

American nation whose autonomy were in real danger." In other words, as Mark Twain would say, the account of its death has been "greatly exaggerated."

It is "unilateral," "egoistic." Granted. But that does not prove it is dead—only annoying to others.

It "stood in the way" of the path of real Pan-Americanism. Only in so far as it was the synonym of our national foreign policy: "no entangling alliances." And no more so than did the indifference of Chile and Argentina who paid no attention to Bolivar's Congress of Panama. We are unduly blamed for the weakness and partial failure of Pan-Americanism although the author casually admits that "only when the governments of most of the Latin American nations have become more truly representative of their people will the unity of their political and economic interests have any quality of permanency and effectiveness." This shows a keen grasp of the actual situation.

Another charge in his indictment of the Monroe Doctrine is that it has been "violated and disregarded" by the United States. This is true, but it is only another way of saying it is not a covenant, not a compact, only a convenient name for what our government has deemed to be a wise or expedient policy.

Again "it has been distorted to serve as an instrument of our hegemony," and "abused to serve as a cloak" for our intervention in the affairs of our neighbors, and "misconstrued" to "serve as the tool" of our "imperialism in the Caribbean area." A third of the "Autopsy" is devoted to proving these charges. It is perhaps unfortunate that so many of the most serious and damaging statements are mere quotes from Scott Nearing, whose animus was well known. It is significant that the story of our relations with Santo Domingo is based on unfriendly sources and that Sumner Welles's scholarly work is not even mentioned in the Bibliography.

As regards the Monroe Doctrine, it has for years been a source of unnecessary annoyance to the larger republics of the Temperate Zone in South America. But as long as the Panama Canal is considered to be a vital part of our national defense system, we must have a constant interest in the status of the Caribbean countries. Our Caribbean policy will probably always be feared and hated by our neighbors.

While this book is probably too violently partisan and anti-American to please the general reader or to become a standard authority on inter-American relations, nevertheless it is a very valuable book and should be in every library. It will be of real practical value in school and college debates. It will open the eyes of self-satisfied Americans, if there are any left! It does help fulfil Burns's wish to "see ourself's as others see us."

Hiram Bingham, ex-Senator from Connecticut, is the author of "The Monroe Doctrine—an Obsolete Shibboleth." He has conducted successful archeological and exploring expeditions in Peru and Venezuela.

The Origin of the Indians

THE CONQUEST OF THE MAYA. By J. Leslie Mitchell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1935. \$3.75.

Reviewed by PHILIP AINSWORTH MEANS

BECAUSE most of us are more worried about our immediate future than we are about the distant past only a microscopic portion of the reading public is aware that, for more than four hundred years, a terrific battle has been carried on between two schools of thought each of which has sought to explain the origin of the natives of this hemisphere. Briefly defined the two schools are: the Diffusionists, who maintain that man was created only once and that all his culture is to be traced back to one source wherever it may be found; and the Special Evolutionists (to use but one of many designations), who believe that human culture has had many commencements in many lands and that in each it has evolved from the given start to greater or less advancement according to the effect upon it of such factors as environment, raw materials, and opportunity.

Practically all American anthropologists and archeologico-historians of good standing are Special Evolutionists, and they interpret similarities between widely separated cultures in terms of formative factors such as those indicated. In Europe and England, on the other hand, more than half of our colleagues are Diffusionists, and, with varying degrees of violence, lucidity, and eloquence, they interpret similarities, no matter how remote from one another in space and in time, in terms of direct contact between the older and the newer cultures involved.

In the book under review Mr. Mitchell is shooting on the Diffusionist side of the battle which has been going on ever since Columbus's curiosity got the better of his discretion in 1492. Most Americans, whether laymen or professional students, who take up this book will shy violently when they perceive that the Foreword is by G. Elliot Smith, one of the most entertainingly violent and absurdly erroneous of British Diffusionists; and they will feel a trifle sick when they notice how Mr. Mitchell's pages are measlesed o'er with that unspeakably barbaric word "Amerindian." Nevertheless, the book is thoroughly well worth reading with care. Taking it for what it is, namely, the latest and strongest plea for the Diffusionist interpretation of native American history, it is highly important. Nor does the fact that most American readers of Mr. Mitchell's pages will disagree with nearly every paragraph in the least lessen the value of the book as a statement of doctrine—or perhaps one should say, of dogma. That it will change any one's opinion on the controversial subjects of which it treats is highly improbable; that it will increase the already existing odium archeologicum—at least as virulent as the better known odium theologicum—is almost a certainty. This last is not due to

any intemperance on Mr. Mitchell's part, for he writes as a scholar and a gentleman should even when querying his foes' ideas; rather, it is due to the fact that he revives many formerly moot points which most of us had long supposed to be defunct, and he makes them moot once more in a lively fashion.

So much space is devoted to the pre-Spanish history of the Maya and of their civilization, eight out of nine chapters, that very little space is left for the conquest of the Maya by the Spaniards. Judging from the title of the book this should have been the principal subject treated. As things stand, however, the intricate, heroic, and amazingly picturesque struggle between the might of Spain and the power of the Maya is skimmed in most deplorable fashion. Beginning with the visit of F. Hernández de Córdoba to Yucatan in 1517 that struggle lasted until the conquest of the city of the Itzas on an island in Lake Peten in 1697, in which year Don Martín de Ursua y Arizmendi reduced the last representatives of the once imposing Maya civilization to obedience to the King of Castile. This long and absorbing story of a conflict which was in part military and political and in part spiritual is here poorly set forth in less than forty pages, much to the regret of this reviewer who had hoped that Mr. Mitchell would give it very different treatment.

Yet, in spite of the defects noted, the book has its very definite importance as an exponent of the all-civilizations-which-look-alike - are - directly - related school of history. It will make those who are already members of that school happy by giving them new interpretative phrases, and it will strengthen the rest of us in our belief that that school is self-deluded.

The Golden Age of Queen Victoria

(Continued from first page)

clothes that it is all but inconceivable that it could have accomplished anything worth while. He may be as grieved at the picture of the destruction of Nash's Regent Street colonnade in 1848 as a later generation has been grieved at the changes in that thoroughfare in the past decade.

Yet if he has the patience to read on and on, or even to select such parts as touch his interests, it is almost inconceivable that he will find it dull. On the contrary, somehow the spirit of the age gradually appears through accumulation of details, somehow, as they say now, it "gets across" to him. He may not be greatly concerned with the illuminating fact that during the Great Exhibition of 1851 its visitors consumed two million buns and more than a million bottles of mineral waters. He may not be thrilled by the peculiar circumstance that Mr. Childe of Kinlet Hall in Shropshire was the first who set the example of "hard riding" to



YOUNG GENTLEMEN, 1834
From "Early Victorian England."

hounds, or that Victorian bedrooms were furnished with "wash-hand-stands," foot baths, a "Sitz or hip bath" for the ladies, and a "flat saucer bath" for gentlemen, with other toilet facilities. He may, perhaps, be more interested in that Edward Lloyd who began to furnish the reading public with what it wanted—the *People's Police Gazette*, and novels like "Ada the Betrayed," and "Alice Horne, or the Revenge of the Blighted One"—and so kept abreast of the spread of education and made a fortune out of it. He may not care for the *Keepsake*, or the *Forget-me-not* which pleased our ancestresses. He may prefer

The broken ring—the cumbered fight
Heenan's sudden blinded flight—
Sayerius pausing, as he might,
Just when ten minutes used aright
Had made the fight his own.

Yet whatever his interest, he is sure to find something of it here—unless it be the law, or literature, or science, or invention! If one may venture a suggestion, it is that such a survey as this, characteristic as it is of many such surveys of social history, looks at life, as it were, too much from the bottom, not enough from the top. It stresses too much "the necessary littlenesses of necessary life," too little "eternities and immensities." That science should have four brief references in a thousand pages, and philosophy not one, that Darwin is commemorated by the statements that "In Memoriam" was nine years older than the "Origin of Species," that the latter appeared in 1859, that its author reported favorably on the South Sea Islanders in 1835, that he made an "assault on the Victorian creed," and that his wife was Emma Wedgwood, seems somehow hardly adequate as a measure of a really great Victorian.

That is but one instance of a point of view which, as yet, vitiates so much "social" history. If one needs another in a different field, one may find it in William Morris, who is here immortalized by the statements that he gave up the church for art, that he financed the P. R. B., or Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, joint stock company, and that he was influenced by Ruskin. It would be easy, if unprofitable, to multiply instances. But surely a work like this, which professes to give us a wide-sweeping view of a great period, might have spared some of the space given to the descriptions of the working-class disabilities to explaining how and why the Victorian period was great by telling us something more of the great men who made it great, and not so much of the little men who contributed, let us say, not so much to that greatness. It needs another volume on law, philosophy, religion, literature, science, and invention, even, if you like, commerce, to make us understand, in full and ample chapters, the Golden Age of Queen Victoria.

Wilbur Cortez Abbott is professor of history at Harvard University.

According to the *London Observer*, a play by Eberhard Wolfgang Möller, "Rothschild Won at Waterloo," has been received with high praise by the critics, who see in Herr Möller, still a young dramatist, one of the white hopes of the German drama. He has had several plays produced during the past few years, two of them dealing with the subject of money-power.



THE HUB OF THE CITY, 1851. Reproduced in "Early Victorian England" from "The Face of London" by Harold P. Clunn.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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"Near Print"

Printing unleashed the scholar, gave wings to poetry, made it possible to publish books written for the selected few. But the tide has turned. What gave the specialist his opportunity now hampers him. The cost of printing has risen since the nineteenth century until no book whose circulation is strictly limited by the nature of its contents can be published except at heavy expense to some one. The scholar in Indian languages, the author of excellent but intricate verse, the writers of other books that only a few will read but those devotedly, find the avenues of publication blocked. Many universities stipulate the publication of a thesis as part of the requirements of a Ph.D. A first-rate thesis in a specialized subject will often be restricted to a circulation which will cover not more than a tenth of its cost. For a published thesis a student may have to pay a third of his first year's salary.

These difficulties and many more are discussed in an excellent report of The Joint Committee on Materials for Research of the American Council of Learned Societies and the Social Science Research Council. But the author, Robert C. Binkley of Western Reserve University, is not so much discouraged as indignant that so little use has been made of the new arts which are supplementing type. Manuscripts can be reproduced by photo-offset at small expense. Micro-copying, in which a page of print is photographically reduced twenty-two diameters in size and copied on a strip of film 16 mm. wide and 200 feet long, makes possible the projection of the text in legible form at a cost so low that a half million pages can be distributed for \$600. Micro-copying "offers the reader a book production system more elastic than anything he has had since the 15th century; it will respond to the demand for a single copy, regardless of other market prospects. The scholar in a small town can have the resources of great metropolitan libraries at his disposal." To these methods may be added mimeographing, which should be much cheaper as soon as certain patents expire, and hectographing (printing from typescript laid on a gelatin bed). Scholarship, Mr. Binkley says, has been strangely resistant to these new techniques, nor have writers whose chief desire is communication realized that they are not necessarily restricted by the high costs of book publication, in which any circulation under 2,000

is apt to mean either a loss to the publisher or an inordinately high price for the book. There are most interesting implications in these new processes. The amateur scholar, the university professional, the small-town reader, the unknown creative writer who cannot get a publisher's ear, the author of tracts for the times, etc., etc., all may profit with results not easily to be guessed. Printed books and printers are not likely to be seriously affected. These new "near print" methods are complements to, not substitutes for, the printer's craft.

Following the recent death of Francis Birrell, Humbert Wolfe writes of him in the *London Observer*: "He was Augustine Birrell's son—*pater dulci filius dulcior*. . . His life in London was a singular combination of private devotion and public wit. . . He wrote fluently (and sometimes angrily) as a dramatic critic for the *Nation*, and as a reviewer for the *New Statesman* and the *Nation* his shafts were always reserved for reputations that could afford assault, his enthusiasms for the defenceless and the dead."



"GET THAT TASTEE COOKIE SONNET IN BY THREE-THIRTY, MARSTON, OR BACK YOU GO TO THE LIMERICK DEPARTMENT."

Letters to the Editor: *Plebiscite Returns for Mrs. Gerould*

From Scribner's Magazine

SIR:—In that paradoxical manner which is often part of an essayist's charm, Mrs. Gerould deplores statistical articles in an article which calls for statistics. Expressing spiritedly her distaste for factual articles appearing in the best magazines and her love for the essay, she asks, "Do most magazine readers really enjoy what editors are giving them?" She calls for a plebiscite of readers, confidently believing the answer to be a resounding "No!"

To get the statistics over with as soon as possible: early returns indicate that Mrs. Gerould's party polls three per cent of the vote. A cross-section of our readers was asked to express frank opinions on the magazine and their reading requirements. A large majority approved the present policy without specific comment. Three per cent indicated sympathy with Mrs. Gerould's point of view. Twenty-two per cent specifically asked for continuation of the articles, for more articles, and for more facts. The reader who asked for "more literary, less sociological material" was matched by a half dozen who wanted articles "that give facts, not impressions or conclusions.—And all the facts." It is neither the "books hot from the press" nor the newspapers but the magazines which give most of these people their interpretation of contemporary affairs. Newspapers are too much of a day-to-day patchwork, and books usually follow the magazine discussions.

Although I can understand and sympathize with Mrs. Gerould's point of view, I think that in her eagerness to make a case she has been a little loose in her descriptions. She appropriates all the virtues for the essay and describes current magazine articles as "facts raw, unpondered, unalchemized." It seems to me that Henry A. Wallace's "We Are More Than Economic Men" or Bernard Iddings Bell's "The Present Status of Religion among Thinking Men" in the December *Scribner's* could hardly be called such. Nor can "The New Medievalism," by Ernest Boyd in the January *Scribner's* or Charles A. Beard's "National Politics and War" in the coming February number.

If essays such as Mrs. Gerould describes were being written, *Scribner's* would print them unless we were trampled by other editors rushing for the privilege. She admits that people of today are not lured by dissertations on roast pig, but does not seem to see that most of the pro-

fessed essayists write on nothing more important. I suspect from other statements in Mrs. Gerould's article that she simply does not care much for the life of the present day and looks back with some regret at the comparative tranquillity of the turn of the century. Her point of view is quite similar to that expressed by Mrs. Wharton in her autobiography. The essay flourishes in a time of peace and stability and finds favor in other days among those who are not required to bother too much about the social turmoil at their door. This is not an age of polite letters, and writing has ceased to be the province of the cultured. (Mrs. Gerould names only one living essayist, who now writes rarely, and she also expresses the opinion that America has only one considerable poet now living. Obviously magazines cannot exist on the work of these two.) It is an age of explorers rather than philosophers. I hope that we are beginning to see a glimmer of the day when we may appraise the present in terms of the effect of these new forces on the individual spirit—then perhaps the essay will be reborn.

We long for the great men and the great literary minds, but they are not in evidence, because if these geniuses exist they are now busy finding out what the new world is. The same is true of fiction. The magazines Mrs. Gerould mentions have given a hospitable reception to the new talent which shows itself. Far from losing interest in the short story, we are showing more interest in it than ever. The magazines represent their age. If one finds no joy in the age, one may find no joy in the expression of it.

With the expansion of published books and the contraction of book shelves, I doubt whether bound volumes of magazines, be they never so good, would find place in many libraries. And isn't a part of the interest in magazines thirty years old attributable to the reputation which the authors have since gained and to the glamor of the past? I, too, have tried bound magazines as reading matter, and I must say I think the magazines of today are by comparison loaded with human interest. The magazines of 1900, which Mrs. Gerould mentions as a readable year, contain articles bearing such titles as "Rapid Transit in New York," "The Problems of a Pacific Cable," "Are the Philippines Worth Having?," "Russia of To-Day," "The Boer as a Soldier." I'd rather read an article on Iowa farmers than one on the death masks of Caesar.

ALFRED DASHIELL,

Managing Editor, *Scribner's Magazine*.
New York City.

Planning Future Mistakes

SIR:—Replying to Mrs. Gerould's plebiscite, it is first necessary to give the "dope" on Mrs. Gerould. In the August *Atlantic* for 1928 appeared her charming yet forceful essay, "The Sense of the Future." Therein she bade all good Americans "to bring back the future into our most practical meditations." . . . Following Mrs. Gerould's advice the ardent young intelligentsia got busy planning future mistakes; the middle-aged pundits have had their hands full suppressing the youngsters; which left the aged philosophers to bear the burden of setting a fresh

set of values upon mistakes in general. Now mistakes, well digested, are the very salt and spit of all good literature, as they are of life. But who is there left to read the ponderings of maturity, when the propositions of juvenility are so insistent?

This writer, for another, is fed up with "Hitler and hogs." He subscribes to the *Saturday Evening Post*, to *The Literary Digest*, and to *The Saturday Review*. The first two are family institutions, like bacon-and-eggs and the matutinal last drop of coffee. The last gives him all the "dope" of the day mellowed-in-the-wood. He reads it from cover to cover, and fills in the picture by stopping at the book-stalls and buying an occasional "mag." Literature is a matter of personality. When such names appear as Katharine Fullerton Gerould, or Edward Newton, or Agnes Repplier, one short sally, loose or tight, is worth its weight in platinum. For the rest, the staid old monthlies can go hang, and a pox upon the lot!

AINSLIE HEWETT.

Louisville, Ky.

Nostalgia

SIR:—Twenty years ago—as I remember it—Mrs. Gerould wrote for the *Atlantic* an essay on "the extirpation of culture." Her recent request for a plebiscite is reminiscent of that earlier nostalgia for good old days. . . I wouldn't trade one of the essays which Veblen wrote for the *Dial* of those days or, more recently, that which Charles Beard wrote for *The Saturday Review*, for any of the literary trifles for which Mrs. Gerould seems to mourn. . .

Mrs. Gerould is complacent, slightly irritating. My plebeian vote is in favor of the present and future against the past.

J. M.

Maplewood, N. J.

Friend in the Desert

SIR:—Reading Katharine Fullerton Gerould's article was to me like meeting a friend in the desert. . .

Doubtless, the reason for the ephemeral quality of the mill-run of magazine articles is due to specialization of everything—even writers—in the past few decades. Writers were careful not to venture outside some narrow field of vision lest they break some unwritten, modern taboo. What we need now, is less of analysis and more of synthesis. . .

CORA CORMIER.

Shelton, Washington.

Heartily Agrees

SIR:—With Mrs. Gerould's point of view I heartily agree. In our magazines today we discover where the N.R.A. pinches the business man's tender foot; the latest scientific plans of Russia for the development of waterways; curious and interesting psychological peculiarities brought to light by enterprising professors; criticism of the American Legion, and a bombardment of retorts. . .

I have no quarrel with these articles per se. Yet I deplore the tendency, as Mrs. Gerould says, "toward journalism." The magazine is becoming more and more a vehicle to inform. Informing is not the prime function of literature. . .

EDITH I. MILES.

Sea Cliff, N. Y.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:
A HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR. By B. H. LIDDELL HART. Little, Brown. A completely revised edition of an admirable book.
A WINTER DIARY. By MARK VAN DOREN. Macmillan. A collection of lyrics and longer poems.
BEFORE THE DAWN OF HISTORY. By CHARLES R. KNIGHT. Whittlesey. Prehistoric beasts and man against their natural environment pictured by word and brush.

This Less Recent Book:
ANDREW JACKSON. By MARQUIS JAMES. Bobbs-Merrill. A biography which carries its hero's career to the presidency.