

The Dallas Post,

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TELEPHONE DALLAS 300

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HOWARD RISLEY General Manager
HOWELL REES Managing Editor
TRUMAN STEWART Mechanical Superintendent

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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.

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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. Construction of more sidewalks for the protection of pedestrians in Kingston township and Dallas.
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. Adequate water supply for fire protection.

American business will move ahead vigorously in 1935. This is the consensus of leaders of trade and industry based upon successful experience in operating during the year and a half that have passed since President Roosevelt approved the Recovery Act in June 1933.

Business optimism concerning 1935 is based upon concrete results in the year just closed.

In attempting to forecast the future of business in 1935 it is well to recount a few of the achievements of 1934. The reemployment of millions of men, the shortening of work-weeks, the raising of minimum wages, the addition of billions of dollars to the national income, the elimination of child labor, the wiping out of suicidal competitive practices—these are truisms that will stand repeating.

Of great importance at this time in estimating the trend of business in the New Year is a survey recently conducted among business publications. The volume of business done in the first quarter of 1935 will be larger in most lines, in the opinion of editors of leading industrial publications, as revealed in this survey by Associated Business Papers, Inc., according to the Associated Press.

Generally, better earnings were seen as a likely accompaniment of the rising activity, by editors of 125 publications which are members of the Association of Business Papers. In some cases, it was felt, profits may not increase in proportion to the greater gross because of advanced operating costs through higher wage and material bills and price instability.

Here is a summary of some of the predictions made by editors in touch with special lines of business.

Department-store sales are expected to continue their recent gains into the first quarter of 1935; hardware and shoe buying for the spring is already progressing in increased volume; production of shoes, which in 1934 was only 10,000,000 pairs behind 1929, is expected to duplicate the 1934 performance in early 1935.

Automotive trade papers predict a material pick-up in their industry in the first quarter of 1935 as compared with last year. The steel outlook is encouraging, according to the heads of publications in that industry. Editors following the machine-tool trade consider the prospects for the coming quarter bright in respect both to volume and profits. Wholesalers of electrical apparatus, after a rise in business in 1934 estimated at 35 percent, are expected to show a still further improvement in coming months.

Building-trade editors see some confusion in the first quarter as the industry awaits clarification of public-works plans, and the passage of needed mortgage legislation in many States. For the full year, however, it is felt that residential building might even triple the 1934 totals, while remodeling may be twice as active as in 1934.

Pennsylvania's monthly toll of deaths from automobile accidents at railroad crossings is consistently a tragic figure. A sharp increase in reported deaths in November compared to October, according to a compilation just completed by the Safety Research Bureau, makes last month's record particularly ghastly. This bitter story of sudden death continues despite improved

HERE'S A RELIEF PROJECT

braking and vision for motorists.

Why then, should fatalities increase? The answer is apparent at nearly every grade crossing. Inadequate protection—protection which is really only a travesty—protection which leans too much on the frailty of human senses. A warning is not necessarily a protection. There must be found some REAL protection for rail-highway crossings.

American inventive genius must be able to supply this need. The time undoubtedly will come when some device or plan will be evolved which actually PREVENTS accidents without regard for the will of the motorist.

Until that time comes accidents will continue to increase. As the speed of trains is stepped up and the number of crossings multiplied, the spectre of sudden death will hover where rails and highway meet.

Safety education is not enough. The federal government, the state and the municipality must act. Pennsylvania and other states with an increasing number of reported crossing deaths may well give serious thought to this safety issue.

WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE



THE NARRATIVE

CHAPTER I.—David Ransdell, approaching New York on the liner Europa, receives a succession of radiograms offering him \$1,000, finally \$20,000, for an exclusive newspaper interview divulging the mission that brings him from South Africa. Ransdell, noted aviator, has been secretly commissioned at Capetown by Lord Rhondin and Professor Bronson, the astronomer, to fly across the Mediterranean to the fast liner, with a large traveling case containing photographic plates. His instructions are to deliver them to Dr. Cole Hendron, in New York. Tony Drake calls at the Hendrons' apartment. Ransdell arrives and Eve Hendron, with whom Tony is deeply in love, introduces Tony to Ransdell.

CHAPTER II.—New York newspapers publish a statement made by Hendron and concurred in by sixty of the world's greatest scientists. The prepared statement says that Professor Bronson has discovered two planets, which must have broken away from another star or sun and traveled through interstellar space for an incalculable time, until they came to a region of the heavens which brought them at last under the attraction of the sun. The statement ends: "Their previous course, consequently, has been modified by the sun, and as a result, they are now approaching us." The result of the inevitable collision must be the end of the earth. The approaching bodies are referred to as Bronson Alpha and Bronson Beta, the latter being the smaller—about the size of the earth.

CHAPTER III.—"It's going to be doomsday, isn't it?" Tony Drake asks Eve. "No, Tony—more than doomsday. Dawn after doomsday," she tells him. She explains that the first time the Bronson Bodies approach the earth they will not hit it, but the second time, one, Bronson Beta, will pass and the other will hit the earth and demolish it. To devise means of transferring to Bronson Beta, so much like the earth, is what is occupying the minds of the members of the League of the Last Days.

CHAPTER IV.—Hendron tells Tony he is to be a member of the selected crew of the projected Space Ship which Hendron plans to build, with the idea of landing on Bronson Beta, and the scientist advises him to gain a knowledge of agriculture and proficiency in manual arts and elementary mechanics. Tony rounds up suitable men and women to build the ship at a cantonment Hendron established in northern Michigan.

CHAPTER V.—Hendron has not been able to find a metal or an alloy which will withstand the heat and pressure of atomic energy to be used in propelling the Space Ship. The night before Hendron and his immediate party are to fly to Michigan, the ideas rush through the streets of New York.

CHAPTER VI
The first black clouds which Tony

had observed marked the beginning of an electrical storm. The tremor he felt presaged a steady crescendo of earth-shakings. He left his hilltop soon and found that the population of the colony which, an hour before, had retired for the night, was again awake. He met Hendron and several scientists making a last tour of inspection, and he joined them.

"The dormitories," Hendron said, "are presumably quake-proof. I don't think any force could knock over the buttresses we have put around the projectile."

Even as he spoke, the wind increased, lightning stabbed the sky, the radiance of the Bronson Bodies was permanently extinguished, and the gusty wind was transformed to a steady tempest. As shock followed shock, people began to pour into the outdoors.

Tony tried to locate Eve, but was unable to do so in the gathering throng. It was difficult to walk on the wide cleared area between the various buildings, for the ground underfoot frequently forced itself up like the floor of a rapidly decelerated elevator. The lightning came nearer. The thunder was continual. It was hard to hear the voice of one's nearest neighbor. Tony, with half a dozen others, rushed into the brightly illuminated women's dormitory and hurriedly brought from it into the tumult and rain those who had remained there.

By ten o'clock the violence of the quakes was great enough so that it was difficult to stand. The people huddled like sheep in a storm in the lee of the buildings. Lightning hammered incessantly on the tall steel tower which surrounded the space-flyer. Tony moved through the assembled people shouting words of encouragement he did not feel.

Shortly after eleven an extraordinarily violent shock lifted one end of the men's building so that bricks and cement cascaded from its wall. Tony had the floodlights thrown on the landing field, and every one migrated thither.

Before midnight some caprice of the seismic disturbance snapped off the power. At one o'clock in the morning a truck from the kitchen of the dining halls floundered through the mud with sandwiches and coffee. At two o'clock the temperature of the wind dropped, and the wet multitude shivered and chattered with cold. Hall fell in place of rain.

Half an hour later the wind stopped abruptly; it puffed, veered, and came back from the southwest. It blew fifty miles an hour, a hundred, and then rose from that velocity to an

immeasurable degree. Every man and woman was compelled to lie face down on the muddy earth, the undulations of which increased.

They lay for an hour or more, shivering, gasping for breath, hiding their faces. Then a particularly violent shock suddenly separated the landing field into two parts, one of which rose eight or nine feet above the other, leaving a sharp diminutive precipice across the middle of the field.

There was no dawn, no daylight, only a diffused inadequate grayness. The people lay on the ground, each man wrapped in the terrors of his own soul, with fingers clutching the grass or buried in the earth. And so the day began. The air grew perpetually more warm. An augmented fury of the gale brought a faint odor of sulphur.

Midday held no respite. It was impossible to bring up food against the gale, impossible even to stand. The sulphurous odors and the heat increased. The driven rain seemed hot. Toward what would have been afternoon, and in the absolute darkness, there was a sudden abatement; and the wind, while it still blew strong, allowed the shaken populace to rise and to stare through the impenetrable murk. Fifty or more of the men made a rush for the dining halls. They found them, and were surprised that they had not collapsed. The low hills around had furnished them with protection. There was no time to prepare food. Snatching what they could, and loading themselves with containers of drinking water, they fought their way back to the field. There, like animals, the people drank and ate, finishing in time only to throw themselves once again on the bare ground under the renewed fury of the storm.

Night came again. The sulphur in the air, the fumes and gases, the heat and smoke and dust, the hot rain, almost extinguished their frantically defended lives. The dust and rain combined with the wind to make a diagonal downfall of foetid mud which blistered them and covered the earth.

The respite brought by the second morning was comparative rather than real. The wind abated; the torrential rain became intermittent; and the visibility returned, though no one could have told whether it was early morning or twilight.

Tony rose to his feet the instant the wind slackened. Through all the long and terrible hours he had been absent from Eve. It would have been utterly unthinkable to attempt to locate her in the midst of that sound and fury. He found, however, that there was no use in looking for her immediately. So heavy had been the downpour of rain and ashes from the sky, that it not only reduced the field to a quagmire, but it covered the human beings who had lain there with a thick chocolate-colored coating, so that as one by one the people arose to sitting and standing postures, he found it difficult even to distinguish man from woman.

He was compelled to put Eve from his mind. It was necessary to think of all and not one. Many of those who had been in the field were unable to rise. Several had been injured. Of the older men a number were suffering perhaps fatally from exposure.

Tony found that his limbs would scarcely support him, but after he had staggered for some distance through the murk, his numb circulation was restored, and his muscles relaxed.

Out of the subsiding maelstrom he collected some thirty or forty persons, most of them men.

"Any of you men working on the power plant?" he shouted. "Right. You two come over here. Now who else here was in the machine shop? Good. You fellows get to work on starting up the lights. They'll be the first thing. Now I want half of you to get beds in shape in the woman's hall." He counted the number he required. "If they don't look safe," he shouted after the disappearing men, "find a place that is safe, and put the beds there. We'll have to have a hospital."

With the remnant of his men he went to the dining halls. One of these buildings was a complete wreck, but the other still stood. They entered the kitchen. Its floor was knee-deep in mud. He recognized among those still with him Taylor, the student of light, whom he had sent to Hendron from Cornell. "Take charge in here, will you Taylor? I'll leave you half these men. The rest of us are going to round up the doctors and get medical supplies ready. They'll want coffee out there, and any kind of food that they can eat immediately." He saw Taylor's mouth smile in assent, and heard Taylor begin to issue instructions for the lighting of a fire in one of the big stoves.

Once again he went outdoors. It was a little lighter. His anxious gaze traveled to the tower that housed the Ark, and from its silhouette he de-

duced that it was at least superficially intact. The shouting he had done had already rendered him hoarse, for the air was still sulphurous. It irritated the nose and throat, and produced in every one a dry frequent cough. Besides the irritating vapors in the air, there was heat, not the heat expected any day in July, but such heat as surrounds a blast furnace—a sullen withering heat which blanched the skin, parched the lips and was unrelieved by the rivulets of perspiration that covered the body.

Tony went back alone to the flying field. It was a little lighter. Mist motions were visible in the sky, and threads of vapor were fung over the Stygian landscape by the wind. People were returning from what had been the flying field to the partial wreck at the camps, in twos and threes, many of them limping, some of them being carried. He found Eve at last. Just as he reached the edge of the flying field, she was helping two other girls, who were trying to carry a third. She recognized him and called to him. "Are you all right, Eve?" His soul was in his rasping voice. He came close to her. He looked into her eyes. She nodded, first to him and then toward the unconscious girl. She put her lips close to his ear, for she could speak only in a whisper: "Give us a hand, Tony. This girl fainted."

He picked up the girl, and they followed him through the slough to the main hall of the women's dormitory. Beds were being carried there, and many of them were already filled. Some one had found candles and stuck them in window sills so that the room was lighted. Already two men who were doctors were examining the arrivals. Tony recognized one of the men as Dodson when he heard the boom of his voice: "Get hot water here, lots of it, boiling water. Don't anybody touch those bandages. Everything has to be sterilized. See if you can find anybody who knows anything about nursing. Get the rest of the doctors."

Somewhat Dodson had already managed to wash, and his heavy-jowled face radiated power and confidence.

Tony went outdoors again. A gong boomed in the kitchen, and he remembered his thirst and hunger. Around a caldron of coffee and a heap of sandwiches, which were replenished as fast as they disappeared, were grouped at least two hundred people. Tony stood in the line which passed the caldron, and was handed a cup of coffee and a sandwich. The coffee tasted muddy.

PCSTSCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 1.)

Just to prove that we've got a warm spot for the local men who have no easy task operating the Dallas Water Co. we saved for them a sentence which appeared in the report a State Engineer made after he had inspected the local system. "The pumping equipment and motors," said the engineer "appear to be well maintained." Considering that the engineer is an expert and certainly could find faults if there were any we count that a pretty tribute to whoever is responsible for the good condition of that equipment.

GENERAL INFORMATION: When the Literary Digest makes one of its celebrated polls of the country it shoots a bankroll of \$300,000 on post-sessions valley civic a gealone . . . a double one-member re-club is having their wouldn't sing the Star Spangled Banner and then when they made it a part of Al Smith smokes pacifist resigned . . . 5 to 20 cigars (or chews at) from Lakes come at 30 day and the kind he such as the boys cents each . . . rodeos, fair farm at down on the Steging for, are now Trucksville are preparing the fastest felled in England . . . was probably low who ever ran a mile, but he was amazing his grandstands an hour, a doing less than 15 milegraffic even on speed that would block ter how broil-Main Street . . . no maleague unprires ing hot the sun, major Ave their blue are not permitted to rem, serge coats.

Water Story (Continued from Page 1)

ing that if ers' Association, at the heading winter costs of making repairs dur, may be weather are. High such work Associa- postponed until Spring. The ment- tion's attitude toward post, by the will be influenced, it is likely, in in- utility's action on the proposed rate crease.

The sandwiches had a flavor not un- like the noxious odor in the air. Tony's craving was for water, but he realized that for the time being all liquids would have to be boiled. With his first sip of coffee he realized that brandy had been added to it. He wet his burning throat and swallowed his sandwich in three mouthfuls, and joined the line again.

(Continued Next Week.)

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15c ASCO Dutch Cocoa	1/2-lb can	Your Choice	
15c Baker's Coconut (Southern Style)	can		
15c Farmdale Wax Beans	No. 2 can	3	
15c Light Meat Tuna Fish	can	for	
Gorton's Codfish Cakes	15c can	25c	
15c Asparagus Tips Hurff's	picnic can		
15c Wheat Cereal Big Boy	pkg		
15c Fresh Prunes	big can		
29c Calif. Evap. Apricots	lb	25c	
Colman's Dry Mustard	1/4-lb can	25c	
10c New Crop Large Sweet Prunes	3 lbs.	25c	
Calif. Santa Clara with thin skin, small pits, fine flavor			
Delicious California Fruits	buffet size can	Your Choice	
10c Ritter Tomato Juice	20-oz can		
ASCO Peanut Butter	5-oz tumbler	3	
10c Green Peas (Whole or Split)	lb	for	
10c Dried Lima Beans	lb		
Bouillon Cubes Herb-Ox	tin	25c	
10c Sweet Potatoes	big can		
Choice Marrowfat Beans	lb		
10c Kidney Beans Joan of Arc	No. 2 can		

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