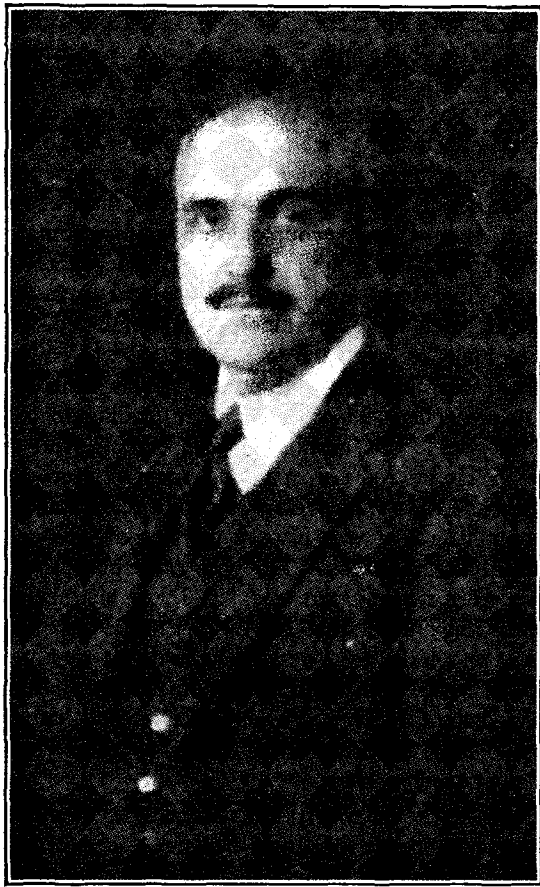


Genteel Tradition at Bay. I.



GEORGE SANTAYANA

TWENTY years ago the genteel tradition in America seemed ready to melt gracefully into the active mind of the country. There were few misgivings about the perfect health and the all-embracing genius of the nation: only go full speed ahead and everything worth doing would ultimately get done. The churches and universities might have some pre-American stock in trade, but there was nothing stubborn or recalcitrant about them; they were happy to bask in the golden sunshine of plutocracy; and there was a feeling abroad—which I think reasonable—that wherever the organization of a living thing is materially perfected, there an appropriate moral and intellectual life will arise spontaneously. But the gestation of a native culture is necessarily long and the new birth may seem ugly to an eye accustomed to some other form of excellence.

Will the new life ever be as beautiful as the old? Certain too tender or too learned minds may refuse to credit it. Old Harvard men will remember the sweet sadness of Professor Norton. He would tell his classes, shaking his head with a slight sigh, that the Greeks did not play football. In America there had been no French cathedrals, no Venetian school of painting, no Shakespeare and even no gentlemen, but only gentlemanly citizens. The classes laughed, because that recital of home truths seemed to miss the humor of them. It was jolly to have changed all that; and the heartiness of the contrary current of life in everybody rendered those murmurs useless and a little ridiculous. In them the genteel tradition seemed to be breathing its last. Now, however, the worm has turned. We see it raising its head more admonishingly than ever, darting murderous glances at its enemies, and protesting that it is not genteel or antiquated at all, but orthodox and immortal. Its principles, it declares, are classical, and its true name is Humanism.

The humanists of the Renaissance were lovers of Greek and of good Latin, scornful of all that was crabbéd, technical, or fanatical: they were pleasantly learned men, free from any kind of austerity, who without quarrelling with Christian dogma, treated it humanly, and partly by tolerance and partly by ridicule, hoped to neutralize all its metaphysical and moral rigor. Even when orthodoxy was reaffirmed in the seventeenth century and established all our genteel traditions, some humanistic leaven was mixed in; among Protestants there remained a learned unrest and the rationalistic criticism of tradition; among Catholics a classical eloquence draping everything in large and seemly folds, so that nothing trivial, barbaric, or ugly should offend the cultivated eye. But apart from such influences cast upon orthodoxy, the humanists continued their own labors. Their sympathy with mankind was not really universal, since it stopped short at enthusiasm, at sacrifice, at all high passion or belief; but they loved the more physi-

cal and comic aspects of life everywhere and all curious knowledge, especially when it could be turned against prevalent prejudices or abuses. They believed in the sufficient natural goodness of mankind, a goodness humanized by frank sensuality and a wink at all amiable vices; their truly ardent morality was all negative, and flashed out in their hatred of cruelty and oppression and in their scorn of imposture. This is still the temper of revolutionaries everywhere, and of philosophers of the extreme Left. These, I should say, are more truly heirs to the humanists than the merely academic people who still read, or pretend to read, the classics, and who would like to go on thrashing little boys into writing Latin verses.

Greek and Roman studies were called the humanities because they abstracted from Christian divinity; and it was for this paganizing or humanizing value that they were loved; much as Platonism is espoused by some theologians, because it enables them to preserve a metaphysical moralism independent of that historic religious faith of which they are secretly ashamed. The humanist would not deserve his name if he were not in sympathy with the suppressed sides of human nature (sometimes, as today perhaps, the highest sides of it); and he must change his aversions as the ruling convention changes its idols. Thus hatred of exact logic, of asceticism, and of Gothic earnestness, with praise of the misjudged pleasures of a young body and a free mind, could supply the humanist with a sufficient inspiration so long as Christian orthodoxy remained dominant; but when the strongholds of superstition and morose tyranny (as he called them) were in ruins, and tenanted only by a few owls or a bevy of cooing pigeons, his angry occupation was gone. The great courts and the great court preachers were humanistic enough. Nothing therefore remained for him but to turn wit, or savant, or polite poet, and to spread his philanthropic sympathies thinner and thinner over all human things. Eastern civilizations claimed a place in his affections side by side with the ancients; he must make room even for savage arts and savage virtues—they were so human—nor could he exclude for ever that wonderful medieval art and philosophy which, in the flush of the Renaissance, he had derided and deposed. Thus humanism ended at last in a pensive agnosticism and a charmed culture, as in the person of Matthew Arnold.

It is against this natural consequence of the old humanism that the new American humanists, in a great measure, seem to be protesting. They feel the lameness of that conclusion; and indeed a universal culture always tolerant, always fluid, smiling on everything exotic and on everything new, sins against the principle of life itself. We exist by distinction, by integration round a specific nucleus according to a particular pattern. Life demands a great insensibility, as well as a great sensibility. If the humanist could really live up to his ancient maxim, *humani nil a me alienum puto*, he would sink into moral anarchy and artistic impotence—the very things from which our liberal, romantic world is so greatly suffering. The three R's of modern history, the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the Revolution, have left the public mind without any vestige of discipline. The old humanism itself is impotent and scattered; no man of the world any longer remembers his Latin.

Indeed, those three R's were inwardly at war with one another. The Renaissance, if it had had full swing, would never have become, even locally or by mistake, either Protestant or revolutionary: what can a pure poet or humanist have in common with religious faction, or with a sentimental faith in liberty and democracy? Such a free mind might really have understood the ancients, and might have passed grandly with them into a complete naturalism, universal and impartial on its intellectual side (since the intellect is by right all-seeing) but in politics and morals fiercely determinate, with an animal and patriotic intensity of will, like Carthage and Sparta, and like the Soviets and the Fascists of today. Such political naturalism was clearly conceived by Bacon and Machiavelli, and by many princes and nobles who took the Protestant side, not in the least for religious reasons, but because they were supermen wishing to be free from all trammels, with a clergy to serve them, and all wealth and initiative in their own hands. Those princes and nobles had their day, but the

same motives work to this hour in the nations or classes that have taken their place.

I think that in each of the three R's we may distinguish an efficacious hidden current of change in the unconscious world from the veneer of words and sentiments that may have served to justify that change, or to mask it in the popular mind, and often in the mind of the leaders. The Renaissance really tended to emancipate the passions and to exploit nature for fanciful and for practical human uses; it simply continued all that was vivacious and ornate in the Middle Ages. It called those ages barbarous, partly for writing dog Latin and partly for being hard, penitential, warlike, and migratory; one might almost say, for being religious. The mind of the Renaissance was not a pilgrim mind, but a sedentary city mind, like that of the ancients; in this respect and in its general positivism, the Renaissance was truly a revival of antiquity. If merchants and princelings traveled or fought, it was in order to enrich themselves at home, and not because of an inward unrest or an unreturning mission, such as life itself is for a pure soul. If here or there some explorer by vocation or some great philosopher had still existed (and I know of none) he would have been a continuator of the crusaders or the scholastics. A genius typical of the Renaissance, such as Leonardo or Shakespeare, could not be of that consecrated kind. In his omnivorous intelligence and zest, in his multiform contacts and observations, in so many lights kindled inconclusively, such a genius, except for the intensity of his apprehension, would not have been a master or a poet at all. He would have been, like Bacon and Machiavelli, a prophet of Big Business. There might still be passion and richness in the accents, but the tidings were mean. The Renaissance, for all its poetry, scholarship, and splendor, was a great surrender of the spirit to the flesh, of the essence for the miscellany of human power.

The Reformation in like manner had a mental facade which completely hid the forces that really moved it, and the direction in which its permanent achievements would lie. It gave out that it was a religious reform and revival, and it easily enlisted all the shocked consciences, restless intellects, and fanatical hearts of the day in its cause; but in its very sincerity it substituted religious experience for religious tradition, and that, if the goal had been really religious, would have been suicide; for in religious experience, taken as its own criterion, there is nothing to distinguish religion from moral sentiment or from sheer madness. Kant and other German philosophers have actually reduced religion to false postulates or dramatic metaphors necessary to the heroic practice of morality. But why practice folly heroically and call it duty? Because conscience bids. And why does conscience bid that? *Because society and empire require it.*

Meantime, in popular quarters, we see religion, or the last shreds of it, identified with occult science or sympathetic medicine. The fact is, I think, that the Reformation from the beginning lived on impatience of religion and appealed to lay interests: to the love of independence, national and personal; to free thought; to local pride; to the lure of plunder and enterprise; to the sanctity of thrift. Many a writer (Macaulay, for instance) demonstrates the superiority of Protestantism by pointing to its social fruits; better roads, neater villages, less begging and cheating, more schools, more commerce, greater scientific advance and philosophic originality. Admirable things, except perhaps the last: and we learn that religion is to be regarded as an instrument for producing a liberal well-being. But when this is secured, and we have creature comforts, a respectable exterior, and complete intellectual liberty, what in turn are the spiritual fruits? None: for the spirit, in this system, is only an instrument, and its function is fulfilled if those earthly advantages are realized. It was so, at bottom, with the ancient Jews: and the intensity of religious emotions in the prophet or the revivalist must not blind us to the tragic materialism at his heart. I think we might say of Protestantism something like what Goethe said of Hamlet. Nature had carelessly dropped an acorn into the ancient vase of religion, and the young oak, growing within, shattered the precious vessel.

In the Revolution (which is not yet finished) the same doubleness is perhaps less patent: liberty, fraternity, and equality have been actually achieved in

By George Santayana



some measure, even if they lack that Arcadian purity and nobleness which the revolutionary prophets expected. Their cry had been for limpid virtue, antique heroism, and the radical destruction of unreason: the event has brought industrialism, populousness, comfort, and the dominance of the average man, if not of the average woman.

The whole matter is complicated by the presence of yet another R, Romance, which lies in an entirely different category from the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the Revolution. Romance is not, like these, inspired by any modern sense of outrage or by any moral or political theory. It is neither hortatory nor contemptuous; not a rebellion against anything. I don't know whether its springs should be called Celtic or Norse or simply primitive and human, or whether any subtle currents from Alexandria or Arabia, or from beyond, swelled the flood in the dark ages. Suffice it that Romance is something very old, and supplies that large element which is neither classical nor Christian in medieval and modern feeling. It lies deeper, I think, in most of us than any conventional belief or allegiance. It involves a certain sense of homelessness in a chaotic world, and at the same time a sense of meaning and beauty there. To romance we owe the spirit of adventure; the code of honor, both masculine and feminine; chivalry and heraldry; feudal loyalty; hereditary nobility; courtesy, politeness, and pity; the love of nature; rhyme and perhaps lyric melody; imaginative love and fidelity; sentimentality; humor. Romance was a great luminous mist blowing from the country into the ancient town; in the wide land of Romance everything was vaguely placed and man migratory; the knight, the troubadour, or the palmer carried all his permanent possessions on his back, or in his bosom. So did the wandering student and the court fool. There was much play with the picturesque and the marabolous; perhaps the cockiness of changing fashions has the same source. Fancy has freer play when men are not deeply respectful to custom or reason, but feel the magic of strangeness and distance, and the profound absurdity of things.

Even the intellect in the romantic world became subject to moods; attention was arrested at the subjective. "Experience"—the story-teller's substance—began to seem more interesting and sure than the causes of experience or the objects of knowledge. The pensive mind learned to trace the Gothic intricacies of music and mathematics, and to sympathize too much with madness any longer to laugh at it. The abnormal might be heroic; and there could be nothing more sure and real than the intense and the immediate. In this direction, Romance developed into British and German philosophy, in which some psychological phantasm, sensuous or logical, interposes itself in front of the physical world, covers and absorbs it. Mixed with revolutionary passions Romance also produced the philosophy of Rousseau; and mixed with learning and archeology, the classical revival of Goethe and his time; finally, by a sort of reduplication or reversion of romantic interest upon Romance itself, there followed the literary and architectural romanticism of the nineteenth century.

Romance is evidently a potent ingredient in the ethos of the modern world; and I confess that I can hardly imagine in the near future any poetry, morality, or religion not deeply romantic. Something wistful, a consciousness of imperfection, the thought of all the other beauties destroyed or renounced in achieving anything, seems inseparable from breadth in sympathy and knowledge; and such breadth is the essence of modern enlightenment. But is not this intelligent humility itself a good? Is it not a prerequisite to a sane happiness? The accident of birth, with all its consequences, offers us the first and palmary occasion for renunciation, measure, and reason. Why not frankly rejoice in the benefits, so new and extraordinary, which our state of society affords? We may not possess those admirable things which Professor Norton pined for, but at least (besides football) haven't we Einstein and Freud, Proust and Paul Valéry, Lenin and Mussolini? For my part, though a lover of antiquity, I should certainly congratulate myself on living among the moderns, if the moderns were only modern enough, and dared to face nature with an unprejudiced mind and a clear purpose. Never before was the mental landscape so vast. What if the prospect, when the spirit

explores it, seems rather a quagmire, as it were the Marshes of Glynn, rich only in weak reeds and rank grasses? Has not the spirit always loved the wilderness? Does not the wide morass open out here and there into a quiet pool, with water-lilies, and is not the sky, with all its wonders, often reflected there? Do not the screeching wild fowl cleave this air with avidity? I think that the simple lover of the beautiful may well be content to take his turn and have his day almost anywhere in the pageant of human history. Wherever he might be born, or wherever banished, he could never be separated from his inner mind or from a fundamental kinship with his fellow creatures. Even if his feet were without foothold in the dreary bog, his spirit need not be starved or impatient. Amid weeds and rushes, if he would only watch them, and breathing deep the very freedom of emptiness, he might forget the oaks and roses of terra firma, even for five hundred or a thousand years.

So far, then, the gist of modern history would seem to be this: a many-sided insurrection of the unregenerate natural man, with all his physical powers and affinities, against the regimen of Christendom. He has convinced himself that his physical life is not as his ghostly mentors asserted, a life of sin; and why should it be a life of misery? Society has gradually become a rather glorious, if troubled, organization of matter, and of man for material achievements. Even our greatest troubles, such as the late war, seem only to accelerate the scientific bridling of matter; troubles do not cease, but surgery and aviation make remarkable progress. Big Business itself is not without its grave worries: wasted production, turbulent labor, rival bosses, and an inherited form of government, by organized parties and elections, which was based on revolutionary maxims, and has become irrelevant to the true work of the modern world if not disastrous for it. Spiritual distress, too, cannot be banished by spiritual anarchy; in obscure privacy and in the sordid tragedies of doubt and of love, it is perhaps more desperate than ever. We live in an age of suicides. Yet this spiritual distress may be disregarded, like bad dreams, so long as it remains isolated and does not organize any industrial revolt or any fresh total discouragement and mystic withdrawal, such as ushered in the triumph of Christianity. For the present, Big Business continues to generate the sort of intelligence and loyalty which it requires; it favors the most startling triumphs of mind in abstract science and mechanical art, without any philosophic commitments regarding their ultimate truth or value.

Indeed, mechanical art and abstract science are other forms of Big Business, and congruous parts of it. They, too, are instinctive undertakings, in which ambition, coöperation, and rivalry keep the snowball rolling, and getting bigger and bigger. Some day attention will be attracted elsewhere, and the whole vain thing will melt away unheeded. But while the game lasts and absorbs all a man's faculties, its rules become the guides of his life. In the long run, obedience to them is incompatible with anarchy, even in the single mind. Either the private anarchy will ruin public order, or the public order will cure private anarchy.

The latter, on the whole, has happened in the United States, and may be expected to become more and more characteristic of the nation. There, according to one of the new humanists, "the accepted vision of a good life is to make a lot of money by fair means: to spend it generously; to be friendly; to move fast; to die with one's boots on." This sturdy ideal has come to prevail naturally, despite the preachers and professors of sundry finer moralities; it includes virtue and it includes happiness, at least in the ancient and virile sense of these words. We are invited to share an industrious, cordial, sporting existence, self-imposed and self-rewarding. There is plenty of room, in the margin and in the pauses of such a life, for the intellectual tastes which anyone may choose to cultivate; people may associate in doing so; there will be clubs, churches, and colleges by the thousand; and the adaptable spirit of Protestantism may be relied upon to lend a pious and philosophical sanction to any instinct that may deeply move the national mind.

Why should anyone be dissatisfied? Is it not enough that millionaires splendidly endow libraries and museums, that the democracy loves them, and

that even the Bolsheviks prize the relics of Christian civilization when laid out in that funeral documentary form? Is it not enough that the field lies open for any young professor in love with his subject to pursue it hopefully and ecstatically, until perhaps it begins to grow stale, the face of it all cracked and wrinkled with little acrid controversies and perverse problems? And when not pressed so far, is it not enough that the same studies should supply a pleasant postscript to business, a congenial hobby or night-cap for ripe, rich, elderly people? May not the ardent humanist still cry (and not in the wilderness): Let us be well-balanced, let us be cultivated, let us be high-minded; let us control ourselves, as if we were wild; let us chasten ourselves, as if we had passions; let us learn the names and dates of all famous persons; let us travel and see all the pictures that are starred in Baedeker; let us establish still more complete museums at home, and sometimes visit them in order to show them to strangers; let us build still more immense libraries, containing all known books, good, bad, and indifferent, and let us occasionally write reviews of some of them, so that the public, at least by hearsay, may learn which are which?

Why be dissatisfied? I am sure that the true heirs to the three R's would not ask for more. Even Romance gets its due; what could be more romantic than the modern world, like a many-decked towering liner, a triumph of mechanism, a hive of varied activities, sailing for sailing's sake? Big Business is an amiable monster, far kindlier and more innocent than anything Machiavelli could have anticipated, and no less lavish in its patronage of experiment, invention, and finery than Bacon could have desired. The discontent of the American humanists would be unintelligible if they were really humanists in the old sense; if they represented in some measure the soul of that young oak, bursting the limits of Christendom. Can it be that they represent rather the shattered urn, or some one of its fragments? The leaders, indeed, though hardly their followers, might pass for rather censorious minds, designed by nature to be the pillars of some priestly orthodoxy; and their effort, not as yet very successful, seems to be to place their judgments upon a philosophical basis.

After all we may actually be witnessing the demise of the genteel tradition, though by a death more noble and glorious than some of us had looked for. Instead of expiring of fatigue, or evaporating into a faint odor of learning and sentiment hanging about Big Business, this tradition, in dying, may be mounting again to its divine source. In its origin it was a severe and explicit philosophy, Calvinism; not essentially humanistic at all, but theocratic. Theocracy is what all the enemies of the three R's, and more, the enemies of Romance, must endeavor to restore, if they understand their own position. Wealth, learning, sport, and beneficence, even on a grand scale, must leave them cold, or positively alarm them, if these fine things are not tightly controlled and meted out according to some revealed absolute standard. Culture won't do, they must say, unless it be the one right culture: learning won't do, unless it fills out the one true philosophy. No more sentimentality, then, or intellectual snobbery; away with the sunset glow and the organ peals overhead in a churchyard. Let us have honest bold dogmas supported by definite arguments: let us re-establish our moral sentiments on foundations more solid than tradition or gentility. Boundless liberal opportunity, such as Big Business offers, is a futile romantic lure. Even the most favorable turn of the fashion in education, criticism, and literature would not last for ever. The opposite schools would continue to advertise their wares; and only the unpredictable shifts of human moods and customs could here or there decide the issue. The best fruits of time, in any case, are unexpected. If our edifice is to be safe, we must lay the foundations in eternity.

Is this really the meaning of the American humanists, which they have hardly ventured to propose, even to themselves? If so, the summons is bold and the programme radical: nothing less than to brush away the four R's from the education and the sentiment of the modern world, and to reinstate a settled belief in a supernatural human soul and in a precise divine revelation. These, as they say in Spain, are major words, and we shall have to proceed with caution.

Books of Special Interest

Protestantism

AN EMERGING CHRISTIAN FAITH.
By JUSTIN WROE NIXON. New York:
Harper & Brothers, 1930. \$2.50.

Reviewed by BERNARD IDINGS BELL

LIKE most of the books recommended by the judges of the Religious Book Club, this volume from the pen of one of the more distinguished Presbyterians of the moment is thought-provoking. In it, Mr. Nixon attempts to face what is left of Protestantism, now that it has been battered up by that Biblical criticism which has discredited its former central tenet of an infallible book, and by that change of mind and heart which has equally discredited its predominant, Calvinist, theology; to salvage those elements of it which were, and still are, essentially religious; to ask the question whether or not it can be preserved in a mechanized, dehumanized, and therefore irreligious age; and to offer a few pertinent suggestions. This is all done from the point of view of one who is himself deeply religious, and Christianly religious, and who is anxious that that which is basic in his own faith may somehow be no longer barred from all men about him. The strength of the volume seems to this reviewer to lie in the fact that he sees that people generally do not understand the Christian religion; its weakness is perhaps the author's failure to perceive that they have no desire to understand it, that they are possessed of a rather fiery will to disbelieve which no "restatements" will be sufficient to overcome.

This he comes nearest to perceiving in his chapter entitled "Can Christianity Endure Our Machine Culture?", but even there he seems strangely unwilling to recognize that possibly the struggle must be fought not in a scholastic debating-room but rather on the plains of Armageddon. He puts much faith in the emergence of industrial leaders who shall really value human worth, with a sort of despotic benevolence. He has a somewhat naive confidence in Mr. Owen Young and in the Harvard Business School. He also believes that there will come "a discovery on the part of organized Christianity of what its function is

and of the means and methods which are essential to its performance," but precisely what these latter phrases mean he somehow never gets around to stating.

Instead he gets astray in a considerable exposition of why he thinks Protestantism, shattered though it is, is going to survive. Someone has told him that Protestantism as it now is cannot stand up against the attacks of a militant secular mechanism; that Catholicism alone has virility enough effectively to champion, in a day like this, the cause of the human spirit and of individual human worth. This naturally vexes him, and he sets out to defend his sort of Christianity. The defense is rather weak. It will hardly do to say as though it were an axiom, for instance, that Protestantism challenges the mind and conscience, while Latin Christianity appeals to the senses and the feelings. Such a statement will not wash with those who know the history of human thought in the last two thousand years, or in the last three hundred in particular. Nor will it quite do to assume, as Mr. Nixon does, that people become Catholics as a refuge from thinking. There are vast numbers of them who use the solid basis of what they think, at least, is revealed truth as that from which they may freely think, without fear of that mental collapse which is often inherent in unadulterated inductive reasoning. Mr. Nixon is not fair in these matters, and it mars his book, which is far from being an appeal to prejudice.

Another and a more serious defect, it seems to me, is the author's assumption that there is somehow such a thing as modern philosophy, scientific philosophy. Insofar as there has emerged such a thing, and that far is almost not at all, it is merely a degenerated Aristotelianism, especially in its epistemology. Against that there is slowly growing a sort of mystical Platonism, as yet confined to a very small group, almost wholly European. Neither of these constitutes a "new philosophy." Mr. Nixon hints that this scientific philosophy of which he speaks is based upon a belief in the "organic unity" of the universe. This leads one to believe that the author has not realized how greatly scientific theory is moving from the

biological emphasis to that of physical-chemistry. By the time he gets Christianity restated in terms of biological analogy, which is what he seems to mean by restating it in terms of scientific philosophy, almost everyone will be using another analogy.

One wonders if, after all, religion is much dependent upon relating itself to this or that passing fashion in thought. This doubt has occurred, perhaps, to the author himself and makes him ask, in one of the strongest passages in the book: "What would happen if the Church should answer by a deed—make choice of the goodness rather than the power of God as the object of its life? The Church would probably become smaller. But it would be more humane and it would find itself invested again with spiritual authority. Once again it could stand over against the age and rebuke it. It would act upon our secular culture as a catalytic." In advancing that thesis one is led to believe that Mr. Nixon could be more persuasive than he is in this present interesting and suggestive volume, devoted as it is to maintaining that "the Church must essay the task of developing once more a high philosophy of religion and of life." Somehow, as we read him, we keep remembering that in a former time quite like our own the only antidote to crude and militant secularism was the Poverello.

Cotton Mill People

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION IN THE SOUTH. By BROADUS MITCHELL and GEORGE SINCLAIR MITCHELL. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1930.

Reviewed by ULRICH B. PHILLIPS
Yale University

THIS is not a book in the full sense of an integrated analysis or history. Instead, it is an assemblage of previously printed essays, by turns historical, critical, and exclamatory. It has no index—a bad omen this—and no citations; the table of contents is a jumble of flashy titles; the introduction is an apology for internal contradiction and repetition; and the text warrants the apology.

The first essay remarks that in the field "invectives, reproaches, and bitterness have been enemies to the calm thinking which is necessary." The sagacity of this is matched by wisdom in a number of other sentences; but intervening pages give evidence that the authors haven't always kept their own sound maxim in mind. Furthermore, the book is vague in certain matters where explicitness is wanted. None of its heroes is specified except Gregg, Hammett, Dawson, Gray, and Tompkins; and nearly all of its villains are nameless. Its heroes, incidentally, are dead to a man, and most of its villains are alive,—this for the curious reason that what was right in the nineteenth century is wrong in the twentieth. George A. Gray's "passion for economical contrivance" is given warm praise, but the "stretch-out," which is merely the latest economical contrivance, is a grievance giving just ground for strikes. William Gregg's paternalistic mill village was highly beneficial to the first generations of operatives; but the controlled village nowadays, though its welfare services have been improved to "the last word in the furnishing of health and social facilities," is everywhere a clog upon progress: it impedes the unionizing of labor and the urbanizing of life—the twin objectives of our time.

It is conceded that in British textiles unionization, though statistically dominant, has failed to procure lasting economic or social betterment; and moderation is advised for American labor leaders. But urbanization is a flawless goal: "Cities mean variety of work, keenness of competition, sharpening of wits, relief in amusements. Cities are tossing streams running always to the sea. They have left behind the headless, slimy ponds of the back country." This is a purple patch from the book. But by chance a recent editorial in the *New York Times* professes the following:

Consider what the city dweller has to put up with, and then reflect upon the existence of his rural brother. The subway, that vibrating Black Hole of Calcutta, receives its wedged and dented passengers; traffic above ground jerks painfully through its system of red and green lights. The dust and soot collects on a million window-sills; the tumult of motor cars, elevated trains, riveting machines, and misguided radios rises to a crescendo. . . . There may be a moon and stars, but all that one is aware of is the electric lights.

In a quieter moment of their own, the Mitchell brothers give good appraisal of the mill village as such:

Living under patronage, the mill population has come to rely heavily upon the company and its agencies for supervision and relief. . . . In

some cases even where the mill is located in a city it has its own village, a sort of island in the general population, with its own public institutions. The butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker look upon the "cotton mill people" as undesirable, and these factory workers have been given an "inferiority complex" which is generally dulling in effect.

In another passage these contemners of the village actually defend it against Frank Tannenbaum's drastic censure.

The psychological setting of the mill system's infancy is treated with clear intelligence; the account of the strikes which now mark its adolescence is more perfunctory. The causes of low wages, long hours, and child labor are calmly traced; and while these conditions are sharply deprecated they are shown to have a good prospect of relief in the near future when the small residue of impoverished white farmers shall have been drawn into the multiplying mills and the managers are thereby put into sharp competition in recruiting and retaining labor.

Though it is irritating to find "Poor Whites" always capitalized and the category magnified to embrace nearly all who rate economically below the middle class, it is a pleasure to meet a searching analysis of the large element which has only a choice between tenant or peasant farming and factory work at unskilled wages. Even this would be improved if notes were used from Lewis Carr's "America Challenged" as to how much, how long, and why cotton farming has been the least remunerative branch of American agriculture.

In these uneven sketches of Carolina cotton mills and their people there are bits of good history and philosophy beyond the present specification. By an excess of publishing enterprise the authors have estopped themselves from entitling a future work, "The Industrial Revolution in the South." But what's in a name? It is to be hoped that under some other designation they may contribute what we here looked for too soon, a mature, calm, and thorough study of that notable phenomenon.

As Others See Us

NEW YORK. By PAUL MORAND. Holt, 1930. \$2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

BOOKS about America by foreigners have become considerably more common in the last few seasons than in the days before the war when Europe wondered, not unreasonably, how Arnold Bennett could devote a whole volume to "the States." The subject matter has now to be narrowed down to a particular region or city more often than not, and of course New York has received ample attention. Yet M. Paul Morand's book, so successful abroad, is good enough to stand out above most of its competitors. In spite of its tone, which is sometimes apt to deviate uncertainly between cataloguing in the guide-book manner and painting impressionistic pictures of New York life, it contains so much that is accurate, new, and admirably set down about this most remarkable of modern cities that almost anyone, whether a native or not, will read it with pleasure.

The breadth of the author's viewpoint, which is neither unreasonably sympathetic nor too critical of our far from faultless metropolis, assures a fair treatment for most of our institutions. Life in New York, it may be objected, is not so superficial or brightly colored a pageant as Morand makes it seem, but it should be remembered that the book claims and seeks only to give us a foreigner's impression. To his cosmopolitan mind New York is the most congenial of cities,—at least to visit from time to time,—and his enthusiasm is effectively conveyed. But it may be noted that somewhere else he has assured us that he does not care to live there for a long period. The excellences of his book are many,—best of all, perhaps, the description of Wall Street as it was in the dear, dead days before the crash. Indeed, a good deal of M. Morand's work is already become historical, but in a city which lives so fast this is inevitable and only adds a charm of perspective to it.

"Der alte Kaiser," Francis Joseph, is presented to the world in two recent volumes, one entitled "Briefe Kaiser Franz Josephs I an Seine Mutter, 1838-1872" (Munich: Kosel & Pustet), edited by Franz Schnürer, and the other, "Erinnerungen an Franz Joseph I," edited by Eduard Ritter von Steinitz (Berlin: Verlag für Kulturpolitik.) The first book, of course, is a record of his life from his own pen, the second is a volume of personal impressions of men of various sorts brought together and lovingly edited.

These two books, on subjects of vital interest and importance, will be published January 8th. They are readable and authoritative.

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