

promise to be loyal, faithful and true, in the discharge of his obligations in citizenship. Referring to those of foreign birth who violate their oaths of allegiance by organizing their nationalities into political voting units, he classed them as "renegades to the highest American ideals." The speaker stressed the importance of conformity in citizenship, the necessity of a common civic faith in which all citizens are united, whether foreign born or native born, a civic faith that harbors no religious difference between the citizens of this nation, a civic faith that can kindle toleration and promote the spirit of a common brotherhood.

No audience ever sang the national anthem of America with greater joy and fervency than that audience of new citizens and citizens in the making, their wives and children. Maybe the words were not all pronounced just right—no matter, they all understood the meaning in that "sweet freedom's song," and did their best that the music should "swell the breeze." The singing took on an aspect of enthusiasm that was literal when the audience reached the last line in the third stanza "the sound prolong." As quickly as the organist struck the key to the first note in the fourth stanza the enthusiasm turned into reverence and the audience became worshipful in its tonal expression, as the voice swelled out in one accord in the offering of that mighty national prayer: "Our father's God to Thee, Author of Liberty... Long may our land be bright with Freedom's holy light... Protect us... God our King."

* * *

Those who more specifically planned and carried out the details of this public reception to new citizens deserve credit and honor for their work and they should know that those who were the guests of honor will long remember that occasion of their first public appearance as citizens of America, the cordial reception they received and the enjoyable and exceptional program which had been arranged for the entertainment of themselves and their families.

* * *

What a wonderful contribution that meeting and public reception was to the spirit of American unity and good will. It shed a new light upon the meaning of citizenship for those who, during the last year, had gone through the legal formalities to obtain it. After all, naturalization and citizenship meant something more—something that could stir the emotions and dig down deep into the hearts of men and women and play on the sacred strings of love and devotion.

In that meeting of welcome it is safe to say that many of the citizens who had given their oath of allegiance much as a matter of form, as a part of routine formalities, and amid the stern settings of the court room, made a new resolve—a resolve to live true to the obligations given, and do nothing that might bring discredit and dishonor, not because of a fear of the law, but because of that magic touch of that greater force in human life—love.

There was a song in the hearts of the people who left the Auditorium on that memorable occasion—it was the song of joy only he can sing who has found his true love.

THE CONQUEST OF IGNORANCE

By John Blake

What is responsible for crime?
Ignorance.
What is responsible for disease?
Ignorance.
What stands between man and opportunity?
Ignorance.
What is man's worst enemy?
Ignorance.
We could carry out this catechism indefinitely.
The history of progress is the history of the conquest of ignorance.
It has gone on for many thousands of years.
And it will continue for many thousands of years longer.
We, as individuals, can do little to help.
The most that we can do is to battle with ignorance in ourselves.
Every one of us who wins this battle will be able to help others to win it.
One wise man in a company of fools raises the average intelligence, without lowering his own.
One great man raises the average of intelligence of a whole nation—of all reading and thinking people of the whole world.
For even the well-read and thoughtful are partly ignorant.
In fact there is no one who is fully educated—and no life so long that something new cannot be learned every day.
The scientist, working in laboratory to isolate a disease germ, is only battling against ignorance, as is his brother scientist who is seeking to make flight safe and certain.
The preacher, striving to raise the moral standards of the world, is a leader in the war on ignorance—provided he is broad enough to recognize the fact that other preachers of different sects are as devoted and as useful as he is.
When man first learned to use fire, he had conquered a little ignorance.
When he had found the principle of the wheel, and used it, he had made a further conquest.

ESSENTIALS

The things we actually require are not nearly so many as the things we can do without. We must have sleep and food and air, but beyond these elemental needs, most of the other things we think we must have are superfluities. The millionaire can never make entirely his own the multitude of material possessions by which, on every hand, he is surrounded and often encumbered.

His paintings, his books, his pleasure-gardens, and his palaces, are the property of any who behold them, for we grasp with our eyes as well as with our hands, and we own just as far as we can see. "The best things any mortal hath are those that every mortal shares," and we all possess in fee simple what Heaven has given mankind; the morning sunlight and the evening star, the love of friends and family, the duty and the dignity of labor. Such things as these are the few simplicities we need; the rest are not among the essential ingredients of content.

WORK

By Henry Van Dyke

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room,
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

"The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another."

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