

SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

Readers of this column, all three of them, confess emotions a-kin to enjoyment after perusal of only a partial record of the 24-hour saga of John J. "Butch" McDevitt as an evanescent millionaire. As Ye Editor of The Post suggests, there must be lots more to the story. There is.

Of the genesis of the devil-may-care Hyde that finally absorbed the Dr. Jekyll in John McDevitt, this much he told himself in the only serious moment between Wilkes-Barre and Broadway back there in 1912: He had ambition when he was younger and to give it material expression he opened a small dairy. All Butch knew about dairy business was that it involved purchase of milk from a farmer and distribution to consumers.

So, it was more than disconcerting to him when a State inspector happened around one day, took a sample of the lactical liquid, found in it an admixture based on the preservative formaldehyde and sent McDevitt to jail. "In that cell," said John J., "I made up my mind that never again would I seek a livelihood by hard work."

The year 1911 found the Republican Party of Luzerne County entrenched in the court house and the Democracy only a cumulus nebula on the far horizon of politics. It was a mere matter of habit for Butch to seek a nomination, but there was precedent to his aspirations for county treasurer, because this time he won.

Then a group of Democrats brought about renaissance of their party. They put up an unbeatable ticket of erudite S. J. Strauss and silver-tongued Peter A. O'Boyle for judges, soldier and tailor George Buss for sheriff, great-lawyer John Bigelow for District Attorney, banker John Moore and good fellow John Todd Walsh for Commissioners—and so on down through a ticket of perfect appeal—excepting for McDevitt.

They wanted the treasurership to be piloted by Joe Gillis, eminent Pole. They could have it, said Butch, for \$1,200 cash and a good job, by which agreement he got the money but in subsequent victory rejected the lure of regular employment away from his happy existence on the broad support of his acknowledged wits.

What to do with so much money? More than McDevitt had ever before seen, excepting on the secure side of a bank cage. Suddenly in his conversations on possibilities he said: "This chap Kirby must have a helluva good time with all his dough. Wonder what it's like to do anything you please and never think about the cost? Say! that's an idea."

Percy A. Ridsdale, author and metropolitan correspondent in Wilkes-Barre, had turned over his news bureau to George W. Williams, retired and living in Dallas today but at that time the peer of the best journalists. He heard of McDevitt's idea and, better yet, of "Butch's" plan to prove it out. Williams gave the story to Frank Ward O'Malley of The Sun; and Frank, as the man who left Wilkes-Barre and the Press Club to become the world's greatest reporter, made the most of it.

Other newspapers followed suit. So, there was great fanfare over preparations, but when the eventual moment of departure of the "Millionaire-for-a-Day" arrived, McDevitt approved an entourage of only eight persons. They included his physician, Dr. Sweeney; his secretary, John Lenahan; Frank Ward O'Malley of The Sun, George Summerville of The World, Charles Fitzgerald of The Herald, Allan Davis of The Inquirer and Collier's, George Williams and this narrator.

Back of the Lehigh Valley engine heading the special train there was a baggage car containing exactly nothing. Back of that was an express car also devoid of impedimenta. Back of that was the club-car for the party, with regulation observation platform. There you found the luggage of John McDevitt, a simple hand-bag whose contents were one tooth brush and one canteen collar. Each of the newspapermen had a traveling bag tossed into a convenient seat.

As related last week, it was necessary that the train stop at every station big and small between Wilkes-Barre and Hoboken, teeming crowds having gathered with raucous demands for a speech. Butch always spoke. Between stations he never sat down, because upon demand from O'Malley, Summerville and Fitzgerald, backed by the other scribes, he must tell stories. Born on the down trip, in the determination of Summerville, was the plan to make McDevitt a vaudevillian, he and O'Malley to put together the necessary materials from the wealth of McDevitt's extemporary offerings.

So, at Hoboken the party lost all the buttons of its clothes to the souvenir hunters, along with all the flowers sent to decorate the train. In New York there awaited George Cohan and a coterie of theater managers that comprised all of Broadway. And the party was whisked to the Waldorf-Astoria sumptuously to feed, to be interviewed, to be cartooned and, finally, to be photographed for The World at a cost of violating the most sacred tradition the Waldorf had, its prohibition against flashlight powder in its gold-filigreed main dining hall. The manager was so wroth he fumed, but to no avail.

Of that incident the denouement was a frantic protest to The World's editors, a demand that the news photographer be fired, which dire punishment was substituted by praise and an increase in salary. In and out of the hotel came the great T. A. Dorgan, "Tad," Arthur Brisbane, the Mayor's committee, all to be dispersed with Butch's de-

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

A kind of horseback opinion on what is wrong with this country is we have gotten away from eating breakfast.

A faint nibble of toast is about all our tired inwards will now stand for at 7 a. m.

This country, when it was growing up, it would swap some stories in the evening, around the fire-side—with a bushel of apples close at hand—and by 9 or 10 it would be in bed.

And at 6 in the morning, the aroma of bacon and the other grand kitchen smells, they would waft in, and they meant something. They got the household together, clear-eyed and clear-headed, and in a cheerful mood. Sourpusses at breakfast time—they didn't have them.

But today it is vice versa—nothing gets steamed-up until up around midnight. And the next day, with a fuzzy tongue and a muddled noggin, we are ripe for any duck who happens along with some newism or recipe for Govt., where everybody basks in the shade—and prospers.

Yours, with the low down,
JO SERRA.

EDITORIAL

(Contributed)

Maybe the United States is merely "the Melting Pot of the Nations"; but there have been those cooks who thought certain utensils imparted a flavor of their own to the foods they cooked. In regard to the United States, I am inclined to favor said cooks. Take a typical, present-day American, as we speak of him. He will have the self-control of the English, the frankness of the Scandinavian, the artistic trend of the French, but still there is something there which can be likened to the national characteristic of no other country. He may possess the jollity of the Dutch, the keen perception of the Italian, but there is yet that certain something which does not come under these classifications.

What is it, you ask? Well, there is no definite name for it. Some call it ambition; this is not quite it, for certainly other nations are ambitious. Some call it restlessness; but, are we the only people who, figuratively, have ants in their pants? Nevertheless, that elusive quality prevails. It is the unwillingness to continue doing the same things in the same way at the same time, day after day. A general run-of-the-mill Englishman, when he becomes a success in business, is only too delighted to continue. Maybe he's right. An American, though, if he becomes successful while yet able to hobble about, is more than likely to chuck his business and start something new. It can't be explained, it is undefinable. You can't call his action pure disregard, either. He IS worried about his chance of succeeding in his new line, but he just couldn't stand the monotony of assured success. It is a rather selfish attitude to take, for a man who has dependents, but "what's bred in the bone." And yet, his dependents, if they are true Americans themselves, understand perfectly, and are willing to go all the way with him.

So, maybe there is such a thing as a true American, not meaning our original Indians. We are the product of all other nations combined, but the United States, our melting pot, has given us a flavor all our own.

cision to accept the George Cohan invitation to take a party box at that night's showing of "The Little Millionaire."

Suppose we leave him there, at the conclusion of the first act, back of the curtain presenting George with an anthracite baton and shaking hands with the Cohan pater familias and such progeny as were then available. There are space restrictions, you know, in The Post as in all other publications.

Until next week, then, au revoir but not goodbye.



THE SAFETY VALVE

This column is open to everyone. Letters should be plainly written and signed.

Editor:

With the aid of an unscrupulous state agent who attacked without warning the owners of dogs in the valley, a dispenser of justice in Shavertown was the unwitting tool in attaching Easter money from many residents who in many cases could ill afford to do so, by fines and costs. That the proceeds this justice and his accomplice, the State Agent managed to make the unfortunates pay, will weigh heavy on their conscience, if they have any, is the hope of those who have been deprived of the money which would have gladdened the hearts of their families during the Easter period.

Up in the Hillcrest section of Shavertown lives a taxpayer and homeowner who has done very little work this winter due to being laid off on account of the slack season. This man's wife is seriously ill and the fine which he was forced to pay or go to jail was sorely needed for medicine and doctor.

From Luzerne section was another man hailed to appear and pay up or go to jail. This man is on relief and needs every cent he has. He had no alternative but to pay. In all cases these hearings were held in private with the State Agent doing the talking and the Justice looking on, avidly anticipating his share of the costs. No excuses were accepted, you plead guilty or not guilty, but you pay the fine just the same. The State Agent's word against the taxpayers and the taxpayer's word was no good. Although each dog owner protested against the method in which these hearings were held, no witnesses were allowed to be heard and not one dog was offered time in evidence to disprove the testimony of the State Agent.

The unfortunates were very bitter in their feelings against this method of subjugation and claimed that even Hitler gave the people of his own country a better break than they received from their home townsman who they in all sincerity elected as their dispenser of justice. And like the people of Shenandoah, the state can't do anything about it. Oh, yeah? Probably our local officials can do something about bringing the ridicule on this township, by those hailed to appear here from other towns, to an end by putting the bug on this justice of the peace who can't make a living except from using his office to fine those who can ill afford to give.

—Indignant.

Editor:

Dallas Borough School District lays claim to the shortest-named group of school directors in the County Maybe the State:

Ayre, four letters; Baker, five letters; Durbin, six letters; Jeter, five letters; Lapp, four letters. Total, 24 letters.

This board is the printers' delight; requires only: three A's, two B's, one D, four E's, one J, one I, one K, one L, one N, two P's, four R's, one T, one U, one Y.

Also had 24 letters for past two years before Durbin replaced Disque. What have you?

NOT by order of the Board.

—D. A. Waters, Secretary.
March 18, 1940.

THE DALLAS POST

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Howard W. Risley.....Manager
Howell E. Rees.....Editor
Harold J. Price.....Mech. Supt.

HARRISBURG WHIRLIGIG

Harrisburg, March 21 (Special)—You may definitely schedule your Thanksgiving dinner for Thursday, November 28. Requests from colleges making up vacation and football schedules, as well as inquiries from business men, prompted Governor James to announce a definite date last week, regardless of the President's proclamation.

Governor James has accepted an invitation to address the Oil City Chamber of Commerce, Tuesday, April 2, and visit New Castle, Erie, Warren, Tionest, Oil City, Clearfield, and possibly DuBois. The Governor accepted few speaking engagements during this first year in office.

Recommending the extension of the Job Mobilization campaign for an indefinite period, leaders of the Committee suggest that a sub-committee be appointed to devise means of making the program permanent. They pointed out that the drive has created 35,000 job opportunities and still has great potentialities.

Pennsylvania is the first State in the Union in the value of eggs produced. The poultry business in this State is a \$65,000,000 industry and the Pennsylvania hen census show more than 19,000,000 young fowls and laying hens. The annual "Spring Egg Festival", designed by egg producers and the Department of Agriculture to promote the use of eggs as food, is being held this year from March 14 to April 11. It is estimated that a million dozen eggs will be sold during that period.

DAILY DOZEN

(From the Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania)

Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness.

It appears that some people have little reverence.

There is a moral obligation for people to be clean.

But there are other reasons why they should keep clean.

There is pride of personal appearance.

There is pride of cleanliness in home and community.

Cleanliness tends to avoid disease. It helps protect children against contagion.

There may be two kinds of dirt, clean, and the other kind. Farmers, coal miners, mill hands may be soiled many hours. Yet they can be clean in habits and dress. Clean people hate filthy disease germs — and vice versa.

FOOTNOTES

By EMMONS BLAKE

Spring vacation will be coming up soon, and to the high school students it will be a period of all fun and no studies, but it will remind me of the fun I had last Spring at that time.

Bill, Cliff and myself had been waiting several weeks for vacation to start as we were planning to take a long drive around the southern border of California and when it did arrive we were ready for it. We loaded Bill's car which was a Fiat, a car about the same size as a Bantam, with all our equipment, food for three days, cameras and film, pillows, bathing trunks, and our three bedrolls tied on the back.

The car had two seats and a large platform behind them, which was half a space about two by two and a half feet, was used as a third seat. Every fifty miles Cliff and I would change seats, the one on the platform getting the front seat. My dog, whom we never left behind, slept most of the time curled up on an old pillow or a loaf of bread or both.

The first day we got as far as Yuma, Arizona, where we took a short swim in the Colorado River. We returned to California to spend the night sleeping on the sand of the desert. We laid out our bedrolls, had a dinner of cold beans, olives and cookies, and then prepared for sleep. As soon as the moon rose, there came the loud buzz of mosquitoes. We were soon driven to the car where we took shelter, and spent a very cramped night. We awoke early, ate lightly and drove into the dunes of the dunes of the desert, where we found the local of the picture, "Beau Geste" and had a great time poking around the synthetic fort, while the dog, Pepper, amused herself by trying to climb steep sand banks, only to slide back to the bottom on every try. We left the desert about noon because we wanted to reach Palm Springs by evening. On our way there we saw huge date groves, carbon dioxide wells for making dry ice, the boiling mud pots where salty black mud bubbled and steamed with a strong smell of sulphur. We saw and swam in the Salton Sea and got bad cases of sunburn from basking too long in the desert sun.

We arrived in Palm Springs about four o'clock, but found that it was just a town of stuffed sport shirts, and left in disgust.

We had decided to go a hundred miles toward home and no farther. That is, we agreed to stop and spend the night wherever we were when the speedometer registered a hundred miles. Our quota was reached when we were only twenty miles from home but we stopped and looked around. We were near the beach and decided to spend another night on the sand. This time we did a little better job of it; we built a big bonfire and waited for it to die down. When it did we raked away the coals and dug three long pits in the hot sand, into which we fitted our bedrolls, climbed in, and pulled more sand on top of us making very warm form-fitting beds. A long swim in the morning rounded out a perfect vacation, and we returned home satisfied—and why shouldn't we be? We had a sunburn, sand in our hair, stiff joints mosquito bites, and were hungry. What more could one ask of a vacation?

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

All this week I have been haunted by faces. My world has been peopled with faces I shall possibly never see again and faces I sincerely hope I do see again. My days seemed filled with the faces of small children, children I cannot put out of my mind.

There is one small boy I keep remembering. He is just about six and a very fine looking little fellow. He was born out of wedlock and his mother married a man, not the child's father, who treated her badly and the child has grown up in the home of his aunt, because the mother didn't want to inflict on the child the life she has suffered. In time the sister had to give the child up because she has too many youngsters of her own to take care of. The boy was taken to a nearby orphanage by his mother and left there with the hope that

someone might become interested in him and give him the home his mother couldn't provide for him. His mother brought the boy to the home because she felt that there he would have enough to eat and a quiet, peaceful place to sleep each night.

But the boy wasn't happy. His childish fear was written all over his face. He couldn't quite understand why he had been brought to a place where there were so many other children and where there were so many rules and regulations and above all he couldn't understand why he had been taken from the place he had called home. His face was worried and he was trying very hard to be brave but it was a strange world that little fellow found himself in and he was bewildered and afraid!

I keep remembering the face of the young girl I saw in a T. B. hospital. She was hopelessly deformed and could only get around by means of a wheel chair. I keep seeing her smile. She really had very little to be cheerful about but she was a very amiable person. She didn't have very much to say but she seemed to be enjoying every minute of her life and the head nurse in that same hospital keeps popping into my mind. She wasn't a young person and certainly her face wasn't beautiful but she must have been a pleasant sight to her patients as she made her rounds. She was so starched and clean and white, and her face sparkled. She must have been a very efficient person to keep her position but with all her authority and ability she was very humble and very gracious and wherever she went in that hospital she brought something the patients didn't get from medical treatment. I keep remembering how shiny and bright and alive she was!

I keep remembering the woman I chatted with in Wanamaker's one morning just as the organ was playing at noon time. She was a very plain person. Her clothes were of poor quality and she made no attempt to be up to date but I was attracted by her placid face. She told me she was the mother of 11 children and she lived in Altoona. She had come to Philadelphia for medical treatment at the Jefferson Hospital. She had gotten on the train at 4:30 that morning and she was waiting for the clinic to open. She told me that she had been suffering strange pains for the last seven years and she thought the doctors at Jefferson could tell her what the trouble was. She said she wouldn't have come so far but her father had complained of a pain all his life and he never did anything about it and he had died of cancer, and she wanted to find out if her ailment was serious. Her face glowed as she talked of her family and she showed me a picture of her eldest son. He was just 21 and they hadn't had money enough to send him to college so she was taking an I. C. S. course. She was very proud of that boy and evidently he was a fine boy.

She told me what a pleasure her family had been and what good times they had together. She said they lived in a world all their own. They had so many they didn't need anyone else when they went on picnics. She said her eldest son had started going with a girl for the first time and they all liked her so well they hoped he would marry her because it would be nice to have another girl in the house. I marvelled at the peace and loveliness in that woman's face. She sat

there calmly knitting and heaven knows what she was facing. She was on her way to find out if her illness was serious and she was unafraid. She was unafraid because she had learned how to live. I wish I had space to tell you about some of the other people who have been in my mind this past week. I would like to tell you about the man who sells newspapers on a busy street corner and the librarian, but they will have to keep for another time!

Reward

There is no crown without a cross; We all must earn our due. Not one of us gets his reward While he has work to do.

Yes, that is so all through our lives; Man never gets his pay Until his work is fully done, And finished is his day.

Our Lord went through a life of toil To tread the world's sins down. He died in shame upon the cross, But then—He got His crown.

There is no crown without a cross, 'Tis true—but never frown; For in this day like that of old, There is no cross without a crown.

—F. Schreffler.

ONLY YESTERDAY

Items from the columns of The Post ten years ago this week.

From The Post of March 28, 1930:

With a cast of 45 persons, a 12-piece orchestra and a truck load of special scenery, William Jay Thomas of Luzerne will present his Black and White Review tonight in Dallas high school auditorium for the benefit of the Dr. Henry M. Laing Fire Company.

Fire destroyed three cottages on the Idetown-Harvey's Lake Road, with an estimated loss of \$2,500, on Wednesday morning.

Russell Miers, son of Mr. and Mrs. Corey Miers of Kunkle, will become a partner in the Devens Milling Co., effective April 1.

A new one-story, four-room school building will be constructed at Beaumont, near the site of the present Monroe Township high school.

Harold Lloyd's Studebaker touring car was badly damaged this week when it caught fire while Harold was driving to Wilkes-Barre.

Henry Shupp and Mary Sayre of Kunkle were married recently.

The old building which housed the store of Mrs. Mame Fleming for several years on Main Street, Dallas, was demolished this week.

Snow furries this week created a driving hazard and caused motorists to drive with extreme caution.

Rev. Harry F. Henry, pastor of Shavertown M. E. Church, has received another threatening letter. "Get out of this valley or take what comes. We will get you yet," Rev. Mr. Henry has been leading raids on bootlegging establishments.

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Here is a beautiful car and a bargain. Has had perfect care. Was owned by local man. \$600

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1937 Hudson Touring Sedan	450
1937 De Soto 6 Touring Sedan	450
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1938 Hudson 6 Coach	575
1936 Ford Sedan	275

AND DOZENS OF OTHER CARS TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION

JAMES R. OLIVER

Packard -- Hudson Automobiles

MAIN STREET

DALLAS