

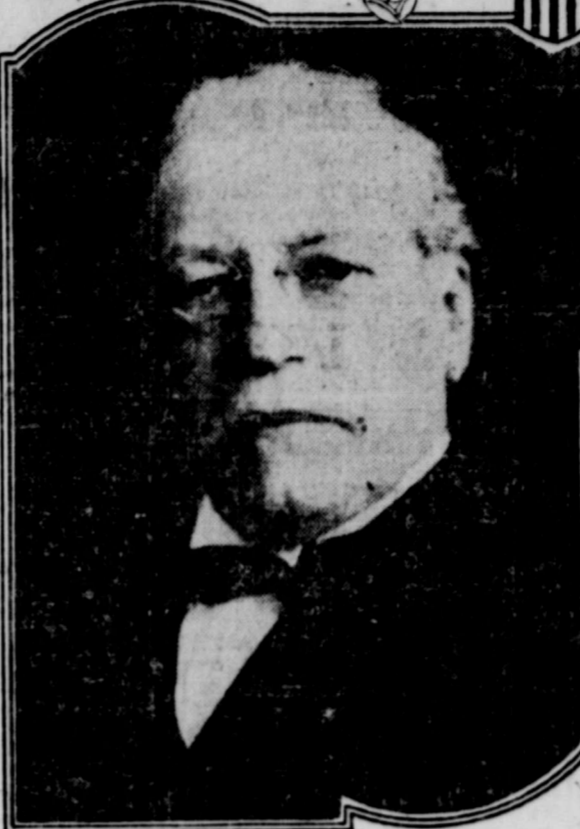
Labor Fears Dumping of Aliens



ARRIVING IMMIGRANTS



A GREEK



SAMUEL GOMPERS, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR



YOUNG WOMEN FROM ROUMANIA



SWEDISH IMMIGRANT CHILDREN

Big Chiefs of American Federation Denounce the Policy of Importing "Undesirables" By Wholesale—Say It Threatens Our Prosperity and Is a Menace To the Country's Economic Future

BY RENE BACHE

OUR standards of living, our prosperity as a nation, and the welfare of coming generations of Americans are threatened by the vast swarms of low-grade immigrants now getting ready to leave Europe for our shores.

This is the belief of American labor as a body, and its leaders are urgent in the protest they are making on the subject.

Says Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor: "Time was when the American people could declare that the United States should be a haven for the oppressed of all nations, and invite all who desired a new home to come to America. At that period the industries of our country were in their infancy, our lands were undeveloped, our resources far greater than we knew. The immigrants who came did so at their own volition; they cast in their fortunes with those already here, harmonized and blended with them.

Today there is a condition of affairs wholly different. There is not an industry that is not overcrowded with workers who vainly plead for an opportunity to work.

Undesirable Elements

"We cannot keep on forever ab-

sorbing the enormous numbers of aliens who come to our shores. With all this great complexity of peoples, with this constantly increasing immigration, there can be no improvement in the condition of our republic, economically or otherwise. The pressure is terrific, and it threatens the American standards of living. The suggested policy of distributing the immigrants would, if carried out, have a tendency to make the influx greater in volume."

Says Warren S. Stone, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers: "I do not believe in the idea of taking alien workers out of the cities and dumping them in the rural districts. 'Return to the soil' is a popular watchword at the present time. It is a beautiful idea in theory, but it will take more than a touch of soil to put principles into the mass of anarchist inclinations and to make him a good American citizen. He will have to be born again.

"In the old days, in our western country, no windows were fastened, no doors were locked; everybody felt safe. You went away to the mill, or to market, and left your wife and children at home in safety. Today that is all changed. You do not dare

to leave your wife and children alone in the farming communities. Why? Because of this very element that is dumped upon the rural districts from the cities.

Sentiment Out of Place

"Our laws governing immigration had their inception in the needs of a new country. We needed workers, and the building of our republic was accomplished to a great extent by foreign-born people of a desirable kind. But the bulk of the immigration that now comes to us is quite the reverse of desirable, and necessity demands that we put up the bars. It may be selfish to deny the right of others to compete with us for wages, but sentiment will not feed or clothe our families, and we cannot expect to maintain our present standards if this unrestricted wage competition continues. Sentiment for somebody else is well enough in its proper place, but it has no place where it threatens the welfare of our national life.

"It is the duty of organized labor resolutely to oppose invasion from any source of labor supply that threatens our standards of wages, or that will not assimilate with our people. Unrestricted immigration has already had a deplorable effect upon the living conditions of our wage-earners. The consequences are noticeable in a social, financial and moral way in every occupation affected by the flood of newcomers. The policy of filling the country with so many people that

there are two men ready for every job threatens our livelihood and our homes.

Influence Upon Wages

"We must bar out the undesirable, criminal, illiterate, defective, and pauper aliens who furnish the sweatshops with victims and the slums with their wretched population. They are a menace to all labor. The low wages for which they toil and the deplorable conditions under which they exist have an increasing tendency to lower the standards of living for the American laboring man."

Says former Grand Chief Garrettson, of the Order of Railway Conductors: "There can be no question that the continuous inflow of a million aliens a year, largely dumped up by not over-scrupulous steamship agents and runners, and induced directly or indirectly by employers of cheap labor, does tend seriously to affect wages and conditions of employment even in such highly skilled trades as ours, just as wages paid in the mills or mines are bound to have an effect upon wages paid on the farms.

"We were interested in the exclusion of Chinese coolies during the eighties, and of Japanese in 1907, for some of the very same reasons that render us opposed to permitting swarms of aliens, mostly adult males,

to come from Europe to this country for the purpose of earning, by lowering wages and standards, a few hundred dollars with which to return to their native lands, as from 200,000 to 700,000 of them do every year.

"It is no surprise to find the Immigration Commission reporting that wages and conditions have been seriously affected, that an over-supply of unskilled labor is a result, and that 'substantial restriction is demanded by economic, moral and social considerations.'"

The Immigration Committee of the House of Representatives in a recent report summing up the results of an investigation, gave the following reasons for recommending restrictions upon the wholesale importation of aliens:

Large unemployment in the United States.

Lack of housing facilities in this country.

The presence already in the United States of 10,000,000 or more unassimilated foreigners.

Danger of introduction and spread of contagious and loathsome diseases.

Inadvisability of admitting aliens faster than they can be assimilated.

AMONG THE MOVIE STARS



IRENE CASTLE



MARY ALDEN IN "THE OLD NEST"



TULLY MARSHALL, (RIGHT), CLAIRE MC DOWELL AND GEO. DRUNGOLD IN "THE LYING TRUTH"



TAYLOR HOLMES AND VIRGINIA VALLI IN "THE VERY IDEA"



THE HARRY CAREYS—SR. AND JR.



WALLACE REID AND GLORIA SWANSON IN "THE AFFAIRS OF ANATOL"

Irene Castle—"The Affairs of Anatol"—Mother in "The Old Nest"—"The Very Idea"—"The Lying Truth"—The Harry Careys.

IRENE CASTLE, internationally famous for her dancing with her late husband, Vernon Castle, is to return to the screen in a story called "With Flying Colors." Great interest is attached to this story, as it will show Mrs. Castle doing her first exhibition dancing since her successful stage play "Watch Your Step," which has passed since Mrs. Castle

has done this sort of dancing, ever since the tragic death of Mr. Castle near Fort Worth, Texas, when he, at that time an instructor, with a student, attempted an Immelman turn, while up in the air, in order to avoid a collision with another plane.

Mary Alden, who has sprung into such prominence in the motion picture world through her marvelous performance of the mother in "The Old Nest," is not an elderly nor middle-aged woman as one would imagine after having seen her performance in that photo play. She is still a young and beautiful woman.

But she has specialized—not intentionally at first—in mother parts. Her first motion picture engagement was

as the mother in D. W. Griffith's "The Battle of the Sexes." This was in 1914. In the six intervening years she has played many parts on the screen, all of them with a few minor exceptions, being wife and mother roles.

Her depictions of the mother in the screen version of "Ghosts," "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance" as well as "The Battle of the Sexes," were regarded as the greatest mother interpretations upon the screen until her own performance as Mrs. Anthon, in

"The Old Nest."

"The Affairs of Anatol" From every standpoint—investiture, its all-star cast, sumptuousness of settings, brilliance of directorial execution, richness of costumes, quality of story and general artistry, "The Affairs of Anatol" marks a distinct epoch in screen production of the decade.

The story, written by Jeanie Macpherson, and suggested by the famous play by Arthur Schnitzler, deals with an impressionable young man of wealth who finds time to interest himself in the affairs of others and who learns by practical experience that it pays best to attend to one's own affairs and let others do the same.

The cast is superb and includes such stars as Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter, Bebe Daniels, Monte Blue, Wanda Hawley, Theodore Roberts, Agnes Ayres and Theodore Kosloff.

"The Very Idea" Mr. Holmes takes part of Gilbert Goodhue, a young husband who has been pampered all his life and who finds, after his marriage, that his wife is of the same sort. The thing they both want above all things is a baby, and doctors have assured Gilbert that Edith (Virginia Valli) is too frail.

There are so many babies in the world, grown up and otherwise, that it would seem on first thought an easy matter to get one of them without its being missed. But the story of "The Very Idea" belies this assumption. Edith's brother, an authority on eugenics, comes to the rescue confidentially. That is only the start of the trouble. What follows forms one of

the most absurdly funny, yet none the less human and appealing comedies ever written.

"The Lying Truth" The story of "The Lying Truth" concerns the editor of a small town daily whose sensational efforts to place his newspaper on a paying basis brings him the enmity of the town's most influential citizen.

Unknown to the young publisher who has just taken over the paper, the town leader is involved in the tender-love activities of the community. His daughter, in love with the editor, is faced with circumstantial evidence that arouses the community against the newspaper man. Events pile on one another leading up to a lynching of the editor which is about to be executed when the true evidence is disclosed clearing the publisher.

Fair Exchange No Robbery Harry Carey, Sr., has made a trade with Harry, Jr. The youngster ought to be satisfied with the trade, but apparently he isn't. Spurs and a sombrero may be all right but they can't take the place of a bottle of milk when a two-months baby starts to get hungry.

Jimmy Aubrey's new comedy will be called "The Applicant." Jimmy has played all sorts of vocational roles in his comedies, and hopes to make "The Applicant" a combination of all the fun he has created in the past, plus much new comedy business. Several exterior scenes, elaborate for a two-reel film, will necessitate some long trips away from the Hollywood studios.

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In building a home you are supplied with a reason for saving—a tangible objective which makes it easy to save and serves as a check to unreasonable spending. Putting your money into a home promotes a sensible and systematic method of living and keeps always before you the real evidence that each dollar laid away is not only a dollar saved, but a dollar invested in something from which you will realize a lifetime of good.

You, who are renters, could build yourselves a home and pay for it with exactly the same money each month that now goes into your rental. Then, in a few years, instead of having nothing, you would have a home, paying dividends to yourself and all of yours, not only in actual cash from rental saved, but dividends of happiness and contentment.

In building your own home you not only provide yourself with a sensible method of saving, but you are doing your duty toward your wife and little ones. A home is the natural birthright of your children. It means not only present comfort and happiness and security but is a safeguard against future misfortune—a secure abiding place for your little ones for the years to come.

No man really wants to go through life dependent for the shelter of himself and his loved ones upon his daily work. Yet this is really the case among so many renters. What would happen if your earnings should cease—perhaps forever? Would your family be homeless—or safe and secure in a home of their own?

For the present comfort and safety of your family it is your business to begin saving today. For their future welfare it is right that you come to the full realization of the actual danger of useless spending. And the surest, safest, best way to save is to begin building your home at once!

Build now! Nothing can be gained by waiting. Authorities are agreed that you can build as economical-ly now as at any time in the future that can yet be foreseen.

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You would be surprised how little a good sleeping porch will cost you. Come in and let us show you how you can build a sleeping porch to the best advantage.

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The firms on this page will be glad to help you join in the home building class.



WILL NAME WOMAN.
AUSTIN, Sept. 6.—That President and Mrs. Warren G. Harding will name a young woman to represent the District of Columbia at the Cotton Palace at Waco, Texas, in October, was assured Governor Neff recently in a telegram from George B. Christian, Jr., secretary to the president.

LEGION ENTERS HOME.
EL PASO, Sept. 6.—The American Legion has entered its permanent home in El Paso. It has a large rock house with terraced lawn and large trees. The home has several bedrooms, a swimming pool, library, reception room, dining room and kitchen.

PIONEERS ORGANIZE.
EL PASO, Sept. 6.—Pioneers as regular members and sons of pioneer residents as honorary members have rejuvenated the El Paso County Pioneers' Association until it has 500 members. A piano, a vampire bat and other stuffed birds and animals and a library of 500 volumes are among the possessions of the association, which has rooms in the basement of the courthouse.

We can serve the community and our own interest best when we render service which pleases you. We ask only for your co-operation toward this end.

CISCO GAS & ELECTRIC CO.

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FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

Good Travellers

FAN CASWAY had been sitting on guard over two suitcases for a half hour or more, while her brother was off buying the ticket. They were on their first journey since they had to get a special little train to Manchester, where they expected their friends to meet them.

"What's keeping him so long?" thought Fan. And finally she went to go and find out. She saw a suitcase in each hand and a ticket in one hand and the other in the other.

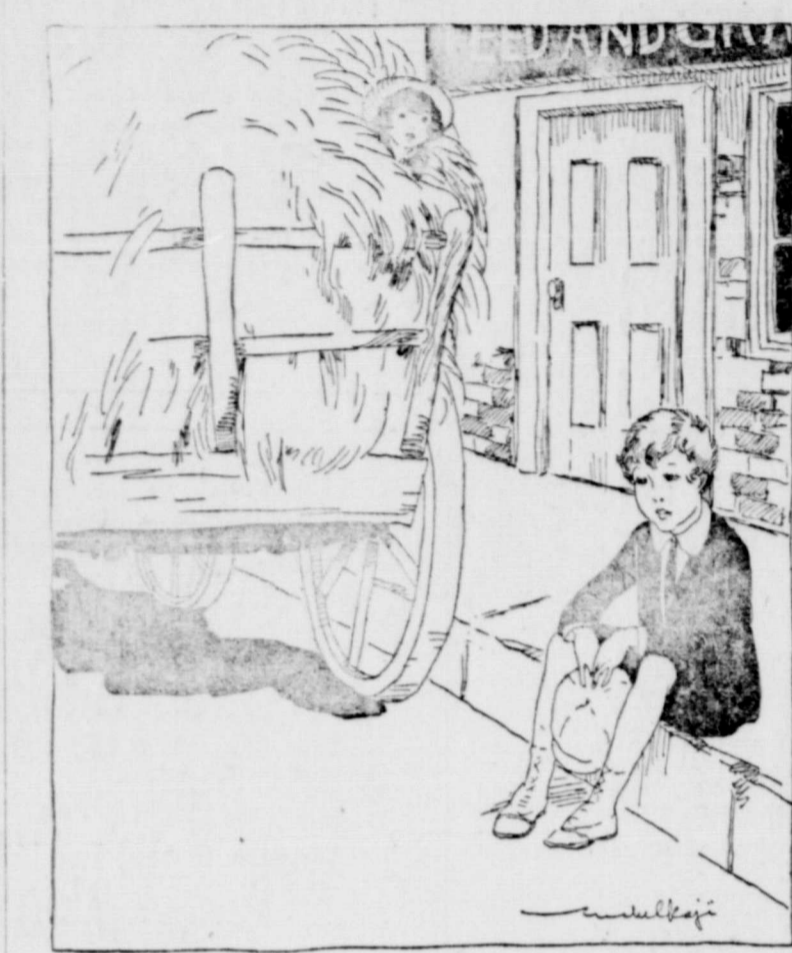
"Why, please, sir?" protested Fan. "It was ten, I know. We didn't have any two dollars. Besides what shall we do? We don't know anybody in this town and our friends expect us in Manchester."

"Is that so?" replied the agent. "I guess I know all about run-away kids. We have a good police force here, and I'll see that you get to your friends all right, all right."

He reached for the telephone, but seeing Dick clutch his sister's hand he called to a man standing near the ticket office. "I've got one of my own and they have no business wandering around."

The man reached for Fan, but he had reckoned without his host. For Fan darted off like a minnow through the row of benches and out into the street. The man ran after her, but Fan was a good sprinter and scared most out of her wits. Down a street she rushed and spying a wagon full of hay standing by the curb she jumped into it, burrowing down into the hay. For a long time she lay there. At last she felt herself moving. The wagon was driving off, and where was Dick?

Fan's head appeared from the hay and she looked all around. There came a hand sitting on the curb was Dick. "Good Dick!" He was waiting for her. She squirmed to her feet and gave a shrill whistle. The driver reined up surprised and Fan leaped to the ground and ran to her brother.



There, Sitting On The Curb, Was Dick

"Are you going towards Vermont?" asked Fan, hopefully. "Vermont!" exclaimed the young man. "Well, yes. I am going in that direction."

The two then decided to accept his offer of a lift and they climbed on the wagon. "I feel awful about those suitcases," remarked Dick. But Fan thought they would be checked by the ticket agent and could be sent for. They had a very pleasant ride of about five miles, and the man invited them into the house where his mother, a very pleasant lady, gave them some lunch. Then on their way they started, their faces set northward.

"At the next town we'd better give ourselves up," said Dick. "Why?" demanded Fan. "We haven't done anything wrong." "I have a plan," said Dick. "I'll take this ticket to the next station we come to and get it exchanged for two to the furthest town we can ride to for the money."

Fan agreed. They were weary and footsore when they came to the next station. The station master was good-natured and kindly and made the exchange without being too inquisitive. Oh, it was heavenly to be able to sit down and ride instead of walk! But all too soon they had to get out.

So into his Ford they all piled and drove off. "Say," whispered Dick, uneasily after a time, "he's taking us awful far." "Yes," said the man, "it's ten miles out, but you don't mind that, do you?" "Oh, but we've got to be in Manchester today," said Fan.

"What's all this?" inquired the man, stopping his car. "Where'd you two come from? Where're you going?" So they told him the whole story. "Well," he said, after listening through it all, "I guess my tomatoes will have to do without you. I happen to know Mr. Manly rather well, and I can't delay his guests."

He turned the car around and sped back to the station. There would be a train in half an hour. He bought tickets, telephoned about the suitcases and then sat down with the children to wait for the train. "I'm going to see you safe on board," he said, "then I'll phone the Manlys." "We'll return your loan as soon as we can," said Dick. "I know you will," assented the man. "But how do you know we're honest and telling the truth?" asked Fan. "By your faces," smiled their friend. "A crook always looks crooked. You both have honest eyes."

THE DOINGS OF CONSTANCE CLOTHESPIN.



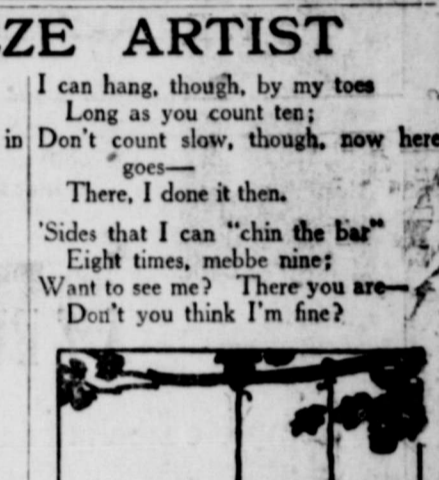
This is the first of a series of clothespin dolls. All you need is some clothespins, paste and scraps of different colored papers. Mark the faces and hair with ink or paint. Beatrice is wearing her suit. For her waist, tie on a crumpled piece of white tissue paper, with a piece of thread. Cut two pieces of dark paper like the pattern for her skirt. Put one around her for a skirt, and paste it shut at the back. Turn down the two upper corners of the other piece for her coat and pin it on her. Cut her a hat from the same paper, paste the ends together and put a white ornament on it. For Constance's dress, cut a piece of crepe paper the shape of the other pattern making it as long as she. Paste it shut in the back and tie a sash on her. Put an underskirt of stiff paper like Beatrice's skirt on her to help her stand. Her cape is a half circle of paper seven inches in diameter. Her hat is made of the same paper as her cape.

VERMONT next day they heard from Troy—a telephone message: "When I settled my cash last night I found I was eight dollars over, so am sending a postal order for that amount, and ask the young lady and gentleman to pardon my mistake." "Now, Mummy and Dad can't blame us for our scrape!" cried Dick in triumph. "I think on the whole we're quite good travelers!"

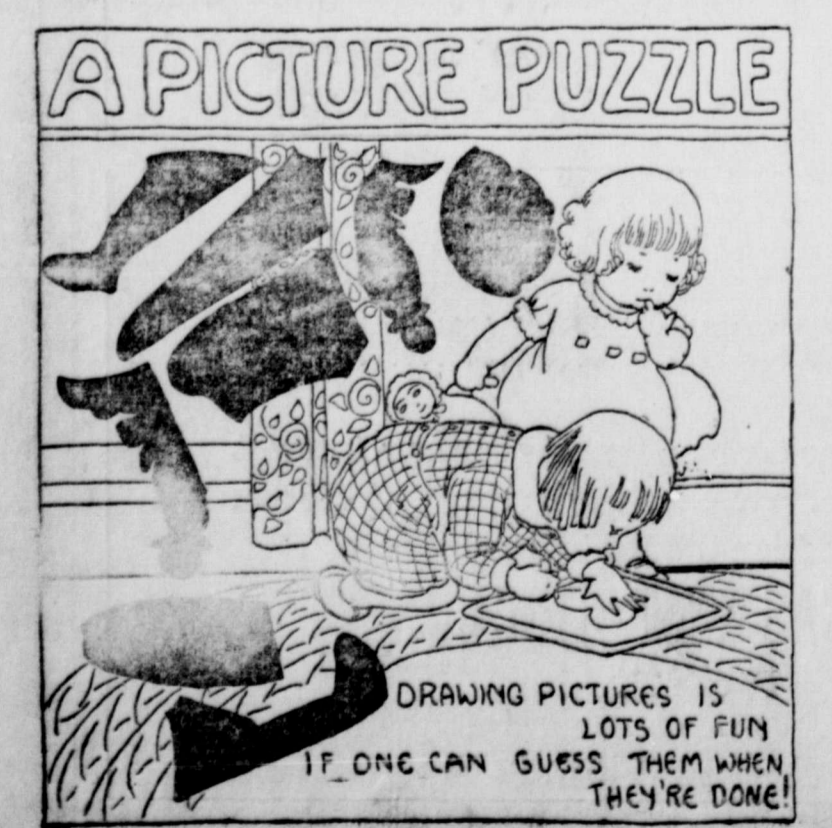
WHO SAID "The poetry of earth is never dead." John Keats. "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." Thomas Gray. "I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard." W. L. Garrison.

THE JUNIOR COOK FRIED EGGPLANT Put 1 tablespoonful meat drippings or vegetable oil into a frying pan. Dip the slices of eggplant in the batter, turn, dip the other side and drop carefully into the hot frying pan. Be careful to do this slowly so that the hot fat does not spatter and burn. Cook over a fire that will brown the eggplant in about 6 minutes. With a pancake turner, turn and brown on the other side. Cover tightly while browning the second side. Lift onto a hot platter and serve at once.

A TRAPEZE ARTIST I can hang, though, by my toes Long as you count ten; Don't count slow, though, now here goes— There, I done it then. Sides that I can "chin the bar" Eight times, mebbe nine; Want to see me? There you are— Don't you think I'm fine?



PUZZLE CORNER



Do you want to know what Bobbie is drawing? Cut out the black spots and fit them together—then you'll see what he is drawing!

"JUST A FEW CENTS" Each word terminates in CENT. 1. Many colored. 2. Recovery. 3. By the hundred. 4. Perfume. 5. Semi-transparent. 6. Drowsy. 7. Bubbly. 8. A man's name signifying victory. ACROSTIC My first you'd never think was north. My second's always found in earth. My third is tall and thin and straight. My fourth is at the end of wait. My fifth is loyal, tried and true. My sixth may mean the whole to you. My seventh stings—"tis not a flea. My eighth has immortality. My ninth is never, never wrong. My whole's a time just come along.

ANSWERS "JUST A FEW CENTS"—1. Irides. CENT. 2. Centaurs. CENT. 3. Perfume. CENT. 4. Hundreds. CENT. 5. Murky. CENT. 6. Drowsy. CENT. 7. Effervescent. CENT. 8. Via. CENT. ACROSTIC S onth E arth P ole T earest M onth B ee E ternity R ight

HIS LORDSHIP THE LOBSTER

MOST people think, if they take the trouble to think at all, that the natural color of a lobster is red. Like a ripe tomato, that is the way it appears as it drapes itself over a block of ice in restaurant windows. But they only turn red after being boiled, and at home in the water they are a greenish color—a shade of green that makes them practically invisible in their natural surroundings. They live away down at the bottom of the ocean, among the slimy, mud-covered rocks, and as far as anyone knows, have as good a time as the general run of us. They are equipped with eight regular legs, like a spider, and a huge pair of knobby arms, with a pair of pincers on each in place of hands. One pair of pincers, or claws as they are called, is always a lot bigger than the other. The big one is used mostly for crushing shells, so as to get at the meat inside, while the smaller is used for holding its prey, and for general fighting purposes. The lobster nurses a perpetual grudge, and never seems to be real carefree and happy unless it is fighting something; and when-

ever it goes out for a stroll, it always carries a chip on each shoulder and one on its back, and dares the world to knock one of them off. It manages to pick a fight with the first lobster it meets, regardless of the size of the stranger. In their numerous battles, the loss of a few legs, or maybe a claw, is no uncommon thing, but that is a small matter, as all they have to do is to quit fighting and wait a while, until they grow out again. If one of them gets hurt in any way, it flies to the conclusion that it is the nearest lob-



ster that is responsible, so it promptly jumps on it, with murder in its heart. If suddenly alarmed, a lobster has the strange power of throwing away one or both claws, just as a panic-stricken soldier might throw away his gun, so that his retreat might be unhampered. As a lobster's body grows, and as the shell doesn't, it naturally has to endure a squeezing and pinching, compared with which, the agony of a tight shoe is nothing. If your hat, collar, coat, trousers and shoes were all sev-

eral sizes too small, you might have a faint idea how a lobster feels when it outgrows its shell. At this time its whole nature undergoes a change; it loses all interest in eating; becomes as shrinking and timid, as it had been aggressive, and the prospect of a fight loses its old time lure. It retires from society, and becomes a gloomy misanthrope, and if it were human, would seriously consider suicide, as a quick way out of its troubles. Its muscles become soft and flabby, and its very flesh seems to be so much mush, and it is possessed by a great desire to jam itself down in some crevice, and stay hidden forever. At this point in its misery, the old shell gradually comes unbuttoned down the back, and after much pulling and tribulation, the creature finally manages to free itself from the old shell, and once more can draw a full breath without danger of bursting. It is now clothed from head to tail in an entirely new skin or shell, but it is too soft to afford any protection, so it has to remain in seclusion for a while longer, until the new shell hardens.

The new shell stretches like a rubber glove, and the body that has been squeezed up like a number ten foot in a seven shoe, grows so fast that one can almost see it getting bigger and bigger. When it has fully expanded, the shell hardens over it, and the lobster looks just as it did before, only several sizes larger. Its spirits now revive, and it swaggers forth, with the same old chips on its shoulders, and the same old desire for a fight. When engaged in its every-day business of looking for something to eat, the lobster walks along on the bottom after the fashion of a spider, but when the occasion calls for speed, it flirts its fanlike tail back under the body, and one flip of this wonderful paddle, can send it backwards or forwards through the water like a flash of light. And the strange part of it is, though its eyes are located on the end of feelers that stand out in front, it can dart backwards a distance of eighteen or twenty feet, and hurl itself in a narrow crevice in a rock, with the accuracy of a train backing into a tunnel.

A hen that lays an egg a day for a

LEAVES



All autumn long from tree and bower There falls a never-ending shower, Refreshing as the rain to earth, And prized by gardeners for its worth. The leaves, that to the ground return, How many thoughtless people burn, Instead of piling in a heap For future use on beds to keep. Dead leaves, decayed, you all should know, Add richness to the garden row.

few months, is able to get her name in the poultry journals, but a lady lobster thinks nothing of laying 5,000 eggs when she is a year old, 10,000 the second year, and so on up to the limit of 15,000. And notwithstanding this enormous output, she never goes around bragging about it, but takes it as a matter of course. She glues these eggs together and sticks them about on the underside of her body, like so many porous plasters, and carries them with her until they hatch. When the babies leave the eggs, they look just like their mother, only they have no claws.

NAPOLEON ANECDOTES THE story is told that after one of his greatest battles Emperor Napoleon gathered the remnant of his forces around him and proceeded to compliment them in his characteristic manner, so endearing to the hearts of his soldiers. Finally Company D, of the guards, who had been in the thick of the fight were ordered to present themselves, and to the astonishment of the Emperor a single soldier appeared. He was

bound up in bandages and could barely walk. "Where is the rest of your company?" asked the Emperor. A tear welled in the old soldier's eye as he answered: "Your Majesty, they lie on the field dead, and then woefully added, "they fought better than I!"



Solution to Cut-Out Puzzle

