

"The Unfortunate Native Born"

By Marion E. Yeatman, Director of Americanization, Crockett, California.

PERHAPS the present stage of the Americanization movement is too early to give sufficient perspective for an estimate of achievements. Such summaries, too, are apt to be unsatisfactory, depending as they must on facts and figures for the effectiveness of their appeal. To determine just how definite a place immigrant education has assumed in our social structure would be extremely difficult, and it is not possible to analyze its bearing on present-day thought. Yet occasionally there is brought forcibly to one's attention straws which may be taken to indicate the drift of the educational wind. Sometimes these indications of public sentiment give a quite unexpected angle to the situation. One wonders, for instance, just how prevalent is the feeling illustrated by the following criticism:

An Americanization teacher, returning from her class, engaged in conversation with a citizen of her community who showed a keen knowledge of and interest in the school which she represented. After a discussion of the progress of the various departments of the organization, he made the rather blunt comment: "Well, this is all very well, of course, but I can't say that I'm very strong for the Americanization school."

Now Friday night at the close of a hard week's teaching is not a propitious moment to tell a teacher she is wasting her time. Perhaps some of her very natural indignation was manifest in the tartness of her reply. At any rate, the critic made haste to explain his position.

"It isn't that I object to the Americanization movement itself," he concluded. "Something of the sort is necessary, I've no doubt. But when I see the amount of money, time, and trained teaching that are being put on these foreigners I can't help asking the question, 'What is being done for the man who is so unfortunate as to have been born in this country?'"

There was more to the same effect. Attention was called to the young man of the rural districts who "before he is thirty comes to a standstill" as far as educational progress is concerned. The speaker deplored the waste involved under such conditions and wondered what might be done to prevent it.

The line of argument is not important. And perhaps there was a failure on the part of the critic to recognize certain values that loom large to the Americanization teacher. But the incident, if it is at all indicative of public sentiment, is assuredly not without its significance.

In a final reckoning will it not be found that the effort to educate our foreign born has had unlooked-for results? What are we doing for the descendants of those who decreed that education should be a cornerstone of

our democracy? What, indeed! Perhaps the most vital service that can be rendered them. Is it not possible that in our attempt to interpret to those of other races our institutions and culture, we are awakening our own people from a stultifying self-complacency? It is quite conceivable that the eagerness the foreign born shows in accepting the opportunities offered him may serve to remind the "unfortunate native born" of his own ancient and honorable birth-right.

UNHAPPY F8!

In Northwestern Life Lines.

Weep to the tale of Willie T8
Who met a girl whose name was K8
He courted her at a fearful r8
And begged her soon to become his m8.
"I would if I could," said lovely K8
"I pity your lonely unhappy st8,
"But, alas, alas, you've come too l8.
"I'm married already. The mother of 8."

"EPY-TAFFS"

Erie Motorist.

Here lies the remains of Percival Sapp;
He drove a car with a girl on his lap.
Lies slumbering here, one William Blake,
He heard the bell, but had no brake.
Beneath this stone lies William Rains:
Ice on the hill; he had no chains.
John Smith lies here without his nose,
He drove his car while filled with booze.
Here's Mary Jane, but not alive
She made her car do forty-five.
Ed Jones is lost to earthly wiles,
He tried a curve at fifty miles.
Beneath this turf lies William Meak,
He used a match on a gas tank leak.
Johnson occupies this bunk,
He tried to drive while he was drunk.
Beside this brook sleeps Willie Bass,
The bridge was narrow, but he tried to pass.
She stalled her boat on a railroad track.
She's gone very far and won't be back.
Here lies the remains of Ollie Pid,
He thought he wouldn't skid, but did.
Here lies the bodies of both the Drakes,
They trusted too much in their 4-wheel brakes.
To this narrow bourne rushed poor Pat O'Shean,
He mixed his liquor and gasoline.
Heaven help women like Mary La-Mar,
She took one lesson then drove her Own car.
Rest, Michael O'Toole, — 'twas a fearful crash,
When you missed the brake and stepped on the gas.
Shed a tear for Al McGluck,
He missed a Ford but hit a truck.

LIFE

Anon.

To the soldier life is a battle,
To the teacher life is a school.
Life is a "good thing" for the grafter;
It's a failure to the fool.
To the man upon the engine
Life's a long and heavy grade;
It's a gamble to the gambler;
To the merchant, it's a trade.

Life's a picture to the artist.
To the rascal life's a fraud;
Life perhaps is but a burden
To the man beneath the hod.
Life is lovely to the lover,
To the player life's a play;
Life may be a load of trouble
To the man upon the dray.

Life is but a long vacation
To the man who loves his work;
Life's an everlasting effort
To the ones who like to shirk.
To the earnest Christian worker
Life's a story ever new;
Life is what we try to make it,
Friend, What is Life to you?

THE HAPPIEST HEART

By John Vance Cheney

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest.

The Benefit of the Doubt. Quizzing a boy is not always so easy as it seems. Here is an instance in which a New Yorker came out second best in a passage of repartee with a lad named Richard who looked after the hat room in a well known cafe.

The diner started out of the cafe after his meal and was seized, as Richard handed him his hat, with an impulse to quiz the lad.

"Is this my hat?" he demanded.

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, then, why do you hand it to me if you don't know whether it is my hat or not?"

"Because it is the one you handed to me when you came in," said Richard.

— Kansas City Star.

Among the Missing. Two farmers met at a certain town a day or two after a tornado had visited that particular neighborhood.

"She shook things up pretty bad out at my place," said one, stroking his whiskers meditatively. "By the way, Hi," he said, "that new barn o' yours get hurt any?"

"Waal," drawled the other, "I dunnoo. I haint found it yet."

— London Weekly Telegraph.