

DEMOCRATIC AMERICANIZATION

*A Criticism and
A Policy*

by M. E. RAVAGE

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Standardizing the Immigrant¹

IN MORE ways than one the Amerization Conference just held in Washington at the call of the Secretary of the Interior was a vast improvement upon its predecessor of a year ago. The personnel, to begin with, was more varied; the official note was less terrifying and more enlightened; the protestant forces were both present and vocal; and the questionings and interpellations from the floor were of a character that would have been deemed a year ago unthinkable. A year ago the assemblage was brought together, like a posse comitatus, to confront a menace. It deliberated in the thickening shadows of a polyglot boarding house. Therefore, quite naturally, and as men always do when they are frightened, it rattled the sword somewhat liberally. It voted for a one-language country, and considered measures (as the Mayor of New York still does) for suppressing the public use of immigrant languages and for the forcible feeding of English to foreigners. Therefore, also remembering that the term immigrant means, largely, the impecunious laborer, the gathering was made up, ninety-nine to the hundred, of captains of industry and their subalterns.

The subalterns of industry and the non-coms of the chambers of commerce were, even this year, very much over the shop—in the chair, in the official hierarchy, and on the floor—and labor was again conspicuously out of it. It had been thought essential (at least it was so rumored in the lobby), that the Conference should present an orthodox front to Congress and the public, because there was an integral relation between its proceedings and the passage or failure of a well-known appropriation bill.

For all that, the constitution and the spirit of the body presented a very appreciable advance on its forerunner. Among the three or four hundred men and women present there were college professors, factory managers, motion-picture experts, state and municipal officials, an agent or two of the National Security League, settlement workers, and the largest aggregation of teachers of English that had ever, I fancy, been brought together under the same roof.

¹*New Republic*, May 31st, 1919.

The Conference was opened Monday morning by the Federal Director of Americanization. He made an address which purported to reveal The Purposes of the Conference and Plans of the Americanization Division. About fifty other speakers made addresses. The Federal Commissioner of Education also spoke. In fact, like most gatherings of its kind, it was addressed nearly to extinction. For two whole days the Conference labored morning, afternoon and evening in a desperate effort to discover the aim of its existence. It looked as if the majority of the speakers had made up their minds in advance that Americanization was wholly and exclusively a problem in English instruction. Specialists of every conceivable species—phonograph people, stereopticon people, direct method advocates and indirect method advocates, visualists and cinema promoters—pleaded convincingly and at length for their particular hobbies. The assembly was struggling in a fog. For all practical purposes immigrants untaught in English and illiterates were bracketed together and filed as synonymous. And the silent mass who had come from the ends of the country for light were bewildered and grew visibly and increasingly irritated.

Except for Mr. Wilbur Phillips's enlightening exposition of the National Social Unit Organization, it wasn't until the third day that the Conference dashed through into the open road. It broke out of its paralysis early Wednesday morning, when the handful of heretics ascended the platform. First of the new order was Dr. Nathan Peyser, Director of the Educational Alliance, and he was followed, during the lucid intervals, by Mr. H. A. Miller of the Mid-European Union, by Mrs. Simkhovitch of Greenwich House, by Mr. George L. Bell, sometime secretary of the California Commission on Immigration and Housing, and by two or three others. Among the others, Mr. Reginald Herber Smith, former counsel to the Legal Aid Society of Boston, in a speech that was far and away the most brilliant of the half-hundred, delivered a broad hint as to the real locality where resided the responsibility for the messy complication often and euphemistically described in the past two days as the Americanization Problem. He piled up instance upon instance of our law's delays and inequalities, and of its inaccessibility to the dumb, bewildered, penniless immigrant, except, of course, in its punitive phase.

It was Dr. Peyser who opened the guns with his paper on Foreign-Born People Generally. "Generally" was the very word that the ear of the Conference had been straining for all this while. It had been

driven to utter despair by the martinets. It had come to be taught something about the human implications of the question it was called upon to solve. It wanted to know a few of the realities that lay back of the academic symbol *Immigrant*. It longed to hear the facts about the multi-colored European background, the American and European factors in immigration, the newcomer's preconception about the New World, the problem that the American milieu presents to the foreigner, the character of the much-made-of effects he lugs over here in his bundles, the reasons for his disappointment, the things that America could do to make herself irresistible to him as a bidder for his loyalty, his constancy, his affection, and his cooperation. It had been treated instead to a swollen sub-committee on the technique of teaching English, grandiloquently styled an Americanization Conference. And it was a wholesome thing to hear the warm applause that fell to these speakers when they touched upon the broader aspects of the relationship of the America of yesterday and the America of to-morrow as comprehensively as their limited time and their outrageously limited number allowed. For their generous reception left little doubt of the democratic temper of the pit, and incidentally conveyed a hopeful hint of how readily the robust American constitution can forget the war and recover from its sickly excesses and abnormalities.

It is not to be supposed that those who had arranged the meeting and a goodly lot of those who had been invited to share in its program had gone about the business without a point of view or a policy. Not by any manner of means. The point of view, if it were quite ethical for an outsider to formulate it, might be stated somewhat like this:

America is a closed corporation. The country was settled and built up in a somewhat remote past by the colonists of a single well-known country. We are the descendants of those colonists, and we are therefore the Americans. It happened that we made a good thing of it, so that others were attracted to our shores. But these others are interlopers. Our political system, our culture, our ideas of life and its practices are by this time set, fixed, and, broadly speaking, immutable, just as our language is. The newcomer, if he wishes to remain among us, must become like us. He must learn our ways and our traditions and accept them unquestioningly, just as he learns and accepts the English language. We are ready and willing to help him. We are indeed fully aware that there may be some things in his inheritance which are of tolerable interest. We know, for instance, that he can make some very jolly pots and laces, and that his women-folks can prepare schnitzels better than we do. We are glad to learn from him in these directions. After all, we are liberals. We are happy that he does have a sort of tradition. We thought well enough of it to help him fight for it recently. It lends a certain color and picturesque-

ness to his otherwise unprepossessing appearance. But we regret to state that we are not just now in the market for these curious wares of his. Our country is past the stage where she can assimilate foreign elements and modify her destiny. Of course we want the immigrant to participate in our democracy and all its blessings. But he must be willing to participate in the status quo. He may join us at the table, so to speak, but he must refrain from changing the traditional rules and upsetting the household.

Unhappily this inviting program was not stated by the Federal Director of Americanization when he spoke of the purposes of the Conference. Perhaps he had not thought it all out even for his own guidance. And the consequence was that the company was sailing about over uncharted seas. I could conceive time and again of some bewildered delegate arising in his place and addressing the rostrum in some such words as these:

It is all quite excellent, ladies and gentlemen. Your every proposal taken by itself seems to me to be very sane and practical. Your technique, if I am any judge, is altogether faultless. I am free to confess that the majority of your suggestions would never have occurred to my unsophisticated intelligence. But one thing, I am constrained to tell you, *has* occurred to me; and I rise to ask you whether you will not set my mind at rest. The question is: What is it you are trying to do? I may be exaggerating its importance, but I cannot escape the feeling that the question is fundamental—that whatever the goal may be that you have set before you, it is not unlikely to influence the course you will have to follow. You say you want to Americanize the immigrant. Very well. I think it is a most pious project. But is it not a little vague without further definition? It is to me. I understand perfectly what it means to Americanize. It means, I venture to guess, to render people and things American. But, you see it is not as if the whole United States was one enormous Americanization Conference. Just now, out in the lobby, I heard an industrial investigator, an employee of this government, a man who has made some researches in industrial relations, ask some of my fellow-delegates to help him resolve a difficulty. He had found in his investigations that labor resented the “welfare-work” of capital and dubbed it paternalism and un-American, while the employers were fighting the demands of the workers and dubbing *them* Bolshevism and un-American. Outside of this hall and over the entire country there is just now raging a rather warm dispute about what is really American; while inside here there is either a divine unanimity of opinion on the point, or—I say it without disrespect—no opinion at all. My question, in a nutshell, therefore, is: What is this Americanism with which you are so eagerly pursuing the immigrant? What is the future you have mapped out for America?

Is there an answer to this question, I wonder? I think there is. I think, in fact, that there are several of them. I have one, at least, myself. And I propose to divulge it in my next article.

The Immigrant's Burden¹

THE mere fact that our relationship to the newer peoples in our midst has come to such a pass that we speak of it as a Problem (just like that, with a capital) is, I take it, a tacit admission that there has been failure in our past dealings. That is the plain definition of the word. The existence of neighbors is an ordinary and, on the whole, an acceptable phenomenon. It is not the rule to worry about them greatly, any more than it is normal to worry about one's own feet. It is only when the shoe pinches that feet become a problem; and then the employment of the term is a scientific way of proclaiming that one's relations to them have not been quite what they might have.

How has it come that we are at this late date, after a century of immigration, faced with a very grave Americanization Question? For there is, as a matter of fact, a problem of internal accommodation in America vastly sorer and touchier than the fashionable phrase gives any hint of. It is idle for immigrants—who, of all people, should know better—to dismiss the whole recent fury of discussion and activity as a gratuitous improvization for the exercise of busybodies thrown out of employment by the truce in Europe. And it is flippant and disingenuous for Americans to answer that there would not have been any problem if there had been no immigrants.

The answer, to put it plainly, is that we have been unneighborly at the start and undemocratic at the finish. We began to set up a festering condition by indifferently disregarding our own tradition and the obligations it imposed on us, and we ended by breaking faith with ourselves altogether as a step toward curing what we could no longer endure. First we coddled ourselves into a comfortable belief that the foreigner would somehow have to make the most of what we offered him, since he was of no use to us while we were indispensable to him; and then, when we found that he was shaping his life in accordance with his own alien specifications and utterly ignoring those we had outlined and had told him nothing about, we grew alarmed and went and informed him, in no mincing terms, that in a democracy the unregenerate must do as they are told by their elders and betters.

Had we been at least well informed about ourselves we should have known that one of the reasons why immigrants flocked to our shores was because we could not go on civilizing a continent single-handed. The country of our first origin had never been large; her human re-

¹*New Republic*, June 14, 1919.

sources were limited; she was creating huge empires in every corner of the earth; and ever since our well-known family wrangle she had preferred to pour her none too numerous issue into more submissive laps. From the moment it became necessary for us to throw our gates wide open to all comers, America had ceased to be the private estate of a single people to expand into a colony of the world where the entire race of Europe (always feeling as one community, but cursed with ancient and meaningless dissensions) might make a new start. We could have found this out by merely trying out our faith when the test came. But it so happened that we had in the meantime grown fat and prosperous, and had (as a corollary to our young respectability) developed a rare case of the dominant race complex. Therefore the footsore newcomers who had been spurred on their way by the vision of a new hope arrived to discover that the ghost of the Old Word had not been laid in mid-ocean; while we, seeing them come, coldly and disdainfully gathered our skirts about us and moved uptown, to complain forever after from our front porches of the noisome foreign colonies that kept forming in our back-yards.

We disapproved of the foreign colony. Well, that was a symptom of returning health, at any rate. No one ever had approved of it. The newcomer certainly did not. The foreign colony was not especially conceited about itself. It had been born of necessity and was being kept alive by neglect. It was a stage in transition, and it never ceased looking forward to its own happy dissolution. There had never been an immigrant, in the old days, who did not pray for the day when he should be taken up into the general stream of American life. So it was good to hear that the veterans had at last made up their minds to join hands with the rookies and were going to do something about it. Thereupon we proceeded to withdraw behind bolted doors and to resolve in caucus that the existing state of things was unwholesome and dangerous, and that it must at all costs be changed. We omitted to inquire what precisely the state of things was, or how it had been brought about, or by whom. We did not take the pains to learn the temper of the human masses with whom we were presumably to work toward the better future. With our incorrigible lack of interest in Old World affairs, we asked nothing about the immigrant's past or his problems or his aspirations, and listened to nothing, and found out nothing. To cap the climax, we adjourned to our posts and initiated operations without deciding what the altered state of things, assuming that we could get it, was to be.

But we did do something. We issued a proclamation about Americanism and invited our fellow-citizens-to-be, on pain of deportation, to subscribe to it one hundred per cent. The foreign colonies heard it, charitably passed over the promised penalties, and congratulated one another. Americanism was what they had been waiting to hear all these years. It was for Americanism they had made the weary pilgrimage at such tragic cost. They thought of Jefferson and the Declaration and the Bill of Rights—of the whole Revolutionary tradition—and of Lincoln's "all the people"; and gleefully declared that the United States was once again going democratic. A hundred per cent was, to be sure, a bit sudden and intransigent; but that was to be attributed to the high enthusiasms of war-time, and need not, as it could not, be taken literally.

In due time the smoke cleared, and the immigrant congratulations grew thinner and rarer. It became increasingly evident that even if the shell was the same, the creature that peeped out of it was new. We went about talking of Americanism very much in the way that the Marquis of Lansdowne talked of civilization, meaning our own private brand of the thing. The refugee from the Old World rubbed his eyes and perceived that a curiously familiar trick of history had repeated itself. A parvenu industrial middle class, with a stake in the game, had appropriated the national inheritance and branded it with its own seal. With his characteristic blend of hard sense and sentimentalism, the new patrician sailed forth among the imported plebs to urge it to adopt his grammar and his bathtubs, his soap and his patriotism. Jefferson and Lincoln had shrunk into Mr. Easley and the honorable James M. Beck. The glory of the Fathers had become desiccated into the American Defense Society. Clearly this was not the old American tradition; it was the new traditional Americanism. Consequently, the heart-sick European who had set out in search of Atlantis on the strength of her glad promise to liquidate the old barriers of Europe with their hatreds and disasters, told himself that if it must be a repetition of exclusive, monopolistic nationalism, why then he still had his own somewhere in his bag, which at least had the virtue of having come to him with his mother's milk and of being something he could understand. He had traveled to America because he had been told that in America he could be himself without offense to his neighbors and without coercion from them. He had not fled from one Austria to hunt up another, just for the pleasure of the voyage. So the foreign colonies which had prepared to capitulate to an ally, so as to lend a hand in the building of

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An American in the Making

By M. E. RAVAGE

*What Secretary Lane, writing to
his assistant, says of this book:*

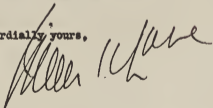
THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR
WASHINGTON

January 24, 1919.

My dear Herbert:-

Max Ravage has written the best
book on Americanization I know of and I
thought it would be a good idea if we could
get him to tell his story. Please keep him
in mind.

Cordially yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "William H. Lane". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "William" written in a larger, more prominent script than the last name "Lane".

Hon. Herbert Kaufman,
Special Assistant to the Secretary.

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By M. E. RAVAGE

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the new order, hastily threw up barricades in self-defense until such time as their forces could withdraw to old bases. They are at this moment retiring in battalions; while we, scandalized at their ingratitude and injured in our feelings, are at a loss to decide whether we ought to restrict immigration or emigration. Meantime the democracy of the Old World, having got word of the counter-revolution in the New, resolved that the cure for the European evil lay, not in wholesale desertion overseas, but in manfully grappling with it and demolishing it at home. Wrecking operations are merrily on, with a million of our boys watchfully waiting for emergencies.

If we have mishandled matters, our failure was only proportionate to our task. For the job we had on our hands was as overwhelming and unprecedented as our opportunity. We may take what comfort we can in that thought, and in remembering that the future is long and forgiving. Surely no country—or, at least, no democracy—has been put to it as we have. It was easy enough for Austria, but Austria had no reputation to live up to. We had. Our aims had to be different, if for no other reason than because of what folks thought of us. We could not go in for repression and domination, even if we had wanted to. Besides, our aims really were high. In our own bungling way we genuinely meant to raise these new people to our level, so that they might buy stock in the concern later on. Hence our approach and our methodology were bound to be different.

But it was precisely in our procedure that we fell down and betrayed ourselves. Americanization, which ought to mean a reintegration of mankind in this hemisphere with an open mind toward the future, became through our impatience and our ineptitude a thing to frighten children with. The very word acquired such a disreputable and un-American ring that the immigrant who had the necessary lack of self-respect to submit to the process was, by that act alone, displaying the poor stuff that was in him and demonstrating his undesirability as a partner in America. For the process, in very truth, was a congeries of screaming inconsistencies and irksome caprices. We demanded a complete break with the ties and devotions of the past as an earnest and a test of loyalty to the present. We played the civil host by insisting on extravagant expressions of gratitude for our hospitality, and were irritated when the gratitude (at best a churl's virtue) was not forthcoming. We never ceased reminding our guests of the gifts we were bestowing, and regularly forgot to acknowledge the privilege of their presence. In the morning, if it was our whim, we threatened to outlaw their speech

and their memories, and the next afternoon, if it suited our ends, we coaxed them to deck themselves out in their outlandish garb, to sing hymns to us in their quaint dialect and to entertain us with their astonishing reminiscences. By way of returning the courtesy, we proudly invited them to inspect our ancient crest and our noble family tree and the portraits of our heroic ancestors, and while they did so we turned our backs and let our menials bully and despoil them.

All of which might conceivably have been but a trifling lapse in etiquette if these people had been ordinary guests. But, alas! they were not ordinary guests. They were not even ordinary paying guests. They were strangers whom we knew to be prospective settlers in our midst, whom we urgently needed as neighbors and fellow-workers, whom we honestly expected to become the sharers of our responsibilities and our fortunes, of our common duties and our intimate hopes, of our traditions and our destiny. And it was these people whom we sought to train to know their place as inferiors in order that they might in the near future become fit to be our equals.

The immediate problem, then, as I see it, is the reestablishment of an atmosphere of mutual confidence and good-feeling between Americans by inheritance and Americans by choice. It will be I have no doubt, a hard row to hoe at this hour of the day, but it will have to be done if anything more ambitious is to be undertaken in the future. What immigrant and native may do for one another, and what both together may do for America, will be the theme of my concluding article.

The Task for Americans¹

LOOKED at casually and from the outside, our work for the future is very neatly and with tolerable completeness cut out for us. It consists in fitting the late arrivals into our midst to the terms and conditions of American life. That here is a pressing need, that herein we have a duty and an opportunity, there can be no question. However democratic you and I may be, however keen our misgivings may be at the prospect of a dead uniformity artificially induced, the sheer prosperity and welfare of the stranger himself, to say nothing of the continued unity of our common life, demand and justify a degree of interference. There is a level below which entire self-management is not to be had, and insistence upon it is mere ideology. Infants must be fed and guided, regardless of their fathers' views about self-determina-

¹*New Republic*, July 16th, 1919.

tion; and inside a given period the outlander shares the rawness and helplessness of childhood, though without sharing its privileges and immunities. Before it is possible for him to decide on the quality and the adequacy of the machinery which we have installed in our national household, before he can even take a hand in the running of it, he will have to make its acquaintance.

It is for us to facilitate the readjustment of the alien to his new life. We are the stalwart, adventurous elder sons of the European family who braved the wilderness and blazed the trail. Now the time has come for the youngsters and the old folks to follow us, and of course we will give them whatever of our experience may be of help to them. There can be no two opinions on that. But, emphatically, *facilitate* is the word. The problem of making Americans out of the newer immigrants is not our problem. It is the newcomer who has to learn, at the cost of no end of humiliation, that postage stamps are sold in drug stores, that shopkeepers do not haggle, that eggs sell by the dozen and walnuts by the pound. It is he who has to find his way about in alien streets and alien laws and usages. And it is he, not we, who must master the oddities and absurdities of a strange tongue whilst his mind is taken up with the struggle for a livelihood at fantastic trades. Happily he has us to advise and to guide him. We can read the sign-posts on the corner and interpret them to him. We were born to the speech and the manner, and with due patience and intelligence and good-will we may perhaps convey some share of our knowledge to him. It happens to be to our interest that he shall not be maimed, that he shall not lapse into crime, that he shall not spread contagion; therefore we can well afford the cost of keeping him informed about our institutions and their pitfalls. But all this, which we benevolently worry over as our Americanization Problem is not, obviously, America's problem at all. As far as Americanizing the foreigner goes, the burden is chiefly the foreigner's, and it is America in fact that constitutes his problem.

I believe with all my heart that the teaching of English to the late comers is wholly desirable, and, in a sense, even fundamental. It is of the utmost importance that peoples of various origins living side by side shall agree on some common medium of communication as a first step toward mutual understanding. But teaching English is, except technically, no sort of a problem. It is entirely a matter of time and the proper instrument. America wants the foreigner to learn English, and the foreigner wants to learn it; and there is an end to the difficulty. There is no reason why the continental immigrant should not

want to acquire our speech; and there is every reason why he should. Had the language of America, by some historical mishap, been German or Magyar, or even French, its acceptance by Poles or Slovaks even on this side of the water might indeed have been problematical. But English lies luckily outside the area of European animosity. The positive advantages, moreover, to the stranger of knowing the speech of the land are the strongest arguments in its favor. He must have it in order to prosper in his business, and in his dealings with the native, as well as for communication with other foreign groups. In addition, English is one of the great world languages of culture, and the more intelligent foreigner embraces the opportunity of learning it as a gateway which opens up the treasures of a splendid literature. It needs, therefore, no clever propaganda to induce him to accept it. We have only to put the facilities in his way, and, if our industrial arrangements leave him the needed leisure and energy, he will, we may rest assured, avail himself of them.

But the Anglicanization of the immigrant, and indeed his complete readjustment to American life, does not even touch the fringes of the problem in hand. The task before us is of quite another sort. What confronts America is the need of convincing the newer peoples of the genuineness and sincerity of her mission and her professions. You may give the alien evening schools and continuation schools; you may teach his wife in the home and his daughter in the factory; you may flood him with reprints of the Declaration of Independence and the speeches of Lincoln; and when you have finished, you will be no farther along the road of winning his heart and his cooperation than when you began. I say winning advisedly; because, that, as I see it, is distinctly *our* problem. To readjust himself to the American environment is the task for the immigrant, and no one can do it for him. But it is the first principle of hospitality to clean house thoroughly when guests are coming. Only so can the impression we make upon him be both effective and lasting.

The task is not for the propagandist. It is for the statesman and the whole American people. We will have to abandon our deep-rooted notion that public opinion is formed by the editorial column and the movie sermon. The immigrant pieces out his picture of America not by what the paragrapher and Mr. Creel tell him on the sixteenth page of the newspaper, but by the accounts of actual happenings which he finds on the front page. Above all he gains his impressions, just as we all do, by his own personal contacts with the life about him. The

alien may be dumb, but we are in error when we suppose that he is also deaf and blind. He is quite competent to distinguish between news and advertisement.

It is all too easy for us to tell him that the American tradition is for freedom of conscience, but he knows that actually some of our gentlest citizens are pining in prison for the sake of their consciences. The propagandist may din it into his ears that America believes in law and order and the freedom of expression, but from the very same newspaper which carries the dope of the official information bureau he learns (on the news side of the sheet) that lawless mobs in uniform have broken up meetings and violated free speech, and nothing said or done. He would far more readily give credence to our protestations anent the sanctity of childhood if we could prevent the news from reaching him that our Supreme Court has declared the child sweating law unconstitutional. And he would have the implicit faith in the fairness and democratic temper of our public education which we are asking him to have, if we summarily exiled Mr. Tildsley to that Prussia which inspires him.

Our business, in very brief, is to live up to our character and to our promises. It is of no earthly use to distribute the Gospel among the heathen, unless our lives are sufficiently Christian to tally with Gospel principles. It only makes matters worse. It invites attention to the glaring contrast between practice and profession. It is by the tradition of the Fathers that we attempt to gain converts to our polity, and as long as we fail to live by that tradition, the sole effect of our sermons is to lay us open, in the eyes of our new neighbors, to the charge of backsliding. Wherefore, until the time comes when we can square our conduct with our book, it would be the part of wisdom to keep the book locked away on our shelves.

For the European immigrant expects a great deal of us, both in consequence of his own development in the past century and because of his too literal credence in our protestations. In the past century Europe has traveled far in the path of democracy—vastly farther than we ever suspect. While America was busy clearing a continent, the Old World was making a terrific struggle for freedom. While Europe was passing through the upheaval of '48, America was having her '49. This divergence during a hundred years of progress is, I believe, at the root of the misunderstanding between the European who migrated to America in the eighteenth century and his cousins who followed him

hither in the nineteenth. And there will never be any *modus vivendi* between the two until that gulf is somehow bridged. The American of today still thinks of democracy as his great-grandfather thought of it—as a detached political ideal above the life of every day. The recent European immigrant associates democracy with his actual daily life—an affair of bread and butter and the schooling of his children and the roof over his head. And the gap which separates him from his preaching neighbor is widened still more by his realization that America's nationalization problem, like all problems of its kind since the children of Jacob built pyramids for the Pharaohs, consists principally in the irritation generated at the points of contact between employer and employee. It is he, the foreigner, who is, broadly, the employee, and his American employer seems to attempt a solution, in the traditional manner, by homily when nothing but deeds and a spirit of cooperation will suffice.

What we have to do is, therefore, clear enough. It is not, as the now popular phrase has it, that we must Americanize the Americans. It is much more than that. Before the immigrants can be won over, we must Americanize America herself. We must lift American institutions and American practice to the high plane of America's own traditions. We must come to look upon the immigrant as he is, a boon to us and an equal, instead of a nuisance and an uninvited invader. And we must somehow meet his ideal of us and our country by fashioning them in the mould of the ideals and the aspirations of the twentieth century. When we have done this much, life itself will take care of the future. For America is still very much in the making, and it will require the energy and the good-will and the traditions of all the peoples of the earth, working together, to make her what she started out to be, a greater and a freer and a nobler Europe.

This, at least, is how I view the much discussed Americanization Problem; and I am but one of many citizens who have been made into Americans out of immigrant material, and who have had such a struggle in the face of recent events to stay made. The question in our minds is whether America has saved enough of the spirit of democratic fellowship and idealism out of the consuming fire and destruction of two years of war to approach her great task in the manner worthy of her splendid past.

