

sician who says: "Increasing civilization for the past seventy years or more denoted an enormously increased worry, sorrow, augmented mental and physical friction, most felt by poor and toiling classes; yet in hardly less degree by the ranks above who all do their share even to the highest in energetic labor for the common good; but who are also more sensitive, more apt to give way to brooding sorrow." Dr. Hugh Cabot, the author of that well-known work, "What Men Live By," has recently vouched for the statement that 50 per cent of the world's ailments at the present time are the result of nervous origin.

These quotations perhaps explain why the central problem of industry seems now to be the handling of men, whereas it used to be the handling of materials. The great war, of course, enormously intensified the conflict, but even before the war there was a very marked social indigestion which we call social unrest. I remember seeing a play called "The Bronze Worker" in which a well-fed dowager said, "What is all this talk of social unrest? If the laboring classes want more rest, why don't they take it?" Well, in some quarters they are taking it, and I, for one have no objection to their doing it anywhere, providing they keep life's finer values intact in the process. But that is something that an uneducated proletariat never can do; consequently my interest in education for leisure.

This pessimism over machine civilization is spreading. I have just been reading a remarkable work, "Social Decay and Regeneration." This author seems to have been everywhere and done everything. His analysis is a very remarkable piece of work. In the last quarter of his book, his regeneration seems to be degeneration, because he is not able to say much beyond that we must get back to craftsmanship. That does not seem to me to be at all possible. I think all of us get pessimistic at times. Sometimes it looks as if the human race needs another flood, providing there is no ark handy. Yet social controls have not been exhausted by any means, and the depths of individual altruism have not yet been plumbed; so we must pick up and carry on the best we can. We must play the thing through to the end of the string.

What is the inside meaning of all this industrial turmoil? Of course we say, in a general way, it is the changed attitude of labor. Physically man looks about as he did when he first stepped into history. He wears a few more clothes, but he has the same number of hands, fingers and toes. He loses his hair a little earlier, but that does not matter very much. However,

something important has happened to him in these years. Twenty years ago I knew an old lumberjack who absolutely refused to work for more than \$14.00 a month. He said he had had experience with men who had tried to pay him more than that, and he had come to the conclusion that anybody who offered to pay more than \$14.00 a month meant to beat him out of the whole \$14.00; \$14.00 was his price and that was all he would take. Now we have got to this change of attitude; labor has ceased, to come extent, being obedient. The importance of this change is enormous; the poet says:

Three roots bear up Dominion: Knowledge, Will,—

These twain are strong, but stronger yet the third,—

Obedience,—'tis the great tap-root that still,

Knit round the rock of Duty, is not stirred,

Though Heaven-loosed tempests spend their utmost skill.

We have the knowledge and the will, but not having obedience, we have serious industrial unrest. Since the war, of course, labor has become more truculent. The old demand of labor used to run something like this: "Give us a better deal, because we deserve it and you ought to give it to us." That was a plea, but now it seems to have come down to a demand. Labor says, "Capital is not running the world kindly and comfortably; capital has played the gambler with wealth instead of the steward; it has made a great war without honor and a great peace without joy, and under this code man is degenerating physically, morally and spiritually." Capital itself is uncomfortable because the state is getting on top of industry. Everyone is fretting about income taxes and other taxes. "Liberty is being driven into a corner," labor says, "for a finish fight; you have tried your hand, now give us a chance." So the future of automatization seems to me to be limited, not so much by the ability of our selected men and leaders to mechanize the plant as by our seeming inability to make the job worth while, under that system, to common folk.

Economic man is an abstraction, he does not exist anywhere. Man is not only economic, he is also social, political and religious. He has many governors, among whom the state is sovereign and the shop parvenu. It is only 150 years since steam was applied to production; that is only six generations out of the recorded historical line of many hundreds of generations. More over each individual is distinct from every other individual. You can put a shop number on a man, but nevertheless he is different from the one below him

in numerical rank and from the one above him. No two individuals are alike; in one sense, life is a struggle of one individual to impress his uniqueness upon his environment. When this composite man comes to the machine, he is pretty apt to find that the machine calls for only a fraction of his powers. The shop can never find in the labor market exactly what it wants. It may want mere hands or feet or limbs; but, as a matter of fact, it has to take the individual with all his superstitions and lusts and faiths, as well as blind passions and the political traditions in which he has been brought up. Consequently, labor always brings into the mill that which may result in an appeal to anarchy or force, the appeal to Demos or to Caesar.

This mental luggage is variously categorized by the psychologist. But for convenience let us say that it consists of those instincts, emotions, beliefs, habits of thought and conduct which, in their interplay, establish individuality in the conduct of the individual, in his reaction to authority and social responsibility. These mental qualities root back to the dawn of life. They are the fruit of recent experience, and that is why we say that the common man has common sense; because he has back of him all this vast experience coming down all through the ages. We, of course, are quite a potent generation, and our press agents say that we are doing more for man than any preceding generation; but the chances are that we will add very little to the sub-conscious mind, that reservoir of human experience which is so deep and vast. There, in that sub-conscious mind, can be found the realities of our institutions. As the psychologists say, to explain anything in human conduct we must go back to the instincts. There is the explanation of our greeds and wars and sins as well as our loyalty, faiths and ideals.

This heavy-laden ego brings to the machine a lot of superfluous mental luggage. The man takes off his coat in the ante-room of the shop and leaves it there, but he cannot do that with these subconscious ideas and instincts of his. Thus we find that there is set up in the shop a labor strain which can be differentiated to some extent from the ordinary labor pain recognized by the economist, pain that can be compensated for in wages, or other direct offsets. But these work-instincts which find no outlet in mechanized toil die hard and painfully. Just as a man's arm would pain if it were tied to his side all the time; so I think that when the instincts toward differentiation are balked, when a man has not a chance to express himself very fully in his

labor, there is set up in his mind a strain which multiplies many times over, and gradually works down, as everything does in democracy, to a social and political battle. The torment starts with the individual and spreads to the group, and finally comes to worry the parliaments of the world.

At its root this difficulty seems to be that of adjusting human beings to modern industry. We can resist muscle-fatigue, because, through all the ages we have been building up a resistance to it; but it was not until quite recently—at the most, less than six generations ago—that man ceased to live the slow life of soil and water in which his movements were regulated by the seasons and the sun, rather than by the calendar and the clock. That, too, was a life of simplicity, of hard manual toil, of greater security in toil than we know at present, because it was under the feudal regime through many centuries. A man could not quit his job because he was tied to the land, but, on the other hand, the job could not quit him; the bond held both ways between the master and the man. So it seems to me that the ideal job for a man, considering his heredity and the sort of life that his ancestors led before him, is one that provides a variety of minors inside the major frame of monotony. The common man is never highly adaptable; shifting rapidly from one sort of work to another fatigues him; he does not register promptly and properly amid too great change; but inside his job he likes a chance to express himself in variety. That is probably because his old life was a constant succession of thrills. When he left his lair in the morning, he did not know whether he would ever return again or not. His agility and sprightliness all served him in good stead. If he failed in his spring, if he failed in his leap, he might be left there for dead. That is probably the reason why a man can run a hundred yards at his fastest pace, and after that is a slow animal. Then there came a time when man tied himself down to agriculture and to the tedious shaping of weapons and tools from stone; the application of manual skill to earth and material. At that point the ability to withstand monotony came to have a survival value, but the desire for variety inside that frame of monotony continued. That explains why a carpenter would rather build a stair in your house than paint his own house. That zest for variety is merely the individual's desire to project his uniqueness upon his environment. Improvement in man's estate followed. Simple tools, now standardized, once measured man's individuality, just as your more outstanding contributions to your science measure your ability and