

of it, even among fellow laborers in mill or camp, but let a foreign-born with the same name come upon the scene, and he furnishes all the joke-smiths of his environs with tons of merriment. In an effort to make a fool out of him, his name is twisted and stretched and made to sound as ridiculous as possible. And it is not innocent fun either. The greater the discomfiture of the poor alien, who cannot talk back without adding fuel to the flame, the greater the merriment. Many aliens have in such moments of desperation, committed rash acts with serious consequences. Many aliens have even gone to prison for long terms because they acted rashly after having been tantalized, in this manner, beyond the point of endurance by fellow workmen of native birth.

A Russian immigrant by the name of Lasay complains that his name is furnishing fellow workmen with so much fun at his expense that he is on the verge of desperation. Plaintively he cries: "What does my name mean in English?" and goes on to tell that "when the men with whom I work say to me, 'Are you Lazy?' and I answer 'Yes,' they throw their heads back and laugh and laugh."

A Norwegian immigrant by the high class Norwegian name of Aas, who is without sufficient knowledge in English, complains that he must change his name or be driven to madness because the people with whom he works refuse to accept his pronunciation of his name, and to give the letter "a" the broad sound, as we so easily can give this letter, in a word like "war." Instead they insist on twisting the pronunciation, making it sound like "ass," the literal meaning of which becomes anything but a desirable interpretation of the man's name.

It should not be necessary for any immigrant in America to change an honored old family name in order to escape ridicule on account of the accidental literal meaning which the name may have, in sound, to something funny in the Anglo-American tongue. If the American culture, of which we justly pride ourselves, was just a little more evenly distributed we should find no American worthy of the name willing to stoop to such practices. The aliens' difficulties with the Anglo tongue is no criterion of his cultural attainments, and the thoughtless and uncultured type of Americans who attempt to make him the laughing stock of the shop or the camp, who perforce thus gives the foreign-born his first real impression of America and the American people, contribute most effectively to the sum total of wrong impressions that are counteracting the aliens' assimilation and Americanization.

Where there is true appreciation of American values, there is dignity attached to the individual's display of patriotism. The example set by the individual is, by the foreign-born, credited to the sum of America, which he, at heart, either rejects or accepts.

Which is it to be?

It is largely up to those who lay claim to being Americans!

"Who's next" is a common parlance in the salons of the tonsorial artists, places commonly called barbershops, but one might twist this pert phrase into a kindred one, "What's next", when one reads the contents of a senate bill introduced in the late session of the Oregon legislature by Senator

Upton, a member of the upper branch of this August body. The purpose of this bill is to create a Board of Cosmetic Therapy Examiners, whose duties it shall be to examine applicants as to their ability to do sundry things, such as shampooing a man's head and trimming his finger-nails. The bill also gives women the right to establish themselves as barbers with credentials to shave, trim beard, and cut hair — hence, the right to invade another domain where men have reigned supreme. The bill, which passed, perhaps, not so much because of its merits, but rather, as we suspect, because of courtesy to the senator who introduced it, would have been a "freak" measure some years ago and the solons of a recent past would have considered its introduction an insult to their intelligence, but today — oh, well, there are so many freak bills introduced that even a bill regulating manicuring and facial massage goes into the hopper without a voice being raised in protest against this form of intolerable levity.

The Expulsion from Turkey of the venerable Patriarch Constantinos of the Greek Orthodox Church which the authorities of Turkey recently brought about under the Exchange of Populations agreement entered into some time ago, by Greece and Turkey, under approval of the League of Nations, is causing considerable qualm and furnishes an excellent reason for continuing the Balkan disputes. The appeal which Greece made to the League has been answered by Turkey with a denial of the League's right to intercede in a matter of international policy. Russia's official repudiation of all religions, particularly the orthodox church, has weakened the Patriarch's position in Constantinople, and the Mohamedan come-back into Europe under these conditions paved the way for the expulsion of the Christian Patriarch. Perhaps there is little significance in this move, but the re-establishment of Turkey in Europe has brought with it many indications that it is the intention of the younger Turkey to seek redress and regain the position of power which Turkey of old held in the Balkans. Should they succeed in this respect, the peace of Europe will never rest on a strong foundation.

How extraordinary circumstances sometimes serve the purpose of removing impediments to progress and even physical imperfections is best illustrated in the following tale told by Herodotus, the ancient Greek historian: "Croesus, the last king of Lydia, had a son who was dumb. When Sardis was attacked, and a Persian soldier rushed with a drawn sword toward the king to take his life, this son sprang forward and exclaimed, 'I pray you do not kill my father, the king!'" The energy that was loosened in a critical moment within the physical being of this young man, proved sufficient to overcome the impediment in his speech. The citizen whose civic conscience is so dulled that he feels powerless to exert himself for good citizenship should begin to study his own physical and mental deficiency and try to discover where the mainspring to his crippled energy is; wind up the works and begin to tick off some invigorating signs of good citizenship.

"Those who are without sin cast the first stone" was the way in which a noted figure of an early day challenged a mob before a town gate of a city in an ancient country, which was engaged in throwing stones at a weak and weary fellow being who had erred. The challenge has its application today. The urban habits of daily life today are taxing. Those who falter and resort to wrongful means to keep up appearances are not necessarily bad. The strain is breaking some, the desire for glamor is throwing others, the general slackening of morals is swallowing a liberal quota. Today it strikes here, tomorrow there. There are many who are worth rescuing. All they need is the rehabilitating influence that lies concealed in loyal friendship. There are plenty of friends when everything goes well. Be the one friend that remains when everything has gone dead wrong.

A religious impulse may not make much spectacular noise, but it does not take a great deal of observation to discover that it invariably accomplishes a greater and more permanent change in the life of a man than the religious feverishness that is produced through high pressure revivals.