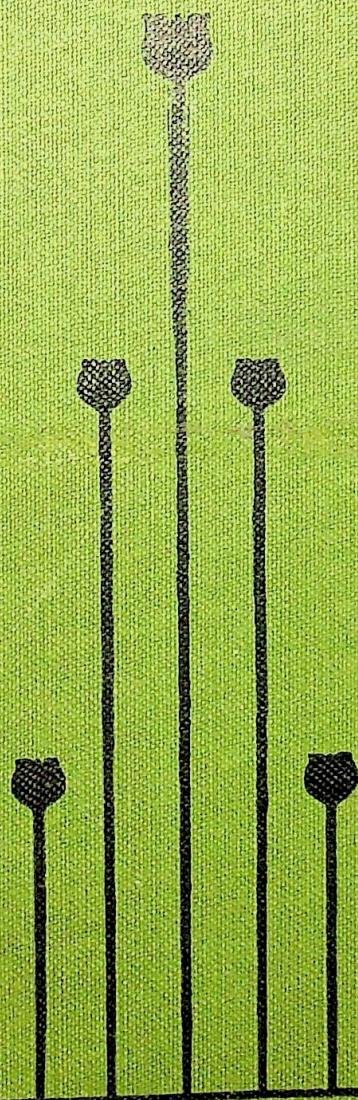


SCRAP BOOK



Psychologists List 25 'Best' Books; Bible 1st, Hamlet 2d

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 17
(AP)—What do you think are the twenty-five "greatest" books?

Daniel Starch, of New York, submitted such a list today at the Eastern Psychological Association meeting at Brown University. It was reached from the selections of 100 judges—fifty literary critics and fifty persons distinguished in the various fields of knowledge.

No book published since 1900 was included, since a generation or more must elapse before the permanent place of a book can be judged.

Here they are:

Author.	Title.	Score.
1. Numerous authors.	the Bible	309
2. Shakespeare,	Hamlet	211
3. Aristotle,	Works	198
4. Homer,	Iliad	197
5. Darwin,	Origin of Species..	187
6. Dante,	the Divine Comedy.	173
7. Plato,	Republic	162
8. Goethe,	Faust	152
9. Confucius,	Confusian Classics	142
10. Milton,	Paradise Lost ...	132

- | | |
|--|-----|
| 11. Cervantes, Don Quixote.... | 119 |
| 12. Mohammed, Koran | 111 |
| 13. Chaucer, Canterbury Tales | 97 |
| 14. Newton, Principia Mathematica | 89 |
| 15. Kant, Critique of Pure Reason | 88 |
| 16. Virgil, Aeneid | 84 |
| 17. Tolstoy, War and Peace... | 83 |
| 18. Marx, Das Kapital | 80 |
| 19. Homer, Odyssey | 73 |
| 20. Bunyan, Pilgrim's Progress. | 72 |
| 21. Gibbon, The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire | 69 |
| 22. Bacon, Novum Organum .. | 66 |
| 23. Sophocles, Oedipus Rex.... | 63 |
| 24. Buddha, Buddhist Suttas.. | 62 |
| 25. Smith, the Wealth of Nations | 62 |

READING OR RECITATION (BY AN ADULT)

" 'O God!' I cried, 'why may I not forget?
These halt and maimed in life's hard
battle throng me yet.'

Am I their keeper? Only I—to bear
This constant burden of their grief and care?

Why must I suffer for the other's sin?
Would that my eyes had never opened been!"

And the thorn-crowned and patient One
Replied, 'They thronged me too. I too
have seen.'

" 'Thy other children go at will,' I said
protesting still;
They go unheeding. But these sick
and sad,
These blind and orphan, yea, and those
that sin,
Drag at my heart. For them I serve
and groan—

Why is it? Let me rest, Lord. I have
tried.'

He turned and looked at me and said,
'But I have died.'

HELP

BY MARIAN HURD MCNEELY

The preacher came to visit me today;
(I know that means they think I am to die).
He asked me if I felt I wanted prayer.
I told him that I didn't want to wheedle God
To let me in. Prayer time was past.
And then he asked me of my years gone by
And all my rich experiences of life—
(He called them rich) which thing had helped
Me most to live. I know he wanted me
To say God had. But that's not true.
I told him work.

It wasn't God or Bible text
That kept me here when David died;
It was the cooking of three meals a day
For David's children, and the washing clothes
For them to wear. The night that Joe was killed
I cleaned the pantry shelves, and put fresh papers
on;
I canned tomatoes all the week that Jane went
blind;
It helped me not to think.
God may be here to hold the hands
Of those in grief. But when my hands are held
My heart runs wild.

I asked the preacher if he thought that life
Would end our work. I dreaded harps
And rest, and sitting still.
He said he thought that God filled hands
Within His gates, with what they sought.
I want to go.

S P D F S 21 S

When we come to the end of another
year,
And reflect on the days that are gone,
Will our hearts be joy-filled— with na'e
a tear,
As we sum up the good we have done?
When we know what work of a perfect
year
Would mean to the Master true,
We'd never repine, but with courage and
cheer
We would do what our hands find to do.

"Well, this is the end of a perfect year,
A year that is full and complete.
The work accomplished, the trophies won
We lay at the Master's feet.
This perfect year is now in the past
And a new one is just begun.
May we by our service, faithful and true,
Win the Master's applause— "Well done!"

Oh, Promise Yourself

UM W December 2-79

To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind.
To talk health, happiness, and prosperity to every person you meet.
To make all your friends feel that there is something in them.
To look on the sunny side of everything and make your optimism
come true.

To think only of the best, to work only for the best, and to expect
only the best.

To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are of
your own.

To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achieve-
ments of the future.

To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and to have a smile ready
for every living creature you meet.

To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have
no time to criticize others.

To be too big for worry, too noble for anger, and too strong for fear.

To think well of yourself and to proclaim this fact to the world—
not in loud words but in great deeds.

To live in the faith that the world is on your side so long as you are
true to the best that is in you.

Ideals

ROBERT McMURDY

To live in the affections; not to dwell in pride.
To cultivate courtesy, which fosters brotherhood and is the manner of the heart.
To be gentle with those who serve, since they are not free to resent.
To avoid arrogance, which corrodes the man and estranges his fellows.
To mingle freely with all classes, and thus to know mankind.
To be mastered by no habit or prejudice, no triumph or misfortune.
To promise rarely, and perform faithfully.
To choose hobbies with care, and pursue them with diligence.
To value people above thoughts, and thoughts above things.
To curb the personal wants, which expand easily but shrink with difficulty.
To forswear luxuries, ever indulged by shunting the cost onto others.
To be just, man's supreme virtue, which requires the best of head and heart.

Initiative

ELBERT HUBBARD

THE WORLD bestows its big prizes, both in money and honors, for but one thing. And that is Initiative. What is Initiative? I'll tell you: It is doing the right thing without being told. But next to doing the thing without being told is to do it when you are told once. That is to say, carry the Message to Garcia: those who can carry a message get high honors, but their pay is not always in proportion. Next, there are those who never do a thing until they are told twice; such get no honors and small pay. Next, there are those who do the right thing only when necessity kicks them from behind, and these get indifference instead of honors, and a pittance for pay. This kind spends most of its time polishing a bench with a hardluck story. Then, still lower down the scale than this, we have the fellow who will not do the right thing even when some one goes along to show him how and stays to see that he does it: he is always out of a job, and receives the contempt he deserves, unless he happens to have a rich Pa, in which case Destiny patiently awaits around the corner with a stuffed club. To which class do you belong?

At Christmas Time

HENRY VAN DYKE

ARE you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough . . . to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts, and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

*And if you keep it for a day, why not always?
But you can never keep it alone.*

The Teacher

The real teacher is
"Like an undaunted youth,
Afield in quest of truth,
Joying in the journey she is on,
As much as in the hope of journey
done."

For the roads run east,
And the roads run west
That her vagrant feet explore;
And she knows no haste,
And she knows no rest,
And every mile has a stranger zest
Than the mile she trod before."

ADVERTISEMENT.

For rent, one heart; a modern one
Vacated just today;
A sunny, airy, roomy place;
A tenant who will stay
Is offered this: a long term lease;
He must be one who cares
To undertake remodeling;
Also to make repairs!

GOOD-NIGHT PRAYER

Our Father, You have given me
So much of love and joy to-day
That I am thinking joy and love
To other children far away
Wherever they lie down to sleep
Happy and tired with work and play
Yellow and brown and black and white
Our Father, bless us all to-night!

Amelia Josephine Burr

FACE THE SUN.

Don't hunt for trouble, but look for success;
You'll find what you look for - don't look for distress.
If you see but your shadow, remember I pray
That the sun is still shining, but you're in the way.

Don't grumble, don't bluster, don't dream and don't shirk;
Don't think of your worries, but think of your work.
The worries will vanish, the work will be done,
No man sees his shadow who faces the Sun.

Read by Major Edward Bowes.

Patchwork Weather

By R. H. Greenville

This was a day that nature
put together
Of odds and ends: now
blowing wild, now still;
Now rain, now shine—the
sort of patchwork weather
She fashions, now and then,
with casual skill.
The awesome order of the

universe,
Being law, and masculine,
leaves naught to chance,
But nature clearly thinks
there's nothing worse
Than order unrelieved by
some romance,
And so contrived this medley

of strange hours—
This gray and golden,
gusty-calm, damp-dry,
Incredible day, and crowned
its final showers
With rainbow ribbon
binding earth and sky.

WHAT IS A FRIEND?

What is a friend? I will tell you. It is a person with whom you dare to be yourself. Your soul can go naked with him. He seems to ask of you to put on nothing, only to be what you are. He does not want you to be better or worse. When you are with him you feel as a prisoner feels who has been declared innocent. You do not have to be on your guard. You can say what you think, so long as it is genuinely you. He understands those contradictions in your nature that lead others to misjudge you. With him you breathe free. You can avow your little vanities and envies and hates and vicious sparks, your meanness and absurdities, and in opening them up to him they are lost, dissolved on the white ocean of his loyalty. He understands. You do not have to be careful. You can abuse him, neglect him, tolerate him. Best of all you can keep still with him. It makes no matter. He likes you. He is like fire that purges all you do. He is like water that cleanses all that you say. He is like wine that warms you to the bone. He understands, he understands. You can weep with him, laugh with him, sin with him, pray with him. Through and underneath it all he sees, knows and loves you. A friend, I repeat, is one with whom you dare to be yourself.—Anonymous.

WHAT WE NEED

A little more kindness
and a little less creed,
A little more giving
and a little less greed,
A little more smile
and a little less frown,
A little less kicking
a man when he's down.
A little more "we"
and a little less "I,"
A little more laugh
and a little less cry.
A little more flowers
on the pathway of life,
And fewer on graves
at the end of strife.

—Author Unknown.

More people are done by their friends than are undone by their enemies.

If you want to be continuously happy you must know when to be blind, when to be deaf, and when to be dumb.

Being everlastingly on the job beats carrying a rabbit's foot for luck.

The next time you have a sore throat be glad you are not a giraffe.

He who can give comfort to others knows how to heal his own hurts.



Sayings of a



WISE WOMAN

THE whole thing in life is to get a just estimate of values. So much confusion exists as to what is really worth while.

We think that it is a virtue to save for a rainy day. This often means that we are so absorbed thereby that we never enjoy the sunshiny day as it comes along. We are always thinking of that problematical rain. We are counting on it, we are denying ourselves everything that makes life worth living; we are sternly turning away from gaiety and enjoyment because, forsooth, we are preparing for an illness which may never come and for a poverty which—God willing—we need never know.

Nothing is more stupidly cynical than to insist that one is deserted in adversity. It all depends upon what kind of a man or woman you have been in prosperity. If you have had no real friends when you were prosperous there is no reason to expect that they will flock around you in trouble.

Friends are the greatest asset one can have. They should be cultivated and cherished. The world is not hard and cruel. It is extraordinarily kind and tolerant, but its sympathy can be exhausted if drained too often.

Our snap judgment often criticizes a presumable friend who has turned his back upon some fellow with whom he was supposed to be intimate. What do we—looking on—know of the hundreds of times when he did not turn his back?

It is remarkable that the generosity of mankind is as great as it is.

For one mean action there are a thousand that are kind and unselfish.

At the end of each day it would be a profitable thing to take an account of our moral stock.

What have we given in the way of courtesy, cheerfulness and consideration? What have we done to make the world a happier place because we live in it?

How have we been treated during our waking hours? We like to be sorry for ourselves and to talk about the dirty deals which have been handed to us. Let us be honest and tell what we have been doing.

Perhaps we should not find so much cause for smug self complacency if we turned the calcium occasionally upon ourselves.

Laugh and the world laughs with you is not merely a bromide, for there is so much truth in it that it bears frequent repetition.

"A Moonshine Recipe"

Take one D——Fool
Soak in moonshine a few hours,
Place in a fast auto,
And race for a railway grade crossing;
Remove what's left from the right-of-way,
Place in a satin-lined box;
Garnish with Flowers.

HAIL, HAIL.

Hail, hail the gang's all here,
Never mind the weather,
Here we are together,
Hail, hail the gang's all here,
Let the trouble start right now.

Hail, hail the gang's all here,
What's the bill today please,
Pass it right this way please,
Hail, hail the gang's all here,
Pass the eats along right now.

THAT'S HOW I NEED YOU.

Like a baby needs tobacco
Like a blind man needs a book,
Like a drowning man needs water
Like Wall Street needs a crook
Like (Rockefeller) needs millions,
To pay his rents when due,
Like an Eskimo needs B. V. D's,
That's how I need you.

SWEET IVORY SOAP

Tune:- "Sweet Adeline".

Sweet Ivory Soap,
You are the dope,
You clean me so,
Like Sapolio
In all my dreams,
Your square face beams,
You're the fragrance of my bath
Sweet Ivory Soap

YOU'LL BE HUNGRY

Tune:- "Till We Meet Again"

You'll be hungry 'till we eat again,
You'll feel hungry every now and then,
You'll be wondering, wondering when,
You'll be served a life sized dinner,
Every day you're feeling mighty thin,
Soon you'll be no fatter than a pin,
There'll be nothing left but skin,
Till we eat ~~again~~ again.

MY PERSONAL PAGE

THE unattainable ever haunts the corridors of heart's desire.

I have never known a man who did not want to own an orange grove or a yacht. I have never seen an orange grove or a yacht which was not for sale. Sailors retire and buy a farm; farmers retire and move to the seashore. Colored women spend much money on ointments to straighten their hair; white women make plutocrats out of beauty parlor owners having their hair waved. Every city man wants to own a farm and every farmer wants to live where the white lights burn in the city.

I am like that, too. My life has been in the city so one of my greatest joys comes from sticking a seed or root or bulb in the ground and watching it grow. It gives me a sort of godlike feeling to have something to do with the resultant crop of blossoms.

My back yard is just a little larger than is needed to swing the proverbial cat. I never understood just why a man should swing a cat but this diversion has always been a standard of measurement for back yards. I but follow the ancient landmarks. I like birds; no man who likes birds also likes cats. But even if I did have a cat I doubt if I would swing it by the tail to measure my back yard.

Be that as it may I try to synchronize the planting in my back yard so I will have flowers from crocus time till the frost catches the dahlias and chrysanthemums. There is no prettier flower than an apple blossom but I did not have room for an apple tree in the yard. Its shade would take up my flower space, so I planted my apple tree against the side of the garage.

I chose a crab apple because its blossoms are so sweet and its large crop of small red fruit so decorative. I cut the tree off a foot above the ground and trained two limbs running right and left at right angles. I kept the tree pruned of all other branches. The second year I allowed five secondary limbs to grow vertically from each of these two.

After four years I have a gridiron of apple tree flat against the side of the garage, reaching to its top. By constant pruning of all the suckers and limbs which wanted to come forward I have the tree under absolute control. It covers the side of the garage with blossoms in which the bees hum and gather honey in the spring and where the birds peck joyfully at the red fruit in the autumn.

I am rather proud of this tree; it has been my baby for several years. I have cut away its dead wood and generally made it behave. Pruning yesterday, cutting away some limbs I did not want and making small incisions beyond buds where I wanted limbs to come out next spring and complete my design, I philosophised a bit. I meditated on how this tree would have run riot had it been allowed its will. Its spots of shade would have rendered useless a six foot half circle of ground; it would have run high above the garage, pushing the guttering off and wasting in useless and unsightly growth and strength now going into a wonderful crop of flowers and fruit.

I pay much attention (give much attention) and give much care to the apple tree, never realizing that everything

I do to it I might have done to my own life with great advantage to my work, my morals and my health.

In common with my fellow Kiwanian I could cut away a lot of dead wood to advantage. I am not as charitable in thought and word as I should be. There are people I do not like to whom I do not give true credit for accomplishment. I do them the mental and at times verbal wrong of ascribing evil motives even to their good acts. Charity of thought and of word is more important than charity of deed.

In common with you, old timer, I could well prune away some bad habits. I smoke too many cigarettes. Your worship at the shrine of the goddess Nicotine may be a pipe or a cigar. We have both allowed the habit to creep up on us. On the down hill side of life we need every bit of heart power we have in reserve. I do not take enough exercise. I am soft; this habit is just a sucker like those on the apple tree which I could well prune out of my life and be the happier.

Then there are my morals. Gee, what a job I could do with those if I would tackle them. I won't tell you about them, however, nor will I comment on yours. But you know what I mean. Couldn't yours be improved, too?

Before I had climbed the step ladder to re-prune that tree I stepped twenty feet away from it to size it up. I followed each limb with my eye and decided just what pruning it needed to make the design I had for it; what would give it most grace, symmetry and beauty. On the ladder I was too close to it; the very closeness kept me from getting the whole tree in proper perspective.

Herein lies the difficulty in regulating our lives to bring out their best usefulness, their greatest beauty and symmetry. We are so close to ourselves that we see us all out of drawing. We do not step aside of ourselves to get a longer range view of our lives. We do not see which way we are growing, which are the useless, the ugly, the sucker features of our lives. The word "sucker" in either its horticultural or its slang sense is still a good word.

It's around the first of the year now, when we should begin to take stock. In this coming time of general reckoning the great lesson of the little tree is that I must stand off and take a good look at Roe Fulkerson. I want to see where his life needs pruning, where some of the things he has done distort his life a bit.

I shall try to look at my life as a whole. Perhaps I can train it along more symmetrical and more worth-while lines, so it will blossom more beautifully for the people who have to see it, especially those who live with it every day. The old tree has been neglected for years. Some of the branches to be lopped off will need a major operation. There is a lot of dead wood to be cut; there will be quite a pile of waste branches left around on the ground when I get through.

Maybe this idea is only good for me; but I would like you to step off a few feet from you, and give yourself the once over with this thought in mind; how much dead wood needs pruning off your tree?

poem "nobility, symmetry, grace
to our fall plane"

I AM THE GREAT ENEMY OF MAN!

I AM THE CAUSE OF MOST OF YOUR TROUBLES AND MISTAKES!

I STAND IN YOUR PATH OF PROGRESS AND BLOCK YOUR WAY TO SUCCESS!

I AM ETERNALLY CAUSING YOU TO RETRACE YOUR STEPS AND DO YOUR WORK OVER AGAIN!

I ROB YOU OF VALUABLE TIME, FASTEN SHACKLES ABOUT YOUR FEET AND LOAD UNNECESSARY BURDENS UPON YOUR SHOULDERS!

I DISTURB YOUR PEACE OF MIND—CAUSE YOU WORRY—ANXIETY AND VEXATION OF SPIRIT!

FAILURE—ACCIDENTS—SICKNESS AND DEATH OFTEN FOLLOW IN MY WAKE!

I AM YOUR ARCH ENEMY!

I AM FORGETTING!

The King Without a Crown

ROY L. SMITH

WHEN King Gustavus V, the present ruler of Sweden, came to the throne in 1907, his nation was passing through extremely difficult days. The treasury was well-nigh empty, the people were oppressed with a heavy burden of taxation, and business difficulties beset the industrial life of the land.

Because the king is naturally economical, and simple in his tastes, he suggested that the coronation service should be postponed, thus saving an enormous sum of money to the people. Thus it came about that he has ruled for twenty-five years as a king uncrowned. Recently, however, it has been suggested to the monarch that a coronation service would be a fitting recognition of his great service to his people and an appropriate celebration

of some national anniversary. suggestion the veteran ruler characteristically:

"I have ruled my people for five years without a crown, and if I have not demonstrated in that time that I am a king, no crown will ever make me one."

No college ever educated a man by degrees, no election ever made a statesman out of a politician, no pulpit ever made a preacher, no trappings ever made a king. Kingliness is a quality of soul that no royal robes or coronet can confer.

Jesus, with a crown of thorns upon his head was more a monarch than Pilate with the authority of Rome in his hands. The judge on the bench has sometimes been on trial before the prisoner at the bar.

'Life holds for most, my comrades,
More happiness than pain.
God gives a week of sunshine
For every day of rain.
So, trusting in the wisdom
Of his eternal plan,
Let's face the rain or sunshine
And do the best we can."

—[Selected.]

(By N. E. D.)

A women's column contains the following paragraph, which is very much worth passing on. Clip it, women, and keep it where you can reflect on it frequently. We did.

Those with small minds talk about people, those with better intellects converse of things and events, and those happily possessed of superior intelligence discuss ideas. So, when a person can talk of nothing but the frailties of relatives and friends, she can be immediately marked as a woman of low intelligence and even less character."

—By The Way—

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IHAVE been calling on my ancestors.

I do not mean social calls. The days grow too tense for small talk.

I have been calling my ancestors up from my blood and bones into the spotlight of my consciousness — up where I can look them in the eye, shake hands, renew acquaintance.

I need them.

My grandmother — my father's mother. When I was so big she used to tell me about the early days on the prairies. They lived the first year or two in a dugout. In the summer they burned dung, in the winter corncobs. One winter the cow froze "stiff as a washboard." Some years they almost starved, and some years they almost burned up and blew away. My grandmother said that during one long, searing summer two of the neighbor-women a few miles away went crazy. . . "And I think I was a little 'touched' too," she added. When I asked why she didn't go plumb loco she said, "I guess I didn't have time. I had the children, you know."

I need what kept her sane, and tough, and kind, with the crinkle of a smile around her eyes when she was eighty.

My grandfather — my father's father. Once when the rubbery ice on the South Platte broke he saved two boys and a girl from drowning. The day after that my grandmother married him. She said you never could tell when a man like that would come in handy.

I never saw him. When I call him up in my mind he seems to be just a husky, red-faced young farmer. And when I ask him how you go about being a hero, he only grins sheepishly. But I may have to know.

THEY come up before me, the faces I have seen only in the old family albums, with the stories I have heard about them. And some are only names without faces, because there were few photographs then.

One of them was a yellow-haired Swede. He was a fisherman who came to America a long way back. His wife died of a fever. He fished and raised three boys and read much, so that he wound up as a village schoolteacher.

I try hard to see that Swede eye to eye

and convince myself that the story is all true. I need him in my business.

Somewhere along the line, on my mother's side, was a country editor. He had to swap horses for a living because nobody would subscribe for his paper. It was full of fool female ideas about temperance and why not let the women vote. Maybe he was a better horse trader than editor, but he was stubborn as a mule. I could use some mule.

They say that democracy is in a bad way. They say the war will make it tough for Americans, no matter what they do or don't do about it. They say these are times when every American ought to show what he is made of.

IHAVE been an American all my life. I haven't thought much about it except on Independence Day, Memorial Day and Thanksgiving. I admire Washington and Lincoln, but I would never think of trying to match them, chip for chip, in character. They were sad, stern men for stern times. I have had it pretty easy.

Of course nobody is going to elect me President. But as I get it, how America comes out at the end of this game is going to depend not so much on any President as on how all the little fellows like me stand up and take it, how we pull together and stay on the road.

I looked myself over and decided I didn't show many signs of being what a top-notch American is supposed to be. Sometimes I seem more like a spoiled kid than anything else.

The cash-on-hand in character isn't enough to meet the demand-note. That's why I have gone to the old Family Reserve Bank. That's why I have been hobnobbing with my ancestors.

Because of course my ancestors really aren't dead. They are down in my blood and bones, all of them. My prairie grandmother, and that red-faced young farmer, and the Swede, and that cantankerous old hoss-swapping country editor. If they all pull together — and I believe they can — they could turn out a sample of Americanism I could offer my country with my head away up here!

Our ancestors had the stuff. It's still in us.

Time for Everything

Take time to *work* — it is the price of success.

Take time to *think* — it is the source of power.

Take time to *play* — it is the secret of perpetual youth.

Take time to *read* — it is the foundation of wisdom.

Take time to be *friendly* — it is the road to happiness.

Take time to *dream* — it is hitching your wagon to a star.

Take time to *love* and be loved — it is the privilege of the gods.

Take time to *look around* — it is too short a day to be selfish.

Take time to *laugh* — it is the music of the soul.

—Old English Prayer,

GIVE me work to do,
Give me health,
Give me joy in simple things,
Give me an eye for beauty,
A tongue for truth,
A heart that loves,
A mind that reasons,
A sympathy that understands.
Give me neither malice nor envy,
But a true kindness
And a noble common sense.
At the close of each day
Give me a book
And a friend with whom
I can be silent.

S. M. Frazier.

Reading

By Frederick K. Stamm

STOPPING one day last summer by a book-stall at the Cleveland Exposition, I asked the intelligent saleslady how the books were selling.

"Oh," she replied, "not so very well. You know only two percent of the people read, and that means that only two percent do the thinking."

She was a seller of good books, and doubtless her answer concerned the kind of reading people were doing and to what purpose. When most of us consider *the matter* of reading, we are thinking of the kind of literature which will stimulate thought and action, give a broad view of life, and enable us to form a balanced judgment of contemporaneous happenings.

A home ought no more to be without a library than without a dining room and kitchen. It may be a very little home, but there is always a corner where a small bookshelf can be placed and where it is easy of access. If a bed for the body and food for the stomach are necessary, some provision for feeding the brain is likewise necessary.

A good father desires, in this period of general intelligence, to possess for his wife and children, and for himself, a certain number of well-selected books. However, with the economic pressure heavy upon a great many of us, we may think we do not have money with which to purchase a library. But if our means are small, we can borrow books or get them at the public library. In the early days of my profession I lived fourteen miles from a railroad and fifty miles from a good library. Only a few books were on my shelves, and there was no money to buy any except on rare occasions. But books could be had from the library in the distant city, and all I had to do was to sign a card and pay the postage.

Any home can have in it at least four books. One is a clearly printed Bible; and if you think the standard makes of Bible are too unreadable, there is a new one entitled, "The Bible Designed To Be Read As Living Literature." I lent this Bible to a young man, and he read it through and was fascinated with it. It can be read as quickly as "Gone With The Wind." Then a home needs Shakespeare. I picked up a fine copy for two dollars. We can learn more about human nature in the Bible and Shakespeare than we can in our city or town or village. Abraham Lincoln

didn't read many books, but he immersed himself in these two, and out of them came his speeches, which are models of thought and English for every school boy and girl. To the Bible and Shakespeare a great biography should be added, and an anthology of poetry.

A library without these books would be a bobtailed one; and it is not an impossibility to get children to read them. Let the parent keep them in sight, read them, and, when talking with children, relate an interesting story found in them; the chances are the children will soon be picking up the book to read the story for themselves. There are many engaging incidents in any one of these books; it takes but a bit of ingenuity on the part of the parent to start them off in the once-upon-a-time style.

Of the making of other books there is no end. If we should attempt to set down a list of the necessary ones, the likelihood is that we should omit important ones. Over every library case should stand the words: "Avoid Rubbish." Give your children simple and interesting books at first, then something better. But if you have no atlas or encyclopedia or dictionary, and no money to buy them, sell your shirt or make over your bonnet or dispense with a few cigars or cigarettes. What you want to do is to teach your child to chase every new word down the street until he catches it, to know the location of places on the map, and to look up references to events or facts unfamiliar to him.

America gives another kind of library to every home at low cost—the newspaper and the magazine. We hear it said that the newspaper is filled with murders and scandals of every sort. It is, and it is appalling how many people make a daily diet of sensationalism. But the newspaper also gives a history of human life. In it you can find the record of God's work in the world in our day, and this is the greatest age in which anyone has ever lived. You can pass by the scandals, the bitter political prejudice, the church quarrels, and the idle gossip. But there are a dozen good things in every newspaper, such as contemporaneous history, poetry, biography, sports, humor, invention, art, science, all of which are worthy of thought and study.

Then the magazine. "A magazine," says Webster, "is a storehouse, a granary, a cellar, a warehouse in which anything is stored or deposited." There is a deposit of something rich for the mind and soul in every good magazine. If you can't get a boy or girl to read a book, there is every chance in the world that he or she will read much in each of a half dozen good magazines if they are left lying on the table in the living room. One is sure to find the writings of a whole galaxy of literary men and women in a year's reading of such magazines. If a boy never read a book but read standard magazines, he would go a long distance toward a liberal education.

Every father and mother ought to be reminded, as Frederic Harrison says, "that a man's business here is to know for the sake of living, not to live for the sake of knowing."

ARE you, I wonder, as tired as I am of hearing people whining that they "never had a chance"?

Not long ago I talked with a condemned murderer at Sing Sing. That poor devil had not wanted his life to end this way at all. What was happening not only frightened but bewildered him, and out of the depths of his terror he struggled to understand it and to make me understand.

"Look, lady," he implored me, "I never had a chance. I was born in the East Side slums of New York. My family was poor — hungry most of the time. I had to use my wits — had to steal and push other people out of the way, just to keep alive! Now they're pushing me out of the way . . . But gee, lady, I never had a break!"

And I believed him. I wanted to weep, to cry out against the pity of it, as anyone with normal human feelings would want to do in the face of certain doom.

And then, behind my pity, there rose the thought of other East Side boys I had met and talked with.

I thought of Eddie Cantor and Al Jolson and George Gershwin and Al Smith, who also had grown up on the East Side and had to struggle bitterly just to keep alive.

These boys, all of them, never had a break, either. They "never had a chance." Yet as I thought of them, that night in Sing Sing, I realized that every one of them was, the American idea of Success in person!

The people who fit that idea, I have found, never waited for their break. They prepared themselves to take advantage of one; but when it didn't come, they made it for themselves.

And once on their way, they never took time off to sit down and admire their accomplishments. Walt Disney, for example, when I first talked with him, repeated after me, "Successful? Me, a success?" His tone was faintly puzzled, a little on guard, as if he suspected my comment had been satirical.

And I, naturally, suspected he was ribbing me. For I knew he had gone to Hollywood — the toughest town in the world to "crash" — with nothing but forty dollars in cash, a load of debt, and an idea; and now wasn't he everything most of us mean by "a success"? But long before the end of that first interview I learned that his surprise at being considered a success was not mock modesty, not prima-donna posing, at all. I found that his whole burning concern was to make the most of his idea for its own sake. Seeing its ever-expanding possibilities so much more vividly than the rest of us, of course he had no time for smug self-congratulation! And as for a break — well, he had come out of the Army alive in 1918, if you could call that any special break . . .

I'VE never met a successful person who didn't believe, with everything in him, in his own line of work. Not working for a "break" and thereafter taking it easy; but working into a break by being prepared for it, and then going right on working. Even the so-called accidents of fame and fortune never come to the slaggard. Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe won fame by being in attendance when five little girls were born at once to one mother. But Dr. Dafoe had been working obscurely all his life for the skill which kept those five little girls alive to become the marvel of science. And he goes on working . . .

When I met William Knudsen, of General Motors, the

very first thing I noticed about him was his work-scarred hands! They were the hands of an immigrant worker who came here from Denmark in 1900 and got his first job in a shipyard. Knudsen was a worker as a railroad shop hand, and as a mechanic in a plant manufacturing bicycle parts. And he was still a worker when he had the vision to sense the new trend in transportation, and got a job in an automobile factory.

When I asked him what, in his opinion, makes one man succeed while another with apparently equal opportunity and intelligence muffs every chance that comes his way, he did not fumble for ideas.

"The workman's pride in his work — that's the thing," he told me. "Every child should learn to work with his hands, learn the 'feel' of materials and the sense of power that comes with the skill to create." He told me of his son, who was graduating from college and learning the mechanic's trade.

It was no accident that, to carry out his idea, he came to the United States. For this is the first country in the world where it has ever been possible for the ordinary man to achieve his own notion of success without depending upon wealth, social position or other special privilege.

THINK, for instance, of William Handy, the composer of "Memphis Blues," "St. Louis Blues" and a host of other songs that form an enormous contribution to an original American music. Bill Handy was born the son of a poor Negro minister in Tennessee. Could any beginning be less auspicious for a successful career? Yet, with nothing but the will to have music in his own life and to make it for others, he kept alive by odd jobs until he procured enough education to make himself the music-maker he wanted to be, and today his songs are sung and danced to on three continents.

Tennessee is the origin of another equally typical American success story. Today the whole world — literally every person in the world who can read a newspaper in his own language — knows the name and something of the accomplishments of one man who started his working life swinging an ax. That boy saw a train for the first time when he was seventeen years old. The next year he got a job as a raft pilot on the Cumberland River, and was more set up about it than about any other job he has ever had.

But the boy knew that some day he would get out into the great world where trains were everyday sights, where there were even bigger jobs than piloting a river raft. Today he occupies a position second in power and authority only to the Presidency itself. As Secretary of State, Cordell Hull has not only seen the great world, but has helped to shape a greater world than he could quite imagine at seventeen.

The point is simple enough: It has never been a "break" that made any man's success. The secret of success is really no secret at all. Utilizing every little talent, every modest ability they possess, successful people simply work, work, work. Far from waiting for a break, they make their own breaks, create their own chances — and go right on working.

This is the conviction that slowly grew out of my interview with a pitiful young man who was getting ready to die the death of a spectacular failure.

What's all this talk about never having had a chance? You're alive, aren't you? That's all the chance you need!

The Difficulties of Doubt

ROY L. SMITH

HE who surrenders his religious faith in order to escape intellectual difficulties is doomed to disappointment. He soon discovers that unbelief has more difficult questions to answer than belief has.

It is true that the believer faces some very difficult questions. The facts of life are often puzzling, and many of the experiences of life do not seem to fit into any explanation.

But consider the plight of the man with no belief. He must attempt to live in a world that has no explanation. If it all "just happened," he cannot be sure that it will not "unhappen" at any moment.

If the world, for him, is not to become a madhouse, he must find some reason for believing that it is dependable. If he is to take medicine he wants

to know that something keeps the powers of the medicine stable so that it can be trusted.

As the atheist looks at the stars, moving with meticulous precision in their orbits, he asserts that he has found the law governing their movements. But what makes that law operative and effective?

The young atheist explains prayer according to psychological principles, declaring that it is the way of the human mind at work. But what makes the mind work that way? Why can it be depended upon to work that way?

To admit oneself baffled and lost without an explanation in a world of things, is to admit that matter and things are wiser than human beings. Therefore, from whence does wisdom come?

Washington, March 22.—Rep. James W. Wadsworth, R., N. Y., interrupted an argument in the House yesterday to read a poem written by a soldier injured on the Italian front.

It was a challenge to Americans at home who complain about rationing and similar inconveniences while others are dying abroad.

Wadsworth did not identify the author but said the poem was sent to him by a general. The soldier author had suffered a serious injury and his foot had been amputated by a comrade. Lying in a ditch, thinking that death was near, he wrote: What did you do today, my friend,

From morn until dark?
How many times did you complain

The rationing is too tight;
When are you going to start to do

All of the things you say?
A soldier would like to know,
my friend,
What did you do today?

We met the enemy today
And took the town by storm.
Happy reading it will make
For you tomorrow morn.
You'll read with satisfaction
The brief communiqué.
We fought, but are you fighting?
What did you do today?

My gunner died in my arms today;
I feel his warm blood yet.
Your neighbor's dying boy gave out
A scream I can't forget.
On my right a tank was hit;
A flash and then a fire;
The stench of burning flesh
Still rises from the pyre.

What did you do today, my friend,
To help us with the task?
Did you work harder and longer for less?
Or is that too much to ask?
What right have I to ask you this
You probably will say.
Maybe now you'll understand;
You see, I died today.

The Indignation of the Inactive

ROY L. SMITH

THERE is no more discerning touch in this lesson than the sentence, "but there were some that had indignation among themselves." It is an interesting fact that the inactive are usually capable of great indignation. Those who attempt to do something may be sure that they will attract the criticism of those who do nothing.

The assassination of leadership is a very ancient crime. It began when the first idler accused the first worker of the crime of "trying to run things." From that time on the inactive have excused themselves for uselessness by criticizing and growing indignant over the work of the active.

In every organization there are those faithful souls who, in an effort to accomplish results, suffer under the handicaps laid upon them by the inactive.

The crowd at the foot of the cross, crying out, "He saved others; himself he could not save," included many who had never made the slightest effort to save either themselves or anyone else. A veteran preacher one time said, "In my fifty years in the ministry I have been bothered less by the wickedness of the sinner than by the cussedness of the saints."

Every church has been robbed, at some time, of the effective service of some willing soul who has worn out under the burden of the work plus the indignation of the inactive. Difficulties before them and criticism behind their back has been more than their courage could endure.

Blessed are the inactive who can keep their mouths shut, for they are not far from the kingdom of heaven.

Today

Today is. Tomorrow may be.
Yesterday was. Clearly I see,
Now is the time to do my share,
That Life may be Godly and fair.

Today is mine for kindly deed,
For comforting those hearts in need;
For yesterday has gone its way,
Tomorrow may not be my day.

Today is. Tomorrow may be.
Yesterday was. God grant to me
A conscience clear when Angels say:
Tomorrow, friend, is not thy day.

—Grady, Duluth.

Smiles



IT WAS when cars were still abundant that a doctor advised his patient, an office worker, to learn to drive an automobile so that he could get out of the city occasionally for a change of scenery and fresh country air. "Buy a car," he said, "and you'll get out more. You need to take off several pounds of flesh."

Some time later he found a note in his mail. "Bought a car and got out more. Got out six times in fifteen miles and took off flesh in four different places. Once got out through the windshield. That seemed to take off most." —Open Road.

NUDILITY

By Reba Mahan Stevens

NOT what the world
With all its whimsies,
All its varying standards,
May expect of me,
But what, deep in the quiet of my soul
I find myself demanding of myself.
Makes up the depth and breadth
Of what I am—
The measurement
Of my nobility.

How to Make Home Brew

This Receipt is Guaranteed to be Legal

Chase wild bullfrogs for three miles and gather up hops. To them add ten gallons of tan bark, one-half pint of good shellac and one bar of home-made soap. Boil 36 hours, then strain thru an I. W. W. sock to keep it from working. Add one grass-hopper to each pint to give it a kick. Pour a little into the kitchen sink; if it takes the enamel off, it is ready for bottling.

"See other side"

Legend of the Dogwood.

It is told that at the time of the Crucifixion the dogwood attained the size of the oak and other great forest trees. So strong and firm was the wood that it was chosen as the timber for the Cross.

To be thus used for such a cruel purpose greatly distressed the tree and Jesus, nailed upon it, sensed this and in His gentle pity for all sorrow, said to it: "Because of your regret and pity for My suffering, I make you this promise: Never again shall the Dogwood Tree grow large enough to be used for a cross. Henceforth it shall be slender and bent and twisted, and its blossoms shall be in the form of a cross—two long and two short petals.

"And in the center of the outer edge of each petal, there will be nail prints. And in the center of the flower, brown with rust and stained with blood, will be a crown of thorns—so that all who see it will remember it was upon a dogwood tree that I was crucified, and this tree shall not be mutilated nor destroyed, but cherished and protected as a reminder of My agony and death upon the cross."

BOY'S REMARK TO HIS STOMACH
What's the matter with you, ain't I always been
your friend?
Ain't I been a pardner to you, all my pennies
don't I spend
In getting nice things for you? Don't I give
you lots of cake?
Say, stummick, what's the matter that you
had to go and ache?
Why, I loaded you with good things yesterday—
I gave you more
Potatoes, squash and turkey than you'd ever
had before;
I gave you nuts and candy, pumpkin pie an'
chocolate cake,
An' last night when I got to bed you had to
go an' ache.
Say, what's the matter with you? Ain't you
satisfied at all?
I gave you all you wanted, you was hard, jes'
like a ball:
An' you couldn't hold another bit of puddin',
yet las' night
You ached most awful, stummick; that ain't
treatin' me jes' right.
I've been a friend to you, I have, why ain't you
a friend of mine?
They gave me castor oil las' night, becoz you
made me whine;
I'm awful sick this mornin' an' I'm feelin'
mighty blue
Becoze you don't appreciate the things I do
for you.

—[Detroit Free Press.]

COOPERATION

Two fool jackasses—say, get this dope—
Were tied together with a piece of rope.
Said one to other: "You come my way,
While I take a nibble from this new-mown hay."
"I won't," said the other. "You come with me,
For I, too, have some hay, you see."
So they got nowhere, just pawed up dirt,
And oh, by golly! that rope did hurt.
They faced about, these stubborn mules,
And said: "We're acting like human fools!
"Let's pull together. I'll go your way,
Then come with me and we'll both eat hay."
Well, they ate their hay, and they liked it too,
And swore to be comrades good and true.
As the sun went down they were heard to bray:
"Ah! this is the end of a perfect day!"

Others

Lord, help me to live from day to day,
In such a self-forgetful way,
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for—OTHERS.

Help me in all the work I do,
To ever be sincere and true.
And know that all I'd do *for you*,
Must needs be done for—OTHERS.

Let "Self" be crucified and slain,
And buried deep: and all in vain,
May efforts be to rise again,
Unless to live for—OTHERS.

And when my work on earth is done,
And my new work in Heaven's begun,
May I forget the crown I've won,
While thinking still of—OTHERS.

Others, Lord, yes, others,
Let this my motto be,
Help me to live for—OTHERS,
That I may live like Thee.

—C. D. MEIGS

Don't borrow trouble. The interest on the investment is entirely too high.

.32.

Health

In the middle ages the alchemist delved deep as his intellect and education would permit in his search for the philosopher's stone which would transmute other metals into the gold of his desire.

Men joined with Ponce de Leon in the search for the mythical fountain of eternal youth, one sip of which would put long curly hair on a bald spot, vim and vinegar into the step of the most decrepit, make life eternal and death as old-fashioned as a bustle.

They all failed, according to history. But is history right? Out of these searches for mythical things came the science of research, the foundation of medicine, chemistry, navigation and a dozen other things which have made life today longer and happier.

Length of life has been increased year by year. The man of a hundred will soon be as common as the man of fifty is today. Life expectancy has been raised from twenty-two years to its present fifty-seven.

Research is now working on sickness of all kinds. Life insurance companies, health foundations and medical science in general have compiled statistics showing that sickness causes annually, in lost wages and necessary care, two and a quarter billion dollars.

Much of this loss is preventable. Much of it could be avoided. Common colds, carelessness in dress and ventilation, improper diet, too much or too little exercise all help to swell this loss.

Physicians today practice preventive medicine rather than curative. In every community are physicians who can talk interestingly on these subjects. Talks before Kiwanis clubs, before employes, and before schools are always well received. A Kiwanis club can do no better work than to promulgate such talks wherever possible.

People are always interested in themselves. A talk of personal interest is sure of a thinking audience.

I can smile as easily and as often as anybody, but I should hate to be ordered to smile by a wall motto.

.3.

A Shady Spot

To change a punctured tire—to eat a roadside lunch—to pause and view the scenery—to stop and let the engine cool—to tell *her* how nice she is—to take a sip of water out of the thermos bottle. A shady spot!

The old winding country road is no more, the rambling brookside and forest lined dirt-road is a thing of the past. The new highway has sacrificed beauty to the great god Speed. What a boon to a world on wheels would be a row of trees planted in that right-of-way space between the edge of the cement road and the barbed wire fence.

If each member of your Kiwanis club planted one tree it would add much to the happiness of the motoring public. If your Kiwanis club started a tree planting campaign in all the organizations in your town, you would soon rename it Shadyside. The Boy Scouts, the High School students, the civic clubs, the Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Trade and even the churches might be interested, if some live organization like Kiwanis was back of it.

"Poems are made by fools like me
But only God can make a tree."

But even He in his omnipotence, needs some instrument with which to carry out His divine will.

No man who has driven a motor car through a shady road and removed his hat to let the shade cooled breezes sweep through his hair can fail to see the beauty of such an idea!

.4.

The girl who used to fill her hope chest with hand wrought underwear and table linen now buys a sawed off shot gun and calls it a job.

.5.

USSBAUM

Say I Hear!

THE SERVICE CLUB credits the following, entitled "Saying It With Soap," to St. Paul's Church Bulletin:

"Are you a soft soap? DUZ you just DREFT along with the TIDE of unconcern? VEL, now is the time to CHEER up if you want real JOY.

"Why? Because the TREND is for all families to BREEZE right into Sunday School with ZEST. So please hear our SOS and don't let us have to DIAL you about being present.

"DASH right into Church and WHISK on into your Sunday School class and help AD up the number present. Let's ALL pull together like a 20 MULE TEAM. That way it's LESTOIL."

IVORY solemnly promise not to do this again.

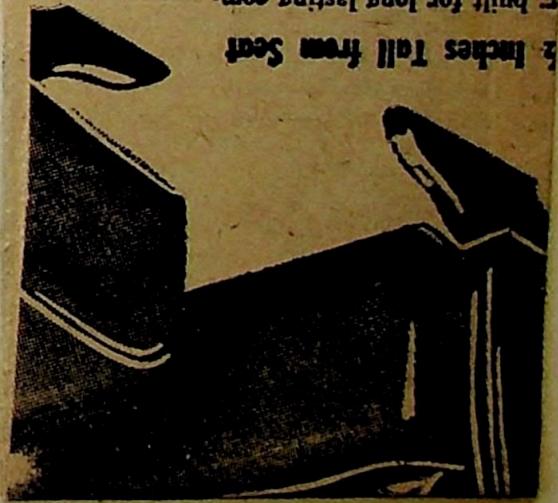
I long to accomplish a great and noble task; but it is my chief duty and joy to accomplish humble tasks as though they were great and noble.... The world has moved along, not only by the mighty shoves of its heroes, but also by the aggregate of the tiny pushes of each honest worker."

—Helen Keller

Accepting Fur Shoppers

L
E
R
I

\$20
SAV
69.95 Chairs
2 robes Tall from Set
like leather. Choose from 5
springs in cushion for extra
upholstered arms; unique
avy BOLSTEREX the web
built for long lasting com.
The girl who used to fill her hope chest with hand wrought underwear and table linen now buys a sawed off shot gun and calls it a job.



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—Helen Keller

THE BIBLE SPEAKS



International Uniform Sunday School Lessons

BY DR. KENNETH J. FOREMAN

Scripture: Amos 2:6-12; 4:1-2; 6.
Devotional Reading: Romans 13:7-14

Amos on Alcohol

Lesson for June 13, 1954

THE prophets of Israel are singularly up-to-date. They lived thousands of miles away from here, thousands of years ago. Yet the problems of mankind are much the same then as now. The prophet's inspired eyes could see what was wrong with the world around him, and he would say bluntly what it was. But few prophets often used that blanket word "sin." Nobody's in favor of sin. What the prophet always did was to name certain particular sins. These habits, these acts, these customs, he would say—these are what our country is dying from. These things are fatal. So it was in 800 B.C., so it is in 1954 A.D.



Liquor Is Not Alone

It is only fanatics who believe that some one sin is by itself destroying the country. No sin, in fact, exists by itself. Also it is true that when a country is destroyed, as Israel was destroyed, it dies of more than one disease. The prophet Amos named a number of evils which were eating into the vitality of his nation and people. The consumption of liquor was one of these. But Amos never said that liquor was the only thing wrong with his country. He associates it with selfishness, greed, indifference to real problems, adultery, dishonesty and other sins. One of the bad features of liquor is that it attaches itself to other evils and makes them worse. There would be speeding on the highways even if everyone were always cold sober; but drinking drivers make the problem worse and the accidents more often fatal. (There really can't be such a thing as a drunken driver—a drunk can't drive at all. It's the drinking drivers who make the trouble.) There would be murders if whiskey had never been heard of. But every day murders are reported in the papers that would

no doubt never have been committed if everyone concerned had been sober at the time. Rape and seduction are not unheard of by any means. in Mohammedan countries where alcoholic drinks are completely forbidden. But liquor pushes many young people over the edge who without it could retain their self-control and self-respect, but with it in them, lose both.

The Best People'

In the time of Amos he took note of some quite "respectable" people, who were drinkers. Church-goers he mentions first of all, people who drink wine "in the house of their god." (This of course has nothing whatsoever to do with the communion service, a sacrament instituted by Christ.) He condemns these church-goers more than he does the riff-raff. It is worse for some people to drink than it is for others; and perhaps worst of all for church people. After all is said and done, people who know little and may care less about what is right and what is wrong, will think that anything a church member does must be all right. One church member who is known to drink, even if he is very temperate about it, can do more harm than a dozen alcoholics. Another respectable class Amos mentions are the women of wealth and social position. Amos is not exactly respectful to these ladies; on the contrary he calls them cattle, "kine of Bashan"—a specially fat kind of cattle of these days. Again, the use of liquor by wives of successful men, women who are leaders in their communities, does more harm than all the drinking down in the poolrooms. The harm done to others by the drinker is often greater than what he does to himself.

Amos Saw It Coming

Amos predicted that his country would soon fall because of its sins, and fall it did. No doubt the drinkers of his day thought their liquor drinking helped them to escape from their troubles; Amos could see that it only brought on more troubles. The truth about liquor is seldom to be had from people who are its victims, more seldom still from those who make money by it. Ministers, doctors, welfare workers, see the situation from the standpoint of those who have to try to patch up the wrecks. Do you want a strong America? Strong countries, like strong people, are not made so by strong drink

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DAYMARES. . . . The expression was invented a century ago by Charles Lamb, that quaint conjurer in words, whose whimsical mind was forever enriching the English language. But Charles Lamb did not invent the flights of morbid fancy to which he was referring. They are our race's heritage from the dim dawn of time—and only clear-thinking, audacious souls have risen above them.

Daymares. . . . The brood of fears that fetter our minds and inhibit our acts! Grotesque images of what-might-happen! Dread of consequences if we desert the rut of routine! Spiritual paralysis that makes us play safe instead of playing hard!

"My greatest victory," a business leader once said to me, "came when I conquered fear and worry. From childhood I had been fussing and fretting about the future. Danger was always flying its red flag before me. I worked hard, but so timidly that much of my best effort was frustrated.

"When I entered business my progress was painfully slow. I dared not face unfamiliar consequences by doing anything original. A young-man-afraid-of-himself, I was always riding a rut, just as big city street cars ride their trolley slots.

"One summer I left on my vacation, half sick and wholly disengaged. The doubts in my head weighed more than the duds in my trunk. I went away to fish—but I remained away to think. And out of that mental turmoil I came at last to the clear conclusion that fear and worry are as unnecessary as they are debilitating.

"In the quiet of a starry night I sat on a cliff above the lake and made three resolutions:

"1. Any time I had a disagreeable situation to meet, I would meet it immediately. Better to have a few unpleasant minutes and get the whole thing over with, than to spend several devitalizing days and nights in trying to figure out some way to dodge the issue.

"2. If some frightening prospect loomed ahead, I would call myself and all the facts into an executive session. When I had sized up the situation I would determine if there was anything I could do that I had left undone. Yes? Then I would straightway do it. . . . No? Then I would stand firmly on the fact that I had done my best and leave the issue in the hands of Providence.

"3. When a carefully considered plan promised success I would never hesitate to take the chance. . . .

"Mental reform is not easy. Mine was no exception. But gradually I won the victory. And from that day my progress was more rapid than I had ever dreamed."

Daymares! The hobgoblins of timid minds! Nightmares may affright our sleep, but their evil power vanishes with our waking. They sink back into the deeps of subconsciousness and matter little to us. But Daymares sap us when we should be at our best. They tether our visions and paralyze our efforts. Happy the man who has evicted the ugly brood. Then only can he put his house in order and set about the real business of life.

Robinett Buick, Inc.

So. Miami Phone 719

So. M

lays

Jimlet

at with a point.

By "Mac" Trucker.

There is one question bothering me --- It has for a long time and I don't know the answer. Perhaps you have it. The question is --- just what is this standard of living we have all been hearing about? I know I have more of the current luxuries than my father did in his day. He drove a team, took his bath in a large galvanized wash tub, heated the water on a wood burning cook-stove and used a two-holer on the back of the lot.

He had no telephone, no electric lights, milked his own cow for his butter and cream and worked from 6 a. m. until 9 p. m. You say we cannot live like that any more? Perhaps not. At least I wouldn't want to. However—I have no more clothes, no more food, no larger house and barn and less religion. I have no more love for my family and no more interest in my children. That would be impossible. I have no more of the necessities and more of the luxuries. So—am I living on a higher plane than he? I'm sure my morals are no higher and my church attendance no greater. He provided as well for

questions to it; it is always real new knowledge or fresh challenge to the soundness of its earlier observations and its earlier conclusions.

Second, curiosity. A first-classified with surface observations; it has admitted that there is a

EVANGELINE REVISED.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring hikers and tourists. Covered with dust, and with garments brief and opaque in the sunlight. Stand there like oafs on a lark, with voices strained and discordant, Stand like cartoons by Goldberg, when Goldberg feels merry.

us as I do for my family. So the question of whether I am living on a higher plane than all those of his day still perplexes me. The question troubles me in the light of what all these social reformers and some politicians writers and broadcast. Are they really trying to build me up and make me a better citizen. Weren't our forefathers as good or better than we morally? Have we progressed to any appreciable degree in our moral or spiritual value? Do we think and do more for our state and country? A thief is still a thief if he rides in a Rolls-Royce or behind a mule. Will all this free stuff — medicine, subsidies to farmers, loans to bankrupt auto-makers and home builders, pensions to steel workers and miners make them and us better citizens. raise our real standard of living or not? It is all so confusing to me. However, I know one thing. I'll vote for the fellow who says to you and to me "You will have to work like hell to get along." You are now on your own and from now on what you accomplish and accumulate will be through your own efforts. The opportunity will be given you and what you do with it is your responsibility." That is the truth and it is straight talk. I like it.

MAC.

nearer the Basin of Minas, Benedict Belleville, the world

Four Marks of a Fine Mind

By Glenn Frank, President of the University of Wisconsin

GOOD mechanic studies the tools of his trade continuously and critically. The better he knows his tools, the better he can use his tools. He knows that good craftsmanship is impossible unless keeps his tools adjusted to his tasks.

Our brain is, of course, the major tool we bring to task of living. Like good mechanics, we profit by keeping our brains under continuous and critical review. As a sort of primer to guide us in such a study of our own minds, I suggest that a first-class mind possesses these four marks:

First, humility. A first-class mind is never cocky; it is always willing to admit that it may be wrong; it is never afraid to say that it does not know; it does specialize in closed questions; all questions are open questions to it; it is always ready, in the presence of new knowledge or fresh challenges, to question the soundness of its earlier observations and the sanity of earlier conclusions.

Second, curiosity. A first-class mind is never satisfied with surface observations; when, in its humility, it has admitted that there is a question to be con-

sidered, it turns a restless and ruthless curiosity on the question; it is never satisfied with a sweeping judgment; it ferrets out every detail and tries to see just what bearing each detail has on the whole question.

Third, courage. A first-class mind is marked by a subtle blending of courage and imagination, the result of which is that it takes the results of its analysis of a problem it has worked over and puts these results into various new combinations in an effort to find some new and better theory for action; it is never afraid to set up a tentative new theory of action; it is willing to follow a new idea, if it is sound, even if it upsets former notions and former ways of doing things.

Fourth, responsibility. A first-class mind has a sense of responsibility in handling its new theories; it puts them through all sorts of tests to prove both their logical soundness and their practical utility.

The practical fruits of the intellectual virtues are obvious: Humility makes for open-mindedness. Curiosity makes for careful analysis. Courage makes for creativeness in blazing new trails. Responsibility makes for reliability in action.

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EVANGELINE REVISED.
is the forest primeval. The murmuring hikers and tourists. covered with dust, and with garments brief and opaque in the sunlight.

there like oafs on a lark, with voices strained and discordant, like cartoons by Goldberg, when Goldberg feels merry. from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean, but the roar of the picnickers, drowns out its message.

as the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it

Il like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntin?

is the thatch-roofed village, the homes of Acadian farmers? are the cowbarns, the sheep and the goats and the chickens?

* * * are those pleasant farms to make way for the oil filling stations, frankfurter stands and the buns of the hamburger sandwich, barbecue pork and the inn of the one-dollar dinner, orange-drink stand and the lemon and strawberry cream cone.

In the Acadian land, on the shore of the Basins of Grand Pre Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pre Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward, giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number. Somewhat apart from the village and nearer the Basin of Minas, Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand Pre, dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household, gentle Evangeline lived, his child and the pride of the village. Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer stood on the side of a hill, commanding the sea, and a shady sycamore grew by the door with no "Tourist Rest" fastened upon it. Rudely carved was the porch which nowhere displayed an Antiques' sign, nor "Waffles," "Sweet Cider," "Flats Fixed" or "Fresh Country Tomatoes." Further down the slope of the hill was the well, with the moss-grown bucket, fastened with iron, and near it the trough of the horses; there stood the broad-wheeled wains and the ancient plows and the harrows. * * * Thus, at peace with God and the world the farmer of Grand Pre Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his

Happy were they until one day there passed on his journey a stranger whose eye caught the old-fashioned home and the old-fashioned settings round it; that ended day, and Evangeline, the house and the old oaken bucket, carted to Dearborn were they as a part of the Hank Ford collection! * * * Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches dwells another race, with other customs and language. Eating hot-dogs and consuming much popcorn and peanuts, spreading the pie plates and wrappers and crusts o'er the landscape; while from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the forest, "Baloney!"

EASTER! STORY OF ITS ORIGIN AND CUSTOMS

Salute to Spring Its First Motif.

BY CHARLES LEAVELLE.

Easter, one of the most important of all Christian holidays, is also one of the most amazing in that practically none of its traditional customs is of Christian origin. Its name is derived from that of Eostre, the Anglo-Saxons' pagan goddess of spring.

Many of its customs have been taken over from the Jews. In addition the North American Indians and the ancient Druids with their shocking human sacrifices have had their influence upon celebration of the day.

From remotest times long before the Christian era, Easter has been the festival of spring and was, to some peoples, the start of the new year. The church finally adopted the name of the ancient goddess at the insistence of the northern European races.

Goddess Personifies East.

The goddess was the personification of the east—hence the rising sun, the morning. April was dedicated to her and was known to the Anglo-Saxons as Eastermonth. [In German, Ost monat. Most non-Teutonic nations however, use the Semitic word, *bach*, or derivatives. It means pass by. The Spanish say *Pascua* and the Italians *Pasqua*.]

The early clergy fought bitterly to rout out all pagan customs, but this proved impossible, so the church did the next best thing and gave Christian interpretations to many of the pagan customs. Thus pagan joy at the coming of spring was made to mean Christian joy over the Resurrection.

The pagans' eight day spring festival was shortened to three days, then to two and finally to one, to correspond to the Jewish observance of the Passover, which falls at about the same time.

Celebration a Time of Joy.

The celebration was a time of great joy in all the cities. Clergymen told sidesplitting stories from their pulpits, to bring out the "risus paschalis" or Easter smile. In Britain the monks played handball in the church ailes, the winning team being rewarded with cakes.

Every one who wanted an Easter kiss was entitled to it from the girl of his choosing. Clergymen and member of religious orders who walked abroad between this day and Pentecost were seized by jovial bands who forced them to purchase freedom by treating their captors to food and drink. This custom was symbolic of the seizure of the apostles after the crucifixion.

There was a strong belief—a relic of which exists today—that on Easter morning the sun rose with three gigantic bounds, then danced in joy above the horizon. In vain did learned scholars roar and rave at this. It was impossible for the sun to dance, they declared.

How the People Proved It.

Nevertheless, the people continued to watch "the sun dance." They proved this phenomenon to their own satisfaction by viewing the sun's reflection in a pan of water. When the pan was jiggled the ripples made the sun's reflection perform to the satisfaction of every one—except the scholars.

So heated did the controversy over this matter become in 1708 that a London publication printed a jesting bit of verse in which the sun, upon being asked if he really danced, replied:

"The old wives get merry
With spiced wine and sherry
On Easter, which makes them romance.
And whilst in a rout
Their brains whirl about
So they fancy 1 caper and dance."

Moon Determines Date.

It is the moon, however, that really does exert an influence upon Easter day, for it determines the date on which Easter day falls. These lunar calculations once were exceedingly trying and difficult. As an example:

In the beginning Easter was made to fall on the first Sunday after the fourteenth day of the moon that happened to be reigning at the time of the spring equinox. Then the equinox was permanently set on March 21, though it is sometimes earlier and sometimes later.

As a result, Easter was celebrated

on the wrong day in 1818. All too late some one woke up to the fact that the equinoctial moon had been fourteen days old on March 21. Because this had been a Saturday, the day following had been Easter Sunday! March 22 is the earliest day on which Easter can fall and April 25 is the latest. It will fall on April 25 in 1943.

Many Protestant churches were slow to observe the day. They regarded it as a Catholic festival. The Presbyterians led the movement that resulted in many others taking up the celebration of Easter about the time of the American civil war. But stern New England banned Easter for many years. Only in Virginia and in Louisiana was Easter celebrated before the war.

How Easter Bunny Started.

But back to the day's relation to the moon. It is this association that has given it one of its best known hallmarks—the Easter bunny. Since ancient times the hare has been a symbol of the moon. For one thing, both the moon and the hare were believed able to change their sex. [The new moon is looked upon as feminine; the old moon is masculine.]

In America the hare's kinsman, the rabbit, does duty as the Easter bunny. One British writer blames the confectioners for this, commenting rather bitterly that American confectioners rarely are authorities on natural history.

It was in Germany that the belief developed among children that the bunny brings the brilliantly colored eggs that since ancient times have been a part of the Easter observance. And as to the eggs: they were considered to be a symbol of life, because within them was the germ of life. This belief was shared by the Romans and the Gauls, and runs back in history to the Greeks, Persians, and Egyptians.

Symbolic Colors Adopted.

The Jews were the first to color eggs, generally allowing green to predominate in keeping with the advance of spring. When taken over by the Christians the egg custom was made symbolic of the Resurrection, the shell signifying the tomb. Red predominated in memory of the Crucifixion.

The pagans rolled one another down a chosen hill to express their joy at the coming of spring. The church changed this to represent joy at the Resurrection. It may have been that the race grew less hardy or tumbling down hills grew tiresome. And then some one discovered it would be simpler to roll eggs instead of people.

Egg rolling now is chiefly a diversion of children. In Washington at Easter time eggs are rolled on the White House lawn, usually with the first lady conducting the affair and the President looking on. Dolly Madison started this custom in 1814 when some crochety custodians chased the children off the capitol lawn, complaining that they damaged the grass.

English Feast at Easter.

However, the heartiest of all the Easter customs, as far as eating is concerned, are to be found in England. The British usually do themselves well in observing feast days and Easter is no exception. There are beef and ham and fowl. There are spiced ale and sherry. There are pastries and the festive tansy cake, which is made of flour, butter, sugar, cream, and sherry and baked in a shallow dish.

The tansy is an herb used in the Jewish Passover ritual. To disguise its bitterness, Jewish housewives learned to pickle the herb so that it had a tart and mintlike taste and was an ideal relish for the paschal lamb. From this grew the custom of using a mint sauce or jelly with mutton.

Ale and mutton pies figure in one of the most robust of the British Easter customs. This is the great Hallaton pie scramble and bottle kicking, which the village still observes. Many years ago the parish was presented with a tract of land, the understanding being that on each Easter Monday the rector should provide a number of meat pies, two wooden bottles [casks] of ale and several loaves.

Pie Tossing's the Thing.

These are carried in procession, and with music, to the scrambling ground where the pies are tossed to the crowd. It is considered jolly—on catching a pie—to squash it in the face of the nearest person.

Then comes the bottle kicking. One of the heavy wooden ale bottles is placed in a depression to be kicked out. The Hallaton men vie with the men of other villages, each group trying to kick the ale out on the other's side of the pit. Battered feet and shins, fractured toes and cracked heads are usually the result of this merry shindig. And to the victors goes the ale. There is another contest for the second bottle, but teams share in it, no matter who wins.

The Lilies' Theme of Lily's Sermonette

Another Easter Monday and Tuesday practice is a bit more gentle, but is just as uproarious. It is known as heaving or lifting. On Monday the women lift the men three times into the air. This symbolizes the Resurrection. The lifters, usually two, clasp each other's wrists to form a chair or seat. When the lifting has been done the victim is kissed resoundingly. He purchases his freedom with a sixpence or so. If he doesn't he is lifted and kissed until giddy. On Easter Tuesday the men lift the women.

An Historical Lifting.

Often the money collected is used to finance a party for lifters and liftees. In the year 1290, when Edward Longshanks was king of England, he got a lifting that has gone down in history.

Several ladies in waiting to Queen Eleonora burst into his majesty's bed-chamber, tumbled him about and lifted and kissed him until Longshanks bellowed for mercy. Finally they collected fourteen pounds from him.

And now for that universal Easter custom that puts furrows in the brow and wrinkles in the pocketbook. The custom of dressing up, of donning new clothes dates to antiquity. The pagans and even the North American Indians observed this rite.

Clothes Symbolize New Life.

For those who were starting a new year the clothing was symbolic of a new life. There still is a superstition that if a girl has a new bonnet at Easter she will have good luck in love all the year. The clothing industry, which might well be suspected of having something to do with this custom, can now be exonerated.

But a certain Samaritan . . . had compassion on him.—Luke 10. 33

THE first snow of the winter had fallen and the streets were as slippery as ice could make them. At a busy intersection a heavy limousine was stalled. Its wheels were spinning, but it was standing still because it could get no traction.

Another big, powerful car came behind the stalled limousine and, seeing its predicament, turned out and passed by. As it did so, the master of the car peered curiously out from his post of vantage in the rear seat.

And as the limousine continued helpless, behold, another big car with liveried chauffeur arrived on the scene, and when the occupants saw the helpless limousine stalled in the middle of the street, that car turned out and passed by on the other side.

But there came that way an ancient Ford, noisy and road-worn. And when the driver of the little car saw the embarrassment of the driver of the

big car, he slipped in behind, gave a lusty shove, and lo, the limousine was on its way again.

Which one of these three was neighbor unto the driver of the big car with the spinning wheels?

One of the curious things about human nature is that a very large measure of the kindness of the world is furnished by the lowly. It is sometimes amazing how soon the poor boy who has grown rich forgets the years when he was destitute.

But those who have been longest in the business of relieving the distress of their neighbors will testify that it is usually easier to touch the hearts of the humble than of the powerful. It is as if power had a way of hardening hearts. The man who is rich, and sits in a seat of the mighty, is under the necessity of watching his soul with the utmost care lest he grow callous.

—ROY L. SMITH

By ALBERT SCHWEITZER

It's not enough merely to exist. It's not enough to say, "I'm earning enough to live and to support my family. I do my work well. I'm a good father. I'm a good husband. I'm a good churchgoer."

That's all very well. *But you must do something more.* Seek always to do some good, somewhere. Every man has to seek in his own way to make his own self more noble and to realize his own true worth.

You must give some time to your fellow man. Even if it's a little thing, do something for those who have need of a man's help, something for which you get no pay but the privilege of doing it. For remember, you don't live in a world all your own. *Your brothers are here, too.*

A Prayer Idle-Aged

my obituary with the words, "Old, crab dies at last; Every-

of Chantilly Lake, over Captain

ther, the bride chose a dress

Given in marriage by her fa-

Homer Porte Jr. of Atlanta.

to them the Passion of Christ. The

in its rare structure, representing

cause of the symbolism they see

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Mac-

Kenzie Pillow, 515 Snell Isle

Boulevard. The bridegroom is

the son of Mr. and Mrs. George

Kenzie Pillow, 515 Snell Isle

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Mac-

The bride is the daughter of

erling vines. They named it Pas-

sionaria or Passion Flower vine

the most beautiful of all flow-

ers they who discovered one in

we owe a debt of thanks, for it

was to a band of Spanish mis-

sionaries in South America that

For Mrs. N.C.

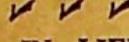
HOMER PORTE III

Here's A Prayer For Middle-Aged

By PHYLLIS BATTELLE

NEW YORK, (INS) — Everybody needs prayers. But praying is not always easy.

For the first 10 years, bowing the head, now you lay you down to sleep, and ask God to bless everybody you know, beginning with dog and ending with nurse. It doesn't take much thought.

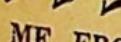


LATER IN LIFE, though, you must compose your own material. That's when it sometimes hurts: head, heart and conscience. That's when, for a lot of people, praying gets to be too much of a burden.

Especially the middle-aged find it hard to pray — as opposed to the eager, hopeful young and the peaceful, philosophic old. Middle-age is the time when too many people, are discovering cynicism and migraine, change-of-life and country clubs, facial and financial troubles. It is the time when supplication and a sense of humor are most needed, and least heeded.

Here, in capsule, is a "Prayer for the Middle-Aged," contributed by Miss Alta Becker, a literary light from Dayton, Ohio. It is designed to put one simultaneously in good stead, and good humor.

"Lord, Thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older and will some day be old.



"KEEP ME FROM getting loquacious, and particularly from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject and on every occasion.

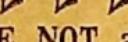
"Release me from craving to try to straighten out everybody's affairs.

"Make me thoughtful but not moody; helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all — but Thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end, at least enough for pallbearers, with a mourner or two — do not let the editor head

my obituary with the words, 'Old crab dies at last; Everybody glad.'

"Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details . . . give me wings to get to the point.

"Seal my lips on my aches and pains. They are increasing and my love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by . . . I dare not ask for grace enough to enjoy the tales of others' pains, but help me to endure them with patience.



"I DARE NOT ask for improved memory, but for a growing humility and a lessening cock-sureness when my memory seems to clash with the memories of others.

"Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be mistaken.

"Give me the ability to see good things in unexpected places and talents in unexpected people. Give me the grace to tell them so.

"Keep me reasonably sweet; I do not want to be a saint — some of them are so hard to live with — but a sour old woman is one of the crowning works of the devil.

"Keep me where I can extract all possible fun out of life; there are so many funny folks, so many that do funny things in life, and I don't want to miss any of it.

"Amen."



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Card Cora
sent me in
1907 - while I
was teaching
at "Squaw
Town" in
Miami
Fla

What America Means To Me

by DEAN ALFANGE

Distinguished Lawyer, Author of

"The Supreme Court And The National Will"

America is not just rich in material things, an industrial giant, a mighty military power. America is the country schoolhouse, the village church, the town meeting, the humble farmhouse, the rhythmic poetry of peaceful countryside.

America is the mirth and laughter of its children, the charity, the generosity, the compassion of its people. America is the triumph of merit and diligence over family and caste. America is the freedom of choice which God intended all men to have—the right to do, to speak, to worship, to dissent, to dream, to build, to fail and to succeed.

America is the marriage of liberty with authority, of individual freedom with social organization. America is the best discovery yet of a full and honorable way of life.

We are rich in all the things that decent people yearn for. It is our task to live up to these values and to make them known to every nation, friend or foe. For on us has fallen the challenge to lead the free. And the truth about ourselves is more powerful than any man-made missile.

A QUAKER gentleman, even more mild-mannered and gentle than his ilk, was turtling down the road in a cart pulled by a mule. For no apparent reason the mule suddenly became balky. Just stopped.

The Quaker climbed out of the cart. He pulled at the collar of the mule and pleaded with him to get up and about. But without result; the mule remained in his balk.

Finally the Quaker reached the end of his rope. "Mule," he said without raising his voice, "thou knowest that because of my religion I cannot beat thee or curse thee or abuse thee in any way.

"But, mule," he continued, "what thou knowest not is that I can sell thee to a Methodist."

I Speak for Democracy

By Elizabeth Ellen Evans

I am an American. Listen to my words, Fascist, Communist. Listen well, for my country is a strong country, and my message is a strong message. I am an American, and I speak for democracy.

My ancestors have left their blood on the green at Lexington and the snow at Valley Forge . . . on the walls at Fort Sumter and the fields at Gettysburg . . . on the waters of the River Marne and in the shadows of the Argonne Forrest . . . on the beachheads of Salerno and Normandy and sands of Okinawa . . . on the bare bleak hills called Pork Chop and Old Baldy and Heartbreak Ridge.

A million and more of my countrymen have died for freedom. My country is their eternal monument.

They live on in the laughter of a small boy as he watches a circus clown's antics . . . and in the sweet, delicious coldness of the first bite of peppermint ice cream on the Fourth of July . . . in the little tenseness of a baseball crowd as the umpire calls "Batter up!" . . . and in the high school band's rendition of "Stars and Stripes Forever" in the Memorial Day Parade . . . and in the clear, sharp ring of a school bell on a fall morning . . . and in the triumph of a six-year-old as he reads aloud for the first time.

They live on in the eyes of an Ohio farmer surveying his acres of corn and potatoes and pasture . . . and in the brilliant gold of hundreds of acres of wheat stretching across the flat miles of Kansas . . . in the milling of cattle in the stockyards of Chicago . . . the precision of an assembly line in an automobile factory in Detroit . . . and the perpetual red glow of the nocturnal skylines of Pittsburgh and Birmingham and Gary.

They live in the voice of a young Jewish boy saying the sacred words from the Torah: "Hear O Israel: the Lord our God, the Lord is One. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy might . . . and in the voice of a Catholic girl praying: "Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee . . ." and in the voice of a Protestant boy singing: "A mighty Fortress is our God, A Bulwark never failing . . ."

An American named Carl Sandburg wrote these words: "I know a Jew fisherier down on Maxwell street with a voice like a north wind blowing over corn stubble in January. He dangles herring before prospective customers evincing a joy identical with that of Pavlova dancing. His face is that of a man terribly glad to be selling fish, terribly glad that God made fish, and customers to whom he may call his wares from a pushcart."

There is a voice in the soul of every human being that cries out to be free. America has answered that voice.

America has offered freedom and opportunity such as no land before her has ever known, to a Jew fisherier down on Maxwell street with the face of a man terribly glad to be selling fish. She has given him the right to own his pushcart, to sell his herring on Maxwell street, . . . she has given an education for his children and a tremendous faith in the nation that has made these things his.

Multiply that fisherier by 160,000,000—160,000,000 mechanics and farmers and housewives and coal miners and truck drivers and chemists and lawyers and plumbers and priests—all glad, terribly glad to be what they are, terribly glad to be free to work and eat and sleep and speak and love and pray and live as they desire, as they believe!

And those 160,000,000 Americans—those 160,000,000 Americans—have more roast beef and mashed potatoes, the yield of American labor and land; . . . more automobiles and telephones, . . . more safety razors and bathtubs, . . . more Orlon sweaters and aureomycin, the fruits of American initiative and enterprise; . . . more public schools and life insurance policies, the symbols of American security and faith in the future; . . . more laughter and song—than any other people on earth!

This is my answer, Fascist, Communist!

Show me a country greater than our country, show me a people more energetic, creative, progressive—bigger-hearted and happier than our people, not until then will I consider your way of life. For I am an American, and I speak for democracy.

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LONG'S LAUNDRIES
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HONEST CLEANING - ANYWHERE

DRYING - TELEGRAMS

851 North Miami Street

WABASH, INDIANA

By Clara Sims

TEA TIME

This query oftentimes came to me-

"Where lies the charm of a cup of tea?"

But naught did I gain

I puzzled my brain

Then suddenly it came to me-

Here lies the charm of a cup o' tea:

It warms the heart, it loosens the tongue

And deepens the smile of old and young.

'Tis not in the tea table, daintly spread

Garnished with roses and thin buttered bread;

'Tis not in the cup; 'Tis not in the bowl;

But lies in the sociable "Flow of the Soul."

To love the good in people around me,
and to avoid the wicked . . . to enjoy my good fortune and to bear my ill . . .
and to remember to forget—that has been my optimism. It has helped me to
live. May it help you, too.

— ANDRE MAUROIS

The Acceptance Speech of Adlai E. Stevenson, Governor of Illinois to the Democratic National Convention at Chicago on July 25, 1952

I ACCEPT your nomination—and your program.

I should have preferred to hear those words uttered by a stronger, wiser, better man than myself.

None of you can wholly appreciate what is in my heart. I can only hope that you may understand my words. They will be few.

I HAVE not sought the honor you have done me. I COULD not seek it because I aspired to another office, which was the full measure of my ambition. One does not treat the highest office within the gift of the people of Illinois as an alternative or a consolation prize.

I WOULD not seek your nomination for the Presidency because the burdens of that office stagger the imagination. Its potential for good or evil now and in the years of our lives smothers exultation and converts vanity to prayer.

I have asked the merciful Father of us all to let this cup pass from me. But from such dread responsibility one does not shrink in fear, in self-interest, or in false humility.

So, "if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, Thy will be done."

That my heart has been troubled, that I HAVE not sought this nomination, that I COULD not seek it in good conscience, that I WOULD not seek it in honest self-appraisal, is not to say that I value it the less. Rather it is that I revere the office of President of the United States.

And now that you have made your decision I will fight to win that office with all my heart and soul. With your help, I have no doubt that we will win.

You have summoned me to the highest mission within the gift of any people. I could not be more proud. Better men than I were at hand for this mighty task, and I owe to you and to them every resource of mind and strength that I possess to make your deed of today a good one for our country and our party. I am confident, too, that your selection of a candidate for Vice President will secure

NOR am I afraid that the two-party system is in danger. Certainly the Republican party looked brutally alive here a couple of weeks ago, and I mean both Republican parties! Nor am I afraid that the Democratic party is old and fat and indolent. After 150 years it has been old for a long time; and it will never be indolent as long as it looks forward and not back, as long as it commands the allegiance of the young and hopeful who dream the dreams and see the visions of a better America and a better world.

YOU will hear many sincere and thoughtful people express concern about the continuation of one party in power for 20 years. I do not belittle this attitude. But change for the sake of change has no merit. If our greatest hazard is preservation of the values of western civilization, in our self-interest alone, if you please, is it the part of wisdom to change for the sake of change to a party with a split personality; to a leader, whom we all respect, but who has been called upon to minister to a hopeless case of political schizophrenia?

If the fear is corruption in official position, do you believe with Charles Evans Hughes that guilt is personal and knows no party? Do you doubt the power of any political leader, if he has the will to do so, to set his own house in order without his neighbors burning it down?

What DOES concern me, in common with thinking partisans of both parties, is not just winning the election, but how it is won, how well we can take advantage of this great quadrennial opportunity to debate issues sensibly and soberly. I hope and pray that we Democrats, win or lose, can campaign not as a crusade to exterminate the opposing party, as our opponents seem to prefer, but as a great opportunity to educate and elevate a people whose destiny is leadership, not alone of a rich, prosperous, contented country as in the past, but of a world in ferment.

And more important than winning the election is governing the nation. That is the test of a political party—the acid, final test. When the tumult and the shouting die, when the bands are gone and the lights are dimmed, there is a stark reality of responsibility in an hour of history haunted with those gaunt, grim specters of strife, dissension and materialism at home, and ruthless, inscrutable and hostile power abroad.

and our party. I am confident, too, that your selection of a candidate for Vice President will strengthen me and our party immeasurably in the hard, strenuous work that lies ahead for all of us.

I KNOW you join with me in gratitude and respect for the great Democrats and leaders of our generation whose names you have considered here in this Convention, whose vigor, character and devotion to the Republic have won the respect of countless Americans and enriched our party. I shall need them, WE shall need them, because I have not changed in any respect since yesterday. Your nomination, awesome as I find it, has not enlarged my own capacities. So I shall be profoundly grateful and emboldened by their comradeship and fealty.

Let me say, too, that I have been heartened by the conduct of this Convention. You have argued and disagreed because as Democrats you care and care deeply. But you have disagreed and argued without calling each other liars and thieves, without despoiling our best traditions in naked, shameless struggles for power.

And you have written a platform that neither equivocates, contradicts nor evades. You have restated our party's record, its principles and its purposes, in language that none can mistake, and with a firm confidence in justice, freedom and peace on earth that will raise the hearts and hopes of mankind for the day when no one rattles a saber and no one drags a chain.

For all these things, for unity, vigor and vision, I am grateful to you. But I feel no exultation, no sense of triumph. Our troubles are all ahead of us. Some will call us appeasers; others will say we are the war party. Some will say we are reactionary. Others will say we stand for socialism. There will be the inevitable cries of "throw the rascals out"; "it's time for a change"; and so on and so on.

We'll hear all those things and many more besides. But we will hear nothing that we have not heard before. I am not too much concerned with partisan denunciation, epithets and abuse, because the working man, the farmer, the thoughtful business man, all know that they are better off than ever before and that the greatest danger to free enterprise in this country died with the great depression under Democratic blows.

PHILLIP C. DERMOND Candidate For Congress

"Stevenson is a God-fearing and courageous leader. I will be very happy to follow and support his program, if elected to Congress."

HENRY F. SCHRICKER Candidate For U. S. Senator

"Having placed Stevenson's name in nomination before the Convention, I would like to go to Washington to help him formulate his program, and assist him in carrying out this program."

JOHN WATKINS Candidate For Governor

"Having served four years under Henry Schricker as Lt. Governor, I know how to continue the type of Government the people of this State demand."

THE ordeal of the 20th Century—the bloodiest, most turbulent age of the Christian era—is far from over. Sacrifice, patience, understanding and talk sense to the American people. Lets tell them the truth, that there are no gains without pains, that this is the eve of great decisions, not easy decisions, like resistance when you're attacked, but a long, patient, costly struggle which alone can assure triumph over the great enemies of man—war and poverty and tyranny—and the assaults upon human dignity which are the most grievous consequences of each.

Let's tell them that the victory to be won in the 20th Century, this portal to the golden age of man, mocks the pretensions of individual acumen and ingenuity. For it is a citadel guarded by thick walls of ignorance and mistrust which do not fall before the trumpets' blast or the politicians' imprecations. They must be directly stormed by the hosts of courage, morality and wisdom, standing shoulder to shoulder, unafraid of ugly truth, contemptuous of lies half truths, circuses and demagogery.

The people are wise—wiser than the Republicans think. And the Democratic party is the people's party, not the labor party, not the farmers' party, not the employers' party—it is the party of no one because it is the party of everyone.

That is our ancient mission. Where we have deserted it we have failed. With your help there will be no desertion now. Better we lose the election than mislead the people; better we lose than misgovern the people. Help me to do the job in this autumn of campaign and conflict; help me to do the job in these years of darkness, doubt and crisis that stretch beyond the horizon of tonight's happy vision, and we will justify our glorious past and the loyalty of silent millions who took to us for compassion, understanding and honest purpose. Thus we will serve our great tradition greatly.

I ask of you all you have; I will give to you all I have, even as he who came here tonight and honored me, as he has honored you—the Democratic party—by a lifetime of service and bravery that will find him an imperishable page in the history of the Republic and of the Democratic party—President Harry S. Truman.

And finally, in the staggering task you have assigned me, I shall always try "to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with my God."

O NCE upon a time, according to an ancient Korean legend, a certain man, noted for his piety and great generosity, came to the end of his earthly journey. As was his due, when the decree of his ultimate destiny was declared, he was accorded the reward of Heaven, and thereto was he escorted.

When greeted at the Pearly Gates, however, he hesitated to enter. Then, to the questioning gaze of St. Peter, the worthy mortal made explanation—and request: "Please, Sire, ere I enter the Celestial City, do you mind if I have just one, wee peep at Hell—to see what it is really like down there?"

"You won't like it," warned St. Peter, "but even so, if you've never seen its like, you'd better have a look—and hurry back."

As swiftly as thought could convey him, he dropped from the heights to the depths, and stood at the Gateway of Hell, and looked in. To his amazement he beheld the dining-hall, vast, inviting, and full of huge tables sumptuously laden with all kinds of delectable edibles. His mouth fairly watered at the sight.

"But this can't be Hell!" he exclaimed to one of the imps close by, "it's all too wonderful."

"Wait and see," grunted the little devil at his side.

Hardly had he spoken when a great bell sounded, and in came a vast multitude from everywhere. They were lean, gaunt, ghastly creatures, starved apparently into skeletons—though in the midst of plenty. For fastened to the forearms of each were yard-long forks and spoons. They could reach the food, but for the life of them they could not get it to their mouths, struggle as they would. There was plenty for all, but each was impotent to feed himself. It was Hell right enough.

The visitor had seen enough. It was too awful. He flew back to Heaven as speedily as possible—and fortunately was just in time for dinner there. Escorted to the Heavenly dining-hall, he beheld a sight so strikingly similar to the one he had just witnessed that he was bewildered. The Heavenly host came in—equipped with the same yard-long forks and spoons.

"But this can't be Heaven!" cried the newcomer. "It looks just like Hell to me!"

But it was Heaven, all right, for all the happy host sat down amid all the bounty—and BEGAN TO FEED EACH OTHER!

Christmas

Its Message Touches Us All

By Harold Blake Walker

A MILE OR TWO from the little town of Bethlehem there is a lonely, lovely spot, commonly known as "the shepherds' field." Here, according to tradition, the shepherds were watching their flocks by night when the Christmas star appeared in the east and angels announced the coming of the Prince of Peace. Near one edge of the field there is a striking cave which easily could have sheltered the shepherds and their flocks as well on a cold winter night. The site may not be authentic. It does not really matter. Surely it was at some such place that the shepherds were stirred by a moving spiritual event that marked a turning point in human history.

The great moment came without warning, and it came to very ordinary men involved in the "daily round, the common task." There was nothing exciting about "keeping watch over their flocks by night." The shepherds were submerged in the struggle to live, even as you and I, and life was not easy for them. There was no respite from the grim struggle just to keep alive.

The shepherds were not philosophers, spinning fine webs of thought. In all probability they could neither read nor write. They were primarily concerned with life's practical, everyday problems. They never moved far from the practical. Would the meager pasture dry up before the lambs could mature? Would the price of mutton drop and leave them with nothing to show for their sweat and their toil?

Possibly our experience of life's hardness and bitterness is not so poignant as the shepherds'; yet I dare say it is poignant enough for our taste. The world still is a rather ghastly, unpromising place at times. It seems almost as if God has sent His world spinning down the ages and we are not at all sure there is anything friendly about it. Oscar Wilde used to say there was enough suffering on any lane in London to prove God doesn't love the world.

Sometimes, like the shepherds, we wonder if we are getting anywhere for all our toil. Day after day we do the same old things in the same old way. It always is a struggle to make ends meet. Pain is real enough, and all the host of ills that flesh is heir to. There is no ready, facile answer when grief-stricken eyes look at you and want to know what sense it makes with a child stricken down by polio and a husband half dead of cancer.

Life does not change very much, even tho you change the geografy and the century. We are kin to the shepherds, and they to us. You wouldn't expect a great moment to come to the shepherds or to us either, for that matter.

The miracle is that a great moment of insight came to the shepherds. No doubt they were startled when "the morning stars sang together" and the heavens seemed to be saying, "Behold, we bring you good tidings of great joy." Certainly there was not much joy in life as they had known it. The very words seemed exotic in the face of all the problems and frustrations that haunted them, yet they rejoiced.

Normally you would think tidings of joy should have gone to the palace of Herod. There would have been music and dancing and possibly a little carousing there. But God made His announcement to the shepherds. He invaded their plodding, prosaic, unimportant lives to say: "I bring you good tidings of great joy."

Possibly He selected the shepherds because He wanted unimportant folk to know how important they really were to Him. Perhaps, with a tender sense of humor God wanted to glorify the commonplace and deflate the extravagant.

It seems as if God wanted to make it clear that He always comes to those who are struggling. Wherever men and women are meeting strain, fighting against odds, trying to make ends meet and to rise above hurt and suffering and hardship, God gets into the act.

It is significant to notice that when God invaded the lives of the shepherds they experienced a floodtide of confidence and hope. It seemed as if the very stars were singing:

"Fear not: we bring you good news." The news was vital. It can be summed up in the announcement that God had come, does come into human life to share it and sustain it. Quite simply put, the Christmas message affirmed that God's love could be trusted and nobody need be afraid.

When you dig into the bases of hope and confidence in life, it is altogether clear that they rest on trust in something worthy to be trusted and loved. We make our finest excursions into the unknown from a base or take-off point we know we can trust.

Young people go off to college with a jaunty sense of new freedom. It is a wonderful feeling to push beyond the "do's" and "don't's" of parental concern. What a great adventure it is, full of new experiences, new problems, new hopes. But the joy of the adventure depends upon the possibility of returning to a home base that can be trusted. It is wonderful to go. Youth has no

wish to stay home, but life would be a nightmare of anxiety and uncertainty without solid anchors in a home that can be trusted.

The good news that came out of the darkness while shepherds watched their flocks by night meant that there is something at the heart of things all men can trust, return to, believe in. Willa Cather put the idea helpfully when she wrote:

"Life was so short that it meant nothing at all unless it were continually reinforced by something that endured; unless the shadows of individual existence came and went against a background that held together."

The "good tidings of great joy" still ring in our time and life can be different for us, even tho circumstances change not at all. We can go on beyond Christmas with light hearts, with confidence and courage, no matter what life does if Christmas means to us what it meant to the shepherds.

By JOHN BURROUGHS

Author and Naturalist (1837-1921)

I still find each day too short for all the thoughts I want to think, all the walks I want to take, all the books I want to read, and all the friends I want to see. The longer I live the more my mind dwells upon the beauty and the wonder of the world....

One's own door opens upon the wealth of heaven and earth.... Life is a struggle, but not a warfare; is a day's labor, but labor on God's earth, under the sun and stars, with other laborers, where we may think and sing and rejoice in work.

Our Sense of Proportion Is Awry

At times, the American public's peculiar sense of proportion is baffling.

A TV idol is caught cribbing his quiz and public outrage runs rampant.

Simultaneously, Jimmy Hoffa's cloak of evil provokes insufficient indignation to buck him out of the saddle.

Tales of waste, corruption and venality in government, told by painstaking accountants, scrupulous sleuths and precise attorneys unfold to bored yawns.

But the "waste" in a cheap Air Force manual that teaches airmen how to be a general's flunkie stirs an angry teapot tempest.

This public tendency to swallow the camels of gross governmental goofs while straining at the gnats of picturesque pipsqueaks isn't good. The price of freedom is still eternal vigilance, and without an alert, informed — and sensible! — citizenry, our form of government can slide easily into tyranny.

Public indignation is the fire-power that defends democracy. Let's not squander it on puny, piddling targets.

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Full Purse, Lean Soul Companions

By
BISHOP FULTON J. SHEEN

Life is made up of a series of choices, which test character to its foundations.

The choice is not always between the best and the worst, but between the highest and the second best; between that which gives immediate satisfaction and that which postpones it for the sake of character.



Bishop Sheen

Every man's life is formed like an icicle. If the drops that fall to be frozen later are clean, the icicle itself will be pure; if the drops bear within themselves imperfections or dirt, the icicle will be fouled. Decisions ultimately congeal into character, and those who ultimately become fixed in mediocrity are those who have chosen the second best.

The Psalmist tells of how quickly the people of Israel forgot their blessings and produced within themselves a leanness of soul.

"THEY BELIEVED then, in His promises, sang songs, then, in His honor, but soon they forgot what He had done, and could not wait upon His will. They must needs give way to their cravings in the wilderness, challenge God's power in the desert, until He granted their will, then sent them a wasting sickness to plague them."

The dissatisfaction, or disgust, or deterioration, or disfollowed from their election of the second best. It was like their desire to have a king and to be like other nations that sur-

desert, until He gave them their will, then sent them a wasting sickness to plague them."

The dissatisfaction, or disgust, or deterioration of life followed from their election of the second best. It was like their desire to have a king and to be like the other nations that surrounded them, with all of the pomp and splendor and trappings of monarchy. God was reluctant to give them a king, in order that they might know that He was their King and their Protector. Finally, their importunings were granted and they were given a king. Their subsequent history revealed the peril of the second best.

DURING the last century it used to be assumed, particularly by rich men, that their prosperity was a mark of the blessing and approval of God. It was a great error to believe that God's goodness is to be measured by the degree in which He satisfies our cravings. It may be the worst thing that can happen to us to secure the full satisfaction of lustful craving and unhallowed ambition or an unfavorable friendship on which we have set our hearts.

Judas plotted and planned and thought his success was sure, but when he saw his Savior condemned for 30 pieces of silver, it burnt him as with the fires of hell.

THE RICH FOOL built bigger and bigger barns, but a night came when the angel of death said that his soul would be required of him, and he found that the full purse and the lean soul were common companions.

Each day brings with it a temptation to adopt a lower standard than the Divine, and to diminish life's dimensions by making ease, comfort, prosperity and earthly glory its chief goal. In the end, such persons become prosperous but petrified, have importance but no influence, are glorified but they sanctify no one. The happiest men are those who choose the God pleasing rather than the self-pleasing, and who repeat the prayer of the Garden: "Not as I wilt, but as Thou wilt."

The

BEATITUDES

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

... God. With, com...
... the deftness o...
... hands, he

Is There a Santa Claus?

O Lord our God, we recognize the drift of our natures away from the ideals of the Master. But we thank Thee that Thou dost call us back--prodding us in our apathy, disturbing us in our smugness. Help us to turn our faces toward the pattern Life, that we may find interpreted in Christ our relation to Thee and to one another. Be Thou in us the inspiring cause of all our words and works; then shall we delight to do Thy will. In Jesus' name.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

* * *

Easter is a way of Life.

One Solitary Life

How do you explain the greatness of the Man whose birthday we celebrate on Christmas?

He was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in another village: He worked in a carpenter shop until He was 30, and then for three years as an itinerant preacher.

He never wrote a book, He never held office. He never owned a home. He never traveled 200 miles from the place where He was born. He never did one of the things that usually accompany greatness.

He had no credentials but Himself.

Although He walked the land over, curing the sick, giving sight to the blind, healing the lame, and raising people from the dead, the top established religious leaders turned against Him.

His friends ran away. He was turned over to enemies. He went through the mockery of a trial. He was spat upon, flogged, and ridiculed.

He was nailed to a cross between two thieves. While He was dying, the executioners gambled for the only piece of property He had on earth and that was His robe.

When He was dead, He was laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend.

Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone, and today He is the central Figure of the human race and the leader of the column of progress.

All the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that were ever built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned, put together, have not affected the life of man upon this earth as much as the One Solitary Life.

"An old man said, 'See that thou despise not the brother that stands by thee: for thou knowest not whether the spirit of God be in thee or in him.' "

Is There a Santa Claus?

(Following is the famous "Is There a Santa Claus?" editorial, which first appeared in the New York Sun in 1897. It was written by Francis P. Church, and has become one of the famous editorials in American history. Many papers publish it each year at Christmas time).

We take pleasure in answering at once and prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification in that this faithful author is among the friends of The Sun:

Dear Editor:

I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says: "If you see it in the Sun it's so." Please tell me the truth. Is there a Santa Claus?

Virginia O'Hanlon

Virginia your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except what they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds.

All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's are little. In this great universe of ours, man is a mere insect, an ant in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas, How dreary would be the world if there was no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childish faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies!

You might get your papa to get men to watch all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus.

The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor man can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but there is no proof that they are not there.

Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders that are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle to see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest men that ever lived could tear apart.

Only faith, fancy, poetry, love and romance can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernatural beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all the world there is nothing else real and abiding.

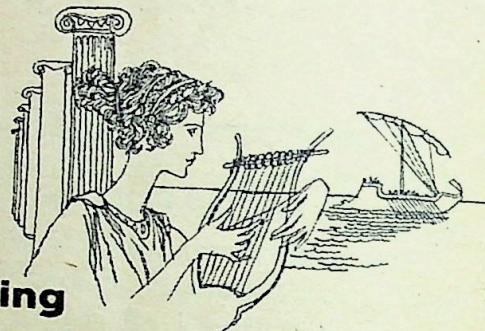
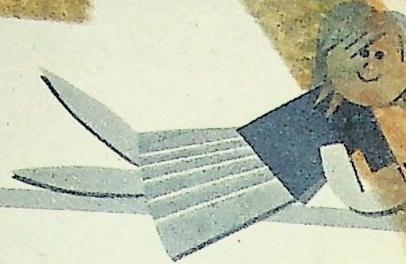
No Santa Claus! Thank God he lives, and he lives forever.

A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

The 100-Book Library:

Your Lifetime Reading Plan

Clip this list and save it!



The Beginning

Our philosophy, our science, and much of our literature are rooted in antique Greece and partly in antique Rome. Here's where Western man, as a rational, investigating, skeptical mind, started. Many people think that in certain essential respects classical Greek civilization has never been equalled, much less surpassed. We didn't invent democracy; the Greeks did. We are still living on their capital. They're worth reading for these reasons — but also because their literature, even in translation, is magnificent and moving.

Clifton Fadiman

A NOTE ON THIS LIST: Most of these titles are available in a tremendously wide selection, ranging from de luxe leatherbound editions for the collector's library to paperbacks, with many standard hard-cover editions in between. Also, many of the books have been translated several times, and certain editions have scholarly footnotes and other extra information. The translations I've designated are my own favorites, most of them to be found in paperback editions. That doesn't mean there aren't other good ones. Also, there are many anthologies, one-volume editions of complete works, selections, etc., which contain the work I've listed and more besides, or which overlap. My suggestion is that you visit your bookstore and talk to your bookseller about which edition would be best for your library and your budget.

1. HOMER: *The Iliad* (translated Rouse)
2. HOMER: *The Odyssey* (translated Rouse)
3. HERODOTUS: *The Histories* (translated by de Selincourt)
4. THUCYDIDES: *History of the Peloponnesian War*
5. PLATO: Many editions available. For beginners, the selections edited by Scott Buchanan are excellent.
6. ARISTOTLE: *Ethics; Politics*
7. AESCHYLUS: *The Oresteia* (tr. Lattimore)
8. SOPHOCLES: *The Oedipus Cycle* (tr. Fitts & Fitzgerald)
9. EURIPIDES: *Alcestis, Medea, Heracleidae, Hippolytus* (ed. by Greene and Lattimore)
10. VIRGIL: *Aeneid* (tr. Lewis or Humphries)

11. LUCRETIUS: *The Nature of the Universe* (tr. Latham)
12. MARCUS AURELIUS: *Meditations*



The Middle Ages

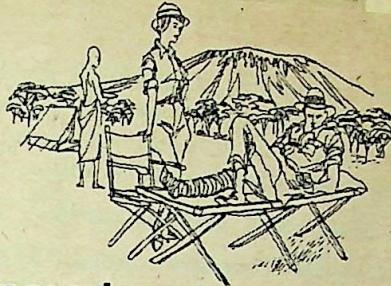
The period from the Fall of Rome to the Renaissance saw a magnificent flowering in art, architecture,

sculpture, theology, and certain kinds of literature. It was the period during which the Catholic Church preserved much of the riches of classical civilization and instilled faith and order into society. Much of its literature is difficult to read, and most of us are no longer able to appreciate the great work of its theologians, particularly St. Thomas Aquinas, one of the master-minds of all time. Three of its literary monuments, however, we should all have some acquaintance with:

13. *The Confessions of St. Augustine*
14. DANTE: *The Divine Comedy*
15. CHAUCER: *The Canterbury Tales* (tr. Coghill)

Continued on page 9

LPH WALDO EMERSON: Essays
LLIAM JAMES: The Principles of Psychology
(2 vols.)
LLIAM JAMES: Pragmatism and Four Essays
in the Meaning of Truth



Some Contemporaries

Strictly speaking, a Lifetime Reading List should contain no contemporary names. It is still too early to judge them. The following handful of living authors contains three Nobel Prize winners; and all the names are those of men of international fame and influence. Ten years hence this list may look different.

89. ROBERT FROST: *Collected Poems*
90. ERNEST HEMINGWAY: *The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway*
91. WILLIAM FAULKNER: *The Sound and The Fury*
and As I Lay Dying
92. T. S. ELIOT: *Collected Poems and Plays*
93. SOMERSET MAUGHAM: *Of Human Bondage*
94. ALDOUS HUXLEY: *Brave New World*
95. ANDRÉ MALRAUX: *Man's Fate*

Miscellaneous

To get to know and enjoy art of any kind one must look at it. To get a general idea of the content and history of art try:

96. HELEN GARDNER: *Art Through the Ages*
97. WHITEHEAD: *An Introduction to Mathematics*
98. LINCOLN BARNETT: *The Universe and Dr. Einstein*
99. MORTIMER J. ADLER: *How To Read A Book*
100. *The American Treasury* (Ed. Clifton Fadiman,
assisted by Charles Van Doren) — The End

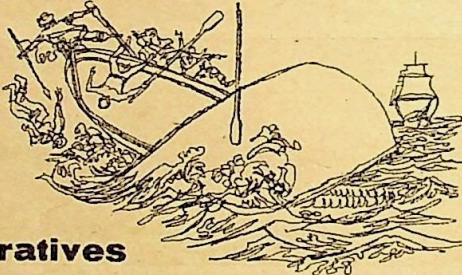
WARE
AD



Plays

With Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides we have covered the Greek tragic dramatists. Since the Greeks there have been only a few outstanding names. Perhaps these five are the best-known:

16. SHAKESPEARE: Complete works
17. MOLIÈRE: The edition translated by Morris Bishop contains eight of Molière's greatest comedies.
18. GOETHE: *Faust* (tr. Louis MacNeice)
19. IBSEN: *Six Plays* (tr. Le Gallienne)
20. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: Shaw's plays are available in many forms. There's a one-volume edition containing seven plays.



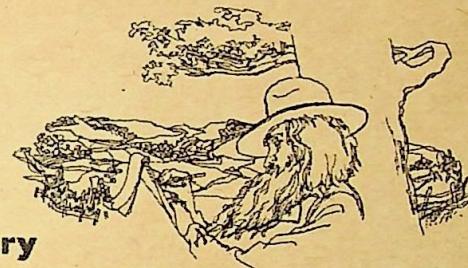
Narratives

These wonderful stories are interesting not only because they are entertaining but because they often contain more life-wisdom than the profoundest philosophy.

21. JONATHAN SWIFT: *Gulliver's Travels* and other works
22. DANIEL DEFOE: *Robinson Crusoe*
23. LAURENCE STERNE: *Tristram Shandy*
24. HENRY FIELDING: *Tom Jones*
25. JOHN BUNYAN: *The Pilgrim's Progress*
26. JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice* and *Sense and Sensibility* (1 vol.)
27. EMILY BRONTE: *Wuthering Heights*
28. CHARLES DICKENS: *David Copperfield*
29. W. M. THACKERAY: *Vanity Fair*
30. GEORGE ELIOT: *The Mill on the Floss*
31. LEWIS CARROLL: *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass* (1 vol.)
32. THOMAS HARDY: *The Mayor of Casterbridge*
33. JOSEPH CONRAD: *Lord Jim*
34. D. H. LAWRENCE: *Sons and Lovers*
35. JAMES JOYCE: *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*
36. JAMES JOYCE: *Ulysses*
37. THOMAS MANN: *The Magic Mountain*

38. RABELAIS: *Gargantua and Pantagruel* (tr. Cohen)

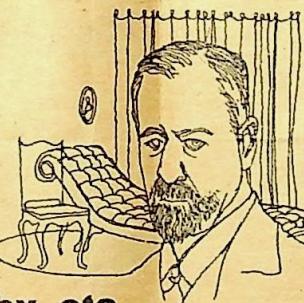
39. VOLTAIRE: *Candide* and other works
40. STENDHAL: *The Red and the Black*
41. BALZAC: *Père Goriot* and *Eugénie Grandet*
42. FLAUBERT: *Madame Bovary* (tr. Steegmuller)
43. PROUST: *Remembrance of Things Past* (2 vols.)
44. EDGAR ALLAN POE: *Tales*
45. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *The Scarlet Letter*. You can get this in a volume with several short stories.
46. HERMAN MELVILLE: *Moby Dick*
47. MARK TWAIN: *Huckleberry Finn*. There are editions containing this and other Mark Twain stories too.
48. HENRY JAMES: *The Ambassadors*
49. CERVANTES: *Don Quixote* (tr. Cohen)
50. NIKOLAI GOGOL: *Dead Souls*
51. IVAN TURGENEV: *Fathers and Sons*
52. LEO TOLSTOY: *War and Peace* (tr. Edmonds)
53. FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY: *The Brothers Karamazov* (tr. Magarshack)
54. FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY: *Crime and Punishment* (tr. Magarshack)
55. THOMAS HOBBES: *Leviathan*
56. RENÉ DESCARTES: *Philosophical Works* (2 vols.)
57. DAVID HUME: *Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding*
58. JOHN LOCKE: *The Second Treatise of Government*
59. J. S. MILL: *On Liberty*
60. FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE: *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, *Twilight of the Gods* and/or several other Nietzsche works available in various editions.
61. KARL MARX: *The Communist Manifesto*
62. NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI: *The Prince*
63. MONTAIGNE: *Essays* (tr. Cohen)
64. ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE: *Democracy in America* (2 vols.)
65. THOMAS HOBBS: *Other Works*
66. RALPH WALDO EMERSON: *Essays*
67. WILLIAM JAMES: *The Principles of Psychology* (2 vols.)
68. WILLIAM JAMES: *Pragmatism* and *Four Essays from the Meaning of Truth*
69. JOHN DEWEY: *Human Nature and Conduct*
70. GEORGE SANTAYANA: *Skepticism and Animal Faith*
71. ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD: *Science and the Modern World*
72. SIGMUND FREUD: *A General Selection from the Works of Freud* (Ed. Rickman)



Poetry

There are so many fine poets that the best way for the Lifetime Reader to make their acquaintance is through comprehensive anthologies. There are many good ones. Here are two:

73. *Poets of the English Language*, edited by Auden and Pearson, 5 vols.
 74. *An Anthology of World Poetry*, edited by Mark Van Doren
- Many poets reward more extended reading. Here are a few:
75. MILTON: *Paradise Lost and Other Poems*
 76. JOHN DONNE: *Complete Poetry and Selected Prose* (Ed. Coffin)
 77. WILLIAM BLAKE: *Poems*
 78. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: *Selected Poetry*
 79. S. T. COLERIDGE: *Poems and Prose* (Ed. Kathleen Raine)
 80. WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS: *Collected Poems*
 81. WALT WHITMAN: *Leaves of Grass* or selected works

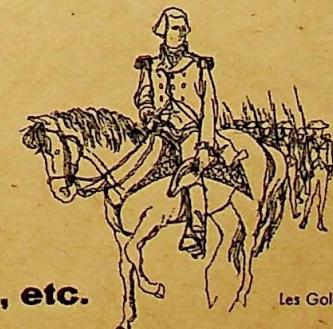


Essays,

Philosophy, etc.

The roots of modern philosophy lie for the most part in the Greek thinkers, particularly Plato and Aristotle. Only a few of the great modern philosophers are here included. They are not easy reading. If you find them too tough, try again in five years. Some — Marx and Machiavelli — contain doctrines we are opposed to. But they have influenced our world decisively, and one should know them.

55. THOMAS HOBBES: *Leviathan*
56. RENÉ DESCARTES: *Philosophical Works* (2 vols.)
57. DAVID HUME: *Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding*
58. JOHN LOCKE: *The Second Treatise of Government*
59. J. S. MILL: *On Liberty*
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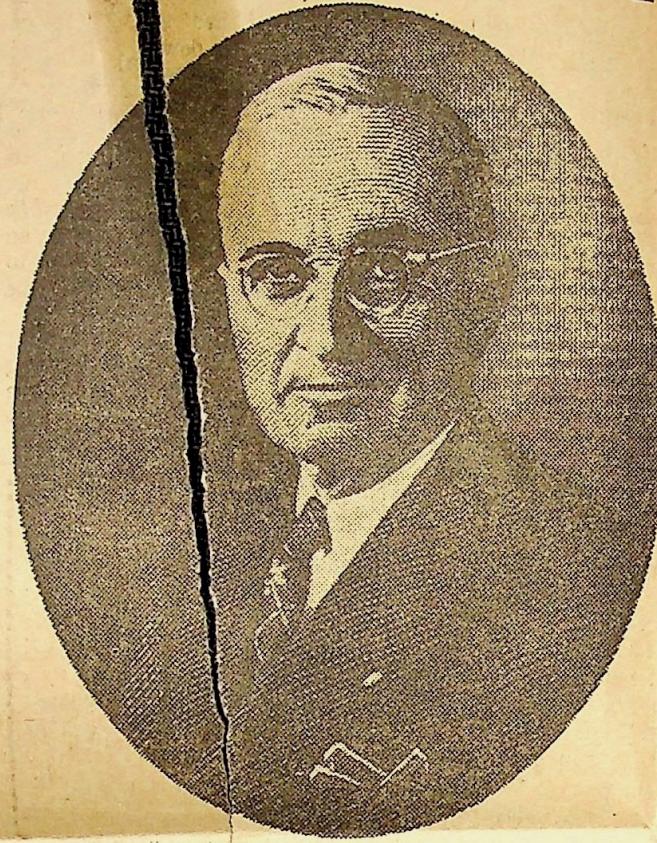
History,

Biography, etc.

Several great historical classics, such as Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," had to be omitted. Will Durant's massive history, though open to criticism by scholars, seems to me the best available narrative of our civilization (through the Reformation only) available to the general reader. The books by Trevelyan and by Nevins — *Continued on next page*

Les Goldstein

Truman Surprised Pollsters



Harry S. Truman

Harry S. Truman:
Thirty-third President of the
United States (1945-1953).
Born May 8, 1884.

He was the plain President; the man who might have been your next-door neighbor. He usually said what he thought (sometimes indiscreetly) and he always followed the dictates of his soundly pragmatic common sense.

Finesse didn't come easily to him and subtlety was rare in his relations with others. To Harry Truman a spade was always a spade and sometimes even a blankety-blank spade. He was as down-to-earth as a rural sheriff.

HE WAS born on a farm at Lamar, Missouri. His father was a wandering horse and mule trader and from him the future President learned to drive a hard, foxy bargain. There being no money available for college he worked on the farm until early manhood and then got a job at Clinton's Drug Store at Lamar where he got \$3 a week, he washed the windows and scrubbed the floors.

This clearly wasn't the way to a fortune so he became a timekeeper on a Santa Fe section gang, then a mailer at The Kansas City Star and finally a clerk at a local bank.

When the first World War broke out he enlisted, became a lieutenant and then a captain of a field artillery outfit. He fought in most of the more important engagements

on the Meuse-Argonne front and built up an impressive record — not for quixotic gallantry but for dogged, brass-tacks reliability.

HE RETURNED to Kansas City after the armistice and — with an Army pal — opened a men's wear store. It failed but Truman wouldn't go through bankruptcy and ultimately paid all its debts.

Meanwhile, he was broke and evidently as minus in potential as a spavined horse. So he thought he'd try politics and did. Soon he was a judge and shortly afterward a United States senator.

The obviously integral factor in this rapid upward progression was a man named Tom Pendergast, a powerful Midwest political boss of the period. Pendergast eventually went to prison but Truman, whose ethical equipment included uncompromising loyalty, remained his friend throughout.

In 1944 he was nominated and elected to the Vice-Presidency, chosen by Roosevelt himself for the post. A few weeks after his inauguration, when the President died, he was projected into office as Chief Executive, almost without any real briefing on the situation in Europe and with absolutely none in respect to the nuclear bomb, one of the most dynamic secrets of the moment.

PUNDITS of press and politics expected him to fail spec-

tacularly. Instead he succeeded spectacularly.

In his interchanges with the political sophisticates of Europe at Potsdam and Yalta his mule-trading and poker-playing techniques wrung victories from experienced diplomats. The moment our decision as to if, when and where to drop the atom bomb was made with matter-of-fact courage and dispatch and ended the war with Japan.

The plan to halt the Communist saturation of Asia by military operations in Korea was undertaken with the same unhesitating resolution that accompanied the order for the Berlin airlift. The Marshall Plan, probably the most successful economic revival device ever attempted, became a reality almost as soon as it was conceived.

STILL, people somehow were unable to believe he could be elected on his own in 1948. The polls unanimously gave the election to Thomas E. Dewey of New York, a neat, natty New Yorker with

a reputation for sending crooks to jail and not much more.

Again Truman was to surprise them, beating Dewey and the splinter-party Dixiecrats by a comfortable majority. His second administration was equally replete with accomplishments.

In 1953 America's seventh accidental president retired to Independence, Missouri to write a history of his times. Much of it he had made himself.

ADMINISTRATION FACTS

Popular vote

when elected: for 24,106,000
against 21,970,000

Electoral vote:

303 for;

189 against

Number of states
when elected: 48

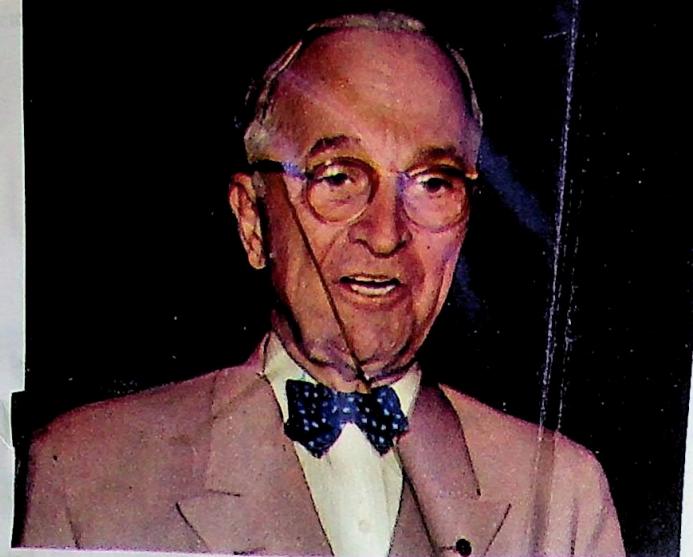
U.S. population when
taking office: 139,928,000

Federal debt when
taking office: \$258,682,187,000

Federal debt when leaving
office: \$266,071,062,000

Per capita debt
at end of term: \$1,666.74

Collier's Comment



WIDE WORLD



The Rise and Fall of Harry Truman

The richest drama at the political conventions was provided by Harry S. Truman, the old war horse, charging back into the fray with a great flourish and moments later picking himself up from the dust—broken, spent, whipped.

Here was the third-act curtain of a classic kind of story. Red Smith, the New York Herald Tribune sports writer, caught this sense when he likened the Truman-Stevenson clash to the Last Fight in which the Old Champ comes wading in with everything he needs except the legs.

Red draws a fine image, and it's a shame to complicate it; but Mr. Truman has provided here a lesson or two which he, as an occasional lesson-pointer himself, should not mind our underscoring. Mr. Truman not only misjudged his own relationship with the public; he proved that he never really had understood it.

Harry Truman came up through the ward politician's route, to achieve the leadership of the free world as President of the United States. But certain attitudes acquired on the way up never left him. One of these was the ward politician's attitude toward people—that they can be bossed, cajoled or manipulated into obedience. And it was this that proved his undoing at Chicago, where he traded his mantle of leadership for the raiment of political boss.

He was a humble man when, with a strong assist from Boss Tom Pendergast, he came into the U.S. Senate as a freshman; he was still a humble man when Franklin D. Roosevelt was struck down and he, Harry Truman, found to his astonishment and awe that he was President of the United States. His letters to his mother are richly revealing of his inner reactions in that era; he was a small boy, touched by a magic wand—dazed, dazzled and, as the air cleared, just a touch cocky.

In those next few years Harry Truman secured a place in history. With whatever inward concerns, he stood up as leader of the world's greatest nation and called the important shots as they looked to him—called them responsibly and courageously. He laid down the Truman Doctrine against Communist encroachments in Europe; he set the Marshall Plan in motion; he recognized the role of America as mentor of the free world and kept this country consistently in that role. It was his decision that placed the free world's strength athwart the Communists of North Korea, his decision that posed U.S. sea and air power in Far Eastern waters as a deterrent to Red China and guardian of Formosa.

But on the domestic front, where Harry Truman took pride in the label of "politician," some significant changes were taking place.

In 1948 Mr. Truman ran for President of the United States and won. He didn't win by any vast margin, but he won by himself for the first time, and the result was a powerful tonic for his ego. From that time on, in the opinion of some very close observers, he began losing respect for those who disagreed with him, while his respect for his own shrewdness and sagacity as a politician grew by leaps. In such a

to persuade himself that this failure cost Stevenson the election to General Eisenhower. But the truth was that Ike wasn't really running against Stevenson nearly so much as he was running against the record, the cronies and the whole composite picture of Harry S. Truman. And just as certainly, those parts of the South which bolted their traditional party and went over to Ike didn't do so because they hated Stevenson; they hardly knew him. They, too, were repudiating Truman in the only way available to them.

Now, Harry Truman came to Chicago this year with little apparent thought or care as to the temper of the party and the delegates. He had a candidate he was determined to sell, and more than that he had a candidate to unhorse as a personal project. And when Mr. Truman found himself the undisputed center of attention on his arrival (Mr. Stevenson actually lost his hat in the stampede around Mr. Truman on his arrival at the Chicago station) the former President must indeed have said to himself, "I can do it—I've got 'em in the palm of my hand."

Here was the mistake and here is the lesson: *Mr. Truman evidently assumed that this was a manifestation of his prestige—of the respect in which he was held. This was the foolish mistake of a vain man. The reporters were swarming after Mr. Truman because they knew his mission and they knew his words would make colorful copy. As for his prestige, that had been going down the drain since 1952—since, in fact, Mr. Truman had surrendered the job on whose authority that prestige had depended.*

Harry Truman evidently felt, and may still feel, that he knew practically all there was to know about politics. Doubtless he had learned a great deal in his long politician's career, about how to rock 'em and sock 'em and jolt 'em and tickle 'em and get 'em into that condition where you can lead 'em around by the nose. But there was one thing he evidently never learned, or else forgot—that the voter or the delegate to a convention is likely to be a discerning, sensitive, proud human being who likes to be respected and resents being kidded or bossed. And quite obviously, Harry Truman was trying to kid him, in the Chicago performance.

Truman said a lot of things about Stevenson: that he couldn't win the election; that he was a "conservative"; that he held forth a "counsel of moderation" that seemed in reality "a counsel of hesitation and was in fact a surrender of some basic principles of the party."

But the delegates weren't listening because they were all convinced that Harry Truman was trying to dump Adlai Stevenson for two other reasons: because he disliked Stevenson personally, and because he wanted to prove that he could lick him singlehanded. And so the delegates listened with the respect due a former President of the United States, and then went on and voted.



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In 1952 Mr. Truman elected not to run again, and Adlai Stevenson became the candidate. Truman gave Stevenson advice that Stevenson didn't take—and it was possible for one of Mr. Truman's bent of mind

to persuade himself that this failure cost Stevenson the election to General Eisenhower. But the truth was that Ike wasn't really running against Stevenson nearly so much as he was running against the record, the cronies and the whole composite picture of Harry S. Truman. And just as certainly, those parts of the South which bolted their traditional party and went over to Ike didn't do so because they hated Stevenson; they hardly knew him. They, too, were repudiating Truman in the only way available to them.

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And Stevenson, having weathered the Truman bombardment in this manner, looked far stronger coming out than he had going in. And Harry Truman had transformed himself in one week from a patriarch of the party into a tolerated elder politician, waspish but unimportant.

There is pathos and pity in this picture of the ex-President of the United States reduced to such an estate. But the moral for future generations of politicians is clear: be careful whom you kid; it might be yourself.

WHY MEN FAIL

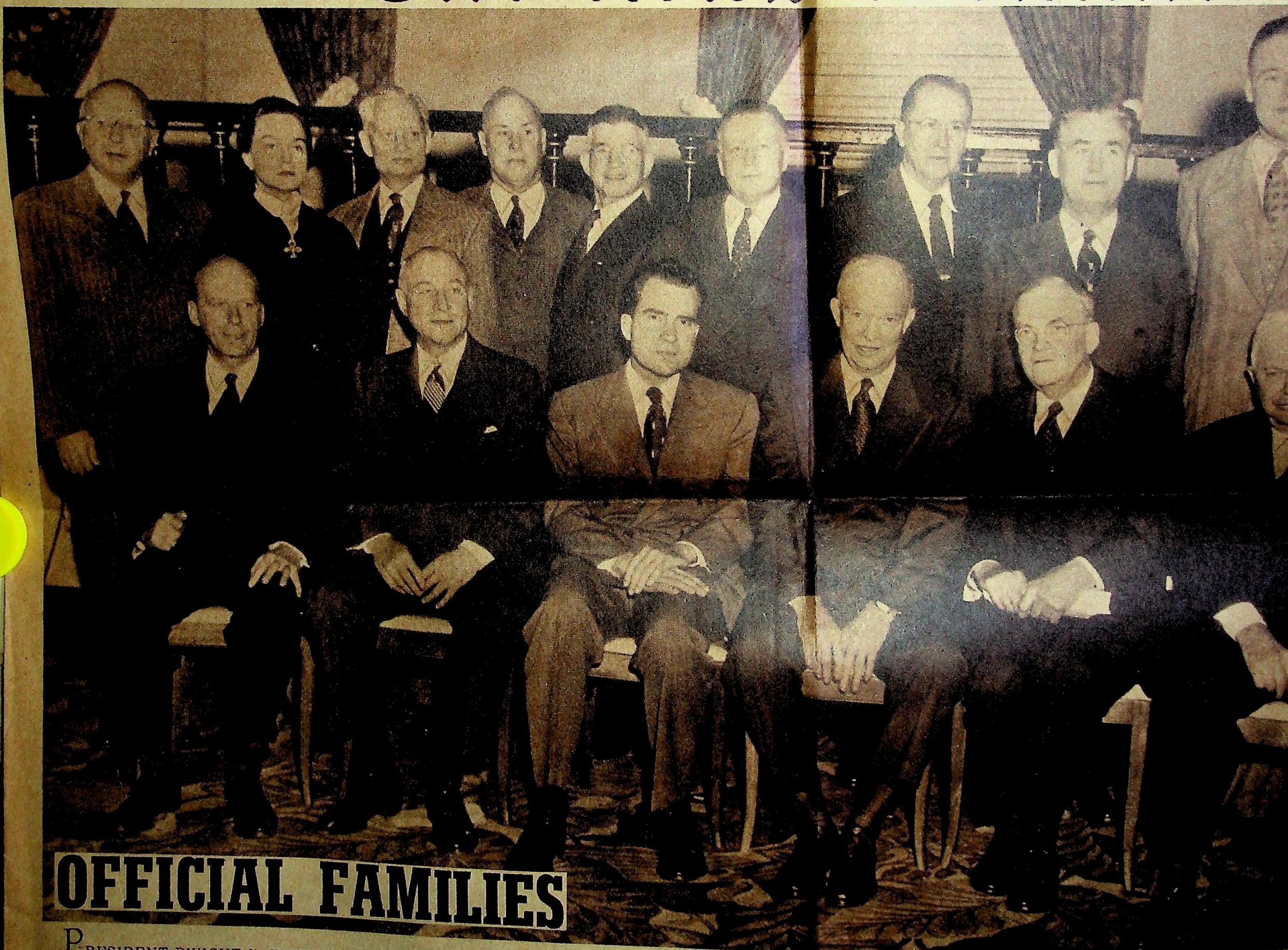
There are many causes that lead to failure. Here is a list of the most common ones, assigned by a noted psychologist. If none of them applies to you, then you are to be congratulated, for you are a success.

1. Finding fault with the other fellow, but never seeing your own.
2. Doing as little as possible, and trying to get as much as possible for it.
3. Spending much time showing up the other fellow's weak points, and too little time correcting your own.
4. Slanderizing those we do not like.
5. Procrastination. Putting off until tomorrow something that should have been done day before yesterday.
6. Deceit. Talking friendly to the other fellow's face and stabbing him in the back as soon as he turns around.
7. False belief that we are smart enough to reap a harvest of pay before sowing a crop of honest service.
8. Disloyalty to those who have trusted us.
9. Egotism. We know it all, and no one can tell us anything.
10. Last, but not least, lack of necessary training and education to enable us to stand at the head in our line of work.

says Carrier
old about 1

ROTOGRAVURE
SECTION

The News-Sentinel



OFFICIAL FAMILIES

PRESIDENT DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER is shown with members he selected for his cabinet and to serve as aids. The appointments were subject to Senate approval. Left to right, seated, are: Herbert Brownell, Attorney General; George M. Humphrey, Secretary of Treasury; Vice-president Richard Nixon; Eisenhower; John Foster Dulles, Secretary of Defense. Standing, left to right are: Joseph M. Dodge, budget director; Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, Federal Security Administrator; Gov. Sherman Adams, assistant to the President; Douglas McKay, Secretary of Interior; Arthur E. Summerfield, Postmaster General; Ezra Taft Benson, Secretary of Agriculture; Martin P. Durkin, Secretary of the Navy; and Harold E. Stassen, Mutual Security Administrator.

The News-Sentinel

SATURDAY
JANUARY 31, 1953



ALL FAMILIES

UNITED STATES

D. EISENHOWER is shown with members he selected for his cabinet and to serve as aids. The appointments were subject to Senate approval.
Herbert Brownell, Attorney General; George M. Humphrey, Secretary of Treasury; Vice-president Richard Nixon; Eisenhower; John Foster Dulles, Secretary of State; Charles
McKay, Secretary of Interior; Arthur E. Summerfield, Postmaster General; Ezra Taft Benson, Secretary of Agriculture; Martin P. Durkin, Secretary of Labor; Henry Cabot Lodge,
to the United Nations; and Harold E. Stassen, Mutual Security Administrator.

(A.P. WIREPHOTOS)

WABASH



The Wabash
Country Club
clubhouse is
shown at left.



A place for the kiddies to spend their time, is this large playground, at left, in the city park.

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The treaty between the United States and the Miami tribe of Indians was signed near the spring pictured in the photo at right, in October, 1826. The monument is located near the Big Four railroad station in Wabash.





A section of Wabash Street, looking north, is shown in the photo above.

FOURTH YEAR

THE world has fought its way through four years of bloodshed and horror.

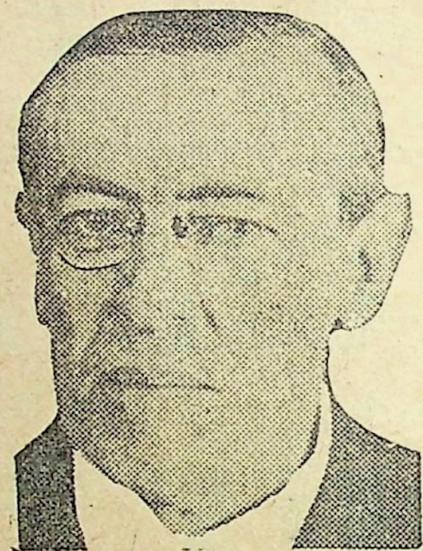
On July 28, 1914, occurred the first act, prompted by Prussian militarism, that plunged Europe into the most terrible war in history.

It was the declaration of war on Serbia by Austria, as a result of the assassination exactly a month earlier of Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir of the Hapsburg dynasty.

Four years later finds only a few isolated spots on the map of the world which have not been plunged into the catastrophe. Men of all races and creeds, their sense of right and justice outraged in some direct or indirect manner by the Brute of Berlin, have banded together for one purpose—to crush Prussianism and make the world safe for democracy.

The year just passed has witnessed declarations of war against Germany by eight more nations. Two of them—China and Brazil—are lands of unlimited resources and potentialities. The other five—Costa Rica, Liberia, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Honduras and Haiti—are small nations which have but recently asserted their independence, and have entered the war to see that their freedom endures.

They leave in the category of neutrals only the Scandinavian nations, Switzerland, Holland, Persia and some of the South



American republics. How long these will remain neutral is problematical.

In reviewing the developments of the last year of the war, by far the outstanding feature has been the manner in which the United States surprised the world by the speed with which her participation in the war was made manifest.

When the third year of the war closed last July, America had but just thrown down the gauntlet to Germany. A few American troops had landed in France and the first Liberty loan had been oversubscribed by more than a billion dollars. America's army of 10,000,000 youths had been drafted. Congress was wrestling with tremendous plans for the expansion of the army and navy.

But everything that had been done was of a preparatory nature.

CHRONOLOGY

OF WAR ENDS WITH

America was arming for the fray.

Today, one year later, America is still preparing, but is carrying on a job already half finished. With a speed that amazed the world as an unprecedented feat, America has more than justified the faith of her allies that she would throw into the balance against Germany power that will ultimately win the war.

More than a million men have been transported across submarine-infested seas to the battle front. They are of the best manhood of the country. They have gone through fire, and have convinced even the sneering Junkers of Germany that Uncle Sam could step across the Atlantic and land a blow that the Prussian solar plexus will feel for hundreds of years.

Not only has the American fighting man of all branches—marines, infantry and artillery—proved superior to the German, but he has forced his English, French and Italian comrades to acknowledge that he knows just a little more about fighting than they do.

Germany took forty years to build up her war machine. America twelve months.

Which machine is the better was demonstrated to the satisfaction of the world last week along the Marne.

Nor is that first million all. We are well on our way toward

reaching the 2,000,000 mark. It will be reached before the end of the year. And before the fifth year of the war has ended, 3,000,000 American soldiers will be ready to follow them if they can not crush the Hun.

America's naval participation in the war has been an equally creditable feat. One hundred and fifty American warships, manned by 40,000 sailors, have joined the British fleet in blockading the coasts of Germany. Millions of dollars have been appropriated for building more warships. If the Huns decide to risk a test of strength on the seas, the United States navy will be ready for them.

In shipbuilding America again has outstripped the world. Ships are being built twice as rapidly as the submarine can sink them. The allies now feel safe in saying: "We have abolished the submarine menace."

The limitless financial resources of the nation have been thrown behind the allies to win the war. Starting with April, 1917, when we entered the war and spent \$289,893,000 in preparing, the nation's war bill has mounted month by month. The expenditures for this month are estimated to exceed \$1,670,000,000, which brings the cost of the war to date to \$15,633,766,758.

This vast scheme of warfare was the most important development of the year, not only to the allies, but to Germany. The Hun has learned to respect America

as his chief enemy. Recognizing the menace to their plans for conquest that lay in American preparations, Germany hastily forced a shameless peace on chaotic Russia, withdrew her armies from the eastern front, and launched them with unprecedented violence and barbarous disregard for human lives at the French and British armies on the western front.

The kaiser and his generals recognized the fact that they were defeated unless they could force a decision before America's man power reached its fullest expression on the battlefield. Therefore the word was given to seize Paris and the channel ports at all costs and bring France to her knees.

Five terrific super-offensives were the result. The first three were successful to the extent that the Germans were permitted to exchange countless lives for a few miles of shell-holes and ruined villages. The last two brought utter defeat to the Hun hordes.

In the last of the five drives the American troops bore the brunt of the battle, and came out of their first great clash covered with mud and glory.

Not only were they chiefly instrumental in putting the quietus on the Hun drive, but they launched a mighty counter-offensive, the like of which has not been witnessed on the western front for a year, and captured

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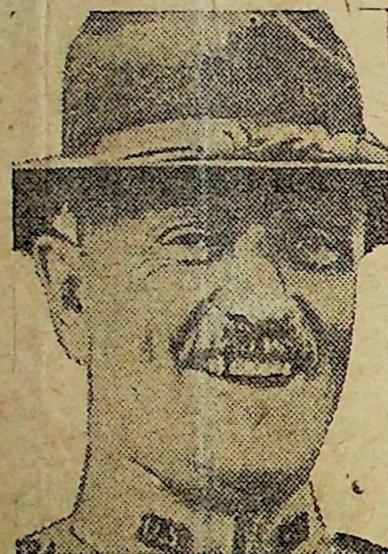
VICTORY IN SIGHT

terrain the French
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satisfactory one from the allies' viewpoint, even without considering American aid. It is likely that it will be considered by future historians as the turning point of the war. From every standpoint Germany saw the defeat of her aims—unless Russia's collapse be considered a single exception. But Germany's exploitation of that stricken land will prove a boomerang. Eventually the allies must reconquer Russia, and when they do Germany will pay dearly.

Italy, which in the early part of the year suffered a great and disastrous military collapse, "came back" vigorously toward its close and held the Hun hordes which sought to overrun her plains. France and England nobly upheld the military traditions established in the first three years of war.

In the lands of our enemies the hand of hunger joined with the

specter of disease and, together with strikes in the German war industries and racial and political unrest in Austria-Hungary, brought the most menacing internal conditions to the central empires that the war has produced. The disintegration of the Austrian empire was expected, but the Hapsburgs succeeded in preventing a revolution.

The coming year, however, will make conditions in Austria and Germany even worse and hasten the ultimate victory for civilization, which America and her allies are determined must free the world from the reign of brute force.

AFTER FOUR YEARS OF
HORROR, THAT VICTORY IS
IN SIGHT!

At War

For Civilization.

1. Belgium.
2. France.
3. Great Britain.
4. Italy.
5. United States.
6. Japan.
7. China.
8. *Russia.
9. Serbia.
10. †Roumania.
11. Montenegro.
12. Portugal.
13. San Marino.
14. Greece.
15. Brazil.
16. Cuba.
17. Hayti.
18. Panama.
19. Costa Rica.
20. Guatemala.
21. Nicaragua.
22. Honduras.
23. Siam.
24. Liberia.
(Colonies)
- Canada.
- Australia.
- New Zealand.
- India.
- Union of South Africa.
- Egypt.
- French possessions.

Against Civilization.

25. Germany.
26. Austria-Hungary.
27. Bulgaria.
28. Turkey.
- *Russia.

*Russia is fighting on both sides.
†Roumania was forced into a signatory peace by the Huns.

1914

JUNE

28—Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife assassinated at Serajevo by Serbian student, Princip.

JULY

23—Austria sends ultimatum to Serbia demanding punishment of assassins and suppression of pan-Serbianism.

28—Austria-Hungary declares war on Serbia. Germany mobilizes.

31—Russia mobilizes. World's stock markets close.

AUGUST

1—Germany declares war on Russia and invades Luxemburg. France mobilizes.

2—Germany sends ultimatum to Belgium, demanding free passage for her troops.

3—Germany declares war on France. Germany invades Belgium.

4—Great Britain serves ultimatum on Germany, demanding assurance that neutrality of Belgium be respected. Great Britain declares war on Germany. Germans attack Liege and begin to overrun Belgium.

6—Austria-Hungary declares war on Russia.

7—First British troops land in France.

10—France declares war on Austria-Hungary.

12—Great Britain declares war on Austria-Hungary.

23—Japan declares state of war with Germany.

26—Germans destroy Louvain. Russians defeated at Tannenberg.

28—British sink five German naval ships in North sea.

30—Allies retreat to Seine after Germans take Amiens.

SEPTEMBER

3—French government removed temporarily to Bordeaux. Russians occupy Lemberg.

4—Germans cross the Marne.

5—England, France and Russia make no-separate-peace agreement.

6-10—Battle of the Marne. Germans driven back to the Aisne.

27—German Southwest Africa conquered by Gen. Botha.

OCTOBER

9—Germans occupy Antwerp.

17—Allies begin first battle of Ypres, repulsing German drive for channel ports.

28—German armies driven back from Warsaw. Revolt in South Africa put down.

NOVEMBER

1—German squadron wins naval battle with British off Chile.

5—Great Britain declares state of war with Turkey, and annexes island of Cyprus.

7—Japanese capture Tsingtao.

DECEMBER

8—British sink four German cruisers off Falkland Islands.

9—French government returns to Paris.

16—German warships raid British coast towns, killing ninety-nine persons.

17—Egypt proclaimed a British protectorate.

24—First German air raid on England.

1915

JANUARY

8—Britain, in replying to American note on detention of neutral ships, claims right to do so.

24—British naval victory in North sea. German armored cruiser sunk.

FEBRUARY

2—Britain makes all food shipments contraband.

4—Germany proclaims "war zone" around the British Isles after Feb. 18.

10—United States protests against war zone decree.

18—German proclamation goes into effect. Her submarines begin campaign of "piracy and pillage."

MARCH

1—Great Britain declares blockade of German coast.

17—Russians capture Przemysl.

APRIL

5—United States demands reparation from Germany for sinking of "William P. Frye".

26—Allied troops land on Gallipoli peninsula.

MAY—LUSITANIA

1—Gulflight, American steamship, sunk by submarine. Two Americans lost.

2—Russians retire from the Carpathians. Lose 30,000 men.

7—BRITISH LINER LUSITANIA SUNK BY SUBMARINE; 1,154 LIVES LOST, 114 BEING AMERICANS.

18—United States protests against sinking of Lusitania.

23—Italy declares war on Austria-Hungary.

28—Germany's answer to United States note on Lusitania alleges liner was armed.

JUNE

3—Przemysl retaken by Germans and Austrians.

8—Secretary of State Bryan resigns; Lansing appointed.

22—Austro-Germans recapture Lemberg.

29—Steamer Armenian sunk by Germans; eleven Americans lost.

AUGUST

4—Germans capture Warsaw.

19—White Star Liner Arabic submarine; two Americans lost.

SEPTEMBER

1—Germany agrees to sink no more liners without warning.

8—United States demands recall of Austro-Hungarian ambassador, Dr. Dumba.

18—Vienna captured by Germans, ending Russian retreat.

25—Allies begin unsuccessful campaign to break through German lines.

OCTOBER

6—Austro-German-Bulgarian conquest of Serbia begins.

14—Great Britain declares war on Bulgaria.

DECEMBER

1—Turks drive British back from Bagdad.

4—Ford peace ship sails.

10—Capt. Boy-Ed and Capt. Von Papen, German military attaches to the United States, recalled on demand of this government.

15—Sir Douglas Haig takes command of British army in France.

30—British passenger ship Persia sunk without warning; 200 drown, including American consul.

1916

JANUARY

6—Great Britain adopts conscription.

8—Allies evacuate Gallipoli.

FEBRUARY

10—Germany warns neutral powers that armed merchantmen will be sunk without warning.

21—Germans begin battle of Verdun. Lasts till July, resulting in failure of Germans to take fortress.

MARCH

8—Germany declares war on Portugal.

24—French steamer Sussex torpedoed without warning. Americans killed.

APRIL

18—United States sends ultimatum to Germany on Sussex sinking, warning her that unless she abandons present methods of submarine warfare this country will sever diplomatic relations.

24—Irish revolt in Dublin. Twelve killed before it is put down.

29—British garrison at Kut-el-Amara surrenders to Turks.

MAY

4—Germany acknowledges sinking of Sussex and meets main demands of the United States.

18—Austrians begin great attack on Italian positions in Trentino.

31—Naval battle of Jutland. British lose fourteen ships, Germans twelve.

JUNE

5—Lord Kitchener drowns on cruiser.

21—Allied economic conference agrees on boycott of Germany after the war.

JULY

1—Battle of the Somme begins. Allies fail to break German lines.

AUGUST

3—Sir Roger Casement hanged for treason.

8—Italians capture Gorizia.

27—Italy declares war on Germany. Roumania enters war.

OCTOBER

8—German submarine sinks ships off American coast.

NOVEMBER

21—Emperor Franz-Joseph of Austria-Hungary dies.

29—United States protests against Belgian deportations.

DECEMBER

6—Lloyd George heads new British ministry.

12—Germany's proposal for peace rejected by allies.

20—President Wilson issues peace proposal to belligerents.

1917

JANUARY

31—Germany announces unrestricted submarine warfare in specified zones.

FEBRUARY

3—United States severs diplomatic relations with Germany.

24—Kut-el-Amara taken by British.

26—President Wilson asks authority to arm merchant ships.

28—Washington reveals German plot to induce Mexico and Japan to invade United States.

MARCH

7—United States begins arming merchant ships.

11—British capture Bagdad.

11-15—Czar Nicholas abdicates. Provisional Russian government formed.

19—Germans retire to Hindenburg line.

APRIL—WAR!

6—UNITED STATES DECLARES WAR ON GERMANY.

8—Austria-Hungary severs diplomatic relations with the United States. Brazil severs relations with Germany.

20—Turkey severs relations with United States.

24—President Wilson signs \$7,000,000 war bond issue.

MAY

4—United States destroyers arrive in British waters.

17—A. F. Kerensky becomes minister of war in Russia.

18—President Wilson signs selective service bill.

JUNE

7—British blow up Messines ridge, capturing 7,500 prisoners.

12—King Constantine of Greece abdicates.

15—First Liberty Loan of \$2,000,000,000 oversubscribed by \$1,065,000,000.

26—First American troops reach France.

JULY

1—Russia begins unsuccessful offensive in Galicia under leadership of Kerensky.

20—Drafting of selective service army takes place at Washington. Kerensky becomes premier of Russia.

AUGUST

10—Congress passes food and fuel control bill.

15—Pope's peace proposal received.

SEPTEMBER

8—Lurburg dispatches, "spurious ver-sent" revealed by United States.

OCTOBER

24—German-Austrian drive in Italy begins. Italians make final stand at Plave river.

27—Second Liberty Loan for \$3,000,000,000 oversubscribed.

30—Count von Hertling made German chancellor.

NOVEMBER

3—American troops clash for first time with Germans.

7—Kerensky government overthrown by bolsheviks.

13—Clemenceau becomes French premier.

22—Battle of Cambrai. British army under Gen. Byng makes surprise attack with tanks. Germans by counter-attack regain lost ground.

29—First meeting of interallied conference held in Paris.

DECEMBER

6—Munitions vessel explodes in Halifax. Hundreds killed and wounded.

7—United States declares war on Austria-Hungary.

9—British army captures Jerusalem.

23—Russia opens peace negotiations with central powers at Brest-Litovsk.

26—United States takes over railroads.

1918

JANUARY

7—Earl Reading appointed British high commissioner to the United States.

8—President Wilson addresses congress on America's stand for world peace, setting forth fourteen "rectifications of wrong and assertions of right."

16—"Heartless Monday" order announced by United States fuel administration.

24—Chancellor von Hertling replies to peace terms of Premier Lloyd George and President Wilson.

30—Strikes in German war industries.

FEBRUARY

5—British liner Tuscania, with 2,200 American soldiers on board, torpedoed. One hundred and seventy soldiers die.

14—Bolo Pasha sentenced to death for treason.

24—Russia accepts German peace terms, giving up one-fourth of European Russia.

26—Roumania enters peace negotiations with central powers.

27—Japan proposes to intervene in Siberia. United States withdraws approval.

MARCH

10—American troops now at four points on the west front—Lorraine front, in the Champagne, in Alsace, on the Chemin Des Dames.

11—American soldiers at Toul go "over the top" for the first time and return without loss.

20—United States takes Dutch vessels.

21—Germans begin most stupendous attack of the war against fifty miles of British and French line, from Arras to La Fere. Break through the lines.

23—Paris bombarded by long-range guns.

28—Gen. Pershing offers all American forces in France to stem German advance.

29—German advance halted on ninth day, after gaining more than 1,000 square miles. Gen. Foch made generalissimo of allied forces. Seventy-five persons killed in a Paris church by German gun.

APRIL

4—Germans renew offensive near Amiens, but fail to penetrate lines. American troops occupy sector around Verdun.

5—United States army totals 1,500,000 men and 127,700 officers.

11—French government makes public a letter from Emperor Karl to President Poincare justifying France's claim to Alsace-Lorraine and the re-establishment of Belgium and Serbia.

16—Americans repulse German attack near St. Mihiel.

15—Charles M. Schwab made director of fleet corporation.

20—American troops score victory at Selcheprey.

21—Guatemala declares war.

23—British sink concrete-laden cruisers in harbors of Ostend and Zeebrugge, locking submarine bases.

24—Germans open second phase of 1918 offensive at Amiens and Ypres. Breakthrough.

MAY

3—Germans complete conquest of Finland.

4—Third Liberty Loan oversubscribed.

7—Nicaragua declares war.

13—Austro-German alliance, knitting Austria-Hungary closer to Germany, is agreed upon.

14—Italian submarine sinks Austrian battleship in Pola harbor.

18—British arrest several hundred lotteries in Ireland revolt.

27—Germans begin third phase of drive in forty-mile blow from Vauxvillon to Rheims. Take Chemin-des-Dames.

28—American forces capture Cantigny.

29—Germans take Soissons. Their push is halted near Rheims.

31—Germans reach Marne at Chateau Thierry. Americans prevent them from crossing.

JUNE

5—Allies declare for an independent Poland and approve national aspirations of Czechs and Jugoslavs.

7—French and American marines drive enemy out of Chateau Thierry.

9—Germans start fourth drive on twenty-mile front between Montdidier and Noyon. Make small advance.

11—American marines take Belleau wood.

15—Austrians begin great offensive against Italy on ninety-seven-mile front.

17—British, French and Italians stop Austrian drive and hurl foe back across Iave.

21—Dr. von Seydler resigns as Austrian premier.

24—German Foreign Secretary Kutt

mann declares war can not be ended by military victory.

27—Canadian hospital ship Llandovery Castle torpedoed, 234 killed.

30—American, British and French ~~troops~~ take Kola, on Arctic coast, to protect allied stores.

JULY

1—Grand Duke Michael starts counter revolution in Siberia.

2—Italians make gains in Asiago region, capturing 2,000 prisoners.

3—More than a million American troops in France, Secretary Baker announces. American troops capture Vaux.

4—Ninety-one wooden and steel ships launched in American shipyards.

6—Italians, aided by French, start offensive in Albania. Austrians withdraw, losing thousands of men. Von Mirbach, German ambassador to Russia, assassinated at Moscow.

8—Dr. Edward A. Rumeley, publisher of New York Evening Mail, arrested for perjury. It is charged he bought the paper with funds supplied by Germany.

11—Siberian republic formed. Admiral von Hintze ~~succedes~~ ^{to} Kuchlmann as foreign minister of Germany. United States steamship Westover sunk by U-boat.

13—United States has 440,000 men on the firing line.

15—Fifth phase of German offensive begins with attack on sixty-five-mile front between Chateau Thierry and Maisseiges. Advance checked on first day, Germans gaining only four miles. Americans counter-attack at Chateau Thierry, recapturing all lost ground. British occupy Kem, on White sea coast.

16—Germans cross Marne at points checked east of Rheims. Americans re-take two towns. Former czar of Russia executed.

17—Germans held at all points.

18—French and Americans open greatest allied offensive since 1917, capturing eighteen towns between Soissons and Chateau Thierry and advancing six miles.

19—Franco-American offensive continues, with another two-mile gain; Americans one mile from Soissons. Drive hailed as start of allies' "big push."

Japan decides to send army into Siberia. United States cruiser San Diego sunk off Fire island. Seventeen thousand Germans captured by Franco-American troops. British troops take Meteren, on Flanders front.

21—German submarine sinks three barges off Cape Cod. Chateau Thierry taken by Franco-American troops.

22—Czechs revolt in mid-Austria. Germans retreat continues with heavy losses.

23—British troops take Gueux and Mery Foreney, in Rheims sector. Franco-Americans capture Oulchy-le-Chateau and Ville Mentoire.

26—Allies close in on Fere, keystone of German defense north of the Marne.

CHIEF OFFENSIVES BY GERMANS, 1918

March 21—Picardy, three miles.
April 9—Flanders, four miles.
May 27—Aisne-Marne, five miles.
June 9—Noyon-Montdidier, three miles.
July 15—Marne-Champagne, two miles.

HOW TO PRONOUNCE NAMES IN WAR NEWS

Fontenoy—Fon-ten-wa (a as in father.)
Soissons—Swa-son (a as in father.)
Chateau Thierry—Shat-o Tee-erry.
Oulchy—Oolchy.
Dormans—Dor-ma (as as in father.)
Chattillon—Shot-till-yon.
Jaulgonne—Zholl-gon.
Fere-en-Tardenois — Fair-on-tard-en-va (a is in father.)
Ourcq—Oork.
Armentieres—Ar-mon-tee-air.
Brecy—Brecy (e short.)
Trugny—Trun-ye (e long.)
Epieds—Ep-ya (e short, a long.)
Courpoult—Coor-po-ahl.
Plessier-le-Helen—Pless-ye-le-Hellu.
Coincy—Coancy.
Beuvardes—Boo-vard.
Leicharmiel—Lay-charm-yel.
Treloup—Tray-loo.
Aisne—Aine.
Fismes—Feem.

A Belgian has been sentenced to seven and one-half months' imprisonment at Remscheid (Prussia) for tearing down a German war loan poster displayed in the works where he was employed.

Belligerencies

AUSTRIA declared war on

Serbia,
Russia,
Montenegro,
Japan,
Belgium.

GERMANY declared war on

Russia,
France,
Belgium,
Portugal,
Roumania.

TURKEY declared war on

The allies,
Roumania.

BULGARIA declared war on

Serbia.

FRANCE declared war on

Germany,
Austria,
Turkey,

Bulgaria.

GREAT BRITAIN declared war on

Germany,
Austria,
Turkey,
Bulgaria.

JAPAN declared war on

Germany.

ITALY declared war on

Austria,
Turkey,
Bulgaria,
Germany.

UNITED STATES declared war on

Germany,
Austria-Hungary.

BRAZIL declared war on

Germany.

RUSSIA declared war on

Turkey,
Bulgaria,
Russia's rulers.

Neutrals

The principal neutral countries are Holland, Switzerland, Spain, Sweden, Denmark and Norway, and other neutrals are Persia, Argentina, Venezuela, Bolivia, Chile, Peru, Uruguay, Colombia, Ecuador, Salvador with Mexico unidentified.

In this war—counting Russia as on both sides and not counting nonparticipant colonies—1,425,000,000 human beings have ranged themselves on the side of civilization and 425,000,000 on the side of the Huns. Civilization's forces occupy 29,000,000 square miles of territory, the Huns—including that stolen—8,250,000.

Declared War

1914.

Austria on Serbia, July 28.
Germany on Russia, Aug. 1.
France on Germany, Aug. 3.
Germany on France, Aug. 3.
Great Britain on Germany, Aug. 4.
Germany on Belgium, Aug. 4.
Serbia on Germany, Aug. 6.
Austria on Russia, Aug. 6.
Montenegro on Austria, Aug. 8.
Austria on Montenegro, Aug. 9.
France on Austria, Aug. 13.
Great Britain on Austria, Aug. 13.
Japan on Germany, Aug. 23.
Austria on Japan, Aug. 27.
Austria on Belgium, Aug. 28.
Russia on Turkey, Nov. 3.
Great Britain on Turkey, Nov. 5.
France on Turkey, No. 5.
Turkey on the allies, Nov. 23.
*Portugal on Germany, Nov. 23.

1915.

**Portugal on Germany, May 19.
Italy on Austria, May 24.
San Marino on Austria, May 24.
Italy on Turkey, Aug. 21.
Bulgaria on Serbia, Oct. 14.
Great Britain on Bulgaria, Oct. 15.
Serbia on Bulgaria, Oct. 16.
France on Bulgaria, Oct. 16.
Italy on Bulgaria, Oct. 19.
Russia on Bulgaria, Oct. 19.
Greece on Bulgaria, Nov. 28.

1916.

Germany on Portugal, March 9.
Roumania on Austria, Aug. 27.
Italy on Germany, Aug. 28.
Greece on Germany, Nov. 28.
Turkey on Roumania, Aug. 29.
Germany on Roumania, Sept. 14.

1917.

United States on Germany, April 6.
Cuba on Germany, April 7.
Panama on Germany, April 7.
Greece on Germany, July 2.
Greece on Bulgaria, July 2.
Siam on Germany, July 22.
Siam on Austria, July 22.
Liberia on Germany, Aug. 4.
China on Germany, Aug. 14.
China on Austria, Aug. 14.
Brazil on Germany, Oct. 16.
United States on Austria-Hungary,
Dec. 7.

Panama on Austria, Dec. 10.

1918.

Guatemala on Germany, April 21, 1918.
Nicaragua on Germany, May 7, 1918.
Costa Rica on central powers, May 24,
1918.

Haiti on Germany, July 5.

Honduras on Germany, July 19.

**Military aid granted.

*Resolution passed authorizing military intervention as ally of England.

EDWARD'S FINAL MESSAGE 1936



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Death Ends Exile For Duke Of Windsor; Burial Set In England

Paris (AP)—The Duke of Windsor is going home in death to England.

The body of 77-year-old former King Edward VIII, who died in his exile home outside Paris early yesterday, will be flown to Britain on Wednesday to lie in state in St. George's Chapel in Windsor Castle.

An announcement by Buckingham Palace at London said he will be buried in Frogmore Mausoleum in Windsor Park, a half mile from the castle that is one of the homes of British monarchs.

E D W A R D ALBERT, the Duke of Windsor, left the British Isles after renouncing the throne that ruled a quarter of the earth's people to marry an American divorcee in 1936.

He returned for short visits since and for medical care, but never again took up residence on English soil.

The British government or-

(Picture on Page 52)

dered flags on state buildings to be flown at half staff until sunset of June 5, the day of the duke's funeral.

A palace spokesman said the Duchess of Windsor will travel on the same Royal Air Force plane that returns the duke's body to Britain.

A period of court mourning will be observed until June 10, the palace at London said. Some royal engagements will be canceled.

JUST 10 DAYS before Windsor's death, Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip visited the duke, who was the queen's uncle, and his duchess, the former Wallis Warfield Simpson, at their home in France. It was a major sign that time was erasing the bitterness which the British establishment felt over the shattering announcement

Dec. 10, 1936 that King Edward would abdicate.

The duke died of an undisclosed illness, but he was known to have had cobalt ray treatment in recent months for a throat condition believed to have been cancer. He was also weakened by a hernia operation three months ago.

His death was announced in a terse three-line communiqué from Buckingham Palace yesterday morning.

L A T E R Queen Elizabeth sent a cable to the widow saying she was grieved.

President Nixon at Moscow hailed the duke as "a man of noble spirit and high ideals for whom millions of Americans felt a deep respect and affection."

The duke's body lay throughout the day in his bedroom with the room locked. The duchess was in seclusion in her drawing room, with police on guard around the high walls of the estate.

The first great-grandchild of Queen Victoria, born while she was still on the throne in 1894, the duke as Prince of Wales served a long apprenticeship of duty to the Empire to prepare for his succession.

H E PAID repeated and dangerous visits to the front lines in World War I and, after the war, traveled throughout the British Empire, bringing the reality of the monarchy to the farthest outposts. It was also the chance for his adventurous spirit to explore the wilds of India and Africa.

There were signs of an independent will, but never of the determination that would plunge the empire into the traumas of abdication.

He acceded to the throne on the death of his father Jan. 20, 1936. Less than a year later, the king was in exile in France with his bride-to-be.

R E C E N T disclosures in the diaries of Lord Monckton, an intimate friend, showed he believed the duke had made up his mind as early as 1934 to marry her, despite the consequences.

As king, he was titular head of the Church of England—"defender of the faith"—and the church then forbade remarriage of divorcees.

His decision to marry Mrs. Simpson provoked a crisis in 1936 of then unprecedented proportions. It pitted him against the government of Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, the hierarchy of the Church of England and his own closest relatives.

There had been commoner queens in British history, but a divorced woman as queen was out of the question to the government, the church and Edward's mother.

BALDWIN gave the king an

they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

The duke returned to his country's service in World War II as governor of the Bahamas, at the instigation of Winston Churchill.

In the immediate postwar years the duke and duchess became the leaders of international social life, living in the United States and France.

T H E D U K E often made private visits to England, sometimes with the duchess, but was not received by the royal family until his brother, King George VI, died in 1952. The duke went to the funeral alone.

In December 1964, he underwent a serious heart operation performed by Dr. Michael De Bakey of Methodist Hospital, Houston, Tex. The duke recovered well, but the following February he went hurriedly to London for three operations on a detached retina in his left eye.

It was in his room in the London clinic that the first major step of reconciliation came. Queen Elizabeth came to visit, and the duchess was present.

In a rare television interview a few years ago, the duke said:

"I DON'T HAVE any regrets, but I take a great interest in my country . . . I wish it well."

On another occasion, also many years after his abdication he was asked if he had it to do over again, if he would still give up the throne.

"I certainly would," he replied. "I am a very happy man."

Lord Boothby, a close friend of the duke for many years, said: "He felt that he could not take on the burden of monarch without Mrs. Simpson by his side."

"He made that perfectly clear."

"I think the decision was the right one. The only matter for regret is that he could not come to live in this country with his wife and render great service to his brother—the late George VI—and his niece."

"THIS WAS a waste of a great talent and a great personality."

Despite his health problems, the duke remained active and alert. He was obliged to give up his golfing, a lifelong passion, but remained an ardent spectator at tournaments.

The duke and duchess still continued to accept invitations to private functions at Paris, and it was only in the last six weeks that his tall, slightly stooping figure was no longer seen by his neighbors in the Bois de Boulogne walking his two dogs.

He died amid growing feeling in Britain that the government should invite him to spend his last years in his homeland.

"IT IS NOT right that the duke should spend his last years in exile, whether self-imposed or not," declared Marcus Lipton, an opposition Laborite member of Parliament, in a motion May 20.

Yesterday Queen Elizabeth sent this telegram of condolence to the duchess:

"I am so grieved to hear of

the death of my uncle. Philip joins me in sending you our heartfelt sympathy. I know that my people will always remember him with gratitude and great affection and that his services to them in peace and war will never be forgotten. I am so glad that I was able to see him in Paris 10 days ago. Elizabeth r."

P R I M E M I N I S T E R Edward Heath concluded by saying: "It is with deep feelings of gratitude for his service to the nation that we offer our sympathy to the Duchess of Windsor and to all his family in their grievous loss."

of Wales and King Edward VIII.

"At home he demonstrated his concern for ordinary men and women and his determination that their lives should be made better. In all he did he sought to make monarchy less remote and more in tune with the needs and aspirations of his time."

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BALDWIN gave the king an ultimatum: give up his proposed marriage to Mrs. Simpson, or give up the throne. Winston Churchill and others backed the king, but Baldwin refused to budge and forced Edward to come to a choice.

On Dec. 10, 1936, Baldwin gave Edward's answer to the House of Commons: "This is my irrevocable decision . . . I have determined to renounce the throne."

The next day the king made a final radio broadcast to his people, saying: "You must believe me when I tell you that I have found it impossible . . . to discharge my duties as king, as I would wish to do, without the help and support of the woman I love."

Later in the speech, a moving one that is well-remembered by many, Edward said: "It may be some time before I return to my native land."

IN LATER YEARS he was to say in his memoirs: "I certainly married because I chose the path of love. But I abdicated because I chose the path of duty."

The duke and Mrs. Simpson went into exile in France, which was to be their home for most of the next 35 years, and were married privately at the Chateau du Cande, owned by an American industrialist, the late Charles E. Bedaux.

The only French journalist admitted to the ceremony was a young reporter from the Havas agency, Maurice Schumann — now French foreign minister.

Schumann said yesterday that "the ceremony was doubly moving: Firstly because of its intimate nature, secondly because of the presence of a 'dissident' clergyman who rose against the interdictions of the Anglican Church 'to unite the duke with his beloved.'

"I CAN STILL hear the murmuring that went through the little auditorium when the words were spoken, that in most marriage ceremonies pass unnoticed: 'If any man can show any just cause why

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1212.

LONDON, December 12 (A.P.)—The text of former King Edward's broadcast last night follows:

At long last I am able to say a few words of my own. I have never wanted to withhold anything, but until now it has not been constitutionally possible for me to speak.

A few hours ago I discharged my last duty as King and Emperor. And now that I have been succeeded by my brother, the Duke of York, my first words must be to declare allegiance to him. This I do with all my heart.

You know the reasons which have impelled me to renounce the throne, but I want you to understand that in making up my mind I did not forget the country or the empire which, as Prince of Wales and lately as King, I have for twenty-five years tried to serve.

But you must believe me when I tell you that I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and to discharge my duties as King, as I would wish to do, without the help and support of the woman I love.

And I want you to know that the decision I have made has been mine and mine alone.

This was a thing I had to judge entirely for myself. The other person most nearly concerned has tried up to the last to persuade me to take a different course.

I have made this, the most serious decision of my life, only upon the single thought of what would, in the end, be best for all.

This decision has been made less difficult to me by the sure knowledge that my brother, with his long training in the public affairs of this country and with his fine qualities, will be able to take my place forthwith without interruption or injury to the life and progress of the empire, and he has one matchless blessing, enjoyed by so many of you and not bestowed to me, a happy home with his wife and children.

During these hard days I have been comforted by Her Majesty, my mother, and by my family. The ministers of the crown and in particular Mr. Baldwin, the prime minister, have always treated me with full consideration.

There has never been any constitutional differences between me and them and between me and parliament.

Bred in the constitutional traditions by my father, I should never have allowed any such issue to arise.

Ever since I was Prince of Wales and, later on, when I occupied the throne, I have been treated with the greatest kindness by all classes of the people wherever I have lived or journeyed throughout the empire.

For that I am very grateful. I now quit altogether public affairs, and I lay down my burden.

It may be some time before I return to my native land, but I shall always follow the fortunes of the British race and empire with profound interest, and if at any time in the future I can be found of service to His Majesty in a private station, I shall not fail.

And now we all have a new King. I wish him and you, his people, happiness and prosperity, with all my heart.

God bless you all. God save the King.



Frank Colcord
Science Teacher
Sapulpa, Okla.

1915 - Died in Service
World War I - 1918.
Became engaged in
1917 when he visited
me at Lincolnville



3 + 4th grade 1898.



Lulu Kerr Ruth Bent
Pearl Ridenour Marie Vroman
Lulu Deal Georgie Spencer
Miss Bradley Jessie Simmins
Maud Glazier Bessie Adams
Lulu Adams 1901



graduated from 8th grade

Graduated High
Freebach School.



1906



1905 Edna Hocket
Lulu Deal



1905 Katie Freese
Clayton Dickover
Edna Hocket
Lulu Deal



Lincolnville
1919
Taught Eng + Hist
Joe Baker

↓
Taught
Urbana 1920
Eng + History



Iowa
922
+ hist.



Rockport Ind.
High School taught
1921 English + History

Rockport,
Ind.





ac 36

Heis No. 101

PATENTED
