by Mr. Jackson, and the good ship with its twelve men aboard came safely home again. We can't tell this or a thousand other interesting things ; but everyone can read it for themselves now, thanks to the fact that a new edition in sixpenny parts is being published by George Newnes, Ltd. This is word for word the same as the expensive book, and even the beautiful pictures are exactly the same.

And it is a book well worth the reading. It tells of suffering nobly borne, of brave deeds bravely done, of duty manfully accomplished in the face of almost superhuman obstacles. Nansen and his comrades were not English ; but what Englishman is there who will not honour him ? Brave deeds belong to no country, for all heroes are of one nationality ! "Be strong and of good courage !" That is the password which is understood by all brave men, no matter what language they speak. And so to-day we Englishmen who have conquered the seas, hold out our hands in good fellowship and applaud the "real Grit" of the men who conquered the ice !

A FIRM in Aberdeen recently engaged as office boy a raw country youth. It was part of his duties to attend to the telephone.

When first called upon to answer the bell, in reply to the usual query, "Are you there ?" he nodded assent. Again the question came, and still again, and each time the boy gave an answering nod.

When the question came for the fourth time, however, the boy, losing his temper, roared through the telephone : "Man, are ye blin' ? I've been noddin' my head aff for the last hauf-oor."

THE PRIZE-WINNER.

An angel held in his open hand
A prize more dear than all the land
 Could give, or man devise ;
And he who brought to the holder fair,
In all the world the far most rare
 Of things, should have the prize.

A miser brought all his hoarded gold,
That long had warped and made so cold
 His once full, generous heart ;
And though it pierced his narrowed soul,
Of all the dross to quit control,
 For such he fain would part.

A monarch tendered his jewelled crown,
And, with his power, he laid it down
 Beside the angel's feet.
An ardent youth with a heart of fire
Brought all his hot ambitious desire
 To win that prize so sweet.

An old man bore him the noble deeds
His hand had wrought, in spite of creeds,
 Throughout a life of good.
A mother proffered the love that dwelt
Deep in her bosom, fixed and felt,
 As though it were her blood.

Then a father came with deed so grand,
It needs must lift from the angel's hand
 The prize beyond alloy.
He once had 'prisoned the man who killed,
In cool calm hour, the son who filled
 His life with tenfold joy.

Yet wide he had thrown the dungeon-door,
And bidden the slayer "sin no more."
 Was ever deed more great ?
The next was a priest who bore with care
A murderer's tear in a casket rare,
 Like jewels set in state.

A maiden brought—unstained by sin—
Her sweet young soul, and thought to win
 The guerdon earth had not.
But all were vain ; and the angel turned
On those about him an eye that burned
 For that which none had got.

Then came a sinner who humbly knelt,
With empty hands, and a heart where dwelt
 The truest penitence.
This, this was the thing so rare he sought,
For this was the prize from Heaven brought,
 And him 'twould follow thence.

The white-winged courier saw him kneel
Beside his feet there in mute appeal,
 And tendered him the prize.
His heart, so truly penitent,
Received the gift of true content.
 The giver sought the skies.

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