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LAWRENCE DINNEEN, Editor

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5812 Ninety-second Street
Phone SUnset 2228

Reporters—Mrs. S.J. Gray, 3549 Sixty-eighth street, S. E., SUnset 1609; Morrison Handsaker, 5603 Forty-fourth avenue, S. E., SUnset 2814; Lawrence Dinneen, 4827 Ninety-second street, S. E., SUnset 4782.

NOTES AND NEWS

The Tribuna Italiana of Portland carries the information that the Italian ministry of public instruction is reducing its budget for Italian schools in Greece and Turkey by 10,000,000 lire, and that it is the government's intention to allot these 10,000,000 lire, in part, to Italian schools in the United States and, in part, to the organization of meetings of Italian professional men resident in America. While this kind of propaganda, frankly acknowledged, is on a different plane from the secret propaganda in which governments engage, it is distasteful to American sentiment and as it becomes known will react in a fashion unfavorable to the Italian government.

It begins to look as though the American press has forgotten the debt to La Fayette. Here is an editorial comment from the Washington (D. C.) Herald of January 22: "German militarism was nothing compared to French militarism—a foolish futile imitation. The stupid kaiser merely tried to be a Napoleon. Whenever triumphant, France has made herself a tyrant—the imperialistic, militaristic menace of Europe. France is again sowing the wind, and she will reap the whirlwind. Her present course leads straight to another Blenheim another Waterloo, another Sedan."

ARLETA BRANCH LIBRARY NOTES

Miss Grace Anna Johnson, formerly of the South Portland branch, has been appointed children's librarian of the Arleta branch library.

For those who enjoy a bit of fun in their reading the library has provided a shelf of humorous books. This includes, humorous books of travel, poetry, essays and stories.

Stewart Edward White's new book, "On Tip Toe," has been added to the book collection. This is a romance of the red woods. Ancient buccaneering methods are applied to a modern situation, with a bit of satire and burlesque.

ROBSON'S STORE HELD UP

"Stick 'em up," is what two robbers said to R. A. Robson, grocer at 48th avenue and 92nd street, Saturday at 8:20 p. m. And, wisely, Mr. Robson did, for there was a gun in a robber's hand.

Two men entered the store about 8:20, asked for cigars, were waited upon, proffered their money, and were about to receive the change when the man closest Mr. Robson turned him about with his gun and took about \$40 from the till. The men were unmasked. Mr. Robson says he could identify the man who held the gun on him, but he did not pay attention to the other.

GIRL SCOUT NEWS

A new troop of Girl Scouts has been organized at Woodmere school with 40 girls enrolled.

The Girl Scouts of Arleta school gave a bazaar, February 2 at the school. The proceeds were \$32.50 which were divided equally among Near East Relief, the Arleta Parent Teachers Association and the Girl Scouts. Some fancy work was left and was offered for sale at the Parent Teachers meeting Friday. The Girl Scouts also sold candy at the meeting. The Troop of Girl Scouts went Saturday, February 10, for a swim in the Y. W. C. A. Tank.

Herbert Lilley, and Ernest Tepdin have installed radio sets in their houses.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Arton are entertaining evening guests quite frequently, listening to radio concerts from Colorado, Idaho, California, and many other points.

Mrs. Hilbarn of 89 street is enjoying a visit with her son, Edmond Kilbarn, from Weiser, Idaho.

A baby daughter has arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, 53 avenue and 89 street.

If you boast a lot about your distinguished forbears you cannot be living up to their standard.

I Am an American-- 100 per cent American

(Editor's Note.—"Yankee Joe" has expressed the proper attitude toward the alien—the attitude of appreciation for the gifts his race has made to humankind. Perhaps a little less chauvinism, a little more charity and tolerance are what we need as Americans.)

I am an American, one hundred per cent American. One of my ancestors came over in the Mayflower. It is true that this ancestor's chief claim to distinction seems to have been murdering the natives, but as that was being done in those days, it was probably alright. Anyway, I am very proud of my Mayflower grandfather. Where the rest of my ancestors came from, God knows, I don't. Perhaps one of the grandfathers came with a price on his head, trying to hide his identity and his shame in the trackless wilds of the new world. Perhaps he took a wife from one of the Indian camps without the sanction of church or state, and as he slunk through the winter woods, his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him. How little he dreamed of the great honor that was in store for him, that one day in the distant future he would have the great distinction of being an ancestor to me, an American, one hundred per cent American.

It is highly probable that most of the long line of grandfathers and grandmothers came from all parts of the old world, some were ignorant some were dirty, all were poor, but in the heart of each, there had burned for years, a tiny flame of hope that sometime they might come to this wonderful land, and be free. I once heard an Irish lady remark that a true American was a mixture of scum of all the earth, but of course that was only jealousy, as she was an alien and not one hundred per cent American.

The other day as I was walking down Second street, met an aged Jew. He was dirty and he was ragged, his flowing beard was long and unkempt, but somehow I forgot the rags and dirt. I seemed to see the Bible pictures of my childhood Abraham and Isaac. I ran the Judean hills, where shepherds kept their flocks at night. I saw Solomon's temple and the beautiful queen of Sheba bringing rich gifts to the king, and I wondered if this old man might not be of the lineage of David. As I looked into his serious eyes, I longed to gain an entrance into the chambers of his memory and to see the pictures hanging there, pictures of the squalid home in Petrograd, pictures of war, of famine, of pestilence and sudden death. And deep in the innermost chamber burned a tiny flame of hope, that some day he might come to this wonderful land, and be free.

I wanted to bare my head and grasp his knotted hand, and say, "Welcome Father Abraham. May the God of your fathers grant you peace and length of days, in this land of freedom." Did I do it? I'll tell the world I didn't for he was a dirty Jew, and I—an American one hundred per cent American.

In a rickety tenement down on the waterfront, I saw a red-cheeked Irish woman busy at her tub. At her feet played several husky lads who will one day be our traffic cops, perhaps, one of them will hold down Mayor Baker's chair, and as the mother worked she sang the heart-grIPPING song of old Erin, to her little brood. It was a pleasant picture in spite of its poverty, but it faded and I saw the little hut in Ireland. I saw the long years of grinding toil, and semistarvation. I saw the little board in the old teapot, that grew so pitifully and so slowly. For in the heart of a young girl in that hut there burned a flame of hope that some day she, too, might come to this wonderful America and be free. How I wanted to sing out, "The top o' the morning to ye, cousin. Welcome to the land of freedom where all your dreams may come true." Did I do it? Not so you'd notice it, for she was an alien, an Irish emigrant, and I, one hundred per cent American.

Down in the market, at a fruit stand, I ran across a flashing-eyed son of Italy. His dark face was alive with happiness and ambition, as he darted about, waiting on his customers and raking in, 'da mon.' But the market faded and in its place I saw the pride, the power, and the glory that once was Rome. Perhaps one of this man's ancestors was a Roman senator, perhaps one of his grandmothers was a famous beauty in Nero's court, who watched with him while Rome burned. But the empire fell, as all empires must, which forget God, and there came stalking down the ages, the triple furies of war, famine and pestilence. And deep in the heart of this boy there burned the tiny flame of hope that some day he might come to this wonderful land and be free. I

wanted to slap him on the back and say, "Go to it, old man. America is yours. Help yourself." Did I do it? Not much. For he was a Dago, and I—an American—one hundred per cent American.

Down on Washington street I bumped into a stalwart Englishman. Now there is something about the English that strikes me like an east wind. They are so calmly superior, and as this particular Englishman gave me a cool, careless glance, I knew that he was thinking, (if he saw me at all, which I doubtfully) "only a blawsted Yankee, dontch y' know." How I ached to give him a hearty kick. Did I do it? I did not for well I knew that he would return the compliment with compound interest. But for the life of me, I can't see why the English are so stuck on themselves. They are made of common dust, like the rest of us, and as for ancestors they have nothing to brag of, only a bunch of r-bbers and murderers who crowded on to the tight little island and pushed the natives off. Well they had better not try to impose on us. We licked them once, and could again, so having regained my complacency, I stuck a cigar in my face, and sauntered down Alder street, humming to myself: I am monarch of all I survey. My right there is none to dispute. For I am an American—One hundred per cent American.

YANKEE JOE

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE

"Where do we go from here?" The doughboy asked his friend, "We are tired of the road we tread. We want to see the end."

"We went to the battle front And we fought the wary Hun, We lived for years in the mud and filth Till they told us we were done."

"And when they called a halt, We thought that we had won Though we never found out, what 'twas all about And we're not sure we are done."

"For France has crawled into Germany's bed And is hogging all the clothes And what will happen when Fritz wakes up, Perhaps only the Kaiser knows."

"Will they eat each other up Like the cats of Irish fame? Would anyone care very much of they did? Would the world jag on the same?"

"Now Greece and Turkey and Russia too Are spitting like alley cats While even the neighbors out here at Lents Are trying to stir up spots."

"Where do we go from here? Beyond the shadow of a doubt We'll go to the bug house mighty soon If we don't watch out."

YANKEE FOX.

How to Cultivate Thrift

First learn to distinguish between luxuries and necessities. You do not need all you think you need, and certainly not all you buy. You want things because you see them—that is what shop windows are for. Second, learn to know good value. Learn where and when and how to buy. Learn to know good meat from bad, nourishing from the worthless. Learn to judge clothing and shoes, and buy good material—it pays in the end. Third, keep track of your expenses. Know how much it costs you to live.

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and how much you spend on various items of the household. Limit your "pleasure money" and choose wholesome pleasures. If you like the theater, learn where to see the good plays at reasonable prices, and go consistently.

You must realize, early or late, that if you have one thing worth while you may have to do without other things not worth while. You must learn that sacrifice means satisfaction. Deny yourself little things to get the big.

"There's a poor man outside who wants son-thing to eat."

"Give him some bread and potatoes."

"But he seems to have seen better days."

"All right; give him a napkin, too."

—Karikaturen (Christiania).

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