

"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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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. Centralization of local police protection.
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.—Sitting in her high-ceilinged office in the Labor Department, Secretary Perkins has finally answered the oft-repeated question business has been asking: "What next?"

The plaint of American industry was repeated to her:

"If you will tell us what to expect, we might be able to take the medicine already prescribed—if we were certain there wasn't going to be any more."

Back came the reply, straight from the heart.

"There isn't going to be any more. If business participates and cooperates fully in what we have now, including the proposed wages and hours law."

If you belong to the feminine sex and contemplate a political career, you will do well to take thought to your hosiery. Constituents, women Congressmen tell us, demand that their Representatives wear dark hose and not too sheer either. Tactful letters reach our women legislators hinting as to the proper apparel to wear.

One of the ladies tells of a snapshot taken in her garden, one warm day some weeks back, which somehow reached the public prints. Several constituents wrote in to say that it "wasn't proper or befitting the dignity of a Congressional Representative to wear a short dress without sleeves."—And this is supposed to be an enlightened age!

It's always open season for paradoxes and inconsistencies in Washington. Tom Girdler, the steel mag-



nate proved one not long ago. Applauded by certain elements for his forthright, if hardly tolerant, remarks about the steel dispute, Girdler called a dozen newspapermen to a private cocktail party. Suddenly he began to comment on the personalities involved in the controversies with a frankness comparable only to the more pungent passages of the uninhibited Elizabethan.

Then, just as impulsively, after the stories had been sent out (duly censored by the pious eyes of editorial desks) he got his recent guests on the phone, imploring them, too late, not to print what he had said.

Disciples of Father Divine and who have repented their sins are revealed among contributors to "conscience funds" of the nation's railroads.

Erstwhile hoboes who "rode the rods" or passengers who gyped the conductor out of a railroad ticket as far back as 1900 have become conscience-stricken under the preachments of the dusky man are paying back the railroads in hard cash of the same variety that has swelled the little negro's coffers into a state of wealth.

Now we know who railroads and other public utilities are strong for evangelists and others who help sinners into the so-called straight and narrow path.

A lass on the Department of Commerce had her ears folded back by shock the other morning. She is a secretary to one of the officials in the aviation section and was quietly laboring over her typewriter when a lady entered, looked at a picture on the wall and asked, "Is that an official of this department?" The girl gasped, "Huh?" she stuttered, "Why—it's Lindbergh." "And who is he? Never heard of him," said the old lady, dismissing the incident. The door lass isn't over the shock yet.

LOGIC ON A SCHOOL BOARD

It is not good to look a gift horse in the mouth but James Martin, supervising principal of Kingston Township schools, must ponder gravely these days the inconsistency of school directors.

When the directors of Kingston Township School District decided not to renew Mr. Martin's contract this year they explained that the district did not need a supervising principal, that it couldn't afford a supervising principal, and that even if it did and could Mr. Martin would not be the choice.

After the court ruled that the directors had violated the new Mundy Teacher Tenure Bill in withholding Mr. Martin's contract there was little the directors could do but to approve his appointment for another year. The directors did that. What's more, they gave the school official they had tried to fire two months before a \$300 raise.

As we say, it is not good to look a gift horse in the mouth, and Mr. Martin, who must be a little surprised himself by the changeability of his directors, may accept the increase as complete vindication. Twenty five hundred dollars is not too much to pay a school official of Mr. Martin's calibre and it may pay, in some measure, for the embarrassment and personal damage he has suffered.

But the men and women who delegated the management of the district to the directors might appreciate some explanation of the peculiar kind of logic which justifies such sudden reversals of their opinion.

NO MORE FIREWORKS

In school, our class was frequently punished en masse because a few spineless morons were afraid to own up to some devilment they had committed. Those fellows never did grow up, it seems. Even today they continue to draw down punishments on everybody.

This time they have provoked Dallas Borough Council to adopt an ordinance banning the sale and use of fireworks in town. That means disappointment for hundreds of kids who have always looked forward to the patriotic racket of Independence Day, nerve-wrecking as it may be to some of their elders. It also means a loss in money to the es-

tablishments which depend upon fireworks sales for a little revenue.

There was, of course, little choice for the councilmen. The instances of careless use of fireworks were so obvious in the borough over the Fourth of July week-end that council could not ignore them. When sick persons are subjected to a cannonading by thoughtless celebrators who could just as well set off their fireworks somewhere else drastic action is justified.

So, because a few over-grown boys and disobedient children abused the right to have a noisy celebration, we are to have no more fireworks. These cut-ups will have to wait until Halloween now to make themselves annoying.

Anyway, the dogs will enjoy the Fourth of July better from now on.

MORE PUBLIC LIBRARIES

The rural-suburban region about Dallas is sadly lacking in one highly important source of education. There is a serious deficiency in public libraries.

Libraries are not merely places to get the latest popular novel or to read the magazines. They are universities which offer courses in hundreds of subjects to persons who know how to teach themselves. They are valuable storehouses of information for those who want to learn as much as possible about the world in which they live.

Many Pennsylvanians have practically no access to these benefits, however, for they live in sections without public libraries. Most country districts and small towns have almost no library service except that occasionally made available through the Extension Division of the State Library. Even among the cities and towns of more than 5,000 population, almost half are without libraries. A few of the counties have their own traveling libraries for the distribution of books through rural districts.

The years of depression, providing more leisure time and less money to spend, caused more and more people to turn, to libraries for recreation and education. Pennsylvania libraries circulated 19,000,000 books in 1933 as compared with 11,000,000 ten years before. Between 1929 and 1933 the demand for library books rose 24 per cent.

The libraries are finding it extremely difficult to fill this demand, since they have only about three-quarters as much annual income as they had in 1929. Therefore, many libraries are not able to buy new books or to replace the old ones as they wear out.

There is no better or cheaper way of providing education and recreation to large numbers of Pennsylvanians, both adults and children, than through public libraries. Any plans for Pennsylvania's future should include the establishment of more libraries, particularly in country districts, as well as the provision of better public financial support to those now in existence.

HAVE YOU A LITTLE PHOBIA?

Do you have a phobia (one of those fashionable, unreasoned fears)? Life today is hardly complete without at least one. To be very elementary, take claustrophobia, the dread of enclosed spaces. Do the walls of your office oppress you? Would you bounce oaths against them or kick them? If you would, go ahead. Everyone expects you to, for you are a claustrophobe.

Do you run away screaming whenever you see a furry animal or coat? Then you are a dorophobe. (You say you wish your wife were?)

In a restaurant, do you blench when someone slops coffee into your saucer? If you do, it's quite possible that you're a spillumjavaphobe or some such thing. Perhaps you've developed the morbid fear of suddenly being called upon to speak—or of not being called upon. For such a fear there is, no doubt, a name.

But for one phobia that now and then disturbs some communities there is a real and recognized name. It is ergasiophobia, the fear of work. When a short-handed committee chairman approaches you, do you creep down into your socks? Don't if you want to break your phobia. Instead, say (however meekly), "Well, I'll try it this once." For the best way to sunder an ergasiophobia, the psycho-therapist would say, it to recall when and how it first began, to note how silly it was to start hating work, and then to begin doing the very thing you've been fearing this long while.



RIVES MATTHEWS

ners that the rest of the world demands. My mentioning this, of course, is a case of the kettle calling the pot black. In our own "relationship" we are particularly guilty on this score. We speak too frankly to each other. What's more, neither of us have to put up with it, and I, for one, don't intend to any more.

"I've got my own life to lead and so have you. You can't be bothered with my problems and I can't be bothered with yours. It may give you a certain pleasure to deny this, as it does me. We all like to think of ourselves as angels of mercy, but the fact of the matter remains we are all selfish animals.

"There are few real angels walking the earth, and any one who expects to encounter them often is a fool, because in the first place, he's flying in the face of an inexorable economic law, the one that says you can't get something for nothing.

"In spite of this law, however, people will persist in chasing rainbows, and some of them may even kid themselves they've found the pot of gold. In your case, when you invited us for the week-end, as you ex-



plained in your letter so clearly, you thought you would be giving us pleasure, which in turn would give you pleasure.

"So far a noble idea was in a very strange place, but you wanted to give yourself this pleasure at little expense to yourself. In other words you wanted to get something for next to nothing, as close to nothing as a cheese-paring.

"Now much can be said for the profit-motive as the mainspring of society, and much has been said against it. When this otherwise admirable motive has, of necessity, to be applied to such bon-bons of the spirit as generosity and hospitality, then for us it becomes something snide and mean.

"Of course, you've made it quite clear now that you can't afford to have us for week-ends. You could have written me a short note and told me quite frankly not to be puzzled by an absence of invitations this summer if you really felt you had to explain. Last summer, for instance, your neighbors and my friends, the Dashes, didn't have us up once. They were full up with grandchildren. Besides, they knew you were planning to have us. This summer the situation has changed. Still, even though they don't invite us up, no explanation will be necessary. I know, however, they will never solicit paying guests on any grounds, unless, of course, you are setting the fashion in Newport these days.

"Your retort to this may be that the Dashes don't know us well enough to make such an offer. My reply is that no one knows us well enough to scrap good manners, and good manners, in essence, imply the deepest consideration for the feelings and convenience of others. Someone once said that a lady or a gentleman is a person who is considerate of people that do not matter. I am an eminent authority on ladies and gentlemen because as a person who eminently does not matter I have so many opportunities to meet them. It is a pity you have so few similar opportunities at Newport, where everybody matters, and there's no possible chance of finding out just who are real ladies and gentlemen.

BROADWAY LIMITED

By W. A. R.

New York, N. Y.—The fates just are not smiling in their usual kindly fashion upon your reporter today.... Three times some former dependable cronies have whispered "had a good story for you, but I can't for the life of me remember it now.".....and deadline but two hours away!..... Summer doldrums are creeping up fast and midnight merriment is slowing up.....I will have to put on the old thinking cap and work it solo.....On forty-fifth Street and Broadway I watch a whimsical New Yorker pull a fast one.....Noticing the crowd of celebrities seers waiting at the Astor side entrance, it occurs to him that it would be nice to paste public acclaim for a brief moment.....The fellow ducks into the hotel, turns up his coat, pulls down his hat and walks off quickly into the street..... pretty sure anyone who took all that trouble to dodge all this trouble must be a big shot, half the waiting crowd follows him to the corner where the arc light reveals him for what he is.....just a phoney.....On the same street but nearer Fifth Avenue Marion Davies sports a thirty carat diamond ring, enters a super-super deluxe limosine—in the chariot awaiting her is Dorothy Mackaill..... As he is about to order a midnight snack



in Jack Dempsey's beanery, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., is seen to put a brown paper bag on the table..... he gives the order, the waiter all the while ogling his sack.....when the food is brought up, Vanderbilt opens the bag and pulls out a pint of milk and places it on the table....."Oh," says the waiter. "Your milk is too thin here. I brought my own," says Cornelius. "Oh," again says the waiter and retreats quickly, a queer glance in his eyes.....Walking up the Penn Station stairway a gentleman with a detective magazine tucked under his arm, hurries to make the Washington express..... The traveler is J. Edgar Hoover, head G-man.....In the automat a crowd of stayer-up-lates are betting on the number of beans in one of those ten cents brown casseroles—and proceed to count them.....Gene Tunney, walking alone, passes unnoticed into the Ritz Towers.....Overheard in Lindy's, "When a girl's past is nothing to speak of, all Broadway talks about it!"..... Here is the best story of the week told to me in Reuben's: Seems that a teacher in a swanky private school on Central Park West got a fairly well-known psychologist to address his class..... wanting to test their reactions the psycho thought he'd nonplus his young audience. "The Hudson River flows into the Pacific, three and three make seven and this is China," he said. "How old am I?"..... Everyone looked puzzled and there was a good deal of head scratching, but reasonably soon one youngster called out, "You're thirty-eight."..... "That's right," said the learned one, "And how did you arrive at that?"..... "Well," said the boy, "I got a brother that is nuts. He is nineteen and you're just twice as crazy as he is.".....The Broadway Parade!