The Dallas Post

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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 and offers the use of its columns 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.

"TAWZA SOBS IN CHAIR"

"TAWZA SOBS IN CHAIR"—with these blatant headlines a Wilkes-Barre newspaper announced the electrocution at Western Penitentiary of Frank Tawza, dual slayer of Thomas Kroskoskey, chief of police of Luzerne Borough, and A. J. Kaufer, Plains merchant.

For weeks prior to Tawza's march to the death chair other Wilkes-Barre newspapers played up in emotional headlines and sob stories the intimate details of Tawza's life as he awaited death.

Crime makes good stories; death makes better ones; approaching electrocution of a murderer makes the best stories.

One Wilkes-Barre newspaper, following the usual method of giving the readers what they want, played up every detail of the electrocution and then in an excellent editorial called attention to its readers that they, like Tawza, were murderers.

It is an unfortunate situation in the world and in America. that capital punishment plays a part in the laws of society. It is a vestige of medieval times, a hang-over of the days of barbarism. "An eye for an eye, "a tooth for a tooth." Alive or dead, Tawza is no less the criminal. Society, as the State, has taken Tawza's life. It is an easy way out, an easy way of passing the buck. But society has not solved the problem of crime nor will it solve it if every murderer ends his career in the electric chair.

Society must eliminate the causes of crime before it cures the effects. So long as large families are bred and reared in poverty and ignorance, so long as slums exist, so long, as in some localities, the sneak thief, bootlegger, town bully and pickpocket are looked upon as heroes; so long as passion and greed play a part in human emotions, there will be criminals and murderers.

Capital punishment removes one criminal at a time, while our great cities and slums breed them by the thousands each year.

How then shall we control crime?

For the present, at least, capital punishment is perhaps necessary. But no method of crime control can be effective until it becomes a method of crime prevention; until it eliminates the tremendous waste of life and money which emanates from crime.

Crime prevention and not punishment for crime, is the place where society must begin to solve its problem. The elimination of politics and the appointment of trained men in the study and treatment of criminals would do much toward working out an effective method of crime prevention. Speedy, unhampered justice, the careful observation of the first offender, the elimination of ignorance through the establishment of proper schools for delinquent children, the prevention of unrestricted breeding by unfit parents and a host of other common-sense innovations would go a long way toward the elimination of crime.

If society would take as sane and scientific an outlook toward the breeding, training, care and protection of its children as it takes toward the breeding and care of its prize horses and pigs, crime would soon play a much smaller place in the live of hundreds of Americans.

SUN BATHING

Sun is still the friend of the young—and the old—and while we don't hear quite so much about the importance of being as brown as a berry this Summer, still most of the adherents to the healthful benefits of old sol's companionship are doing a good deal of talking about sun bathing.

In fact most of the fashion magazines talk equally about water and sun bathing, and the children are being taken into great consideration in the matter of "sun suits." Sometimes the whole sun suit is made of a highly translucent, porous and absorbent material, like durened cotton. Sometimes the shirt (usually backless) is of translucency, while the trunks or skirt are of wool.

AN HONEST ADMISSION

"What are we going to do when the timber all plays out," has been a question that has been exercising the minds of thoughful people for a good many years. The timber line has moved further and further West and South. The answer seems to come from a source that cannot be disputed. "Substitutes" says the National Lumber Manufacturers Association, "are growing in favor while lumber is declining in favor. The substitutes that are used for the betterment of acoustics and insulation and which are made principally from waste sugarcane have lightened the problems of builders and eased the minds of the public, which finds that such materials together with cement, brick and stone help to solve many building problems.

Radio Topics

FULFILLMENT

There is a curious old chap that hangs around the various broadcasting stations. Grey-haired, with water blue eyes, and a broken nose, he resembles an ex-pug, long past his prime. He is obsessed with only one idea— that through the tremendous power of the radio he will be able to get his message to the world. A message of peace of abstinence from strife. He intended to give his own life. his experiences as an example. Of course, they cannot let him have even a second on the air.

And there he sits in the waiting rooms day after day. When an offical appears he begs for a chance to broadcast his message that will redeem the world from sin and impurity. Sometimes it is only an office boy or a page he has for an audience.

The other day a more kind hearted studio manager took pity on the old fellow. He took him to an empty studio, carefully disconnected the "mike" and then got an announcer to announce the old boy.

For two and three quarters hours he gave his "message" to the world and then went home—at last happy and contented.

The Amos 'n' Andy influence is now affecting the textile industry. Recently, several mills in Gastonia, N. C. granted an unusual request in changing the working hours so that the operatives could get home in tiime to hear the pair.

DID YOU KNOW—

That Georgie Hicks, newest N.B.C. announcer, keeps a dummy mike beside his bed to practice with!

That Rudy Vallee's newest contract calls for a salary of $22,000 a week?

That Will Rogers never met the announcer, David Ross or the orchestra leader, Freddie Rich, of his radio hour until he broadcasted from the New York studios of C.B.S. recently?

OUTDOOR ROMANCE GREAT SPECTACLE

Spectacle, rousing action, tense suspense, compelling romance, all combine to make "The Light of Western Stars," with Richard Arlen, great entertainment. Like "The Virginian," it is a master outdoor picture, filmed on authentic locations with every detail true to the historic background on which its characters act. "The Light of Western Stars" will show at the Himmler theater on July 8 and 9.

This picture is the first Zane Grey story to be filmed with dialog. In it, the he-man heroes and danger-defying women of the West step from the pages of the famous novel, act their gripping drama, and talk. Imagine the great Zane Grey pictures, "The Wanderer of the Wasteland" and others, with the true-to-life characters speaking the Zane Grey lines. "The Light of Western Stars" is the gripping story of the west in which the last desperate stand of banded outlawry on the American frontier is authentically pictured.

This Week

by ARTHUR BRISBANE

Providence Provides
Two Great Corpses
Cradle Training
Time to Advertise

The kindness of Providence supplies us with things when we need them. The ravens fed Elijah.

After the Napoleonic wars, Europe, heavily in debt, faced long poverty.

Then came steam power, debts were paid, prosperity was great.

Kings and nobles in steel armor enjoyed leading miserable peasants to war. The latter were left dead, the nobles in their armor rode back. Then gun powder and bullets went through the armor, nobles and kings went home, wars became less frequent.

Among "sad words of tongue or pen" the news includes Mr. Hoover's order that has sent all the wine glasses in the White House to be stored in a government warehouse.

On White House sideboards and pantry shelves, the great American ice water glass will reign supreme.

However, nothing lasts forever. The fact that one administration is dry does not mean that others shall eternally lack "cakes and ale." Other Presidents, other ideas and other glasses.

Mohammed forbade wine. Kemal approves it.

King George and Queen Mary joined with others recently, celebrating the end of seventeen years work that has restored St. Paul's Cathedral in London to a safe condition.

The fine old building is worth saving. And in its vault, under heavy stone monuments, lie what is left of two bodies more important to the modern British Empire than any other two.

They are Wellington and Nelson, not far apart, resting in solemn half darkness.

The story is still current that Nelson was buried hurriedly because it was necessary. When shot down on his flagship, he was put into a cask of rum, at sea, to preserve his corpse from decay, as was customary with important dead sailors. And other sailors are said to have drunk the rum through a hole in the barrel, leaving the Admiral without protection, or preservation. The story is not proved.

Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt says: "Character building begins in the cradle." Parents should train children from their babyhood.

An old English horse trainer asked: "When should I begin training my colt," and told that the colt was three weeks old, said "You have lost the three most important weeks."

Children should be trained with kindness and explanation, never with whipping or other brutality, from babyhood.

But don't waste too much time correcting and nagging concerning faults that the child will outgrow with time; and not otherwise.

In his story a newspaper reporter said, "The birth of a boy made Lindbergh's biggest dream come true."

The birth of a girl might have made a bigger dream come true.

First, an older sister is a good influence on younger brothers. Second, girls, not boys, inherit the genius of the father.

But the Lindbergh baby boy will inherit through his mother the talent of his grandfather, Dwight W. Morrow, and that is worth having.

Scientists tell you: "Acquired characteristics are not inherited." They are wrong. If acquired characteristics were not inherited we should all still be cave men.

The Lindbergh baby, inheriting flying on both sides, will fly naturally.

Galton's studies in heredity prove that girl babies inherit their fathers' powers. And the four-months-old baby girl belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., proves it also. If you lend her one finger, she seizes it and pulls herself straight up in her crib. She gets that from her father's polo right hand. Inheriting the financial ability of the Mellon family through her mother, she ought to be well equipped.

These are dull days, and energetic days for advertising. The Turtle ran while the Rabbit was asleep, and won. The wise advertiser builds his business while others indulge in "false economy" naps.

Mr. Dave Lewis, advertising manager of a leading automobile company, has, framed on his office wall, the reply of the champion "hog caller," asked how he won the competition:

"You must have appeal as well as power in your voice. You must make the hog believe that you have something for him."

In modern business, you must not only make the hog believe that you have something for him, you must really have something for him.

Mr. Adolph S. Ochs, back from Europe fears "We do not appreciate the seriousness of the feeling of irritation against the United States throughout all Europe."

Well informed Americans know that Europeans hate this country first, because they owe us money. The borrower never loves the lender.

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The Escape of the Good Old Stage — *By Albert T. Reid*

LAUGH IF YOU CARE TO

By Russell Weaver

MUST HAVE KNOWN HER

Lady—You naughty boy. I never heard such language since the day I was born.

Boy—Yes, I suppose there was a good deal of swearing the day you were born.

HIS LOOK—OUT

"Clorine," said Clorine's mistress, "Ive heard about your hard luck, and I'm terribly sorry."

"'Deed, ma'am, Ah aint had no hahd luck."

"Why—wasn't your husband killed in a railroad accident yesterday?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am—but dat's his hahd luck—not mine."

TWAS EVER THUS

He—Don't you think, honey, it would be a lot nicer if I turned the light out?

She—I dont know but I'm willing to try it. Go ahead, you'll find the light switch upstairs in papa's room.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

Johnson: "So you gave up trying to teach your wife to drive the car?"

Williams? "Yes, when I told her to release her clutch she let go of the steering wheel."

WHO IS SHE

Freshman, "Gee, I'd like to meet that swell—looking girl over there. Who is she ,anyway?"

Soph: "Oh, she belongs to the Nodding Club."

Freshman: "What's that?"

Soph: "Nodding doing."

SHORTENING

"your suit needs shortening."

"I gesh I better shwin out for schum Crisco."

WATCH YOUR FINGERS

He kissed her scarlet lips,
He could not help but linger,
And when his hand caressed her hair,
A cootie bit his finger.

POOR DAD

A young man was calling on his sweetheart one night.

"Lucy," he said, "I have two tickets for' The Old Soak'."

"Oh, Charley, that's too bad," said Lucy. "Papa is not feeling well tonight."

CHORDS

Prof. Wood. "were those chords from Chopin?"

Student, "No, they were Hersey bars."

PROOF

He had never been outside England, and neither had she, but both were recounting their experiences abroad.

"And Asia! Ah! wonderful Asia! Never shall I forget Turkey, India, Japan—all of them. And most of all China, the celestial kindom! How I loved it!"

She held her ground.

"And the pagodas—did you see them?"

"Did I see them?" She powdered her nose. "My dear, I had dinner with them."

EVERYDAY NEW YORK

O. O. McINTYRE

NEW YORK—About three months ago I mentioned in this column incidentally, and, I suppose, a little airily, I was going to Europe. Things held me up and I kept hanging around New York. Friends were tolerant at first. Too bad and all that. But I became uncomfortable.

When I entered a room people grew suddenly silent. I heard whispers along the street and if I am not mistaken many became indignant and began to point. I expected any day for some one to step out of the crowd and sock me in the jaw, mumbling: "So you won't go to Europe!"

Finally I collected my wife and dog and, emblazoned with French line stickers, taxied to the pier, and here we are on a palatial steamer, bogging through a rather placid sea, although now and then there are a few agile aquatic antics that cause me to gaze apprehensively at the life preserver.

But there was really no sense in crossing the ocean again. I've crossed it sixteen times and there is no particular reason for being in Europe. I don't drink and I don't care for foreign cooking. The only possible excuse for being here is that I talked out of turn. A failing of mine.

I am wondering if that is not why thousands go abroad. They talk big and have to make good.

There is, for instance that piratical custom of handling hand luggage at the New York docks. It required the services of two brigands to carry a portfolio and a typewriter from the taxi to an escalator. From then on until they reached my cabin four different men had to be tipped.

The variegated crowd of passengers on an ocean liner are at first intensely interesting. Romance, glamour and the flush of excitement are bound up with them. But familiarity brings the inevitable contempt. Within a few days your own little circle has formed and all the rest become mere persons.

Being a rather meticulous person my pearl gray hat was carefully wrapped in a towel before casting off in New York. My wife reminded me just now, and I thought a shade sarcastically, the ocean was rarely if ever dusty.

An Atlantic voyage attracts a collection of types as distinct as a first night at the Metropolitan, the opening of Belmont or a Ziegfeld premiere. There are few places so auspicious for strutting as a ship's salon, smoker or promenade deck.

There is invariably the art dealer whose coat lapel is threaded with the red of French honors. Also the glacial lady with heavily kohled eyes and bright nails who becomes "the mystery woman."

In the bar will always be found a tweedy and monocled fellow who only lifts his face from what must be an absorbing book long enough to say "Cheerie Reggie" or "Howdjudu Trevor" to some passing acquaintance. He sips tea all day long and you can have my stock in him—at panic prices.

LE HAVRE.—The Normandy coast as usual was misty with a thin drizzle when the boys and girls ended the six-day buggy ride and began to disembark. Le Havre, despite a heavy mistral, at 6 a. m. was busting. It is a seaport and "a big ship was in." Custom inspection is casual. Women with mustaches do most of it.

Under the great landing shed the dinky continental train with its peanut stand whistle was waiting. Tourists have heard much of the brigandage of porters at Havre and Cherbourg. A single porter carried all our hand luggage from the ship to the train compartment and bestowed a gracious "Merci, Monsieur!"

His tip was 15 francs — or 60 cents.

It is interesting to watch a group of passengers glare at each other when they take their places in the compartment of a continental train. Invariably they seem ready to fly at each other's throats. But after they ride awhile they find they want to play pat-a-cake and not kill each other at all. Some of the greatest and most enduring friendships of travelers have begun in these haphazard meetings.

Short shavings: . . Will Mahoney loses five pounds after each performance. . . But gains it back over night. . . A Nassau street stationer has made a fortune bootlegging European luggage labels for four-flushers. . . The dude ranches were a big flop this year. . . Andrew Mellon reads three New York columnists daily.

Add Particular People: Sir Joseph Duveen, art connoisseur, carries his own sheets and pillow cases wherever he goes.

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"A CHOCLATE ADDRESS"

Two nights and fifty cents ago, a waiter brought forth to my table two chocolate sundaes, conceived in chocolate and ice cream and dedicated to cause me much trouble.

Now I am engaged in a great civil war, testing whether my stomach or any other stomach so filled up and so dedicated can long endure. We are met — the doctor and I — on the bed of war. He has come to excavate a portion of those sundaes, so that this boy might live. It is althogether fitt- cavate, he cannot consecrate, he can-

But in a larger sense, he cannot excavate, he cannot conserate, he can not cure this, for the brave sundaes struggling there have fixed me far above his power of cure. The world will little note, nor long remember what I say here, but I cannot forget what those sundaes did for me.

It is for me yet living, to tell you that sundaes are very dangerous. It is rather for me to be here telling you far from the honored dead (who have died from sundaes). Itake increased devotion to that cause which they gave me; and that I here highly resolve that those dead shall not have died in vain and that this nation, under God shall have the truth told them and that those sundaes of the people, for the people, shall perish from the earth."