

## Oil and Politics

**THE SECRET WAR.** By F. C. Hanighen.  
New York: The John Day Co. 1934. \$2.75.

Reviewed by E. D. KENNEDY

HAVING helped to denounce the international traffic in munitions, Frank C. Hanighen now assaults the international traffic in petroleum. Under the title of "The Secret War," he traces the influence of oil upon politics and sees in the competition for oil reserves the major cause of the next war. He argues that American oil companies—pictured as wicked but stupid—have been thoroughly outwitted by foreign oil companies—pictured as wicked but bright. Thus American oil resources are squandered in wasteful overproduction while other nations (notably England and Russia) are monopolizing the sources from which the oil of the future will flow.

There is nothing new in Mr. Hanighen's thesis and little that is new in his book. It is almost entirely a compilation from sources that should be flattered by being described as secondary. It is careless with respect to fact and written in the style of Sunday supplement articles. Mr. Hanighen's stage is peopled exclusively by villains, political, economic, and corporate. No evidence is too flimsy for use in proving what appear to be conclusions predetermined by prejudice.

But Mr. Hanighen's prose might be forgiven if he had struggled through it to reasonable conclusions. Nearly all his major assertions, however, can at best be considered only as extreme exaggerations. These may be summarized as follows. Germany lost the war because in the summer of 1918 a shortage of gasoline prevented the rapid shifting of reserves (in motor-trucks) to threatened points on the western front. British oil companies attempted to get oil-land concessions in Central America so that the British Government could construct a competitive canal close to the Panama Canal, or could establish naval bases from which the Panama Canal might easily be attacked. The United States was on the point of recognizing Russia during the administration of President Harding, because the Soviets were going to give Harry Sinclair (Harding's friend) oil concessions. But a hindrance to this scheme was Charles Evans Hughes, then Secretary of State, and also a former lawyer for the Standard Oil trust. Final collapse of the plan for Russian recognition, however, came from the political influence of "the Standard," which did not want to see independent Sinclair prosper. The actual recognition of Russia in the present administration, however, was dictated by "the Standard," which did not want the Soviets to give further oil concessions to Sir Henry Deterding. Mr. Hanighen explains the oil trust's seeming change of front by pointing out that there are many Standard Oil companies and that the company which blocked Russian recognition was the New Jersey company, whereas the company which forced Russian recognition was the Socony company (Standard of New York). The Roosevelt inflation program was also an oil maneu-

ver. George Le Blanc, officer of a Rockefeller bank, inspired Father Coughlin to preach inflation (while "millions of pairs of ears, eagerly, pathetically, were tilted over the loud speakers") because "the devaluation of the dollar, abroad, means and has meant millions to American exporters of oil." To clinch this last point, Mr. Hanighen adds:

Confirm this by reading, if you care for such technical discussion, journals concerned with the foreign oil market—journals printed on expensive paper (it is rumored that the great oil trusts pay the bills).

Perhaps the oddest portion of Mr. Hanighen's book is his bibliography. Not only does his entire work appear as a restatement of what had been previously written on the subject, but most of it has been taken from dubious sources. A considerable portion of the book (including the title) is based on Antoine Zischka's "La Guerre Secrète pour le Pétrole." Ludwell Denny's "We Fight For Oil" and Louis Fischer's "Oil Imperialism" have also been drawn upon, and the reference list includes a long list of newspaper and magazine articles. In documenting Chapter V, Mr. Hanighen says: "I depended largely for materials in this chapter on the excellent series of articles published in all Hearst Sunday papers from March 25 to May 6, 1928. . ."

The most charitable conclusion that can be reached concerning "The Secret War" is that Mr. Hanighen wrote it in a hurry.

E. D. Kennedy is an Editor of Fortune magazine.

## A Dead Queen Comes to Life

**ANNE OF ENGLAND: THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GREAT QUEEN.** By M. R. Hopkinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1934. \$3.50.

Reviewed by DAVID OWEN

THE double-headed motto borrowed from the Romans by Cardinal Richelieu—*parcere subjectis et debellare superbos*—is as relevant to biography as to statecraft. A fair proportion of post-war writing has been devoted to reducing the proud of history, but now, it appears, the humble are having their innings. Characters whom we have been taught to consider dull, trivial, and even vicious are found to be not without merit.

Queen Anne of England is a case in point. Known to the man on the street as a style of furniture and as a hackneyed simile for the obsolete, she is recalled by historians as dull, stubborn, and colorless. "The feeble Anne," "a narrow-minded woman"—I am quoting from reputable writers—has not fared well at the hands of most historical students, despite Mr. Winston Churchill's more indulgent view of her. For one thing, she had the misfortune to be reigning in a Europe which reverberated with the clash of arms. Her England was torn by a political strife from which emerged strong personalities, fighting and scheming for power. Measured by such characters, among them that talented



HER HIGHNESS, THE LADY ANNE  
After the painting by Sir Peter Lely

virago Sarah Churchill, Anne's less spectacular qualities are easily lost sight of.

It is Mrs. Hopkinson's purpose to bring a dead queen to life. That she succeeds in creating a significant and attractive figure does credit to her biographical skill. Part of the secret lies in the fact that through all of the political maneuvering which she is obliged to describe, she has managed to keep in the foreground the character of Anne, her ill-health, her personal tragedies, and her essential loneliness. The last of the Stuarts was fated to live her life under a cloud of disappointment. Even her birth was inauspicious. Daughter of James II (then Duke of York) and Anne Hyde by a secret marriage, her arrival was a matter of embarrassment for the restored Stuart government. Her orphaned, though not unhappy, childhood she spent at Richmond Palace and St. James's Palace in the care of Lady Frances Villiers and a staff of tutors, who reared her in the Protestant tradition. Her marriage to Prince George of Denmark, devoted but hopelessly mediocre, led to further sorrow, for none of their children reached the age of ten. (Mrs. Hopkinson here lays to rest the myth of "seventeen children 'all of whom were swept away by smallpox.'") There was little about the Queen's private life which would supply the resiliency needed for her public duties.

For it was a troubled atmosphere in which she lived. The religious question and the matter of the succession were acute, while Whig and Tory factions were behaving with the bumptiousness characteristic of young political organisms. Anne was a Protestant—her devotion to that cause is one of the clues to her character—but she was also the daughter of James II and half-sister of his son, the legitimate heir (although she shared, with apparent honesty, the common doubt as to the future pretender's parentage). "Never," she wrote in 1688, after Prince George had cast his lot with the Revolution, "was anyone in such an unhappy condition, so divided between Duty and Affection." Anne brought no brilliant gifts to the headship of the state, only a shrewd English instinct for the middle-of-the-road and a sense of loyalty. This was her political capital.

Mrs. Hopkinson is at her best when dealing with the Queen as a person. From the conventional set-piece of "a stoutish lady, wearing many jewels, her auburn hair twined with pearls" emerges a woman of parts, who, under terrible handicaps, made her mark upon the British nation. The author's touch is less sure when she ventures towards the periphery of her subject. It is a small thing, but such phrases as "the passionate desire of the people of England for liberty of conscience" and "independent freedom-loving people as they [the English] have always been" suggest a copy-book outlook on English history. An earnest championship of Anne's cause leads, in some instances, to unnecessary disparagement of those who happened to be on the other side of the political fence. A more sympathetic case, for example, could have been made for James II and Sarah Churchill.

Whether, in fine, Anne's statesmanship justifies the subtitle that Mrs. Hopkinson has given her book will remain a matter of opinion. For my part, I am grateful that another neglected figure has been brought out of the twilight.

## Health and Beauty

**SKIN DEEP. The Truth About Beauty Aids—Safe and Harmful.** By M. C. Phillips. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1934. \$2.

THIS is a book not only readable but full of valuable information for users of cosmetics. Miss Phillips does not rail at the use of cosmetics in general; what she does is to name preparations which are harmful or even dangerous to life, and at the same time to recommend those which have been found to be safe and reliable after unbiased analysis by the chemists of the Consumers Research. She lays stress on the extravagant price of many cosmetics, and for the benefit of those who can ill afford to squander their money on them, presents formulas for preparations which are not only safe but also of high quality and which can be made up by local druggists or even by the user herself.

The enormous growth of the cosmetic industry in the past ten years Miss Phillips shows to be the result of high pressure advertising of exaggerated and often ridiculous claims which a sense of humor should be able to penetrate. Some of these claims are false and misleading. Indeed, that many of the manufacturers and distributors of cosmetics do not themselves believe what their press agents write is shown by cynical quotations from articles in cosmetic trade journals.

Miss Phillips takes a dig at the sanctimonious statements of the leading women's magazines which claim that everything they advertise is trustworthy and reliable. She discusses the objectionable or even dangerous nostrums which appear in their advertising columns. "By this time," she says, "you may have discovered that all these impressive-sounding claims for reliability, guarantee of product, and careful checking of claims, mean pretty nearly nothing so far as concerns an assurance of products that can fulfil the claims which are openly made or subtly implied in their statements."

The magic words which probably mean millions of dollars to the cosmetic industry, such words or phrases, for instance, as "pores," "astringents," and "feeding the skin," are discussed and some of the bunk removed from them. Thus Miss Phillips shows that such expressions as the last-named represent pure fiction, since the skin like other tissues of the body receives all of its nourishment from food taken into the stomach. Thus, too, she points out that among cosmetics which have no possible valuable function is the so-called muscle oil, apropos of which she asks "why should one's muscles need oiling?"

Among the eighteen chapters of Miss Phillips's book are several that deal with the commonly used cosmetics such as creams, powders, rouge, lipstick, deodorants, hair and nail preparations, and soap. Particular attention is paid to the dangerous Lash Lure which has caused numerous injuries including one case of blindness. The book was printed too early to contain a reference to a death from this nostrum recently recorded in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*.

In the chapter on the Care of the Hair one medical authority is quoted to the effect that "all metallic hair dyes should be prohibited." The ill effects of dyes containing lead and silver are pointed out, though some of the worst of these are still advertised by certain women's magazines.

The chapter on removing superfluous hair is mostly devoted to depilatories, the majority of which are relatively harmless. The author does well to rehearse the story of the dangerous preparation, Koremlu, which is now off the market. She also mentions Croxon Cream "which," she says, "is not a depilatory at all as claimed, but a hair bleach." The immense profit in marketing such a nostrum can be seen from her statement that the cost of the ingredients in a five-dollar jar if purchased at wholesale is estimated to be less than five cents.

The last chapter, entitled Safeguarding Health and Beauty, shows that the field of cosmetics does not come under the jurisdiction of the Food and Drugs Act of 1906 except in a very remote way. Mention is made of the excellent law in Maine re-



FRIENDS OR ENEMIES?

Soibelman Syndicate

Barinov, Soviet oil official, and W. C. Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. From "The Secret War."



quiring formulas of all cosmetics sold in the state to be registered with the State Department of Health and other methods to influence protective legislation are discussed.

Miss Phillips has gone a little beyond her proper field in discussing the cause and treatment of dandruff, making some statements that cannot be proven. Nearly all of her statements, however, are based on documented evidence or opinions of medical experts.

*The writer of the foregoing review is a distinguished authority and practising physician in the field of dermatology who wishes to preserve anonymity to avoid any appearance of publicity-seeking.*

## The Saar Vale of Tears

THE SAAR STRUGGLE. By Michael T. Florinsky. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1934. \$2.

Reviewed by EDGAR PACKARD DEAN

WITH the advent of the Saar plebiscite in mid-January, Professor Florinsky's book is timely; indeed, that is one of its indisputable merits. It is, moreover, the only work in English which presents in a synoptic survey the last fifteen years of Saar history. Beginning with an analysis of the Paris Peace Conference and the first years of League government in the Territory, the discussion proceeds to economic and social conditions—which, incidentally, are some of the best chapters in the book—and concludes with the political situation on the eve of the plebiscite. Little attempt is made at prophecy except to concur with what is almost a foregone conclusion that the plebiscite will favor Germany.

Other claims made in its favor are more debatable. To the average reader it will appear as objective, an appearance strengthened by the frequent presentation of both sides of controversial issues. Certainly it is objective if one considers the apologies and diatribes which have emanated these fifteen years from France and Germany. But Dr. Florinsky is a historian and should know better than his lay audience that no book can be written without a *parti pris*. My quarrel is not that his approach is somewhat pro-German while my own is slightly pro-French, but that he should hide his German proclivities behind the false god of historical objectivity.

An author's point of view can often be determined by what he omits rather than what he includes. Dr. Florinsky has omitted—I am sure, unconsciously—a great deal prejudicial to the German cause. The franc did not supplant the mark because of a ukase issued by Paris. The Saarlanders, realizing that the franc possessed a greater purchasing power than the rapidly depreciating mark, conveniently forgot German nationalism and petitioned their employers to be paid in this specie. Nor is any mention made of the circular issued by the Minister of the Interior at Berlin to those German functionaries in the Saar warning them that although they might be serving the League their first duties were to Germany. Like Dr. Florinsky, this reviewer visited the Saar in the Spring of 1934 and likewise travelled with an "objective mind." He observed far more propaganda and terrorism on the part of the Nazis than did the Columbia professor. But if each observed different things, perhaps each was unconsciously disposed to look for different things.

"The Saar Struggle" is written for the general public. As such its conclusions are not sufficiently clear-cut and concise. Dr. Florinsky devotes several pages to showing that the Saar, Alsace, and Lorraine form a natural economic unit. Yet nowhere does he succinctly say that ideally, at least, they should remain a natural economic unit. In his attempt to be impartial, the author has sacrificed that definiteness of statement so necessary in the writing of contemporary history. It is also to be regretted that one of his basic approaches should be Saar rather than European. In 1919 and in 1935 the future of the Saar is as important to the peace of Europe as to the national pride of Saarlanders.

To those interested in the January plebiscite, this book will give an invaluable background. It certainly shows the strong German disposition of the region.

# The BOWLING GREEN

## Dr. Watson's Secret

I SPOKE some time ago (Bowling Green, July 21, 28) of the secret in Sherlock Holmes's life, his American connection. Perhaps it is permissible now to remark upon an even more carefully hidden arcanum, Dr. Watson's clandestine marriage.

The infuriating inconsistencies of Watsonian chronology have cost scholars many a megrim. The more carefully we examine them the more deeply confused they seem. Some authorities (e. g. Miss Dorothy Sayers) have attempted to account for slips on the theory that Watson misread his own handwriting in his notes. Others (e. g. Mr. S. C. Roberts) have fallen back upon the regrettable hypothesis that occasionally the Doctor was not "in his normal, business-like condition." Still others (e. g. Mr. R. E. Balfour) reject from the canon stories that appear incompatible. It is true that *The Sign of Four* begins with neither Holmes nor Watson in completely rational state. Watson had had Beaune for lunch, which affected him so that he thought it was his leg that pained him (instead of his shoulder). Holmes had taken a 7% solution of cocaine. Holmes's addiction to the drug was (at that period) habitual; but why had Watson taken the Beaune on that particular day? We shall see. It was to screw up his courage for an imminent ordeal.

Let me digress a moment, at the risk of repeating matter familiar to all genuine Holmesians, to note a few of the outstanding anomalies which must be reconciled. The case of the *Noble Bachelor* is dated (by the hotel bill, the high autumnal winds, and the age of Lord St. Simon) as October 1887. This, Watson says, was "a few weeks before my own marriage." And the somewhat elastic time-allusions in the *Stockbroker's Clerk* also imply that the wedding took place late in the year. On the other hand both *The Crooked Man* and *The Naval Treaty* distinctly suggest that the marriage was in the spring or early summer.

How may these contradictions be reconciled? Surely not by the assumption that good old methodical Watson ("the one fixed point in a changing age") was simply careless or muddled. Watson wove a tangled web in his chronology because he was deliberately trying to deceive. Why not adopt the reiterated thesis of the master himself: when you have excluded the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth. The truth must be that Watson had contracted a secret marriage with Mary Morstan, some time before the adventure of *The Sign of Four*. His allusions are perfectly comprehensible if we realize that he is sometimes referring to the actual date of that union; and sometimes to the purely fictitious occasion (late in the autumn) which he and his wife agreed to represent to their friends as the time of the nuptial.

The extraordinary year 1887 is crucial in any study of Holmes-Watson history. All scholars have noted the exceptional number of important cases assigned to this year. Particularly, beginning early in February, there was the business of the Netherland-Sumatra Company which took Holmes abroad. Watson, now in full health and vigor, did not spend his entire life sitting in Baker Street, or even at his club playing billiards with Thurston. How and when he first met Mary Morstan we do not know; probably in connection with the earlier case when Holmes was "of some slight service" to her employer, Mrs. Cecil Forrester. (I like to think, incidentally, that Mrs. Forrester's "tranquil English home," with the stained glass in the front door, the barometer and the bright stair-rod, was in Knatchbull Road, Camberwell, for which Boucicault named the

villain in *After Dark*.) At any rate, both Watson and Miss Morstan were lonely and financially insecure. Their romance was immediate, but both were afraid to admit it to their associates. Miss Morstan would lose her position; Watson would incur the annoyance of the misogynist Sherlock.

I will be as brief as possible, for once this hypothesis is grasped, all experienced Watsonians will observe the wealth of corroborating circumstances. Let us re-examine the chronology of the year 1887.

First of all, we cannot accept Mr. Roberts's conclusion that *The Sign of Four* belongs to 1886. The facts are positive: Mary Morstan had received six pearls, one every year, beginning in May '82. She calls that "about six years ago"; in reality it was only just over five years, but she thought of it as six because she had that number of pearls. Also she says her father disappeared in "December 1878—nearly ten years ago." From the beginning of the



WATSON IN SENTIMENTAL REVERIE  
(Strand Magazine, January 1893)

year '87 her grieving heart would naturally think of the bereavement as in its tenth year. Even in her sorrow her precise mind could not reckon it so until the calendar year '87. I accept July 1887 as the date of the *Sign of Four* adventure—preferring to follow the postmark on Sholto's letter rather than Watson's subsequent reference to a "September evening." As for the yellow fog (rare in July, surely?) seen by Holmes, it was at least 7% cocaine. But mark well: we now have for the first time an explanation of Watson's mysterious telegram that morning. He and Mary Morstan Watson, weary of meeting by stealth, had at last decided to break their news to Holmes. The mystery of the pearls, which they had often discussed, was an additional motive. Watson had gone to the Wigmore Street Post Office (as a matter of fact isn't it just around the corner in Wimpole Street?) not primarily to send a wire but to receive one. Addressed *Poste Restante* was a message from Mary. She had received the puzzling letter from Thaddeus Sholto and appealed to her husband for advice. He wired back telling her to come to Baker Street. And the Beaune for lunch was his attempt to fortify himself for the revelation to come. Observe, throughout the narrative, how slyly old Watson concealed from Sherlock the fact that he and Mary were already intimate.

Recapitulate, then, the events of 1887. Early in the year, probably February or March, while Holmes was absent in the Netherland-Sumatra business, Watson and Mary Morstan were secretly married. They met as and when they could, but told no one. Their anxious and surreptitious bliss was interrupted by the news (April 14) that Holmes was ill in Lyons. Watson hurried to France, he and Sherlock returned together, and spent April 25-27 at Reigate (*The Reigate Puzzle*—

originally published as *The Reigate Squire*). Perhaps this was followed by the matter of the Grice Patersons in the island of Uffa—where is Uffa, by the way? But if it is (as it sounds) in the Hebrides, Shetlands or Orkneys, the Grice Patersons would have sense enough not to go there until midsummer.

Holmes was in aggressive spirits after the Reigate visit; Watson was gloomy. His secret preyed on his mind; he wrote many letters to Mary. (He had in his desk "a sheet of stamps and a thick bundle of post-cards.") At the time of the Jubilee (June 21) it was the shooting of the V. R. into the wall that finally convinced Watson he must make a break. "With me there is a limit," he said in *The Musgrave Ritual*. He made up his mind to take charge of his own check-book, find a home, and resume practice. *The Sign of Four*, coming just when it did (July 8) was a happy coincidence. His anxieties about Miss Morstan becoming heiress of the Agra treasure were just as sincere as if he had really been only a suitor. Since their marriage had been concealed, everyone would be sure to think him a fortune-hunter.

After the excitement was over, the pair went through the appearance of a formal engagement for the benefit of Holmes and Mrs. Forrester (not to say Mrs. Hudson.) May it not have been Watson's now fre-

quent visits to Knatchbull Road that brought the Camberwell Poisoning to Holmes's attention? No doubt soon after *The Sign of Four* Mary had her summer vacation, and she and the Doctor used this for a furtive honeymoon—perhaps in "the glades of the New Forest"; Southsea would have been a little too public. So when the elated husband, narrating the *Five Orange Pips*, speaks of his wife he forgets that she was not at that time known as such. It was not until November that he found a home of his own, left Baker Street and set up housekeeping in Paddington. The *Noble Bachelor* affair in October preceded by a few weeks what they agreed to call their "marriage." They simply told their friends, about Guy Fawkes Day, that they were going to slip off quietly to a registry office. Probably the medical practice was bought as of January 1, 1888.

Sitting on a pile of cushions with plenty of shag tobacco, and following the master's cardinal principle, the preceding seems to me the only possible solution. This chronology harmonizes many apparently conflicting statements. It makes intelligible the allusions at the beginning of *A Scandal in Bohemia* (March 20-22, 1888). It gives sense to Watson's eagerness that Sherlock should become interested in Violet Hunter; how delightful, the Doctor thought naively, if he and Holmes should both marry governesses—and alumnae of the same agency, for undoubtedly Mary, too, had been a client of Westaway's. When the case of *The Stockbroker's Clerk* came along in June '88, Watson jumped at the chance to go to Birmingham with Holmes. He thought he might be able to persuade Sherlock to run out to Walsall (only 8 miles away) to see Miss Hunter at the school where she was headmistress.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.