

come an affair of formulas, often sublime in themselves, but without possibility of effective translation, intellectual or practical, into the affairs of the workaday world.

In general, the intellectual problem of Europe since the sixteenth century has been the conflict between inherited traditions and the results and methods of a new science. Even the man in the street is sometimes aware of this conflict, as in the fundamentalist-modernist controversy of the churches. But every philosopher has been confronted on some level of thought with the question.

The theories of the western world, outside of science and industry, are inherited from a spiritual idealism formulated in ancient Greece and taken over by the Christian church in the teachings of the fathers and the schoolmen. But the conceptions of science have seemed to point to a very different kind of world from that depicted in this philosophy. Yet the emotional, religious and moral life of the European world—of which of course America is culturally a part—and to a large extent its artistic activities and achievements, have been deeply intertwined with the view of nature and life which science appears to have discredited.

In some form or other every philosopher from Descartes to Comte, Spencer and Bergson has published a variant version of the terms upon which the tradition incarnate in the higher forms of western life and the new science can meet and get on together:—schemes of reconciliation, of attack by one side upon the other, of compromises with varying degrees of surrender, imposed on this side or that.

Kant sensitively felt the problem and valiantly wrought to solve it. But to many of us it seems increasingly clear that his methods and conclusions only postponed a vital and sincere facing of the question. A destructive revolutionary to many of his contemporaries, he now seems almost wholly on the side of the conservatives. What was revolutionary was largely a professional and technical matter, a transfer of certain issues and ideas from cosmic nature into human nature; it left the mind with no genuinely new ideas with which to meet and confront the predicaments of experience. It did not help men to use science in morals. The transfer was one of those intellectual tours de force that delight professional intellectualists and call out warm adherence and equally ardent opposition.

But the net human outcome was hardly more than a complete separation of the world of ideals and of facts, of moral practice and scientific knowledge, of aspirations and of necessities. Doubtless they had been almost hopelessly confused previously in their relations to each other. Certainly the place and office of each in experience and its relations to the other needed clearing up.

But it may be questioned whether confusion is not a more hopeful condition than clear-cut and wholesale separation. Confusion at least implies intersection, and a connection which might render co-operation possible.

Separation surrenders the concrete world of affairs to the domain of mechanism fatalistically understood; it encourages mechanical authority and mechanical obedience and discipline; while it sheds over a life built out of mechanical subordinations the aureole of a superworldly ideal, sentimental at best, fanatical and deadly at worst. Kant himself was truly a pious, honest and good soul, substantial to a degree. But the record of his influence and its consequences may cause one to wonder whether these qualities, even when combined with industrious learning and assiduous reflection, can compensate for the absence of that kind of intelligence which emerges only when a thinker is a first-hand partaker in the vital intellectual currents and issues of his own day—I do not say in its practical movements. Without knowledge of what has been said and thought, intellectual participation will not go far or deep. But Kant and the countless tomes written about him, stand a monument to the evil of that too professional and technical intellectual preoccupation which can see the world only at second-hand through problems which the past has formulated, through distinctions which dead thinkers have elaborated. An intellectual revolution is not of necessity a good thing; but a professed revolution compromised from the outset by subjection to the old and traditional is pretty assuredly a bad thing. A revolution in tradition that after all stays within the bounds of tradition is a boon to men who wish to be modern and conservative at the same time; who want to be both scientific and also idealistic in the ways sanctioned by the past. But it only postpones the day of reckoning. It is possible that the Great War was in some true sense a day of reckoning for Kantian thought, and that from henceforth interest in him will openly become more and more antiquarian in nature.

JOHN DEWEY.

### Winter Bird

My bird, my darling,  
 Calling through the cold afternoon!  
 Those round bright notes,  
 Each one so perfect  
 Shaken from the other and yet  
 Hanging together in flashing clusters!  
 The small soft flowers and the ripe fruit,  
 All are gathered.  
 It is the season now of nuts and berries  
 And round bright flashing drops  
 On the frozen grass.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

# The Hypnotizing of Winnie Kluth

WINNIE KLUTH personally we have never met. We know however that at one time he was living in Linoleumville, on Staten Island, and it is quite probable that he was working for The American Linoleum Manufacturing Corporation, which has a factory there. And we know that one morning some two years ago Winnie Kluth received through the mail, addressed to him at his home, a four-page piece of printed matter entitled Man to Man Talks. It professed no other authorship than that of the International Educational Society, located at 1150 Broadway, and no other purpose than to give him free wisdom in the interest of Better Working Conditions.

Next week, Winnie Kluth got Number Two of Man to Man Talks, and thereafter they came regularly until Number Seventy-Eight, which closed the series. They brought Winnie around to view his Boss patriotically in terms of stars-and-stripes-forever. They convinced Winnie that if he worked longer and harder he might some day get a raise, and that he ought to be cheerful and work even longer and harder yet if his pay was cut. They proved that it's foolish to go looking for a new job. And above all they opened his eyes to what a snake the labor agitator is.

Week after week came Man to Man Talks with their bluff brotherly advice or their home-and-mother sentimentalism. Doubtless it never occurred to Winnie to wonder if his employer could have a hand in the circulation of them. It was obviously a great philanthropic movement for his benefit alone. Cunningly it appealed first to his fear and then to his greed, his vanity, his shrewdness. Well, he was mightily impressed, and in the end he wrote a thankful letter to the Society, saying:

I cannot praise Man to Man Talks enough, for it is such a wonderful paper to read. I used to be like some of the other fellows, waiting for the whistle to blow, but since I started reading your Man to Man Talks I am a changed man. . . . They have made me look at my work in the right way.

Poor Winnie Kluth! Thus might Fido philosophize when somebody patted his head, just before selling him. He was quite inspired, and we earnestly hope that his conversion brought him the rewards it merited. But it might shock him a trifle to know that his letter soon reached the hands of his employer, and caused that gentleman much joy. In a letter dated April 18, 1923, Charles F. Cartledge, President of The American Linoleum Manufacturing Corporation, wrote to an officer of the Society:

We are very much pleased with the letters you have shown us from our employes which are evidence that the literature you are sending them is having the desired effect. The world is passing through a very unsatisfactory period of labor intimidation. Under its domination we have been almost helpless. The workers have been led to unreasonable demands and to false and radical views. They must be led back to sane thinking, and such work as your Society is doing should be welcomed and supported by every alert employer of labor.

Winnie might be surprised to know that, for each of its employes to whom the bulletins were sent, The American Linoleum Manufacturing Corporation paid a fee of from six to eight and a half cents a week. He might be surprised to know that the International Educational Society is merely a name, and its office at 1150 Broadway is occupied only by clerks and stenographers. The real agency behind this benevolent gesture is the National Foundation, Inc., and Mr. Cartledge addressed *his* letter to the Foundation at 1 Madison Avenue.

This information might be a surprise to Winnie because it is the basic principle of the scheme, and the one that distinguishes it from its competitors, to deceive him about it. By the admission of H. M. Cook, vice-president of the Foundation, ninety-nine out of a hundred of the employers who subscribe to the Man to Man Talks keep their part in it a secret.

## II.

A big and flourishing enterprise is this National Foundation. Since its organization in 1919 it has fairly well covered New England and the coast states as far as Virginia, and it is now preparing for a big drive westward. There are volumes of testimonials even more pathetic than that of Winnie Kluth, in which workingmen pitiful with gratitude thank the International Educational Society for lifting them out of themselves. There are other volumes from Bosses who thank the National Foundation for educating their men to "right thought and action in relation to their work, their employers and their country." And profits apparently have been huge.

The story of the beginnings of the National Foundation is illuminating. It was recounted to us, obligingly, by Mr. Cook himself.

In 1919, it seems, Judge Gary, addressing a body of employers, told them that the majority of workingmen really were not as vicious as they might appear; they were just ignorant. His remark fell in the uberous soil of the imagination of one John Thomas Austin, a professional organizer of employers' associations. A little while later,