

"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.

Subscription, \$2.00 per Year, payable in advance. Subscribers who send us changes of address are requested to include both new and old addresses with the notice of change.

More Than A Newspaper—A Community Institution

The Dallas Post

Established 1889

A Liberal, Independent Newspaper Published Every Friday Morning At The Dallas Post Plant, Lehman Avenue, Dallas, Penna., By The Dallas Post, Inc.

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. Centralization of local fire protection.
4. Sanitary sewage 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.

EDITORIALS

A Good Suggestion

By the time this editorial appears the borough council may have acted upon the proposal that one mill be added to the tax levy to provide funds for maintenance of Dr. Henry M. Laing Fire Co.

The failure of the citizens of the town to respond adequately to the fire company's drive for \$1,500 was indicative of the spirit which is checking community progress here today.

The handful of earnest, energetic men who conceive and carry out the best civic projects are becoming very tired of the lethargy of their neighbors.

First Anniversary

The Roosevelt Recession, successor to the Hoover depression, was one year old this week.

It was just about this time last year that the business index, which had been staggering upward since 1932 slipped and began its head-long tumble.

There is evidence that the descent has been checked. The New York Times index, usually a reliable mirror of business conditions, turned upward several weeks ago and the ascent has been consistent enough to arouse hopes that recovery has begun again.

How long we shall climb this time is anybody's guess. Some economists think the boomlet will collapse after Christmas. Others believe another recession will begin next Spring.

If the recession is leaving us, however, the basic problems which caused it are still with us, and as long as they remain we may expect to become tangled again and again in our intricate economic system.

Thirty-six Cups of Coffee

To the tall tales of early Dallas must be added now the fact that Philip Kunkle drank thirty-six cups of coffee every day.

Mrs. Anna E. Kunkle, whose interesting articles in the last two issues of The Post entertained so many people, is authority for the statement concerning Mr. Kunkle's terrific appetite for java.

"No one ever heard of his ever having had any kind of indigestion or insomnia," adds Mrs. Kunkle.

Somewhere there is a moral in Mrs. Kunkle's item, a thought for the neurotic citizens of today, most of whom have now been conditioned to the point where they would shudder at the mere idea of consuming 36 cups of coffee.

The mere fact that he could drink 36 cups of coffee a day and feel no ill effects was probably an important factor in Mr. Kunkle's contentment with life.

Fifty per cent of the digestive disorders spring from frayed nerves, some eminent physician has said. Maybe what we need is to give our constitutions an opportunity to show what they can do on demand.

A Unique Experiment

Rev. Herbert E. Frankfort, pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran Church at Shavertown, is about to begin an unusual experiment.

He has announced that he will devote his vesper services to discussions of some of the minor creeds, such as Russelism, Buchmanism, Spiritualism, Christian Science Mormonism and Swedenborgianism.

The instructive quality of such sermons is bound to appeal not only to members of Rev. Mr. Frankfort's congregation but to others who will be interested to learn more about sects which are little more than names to most of us.

CITY SYMPHONY

By Edna Blez

Have you ever watched an old house die? Do you have old houses in your community which have turned into ghost houses, houses which have been deserted for years, houses which stand alone through hot sun and winter storms?

It fills me with great pity to see a proud old house falling to pieces. It seems to hang its head in shame and I sometimes wonder if it is remembering the loving hands which built its strong walls.

So many things have happened within the walls of this old place. There must have been happiness and sorrow. There must have been weddings and funerals, there must have been good times and bad times but through it all the house stood for something which was as firm as the ground on which it was built.

Poor old house; I wonder if you can still hear the voices of the family who loved you and cared for you? There were no sagging hinges and broken windows in those days.

But now those who loved you are gone. For awhile family after family lived within your shabby walls but now you are so old no one stays very long.

ECONOMIC HIGHLIGHTS

Will business get better or worse? Will change take place rapidly or slowly? Which lines of industry seem to face the most favorable prospects, and which the most unfavorable?

Asked if there will be general recovery during the blance of the year, 11 economists said "definitely yes." Nine said "probably yes." Only one took the negative view, and two had no opinion to offer.

Asked as to the duration of the recovery cycle, eight economists said it would last until Christmas at least; four expected it to go through next spring. Seven believed it would continue beyond spring, and three had no opinion.

Sixteen of the men replying regarding government spending as an aid to recovery, from the standpoint of the short view. Two believed it hindered recovery, two more thought it of little importance, and three were undecided.

The leading factors favoring recovery reported include: better retail trade; higher commodity prices; reduction of inventories, and the improved trend in the stock market.

Principal factors unfavorable to recovery, mentioned by the economists include taxation, government interference with business, the low condition of the heavy industries, and price rigidity.

don't have a breakfast nook nor a bar in the cellar. You just don't fit into this fast moving age. People don't want so much room. They want smaller places to live in and large automobiles to race around in.



RIVES MATTHEWS

On Thursday, December 12, 1799, a tall, white-haired man, erect and military of bearing for all his sixty-eight years, mounted his horse at 10 o'clock in the morning, as was his custom, but returned betimes at three in the afternoon because of snow and rain and hail and a sharp cold wind.

"When he came in," wrote Tobias Lear, his secretary, "I carried some letters to him to frank, intending to send them to the post office in the evening. He franked the letters, but said the weather was too bad to send a servant to the office that evening.

The next morning, Friday, a heavy fall of snow took place, so the usual horseback ride was abandoned. Said Tobias Lear: "He had taken a cold, undoubtedly, from being so much exposed the day before, and complained of a sore throat. He, however, went out in the afternoon into the ground between the house and the river to mark some trees, which were to be cut down. He had a hoarseness which increased in the evening, but he made light of it."

Friday evening, Lear and his employer spent reading the gazettes which had been brought from the post office. "He was very cheerful," according to Lear, "and when he met with anything interesting or entertaining, he read it aloud as well as his hoarseness would permit."

But by two in the morning (Saturday) the cold had turned into what Mr. Lear's employer chose to call an ague. At daybreak, Mr. Lear was sent for. His employer could scarcely speak, and breathed with difficulty. Lear was told to send for Rawlins, an overseer on the estate, and for Dr. Craik, a neighboring physician.

Sometime later Rawlins arrived and prepared, as was the custom, to bleed the patient. When the arm was made ready, Rawlins seemed to hesitate. "Don't be afraid," said the sick man. Then Rawlins made the incision. "The orifice is not large enough," the patient muttered. Nevertheless, according to Lear, the blood ran "pretty freely."

The patient's wife, who doubted the efficacy of blood-letting, "begged that much might not be taken from him, lest it be injurious, and desired me to stop it; but when I was about to untie the string, he put up his hand to prevent it, and, as soon as he could speak, said: 'More, more!'"

Half a pint of blood, however, was taken. "Finding that no relief was obtained from bleeding, and that nothing would go down the throat," said Lear, "I proposed bathing it externally with sal volatile, which was done, and in the operation, which was with the hand, and in the gentlest manner, he observed: 'It is very sore.' A piece of flannel dipped in sal volatile was put around his neck and his

feet were bathed in warm water, but without affording any relief."

When Dr. Craik arrived, he examined the patient, then ordered a "blister of cantharides on the throat," took some more blood from him, and "had a gargle of vinegar and sage tea prepared, and ordered some vinegar and hot water for him to inhale the steam of it, which he did; but in attempting to use the gargle he was almost suffocated."

"When the gargle came from the throat," said Lear, "some phlegm followed, and he attempted to cough, which the doctor encouraged him to do as much as possible; but he could only attempt it." Around 11 in the morning the patient was bled again.

About half past four, the patient asked Mr. Lear to call his wife to his bedside. When she appeared, he asked her to get two wills from his desk. This she did. One of them, he said, was useless, and he asked her to burn it. The other she took and put in her closet. Then he said to Lear: "I find I am going. My breath cannot last long. I believed from the start that the disorder would prove fatal."

"He then asked if I recollected any thing which it was essential for him to do, as he had but a very short time to continue with us. I told him that I hoped he was not so near his end. He observed, smiling, that he certainly was and that as it was the debt which we must all pay he looked to the event with perfect resignation."

"In the course of the afternoon he appeared to be in great pain and distress from the difficulty of breathing and frequently changed his posture in the bed. On these occasions I lay upon the bed and endeavored to raise him, and turn him with as much ease as possible. He appeared penetrated with gratitude for my attentions, and often said, 'I am afraid I shall fatigue too much,' and upon my assuring him that I could feel nothing but a wish to give him ease he replied, 'Well, it is a debt we must pay to each other, and I hope, when you want aid of any kind, you will find it.'"

At 8 o'clock, the medicos, "applied blisters and cataplasms of wheat bran to his legs and feet, after which they went out, except Dr. Craik, without a ray of hope." At about 10 o'clock he made several attempts to speak before he could make himself understood. Then he said: "I am just going. Have me decently buried; and do not let my body be put into a vault in less than three days after I am dead." A few minutes later he whispered: "Do you understand me?" Lear replied: "Yes." "Tis well," was the reply.

Ten minutes after this, the dying man felt his own pulse. Lear saw his employer's face suddenly change. He called Dr. Craik, who was sitting by the fire. The doctor came to the bedside. The patient's hand fell limply from the wrist. "Dr. Craik put his hands over his eyes," wrote Lear "and he expired without a struggle or a sigh. While we were fixed in silent grief, Mrs. Washington, who was sitting at the foot of the bed, asked with a firm and collected voice, 'Is he gone?' I could not speak but held up my hand as a signal that he was no more. 'Tis well,' she said, in the same voice, 'All is now over. I shall soon follow him. I have no more trials to pass through.'"