

"Congress shall make no law... abridging the freedom of speech or of Press"—The Constitution of the United States.

The Dallas Post is a youthful, liberal, aggressive weekly, dedicated to the highest ideals of the journalistic tradition and concerned primarily with the development of the rich rural-suburban area about Dallas.

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More Than A Newspaper, A Community Institution

The Dallas Post

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HOWARD W. RISLEY General Manager
HOWELL E. REES Managing Editor

THE POST'S CIVIC PROGRAM

- 1. A modern concrete highway leading from Dallas and connecting with the Sullivan Trail at Tunkhannock.
2. A greater development of community consciousness among residents of Dallas, Trucksville, Shavertown and Fernbrook.
3. A free library located in the Dallas Region.
4. Sanitary sewage disposal systems for local towns.
5. A centralized police force.
6. A consolidated high school eventually, and better co-operation between those that now exist.
7. Complete elimination of politics from local school affairs.
8. Construction of more sidewalks.

WASHINGTON PARADE

By

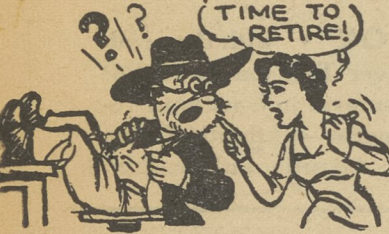
RAY JOHNSON

and

WALTER PIERCE

Washington, D. C.—One of the young women employees at the White House is a gifted mimic. Feeling in the mood one day, she attempted an imitation of the President's wife.

The first lady showed her superb tact when she said to the horror-stricken employee, "Really, I've never seen myself taken off better. You must come to tea this afternoon and do it all over again..."



With a tongue-in-the-cheek attitude, the House is considering Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers' resolution on the plan to "retire aged and infirm members of Congress."

The members suspect that Mrs. Rogers is either indulging in a bit of fun at the expense of the Court reform plan or else is anxious to see both Houses of Congress emptied.

The "attempt" to pack the U. S. Supreme Court is still the chief topic of conversation in official Washington. Rather interesting is the private reaction of the liberal Justices on that bench.

Justice Brandeis, who has supported most of the administration's legislation feels badly over what he believes is the most humiliating position the Supreme Court was ever placed in.

Justice Stone, most liberal man on the bench, is pleased with the discussion and criticism the proposal has developed. He feels that it is in the spirit of the times, and a healthy sign for a democratic form of government.

Justices Cardozo and Hughes... the other liberal members of the Court... are non-committal, but the consensus of opinion is that while Hughes has turned liberal on occasions, the Chief Justice is conservative, if not reactionary at heart.

The President arose one morning last week feeling slightly tired and a wee bit out of sorts.

After perusing over the morning papers, as is his usual custom upon arising, Mr. Roosevelt caught sight of an item... and presto, out went fatigue and ill-humor.

The miraculous article simply gave an account of the New York Union League Club's resolution opposing his judicial reforms.

Secretary Earle who told us the story added "... The President considered the resolution a good omen for the success of his proposal"

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

We think so because all other people think so; Or because—or because—after all, we do think so; Or because we were told so, and think we must think so; Or because we once thought so, and think we still think so; Or because, having thought so, we think we will think so.

—Henry Sidgewick. (These lines are said to have come to Mr. Sidgewick in his sleep.)

Electric Rates Continue Down

The rate reductions announced this week by Luzerne County Gas & Electric Co. impress upon consumers the noteworthy record being made now by public utilities.

Last year the light and power industry's operating expenses increased by 12 per cent, while its revenue from consumers rose 8 per cent.

The main reason for the difference is that rates were substantially lower than in 1935. The domestic consumer's average bill, including current for modern electric appliances, is now 9 cents a day—less than \$3.00 a month.

Pennsylvania Publicized

Pennsylvania is winning a deserved reputation for being the most scenic State in the country.

Since the Pennsylvania Scenic and Historic Commission began its work of publicity one year ago, the Keystone State's scenic and historic attractions have been brought to the attention of the public in each of the forty-eight states, as well as in countries beyond our national boundary lines.

With Secretary of Highways Warren Van Dyke as the directing head of the Commission, the second issue of 100,000 scenic and historic map folders will be ready soon for free distribution; and by April 1 it is expected that 25,000 copies of the revised booklet, "Pennsylvania has Everything", will be off the press.

Practically this entire quantity has already been reserved to fill requests from newspapers and individuals within and outside the State.

A Giant of Destruction

Every day, somewhere, newspapers carry headlines of disasters, such as these: Exploding Kerosene Stove Wipes Out Family; Man Killed Pouring Oil on Fire; Smoker Dies in Gasoline Explosion.

Apparently the common use of petroleum prod-

ucts in motor cars and stoves has lulled people into a false sense of security while using these fluids. It has caused them to become careless. The record indicates that a warning must be given if lives and property are to be spared.

Here are recommendations of the National Board of Fire Underwriters:

When using a kerosene or gasoline stove, always follow directions of the manufacturer. Keep the stove clean, extinguish flame after use and allow to cool before filling. Store the supply can outside the house.

Don't smoke while filling the stove.

In order to be sure your stove is safe buy only those listed as "standard" by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Don't clean clothes with gasoline, naphtha or benzene.

Human life is our most precious possession; guard your own and that of your dear ones from this giant of destruction.

Petroleum, properly handled, is one of man's most useful servants. Improperly handled, it can become a giant of destruction. Remember that—it may save your life.

The Doctor As A Philanthropist

Real philanthropists are those members of the medical profession who give money, as well as time and knowledge, to the needy sick. Today, both kinds of philanthropy keep physicians and surgeons near the top rank among hospital givers.

John Radcliffe, born 1654, graduated from Oxford Medical School and when he died in 1714, left the school 140,000 pounds sterling, or equal today to about three-quarters of a million dollars.

Matthew Lee, another physician of that time, left the same institution 20,000 pounds, or about \$100,000. George Oakley Aldrich, who lived a generation later, left the school \$65,000, to found three professorships in medicine.

I'm not up on tycoon pedigrees, but it seemed a sad, sad note of something or other to read in a Manhattan daily article about Detroit strikes signed by someone named Sanderson Vanderbilt.

One of my favorite Detroit stories concerns the motor magnate (who shall be nameless) who paid \$850,000 for an oil painting by a famous English painter (who shall, likewise, be nameless). The painting was sold down the Detroit River as the recent possession of an English duke (who must be nameless, too).

A few weeks after this transaction took place, an English newspaper took great delight in pointing out that the motor magnate had been sold a gold brick, in short, this British journal implied in no uncertain terms, and with great glee, that the original painting still hung in the duke's marble halls, that a mere copy was hanging in Detroit.

When our motor magnate read this article, sent him, doubtless, by some kind, kind friend, he wrote in high and justifiable dudgeon to his art dealer in New York, and threatened to have the law on him unless he quickly produced the duke's original.

The art dealer, when he opened the letter from Detroit and had read its contents, knew, in no uncertain terms, that he was on what is called a spot. So he hastily hopped the next boat for England and went to see the duke. Explaining the pickle he was in, the art dealer begged His Grace to sell his painting, finally offered him \$250,000. The right noble duke, who was not averse to pocketing such a tidy little sum of predepression, gold standard dollars, agreed to sell, but on one condition. His Grace pointed out that if he parted with his painting it would leave a nasty and empty hole in his wall, so would the Detroit motor magnate send him the copy?

This exchange was actually made. And this time, there was much publicity in all the papers about the \$250,000 original the Detroit big shot had purchased. Detroiters, of course, were very much impressed, and they're still impressed. But art dealers all over the world are telling this tale to each other in whispers, and then bursting out into sly chuckles.

EDITORIALS

BROADWAY LIMITED

By W. A. S.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The other night in the Hotel Montclair Casino, Margaret Sullivan and her husband Leland Hayward played host to the featured members of the cast of "The Show Is On"—a Shubert Brothers production...



society Gothamites spend thousands of dollars and months of preparation and wire pulling—just for the privilege of bowing for a split-minute in front of royalty... Not so Fred Fuller—or his pretty wife... They met not only the King and Queen—but all their important relatives as well...



Mayor LaGuardia, the fiery little Chief Executive of this big town, tells country publishers at a dinner: "I'd rather run a good newspaper in a small town than be mayor in a first-class city. At least I'd have some fun!"

THIS WEEK'S TAXOGRAM

Last week was the 18th anniversary of State gasoline taxes, which have cost motorists more than \$6,000,000 since first levied at 1c a gallon in 1919. The cost for 1936 alone is estimated at \$685,000,000. Federal gasoline taxes have cost an additional \$772,658,000 since 1932, making the grand total cost from 1919 through 1936 about \$6,169,876,693.

tapestry the motor magnate's check had not been banked, because this particular art dealer was a man who took his art seriously—and he turned down a \$50,000 sale just to keep a perfect work of art in perfect condition.

This same automotive gentleman, to use a word which seems to have little meaning today since it is applied generally to anything in pants, be he pugilist, safe-cracker, politician or millionaire, has a fabulous house in a Detroit suburb which boasts (as only his house does) fourteen main rooms on the ground floor. In each there is a nice, shiny, grand piano. I would like to be able to report that fourteen piano students, who may possibly have to struggle along with mere uprights, are privileged to play upon them from time to time, but I am told not even a piano tuner, touches them more than once a year.

I realize that there three tales about a rich man probably do not surprise you very much. After all, most of us are used to hearing stories, crazy stories about people who have too much money for their own needs, very often too much for their own good. But if you will stop a minute, I think you will have to admit that you've heard most of these stories about people who live in New York, summer in Newport, and winter in Palm Beach. Lately, of course, columnists and playwrights who couldn't make the grade in Hollywood, have added to the folk lore of crazy spenders by contributing many dizzy tales about the spending habits of our better known, and thus higher salaried film stars.

But about Detroit you will hear very little—very little, that is, that the motor men don't want you to hear. The reason of course is the tremendous influence they wield as one of the greatest sources of advertising to which the owners of publications must go with hand outstretched. And that, of course, is the reason why I'll never, never tell in print, and you'll never, never be able to guess, the name of this gent with the \$250,000 phony and the fourteen grand pianos.

RIVES MATTHEWS



For it seems that the Duke of Blank was actually paid \$250,000 to take back the original masterpiece in exchange for the copy of it that had hung in his marble halls ever since the day his ducal grandfather had needed cash the worst way, and had very secretly sold the original, so secretly that no one in his own family ever knew that he had replaced it with a very excellent copy—the copy that now hangs in Detroit—a bit of canvass which cost America \$500,000—the joint purchase of the Detroit motor magnate and his Manhattan art dealer.

This same Detroitier once wrote a check for \$50,000 to cover the purchase of a very handsome, very large and very old tapestry he saw in a New York art dealer's gallery. Fortunately for the tapestry, the art dealer was unable to deposit the check, for it was a Saturday, because, the next day, he received wired instructions from Detroit to cut a four inch square hole exactly in the center of this priceless work of art. It seems that the motor magnate, on returning to his home, had discovered that there was an electric wall bracket in the room in which he intended to hang the tapestry—and, in spite of the art dealer's protests, he insisted that the hole be cut. Well, you can imagine how that tapestry would have looked, with even the most presentable wall brackets ever designed protruding through its middle.

So I say it was fortunate for the

VENTRILOQUISM

