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FRIDAY.....JANUARY 31, 1930

WHEN A BOY KNOWS MORE THAN HIS FATHER

Sometimes a boy DOES know more than his father.

Ours would have been a very different history if Abe Lincoln, age sixteen or so, had been guided by the wisdom of Thomas Lincoln, age thirty-six.

"Now, Abe," we can imagine him saying, "don't waste time readin' them books. Readin' never done me any good, and what was good enough for me's good enough for you."

Lincoln knew more than his father. It was a divine disobedience that led him to close his ears to the man who had brought him into the world, and open his heart to the vision that was to help him conquer the world.

The boy who has not some firm convictions and a willingness to defend them, even against the arguments of those older than himself, is not likely to amount to much.

But they must be convictions, not mere prejudices, not selfish impulses or passions.

I know two men who "knew more" than their fathers.

One boy is the office manager of a large manufacturing concern, and his salary is \$40 a week.

"Better go on in school," said the father to him when he was seventeen years old. "Better go to college; better get all the education you can while you have the chance."

"But the boy quit school and went to work."

"You see that man?" said the president of his concern to me the other day. "There is a man who might have become general manager of this business if he had had a college education. His salary might have been \$20,000 a year; instead it's \$2,000. He's reached his limit. What a shame that he hasn't education enough to go on."

He "knew more" than his father. And his boyish obstinacy is costing him \$18,000 a year.

"Keep yourself clean, my son," said the father of another boy. "You'll never regret it. And some day you'll thank heaven you did."

But the boy knew more than his father. He knew that every young man who is worth his salt must sow wild oats.

So he sowed right merrily. I saw him the other day. He came to me about getting a job.

I could not give him a job; no man could. God knows what will become of him.

Youth is the mainspring of the world.

It's insurgency, its inquisitiveness, its eagerness to try the untried and do the impossible, drives the world forward in spite of the conservatism of age.

Fortunate are those of us who recognize the divine importance of youth's cocksureness and conceit, and yet know how, gently and appreciatively, to temper it with the ripper judgment of added years.

DOUBTS THEORY OF PERSIAN FABLE

A pamphlet being distributed at State automobile shows by the Bureau of Motor Vehicles contains the following by Commissioner Benjamin G. Eynon, under the caption, "Don't Stop, Look or Listen."

"In the time of the Salpiths there lived a Grand Vizier concerning whom it was predicted that on a certain day he would meet with a fatal accident. Determined to avoid even the possibility of such a catastrophe he removed from the turmoils and activities of Stamboul to the quiet and seclusion of a mosque at Smyrna.

"On the fatal day the Death Angel was observed to be preparing for a journey, and when asked whither bound, replied that he had an important engagement at a distance.

"It is foreordained," he said, "that at Smyrna today the Grand Vizier is to die."

"Having heard the story of the Grand Vizier a great proportion of the population of the United States is apparently convinced that to stop, look and listen is useless; therefore it walks and drives unconcernedly into danger.

"On the other hand, some of us know that accidents do happen and are not foreordained, but are caused by the carelessness of motor car operators and pedestrians."

This Week

by Arthur Brisbane

Many-Car Families. Only \$150,000 a Year. Sending Slang to Sweden. A Giant Motor.

TO know that the world is small, come to the edge of the Pacific and talk to New York friends as easily as though they were in the same room. Or call London and talk, unconscious of the fact that your voice, transformed into an electric impulse, flashes across the Atlantic Ocean in less than a sixtieth of a second through the ether.

Next, to realize that the world, this country especially, is big, explore the map on your railroad time table and look for Tucson, Arizona. You find it a couple of inches away from Los Angeles, and decide to drive there some afternoon to investigate the much praised climate, which Colonel Boyce Thompson says is the best on this or any other planet.

You discover the distance is seven hundred miles, and decide to take one of Paul Shoup's Southern Pacific trains, that makes the trip in a night.

This glorious coast from Seattle to San Diego, the land of good roads, faces a family problem less acute in other parts of the country. The problem is "which cars shall go into the garage, which shall be parked in the driveway?" Here, the two-car, three-car and four-car family is the rule.

A family with only one car is primitive.

A lady stockholder in the Fox Film Company complains that "William Fox paid himself a salary of \$150,000." If that's true, Mr. Fox, like a distinguished servant of the East India Company, must be amazed at his own moderation.

One company that he controls pays each of two managers three times \$150,000. And moving picture stars hired by him get \$150,000 for one picture.

Even humble newspaper employees get more than that modest \$150,000 salary. It isn't what you are paid, but what you produce that counts.

Charley Chaplin has not made up his mind about the "talkies," although friends assure him that he would talk as well as he walks. He will come to the microphone in time.

Meanwhile he wants to give up comedy and play Napoleon, Hamlet and Svengali. Chaplin is a genius and would play the parts well. But to nine-nine out of one hundred it would be Svengali, Hamlet and Napoleon playing Charley Chaplin.

Millions that are vague about Napoleon know Chaplin and would recognize him in any disguise.

The sale of radio sets tells the tale of American prosperity. Sixty thousand in 1922, 10,000,000 in American families now. So says W. D. Terrell, radio chief of the Department of Commerce. Eight years ago 75,000 listened in, now more than 40,000,000 listen.

President Hoover was up before 5 o'clock in the morning to hear King George's speech.

A photograph of King George reading the speech was sent under the ocean by Western Union cable, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific over the telephone wires. And, because of difference in time, newspaper presses in California were printing the photograph several hours before the King uttered it on the same day in London.

Sweden, you are told, is becoming rapidly Americanized by American moving pictures, and especially by "talkies." American slang is heard everywhere in Stockholm, such as "Oh, Hello, Baby," and other extracts from American shorthand English.

It might be desirable to transplant a different sort of English language. But talking pictures will surely do more than Shakespeare, Milton and Gibbon combined, to spread the English language over the globe.

The English are building a speed automobile, described as "enormous and terrifying in appearance." With an engine of 4,000 horsepower, it is expected to break the world's speed record of 231.36 miles an hour. In spite of its great length, 25 feet, the giant car, rising only three and a half feet above the ground, weighs only 11,000 pounds. It has two wide fins at the rear end, like those of a dirigible. Its twelve cylinders, cast in aluminum, are lined with a very light metal.

This is all interesting, for it means engine improvements that will be utilized in airplane construction later. They are useless on the ground.

The thing that interests the average man is to get the kind of automobile that will get him where he wants to go and bring him back, and that every man should do, rather than admit that his time is worth nothing.

Airplane travel rates drop rapidly. You fly from Los Angeles to San Francisco, 400 air miles, returning in a Southern Pacific sleeper, for \$38, round trip.

The T. A. T.-Maddux Air Line reports loads ninety to ninety-five per cent capacity. Eighteen planes added to the service to provide for increased business.

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HEARD AROUND THE CORNER

OLD TIMER CALLS

The writer had the pleasure of having John C. Wilson, noted fox hunter of Dallas township, call at the Post and enjoyed talking about old times with him. John has not hunted for as much lately as he would like to, but when one approaches eighty he does not feel like tramping over hill and dale, day in and day out.

John, however, still is quite active and over a game of dominoes shows exceptional skill. We can also verify that. John also spoke strongly of the trapping which is being done lately. It seems that persons, and we presume they are mostly youngsters, delight in setting traps and give little thought to placing them. Some time ago Mr. Wilson's dog was caught in a trap and considerable difficulty was experienced in releasing its leg. Trappers, says John, should place their traps where they will not be encountered by man or dog. Mr. Wilson is one of the old school and though he loves to hunt foxes, he's a good sportsman and hates the cruelty inflicted on animals by modern steel traps.

YES, A SLEIGHING PARTY

If one endeavored to fill the news columns with "a sleighing party visited town" some ten years or more ago it would hardly be considered as news.

Today with the automobile so handy, it is a rare sight to see Old Dobbin drawing a sled load of happy, care-free youngsters enjoying the winter snows.

During the week just past we noticed a sleighing party going through Dallas and on last Sunday evening a fine gray mare was hauling an old-time cutter which had a merry couple in it.

In the old days, when the old Raulb Hotel was doing a fine business, one could get a group of people together in Wilkes-Barre, hire a sled and drive over the snow to Dallas. There they could enjoy a fine chicken and waffle dinner or one of the famed beef steak dinners—that was the life!

It seems that the young folk of today, with their automobiles, moonshine, syncoated-gin, modern ways and freedom, do not really enjoy themselves as they did years ago. Of course, there is a fascination to these days, but the olden days are still gratefully remembered.

DOMINOES

We noticed that our Independent scribe tells about the good domino players in Dallas. Dallas always was noted for its domino players. We recall when the boys used to gather in Mame Fleming's place ten years or so ago. The familiar players at that time were John Wilson, F. F. Morris, Frank Perrego, the late Oliver Fisher, George Stroh of the township, Marve Riley and many others. When he was staying in town during the summer, sometimes George R. Wright dropped in and his skill was most noticeable.

SEVEN UP

One of the best "Seven Up" or "Cinch" players in this section is Sherman Hildebrandt, and when Del Honeywell, Mert Coolbaugh, Frank Morris and the writer get together we think that Sperm is up against the finest, but even this formidable array of players does not seem to phase him inasmuch as Sherman continues to take more than his share of the games.

COUNTY SUPERINTENDENCY

It seems that the question of "who will be the next county superintendent of schools" is creating quite a bit of talk hereabouts and especially down Kingston township way.

At this writing Kingston township will furnish two candidates for the position in the persons of Professor A. P. Cope, present superintendent, and Zilba R. Howell, supervising principal of Kingston township schools.

Messrs. Appleton, Schooley, Hay, Hill and Nichols are "up in the air" as to "Who's Who." At this writing we would say it stands two for Cope, two for Howell, with Appleton favoring Prof. Williams of Warrior Run, who might possibly be a candidate.

Local borough directors have not been quoted, but it is a toss-up whether or not they will vote as a unit or divide their votes between Cope and Howell. In Lake township it seems Fowell is in the lead.

HEAVEN OVER THE SIDE

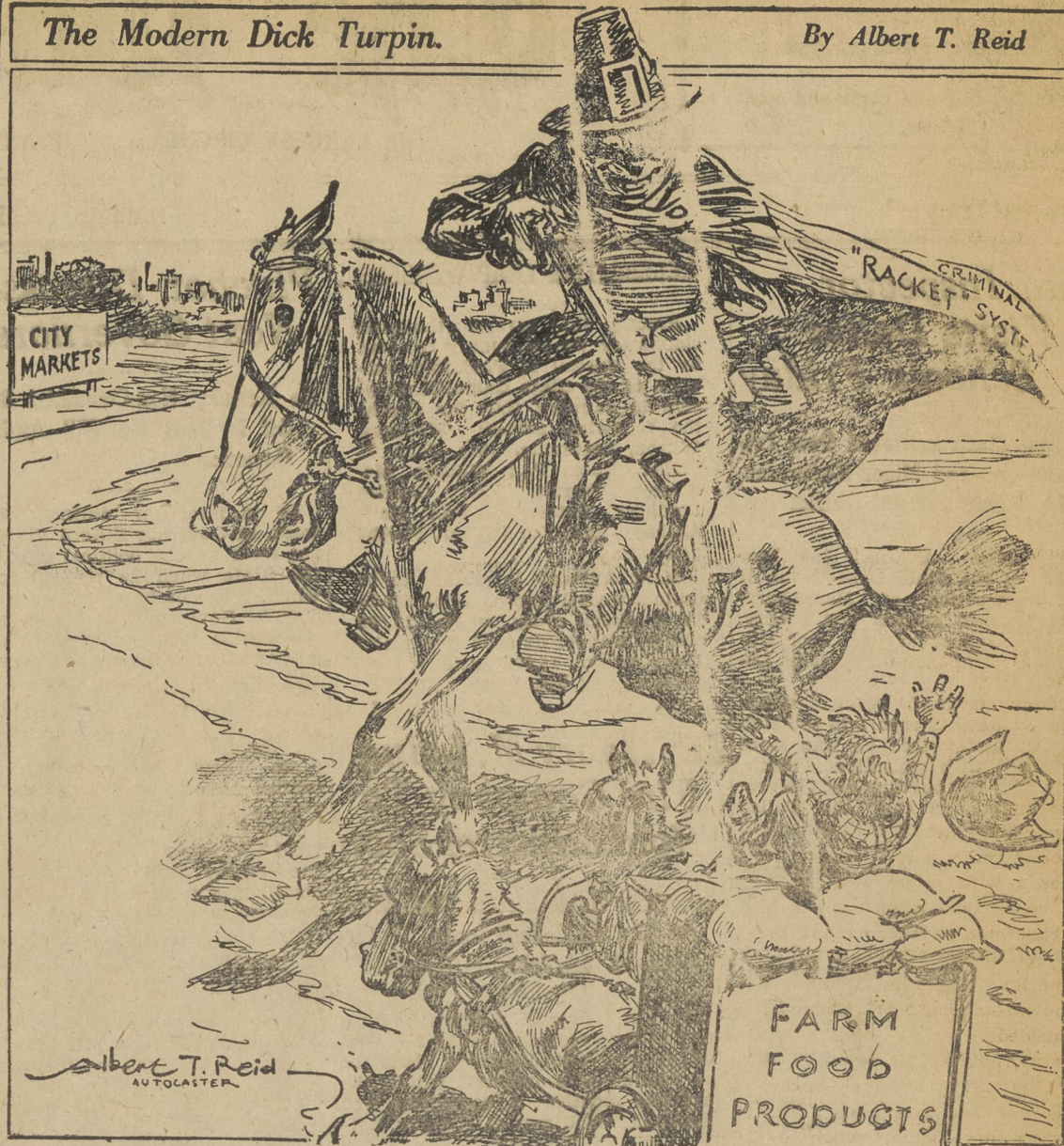
Last Saturday night we heard that a Dallas young man started on a sea trip. At least we heard stories about him heaven' it over the side.

A. C. DEVENS

During the past week we strolled over to the old Dallas Milling Company plant, where A. C. Devens of Kunkle is now conducting a feed business in connection with his mill at Kunkle. To see two truck loads of feed leave the place in the space of twenty minutes made it look like old time. Ott is a hustler and if there is any business in this section he will get it, as he gives first class service along with a good price.

The Modern Dick Turpin.

By Albert T. Reid



THE WEEK'S DOINGS

In payment for rich coal veins located 300 feet under the Susquehanna river, below Hotel Sterling, in Wilkes-Barre, a check for \$128,385.77, drawn by the Glen Alden Coal Company in favor of W. W. Amsbry estate, was recently deposited in the First and Farmers National Bank of Montross. It was the largest check ever presented at that bank for deposit. The payment was for 215 acres sold to the company by the John Mitchell estate. This property was originally secured by the John Mitchell estate through patents from the State of Pennsylvania, the land, not having been previously owned by anyone. The deed of the property was signed by the governor of Pennsylvania.

Danville State Hospital for Mental Diseases this month started its fifty-eighth year of service to the public of the twenty-two counties of its hospital district. There are more than 1,700 patients in the hospital and 200 under furlough. The furloughed patients report regularly in the clinics established throughout the district. The hospital is carrying out a ten-year building program which will increase its capacity to 3,500 patients by 1935. In 1881 the main buildings were destroyed by fire.

Boys smoking in a wood shed near the home of Mrs. J. Moore, a widow of Cambra, set fire to the outbuilding and soon the house was threatened. Neighbors and volunteer firemen summoned by telephone, put the fire out with snow and water from the well before the widow's home was damaged.

Famed Wyoming county justice moves fast. On Saturday a week ago, Andrew Hall of Dimock, in company with two companions was arrested at Falls, Wyoming county, for violation of the prohibition laws. The following Tuesday he was fined \$100 and costs and sentenced to Wyoming county jail for three months. There would be more respect for all laws if similar justice were carried out in every county of the nation.

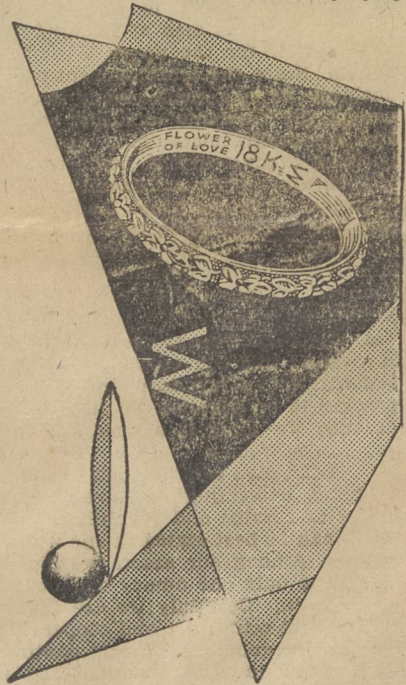
A boy of sixteen years, lost in the mountains of Las Vegas and Santa Fe, New Mexico, was found after nine days, dead from starvation and exposure. A little nondescript dog was standing guard over the boy's body. The cur was half famished and nearly dead from exhaustion—but faithfully maintained his vigil. Why should the name, DOG, be used as an opprobrious epithet? The faithfulness of this wonderful animal deserves better. If the human body were as faithful, loyal and unselfish as the dog family this would be a far better world.

STUDENT MINISTER RECEIVES CALL

Donald L. Warmouth, a resident of Shavertown for a number of years, has been called to the pastorate of Pleasantdale Presbyterian church, West Orange, N. J.

Mr. Warmouth entered Drew Seminary, Madison, N. J., last fall to prepare for the ministry. He was graduated from Kingston township schools and Wyoming Seminary. Members of Shavertown M. E. Church have heard Mr. Warmouth preach on a number of occasions in the absence of their regular preacher.

"FLOWER OF LOVE" WEDDING RINGS...



Token of purest love— wrought of purest gold or platinum, the "Flower of Love" Wedding Ring symbolizes, at once, man's dearest devotion and woman's unerring good taste. Delicately and exquisitely hand carved with the design of an orange blossom wreath.

H. E. Freeman JEWELER LUZERNE

Every Home Without Electricity Made a BRIGHTER-BETTER PLACE TO LIVE with this new INSTANT LIGHT Aladdin



Aladdin's good news for all homes that use kerosene for lighting. This new Aladdin makes it possible for them to have light of even better quality than electric and at less cost. It also over four times as efficient as the best open flame lamp—saving its cost in a few months. This Modern White Light of a quality next to night from kerosene is a modern miracle. Homes once dark and dingy now made bright and cheerful. Over seven million people enjoy its comforts. Note the many desirable features.

Ask Your Dealer To demonstrate this new Aladdin. If he cannot supply you write to us for full information. Mantle Lamp Company of America 609 W. Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois

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