

A PRACTICAL WAY TO COMBAT UNREST IN THIS COUNTRY

Let's Welcome the Foreign Born and Bring Them to a Full Understanding of Our Citizenship and Complete Love for Our Land of Democracy, Says This Federal Judge

BY CHARLES W. DUKE.

The courtroom was crowded. Many faces were upturned toward the kindly judge on the bench, who was speaking slowly in well-modulated tones. At times his voice trailed along in even speech, but at intervals the fire of enthusiasm lit his face and he impressed his points with closed hands, tapping on the rostrum to lend emphasis to his speech.

His auditors were unmistakably men from many lands. Here was a swarthy-faced Italian, dark haired, dark complexioned, eyes that shone with an intense interest. By his side stood a well-knit young man whose features were distinctly outlined in the radical stamp of the Slav. Near them stood a Chinaman; over there a representative of one of the Scandinavian countries. Running your eyes over the throng you could readily discern the selons of many nations; every one a foreign-born who had come to find a new home in America.

It was the naturalization court. These men from many lands had come to this courtroom to swear allegiance to their new country. One by one they had negotiated the list of questions propounded to them by an inquisitive clerk. And what a remark-

tion court. The foreign-born have been thrust into the limelight these last few weeks. By many authorities they have been blamed for many of our economic ills.

It has been asserted that the steel workers who went out on strike were for the most part the foreign-born, who had been the gullible pawns of the radicals or their conspirators. In some quarters there has been the cry, "Shut down on immigration." In answer to that cry from other quarters, "Deport the aliens." What would Judge Buffington, the friend of the immigrant, have to say about all these things? Well, he had very much to say.

He was reading a letter as the interviewer was ushered into his chambers. Someone had been reading in the newspapers an address Judge Buffington had delivered before newly naturalized citizens in which he had exoriated "violent agitators" as "dangerous domestic enemies."

The letter ran in this fashion: "Dear Judge—You are quoted as



able condition of affairs this questionnaire revealed!

"From Rags to Riches," you might style it.

Good Positions Held.

One Russian, who had been able to make only a few cents a day in the dark days before the even darker Red rule, admitted a position paying him \$40 a week as a coat and pants maker. A Roumanian agrarian, who had been a forlorn farmhand in his native country, proudly proclaimed the fact that here in America he owns a farm and has money in the bank. In textile mills a Persian, who had learned carpet-weaving in the old country, was now a skilled foreman directing native-born workers. A jubilant and demonstrative son of Italy, who confessed having come to this country 12 years ago and landing without a single cent in his pockets, rejoiced over the fact that now he owned a \$6500 farm and has nearly \$10,000 in bank.

Out of nearly 300 applicants for citizenship standing in this courtroom every single one declared he either owned his own home or was buying one. Moreover, all but two of this throng said that he had bought one or more Liberty bonds during the war period.

Eagerly they took the oath of allegiance to the United States of America. They had fled the dark corners of the earth; they had come seeking the light—a place where they might live free and untrammelled in the fulfillment of their hearts' desire. A home of their own, a decent wage in return for their work, education for their children, the right to work, worship and play as they pleased. They had drunk to the full in the land of opportunity; they had been satiated, and now they were willing to cast their lots forever with the promised land. The judge was speaking.

"No man can serve two masters," he was saying. "If the time ever comes for you to display your loyalty and patriotism, you must remember your path of allegiance pledges you unreservedly to the defense and protection of the United States."

Some of the more fervent nodded their heads in approval.

Immigrant Is Analyzed.

"This country has been pretty good to you, hasn't it?" asked the naturalization judge, remarking on the testimony showing how these aliens had prospered in their adopted country. "It has given you a chance to make a decent living, and if you appreciate it, you will support it, and not allow yourselves to be converted to the doctrines of mischief makers and soapbox orators."

Search the whole of the United States for the man best equipped to deal with the problem of Americanizing the foreign-born and you come inevitably to the chambers of Judge Joseph Buffington, of the United States circuit court of appeals, with headquarters in Philadelphia and embracing the district of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware.

Through all the years that he has sat in the naturalization court he has analyzed the immigrant. To him it has been a rare privilege and he has felt it a sacred trust to make the most of his opportunities. There is probably no other jurist in America better qualified to touch on the subject of the American immigrant than Judge Buffington.

It was with this thought in mind that the writer sought out the judge in his chambers after witnessing the remarkable scene in the naturaliza-

saying that you know all about the wishes of the foreign workers in our mills. You make me laugh. What do you, a judge, living the easy, fat life that men of your class do, know about the workers? No man of your class knows or can know, and, most of all, don't want to know, what our lives are or what we want."

Over the top of his eyeglasses the judge, smiling for a moment, but as quickly took up the cudgels with the letter writer.

"As a matter of fact I do know the worker," he began. "During my long experience on the bench in Pittsburgh I had opportunity to study and know the workingman in the mills and factories. These men do not know hard times like our forefathers. The men who founded this country had insurmountable difficulties to overcome. If it had not been for them we would not today have this wonderful country of ours. Until they fell into the hands of these discontented radicals these foreign-born were contented and happy. I have known their habits and desires too long to be deluded in the belief that they are responsible for the present unrest."

"If there is anything wrong with this foreign element in our citizenship it is of our own fault. Heretofore we have left them entirely in three classes. First come the school teachers. God bless them! They have done wonders in inculcating principles of patriotism in the minds and hearts of our new citizens. No one can value their part in an Americanization programme. Yes, and they are woefully underpaid for their splendid work."

"Next, they have fallen under the sway of agitators. The greatest danger to the country today is its domestic enemy. He is the man who is going about preaching anarchy and telling the ignorant that no government is better than any kind of government. The agitator who will not work and pretends he knows all about work and continually stirs up discord and rioting among people who want to work and live happily in a very dangerous enemy. These domestic enemies ought to be driven out of the country."

Two Classes Shown.

"The third class is the saloon-keeper. He was, as a matter of fact, a very much better friend of the alien than the agitator. Very often he spoke the mother tongue. Now, outside of these three classes, the immigrant has been left very much to shift for himself. What we need in this country is to get right out and get acquainted with these people coming from foreign lands. It is our fault if they have fallen under the spell of these agitators. Mix with them instead of shunning them."

The judge grew philosophical.

"You know, as a people, we are in one or two classes, each of us," he remarked. "One class is continually grasping for rights; the other is simply doing its duty. But it must be remembered that 1000 men must do their duty in order that one man may enjoy a right. It is our duty to teach what? They are simply what we make them, and if they are being led astray it is our fault."

"Then you have an abiding faith in the foreign-born?" was asked.

War Work Is Example.

"Indeed I have," was the instant reply. "You have only to think of what the foreign-born did during the period of the war to realize how much they love America; how they thor-



Twenty-five years watching the melting pot has taught Judge Buffington how to get out the pure gold.

oughly believe in America. Every man instinctively loves the place where he was born and the language in which he first heard his mother's voice. It is only natural that a man or woman should cherish a sentimental regard for the land of their birth.

"But see what these people did during the war. You just heard that out of nearly 300 applicants for citizenship in that session of the naturalization court all but two had subscribed for Liberty bonds. Stop 300 people at random on Fifth avenue, New York, or Chestnut street, Philadelphia, or Michigan avenue, Chicago. I wonder if the same percentage would hold up."

"Do you know that the Czechs and Poles in this country maintained armies of their own on the western front? A leading manufacturer wrote me during the war asking whether this was true. His employees were contributing to a fund for the upkeep of the Czech army and he wanted to know if it was on the level. Of course, it was."

"Do you know that some of the

THIS IS AMERICANIZATION!

"Get acquainted with your next-door neighbor, the foreign-born immigrant, and make him feel at home, if you want to protect this country from radicalism in thought, word and action," is the advice of Judge Joseph Buffington, of the United States circuit court of appeals, an authority on immigration.

For twenty-five years this judge has sat in the naturalization court. Stirring the melting pot for so long, the judge, than whom there is no stancher advocate of Americanism, knows the immigrant from A to Z.

Out of every seven of our American population one is a foreign-born citizen and another—the son or daughter of foreign-born parentage. America has been guilty of snobbishness, according to the judge's observations; instead of welcoming the immigrant with a hearty hand-shake and making him feel at home, America has neglected him. Consequently he has fallen into the hands of false prophets. These agitators, preaching heretical doctrines, have led the immigrant away from the ideals that lured him to our shores.

"Mix with him," admonishes Judge Buffington. "If he hasn't started right over here it is our fault. Teach him right and he'll go right. What the foreign-born did during the war is the best evidence of what he will do under enlightened guidance. Remember, the basis of democracy is self-government. That means government of self and not selfish government. As a people we are all of two classes; those grasping for so-called rights and those doing their duty. One thousand men must do their duty that one man may enjoy a single right. Let's do our duty and be a brother to the foreign-born."

foreign-language papers declined to accept payment for liberty loan campaign advertisements on the ground that they were only too glad to assist in such a worthy cause without any gratuity? Get a man buying the bonds of his own government and you set up a tie that binds him strong. Millions of dollars were spent by these foreign-born not only in Liberty bonds, but in war measures of all kinds.

"And certainly our foreign-born fought as bravely under our flag as any other class of men. The record of these people is beyond all reproach. Ask men who had a chance to see

tion? No, not to my way of thinking. We need them. They are the backbone of our unskilled labor. In slavery days an ordinary negro for working purposes was worth \$800 on the block. A better class of working negro was worth \$1500. But who can estimate the worth of a brawny laborer as he steps down the gangplank at Ellis island coming here solely to work. Cut him off entirely and you strike a vital blow at production. Rather than bar him out let's change our attitude toward him; let's welcome him and look after his welfare in a patriotic spirit. He can be trusted.

"As to the kicker, the knocker, the

prince, potentate or sovereignty of which I have heretofore been a subject. And I swear to Almighty God to support and defend the constitution of the United States." (Copyright, 1919, by Public Ledger Company.)

Andrew Fails to Elude Imogene's Watchful Eye.

Unfortunate Facial Affliction of Girl Friend Causes Lecture.

"ANDREW," said Imogene, "put down that book; I want to talk to you seriously for a moment." "I am not going to drink any more," said Andrew, smiling. "I should certainly hope not," said Imogene, taking him literally; "you are drinking too much now." The smile faded from his face.

"But that was not what I wanted to talk to you about," she went on. "I wanted to say a few words to you about that little Selby girl we met last night at Mabel's."

"Now, Andrew, I am not a woman to try and make her husband look small and mean. It is not my intention to be nasty to you, but you certainly disappointed me very much in the way you sidled up to that poor, unfortunate girl last night. I know it just made her feel awful, for she is very sensitive about her misfortune."

"You see, Andrew, she overstudied when she was in college and it brought on some sort of a nervous breakdown and for a long time she had some terrible thing like St. Vitus' dance and they kept her in a sanatorium for almost a year and then, when she got about again, she had some sort of spasmodic contraction of some of the smaller facial muscles over which she has no control."

"Unfortunately, she cannot tell when it is coming on her, and what is deeply unfortunate is that it jerks her eyelids and makes her look just like she was winking."

"You can have no idea what predicaments it puts her in. Only yesterday she got on a car to go down town and as she looked up at the conductor to see if he were coming for her fare, her face winked and she looked at her and went out on the back platform and grined at her all the way down town and never came near her for her fare."

"Another day she went into a drug store and asked for a ginger ale and while the clerk was drawing it out of the soda fountain he looked at her in the mirror and as she caught his eye this same thing happened and she smiled back at her and reached under the counter and poured something into her ginger ale that made it so nasty she could not drink it."

"The poor girl has a terrible time. She happened to glance at a man on the street the other day and she made this same grimace at him and the fatuous fool thought she had winked at him and turned and began to follow her and she got so frightened that she looked for some one she knew, and as she was nervous she winked at every man she looked at, and she soon had seven men following her and she had to go into a convent store and order a taxicab and have hysterics."

"Why, Andrew, the poor girl has an awful time. She stopped to drop a dime in the cup of a poor man who had a sign 'I am blind' on his breast and as she did so she looked at his smoked glasses and winked and he followed her for two blocks."

"And last night you didn't pay the slightest attention to her the earlier part of the evening. You didn't even turn her music for her while she was playing the piano."

"But about 10 o'clock she was talking to the little Perkins man over in a corner and I just happened to be watching as she raised her eyes to you and saw you staring at her and she was embarrassed, and as it always happens, her facial muscles contracted and I was ashamed of the way you acted. You started some foolish game and made little Perkins it, and in less than five minutes you were in his chair buzzing over her like a bee over a clover blossom."

"Andrew, I am ashamed of—"

"Honey," interrupted Andrew, "pardon me for interrupting you, but it seems funny to me that you haven't asked me for money for your new winter dress. Isn't it about due?"

fault-finder with our government and the man who finds nothing good in this country—the domestic enemy—if the country is not good enough for him, make him go elsewhere. Don't let's allow them to undermine our love of our country by assailing it."

"My advice to the foreign-born ever has been to keep clear of any disloyalty and to beware of treason of all kinds. Let him go to church and send his children to school, and he will find peace and happiness. Aside from any point of religion, my experience has been that the man who went to church was the man who bought bonds and supported the government; conversely, the man who preaches against our government is a scoundrel. He has lost sight of his country because he has lost sight of God."

Judge Buffington's feeling in the matter that now engages the attention of America—the radical leader—could not have been more succinctly demonstrated than when, in the course of a recent session of the naturalization court, he turned to a polyglot assembly of many races before him, and had them follow him in repeating the following extemporaneous oath of allegiance:

"I am not a disbeliever in nor opposed to organized government nor a member of or affiliated with any organization or body of persons teaching disbelief in or opposed to organized government. I am not a polygamist nor a believer in the doctrine of polygamy. I am attached to the principles of the constitution of the United States, and it is my intention to become a citizen of the United States and to renounce absolutely and forever all allegiance to any foreign

Mexico to Buy Motor Trucks.

MEXICO CITY.—General J. Augustin Castro, formerly sub-secretary of war and in charge of that department, will be sent to the United States the latter part of this month, according to El Universal, to purchase motor trucks for the Mexican army to be used in campaigns against the rebels.

Circulation of Paris Papers Grow.

PARIS.—According to statistics recently published by the Argus de la Presse, the circulation of the leading papers is as follows: Petit Parisien, 1,500,000; Petit Journal, 1,300,000; Matin, 1,200,000; Journal, 1,400,000; Humanite (socialist), 200,000; Le Populaire (socialist with bolshevik tendencies), 100,000.