

Oregon Journal

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We have given the hand to the Egyptian and to the Assyrian to be filled with bread. Our fathers have stamined, and are not; and we have borne their iniquities.—Lamentations 5:1-7.



A THREAT

THERE is a budding movement to abandon the restrictions on immigration to this country. It is fostered by big industrial establishments in an effort to secure cheaper labor.

The purpose which a proposed change seeks is sufficient reason in itself to defeat the plan. Unskilled workers already receive wages that are insufficient for the proper support of a family.

The struggle for an existence among the unskilled is already desperate enough. It is neither good for the individuals nor for the nation for the standard to be lowered or the struggle to be made more acute.

One of the reasons that restrictions were placed on immigration was because the demands of big industry for cheap labor were too great for the capacity of the melting pot. The aliens could not be absorbed. They were not distributed. They were not educated.

Most severely took places in big establishments at cut-throat wages, settled in huddled quarters, and slaved. Others went to penitentiaries or insane asylums.

The result was lowered standards of living. Little Italies, Little Turkeys, Little Hungaries, and little Russias, populated institutions, and plague. Unrestricted immigration brought disease. It brought criminality. It brought ignorance. It brought peoples with no love for America, no understanding of our institutions or ideals, unemployment for Americans, and lowered incomes for families.

There is plenty of room in America for the right type of immigrants. The industrious, ambitious, loyal, helpful, and moral aliens can find a welcome here. They can find opportunity. We can absorb them in limited numbers. They help us and we can help them, but America cannot afford to accept any and all aliens, including droves of criminals, ignorant and diseased transients, and those whose hearts are always in Europe, for the mere purpose of providing cheap labor for the big industrial establishments.

TO ADMIT THEM

THERE are thousands of suffering Greeks in the Near East. Many are homeless and penniless. Their life savings swept away by the recent Turkish upheaval. They have no work, no prospect of work, no means of a living and no place to turn for aid save to friends and relatives in foreign lands.

Greeks in America have sent funds to the sufferers in the Near East. Relatives here in many cases are in position to assure their support and are willing to undertake the obligation were they to come to this country, but because the quota allowed by the immigration law to Greeks is filled until June, 1923, the homeless and penniless cannot be brought here.

A special bill has been introduced in congress to permit certain cases where relatives guarantee their support. It is an effort to speed the generous hand of Amer-

ica toward a homeless and hapless people. The bill should be passed for the sake of humanity and for those Greeks who fought in the American army and now ask that distant relatives be saved from a hopeless fate.

BACK TO ASHES

WE build. A spark takes hold, flares up, and it's back to ashes. Then, like busy ants, we build again.

We have been doing it that way since the beginning—build, burn and build again. It is the process of life. But it's our way, because it has always been our way. We think it over now, because there is Astoria in ashes. Its business world is a world that was. Its structures, its stocks of goods, its plants, almost its all, in the business district, are in ashes.

The story is, that Astoria has been peculiarly free from fires. It seems to have been the calm before the storm, for Friday's conflagration laid low the accumulated property of more than 100 years, in spite of all that guardianship and watchfulness and care with which citizens there have so long stayed the course of progress of flames.

But why do we build, and then burn, and then rebuild so jauntily? Other nations do not do it in the same reckless way that we do. In the United States we burn every year half as many buildings as we erect. If placed side by side, the buildings we burn in a year would line both sides of a street solidly from New York to Chicago. If the people crippled and maimed by fires in a year were stationed along this death alley there would be one marred sentinel every 1000 feet along the way. If those killed at fires in a year were placed along this avenue of death there would be a blackened and charred body every three-quarters of a mile.

Berlin is a city about the size of Chicago. Its fire loss averages about \$175,000 a year; Chicago's annual fire loss is \$5,000,000. In a single fire New York has had more property reduced to ashes than Berlin has had in ten years.

In 1910, 13 of the chief cities of Germany, with a population of 5,616,022, had a combined fire loss of \$1,067,305. The less in only five American cities, with a population 100,000 less, was \$14,250,233, or 13 times as large. New York, in the same year, had a fire loss five times as large as London's and nine times that of Paris.

The difference is that the older nations have learned to save. In Germany the criminally negligent responsible for a fire is sent to jail. His fire is not accounted a misfortune, but a crime. If financially responsible, he is required to pay the loss, even to the cost of bringing out the fire department.

In the United States, the man who has a fire gets his insurance money, puts more policies on his other property, remains criminally careless, and presently has another fire.

For our carelessness and indifference regarding fire and fire hazards the annual per capita cost of our fires is \$2.39. Europe's is 32 cents and Germany's 19 cents.

The time to stop a fire is before it starts. Ten to 15 millions' worth of property back to ashes in Astoria, the accumulated wealth of more than a century gone up in smoke, is the proof.

OF DEEP PUBLIC MOMENT

YOUNG women have a right to live moral lives. They are entitled to sufficient food. They are entitled to warm clothes in winter, proper living quarters and some amusement. It is important to the public, both from an economic and social standpoint, as well as to the young women themselves, that such conditions are provided.

But there is a movement in California to lower the minimum wage for girls from \$16 to \$12.37. It is contended that girls can live properly on the latter sum. It allows them 90 cents a day for food, nothing for insurance, savings or incidentals and practically nothing for amusement.

Ninety cents a day perhaps will barely buy raw foods, that if cooked by the girls themselves, would enable them to live. It would not provide any delicacies. There can be question if it would provide enough to satisfy a girl that works eight or ten hours a day.

All girls demand amusement. It is only natural that they desire to be more than mere slaves, going from work to home to sleep and back to work again. And what if they become ill or were temporarily out of a position? How far would the \$12.34 go?

Most girls go wrong do not go by choice. Economic conditions are responsible for the fall of more young women than any other one cause. When they are unable to amuse themselves or unable to get sufficient food or unable to provide proper living conditions on their income, they become economically and socially dependent on men.

That dependence all too often spells ruin. And \$12.34 a week is not sufficient to avoid economic and social dependence.

It is a terrible thing to hear of the downfall of a young woman, of her descent into the hopeless mire of life's sordid marshes, there to be banded about as driftwood by social wolves. It is a terrible thing for the girl, and in the aggregate, it all menaces the homes and the morals of the nation.

Proper minimum wages can save many a life. They can save much of unhappiness and much of sor-

row. They can prevent much of the ruin in life's career, and many of the monstrosities that beset the social order. Such wages ought to be established and maintained in every state, but \$12 a week is not such a wage in 1922.

AND ON BARTH

CHRISTMAS is coming. Chorus even now are rehearsing the anthems inspired by the Saviour's birth. "Glory to God in the highest" will peal out from scores of Oregon's churches. Like an echo will come the refrain, "And on earth, peace, good will toward men."

It will be very beautiful, with the deep green of Christmas, fresh lit by candles of good cheer. But will the churches be really ready to celebrate when Christmas comes?

Portland's mayor told a religious gathering a few days ago that the first duty of the church is to revive the spirit of reverence which builds homes for their children may be safely sent forth armored against temptation. Have the churches set about this task of saving the homes of America and through the homes America itself?

Here is a 17-year-old boy over in Kenilworth, under sentence of death, awaiting the day of his execution. This boy killed while drunk with moonshine. Very incidentally it is reported of him that never in his life had he entered a church. What art the churches doing to win such boys into Sunday school and into an environment that would teach them the mockery of vice which allure the ignorant but are detestable to the properly instructed?

And here is Colonel Alvin M. Owsley, national commander of the American Legion, saying, "You may blaspheme in the street, and the bystanders will not pay much attention to you, but if you should get down on your knees and pray for the world, you will be regarded as a hero, not by a company of old soldiers marches by with flags to the breeze, most people will think you are showing off."

Yet the derelictions of youth and the titling of the thoughtless at the spectacle of frank reverence are not all.

The world approaches Christmas embittered by hate. It is really hate, after all, that holds its iron-shod foot on Russia's neck. It is hate that foments the ceaseless troubles of Europe. It is hate that stirs up class hatred in America and, with the harsh mutter of discord, delays industrial adjustments.

It is the brutishness of mind created by hate that causes acts of deliberate or whimsical cruelty. It is hate or its by-product that creates doubt of sacred things and taunts the tears of sorrow.

The world needs nothing more than to be rid of hate. It is hate that poisons the hater and creates a menace in every deed. It needs to re-establish the altars of faith and to light upon them anew the fires of hope. Where there is no faith human hope dies.

These ends cannot possibly be better accomplished than through imbuing people everywhere with the kind of Christmas spirit that churches teach, the spirit that embodies love, that wills against evil, and that routes the good in thought and deed, of all humanity.

THE NEW SAMARITAN

THIS is the story of the Good Samaritan re-done for the people of Portland.

A certain family with little children journeyed in rickety wagons, drawn by horses maimed with starvation, down the snowy road from Idaho.

When they entered within the city limits of Portland their failing animals refused to draw the wagons farther. They stopped in an open space, where the wind and rain through a dismal night tugged and blew through the openings of the frail tenement, and the children shivering within were wet and chilled.

But the Good Samaritan was not far off. The generous sympathy of Portland was expressed through its relief agency—"The Public Welfare Bureau took in charge the children and their parents.

In a little while these strangers, with no claim on any person in the city, had food. They had shelter. They had warmth. Even the tottering horses were led away by the Humane society to better barns and more hay and grain than they had ever known before.

But even with this the Good Samaritan spirit of Portland was not satisfied. Volunteers, reading of the dire plight of the family, brought the relief workers with them, many families could have been supplied with the goods and the provisions these sympathetic people bestowed.

The story might end here. But it has another chapter. The distress of the strangers was so evident that none of the volunteer givers so much as thought of looking farther into their record. A trained social worker did. Then it was found that the family had \$1000 in a Canadian bank. They had more than \$1000 in a Washington bank. They could have fed the children and the horses without an appeal to charity.

In the meantime, there was going forward in Portland a campaign to fill the Community Chest, that families in poverty might be cared for. Appeals were made for groups of children and parents identified securely as residents of the city who had faltered and reached out pleading hands under the weight of misfortune and sorrow.

But though sympathy was so ready for the strangers, the Community Chest, dedicated to the aid of the known needy, was only two-thirds full.

Does the Good Samaritan spirit of generous Portland always require that the shrinking forms of the genuinely destitute must be paraded before it. In order to be awakened? And in this instance of over-giving to a family that had money in banks, is there not proof that giving should be with safeguards against the Community Chest thrives around the process?

It was at the universities and colleges that the first glimmer of freedom was visible. The riots and outbreaks of college students in the monarchies of Europe were conspicuous features in what later became a drive for freedom.

The drive for an enlarged endowment for Willamette university is gathering strength. The goal is \$1,250,000. No Western institution can point to a nobler past. Its service as a nursery and preparing place for good citizenship has been invaluable. It is past is a guarantee of what it is yet to be.

A contribution to the Willamette endowment fund is not a gift but an investment, whose dividends are not in gold but in Christian character and a strengthened nation.

THE RED GLARE

A RAYING fire is an overpowering disaster. Like a gigantic monster, it sats its fiery way through the staunchest buildings, leaps barriers and goes on, rapaciously consuming all in sight.

It knows no fear. It offers no quarter. It grants no clemency. It recognizes no master. Without regard for man or law, it rushes onward, turning wealth to dust, cities to ashes, hope to despair.

In its path, a five-story building is like kindling, men are like mice and obstructions like babies in a lion's den. The fall and waste are awful. Before the irresistible onslaught of the ferocious flames.

At Astoria a flicker appeared in a poolroom. It grew. In a few minutes the entire structure was engulfed. Then the red tongues of destruction leaped to another structure and then another. Men fought them. They gained momentary control, only to lose again and break ground before the mad thing that leaped to and fro, here and there, as if to wreak its vengeance on its routed victims. Soon an entire block was smothering and writhing under the flames, and then another block. Completely routed, brave people ran from the scene with the few belongings that represented all that they had left in this world; conveyances left the city with refugees; mothers with babes in arms scurried away to save their very lives and nothing more. Others paused to look back toward the scene as the red demon leaped and roared in victory.

Today aid is rushed to the stricken city. Sympathy and helpfulness are extended to the city that was. People's hearts and hands go out to the victims. But as the ashes are viewed and the ruins contemplated there must be thousands of thoughts of how easily a fire is started and of what an overpowering enemy it can become.

He has his own definition of sacrifice, and it was that which set us writing. He is writing down our thoughts. We do not quote his words—the article is not before us—but in substance this is what he says:

"People think of sacrifice as a painful baby hugged to the breast of some suffering saint. It is nothing of the kind. Sacrifice is the giving of value, and a choice of the best."

Turn that over in your mind. Sacrifice is a giving up of the lesser good for the greater. Grenfell tells us he has a right to his own life, but he would give it up for the good of his fellow men. He would give it up for the good of his fellow men. He would give it up for the good of his fellow men.

Give the thought another turn in your mind. For Grenfell sacrifice means giving up some of the things things better. But for some of us what does it mean? We cling to the comforts, the conveniences, the agreeable, the pleasant, the luxurious. We labor hard in order that we may cling to them. But do we think of what constitute our sacrifice? May we be charged with the sin of selfishness? What joy in our inventory is worth the joy of making over a crippled life? What pleasure in the possession of a car is worth the joy of beholding the light of faith and hope kindling in eyes where despair had brooded? What pleasure in the possession of a car is worth the joy of beholding the light of faith and hope kindling in eyes where despair had brooded?

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ON THE GIVING UP OF THINGS

A Sermon With Grenfell of Labrador as Text—His Notion of Sacrifice Is That It Is Not the Relinquishing of Things One Really Wants, But Rather the Choosing of the Things One Really Wants Because of Their Real, Ultimate, Permanent Value to Oneself.

From the Chicago Evening Post

This editorial is suggested by an article we read recently from the pen of a red-blooded human being who devoted his life to the service of the fisher folk dwelling on the Arctic fringe of the Labrador coast and Northern Newfoundland.

Dr. Grenfell ought to know something of what giving up things means. He has separated himself from all the comforts and delights which a cultured man can find in the well-equipped, modernly furnished realm of prosperous society. He has endured cold of polar intensity, he has suffered hunger, he has gone for months without a restful night's sleep. He has faced danger in its most terrible forms; he has met discouragement; he has known the utter loneliness of a real, unadorned life.

He has no claim on him except the claim of human kinship.

The man who lives in a modern home, with all its conveniences and luxuries; who enjoys the facilities which his city club and his country club; who can have whatever companionship he pleases; who can listen to good music, attend the most interesting lectures or hear interesting speakers, or find rest for his mind at an entertaining show, may well wonder why Grenfell should have made his choice of the hardships of life on the Labrador coast to the life of the former lands.

Dr. Grenfell cannot appreciate anything that he finds enjoyable. If you know the man, you know that he is in every fibre of his being a real, unadorned human being. He is not a decently pleasurable item in the program of a man of culture and privilege which Grenfell would not delight in. He would not have had it if such had been his choice.

He does not ask you to think him a hero, nor to sympathize with him. He would laugh if you did either. We have a suspicion that there are times when he is quite as sorry for the material things that he has given up as he is for the frost-bitten, hunger-punched, soul-starved lives to which he is now a bleak frontier of the world.

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COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE: The spirit to build and to rebuild, that is Oregon! We'll have to revise our war cry now to "Swat the Frogs!" Unusual of course, but there are now too many frogs, just the same.

It's a strange wind that doesn't carry a few colds and sore throats these days. Market headlines: "Biggest market in the world" would have to figure that one out on your own state.

Now we have rumors that Charlie Chaplin is to be married. It will let us see the girl's husband, will it not? The whole trouble seems to be in our inability to convince the world that it actually does owe us a living.

Senator-elect Dill of Washington has been called to the city of Seattle for a party. He is a pretty piece, so to speak, with the standstamper.

Did you ever entertain your butcher's assurance that the best you bought was the highest grade to the state and at that man's shop?

After our one-armed girl with the Thanksgiving bird, we aren't sure we want to see the girl with one of the Christmas variety.

It would be pleasant to believe that any of us held a place in the scheme of things when he is killed, but, sorrowfully enough, "aint so, and it never will be.

MORE OR LESS PERSONAL

Random Observations About Town

Among recent arrivals in the city are C. D. Gabrielsen and C. V. Johnson of Salem.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Uphoff of Silverton are spending the week-end in Portland.

James Henderson, postmaster at Cascade Locks, was in the city Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rankin of Astoria have sought refuge in Portland from the great fire.

E. N. Jacobson of Westport is visiting in Portland.

C. W. Ehrlich of Harrisburg is among guests of the Portland.

A. E. Reames, a Medford lawyer, is transacting business in Portland.

R. Bain of Eugene is among week-end visitors in the metropolis.

I. E. Edger of Forest is a guest of Portland for the week-end.

J. J. Graff of Eugene spent Saturday in Portland.

Among out-of-town visitors is John Carter of Idaho.

Martha Hanley of Burns is registered at the Portland.

E. H. Dewey of Nampa, Idaho, is among out-of-town visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Lane of Roseburg are among Portland visitors.

The Oregon Country

Northwest Happenings in Brief Form for the Busy Reader.

OREGON: George Griffith has been elected president of the Salem post of the American Legion.

Heavy snows in Clatsop and Columbia counties have caused many of the winter camps to close down temporarily.

Statistics gathered at the Oregon penitentiary show that there are 49 prisoners here, of whom 20 are under 15, and 103 between 20 and 24 years old.

At the meeting of the legislature in January, the state horticultural board will endeavor to obtain legislation for control of the quercus on hay in Baker county.

James Collier will erect a 50-room hotel at Prerua, with steam heat, hot and cold water, and many other conveniences, to replace the one recently destroyed by fire.

It is stated in Salem that L. M. Gilbert, former superintendent of the state training school, is an applicant to Governor Brown for reappointment to the position.

Lois Gertrude, young daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Gertrude of Sherwood, was found dead in bed Wednesday morning. She retired in good health and a night.

George Griffith, who lives on Main street in Oregon City, has a magnolia tree in his yard which is the product of an abundant yield of full bloom flowers for the Christmas holidays.

Trinidad county favors an alteration in the Oregonian's appointment to the place on the highway. The resignation of W. B. Barrett, Baker is urging William Polman.

George B. Dickinson, George H. W. Brown and C. C. Dill have been elected commissioners to manage the affairs of Newport under the new constitution. The commissioners will appoint a city manager.

WASHINGTON: During November, 470 tons of produce of all kinds were shipped out of Yakima.

A jury at Colville has awarded Mrs. E. J. Brown \$1000 for damages against Dr. W. H. Cartwright for alleged malpractice. She had two weeks ago while hunting, died Wednesday morning at Sunnyside following the amputation of an arm.

Les Salinger, 28 years old, lives in Seattle, 13 street holds three victims shot, one man kidnapped by bandits and a woman's property stolen.

J. G. Stewart, a neighbor and friend of Abraham Lincoln at Springfield, Ill., in the city of Astoria, his home in Hamilton, Skagit county, Monday, aged 88 years.

N. D. Coffman of Chehalis was elected president of the Washington State Chamber of Commerce, which closed a two days session at Tacoma Wednesday night.

The plurality of C. C. Dill over Senator Miles Polk in the November election was 10,000 votes. The official figures of Secretary of State Hinkle.

Report that an outbreak of rabies had occurred in Lincoln county and that rabid dogs had been seen near Davenport has caused a dog quarantine. Health officers are a dog quarantine.

George W. Draham was elected mayor of Olympia over Seymour W. W. Brown. The Commercial club at Olympia has a proposition to place the city as a city of 100,000.

One of the most important articles in the Christian Statesman a day ago was about the introduction of its article on the responsibility of citizenship today is to bring about a moral and social elevation of all classes, especially of those to whom the privileges of the ballot have been entrusted.

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