

"Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of Press" — The Constitution.

The Dallas Post is a youthful, liberal, aggressive weekly, dedicated to the highest ideals of the journalistic tradition and concerned primarily with the development of the rich rural-suburban area about Dallas.

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More Than A Newspaper — A Community Institution

THE DALLAS POST

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HOWARD W. RISLEY General Manager
HOWELL E. REES Managing Editor
HAROLD J. PRICE Mechanical Superintendent

THE POST'S CIVIC PROGRAM

- 1. A modern concrete highway leading from Dallas and connecting with the Sullivan Trail at Tunkhannock.
2. A greater development of community consciousness among residents of Dallas, Trucksville, Shavertown, and Fernbrook.
3. Centralization of local fire, and police protection.
4. Sanitary sewage systems for local towns.
5. A consolidated high school eventually, and better cooperation between those that now exist.
6. Complete elimination of politics from local school affairs.
7. Construction of more sidewalks.

The rejection of the "ham and eggs" plans in California and Ohio prove that, under representative democracy, if the man in the street really has time to thresh a problem out he comes to a pretty reasonable conclusion.

That was a pleasant way the Treasury Department had of observing Armistice Day. It announced that Europe now owes us over \$ 14,000,000,000.00.

Anybody who became bewildered over the change in dates and turns up for a Thanksgiving dinner next Thursday will have to be content with turkey hash.

SENTIMENT SWINGS AWAY FROM WAR

Human nature is as unpredictable as quicksilver. Those of us who forecast that the frank anti-dictatorship sentiment of the American people would rapidly lead us to war once it broke out abroad (and many made exactly that forecast during the past few years) seem to have backed a losing horse.

A late Fortune poll is of exceptional interest. According to this poll, only 1.7 per cent of the people believed we should enter the war on the side of the Allies, whereas, in September, 2.3 per cent thought we should. Slightly over 10 per cent thought we should join the Allies if it looks as if they are getting the worst of it, where 13.5 per cent approved of that course the month before.

Furthermore, anti-war feeling seems to exist at practically a fever level in government and official circles. Men close to Washington affairs have said that when war first began, important officials feared that we would inevitably be drawn in.

To pile up more evidence in support of the argument that the American people really are determined to stay out of this war, some observers have used the City of Flint incident as an example of what they regard as America's hard-headed and realistic attitude.

Some feel that our neutrality may be menaced if and when the British and French really loose the floodgates of propaganda—they remembered how efficiently the allies rang the bell with this weapon in the last war.

More and more Americans seem to think that Europe's quarrels are Europe's business, and that, hate the dictators as we will, we must keep our hands out of the mess.

SPECIAL SESSION

Governor Arthur H. James' attitude toward calling a special session of the Legislature should please taxpayers. "If there is need (to call a special session)," said the Governor, "it will be called when the need arises."

Last February Governor James said that if the \$120,000,000 appropriated for relief did not last until the next regular session he would call a special session. Since then men have gone back to work. Upwards of 200,000 persons have left the relief rolls and weekly expenditures have dropped \$500,000 a week.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Thanksgiving Day, I fear
If one the solemn truth must touch,
Is celebrated, not so much
To thank the Lord for blessings o'er,
As for the sake of getting more!

WILL CARLETON

Fred M. Kiefer

GIMME A MATCH

The celebration of National Book Week this month gives us an excuse to do something we have always wished. Believing the best Americans are those who are conversant with their nation's history we herewith submit a list of books, divided into three periods of the country's progress, which cover, if not entirely, certainly a broad field of the aims, ambitions and actions that have been written into our national life.

EARLY GROWTH:

The Federalist Papers of Hamilton, Jay and Madison, published in one volume by the National Home Library. These papers constitute the basic work of our Constitution.

The Making of our Constitution, by Charles Warren. Little, Brown and Co. The actual methods, agreements and controversies in the drawing up of the document.

Through The Years With Our Constitution, by Henry W. Elson. The Stratford Co. A handy and important little volume which covers what the title implies.

At least one good life of Washington should be in every library. We suggest for a single volume, though somewhat caustic biography, that of W. E. Woodward, Washington, The Image And The Man, published by Boni, Liveright.

Collateral volumes to Washington and his times of much merit are:

Jefferson and Hamilton, by Claude G. Bower; Benjamin Franklin, by Carl Van Doren; Patrick Henry, by George Morgan, Lippincott; Sam Adams, by John C. Miller, Little, Brown & Co.; Aaron Burr, the Proud Pretender, by Holmes Alexander, Harpers; Mad Anthony Wayne, by Thomas Boyd, Scribners; Renown, by Frank O. Hough, Carrick & Evans, Life of Benedict Arnold; Lafayette, by W. O. Woodward, Farrar & Rinehart; Winning of the West, 2 vols., by Theodore Roosevelt, Putnam.

Beyond Washington but in same are:

Andrew Jackson, by Marquis James, Bobbs-Merrill; Sutter of California, by Julian Dana, Pioneer Press; The Raven, a life of Sam Houston, by Marquis James, Bobbs-Merrill; America's Silver Age; The Statecraft of Clay, Calhoun and Webster, by Gerald W. Johnson.

CIVIL WAR:

Our own collection includes fifty-seven lives of Lincoln but for the average student we recommend the three following:

Abraham Lincoln, the Years, by Carl Sandburg. This two-volume biography is generally considered the most readable of the Lincoln works, but as it covers the Emancipator's story only up to his election we suggest for the War Years, until Sandburg's four-volume work of that title comes out in December, Wm. A. Barton's President Lincoln. One volume which covers the entire life, written by an English scholar and which is considered the most literary Lincoln life, is Lincoln, by Lord Charnwood. This book is now available in a \$1 reprint.

Of the hundreds of books printed on Lincoln and the Civil War we are able to list only a few as collateral reading:

John Wilkes Booth, by Francis Wilson, Houghton-Mifflin; Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant, now out of print; R. E. Lee, four-volume definitive and monumental work of Douglas S. Freeman, Scribners; Sherman, Fighting Prophet, by Lloyd Lewis, Harcourt, Brace; Stonewall Jackson, by Col. G. F. R. Henderson, Longmans (London); Fremont, by Allan

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

One thing you can say about this melee in Europe, it is gonna get some moths out of our geographies. And as she drifts over toward Turkey and Asia, it is going to bring in maybe some Bible names also.

This Turkey is going to surprise you. If you went to school around 25 years ago, you will maybe think the capital of Turkey is Constantinople-like I did.

There is no Constantinople any more—Constantinople is now Istanbul. And in the second place the capital of Turkey is not in Europe in the first place, it is in Asia, and it is at Ankara or Angora—whichever you want to call it. I sure been brushin' up.

A Turk, he is also known as an Ottoman. Also, he has Tartar blood—his forefathers were scrappers—and poison with a shootin' iron. There were no sissy Tartars.

It is easy to see why Stalin and Herr Adolph are hesitating. They been reading up on Tartars, also.

—JO SERRA.

The Mail Bag

To The Public:

May I express to the men and women of Luzerne County my heart-felt and deeply sincere gratitude for the confidence so many thousands of them, my fellow-citizens, afforded my candidacy for that office which invites the most of trust and faith, the office of Judge of the Court of Common Pleas?

That more of them voted for two of my rivals, and that only two could be elected; such factual circumstances does not in the least alter or reduce my appreciation. The recent campaign was happily one in which all candidates remained gentlemen. I believe I conformed my own conduct to that ideal.

Let us all continue to be friends. That is to ask nothing more than that we shall continue to be Americans on the neighborly pattern to which our heritage has dedicated us.

John H. Bonin. Hazleton, Pa.

Ne v ins, Appleton-Century; Thaddeus Stevens, by Alphonse Miller, Harpers; Diary of Gideon Welles, the daily notes of Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy; Lee, Grant and Sherman, a comparison by an English authority, Burne; Flight Into Oblivion, by A. J. Hanna, the escape of the Confederate Cabinet; Invisible Empire, by Stanley F. Horn, Houghton-Mifflin, an account of the organization and activities of the original Ku Klux Klan

The finest one-volume history of the Civil War is that by John Ford Rhodes, eminent American historian.

For the Reconstruction Period, Claude G. Bower's, The Tragic Era.

The speeches, letters and state papers of Abraham Lincoln are complete in Nicolay and Hay's exhaustive work, Abraham Lincoln, Complete Works.

PROGRESSIVE ERA AND WORLD POWER:

Beveridge and the Progressive Era, by Claude G. Bower, Lit. Guild; State Papers of Theodore Roosevelt, Executive Ed., P. F. Collier & Son; Newton D. Baker—America At War, by Frederick Palmer, Dodd, Meade; My Experiences In The World War, by John J. Pershing, Stokes; The Ram-

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SECOND THOUGHTS

Two letters and two complimentary book publications reached your correspondent this week. They are as far apart as the poles in what they portend.

From the F. W. Woolworth Company, always generous to its stockholders, came the amazing story of the table with the red cover, the one on which Frank Wainwright Woolworth at a little town in York State displayed assorted articles to be bought on choice for the sum of five cents. You probably are acquainted with the rest of a saga of fortune that is not yet ended. Woolworth failed in New York and won in Lancaster, Pa. Among the Pennsylvania Germans, the Mennonites and Amish, he found his lure was perfection for the frugal, and so the table with the red cover grew into a mighty chain that absorbed rival chains and finally built what at the time was the most gargantuan of skyscrapers in the metropolis where Woolworth landed after circuitous journeys out of little Watertown.

So much for that.

It was the second book that gripped attention. The story of Boys' Town, Nebraska, was in it. Father E. J. Flanagan came out of Roscommon in Ireland to seek his life's career in America. Ordination to the usual affairs of the church and community wasn't quite what he wanted and he searched for the place where he might answer to a real call.

Probably you know about Boys' Town, too. It recently was made into a motion picture and it has been dramatized by the press in all its varied manifestations. But, did you know or did you remember that Boys' Town is non-sectarian? Impress on your consciousness that a Catholic priest bids for the Protestant, the Mohammedan, the Hebrew, the Confucian and all else that might have been born into the soul of a boy. He permits it to stay there, too.

He says there is no such thing as a bad boy. There is bad environment, evil association, tragic family conditions; all these he will admit but he finds no premise for what other people call a bad boy.

There is a young judge down South who has proved the same theory. He's modeling after Father Flanagan and it was a delight to hear him introduced over the radio the other night by the rejuvenated Al Smith. He, the young judge, knocked out the walls of a reformatory and made it into a self-operated community. The worst boy brought to him is chief of police there.

Well, what this scrivener started out to suggest was that if you have a five-dollar bill you can spare it will get you not so much as half a share of Woolworth stock, though its par value is only twice the sum.

It will, however, make you an honorary citizen of Boys' Town in Nebraska.

And it would be a pretty good Christmas present from you to you.

parts We Watch, by Col. George E. Elliott, which covers our present day position in the world and our preparedness.

In conclusion we might add James Truslow Adams' The Epic of America, a well-rounded history of our country written in Mr. Adams' friendly manner and with his inevitable charm, together with that most interesting work of Roger Burlingame's, March of the Iron Men, which covers the story of History in the tracks of Invention.

THANK GOD, WE'RE AMERICANS!



Edith Blez

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

One day last week I helped conduct a rummage sale. You might wonder why I should want to write about anything as dull as a rummage sale, but you see it was my very first rummage sale and it was quite an experience, quite an experience indeed! It seems that I have grown so accustomed to my daily routine, to my secure way of life that I really didn't know that there were people who stood out in the pouring rain waiting for the doors where a rummage sale was being held, to open, so they might purchase articles of clothing and discarded pieces of furniture which you and I would think were too useless, or too torn, or too faded for further use.

I feel quite sure I wasn't very much help to the people who were conducting the rummage sale, and I sincerely hope the church will forgive me for my indifference to the money they might have made if I had charged more for the articles I sold. It was difficult for me to take money from the poor creatures who came into that store. I was so busy watching the crowd which milled through the door and grabbed, and pulled things from each other's hands I found it almost too difficult to take their nickels and dimes, money which many of them had tied securely in the corner of a soiled handkerchief.

I shall remember for a long time the girl who came with her mother to find a dress. The girl apparently was not quite normal mentally and she was so anxious for a dress. It was pitiable to watch the eagerness on her face when she saw all the dresses hanging on a line. Almost immediately her eyes found a dress with a red velvet top. The dress was hopelessly out of date. It had been hanging in the back of some one's wardrobe for a long long time. But it didn't seem to matter. The girl wanted it and when I wrapped it for her she hugged it to her as children hug their new dolls on Christmas morning. Her mother hurried her out because she said she had only twenty-five cents to spend, and she couldn't bear to disappoint the girl if she saw something else she might want.

I followed an old colored woman around, helping her to find children's clothes. She

told me she had lots of children and they needed so many things. They couldn't have been her children because her hair was white, and her step was not very firm, but she kept talking about all her children and please couldn't I find them something to wear. She said she had to work hard every day from early morning until late at night to take care of all her children. Perhaps they were not her children, but children who had adopted her! She was so kind and open-hearted, children must have taken to her like bees to a flower. Her heart was as big as the proverbial bucket. She wanted a coat to keep her warm when the wind was "high and awful bad." We didn't have a woman's coat which would go around her ample exterior but we did have a man's large overcoat. She bought the man's overcoat. She bought the man's overcoat because she said "Men's overcoats is always good and warm—men folks sure know how to keep out the cold."

There were old men hunting for shoes with good soles, it didn't seem to matter how worn the tops were. There were women searching through piles of clothing for winter underwear for their men folk. There were young girls looking for hats and dresses which were better than the ones they had on. One young man bought three faded lamp shades, and several hours later he came back to exchange one because the color didn't exactly match the wall paper in the living room. We sold all the books to one young fellow who said he simply couldn't get enough to read. I didn't want to hurt his feelings by inquiring if he had ever tried the Public Library. We didn't have enough shoes to supply the demand and three evening dresses we had almost caused a riot!

It was my first rummage sale and I suspect I got much less than I should have from the poor wretches who came in the door so hopefully. I would have given them everything they wanted, but I was told that we were there to make money! So I was forced into doing my duty, and I hope some of the ladies in charge never find out how many extra things I sneaked into some of the slim packages.