

too important to be left to chance; it was too important to be left to miscellaneous religious bodies. Yet the same solicitude and the same constructive impulse would consistently justify the state in controlling industry, sport, amusements, art, and religion. Then government would have assumed the total control of life in the governed, and the liberal division of functions between material order and moral liberty would have been abandoned.

Totally to control life in the governed and render society organic has always been the aim of theocracies, and was the ideal proposed on rational moral grounds by Plato and Hegel. This ideal was actually realized in ancient city-states, as far as the slipshod character of human existence permitted. But such an ideal is incompatible with Christianity, which reserves the things that are God's, to form a revealed, international, spiritual system from which nevertheless many moral and practical consequences flow, affecting the things that are Caesar's. A modern social autocracy would have to choose, and either declare itself officially Christian, accepting those supernatural presuppositions as a part of its structure, or else extirpate Christianity altogether, as the Roman Empire, Islam, and the French Revolution felt a strong impulse to do, though the event eluded them. Italy seems to have chosen the first alternative, and Russia the second, while Germany hesitates, torn between the glory of being wholly heathen and the fact of being partly Christian.

The dream of unanimity is glorious because human nature is social even in its freest flights, longing for approval, for moral support, for sweeping enthusiasms. There is therefore some difficulty in carrying out the liberal project, apparently so simple, of regulating only material things legally, while leaving spiritual things to private initiative. Such private initiative at once takes to propaganda. Having eluded social pressure, we proceed to exert it. Even philosophers and literary critics seem to be deeply unhappy if other literary critics and philosophers do not agree with them. Now if individuals and sects feel compelled to proselytize, might it not be simpler and more decent that the work of propaganda should be committed by the government to persons educated in their subject, and probably saner and more in sympathy with the national temperament than a lot of discordant agitators would be likely to be? Certainly official minds are not fountains of originality. The virtues and truths to be disseminated must have first taken shape spontaneously in individuals, perhaps in foreigners; but it remains for the genius of the age and nation to adopt and adapt these gifts according to its necessities. It has been governments, for the most mixed motives, that have usually taken the decisive step in religious and moral transformations, such as the establishment of Christianity, the Reformation, and the liberal revolution itself. These novelties were imposed by decree, after some change of monarch or court intrigue or military victory, on whole populations innocent of the business. So today it is remarkable how swiftly a virtual unanimity can be secured in a great and well-educated nation by the judicious management of public ceremonies, of the press and the radio. Perhaps without official coercion it would be impossible to form a definite type of citizen in our vast amorphous populations, and to create an unquestioning respect for a definite set of virtues and satisfactions. And perhaps mankind, without such moral unanimity, might find little glory or joy in living. It would be by no means necessary to suppress freedom of thought. To those who know their own will no knowledge is dangerous; it all becomes useful or pleasant. No serious book need be prohibited; and the publication of anything whatsoever might be allowed, if the form was suitable for specialists and the price high enough. But there should be no unauthorized propaganda and no diffusion of cheap lies.

Above all, no lies inserted in the state catechism. The whole force of authority lies in speaking for realities, for necessities interwoven before man was man into the very texture of things. This is not to demand that any official philosophy, or even the human senses or reason, should be clairvoyant or omniscient: such a de-

mand would be preposterous. All that is needed or possible is that the myths and slogans approved by authority should express pertinently the real conditions of human life, harmonizing action and emotion with the sides of reality important for human happiness. Here I seem to see a grave danger threatening the restorations of organic society that are being attempted in our day. Our minds are sophisticated, distracted, enveloped in a cloud of theories and passions that hide from us the simple fundamental realities visible to the ancients. The ancients were reverent. They knew their frailty and that of all their works. They feared not only the obvious powers bringing flood, pestilence, or war, but also those subtler furies that trouble the mind and utter mysterious oracles. With scrupulous ceremony they set a watchtower and granary and tiny temple on some gray rock above their ploughed fields and riverside pastures. The closed circle of their national economy, rustic and military, was always visible to the eye. From that little stronghold they might some day govern the world; but it would be with knowledge of themselves and of the world they governed, and they might gladly accept more laws than they imposed. They would think on the human scale, loving the beauty of the individual. If their ordinances were sometimes severe under stress of necessity, that severity would be rational, or at least amenable to reason. In such a case, holding truth by the hand, authority might become gentle and even holy.

Now, on the contrary, we sometimes see the legislator posing as a Titan. Perhaps he has got wind of a proud philosophy that makes the will absolute in a nation or in mankind, recognizing no divine hindrance in circumstances or in the private recesses of the heart. Destiny is expected to march according to plan. No science, virtue, or religion is admitted beyond the prescriptions of the state. Every national whim is sacred, every national ambition legitimate. Here is certainly an intoxicating adventure; but I am afraid a city so founded, if it could stand, would turn out to be the iron City of Dis. These heroes would have entrenched themselves in hell, in scorn of their own nature; and they would have reason to pine for that liberal chaos from which their Satanic system had saved them. Fortunately on earth nothing lasts for ever; yet a continual revulsion from tyranny to anarchy, and back again, is a disheartening process. It obliterates the sane traditions that might have prevented this see-saw if they had been firmer and more enlightened.

George Santayana is one of the most eminent of living philosophers. Since his retirement from Harvard in 1911, he has lived abroad. Among his best known books are "The Life of Reason," "Character and Opinion in the United States," and "The Geelie Tradition at Bay."

Luther Brewer

By PAUL ENGLE

NOTHING can be said to praise this man.
His years, and all their deeds, are what they are
And need not any praise. His life was spare
Of words and rich of acts. O let us not
Mock it with too much speaking.

His was a life
American as the land—School teacher
Just out of college, watching the great
Conestogas rocking west through Hagerstown,
Their white tops crowding through the hills like sails
Greyed with a distant sea. And so his heart
Grew restless with those turning wheels that rolled
Westward forever. He heard the few that came
East from those vast spaces talking of land
Whose swinging hills stretched on, for all they knew,
Clean to the world's end.

So he became
Portion of all that movement, following
The long trail to the prairie land beyond
The Mississippi, to the Iowa farms.
He knew this state when even the farthest seeing
Eye of man from the highest hill saw only
Endless earth, and all its life a crow
Stalking the windy sky.

Give him the praise
Only of silence. Let the filled up land
For which he labored quietly, accept him
Quietly back again. His was the dignity
Of life worked humbly out. O let him have
Now the dignity of simple earth.

Office and Authorship

PEOPLE AT WORK. By Frances Perkins.
New York: The John Day Company.
1934. \$2.50.

Reviewed by SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

ONE sometimes wishes there were a law to prevent people in high office from writing books having to do with politics and economics. For official position pretty effectively precludes both objectiveness and candor. It is almost an earnest that the facts presented will be tendentious, and that in their interpretation truth will be subordinated to policy. Moreover, office holders will insist upon flattering the national vanity; as though they had a vested interest in patriotism which impelled them to inculcate it upon the underlying population. And so between bias and bathos their published works are likely to be hard to take and not very beneficial when taken.

It is particularly unfortunate that Secretary Perkins has combined office with authorship. With all her intelligence she has the attitude of the social worker toward labor problems; and that is quite enough of an obstacle to helpful analysis of the mess we find ourselves in, without adding those of patriotism and partisanship. There is also the minor but not wholly unimportant point that if its author had not been harassed by the cares of office this book would probably have been less sloppily written than it is; for one assumes that Miss Perkins really does know English, in spite of such sentences as this:

The inability of certain groups of wage-earners to absorb a suitable proportion of the product of the other industries is a very delicate adjustment and one which cannot be achieved without some recourse to cautious experiment.

Miss Perkins's avowed object is to help those who are "making a rapid quest for a little information" in the field of labor. And they will get a little: something about the development of liberal opinion con-

cerning what constitutes fair treatment for workers, but nothing about the continual sabotage of liberal reform measures by employers and government officials; something about the history of American labor, but almost nothing about the history of American capital, apart from which that of labor is meaningless. As for the present depression, they will learn that it happened, which will hardly be news to most of them; but for the why they must content themselves with vague references to the business cycle, technological unemployment, and the problem of distribution.

This failure of analysis is no doubt partly due to the wilful disingenuousness of the officeholder. But it is also characteristic of the social worker. The social worker is always extraordinarily busy upon effects and extraordinarily incurious about causes. For he cherishes a naive belief that the way to remove the causes of social problems is to pass laws about their effects; and the perennial failure of his efforts never seems to dampen his perennial enthusiasm.

This attitude of mind prevents

Miss Perkins from understanding the problems she deals with in her book. She really believes that the welfare of the working class depends upon the further development of that public conscience to which she devotes a great deal of space and approval; a public conscience which makes itself effective through collective discussion—for Miss Perkins seems quite certain that it is our American way to solve our social problems through talk. "The advancing partnership of the public takes all elements of the community into conference for the solution of any human problem."

And she gives no sign of awareness that the solution of any human problem, where it concerns the working class, is likely to be much more a matter of the economic, political, and sometimes physical force which the workers are able to exert upon employers and politicians. She knows a great many statistics of the labor problem, and nothing (if one may judge by her book) of its dynamics. While she is giving case-histories of workers who have benefited by the NIRA, a three-cornered struggle is proceeding in the basic industries among the Government, the employers, and the workers, with the Government receding steadily from its attempt to guarantee the autonomy of the workers. This struggle, and not the collective conscience, collective discussion, Federal employment exchanges, public works, or a "sense of brotherhood and coöperation," is the vital issue in the field of labor at the moment. Miss Perkins ignores it.

We recognize that there is not necessarily any divergence of interest between the industrialist, the wage-earner and the consumer, but rather that there is a real community of interest. . . .

But there probably isn't much help for this sort of thing:

It is plain that there has emerged from this depression a real passion for unity on the part of the American people.

The morning after I read Miss Perkins's book her chief, voicing that precise sentiment in almost identical words, shared the headlines with the announcement of an impending strike in the textile industry and a threatened strike in steel. Such is unity—at least in the Administration of the New Deal.



FRANCES PERKINS
(Photo by Acme)

\$50,000,000 Can't Be Wrong

UNDERSTANDING THE BIG CORPORATIONS. By the Editors of Fortune. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1934. \$3.

Reviewed by RICHARDSON K. WOOD

MOST Americans are engaged in business, and even the lives of the professional classes in this country are more constantly swayed by the tides of commerce than elsewhere. Yet the literature of business, the medium through which we might exchange knowledge of such vital concern to the majority of us, is lamentable.

Twenty-five years ago, when the Harvard Business School was founded to give opportunity for more scientific approach to the daily activities of the country, all the available books on business were purchased. They filled only a few shelves. Today a separate library building is required, with metal stacks, card catalogues, and all the paraphernalia of an institution. Yet today it is almost as difficult as it was twenty-five years ago to find a book on business which is at once readable, reliable, and useful. The chief cause of this deficiency is the fact that people who can run a business can seldom write a book, while people who can write well too often know little and care less about the running of a business.

The editors of *Fortune* have gone a long way towards finding a remedy for these indicated defects in business literature. The present book, a series of reprints from *Fortune* magazine, gives a brief history and description of eleven representative American corporations: International Harvester, U. S. Rubber, Ford, United Shoe Machinery, Continental Can, National Steel, Johns-Manville, Pittsburgh Plate Glass, American Sugar Refining, and Cannon Mills. Each story includes a brief history, a description of the principal officers and their careers, an outline of the various activities and of the major economic and competitive problems, and a summary of earnings in which the gloating tone frequently suggests the broker's market letter recommending purchase of the stock.

The histories are sketchy, but plausible and frequently entertaining. The outlines of each business as now conducted deserve a very high rating for the presentation of what to the ordinary reader must be an extraordinary amount of unfamiliar fact in a manner which is quite painless and even pleasant. The reader is left with the virtuous sensation of having added to his stock of knowledge.

Herein lies the virtue and the perhaps unavoidable defect of the book. It gives you such a great deal of information that you are left with few ideas. There are two causes of the defect. One is that the subject is unfamiliar and needs to be described before it can be commented upon. The other is that the editors of *Fortune* interpret journalism as the uncolored reporting of fact. It is something of a question whether opinion can be kept out of even the most conscientious reporting of fact. This book, for example, seems to have a strong though unconscious bias toward the belief that fifty million dollars can't

be wrong. And it also is a question whether, even if opinion can be kept out, the result is interesting or valuable in the treatment of a subject which of its very nature can never be an exact science.

The way in which a far better story can be written once the facts are put in a properly subsidiary position is shown by the Ford story, easily the best in the book. Of all the corporations here treated, Ford is the one on which most readers have at least some information to start with. As a result the story gets rapidly into personalities and ideas, even though the subject matter continues to be treated as a series of observations. There are some delicate touches. "All Ford executives dress neatly, conservatively, but Edsel is the only one you may notice is wearing the green-and-white tie today, was wearing the brown-and-white tie yesterday."

As a piece of reportorial journalism the book is excellent. For a quick factual view of a number of big businesses it is without competition. It is to be hoped that the evident talents and resources of the *Fortune* staff may be allowed in some instances in the future to operate under a broader editorial policy, for the editors of *Fortune* are almost alone in a position to bring the literature of business up to a standard where it may begin to be compared with the literature of politics and diplomacy.

Richardson K. Wood is associated with Paul Cherington, former professor of marketing at the Harvard Business School, in the study of markets and distribution problems for American corporations.

The Reich for Sale

(Continued from first page)

ring as a drug addict. And no one has painted a more revolting picture of Hitler.

Even General von Schleicher, whom the author first praises, to whose chancellorship he was devoted, shrinks more and more until this man, who was reputed to be the chancellor-maker of the Hindenburg regime, finally becomes a weak plotter, "letting I dare not wait upon I would." Hindenburg appears as a grasping, doddering, old man, purchased by the Agrarians, directed by an unscrupulous son, grossly unfit to head a State, vacillating, and absolutely traitorous to his oath to the German Republic. Of this vacillation but one example: In August, 1932, he wrote a letter to the central Jewish organization "in which he speaks out trenchantly against anti-Semitism. He declares that he will do everything he can to prevent any attack or even slight on the Jews." A year and a half later he approved the torture and degradation of all the Jews of Germany. As for Hugenberg, the head of the Nationalists, the author writes: "But Hugenberg isn't much better or more likable. When I'm with him I always have a queer feeling as if he stank." If only half of what is here presented is correct, it is true to say that no country ever fell into worse hands, no people were ever betrayed more easily, or became the prey of more conscienceless scoundrels.

It seems as if so sordid a picture could not be true, as if it were just the envenomed creation of a bitterly disappointed

marplot. The trouble is that the book is interlarded with so many truths and established facts as to make it impossible to dismiss it offhand. Thus we know that Hindenburg did receive the gift of his East Prussian estate and that thereafter he made the cause of the Junkers his and that a collection was taken up in 1932 to pay off the debts of his estate and that he cheated the inheritance tax by giving the property to his son. It is a fact that the management of the East Relief Fund was rotten with corruption and that the Nazis and Hindenburg stopped every effort to reveal the full extent of that corruption or to end it.

It is true that Dr. Luther, now the servile German Ambassador in Washington, on August 25, 1932, delivered a brilliant address on the folly of "autarchy" and demolished the Nazi program all along the line—a program which he now urges Americans to "understand" and admire. It is, unfortunately, absolutely true that "the error that the Social Democrats made in not exterminating the whole crew [of Junkers] root and branch, and dividing the land up among the peasants, can simply never be made good again." Indeed, all the author's criticisms of the Social Democrats, the Communists, and of the labor union leaders are entirely justified; for lack of simple courage and aggressiveness they permitted the German Republic to be destroyed by a foreigner whom they once caught with arms in his hands, barely punished, and then allowed to raise a private army of 400,000 men financed by foreigners and by all those elements in German life especially opposed to the Republic. There are many other indisputable correct judgments and facts throughout the text. Yet the mind revolts against the theory that the whole political life of Germany is and was as base as it is here portrayed. If this is correct, one can only wonder if the Germans will ever be able to govern themselves; whether they will not be a permanent menace to the world.

Highly sensational are this general's revelations—if truthful—of what Germany is planning for the next war. He asserts unqualifiedly several times, that it has definitely decided on a war of bacteria and that the preparations for this struggle are complete and accepted as certain to bring results. Their poison gas is thirteen times more deadly than that of any other nation. Their air pilots have been trained to throw bombs under the pretense of "dropping mail-bags." The drilling of extra troops and the complete violation of the disarmament clauses of the Versailles Treaty this man sets forth and defends; it was part of his job to keep in touch with all the developments. What will the French say of this summary of a conversation with a young chemist of the "I. G. Farben," the great chemical company, and the head of its bacteriological department?

He is convinced that our resources are now so far advanced and so perfect that in case of need we could risk the great throw. Of the material there is plenty available, and the effects are prompt and absolutely sure. At first I was somewhat skeptical, for we could only adopt such a course if we had a hundred to one chance of winning. Otherwise we should be done for in the eyes of the whole world and for all time. One thing is clear: that compared to the next war the World War will seem child's play, almost a honeymoon!

And this general writes of the manufacture of heavy guns and tanks as if it were a matter of course.

Finally here are some of this author's opinions of the man who is now Chancellor of Germany:

June 11, 1932. Hitler's volubility is surpassed only by his poverty of thought.

June 17, 1932. . . . A talk with Hitler. A complete fool and twaddler. If this man ever attains power, then it will be a sign that we've gone off our heads.

October 4, 1932. Awful, the possibility that this idiot might really come into power at some time.

Oswald Garrison Villard, for many years owner and editor of the New York Evening Post and The Nation, has been intimately in touch with Germany and German affairs all his life. His book, "The German Phoenix," issued last year, is one of the most informed accounts of the German republican period to have appeared.

Men Who Go to Wind'ard—

MEN, FISH AND BOATS: The Pictorial Story of the North Atlantic Fishermen. By Alfred Stanford. 115 photographs. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1934. \$3.

Reviewed by ALFRED F. LOOMIS

IT would have been easy for a man who is fond of the boats and men of whom he writes to grow sentimental over the twilight of their industry. This Alfred Stanford has refused to do. The stirring pictures of his book show the fishermen in the routine performance of their arduous task, and the captions are factual and succinct. Though the Gloucester schooners' numbers have diminished year by year, and though the Diesel motor threatens its very existence, this is the story of a going concern on which tears need not be wasted.

Few Americans realize how their country's career has been shaped by the cod of the North Atlantic. Its influence is sketched in the book's foreword, and it may be suggested here. Thanks to the cod



THE MASTHEADMAN

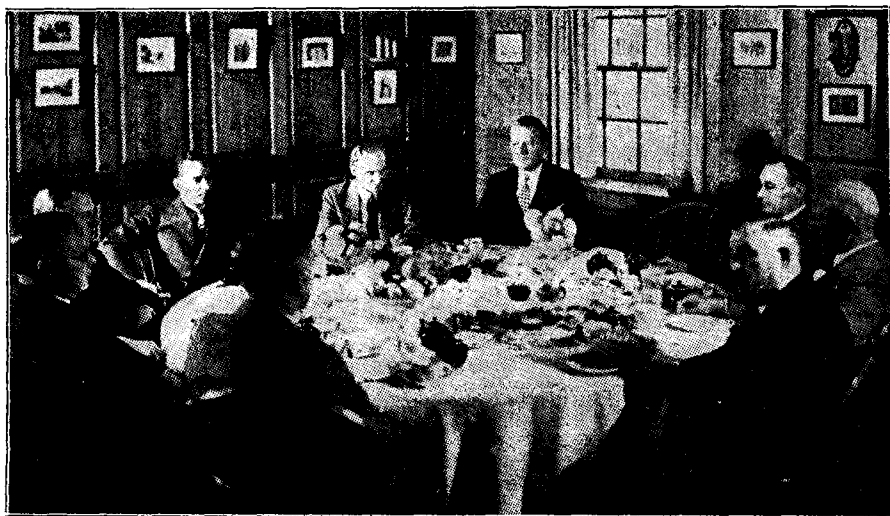
Mickey Hall of the Elizabeth Howard.
From "Men, Fish and Boats."

early New Englanders turned to the sea for their livelihood. Thanks to their skill as fishermen and sailors they gave us the nucleus of a Navy when the need arose, and because of the traffic in salt cod to Europe and the West Indies we developed a seaborne commerce that carried the flag around the world. The roots of our nation go down to the fishing banks of the North Atlantic as much as to the soil of its rock-bound coast.

But this growth of a nation has been merely a by-product to the fishermen of Gloucester. For their own purpose they developed the most able dories and schooners that the sea has known, and having done so they kept on fishing. They can sail a boat—their own kind of boat—as nobody else can; they can navigate through fog by guess and by gosh with an expertness that elicits the acclaim of all other navigators; and they can get their catch home to market except on those rare occasions when the Atlantic dries up or freezes solid. Individually they meet disaster, but collectively they go on fishing in the face of such economic and elemental discouragements as would prostrate a race of landmen.

These are the hardy souls of which Alfred Stanford writes in the telling captions accompanying the photographs magnificently displayed by Gordon Aymar. Stanford knows his subject. Once, in conversation with a fisherman, he asked what constituted the most admirable qualities of man. The fisherman expressed his opinion in interrogative form: "Will he go to wind'ard?" Thus sailors measure the ability of a boat. The men of the North Atlantic fisheries and their schooners will go to wind'ard. So will Alfred Stanford and his excellent book about men, fish, and boats.

Alfred F. Loomis, author of "Yachts under Sail," is known for long-distance small-boat cruising. He navigated the Pinta in 1928, in the transatlantic race for the Queen of Spain's cup.



MR. FORD'S EXECUTIVES MAKE IT A POINT TO ATTEND HIS DAILY LUNCHEONS

Photo by Aikens, from "Understanding the Big Corporations."