

# SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

The second decade of the Twentieth Century had just begun when Anna Jarvis rapped on the collective conscience of the City Club and asked for endorsement of her plan to create Mother's Day.

Don't let them tell you different. Anna Jarvis was the founder of the occasion we are about to respect. High-flying members of the Fraternal Order of Eagles have tried to claim the honor; maybe even the Moose have horned in.

## THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

It is easy to work yourself into a sweat 2 or 3 times a day, if you take everything you hear too seriously. The woods are full of people making a living—and staying in office—by scaring up things to fix, and telling us they are the only ones who are equal to the task.

We are told there are so many things ailing us that we are believing it—and are about ready for the hospital.

But I just been reading what a banker has to say. I read a little of everything. I even read what the men are gonna wear this spring or next fall—but don't.

This banker is a Mr. Burgess—he gives simple answers versus complicated ones. He says the thing bogging us down is the Socialism germ we picked up from Europe.

I am kind of glad I read what the gent had to say. I'm going to ask Uncle Joe Paxton here at our bank, what kind of a person this Mr. Burgess is—everybody around here asks Joe about everything.

Yours with the low down,  
JO SERRA.

## FOOTNOTES

By EMMONS BLAKE

Every night now when I take my dog for a walk, I stop on a cliff overlooking the ocean and listen for a sound that I really never expect to hear, but the mere listening for it is enjoyable.

Last winter when my brother was home on furlough and our California lobster season was in full swing, we put out homemade traps, box-like structures made of slats, that lobsters could get into but not out of.

Every morning as we worked over our traps we could hear the power boats of the Portuguese fishermen. They too laid traps, but would store their catch in their boats until they had a full load before returning to port.

These Portuguese men were very friendly and talkative. It was in early morning conversations that I learned about their love of song.

Occasionally they would toss us a particularly fine lobster, saying that their market was not interested in beauty, only in weight. Too, they caught many crabs, and after we made friends with them they agreed to trade them to us every day for two apples and a morning paper.

Five times we took the apples and paper out and brought back crabs in return. As the Portuguese had no radio, the paper we took out to them was their only source of news between calls at port.

"The news is not very good these days; you'd better make that four apples and forget the paper."

## "THE SUEZ-CIDE CLUB"



## THE SAFETY VALVE

by The Post's Readers

### What About War Aims?

Editor, The Post: Juxtaposed (excepting for a cartoon) on your estimable Page Six of last week are two reasons why the United States of America should know something of the war aims before actually entering the conflict.

I doubt that it was whimsy on the part of Edith Blez. She probably was writing only factually and under inspiration of an unusual happenstance. But, down there somewhere past the middle of her screed there was the amazement expressed by an English sailor, amazement that young men and young women here are all of one distinction, that no barriers are drawn.

For himself, said the young man, he realized his social position. He could go no higher. He must needs bow to the dictates of birth. And he had spent four and one-half years in the service of Majesty, even finding it easy to face death for his betters.

Across the page, Howell E. Rees, suffused by the emanations of Royalty, bedazzled by the beauty of the Union Jack floating from the bastions of New Providence, radiated respect to redundancy. And Howell can write the best column any true American would want to read.

What I want to know, when we fight this time, are we prolonging the class distinctions fostered by English royalty? What I want to know is, can it be possible that even a fine mind such as Howell possesses genuflects to the titled nobility that is only of inheritance and not of achievement?

A Park For All Editor, The Post: One of the finest bits of editorial writing, among your numberless fine editorials was, "What Price Fresh Air?"

For some time, members of the Community Council have been giving considerable study to a solution of the problems suggested in your editorial. Certainly, of all places under the sun, this region should have some form of organized recreation and at least, a Community House and a Recreation Park in the way of facilities.

Pursuit to the idea for securing support for such a program, members of the Community Council submitted the idea to the Dallas Township Supervisors. Let it be said to their credit that they approved the acceptance of a tract of ground ad-

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

## THE DALLAS POST

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## THE BOOK SHELF

### Casanova's Women

Frederick A. Stokes Co.

By John Erskine

312 Pages — \$2.50

John Erskine's name may now be added to the list of debunkers of famous men. In his latest book, Casanova's Women, Mr. Erskine informs us that the famous lover was not as great a master of his art as he himself would have had the world believe.

Giacomo Girolamo Casanova, Chevalier de Seingalt, indulged in what modern psychologists call phantasy. He wanted to have the reputation of being a philanderer and a rake, and failing to earn it by deed, he proceeded to invent it by exaggerating his memoirs.

Meanwhile, Casanova has met a barber's very charming daughter, Guilianna, and has become so enamored that he plans to marry her. Signor Bragadin, however, anxious to remove his new son from the double temptation of a pretty girl and the gaming tables, gives him enough gold to permit him to travel in comfort, and sends him away, telling him not to return to Venice until it is Carnival time again.

Thus begin the adventures that take Casanova to many of the most beautiful cities in Europe, and lead him almost into the arms of some of the most charming women of those cities. But Casanova, the master love-maker, doesn't seem to be able to conduct his love affairs successfully. His women outwit him every time, and he is left to move on to another city and another pretty face.

John Erskine has written a pleasant, entertaining book about a charmingly conceited man. He certainly proves that Casanova was a rake merely in his ambitions. "The interminable statistics of Casanova's boudoir campaigns fail to convince," writes Mr. Erskine. "And," he adds, "what the ladies thought of him, we can guess."

## THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

Housecleaning, Housecleaning, Housecleaning! Every Spring and Fall there is no peace until the housecleaning is done. No matter where I go, with the exception of the gatherings where there are no fair ladies, the conversation always gets around to housecleaning.

There is always one group who housecleans early and gloats over the other group who dares to wait until the last part of May or the first of June. It is practically impossible to be a rugged individualist about this business of cleaning house.

## THE OLD SCRAPBOOK

By "Bob" Sutton

It is the providence and will of God to give us a hard job.

Trouble is usually produced by those who produce nothing else.

Eternity has no gray hairs.

Lord, while for all mankind we pray, Of every clime and coast; O, hear us for our native land The land we love the most.

O, guard our shores from every foe; With peace our borders bless, Our cities with prosperity Our fields with plenteousness.

Lord of the nations, thus to thee, Our country we commend; Be thus her refuge and her trust, Her everlasting Friend.

Better mend one fault in yourself than a hundred in another.

He that is taught by himself has a fool for his schoolmaster.

If you want to be miserable, think of yourself and your troubles.

## POETRY

### A RECIPE FOR A DAY

Take a little of cold water And a little leaven of prayer, And a little bit of morning sunshine Dissolved in morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment And a thought for kith and kin, And then, as your prime ingredient, A pleasant word throw in.

But spice it all with the essence of love

Add a little whiff of play, And the wise old Book and a glance above Complete the well-made day.

## FREEDOM

The columnists and contributors on this page are allowed great latitude in expressing their own opinions, even when their opinions are at variance with those of The Post

## The World's News Seen Through THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

An International Daily Newspaper is Truthful—Constructive—Unbiased—Free from Sensationalism—Editorials Are Timely and Instructive and Its Daily Features, Together with the Weekly Magazine Section, Make the Monitor an Ideal Newspaper for the Home.

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SAMPLE COPY ON REQUEST

## "I WOULD BE TRUE"

— HOWARD ARNOLD WALTER —

I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be pure, for there are those who care; I would be strong, for there is much to suffer; I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

## Little Stories GREAT HYMNS

This youthful message was not written to be a hymn, but a creed-poem, sent straight from the heart of a young man to his mother. It is the philosophy of a courageous son who glories in daring, not for himself alone, but for those who are weak and suffering. It is a personal challenge to youth everywhere.

These Little Stories of Hymns are presented to you by

HOWARD H. WOOLBERT FUNERAL DIRECTOR DALLAS 4300 SHAVERTOWN, PA.