

What other process than this can explain the fact that in New York City there are three foreigners to every four Americans, while in Brooklyn the proportion is less than two to five? If there is any magnetism in comfort or opportunity, the stranger within our gates would certainly gravitate, in favorable proportion, toward Brooklyn, if he had enterprise enough to cross the East River Bridge. But the immigrant who has a conditional purpose only, and the one who has an evil purpose, and the one who has no purpose at all, simply lodge in the metropolis by natural adhesion, waiting for a free voyage on some unseen river of enterprise, as the drift-wood waits for the next succeeding flood. New York City is the home of the supernumerary.

The contrast between city and country presents very good cumulative evidence on this point. In New York State, including all cities, only one-fourth of the people are foreign-born; but in New York City three-sevenths are foreigners. In California, as a whole, eight-elevenths of the people are American by birth; but in San Francisco only about five-elevenths are native-born. In Massachusetts entire, the population stands American as five to two, but in Boston alone the proportion stands but little more American than five to three.

But figures need not be multiplied. And we do not venture the dogma that the storm-centers of the metropolitan frontier are essentially inherent in a foreign population. We go only the length of precedent and history in asserting, however, with proper exceptions and qualifications, that the paths of immigration are always the paths of storm. And if we would trace the lines of barometric depression, and so anticipate and prevent disaster, we shall look more faithfully to the regions by the sea, with special and prayerful attention to the metropolitan frontier. New England is no longer bounded by the Hudson and the Atlantic; it is distributed, like the metallic apostles whom Cromwell melted into money, all over the Mississippi Valley. The Knickerbocker is as much at home in Chicago as in New York. With the Yankee, and the Knickerbocker and his Scandinavian allies, the geographical frontier is in fairly good hands. Look out for the social frontier at the port of entry! The emigrant wagon, now as always, carries the family Bible as well as the dog and gun. But in the shoulder-pack of the modern immigrant there is apt to be social dynamite. The cyclone of our social atmosphere is not forming over the Western dugout, but over the Eastern tenement.

The danger-signals of history are so clear and manifold that the modern city can almost learn how to go forward simply by looking backward. If Samaria was the metropolitan frontier of ancient Judea, Ephesus stood in something like the same relation to Attica, Corinth to Laconia, Nineveh to Egypt, and Carthage to the Republic of Rome, while Sardis and Babylon, as many modern cities threaten to do, corrupted their own provinces and subverted their own empire. It is of more significance, however, to recall the silent testimony of those