

Mabell C. Place Dies Suddenly

The funeral of Miss Mabell Curtis Place was held from the home on Lake Street on Monday evening at 8 p.m., with Rev. Charles Gilbert of Carverton Methodist Church, officiating in the absence of her own pastor, Rev. Reinfort. Burial was in the family plot in Sidney Cemetery at Sidney, N. Y., on Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Place died on Saturday at 11:30 p.m. after a brief illness. She was born at Norwich, N. Y. and had lived with her sister, Mrs. Z. E. Garinger, on Lake Street for the past seven years. She had always taken an active interest in all intellectual things of the community and was a member of the Methodist Church, the Book Club, and an ardent supporter of the Memorial Library.

She attended Martha Washington Seminary at Washington, D.C., and Syracuse University, where she was a member of Pi Beta Phi.

For several years, Miss Place was a Designer in Art Studios in Birmingham and New York City. Since coming to Dallas, her special hobby has been the pastel painting of Back Mountain scenes.

Her only survivor is her sister, Mrs. Z. E. Garinger.

From Pillar To Post

(Continued from Page One)

Centrifugal force prevented him from inching his way to either open end and making good his escape, thereby foiling the masked men, the bloodhounds, and the irresistible force. Time also worked against him, as elapsed time from crest to burst was only three seconds.

The murder mystery would forever remain a mystery, because in order to pin a murder on a murderer, the law requires a recognizable corpus delicti, liberally translated as a stiff. There was not enough left of Mr. Whozit to scrape up in a berry basket, let alone enough to identify.

By this time the typewriter keys were red hot. While they cooled, I made a phone call, in order to better establish times and places.

"You know that old place up on the hill?" I queried. "Well, how long has it been since that silo disappeared?"

"What silo?" "You know, that silo that got swiped when the farm stood vacant for awhile. The kindly neighbors who annexed the plumbing fixtures and the water pipes and everything movable up to and including the kitchen stove probably took the silo in their stride."

"You don't make sense to me," said Howard. "Can't you be a bit more explicit?"

"The silo that used to be located on the uphill side of that dilapidated barn. There is an impressive concrete foundation, round and deep. There is a lot of water in the bottom of it now, and a whole flock of tin cans. There are iron uprights around the top of the concrete, probably once used to bolt the superstructure to the foundation. But there isn't any woodwork now. Probably somebody needed a silo or half a dozen chicken houses."

Howard snorted at the other end of the line. "Oh, that silo? That silo never did get built. By the time the owner got the concrete paid for, he was fresh out of money."

I returned slowly to the typewriter and tore up my abortive effort. These things always happen to me. There is money in murder mysteries, lots of it, but no magazine will ever write me out a check for "The Case of the Disappearing Silo."

Rats!

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"ONCE I WAS BLIND"

By COL. C. A. BUSH Written expressly for the Dallas Post All rights reserved by the author (Continued From Last Week)

The surprise over my arrival from the office at so unusual a time, and the explanation for the same, quite overcame my wife for a time, as I had feared.

Brave woman that she always was, she soon got control of herself, and we prepared for the morning, and the future, so far as we could.

Phone calls were put through to my sister, residing in a town in southern New Jersey, and to our son, in Oneonta. We asked the latter to come and drive me to Philadelphia for the appointment, and my sister to meet us there.

The son arrived in the small hours of the next morning, and at eight o'clock we were on our way. My wife, at first, was minded to accompany us, but realized that her physical condition made such a trip impossible, and resigned herself to the long period of watchful waiting.

Late that afternoon I was in a bed in the hospital, and a few days later underwent the first of three delicate operations, during a number of different trips to that place; for I went again in June, and the following October; a total of some thirteen weeks. In all these weeks my faithful sister never failed to drive some eighty miles round trip daily to visit me there, read my mail, and write the daily letters informing my wife of the happenings of the preceding twenty-four hours.

And each time I returned to that hospital, and underwent another operation, it was with the hope and expectation that restoration of my sight would reward for all the mental agony, and financial expense.

In November, late in my stay there for the third time, a suspicion that all was not well became a fear. One day that fear was confirmed when the surgeon, evidently distressed, gently informed me that all possible had been done for me, and that the central vision necessary for reading and writing, was irreparably destroyed—that I might in time be able to distinguish daylight, and even shadowy objects; that would be the best I could hope for.

Again that all-gone feeling in the pit of the stomach. And again, how was I to break the terrible news to my wife?

I learned from my sister that my son had performed that difficult task, and for the better part of two days I lay in a daze—dazed, and sensing the tragedy of it all more and more, and wondering what was to become of us, now that my ability to earn a living for us was at an end.

The men in the other seven beds in that semi-private ward knew the verdict pronounced on me, and the unaccustomed silence in the room spoke louder than any words, the sympathy they wished to express, and could not.

To my later surprise, when I

came to review the events of those last days, I did not succumb to despair. Somehow, some way there would be a way out of the dark road which was mine to travel. There was a Power able to help and guide me, and mine, through the troubled days which lay ahead for us. Of that, I felt a growing assurance.

And, having been reared in a Christian home, to that Power I turned for the strength I so sorely needed. Nor did that power fail us.

In my waking hours, between periods of thinking and planning for the future, I took to humming many of the old hymns of Sunday-school, and church. I was familiar with many of them, having pumped the church organ for several years, while in my early teens. I hummed and softly sang them all; dozens of them. And they were more than mere songs; they were Prayers of hope, and of promise.

One in particular came to my mind repeatedly; that beautiful hymn composed by that noted English Churchman, in his hour of need, Cardinal Newman. The music I had always loved; now the words had for me real meaning. "Lead, Kindly Light."

Over and over I sang the words of that hymn. Slowly, and with each repetition, understanding its portent more and more, and deriving added comfort with each repetition.

The first verse I discovered, was a Prayer of confession, of weakness and total dependence. The second verse, a confession of the errors of the past, and a prayer for forgiveness. And the third verse, a realization that the prayer was answered, and a prophetic vision of a happier and brighter day to follow. Yes, all that, and more.

"Lead, Kindly Light, amidst encircling gloom Lead Thou me on. The night is dark, and I am far from home Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask

to see The distant scene, One step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, or prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on. I loved to choose, and see my path, but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the garish day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

So long Thy Power hath led me, surely it will Still lead me on. O'er moor and fen; o'er craig and torrent, till The night is gone. And in the morn those Angel faces smile

Which I had loved long since, And lost awhile."

That hymn was my solace in my hour of need. And still is, for I still have constant need of that "Kindly Light" to lead me on, over a road that is dark and full of pit-falls. Nor has it failed me.

I returned to our home in Scranton, on Thanksgiving Day, 1935. "Thanksgiving Day!" It sounds ironical, I know. But, somehow, although we couldn't see anything but difficulties along that path we had to travel, my wife and I felt that it would work out somehow. And we debated and planned our future course of action.

Her long illness, and the added expenses incident to my trouble, and the fact our source of income had ceased, dictated strict economy. For that reason we relinquished our Scranton apartment, and were fortunate to secure the one in Nicholson, where I still reside. A friend there discovered it and informed us of it, enclosing a penciled sketch of its arrangement, and other facts relative thereto.

And with that sketch, began my readjustment to my new mode of life.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Say "Thank You"

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Sutton of Lehman wish to express their appreciation to members of the Lehman and Dallas Fire Companies and to all the neighbors who helped them last Friday when their home caught fire.

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BARN CURING OF HAY IS STUDIED BY ENGINEERS

Principles, problems, and results of drying and curing hay in mows of barns were studied and analyzed by the Pennsylvania section of the American Society of Agricultural Engineers at a meeting at the Pennsylvania State College.

Some of the hundred-odd farmers who operated installations this year in Pennsylvania were on hand to tell the engineers of their experiences. New research in this field and experimental systems now being tested were reviewed in the effort toward producing better quality hay on Pennsylvania farms.

Robert J. McCall, extension agricultural engineer of the College, who assisted in more than half the installations, declared "There are

too many variables in Pennsylvania to compare results with other states." He explained that types of barn construction vary from one extreme to the other, crops used for hay differ in various sections of the State, and the style of hay finisher installed in each farm usually has individual characteristics.

"All farmers who have installed hay finishers agree they produce better quality hay than the old system which was affected by weather conditions," said McCall. Virtually all the installations now in use merely blow air, at high velocity and low pressure, up through the hay, either by means of lateral ducts or slatted floors. A few have been experimenting with the

use of heated air, but these have not yet proved their practicality, he reported.

Improvements in design, fans, motors, and other details will be available for the hundreds of farmers delayed in making installations by wartime restrictions, the engineers learned.

Three Admitted To Dallas Rotary

Two new members were inducted into membership and a third reinstated at the dinner meeting of Dallas Rotary Club held last night at Lundy's.

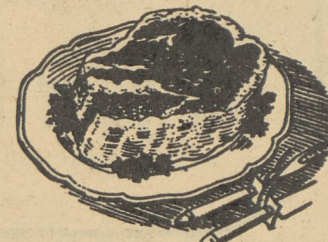
The new members are Charles Wheaton Lee, wholesale paper dealer, and Sheldon Mosier, vocational teacher. Warren Taylor, Kingston Township High School teacher, was reinstated after being away from the club for several months.

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Tasty Bologna lb. 33c
Fresh Ground Hamburg lb. 28c
Short Ribs Beef lb. 19c
Stewing Plate Beef lb. 19c
Neck or Breast Lamb lb. 19c

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Rosefish Fillets lb. 35c
Boston Mackerel lb. 21c
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Oakite Cleaner 2 pkgs. 19c

Gold Seal Enriched All-Purpose Family FLOUR 5 lb. bag 25c : 10 lb. bag 47c

Del Maiz Corn Niblets can 14c
Green Giant Peas can 18c
SOPADE 55-oz. pkg. 18c