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Colonel House on Silence

WHETHER one be a friend or a foe of the League of Nations he cannot help being somewhat amazed at a statement from Colonel E. M. House, President Wilson's confidential advisor, that open diplomacy is vital to the success of the League and that unless the tribunal will agree to keep the peoples of all nations informed of the direction in which they are being led, its chances for doing any great good will be greatly lessened.

That statement, true as it is, sounds rather strange, coming from the man who probably had more influence with Mr. Wilson at the Peace Conference than any other individual or set of individuals and yet, as far as can be ascertained, did nothing to make good the promise of "open covenants openly arrived at."

One imagines the statesmen of Europe, who know Colonel House and his methods of handling diplomatic affairs, will chuckle right heartily at being scolded for the sin of silence in diplomatic matters by a man who has been one of the most conspicuous offenders.

If Colonel House is in earnest, one wonders why there was not less secrecy at Versailles and Paris. And one cannot help meditating upon the fact that if the policy which the President's advisor now preaches had been put into practice in 1919 the League of Nations might have met the hopes of the world in a far more complete sense than it is meeting them today.

The colonel's conversion is a bit late. The meeting is all over.

Get Them, Judge

APPOINTMENT of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, he of \$29,000,000 Standard Oil fame, as the supreme arbiter in major league baseball, insures a square deal for the public.

If the owners of major league parks had not acted as they did, as promptly as they did, the scandals that have cropped up during the past season might well have closed their gates within another year.

And yet that last statement perhaps must be modified somewhat, for the people notoriously are quick to forget, as witness even now their having been lulled to sleep following the indictment in Chicago of the unfortunate players who succumbed to the temptation of great sums of "easy money." At the time there was promise that all the guilty would be dealt with as summarily as were the players, but the stigma of exposure has fallen only upon the weak ones. Those who initiated the scheme, those who were responsible for its successful carrying through, seemingly have escaped unscathed. They are of the same type as the Broadway "bank roll men" who back the gambling houses of New York City, participate in organized crime, and are responsible for commercialized vice.

It is to be hoped that the new chief of baseball will devote his attention to such as these, for without their permanent elimination from baseball, the menace is dissipated but for the moment.

Spank Him

THE world some few months ago thrilled at the daring of one Gabriel D'Annunzio, who with an enviable war record as a flyer in the Italian Army, had recruited a legion and with it had seized Fiume, a port in the Adriatic that promised difficulties if indeed did not bring war between Italy and the newly-created Jugo-Slavia.

D'Annunzio was not unknown to the world then;

as a poet he had stirred Italy to break its neutrality and enter the war as an ally of the Entente. During the dark days his words had inspired his gallant comrades to greater deeds of valor. Came the armistice, the Peace Treaty, and following these, the sudden dash of D'Annunzio and his adventuring force.

People paused in their discussion of the high cost of living to pay a few words of tribute to the poet-aviator. His manifestoes, his defiance, rang with phrases that stirred the sluggish blood even in the far-off corners where time hangs heavily and the cracker barrel and drum stove furnish the attractiveness that draws men.

But time went on and with its passing came a moderation in the discussion of the claims and counter-claims in respect to the status of Fiume. Statesmen of the interested countries got together and settled the question satisfactorily to both parties. But moderation did not fit in with the D'Annunzio program. The reason? It called for his removal from the center of the stage; the spotlight would be upon others.

So now we have revealed a man of ordinary clay and it is this ordinary clay that makes of him a common scold, breathing words of impotence, dangerous only because there are those who still worship the idol they set up from earlier words.

The Italian Government, its troubles so many, should waste no time upon him. If there are those who refuse to obey its commands, they too must suffer the consequences. But have done with D'Annunzio—there are too many serious problems to occupy the world's attention.

Let's Forget Politics

SENATOR ARTHUR CAPPER, of Kansas, who devotes most of his time in Congress to championing the cause of the farmers and does it very ably, is reported to have declared the Republican party must give considerable attention to the needs of the farm if it expects to be kept in power at the next congressional elections. Senator Capper chooses a rather unhappy way of expressing the matter, for he makes it appear a matter of votes whereas it should be nothing of the kind. If the Republican party approaches the problem of farm legislation with such a motive it can be written right now that the legislation which results will be of questionable value. Laws that are written to capture the votes of one class usually infringe on the rights of other classes.

The farmers have a long legislative program ready to present but there is no indication that they are preparing to attempt to win favorable consideration by threatening Congress with their ballots. On the other hand the farmers' organizations are sparing no efforts to prepare their case so that it will be understood by Congress and the public and the justice of their requests recognized.

There is no doubt that considerable farm legislation is needed. Nor is there any doubt that a great deal of attention will be given to the subject by the next Congress. But it should not be pure class legislation and that is what it is apt to be if the motive is votes rather than justice and common sense.

Ponzi

THE conviction of Ponzi, Boston's financial faker, on one of the several charges against him, was expected and has caused but little comment. When the "wizard," as thousands called him, went to jail and stayed there, the blind faith of the multitudes vanished. Nothing discredits a wizard so much as being kept in jail.

The experience of thousands of honest people who lost their savings in Mr. Ponzi's scheme should serve to discourage the promotion of any more such get-rich-quick fakes for a time at least. Eventually, of course, there will be another glib individual with a new way of promising something for nothing, but for the present, perhaps, gentry of this type will find the pickings rather hard.

A review of the whole course of the Ponzi case, however, will show that the state and Federal authorities are partially to blame for the magnitude of his operations. He was allowed to do business wholly unmolested for months and during all that time the gold of the trusting depositors was flowing across his counter in a steady stream.

It would have been just as easy to have ordered Ponzi to suspend operations during the first month that he was in business as it was to do so after he had been accepting deposits for nine months. And such an order would have saved hundreds of thousands of dollars to the people of Boston and vicinity.

Having disposed of Ponzi, would it not be well to inquire into the negligence of the officials who are supposed to protect the public from such adventurers?

Give Them a Chance

THE story is told of President Lincoln who, while walking one day in the park with a friend, turned back for some distance to assist a beetle which had gotten upon its back, and lay upon the walk with its legs sprawling and kicking, vainly trying to turn itself over. The President righted it, and the beetle scurried off into the shrubbery. The friend expressed surprise that the President, burdened as he was at that time with the cares of the Civil War, should find time to spare to assist a bug.

"Well," said Lincoln, a smile lighting up his homely face and making it almost beautiful, "do you know if I had left that bug struggling there on his back, I wouldn't have felt just right. I wanted to put him on his feet and give him an equal chance with all the other bugs of his class."

It was this trait in Lincoln's character—the wanting to give everybody an equal chance—that endeared him to millions of his countrymen.

There are many people in this world who have not an equal chance with their fellows to lead a clean and honest life. They begin with a millstone around their necks. From their birth, their training is neglected, their opportunity to forge ahead is menaced by their surroundings, their ambitions have never been aroused, and their whole chance of advancement is limited by reason of this unequal start.

The boy, born amid squalid surroundings, of sinister parentage, and allowed to grow up without a word of counsel or encouragement as to how he should proceed to make a man of himself, has not an equal chance with those who are born into more favorable conditions of life.

The girl, whose bringing up has been nil, whose playground is the street, and whose companions the product of the same strata of society to which she herself belongs, when she reaches the time when the womanhood within her—crushed and stifled and almost smothered, perhaps, but still there—yearns for something better than the life she is then living, often finds that she has not the moral stamina to breast the eddies and cross-currents which beset her in her battle against the winds of adversity. She goes down with the tide because she never had an equal chance with others who, with stronger wills and a better knowledge of life, succeeded where she failed.

The young man, because of the lack of early training to rely upon his own efforts, when suddenly thrown upon his own resources is at a disadvantage in the marts of business, and is likely to go down under the swirling rush of modern commercial life.

Many a young woman who had been taught to think only of self and pleasure and enjoyment, and to give no thought to the practical things of life, has stood aghast when wealth has taken wings, and the necessity for work confronted her.

And all this because the majority of men and women will not turn back in their mad onward rush for wealth, pleasure or happiness, to assist the fallen one to regain his feet once more.

Take a little time, and see if you cannot help some one less fortunate than yourself. Let your interest go out to those who are struggling against circumstances which have bound them down through no fault of their own, and see if you cannot make things a little less hard for them.

Put out your hand, and raise a fellow being who has fallen to his feet once more, and give him an equal chance with others of his class.

Remember how President Lincoln, amid the cares and worries which were pressing upon him with almost overwhelming force, stopped long enough to assist a bug to its feet again. Go out of your way the next time you see a person who has fallen, and raise him to his feet. Give him a chance in the race of life, once more, and see if you do not feel happier than you ever have been before, because of your act.

Action Needed

IT IS well that the authorities are stirring to the menace of unrestricted immigration that has been and is flooding into the country through Ellis Island. The inquiries instituted reveal that millions are awaiting passage at the Baltic ports and these millions for the most part have been characterized as a low-grade type of immigrant, non-producers, diseased, illiterate.

We know, of course, that there is a place in the United States for the desirable immigrant. He is welcome and will readily find his niche in the scheme of things. But there must be discrimination. The bars must be up, firmly in place, against those whose destructive tendencies will not permit them to enter into the spirit of free America.

Let us have action before the flood becomes a tidal wave threatening engulfment.