PAGE SIX

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. Your correspondent sat beside her. As much as Miss Jarvis impressed the club members, equally she convinced a rambling reporter. There should, indeed, be a Mother's Day, one day of each year in which there should come to outward show the inner love that every decent mortal holds for his maternal parent.

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 Frater-

nal Order of Eagles have tried to claim the honor; maybe even the Moose have horned in. But, if you want to go beyond Miss Jarvis you will have to knock on the doors of the Eternal Church that for time untold has set aside all of May as a month of honor to Mother-the Mother of God.

There is no need here to recount the steps taken. Mother's Day swept out of the mind of that modest maiden lady, seeking only to pay homage to the memory of her own dead mother, out of her mind into the minds and souls of others, and finally into law.

It was twenty years later that your correspondent called on Miss Jarvis, just to find out how she felt about being the inspirator of an ideal that had become so universal that poor father was clamoring for a little recognition too. And Miss Jarvis told this narrator that if there was one thing else she could do before she died it would be to repeal Mother's Day. It had become to her an abomination.

Why? Well, if you read LIFE you will notice that commercial aggrandizement is going to make it possible for you to never write another letter of friendly correspondence. A great printing house has designed 5,000 kinds of cards, covering every possible contingency in average experience. You want to write a friend and there is a card to do it with.

That's what happened about Mother's Day, and that was what struck a devilish blow in the holy design of the maiden lady who started out to honor mothers and handed, instead, a gold mine to the profiteers of the emotions. Miss Jarvis pointed to florist advertisements in the newspapers and to ads of the telegraph companies and the plans for promotion of politicians by concupiscent celebration.

"I hate Mothers' Day," declared the day's creator. "I hide myself every time it occurs."

Your correspondent doesn't know whether Miss Jarvis still is alive. It is at least an earnest wish that she hasn't read the current issue of LIFE. She liked two poems your correspondent wrote and maybe they still are in her scrap-book. If they are, here's chance for you, too, to look in:

MOTHER

No longer red the lips whose cherry bloom Once lured my sire to call thee

fairest maid. Low-burning in the twilight's gath-

ering gloom

to flash and fade.

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 serious. The woods are full of people making a living—and staying in ofce—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 every-thing. 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. And labor, he says, is gonna wake up with the biggest headache of all.

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,

the United States of America should JO SERRA. know something of the war aims
before actually entering the con-

FOOTNOTES **By EMMONS BLAKE**

2

meat per crab.

These Portuguese men were very

friendly and talkative. It was in

raised questioning faces to the big

us one of them explained.

apples and forget the paper."

where past the middle of her screde there was the amazement ex-Every night now when I take my pressed by an English sailor, amazedog for a walk. I stop on a cliff ment that young men and young overlooking the ocean and listen for women here are all of one distinca sound that I really never expect tion, that no barriers are drawn. For himself, said the young man, to hear, but the mere listening for it is enjoyable. The sound is that he realized his social position. He

of Portuguese fishermen singing. From my cliff point I can see their The lights that made thine eyes From my cliff point I can see their he had spent four and one-half lights bobbing a half-mile or so off- years in the service of Majesty, even

"More than a newspaper, a community institution" Juxtaposed (excepting for a cartoon) on your estimable Page Six THE DALLAS POST of last week are two reasons why

THE SAFETY VALVE

What About War Aims?

part of Edith Blez. She probably

was writing only factually and un-

der inspiration of an unusual hap-

penstance. But, down there some-

Editor, The Post:

A non-partisan liberal progressive newspaper_published every Friday morning I doubt that it was whimsy on the at its plant on Lehman Avemie, Dallas, Penna., by the Dallas Post, Inc.

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THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE **By EDITH BLEZ**

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. The talk invariably begins and ends with a sad sad story about dust, and closets, and moth balls. Is there anybody anywhere, at this time of the year, who doesn't have housecleaning at least on her conscience?

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

THE OLD **SCRAPBOOK** By "Bob" Sutton

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.

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.

than a hundred in another.

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

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

POETRY

And a little leaven of prayer, Dissolved in morning air.

Casanova's Women, Mr. Erskine in- But spice it all with the essence of love

above

this business of cleaning house. You simply cannot say: "I am not going to clean house." If you are brave enough to insist that you keep your house clean all the time you are marked for life. You just don't belong! You are definitely and forever "that woman who doesn't clean house every Spring and Fall," you It is the providence and will of are that woman who lives in a filthy house where everything must be in terrible shape. Imagine a woman daring not to clean house You will go down in history as that woman who didn't clean house and you will never live it down. If you do not believe in housecleaning keep it to yourself. It is really quite dangerous to breathe it to a living soul!

to be a rugged individualist about

There are more dispositions ruined and more families put into a dither by housecleaning than anything else O, guard our shores from every foe; I might mention. Poor father, how he hates the sound of the word. He hears whispers of it in March, and loud exclamations in April, and before he can put a stop to it he finds himself right in the middle of it. Father most certainly does not enjoy being in the midst of a general upheaval and most of all he doesn't look forward to the day when the windows will be deprived of their Better mend one fault in yourself curtains, and the house begins to take on that bare look which fits in alright with hot summer days but what about the days when it isn't so warm, and it is dampy and chilly? Father wants curtains at the windows and when he is told that curtains are only summer dust collectors that blow against the creens, he isn't convinced. Father wants curtains!

While we are on this subject of housecleaning let's straighten out a couple of very important points. Who cleans the cellar and under whose supervision is the third floor whipped into shape? Does Mother clean everything or does the head of the house take some part in the general overhauling? If father is trusted to clean the third story will he make much progress? Will he get lost in old magazines; and there is always the possibility that he might find a few old pictures and letters he didn't know were still around. Mother knows what is in the third story but I have my doubts about turning father loose up there and what about the cellar? It seems like Father's job but he isn't so good at discarding things. And the wise old Book and a glance He is likely to become distressed over throwing too many things away. He can always find use for things mother believes should be discarded. Frankly the only real solution for cellars and third stories

2 A RECIPE FOR A DAY Take a little of cold water And a little bit of morning sunshine Add to your meal some merriment And a thought for kith and kin,

Complete the well-made day.

~

The Post's Readers THE **BOOK SHELF** Casanova's Women

Frederick A. Stokes Co. By John Erskine

by

312 Pages - \$2.50

John Erskine's name may now be And then, as your prime ingredient, added to the list of debunkers of A pleasant word throw in. famous men. In his latest book, forms us that the famous lover was not as great a master of his art as Add a little whiff of play, he himself would have had the world believe.

Giacomo Girolamo Casanova, Che-

valier de Seingalt, indulged in what 🔽 ologists call phanta

ARCHECT

2

~

THE POST, FRIDAY, MAY 8, 1941

COMING

STRUGGLE FOR THE

NEAREAST

"THE SUEZ-CIDE CLUB"

Time's snows have paled thy cheeks and Time's rude hand Has coursed the alabaster of thy

brow, Yet nowhere in this Spring-enchant-

ed land

avail

The pen that would attempt thy epic tale

Must halt before one-half the ing and row out in the thin mist to of The Bahamas.. truth is told.

that hide to thee.

beside

for me.

Ah. Mother, words are only empty praise. Though love that lies within my

mortal ken Exalts me truly, still my hopes

raise To find thy station in this world

of men. An angel thou, and I just flesh and bone

rhythmic gulping. Unfit to breathe thy name except in prayer,

Thy destiny a place beside the Throne, God grant that I shall know and

serve thee there.

That was for the living mother, this one for the mother sainted in death:

DEDICATION

She who taught my lips to frame Sweet petitions in Your Name, Stands before You, Lord, her claim Sanctified.

What of joy in life may be She in prayer besought for me, For herself to willingly Be denied

Love that in her heart was rife Sought to save me from all strife, Happily she made her life Sacrifice.

These the ashes, Lord, her soul With Eternity is whole, Blest finality, the Goal! **Paradise!**

shore where they have heaved-to finding it easy to face death for his for the night. I imagine they are betters.

Across the page, Howell E. Rees, singing because they themselves suffused by the emanations of Royhave told me that next to sleeping, alty, bedazzled by the beauty of singing is the best form of rest, and the Union Jack floating from the Smiles flower so fair as to my I have seen a concertina hanging bastions of New Providence, radiat-love art thou. I have seen a concertina hanging bastions of New Providence, radiat-ed respect to redundance. And Last winter when my brother was Howell can write the best column No touch to artist given could e'er home on furlough and our California any true American would want to lobster season was in full swing, we read. I ask Howell to write again, To trace the charms which thy put out homemade traps, box-like structures made of slats, that lobsters could get into but not out of, tourists are not asked to visit. The We would get up early in the morn- places happen to be the most part

pull our traps and exclaim over our What I want to know, when we reation Park, a proposition that was found that the old gentleman is the Had I the gold of earth, the gems meagre catch. Some days we would fight this time, are we prolonging rejected by the Borough Council very wealthy Signor Matteo Giohave caught a Japanese crab. These the class distinctions fostered by some six years ago. The deed to vanni Bragadin. In gratitude for his In ocean depths, to give them all long-legged creatures are a delicacy English royalty? What I want to the ground has been recorded in having saved his life, Signor Bragain salads and are much prized by know is, can it be possible that even favor of the Township. Subsequent- din adopts Casanova and makes him Still would I own them incomplete mothers of amateur lobstermen. a fine mind such as Howell possesses ly, a plan of the Park was prepared, his heir.

They have no commercial value be- genuflects to the titled nobility that through the support of members of F. D. R. was also bedazzled, when for a N. Y. A. Project to create a Every morning as we worked over a King and Queen deigned to be modern recreational playground was

our traps we could hear the power his guests? 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

had a full load before returning to port. Their boats would ease vance his social welfare. Let it through the mist with a sound not be for the utter extinction of the posed park will be practically in the until it is Carnival time again. unlike water pouring from an up-idea that any man is owed esteem heart of Dallas, it would be a mis-

early morning conversations that I learned about their love of song. Eritor, The Post: Occasionally they would toss us a One of the finest bits of editorial Community Center where, particu-able to conduct his love affairs suc-

beauty, only in weight. Too, they Air?" caught many crabs, and after we For some time, members of the to trade them to us every day for considerable study to a solution of two apples and a morning paper.

into our rowboat and threw the paper back on top of them. As we

days; you'd better make that four their credit that they approved the acceptance of a tract of ground ad- Dallas, Pa.

Editor and Publisher HOWARD W. RISLEY

Associate Editor MYRA ZEISER RISLEY Contributing Editors

FRED M. KIEFER JOHN V. HEFFERNAN Mechanical Superintendent HAROLD J. PRICE

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.

We see him first in Venice at Carnival time in the year 1746. Because of his somewhat embarrassing financial condition, Casanova had become a fiddler in a small orchestra. One evening soon after his return to the city, he is lucky enough to save an old and distinguished man from dving of an apoplectic stroke.

joining Dallas Borough, for a Rec- Upon further investigation, it is

Meanwhile, Casanova has met a The sacrifices thou hast made cause of the small percentage of is only of inheritance and not of the Community Council, by Mr. Car- barber's very charming daughter, achievement? Is it possible that roll. Subsequently, an application Guiliana, and has become so enarmored that he plans to marry her. Signor Bragadin, however, anxiapproved by the Township Superous to remove his new son from the Sure, we're going to fight. But, visors and is now awaiting the ap-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, In view of the fact that the pro- telling him not to return to Venice

sidedown milk-bottle, a muffled, herely because he was born right. Idea that any man is oned to be analy in a source of ballas, it notes were un-take Casanova to many of the most able to feel free to use the Park. The beautiful cities in Europe, and lead answer to any objection to this by him almost into the arms of some citizens of Dallas Township who will of the most charming women of own the new Park could be easily those cities. But Casanova, the masremoved if the Borough erected a ter love-maker, doesn't seem to be particularly fine lobster, saying that writing, among your numberless fine larly during the winter, and days of cessfully. His women outwit him their market was not interested in editorials was, "What Price Fresh bad weather the Township children every time, and he is left to move on to another city and another

would be welcome. Hundreds of communities of the pretty face. Even when his conmade friends with them they agreed Community Council have been giving size of Dallas have solved this prob- science gets the best of him, and he lem. We have abundant literature considers marriage, which phenomand plans for such a building gath- enon occurs often, he is not taken ered by the Dallas J. Women's seriously. All in all, either because Club members of our Committee. The of his unfortunate love affairs, or building could be made large enough his bad luck at gambling, Casanova to house the Fire Company, pro- is glad when his year is up and he vide a modern health clinic, an audi- can return to Venice, to his lovely torium and such facilities for recre- Guiliana, and to further adventures. ation as are most needed.

John Erskine has written a plea-One thing is apparent: That the ant, entertaining book about a organization of public support for charmingly conceited man. He cersuch a building is all that is neces- tainly proves that Casanova was a sary, according to the best authori- rake merely in his ambitions. ties on the subject.

"The interminable statistics of With kindest personal regards to Casanova's boudoir campaigns fail to convince", writes Mr. Erskine. Cordially yours, "And", he adds, "what the ladies thought of him, we can guess." Peter P. Jurchak.

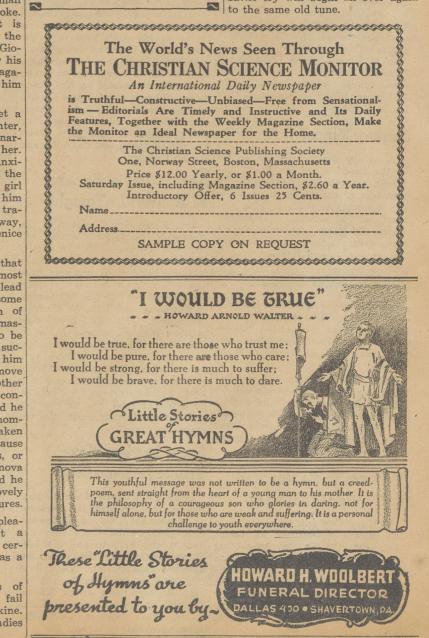
FREEDOM

with those of The Post

The columnists and conpast! tributors on this page are allowed great latitude in expressing their own opinions, even when their opinions are at variance

seems to be some neutral person who is really interested in getting things straightened out without too much time out to delve into the

Frankly I will be very glad to welcome Memorial Day because, generally speaking, the housecleaning blues will be over, at least those who haven't done their housecleaning will not have the nerve to mention it, and we can all settle down until fall when the housecleaning battle cry will begin all over again



_J. V. H. A Park For All

the problems suggested in your editorial. Certainly, of all places under

Five times we took the apples and the sun, this region should have paper out and brought back crabs in return. As the Portuguese had no radio, the paper we took out to them the inclusion of a community House and a Recreation Park in the way was their only source of news be-tween calls at port. The sixth day when we handed over our part of the bargain they dumped the crabs into our rowboat and threw the

Pursuint to the idea for securing fisherman leaning on the rail above support for such a program, members of the Community Council submitted the idea to the Dallas Town-"The news is not very good these ship Supervisors. Let it be said to you and Mrs. Risley,