

America Faces West

AMERICA IN THE PACIFIC, A Century of Expansion. By FOSTER RHEA DULLES. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1932. \$3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

NOW and again there comes a book of permanent value in a particular field, a book which quietly assumes an indisputable place in any bibliography of the subject. So far as our political and diplomatic activities in the Pacific area are concerned, Tyler Dennett's "Americans in Eastern Asia" was the last of this kind until the appearance of this new volume by the author of "The Old China Trade."

In reviewing the previous work, this reviewer said that its "readability detracts not the least from its authority." The new volume carries a more austere countenance. It is history, such history as satisfies the technical historians, even though they cannot write that kind themselves. It is equipped with references to chapter and verse for all of its statements. It is for this reason among others that it steps immediately into a place of authority in the libraries. But its authority detracts not the least from its readability.

Like Dennett's classic, the present volume carries the narrative only to the end of the last century. The introduction, to be sure, links the urge which carried the flag of the United States from the Atlantic seaboard first to the western shores of the continent and then on into the far reaches of the Pacific itself, with the involvement of the United States in the Manchurian affair of the past year. Various nations have challenged the westward sweep of American influence but all have been brushed aside. Now at last Japan has challenged the positions we have taken in Asia and the Western Pacific. "Time alone holds the secret of its final solution."

But Mr. Dulles gives us the story of the steps which led us to that perhaps fateful day last January when Secretary Stimson informed Japan that the United States would not admit the legality of any treaty which impaired our rights in China, which infringed upon the sovereignty of China, or the open door policy.

Manifest Destiny" is one of those emotion-arousing slogans which have played a large part in our public sentimentalizing and then been thrown into the discard. The slight response with which it would be received today makes it difficult to realize how much it was a part of the political faith of our fathers. If Mr. Dulles is right, and he has the evidence to support his contention, this was an early rationalization of the national determination to win through the continent and the Pacific to a satisfactory share in the rich rewards of the China trade. Our sailormen who drove the fast clipper ships around the Horn to Canton, and the sturdy pioneers who piloted their prairie schooners along the Oregon Trail were all a part of this momentous urge to connect the eastern shore of America with the eastern shore of Asia.

The Louisiana Purchase, the annexation of Texas, and the Mexican War carried us to the Pacific coast. The Oregon settlement and the Gadsden Purchase rounded out our continental domain. But the momentum was not to be checked at the water's edge. Perry opened Japan with the help of armed vessels of the Navy. Seward went to the State Department in the dead of night to draft the treaty by which we purchased Alaska. Naval officers and the consular service inducted Samoa into the American fellowship. Hawaii fell into our basket on several occasions only to be thrown out again. The Spanish War overcame our reluctance to accept the gift the gods provided us, and then threw in the Philippines for good measure.

Each one of these steps forward along the road of our national destiny is described with such fairness, accuracy, authority, succinctness, and humor that one is moved to commend this book to historians as a model worth emulating. Through them all runs that dogged determination to be a "power" in the Pacific

and the belief that the Western Ocean was the future arena of the world.

And yet, curiously enough, opposition to expansion has in almost every instance been only less powerful than its advocacy. Time and again opportunities were rejected and in each case where "manifest destiny" carried the final decision, years and even decades of delay intervened. Often the ultimate triumph was due to the outstanding vision of one man whom Fate had placed in a strategic position. Thus Polk as President is the "hero" of the Mexican conquest; Seward's "folly" as Secretary of State brought us Alaska; and Theodore Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary of the Navy receives the credit for having Dewey ready to seize the Philippines. It may of course be argued that if these men had not thrown their official and personal influence into the balance the result would have been the same. Perhaps so. But the point is that in every case there was a powerful resistance to be overcome before the flag was finally raised over the new possessions.

Our present division of opinion over the independence of the Philippines or over the role which we should play in the Sino-Japanese imbroglio is therefore by no means a new phenomenon in our national life. And, if history is to be taken as the

criterion, the chances appear favorable to the ultimate triumph of the expansionist spirit. But—just as the medical history of a patient who has recovered from a number of diseases is always belied by his succumbing to the last one, so the history of our "imperialism" may furnish us with false precedents for our future course of action. History qualifies as a reliable guide only in the past.

The New Liberalism

THUNDER AND DAWN: America's Appointment with Destiny. By GLENN FRANK. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. \$4.

Reviewed by NORMAN THOMAS

A BOOK with so resounding a title as this is bound to attract attention at the price of raising high expectations. Those expectations, this reviewer feels—and it may be his fault—are only partially met. The book is great preaching. It is even greater popularizing of a wide range of thought and reading. Never were great preaching and great popularizing of knowledge more in order than today. In lucid, sententious, often brilliant style, the author justifies his reputation as writer, editor, and educator by imparting sound information and inspiring orderly thinking. Mr. Frank

is particularly good in stating the critical case he seeks to answer. Witness his discussion of the six fears of our time, or of the sixteen points against machinery. Nor are his rejoinders without merit. Especially noteworthy is his answer to the wholesale indictment of machinery.

He has wise things to say about education, war, the church, and a host of pertinent matters. His seven "rallying cries of Western advance," the ideas of cultural nationalism, economic internationalism, rationalized politics, mass-conscious industrialism, socialized religion, a well bred race, and realistic pacifism are well chosen and comprehensive. His organizing theory that our need is for a "new renaissance," a "new reformation," and a "new industrial revolution" is ingenious and interesting. The book abounds in quotable sayings.

Nevertheless—and I repeat that the fault may be partly my own—I did not find myself engrossed in it despite its excellencies and the absorbing nature of its theme. Mr. Frank's unconventional statement of a new liberalism, the objections to which he knows, still has about it the air of futility which has become native to liberalism (I use that word, let me explain, to cover every thoughtful attempt to liberalize and humanize capitalism).

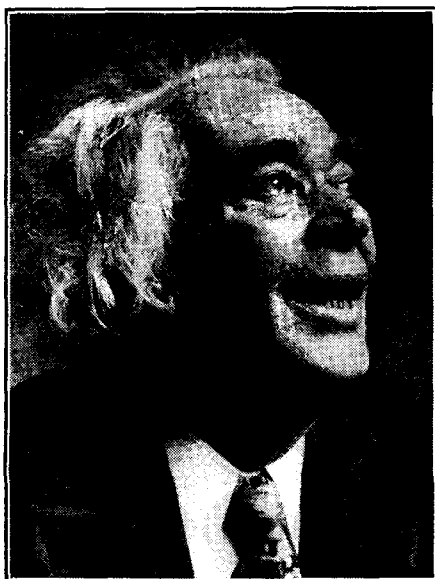
At two vitally important points Glenn Frank's incisive analysis fades away in a vague realm of hope or even of wishful thinking. The first is in his insistence on the values of socialized, non-metaphysical religion. Such values exist. In a very real sense communism or socialism is a religion. So, too, for better or worse, has nationalism been a religion, as Mr. Frank could prove even without his telling quotation from Mazzini. Nevertheless, I cannot see much use in proclaiming a religious reformation and studiously avoiding metaphysics which have always been at the base of religion. Religion is a truncated thing, perhaps a thing without roots, if it insists on discussing man's relation to his fellowmen but ignores man's relation to God, the universe, or his own destiny. I believe man may create a far nobler social order than we now live under without answering these metaphysical questions, or even with a profoundly pessimistic answer to them. I cannot but think the effort to ignore them as unimportant largely vitiates the value of any hope in a new reformation.

Even weaker, it seems to me, is Mr. Frank's hope that capitalism can achieve "humanism" and remain capitalism. "The treason of statesmanship" is not the failure of men but the necessary failure of a system. This depression is the graveyard of the "new" capitalism. Mr. Frank's optimism that capitalism, or enlightened capitalists, have learned the lesson of high wages reads like mockery in face of the fact that in 1931, a year of gloom, dividends and interest in corporation securities had an index number of 180 as compared with 100 in 1926, while wages had fallen to 52! Conceivably capitalism could have done better but only against its own inner nature. And it is doubtful whether the best intentioned employer can hold up wages in a time of depression against a general trend. He may want other employers to pay enough to enable their workers to purchase his products, but his own—ah, that's different! They buy little of his products anyhow!

I share Mr. Frank's hope that we may avoid the enormous costs of violent revolutions. We can only do it by accepting and acting on a revolutionarily different philosophy of coöperation. In this acceptance lies the new renaissance, the new reformation, the new industrial revolution. It has room for experimentation and plan; it has no room for the pillars of capitalism, absentee ownership, and private property in things necessary to the common life, or even a modified worship of the Great God, Profit.

Norman Thomas was the founder and, for a time, the editor of *The World Tomorrow*. He has been candidate on the Socialist ticket for governor and mayor of New York, and for President of the United States, and holds the admiration and respect of political parties of all complexions. He is the author of several works, among them "What Is Industrial Democracy?" and "Roads to Peace."

Man Makes His Own Mask



THE LORD

MAN MAKES HIS OWN MASK. Text and portraits by ROBERT H. DAVIS. New York: The Huntington Press. 1932. \$100.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

"WHAT a piece of work is a man." And here Mr. Robert H. Davis has shot the works. In other words, he has collected 118 of his camera portraits of contemporaries. The Huntington Press has collaborated luxuriously. The volume is a large quarto, bound by Stikeman in golden-brown morocco; 525 pages of rag paper; limited to 160 copies, signed by Mr. Davis, and sold only by private treaty. The rumor is that the price is \$100.

This is a remarkable book, though obviously restricted to a few enthusiasts. Mr. Davis, a man of wide and shrewd observation, contributes brisk biographical notes on his sitters. For the past seven years it has been his hobby to catch his friends off guard, in some characteristic glimpse, and then click the lens of a small camera. No retouching, no esthetic pose. Here they are, freckles, wrinkles, seams. Some of these pictures tell more than one might expect.

Bob Davis believes that man makes his own mask; that sooner or later the quality of his thought and feeling expounds itself upon the outward visnomy. He begins his album with the face of innocence, a portrait showing the serene, untroubled candor of a small boy. From this he proceeds to the puzzled, evasive, dour, or quizzical glimpses of his mature companions. Interesting himself, Bob Davis has interesting friends. From the walrus-hide contour of Captain Bob Bartlett to the shy delicacy of old Timothy Cole is a wide gamut of expression. This book is an unconscious testament of what life does



JUDAS

to men. It is fascinating to compare such faces as Mr. Harrison, the Negro actor who played the Lord in "Green Pastures," and Johann Zwink, the Judas of Oberammergau.

Mr. Davis's sitters include many public names, both men of merchandise and of imagination. His gay and pungent notes are written with all his customary verve. Of Bob Bartlett he says: "He resembles some unheard-of amphibian, suddenly risen off the coast of Newfoundland." To Irvin Cobb he again attributes the famous *mot*, "as much privacy as a goldfish," but we must remind him that a rival theory has always ascribed it to "Saki" (H. H. Munro) who used it about 1906. Of Ring Lardner (one of the finest faces in the book) he says with justice, "If his literary jewels were brought together and re-strung in a single necklace, they would shine like diamonds hung in a shoe button factory." D. H. Lawrence, through this clear lens, looks a muddy and muddled soul compared to the cameo profile of Lardner. Mr. Davis considers Meredith Nicholson's the typical American face; others might wistfully suggest Long Lance, a chieftain of the Black Foot Indians, as the North American type. One of the most interesting of all these mysterious masks is that of P. Stammer, the second-hand bookseller. "Looks," says Mr. Davis, "as though he might have stepped out of a canvas by Rembrandt. Books did this for him."

As Benjamin De Casseres suggests in his foreword to this gallery, only a man of Bob Davis's wide-ranging human gusto could have gathered sunlight into such clear ideographs of revelation. There is nothing arty here. These are men, "infinite in faculty, in form, and moving express, and admirable." And he has caught every man in his humor.

The BOWLING GREEN

Human Being

XXIII. DECIBELS
 "A DECIBEL," Hubbard read in a newspaper, "is a measure of loudness equivalent to the sound made by the fall of a pin."

How many decibels do you hear when a sparrow falls—or a Stock Market? Or even, he thought to himself, a travelling salesman.

It was a brilliant cool noon in late spring, after one of New York's sudden hot spells. The kind of day, the elevator boy said taking him up to the penthouse, that makes your clothes feel good on you. Hubbard was in a roof-garden speakeasy near the Erskine office, a pleasant place to sit out on the terrace, twenty stories above the street, and enjoy sunshine and thought. Countryman by nature, he liked it because it was one of the few places in the publishing region of Murray Hill where he could smell manure. The proprietor took his little roof-garden seriously, and the boxes of privet and geranium were heavily fertilized. The savor of Eggs Benedict and the tang of angostura and vermouth were dominated by a sharp whiff of synthetic sheep. The proprietor's name was Hyacinthe, which The Boys thought very amusing. The government had recently ejected him from long tenure in a dark basement, but now on this high summit he saw sunlight again. The good French instinct of the glebe reawoke; he set out a spring planting of parsley and mint. As Hubbard sat considering the first julep of the season, Hyacinthe dug busily in his green troughs with a Woolworth trowel. Other patrons kept indoors, finding the air cool, and Hubbard was alone on the terrace. After talking to Miss Mac and others he needed to meditate. Like the acid odor of manure he wanted a smell of reality in his biography of Richard.

Thinking so persistently about the life of another man oversensitizes the nerves. Retracing the streets of Richard's habit, gathering clues from people who had known him, Hubbard was likely to see exaggerated meaning in casual things. But perhaps this was wholesome. Mostly we underestimate those fugitive suggestions; like the Parthians they shoot their arrows at us as they flee.

"I don't agree with Miss Mac," he said to himself. "This job needs not only a Narrator but a Nerve Specialist. It ought to tremble like a taut string. It's drawn from the juices and pressures of every day" (changing his metaphor, as a solitary thinker is privileged to do). "If only one could get the natural taste of those juices before chemistry does its work on them. If they stand any length of time, either they ferment and foam up with sentimental alcohol, or else you've got to taint them with satirical benzoate of soda to keep them flat. Too much benzoate of soda in most biographies." He was pleased with this idea, so pleased that he looked quite handsome, and Hyacinthe thought this a propitious moment to ask Mr. Hubbard what he would like for lunch. But he was not ready to order his meal; he was waiting for a guest. Hyacinthe, a person of much humor, took his customary attitude of quiz. His right palm under his left elbow, his left hand curled under cheek and chin, a downward sparkle in the gaze. "A lady?" he asked. "Because if it is you prefer to sit inside? She might be cold here, they don't wear many clothes nowadays." "Is that so," said Hubbard. "How do you know that? No, as a matter of fact it isn't a lady, quite a sturdy gentleman; he won't be chilly." Hyacinthe was disappointed, he went back to train some ivy up the trellis. He had the good French instinct for liking to see the sexes well mixed.

It wasn't a lady, it was only me. Hub-

bard had asked me not to join him until late: he wanted an hour alone with a drink to put his ideas in order. It was obvious that his researches in Roe were educating him rapidly. He had spoken, a little too jocularly I thought, of Richard the Mouse-Heart. That reminded me of an animal shop on Upper Broadway which Richard must have studied often. In the window was a cage of white mice that twirl crazily in circles. It always interested me to watch the faces of people watching these Rotary Club mice. On-lookers, after their first surprise, usually wore a faintly superior smile, affectionately derisive of these midgets that spin so fast without getting anywhere. But perhaps, I reflected, an Infinite Reason



"MASK OF MANHATTAN"
 BY REBECCA F. HOLLIDAY

would contemplate us with the same sympathetic grin. I myself knew nothing of Richard Roe: Hubbard was his biographer and I only the biographer of the biography; but I didn't want Roe's chronicler to wear a superior smile. It was too magnificent a task: to catch a human being in the very act of being human—and to set it down without chemical preservatives. To arrest, for the while, life's extraordinary power of tidying things up, cicatrizing wounds, softening the retrospect, healing and forgetting and just going on. That cruel and blessed process of making everything seem as though it didn't matter, the blind onward optimism of the universe against which the artist must make his hopeless triumphant stand. Already, in the solemn phrase of the old doctor, Richard was content to be as if he had not been. Yet this tiny specimen that had crawled across the slide had in rudiment all the organs of the greatest. Plasm and psyche were there, and all the chills and fevers—not essentially different from Shakespeare's.

Shakespeare had been in Hubbard's mind, for he had been lately to see a revival of that most gorgeous failure, *Troilus and Cressida*. He had taken Gladys Roe who was frankly bored, but had made one superb comment—that Cressida would be a swell part for Greta Garbo. This was admirably shrewd, for the psychology of that piece is mostly Hollywood. Also there is no theatrical manager of insight who has not coveted all the Shakespearean roles for the siren Swede. But that is irrelevant. Hubbard, in the great line, "There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip," could think of no one but Minnie Hutzler. And then, at the final curtain, he realized that perhaps Shad Roe, in an oblique way, was the Pandarus of Richard's story. Yes, Shake-

peare would have been the best biographer for Richard. He was never afraid to set off the colored flares on the smallest occasion—the Bad Boy of literature, nudging the world with his mischievous "You ain't seen nothing yet."

Then the amazing thing was that as they were having a soda after the show, Gladys remarked: "I don't suppose Daddy ever saw a play of Shakespeare's in his life, but he was crazy about the Shakespeare Garden in Central Park. I certainly got tired of that place, it was his favorite walk on fine Sundays. He used to take Grandma out there too. She didn't give a hoot about Shakespeare, but she liked to see those German signs in the park—you know, where they have notices in four languages so everybody in New York can read 'em, Yiddish, Italian, German, and English."

Hubbard had never even heard of the Shakespeare Garden. He went to have a look at it.

New York is never so lovely as in early summer. In Richard's familiar region of Central Park West awnings burst out on apartment windows; asphalt streets feel soft under the point of a walking stick. Drug stores are draughty with electric fans, which blow out the gasoline cigar-lighter every time you snap it into flame. In the inner airshaft of apartments housewives indignantly observe little flocks of fuzz that come drifting over the sill from dustpans higher up. In the evenings the broad pavements of the Little White Way are thronged with strollers. Vegetable stores arrange piles of beans, radishes, carrots, sloped in colored strata under brilliant light. Issuing from the movies about 10:30 p.m. the Upper West Side likes to read its morning paper before it goes to bed. Already it hears the familiar cry of Manhattan urging hopefully toward the morrow—"American, News, a Mirror." Day or night, in that warm, breezy weather life comes outdoors and shows itself. Each part of the city has its own moods. At Fort George men pitch horse-shoes. In the Comfort Triangle at Times Square they sit on the low curbing near the international newsstand and read the papers. The Cowley Fathers are hearing confessions on 46th Street. It used to surprise me to find their church just there, in that raffish byway, so very different from their monastery at Cowley near Oxford; but there must be more need of shriving on 46th Street.

The Shakespeare Garden, Gladys told Hubbard, was best approached by the 81st Street entrance to the Park—the one nearest the Roe apartment. He soon discovered the German warning which had pleased old Mrs. Geschwindt: *Es ist strengstens verboten, Papier oder irgend anderen Unrath auf den Boden zu werfen*. Presently, on a rocky hillside below the "belvedere," he reached the little enclosure. It has its paths, for lean appropriation, hard winters, scorching summers, a dead tree and an electric wire crossing overhead make it difficult to suggest a Warwickshire setting. Also the ragged mineral outcrop of Manhattan—very gneiss for geologists—is scarcely the humus for cottage flowers. But as Hubbard explained, it was just that touch of unconscious pathos that endeared the place to him, and perhaps to Richard also. The old Irish gardener wrestles single-handed with his task. Hubbard, admiring the masses of eglantine roses, got into conversation with him. He had been there since the beginning of the garden. There were 125 varieties of flowers, all mentioned by Shakespeare.

"How did you pick them out?" Hubbard asked. "Did they give you a list?"

"No, sir," said the gardener. "A lady gave me three little books by Shakespeare, plays he wrote about flowers, and I read them. One of the books was called *Antony and Cleopatra*; I didn't find so many flowers in that one. That Cleopatra was a very plain-spoken lady.—Twenty-one years ago, when we started this garden, it was all poison ivy. It would scare you—one man I had working here, his head swelled up like a pot. It's kind of hard on this hillside, we lose so much soil in the rainstorms. After that storm the other day I wheeled up twenty barrows of earth. Yes, I had to take the labels off

the plants because when people knew what they were they stole 'em. Look there, you see that place?"

He pointed sadly to an empty hollow in the earth.

"Yes, sir," he said, "that's what they do when you're not looking. I had twenty-four wild thymes in that bed."

Some other visitors, passing behind them just at this moment, overheard the remark and looked startled.

Hubbard asked if he had known Mr. Roe. Not by name at any rate. "There's lots of regular visitors," he said, "folks that are just crazy about this garden. They bring cuttings of their own to see if they'll grow here—that Cherokee rose is from an opera singer's farm down in Maryland, and there's a rose a lady brought from France, and here's some pinks from Staten Island. But they got to satisfy me it's something Shakespeare knew about."

They were interrupted by a small freckled boy who rushed up in great agitation. "You better come," he appealed to the old gardener. "We buried that dead squirrel down there and now there's a lot of bad boys digging it up again."

The old fellow hurried away to halt this sacrilege, and Hubbard wandered for some time round the little hillside, enjoying the secluded corner of rose bushes and the tiny cascade. From the brow of the rocky knoll was a skyline of towers such as Prospero might have imagined. What did it mean that Richard had discovered for himself this queer corner of peace? Richard, of all people—so thoroughly Upper West Side that if he had seen the young moon rising anywhere except over the roof of an apartment (preferably the Aphorpe) he would have been scandalized. If he had seen her gilded curve above trees or mountains she would have seemed almost naked. (Indeed there are many who would have legislated a petticoat for the moon if that were possible.) In this he was very unlike Hubbard, who, if kept too long in town, felt as a dog must, tethered in a forest of stone without ever an honest tree for his relief.

"I should have liked some more talk with the old gardener," Hubbard continued. "He was telling me that before he joined the Park Department he was a machinist on lamps for Pullman cars—I think that's grand, going from Pullman to Shakespeare, God bless him—but I could see he was busy. I wondered if I also, trying to recreate poor Richard, was like those mischievous boys exhuming the squirrel. I strolled off into that lovely maze of rocky paths and glens above the Boat Lake. A thunder shower came up and ducking under the trees for shelter, I came upon a secluded little summerhouse. I hate to have to rely on coincidence, and I think this is absolutely the only time I shall do so. But these things do happen. There, in that rustic arbor, peacefully reading the *Billboard*, was Shad—not a picture but in person. I hadn't known he was still in town, and I needed him. You see, he was in Chicago that time—when Richard bought the garters."

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A new periodical, to be called the *Dolphin*, will be christened this Fall. It is to be edited by Frederic Warde and published by The Limited Editions Club. The *Dolphin* will be issued annually, in book form. It will be intended for the interest of those people who care about the technique of the making of books. According to the announcement, "The *Dolphin* will be both a record and a survey. The record will consist of a series of articles written by internationally known typographers and bibliographers who will discuss the principles, treat on the technique, contribute to the history of the making of books. The survey will be made up of reviews, gathered from international sources, written by persons who possess discrimination and sound judgment. The reviews will be supported by reproductions of interesting book pages, bindings, illustrations, printing types, and papers. If possible, in order to provide a true representation of the work of an artist or a typographer, specimen pages will be obtained from original sources."