

low up his ideals, exempting him from the wearing strain of every-day cares, that he may with clearer vision strive towards a lofty goal.

“‘Where there is work, success will follow,’ said a poet of the land of work. I am working as hard as I can, so I suppose success will pay me a visit by-and-by. I am lying on the sofa, reading about Kane’s misfortunes, drinking beer, smoking cigarettes. Truth obliges me to confess that I have become addicted to the vice I condemn so strongly—but flesh is grass; so I blow the smoke clouds into the air and dream sweet dreams. It is hard work, but I must do the best I can.

“Thursday, January 4th. It seems as if the twilight were increasing quite perceptibly now, but this is very possibly only imagination. I am in good spirits in spite of the fact that we are drifting south again. After all, what does it matter? Perhaps the gain to science will be as great, and, after all, I suppose this desire to reach the North Pole is only a piece of vanity. I have now a very good idea of what it must be like up there. (‘I like that!’ say you.) Our deep water here is connected with, is a part of, the deep water of the Atlantic Ocean—of this there can be no doubt. And have not I found that things go exactly as I calculated they would whenever we get a favorable wind? Have not many before us had to wait for wind? And as to vanity—that is a child’s disease, got over long ago. All calculations, with but one exception, have proved correct.