

AMERICA'S TIN WORLD-TRAVELERS

AMERICA has something which the whole world seeks. It is sought by the grand-duke who lives in princely splendor at Biarritz beneath the purple peaks of the Pyrenees, the caliph with power to conjure up all the mysteries of Baghdad, the Arab chieftain in white and crimson cloak who toys with alleged eighty-course dinners back in the hill country of Algeria.

It is held in high esteem by the swarthy crew of half-naked Arabs who man tramp steamers over storm-tossed waters of the Syrian



coast and by placid little peasant girls who pick tulips in tranquil Holland meadows.

The coveted something is American canned foods. Exporters of foods processed in this country have on their list of applicants countries whose very mention suggest to most of us mystery and high adventure—providing we have ever heard of some of these faraway places at all. Where, for example—right quick, without getting out your atlas—is Addis Ababa? Bahrien? Cospicua? Yet these are places as familiar as A, B, C to the exporting trade which every day receives letters with queer postmarks and queer stamps, asking for food in American tin cans. They are in Ethiopia, the Persian Gulf and Malta, respectively.

A Comprehensive Cruise

How would you like to book a world cruise to some of these places? Your tour would include not only every capital in Europe but you would journey to such places as Accra, West Africa; Bangkok, Siam; Batavia, Java;

Bulwayo, Southern Rhodesia; Curitiba, Para, Brazil; Durban, South Africa; Elizabethville, Belgian Congo; Hejaz, Arabia; Helsinki, Finland; Jaffa, Palestine; Jeddah, Hedjaz; Kobe, Japan; Khartoum, Egypt; Medan, Sumatra; Montevideo, Uruguay; Piraeus, Greece; Saigon, French Indo-China; Semerang, Java; Valetta, Malta; and Zagreb, Jugoslavia.

Trading Treasures

And if your luggage were large enough to be laden with a sufficient supply of canned foods—such popular foods for example as salmon, peaches, cherries, tomatoes, corn and peas which are so cheap here at home that we forget their real value—you might barter them for treasures of rare ivory, say, from Cairo, laces from Barcelona, old wines from Palermo, gorgeously woven cloth from Shanghai, silks from Calcutta, balsam and beautiful wood from Salvador—or perhaps a brand new Panama hat from Panama.

After all, we Americans are a bit spoiled, when it comes to eating. We expect, when we sit down to a meal to have not only a choice

salmon fleet, ready to brave the perils of the north and spear salmon with the Indians, as the old tales told. But salmon fishing had progressed far since the days when nobody knew what salmon tasted like except people who had lived on the shores of waters where salmon ran. And the boy found himself on board a ship loaded with tin plate, lumber, machinery and endless supplies for canning as well as catching the fish. He lived, not on salmon as he had supposed he would, but on corn from Iowa and Illinois—the whole kernels as succulent and sweet as if they had just come from the cornfield—tomatoes, red and juicy from the gardens of



Maryland where they are packed ripe into cans—tender peas from his own fields in Wisconsin, and every sort of food from home, thanks to the canning industry.

There was adventure—plenty of it, for the canning crew sometimes makes long journeys by dog team and snowshoes to the ice-bound rivers for their catch—and there was plenty of salmon. But if you catch salmon all day long you are not apt to order it for dinner in the evening. You prefer a steak and onions, and perhaps strawberries.

So the salmon is sent elsewhere—all over the world, in fact, like our other leading canned foods. It is sent up to the grand-ducal manor to go into a Biarritz salmon souffe, to Baghdad to tickle the palate of the caliph, and to Algeria where the Arab chieftain is fed up on three straight courses of smothered chicken.



of the wealth of food which is so easily available from our own great agricultural expanses, but foods from every other land and sea—in season or out. It is only when we have traveled far from home that we realize how limited other menus may be. Or how enriched they may become with canned foods.

Not long ago a farmer boy from the fertile acres of Wisconsin felt the lure of the sea. He joined the

Pretty But Dumb Loses Meaning

Beauty and dumbness are not necessarily twins. It's perfectly possible to be exceedingly fair of face and still not a moron; while on the other hand, it isn't necessary to be dumb in order to be beautiful.

Recently Albert Edward Wiggam, author, made remarks to this effect during the course of a lecture delivered in Chicago. Mr. Wiggam, no doubt, had plenty of authority in which to base his conclusions, but somehow, it seemed a lot more to the point to have a woman's opinion on the subject—and especially a woman whose daily life brings her into contact with hundreds of other girls and women. So Miss H. Jean Crawford, dean of women at the University of Pennsylvania, was asked for her opinion.

Miss Crawford had very definite ideas concerning this business of beauty. "Of course, beauty and dumbness don't necessarily go hand-in-hand," she said. "There are plenty of girls who have both good looks and brains, but, remember, our ideas of beauty are rather different from what they used to be. Most of us are more interested in the intellectual type of beauty than in the rather insipid kind that might be described as 'beautiful but dumb.'"

College Girls Attractive

"As far as college girls go," she continued, "as a rule they are intellectual, otherwise they would not come to college. And most of them, I think have the kind of attractiveness that might be called good looks rather than beauty—that is, fineness of face rather than actual beauty of features. In other words, they have strength and good health and vigor—they are handsome rather than beautiful.

"Of course, there are exceptions to this general rule. There are girls who have beautiful regularity of feature and exquisite attractiveness of appearance on the surface, with no brains or character or personality to back it up. They are so pretty that they don't have to be bright.

"They are very sweet looking, and that's all. But that type of beauty is not apt to be found among college girls. The 'baby doll' type is not the kind that feels the need of a college education. And since most girls nowadays do go to college, it would seem to follow that that type is growing less and less frequent.

"To my mind, the most beautiful people are the most natural. The ones who don't stop to consider whether they are beautiful or not. They don't spend their entire time thinking how they look, how best they may bring

out this point or that, what clothes they must wear in order always to be as stunning as possible. They devote their attention to cultivating their minds and souls and these things shine forth to make them really beautiful.

Some Are Obtuse

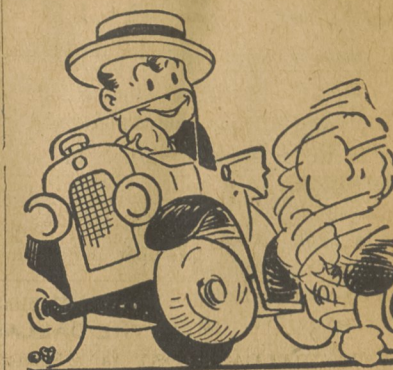
"There are lots of beautiful people who are very, very clever, but usually they are so clever that they don't let their beauty become cloying. Beauty is not their only possession, or even their most important one. They have charm and personality besides, and it is these which really count."

Miss Crawford, however, does not deny the existence of beauty and dumbness as a combination. "I have met people who are beautiful but dumb," she declared, "but I think they are very rare. I have met very few persons who appeal to me as beautiful who are not intellectual. Without intellect to back it, a face can have no real beauty of expression. Charm and personality and magnetism are more fascinating than mere regularity of feature and beauty of coloring. Character and sweetness of nature come from the soul."

"My theory is that any one can be beautiful who cultivates the inner qualities rather than the outward appearance. Lots of persons who are have that beauty of soul which has developed as they have grown in mental and spiritual stature. And on the other hand, lots of persons who were once considered beautiful as girls lose all that beauty as they grow older. They coarsen and become just the opposite from beautiful, since back of their smoothness of skin and loveliness of feature there was no real charm or grace of soul."

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-Huntsville-

Church services for Sunday. M. E. Church, morning worship 9:30 a. m. Sunday School, 10:30 a. m. Epworth League, 6:45 p. m. Christian Church morning worship 8:30 a. m. Sunday School 10:30 a. m. Christian Endeavor 6:30 p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Ide, son Glenwood, Mrs. A. R. Holcomb spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Keesler at Monticello, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Randall entertained at dinner on Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Archie Boyer Mrs. Barber Boyer Monroe of Kingston.

Mrs. John Headman is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Taggart at Bloomsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Race of Noxen were callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Randall on Sunday.

-Kunkle-

Mrs. Clarence Roote and son, Freddie spent the week end with her sister Mrs. John Brader of Parsons.

Mrs. Martha MacDonald of Wilkes-Barre spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Herdman and family.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Devens and Mr. and Mrs. Chris Eipper of East Dallas motored to Towanda on Sunday and had dinner at Hotel Kauffman at that place.

Mrs. Marvin Elston entertained at dinner on Tuesday Mrs. Jane Mann of Wilkes-Barre, Mrs. Harvey Sweezy, Miss Frances Sweezy, Mrs. Cragg Herdman, Phyllis Sweezy, Mrs. Stanley Elston and daughter Eleanor, Mrs. Owen Ide and children, Jane and Donnie, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Elston and children, Wayne and Gule.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Morgan and son John, of Wilkes-Barre and Mrs. Clara Ashburner and sons Grant and William were callers at the W. S. Kunkle home on Sunday.

Birthday Party

A birthday party was given for Frank Martin and Harry Martin Jr., at the home of the former on Saturday and other games were enjoyed and lunch was served at a late hour. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Martin, Virgil, Mary and Ziba Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Waggoner, Billy and Betty Wagner, Mr. and Mrs. George Bellas, Edward and Arthur Bellas, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lameroux, Fredis Lameroux, Mr. and Mrs. George Shaver, Erma and George Shaver, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hadsell and children Evelyn Compton, Dorothy Rubert, Mrs. Nellie Hoyt, Mildred, Corva, Edna, Martha, Myrtle and Clarence Hoyt, Mr. and Mrs. James Derhammer, Carl Derhammer, Mrs. Martha Martin,

Mr. and Mrs. James Knecht, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Martin, Marilla, Harry Jr., and Peppy Martin, Bud Neyhart, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Martin, Robert and Gene Martin.

-Alderson-

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Garinger accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Z. E. Garinger on a motor trip to Maine, N. Y., on Saturday and returned home on Sunday evening.

A number of Alderson people drove to Vernon last Wednesday and spent the afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Eggleston. Mrs. Eggleston served a tasty lunch to Mrs. George Armitage, Mrs. Peter Delaney and daughter, Mrs. Estella Enders, Mrs. John Kuchta, Mrs. George Smith, Emma Odenkirchen, and Mr. Samuel Eggleston.

Miss Florence Hausch of Laketon spent the week end with Mrs. A. J. Garringer.

Mrs. Lucy Altemus spent a few days last week with her daughter, Mrs. Haskins at Sugar Notch.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Kitchen and daughter motored to Bloomsburg on Sunday with Mrs. and Mrs. Frank Jackson to visit Miss Ruth Jackson, who is a student at Bloomsburg State Teachers College.

Miss Genevieve York and Esther Garinger made a business trip to Wilkes-Barre on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Biery spent the week end recently, with their children, Mrs. Albert Adams, Mrs. William Symon, and Otto Biery, at Plainfield, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Davis and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Rogers and son Bernard, motored to Towanda on Sunday, and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Oakes.

On Wednesday evening of last week the Cherrio Club of Harvey's Lake entertained at a delightful Hallowe'en party at the Rosengrant bungalow. The rooms were beautifully decorated with autumn leaves and orange and black crepe paper. The evening was spent in games and dancing. At a

late hour a tasty lunch was served to the Misses Margaret Rosengrant, Wilma Ayers, Esther and Adda Garringer, and Lillian and Genevieve York. Messrs James Gary, Mike Kuchta, Albert Armitage, Peter Kuchta, Ted Woolbert and Willard Gary.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Thompson and son Russell of Kingston spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Condon, and Mrs. Mary Thompson.

All local hunters reported good luck on the first day, most of them receiving their limit.

TO HOLD CHICKEN SUPPER

Ladies' Aid society of East Dallas M. E. Church will hold its annual chicken supper and bazaar Thursday evening, November 12 starting at 5 p. m. Tickets: adults 50c, children 35c.



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