

The Dallas Post

Established 1889

Published by
THE DALLAS POST, INC.
Publication Office
Lehman Avenue, Dallas, Pennsylvania

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G. Harold Wagner.....Secretary
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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.

Subscription, \$2.00 Per Year.
(Payable in Advance)

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 Truicksville, 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, Truicksville 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, Truicksville, 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.

MAIL

At request of a man who had to expend time and effort going to Wilkes-Barre to mail an important letter on Sunday because it would not have been collected in Dallas before Monday morning, THE POST is putting forth this plea for action by authorities who can schedule collection of mail in this vicinity on Sunday.

From Saturday night until early Monday morning no mail is collected in Dallas. Important letters must wait and too often residents of the town must carry their letters to Wyoming valley. Once the mail was small and its size did not warrant Sunday collections but Dallas is growing and its residents and business men are now inconvenienced by the old system.

Why can't post office authorities arrange to have one or two collections on Sunday, the mail to be sent to the city by street car if no other method can be planned?

RULERS OF AMERICA

Mr. James W. Gerard, once United States Ambassador to Germany, made public the other day a list of 64 men who, he said, were the real rulers of America. There was not a single politician or office-holder in the list. It was composed of the men who operate the great industries, banks and newspaper organizations of the nation.

Some of the nation's richest men were on Mr. Gerard's list, of course; but many men of great wealth were not included. The rich men whom he named are men who actively manage the investment and operation of their own wealth, like Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller, Jr. But the great majority of these "Rulers of America" are hired men. They work for other people, manage other people's money and property for them.

They rule, or help to rule America, not because they are men of wealth but because they are men of brains and ability. Walter P. Gifford, president of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, does not own as much as one per cent of the company which he manages. Owen D. Young, Chairman of the General Electric Company, is a hired man working for the company's stockholders. Such power as those men and others similarly situated exert is theirs because they have proved their ability to build and operate great organizations of capital and men.

That is the American principle, to which we all subscribe; that a man is entitled to go as far as his individual abilities will permit, provided he does not gain power at the expense of others. And it is safe to say that for

sheer ability the men who Mr. Gerard calls "Rulers of America" have it all over the general run of public officials.

FUEL OIL FOR POWER

Will the home owner eventually drive his automobile and his airplane with the same fuel he now uses to heat his home? Developments in the oil burning motor are coming fast. An airplane equipped with a Diesel motor using fuel oil recently flew from Detroit to New York with six passengers at a fuel cost of only \$4.45, approximately \$20 less than the average cost for such a flight with high test gasoline. An oil burning engine in a motor bus is said to have reduced the cost of operation from ten cents to two cents a mile.

These developments have focused attention on the possibilities of a compression-ignition oil burning motor for passenger automobiles and engineers are at work on it with every prospect of success.

As the demand for fuel increases, its production and sale assume a greater importance. Coal dealers are adding it to their stocks. The filling station may be the next to fall in line. In that case it is not difficult to imagine the housewife telephoning such an order as this to the corner filling station: "a hundred for the furnace and ten for the car."

SAFETY FOR CHILDREN

Every fall, as schools begin sessions, the problem of controlling traffic to prevent injury to children who must cross main thoroughfares daily, arises again to worry mothers.

In Dallas and other towns in this region where traffic arteries pass through the town the lives of children are endangered by "asses of the macadam" who speed through towns with no thought for the little girl or boy who may dart across the street.

Let's begin early this year. Let every mother warn her child, let every officer of the law watch carefully for and reprimand careless motorists and let every man and woman in the community make the school zones safe for children.

THE SCHOOL PAGE

While we were planning the school page we thought "Is it wise? Undoubtedly boys and girls will read it but they don't buy papers or advertising. Grown-ups will glance at the page and turn quickly to some other section of the paper where the news about grown-ups is."

We hesitated for a moment. Then something said: "That page won't be only black and white. It will be a symbol of the American public school. It will breathe of the hopes, the dreams, the activities of those hundreds and hundreds of boys and girls who are going to run Dallas and Noxen, Kingston Twp., and every other community in the world in twenty or thirty years. Isn't it interesting to have a record of what they thought and did? Isn't every person interested in the boys and girls of this community? Don't people pay taxes for schools and don't the hard-working principals and teachers deserve some commendation and recognition?"

So THE DALLAS POST will have a school page.

SEPTEMBER

By George Arnold

Sweet is the voice that calls
And soft the breezes blow,
From babbling waterfalls
In meadows where the downy seeds
are flying;
And eddying come and go,
In faded gardens where the rose is
dying.

Among the stubbled corn
The little quail pipes at morn,
The merry partridge drums in hidden
places,
And glittering insects gleam
Where busy spiders spin their filmy
laces.

At eve, cool shadows fall
Across the garden wall,
And on the clustered grapes to purple
turning;
And pearly vapors lie
Along the eastern sky,
Where the broad harvest-moon is red-
ly burning.

Ah, soon on field and hill
The winds shall whistle chill
And patriarch swallows call their
flocks together
To fly from frost and snow,
And seek for lands where blow
The fairer blossoms of a balmier
weather.

The pollen-dusted bees
Search for the honey-lees
That linger in the last flowers of
September,
While plaintive mourning doves
Coo sadly to their loves
Of the dead summer they so well re-
member.

Yet, though a sense of grief
Comes with the falling leaf,
And memory makes the summer doubly
pleasant,
In all my autumn dreams
A future summer gleams,
Passing the fairest glories of the pres-
ent!

This Week

by ARTHUR BRISBANE

Ugly Word, Revolution. Magic Words, Gold, Treasure. To Help Business, Spend. Miss Hurst's Marmoset.

It was simple for our Government of "best minds" to snub the Russian Government because it wouldn't repay millions that American bankers lent to the Czar and Kerensky. But there are other "red" things outside of Russia to worry those best minds.

There is threat of revolution in the Argentine. The President of that South American republic, living in his dwelling as in a fortified castle, summons warships to his display of military strength.

Brazil sends news of threatening revolution. The President of Peru has been kidnaped.

India and Egypt worry the British. China worries the whole world. Lower prices for stocks, lack of employment, diminished output, worry us. The world had its war, its assorted prosperity booms, and now it has the pleasure of paying for both.

Most serious for the fifty-nine or sixty-four that govern by the power of organized money, according to ex-Ambassador Gerard, is the world-wide threat of revolution.

It is hard to believe, but just conceivable that the number of human beings on earth might become more important than the number of organized dollars.

Mr. Shillito, quoted in the Christian Century, describes Russia's "bold and unflinching offer of an alternative to the old order." That means government for men, instead of for profits. Our best minds would do well to think about that.

This is the age of rackets. Rackets in milk, whiskey, cleaning and dyeing, laundry work, labor unions and now, latest, an unemployment racket.

New York's free employment agency finds the same faces returning after getting jobs.

The racket is to get your job, sell it to a man out of work, come back and get another.

Gold and treasure are words that excite nearly all men.

Italian divers, clad in iron, going down 400 feet to the bottom of the Atlantic, and up again as rapidly as swift elevators in our skyscrapers, have discovered the British treasure ship, Egypt, with \$5,000,000 of gold and silver in her hull, lying on the gray sand on the ocean's floor.

No difficulty in persuading Italian divers to go 400 feet down. They would go to the earth's center if Mussolini ordered it and they could get there.

T. F. Wallace, head of the National Association of Savings Banks, sees the end of the slump because savings deposits have increased \$225,000,000. Saving shows strength of mind, but the end of the slump might be still nearer if those that put the \$225,000,000 extra into savings banks had put it into circulation buying merchandise.

What people spend makes prosperity. What they save, makes them safe.

All in one day the Prince of Wales is promoted in the army, navy and Royal Air Force. The wise British separate their air force from the other two. He is Vice-Admiral of the fleet, Lieutenant-General in the army, Air Marshal in the flying fleet.

The young prince is made to realize that there are advantages in being "born right."

On the other hand, it is probably more satisfactory to work to the top without help, like Napoleon or Nelson.

Alexander Hamilton, great-great-grandson of Hamilton, killed in a duel, is a candidate for the New York State Senate. He left Harvard five years ago, did newspaper work, tried moving pictures, then banking. In politics he "will work to repeal the prohibition amendment."

The young man, in addition to having Alexander Hamilton for a great-great-grandfather, has the late J. Pierpont Morgan for his grandfather. Very respectable ancestry.

The literary and intelligent Fannie Hurst returns from Europe with a pet marmoset, so small it sits in a large pocketbook. She should write about husbands of the future, who will probably dwindle to about that size, in the course of evolution.

The giant sea crab when you catch one, is always female of great size. She carries the male crab, about as big as a ten cent piece, under one of its flippers, except on rare occasions. Husbands may dwindle down to that, when men hav. no harder work than pushing a button. Size and muscle will no longer count.

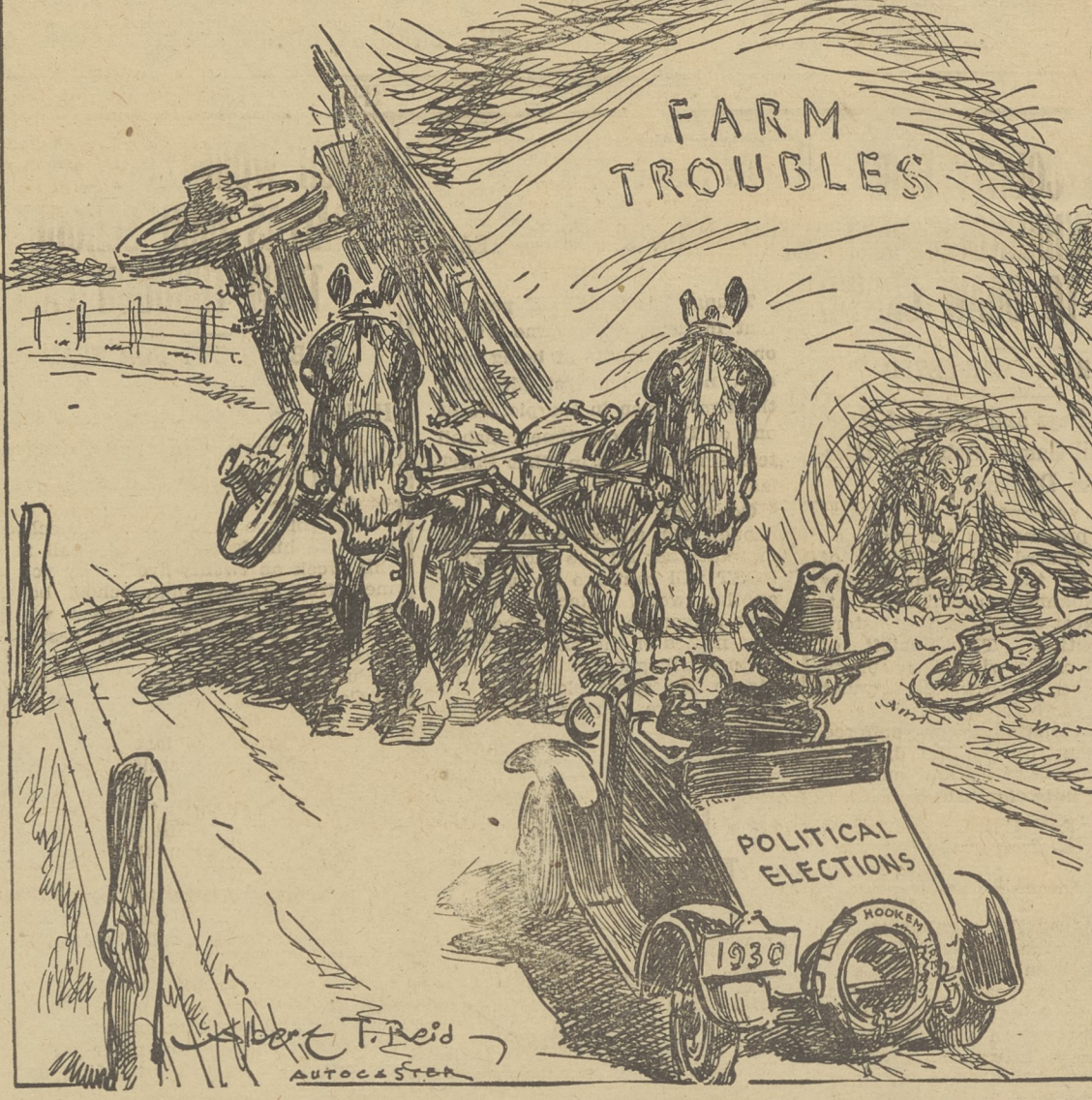
But woman will remain of full size, because of her maternal duties, and for other reasons.

The female spider is ten times as big as her husband, and eats him after marriage. Human husbands should not complain.

Al Woods, a good tough bozo, tricked several rascals and had them jailed. Other theatres followed his lead. Today no theatre accommodates tele-

How Can He Get Around That?

By Albert T Reid



EVERYDAY NEW YORK

BY O. O. MCINTYRE

NEW YORK.—No spot so successfully turns back the years for me as Coney Island. It is the one amusement resort that transforms the sourest curmudgeon into a Peter Pan. And this past summer Coney did not fail to live up to its chirping anthem: "Bigger and better."

There are three distinct classes in this whirling world of make-believe. Those who visit it lolling in the pontifical plush of limousines. Others who go to Coney for a lark. And the great, fat and waddling majority who refer to it as "Coney."

The latter have the most fun. They live and play there from April 15 to the closing in September. Coney to them is a seaside resort where studied informality stamps the elect—the happy. Mothers and children wear only bathing suits during the entire begira. To be "smart" at Coney wins an elegant guffawing "horse laugh." The seasoned Coney Islanders come nearest to the supreme joy of beach combing, without its discomforts, that the world knows. The chief charm of Coney is that life is shucked of its monotonous conventions.

Thousands who swarm the beach from sunup until sundown are housed in mere huts, furnished only with such bare necessities as a bed, table, chair and cookstove. The glittering parabola of dips of death, papier mache what-nots is as unknown as Broadway to the real New Yorker.

Manhattan has scores of luncheons and dinners daily to which reporters are invited and for which free table and free food are provided. They are not asked for credentials. They merely name their paper and live like a lord and a couple of dukes.

Out of this looseness was spawned a ragging army of meal grabbers who may partake of two royal meals a day with fat Havanas and perhaps cocktails, wine and high-balls without cost. Most of the lakers wear horn-rimmed glasses to furnish the "literary look."

Such "cheaters" with clear glass may be purchased for 50 cents from East Side push carts. The pseudo-press men carry sheafs of copy paper and stub pencils—no reporter carries a full sized pencil—to complete the camouflage. If suspected and questioned they represent "a chain of out of town papers."

Thanks to fictional flapdoodle, reporters are invariably believed to be starved and dressed shabbily. The truth is the Fourth Estate as a class dresses better than bankers. Where were we? O, yes! A reporter, fake or the goods, is always sure of a merry mitt in this era of publicity frenzy.

Theatres are the only institutions to go after such gate crashers rough shod. It used to be anyone could call up and announce he was the correspondent of a western paper and "two down front" would be left at the box office. It cost them a quarter of a million a year.

Al Woods, a good tough bozo, tricked several rascals and had them jailed. Other theatres followed his lead. Today no theatre accommodates tele-

THE JOY WAGON

(By Cal. Fisher)

Waitress: "Don't you like your college pudding, sir?"

Diner: "No, Miss, I'm afraid there is an egg in it which ought to have been expelled."

Clerk: "I'm taking a correspondence course to get more money, sir."

Boss: "Ah, too bad! I'm taking one to reduce expenses."

"That customer over there says his soup is not fit for a pig," said the waiter.

"Then take it away, you idiot, retorted the manager, "and fetch him some that is."

The perspiring film director dropped to the ground after finishing a hot outdoor scene. Looking around he saw a dummy of old clothes and straw.

"Heavens!" he yelled, "Who was it they threw over the cliff?"

"I don't see how you can afford to take so many girls to expensive restaurants."

"That's easy; I always ask each girl, just before going in, if she hasn't been putting on weight."

Boxer's second: "Buck up old man. Think of all your ancestors who have died fighting."

Losing fighter: "That's just what I'm worrying about."

Fortune Teller: "Do you want to know about your future husband."

Visitor: "No; I want to know something about the past of my present husband for future use."

phone callers—unless the press agent knows the voice or calls back for verifications. Grafting passes is now a dangerous sport.

I am an occasional patron of an Armenian restaurant on Washington street—reveling in native dishes. The other night, passing the kitchen I peeped in for a glimpse of the cook, expecting a figure in a fez with perhaps a rug over his arm. Instead I saw a fat American negress with a red bandana around her neck perspiring over an old fashioned stove. I don't believe now there is a Dorothy Parker.

Short shavings: Billy Sunday, going strong, is stirring things up at Chattanooga in Missouri and Kansas. . . . Dr. Morris Fishbein is now laughing at his profession in an uninteresting book called "Doctors and Specialists." . . . The best biography of the year, "The Raven," the life of Sam Houston (Bobbs-Merrill). . . . When George Ade "goes to town" he prefers Chicago to New York. . . . Hamish McLauren, the writer, is a skilled magician. . . . Charles B. Driscoll lives in the biggest city next to New York—Yonkers, ha, ha. . . . Leo and Helen Marsh call their country estate at Rye "Cracked Ceilings." . . . Julius Tannen's son has become an actor but not a monologist. . . . He's in Garrick Gaieties. . . . Roxy's midnight studio parties over his theatre are high spots for tired, hungry and thirsty critics. . . . Roy Howard's yacht is named "Jama-roy" and carries 30 guests. . . . J. P. Morgan chews gum occasionally but never publicly. . . .

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—Holmes.

Newspapers always excite curiosity. No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment.

—Charles Lieb.

POLITICS THIS WEEK

Pennsylvania's politicians will be busy from now until November. Though Pinchot's camp scored victory over the Brown forces when the State Supreme Court refused to throw out the votes cast in Luzerne county on perforated ballots, followers of the Pike county forerunner will have another battle in the general election as result of the support being given to wet candidate for Governor, John M. Hemphill of West Chester and his slate by Philadelphia and Pittsburgh political powers.

If Pinchot were as sure of success in all parts of the State as he is of victory in Dallas and vicinity he would sleep soundly these cool fall nights. Even opponents of the dry ex-governor and Republican nominee predict a majority for Pinchot in this region.

In The Philadelphia Record this week Messrs. Pinchot and Hemphill explained their platforms, as they will hundreds of times in the next eight weeks. Hemphill admitted temperance is a laudable aim, prohibition is a proper method of forcing temperance, provided it actually prohibits, intoxicating liquors must be the subject of prohibitory or regulatory laws and that many of the institutions which existed before prohibition were undesirable, B-U-T despite these admissions, the big question is, Mr. Hemphill said: Shall prohibition be attempted on a national scale or shall the power be given to the separate States as a unit.

Pinchot is as dry as when he campaigned in 1922. He doesn't attempt to evade the question. He's for prohibition because it pays human dividends, he says, and though his eyes, ears and nose tell him that we've not destroyed liquor, his mind and heart tell him that the human race will destroy it.

People who predict things say Hemphill will carry Philadelphia and Pittsburgh and will gain a lead of 350,000 votes in those two cities. Pinchot leaders laugh, say Democratic Hemphill will be defeated, that Pinchot will have a bigger margin of victory than he had in 1922. Pinchot followers seem the more confident of the two groups.

Mr. Hoover's Anxiety: From Dallas, Pa., to Dallas, Tex., people are guessing who will be the presidential candidates in 1932, if Republicans can put another man in the White House and if the country's economic ills will be blamed on the Republican administration by enough people to elect a Democratic president.

Republicans, realizing this, began this week a campaign to defend the administration's record. Mr. Hoover, they say, is adverse to speechmaking but, because he must answer attacks directly and help Republican senatorial and congressional candidates, he has consented to make speeches, many of them by radio.

Man's the bad child of the universe. —James Oppenheim.

Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part; Do thou but thine. —Milton-Paradise Lost.

For my part getting up seems not so easy by half as lying. —Hood-Morning Meditations.

The fickleness of the woman I love is only equalled by the infernal constancy of the woman who love me. —Bernard Shaw-The Philanderer.

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QUOTATIONS

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