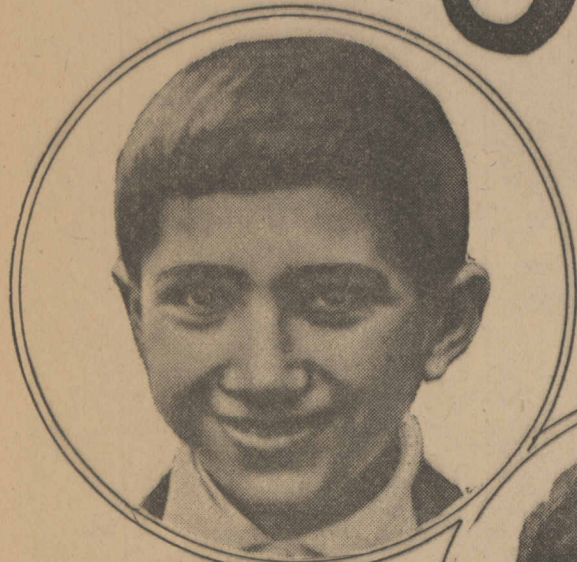


Seventeen Races In One Chicago Schoolroom



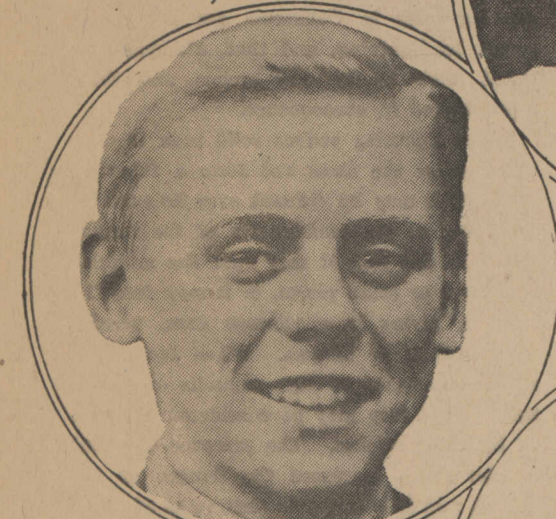
JOHN SARGIS
Persian
633 Lincoln Parkway



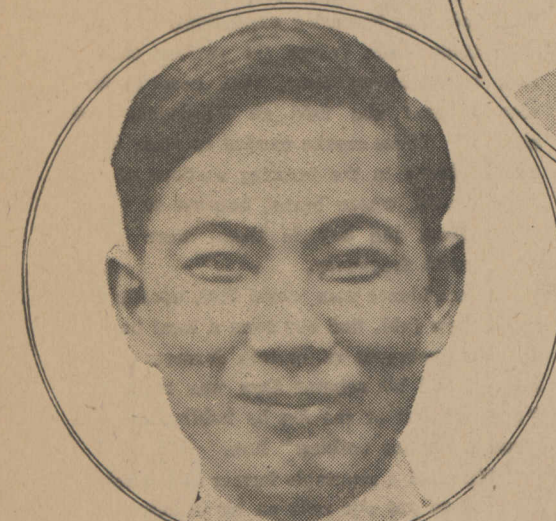
HELEN POLMENAKOS
Greek
114 W. Ohio St



JAMES TURZINSKI
Polish
147 W Erie St



DUDLEY DIX
Danish
215 W Erie St



YO FOOK
Chinese
608 N Clark St



IDA GRIFFITHS
English
63 W Superior St

"A MERICA! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brother-
hood

From sea to shining sea!"
"That's very good, Stanislaus; your accent
is almost gone," said the teacher, and the boy
with the high cheek bones, the eager blue eyes,
and the tuft of blonde hair sat down with a
happy, satisfied smile.

He was just one of the many Americans of
tomorrow, the foreigners of only yesterday,
one of those eager, patriotic, loyal little souls
whose enthusiasm puts to shame the more
blasé spirit of American childhood.

The schoolroom where he said this verse of
Katharine Lee Bates is called the melting pot
of Chicago. At the forty-eight straight lined
desks sit children from seventeen different
nationalities. There are wanderers from Rus-
sia, month old strangers from southern Eu-
rope, a Chinese boy, and an African. There
is a rosy cheeked English girl, who looks as
if she had just come from a Lancashire farm,
and an exquisite little Italian girl with the
dusky glow of Piedmont in her cheeks.

* *

One Little American.

This schoolroom is 301 the Kinzie school
up on La Salle and Ohio, and represents the
greatest number of nationalities in any one
school in Chicago.

There are seventeen Italians, eleven Ger-
mans, four Jews, two Russians, two Poles,
and one each of Greek, Irish, Dane, English,
African, Chinese, Swede, Persian, Bohemian,
Austrian, and Armenian.

"But isn't there a single American?" asked
the bewildered reporter after hearing this
world atlas index.

One little girl with flaxen hair put up her
hand. "Please, I'm an American," she said
eagerly.

A storm of whispers and shouts from the
boy, went up. "Teacher, teacher, she's a
German." "She's Dutch, he is."

"Are you German?" asked Mrs. Forbes,
the teacher.

Frieda looked tearful, but insisted. "No,
ma'am," she pleaded. "Just my stepfather
is German. But my real father was American."

"Was he born in America?"
"Yes'm; he was born in Indiana, and my
mother was, too. So please, does my step-
father make any difference?"

The other children subsided at this unmis-
takable trade mark of authentic Americanism.
A little jealously they yielded her the pos-
ition of head. She had come so easily by what
they all were determined to conquer—the
American spirit, the American grit, the Amer-
ican buoyancy.

* *

English History the Favorite Study.

And what do you like best to study?
The blast of answers made the reporter
draw back. Every known study was shouted
with the full strength of enthusiastic lungs.
But it was finally decided that history was
the best of all.

"What kind of history?"

"English!" "American!" came the two
unanimous cries.

"Is it so bad to like English history, too?"
asked Jerome Kaufer, an alert, bright eyed,
mischievous Austrian boy. "Cause, you see,
if there hadn't been any English history there
wouldn't be any American."

They are going on to high school—lots of
them—and the harder they have to work now
to conquer their foreign accents and to gain
a knowledge of our language the more deter-
mined they are to continue.

Yo Fook, the Chinese boy, is one of the
best students. He has applied himself so
faithfully to his studies, indeed, that he has
almost forgotten to pay attention to his speech,
and except in his recitations and the studies
which he has previously prepared, his English
is uncertain and halting.

One of the girls had only been over from
Russia three weeks, but she was already at
school and studying diligently.

"I had learned it—the English—before I
came," she said painstakingly. But it is
hard to speak."

* *

Times They Love Best.

But better than their school, better than
their recesses of play time, better than the
pranks, which, in common with childhood the
world over, they love to play on their teacher
and their playfellows, better than anything in
their home or school life, they love the in-
formal times when they all come together and
dance folk dances, have friendly rivalry in the
gymnasium, invent new games, and combine
different games from their home lands.

Often in the evening the whole family comes
with the child. The mothers, not quite as
Americanly ambitious, sit and murmur softly
and the fathers encourage their sons in tugs
of war, in rope climbing, and in games. And
then baskets are opened on the long, narrow
tables, and goodies spread out, and they all
sit there together and eat—men and women
whose homes and gods are far from here, little
children whose hopes and futures are centered
around the stars and stripes—many strangers
from many lands.

And, ever and anon, a child would touch
his mother's arm. "Speak English. Do." A
sure sign of the fires of the melting pot, which
are making of these widely separated national-
ities one solid force, of us and for us—the for-
eigners of yesterday, the citizens of tomorrow.

FRIEDA BECK

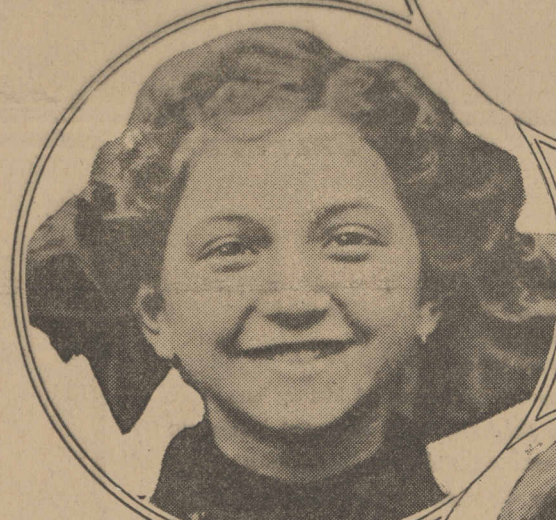
The Only
American
In The Room,
Is The Object
Of The Envy
And Emulation
Of All The
Others. Her
Native American
Ease Is What
They Are All
Trying For.



ROSE SCHANZ
Bohemian
1146 Sedgwick Court



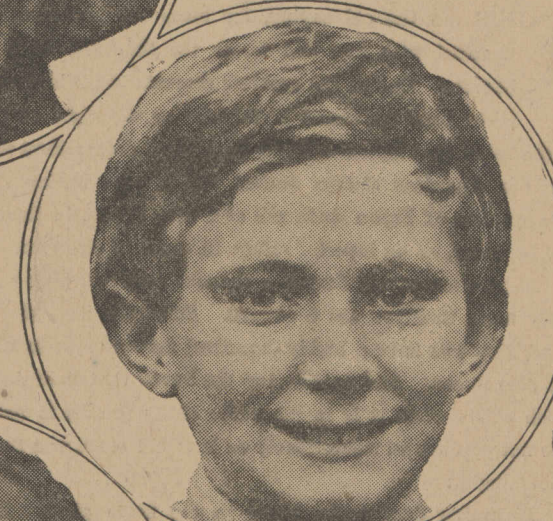
Moffett Photo



STELLA SEGAL
Russian
545 Wells St.



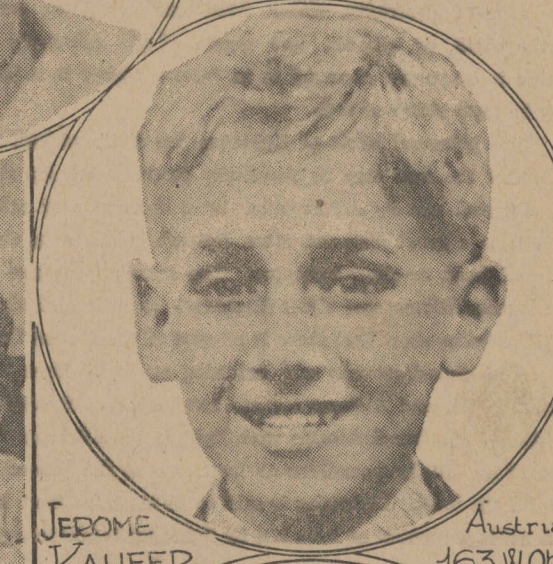
BETTY HALBERG
Swedish
1639 Summerdale Ave.



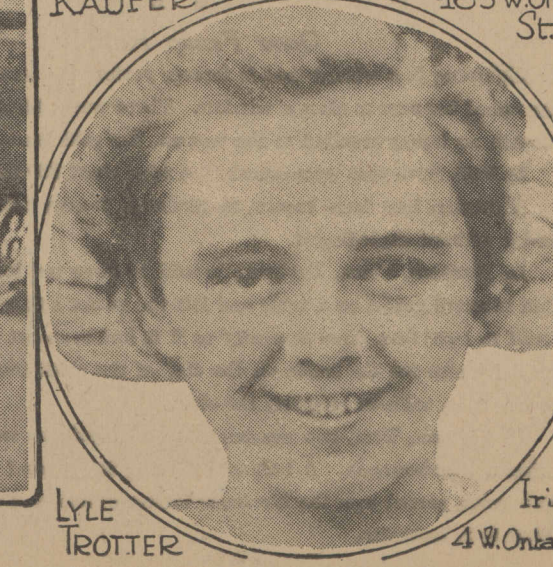
EDWIN BRUHMS
German
158 W Huron St



GERTIE RESNICK
Jewish
545 Wells St



JEROME KAUFER
Austrian
163 W Ohio St.



LYLE TROTTER
Irish
4 W Ontario



Room 301 In The Kinzie School - The Melting Pot of Chicago