

Indian parrot still screams, the master still presides over a long and noisy dinner table, the walls still shelter a varied group who, however they clash, yet remain loyal to the Whiteoak name.

The charm of Miss de la Roche's long-drawn-out tale, now running close to two thousand pages, lies in just this combination of two diverse elements. She has vividly realized, and dexterously drawn, a dozen highly individual and self-willed characters, some of them eccentric, some of them quarrelsome, nearly all difficult to live with; but at the same time she has indicated with equal vigor the power of kinship, family pride, and the sense of a common past to knit this diverse tribe together. In this latest instalment, the family vicissitudes are dominated by red-haired Rennie—the strongest-willed of all since the passing of old Gran, with her stick, her hot temper, her fortune, and her strange kiss-me-quick fits of loneliness. He does not have Gran's money, which went to the young genius of the family, Finch, just emerging as a composer. He does not carry on the farm work, which falls to soil-bound Piers. But he presides at the mansion, raises horses, decides vital family issues, and keeps the clan together. He rules the two grand old uncles, Ernest and Nicholas, and cuffs the adolescent Wakefield. Sometimes, under the stress of money troubles, wayward affections, the pressure of the outside world, his authority is temporarily questioned. But not for long, for they all dumbly realize that in him is somehow incarnated the spirit of Jalna, an old-world family seat in a new-world setting.

Readers who liked and admired "Jalna"—and who that read it did not?—will like and admire this latest sequel. Not, perhaps with the same ardor. Some loss of freshness is visible here. The author's invention of incident sometimes seems a little forced. But her hand remains as true and quick as ever at character drawing, and all the well-loved characters are here again. Those readers of the first volumes who wish to see what use Finch makes of his money inherited from Gran; what becomes of the wayward young poet and scoundrel Eden; how Ernest and Nicholas take the sudden death of their sister Augusta; just how the silent Rennie breathes the endless troubles that somehow beset him and the estate—to them the volume may be cordially recommended.

Due Process of Law

TRIAL BY PREJUDICE. By Arthur Garfield Hays. New York: Covici-Friede. \$2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MR. HAYS'S book has a double value. First, it maintains the thesis that "human beings, when they sit in judgment on their fellows, whether as judges, jurors, school boards, admission or expulsion committees, bureaus, administrators, synods, or courts-martial, act like human beings. . . . When the human mind weighs facts and forms conclusions, it does so in the light of emotions, predispositions, and prejudice." And, since this volume deals chiefly with judges and jurors, "where predispositions and emotions are aroused, there cannot be a fair judgment on the facts and the law." . . . "In the ordinary case an innocent man is in little danger of conviction. If the issue, however, arouses the emotions . . . if those charged belong to an unpopular minority, a despised class or an heretical group, if they are hated by the community . . . in the vast majority of such cases it would seem that the judge or jury need only an excuse to convict. This has been so in all times, all over the world, under all governments and systems."

Americans are not responsible, however, for other governments and systems; accordingly, Mr. Hays recites some of the conspicuous cases in which emotions, predispositions, and prejudices have caused failures of justice in this country. The Scottsboro and Mooney-Billings affairs are discussed at length; there are briefer recitals of seven other cases, including those of Sacco and Vanzetti and of Leo Frank. All of this is tol-



ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS
Photograph by Nickolas Murray

erably familiar to a good many people, and will be unsatisfactory to many others; radicals will dislike Mr. Hays's observation that human beings are affected by many motives that cannot be fitted into the neat box of the class struggle, and reactionaries will wish that these matters had never been brought up at all. Nevertheless, in between the extremes there should be a large and increasing class which wants to know about these things, and which could hardly find a fairer or more scrupulously impartial exposition than that of Mr. Hays.

For his book is not merely a list of miscarriages of justice due to prejudice. To most of us, prejudice is something felt by the other fellow; Mr. Hays not only has the tolerably rare ability to recognize that he has prejudices too, but the inclination (still rarer) to examine his own conscience, try to drag his own prejudices out into the light and set them forth as clearly as he can so that the reader can make allowances.

Furthermore, having recited some noteworthy and scandalous miscarriages of justice due to emotion and prejudice, he balances the record by setting down half a dozen other cases in which either the prejudice was justified, or the defendants were acquitted in spite of it—including the affair of Charles E. Mitchell. It takes a bold man to defend a banker, in these times; yet Mr. Hays not only explains plausibly the feeling of the jury that acquitted Mitchell—he goes further and points out that under the conditions obtaining in Luke Lea's North Carolina trial a fair trial was impossible, and that in the Bank of United States cases "tomes of the law were scanned to dig up a technical charge." He might have added the instance of William H. Anderson; like Mitchell, Marcus, Singer, Lea (and Mooney; and Sacco; and Vanzetti) he was a man whom the community detested and wanted to see put out of the way. Yet tomes of the law had to be scanned to dig up a technical charge against him.

A reviewer who gave three cheers for the convictions of Anderson, Marcus, Singer, and Lea, and had hoped to give three cheers for the conviction of Mitchell, finished this book with the conviction that he had better sit in sackcloth and ashes a while and search his soul, to see how much he might find there of the stuff that makes a Goering or a Krylenko. And this, perhaps, is its greatest value; on readers who have, or like to believe they have, any inclination to tolerance or fairness it will impose a penitential exercise that can hardly fail to be good for the soul. Mr. Hays, obviously, would be one of the first people shot in any violent revolution, whether from the right or from the left; for his habit of mind is of the essence of civilization as it was defined by the best of the ancients, and has been defined since the Christian Church began to lose its grip. Unless civilization is to be redefined, as it has been in Germany and Russia, this is the habit of mind that must be encouraged. Since the left-central revolution by common consent, now in progress, depends so much on tolerance and understanding, one might almost say that reading of Mr. Hays's book, and contrite reflection on it, is a civic duty.

A Good Reporter Reports

WATCHING THE WORLD GO BY. By Willis J. Abbot. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1933. \$3.

Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT

NEWSPAPER men almost always write for their fellow-craftsmen. Doubtless they get that way early, through tense effort to please and interest the past-master on the city desk, who gives them assignments and regulates the walking of the ghost. In this book Willis J. Abbot, whether or not consciously, is doing it in every paragraph, as he has been doing it for more than half a century. I do not know how interesting it will be to what we are pleased to call "the layman," the general reader—there have been many such stories of a newspaper man's experience—but I find it immensely so. Perhaps because, though some five years his junior, I am virtually his contemporary, a product of the same school of journalism; namely that of hard hand-to-mouth experience beginning in the '80's. Always enthralling is another man's account of things, people, and doings that one has seen or known about himself. By the same token and like all other newspaper writers, Abbot takes too much for granted on the part of his average reader, just such background, especially political, as newspaper men have. The book is essentially journalistic, the style distinctly "journalistic," and the point of view . . . well, a distinction lies in the fact that a true reporter is little aware of himself. He indeed "watches the world go by" (the title is apt); he sees and says what happens. Seldom does it occur to him that what he watches is any of his personal business—that even as a citizen, he is himself concerned. Anyhow, as usual in such books, of which there are many, the reader hardly will discern the emotions, if any, of the writer.

Although autobiographical in form, Abbot's book does not tell you much about himself, save as you may infer his personality from his comment upon the events he has seen and the people he has known during fifty years of hard, honest-to-god newspaper work since, fresh from the University of Michigan, he began as a reporter on the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, amid a shooting affray to give zest to his initiation. You learn of the literary background of his life, in the fact that he is grandson of the John S. C. Abbott whose "Life of Napoleon" fixed for long the American idea of that momentous figure; grand-nephew of the Jacob Abbott whose Rollo Books, deserving literary immortality but now almost forgotten, constituted general pabulum of youth in my day and earlier. Abbot's father shook off the extra "t" in the name, restoring the original spelling. Willis Abbot began his own literary career with "The Blue-Jackets of 1861," writing many other books of similar tone and import—up to a "Blue-Jackets of 1918."

As a whole, this book is a panorama of two generations of American political history as a keen-eyed, reflective, temperamentally judicious and discriminating reporter has seen it. Notable figures walk or strut, Lafcadio Hearn and Jesse James; Jefferson Davis and Roscoe Conkling; Ben Butler of the "bias eye" and Carter Harrison, World's Fair mayor of Chicago; Grover Cleveland and John P. Altgeld; Eugene V. Debs and William Jennings Bryan; Tom Reed and "Uncle Joe" Cannon; Tom Johnson of Cleveland, Bob Ingersoll, Roosevelt, Taft, Hughes, Al Smith, Coolidge, Hoover, and innumerable others—each subjected to a swift, objective, ruthlessly candid estimate, sometimes sympathetic, usually fair, and always in good temper. Distinguished among these appraisals is that of William Randolph Hearst, for whom Abbot worked long and understandingly; it is one of the best and most vivid analyses of that extraordinary character that I have ever seen. Dana and the old-time *Sun* (which has no successor) were profoundly formative in Abbot's professional training—'twas a priceless inextricable weaving.

There are cogent reflections, upon journalism as a profession, upon the relation between editorial liberty and business-office domination; every newspaper man will appreciate them, for they embody a rich and varied experience through the whole gamut of the business in many parts of the country; all evident in this fruitage. So will he appreciate the story of Abbot's long connection with the *Christian Science Monitor*. Of that he is proud, as well he may be; for that newspaper is of its sort, if not unique, certainly one of the best in the world.

In these times of potential social and economic revolt, when chaos seems to lurk round every street corner and crossroads, it is interesting to read this remark:

In these latter days, there is a nationwide terror of revolutionary activities among the working people . . . Politicians and a type of professional hunters for "Red" activities have found a certain profit in stimulating this dread and exploiting it. Yet with a fairly wide acquaintance with labor and social workers in the United States, I feel justified in saying that nowhere today is there a parallel to the militant discontent of the working people in Chicago in the 1880's. Nowhere during the unprecedented financial depression of 1930-33 were there strikes attended with such riotous outbreaks as the railroad riots of 1873, the Debs strike of 1893, or the Homestead strike of 1892. It is interesting to speculate on the reasons for the practical disappearance of what is called "direct action" from the programme of militant labor agitators and socialists today. . . .

Apt and up to the minute, too, the observation with which the book closes:

As I am writing, the new administration is enjoying its political honeymoon . . . The press is friendly and the "White House Gang" of correspondents, who did so much to unmake Hoover, are covering President Roosevelt with praise and



WILLIS J. ABBOT

prophecies of a successful administration. For the good of the nation, such an end is devoutly to be wished. And yet there is in Holy Writ a word of counsel peculiarly applicable to incoming Presidents of the United States:

"Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

Indeed, this might well serve as text and synthesis of Willis J. Abbot's book; for it depicts with human and humane appraising eye, lively sense of humor, and fund of pungent anecdote, together with sure-handed realizing sense of color values, the endless procession of men across the American political stage; waxing and waning, swelling and collapsing; bravely splurging in and splashing awhile, a little while, then going down with little ripples (or none) marking the spot.

John Palmer Gavit, a journalist of long experience, was managing editor of the *New York Evening Post* from 1913-18.

President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia has published a book called "The Way of Democracy," which will probably appear in English eventually. He is in his eighty-fourth year.

The BOWLING GREEN

The Folder

45TH STREET

FROM time to time we have applauded some of the picturesque features of our block on West 45th Street. This building alone (number 25) as it reveals itself in glimpses of the elevator contains much variety of entertainment: the directors of suburban clubs of amateur players going to French's to look for a comedy script with a good part for everyone; the Scottish sales representative of 4711 Eau de Cologne on his way to visit the New York office (do the Scotch buy perfume?); crisp looking young men with curly hats who write for the *New Yorker*. In hot weather this is one of the best blocks in town: the Frigidaire office next door makes it a point of honor to exhale a lot of cool air onto the pavement, and near Fifth Avenue there's the basement grating above Jaekel's fur vaults where the old apple-man stands smoking his pipe in a rising gust of chill.

But one of our prettiest sights is going away. Marcus & Company, jewelers at the corner of 45th and Fifth, are going to move farther up the Avenue. Their delicious little window displays, always original, imaginative, beautiful, have long fascinated us, with gazing fed. They have occasionally suggested literary analogies which (to us at least) were as sparkling as the gems themselves. It's always pleasant to salute a fellow-trafficker, especially when there's no possible chance of his goods coming into competition with our own. Neither Mr. Marcus nor any other jeweler has ever paid the slightest attention to our bashful homages, but we have gone right on admiring their stuff. Not long ago Marcus had in the window a little tank of Cambodian fish, with weeds and colored sand and shimmering pearls sprinkled on the sand. It made us think of some fine stanzas (very much in the mood of the economic New Deal) in Keats's *Isabella*, and we were pleased all day. We even suggested, once or twice, that a book of great rarity, or the MS of a famous poem, would be an appropriate companion for precious stones in the window. Anyhow, to Mr. Marcus's display-editor we wish equally appreciative spectators at the new shop—on the outside of a strong pane of glass.

LEXICOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT

M. E., a librarian in Rochester, wrote some months ago:—

"Even with the aid of Webster we are unable to distinguish the essential differences among *dock*, *wharf*, and *pier*. Would you be so kind as to give your definitions?"

I submitted this interesting inquiry to high authority, Captain David W. Bone of S.S. *Transylvania*. His comment may be regarded as final. The suggested etymology of pier from *pierre* is new to me. I wonder? Captain Bone says:—

Dock is an artificially enclosed space for the harborage of vessels; the water area is a part of the Dock. *Pier* is a built erection, of stone or wood, to which vessels may be made fast for the convenient handling of cargo or passengers. *Wharf* is generally accepted as being of somewhat less solid construction than a Pier (*Pierre* = stone) and is understood to be a place at which a ship may lie whilst cargo is landed and stored: a wharf is nearly always a private place in point of proprietorship, as against a Pier owned by some Harbor Trust or Port Authority.

I feel more guilty for having bothered a busy shipmaster with a less warrantable inquiry. A mariner from Lake View Park, Ohio, objected to my usage "Captain Dixon shipped in her as cabin-boy." He wrote, "fresh water sailors never sail in a ship but rather on it." The phrase on a ship has always sounded lubberly to deep water men. Captain Bone, who holds tra-

ditional sea lingo in lifelong regard, comes sharply to our defence. He writes:—

Your correspondent would admit that he does not live "on" a house, so why should he insist that sailors live "on" a ship? We are somewhat proud and touchy about the fact of our ships being each self-contained units, dwellings, parishes, counties, states, countries,—afloat on the sea. To say "on board" a ship is quite right, but "on" a ship is the saying of a very greenhorn. "In" a ship is right. But for Gawd, his sake, don't start an argument with a jolly young waterman from Lake View—wherever that is. He will probably call funnels, "stacks," and ships—"boats."

THOREAU BURIED TWICE

August 31, 1933.

SIR:—I have seen the letter of J. A. H. Sr. in the August 26th *Bowling Green* about the "Grave and Hut-site of Henry Thoreau." Yes, I'll be your guide at Concord. I start for that New England town tomorrow, and if you'll return there, I'll do better than J. A. H. promises: I'll show you the hut-site and two grave-sites. Henry Thoreau was buried twice. But I can't, in *Sleepy Hollow Cemetery*, show you a pink boulder, Emerson's, and a red boulder, "Thoreau's," unless someone has shifted headstones since I was there a year ago. Emerson's is pink all right; but Thoreau's was gray last summer, and was no boulder but a little foot-square slab with the name "Henry" on it. Every stone on the Thoreau lot was gray also. Years ago, before my time, there was a red Thoreau family stone (not a boulder); but that was removed and discarded fifty years ago.

The "sites" of Concord are interesting enough, but you know as well as I do that Walden is not a pond but a book which is Concord's second shot "heard round the world," and that twice-buried Thoreau is not as dead now as he was on May 8, 1862, when they held his funeral.

RAYMOND ADAMS.

VOLTAIRE'S LIBRARY

George Arliss's picture about Voltaire (which I haven't seen, but I watched some work being done on it in Hollywood last spring and admired the sets) reminds me that I have saved in *The Folder* (for four years) a letter from N. R. (Chalet Wildhorn, Gstaad, Switzerland) answering an inquiry at that time. No question is ever dead as long as it lingers in *The Folder*. N. R. wrote:—

You mentioned that you would like to know how Voltaire's library happened to be in Russia. On a visit to Ferney recently I made the same enquiry and was told that after Voltaire's death his library was bought by Catherine the Great. At that time it was composed of about six thousand volumes, each book containing many marginal notes in Voltaire's fine, neat handwriting. The collection consisted of history, theology; many dictionaries of languages; Italian poets; English philosophers, etc. It seems there were no rare editions; and the great value attached to the volumes was due principally to the notes and comments on the margins. Ferney was somewhat disappointing. It is now owned by a Frenchman who apparently does not consider it of enough interest even to admit visitors. It is hardly inspiring so far as situation is considered;

but as Voltaire never seems to have been interested in nature—as was the case with so many of those amusing people of that period—a somewhat banal view of Mont Blanc was probably satisfactory. Madame de Staël's house at Coppet—a few miles away—is much more sympathetic; as is also a simple little manoir at Colombier—the home of that amazing Zélide.

BERRIANA

SIR:—It seems to me that you deserve some sort of medal for merely mentioning the wine shop of Charles Walter Berry than which, in the whole city of London, there is no place, if I may borrow a phrase from Mr. Berry's own business, with more "bouquet" and with more charm.

About three years ago it was my pleasant good fortune to have to carry on certain business dealings with Mr. Berry. This involved a series of visits to his establishment on St. James' Street. No other memory of London comes to me so often. It is made up of things like this: the high desks with the high stools that recall Bob Cratchit—except that there is no Scrooge present; the clerks working at the ledgers which are kept in long hand; the books wherein are entered the weights, as they came there to be weighed, of all the mem-

bers of the royal family since the early Georges; the aroma of venerable wine; the collection of wine bottles of all shapes and forms dating back to—well pretty nearly whenever wine was first put into bottles made of glass; the precious arrack, which Mr. Berry had inveigled from the cellar of an unsuspecting Lord (who gave it to him, and then tried to take it back); and the precious elixir which had been laid down

in 15.. (the last two figures escape me) and which would now never be drunk, for, short of Judgment Day, when would come an occasion sufficiently momentous to be celebrated with the oldest alcoholic beverage now extant?

In connection with these visits, I recall one incident which may be amusing in this year of 1933. The matter which took me to Mr. Berry was the settling of an estate, and besides setting a value (for the British death duty people) on the contents of a small but judiciously selected cellar, Mr. Berry also arranged to buy it, or more properly, to take it back, for most of it had come from his vaults. But one day he made a very appealing suggestion.

"Why don't you keep some of this wine?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Why don't you let me store some of it for you, and then when Prohibition is repealed as it will surely be, the Americans being a people of sense and judgment, I will ship it to you. You will thus have the beginnings of a cellar."

"My dear Mr. Berry," I said, "you flatter the American people, but you do not know them. Obviously the Americans whom you meet hate Prohibition, but they represent only a small fraction of the whole nation. Prohibition will never be repealed—at any rate not in our lifetime."

"I wonder," said Mr. Berry.

This conversation took place in September, 1930. I wonder if Mr. Berry remembers it now.

Another thing I recollect of these dealings with Mr. Berry is that each time I called on him he offered me a glass of sherry, and that each glass seemed more distinguished than its predecessor. One year that sticks in my mind was 1852. Needless to say the business was protracted through as many visits as possible.

I have an inscribed copy of *Viniana*, and it rests on my shelves next to an inscribed

copy of the collected works of John Masefield. In a sense both are books of poetry.

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB.

I hope and presume that Mr. Chubb is familiar with Muirhead Bone's drawing of the interior of Berry's shop, in James Bone's fine book, *The London Perambulator*. Won't Mr. Knopf some day reprint that book in pocket size, for the convenient pleasure of travellers?—The *Bowling Green* has for many years kept on its office desk, as talisman, a wine-bottle (empty) that came from Berry's.

I reproduce today the gay little drawing of Eros in Piccadilly Circus, referred to last week but accidentally omitted.

Morgan Taylor, after some persuasion, allows us to attach his name to his own parody of *Crossing the Bar*, a closer version than Bliss Carman's (which we printed here August 26). M. T. says "I did it, embellished it, pasted a little calendar on the bottom, and stuck it in with Christmas cards, years ago, when I was with Putnam's and the retail was on 23rd Street. A poor unsuspecting female paid \$5.00 for it, which I pocketed. Big money in them days!"

Sunset and Haig's Three-Star,
And one near call for me;
For say, a Scut was owning of the Bar
That I put in to see.

For when, dull-eyed, I almost seemed
asleep,
Too full of suds and foam,
'Twas he who threw me out, a soundless
heap,
And turned back home.

Twilight,—an evening's hell,
And after that the dark;
"Git out!" There was no sadness of fare-
well
In that remark.

And tho' from all concern of time and
place,
My souse it bore me far,—
I hope to meet that Bar-keep face to
face,
Then watch me cross the Bar!

MORGAN TAYLOR.

No place is more interesting than a printing-plant, and in all the bulk and rumble of "literary" gossip I wonder why we don't hear more anecdotes about what goes on in printing shops. The much admired Vail-Ballou at Binghamton, for instance—what are they reading up there? Is there competition between printers to get the job of doing their favorite detective stories? The Vail-Ballou folks are Dr. Priestley men; Quinn & Boden in Rahway are all for Hercule Poirot. (It pleases us to see Dodd Mead living up to their oldtime flair for detective stories with two such excellent yarns as *The Claverton Affair* (starring Dr. Priestley) and *Thirteen at Dinner* (featuring M. Poirot).—The proofreader is the man whose comments on books we should like to hear more often. Who was the fellow at the Plimpton Press (Norwood, Mass.) who had to read all of Egon Friedell's *Cultural History of the Modern Age*? What did the Polygraphic Company think about that extraordinary volume, *The Book of Talbot*? Or does "polygraphic" mean it was photographically reproduced and no proofreading necessary? Is it so that Quinn & Boden have printed more Book of the Month selections than anyone else? Who printed *The Soft Spot*? Did he dissolve in tears or did he (like me) struggle with impolite mirth? Some pretty smart proofreading was done on *Worth Remembering* by Rhys James (Longmans Green), a book of most savory humor; intended to cause mirth, and will.—Who was the fortunate printer of *Anthony Adverse*? Has he corrected that error, early in the story, about tree-trunks getting green on the southern side? Or hasn't there been time to lift the plates off? I'm always curious about these things.

Hervy Allen told me that his publisher took him down to the printer's to see the book actually flapping on the press. That is a thrill a writer never forgets.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.