

# SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

Three hours were left to McDevitt, Millionaire-for-a-Day, when Wyoming Valley's most successful bid for publicity was interrupted by space restrictions in the re-telling of the episodic adventure last week. The year was 1912 and it was nine o'clock of the night and there was to end at midnight the metamorphosis of McDevitt from the drab denizen of anthracite to the gay butterfly of the lime-lights.

At the Waldorf there were invitations with box tickets to every theatre in New York and Brooklyn—and in those days there were the stables by the baker's dozen lots. One after another the wastrel repented, the palace along with the rest, until he found a card from Raymond Hitchcock. "There's our ace," said John Jay, "we're going to play him."

The first act of "The Red Widow" was just ending and an audience that jammed seats and standing room was calling for a curtain speech from Hitchcock when the millionaire-for-a-day and his entourage trooped down a side aisle to an empty box, the one yawning gap in solid patronage, reserved by Hitchcock himself on a hunch that he could lure the anthracite party into its enclosure.

The actor, who had never taken a drink of alcoholics in all his life, but yet had made famous the role of the drunk, stepped to the footlights. He said: "You must wonder, my dear audience, why that box over there was empty all through the first act, and what all that rumpus was that just filled it. Now, I'm an old trouper. I've been all up and down and across again and again, everywhere on this continent. I've had special trains that cost me \$1200 to make up a five-minute delay in theater time. What I got was nothing in the papers."

"Well, over there in that box is a miner from Wilkes-Barre in the anthracite regions, a chap who got the bizarre idea of becoming a millionaire-for-a-day. My newspaper friends tell me his story has been printed in every civilized language around the world, and Heaven knows you all are aware of what it has done to New York City and its immediate environs. So, I'm going to ask John Jay McDevitt, "Butch" McDevitt, to make my curtain speech. Ladies and gentlemen, the millionaire-for-a-day."

Pandemonium! Pyrotechnics of flashing palms! The public in applause!

McDevitt rose in the height of the storm. An usher directed him back stage. He strode out to meet Raymond Hitchcock with arms outstretched for an embrace. And without further ado the man from Wilkes-Barre took stage-center in the glare of the calcium.

"My dear friends," said John Jay, "it is a matter of being a good neighbor to come to Mr. Hitchcock's theatre. He is an old-familiar back home at our Press Club, with Frank O'Malley, McCutcheon, MacDougall, Cohan, Maude Adams and many others of newspaper and theatrical fame.

"I don't know what's the matter with the people down here. I have done nothing to deserve all this advertisement they're giving me. I was a candidate for office and I won a nomination. I had a Dutchman against me and I licked him. Any Irishman can lick five Dutchmen and if I didn't whip one I would have changed my name.

"Well, they wanted my nomination and I sold it to them, for \$1,200 and a job. I took the money but I won't take the job. I gave up the bad habit of regular employment years ago."

With only that much the audience was convulsed, but there was much more. McDevitt went on with a half-hour of easy story-telling and as he quit the stage the auditorium resounded for six minutes with stamping and cheering and demands for an encore. He went back to his box, took a succession of bows and settled for enjoyment of the remainder of the show. At its end, Hitchcock reappeared personally to escort the party back-stage to the dressing rooms, there to meet Mary Brian, "The Red Widow", and all others of the company.

Then, true to his promise of one day's glory and return to his cocoon, McDevitt ordered taxicabs, and fled the scene, sans reporters, sans advertisers, sans theatre agents and all. In a quiet corner of Jack's Chop House the party sat down to its last meal of the millionaire tour. Steaks were the general order—for all except McDevitt.

What he had was a piece of pie, a cup of coffee and a cigar. "I've got to remember I'm poor again," he said as he paid the bill. It was goodbye, then, and the sleeper home, the empty-purse millionaire-for-a-day finally abandoning his plan to steal back on a freight.

The End.

Visitors to Treasure Island this summer will have a wide choice in foods from a 5-cent ice-cream cone to a 25-course South Sea dinner, with a cooking of several dozen different nations interspersed here and there.

## FREEDOM

The columnists and contributors on this page are allowed great latitude in expressing their own opinions, even when their opinions are at variance with those of The Post.

## THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

I see where in Oklahoma the Governor has been counting his change, and he is up on his ear. Says those swivel-chair slicker boys down on the high and mighty Potomac short-changed him. They owe Oklahoma 850 thousand, he says, and until they fork over the cash he is gonna close down the show. They been messin' around in his state on another one of those dams, like they are putting in all over the country.

Maybe those old boys there in the Sooner State are quiet-acting and friendly, but you rile 'em up, and pardner, they are bad medicine!

We been kinda fooled all around, on this dam-building business. Besides Oklahoma, the folks over in Tennessee and out in Oregon and lots of places, they are scratching their heads and feeling dubious.

Getting short-changed two bits at the side-show wagon, you can charge it to fun and amusement, but when it comes to 850 thousand, Oklahoma, she starts shootin'.

Yours with the low down, JO SERRA.

## HARRISBURG WHIRLIGIG

The moment Pennsylvania's mighty rivers begin rising towards flood stage, a vast organization known as the Disaster Emergency Committee swings into action to coordinate relief and intelligence services.

The organization was formed during the 1936 flood and stands ready at all times to begin functioning. At its head is Major General Edward Martin, Adjutant General. Under the direction of Governor James, the Committee has at its disposal all of the resources of all of the departments of the State government.

As flood waters began creeping upward last week, the Committee set up its headquarters in the spacious reception room of the Governor's Office at the Capitol. Special telephone lines were installed and the huge task of handling situations arising from the flood began.

Hundreds of National Guard cots and blankets were rushed into the flood districts for the use of those driven from their homes by the murky water. The Health Department concentrated all of its attention on the problem of protecting milk and water supplies in flooded zones. More than ample supplies of serums and vaccines were assembled at strategic points. Airplanes of the National Guard and the Division of Aeronautics stood ready in Harrisburg and Philadelphia to fly to any point to cope with any eventuality.

Mobile laboratories of the Health Department were rushed to flood districts to test water supplies and condemn unsafe wells and other sources. Field representatives of the department's Bureau of Milk Sanitation inaugurated a close scrutiny of all milk supplies. Tons of chloride of lime were taken into flood areas and WPA forces were assembled to assist with cleanup work as soon as flood waters began to subside.

Colonel Lynn G. Adams of the Pennsylvania Motor Police stood by with the department's portable radio station, ready to proceed to any locality isolated by the flood. Several hundred troopers were sent to flood districts to assist in patrol and rescue work. The Highway Department furnished pumps to drain cellars in both the Wilkes-Barre and Sunbury districts. Fleets of Highway Department trucks also were pressed into service to haul debris from flooded areas and transport supplies. Engineers of the Department of Forests and Waters watched the river rise at all stations, gathered hourly reports of stages and forecast crests and the hour at which they would be reached. The Department of Mines stood by to give all possible aid in cases where mines were flooded. The Department of Labor and In-

## THINK IT OVER

By F. R. STEVENS

Thomas Jefferson was the principle framer of the Declaration of Independence. Alexander Hamilton was a firm supporter of that historic document and a leading member of the convention that drew up the Constitution which was designed to put the principles of the Declaration of Independence into actual operation.

Basically they agreed. They were, however, many points on which they were at odds. Jefferson believed that the right to administer the principles of liberty rested in the hands of the people. Hamilton thought those liberties could best be protected by elected representatives. Personal and political antagonism arose between these leaders. Jefferson claimed that representatives would only protect their own liberties, would give special privileges and disregard the rights of the masses. Hamilton countered with the claim that the masses were not informed, and that they were easily swayed by vicious propaganda and passion.

At a cabinet meeting during Washington's temporary absence, the personal bitterness between the two men became so great that they had a fist fight and rolled on the floor hammering away at each other.

Time passed and Hamilton's party put Aaron Burr forward as Jefferson's opponent for the Presidency. Burr had the reputation of being an opportunist who was ever ready to disregard the principles of the Declaration, or at least make them secondary to his own personal ambitions. The elections in the House of Representatives developed into a tie vote. In this crisis Hamilton, realizing that our liberties were at stake, went personally to Congress and brought about the election of Jefferson as President of the United States.

In this selfless act principles were placed above party and personalities. Hamilton's devotion to these ideals were to cost him his life in the duel with Burr on Weehawken Heights.

Today the discussion between conservatives and liberals still continues as it has throughout our history. I hope it will always continue. It is the American Way.

In the contests that lie immediately before us let us contemplate the picture of Jefferson as President of the United States; and let us look at the bust of Hamilton placed by Jefferson in the niche of honor at Monticello; and let us remember that above party politics, above personal advantage, above even life itself stands our continuing devotion to our country.

## Insurance

By Eleanor Graham

I took a walk, as people do, To give me time to think of you. I found a poem in my head, But it was words that you had said. I tucked the poem in my heart To comfort me when we must part. Now if you go, or if you stay, I have you with me night and day.

Industry prepared to inspect all industrial structures in flood districts to determine whether they are structurally safe and take any steps that might be needed to protect the public.

Thus, every arm of the State government was used to alleviate conditions and assist the suffering public. The Disaster Emergency Committee stands as a bulwark to the thousands who live along the State's rivers.

## ARE THEY DOOMED?



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### THE DALLAS POST

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

## THE SAFETY VALVE

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

April 6, 1940.

Editor:

Your editorial "A Nation of Pan-handlers" in the April 5th issue of The Dallas Post I read with great interest. It is one of the best editorials I have read in a long time and certainly "hits the nail on the head."

I want to congratulate you on a fine piece of work and only regret that it does not reach a larger audience.

May I suggest that copies of your editorial be sent to some of the big metropolitan newspapers and magazines throughout the country?

Very sincerely yours,  
Paul Epstein.

## DAILY DOZEN

(From the Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania)

Some facts are contradictory—especially about food.

Meat is an acknowledged energy producer and builder. Yet the largest and strongest animals are vegetarians.

Elephants, hippopotamuses, water-buffaloes and giraffes eat no meat.

Gargantua, the powerful gorilla, is a vegetarian.

Man's intestinal tract was designed for a meat diet.

Meat is stimulating, digestible and palatable to man.

There are vegetarians among humans—but not many.

A questionnaire was recently sent to hundreds of centenarians.

None of these century-old persons had ever been a vegetarian.

They all smoked and drank moderately.

Americans consume 134 pounds of meat per person every year.

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## FOOTNOTES

By EMMONS BLAKE

The suspension of broadcasting over our local station last Saturday, due to differences with the Federal Communications Commission, came as quite a blow to me as I had come to count on the little station for entertainment. It seems that I was not the only one in our newspaper shop that liked the station; our radio was so partial to it that it refused to function on any other setting. Where we used to get the baby voice of Bonnie Baker we now have only a hollow buzz.

This particular radio in the first place is a rather queer specimen. It is about three-quarters of a foot square and is covered with intricately carved veneer, now slightly warped and oil and ink-soaked. It used a type case as an aerial, and rested on a work bench, which left it usually covered with sawdust and lead filings. But for all its faults it served its purpose well, bringing us every day the "Sunrise Serenade," and many other periods of recorded music. For three months we have been listening to the same records played in a different order, and then the day before they went off the air the station bought about fifteen new ones. That doesn't seem very considerate of "we, the people."

Another point under the head of lack of consideration for the public—last week our local station announced a contest, of which the winners were to have been revealed Sunday and then they went off the air on Saturday.

I tried again this afternoon to get another station but I am afraid it's hopeless. So all I can do is hope that our local station opens again soon as I want to hear those fifteen new records before they become too outdated. But if it doesn't start up pretty soon, I'll have to insert the following in The Post's want-ad column.

Arrival and departure of the giant Clipper Ships which span the airways from California across the Pacific will be among the interesting spectacles which will greet visitors to Treasure Island this summer.

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## THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

Have you noticed what the young men in the ministry today are bringing to the people all over the country? I have noticed it particularly in our village because at the church next door to us there is a new Rector, and he is quite a young man. When he first came to the church I know some of the parishioners were convinced that such a young man could not carry on the work of the parish successfully, and they shook their heads in doubt. But if any of them have any doubts now they are keeping them safely hidden.

Not only has the young man brought his own enthusiasm and clear thinking to our village but in addition he has given the people the privilege of hearing other men from churches in other towns and cities. The people in the town are convinced that the young men in the Ministry are giving something they have never enjoyed before.

I make no claims to knowing anything about religion. I have been a casual church-goer all my life. Just one of those people who wander in and out of churches listening with an open mind; but as I grow older and am better able to understand what is being said from some of the church pulpits I am really amazed at the amount of work that is being accomplished. I am amazed at the lack of sham and hypocrisy. I am glad that the young men in the Ministry are bringing their congregations a new religion, if an old religion can be termed new.

The old puritanical idea of hell and damnation, and a heaven where everyone sits around all day playing a harp, has disappeared and ministers of the gospel seem to be holding out the dread of light and truth and freedom to their people. They are trying to teach their congregations that they can live more abundantly right here, and that it isn't necessary to wait for a hereafter to be rewarded for a rightful living. Preachers are daring to depart from the old orthodox manner of doing things. They are teaching their people, and the people are listening, that "the meek shall inherit the earth" and that those who really do unto others as they would have them do unto them will come into their own right here. The days have disappeared or are in the process of disappearing when rules for right and wrong were set down by ministers of the gospel. The men in the ministry are teaching their people to be men and women—not by promises of punishment but by promises of peace in their own hearts, by the comfort and satisfaction of a clear conscience. They are helping people to find not only the light of heaven but the light in their own every-day lives. They are helping their people to live, to be bigger people, people who are not bounded by the four small walls of their own faith. They are teaching people to be tolerant of their fellowmen, to realize that we are all of one heart.

I doubt if a generation ago preachers would have dared to preach so. I doubt very much if they would have dared to be as like human beings and less like exalted individuals who were destined by some divine power to lead the sinners of the world.

The young men in the ministry today are leaders of men but first of all they are men themselves, men with frailties, just like you and me, but men who dare to be men, and men who lead their people by their own example.

Ministers are not preaching half as much as they are teaching, and I wouldn't be at all surprised if that isn't one reason why the churches are more crowded than they were 10 or 15 years ago. We have men in our pulpits who are willing first of all to be human, men who are trying by their own example to help the rest of us get all we can in this short period we are allotted, before we go on into something we know so little about.

## ONLY YESTERDAY

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

From The Post of April 18, 1830:  
The funeral services of Frederick Turpin, 59, were held Tuesday afternoon. He is a brother of Congressman C. Murray Turpin.

Russell Carey of Shavertown has been named Kingston Township auditor, succeeding Wilfred Keats, who resigned.

A singing club composed of men of this district was organized on Friday night at the home of Prof. Ernest Wood of Dallas.

This has been the best season for making maple syrup in years.

A cozy, three-room bungalow, with all conveniences, has been completed at Harvey's Fire Tower for the use of Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Whitesell.

Walter Elston has gone to Jamestown, N. Y., where he will be located for some time with the A. J. Sordani Construction Co.

The third annual Easter egg hunt of the local Rotary Club will be held at Fernbrook Park Saturday.

How many people realize that the local street railway company has discontinued running a car out of the Square at 5 o'clock, making standing room on the 5:05 very disgusting?

own example of good living, and true, clear thinking. The pulpits today are being filled by men who are seriously trying to be men of good faith, men who walk among other men, not as beings set apart, but as men who walk humbly, graciously and understandingly. Ben who can come into one's home as a friend, men who can be depended on in time of need not just to say a few prayers, but who can lend advice and a helping hand because they have been a part of their congregation as a man and not just a preacher.

Ministers are not preaching half as much as they are teaching, and I wouldn't be at all surprised if that isn't one reason why the churches are more crowded than they were 10 or 15 years ago. We have men in our pulpits who are willing first of all to be human, men who are trying by their own example to help the rest of us get all we can in this short period we are allotted, before we go on into something we know so little about.

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