

The Ford International Weekly
**THE DEARBORN
 INDEPENDENT**

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
 Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
 C. J. FORD, Vice President.
 E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.

Twentieth Year, Number 35, June 26, 1920.

The price of subscription in the United States and its possessions is One Dollar a year; in Canada, One Dollar and Fifty Cents; and in other countries, Two Dollars. Single Copy, Five Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Cause for Merriment

THE peculiar reports from Siberia, as much under a veil as to developments as the Darkest of Africa ever was, leave a certain doubt as to Japan's aims and her actions. One of these reports is that Japanese regiments have become affected by the doctrines of the Bolsheviki, whom they are fighting, and that some of these units are so badly rotted by seditious doctrines that they will not operate against their foe.

At the same time, it is reported that Japan dare not withdraw these units because of the effect of their preachings on the population at home, suffering from high prices, food shortage, and from the after effects of a severe panic. Among distressed urban populations, Bolshevistic doctrines might gain a strong hold.

Japan's dilemma is peculiar. Her government, partly democratized but only very partially, rests on a theocracy, a type of governmental idea extremely stable while it prevails, but incapable of being bolstered if it starts to wane. For the ignorant, for persons imperfectly educated in economics, Bolshevism is the rainbow leading to the pot of gold. It has the allure of all panaceas.

In the degree that Japan has progressed too fast, which is in an enormous degree, she is susceptible to Bolshevism. Unlike America, inhabited for the most part by persons whose political experience goes back over generations, Japan is a modern industrial state inhabited by persons of no political experience or very little. They are likely to believe that they can achieve the millennium by mass action.

We worry about the spread of Bolshevistic doctrine here, but with very little cause. On the whole, though not so greatly as the English, we doubt words and prefer performance, and words weigh less with us daily.

It is the Japanese who should be troubled about the doctrines of Lenin. They have not the years of political experience that teach that acts and not promises are the hostages of performance.

One Artist's Method

IN AN interview in New York a few days ago, a great, a nation-wide favorite was asked which of his hundreds of pictures had proved the most popular. He answered the question readily and without any doubt. Then he was asked which of his pictures he considered his own best work. He smiled and answered again: "The one I am going to do tomorrow. It is the one for which I have been preparing all my life. It should be a great picture. I shall put all my best work into its making. I shall rise in the morning with the happy thought of its beginning in mind. It, the one I am planning to do tomorrow, will be my best picture."

The interviewer thought himself very fortunate indeed to have happened in at such an auspicious time, just on the day when the thought of preparing for the great masterpiece was uppermost in the artist's thoughts, so he followed up the question with another.

"And, Mr. So-and-so, what is the theme of this big work to be commenced tomorrow? What is the dream of so long a time that is to be put in black and white tomorrow?"

There was a surprise awaiting the questioner.

"Why the thing I am going to do next is always the big thing. It is always to be the biggest thing I have ever done. That is the way I work."

So many successful men, these days, are giving advice about their methods for sure success that it seems this man missed a chance to point out the moral and remind the other that he was giving out an important

rule. But the big man realized, of course, that those to whom a moral has to be pointed out, the lesson will do no good.

There was the rule! There, it seems, was the mark of the successful attitude for achievement: to put one's whole self into each piece of work as it comes along to be done, day by day. Every picture by this artist is to be his best yet. He puts all his long life of experience into the job on hand; it is the consummation of all his skill, all his dreams and plans, and includes the last mite of added mastery of touch, pose, and character gained throughout the whole that has gone before, even the day previous and the picture just completed.

It seems a pretty good rule for life, in business or any other phase of our endeavors: to put the whole of our being, all that we represent, all our experience into the job on hand; to make the work we are undertaking the crown of our achievements! After all, who can be sure that he will do another piece of work after the day's task is finished? One may even be called before the affair then under way is completed.

No matter whether the work on hand consists in selling a pair of socks, plowing a furrow, or painting a picture, the thing can be done in a whole-hearted way to insure the satisfaction of the doer.

One can work so that each thing completed is the best the workman has ever done: and that alone makes life in itself worth while.

One may work with the spirit that each day will find him accomplishing things in the best way he knows. It will, as far as his life and ability go, represent the best that he can do—he can do no more. And that much he owes to his best self.

Too Much Is Expected

EUROPE echoes to the crash of cabinets, each one falling on its own particular grounds, but all for the same reason in the end. Europe, to put it crudely, is a mess. No cabinet, not all the cabinets and statesmen in the world could disentangle her troubled countries for a decade, and the people expect action and relief immediately. So cabinets fall.

Nobody in the United States can point a way out; in fact, there is no easy way out. With the best of good will, a long, hard road must be traveled to political and financial stability. Few of the nations have even set foot on this road. They are gambling in imperialism, aggression, or utopias.

There is no value in these any more. The world is too much on its beam ends for any elaborate experiments; they break down of their own weight. Europe is too weak for major surgical operations. Time, patience, simple measures, rational living and good sense are the only cures.

But peoples, half a dozen years from happiness and prosperity, are impatient. They set up figures and smash them. They ask for miracles and get none. Years will pass before simple men by simple means even start to build from war's debris the stable and prosperous homes of nations.

"But It's the Style, My Dear!"

LADY'S clothes are a delicate subject for comment, and in speaking of them there is less and less to speak about, daily. It becomes more and more evident that women dress for other women and not for men, as has been hinted for many generations. The clothes must please women, or they would not wear them. They hardly please men.

The increasing display of the varieties of the feminine composition is not immodest, or at least not necessarily so. Modesty, in clothes, is not in the eye of the beholder but in the intention of the wearer and none is so bold as to say what the intention in any individual case may be. Ordinarily, one suspects it is just a desire to follow the fashion.

What the harried man objects to is not the exhibition of too much, but to its intrusion in inopportune times. He cannot but look and admire at times when he does not in the least wish to do so. A man's life is in compartments and it is irritating to have the stuff in the compartment marked "distraction," overflow into the one marked "business."

Eventually, familiarity will bring quietude, and about that time fashion will find women in severe, nun-like garb.

Common Sense Not Wanted

THE German elections swung to the Right and the Left, and the Center caught it hot and heavy. The Right and the Left are burning causes everywhere, with watchwords and loyalties, with new lamps for old, with the historic battle cries. They are fighting causes.

The Center stands for such dismal things as law and order and industry and thrift, for *make haste slowly* and *build soundly*. It is not inspiring. It has no trumpet calls. The Right and the Left win all the battles, but the Center wins the war.

In Germany, a government of moderate men, none too expert, not all sincere and not all honest, has been facing impossibilities. They have worked hard and done wonders, fighting reactionaries and Reds, dicker-ing with their victorious foes.

They compromised, they evaded, they inflicted hardships, of necessity and through inexpertness; while the parties of the Right, out of power and with no responsibilities, pointed to the good old days of rich Germany and those of the Left, who would not co-operate, pointed to bright suns just over the horizon.

Voters, suffering, dazzled, turned either way from the government and voted for hope. Misery always votes for hope, but realization waits behind the dull slogans of the Center, law and order, industry and thrift, make haste slowly, and build soundly.

The Stork Flies Low

IN ENGLAND, doctors and nurses are working overtime, and the country is not scared a bit. Their time is booked weeks ahead, for the epidemic shows no signs of abating, and England rejoices.

The epidemic is of babies, boys and girls, hopeful subjects of the British Crown, and it is now proudly announced that the birth rate has reached pre-war levels. Treaties may hang fire and cabinets may shuffle, strikes may rage and industries go to pot, but England has recovered.

In London alone, in eight weeks, births were 1,442 more than the corresponding weeks in 1919, and though London is a large city that is not an inconsiderable number of babies. An interesting point is that there is a disproportionate number of boys, the male of the species far outrunning the female.

This is especially important to England, where the loss of a million young lives during the war further increased the always alarming excess of women over men. It is a not unusual, and wholly unexplained phenomenon that often follows wars. The best guess is that it has something to do with war-time foods.

Whatever is the cause, it is especially gratifying to England, and if Lloyd George could connect his government with the increasing birth rate he could remain in office as long as he wished.

Not as an Investment

SALES of Polish bonds in the United States have reached surprising levels considering the nature of the paper bought. They are a dollar issue, bearing no specially attractive interest, pledging the credit of a new nation staggering under a heavy load of debt, its exchange fearfully low, its industries disorganized, and engaged in a desperate war against a powerful enemy. As an investment, these bonds can hardly be said to exist.

What they do evidence, is the depth and strength of feeling which Americans of Polish nativity and descent have for the land from which they sprang. The buyers of the bonds do not consider them as investments; they consider them as something just short of a gift, a gift in which there is a chance for repayment. It is their contribution toward the realization of the ideal which has lived in Poland for centuries, liberty for Poland.

They are not alone, of course, in their sentiment. Other nations of even less credit find buyers, even the bonds of the Irish Republic—which only hopes to exist—getting their quota of purchasers. These people are not especially interested in getting their money back. They wish to see their aims achieved, and if they finally get returns from their investments their greater joy will be in the fact that success has crowned their causes, and not in the dollars that come home.