

actively engaged everywhere in bringing America intelligently into the hearts and homes of the foreign-born. As *The United American* is an exponent of intelligent and constructive Americanization, it feels duty bound to recognize the interpreters' challenge and copy their views for the benefit of all "over-zealous advocates of STEREOTYPED citizenship."

Now let us have a look at Willa's learned and highly commended views given in answer to a question if she did not think that the immigrant population was making valuable contributions here:

Contribute? What shall they contribute? They are not peddlers with something to sell; they are not gypsies. They have come here to live in the sense that they lived in the old world, and if they were let alone their lives might turn into the beautiful ways of their homeland. But they are not let alone. Social workers, missionaries — call them what you will — go after them, hound them, pursue them and devote their days and nights toward the great task of turning them into stupid replicas of smug American types. This passion for Americanizing everything and everybody is a deadly disease with us. We do it the way we build houses. Speed uniformity, dispatch, nothing else matters.

It wasn't so many years ago. When I was a child, all our neighbors were foreigners. Nobody paid any attention to them outside of the attention they wanted. We let them alone. Work was assigned them and they made good house-workers and splendid craftsmen. They furnished their houses as they had in the countries from which they came. Beauty was there and charm. Nobody investigated them and nobody regarded them as laboratory specimens. Everybody had a sort of protective air toward them, nobody interfered with them. A 'foreigner' was a person foreign to our manners and custom of living, not possible prey for reform. Nobody cheated the foreigner, and a man lost everything in the esteem of the community when he was discovered in a crime of false barter. It was very much better that way. I hate this poking into personal affairs by social workers and I know the people hate it, too. . . . I know there is much to be said for it, but nevertheless I hate it.

Miss Cather's opinion is too antediluvian to add to beyond what her friends of the Interpreter have said. Everybody on "this side" of the fence understand her ideas perfectly. Her cast-and-class ideas could not permit her to speak otherwise. These picturesque foreigners in their national costumes, splendid servants and craftsmen, why should they be urged to qualify as Americans and look for that greater compensation of life and living that comes through learning and progress?

Sure, it would lend color to the omniumgatherum of peoples whom we have let into America if we painted their colony-fences in their national colors, encouraged the use of their respective national costumes, customs and speech, we might even charge tourists an admission price to enter each colony enclosure and earn enough money to run our government, aside from the continuous joy we would experience in constantly listening to this edifying polyglot. We could mention any number of benefits which, if summed up, would represent the satisfying outlook of an (in)glorious national (in)security. We have worried along so nicely in the past, thinking the inscription on our big American dollar "In God We Trust" was enough for us, trusting to luck and hoping that the "other fellows" were thinking the same, that there ought not to be any need now for changing mental or physical scenery.

We might go on ad infinitum enlarging upon Miss

Cather's views, but enough has been cited to prove the case against her and her friendly interpreters.

A LITTLE OLD LAND

Anon.

A little old land with a funny old way
Of shining tomorrow and raining today;
A little old land with a little green heart
And a bloom for the hills and a beam for the mart;
But over its meadows and down in the sea
This little old land seems a good land to me!

A little old land with a song for the morning,
And lots of good green for the fair fields adorning;
A peak and a valley, a glen and a stream,
And little to lean o'er our lips while we dream;
Sombre and cloudy when that seems the best,
But a good land for toil and a good land for rest!

A little old land, with a bright sky one minute,
And then the soft rain with a sweet balsam in it;
A little old land with the rill and the river
And love with the roses to fill up its quiver;
Bird-song and rose-bloom, and all the way over
The blue skies of love and the white lanes o' clover.

No man can remain in complete control of a situation if he, as a presiding officer, attempts to ridicule his audience or any member of his audience. This is an axiomatic rule which many men have disregarded to their cost. Never be sarcastic in dealing with an audience while you are presiding. There is only one of you; your audience is many, and you are certain to get the worst of the controversy if you lose the good will of your audience. — Justice Taft.

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