

afterthought will show how difficult it would be to prohibit the issuance of newspapers and periodicals in foreign languages. It would then be necessary to prohibit the importation of books and all else that was not printed in English. Many of the world's greatest masterpieces would be banished from our country. Men of science and artists would become provincial and isolated from the world. It is idle to say that any such thing could happen in America."

Well wonder! We will see what will happen to the law in Oregon, and the other attacks on free speech and the liberty of the press, both in and out of Congress, in Washington.

Mr. Butler's expression shows, at least, understanding and sound logic. In a matter pertaining to the immigrants, these times, this is a rare phenomena. Therefore he shall be mentioned. But war's aftermath—folly, ignorance, imbecility, selfishness, narrow vision and enthusiastic perverted patriotism,—is continuously and strongly felt.

H. SUNDBY-HANSEN.

It is inconceivable that the American Red Cross is aware of the character of the matter sent out under its auspices in its information bulletins. It is also apparent that censorship is not exercised by the Government or by the Red Cross over this 'information service,' for this is but one of many of the same character. The attention of both is therefore specifically directed to what appears to be a flagrant abuse of confidence as well as of privilege.

This bulletin has been published in practically all the Norwegian papers coming to The Northman's exchange table, and presumably in all the papers of that language in the United States.

Does this point the way to national unification?

Does the inculcation of this lead to the amalgamation of all the racial elements making up this nation?

Is this the doctrine of true Americanism?

Does this interpret the national ideals?

Does this show the proper respect for things the true citizenship of this country holds sacred?

Does this breathe the spirit of Washington and Lincoln?

If so, then The Northman's conception is all wrong, and this Red Cross Information Service should be permitted to go on sowing the seed and nurturing the plant to fruition.

If not, there should be prompt corrective action.

The Northman will not criticise, discuss in detail or present its views of what it believes to be in part, or wholly, wrong in the above at this time, except to point out the half-veiled scorn and contempt for the popular conception of things American, and to ask all who read, what conclusions they draw from this teaching in the guise of Government approbation. Having done so, we ask all who consider it a matter of sufficient importance, to express their views in a letter to The Northman for publication. It matters not what your views may be, they will receive consideration. What we are searching for is the truth. A copy of this issue of The Northman is sent to the President, cabinet officers, all United States Senators and members of the House of Representatives

and to the governors of all the states in the union, together with a letter calling their attention to the situation. However, no matter what their views may be, we want expressions from the rank and file of citizenship, the foreign as well as native born, and from those in the most humble stations as well as those in the most exalted.

The Americanization movement in its relation to language is characterized by the foreign language press as an attempt to destroy all languages but the "English" in America. Such is not the case. The Northman believes that the knowledge of foreign languages should be encouraged for the general good, for their cultural value and the broadened vision and advantages of such knowledge in the progress of the nation. We contend that our language is not English and foreign, but American and our own. We contend that a fair working knowledge of it should be required of every man and woman to whom is granted the rights and privileges of citizenship and that it should be a qualification required of every voter, male or female, native or foreign-born. We believe that such regulatory measures should be adopted in relation to the foreign language press as will enable it to perform all the service and all the good possible without working injury or hardship. We do not believe this to be a difficult problem. But to permit the foreign language press to go its own sweet way inculcating the scorn, derision and contempt of Europe's "cultured" class for all things American is not to be tolerated.

SPIRIT OF AMERICA.

(Editorial "Oregon Journal" May 8, 1920)

WHEN H. J. LANGOE, as a youth, sailed from Norway to the United States, the parting counsel of his father was, "My son, be a good citizen of the country to which you are going to make your home."

At the close of a visit to the homeland, the father repeated the admonition, "My son, remember, always be a good citizen of the land in which you have made your home."

The inspiration of the paternal advice appeared not long ago in Mr. Langoe's eloquent appeal for the Americanization of the foreign language press in this country.

It appears again in the very creditable first issue of The Northman, printed in English and published in Portland as a continuation and amalgamation of the Pacific Skandinaven and the American Scandinavian. Of this publication Mr. Langoe is managing editor. In reference to its predecessors, the Northman says:

Pioneer work has been done by the one, and the other advances from the ranks of the foreign language press to join hands and take up the work in this field in which the foreign language agencies have so conspicuously failed, and endeavor to carry it forward to success. Through the medium of the common language it will direct its efforts toward bringing the foreign and native born into a better understanding of each other and toward developing that better citizenship which will come from a removal of the barriers and obstructions raised by race prejudice.

A worthy ideal this. It is the spirit which in the beginning made Americanism and is no less potent now to Americanize.

The Thoroughbred

THE FOLLOWING story is told by a man well known to many, but whose modesty will not admit of giving his name. He tells it as a tribute to an impression upon character made by service in the ranks:

A funeral procession moved slowly along the street. I rode in the first carriage, conversing quietly with some friends about the amiable and lovable man whom we were bearing to his final resting place.

Looking ahead, we noticed coming toward us on his wheel at a leisurely pace a soldier of the regular army. He was a stalwart, lithe, supple, well-formed young fellow, and he sat his bicycle with the grace of an athlete. He wore one of those light brown canvas suits that have become so familiar to our eyes, and he looked really graceful as well as cool and comfortable in it on that genial summer afternoon. His sojourn had done him in brown till he was as swart as an Indian. As he drew near our first carriage his trained military eye took in the situation. He carefully slowed up, softly dismounted, struck a soldierly attitude, lifted his soft brown hat, and stood, hat in hand, erect and trim, with downcast eyes, till that entire line of sombre carriages passed slowly by him.

The last vehicle gone by, he quietly mounted and went his way, laying no special stress upon what he had just done, we suppose. It may have seemed but a little thing to him, but, after all, was it a little thing?

It made a profound and beautiful impression upon the sorrowing company in that long line of carriages. It was such a graceful and appropriate tribute to death and sorrow that it very deeply touched the hearts of all who witnessed it.

It seemed almost as if that plain, bronzed soldier had known personally the noble Christian man whose casket we were accompanying, and he desired to render him the full honor that he so richly merited.

The tears gathered in the eyes of more than one in our carriage. An elderly business man hastily brushed the gathering mist from his eyes and impressively said: "That's no common fellow. He's a genuine thoroughbred, he is." And we all inwardly uttered a hearty Methodist amen to the sentiment of our earnest friend.

Blood and training will tell everywhere. That brave young soldier did not have to make an effort to perform the delicate action of that day. It was purely spontaneous, and had the ease and grace of nature. His home and military training had entered into him and become a part of him, a sort of second nature, as it were.

This little incident will go with me through life. It impressed me so deeply. Every time I see a girl honoring her mother, or a manly boy courteous and thoughtful in regard to the comfort of his parents or his sisters, in memory I shall again behold that respectful young hero standing uncovered as our long line of carriages moved by.

A MERE CONSUMER

"And who are you?" St. Peter cried, As he the cringing stranger eyed. The poor shade shrank against the wall; "I'm a consumer, that it all."