

The Dallas Post,

ESTABLISHED 1889

TELEPHONE DALLAS 300
A LIBERAL, INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
AT THE DALLAS POST PLANT
LEHMAN AVENUE, DALLAS, PA.
BY THE DALLAS POST INC.,

HOWARD RISLEY Managing Editor
HOWELL E. REES Advertising Manager
RUSSELL WEAVER Mechanical Superintendent
SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVES—American Press Association, 225 West 45th Street, New York.

The Dallas Post is on sale at local news stands. Subscription price by mail \$2.00 payable in advance. Single copies five cents each. Entered as second-class matter at the Dallas Post-office. Members American Press Association; Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers Association; Circulation Audit Bureau; Wilkes-Barre-Wyoming Valley of Commerce.

Published by
THE DALLAS POST, INC.

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."

Congress shall make no law *** abridging the freedom of speech, or of Press.—From the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States.
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. 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.
7. The formation of a Back Mountain Club made up of business men and some owners interested in 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 all School Boards in the region covered by THE DALLAS POST.
10. Adequate water supply for fire protection.

Not so many years ago the American people had the materialistic point of view that making money and having brains were synonymous. If a man had plenty of money and a goodly share of this world's goods he was considered an outstanding success and worthy of the respect of the entire community. If he had little money and few of the world's goods he was considered a failure no matter how good a thinker he might be or how happy he might be. It made little difference how a man might have obtained his money, whether through fair means or foul, he was a success if he had it and won the admiration of his fellow men.

Now the question arises, if there were so many smart men four years ago when everybody had money, where are the smart men today when nobody has it? Our evaluations must have been wrong four years ago or there has been a sudden disappearance of men with brains. The answer is simple enough, our evaluations were wrong. We Americans were not God's chosen people. We Americans are no greater or better than any other people on the face of the earth. We were prosperous because of circumstances and because we happened to be favorably located in a great growing nation in a land still open to exploitation of its natural resources. We did very little thinking except along narrow materialistic lines. Money to us meant happiness and a full life. Our thinking was confined to checking the stock market reports, watching the price of merchandise and planning ways and means of making big profits with as little effort as possible.

Now with the depression weighing heavily upon us we can do nothing but talk about it and bemoan our fate. We have apparently lost our capacity to think or solve our problem. Instead we waste our energies in cheap talk and discussion of panaceas to get us out of the depression quickly. We blame the depression on everybody but ourselves. The war, the president, the bankers, Wall street, Andrew Mellon, the politicians, taxes, prohibition, machines and a hundred other causes are blamed for our present state of affairs. We like to pass the buck.

The responsibility for the depression rests on every one of us as individuals. This is more true in a democracy such as ours than in any other nation in the world. We, the people, are theoretically the rulers in America. Our whole plan of government is built upon that premise. If we don't want to take the responsibility that is ours, then we will have to pay for our folly just as we are doing now. We have been amused by a great political sideshow and we have elected to office men who were better fitted for a circus sideshow than for deep thinking on great problems. We, the people, have asked the government to spend money on all sides and now we, the people, complain because taxes are high. We, the people, blindly followed brainless leaders into a world war and now we damn the leaders. We, the people, through our leaders discarded all the lessons of history and all the teachings of economists to put Germany and her allies completely out of business with the treaty of Versailles. We don't think we follow.

All our mouthings about the wonders of Democracy are as nothing if as individuals we fail to see the responsibility that is ours. Four years ago we were great, in our own opinion, because we had money. Today, we are facing defeat, not because we have no money, but because during the soft years our best brains were devoted to making money rather than doing constructive thinking along governmental, economic and business lines.

KING OF THE JUNGLE

A Paramount Picture
Based on the novel "THE LION'S WAY"
By C. T. STONEHAM

Synopsis

Kaspa, a four-year old boy, is found by a roving family of lions in the heart of the jungle and adopted by Kali, a powerful lioness whose cubs had just been killed by hyenas. Her mate, Paka, the leader of the group, Nguva, another male lion and his mate, Mua, tolerated the child because Kali had adopted him for her own. He is brought up with the other young cubs. Mua is caught in a trap laid by natives and killed in full sight of Kaspa and the lions. From then on Kaspa realizes that man is his enemy. Because of the danger from the natives. Paka leads his family away to the distant mountains.

CHAPTER 3

The new den was sixty miles away on the upper reaches of the Noyoka River. It was here that Kaspa, being now nearly six years old, began to learn something of hunting and the customs of his adopted people. The child was unusually tall and developed for his years. He was quite naked, tanned, and his grizzled golden hair formed a cap of curly thickness for the protection of his head. He was fleet, agile strong and hardy as a lion's cub. His sense of hearing and sight had been abnormally developed, but his scent, though infinitely keener than that of the ordinary man, was yet inferior to any of the wild creatures. He made up for it by increased intelligence and by his hand-instruments of utility beyond the envy of understanding of his companions, they enabled him to climb, which no lion could do. By observing the monkeys, he soon became agile and fearless in the branches.

His education went forward apace. He was taught the lion's way of hunting zebra and kongoni. The easiest method of hunting was by the drive. Having located a herd of game, Paka would post Kali and Kaspa down-

wind in the best cover available. The old lion and Nguva would make a circuit of the herd, uttering their melancholy hunting roars which, by an effect of ventriloquism, appeared to come from all points of the compass. While the confused zebras gathered in a bunch, uncertain which way to run, the lions would suddenly rush them and in the stampede that followed, Kali would jump out and catch the nearest one and kill it.

Kaspa at this time was unable to kill any of the larger creatures. If a small gazelle were mixed up with the zebra herd, he would catch it and break its neck by the leverage of the horn. In many encounters he was cut and beaten and once sustained several broken fingers. In this way, he learned the astonishing hardihood of wild creatures which enables them to run and fight even when seriously wounded.

He seemed to thrive on a diet of raw meat, berries and such fruit as he saw the monkeys eat. At an early age, the boy's mind had developed far beyond that of an animal and he was aware that he was not a true carnivore. In shape he was not unlike the natives he had seen murdering Mua, but he was convinced he was not of their tribe because his skin was whiter and his hair of a different color and texture. Neither was he a monkey. He came to the conclusion that he was a kind of ape born of a lion.

Paka, warned by Mua's fate, gave the natives a wide berth. As soon as the natives vacated the horn country and returned to the high veld, the lions went back to their old lair in the kopie. Here Kali re-enforced the pack with two male cubs, the progeny of Paka. They were called Dogo and Ruka, and were both black manes like their father.

These two were Kaspa's brothers and constant companions. He played with them as cubs and bore the scars of their teeth and claws upon his

It does not deter or lessen crime.

It stimulates crime instead of preventing it.

DEATH PENALTY DOES NOT PROTECT

jealousy, fear, or drink.

The death penalty is irrevocable. Many innocent men have been executed. Society cannot call them back to life. Life imprisonment leaves a loop-hole in case of error.

The death penalty is brutal. It breeds brutality. It often prevents convictions, for Juries hesitate to convict, knowing the awful penalty. Would you be willing to throw the electric death switch?

The death penalty discriminates against the poor man. The rich man by employing skilled lawyers, legal technicalities, and by appeal to those in influential positions in Society, seldom pays the extreme penalty.

The criminal is not stopped by fear of death by law. The real punishment falls on the family of the condemned. Capital Punishment reverts to the antiquated desire for vengeance. Life imprisonment is the modern corrective punishment. Eight of our States have adopted it, and they find that it WORKS.

The many associations against prohibition have all protested vigorously their opposition to the dry law solely on the ground that it does not prohibit, that it increases drinking instead of decreasing it.

THEIR MOUTHS WATER

Apparently, however, the brewers and wine makers have objected to it on quite another ground — that it destroyed their profits and put them out of business.

The way they have swarmed Washington for the hearing on proposed beer legislation is eloquent testimony to where lies their interest in the problem. Their eagerness and aggressiveness, moreover, have been so dominating that one of the ringleaders of the wets, representative LaGuardia, finally suggested that all be thrown out.

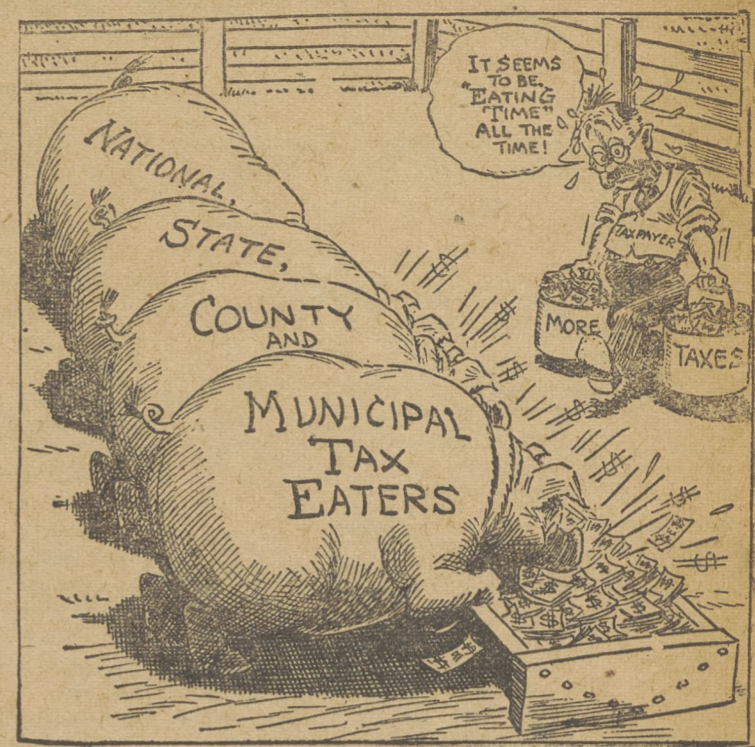
The brewers are looking to the future in what they call the "educational field." Brewers were always great "educators," for they realized their future profits depended upon building a trade among the young. Now they have their eyes on the colleges. Read an advertisement in the Brewing Industry for November 9:

Not one-tenth of one per cent of the youth in college know what really good American beer tastes like. To them it is little more than a name. They will have to be educated . . . But beer can be restored to its former favor in colleges, which means the youth of the land. It cannot be done over night.

Some say had it not been for the brewers, America would never have had prohibition. Is it possible that chiefly because of the brewers America will decide to keep prohibition?

They will do well not to spend in advance the 800 million dollars in profits they are said to have estimated the return of beer will bring them each year.

WHEN IS IT GOING TO BE BUTCHERING TIME?



skin, for the playing of lion cubs is not gentle. He quickly learned that he was no match for a lion in sheer strength. He discovered that his best chance in holding his own with them and win a place in their regard lay in his agility. Quick and springy as a cat, he could leap, dodge and run in a manner most puzzling to his four footed companions. But despite his superior agility, it seemed that he would never be able to conquer a lion. His equipment was too meager.

He could dodge a rush, parry a stroke, place himself in a position to inflict damage but when he had done so, the damage was beyond his power to inflict. His teeth were negligible as weapons and his claws were futile. There remained his hands, deadly weapons against most things with his enormous strength but of little use against teeth and claws. At times he would try to throttle his playmates but the lions would wrench loose his grip and throw him off without any trouble. Straight punches sufficiently severe to cripple a man, had little effect upon the burly heads and massive bodies of his antagonists. Of course, he could always run away but this was not very satisfactory. To live among savage companions and be unable to compel respect is a dangerous existence, as he found out by the events of a summer which found him sixteen years of age.

Paka was by this time a very old lion. His muzzle was grey, his teeth loose in his head and his sight failing. He did but little hunting and but for the activities of his pack would almost starve to death or be driven to man-killing. He still tried to assist in the capture of game, but he had become so slow that his efforts were more harmful than useful.

One night when a kongoni had been hunted almost into the jaws of Kali it turned at the last minute and tried to break back through the drive. It made straight in Paka's direction, and the old lion unhesitatingly launched himself at its throat. But his fading eyes were not keen enough, his motions too slow. He missed his hold on the throat, and the beast with lowered horns charged straight into his chest, knocking him out of the way and making its escape to the open veld.

Paka struggled to his feet and roared his rage and disappointment. He did not seem to be hurt at the time but after they returned to the cave, hungry and tired, Kaspa was surprised to notice that Paka made no attempt to leap on to his flat-topped rock, but lay down in the sand beside it. In the day he awoke several times and heard the old lion groaning in his sleep. As usual, Kaspa roused himself in the afternoon and set out on his rambles along the river bank, rambles in which the lions had no share. When he reentered the cave at dusk it was to find Kali standing over the prostrate body of her mate, sniffing at him in a frightened way. Kaspa sat down to watch. It was strange that Paka did not awake, and he began to understand that the old lion was not as usual. In a few minutes Kali communicated to him the intelligence that the leader was dead.

At dusk they were abroad again, and Ruka almost immediately struck down a fear blinded doe that crossed his path. He set paws on the carcass, and raised his voice in the roar of triumph that announces a kill. The doe was dragged into a suitable position under a tree, the belly opened and entrails removed, and the lion family gathered to the feast, but scarcely had Ruka torn his first mouthful from the haunch than a low grunting was heard close at hand and every head was expectant to watch a newcomer emerge from the brush.

He was an enormous tawny-mane in the prime of his strength. He paused in the moonlit clearing and grunted an inquiry. The answering grunts were doubtful and uninviting, but the big male came forward with the confidence of one who is on his own hunting ground and strong

enough to resist infringement of his rights. He was entitled to figure as a guest at this meal, and it would take more than an old warrior and two young cubs to keep him from it. Kaspa he ignored, summing him up as some sort of freak creature—a hybrid ape, perhaps. Kali snarled at him as he came forward, and he walked wide of her, as became a male when a lady insulted him, but this detour bought him within a few feet of Nguva, who, unwilling to be ousted by this handsome fellow snarled also. Quick as a flash, Bulu turned and attacked the old lions with fang and claw. Nguva, half surprised, was overwhelmed. He roled over and over, roaring terribly, striving to keep the tawny-mane's teeth from his throat but suffered severe gashes on neck and forearm.

With trusting hind feet he managed to throw Bulu clear, but before he could regain his feet the lion was back at him, ripping and tearing and snarling like a demon. Nguva was knocked about like a helpless cub. He was dazed from a succession of blows upon the sides of his head, and the other gave him no time to regain his wits.

In a moment he was in full retreat into the bush, with Bulu after him. Kaspa watched all this astonished. It was the first fight, other than the petty differences of half-grown cubs, that he had seen. He wondered whether they should interfere on Nguva's behalf, but before he could make up his mind on this point Bulu returned and stalked up to the kill as though he owned it. This was too much for Ruka's self-control. It was his kill and Bulu was an uninvited guest. He marched forward snarling, and immediately was overtaken by the same fate as Nguva. So rapid and irresistible were the lion's attacks that the unfortunate Ruka thought a full-grown and powerful youngster, was given no opportunity to prove his prowess. He crouched down, growing defiance, but plainly showing that he had no desire to dispute the ownership of the kill with so dangerous an opponent.

In a lordly manner Bulu began to eat. Kali came up for her share, and beyond a sideways glance at her he ignored her presence, but the instant either Dogo or Ruka attempted to follow her example a warning growl made them retreat.

Kaspa and his brothers sat and watched the new leader eating his fill, and when at last he was satisfied he moved a little way apart and lay down as though making the others free of his leanings. Ruka and Dogo went forward, but the moment Kaspa joined them Bulu rose and without warning made a rush at him.

The boy, warned by the experience of Nguva and Ruka, had never taken his eyes off the big lion, and he was not caught napping. With a sudden effort he leapt five feet of the ground and caught a bough above his head pulling himself up until he was well out of reach. He sat there snarling at the attacker and wishing he had the strength to descend and fight it out with him. Bulu lay down again, but at every movement of the boy in the tree he growled and looked warlike.

Kaspa got no food that night. He sat up in the branches watching the others feed under the savage eye of the big tawny-mane. Ruka and Dogo were depressed and nervous. All their lives they had been subjected to the leadership of Paka, and now they did not know what attitude to take towards the confident interloper. Kali, obedient to the law that governed her kind, conducted herself as though nothing unusual had happened. She was in the best interests or the family that their leader should be a redoubtable fighter and a forceful character. Bulu was both.

(Continued next week)