

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

I have just seen the new moving picture "All This And Heaven Too" and I was more impressed with the picture than I was with the book.

They were involved in a problem to which there seemed to be no solution, and while I sat there watching the story unfold...

The Duchess in "All This and Heaven Too" spent all her time worrying because her husband apparently neglected her.

Then, of course, because the children became attached to the governess the Duchess insisted that her husband was in love with the young woman who kept her from seeing her own children.

Finally, of course, the governess is dismissed because the Duchess is convinced that her husband is in love with her.

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

They sure been putting a burr under the saddle, there in Oregon. The folks went down to the voting place and they say, "we have a stomach-full of this tomfoolery about the electric lights."

Those old web-feet there, they really got up on their haunches, and het up, about it.

So another Govt. adventure has exploded—and the drowsy taxpayers throughout the nation get their eyebrows singed again.

Anybody in the market for a nice new shiny powderhouse, but with no customers on the horizon, he might write to Bonneville, there in Oregon, or to the Grand Coulee—or maybe he should try Wash., D. C. direct.

Yours, with the low down, JO SERRA.

RICOCHETS

By Rives Matthews

We cannot bear to think of what has happened, and what is happening to Paris. Our reaction to the German shelling and subsequent occupation of Paris is the same we experienced when a boyhood friend of ours was killed out hunting rabbits near Princeton.

Right now that same hysteria forces us to try to keep down the flood of pleasant memories which beset us.

What has happened to our cousin, "Bunny" de Chambrun? And what has happened to Jean-Pierre who was born deaf? And Jean-Pierre's courtly father, the Marquis, his gentle, gracious half-American mother, the Marquise?

Fifteen years ago "Bunny" was a jolly, round faced boy with brown button eyes and perfect manners who always called us "mon vieux," and always seemed a little bit funny when he bowed and kissed our mother's hands.

Jean-Pierre, our deaf cousin, was even more appealing, especially when he got wound up trying to speak to us in English, or when he got mad playing tennis with us in Neuilly.

And what has happened to the gay young people of many nationalities who used to dance in the crowded Quai d'Orsay apartments of the Vicomtesse Benoit d'Azay, who supplemented the pay of an admiral by "introducing" American girls to the international set?

What of the grand boulevards and the splendor of the Place de la Concorde and cheap taxis, screaming around curves, their drivers hurling good natured curses at other drivers

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Second Autumn
Across the valleys now, again, As when we welcomed autumn rain; Along the hills where loud October Paraded dictums none too sober; Veiled in mists as we remember Astride the borders of November; And through each woods corridor Where Autumn's frolic ran before— Now buds imply a yellow-green, Suggesting crimson in between; And Fall's artistic truanancies Stand chastened in May nuances As if one tale to illustrate With technique gaudy, then sedate; Of all that Autumn had to tell, Spring is an echo in pastel.
Carlyle Morgan

WILKES-BARRE'S SIXTH COLUMN HITS TROJAN HORSE



Launching its campaign against Fifth Column machinations, The Sixth Column, a non-profit organization recently chartered in Wilkes-Barre, is distributing cartoons such as this to newspapers.

Heading the organization is Sergeant Fred Graboske, World War veteran and legionaire. The 6th Column has its headquarters at 16 South Main Street, Wilkes-Barre.

THE SAFETY VALVE

This column is open to everyone. Letters should be plainly written and signed.

Editor:

As you probably realize, the British Army lost practically all of the equipment it had in Flanders. This equipment included hundreds of ambulances.

Supplying replacement ambulances is an important, humane and unwarlike activity, which America can undertake.

Accordingly, we have organized the British-American Ambulance Corps, affiliated with the Allied Relief, and sponsored by groups of responsible and interested people both here and in Great Britain.

It is our intention to solicit funds with which to supply these ambulances to the British; and to secure drivers for them. It costs \$1800 to buy an ambulance, transport it, maintain it for a year, and equip a driver.

This is an emergency. There can be no great offensive in this war which will not require far more ambulances than are now available.

Sincerely yours, Wm. V. C. Ruxton, Pres. British-American Ambulance Corps, 46 Cedar Street, New York, N. Y.

and pedestrians. What of the race tracks, one for every day in the week, and the mannequins, the boulevardiers and the gendarmes with their capes and batons?

What has happened to the beautiful house in the rue des Sts. Peres on which the former Bessie Drexel Lehr, now Lady Decies, has lavished years of work and money in restoring it to the original glory which made it suitable for a French duke in the time of Louis XIV?

And what has happened to the ancient and beautiful old Hotel de Montmorency, where Mrs. Paul Wayland Bartlett, the sculptor's widow used to give such delightful and elegant dinner parties?

What of the buildings and memories everyone who has ever been to Paris share? Do the children still roll hoops in the Luxembourg Gardens, do the fountains still dance at dusk in the gardens of Versailles, do students and artists still wrangle at their little marble topped tables in front of the Cafe des deux Magots?

Will Hitler use the Opera House for a performance of his favorite Wagnerian operas where now, for the first time, they can be sung in their native tongue? What of the dressmakers under a regime that considers women fit only for breeding and rustling up the grub for their men-folk in uniform?

THINK IT OVER

By F. R. STEVENS

Last Sunday I stood on Temple Hill beside one of the log cabins which sheltered some of the troops of our Continental Army, and on the spot where Washington upheld the ideals of liberty on which they had established a new nation.

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Howard W. Risley.....Manager
Howell E. Rees.....Editor
Harold J. Price.....Mech. Supt.

THE DALLAS POST

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"As long as the grass shall grow, as long as the rivers shall run"—with this solemn pledge the Indians made their peace with the white man.

Perhaps the white man was sincere in his efforts to help the Indian, perhaps his mistreatment of the red man was unconscious and innocent.

As president of the American Federation on Indian Affairs, Oliver La Farge, author of "Laughing Boy", was well qualified to write this documentary piece on Indians today.

The State is no psychologist. On the one hand it tries to reduce bars to one for each thousand of population; on the other it promotes stores to increase sales.

The maddest man in the world isn't Hitler. He's the old bartender, any time you quote him figures on how much is sold of sweet drinks with crazy names and ask him how come the defense cost isn't shared on the temperance front where intoxication is unknown and indigestion reigns supreme.

Paris, to us, and to many people all over the world, was a lovely lady with whom we were all very much in love.

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SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

Just about the time the demoniac distillers and berserk brewers had tagged each other for a piece of change toward coverage of a million-dollar advertising campaign to prove up the billion or more of their contribution to the national tax income, approximately at that stage of easement there came to them the conviction that they had kidded the public into believing that all the money didn't come from the public's own pockets, though it did, the bad news broke.

And what's the bad news? It's terrible! Beer, whiskey and wine must produce more taxes. The idea firmly fixed in the minds of legislators, governors, presidents and defense boards is that from vats and warehouses, generally assumed to be the sources of most evil, flows resources that cannot be dammed, though damned they be.

The producers must either pass on the taxes to the distributors and retailers, and they to the consumers, as has been the custom, or they must absorb the full shock of the impost and charge it against the excess profit included when a thirsty post-Prohibition America welcomed back to its arms bleary-eyed Fritz Gumbert and bulbous-nosed John Barleycorn.

If the cost is added to the toll put on the consumer, then it's goodbye forever to the nickel beer and farewell for keeps to the dime eye-opener. The trade is not confident of being able to bear up under the loss. There's not so much assurance that the State can take it either.

Good morning:
It's a warm Monday here again. The sun is bright. How much of it is shining into your life?

We cannot all play the same instrument, but we can all be in the same key.
If you take two people to church with you, then the Devil won't have a chance to sit beside you.

You may sing "Home Sweet Home" on Saturday night, but don't be there all day Sunday! Go to church!
Nobody was ever lost on a straight road.

Never before in the history of the world do solid, honest Christian Americans stand for right and freedom as now. With even religious leaders urging our participation in the war, we need to stand for peace and righteousness for our own nation.

While the drums of war are rolling in the lands across the sea, There is one land that is ringing with the voices of the free;

There is one land that is ringing with the voices of the free; 'Tis a land of peace and plenty, let us strive to keep it so, And defend our priceless freedom from attack by any foe.

Neath the flag that gives us shelter, let us all united stand, In the spirit of our fathers, when they fought for this great land; In the spirit of devotion, let us pledge ourselves anew. To preserve our glorious freedom by the things we say and do.

Stand by America, grand old America, Stand by America, to America be true; Thank God for Liberty, and for a land so free, Then stand by America, and America will stand by you.

Smile! It's one of the best ways to make the world smile back. Try smiling nicely at everyone you meet, and notice the response. It's surprising, and it helps lift a heavy load sometimes.

Peter—"Are rosy cheeks a sign of good health?"
Jane—"I should say they are."
Peter—"Well, I saw a girl the other day who was a lot healthier on one side than on the other."

increase, will be required for amplified agencies of enforcement.
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BOOKS

As Long As The Grass Shall Grow. By Oliver LaFarge. Alliance Book Corporation. \$2.50.

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