

The Oregonian

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STEMMING THE TIDE

Whether to be alarmed or not at the tide of foreign immigration which is setting so strongly toward the shores of the United States is a question which will be answered differently according to our various points of view. The actual immigration figures are a little deceptive because, of late years, an increasing number of foreigners stay here only for a few weeks and then return home.

This foreign-born population is increasing yearly at a rapid rate, perhaps by one-sixth of itself. Its birth rate far exceeds that of the native-born and it receives constant accessions from across the ocean. Moreover, the foreigners do not distribute themselves well. They dwell cooped up in the city slums instead of scattering out upon the land, where they ought to be.

The same is true of all the cities of the West, and of Chicago, as well as of many other manufacturing towns of considerable size. In Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New York State the foreign-born population is more than a fourth of the whole.

This condition of things is sufficient to alarm anybody who is imbued with a dread of "foreigners" as such. The recent immigrants come largely from unfamiliar parts of Europe. Their languages do not resemble English at all. Their habits of life are unlike our own, and they are common to that they cannot be "Americanized."

Our prophets of evil look fondly back to the good old times when the immigrants were mostly Irish, Germans and Scandinavians and shake their heads and sigh at the change. "We could assimilate those old-time immigrants," they say, "but the new ones are utterly indigestible. If they keep on pouring in they will swamp our institutions." Such talk as this involves one or two fallacies which it may be worth while to notice.

In the first place we did not "assimilate" either the Germans, Irish or Scandinavians. On the contrary, they assimilated us. Wherever they settled in predominant numbers they modified the American institutions. This is not a new thing of New York, where the old Knickerbocker civilization evaporated like dew under the influence of the Irish.

Wisconsin. They did that very thing and it has turned out to be an excellent land to live in. Wisconsin, with all its Germanism, sets a noble example for the rest of the country to follow, which is more than anybody can say of Puritan New England for these many years.

We wish there were space here to tell the honest truth about these most admirable races of men. Physically they are leagues ahead of the spinning, dyspeptic Yankee. Mentally they are patient, intelligent and merry. They bring to us the art, the beautiful folk lore and the rich, varied, colorful ideals of their native lands, and send them up in such debasing sinks as Lawrence and Paterson, where their bodies are ruined and their minds poisoned. Then we wonder that they are loyal to the United States and we wonder also why they collect in slums instead of going out upon the land.

Canada has solved that problem. They have done nothing about it except to whine and snivel. If our foreign population does prove a menace to our civilization, we may thank our stars that they are not in Canada. We have done absolutely nothing about it except to whine and snivel.

COOL HEADS AND FIRM HANDS NEEDED. Governor West left the executive offices at Salem, boarded the train for Portland, went to the scene of the packing company's strike on the East Side, personally faced the strikers and the agitators, and demanded that they obey the law or be punished by severe penalties. It was a surprising performance and indeed a bold one.

Yet the Governor's deed was not in all its aspects fortunate or judicious. In the crisis that confronts the administration the law and the preservation of order in Portland, there ought to be neither suspicion of motive nor division of counsel nor conflict of action among the representatives of the police power of state, county or city.

THE MEANING OF THE IMPERATOR. They that go down to the sea in ships have a sumptuous time of it these days. The new German passenger steamer Emperor gives its patrons about everything they could buy on shore and in a style of luxury that is a thing to gaze at.

It is suggested that the shore owners of upland lakes to mark the rule to the jurisdiction that it is unnecessary to treat the question further than to cite the cases in which it was applied. To refresh the memory it may be stated that in 1863 the Legislature authorized owners of upland borders on navigable waters to incorporate their lands with wharves upon the same extending beyond low water mark to the ship channel.

It is said that the more than Oriental private splendors of such vessels as the Emperor are not recognized by the leaders of the American aristocracy. The Astors and Vanderbilts, for example, content themselves with accommodations less magnificent than they could procure if they wished to spend their money in the way in which the Emperor is being used.

The merit of the ancient European aristocracies is that with their privileges they acknowledge a strict obligation. The motto of the nobles is "noblesse oblige." It is not good form in England or Germany for a hereditary noble to spend all his rents on pampering his body. He owes a duty to his tenants, to the neighborhood where he lives and to his country.

same is true of the German aristocracy and to an even greater degree. The notion of vacuous idleness would be abhorrent to them. If they had nothing better to do than run about the world seeking new stimulants, they would probably commit suicide.

THE DUTY OF WOMEN. Alfred Hayes, professor of law in Columbia University, has written the Current Independent with the significant title "Thrust the Ballot Upon Women." The writer discusses the time-worn and familiar argument that "the duty of voting should not be thrust upon women until the majority of them are qualified to perform it."

But there has been no grab. The shore owner's title built up on faith in the honor of the state and in the integrity of its plain and unequivocal statutes was upheld by a court which was careful to avoid any claim of a public wrong. The shore owner's title built up on faith in the honor of the state and in the integrity of its plain and unequivocal statutes was upheld by a court which was careful to avoid any claim of a public wrong.

POINDEXTER'S NEPOTISM. The Seattle Post-Intelligencer has been at it again, this time with the political annals of the Poindexter family, and it makes the discovery that the chief of the clan, Miles Poindexter, Progressive Senator from Washington, has taken precious time out of the whole outfit, for, rather than to see to it that the United States Government cares for them, for Senator Poindexter has during his term of office contrived to place the following relatives on the Federal payroll.

Although the dock commission case involving title to overflowed land on Portland's water front has become a closed incident in view of the decision by the commission not to ask a rehearing, a reply should, in common justice to the Supreme Court, be made to the continued attacks upon that tribunal by the men and interests which encouraged the shoeing litigation in which the commission has been defeated.

It has been repeatedly and openly charged that the shore owners who voted several former rulings in deciding against the dock commission. It is easy to find in the great number of Supreme Court decisions rendered some chance phrases or expressions that seem to have been intended as important issues newly presented or newly decided.

Controversy over the currency bill will evidently rage around the question as to whether or not the government shall interfere in the management of the reserve banks. At the one extreme of opinion are those bankers who object to any greater degree of Federal control over reserve banks than is now exercised by National banks.

As usual in such controversies, truth lies somewhere between the two extremes. Admittedly control of capital and credit has become concentrated in few hands. This fact is conceded by one of those who exercise this control to be a danger to the country.

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what beyond low water to the ship channel. This is as laws and court rulings have long been construed by the public and by the taxing officials, and upon this construction have numerous transfers of realty and the prices hereon been based in the last forty years.

THE NEW LAUREATE. Robert Bridges, the new poet laureate of England, is distinctly a safe man. He has no disturbing opinions on any subject whatever; or, if he has, his writings do not show them. The serenity of his soul is not muddled by Kipling's robust Ingolism nor Browning's "rustic" philosophy.

Secretary Bryan's request that Colonel Brewer be ordered to demand release of Americans held prisoners by Mexican rebels is the first sign of vigor in his foreign policy. The time has come when our United States must do the work of international policeman by ending anarchy in Mexico, as we ended it in Cuba.

How much gold can a woman carry in her stocking without limping was the question raised in a Seattle court. Well, that depends on the woman, the stocking and how skillfully the gold was stowed. If the stocking covered a considerable leg, the woman could carry considerable gold without its being noticed.

Religious education in the schools is no sooner proposed than the question arises: What religion? Then the trouble begins. The scheme is impracticable in a nation where religious liberty prevails, and the nation is not willing to abandon religious liberty in order to make it practicable.

In this absurd climate, where blankets are needed at night and a light trap in the daytime, oh, what pity the poor means sweeter in 110 degrees in the shade. Under home rule there will be no disturbances after the first 12th of July following inauguration.

Warning is given of danger of spread of disease by the automatic cigar cutter. After all the safety devices in the old pipe, the new cutter is a good deal more than a novelty. Nobody can get close enough to it to catch anything.

Muzzling dogs that appear on the streets will not prevent pets at home from being a good many. A good many animals are due for humiliation and must suffer for possible general good. In this absurd climate, where blankets are needed at night and a light trap in the daytime, oh, what pity the poor means sweeter in 110 degrees in the shade.

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lack of interest in the modern world sits him to sing of Kings' birthdays and Queens' laces, but it makes his poetry as lifeless as the mummies. Those who praise him most say that he "avoids all the questions that perplex our day and this makes his poetry repulsive." Death has the same kind of repose. Mr. Bridges is an apostle of art for art's sake.

It has become so habitual with many people to speak with horror of the streets as a place where children learn and do evil that the People's Institute of New York City set to work to ascertain just what children do in the streets. It employed a party to take a census of what children were doing on the streets of New York one April afternoon between 4 and 5 o'clock.

The back-to-the-farm movement has split the family of Richard F. Hallahan, of New York. The husband wearied of living in city flats and wished to take his children to the farm, where they would have room to develop, but his wife refused to go on the pretext that she would be too far from her own family.

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Montana Mutterings. (Written at Billings.) Amended reading of an old proverb—Where the family is, there lieth also the vacation.

On to Montana is one of the slogans, and I verily believe that any visitor is fully so after a week's stay. Member of local board of health found rubber tire in piece of sausage. Which proves that in Billings also the motor car is replacing the horse.

Am so lazy I wish I had a job taking moving pictures of a tortoise. My sister's three-year-old baby girl asked: "Gran'ma do you see great big when you get your specs on?" "Yes," answered grandmother. "Den take 'em off when you cut my cake."

Local minister advertised that he was going to preach a sermon for women under 30 and men out of debt. The church was packed. There was a nice installment man called at a house across the way. The lady met him at the door, and bade him "Enter pray." She said "It's lovely weather. Won't you take the easy chair?" "No," he said, "but the piano I'll take if you don't care."

It takes a lot to make the average woman satisfied with hers. Its easy enough to acquire an air after one has acquired a millimetre. Walls a headline in the local paper: "Girl Drops Suitor." Naturally she considers him beneath her.

The folk who get punctures in life's race are generally those who were born tired. When money talks you don't notice any one howling about his choice of English. The only man who boasts that he never made a mistake in his life is the bachelor.

I reckon lovers make spectacles of themselves mostly because love is blind. I think I'd get tired of doing nothing—there's so much of it to do, you know. I know a man who is taking lessons of a burglar so he can get in at nights without awakening his wife.

Account of a train wreck says: "Tailor is saved." Ah-hai! Survival of the fittest. I think that quotation about patience on a monument should be changed to patients under monuments. See where Fay King-Nelson and her pugilistic husband, Bat Nelson, are writing "memoirs." Some sort of scrap book, I suppose.

Lecturer says the two keys to prosperity are luck and pluck. Yes, he's right in a way. What he should have said is luck in finding some one to pluck. "Laughing trout" is a descriptive term I read in a railroad book. Well, I've heard of a merry old sole.

Example of "strong will." Sir John Scott's bequest of \$5,000,000 to Lady Saville. If I wanted to get real even with some woman I'd maneuver to get mention of her printed in that 25-year-old column. "I have a heart affection for you," cried the faithful boy. "Have you had it long?" "Inquired the maiden coy. "Yes, and if you won't wed me I'll ever trouble life."

"Well," said she, "asthma, then, if I will be your wife."

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By Leone Cass Beer. (Written at Billings.) Amended reading of an old proverb—Where the family is, there lieth also the vacation. On to Montana is one of the slogans, and I verily believe that any visitor is fully so after a week's stay.

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