

but such mild argumentation made little headway against the storm. She departed.

But the following Saturday the prima-donna appeared at the school in that district, accompanied by her entire entourage—husband, maid, chauffeur and Pomeranian—took the examination, passed it with flying colors and left exclaiming: "What a wonderful place is America, so democratic, so fair and just!" One is almost tempted to feel that one practical lesson in democracy of this kind is worth the entire expense and time of the examination.

In practically every one of the eighty schools some attempts were made to influence unduly the examiner or actually to evade the law. In one school the tired Principal was overwhelmed by the appearance of a striking-looking Italian gentleman in full evening dress who introduced himself as "Signor Amato." Taking him for the famous baritone, the Principal extended every courtesy, apologized for the small seat in which he was forced to sit and after he had written his test was on the point of making out the certificate and escorting him to the door. Imagine the Principal's astonishment when he noticed that, in answer to the question, "Who was the inventor of the locomotive," the reply stated, "George Washington was the first President of the United States." This was a poser, but by a series of not altogether tactful questions the harassed Principal succeeded in discovering that "Signor Amato" was an Italian barber in the district who, able neither to read nor write English, had been coached on this one question by a local politician and then decked out in full regalia to impress any one who dared to say him nay.

Evidence of coaching was common, although less frequent than might have been expected. It is doubtful whether it was successful in a single case, for the examinations varied in the different schools and even on the same night in the same school. The result may be illustrated by the case of a Polish applicant. His test was in regard to election day, the answers of course being printed plainly at the top of the page, but to each one of the ten questions he replied, "Lincoln freed the slaves." Petty bribes of cigars, theatre tickets and in some cases a small amount of money were offered, although here again there was rather less than was anticipated.

In every school effort was made to give the applicant fair and just treatment. If he did not pass the first night he was invited to come again, and those who took as many as three trials were numerous. Each school, moreover, presented a different problem, varying with the character of the neighborhood in which it was located. The value of putting responsibility for administering the test on the Principal of the evening school, intimately familiar with the social groups in the district, was repeatedly demonstrated.

The statistics from the different schools also reflect the characteristics of the districts in which they are located. The lowest percentage of failures, for

example, was in a school on the upper west side in the vicinity of Columbia University. Out of 494 women who took the examination there were no failures at all, while of 870 men only 13 were unsuccessful. Greenwich Village proved another very literate section, with a large number of high-class Italians, Spaniards and Greeks taking the test. Out of 633 applicants at the school in the district only 11 failed.

The highest percentage of failures, on the other hand, came from a school in a district almost 100 per cent, Italian. Of 592 who took the test 314 failed and 278 passed. In another school in an Italian and Jewish district, where 889 people were examined, 433 failed—within a fraction of 50 per cent. To those interested in the education and assimilation of our vast alien population it may seem significant that in general those schools in cosmopolitan neighborhoods drawing on a variety of racial groups reported a higher percentage of literacy than in

What's the Good of Worrying

Anon.

The hardest work you ever do
Is worrying about it;
What makes an hour resemble
two

Is worrying about it.
The time goes mighty slowly
when
You sit and sigh and sigh
again,
And think of the work ahead,
and then
Keep worrying about it.

Just buckle up and buckle in—
Quit worrying about it.
By work, not worry, you will
win—

Quit worrying about it.
A task is easy, once begun;
It has its labor and its fun.
So grab ahold and do it, son—
Quit worrying about it.

the Ghetto districts in which single nationalities are compactly congregated.

Perhaps a final point, should be made in regard to the number of women who applied for certificates. They were in a distinct minority, only 8,864, or 17 per cent, of the total. In some schools, particularly in Italian sections, no women appeared at all, in others only a handful.

This year will see the schools even better prepared to administer this law. Careful statistics and records of our experience this year have been kept by the Director of Evening Schools. A corps of examiners with this year's practical experience behind them will be available. The candidates, the public, the press and co-operating agencies will be better informed about the law. But the results this year have demonstrated beyond question its value and feasibility, while

to the devotion and willingness of the evening school Principals and teachers, who assumed responsibility for the examination itself, must go the credit for an exceedingly gratifying achievement.

THE LAND I LIVE IN

By Robert Freeman,
in "Pacific Christian Advocate"

I love the land I live in,
Happy land of heart's desire,
Far-off land of prophet vision
Dimly limned in sunset fire,
Land of ancient song and story
Chanted low to lute and lyre—
O, I love it, and I have it for mine, own.

I love the land I live in,
Where the padres trod of old,
Soldiers battled for its booty,
Miners scrambled for its gold,
Sailors damned it for its dangers—
O, the wierdest tales are told
Of this land I love to look on as mine own.

I love the land I live in,
Where the mountains hail the sea,
Where the desert bounds the orchard,
And the future's yet to be;
Where the sons of every nation
Say in divers tongues, "I'm free,
And I love this land I live in as mine
own."

For the milkman is a Belgian,
The baker he is French,
The butcher is a German
And the cook a colored wench,
The gardener came from Sweden,
Here's a peddler from Japan;
The preacher is a Scotchman,
And the judge an Irishman.

I love the land I live in,
Where the ranges lie in snow
While the golden fruit is hanging
And the roses bloom below;
Where the rich man has his palace,
And the poor his bungalow,
And each boasts the land he lives in as
his own.

O I love the land I live in,
Where the past is all behind,
Where the sons of men begin again
With health and daring mind;
And the chiefest of her virtues
Is her love of being kind—
"Blessed land of my adoption, she's
mine own."

WASN'T HURTING IT

A little Negro boy, clothes removed, was splashing around to his heart's content in a public reservoir. "Hey! come out of that, you young rascal!" shouted the keeper. "Don't you know that the people in town have to drink that water?"

The youngster dived under, came up and innocently replied: "Oh, dat's all right, mister; I ain't usin' no soap."

ISNT HE RIGHT?

"Hiram, I notice you never borrow."
"No, it's a lot of trouble to borrow and it's a lot of trouble to pay back. So I pass up the entire proposition and save trouble at both ends."

— The American Tyler-Keystone.