

stands the immigrant of to-day, as we see him at Ellis Island—just a job-hunter from afar, even as you and I, when we emerged from school or college, were job-hunters from our own doorsteps close by. The only differences are those of age and heredity and geography. And even as did you and I in days agone, the immigrant aims high in the beginning, and in the end takes what he can get. After all, a job is a job, be it higher or lower than the first aim. And a meal is a meal, with due meed of gratitude to the boss who makes the meal possible.

It is by that very token that the immigrant of to-day picks the American from whom he will take his first sharp-cut lessons in Americanization. Just because he is the job-hunter, he puts first among all the Americans—instinctively and instantly—the man who gives him his job in these United States. That man is the alien's benefactor, his boss, his best friend and his biggest American. That man is his type, his tin god. That man is one in ten of us who becomes the alien's teacher, chosen and cherished by the alien himself—an involuntary leader, who represents all the rest of us Americans in what America means to these thousands of foreigners who come, and come, and stay. A partner in a precious process, that man is you.

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Yes, here or there, sooner or later, the alien comes to you. Think a moment! Are all your employees and dependents, at work and at home, even to the least, native-born Americans? All of them? Or is there somewhere one foreigner, if no more, whose bread and butter depend, in some nearby way, upon you? If there be such, there is in his jacket a pathos of observant devotion to yourself that perhaps you have never quite realized nor even suspected. Yet it is there.

And I wonder what you are doing about it—you who are the first American, in the eyes of this immigrant, just because you are his boss. Perhaps you have already done something about it. Or perhaps not, since you did not know that this foreigner had picked you out to be his teacher and his beau ideal of Americanism. Perhaps nobody came along and told you about that—about your being, willy-nilly, the hand-picked light to lead this new arrival in the national family. Well, if you please, that is what I have come along to tell you about myself. This word from Ellis Island is to tell you that you are elected—you are IT—be you man or woman, or be the foreigner's tie to you ever so remote. Moreover, it is a permanent position that you occupy. Your pupil looks to you not only during his first five days in America, but during his first five years here, and perchance even his first fifty years here. You are certainly in for it!

To strike right out then, how about teaching your pupil to speak, read and write good English? Or is that too obvious to merit mention? All right! Ellis Island suggestions are only pepper-pot castings, anyhow. One throw may not reach you; another may. But I know right well that there are American employers, men and women, in mine, mill, factory, office and home, who are not lifting a finger to-day to teach their alien employees, upon whom they depend, the very language of their country. This first throw

is for those particular gentry, and it is a straight throw.

It is true that the foreign children go to our splendid schools, and learn English there. It is true, also, that we have English-teaching night schools for the foreign adults; but it is just as true that the attendance at those night schools is but a fraction of what it might be. It is not easy for an alien to learn English after a hard day's work, and—what is even harder—after thirty or forty years of one foreign tongue and none else. It is easier to relapse into the foreign colony, of an evening, and seize what joy of life there is immediately at hand. So, in language, the children grow up quite by themselves. And so they come to look down upon their foreign fathers and mothers who cannot speak English, to make fun of them, to break away from them. It is an old story—as sad as it is familiar—but it is a story that is still going on today.

Yet there is a way. I know of men of substance and sympathy who are making the most careful efforts to teach their alien employees English, not after hours but in hours, as part of the day's work. They do it in hours because it pays to have their employees know our language. There are dividends in the contentment that comes with a readier understanding of America's problems, ways and habits of thought. There are quick dividends in the alien's independence of foreign agitators—that invariable first fruit of his comprehension of our medium of American communication. There are ultimate dividends in his settled gratitude toward the boss who treats him not only as a tool, but also as a human being. These dividends are not there for the asking. The alien, as well as the boss, knows

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