

The Way of a Spinning Top

There are some things that are simply past the reach of the human mind.

As the Psalmist said: "Such things are too wonderful for me; they are high; I cannot attain unto them."

One of these things is the way in which a spinning top will fall.

It pictures so many problems.

For instance, first of all, meteorology. If we wonder why scientists, with all their knowledge, cannot predict the path of the winds, the movement of heats and humidities, and the cause of cyclones, we should reflect that the unstable air is like the spinning top. The masses of the atmosphere are the most fluid of Nature's legions. The axes of Boreas and his fellow chauffeurs turn upon the ball-bearings of nothing. The determining factors of the weather are so variant and minute that the mind that can judge them accurately must be as infinite in infinitesimals as that mind must be gigantic which can grasp the cyclopean antics of the stars.

Forty Einsteins and Newtons could not tell you the figure a feather will describe in falling from a flying bird.

Public opinion is much like the wind. Managers say no human power can tell what play will succeed. Publishers declare that the success of a book is beyond mortal foretelling.

We saw Dewey acclaimed after his victory at Manila, and the next day unpopular by a public whim. And Wilson at the top of world popularity suddenly rejected by his countrymen.

History is crowded with instances when favorites of fortune toppled.

So that sometimes we are tempted to call Lincoln fortunate, who was killed at fame's psychologic moment.

And we think that Elijah made a lucky escape when he went up in a chariot of fire, and wise Moses was never wiser than when he disappeared.

A green and comfortable old age is reserved for the inconspicuous.

The bareback rider in the circus and the tight-rope walker over Niagara have safe callings compared to those that ride the capricious steeds of fame.

The spinning top, it illustrates many things, even if it explains nothing.

It is no solution, but a good symbol.

Where will it fall? Where will be the decision of a petty jury, which some lawyer declared to be one of the things the Almighty does not know?

And what will a woman do next? And what will your child grow up to be?

And is your particular stock in the market going up or down? And what will the weather be tomorrow?

And what shall be the day of the year, of the week, and what shall be the hour of the day, when friend Death, that is coming after you (*aequa pede pulsat*), shall touch you on the shoulder?

We peer with charlatans, we listen to witches peep and mutter, we sagely predict with general laws, and we know what is in the womb of Tomorrow no more than the Greek priest who gazed upon the intestines of a new-slain lamb and watched the wayward flight of birds.

We need not go afar to find the sheer abysses of ignorance, nor to the poles nor the Pleiades, for who can tell which way a spinning top will fall?

The March of Events

The Russian Soviet government has registered with the Secretariat of the League of Nations the agreement made with the American Relief Commission. By formally accepting and registering this document, the League of Nations recognizes the All-Russian Soviet as the government of that country.

Russia is bankrupt and hungry now. But, as Lloyd George said, no real statesman would think of leaving the vast potential power of Russia out of future calculations. We have repeatedly said that the Soviet government should be recognized for reasons of world politics and the general welfare of all nations. It is far better that Russia should have an international standing, even under a bad government, than no standing at all. We never hesitated to recognize the atrocious and treacherous government which the Russian revolution destroyed. And no matter how bad the Soviet government may be, it certainly is no worse for the world at large than the Romanoff despotism.

Fortunately famine and pestilence seem about to win for Russia what neither diplomacy nor arms could win—readmission to the Family of States.

The President vigorously and effectively put down the lawlessness of the West Virginia coal miners. There was nothing else to do then. But there is something else to be done now. We hope it will be done.

We hope that the President will as vigorously and effectively put down the lawlessness of the West Virginia mine owners.

These men are just as lawless as the men who marched against their mine properties.

They are organized to underpay their workers and to overcharge the public. Essentially and fundamentally they are a band of plunderers.

They hire gunmen to shoot and kill union laborers, exactly as some union laborers employ guns against their properties and non-union workers.

They corrupt and control the politics and the officials of the State and the counties, and release or imprison whom they will, in utter disregard of justice and legal rights.

Now that the Government has put an end to the lawlessness of the exasperated mine workers it ought to put an end to the lawlessness of these mine operators, who exasperate, underpay and enslave the workers and profiteer upon the public through their plundering organization.

The Government has sauced the goose. Now let it sauce the gander.

The fundamental cause of poor business is lack of money and confidence. The country is just as full of raw materials, plants, transportation lines, fertile farms, workers and consumers as it was when everything was booming along a year ago. But money is scarce.

What's the use of having an automobile and no gasoline or lubricant? Money is the gas that makes the business machine go. When the governors of the Federal Reserve set about reducing the volume of currency in order to make the dollar worth more by making it scarcer, they played havoc with production and consumption and trade by doing it too drastically.

We would be back to good times in a very little while if reasonable encouragement were given in the form of loans for constructive uses.

A MELLON CUTTING

(With no apologies to Webster.)

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There was no money in our Treasury, the folk at Washington told us, for our soldiers—they would have to wait. But though England owes us nearly four thousand millions of principal and deferred interest, we could pay her \$32,000,000 for ship space used when we were sending those soldiers across to keep her from defeat.

THEY'RE HUMAN
BY William Atherton Du Puy

Now that the Philippine question is again to the fore it is interesting to go back with Congressman Henry Allen Cooper, scholarly statesman from Wisconsin, into those days, twenty years ago, when our policy toward those islands was just taking shape.

Mr. Cooper, chairman of the House Committee on the Philippines, believed that they should be given a degree of self-government, an elective assembly, for instance. There was hardly a friend for this proposal in either house. The Philippines were denounced as savages incapable of civilized living.

Mr. Cooper was borne down by the weight of opinion against him. One night he paused in front of a bookstore. There before him was a volume entitled "An Eagle's Flight," written by Jose Rizal, a Filipino. He went in and bought it.

As a part of the preface to this book there was a poem by the author, written on the eve of his execution by the Spaniards. It was a classic that has few superiors in any language. It was as dramatic as Emmet's oration.

When Mr. Cooper made his speech for his measure creating a Filipino assembly he told the story of Jose Rizal and read the poem he had written on the eve of death and hidden in his lamp.

Jose Rizal through the power of his poem won a measure of self-government for his people.

Congressman A. L. Kline of New York is a big, genial, elderly gentleman, who likes to gossip about the twenty years he spent in groceries on lower Broadway and the twenty additional years that he devoted to Republican politics, with the Borough of Kings as a base.

He wanted to get it in his record, he said, that he had served as mayor of the greatest city in the world. So, while alderman, he got himself chosen vice chairman of the board of estimate and appointment. John Purroy Mitchel, afterward mayor, was president of that board, and Judge Gaynor was then mayor. Kline was thus third in succession.

At the first meeting of the board Mr. Mitchel was sick and Kline presided. Not much time had passed when both his superiors were ill and he was acting mayor. Then, in 1913, Judge Gaynor died and Kline filled his post for four months.

All of which is an argument for getting one's self in line.

When the disarmament Congress, with a sideline of Far Eastern affairs, meets in Washington, none will have a better background for understanding its problems than Edwin Denby, Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Denby lived ten years in China as a young man, actually learning to read the Chinese and Japanese a bit. Oriental history is his hobby. He knows all about Genghis Khan, who is probably the greatest conqueror of all history, operating from China west about a thousand years ago. The Secretary of the Navy might be a handy man at this conference, knowing both the Far East and the navy as he does.

Once-Overs

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THE GOLDEN RULE.
What have you done today that would injure the interests of another?
Have you reported some scandal of which you have no proof?
How would you like such an untruthful evil report started about you?
How often do you stop to think of the golden rule before circulating stories derogatory to others?
If every person were guided by the "how would I feel" attitude there would be fewer scandal-mongers in the country.
There are too few who ever think of the golden rule.
You break it—we all break it—every day, and yet it would save many a headache and many a heartbreak if we would let the golden rule sink in.

Mr. B. Baer
FAT AND SOBER.

PROHIBITION is making free and equal citizens fatter. Business man's lunch now consists of food. Can't get any stagger fuel. Booze garages are closed like sunflower at twilight.

NOTHING to do now but eat hearty. Old-time routine was one snifter at bar. Then two tours to free lunch bench. When old-fashioned taxpayer used to get hungry he would crash swinging doors and knock over row of nimble steins. His beer muscles were highly developed. He had drinking sinews and whiskey tendons like iron bands.

THEN prohibition stepped in like porch climber in night and blew beer out from under foam. No more does Uncle Charley's nose glisten like rainbow on lost sparkling drops of suds on his scrambled mustache. They used to name baby "Rosy" after Uncle Charley's nose. But now they name baby "Nero" after Uncle Charley's beer.

OLD-TIMER used to mistake thirst for hunger. Outside of several punitive expeditions to free lunch counter his meal consisted mostly of good intentions and bad liquor.

POOR home cooking was responsible for driving our better class of worse citizens into booze foundries. But now they have to stick home and mop up poor home menus. And they're getting fat at it.

NOTHING to do but eat. Wild life now consists of dinner, supper and breakfast. Gay primrose paths closed for repairs and boys are detouring on morose delicatessen boulevard.

BOLOGNA takes place of champagne. Cold stew instead of sparkling Burgundy. Sardines instead of punch. All wild women are now cooks. Nothing to drink but nothing.

MILK and crackers instead of booze and wise crackers.

In married life every man is considered guilty until he can prove an alibi.

Can the Chicago department store that ordered all its female employees to let their hair grow be referred to as a "hair restorer?"

Employer (Interviewing applicant for clerical position)—Are you good at figures?
Applicant (modestly)—Well, I was lifeguard at a popular bathing beach.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP
Registered U. S. Patent Office.
By K. C. B.

I'VE THREE straw hats.
AGAIN THIS year.
TWO DIRTY straw hats.
AND ANOTHER one.
THAT OUGHT to be dirty.
BY THURSDAY next.
AND ON that day.
I'M GOING to take.
THE THREE of them.
IN MY auto car.
AND WHEN lunch time comes.
I KNOW a place.
WHERE THEY have a boy.
WHO GOES insane.
AT THE sight of a hat.
AND RUSHES at you.
AND TAKES it away.
OF IF by chance.
HE MISSES you.
AND YOU hide your hat.
IN AN empty chair.
HE COMES snooping in.
AND TAKES it away.
AND LEAVES a check.
AND I'LL go there.
AND CHECK a hat.
THE DIRTIEST hat.
AND I'LL leave it there.
AND THEY can bury it.

OR BURN it.
OR ANY old thing.
AND THE other hats.
WILL GO likewise.
THE ONE at dinner.
AND I'LL go to a show.
AND AFTER the show.
I'LL LEAVE the third.
ON THE Waldorf-roof.
THEY'VE BEEN good hats.
AND SERVED me well.
AND HOW much it cost.
TO BUY them back.
FROM HAT check boys.
AND HAT check girls.
I'LL NEVER know.
BUT ON Thursday night.
THE WORM will tug.
AND AT closing time.
IN THE restaurants.
WHERE I have been.
THE HAT check boys.
WILL BE heard to say.
"THERE'S A guy in here."
"THAT HASN'T gone out."
FOR HERE'S his hat.
I THANK you.

CLUCK! CLUCK!
He was Congressman from one of the rural districts up-State, and when on the stump was never bashful about telling his hearers why they ought to support him.

"I am a practical farmer," he cried. "I can plough, reap, milk cows, shoe a horse—in fact, I should like someone to tell me something I can't do."

Then, from the back of the hall, out of the impressive silence, came a voice: "Can you lay an egg?"

"The Jewish Mind"

THE stupidity that shows itself in anti-Jewish prejudice shows itself often in well-meaning, entirely provincial, ignorant minds.

For instance, you read in a little weekly, not worth mentioning, an article; "The Jewish Mind in These States."

The writer of the article is an earnest, honest, sincere, well-meaning man. It is not his fault that he describes and criticizes Jews as a leghorn hen might describe a steam engine. You couldn't expect a leghorn hen to have much sympathy for a steam engine, and, of course, the steam engine wouldn't pay much attention to the leghorn hen if it came cackling in its white feathers.

The trouble with us humans is that we have traveled different paths and are still too far apart to understand each other.

What one unimportant individual says about Jews and the "Jewish Mind in These States" is not important to Jews, but it is important to intelligent Gentiles, who know that bigotry, especially ignorant, well-meaning bigotry, is dangerous.

The writer mentioned selects for his victim a woman, Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes. And he quotes her thus: "Much as I love the Stars and Stripes, I love the red flag better."

Picking out one thing that one particular Russian Jewess may or may not have said, the writer condemns hundreds of thousands of the most useful, hard-working, liberty-loving inhabitants of this country.

"Much as I love the Stars and Stripes, I love the red flag better." That is a poor, silly saying, scarcely excused by the fact that its author has seen the misery of life and perhaps been mentally upset by it.

But how does it compare with another saying that, as that writer well knows, is in the minds of many of the richest Americans, including some for whom he has written for pay?

He knows that many enormously rich Gentiles, if their thoughts could be read, would be found thinking: "Much as I love the Stars and Stripes, I love the dollar sign better."

Some of the most powerful men in this country, hiring the ablest lawyers in this country, attack and break year after year the laws of the United States, which are the laws of the Stars and Stripes. They do this, because, much as they love the Stars and Stripes, they love the dollar sign better.

A man of education should not condemn a religion, a people that have persistently opposed tyranny, that have suffered and died for their belief as no other has done. For a man to pick out one isolated saying of one Russian Jewess and on that condemn thousands of those who contribute to the very prosperity that he enjoys is unworthy and ungrateful.

Of course, the Jewish mind is "different from other minds." The mind of Spinoza, philosopher, is different from others. So is that of Heine. Do not underestimate that Jewish mind. He who died on Calvary had a Jewish mother.

The Jews in the Russian ghetto developed and kept alive the spirit of revolution that overthrew the Russian Czar and his grand dukes.

Be fair to the Jews. They are a great power, never stopping.

Take a walk on Fifth avenue below Twenty-eighth street at the noon hour. Listen to their talking and planning at a time when others rest or play cards or "loaf." You will find there many samples of the different "Jewish mind," and you will find power, energy unlimited, and that COUNTS.

Indians Give Example

THE Passamaquoddy Indians, of Princeton, Maine, claim that the State of Maine has treated them with bad faith. They assert that a grant of land by Massachusetts, before Maine separated from Massachusetts, has not been honored by Maine and has been distributed among white settlers for ridiculous prices.

They propose to employ counsel to sue in a white man's court of justice. We hope that they will obtain justice in the white man's court.

The Indian chief has called a great powwow of his tribe to consider ways and means of maintaining their rights. All the tribe will assemble, squaws included, and they will discuss the issues and decide the policies in open meetings, practicing what the once great chief of the white Americans preached, but did not practice—"open covenants openly arrived at."

Under our laws we deal with the Indians as we deal with aliens—by treaty. We are about to deal with other aliens on the question of disarmament. Alien whites from across the great waters are to gather here in Washington in a great white powwow to find ways and means by treaty to effect a disarmament of the world.

There is strange and disturbing evidence of a considerable demand for secret discussions. Our disaster at Versailles and the fall of a great man from the loftiest pinnacle of fame has not been enough to satisfy certain classes of Americans that we ought to have "open covenants openly arrived at."

The excuse which the advocates of secret discussions now make is that if we insisted upon open conferences we might offend the representatives of the other nations who are accustomed to secret conferences. If that is the case we had better not have any conferences at all, for nothing good will come of a secret conference.

We must all stand behind Senator Borah and his associates, who are demanding an open conference.