

More Trouble For the World

MOST of us ordinary citizens are kept so busy preparing to pay the next instalment of the income tax, settling household accounts and keeping track of the Stillman case that we do not really know what is going on in the world. The following announcement made at the commencement exercises of Columbia University comes, therefore, with something of a shock:

"Dr. Cassius Jackson Keyser, professor of mathematics, predicted that a world evolution in thought would flow from the philosophical doctrine of Count Alfred Korzybski, the Polish engineer, who contradicts the theory of the ancients that man is a species of animal. Dr. Keyser asserted that the human race has been hampered by the false conception of the ancients."

There you are. The entire foundation of our cherished beliefs is about to be knocked into a cocked hat, and this is the first we hear of it. And by Al Korzybski, of all men!

Some intellectual grafters, to be sure, will probably come forward now and claim that they always suspected it. They will say that a comparison between the life of the bee or the ant or the dog or the horse and the life of the human race, particularly in the past six years, proves that man descended from something much lower than an animal. And, very likely, they will insist that he didn't descend at all, but just fell with a crash.

But, we must confess, it is news to us. And sad news, too, because the world has trouble enough without being saddled with another evolution. One preacher announces that the world is being ruined by the tendency of young people to play craps, another predicts a special cataclysm because women's dresses begin too late and end too soon at the other end, and still another declares that drink and motion pictures will bring civilization to an end. All this is very depressing. And now comes this new evolution which is bound to spill all the remaining beans.

It is a pity that Professor Keyser did not make Al's theory a little clearer. If man is not a species of animal, what is he a species of? Of course it is well known that certain individuals are a species of cheese. But that cannot account for the majority of the human race, because cheese is too expensive.

Are All Men Born Equal?

A missionary, Rev. David R. Horton, brings four children of Bushmen, South African savages, semi-dwarfs. Until the missionary got them, these little savages never wore clothes. They will learn to read, eat with a fork, ride in elevators and subways, without being frightened. They can be taught to run an automobile, locomotive, even a flying machine. They can become clergymen, they can vote. But they cannot be taught to think in the real sense of the word. Just how long would it take to create the possibility of real thinking processes in these primitive minds? So undersized savages were bred continuously, without intermixture of another race, how much could be done toward making thinkers of them in say ten thousand years. Not much probably.

Such a statement annoys those who think men born equal. They are born entitled to equal justice, equal opportunity, but not equals.

The March of Events

MR. GOMPERS asserts that the German labor unions were responsible for the war because they did not refuse, when called upon, to serve their government.

But Mr. Gompers very enthusiastically approved the imprisonment of British, French, Italian or American labor union men who refused, when called upon, to serve their governments in the war. And Mr. Gompers very decidedly condemns those Irishmen who refused, when called upon by the English government, to serve in the war.

Mr. Gompers also admits that the peace treaty was a very bad treaty, but excuses this on the ground that it was negotiated by democracies, which are bound to make bad mistakes because they are democracies—and arrives at the conclusion that a bad treaty made by democracies is better than a good treaty made by an Emperor or King.

When one reflects that the peace "treaty" was actually dictated and signed by two Emperors and five Kings, the mental processes by which Mr. Gompers arrives at his conclusions are confusing, to say the least.

Also, when one reflects that it was the government of George V, Emperor and King, which the Irish democracy refused to serve, Mr. Gompers' denunciation of the German workers because they did not refuse to serve an Emperor and King, and Mr. Gompers' denunciation of the Irish workers because they did—and do—refuse to serve an Emperor and King, lead one to believe that the wheels of Mr. Gompers' thinking machinery run in different directions simultaneously.

The fact is that Gompers is a narrow-minded and hopeless reactionary, and a thoroughly Tory Briton at heart—and for both reasons utterly unrepresentative of and utterly unfit for the leadership of progressive American trade unionism.

James H. Thomas, English labor leader, told the American Federation of Labor that the British unions are willing to grant Ireland home rule, but not independence. Mr. Thomas added that England had been trying to solve the Irish question for more than one hundred years, and that it was foolish to think that Americans, living three thousand miles away, could offer any solution when England had failed to find one.

Mr. Thomas forgets that onlookers see moves in any game better than the interested players. It is precisely because we are three thousand miles away from the atmosphere of prejudice and national passion that we Americans can see how the Irish question should be solved.

There are only two possible solutions, anyway.

One of these is to recognize Ireland's right to self-government.

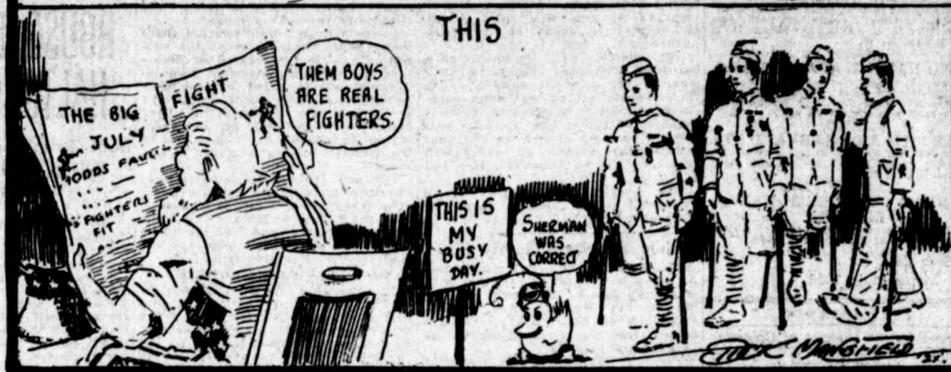
The other is to maintain English rule over Ireland by military force and terrorization.

We prefer the first solution, because it would be infinitely better for both England and Ireland.

The objection urged by Mr. Thomas that Irish independence would be a menace to England, and that England cannot permit the danger of Ireland providing enemy submarine bases in case of war, is one of those silly catch-phrases which we are surprised to hear from Mr. Thomas.

Even a child might be able to see that an independent Ireland would be far more friendly to England than an Ireland dragooned and held down by brutal force—and that an independent and friendly Ireland would be far less apt to shelter enemy submarines than a bitterly hostile Ireland.

Fighters



Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

Registered U. S. Patent Office.
By K. C. B.

FROM OUT of the midst.
OF ALL the grandeur.
OF THE Ziegfeld Follies.
WITH ITS picture girls.
AND GORGEOUS gowns.
AND ITS dreams come true.
OF AN artist's mind.
THERE COMES a spot.
WHERE PICTURE girls.
AND GORGEOUS gowns.
ARE PUT aside.
AND ALL that shows.
IS AN alley way.
OFF A city street.
AND CITY kids.
IN TATTERED clothes.
AND ONE of the kids.
IS OUR friend Joe Schenk.
WITH HIS little voice.
THAT CRITICS will say.
REALLY ISN'T a voice.
BUT THAT to me.
IS A vibrant chord.
ON WHICH Joe plays.
AND STANDING there.
JOE SINGS of Sally.
AND WANTS her back.

"FOR THE earth.
"CANNOT DO without sunshine.
"AND THE flowers.
"CANT LIVE without dew.
"A WOODS without birds.
"A SONG without words.
"AND THE alley.
"CANT DO without you."
IT'S A Gene Buck song.
AND WHEN it's through.
THERE IS more applause.
FOR THE tattered kid.
AND THE newsboy voice.
THAN FOR all the songs.
THAT HAVE gone before.
OR THAT follow it.
AND I'VE wondered why.
AND I don't quite know.
UNLESS IT is.
THAT EVENING gown.
AND MEN'S dress clothes.
ARE JUST stage clothes.
THAT WE all wear.
TO MAKE believe.
WE'RE DIFFERENT.
FROM THE alley folk.



Mr. B. Baer

SKIRT LEAGUE OF KNEE SHINERS.
With personal liberty registering six amendments below zero, we are much agitated by Congressman's effort to put millinery and dress bulldoze on shriller sex.
Flapper's Welfare Bureau wants rouge inhalers to dress with becoming modesty. Which doesn't mean anything so numerous on fashion's adding machine. Modesty being name of Mr. Stillman's yacht.
Peek-a-boo waist, peek-a-boo skirt are to be targets of blue-tinted legislation.
Every day is moral Monday with reformers. They throw lots of blueine into amendment laundry. But they step on their judicial chin when they start busking sapperettes what they are going to wear. There is no half-way compromise with little dahlinks. All or none is their battle scream. If they can't wear all they'll wear none. An ankle excursion up Fifth avenue will prove this.
Take away sister's rouge, rolled hose, stubbed skirts, waistless sleeves and double V backs. What is left? Even Justice tears the bandage from its eyes to take a look.
No law can compel fair treatment of unfair Americans to wear gingham gowns, sunbonnets and rubber boots.
Congress may put burlap bags on potatoes, cheese-cloth on cheese, labels on bread, but they can't put gingham on sweet vofettes. Woman is not only going to wear what she wants to, but when she wants to. And ladies' tailor bill is one bill Congress can't pass without paying.
If Congress is wise, they'll lay off telling ladies what to do and turn their short-circuited brains on half-baked peace treaty, Einstein theory and chances of reelection.
Present Congress starts passing laws with scissors and yardsticks on dress problems, they will be left in back porch like Mr. Cox and Mr. Roosevelt. Because if votes are cast tickets, they'll have to walk.
HUMAN LIFE.
The average duration of human life is about thirty-three years. One-quarter of the people on earth die before attaining six years of age, one-half before attaining sixteen years of age, and only one person of each 100 reaches the age of sixty-five. Deaths are estimated to occur at the rate of sixty-seven a minute, 97,790 a day, and 35,639,835 a year; births are seventy a minute, 100,800 a day, and 36,792,000 a year.

HUMANISMS

William Atherton Du Puy
A minister up in Michigan acquired preacher's sore throat from talking too much and because of this a blonde young woman was started on a career which has led her to become one of the few women who occupy departmental posts in the Harding Government.
The woman in question is Mrs. Haviland H. Lund, expert in rural organization, attached to the office of the Secretary of the Interior. This minister, who had to leave his job, took up life insurance. He explained that the one logical opportunity for people with education and no means was soliciting. It was their open door.
This sounded reasonable, so the young woman decided to get her training as a book agent. She did so well that, in six months, she was offered the agency for a whole State. But instead she went down to Chicago and presented herself at the offices of a big insurance company.
"We don't hire women," they said. "We don't want to see them around." The day of woman in business had not then dawned.
"You wouldn't mind me," ventured the girl from Michigan.
W. W. Husband, now Commissioner General of Immigration, was in Berlin two weeks after the signing of the armistice.
One day he went to see Dr. Solf, who was temporarily at the head of the government.
Could Mr. Husband tell him, he wanted to know where Herbert Hoover was. The interest was gone in Foch, Pershing & Co. They were interested in the man with the food.
Mr. Husband said he did not know. Dr. Solf said they knew Hoover had left London the night before, that he had been in Harra at 9 that morning, they could not find out whether he had gone to Paris or Brussels.
It looked, though, as if the defeated Germans still had an information staff that was working pretty well.
Another incident of that time that impressed upon him the nature of the German, says Mr. Husband, was the day that the Spartacus forces attempted to seize the government. Most of the action was obligingly right in front of his hotel. There was a little park there about as big as a half square. It was densely thronged.
But not once did those throngs forget that the grass was "forbidden" and not once did they step off the walks and paths and on to it.
There is no other people in the world, he thinks, that is so well disciplined and so amenable to it.
Fred C. Kelly, the author and humorist, is in private an inordinate practical joker.
He chuckled for a month over a little trick he played not long ago at the book table of a department store.
He was idly turning over the books, largely for lack of anything better to do, and a lot of other people were fiddling around in a most desultory, not to say trifling, way.
Kelly observed an idea that he figured would wake them up.
He took from his pocket a dollar bill. Then he turned the leaves of the book in the same careless way that he had been using.
Presently the dollar fell out. His pressed his hand down upon it, closed upon it, glanced furtively around and slipped it into his pocket.
But the other shoppers had seen. They grasped the idea. The proprietor of that store had hidden dollar bills in the books. They would find some of them. They went steadily and earnestly to work. Their activity increased. Presently they were clawing wildly through those books.
And Kelly stood by and chuckled.
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What Is Holding the Eagle Down?



ART YOUNG'S INCOMPLETE PICTURE.

THIS is a picture that Arthur Young, able young artist, prints in his "Good Morning." Mr. Young feels things very keenly, and what he lacks in the way of seeing both sides of a question he makes up largely by seeing HIS side very powerfully.

Here he shows you what he thinks is the matter with humanity. Humanity is an eagle. It WANTS to fly, it COULD fly, and it WOULD fly, but the heavy iron ball of "Industrial Slavery" is fastened to its neck.

In other words, according to Mr. Young, humanity is perfect, a beautiful eagle; all it needs is to have somebody cut it loose from industrial slavery. If that could happen it would fly up among the clouds and be happy ever after.

Industrial slavery, the dull routine of a dull job, certainly keeps many of us from being as happy as we THINK we might be. It keeps others of us also from the worst kind of unhappiness, which is IDLENESS.

The trouble with Mr. Young's picture is that one or two features are lacking. He should have had a ball fastened to the eagle's leg, labeled, "Laziness and Ignorance."

Industrial slavery after all represents PROGRESS. It is a bad system, a stupid system, in which men work because they are FORCED to, and not because they love the work.

But Mr. Young hates and blames it more than he should. The fact is that humanity is NOT an eagle with wings ready to fly, if somebody would kindly stop holding it down.

The industrial slave is not branded with a red-hot iron. He isn't sold like an ox or a horse. If the factory over his head is sold, of course, he sometimes goes with it, but he individually can walk away from it.

Industrial slavery will be replaced some day by emulative effort and attractive industry.

But Mr. Young hates and blames it more than he should. The fact is that humanity is NOT an eagle with wings ready to fly, if somebody would kindly stop holding it down.

Humanity is a tadpole, an undeveloped thing, it hasn't learned to think. Ninety per cent of it has no real ambition. Ninety per cent of it has no capacity or DESIRE for thought.

Ninety per cent of it needs to be FORCED to work, and otherwise it would not work.

Ninety per cent of the people living, if you gave them each fifty thousand dollars, would be poor again in two years.

And ninety per cent of the people now living, if you gave them each ten dollars or twenty-five or fifty dollars a day, would simply spend the ten, or twenty-five, or more in very miserable, common, cheap ways for satisfying the cheap side of their nature.

And they would be worse off with twenty-five or fifty dollars a day, taking life too self-indulgently, than they would be with five dollars a day or less and WORKING.

Humanity is not a beautiful bird being held down. There is something the matter with THE BIRD also. And Mr. Young and others who undertake to teach the bird should not forever say to the bird: "Poor bird, YOU are perfect. But wicked men won't let you fly." Mr. Young and others should occasionally tell the bird what is the matter with the bird. That is what the bird really NEEDS to hear.