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### A Naval Holiday

THE rapidity with which the suggestion for a naval holiday is winning approval should be encouraging not only to the friends of peace but to all those who have hoped for the curtailment of government expenditures. There is no doubt that the United States today holds the balance of power in the question of whether competitive naval building programs are to continue. The only other nations which compare with us on the sea today are Great Britain and Japan. Great Britain leads us, but by so small a margin that should our present plans be carried out we will pass the ancient Mistress of the Seas within a relatively short time. Japan, building ships feverishly, claims that she is actuated purely by distrust of the naval program of the United States. Therefore the initiative in this movement lies with us.

No doubt the proposal will be treated with scorn by the proponents of the "big navy" idea, yet it is to be noticed in this connection that no less prominent an adherent of American supremacy on the seas than Secretary Daniels agrees that universal curtailment of naval expenditures would be a wise step. Mr. Daniels has said in the past that the United States must either enter the League of Nations or have a Navy second to none. But he has never said that he thought the Navy should be twice or three times its present size and strength. It might be half as large and, if Great Britain and Japan kept their force on a similar scale, provide us with exactly as much safety as it does today.

We smile at the antics of a dog which chases its own tail. What must the gods think when they see nations paralleling one another in naval building programs which cost billions of dollars but which do not change the balance of power?

It is said that for the next 25 years the annual budget of the United States Government will not fall below three and one-half billion dollars. This means that taxes will not be appreciably lighter for a quarter of a century, if ever, and that unless some stern trimming is done they may be considerably higher. Politicians may talk about reducing expenses by cutting down government departments, and what they say may sound good from the platform and perhaps win votes, but even if the pledge is carried out it will butter few parsnips for the taxpayers.

It is well, of course, to begin by saving the pennies, but why stop there? Why talk about the necessity of cutting down the number of twenty-five hundred dollar clerks in Washington and overlook twenty-five million dollar battleships?

### Time to Stop This

ONE of the proudest boasts of the present century is its development of the principles of organization. Nations boast of the clock-like regularity of their railroad systems and of the ceaseless coming and going of their ships, all made possible by organization. They look back little more than a century to the prairie wagon and the sailing vessel and, comparing them with the transcontinental express and the ocean liner of today, declare that distance has been practically annihilated and that the organization of resources has been the moving agent.

Yet with hundreds of ships swinging idly at anchor and with barns and granaries in the United States and Canada bulging with the products of a great harvest, millions of people are starving to death in Eu-

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rope and China—dying for want of the food which is here in surplus.

Written out on paper the proposition seems simple enough. We have more food here than we need. Other parts of the world have less food than they require. In between lie idle ships. Yet the food does not move. It is obvious that with this situation existing there is no reason for famine and that only the lack of a comprehensive plan for beating the expense is responsible.

The Navy yards wherein are built great engines of destruction resound with activity. Scientists are calculating the possibilities of new weapons of warfare to take lives in greater numbers than any known heretofore. We can organize for war, we can find the money and the means to provide for death and destruction but seemingly we are unable to perfect the machinery of organization which will make it possible for nations to save nations from famine.

Private philanthropy is the only means we appear to have discovered to date. It is not an adequate means, it never has been adequate and it never will be. As an expedient it might be applauded but as an adopted and established method it falls short. Simply because it is possible to form a bucket brigade at a fire is no reason for depending on bucket brigades to extinguish all fires.

Why not an international commission with international funds?

### The World of Make-Believe

SHE was an old lady of eighty who for years had not walked a dozen steps without assistance. He was a small boy of seven, with a crippled limb, who could not move without the use of a crutch. And these two were playing hide-and-go-seek together.

"You have three chances to guess where I'm hiding, Grandma," said the boy.

The old lady chuckled. "Behind the bush," she guessed.

"No."

"Back of that chair on the piazza."

"No, but you're getting warm."

"I know, under the couch."

The boy laughed gleefully.

"You've caught me," he said. "Now it's your turn to hide, Grandma."

All the afternoon the old lady and the boy of seven played the game together without moving from their chairs. They might have sat there, sick and heartsore because of their limitations, but instead they entered the world of make-believe and the hours were full of sunshine.

What an example for those men and women who are continually complaining and bemoaning what fate has brought them!

If you have big troubles, little ones, or imaginary ones, a good way to chase them from you is to take a trip into the land of make-believe.

Perhaps you are a man or woman in a country town, tied there by force of circumstances over which you have no control. You are doing your best, but the way seems irksome. You long for a wider range of vision, to travel and see the things which have so far been denied you. You want scenes besides those which are pertinent to your everyday life.

Make books your companions. Whenever you are weary of the things that are, read one which deals of distant lands. Put yourself in the place of the author and see the things he tells about, through his eyes. Make believe you are there yourself. One such trip a week will give you a new interest in life, and make the drudgery of your commonplace life easier to bear.

Perhaps you are bound to the city, with its rush and bustle and exacting conditions. You long for the hills and the fields, and day after day you must be at your desk, in the factory, the office or the store. At night take up a book like Van Dyke's "Little Rivers" and visualize the scenes which he depicts. It won't be long before you can hear the purl of the brook and the singing of the birds in the trees, instead of the noise of the street cars, and can breathe the perfume of the flowers which nod their heads in the warm summer breeze. Make believe you are there, with the man who tells the story, and feel the exhilaration of it all.

If your troubles are real ones, and you are confined within the four walls of your room, don't sit in gloom and count the figures on the wall paper. It won't do you any good. Take courage, and a trip to the land of make-believe through the medium of books, magazines and pictures. Let poetry unfold to you a new region of thought and purpose which you have never explored before. Think of the old lady of eighty and the boy of seven who could not walk, but who found happiness through playing hide-and-go-seek, through make-believe.

### The Margin of Safety

ALTHOUGH the story may be an old one, it is worth repeating, of the man who desired to engage a careful driver. There were several applicants for the position, and they were taken to where the road ran around the edge of a precipice. "Now," said the employer, "I want each one of you to tell me how near you can drive to the edge with safety."

The men walked the length of the road, examined it carefully, peered over the edge into the ravine below, and then made their reports.

"I would drive not nearer than two feet," said the first man. "I would go as close as one foot," reported another. "I am an expert driver," said the third, "I could drive within six inches of the edge with perfect safety."

The fourth man spoke slowly.

"I do not know how near to the edge I could drive with safety," he said. "I wouldn't try to find out. I would keep as far away from the edge of the cliff as possible."

He got the job.

There are many people, and their name is legion, who always try to see how near they can come to a fire and yet not get burned. They are not content to keep as far away from danger as possible, they must flirt with it. They will venture to where the sparks are flying and there is a likelihood of their getting singed and burned.

The woman who, while really upright, plays with the fire of temptation, and risks her reputation that she may enjoy the excitement of a clandestine meeting or an indiscreet act is trying to see how near to the precipice she can get without falling over and braving a plunge to the rocks below.

The young man who endangers his business position and social standing through the frequenting of questionable resorts and making companions of those who have an unsavory reputation believes that his position is so secure that he can drive near the edge of the precipice with immunity, but there is always danger that the ground may crumble and sink beneath his feet, and that he may drop into the abyss that is waiting to receive him.

The business man, the politician, the statesman, the professional man, the woman of society, the youth, the maiden of tender years, who are trying to see how near to the fire they can get without being burned, who are endeavoring to drive as close to the edge of the precipice as possible without going over, are one and all courting danger.

They are all blinded with the glamour of the game of chance which they are playing, and in which they are almost certain to lose, and go over the brink of the cliff to destruction.

One cannot play with fire without getting burned; one cannot associate with the low and vicious, even if they be garbed in the clothes of a gentleman or lady, without to some measure becoming smeared with the filth which is underneath their garments of respectability. A man or woman, a boy or girl, cannot afford to see how near to the danger line they can go before they pay the penalty.

### Mock Heroics

WHEN the government of Italy finally decided to stop humoring D'Annunzio and to treat him as the rebel he was so fond of proclaiming himself, the poet changed his mind about spilling his life's blood and, according to advices, mounted his airplane and fled to safety.

A year ago the world was rather inclined to admire the daring and spirit of the poet-aviator. It is conceivable even that if the Italian Government had moved against him at Fiume when his fine frenzy was at its height, that he might have attracted so much sympathy and his friends have proved so embarrassing that there would have been a national tragedy. But the Italian Government was wise. It knew the value of waiting. It left D'Annunzio alone and the longer it ignored him the less seriously the world looked upon him.

The world likes high notes now and then but when a hero hangs to them like a curbstone quartet to a barber shop chord, common folk become weary. They would tire even of watching Napoleon standing by the sea at St. Helena or of seeing the boy munch peanuts on the burning deck.

Really, though, the world expected something better of D'Annunzio than his parting words at Fiume. "I have decided," he said, "that Italy is not worth dying for." That sentiment from a man who has been threatening every day and sometimes twice a day to spill his blood for his country, will make the world chuckle.

Even the poet's friends should be satisfied by this time that he is not a second Garibaldi.