

quick disentanglement as the American girl stood back a pace and surveyed with sudden severity the Irish girl before her.

"Ah, Mamie," throbbed the American girl, in instant pity. "Ah, Mamie, dear, where have you been?"

It was not for Mamie to know that on the very peak of her mass of fair hair rested a flower-strewn hat with a round brim as wide as the front porch of the Lakeview House at Soakemall Lake in the Catskills. No, not for Mamie. Nor could she know that the peach-like bloom of her pretty Irish cheeks was not countenanced in modern America. Her blue eyes gazed back their innocent question. Yes, Mamie was pretty as she stood there with her bags beside her, as pretty a pink-cheeked colleen as ever tripped through Ellis Island.

Then began the Americanization of Mamie. With a two-handed grip like a football tackle, her American friend seized the flowery hat affair, squeezed the brim to a strip and pulled the whole thing down over the head and ears of the newcomer until her blue eyes were scarcely visible beneath the inverted coal scuttle that once had been a hat. Then, after a quick look of appraisal, a giant vanity box appeared from nowhere, and—puff, puff, puff! Here and there, high and low, the American girl is powdering the pretty face of the Irish girl until the old sinners hard by begin to shift nervously beyond sneezing range. Rub, pat, swab! The finishing touches are applied, even to the daub of raw red that serves as a semaphore to those who still look for lips that can laugh. And now the deed is done. Mamie is swabbed. Mamie is Americanized. Off they go together, and let no one say that to-day an American has failed to wreak Americanization upon a foreign friend at the very first opportunity.

In other words, is everything about America, past and present, so undeniably good that when we take up "Americanization" our aim is to make the arriving aliens exactly like ourselves, in every way, shape and manner? Must we do all the Americanizing ourselves, by our own pattern? Is there nothing at all that they do better than we? Are we Americans past all improvement? Or is it fairer to the foreigner to lead him gently into those American ways, principles and traditions that we all put down as good and right, and then leave him a little leeway of fondness for things foreign that are not necessarily bad just because they are different? Yes, I think so. After all, it is the foreigner who is being Americanized. He is part of the process.

For instance, I cannot see anything baleful about a string of red peppers hanging out of a window the way they do in Italy. Nor would the brightness of a bed of Dutch tulips make me fear for the future of America. And the rosy cheeks that come out of the mist-blown hillsides of the north countries—oh, take a look yourself at those lads and lasses as they trip down the gangplank and into America, and then tell me if they bode ill to the Uniform States of America! For my part, I say, my horse for a touch of Nature's color, a bit of beauty, a lilt of song to relieve the drab machinery of modern American life that so standardizes us all! Let it come, that foreign flower for our

fields, and let it bow and dip and spring upright again under our American winds, so that life is brightened again for us toilers passing by! We need all we may get of beauty and grace from afar, even though it be foreign and "different!" If we would crush these individual notes out of the American lives of our in-coming foreigners—just because they are not "American"—then we are crushing something that is in the foreigner himself. We are killing something that is as much a part of him as his heart and head, something that he loves—that she loves—that their little ones have already learned to love. We are beginning our Americanization work by ignoring the fact of the foreigner's very eyes. For it is only his own eyes—not ours—that he has with which to look through. And we shall have to look with him a little, through his own eyes for a bit as we stand beside him, before he can come along with his share of the give-and-take, and look at his life through our American eyes, first a little, then more and more. He is ready enough to come along with his share, if only we give him a chance. But there must be a partnership. He cannot do it all alone. There must be a partnership.

* * *

If we may go ahead then as partners, we discover at once that in recruiting the partnership there are ninety-five million native-born residents of America. Of the latter, half have become American citizens by naturalization, and half are still aliens, but there are certainly ten million of the fifteen who are not yet really Americans. Irrespective of that hurry-up,

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