

ADULT IMMIGRANT EDUCATION AS A REMEDY FOR CHILD DELINQUENCY

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education of the immigrant he adjusts himself as best he can. In some localities considerable effort is made to meet his needs, but it rarely goes far enough and leaves the problem surrounded by much uncertainty.

As a nation we have a clean cut and elemental duty to perform. If we would have the immigrant understand our ideals in citizenship, we must see to it that he learns to read and speak our tongue.

BRINGING AMERICA INTO THE HOMES AND THE COURTS IN DELAWARE

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spoken than you hear coming from without the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," and I believe you could almost hear a pin drop as the melody of the National Anthem comes floating in the door. After the last sounds have died out, the Guard of Honor marches out, and lines up in the corridor until the guests have departed.

How simple and easy such an arrangement is when the officials in charge possess the right spirit and are eager to contribute their share to make this occasion a momentous one in the life of the men and women who are thus admitted into the bond of common fellowship with American citizens. Surely no one will deny that the impressions thus made will constitute a spiritual force conducive to make the new citizen have a higher regard for his obligations in citizenship.

Compared with other naturalization scenes that are too visibly boring to all the functionaries from clerk to examiner and judge to allow concealment of that fact, the scene in the Delaware court of Judge Morris stands in healthy contrast.

God give us more citizens in high places such as Judge Morris and the farce written all over the naturalization proceedings as now conducted in most places will be done away with.

THE AWAKENING

By Gerald Massey

To see men awake from the slumber of ages,
Their brows grim from labor, their hands hard and tan,
Start up living heroes, long dreamt-of by sages,
And smite with strong arm the oppressors of man:
To see them come dauntless forth 'mid the world's warning,
Slaves of the midnight mine, serfs of the sod,
Show how the Eternal within them is stirring,
And never more bend to a crowned clod:
Dear God, 'tis a sight for immortals to see—
A people upgirding its might to be free.

BEREAVED

James Whitcomb Riley

Let me come in where you sit weeping; aye,
Let me who have not any child to die
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosened
Their pressure round your neck, the hands you used
To kiss, such arms, such hands I never knew.
May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service—say something
Amid your tears that might be comforting—
But, oh so sadder than yourselves am I
Who have not any child to die.

GOOD CHEER

Give, oh, give us the man who sings at his work!
Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those
who follow the same pursuit in sullenness. He will do more
in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere
longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue while he marches
to music. The very stars are said to make harmony while
they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of
cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of en-
durance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uni-
formly joyous—a spirit all sunshine—graceful from very
gladness—beautiful because bright.

REALITY

Anon.

I am the Realty of things that seem:
The great transmuter, smelting loss to gain,
Languor to life, refining joy from pain.
I am the waking that am called the dream.
I am the sun; all light reflects my beam.
I am the force of the refreshing rain;
I am the altar fire within the fane;
I am the sea; to me returns each stream.
I am the farthest height there is to climb;
I am stability; all else will pass:
I am the truth, mirrored in bits of glass;
I am eternity, transcending time.
Kill me none may; conquer me none can;
I am the soul of God, fused in the soul of man.

June, and the Telephone

ROMANTIC June, with its weddings and graduations, brings many urgings to the American heart to be off to some distant place.

Why not go, when the campus calls to the colors, when sons and daughters want your presence at commencements, when you feel the stir to be somewhere else, as audience or actor?

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