

To Mr. Chase such talk is mere foolishness, a sort of jingoism reminiscent of the hysterical war days in 1917-1918. He sees no reason whatever for our entering any European war. "We do not need to fight anybody unless they come and try to take away what we have. God help them if they do." The senselessness of fighting appears when one remembers that "95 percent of our business is in the home market, and always has been, except for a tumorous growth in the war years." No matter what happens in Europe, "the United States can still carry on. This is a finer destiny, it seems to me, than to go peddling competitive exports about the world, and entangling ourselves with the quarrels of other nations who, in the nature of their geographical deficiencies, must quarrel, until some day they too achieve continental unity."

Various tests of public opinion, including the Gallup polls and debates in Congress, indicate that the American people feel more like Mr. Chase than Mr. Mumford.

HE OPENED THE DOOR OF JAPAN. *By Carl Crow. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1939. 275 pages. Illustrated. \$3.00.*

Doing belated justice to an extraordinary but little-known man, Carl Crow here tells the adventures of Townsend Harris, a New York merchant who pried open the doors of a hermit empire against fantastic odds and paved the way, a scant eighty years ago, for that kingdom — Japan — to become one of the world's great Powers. Unlike Commodore Perry, who was backed by guns and fabulously rich presents with which to bicker and barter, Harris was sent to Japan, dumped unceremoniously in the little fishing village of Shimoda, and left to his own devices, without funds or even a house, for an entire year. Yet he did the job he was sent to do under such unbelievable difficulties, that he made himself a national hero in Japan. As Author Crow says:

"If it were possible for any but a Japanese to be admitted to their pantheon of gods, Harris would doubtless have been admitted years ago. They have done everything possible to make his memory sacred. The two places where he lived — the Consulate at Shimoda and the Legation at Tokyo — are marked and preserved as shrines. Every object he touched has been treasured, as if it had been sanctified by contact with him. . . ."

But so little-known is Townsend Harris to his fellow Americans that there are no monuments to his memory in America — with the exception of Townsend Harris Hall, preparatory high school of the College of the City of New York, which Harris also helped to found as a member of the Board of Education. It was only because Mr. Crow once lived in Japan that he ever heard of Harris, and, his interest piqued, he came about to write the book — and a thorough and interesting job he had done, too, despite the fact that it lags in spots, and here and there meanders off the trail to drag in irrelevant bits of Oriental sidelights.

In digging into the strange story of Townsend Harris, Crow found that this most distinguished contributor to the early cordial relations between this country and Japan, was hardly mentioned in the local histories of his birthplace and that biographical dictionaries even had his birthdate wrong. Worse, the picture exhibited in the Embassy at Tokyo was found not to be that of Harris at all, but of Lewis Cass, the Secretary of State under whom Harris served; and that a picture supposed to be of Harris on file in the New York Public Library was that of Harris' successor on the Board of Education.

WINE OF GOOD HOPE. *By David Rame. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1939. 511 pages. \$2.50.*

This is a straight travel story, filled with sea-ports and ships and revolutions in South America. It harks back to Joseph Conrad, but lacks his subtlety and his exquisite language. The ever-present background of the story is a lovely South African wine-farm, and for chief characters the author draws on the proud, sturdy, aristocratic Boers who stayed on their farms after the English conquest, and couldn't get out of their blood the bitter *Wanderlust* that had driven their brothers up into Central Africa 30 years before. The story follows one of these wine-farmers through nearly every country in the world, in kaleidoscopic succession. A charming love story runs through the book to pull the plot together, and provides a number of lovely, quiet scenes for relief from the restless, conscience-driven travels of the hero, Tony. His adventures lack excitement, and interesting characters are few. Although the writing is vivid and often sensitive, the story lacks the suspense and the sense for drama which are all-important to a travel novel.