



A scene from Irwin Shaw's anti-war play, "Bury the Dead."

of Neutrals ready to enforce respect for the limited but untrammelled rights of inter-neutral trade" within certain limits which he suggests. This idea is undoubtedly workable in the case of any war where another great sea power would effectively cooperate with us in the defense of certain neutral rights of trade. In the World War, however, such a policy would have forced the United States to become the spearhead of the defense not only of its own neutral rights but of the neutral rights of a group of other neutrals who would be of little effective help if it came to a showdown for the enforcement of these rights. Is it in our interests to assume this added responsibility? The history of the last war shows that the smaller neutrals for the most part kept out of war by subordinating their insistence on neutral rights to the exigencies of their more or less defenseless position.

There is one general phase of the subject which Mr. Bradley's book, and most other books on neutrality, fail to discuss adequately. In our emphasis on the economic causes of war we are likely to underestimate the psychological and sentimental causes. Nations go to war when their people become aroused, and the ease with which this can happen is astounding. Incidents affecting human life rather than trade losses create the popular sentiment which is likely to lead to war. The virtue of the recent neutrality legislation and of the "trade at your own risk" policy of the President, lies not so much in its control over our war-time trade as in the possibility that it may temper popular reaction over incidents affecting the lives of American citizens. The American people like to think that they are different from others and more immune to the war fever. History does not bear this out, and it is probably futile to hope that the people of the United States in the future, any more than in the past, will be a restraining influence upon the government when it comes to deciding the question of war or peace.

Allen W. Dulles is co-author with Hamilton Fish Armstrong of "Can We Be Neutral?"

Jante is Everywhere

A FUGITIVE CROSSES HIS TRACKS.

By Aksel Sandemose. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. \$2.50.

Reviewed by CORA JARRETT

IN "Evelyn Innes," George Moore wrote characteristically: "It is doubtful if anyone can see his own rocking-horse without experiencing a desire to mount." No man really forgets his childhood. And now a Norwegian novelist, Aksel Sandemose, temperamentally the very opposite of George Moore, raises his somber tortured voice to remind us once again of this.

"A Fugitive Crosses His Tracks" is a painful and powerful book. It is a pseudo-autobiography carrying the stamp of personal experience on many of its pages, a tragedy deeply fraught with social implications, a novel without a plot. The opening paragraph tells us that the narrator has killed a man. We soon learn that he feels his victim to have been killed not truly by the hand that lifted the knife, but by the whole weight of the past that brought the knife down. The rest of the book is a panorama of that past. It is seen as by flashes of lightning, discontinuously, and accompanied by merciless running comment on the individual and social consequences of such a life as Espen Arnakke was born into, and forced to lead.

Two thirds of his material, making up the scattered narrative, the author handles magnificently. You feel: "It is thus, and not otherwise, that such things should be told." His black picture of browbeaten childhood and youth in the terrible little town of Jante devastates and convinces you. Revelation is made in broken bits: sharp little disconnected vignettes from a bewildered adolescence. You fairly taste the writer's hatred of cruelty and bigotry and sex fear and injustice. Clearly these are the rankling poisons of his own memory. His moral system cannot throw them off, it runs a sort of septic temperature; and the breaks and jerks of the story fall into its disordered rhythm.

Only when he applies his method to the outline of a gospel of salvation, does it break down. It breaks down not in power and poignancy, but in getting a result proportionate to them; in final effectiveness. The disconnection that sharpens and vivifies his blistering spurts of narrative does just the reverse for a course of reasoning. The final effect is a blur. These excursions into the psychological No Man's Land of our buried selves might have been a thrilling contribution to the cause of a better social order. They are fascinating, they are moving. But they fail to do for the book what the author intended them to do.

Even so, the basic theme is never obscured. Espen's own theory of the murder—perhaps of all murders in hot blood, the world over—is simple. He found himself, with a dagger in his hand, face to face with something that gathered into itself (as he says) all the rays of his childhood as a spectrum. He had to kill it. He goes on: "We have the strength to strike only when we find ourselves confronted with the sum total of our defeats compressed into a single target." In substance, his story warns us to take care of what is happening to plastic human souls in the nurseries and playgrounds and schools, and by the firesides, of 1936. There and now is being set our world-pattern for the coming fifty years. For, as Aksel Sandemose tells us, "Jante is everywhere."

Cora Jarrett is the author of "Death Over Fitch's Pond," and of the more recent psychological story of the supernatural, "Strange Houses."

The Travel Diary of an Inquiring Reporter

TWO WORLDS. By Lester Cohen. New York: Covici-Friede. 1936. \$3.50.

THIS is the travel diary of a long, leisurely jaunt that carried Lester and Eden Cohen from Paris, through points in Russia, Greece, Egypt, Jerusalem, India, and China, to Tokio. It is brilliantly written, as we expect of the author of "Sweepings" and "Aaron Traum," always alive and intelligent, altogether a much better book than it had any right to be. Better in this sense, that the method of its composition is one that would certainly, in less talented hands, have produced just one more innocuous travel book. Mr. Cohen's method is that of the inquiring reporter. He sought out the men in the street, questioned them, drew them out, and tried to assemble the impressions thus gathered into an integrate picture, of Egypt or India or Paris as the case might be.

Of course Mr. Cohen is no ordinary tourist, and his questions were at once better chosen and more provocative of better answers than most would have been. But even at its best this kind of reporting cannot be authoritative. The Cohens never stayed in one country long enough to study it carefully.

When he is lucky and has good contacts, as he had in Moscow, he does get a thorough and penetrating picture of the life of a country. That is why the section on Soviet Russia is the largest and most valuable in the book. For the rest, the genuine carrying over to us of foreign atmospheres and the feel of racial temperaments, is the book's best quality.



AKSEL SANDEMOSE

Tennis as a Career

BEYOND THE GAME. By Helen Hull Jacobs. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1936. \$2.50.

KINGS OF THE COURT. By E. C. Potter, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1936. \$3.

Reviewed by JOHN R. TUNIS

LUTHER BURBANK. Olivia, Countess Cairns. Jay Gould. Diana Rhys. General Pershing. Princess Helena Victoria. Stewart Edward White. General Sir Archibald Montgomery Massingberd, K. C. B. C. M. G. D. S. O., Chief of the Imperial Staff. Viscount D'Abernon. Chris Morley. His Excellency the Honorable Robert Worth Bingham, Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Hunting with the Quorn—or was it the Cottesmore? Boys (and girls), this is certainly the stuff to feed the troops. You writers—I mean you tennis champions—do meet such interesting people.

It would be easy to be flip about this book of the courageous young lady who has just achieved her heart's desire by adding the Wimbledon singles title to her crown, but it would be most unfair. So I shall try to be serious. First of all, what is this? Distinctly it isn't a volume on how to play the game. That subject was treated by the champion in "Modern Tennis" published in 1933. Herein are her reminiscences, written as she wittily remarks because two or three longish articles purporting to be the story of her life had appeared, and she felt that if anyone wrote her history she ought to be the one to do it. That makes sense. Let me say at once that I read this book with attention and was immensely interested by it.

Miss Jacobs describes her childhood in San Francisco, discusses briefly her important matches since 1925, mentions the many countries she has visited and the persons of fame she has met. My feeling is that she writes better as she gets older, that this is a better book in every way than her first, and that whereas I may be—as she probably thinks—wrong in my contention that she is not so good a tennis player as her chief rival, she certainly ranks ahead of Mrs. Moody in the realms of literature. I regret that her infernal modesty, reticence, call it what you like, prevented her from giving the average reader any idea of the courage of the stout hearted girl who now holds the two major singles titles for women.

Would you care to know what a tennis champion is like? This is your book. Miss Jacobs shows us the usual adolescent American mass education mind. She thinks that the Wightman Cup matches do good in cementing relations between this country and England; she wishes our government authorities would attend our championships as the Royal Family does

in England, and the Premier in France; she looks on tennis as a "career"; considers Kipling's "If" a great poem; describes her victory over Mrs. Moody with far more modesty and circumspection than insight; believes the press "has threatened to lessen respect for amateur tennis by inquiring into and criticizing the sources of the amateur player's livelihood"; and regards the game as offering great opportunities for self-advancement and that it will always do so "unless stripped of its opportunities by the envious and the falsely self-righteous."

To what do these envious and self-righteous object? Miss Jacobs? No. Lawn tennis? No. The amateur associations? No. They object to the pretense and humbuggery of the situation, the habit of calling black white. They cry, in vain, for a little common sense. That's all.

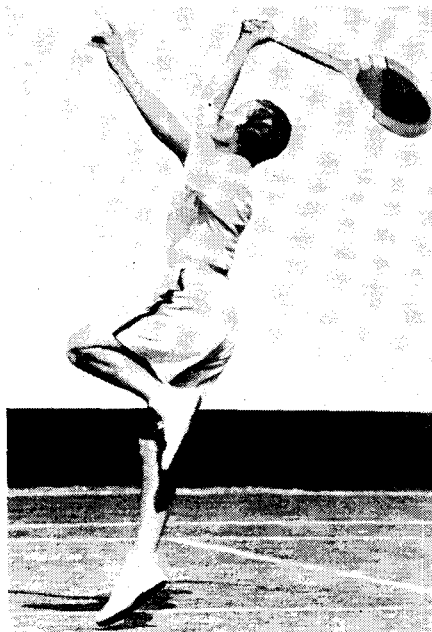
The point I am trying to get over is that no one cares how much money Miss Jacobs makes out of tennis, or I make out of tennis, or anyone does, if they do it openly. But the champions who go round the world—this year Miss Jacobs has played in England, Austria, Egypt, and the United States at someone's expense—are simply not amateur sportsmen. The idea that Fred Perry who is employed by a sporting goods house in Australia and plays tennis seven months of the year in London and Paris and New York is an amateur, is laughable. What we envious and self-righteous folksies gag at is the custom of calling people who exist on, in, and around a sport, a game, a pastime: *amateurs*.

Miss Jacobs complains that very few amateur champions make much money. We want them to make more money, rather than less. We wish to enlarge the opportunities for champions, not circumscribe them. We only ask that those who profit shall be called professionals, honestly, openly. Let them play with the amateurs, let them wallop the amateurs—as they surely would—let them make a million a year from books, movies, newsreels, endorsements, anything and everything. But for God's sake a little logic. Is that too much to ask?

Mr. Potter's contribution to the subject in "Kings of the Court"—certainly he is the first to bring it to the attention of the general public—is the fact that modern tennis was born in an atmosphere of itching fingers. Major Wingfield, the Englishman who invented the game, did so not for sporting but purely commercial reasons. "He was simply an egoist who took advantage of the craze for outdoor sports which was sweeping England in the early seventies to make some easy money." According to Mr. Potter he applied for a patent, commissioned an agent to manufacture sets, and sold them with some slight success. Apparently therefore the idea of making money out of lawn tennis is as old as the game itself!

Mr. Potter does not say so, but I judge he believes in Open Tournaments

such as are held in golf, with amateurs and professionals competing. This is what I make of his last paragraph, which sounds sensible. "Tennis is big enough and broad enough for the true amateur and the true professional. No game can live if it flaunts the one and flouts the other. The future of tennis lies in a frank acknowledgment of this fact. Some day the officials of the amateur associations will abandon their ill-conceived attitude. They will



HELEN JACOBS

admit that the true amateur and the true professional can walk hand in hand together." With this I entirely agree.

I read "Kings of the Court" carefully and with interest. It is hardly an inspired book, but a sound and workmanlike history of the game we call lawn tennis and its champions from the start to the present day. Those interested in the sport who are looking for a conscientious and painstaking reference book will find it here, and nothing omitted. The 240 pages must represent a colossal amount of research by the author. To my surprise, Mr. Potter is at his best describing the early days of the sport, its start, and the stars of 1880-90. He succeeds in making Lawford, the Renshaws, Hadow, and Gore live; no small feat. If he is less successful toward the end it is probably because one tires reading about a long series of matches, and also because the game has spread so that after the war he has too much ground to cover.

John R. Tunis is the author of "Sport: Heresies and Hysterics."