

The Dallas Post,

ESTABLISHED 1889

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THE DALLAS POST, INC.

THE DALLAS POST is a youthful 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."
Congress shall make no law *** abridging the freedom of speech, or of Press.—From the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States.
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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. Municipal lighting plant.
2. A free library located in the Dallas region.
3. Better and adequate street lighting in Trucksville, Shavertown, Fernbrook and Dallas.
4. Sanitary sewage disposal system for Dallas.
5. Closer co-operation between Dallas borough and surrounding townships.
6. Consolidated high schools and better co-operation between those that now exist.
8. The formation of a Back Mountain Club made up of business men and home owners interested in the development of a community consciousness in Dallas, Trucksville, Shavertown and Fernbrook.
9. A modern concrete highway leading from Dallas and connecting the Sullivan Trail at Tunkhannock.
10. The elimination of petty politics from all School Boards in the region covered by THE DALLAS POST.
11. Adequate water supply for fire protection.
12. And all other projects which help to make the Back Mountain section a better place to live in.

Dallas and vicinity takes more than passing interest in the expansion program of Kingston Cake company manufacturers of the famous Blue Ribbon Cake products, because Eugene Lazarus manager of the company is a resident of Dallas.

WE DOFF OUR HATS

Mr. Lazarus is a young man of great potentiality and a citizen of sterling worth to the community. He has seen the Kingston Cake company under the leadership of R. H. Levy grow from a small concern to one of the leading baking companies of northeastern Pennsylvania, and in this development Mr. Lazarus has played no small part.

Wyoming Valley is proud of the part Kingston Cake company is playing in the development of the valley's industries and the back mountain is equally proud because it knows that its prosperity and stability is dependent upon Wyoming Valley industries.

There has never been as advantageous a time to build or repair roads as now.

TIME FOR GOOD ROADS

The road dollar, like the general construction dollar, is worth about 25 cents more than it was a few years ago. In other words, the expenditure that would have built four miles of road in 1929, will build five miles now. And 75 or more per cent of the money goes to labor, an item of inestimable importance in a time of widespread unemployment.

Wise allocation of road funds will permit states to construct first-class roads at a remarkably low cost. More or less recently developed methods, such as the road-mix surfaces now in use in many localities, make it possible to build a first-class weatherproof road that will stand up under almost any amount of traffic, for a very few thousand dollars a mile. These roads are especially suitable for farming areas—and it is the farmer whose roads need is greatest. Only a small percentage of American farms are situated on roads which are passable at all times of the year, irrespective of weather conditions.

This is the time to build good, reasonable cost roads that become a permanent investment and future asset.

A good many letters from our readers say that Father reads The Farmer's Wife now and then. So we are telling this little story in the hope that it may catch his eye:

AN EDITORIAL FOR FATHER

A school teacher asked the boys in her room to write a composition on the subject, "The Kind of a Dad I'd Like to Have." Here are some of the things they wrote:
"I'd like my dad to take time to have a little fun with me once in a while."
"I'd like my dad not to laugh at me when I try to do things."
"I don't want my daddy to whip me when I don't mean it—I want him to give me a chance to explain."
"I don't want my dad to holler at everything."
"I want my daddy to be cheerful and kind to Mother and everybody."
"I want a daddy the other fellows will like."
These boys did not ask a great deal, did they? And yet such trifles build an affection and comradeship that never dies.
Not long ago we heard a young man say that he had just his happiest day in a long time—"I spent it visiting with Dad—he and I alone." That was a real testimonial for Father.—Exchange.

Should the New York Stock Exchange building, or any other "temple" devoted to the worship of the god of speculation, need a motto for its walls, we suggest this:

A SUGGESTION

There is immorality and practical inexpediency in seeking to acquire wealth by winning it from another rather than by earning it through some sort of service to one's fellow men.
That was written into a deed of gift whereby a wealthy business man years ago founded a great eastern school of finance and commerce.—Exchange.

"YOUNG AMERICA"

Produced as a Fox Picture

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Art Simpson, an orphan with the reputation of being the worst boy in town, wins a job at Doray's Drug Store as a reward for saving Mrs. Doray's dog from being run over, but is fired even before he starts work. The quick dismissal results from his being an hour late for work the first day. That same day he has been suspended from school for fighting the school bully to protect his chum, Nutty. When she hears of his suspension, his aunt chases him out of the house. He goes over to Nutty's house to spend the night. Nutty's grandmother suddenly becomes ill from a chronic ailment. There is no money in the house to buy medicine. Art and Nutty break into Doray's Drug Store to steal the medicine. Art is caught but Nutty escapes.
In Juvenile Court, Art refuses to disclose the identity of his companion, Nutty, among the spectators, arises and confesses. His grandmother pleads for leniency. The Judge grants it, paroling Nutty to his grandmother's care. When Art's aunt refuses to assume responsibility for Art's parole, Mrs. Doray volunteers to look after the boy. Doray is furiously opposed to this.

Chapter V

THE second day under Mrs. Doray's care, Arthur, dressed in a new suit, hair trimmed, and clean and shining from his morning shower, presented a different sight. Mrs. Doray was justly proud of the metamorphosis as the boy came in the breakfast room.
"Look, Jack," she proudly remarked to her husband. "Doesn't Arthur look nice?"
Doray, eating his breakfast, gave the boy a brief glance. "Beautiful," was his caustic comment.
The breakfast, marked by Art accidentally squirting grapefruit juice in Doray's eyes, was concluded and Art left for school.
"I don't have to tell you to be a good boy, do I," asked Mrs. Doray as he started to leave.
"No ma'am," Arthur replied with great emphasis.

On the way to school, Art bumped into Nutty at one of the corner intersections. Art started to greet his friend but suddenly remembered the judge's ruling that they shouldn't talk to one another.
"Boy, you look swell," cried Nutty as he fell in along side of Art. "Better'n I ever saw you. That's some suit, all right. Gosh, I'm sure glad to see you. I was just sayin' to my grandmother that I hoped I saw you. She told me to remember what the Judge said but I told her that no judge can bust us up, can they, huh?"
Art's face revealed his conflicting emotions as he heard this. He loved Nutty and wanted desperately to talk to him, but he was resolved to be a good boy. Nutty sensed this feeling in his friend's silence.

"Gee, Art, ain't you going to talk to me at all," pleaded Nutty. "Ain't you even going to say 'hello'?" Art, very miserable, shook his head. Boylike, Nutty tried to conceal his real emotions.
A week later, while Art was working at his homework, the Dorays renewed their argument over the boy. It started as they were preparing to keep a bridge appointment at the neighbor's house. Doray, still bitter towards Art, insisted that they couldn't trust the boy in their home alone.
"Jack, you're being unfair," said Mrs. Doray in response to her husband's insinuations. "You'll have to admit he's been here a week now and he's been as good as gold."
In the dining room, Art looked up from his work and smiled as the woman came towards him.
"Art," she began, "we're going out for the evening and I'm going to leave you in charge of the house. You won't go out, will you? Not for anything."
"No, ma'am," he replied.

After the Dorays left, Art heard a knock on the door. Opening it, he saw Mrs. Beamish. He was both surprised and pleased at seeing this friend. When the old woman came in the house, he noticed she was crying.
"What's the matter, Mrs. Beamish," asked Art. "Something wrong?"
"It's Edward," she replied, the tears streaming down her cheeks. "He's awful sick. Oh, my poor boy. He caught cold last week and it got worse and worse. He's so sick, and all day he's kept asking me to get you to come and see him."
"Why sure," replied Art. "I can't go now but I will when Mrs. Doray comes home."
"But Art, he's awful sick," she cried as she rose from her seat and grabbed his arm. "He's been calling for you."
Faced with a decision, he quickly made up his mind. He ran to the sideboard and took the money in a little jar in which Mrs. Doray kept small amounts of money to pay tradesmen. Dumping the change in Mrs. Beamish's hands, he grabbed his cap and they left.

When they arrived home Nutty smiled faintly at his friend, and then closed his eyes weakly. Art could see that he was a very sick boy.
Nutty began mumbling incoherently. His voice became fainter. Art bent over him anxiously as his voice trailed off to silence. Art stared at him a moment and then started calling him. The boy didn't answer. All of Art's pent-up feelings released themselves as he broke down hysterically. Just then Mrs. Beamish entered the room with the doctor. The latter took one look at Nutty, and then turned to the old lady, nodding significantly. The boy was dead.

Art, broken-hearted and sick, plodded up to the Doray home. He leaned his head against the front door, took out his handkerchief and cleaned his tear-streaked face. Suddenly he heard angry voices coming from within.

The Dorays, returned from the bridge game, had immediately noted Art's absence. Doray, discovering the money gone from the jar, instantly gloated over the apparent dishonesty of the boy. Mrs. Doray despite the undeniable proof of the wrongdoing, refused to believe that the boy had broken his word. At this, Doray grew angrier.
"All right," Art heard him yell to Mrs. Doray. "Before you brought that boy here, we were a pretty happy couple. Ever since, we've had nothing but quarrels and unhappiness. Now either he goes out of this house or I, and Edie, as much as I love you, I'll go, even if it means divorce. You choose between us right now."
It was Art who made the decision. Sick and heart-broken over Nutty's death, and now faced with the fact that he might be the means of severing Mrs. Doray from the man she loved, he made up his mind quickly. He ran into the house and confronted Doray. The latter grabbed Art's shoulder.
"Don't put your hands on me," cried Art, twisting loose.

Mrs. Doray gave him a reproachful look. "Art," she said quietly, "I asked you not to leave the house for anything. Why did you?"
"Yes," interrupted Doray. "And where's the money?"
Art stared pitiously at Mrs. Doray. He knew that what he was about to say would hurt her and destroy her faith in him. Nevertheless, he was resolved to protect her happiness at the cost of his own dishonor.
"I went out because I wanted to go out," he cried, fairly snarling at her. "I took your money too. What're you going to do about it? I never asked you to come and live here, and I don't want to stay any more. I ain't good and I never will be good. I'm bad. I'm the worst kid in town. Now, how do you like that." He picked up the empty change jar, crashed it on the floor and ran out, eluding Doray's wild grab for him.

(To be continued)

The motion picture made from this Post Serial will be shown at Kingston theatre on Monday and Tuesday, June 6 and 7.

The long vigil of the Lindberghs is ended. Gone are the agonizing days and nights of ceaseless searching and hoping and praying for the return of their baby boy. Death, with awful certainty, has snuffed out the last ray of hope.

The hearts of Americans and of all other civilized people everywhere go out in profoundest sympathy to the Colonel and Anne in this, their hour of blackest grief. Nothing that can be said, no gesture that can be made will ease their pain—but somehow they may find surcease in the knowledge that countless other parents are sorrowing with them in spirit in that silent nursery at Soudland Hills.

Baby Lindbergh, since his disappearance, had come to be a symbol of hope. Deep in every heart was the feeling that this merry-faced, curly-headed babe could not come to any real harm—that sooner or later he would be returned to his mother's arms.

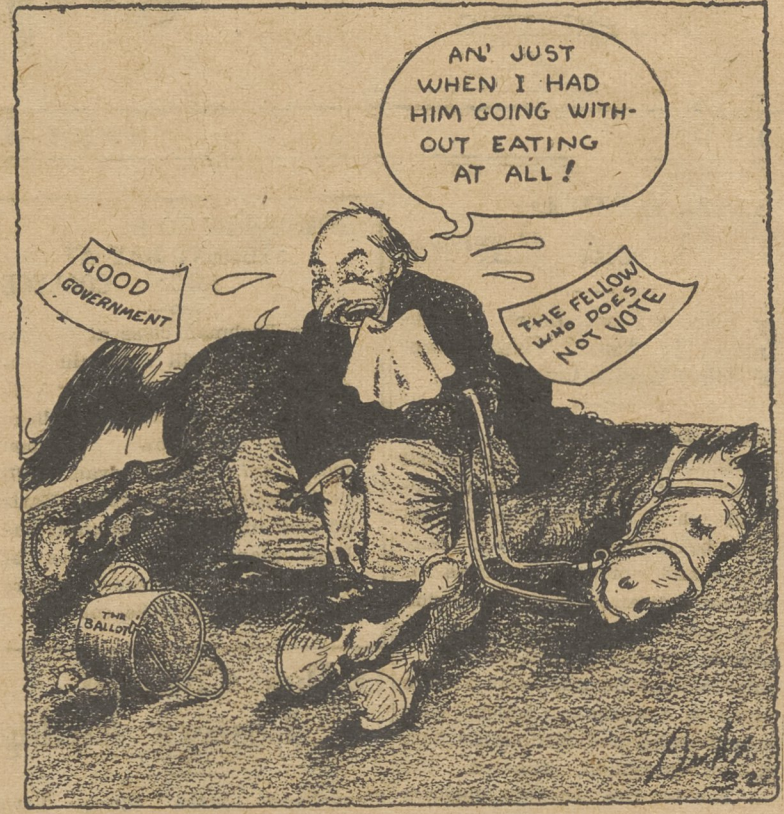
This hope was strengthened by the negotiations conducted in Colonel Lindbergh's name by various persons who, they believed, had made contact with the kidnapers. The successive moves in these negotiations, as revealed in press dispatches, were followed with breathless interest by the public.

Hopes were dashed once when Colonel Lindbergh's agent paid \$50,000 on a false ransom promise, but they rose again on the report of further contact with the criminals. It seems extremely doubtful now that contact ever was made with the real kidnapers.

Finding of the body so near the Lindbergh home gives rise to two theories. The first is that the child was slain by a madman who hoped in this way to assert power over the famous aviator, or to take vengeance for some fancied grievance. Secondly, the kidnaper may have killed the baby in a frenzy of fear at possible capture.

Whatever the motive for the crime, the duty of the police is plain. Every effort must be made to find the person or persons who did this awful deed. Detectives failed miserably in effort to trace the kidnapers while the boy was missing. Now that the baby has been found there must be some clue that will put them on the right scent.
All America cries for punishment of the murderer of this innocent child.—Elmira Star Gazette.

ANOTHER HORSE TRAINED NOT TO EAT



-Dallas-

A very enjoyable party was attended by the following at the home of Mrs. George Augerton, Tuesday evening. The funds derived are to be turned over to the community fund. Those present who won prizes were Miss Ethel Pettebone, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Wallo, Mrs. Ann Newitt, Mrs. Behler, Capt. Booth, Mrs. Annie Walko. Others present were Gertrude Wilson, Caroline Morris, Mrs. MacGuire, Mr. Behler, Mrs. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Miss Metz Hoffman.

Mrs. Ziba Howell, Mrs. W. B. Risley and Mrs. C. Boston spent Tuesday at Tunkhannock, Pa.

Dallas district, Girl Scouts, will hold their last meeting of the Spring in Dallas borough high school at 7:30 on Monday night. Good attendance is urged.

Card Party
Girl Scout committee of Dallas district will hold a card party tonight in Dallas high school auditorium. Funds received will be used to defray the girls' camp expenses.

Mrs. George Phillips of Dallas entertained the contract bridge club yesterday afternoon at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Gordon.

The reduction of millage is of special significance when it is realized that never in the history of the borough have there been more improvements made in the streets and in the general operation of the borough than in the past two years.

-Shavertown-

Card Party and Dance
A Card Party and dance for the benefit of St. Therese's Church of Shavertown will be held at Castle Inn on Wednesday night of next week. Prizes will be awarded to the winners at cards at each table and the Castle Inn Orchestra will furnish the music for dancing, an admission of fifty cents will be charged and the public is invited to attend.

Birth Announcement
Mr. and Mrs. Russell Houser of Spring street are rejoicing over the arrival of a daughter at their home on Saturday night, May 14. Mother and daughter are doing nicely at this writing.

Wedding Tomorrow
The wedding of Mildred Woolbert, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Woolbert of Main street and Frederick Malkames, son of Mrs. Christine Malkames of Goeringer avenue will take place at the Methodist church tomorrow at high noon. After the ceremony the couple will leave on a honeymoon trip and upon their return will reside in a newly furnished home at Fernbrook.

Brief Mention
Mrs. Eva Dressel and daughter Ruth of Wilkes-Barre were guests on Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dressel.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ralston entertained at their home on Shaver avenue on Thursday evening, Mrs. Jennie Connell of Youngston, Ohio, and Mrs. Evan Miles of Kingston.

Beth Williams, captain of the local girl scout troop played the role of end man in the minstrel show given by the Epworth League of the Central M. E. Church last Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Belford entertained recently at their home, Rev. and Mrs. James Henry and daughters, Reba and Claris, and son, Raymond, and Mr. and Mrs. F. Walters of Edwardsville.

Mrs. G. E. Ruff and son George Elson and Mrs. A. J. Suttles returned home last week from an extended motor trip through the Southern States. Mrs. Daniel Shaver is in Washington at the bedside of her mother who is ill.

SPORT SLANTS

By "Red"

Dallas and Fernbrook were victorious in their games played last week, Dallas gaining a 6 to 2 victory over Shavertown and Fernbrook gaining an easy 9 to 1 victory over Orange. At this writing no score of the Beaumont and Lake Summit game had been received.

This column witnessed six innings of the Shavertown-Dallas game in which the pitching of Sedalko of Dallas was the feature, fanning 10 men and allowing but 2 hits, one a clean single by Herbert Ray, catcher for Shavertown, over first base in the second inning and a scratch single of Kitchen's in the last inning which was followed by Bernie McNelis' hit to left field which went for a home run when Bill Labarr had his third error of the day, the ball bouncing off his glove and going under the fence.

Inability to hit Sedalko was Shavertown's downfall, as was the case last year when he twirled for Idetown.

Dallas presented a new lineup with but two local boys, Bill Labarr and Tommy Reese playing the outfield. Payton Lee, also a local boy was on the sidelines keeping score.

Local fans are making plenty of squawks since the players of the valley are allowed to play in the local circuit. Many contend that if it is for the Rural section, local players should be given preference. If local boys are not given an opportunity to play how can they develop into ball players is the question that is being discussed wherever baseball is having its innings.

We'll admit that the bringing in of the boys from the valley will give local fans a faster brand of baseball, but how do the older fans stand. It is a known fact that many of the old timers here would sooner see local boys out on the field scoring 30 or more runs than two evenly matched clubs that score but five or six runs between them.

One player and a prominent business man of Dallas claim that the introduction of players in the local league will kill baseball here.

Tommy Reese is still bale to keep pace with the younger players of the league. Twice last week he backed into the fence to take hard hit fly ball off the bat of Parry, centerfielder on the Shavertown team. Another time he robbed Abe Winters of a sure two bagger when he raced into second base to take a low hit ball.

Kitchen was the star of the Shavertown team, getting a "scratch hit" and accepting numerous hard chances in the field and taking part in three double plays.

In the Fernbrook-Orange game, Marty Haas, a veteran of the Wyoming league was the outstanding star, getting three hits out of four times at bat and playing a bang-up game at third. One of his hits was the longest seen on the Weiss diamond.

BASEBALL CHALLENGE

The Rinky Dinks having reorganized and having won their first game of the season by defeating West Wyoming by a large score challenges any 3rd class team of the back mountain region. Call Dallas 316-R-4 and ask for Addy.