

OUR PUZZLE CORNER

ANNA GRAMM IS GOING SHOPPING WITH A LIST OF QUEER ARTICLES...

REARRANGE THE LETTERS AND SEE WHAT SHE IS TO GET

darb
Barus
Smart
Sea
Nash
Sake
No so in
eel car

EARLY CORNE
I'M SINGLE!
TAKE

MAKE A LINE FROM 1 TO 85 AND SEE WHAT ANIMAL OF THE DESERT THIS IS

FIND TEN OBJECTS...

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IT'S TRUE!

By Wiley Padan

FLORENCE RICE
PLAYS THE LEADING FEMININE ROLE in M-G-M's "NAVY BLUE and GOLD"... Annapolis ROMANCE.

ROBERT YOUNG
WAS BORN ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY (HIS MIDDLE NAME IS GEORGE), AND HE ATTENDED LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL!

JAMES STEWART
IS CONSTRUCTING AN AMATEUR TELEVISION SET.

"TOM BROWN"
WAS BORN IN N.Y.C. JAN. 6, 1913. HE MADE HIS SCREEN DEBUT AT THE AGE OF SIX.

HE HAS TRANSMITTED IMAGES FROM ONE ROOM TO ANOTHER.

EXCERPTS FROM THE HISTORY OF DALLAS

By WILLIAM PENN RYMAN

(Editor's Note—Mr. Ryman's History of Dallas was written in 1885. It is important, then, for the reader to remember that when Mr. Ryman uses the present tense he is speaking of Dallas as it was in the 1880's, not as it is in 1937.)

On one of my father's trips to White Haven from Dallas to sell farm produce, one of the laborers died. He was a Catholic and there being no consecrated ground nearer than Carbondale, my father lent his team of oxen and sled for one dollar to haul the body to Carbondale for burial.

Ox teams were much more numerous than all others combined in those days. They were less expensive to keep and had another advantage of being converted into beef when no longer useful for work. There was still other advantages in favor of oxen for that time and place. They were more easily managed than horses, they needed no harness, their slowness and gentleness better fitted them for the work in the woods and on the stumpy new land.

LIKED OTHER PASTIMES

Among the few traits of the ox was sometimes the habit of wanting to pasture in some other field than the one into which he had been put, commonly known as being "breachey."

It is said on one occasion some one called on Samuel H., a well known farmer of Dallas, to buy a yoke of oxen. Mr. H. was much afflicted with stammering. His oxen were beautiful to look at, and quite filled the stranger's eyes, and the price asked for them was satisfactory.

The stranger began to question Mr. H. as to their qualities. "Are they sound?" asked the stranger.

"Y-y-y-y-yes," responded Mr. H.
"Are they gentle?" resumed the stranger.
"Y-y-y-y-yes," stammered Mr. H.

"Are they breachey?" continued the stranger.
"Th-th-th-they never bother me any," answered Mr. H. again after an unusual paroxysm of stammering.

Seeing the apparent innocence of Mr. H. and the pitiable effort it caused him to continue the conversation, the stranger closed the bargain at this and took the oxen.

He was not long in finding out the real character of the animals, and returned demanding satisfaction of Mr. H.

He began by accusing Mr. H. of all kinds of deception and lying.

"You sold me those oxen," said he, "and told me they were not breachey, and they are the worst I ever saw. I can't keep them in the township."

NEVER BOTHER HIM ANY

"Ne-ne-ne-never told you any such th-th-th-thing," replied Mr. H. "Y-y-y-y-you asked me if the oxen were breachey, and I-I-I-I-I told you they n-n-n-never did, because I wouldn't I-I-I-I-I let such a thing bother me."

This fact came forcibly to the stranger's recollection and he departed, filled, no doubt, with the conviction that greatest deception can sometimes be practiced with a literal truth.

This stammering was, however, genuine with the farmer and he had grave difficulty in uttering certain words. One of the unpronounced with him, I remember, was "shilling".

He used to struggle and chaw at that word for a long time and was never able to pronounce it. The only way he could express what he was trying to say was by switching off suddenly and substituting "leven penny bit," which he could say quite readily. Another story is told of him in trying to sell a pair of oxen, one of which (the near one) was good and the other one of small value. He would say: "That n-n-near ox is the b-b-b-best ox you ever s-s-s-s-saw, and the other one is his mate."

Mr. H. was withal a man of quick wit and much good nature, and had the esteem of his neighbors and those who knew him best.

SCOUT DIED A PAUPER

Abram Pike, the "Indian killer," was a wandering medicant for many years prior to his death. He was found dead one morning in a barn near the present residence of George Ide in Lehman (then Dallas) township.

He was buried by Dallas townfolk as a pauper, under an apple tree near the Presbyterian Church in old "Ide Burying ground" in the present township of Lehman.

The following incident, connected with his later years, has been told me, which I do not remember to have heard or seen in print before.

The owners of an eel ware in the Susquehanna River, just above the gas house at Wilkes-Barre, had strong suspicions that some one was stealing their fish, and set a watch to catch him. In due course the thief was caught, and it proved to be poor Pike.

He was taken down to old Hollenback's storehouse, which stood on the river bank, a short distance below Market Street, and locked up. Some waggish boys put up a card over the door, "The largest Pike ever caught in the Susquehanna River, now on exhibition here—Admission 10 cents." And it is said they took a good many dimes from the curious people who flocked to see it.

In 1813 Stuben Butler proposed to publish a life of "Abraham Pike" but for lack of support the work was not published. The following is a copy of the original subscription paper now in the hands of C. E. Butler (verbatim):

"For publishing by subscription a New Work, being the life of Abraham Pike, containing his adventures in the British service and in America in the Wyoming war, etc., etc. The work is ready for the press as soon as sufficient subscribers will warrant the publication. It will be printed on good paper with an entire new type and stitched in blew, price to subscribers, 50 cents.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., August 1813.
(More about Pike, the Indian killer, next week)

LITTLE BUDDY

By Bruce Stuart

HERE COMES DAD!! I HOPE HE DIDN'T GET WET MUCH, WITH ALL THIS RAIN!!!

BUDDY, HURRY TO THE PORCH AND TELL DAD THE STEPS ARE SLIPPERY!!

HE KNOWS IT, MOM!!

DETECTIVE RILEY

By Richard Lee

THE GANG'S CHIEF, MEANWHILE, IS ENJOYING A GOOD LAUGH AT RILEY'S EXPENSE NOW THAT HE IS IN THEIR CLUTCHES.....

HA! HA! WHAT A BIG FUSS THE PAPERS ARE MAKING OF RILEY'S CAPTURE!! I'LL FORGET HIM SOON, WHEN WE PUT HIM OUT OF THE WAY.

SORRY, OLD MAN, IT'S THE TORTURE CHAMBER FOR YOU NOW... AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, UNLESS... UNLESS...

UNLESS NOTHING, YOU CAN'T BULLY ME!

YOU KNOW WHERE MRS. ASTERSBILT KEEPS THE JEWELS IN HER HOUSE— TELL US WHERE THEY ARE AND YOUR LIFE WILL BE SPARED!!

I'M TELLING YOU NOTHING

A DARK, MENACING SHADOW SUDDENLY LOOMS CLOSER AND CLOSER!! WHO CAN IT BE??

DASH DIXON

By Dean Carr

ONE OF THE ADOSIANS DROPS BACK TO PUT DOT OUT OF THE WAY AS SHE PURSUES THEM TO SAVE DASH.

MY RAY HAS NO EFFECT! ZOUNDS!!

I'LL TRY OUT THIS PARALYSIS RAY GUN AND SEE IF IT WORKS!

GOOD! IT WORKS!!

NOW TO FREE DASH FROM THE OTHER ADOSIAN! I'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL WITH THIS RAY OR—

IT'S ANOTHER EARTH DEVIL!! I CAN DO NOTHING!

O-O-O-O-O-H!!

O-OH! THEY'VE NEARLY REACHED THE SHIP! I MUST HURRY!!

WILL DOT REACH DASH IN TIME TO SAVE HIM?

FACTS YOU NEVER KNEW!!!

By H. T. Elmo

SOAP WAS FIRST MADE BY THE ANCIENT PHOENICIANS MORE THAN 4,000 YRS. AGO!!!

IT WAS THE LAST WORD IN MENS FASHION IN ENGLAND, DURING QUEEN ELIZABETH'S REIGN, FOR MEN TO STUFF THEIR HOSE WITH RAGS, SO THEIR LEGS APPEARED ENORMOUSLY FAT... SOME OF THESE MONSTROUSLY PADDED LEGS WERE OVER A FOOT IN DIAMETER!!!

A MONUMENT TO A HAM WAS ERRECTED IN DUSSELDORF, GERMANY IN 1928!!

MINKS KILL CHICKENS JUST TO EAT THEIR BRAINS!!

ONE CAN PURCHASE A WIFE WITH A PAIR OF LEATHER SHOES IN CENTRAL TURKISTAN!

IN PERSIA, WOMEN WELCOME THEIR HOUSE-GUESTS BY POURING PERFUME ON THE HEADS OF THEIR VISITORS AS A SYMBOL OF FRIENDSHIP..