

Nippon's Dilemma

JAPAN'S FEET OF CLAY. By Freda Utey. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1937. \$3.75.

Reviewed by ALBERT PARRY

JAPAN is bluffing, says Dr. Utey. Her socio-political house is as wobbly as her economic base is rotten. She has neither the materials nor the morale for a big war, but if not checked in her bullying she may pick up in China enough resources to be a real menace. The author, formerly with the London School of Economics, has spent two recent years of close study in Japan. The book is of solid yet readable scholarship, a digest of many statistical reports on the morass of Nippon's feudal capitalism, a voice of deep pity for the lower classes of the land (plus a feminist twinge for Japan's lowest helots—her women), but of no sympathy for the country as a whole.

Yet, there should be compassion for Japan as such. As the author herself suggests, Japan made colonial slaves out of her own peasants and workers to avoid becoming a white man's colony. The problem is, how to abolish the vicious system yet preserve the nation's independence. By constant comparison of modern Japan with Czarist Russia, by showing the spectre of a revolution over the isles, the author seems to hint that a proletarian rising is in order. But Dr. Utey admits that Nippon's proletariat (particularly male) is small. There is a large middle

class in the country—and this is where the likeness to Czarist Russia ends. Most oppressed of Japan are her peasants, but the petit bourgeois tendencies of any country's rustics are well known. If and when Japan's peasants, aided by the lower middle classes, succeed in destroying the upper classes, they are apt (so it seems to me) to run the country along capitalistic lines, however modified. How long before the shrewder among the victors will fill the boots of the destroyed classes, and the old tale begin anew? Or suppose England and the U. S. A. heed the author's plea (which is, incidentally, an echo of the plea-thesis of Soviet diplomacy addressed to Downing Street) and, in farsighted self-defense, check Japan. How long, before the capitalists of these or other powers, in lieu of her native Mitsui and Mitsubishi, will begin to exploit Japan? Dr. Utey predicts an easy victory for those who would check today's Nippon. But in this she views the latter as a lone warrior. What of Germany and Italy as her allies? And even of England's Tories who by no means have outlived the pact of 1902?

The reader will journey with interest and profit through Dr. Utey's revealing data but will approach with caution her predictions. History and economics being realms of unfathomable surprises, it should be against trade-union rules for their priests to indulge in bold prophecies.

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A Puzzling Career

AUDUBON, AN INTIMATE LIFE OF THE AMERICAN WOODSMAN. By Stanley Clisby Arthur. New Orleans: Harmanston. 1937. \$5.

I WHO SHOULD COMMAND ALL. By Alice Jaynes Tyler. New Haven, Conn.: The Framamat Publishing Company. 1937. \$1.50.

Reviewed by TOWNSEND SCUDDER, III

AUDUBON has become by now the subject of many books. But new books on him, if they have merit, need not plead excuse for existence. They indicate the living appeal of a vivid personality. It is to be hoped Mr. Arthur's biography will find the readers which its completeness, its long and careful preparation, deserve. Recently we have had able, charmingly written appreciations of Audubon and his art. While these have stirred popular imagination, strictly speaking they cannot be called true biographies. For the most part, save for freshness of appraisal, they offer little new light.

Mr. Arthur, during many painstaking years, has worked with the tools of the genuine biographer. Wherever possible he has drawn, not on the editorially "improved" printed version of Audubon's journals, but on the originals with all their quaintness of orthography and anarchy of grammar. These records he has supplemented with heretofore unpublished letters and he has filled in the backgrounds of his portrait through the testimony of those who intimately knew the naturalist. Mr. Arthur has not resolved all the interesting puzzles about Audubon—one cannot satisfy oneself concerning the enigma of his birth—but with fortunate impartiality the biographer gives valuable new evidence concerning several details of the naturalist's career. Audubon's contradictory statements about certain events in his life are the despair of the methodical biographer in search of conclusions. Mr. Arthur has wisely not taken sides, but wherever possible he has tested the accuracy of the temperamental naturalist's comments on himself. It is a pity Mr. Arthur's writing falls somewhat short of the finished smoothness one might hope for. But this is a minor fault, forgivable in the realization that here are offered from documents heretofore not readily at hand a fuller history of Audubon and more abundant clues to his complex personality.

"I Who Should Command All" is by a devoted partisan of the belief that Audubon was the lost Dauphin, child of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI of France. It relies for its arguments chiefly on quotations from Audubon's journals published for the first time in this and Mr. Arthur's book. These new abstracts are transcripts, not of the original journals, but of copies made from them by Maria Audubon, the naturalist's granddaughter. From these, and other highly interesting materials, Mrs. Tyler's book presents a chain of circumstantial evidence and coincidence to show that Audubon was the lost Dauphin, and there is no denying that the case made out cannot be lightly dismissed. If one wants to believe the legend, it now becomes easier to do so.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE CABANA MURDERS Joel Y. Dane (Crime Club: \$2.)	Four killings on exclusive islet off L. I., all with unfathomable weapons, keep Sgt. Harty and stooge Barney in continual dither.	No dull moments in beach-front bombardment, with side lines of serious drinking, business chicanery, and blowzy romance.	Admirable
A MAN'S ENEMIES Lee Thayer (Dodd, Mead: \$2.)	Many called as suspects in strangling of Long Island millionaire but Peter Clancy unerringly chooses the guilty garroter.	Not too convincing in early chapters but works up to a smash climax in which two gentlemen's gentlemen figure delightfully.	Higher brackets
BEFORE THE COCK CROWED Wm. Edward Hayes (Crime Club: \$2.)	Nasty-minded medico murdered; compromised mountain maiden also slain; thereby interrupting investigator Halstead's Maryland fishing excursion.	Unpleasant people against feverish house-party background, psychopathic trimmings, swift action, and cleverly contrived solution.	Passable
DEATH BY INVITATION Gail Stockwell (Macmillan: \$2.)	Unpleasant old woman with unsavory kin opines she will be murdered. And she is, despite watchfulness of Detective Kingsley.	Furiously boiling emotions of throng of thwarted people lend sinister zest to tale not any too strong on sleuthing side.	Interesting
THE METHODS OF DR. SCARLETT Alexander Laing (Farrar and Rinehart: \$2.)	Rubicund ship's doctor straightens out tangled marital affairs of passengers with humor and finesse. No murders—but one attempt.	Conversation and battle of wits count more here than overt action. Some fidgety readers may even find it slightly boring.	Pleasant

Sales in Print

A PREFACE TO ADVERTISING. By Mark O'Dea. New York: Whittlesey House. 1937. \$2.

Reviewed by EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

THE fifty-two essays in Mr. O'Dea's book originally appeared in *Printers' Ink*, and have the faults as well as the virtues of such serial publication. They have no tie except the common theme of advertising, but skip about gayly among such topics as copy, art, psychology, history, research, radio, mediums, and economics. The timeliness of some of them has faded. But on the other hand, they are sprightly, spontaneous, and eminently readable, and Mr. O'Dea touches none of the major topics of advertising that he does not adorn. No new theory is put forth, but basic principles are restated in fresh words, and his little papers are leavened with an ingrained practical common-sense.

They are models of condensation. Years of writing advertising within frames as fixed and inelastic as the high cost of white space determines have taught the author to use the right word, and only the right word, to express his idea. Short as they are, each covers its subject. They are examples of advertisements at their best, colloquial, witty, lucid, and logical.

The titles are as alluring as the text, "In Praise of Exaggeration," "S-s-s-s-sh... Sex!", "Echoes into Thunder," "Bar-num had but one Jumbo" (an amusing travesty on the exploitation of the Dionne sisters), "The Male Approach," "... after they've seen Paree!", or "Kisses from Venus."

The pages sparkle with quotable epigrams: "We've a better world with a bit of the proper kind of Fear in the advertising"; "No ad solely pictorial can pay" (an argument might be started on that dictum); "Repetition and continuity are the very life blood of advertising"; "Vanity in advertising is one of the numerous serpents in our Garden of Eden"; "A headline that stops, a picture that helps, a story that sells"; "That humor can rarely be used is one of its virtues"; "Romance is the heart-throb theme—economy the chilly pocketbook appeal"; "No ambitious copywriter should fail to be a voracious reader of 'Americana'" (and recommends "Glory Roads" and "Catalogue" as examples); "In patronizing the public the job of getting the public to patronize the store is weakened."

One of the more interesting causeries is an analysis of the late Morrill Goddard's recipe for a successful magazine (*The American Weekly*). Mr. Goddard lists fifteen appeals, eleven of which, thinks Mr. O'Dea, are patterns for winning sales in print: Love, Hate, Fear, Vanity (not, be it noted, the vanity scored above; that was vanity of the advertiser; the appeal to the vanity of the consumer is legitimate), Curiosity, Veneration, Ambition, Culture, Heroism, Science, Amusement. He rejects Morality, Religion, Evil Doing and Immortality, though they too have a place in some form of advertising.

Mr. O'Dea is a successful advertising executive, and these brief papers are the

essence of his business philosophy. Naturally they are strongly pro-advertising as is, with little of the critical attitude, and no misgivings. His position is the narrow one of expediency. This is advice to the advertiser to make his selling more efficient. "A Preface to Advertising," with its disarmingly modest title, will afford entertainment, inspiration, and practical help to all who live by writing copy to sell goods.

Quaker Aristocrat

WILLIAM PENN: A TOPICAL BIOGRAPHY. By William I. Hull. New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. \$5.

CHRONOLOGY is often a tyrant for historians or biographers. Try as they may, they cannot quite pack all they have to narrate into a rigorous time-sequence. Professor Hull, true to his Quaker antecedents, has defied the tyrant and written what he calls a "topical biography" of the founder of Pennsylvania. Under a series of headings such as "Penn's Family," "The Author," "The Colonizer," "The Statesman," and so on, he exhausts one aspect of his subject before he takes up another. He is surprisingly successful in avoiding repetition, the worst danger of his method. Penn's varied career on two continents falls neatly into this arrangement. A detailed chronology in the back of the book is always available to the reader as he follows Penn in a dozen activities. There is even a complete catalogue of Penn's numerous places of residence. All in all, this unorthodox way of writing biography comes off very well.

In scholarship this life is fully up to the standards of the chair of research in Quaker history which the author occupies at Swarthmore. It deserves the professional adjective of praise, "definitive." Yet the adjective ought not to frighten any interested reader. Professor Hull is far from the tricks of the smart biographer, but he has a sense of reality which is very much of a sense of humor. He is constantly exposing, by the simple process of quoting, the absurdities into which his less cautious and less well-trained predecessors in the biography of Penn have fallen. In particular, his "topic" on Penn's ancestors is recommended to all who enjoy the spectacle of what literary magic can make of nothing at all. About Penn's mother Professor Hull is driven to the conclusion that we know very little indeed. Yet other biographers have been confident that she was Dutch, Irish, English, homely, slatternly, good-looking, comely, tender-hearted, a maiden and a widow!

Penn is, in no very subtle sense, a hero to this most recent biographer. The apparent contradictions between the "convinced" Quaker and the great lord, the courtier of James II and the democrat, the lover of peace and the immoderate controversialist, do not seem to trouble Professor Hull as they might trouble a psychologist or even a sociologist. Yet he gives all the pertinent facts, properly sifted and accredited, and those who find Penn not quite as simple as the hero of an epic may try their own hands at interpreting him. Professor Hull has given them ample material.

Smart Little Navy

COAST GUARD TO THE RESCUE. By Karl Baarslag. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. \$2.50.

IN his latest book, a companion to "SOS to the Rescue," Karl Baarslag has again shown his genius for the logical and interesting assembling of facts about the sea. Much has been written about the U. S. Coast Guard, formerly the U. S. Revenue Cutter Service, but this book is unique, for its field is the peace-time activities of Uncle Sam's smart little navy. The wartime record of the Coast Guard, for it has taken part in every war since its formation in 1790 by Alexander Hamilton, sometimes seems to overshadow its continuous war against the elements, against the lawlessness of smugglers and poachers, and against the perils of ice.

Mr. Baarslag has produced an admirable book out of the vast records of this service. Indeed it sums up the whole story of the Coast Guard, its efficient "Flying Lifeboats," its far-flung line of Coast Guard Stations, and its famous Beach Patrol. The offshore work of its heavy cruising cutters, on International Ice Patrol, the Sea Patrol, the Far North Patrol, and the Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific Coast Patrol, is told in terms of achievement, much of it heroic, all of it saturated with the salt of the sea.

The Great Lakes alone tell a story, taken from Coast Guard records, unique in the history of man's struggle with the elements. Almost, as if prophetic, the story goes into the rescue work during great river floods. Rum-runners have given way to narcotic and arms smugglers, and the battle continues, afloat and in the air. The book is one of the most interesting of its kind. It is fully illustrated from official photographs.

P. E. G. QUERCUS
discovers

To Walk the Night

by WILLIAM SLOANE

{from "Trade Winds", July 17}

"A REALLY fine scalp-prickler... a first-class shudder: not the conventional story (though it has a very excellent detective*) but a most skillfully imparted gust of chill from Somewhere Else."

Old Q. seconds the nomination of the S.R.'s regular reviewer who said: "This is a really superior mystery story that has moved out of the Criminal Record and claims attention as a novel... there is no detective in it* but only an absorbing and impenetrable problem, a group of finely developed characters, and a terrifying solution... It keeps moving and building its tension and grasping at your imagination."

*You boys better get together on this.
—THE PUBLISHERS

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