

The Voice with the Smile

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE. By Dale Carnegie. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1937. \$2.

Reviewed by JAMES THURBER

DALE CARNEGIE, according to his friend and pupil, Mr. Lowell Thomas, who wrote the preface to this book, was born on a Missouri farm forty-six years ago. He went to State Teachers' College, riding horseback the three miles from the farm. At home he did the heavy chores, studied by a coal-oil lamp till midnight, got up at three to feed his father's pedigreed pigs. He was mainly interested in logic, argumentation, and debate. He got so he won, finally, "every speaking contest in college." After some years as a crack salesman of correspondence courses, and of bacon, soap, and lard, he studied at the American Academy of Arts in New York and "toured the country playing the role of Dr. Hartley in 'Polly of the Circus.'" He went from that into selling trucks and then he began to teach public speaking in the Y.M.C.A. schools of New York. "Today," says Mr. Thomas, "far more adults come to Dale Carnegie for training in public speaking than go to all the extension courses in public speaking conducted by all the twenty-two colleges and universities located in New York City." Mr. Thomas says that Carnegie has criticized 150,000 speeches, or "one for almost every day that has passed since Columbus discovered America." During the past twenty-five years Mr. Carnegie has trained more than 15,000 business and professional men, including employees and executives of the Westinghouse Company, the Brooklyn Union Gas Company, and the New York Telephone Company.

"In preparation for this book," writes Mr. Carnegie, "I read everything that I could find on the subject—everything from Dorothy Dix, the divorce-court records, and *The Parents' Magazine*, to Professor Overstreet, Alfred Adler, and William James. . . . I hired a trained research man to spend one and a half years in various libraries reading everything I had missed . . . erudite tomes on psychology, hundreds of magazine articles . . . countless biographies. . . . I personally interviewed scores of successful people . . . Marconi, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Owen D. Young, Clark Gable, Mary Pickford . . ."

In this book you will find the secret of Jim Farley's success, the turning point in Hall Caine's life, why Andrew Carnegie paid Charles Schwab a million dollars a year, and Adela Rogers St. John's analysis of the Mdivani charm for women. At the end there is a list of nine books on sex life and marriage and ten

rules for wives and ten for husbands. Everywhere there are things like this: "The next time we are tempted to give somebody 'hail Columbia' let's pull a five-dollar bill out of our pocket, look at Lincoln's picture on the bill, and ask, 'How would Lincoln handle this problem if he had it?'" And this: "Flattery is from the teeth out. Sincere appreciation is from the heart out. No! No! No! I am not suggesting flattery! Far from it. I'm talking about a new way of life. Let me repeat: *I'm talking about a new way of life.*" That new way of life is incorporated in a set of rules, of which these are a few: "Smile," "Remember that a man's name to him is the sweetest and most impor-



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tant sound in the English language," "Make the other person feel important and do it sincerely," "Never tell a man he is wrong," "Get the other person saying 'yes, yes' immediately." One chapter is entitled "How to Make People Like You Instantly," another "A Quick Way to Make Everybody Happy." I think that gives you the idea.

Mr. Carnegie prints proudly this case history of one of his pupils, "a sophisticated, worldly-wise stockbroker."

I have been married for over eighteen years and in all that time I have seldom, until last week, smiled at my wife or spoken two dozen words to her from the time I got up until I was ready to leave for business. . . . Since you asked me to make a talk about my experience with smiles, I thought I would try it for a week. So the next morning . . . I looked at my glum mug in the mirror and said to myself, "Bill, you are going to wipe the scowl off that sour puss of yours today." . . . I greeted my wife with a "Good morning, my dear," and smiled as I said it. You warned me

that she might be surprised. Well, you underestimated her reaction. She was bewildered. She was shocked.

I think that also gives you the idea.

Mr. Carnegie loudly protests that one can be sincere and at the same time versed in the tricks of influencing people. Unfortunately, the disingenuities in his set of rules and in his case histories stand out like ghosts at a banquet. Mr. Carnegie, I gather, is a bit touchy on this point. He relates that, in addressing an audience one night, he told them of how he had once, out of sheer kindness, said to a postoffice clerk, "I certainly wish I had your head of hair." One of Mr. Carnegie's listeners, who had apparently come to learn about how to influence people, how to get what you're after, asked, naturally enough, it seems to me, "What did you want to get out of him?" Writes Mr. Carnegie: "What was I trying to get out of him!!! Great God Almighty!!!" Steady on, Mr. Carnegie. Remember "Smile," and some of your other rules, and also one of mine: exclamation points, even three in a row, do not successfully convey depth of sincerity or intensity of feeling.

James Thurber, well known both as a writer and a cartoonist, is the author of several books, including "The Seal in the Bedroom" and "The Middle-Aged Man on the Flying Trapeze."

Aristocratic Tourists

GRAND TOUR. Edited by R. S. Lambert. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1937. \$2.50.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

TRAVELERS should be charmed by this entertaining account of how the Grand Tour of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was performed in Europe, of the trials endured and the beauty snubbed by aristocratic tourists.

In chapters by seven careful historians Mr. Lambert here shows a composite Grand Tourist on his way. He traveled by carriage or diligence through France, stopping in Paris to visit the Louvre, the churches, and the Hôtel Dieu, where the patients lay two in a bed, through Switzerland to see glaciers, and over the Mont Cenis into Italy to study music and art. Germany was rarely visited; Cologne, until about 1840, was so uninviting that William Beckford wrote of its inhabitants: "they care not a hair of an ass's ear whether their houses be gloomy and ill contrived, their pavements overgrown with weeds, and their shops with filthiness, provided the carcasses of Gaspar, Melchior and Balthazar might be preserved with decorum."

Not until the roads were at last improved and the brigands dispersed, in the early nineteenth hundreds, did tourists slowly begin to visit the baths of Germany, to sail down the Rhine, and come in properly awe-struck groups to gaze

upon the bones of St. Ursula and her 11,000 virgins. But Germany was never really of the Grand Tour; it cost far too much to live in chimneyless hostels where the smoke went out of the windows and the cattle came into your bed. In France and Italy, with slightly better conditions, it was expensive enough; Gibbon drew £900 for a year abroad, though less fussy tourists such as Gray and Dr. Johnson (who would speak only Latin to foreigners) contrived with somewhat less. The English and Americans were being rooked even then.

The sons of the rich went forth, accoutred with several telescopes, a pneumatic bath tub, and father's injunction to broaden their minds no matter how, so long as they shied clear of Popery. Thus they minced across the social crust of Europe, carefully dodging everything that smacked of the actual earth. One didn't tour for scenery then. The earth's beauty was largely ignored by travelers until Byron and Ruskin guided them to it. Venice was the thing; buildings, costumes, art. It seemed the mode of snobbery, rather than English chauvinism, to belittle Bologna as "that celebrated mart of lap-dogs and sausages," to cry with Gray that Florence was "an excellent place to employ all one's animal sensations in," while noisily viewing the Pitti Gallery and the Medici Chapel, the latter "a fine frippery to commemorate fifty rotten and forgotten carcasses." The carcasses of the past considerably exercised these pretty gentlemen; the Scotchman's skin, dried and displayed in Germany, was of more worth to them, as meat for conversation, than the Alpine clouds which Addison loved. Reading of them in this excellent budget of articles and ancient prints, it becomes clear that the early tourists in Europe gave the natives cause to despise them. The book should serve as sermon and inspiration to all travelers abroad.

Tudor Naval Exploits

ELIZABETHAN SEAMEN. By Douglas Bell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1936. \$3.

THERE is always room for one more book about the exploits of Elizabethan seamen. This one combines a retelling of some of the best stories from Hakluyt and other contemporary narratives with information about the Tudor navy drawn from Sir Julian Corbett's classic studies and from more modern researches. Most of the material is familiar, and neither style nor scholarship rises above a pedestrian level, but the summary of English maritime exploration and naval warfare in the sixteenth century is compact, coherent, and usually reliable. An index and a brief bibliography help to make this a useful guide to more detailed accounts and to the immortal tales of the great Elizabethans themselves.

Hand-Painted History

THE HUNDRED YEARS. By Philip Guedalla. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1937. \$3.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

THE hundred years referred to is the last; the scene, Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, and the United States; the theme "an attempt to describe the leading movements of the last century as they affected the leading units of the Western world." That is a portentous announcement, but Mr. Guedalla is the Puck of historians; he can put a girder round the earth in the flick of a page, and to any but Macfadden readers the hundred years is no more than three or four agreeable hours under his genial guidance. His first section, for instance, "1837" opens with an inimitable passage in which the dawn rolls westward across Europe, shining chiefly upon the Czar, Metternich, and certain picturesque sentinels, then five pages of Kensington palace while Victoria is apprised of her uncle's death, and a glimpse of President Van Buren taking office in a depression; this is followed by a series headed "1848" (Victoria and Albert at home, the end of the Mexican War, the overthrow of Louis Philippe, the Chartists, and a railroad entering Chicago), then 1861 (the liberation of the serfs anticipated, Fort Sumter, the death of Albert), 1871, 1881, 1897, and so in shortening steps to Hitler, President Roosevelt taking office in a depression, and the accession of another British king.

The leading movements distinguished are mainly the improvements in communication and industry, knitting the world closer together and shedding their golden benefits on all, the principle of nationalism, and the fluctuating advance of democracy in which, in the long run, Mr. Guedalla has unshaken confidence. These movements are not so much described as commented on in pungent epigram: "Dictatorship is only a device by which an air of permanence is lent to temporary retrogressions. . . . For dictatorship is oddly mortal but the revolution

lived." And they engage Mr. Guedalla's attention less than personalities. He rarely touches the great figures of the century for more than a paragraph or two, but he has something shrewd and witty to say about each.

With these strands as his cables swung from the towers of some fourteen significant moments, Mr. Guedalla has, he says, "tried to throw a light bridge across the chasm of a hundred years." It is a light bridge, indeed, its fragile glitter, as of spun glass, bearing bravely a rainbow troop of fancies but cracking ominously at times beneath the tread of thought. For now and then the procession is interrupted by talk of factories and railroads,

national aspirations and geography, and the causes of historical events, reminding the uneasy reader how much better many less ornamental styles bear the burden of dull theories and facts. But before he can be seriously alarmed, and perhaps close the book forever, the gossamer bridge stops quivering and the iridescent shadows of the great resume their pageant. They could not have a defer pageant-master.

In the delightfully bogus Second Empire, of which Mr. Guedalla is so fond, some nameless genius perfected the art of painting historical scenes on china. I have seen a delicate Sèvres tea service thus adorned with a set of Napoleonic battle pieces; on one cup tiny mortars belch orange flame against the walls of Ratisbon, on another a clump of Polish lancers charges at full gallop, and majestic, across the creamer, the Emperor reviews the Old Guard. This art is now revived in letters. The little flags flutter, the sabres flash, the dead are piled symmetrically. Every detail of the background is historical and finished with minute and loving care; the generals and statesmen are exquisitely life-like and stand in the most natural attitudes; the jewel-like uniforms of the soldiers glow with color; there is even a peasant watching the guns go by. It is all very gay and amusing, and very instructive, too, and terribly hard to do. Not the greatest art, perhaps, but one of the rarest.



PHILIP GUEDALLA