

The Genteel Tradition at Bay. I. By George Santayana, on page 502

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Mental Unemployment

PRESIDENT BUTLER of Columbia used an expressive phrase when he described the hordes of drifters in our colleges as suffering from educational unemployment. They are not idle; on the contrary, many of them are working as hard at pleasure as they ever will at law or business. The social activities of an American college in "big game" week would make a bee's wing lose a beat! And many, perhaps most, of the rest are deeply engaged in a whirl of extra curriculum activities, where, for the most part, they are acquiring in an amateur fashion, not sweetness or light surely, but a good deal of experience in "contacting," managing, manipulating, and other tricks useful in a business career. No one can assert that more than a minority of the college body are trying to see what they can do with their minds in the fields of intellectual endeavor where there is no expectation of immediate social prestige, or later financial reward. Educationally they are unemployed.

Not utterly unemployed, of course, if we give a broad enough meaning to education, for they are busy with the margins if not with the text. And, indeed, few Americans could wish to see the competitive rigors of Continental academic education enforced in the United States. A school and university career with little leisure, no athletics, a narrow social life, and nothing to enrich the lean sinews of academic training, is not in itself desirable unless, as in Europe, it becomes an absolute necessity. After all, we are educating to live, not just to make a living. But that in literature, philosophy, economics, sociology, or natural science the college student should in such numbers find no fixed employment, explains a good deal that happens afterwards.

For the adult American mind has in recent years shown alarming signs of being also unemployed. Thoreau said that we had no business worth the name, but only the Saint Vitus's dance. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that whole tracts of the mind—presumably the very tracts left fallow in college—never mature at all. There is a kind of infantilism, not in the fact, but in the degree to which cheap and trite crime stories are consumed by our supposed leaders that seems to indicate a brain tissue lacking differentiation. We have been accused so many times of a failure to grow up in our foreign relations that even those who never read are beginning to hear of the charge and to wonder what it means. There has certainly been a childish greed and grab in the complete failure of political leaders to trace any connection between a mounting tariff and a decreasing foreign trade, or a conceivable relationship between debts payable from abroad and a decline in purchasing power, which indicates that some brains have been egregiously unemployed in the processes of right reason. The *New York World*, in a series of excellent editorials, has been berating Congress for its failure to manifest even an interest in the fundamental economic and social questions raised by the collapse of the great American boom. Perhaps too many Congressional brains are busy—very busy—but still among the educationally unemployed. For ten years we have in the eyes of the world lacked leadership in any fundamental policy, either in world affairs or in internal development. We have "got by," as they do in college, thanks to a fat pocket book and good luck. Is it any wonder that with such mental unemployment among the elders, youthful minds are out of a job!

The Letter

By JOHN HALL WHELOCK

THE night is measureless, no voice, no cry
Pierces the dark in which the planet
swings—

It is the shadow of her bulk that flings
So deep a gloom on the enormous sky;
This timorous dust, this phantom that is I
Cowers in shelter, while the evening brings
A sense of mystery and how all things
Waver like water and are gliding by.

Now, while the stars in heaven like blowing sand
Drift to their darkness, while oblivion
Hushes the fire of some fading sun,
I turn the page again—and there they stand,
Traced by love's fleeting but victorious hand,
The words: "My darling, my beloved one."

This Week



"Andrée's Story."

Reviewed by VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON.

"The New World Architecture."

Reviewed by HARVEY WILEY CORBETT.

"I Remember."

Reviewed by GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

"Portrait by Caroline."

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

"Mosaic."

Reviewed by LEONARD EHRLICH.

Bringing Up Your Child.

Reviewed by RUTH W. WASHBURN.

John Mistletoe, XXI.

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week

Moral Adequacy of Naturalism.

By GEORGE SANTAYANA.

The cynic may remark that the lazy child never hurries until he feels the sting of the shingle. It will take more than one tingle to make Uncle Sam jump, but the possibility seems by no means so remote as in 1928. Prohibition, corruption, overproduction, and the habit of getting and spending quickly are all on our backs and it is already evident that shrewdness and strenuousness are not enough to get us free from our burdens.

And yet the cynic has ill read his history book if he believes that nations educate themselves only when they are forced by stern necessity. The finest educations and the happiest have come through pride. The Greek seems to have sought education because he felt his mind and knew that it was Greek. The Italian did likewise. We shall never employ our college minds by threatening them with the dire results of competition. They know that the shrewd man with "contacts" can go far in the business of filling his own pockets. We must touch their pride. Have our college faculties self-confidence enough for that?

An Arctic Mystery*

By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

INSTEAD of reviewing the thrilling and impressive book made up from the records recently found with the dead bodies of Andrée and his companions, we shall treat it here as a mystery story whose authors died before the final chapters were written. We submit a tentative draft of the missing chapters and offer a solution of the final problem.

A book knowledge of polar exploration forces upon you at once many parallels between the Andrée and Nansen expeditions. Nansen was the earlier by two years; his achievements were admired and his methods had been studied by Andrée.

In 1895, then, the Norwegian Nansen was exploring the Arctic by steamer. With one companion, Johansen, he left the *Fram* among drifting floes some 350 miles from land. In 1897 the Swede Andrée was exploring the Arctic by balloon. With two companions, Strindberg and Fraenkel, he left the *Eagle* among similar floes though less than 200 miles from shore. Both parties were carefully outfitted, for what they were doing was according to plan. Nansen first traveled north and then south towards land, so the distance he actually covered was about 700 miles; Andrée strove for land from the start so that his route was only about 200 miles. Because of the northward detour, Nansen had less provisions, less and poorer equipment when he at length attained that distance from land at which Andrée began his sledging. On the journey thence ashore Nansen had more difficulties than Andrée as you can see by comparing "Farthest" North with "Andrée's Story." The Swedes were throughout as confident of final success as the Norwegians had been. This we shall show by a narrative made up largely from quotations, for the optimism and the sound reasons behind it are crucial elements in the solution of the Andrée mystery.

"The landing (from the balloon)," says the compiler of the Andrée documents, "must have taken place successfully. . . . This is shown partly by the circumstance that . . . the members of the expedition carried with them quite uninjured on their wandering across the ice even the most sensitive instruments."

The men themselves are "filled with a sense of calm and security." They direct their steps toward Franz Josef Land without sign of worry. This is to be expected for, as said, Nansen had returned triumphant from this part of the Arctic only a year before, with the account of how he and Johansen had landed on the Franz Josef Islands and how they had built a house there, lived by hunting, and passed the winter without hardship, in perfect health.

The Andrée party have leads to cross but their canvas boat has been "tested in the sea with excellent results." They are in the mood to celebrate the birthday of Strindberg's fiancée and he wishes he could tell his Anna "of the excellent state of his health and let her know that she has nothing to fear for the well-being of himself and his comrades."

The march towards Franz Josef Land is not easy but that they do not find it too discouraging is shown

*ANDRÉE'S STORY. THE COMPLETE RECORD OF HIS POLAR FLIGHT, 1897. From the Diaries and Journals of S. A. ANDRÉE, NILS STRINDBERG, and K. FRAENKEL, found on White Island in the Summer of 1930 and edited by the Swedish Society for Anthropology and Geography. Translated from the Swedish by EDWARD ADAMS-RAY. New York: The Viking Press. 1930. \$5.

by the puns they make as they go along, and by their celebrations of various private or public festal days.

At length they realize that the drift of the ice is towards Spitsbergen and they begin to march in that direction. The change of plan seems to promise even readier success than Nansen's for, after spending the winter as he did, it would be less problematical for them to find European settlements or ships.

Along the way they are encouraged by finding a greater abundance of game than Nansen had found two years before at the same latitude. They experiment with the various cuts of seal and bear and are of opinion that they are all good. They can vary their menu with birds at any time but prefer not to waste ammunition. They are rarely troubled with shortage and frequently have enough meat in reserve for weeks. Andrée is indeed led to write, "We have wandering butcher shops all around us," and, later, "The bear is the polar traveler's best friend."

They joke about the less pleasant incidents of their march and "their courage and vitality do not diminish, nor the good humor of the three comrades." They are greatly "plagued by the heat" in the tent and prefer to lie outdoors. They are warm when they draw the sledges and pull with no coats on. On September 1st they stop for rest and repairs. "We were in the best of humors."

On September 3d, broad leads of open water faced them, but at the end of a day of boat travel when they took to the sledges and the ice again, "We were satisfied . . . for things had gone well; the boat was excellent, and there was room for all our luggage."

On September 4th, they celebrate Strindberg's birthday and he celebrates by falling into the water. They are put out about this chiefly because they have bother drying him, but "the accident . . . did not lessen our festal mood. We were jolly and friendly as usual."

They continue successful with the hunting. In addition to bears, seals, and walrus, they have seen auks, fulmars, ivory gulls, Rose gulls, skua, and guillemots. They have hard work, they stumble on slippery ice, they suffer minor injuries and are tired, but they take it all as part of the game and bob up with fresh cheer after short periods of gloom. They are sick but recover; they worry a little now and then about possible hunger and they even go on short rations once or twice but they always get a polar bear in time and they are very fond of bear meat.

When they are caught in the ice, they decide cheerfully to winter on the pack and erect a house which is "both solid and neat." The floe breaks and their equipment is scattered. "Exciting situation," Strindberg writes. And Andrée's comment is: "With such comrades, one should be able to manage under, I may say, any circumstances." This is the last complete record in Andrée's handwriting.

They are ashore on White Island of the Spitsbergen group and they still have, as they had expected, more and better equipment than Nansen and Johansen had had under like circumstances—more food, and also, as said, an island nearer civilization for winter quarters.

* * *

But the tragedy must have come soon after the landing. The diary entries are few and there is no material help from them. We therefore turn to the evidence on White Island.

When Dr. Gunnar Horn's expedition discovered the Andrée remains on White Island, they found them remarkably preserved, although not so miraculously as the newspapers said in the first accounts. This preservation of diaries, shreds of flesh, the remains of food, and other normally perishable things was due to Andrée's European propensity for making a camp in shelter where the lee accumulates huge snowdrifts that become deep in the autumn and last far into the summer. A classic example is the depot left in 1853 by Kellett on Dealy Island for the possible survivors of the Franklin Expedition. On June 28, 1917, the top of the house containing it was just emerging from a last winter's snowdrift, although thousands of square miles of neighboring territory had been snow-free long before. As a result, we found woolen mittens almost as fresh as if they had been bought in a shop that day and food that was well preserved after sixty-four years. The Andrée remains were similarly although not so well preserved after thirty-three years.

Our purpose being a solution of the mystery, we pass rapidly over the White Island finds that are uniformly interpreted. Plenty of food showed that hunger was not the cause of death; there was plenty of fresh meat so scurvy was not the cause. There

was driftwood so that Andrée could have built a house more easily than Nansen did in the same neighborhood two years before. Nansen had had to burn animal fat for fuel, as he had neither driftwood nor kerosene; Andrée possessed both, and grease besides. His blue flame stove for the petrol was found by Horn to be still in good working condition.

So far, it appears that the cheerful tone of the Andrée and Strindberg diaries was in a fair way of being justified. But death came instead, and with it mysteries that cloud our view. We see plainly, however, that Strindberg died before the other two for his body had been buried. It may have been simple illness in his case, for people die of normal causes in the arctic no less than in the tropic or temperate zones. It may have been a fall over a cliff in hunting or the accidental discharge of a gun. Just possibly it could have been the attack of a polar bear, for they abound in these parts, and are the most dangerous of bears, although not nearly so dangerous as the public supposes.

Everything goes to show that Andrée and Fraenkel died together, or at least that one of them died when the other was too weak to care for his body. Apart from some depredations by bears, everything about this double tragedy was therefore found in that condition which a police officer desires when he wants to solve by a study of clues the problem of a death that has no living witness.

When the two men died they were lightly clad. Committed to the traditional view that every death in the Arctic must be either from starvation or from cold, and deprived of the starvation theory by the abundance of every variety of food, the Horn and Stubbendorf discoverers ignored the three kinds of fuel (the fat of animals, the scattered driftwood, the kerosene in the blue flame stove); they misinterpreted the light clothing of Andrée and Fraenkel and said: "They died in their sleep! The cold finished them."

There was a sleeping bag on the tent floor but the inadequately clad men had not died in it. Yet they are said to have frozen to death in their sleep!

Apparently feeling it necessary to bolster up further the theory of death from cold, "Andrée's Story" criticizes Andrée for not having seen to it that his party was properly dressed. Sailors are quoted declaiming against the insufficiency and unsuitable nature of the clothing. "Another man on board the *Isbjörn* gave it as his opinion that 'the members of the expedition had been frozen to death. They did not have enough clothing and were badly equipped. They had nothing but rubbishy clothes and socks!'"

But you do not have to ignore evidence or criticize Andrée's equipment in order to find a logical theory, for there is a more friendly explanation which accounts for all observed facts and which is a commonplace to explorers. Andrée and Fraenkel died from carbon monoxide poisoning.

In many European countries the favorite method of suicide is with monoxide which is generated by charcoal braziers. When a chemist decides on suicide deliberately, rather than under a sudden stress, he commonly uses monoxide. A notable proportion of all deaths that are connected with automobiles is from monoxide poisoning in garages when motors are running.

Last summer in England when the Andrée story came out through the newspapers, one of the fifty or seventy-five veterans of polar exploration who live there now said that he had been talking with a good many of the members of other expeditions than his own and had concluded that there was no wintering expedition of the last thirty or forty years which had not had one or more narrow escapes from death by monoxide. Then there have been other expeditions that did not escape the loss of life.

The monoxide case that should be clearest in the minds of most people just now is from Admiral Byrd's fine account of his notable expedition. "Little America" is a best seller, but nevertheless we reprint two paragraphs (slightly abridged) from pages 203-4:

Perhaps the most dramatic incident of the winter took place in the photographic laboratory. Davies . . . noticed, suddenly, that one of the pups . . . was lying unconscious on the floor. Davies, who was mystified, picked up the pup and brought him into the mess room. Just as he crossed the threshold, he fainted. . . .

There was a cry for Dr. Coman . . . Davies was as limp as a rag, completely out. . . . Presently, however, Davies responded to Dr. Coman's ministrations, opened his eyes weakly and asked, "What happened?" We hustled him out into the open and walked him up and down. The cold air brought him to, all right, but in our anxiety to get him out we overlooked the fact that we had stripped off most of his clothes, and he very nearly froze to death before we got him back.

This happened in the Antarctic last year. A similar incident from the Arctic of twenty years ago is recorded on pp. 245-47 of a book which I wrote called "My Life with the Eskimo" (published 1913). Dr. R. M. Anderson, now chief of the Dominion Biological Survey at Ottawa, two Eskimos, and myself were camping in a deserted Eskimo snowhouse on Coronation Gulf. Anderson and Tanaumirk were sitting on a three-foot-high bed platform. Natkusiak was sitting lower, I higher. I was cooking with a blue flame kerosene stove and listening to a story which Tanaumirk was relating with much pantomime. Suddenly he threw himself backward and I thought the gesture part of the story, but when he lay still I said to Dr. Anderson, "See what is the matter with Tanaumirk." When he turned half around to look he fell unconscious face downward on top of the Eskimo. Fortunately I realized that our trouble was monoxide and with half a turn of the wrist I released the pressure on the stove and the flame went out. Then I told Natkusiak to break away a snow block which he had incautiously and really against orders placed so as to close the door. In breaking this block he partly collapsed but was able to crawl outdoors on hands and knees.

I first considered trying to drag out our two unconscious companions but had strength only for pulling Anderson off Tanaumirk and turning him on his back. Then I crawled out too, trusting that the fresh air would be coming in through the door fast enough to give them a chance of recovery. Outside Natkusiak and I were in some danger of freezing for the temperature was about 40 below and vitality is probably lowered even by a partial poisoning.

In about fifteen minutes Dr. Anderson came crawling out and Tanaumirk soon after. By that time I had strength to get back into the house for the sleeping bags. A little later we were within doors and cooking our food again, this time with plenty of ventilation arranged for. The last of us to recover from the monoxide felt well by the following evening.

As we discussed these events carefully afterwards, we could not think of any symptoms that gave hint of the poisoning except that one or two of us thought we had felt something like a pressure on our temples just before the collapse. There was no odor, neither was there interference with the burning of any flame, for this trouble has nothing to do with carbon dioxide.

These two accounts are stories of narrow escape; but, as said, there have been men who did not escape.

In 1914, one of the ships of our third expedition was in the ice to the north of Herald and Wrangel Islands, commanded by the great Arctic navigator, Bob Bartlett. The ship was crushed by the ice and her complement of twenty-five persons had to make their way ashore. Bartlett landed seventeen on Wrangel, but a party of four, the first-mate Anderson, the second-mate Barker, and the sailors Brady and King, landed by mistake on Herald Island and were never heard from again until their remains were found there in 1924 by Captain Louis Lane, Sidney Snow, and D. M. LeBourdais.

* * *

The conditions of the find on Herald Island were approximately the same as those on White Island. The men had died in the tent, there was plenty of fuel and plenty of food that was still in good condition after ten years. The remains had been disturbed by bears but the men appeared to have died in bed. New in the Arctic, they had camped under the lee of a cliff and the snow had drifted down over their tent to make it additionally air-tight. They went to sleep with a blue flame kerosene stove burning and none of them ever woke up again.

We shall doubtless never learn how Strindberg died, but the above cases from a great many that could be cited give the full picture of the probably simultaneous deaths of Andrée and Fraenkel. Their tent was nearly air-tight for it was made of balloon silk and it had a floor that was sewed to it in one piece. The tent stood in a lee. In the first storm of the year, or at least the first one from the direction of the cliff, the air-tightness of the tent was increased by a blanketing of softly falling snow. One of the men was cooking when the other fainted. The cook then released the pressure so that the stove went out, just as I had done on Coronation Gulf. We know he did that because the stove was discovered half filled with kerosene. Then he fainted, too, before he was able to make a hole in the tent for ventilation.

This solution, the only one so far proposed that fits and explains all the facts, also has three other advantages.

The first advantage is that it leaves Andrée without heavy responsibility in the immediate cause of the tragedy. Nansen had been the pioneer in using a blue flame kerosene stove and Andrée was only the second. He did not therefore have to guide him those warnings of experience which we later travelers have had and was less to blame than we have been for allowing himself and his comrade to become victims of an insidious poison. The second advantage of the monoxide explanation is that no death is known that is more completely painless or wholly devoid of warning, and therefore of forboding. The third advantage is that, if we adopt this explanation, we do not have to criticize Andrée, as the Norwegian discoverers of his camp and the Swedish editors of his book have done, for dressing himself and his men inadequately and thus bringing about, as they have claimed, death from exposure. The reason why the bodies were found insufficiently clad for outdoors was that Andrée and Fraenkel died warm indoors. Similarly the reason why they were not found huddled in their common sleeping bag was that they were overcome by the monoxide as they sat cooking a meal in a warm camp. One of the accounts even says that an overturned dish was lying on the floor, with remains of food.

Our American Architecture

THE NEW WORLD ARCHITECTURE. By SHELDON CHENEY. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1930. \$10.

Reviewed by HARVEY WILEY CORBETT

Architect of Bush Terminal Building, etc., etc.

FOUR hundred pages of heavy paper, thirty per cent illustrations, something to say and exceedingly well said,—that is Mr. Cheney's book. I wish it were in a thin paper pocket edition so that several architects and a few clients I could name might carry it on subway and train rides and in this way read it. The long winter evenings of our forefathers when such philosophic writings were read and discussed have vanished into thin but electrically illuminated and radio-charged air. The active architect who can close his business day by midnight is lucky. Passing dull time away is a lost art, yet Sheldon Cheney has made a contribution to architectural progress which every busy man should read and read carefully.

Speaking as an architect, the book impressed me as very fine literature. In fact, architecture as a literary art has greater potentialities than as a visual art when handled by such an able writer. If the average observer cannot see the faults, failures, insincerities as well as the aspirations and successes of architects as expressed in their buildings (and apparently in busy America he can't or he won't), it is well to have the facts so clearly and concisely set forth.

The keynote of the book is given in the definition of architecture—"the fixation of man's thinking and the record of his activity." The author points out with definiteness how the Machine Age and Industrialism have come upon us so rapidly that architecture along with the other allied arts has failed to keep step with the new movement. In architecture man has not thought clearly or logically and the "fixation" of his ideas has therefore been correspondingly indefinite and misleading.

Cheney demonstrates the great need of relating engineering and architecture as an inseparable unit and very properly bemoans the division which has grown up in the last thirty years between these two essential factors in the building world. He points out the need of "form following function" and covers the matter of ornament in a pungent sentence: "Decorativeness is worse than profitless if it does not grow out of structure, if it is ornament idly added to the outside."

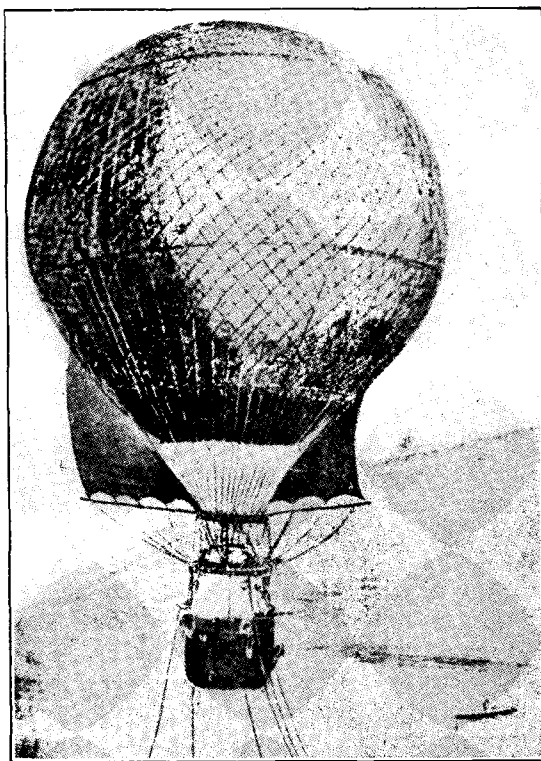
He stressed the theme that in this Machine Age a building is just another machine, planned, devised, and schemed to serve its purpose, constructed of materials that modern science and invention have placed in the architect's hands. It is his to create, under the new and varied conditions of life, with new and greater structural possibilities than were ever afforded in the past, an architecture finer than the glories of Rome or the perfect harmony of the Greek.

That I do not personally concur in all of the author's points of view is beside the mark. He pre-

sents his case as a lawyer might, bringing to light only those factors which bear on his side of the argument. In his enthusiasm for the pioneers he does not always point out the tricks and devices to which they have resorted in order to secure new and surprising effects, which tricks are exactly in the same category as those employed by the so-called eclectics he so heartily decries.

He overlooks the value to the whole architectural and building world of a driving force like Daniel Burnham, who not only made possible the Chicago Exposition of '93 but was the major factor in establishing the Plan of Chicago, which stands as a most important step in bringing order into the chaos of our American cities. Cheney feels that the Exposition of '93 was so backward a step in the field of the eclectics that it retarded for years intelligent architectural progress. He fails to note that it was a source of great inspiration in an unknown field of American development, an awakening of the public mind to the value of order, rhythm, beauty, and unity. It may have been a false beauty, and he so regards it, but even a false beauty is sometimes better than none. And for many years preceding the World's Fair there was little in American architecture of any creative value that was beautiful, whether true or false.

In his concluding chapter he endeavors to crystal-



THE EAGLE IN FLIGHT
Illustration from "Andrée's Story."

lize the fundamentals which he has illustrated and commented on in previous chapters. "Because the one thing I fear most now is a deluge of too easy, too shallow, too soft a modernism, superficially conceived and based on the narrower view." The following sentence is characteristic of many in the book: "The true artist works from the inner light towards crystallized form, creates from spiritual conception to material finality." Such ideas do not mean much to a man dealing with concrete problems, engineering complications, unsympathetic clients, "hard boiled" realtors, depressed business conditions, and a few other incidentals of the busy architect's daily life. However, the author does occasionally express something so definitely and concisely that it is worth quoting. "The quality of form in architecture is necessarily anchored in the building's use, grows with constant reference to materials and principles of construction, and flows out of the architect's vision and emotion working over these basic elements. The style is properly the result of these things, not the conditioning factor."

The important thing, however, is to stir men's imaginations to the point of interest. Creative minds are always hampered by public apathy, a too great willingness on the part of the public to have their thinking done for them. But no one could read this book without being stirred and inspired by the thrilling problems which confront the builders of today and without looking with interest and new hope for the rapidly growing and constantly increasing signs of the new world architecture.

The book is fully illustrated with very well selected groups of examples and the author wisely suggests (knowing the present-day mind which gets its ideas as much from pictures as from the printed word) that the reader glance quickly through the illustrations before continuing with the text.

A Modern Odyssey

I REMEMBER. By OPIE READ. New York: Richard R. Smith. 1930.

Reviewed by GAMALIEL BRADFORD

THIS admirably vigorous, picturesque, and picaresque narrative of the life of an American journalist sets the note of the Odyssey at the very start. For the prime note of the Odyssey, after all, is wonder, wonder at the casual oddities of life, wonder at the little happenings and the mad adventures, wonder as to where we came from and where we are going to, a mild, leisurely, indolent wonder, which accepts great and little with equal curiosity and equal serenity, yet plunges on into the wide succession of spiritual experiences, unsated, unbewildered, and unappalled. The inimitable, free, frank American touch, the touch of Abraham Lincoln and of Mark Twain, shows in the first chapter with the brief colloquy between the erring boy and his mother:

"Do you like Sunday school, my son?" "No, I'd rather go down to the town creek and watch the minnows." "What! Don't you know that you can't go to heaven unless you go to Sunday school?" "I don't want to go to heaven. Everybody says that Cal Branham went to hell, and I want to go where Cal is." At this my poor mother wept, and I stole off to grieve and to repent with my arms about the neck of a sympathetic dog. That night I told mother that if she wanted me to, I would go to heaven, whither brothers and sisters whom I had never seen had gone. My mother was inclined to shed tears but father turned about to secrete his smile, catching the boyish humor of it.

So the wandering personal Odyssey runs on, through the long, checkered career of journalism, the mad ventures, the thwarted hopes, the strange privations, the tragic and comic perils, and the never-failing humanness which gives the large key to it all: "The first stock that I took of myself was to discover that I was enamored of the study of character, no, not a study but a sort of enchantment." On the basis of this study, or enchantment, of character, the book becomes a perfect treasure house for one who is interested in American biography, though unfortunately its value in this regard is considerably impaired by the lack of an index. Figure after figure of note and importance in American life is etched before us, sometimes with an unforgettable touch, sometimes with more elaborate development, often no doubt with the journalist's license of embroidering imagination, but also with an instinctive, evident love of veracity which gives to the wildest flights their mark of human significance.

There is President Grant, balking the interviewers and laughingly letting himself be impersonated to a crowd of negro devotees till one of them fathoms the deception. There is President Cleveland, smiling with sympathetic tolerance at the antics of the Press Club: "My dear sir, I have been often told that I made a good sheriff, and the best of sheriffs, you know, may look back upon a time when they were rounders. Don't let my presence put restraint upon your festivities." Best of all, there is the Lincoln page, in which through George McCormack we seem to come very close to Lincoln's own words on some of the subjects on which we are most anxious to get his verdict. "Once I put to him the question: 'What is your conception of God?' 'The same as my conception of nature,' he answered. 'And what is that?' I persisted. 'That it is impossible for either to be personal.'" And on another occasion, to McCormack's remark that "man is humiliated only when he feels his weakness has been spied upon: he has no self shame," Lincoln objected, "I don't agree with you. A rat gnaws alone; and so does a moral weakness within us, even though we know that it is securely hidden. I have seen a dog, alone, become suddenly ashamed of himself and sneak off." "But the dog must have known that you saw him." "No, when I was hidden from his view. Now I don't know what the soul is, but whatever it is I know that it can humble itself." If that has not the stamp of Lincoln, I don't know what has, and the book that contains it is surely worth reading.

But it is worth reading for far more than the general biographical record. It is studded with racy, original American anecdotes, some of them of Rabelaisian richness, as the delicious story of the alcoholic test of strength to win a young bull, in which all the professed drinkers are worsted by the temperate evangelist, some of Mark Twain-like riotous humor, as the little adventure of the *Arkansaw Traveler*. This was a humorous sheet which the boys were struggling hard to put over. They were anxious to secure free transportation for it and to that end they appealed to the heads of various railroad