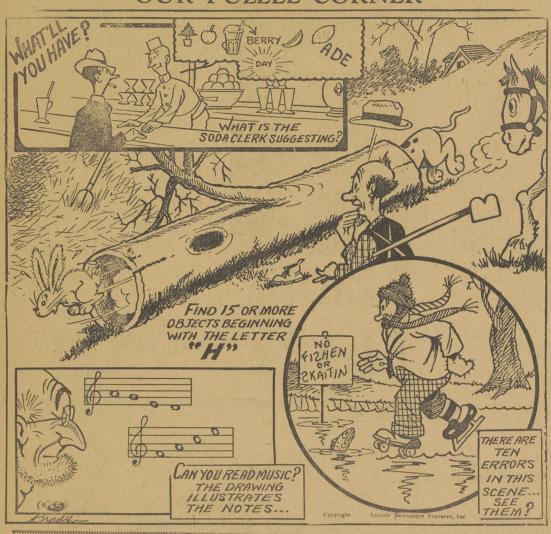
OUR PUZZLE CORNER







HE WANTS 'A
HAS AN AMBITION TO BE A FUNNY
TO BE A FUNNY
MAN IN THE
MAN IN THE
TALKIN' PICTUR'S,

FIRE TO THE TO THE MOVIES!!

FUNNY MAN IN THE FUNNY MAN, HE GETS HIT IN THE FACE WITH A PIE!

DASH DIXON

THEY ARE NOT ALONE ON THE ADOSIAN SHIP. THEY MEET DOCTOR OZOV WHO TELLS THE FANTASTIC STORY OF HIS SUDDEN DISAPPEARENCE FROM THE EARTH—

ONE NIGHT I WAS TINKERING AROUND IN MY ROCKET SHIP WHEN SUDDENLY EVERYTHING WENT BLACK! WHEN I CAME TO I FOUND THE CRAFT WELL OUT INTO SPACE!



MY SMALL DAUGHTER, ANN, HAD CLAMBERED INTO THE SHIP AND RELEASED THE ROCKET LEVERS SENDING THE CRAFT HURTLING THROUGH SPACE. WE TRAVELED FOR WEEKS THROUGH EMPTINESS, THEN OUR ROCKETS GAVE OUT AND WE STARTED TO FALL. BY USING MY GRAVITY ELIMINATOR WE LANDED SAFELY, BUT WE WERE IMMEDIATELY SURROUNDED BY A HOSTILE PEOPLE WHO INHABIT THE PLANET JUPITER!

BY ACCIDENT I WAS
PICKED UP BY A WANDERING
ADOSIAN SHIP! SINCE THEN
I HAVE BUILT MANY SPACE
SHIPS ON ADOS WITH THE
ONE THOUGHT IN MIND THAT
I WOULD SOME DAY ESCAPE
WITH A SUPER-POWERED
SHIP AND RESCUE MY
DAUGHTER ON THE PLANET
JUPITER! THIS IS THE
MOST POWERFUL AND
FASTEST SPACE
SHIP EVER BUILT!!



DETECTIVE RILEY









FACTS YOU NEVER KNEW!!!

THE ORIGINAL HOME OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUM IS IN CHINA WHERE IT IS CONSIDERED A RARE TABLE DELICACY!!

PETER THE GREAT,
EMPORER OF RUSSIA, WOULD
NOTE CROSS BRIDGES
BECAUSE OF A
SUPERSTITIOUS FEAR.

By H. T. Elmo

By Richard Lee

A SUPERSTITION AT MONTE CARLO IS THAT

A SUPERSTITION AT
MONTE CARLO IS THAT
IMMEDIATELY AFTER A
SUICIDE, EVERYONE WHO
PLAYS AGAINST THE BANK
WILL INTO IT

THE HISTORY OLLUZERNE COUNTY

By H. C. BRADSBY

(As auccessor to Mr. Ryman's "History of Dallas The Post starts this week excerpts from H. I. Bradsby's "History of Luzerne County," wich was published in 1893 in Chicago. LikeMr. Ryman's colorful story, Mr. Bradsby's hory is interesting today as much for its quair views as for its historical value.

harring the state of the state

Rich and bertiful Luzerne County! On thy face the hills swling away in the blue distance at whose feet are he valleys where the bright waters forever sin their lullabies as the mountain brook joins the vaey stream and both rush into the winding river n its merry, ceaseless race to the sea.

When civilized man first clambered up the eastern incline of th Blue Mountains and looked across toward the faifamed Pocono, and caught a glimpse of what was estined to be one of the most historical places in merica, what grandeur and beauty of nature brok upon his vision.

If in the spring with the fresh flowers and the new shining green leaves, the returning new life on every hand and he birds flitting from fragrant bower to bower and caroling to the limpid blue skies their joyous eturn from the south, or if, as is more likely, in "the mild September," when the nuts are brown, the grapes purple, the sumac flaming its red, and from the clear cold brook reflecting the images of the tall mountain top, this is the entrancing vision of the Festival of the Foliage; in either, or in any case, what a panorama of loveliness greeted his wondering eyes.

He stops to breathe a moment and behind him, to the right and left of him, bounded only by the limits of vision, what grandeur, what entrancing beauties. Here was nature's master effort of wide, peaceful and quiet beauty. Such rich coloring; such blending of rainbows, brawling brooks and forest-covered hillside; such billows of flame, from the dark gorge to the end of vision in one ever unfolding panorama, touched as is only possible by the master hand of God.

Never was the face of the earth so beautiff so restful, so witching to the human eye. Moutains, promontories and gently rolling hills and reful valleys, all crowned with flowers, brilliant foliage, birds of song and silvery streams.

VIEW FROM THE EAST

The first view from the Pocono to the traveler presented the famed Wyoming Valley completely encircled with its everlasting hills, except where the Susquehanna river breaks through from the north near Pittston and winds along nearly through the center of its entire length. In the river can be seen many green islands slumbering in its embrace. Across there is "Prospect Rock" and from this look out the entire valley can be viewed. The Pocono Range extends an hundred miles nearly parallel to the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers—with wild and rather desolate summits, but presenting every hand the magnificent landscapes that constitute much of the glories of northern Pensylvania.

The Susquehanna River enters he valley at Lackawanna gap, coming in through narrow defile in the mountain and passes out rough a like narrow way below Nanticoke gap, theling a classicance of near twenty miles.

The valley averages about three nes in width and the enclosing mountains are abou 1,000 feet high on the eastern and about 800 feet c the western side. Then comes Wilkes-Barre muntain to the south, fronting its bold face and almo in articulate language saying, "Stop here." and men simply passed along the river up and dov, while the rugged hills covering all south and souheast of the Susquehanna were left to the wild foest denizens and the tireless hunters.

But the white man was swarming from the old world and peeping in all about the new. In due time he found the great anthracite coal field of southern Luzerne, and here, in the ragged sublimity of nature, he has penetrated the bowel of the earth and from its dark secrets has fairly enriched the world.

The Eastern Middle coal field in due time came to bless the human race, and nature's most rugged and repelling face has proved to be one of the most interesting spots of our hemisphere. When the white man's eyes first beheld this favored spot of earth that is Luzerne County this was something of its inviting wealth and beauties. The great valleys between the mountains were not only very beautiful, but on their face told of the rich stores they contained for the future agriculturist. Had the beholder possessed the prophetic vision t the incalulably rich mines beneath this fair —anticipated somewhat the change that 100 vears. the magic touch of civilization, had in store wonderland, could he have believed his supe al vision, think you?

(Continued Next Week)