

Catholic Church, all of Urbana, have rendered a real service to the people of America in that they have devised a prayer wherein there is an open acknowledgement of kinship in all faiths that are basically in accord on the one important thing that can be stressed in interdenominational thought and fervency—the fatherhood of God.

If God loves simplicity, and unadulterated humility of spirit, then the language of this prayer, backed by the spiritual fervency of the multitudes that are weary of preferential formulas, should perform marvels as an agency to unity, and to cultivate an acceptable brand of common interest among the millions, of all creeds, who struggle to make America a pattern nation of civic oneness in ideals and toleration.

If God is a criterion on individual contriteness, He will find in the hearts of those who pray this prayer, in unison, with sincerity and without reservations, the state of mind and heart that measures up to His requirements for abundant blessings.

The issuance of this prayer, which was coincident with the celebration of the birthday of the Father of our Country, on February 22nd, is significant in more ways than one. If the spirit of George Washington can penetrate the curtain between mortality and immortality, then we fancy that he found in this prayer the nucleus for the restoration of that particular kind of brotherhood among the children of America, which he helped to establish, but which so many latter day faithless Americans, with disastrous results, have tried to explain away.

THE VIRTUE OF CHEERFULNESS

THROUGH the open window of the hut of Wagner, the carpenter and chair maker, floats a snatch of a song, happy notes from a light heart. Inside is a small room in glorious disorder. It is the living room and the workroom, all in one, of the industrious and happy Wagner, an immigrant who came to America with his trade and took his native cheerfulness and happy disposition along to make things brighter over in the new land. Wagner, seated on a rough box, is engaged in polishing a newly finished teak chair. It is early morning, but none too early for the industrious Wagner to be at his pleasant task, for he always begins his day at daybreak, just where the birds begin their day. The early morning, Wagner says, is the very time for hope, joy and energy to lift their wings and soar out under the sky of life and collect the promises written in the azure blue where plays the rays of the morning sun. Wagner, with his simple philosophy, is happy in the thought of another chair nearly completed, fashioned by his own work-hardened hands. He finds pride in work well done, and his song is one of sheer joy.

Along the wall stand eleven other chairs, shining and bright. The last one of the dozen ordered will be in the line in a few minutes. The chairs are to grace the dining room of a large city home where the owner wants variety and individuality in all that is to make up the furnishings.

Wagner never learned the finer art of carpentry,

beyond the technique required in constructing and making chairs. The knowledge of chairmaking is a family heirloom, for his forebears have for generations been chairmakers par excellence. When Wagner receives an order for chairs there comes sunshine into his heart, a sunshine that remains all through the making of every part of the order. Life to him is a lyric of delight, so long as he has plenty to do, chairs and more chairs to make. He specializes in the plain pattern of the old Dutch style with leather thonged seats. But the finished product is strong and sturdy, something that will stand up with wear and hold up the reputation of the maker for two to three generations. Wagner feels a secret satisfaction in placing his name in indelible ink underneath the frame of a finished chair, below two words that tell what the name of Wagner stands for—"made by."

The outside world is rushing by, along the road of life. Only a few pause and listen to the happy notes that wafts from the open window of the hut by the side of the road. But as they hurry on they take along a little ray of encouragement, an echo of Wagner's song—the song of his contentment and joy in doing little things in life.

Learn to love your work as Wagner loves his, and you will set your soul free to do the work for which it was intended—to keep the spirits of discontent, envy and weariness out of the temple of heart and mind.

CULTIVATING THE PUBLIC TASTE FOR SALACIOUS NEWS

THE ONCE generally recognized sewer of literary filth in this country, The Police Gazette, is seemingly loosing its prestige and circulation since the daily newspapers commenced to usurp its position and have opened wide the door to the Gazette's citadel of scandal and nastiness, so that everybody may have an unobstructive look-in from every angle and point of view. This salacious reading matter, formerly the adornment of the reading table of the common run saloon, pool room and barber shop, where a man looked around twice to see if he was observed, before he picked up the famous sheet of nasty gossip, wild rumors, and nudity in stories and characters, is now thrown everywhere on the doorsteps of the American domicile, with utter abandon for the thought of its evil influence on the mental cosmos of that national harbor of purity we have made famous through song and poetry, the acme of happiness and attainment—the home. The mother, the daughter, the father, the son—all can now share the "thrill" of blushing nakedness without blushing, right at home, just as soon as the paper arrives, with its flavor of immorality and sordidness, right on the front page. The odor of literary putridity is no longer so odious in most homes; they are getting used to it. Down town you may any day collect the "thrill" of salaciousness through the shrill and penetrating cries of the newsboys who announce the latest capture of a human skunk wanted for some immoral "achievement," with a rash crime angle attached, as the incentive to a spectacular chase and capture. "All about it" is right on the front page of

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