THEY ALL WERE AMERICANS

Interesting Observations on the Product of the Melting Pot by Frederick Palmer.

Where were the foreigners? I wondered as I looked at the faces in the streets upon my return from Europe. The French, who had heard much of our polyglotry, asked this question when they saw our soldiers marching along the roads of France. In French eyes the men were all of the type American. Yet they included foreign born, as well as sons of every race in Europe, Frederick Palmer writes in Harper's.

Are you Americans? their adopted country asked of them in those trying days. They gave their answer in sacrifice at home and in battle, often fighting against an enemy of their own blood. Zalinskis, Einsteins, Schmidts, Bertellis, Katsanjans won the Distinguished Service Cross, thrilling our pride with a new sense of nationalism. Had they now reverted to loyalty to the lands of their origin? If so, what had wrought the change in their hearts?

To my fresh view all the people were distinctively Americans in garb and taste; in their complexion, which our climate so promptly affects; in their brusque and frank civility, their intensity, their pleasures, and their restless motion. Later, as I became settled at home and more discerning, I might note that this or that person was of Swedish, Italian, Hungarian or Slav stock. Then I would see through the veneer, as I was told. But aren't most of us—again, not a new idea—who are "off the reservation," of foreign stock? My people missed the Mayflower and came over in 1636. I could not discern that the descendants of the Pilgrims were more American than I was or than a dark eyed telephone girl whose father was an Italian immigrant.

Not even in the mean streets did I find patches. I saw no shriveling babies in emaciated mothers' arms on bread lines in the European sense, though conditions were bad enough from the point of view of desired standards which must ever call our ambition away from stagnation of "everything is for the best in the best of worlds." In place of saloons in mean streets and average streets, new stores and restaurants had appeared. How clean the restaurants were compared to those of the same class in Europe? How wholesome was their atmosphere!

WAR ON DISEASE WORLD WAR

Health Problems of the Remotest Land Is the Concern of All Peoples.

The war against disease is a world war. Commerce carries dangerous infections, as well as goods and ideas. The health problems of the remotest land concern all peoples. More and more, nations are coming to recognize their interdependence in health as in industry, government, science, and culture. There are even now foreshadowings of world-wide co-operation in combating the maladies which have long threatened humanity. For this new campaign leaders are needed to extend the frontiers of medical science, to teach, to organize, to administer. Demonstrations are required to convince communities and nations that diseases can be controlled and even eradicated. The Rockefeller Foundation, enlisted for this world-wide campaign against disease, is co-operating with many agencies in five continents, is fostering the growth of international confidence and good will, and is seeking the fulfillment of its chartered purpose—"to promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world."

Fuel Oil for Railroads.

The great scarcity of coal has caused the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway company to transform some of its motive power from coal to fuel oil consumption, which is about to be followed by the Chemin de Fer de l'Etat, or state-owned railway, and engines at its shops at Saintes are now undergoing changes for experimental purposes. Much attention is being directed to the announcement that the first-named railway company is planning to equip 200 locomotives for fuel oil and install numerous storage reservoirs of from 40 to 100 tons' capacity at various points on its lines.—Scientific American.

CAME WITH THE GLACIERS

Little Cinquefoil Made First Visit to America Hundreds of Thousands of Years Ago.

Near the very tip of Mount Beacon, on the Hudson highlands, there grows a small white flower known to botanists as "Potentilla Tridentata," or three-toothed cinquefoil. Its history is as long as its name, and goes back hundreds of thousands of years. In that remote period of the world the glaciers came creeping down from the north, burying under snow and ice all the country north of Long Island and central New Jersey. The cinquefoil came with it, for the cinquefoil is a hardy little chap, and loves the bitter weather as much as the familiar snow blossoms.

When the glacier took up the great retreat a few flowers and a few birds and beasts were left stranded in a climate that slowly but surely warmed until the summers were almost tropical in their heat, and, not being designed for such torrid days, the species slowly died out, first the flowers, then the beasts and lastly the birds, until now there are many varieties that have been destroyed. The cinquefoil is one of the few that remained true to type, and is now found in plenty near the Arctic circle. In appearance it resembles somewhat the wild strawberry plant both in blossom and leaf, although the fruit is not edible, being small, dry and bitter.

Making It Easy.

In the dim shadows of the cozy parlor, Claude Arbuthnot clasped, in a passionate embrace, Gwendoline McGrit, the woman who had stolen all his love. The air thrilled with emotion.

"My darling," he breathed, "my life, my very soul! And to think that one day you will be mine—all mine! Those silken tresses, those eyes, as blue as the summer skies, that rosebud mouth which hides your pearly teeth! Ah, my sweetest girl, let me gaze upon them—those shining jewels enclosed in envious folds of crimson velvet!"

Just as the languishing maid was preparing to comply with his ardent request, a shrill voice came from beneath the couch on which they sat close—oh, so close!—together.

"Why don't you take 'em out and let him have a good look, Gwen?" asked her disgusted little brother.—London Answers.

Quaint New England Expressions.

There are many quaint expressions peculiar to New England, some of which are heard only in Rhode Island or in places where their use has been perpetuated by former residents of this locality.

"Won't you take off your things?" is a common invitation to the caller in this state, though in some parts of the country it would be unusual. When a housewife changes her abode, she moves her "things," and when going on a journey, she packs her "things" in a grip.

In the south county it frequently rains "pitchforks" and sometimes "cats and dogs." The most intensive expressions of the native, however, are that it is "raining like all Sam Hill" or like "all possessed."—Boston Globe.

Radcliffe Girl Teaches Women to Keep Boston Clean and Safe

Bernice V. Brown, Director of the Most Unique Educational Institution in America.

BOSTON is to have custom made policewomen, probation officers, school attendance officers and sanitary inspectors. Bernice V. Brown, Radcliffe, '16, has just been made Director of the most unique educational institution in the country, "The Training School for Public Service," organized by the Women's Municipal League of Boston.

Women are constantly entering new fields in city government and the town fathers in Boston have discovered that women do much of the city's work, particularly the housekeeping parts, extremely well. That the women in line for municipal, county and state jobs may enter upon their work well equipped, The Training School for Public Service has just been opened.

The plan of operation of the school, the first of its kind, includes two main courses of study. The first group, on Law and Order, includes classes for policewomen, probation officers and school attendance officers. The supervision of dance halls, the location of missing girls, the influencing of wayward girls and truants, all call for tact and resourcefulness and lie within woman's natural field.

The second division in the training school curriculum is the group of courses covering Sanitary Inspection. Women are especially well fitted for work in this field due to their age-long experience as housekeepers. Women know, seemingly instinctively, that dirty streets mean dust in the house and that careless garbage collection means flies and filth. Given proper training in the technical side of municipal sanitation, which the Sanitary Inspection courses include, the Boston women entering this field will make excellent inspectors of tenement houses, streets and alleys, markets, food shops, milk stores and bakeries. The training in each division will be given by means of lectures, field work and report writing.

Miss Brown, director of the training school, specialized in the department of municipal government at Radcliffe and has done graduate work at Radcliffe and at the University of Brussels, where she spent last year on a fellowship from the Relief of Belgium Educational Foundation. She was chosen for the job of helmswoman for Boston's unique institute because of her sympathetic outlook on the working woman's problems, as well as her excellent training.