

sausage-cutting citizenship process that has masqueraded so often under the name of naturalization, there are ten millions of foreign-born residents of America who are in need of Americanization effort—and most of them earnestly want it. On the other hand, there are one hundred million genuine Americans most of them native-born—but at least five millions of them foreign-born—who are in a position to help the other ten million. For every foreigner who is ready to become an American, there are ten Americans on hand to help him through. Surely, we have enough teachers!

Add to this the fact that a wise law has recently reduced the volume of immigration to America to something like 300,000 or 400,000 a year—a thousand a day, in the rough—and it would seem safe to say that, as long as American children continue to be born, there will always be ten teachers for every pupil in this partnership of Americanizing the stranger within our gates. So much for mere figures.

* * *

Yet, there are one thousand a day still coming in, every day, for as long as the present law stands unchanged. They are a better lot than used to come. Every man and woman of the government's force at Ellis Island will tell you that. They are better. But, by so much the more, are they worth better teaching at the hands of the rest of us who are already here. Just as they are better pupils themselves, they deserve and will demand teaching that is more understanding and more helpful than any we have ever given before. And, if they do not get it, we lose just so much ourselves! because they are already a part of ourselves—every one of the thousand a day—from the moment they are admitted and come ashore. They are a slice of "us," because they are in.

Of course we Americans who outnumber the admitted alien by ten to one are not going to turn in, the whole ten of us, in every case, and press upon him ten different varieties of Americanization pill. Most of us will pay no more attention to the affair than we do to voting and to taking an intelligent hand in the affairs of our own government. We are "too busy," or too something else. Then in this particular field, there is the consideration that in such a surrounding of the bewildered alien too many gardeners may spoil the plant. Still less can we be digging up this tender plant all the time to see if down there among the roots it is really growing. In fact, we are compelled not only to do a little sorting among the ten teachers, and pick from them the one who teaches best, if we are to do this thing right; but even when we have perhaps picked out the best of the ten for the task, there must be some degree of patience in that particular teacher, if the alien's Americanism is to grow naturally and normally, until finally it comes to flower, a thing accomplished. With the gentleness of rain it must be done.

So! We are set! And right here, before ever we get under way at all, is where the alien comes in. Right here, at the very beginning of the business, he appears as full-fledged partner; because it is he who picks his own teacher, out of the whole ten of us, and does it all by himself. You and I have nothing

to say about it at all. The choice is made by the alien, at the outset, and beyond any chance of change.

* * *

In the old days there were immigrants who came to our shores because they had been persecuted at home. Liberty of political thought, or of religious belief, was the lure that called them to the new wilderness. Also came the adventurers—those hardy folk who fare forth to the far places, who live best in the saddle, who know danger, shoot straight and die game. On their heels were the home-builders, who would sooner carve a rude hut out of the forest, and call it home, owned and held—their own—than be tenants at ease of the most beneficent landlord that ever held a condescending string on old lands in old countries. So too, there were the coordinators of a newly knit industrial civilization, executives by birth, answering the call of a complex machine for heads to command the hands that ran it. With them came the laborers and the servants—the backs and hands that did the multifarious human toiling not yet swept under the mechanical sway of the uncanny inventions of to-day. And finally followed the ordinary jobhunter, from all over the globe, coming to our country for any old kind of a job, just because there are more jobs here than there are over there.

Here he is, the job-hunter, last of the procession, standing right before us here at the gate at Ellis Island! The rest have trooped by and gone with the years—pilgrims, breaknecks, homesteaders, men of wit and men of toil—they have gone forever and ever. Only their legends survive. In their footprints

RASMUSSEN & CO.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass, Sash, Doors
High Grade Lubricating Oils
Brushes, Etc.

Northeast Corner Second and Taylor Streets
Portland, Oregon

ASK YOUR DEALER

for the following brands

Manufactured in Portland

Mt. Hood Overalls
Mt. Hood Shirts
University Overcoats
University Mackinaws
Jenny & Joe Playsuits
Columbi-Ann House Dresses
Columbi-Ann Ladies' Night Gowns
A Warranty Bond with Every Garment

Phone Main 6193

P. O. Box 29

M. FRUTIGER

Dairy

Hillsdale Home of Quality Milk

Oregon

Place Your Orders With The United American Advertisers—and Tell Them Why