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An independent newspaper devoted to the great suburban and agricultural district of the Greater West Side, comprising Dallas and twenty-seven surrounding communities.

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**THE DALLAS POST PROGRAM**  
The Dallas Post will lend its support to all projects which will help this community and the great rural-suburban territory which it serves to attain the following major improvements:

1. A free library located in the Dallas region.
2. Better and adequate street lighting in Trucksville, Shavertown, Fernbrook and Dallas.
3. Sanitary sewage disposal system for Dallas.
4. Closer cooperation between Dallas borough and surrounding townships.
5. Consolidated high schools and better cooperation between those that now exist.
6. The appointment of a shade tree commission to supervise the protection and see to the planting of shade trees along the streets of Dallas, Shavertown, Trucksville and Fernbrook.
7. The formation of a Back Mountain Club made up of business men and homeowners interested in the development of local institutions, the organization of new ones and the development of a community consciousness in Dallas, Trucksville, Shavertown and Fernbrook.
8. A modern concrete highway leading from Dallas and connecting the Sullivan Trail at Tunkhannock.
9. The elimination of petty politics from Dallas borough council and all school boards in the region covered by The Dallas Post.
10. And all other projects which help to make the Back Mountain section a better place to live in.

We are indebted to William Baird of Trucksville for the following items which were published in the Dallas Weekly Post of twenty years ago. Mr. Baird dropped into our office recently and left a number of old copies of The Post which he had saved through the years. We hope our readers get as much interest out of reading these items reprinted here as we did when we came upon them in the old yellow copies of The Post of twenty years ago. The issue from which these items were taken was that of May 14, 1910.

**EDITOR.**

Samuel Bulford of Dallas has filed papers for Democratic State delegate, and solicits the vote and support of his friends at the primary election to be held June 4.

J. H. Anderson, editor of the Dallas Weekly Post, announces his candidacy for Republican nomination for Representative in the General Assembly.

On Tuesday evening, May 17, the Dallas band will give a concert under the direction of Harry Runyon, leader, in the new hall of the Dallas Hardware Company. Ladies will be admitted free.

Judge Fuller in an opinion handed down Monday quashed the indictment returned against Lehman township for maintaining a road nuisance, for various errors in the procedure, namely, that the constable did not return the road as a nuisance, although a paper describing the road as bad was attached to his return.

During the year closing April 1, 1910, the Ladies' Aid Society of Dallas M. E. church has cleared \$150.56 zaar, \$47.35 from dues and \$47.35 for from Aid supper, \$29.98 from the baserving the soldiers' supper.

The Trexler and Turrell Lumber Co. have started bark peeling on South Mountain.

Gordon Shook is on his way home from the Philippine Islands, where he has been engaged in teaching the past three years. He is coming by way of the Suez Canal and will spend some time in London, England.

Fishermen as far as heard from are meeting with very little success in capturing the speckled beauties.

Elmer Kocher and sister Ruth spent Sunday with Henry Kunkle and family of Stull.

Six girls and two boys, ranging in their ages from 16 to 19 years, were drowned while boating on a dam at Huntington Mills, Huntington township, about six miles west of Shickshinny, Thursday afternoon between 1 to 2 o'clock. Four other boys in the party had a narrow escape from a like fate. All twelve were pupils at the Huntington Independent school. Three were members of the senior class to graduate next Thursday. Within the memory of the oldest residents of that section of the county no happening so tragic and so widespread in its sorrowful effects has ever occurred to stir to such a deep sense of grief and calamity the four or five communities where households have been stricken.

All of the victims come from well known families. Several of them have relatives in this part of the country.

A scow and a boat held the party of happy school boys and girls that left shortly after dinner yesterday for an informal afternoon's outing on the dam. The scow in which half the party were, sprang a leak. It began to fill with water and the occupants became frightened. Ruth Bowman,

**HEARD AROUND THE CORNER**

**Mud Slings Start**  
The political mud slinging for which the State organization is noted, started the fireworks the middle of the week when they opened up an attacked John T. Kmetz, candidate for Congress, in a gross misleading advertisement.

The Kehoe-Langan-Burns-Fine organization, which is backing Turpin for Congress, will assure many wet votes of the county turning in for Turpin, notwithstanding the fact that Congressman Turpin votes dry when in Congress, but "otherwise" when in his home district.

**State Senator Contest**  
The contest for State Senator between Andrew J. Sordani and Adrian Jones of West Hazleton seems to be going along very smoothly with very little if any fireworks. It seems that both Senator Sordani and Attorney Jones feel too confident, as very little active work seems to be in evidence.

**Borough Quiet**  
For a change, borough politics seem to be unusually quiet the past few weeks with very little comment being heard around the corner. If borough council would start active work on their resurfacing of the borough roads which are planned for this year instead of waiting until mid-summer when traffic is heaviest, much could be done. A good road program for the borough will be more beneficial to the taxpayers than anything council has in mind.

**School Directors to Elect Teachers**  
The list of school teachers to serve the Dallas borough school district for next year, while not completed, will show very few changes. The directors will announce the list of teachers within the next ten days.

**-Noxen-**

Miss Ora B. Miller spent the week-end at Binghamton, N. Y. Mrs. Lewis Hackling and Dorothy Cragie were recent visitors at Wilkes-Barre.

R. S. Crosby has returned from a two weeks' business trip in New York City.

Mrs. J. T. Evans of Kingston, Mrs. D. J. Gilmore of Binghamton, N. Y., spent several days visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. Thomas and Mr. and Mrs. and Mrs. L. L. Loveland.

Mr. and Mrs. Shelby Dismick of Scranton were recent callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Crosby.

The Noxen high school baseball team defeated unkhannock high school in a fast played game on the home diamond Tuesday afternoon. A feature of the game was the pitching of "Pete" Palmer and the fine team work of the local boys. The team was in danger several times but they showed their fighting spirit and cut off their opponents' chances. Final score was 5-4.

Miss May Benjamin was pleasantly surprised by friends recently in honor of her birthday anniversary at her home on River street. Games and music were enjoyed. A dainty lunch was served to about forty guests.

(Continued on Page 4)

who later met death, was so overcome with fright that she fainted. The boys realizing now the seriousness of the situation, hurried to the assistance of those in the other boat. The two small crafts were drawn close together and an attempt was made to transfer the girls into the row boat.

All got in this boat but the weight was too heavy and it shipped water, precipitating the panic-stricken young people into the deep water of the dam. The distance to shore was no great but less than half the number thrown overboard could swim and they were except for the heroic effort of one of seriously encumbered by their clothing. Help was not near at hand and the boys, who, after reaching shore, swam back and sacrificed his life trying to rescue one of the drowning girls. No attempt was made at rescue until all hope of saving any of the ill-fated party was driven away by the hand of death.

**The Dead**

Ruth Bonham, aged 17, daughter of Mrs. Ambrose Bonham, Town Line.  
Irish Davenport, aged 17, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Davenport, Water-ton.

Madeline Good, aged 16, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Good, Waterton.  
Rachel Thompson, aged 16, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Thompson, Town Line.

Ray Dodson, aged 16, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Dodson, Fairmount township.

Robert Minnich, aged 19, son of Mrs. John H. Minnich, Koonsville.  
Maude Sutliff, aged 18, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hester Sutliff, Town Line.

Carolyn Koons, aged 17, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest B. Koons, of Harveyville.

Those who escaped are:  
George Dodson, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Dodson, Fairmount township, brother of one of the boys drowned.  
Jay Koons, son of Mrs. Ernest B. Koons, brother of one of the girls drowned.

Darius Whitesell of Town Line.  
Charles Bell, of Fairmount township.

**This Week**

by ARTHUR BRISBANE

**Successful Miss Hollins  
Mr. Wells' Chimpanzee  
Multiply by 10 and 3  
Mother Jones**

A million young women, burning with the desire to be "independent," although nobody is independent, will be interested in Miss Marion Hollins. Years ago she was champion female golfer. Now she takes her place in big business as an able "oil woman." She made up her mind that if men could do it, she could; went into oil financing and a recent sale netted her \$2,500,000.

Did you read E. G. Wells' interesting statement about the higher apes? They can "think ahead" a little. No other animal except man, not even monkeys with tails, can do it.

Without being taught, a chimpanzee will take one stick, insert it in the hollow of another stick, and with the added length, draw a banana into his cage.

Since the beginning of time no other animal but man could think as much as that.

Consider what man does now, weighing the stars, measuring electrons inside of an atom. And only twelve thousand years ago he was using sharp flints for weapons, not far ahead, mentally, of the chimpanzee. What will he do 10,000,000 years hence?

Great naval display in New York recently. As this was written, a huge gray battleship was slowly moving up the narrow East River, just outside the window, between Manhattan and Brooklyn.

Hundreds of Marines stood rigid, at the rail, great guns tilted upward, for greater distance.

On either side small tugs steamed along, protectingly, like boy scouts accompanying an old lady.

If war came, that battleship would need all possible protection. Bombs from the air or torpedoes from submarines would sink it, before the Marines could put on their life preservers—if they have any. Such a ship, with its thousands of men, is a fifty million dollar target for an airplane with a crew of two or three.

As the great ships paraded, one hundred and forty naval war planes, magnificently handled, flew overhead, in perfect formation. Every ship below them would have been at their mercy in real war.

And the 140 fighting airships cost less than one-third the price of one first-class battleship.

Multiply the 140 fighting planes by ten, multiply the result by three, and you will not quite equal the air fleet of France. That fact, as Lord Beaverbrook has remarked, makes England polite to France.

It might, at least, make this country wake up.

News from Burma tells of many deaths, by earthquake and tidal wave. Ancient pagodas were rocked to destruction. From the top of one, the Shwe-dagon Pagoda, there fell a huge weather vane, of solid gold, said to be worth \$1,200,000.

Many devout Burmans doubtless asked themselves what particular god had become annoyed, just what had annoyed him and how he could be placated.

In very ancient times human sacrifices might have been offered in the belief that the right god would graciously accept them. And the victims, before having their throats cut, would be ordered to take humble messages of propitiation to the higher regions.

Educated Burmans know that it was only this old earth, trying to settle down into permanent shape. That process will continue for thousands of centuries.

On the little island of Elba, off the Italian coast, a small group celebrated the 109th anniversary of Napoleon's death at St. Helena, prisoner of Britain.

Elba, Napoleon's first island prison, remembered his death with solemn high mass, and distribution of bread to the poor, using money supplied by Prince Demidoff in his will.

The word "Enough" did not exist in Napoleon's vocabulary. He intended to use France as a base, as Alexander had used Macedonia, and establish his real empire in Asia as Alexander had done. Quite seriously he planned his future as a convert to Islam, riding around on an elephant.

It is wise to have that word enough conspicuous in your mind.  
Some Wall Street mourners know that.

Mother Jones, who celebrated her 100th birthday, has been all her life fighting for working people and their unions, for better pay, shorter hours. She has not lost faith or enthusiasm, even when prosperous times and good pay made men neglect their unions.

The day of individual fighters, like Mother Jones, has gone. Modern unions, able to buy office buildings worth twenty millions, as one did recently in New York, are run on a big scale.

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**Singing In the Rain**

By Albert T. Reid



**GUNMAN'S BLUFF**  
BY Edgar Wallace  
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(Continued from Last Week)

The door had hardly closed upon the servant before he was at Margaret's desk. It was unlocked, and in one of the side drawers he knew she invariably kept two check books. They were there, as he had expected—one half empty, one unused. From the end of the latter he tore a dozen checks, slipped them in his pocket and closed the desk, before he rang the bell.

"I don't think I will wait: I'll call back in an hour. My business isn't so pressing, and I've just thought of some calls I had to make."

Within half an hour of leaving he was back with Connor and laid the checks before him. Mr. Connor asked no questions, nor was there any necessity.

"You're going to make him sign these? Shall I come along with you?" Connor grinned.

"I don't think that's a clever idea," he said. "You'll get your corner, Danty."

He could not approach the barge in broad daylight, for he knew that he was under police observation. As soon as it was dark he slipped down the stream and clambered aboard the craft, carrying with him a basket of food and a vacuum flask of hot tea. The light which he had left had burned itself out. Luke was half sleeping on the bed that had been prepared for him, but the rush of cold, fresh air awakened him.

Connor switched on an electric lamp he was carrying and put it on the floor, with one or two refills.

"Here's your food," he said. "I'm sorry to have kept you so long, but I hope you've got more intelligence now than you had when I left you. And here are the kites; I'd like you to fill them in in your own hand."

Luke reached for the food and ate ravenously. He was feeling hungry, and his vitality was at its lowest ebb. The hot tea probably revived him more than the food, and he was almost cheerful when he swept the last crumbs from his knees.

"Now, what are your kites?" he said. "Oh, checks! You want me to fill them up and sign them—for what fabulous amounts? You can make it a million if you like, but I can assure you that they will not be honored. I think I told you before that all my money is in my wife's name."

"In that case we'll have a little joke," said Connor, not taking his eyes from his prisoner. "You'll make each of these checks out for ten thousand, and date 'em a week apart. If you want to stay longer than ten weeks you can date 'em a month apart, or, if you'd like to get away in a few days, you can sign one check for a hundred thousand pounds and you can write a letter to your bank manager telling him the kite's got to be honored."

Before he had finished, Luke was laughing.

"I've got a very keen sense of humor," he said, "but it doesn't strike me as being a joke for a banker to draw checks on a debit account."

Connor pulled up a stool and sat down.

"Let's have this thing right," he said. "You know me, you know my name; I've put myself in for a ten-year sentence, probably longer. I'd as soon hang as sped my life in Broadmoor, and that's just the risk I'm taking, Mr. Maddison. I'll plug you and drop you over the side, or you'll do as I ask. You're a sensible man and I'm putting the case to you. I can't let you go without the money."

He drew the stool a little closer. "I've been battling for years at this river work and gang work, and what do you think I've got to show for it? The lease of an old wharf that's not worth a monkey; about a couple of thousand planted away in country banks, and the certainty that sooner or later one of my rats will squeak on me. I've got a chance now of getting away with big money—you've got the chance of clearing yourself. I'll make a signed statement, giving the facts about the Tiffany smash—is it a bet?"

It was not a moment for heroics. Luke realized this very definitely. He had no doubt in his mind that in the last extremity Connor would keep his word. There would lie the end of all things. It was not a moment to snap fingers. It was not a moment to snap fingers in the face of fate. Connor had put the situation on a business basis, and this was not the time to consider the niceties of business etiquette. If he drew a check and it were presented, he had no doubt in his mind that the check would not be met; inquiries would be set afoot, and possibly he would be traced.

"I think it's foolish to attempt to put in a check for ten thousand," he said. "The amount is so big that, even I had the money, Stiles would be suspicious. I'm willing to make a compromise—I'll give you a check for five thousand pounds. If that is honored—which it will not be—your luck is in, and you had better clear before there are inquiries. Obviously no bank manager in his sense would pay a hundred thousand pounds without communicating with the man who drew the checks."

He saw Connor smile.

"That's the stuff I like to hear," said the man. "That's intelligent. Where are you supposed to be—in Spain, aren't you?"

Luke frowned.

"I suppose I am. Why?"

"We'll draw this five thousand, and then you and me will go to Spain together—I'll get you away tonight."

The scheme did not even seem check and handed it to the other.

feasible to Luke, but he made no comment. He wrote and signed the

"And now," said Luke, "I'd like a little fresh air. This place is stifling me."

Connor hesitated.

"Come up on deck, but if there's any monkey business, I may have to do something I shall be sorry for."

A few seconds later Luke sat on the edge of the hatchway, sucking in the cool, sweet air.

For ten minutes he sat in silence, then rose onto the deck and stretched his cramped limbs.

"If I promised not to leave the barge, or attempt to attract attention, would you leave the hatch open, Mr. Connor?"

Connor's laugh was his answer.

"Don't be silly! That word of honor stuff doesn't mean a thing to me."

"I'm glad," said Luke. "If you had accepted my word it might have been very embarrassing."

As he spoke, his hand shot out, and Connor went sprawling into the hatch. Before he could recover, Luke had reached the edge of the barge and without a glance had plunged in and was striking out for midstream.

He heard no sound but the patter of footsteps on the hollow hatches, and then a voice giving urgent instructions. Connor must have a rowboat moored alongside, he decided. The tide had already swept him clear of the barge; it was running strongly, and there was nothing nearer to him than a line of moored lighters in the center of the river. To make for these, however, would be to invite discovery. He struck back toward the shore.

As he did so, he saw a shape come round the bow of the barge. Connor had come in a motor launch. It moved too quickly to be anything else. There was only one thing to do. He drew a lungful of air and dived to-day the launch, swimming hard against the tide. He seemed to be under water for an eternity; his lungs and head were bursting when he came to the surface, coming up just under the stern of the launch, so close that the whirling little propeller seemed to touch his hair.

Neither of the two men in the launch had seen him. He just caught the silhouette of their heads and shoulders peering over the side, and then he sank again.

He was lamentably weak; his effort could not be long sustained. He had to come again to the surface, and was relieved to see no sign of the launch. As he trod water he saw it, making for the lighters in mid-stream. He was now twenty yards from a barge moored to a wharf, and striking out he caught the mooring chain and recovered his breath before he attempted to reach land.

He was too weak to climb up to the barge; the only thing he could do was to complete his journey to the shore, and with infinite labor he succeeded at last, wading through mud up to his knees until he came to the blank face of a warehouse. There seemed no escape here. Looking back over his shoulder, he saw the launch returning. Somebody was fanning the water with an electric torch, and escape seemed impossible.

It was at that moment he heard a hoarse voice hail him from the barge.

"Give us your hand."

He reached up and found it gripped.

"Catch hold of the top of the pile," whispered the voice cheerfully, and groping upward Luke found a hold

(Continued from Page 6)