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### This Amazing World

Those of us who take our citizenship seriously, and no doubt we all agree that for the sake of the home if for no other reason, we should do that, find that we have on our minds a good number of what Abraham Lincoln called "durable" questions.

Slavery was his particular durable question. It pursued him from boyhood to death. The reason that he contributed so greatly to its solution was that he never forgot it, tackled every phase of it as it came to the fore.

What are <sup>the</sup> our durable questions today? Well, there is <sup>directly-affecting the world</sup> the effort to oust the god of War from the planet. Not a new effort. The difference today is that it is far and away more general than it has ever been. Practically the whole world - a few dark spots excluded - seems to have come to the conclusion that if we have patience enough, the result is far from uncertain. Ever since the end of the Great War an attack has been going on which, on the whole, has been as successful as it has been persistent.

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It is interesting to note that however difficult it is to break a particular segment of the war line, however many times they are repulsed, the nations always come back to the attack. We are just about to tackle one of the really tough places - navies.

How big shall they be? Shall any nation, whatever its situation, build a navy that is so much bigger than any other nation's that it will be a continual menace, a cause of fear, possibly quite unjustifiable? That is, Can we work out navies which will balance one another? Five nations - England, Japan, France, Italy and the United States - are going into council in London in January to consider the matter. Keep your ears open, and exercise a little common sense over what you hear. Don't jump to the conclusion when the press reports a serious misunderstanding - as it surely will - that all is lost. Just say to yourself, "Of course it will take time to come to a common conclusion. Here are five nations, each having certain traditions, certain needs, real or fancied - five different minds. How are you going to make of them one mind? Not so easy. So be patient."

Moreover, if this naval conference, so important to your home, fails, as its predecessor did, say to yourself, "Too bad; but tomorrow is another day. We must have peace, however long it takes."

A durable question with which every woman particularly should try to familiarize herself is the tariff. We may or may not - probably not - have a tariff bill by the time these lines are printed; but, whether we do or not, that does not settle the tariff question.

It is one of these things, like the poor, always with us. The reason is plain enough. However good a tariff bill may be, what satisfies one group is almost certain to displease another. If the people who make shoes and grow the hides out of which shoes are made, get what they want, they are happy. But we, the wearers of shoes, are peeved. We pay more for our footwear because of the duties which please the makers of shoes and the growers of hides. Of course they try to pacify us by calling our attention to the increased home market, the improved general prosperity, which, they assure us, is our compensation for higher priced shoes. Maybe so. It is difficult to figure out, and because it is so difficult, it is the part of wisdom to ponder seriously on this troublesome and "durable" tariff question.

Has this second durable question to which I have been calling your attention, anything to do with the first? Is the tariff related to peace? Ask the man in the Argentine who wants to sell us hides - hides which we must have since we cannot raise enough of our own. Ask the Sicilian lemon grower. They will tell you we are unfriendly when we come to buy, friendly only when we sell. Do not take or reject their irritations without thinking it over. It is a more difficult question than it looks at first glance.

whichever side you are on. But think it over with this in mind - the peace of the world depends much less on the number of ships nations build than the number of irritants they throw off.

*Machine*  
*the* *Business is like a machine.* Let only one wheel stop. *in 1929*  
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let one run faster than the others, and the whole machine smashes

Consider your car. What happens to it when a wheel goes wrong?

Each part must do its work in perfect unison with all the others.

Last year an important wheel in the American business machinery - the stock market - lost its control and went wildly racing ahead of its companions. It took money by the basketful from big and little enterprises - money needed to build, to improve. Encouraged by reiterated assurances of prosperity in "high places" - even high places which are normally cautious, we all jumped on the spinning wheel, crying, "Nobody can stop us!" Nobody did, until the wheel jumped the road and scattered us all right and left, some of us in ruins.

Next time, may we not rightfully hope that those in high places will keep a closer watch on the speed of the various wheels of our business machine, see that they are running in harmony. It will be much wiser and simpler than putting us in a repair shop where we are now. However, let us be thankful that the repair shop is so well equipped, so well manned. With so remarkable a man at

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the top - that admirable person, President Herbert Hoover.

Mending broken parts takes a good deal of time here in the United States - vastly more than in any other country of the civilized world. We are continually smashing and continually mending our precious prosperity. And how we do smash our bones!

We used to believe that accidents were confined mainly to factories and mines. One of our loudest complaints against industry was that it killed men and women ruthlessly. We talked as if men and women were never killed anywhere else; but since those days we have been taken rigorously in hand by a great group of safety crusaders - men, and a very few women curiously enough, - who are following up accidents with more persistency even than the agents of the law follow up criminals. They have learned where accidents do happen, and how. And one of the surprising things they prove to us is that <sup>as</sup> many fatal accidents happen in the home as in all the industries of the country put together. That is something to think about.

The particular accident most often fatal in the home is the fall. Forty per cent. of all the accidental deaths in American homes in 1928 came from falls. And why should this be? The chief reason is that we are so inattentive where we step, how we step, what we step on, if we want to reach higher than we naturally can.

There is hardly one of us that has not had in his circle of friends, possibly in his own home, the sad experience of death by a fall - usually careless. As I am writing, my newspaper brings me a case in point. A young man working alone and late in his office, wants to close a big window. He cannot reach the top of the frame, and pulls up his office chair. It is on casters, and as he reaches out it naturally rolls back, and he plunges from the window to his death. How many of us in the same circumstances <sup>would</sup> have said to ourselves: "A chair on casters is a dangerous thing on which to stand." Nothing but the habit of seeing what is dangerous, and carefully avoiding it, will ever cut down this terrible toll of deaths in the home from falls.



The most interesting, and certainly the busiest small town on the face of the earth just now is "Little America", the metropolis and capital of Antarctica. It has ~~annexed to itself~~ <sup>heads</sup> a sizeable continent, one-half as large as all of North America - probably about 4,000,000 square miles. The population of Little America is small, to be sure, only forty men - no women. But oh, how choice! They moved in <sup>in</sup> about a year and a half ago, ~~planting~~ <sup>scrub</sup> their houses on ice, cutting their streets through ice - and floating ice at that, though

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the exact spot, it won't be long where he found it, that the Pole, as he put it, "will soon wander away and give another explorer a chance." If this be true, then the scientist has still a nice little task, that is, to lay out the course which the pole travels so that the next explorer who goes out will know where to look.

People who complain that there are no worlds left to conquer should consider what they do not know - what nobody knows. Truth is we have hardly scratched the surface of knowledge of this earth. Take the peoples and civilisations which preceded us. We don't know the why of the Sphinx, of the Druid remains. We don't know what became of the people that lived on Easter Island and built the great statues that are found there, many of them unfinished, the tools by which they were carved by their side. The world is full of mysteries. So cheer up! There is plenty left to discover - on the earth, not to speak of the skies above.

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And we should not forget when we speak of discoveries, the interior of the earth. One thing that seems fairly certain is that it is as hot as the South Pole is cold. Practical men, looking ahead a thousand years or so, when, as they figure, our coal fields will be exhausted, are considering whether it may not be entirely practical to use the heat of the interior of the earth

it is some 1600 feet down to the water on which their foundations float!

Young and small as it is, Little America has made a place for itself in the history of mankind which will never be wiped out. The achievement which is most important for the future, no doubt, is mapping for the first time some 150,000 square miles out of the 4,000,000. It is a picture map, made by a camera operated from a flying machine. One of these days that picture will be shown on our own screens. From comfortable chairs we can see practically all that Commander Byrd and his men saw in their flight to and from the South Pole. Take the children to see it. Increase the scale a hundred times more thoroughly. The inhabitants of Little America<sup>3</sup> will move out in a few months. May have already, ~~for~~ they have done all that they had in mind when they settled the town. But how about "Little America"? What will become of her? Will men in the future make pilgrimages to her ruins? Or will there be any ruins? Will not all of Little America that Commander Byrd leaves behind be preserved as long as Antarctica remains the icebox that it is today?

I hear people complaining since the South Pole has been reached that there is nothing left in the world to be discovered. But it will be a long time before scientists are done with the South Pole. One of them assures us that even if Commander Byrd did hit

*How do you think it will be?*

*It's interesting to see the children see this about it. I hope it will be interesting to see the children see this about it.*

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which is, from their point of view, now going to waste. That that heat produces hot water, steam, we have evidence in various parts of the world. We also have a few attempts to utilize these valuable products. I have myself filled a bath tub with sizzling hot water which came from Somewhere in the interior of the earth.

In one of the Italian states, Tuscany, there is a steam field in full operation. Well are drilled and the steam is ~~captured~~<sup>led</sup>. It is then conducted through pipes to power stations, where electricity is generated. Florence (Italy) is getting about 10,000 horse power of her electricity today. made

One of Italy's handicaps in her efforts to make a modern industrial state of herself is her lack of coal - she has none. She has been trying to supplement this lack by what is called "white coal" - power obtained through the use of water. She has some stupendous hydro-electric plants. And here is a new possible effort, for <sup>subterranean fire</sup> "hissing holes" as she calls them, are not infrequent in parts of Italy, particularly around Naples, ~~for example~~. Man is a long time taking a hint. May it not be that Vesuvius' and Hina's terrifying and outrageous outbreaks are earth's way of telling man that here is a power which one day will save him from freezing to death? Wile

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There has been a great deal of talk lately, calculated to discourage those of us who have passed forty years. Nobody wanted. The gist of it was that a man over two score was not of much use - industry didn't want him, commerce didn't want him, even the profession were staking their future on youth. It is consoling to have a man like Henry Ford say a good word even for those that are <sup>over</sup> past sixty.

Commently recently on the fact that there are countries where men are given a pension by the government at sixty-five, he said, "Think of it! being put to loaf during what should be a man's most fruitful years!" And he had a great example to point up his dictum - Thomas Edison. Think of the things that Thomas Edison has done since he was sixty-five! And can you conceive of Henry Ford quitting work, retiring?

Henry Ford has been willing to do something more than talk about the value of Thomas Edison. He recently spent ~~\$25,000~~ <sup>250,000</sup> to call people's attention to it, using the money to prepare at his home in Dearborn, Mich., one of the most original, moving and enlightening jubilees that the world ever saw. Incidentally, he has added a new place of pilgrimage. That is important, when more and more people in the United States are taking their vacations by car and wanting to have interesting objectives. Already Mr. Ford has under way at Dearborn a museum of all sorts of American things - the things that we as children knew, that our mothers knew, our grand-mothers, our great-grand-mothers. And he has added to that

museum now, not a replica merely of Menlo Park, where fifty years ago Mr. Edison turned on the electric light - he has transplanted there the thing itself - Edison's old laboratory with all its equipment, even to the old organ and boarding house. What surprised and amused Mr. Edison himself, when he came to look at the finished exhibit and tried to "catch Henry," <sup>as</sup> he <sup>said</sup>, in having forgotten something, was that he had brought on even the red Jersey clay through which Edison and the pioneers, as his associates are now called, used to tramp to and fro. You cannot do better on your next summer's vacation than to visit the new-old Menlo Park at Dearborn, Michigan.

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The month of December is the time when we are faced with the amount of money which the Administration calculates we must spend in the coming year. Mr. Hoover thinks he can get along in 1930 if we will give him a little under \$4,000,000,000! He wants about seventy-two per cent. of this for war purposes! It must be hard for him to write that figure - peace-loving man as he is - and to know that he can take only about \$14,500,000 out of the \$3,976,000,000. for which he asks, for the education in which he is so much concerned. And only a little over \$20,000,000. for public health - only \$ 48,000,000. for the conservation of our natural resources - around \$50,000,000. for

the farmer - \$22,500,000. for aviation.

There is something very wrong with this budget. Somehow the seventy-two cents out of every dollar should be given to peaceful purposes, and certainly the remaining twenty-eight cents ought to be enough for ships and guns in a country which has by treaty outlawed war.

Soviet Russia is <sup>at planning</sup> spending <sup>to spend</sup> actually more money than we are. Her budget is nearly \$6,000,000,000. and nearly half of this sum is going to peaceful purposes, in contrast to our twenty-eight per cent.!