

**The Dallas Post**  
 Established 1889  
 Published by  
**THE DALLAS POST, INC.**  
 Publication Office  
 Lehman Avenue, Dallas, Pennsylvania  
 L. A. McHenry ..... President  
 G. Harold Wagner ..... Secretary  
 H. W. Risley ..... Mng. Editor and Treas.

THE DALLAS POST is a youthful weekly rural suburban newspaper, owned, edited and operated by young men interested in the development of the great rural-suburban region of Luzerne county and in the attainment of the highest ideals of journalism. Thirty-one surrounding communities contribute weekly articles to THE POST and have an interest in its editorial policies. THE POST is truly "more than a newspaper, it is a community institution."

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

**PROSPERITY VS. DEPRESSION**

PROSPERITY is up for election, running to overthrow DEPRESSION. It's for the people to decide which will be chosen. Every man and every woman is privileged to ballot—every day.

DEPRESSION has no rightful place with a hundred and twenty million people, exchanging goods and services—capable—accustomed and willing to work—more highly skilled than other peoples—leaders in efficiency and progressiveness—backed by the vast natural resources of the United States. When we make it possible for the man who works to have a job we make it possible for him to buy food for his family and so help all business, including that of the farmer.

The rest of the world is of small importance compared with that free market of 120,000,000 people—homogeneous—of like tastes, habits and aspirations—living under the same laws—free of trade barriers. Foreign trade may be troubled by tariffs and revolutions, but at their peak our exports represented only five and a half billions of dollars of gross business in a year out of a total American income of ninety billions.

Satiation of circulation is what's the matter with agriculture and with business. Everyone can help to get that circulation moving again.

Government can't make Prosperity alone. Bankers and other business leaders can't make Prosperity alone. It's the people, united in opinion and purpose and courage, who determine Prosperity. They can elect it—none other.

Ballots that will be validly counted for PROSPERITY are of many kinds. Some of them every man and woman can cast. For example:

Help a deserving man or a woman to get a little paying work—or, better, a regular job.  
 Spend wisely and not too timidly, and anticipate scheduled expenditures so far as is practicable.

Turn the deaf ear to false, mischievous rumors; and don't repeat them, if you do hear them.

Be willing to pay a fair price. Don't take advantage of the other man's necessity. Recognize that he has as good claim to a fair profit as you.

When a vampire that fattens on the miseries of others shows up, help to make him unpopular. Discourage calamity howlers.

Keep business moving evenly, and remember that, to the average man, his job is his particular business. When possible, reassure him against his fear of losing it.

Save, but save wisely, not in fright. Invest for the profit that sound enterprise pays and for the added profit that will come after the hysteria of pessimism has passed.

**BEAVERS**

THE first European settlers in America found a curious animal in the New World. The beaver, which builds its nests like little log houses, in the middle of a stream or swamp, and then builds a dam to raise the water level so that its enemies cannot reach the entrance to its home except by diving, is more than an interesting little animal. It was the source of the great part of the wealth of the early Colonists.

Beaver fur, it was soon discovered, made a better felt than wool or any of the other readily obtainable furs. We speak today of the tall silk hat of fashion as a "beaver", but it is merely a remote descendant of the fashionable beaver-fur hats of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. An immense commerce between the Old World and the New was built up on beaver furs as the principal export from this side, and beaver fur, now mainly obtained from Canadian sources, is still one of the most highly prized pelts.

The proclivity of the beaver to build dams is being utilized in the Palisades Interstate Park, lying in New

York and New Jersey. A large swamp needed a dam to make it into a lake. Several families of the 350 beavers that live in the park were trapped and moved to the swamp. They proceeded to build their houses there and to construct the dam just where it was needed. Although no longer an important item in commerce, the beaver is still useful.

**AIRPLANES**

FOR the first time since flying was invented, anybody can now buy a serviceable, up to date plane, complete with engine and all necessary equipment, for less than \$1,000.

That does not mean, however, that flying is about to become as popular as motoring. For one thing, an airplane still needs a lot of room from which to take off and land in; it is not adapted to the use of the city dweller. Parking space for airplanes is not easily found.

Nevertheless, young folk are practicing flying in increasing numbers and planes are being steadily improved as to stability and durability in the air. Thousands of more lives will be sacrificed before the safe airplane is perfected, but it is safe to say that in another fifty years the air will have lost most of its danger.

**THE JOY WAGON**  
 Set Your Troubles Aside and Take a Ride With "Cal" Fisher.

**Scotch Again!**

A Scotchman found it necessary to notify his wife that he might be home late that evening, in which case he would phone her. This is what he told her:

"I'll ring ye at 6 o'clock. When ye hear the bell ye'll know it's me. Don't answer it, and I'll get ma nickel back."

A police officer met an organ grinder on the street and said: Have you a license to play? If not, you must accompany me.

"With pleasure," answered the street musician. "What will you sing?"

**What's The Use?**

Mother: "Mary, did you wash the fish?"

Mary: "No mam, what's the use washing them when they have lived in the water all their lives."

He: "You had a wreck, I suppose?"

Another He: "No! She was far from that."

Customer (doubtfully)—Is it a pedigree dog?

Dealer: Pedigree! Why, if this dog could talk he wouldn't speak to either of us!

"And what did your poet do when you turned him down?"

"Oh, the poor dear threw himself into the waste paper basket."

He: "Ah, it certainly does seem good to be dancing."

Her: "Yes, I suppose there's nothing like the feel of a good toe under your foot again."

Doctor: "Did you follow my advice and drink hot water an hour before breakfast?"

Patient: "I tried to, Doc, honest! But after the first ten minutes I couldn't get any more down."

Station Master: "The pig cannot go in the carriage with you. It must have a special compartment."

Rustic: "Thank you kindly, sir, but there is no need for all that ceremony about my old pig."

Judge: "What brought you here?"

Accused: "Two policemen."

Judge: "I don't mean that—drunk, I presume."

Accused: "Both of them."

"How is your husband's law suit getting along?"

"He thinks he will either get two months in prison or two months in Palm Beach from it."

"Be careful, Junior. Se that you don't hit your fingers with the hammer."

"I shan't, mother. Daddy's going to hold the nail for me."

"Why do fish grow the fastest of all living things?"

"Because the average fish caught grows a few inches every time the story is told."

"How many sides has an octagon?"

"Eight."

"How many sides has a circle?"

"Two—an outside and an inside."

Mrs. Goulash: "I see the Bobleigh-Beiswanger wedding is to be a simple affair."

Mr. G.: "I dare say; all weddings are simple. The complications don't set in till later."

Weather Man: "Eat down rain for a certainty this afternoon."

Assistant: "Are you positive, sir?"

Weather Man: "Yes, indeed. I've lost my umbrella; I'm planning to play golf, and my wife's going to a lawn party."

"Mother, can I keep a diary?"

"Certainly, Willie."

"Well, it's one I found in sister's desk."

She—"I suppose you are on the football team?"

E. C. (proudly)—"Well, yes, I do the aerial work."

She—"What is that?"

E. C.—"I blow up the footballs."



**Armless Judge**  
 Municipal Court Judge David Moylan of Cleveland, who lost both arms in a railroad accident, disposes of 400 cases a day and makes entries in his record with a pen held in his teeth.

Teacher—"Willie, you are not singing as loudly as usual. What is the matter?"

Willie—"Oh, I dunno, only hittin' on one tonsil, I guess."

**-Alderson-**

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Case of Kingston had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. George Smith on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Davis have moved to Wilkes-Barre. Mr. Davis has a new position as route manager for Wickham Mayonnaise company.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Scorsoff entertained on Sunday; Mr. and Mrs. William Strohl of Nesquehoning.

Frank Jackson is the owner of a new Nash sedan.

Samuel Eggleston is housing his bees for the winter. Mr. Eggleston plans to motor to Winter Gardens, Florida, after Christmas.

Harriet Stem, a student of Wyoming Seminary, has been ill at her home for over a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Keener and son spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Higgins.

Marjorie Kitchen is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. K. Harvey in Scranton this week. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey are rejoicing over the arrival of a son, born on October 18. Mrs. Harvey, before her marriage was Virginia Kitchen.

Er and Mrs. O. F. Miner and family of Mehoopany spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Higgins.

The cabinet of the Alderson Epworth League met with Mrs. Howard Higgins on Tuesday evening at complete plans for a Halloween social.

Lillian York spent the week-end at New Milford, Pa.

William Richards of Endicott, N. Y., was home over the week-end.

On Wednesday evening a masquerade birthday surprise party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Kitchen, in honor of Mr. Kitchen on his birthday anniversary. Nearly everyone came masked and some very clever costumes were represented. A tasty lunch was served at a late hour.

**The Poets Corner**

**THE GOLDEN WEDDING**

By David Gray

O Love, whose patient pilgrim feet  
 Life's longest path have trod;  
 Whose ministry hath symbolled sweet  
 The dearer love of God;  
 The sacred myrtle wreathes again  
 Thine altar, as of old;  
 And what was green with summer  
 then,  
 Is mellowed now to gold.

Not now, as then, the future's face  
 Is flushed with fancy's light;  
 But memory with a milder grace,  
 Shall rule the feast tonight.  
 Blest was the sun of joy that shone,  
 Nor less the blinding shower;  
 The bud of fifty years agone  
 Is love's perfected flower.

O memory open thy mystic door;  
 O dream of youth, return;  
 And let the light that gleamed of  
 yore  
 Beside this altar burn.  
 The past is plain; 'twas love design-  
 ed  
 E'en sorrow's iron chain;  
 And mercy's shining thread has  
 twined  
 With the dark warp of pain.

So be it still. O Thou who hast  
 That younger bridal blest,  
 Til the May-morn of love has passed  
 To evening's golden west;  
 Come to this later Cana, Lord,  
 And, at thy touch divine,  
 The water of that earlier board  
 To-night shall turn to wine.

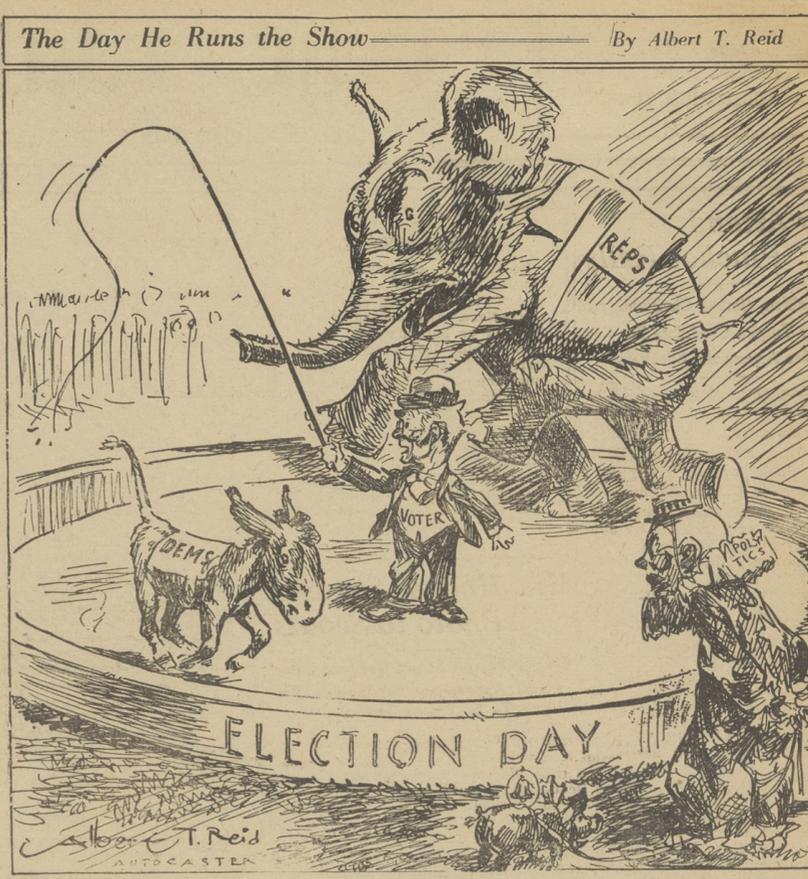
I'd rather be a booster,  
 The smallest one in town,  
 Than be the biggest knocker,  
 And try to knock it down.

I'd rather be a booster,  
 And only boost a mite,  
 Than be a knocking rooster,  
 At everything in sight.

I'd rather be a booster,  
 And wear a pleasant smile,  
 Than be a grouchy knocker,  
 Complaining all the while.

I'd rather be a booster,  
 With purpose good and true,  
 Than sit around a'knocking;  
 Now, really, wouldn't you?

—The Panorama.



**MY LOVE**

By James Russell Lowell

Not as all other women are  
 Is she that to my soul is dear;  
 Her glorio's fancies come from far,  
 Beneath the silver evening star,  
 And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,  
 Which lesser souls may never know;  
 God giveth them to her alone,  
 And sweet they are as any tone  
 Wherewith the wind may choose to  
 blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,  
 Although no home were half so fair;  
 No simplest duty is forgot,  
 Life hath no dim and lowly spot  
 That does not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses,  
 Which most leave undone, or despise;

For naught that sets one heart at  
 ease,  
 And giveth happiness or peace,  
 Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things,  
 And, though she seem of other birth,  
 Round us her heart entwines and  
 clings,  
 And patiently she folds her wings  
 To tread the humble paths of earth.

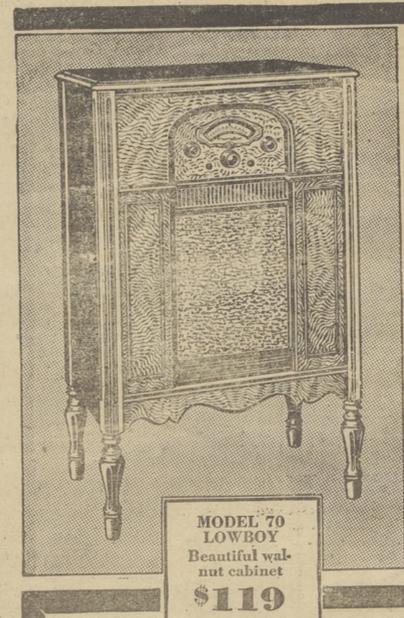
Blessing she is: God made her so,  
 And deeds of week-day holiness  
 Fall from her noiseless as the snow,  
 Nor hath she ever chanced to know  
 That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto  
 Her life doth rightly harmonize;  
 Feeling or though that was not true  
 Ne'er made less beautiful the blue

Unclouded heaven in her eyes.  
 She is a woman: one in whom  
 The spring-time of her childish might  
 Hath never lost its fresh perfume,  
 Though knowing well that life hath  
 room  
 For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still  
 As a broad river's peaceful might,  
 Which, by high tower and lowly mill,  
 Seems following its own wayward  
 will,  
 And yet doth ever flow aright.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,  
 Like quiet isles my duties lie;  
 It flows around them and between,  
 And makes them fresh and fair and  
 green,  
 Sweet homes wherein to live and die.



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 in ease of operation.

**HEADQUARTERS**

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Phone 293R2 DALLAS, PA.