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The Oriental Mind.

A mysterious advertisement appearing in the papers some days ago has brought results. This is altogether in keeping with the power of the American press. The original notice had to do with a missing jade idol. The idol itself, from a standpoint of intrinsic value, was not worth the sum offered for its recovery. Other properties, however, lent a value to this squat image—presumably squat, as no other sort has ever been described by novelists as possessing wonder-working powers—altogether out of proportion to its apparent worth.

But light is further thrown upon this feature, and that of a sort that cannot but challenge the Occidental mind. The missing idol belongs by rights to Dr. Sun Yet San, or at least thus the story goes. Since the time is parted from his company Dr. Sun has experienced a repeated series of misfortunes. If not to the Occidental mind already mentioned, at least to the Oriental cast of intellect the relation is closely obvious. No idol, no luck. Once more in hand, a wonderful influence is promised over the minds of the superstitious Chinese, with the by no means remote possibility that through its beneficent presence Sun Yat Sen will again be placed in the full tide of prosperity as regards himself and the future of his beloved nation.

All of which doubtless shows that East is East and West is West, as also that there is no middle ground upon which the twain can meet. Yet the Western outlook takes interested account of all such little perturbations in the cosmic consciousness of other parts. No more enthralling tale of world-wide adventure and complicated ploy has ever been written than Wilkie Collin's "Moonstone," and the Western mentality to which it has no appeal is smug to a fault. And that delectable novel had for its piece de resistance and compelling motif not so much as a complete idol, but just an idol's eye.

In the interest of enlivening sensation we can ask nothing better than that Sun Yet San's idol shall make good in true Oriental style. We are above and beyond such groveling superstitions, of course. At the same time one might cogitate over the concealed mental attitudes of the complex mélange that goes to the making of a race track meeting or a political

convention, and speculate on the number of rabbit feet of potentially favorable influences a shakedown of either might bring to the surface.