

"BAYER ASPIRIN" PROVED SAFE

Take without Fear as Told in "Bayer" Package



Does not affect the Heart

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-five years for

- Colds
- Headache
- Neuritis
- Lumbago
- Toothache
- Rheumatism
- Neuralgia
- Pain, Pain

Each unbroken "Bayer" package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100.

"A God-sent Blessing"

is what one mother writes of Mrs. Winslow's Syrup. Thousands of other mothers have found this safe, pleasant, effective remedy a boon when baby's little stomach is upset. For constipation, flatulency, colic and diarrhoea, there is nothing like

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infants' and Children's Regulator. It is especially good at teething time. Complete formula on every label. Guaranteed free from narcotics, opiates, alcohol and all harmful ingredients.

At all Druggists. Write for free booklet of letters from grateful mothers. ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO. 215-217 Fulton St. New York

A single dose of Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" expels worms. Tones up the stomach and bowels. No after purgative necessary. All druggists, 50c.

Dr. Peery's Dead Shot for WORMS Vermifuge

SKIN BLEACH

Results wonderful and sure. One complete box of KREMOYL will convince the most skeptical. Also cures Eczema. Price 15c. Ask your dealer. Beauty Booklet FREE. Dr. C. H. Berry Co., Dept. B, 265 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

She Fools Doctors

After lying in a hospital at Springfield, Mass., for six months, paralyzed from the waist down by a bullet which severed her spinal column, a woman now is on the road to recovery. Physicians operated at the time, but expected her death within a few days. They say there is no similar case on record.

The Salutation

Solicitor—I should advise you to write this man a nice polite note and see what happens.

Client—All right, I'll do it. How do you spell blackmail?—Boston Post.

The Last Survivor

Flyosan has killed all his millions of friends and relatives

NO WONDER he's blue. He knows he's next.

Flyosan has killed every single fly and mosquito in thousands of homes this summer. Flyosan is the modern best way of fighting flying pests. It kills them by the wholesale—not one at a time.

Flyosan is the original liquid insect spray (100-poisonous). Use Flyosan itself, not one of its imitations. Flyosan not only kills all the flies and mosquitoes in your home but also rids it of the millions of deadly, disease-bearing germs which each one carries.

Peterman's has the right insecticide for each insect. On sale wherever drugs are sold.

Peterman's

300 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

A New Way to Make Jellies

Without Staining Fingers—Without Long Hours of Boiling—Without Depending Upon Berries or Fruit Being in Season.

One of the most interesting and yet one of the simplest new products in the food field is called minute Jelly. It is pure fruit or berry juice already boiled down and concentrated. To this concentrated juice, fruit pectin in the right amount has been added. The pectin is that part of fruit which makes jelly "jell." It is as pure and wholesome as the fruit juice.

To make the jelly take the little bottle of concentrated juice, pour in a sauce pan, add water and sugar according to directions on the bottle and boil a few minutes. Then pour into jelly glasses and when it has become cold you have the most delicious pure fruit jelly you ever tasted.

A few bottles kept on hand, selected according to your taste for jellies, and you can make up a few glasses just as you want it. One small bottle makes two glasses of jelly. If you wish to try two bottles send us twenty-five cents and we will give you your choice of grape, mint, pineapple, orange, raspberry, strawberry or blackberry. Or four bottles—all different—for fifty cents. Address Department WU, General Packing Corp., Cranford, New Jersey.—Adv.

Undertaker Had Best of Bid for Business

Thomas A. Dyer, president of the New York Rotary club, said at a banquet:

"There's such a thing, after all, as carrying business methods too far.

"A business man sent for the doctor. The doctor looked him over and said:

"You're pretty sick, sir, but I believe I can cure you."

"What will you charge, doc?"

"The business man, 'for a full cure?'"

"Well," said the doctor, "it's rather irregular to estimate in this way, but I'm ready to cure you for \$200."

"The business man shook his head weakly on the pillow. Then he managed with great difficulty to articulate:

"You'll have to shade that price considerable, doc. I got a darn sight better bid from the undertaker."

Post Erects Street Signs

The hundred vacationists who go to Grand Haven, Mich., each summer will have no trouble finding their way about the city in the future. They will find the streets marked by signs erected by the local post of the American Legion. About two hundred signs will be erected by the Legionnaires in co-operation with city officials.

Wanted to Know

"And what will you have, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Bring me a boiled owl," commanded the overly cheerful diner. "Yeshir, a boiled owl. Tha' guy at th' nex' table says I'm a bigger fool than a boiled owl, an' I'm gonna 'vestigate.'"

—American Legion Monthly.

Madrid Bars Planes

No airplanes of any description are permitted to fly over Madrid, Spain. The object is to protect the population from the danger of a crash, although thus far there has never been an aerial accident over the city.

Smallest Commission City

South Charleston, Ohio, which has yet to find its place on the map, claims to be the smallest town in the United States operated under the commission plan of government.

Rolling stones gather no moss, but they are nobody's stepping stone.



"Swatting" only scatters these germs into the air which you and your family breathe.

Here is the right insecticide for each insect:

FLYOSAN, Liquid Spray—kills flies and mosquitoes.

PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD—exterminates ants.

PETERMAN'S DISCOVERY, Liquid—exterminates bed-bugs.

PETERMAN'S ROACH FOOD—exterminates that cockroach army.

PETERMAN'S MOTH FOOD—protects against moths.

You must have a specific insecticide for each insect. No single insecticide will exterminate them all. We have had nearly 50 years' experience. We know that is true.

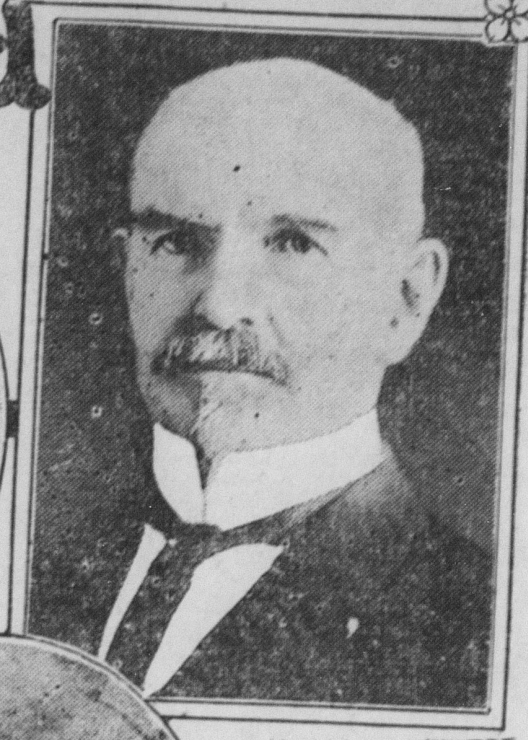
A Forgotten Wild West Hero



CALIFORNIA JOE



RED CLOUD



DR. V. T. MCGILLYCUDDY



CAPTAIN SWORD



CALAMITY JANE

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

THIS is the story of a real Wild West hero, a man who faced death innumerable times on the plains and in the mountains of the Great West, who under the acid test of danger proved that he was "pure grit clean through" and who won the whole-hearted admiration of every man, white or red, with whom he ever came in contact. It's the story, too, of a forgotten Wild West hero because, unlike so many of our

Wild West heroes—the long-haired, buckskin-clad Bills and Dicks and Sams whose careers were approximately 10 per cent experience and 90 per cent press agency—he shunned publicity and was content to let his deeds speak for themselves. So he never became a dime novel hero, but the old-timers of the West, the men who know who were the really great and who were the pseudo-great, will tell you that there never was a braver man on the frontier nor few who played a more important role at a critical period in its history than Dr. V. T. McGillycuddy, now a resident of Berkeley, Calif., and president of a public utilities company in San Francisco, but once an army surgeon with General Crook's expedition in the Sioux war of 1876 and later Indian agent for about the wildest bunch of red men that the government ever tried to keep penned up on a reservation.

Doctor McGillycuddy was born in Racine, Wis., in 1849, and at the age of sixteen began the study of medicine. After completing his course in four years he served as an interne in the United States Marine hospital in Detroit and later became assistant surgeon in several hospitals in that city. His early education had also included a course in topographical engineering and the year 1875 found him getting his first experience in the Wild West as chief topographer for a government expedition into the Black Hills of South Dakota. So among his other distinctions Doctor McGillycuddy can claim that of being one of the first, if not the very first, to make accurate maps of the region which is now so much in the public eye because President Coolidge chose it as the site for the "Summer White House."

The chief guide for this expedition was the renowned California Joe, General Custer's famous scout, and Doctor McGillycuddy has a rich fund of reminiscences of this noted frontier character. In fact, he knew nearly all of the early Black Hills notables, and he can tell interesting tales of Calamity Jane, of Capt. Jack Crawford, "the Poet Scout," and Frank Grouard, General Crook's favorite scout, of Buffalo Bill and his understudy, "Buffalo Chip" White.

After the Sioux campaign was over Doctor McGillycuddy was stationed at Camp Robinson, Neb., and there he made the acquaintance of Crazy Horse, one of the greatest war chiefs the Sioux had ever had. The army surgeon won the friendship of the Sioux leader by caring for his wife who was a sufferer from tuberculosis and won for himself the name of "Tashunka Witko Kola" (Crazy Horse's Friend) and "Wasechun Waukon" (White Miracle Man) by which he became known among the Sioux later.

In 1879 President Hayes appointed the young army surgeon agent for the Ogala Sioux on what is now the Pine Ridge reservation. Despite the recommendation that the name "Tashunka Witko Kola" gave him, the new job was not an easy one. Here were several thousand Sioux, fresh from the warpath, still remembering their terrible triumph over Custer on the Little Big Horn, utterly irreconcilable to being penned up on a reservation—they who from years immemorial had been lords of a vast region over which they roamed as they willed. Their great war chief was Red Cloud, who, although he had taken no active part in the campaign of '76, was an implacable enemy of the whites who had repeatedly broken faith with him. Both the youth of McGillycuddy and his recent connection with the army were against him in his dealings with the Ogala and in the first general council Red Cloud made it plain that he would oppose every effort the new agent made to "lead his young men in the white man's road."

To this Doctor McGillycuddy replied that he admired Red Cloud for his loyalty to the old ideals, but that the white man had come to stay and if the red man expected to survive he must learn the white man's ways. He warned Red Cloud that if the older Indians resisted the agent's efforts to lead them in the white man's road, he would appeal to the young men, and appeal to the young men he did. The result was the

organization of an Indian police force, the first of its kind ever used on an Indian reservation, authorized by a special act of congress. The leader of this force was a young warrior named Mianwauken Yulia (Man Who Carries a Sword), or Captain Sword and with this little group of 50 men, the young agent undertook to keep order on a reservation of 4,000 square miles.

Red Cloud continued to obstruct his work and finally in 1882 came the showdown. Doctor McGillycuddy deposed Red Cloud as chief. The Ogala were in a turmoil. A plot to assassinate the agent was foiled by Captain Sword and his men, but affairs became so threatening that the War department began concentrating troops at the posts near by. If the Sioux jumped the reservation it meant another costly war in which many lives would be lost and much property destroyed. It was a time when a cool head was needed and that cool head sat on the shoulders of Doctor McGillycuddy. "We can handle the situation ourselves" was the word that the young doctor sent to Washington. "If troops are sent here, the Sioux will interpret it as a warlike gesture and trouble will be sure to follow." By "we" he meant himself and Captain Sword and those 50 Indian policemen! His faith was justified, for Sword's men soon had the situation in hand and there is no doubt in the minds of those who knew the situation at the time and the temper of the Sioux that a bloody war was averted.

Shortly before this time there occurred an incident which showed the aptness of that "pure grit clean through" characterization of Doctor McGillycuddy. At the time of the last great sun dance ever held among the Sioux some 2,000 of Chief Spotted Tail's Brule Sioux, always a turbulent and restless outfit, came up to Pine Ridge to visit their Ogala brethren. One day a band of 400 of them rode over to the agency and ten of them, heavily armed, filed into McGillycuddy's office. In the building at the time were Doctor McGillycuddy, a clerk, Louis Changro, his interpreter, three army officers, who had come to see the sun dance, and two visiting cattlemen. There were only eleven white persons on the reservation.

After a silence of several minutes, the leader of the party, a tall, powerful young chief, said to Changro, "Tell him we want food." McGillycuddy's reply was that he knew the Brules were well provisioned before they left their reservation and that they would get no food from him. At that reply the young chief's eye glittered angrily. "Tell him we want food NOW!" he growled. A smile flickered across the young doctor's face. "Just tell him to go to hell, Louis!" he said quietly. Instantly the Brule chief sprang across the room and, shaking his fist in the agent's face, he shouted hoarsely, "If you don't give us food now, I'll kill every white man on the reservation!"

The smile disappeared from McGillycuddy's face. His jaw snapped shut and without a word he sprang on the Indian, seized him by the throat and shook him until his ribs clattered to the floor. Then he rushed the Indian to the door, whirled him around and kicked—the worst insult that any white man ever gave an Indian. Ten feet from the door the Brule picked himself up from the dust and, wild with rage, led his followers on a mad gallop to the Brule camp. But the whites knew that they would be back and that nine white men would probably soon be fighting for their lives and the lives of Mrs. McGillycuddy and the post trader's wife against not only 2,000 Brules, but probably against several thousand Ogala who would likely come swarming like a wolf pack to the kill.

One alarming fact was that at the appearance of the Brules Captain Sword and his men had disappeared! Soon the white men heard the drumming of pony hoofs on the dry prairie and a party of naked, war-battered warriors swept out of a little coulee and headed for the agency building. As the white men crouched down behind the flimsy barrier of the fence surrounding the agency and lined their guns on the approaching throng Changro suddenly shouted: "No shoot! Sword, he come!" It was Captain Sword and his policemen, clad in the battle dress of their ancestors, coming to the aid of their white chief and ready to die in his defense.

And then the Brules came back, 400 of them, a howling pack of savages pounding their ponies into a mad charge. In the face of this onrush McGillycuddy said quietly to his white companions and Sword's men, who had lined up beside him, "Don't fire until I give the word!" On and on came the Indians until it seemed that they

would ride the little group of defenders into the earth. And then they stopped! The steady control of the iron-nerved agent broke through the heat of their madness and brought them to a sliding, dust-plowing halt 50 yards away. There they milled around uncertainly. At the psychological moment, McGillycuddy took the offensive. He turned to Changro. "Hop out there, Louis, and tell that old devil to chase himself back to camp, he said. "Tell him I'll give him just five minutes to get under way and, what's more, if he ever bats his eye at me again, I'll choke him to death just for luck." As Changro ran forward to deliver this message the agent sprang to the top of the fence, watch in hand, to show the Brules that he meant exactly what he said. For a moment they wavered. The chief, still hot for blood, insisted that they charge. But the cool nerve of this slender young doctor who had showed them so plainly that he could not be bluffed or frightened even in the face of overwhelming odds was too much for them. They rode back to their camp forthwith.

During the next few years the Ogala prospered under McGillycuddy's rule. Then in 1885 politics, which has so often made a football of the Indian, got in its work and the agent was summoned to Washington for trial on trumped-up charges of insubordination and exceeding his authority. The trial was something of a farce, but the upshot was that he was relieved from duty. Not long afterward the ghost dance craze swept the Sioux and then, if ever, was the firm hand of McGillycuddy needed. But it was not there and as a result a majority of the Ogala stamped to the Bad Lands and the terrible story of the Battle of Wounded Knee was added to our Indian history.

The former Indian agent gave valuable service during those trying days as assistant adjutant general to the governor of South Dakota, but a short-sighted government policy prevented him from serving where his influence over the Sioux would have counted most. If he was ever rewarded by the government in the slightest measure for the incalculable worth of his services there is no record of it. Later he became dean and president of the South Dakota School of Mines at Rapid City, and as an educator became widely known. But except to a few historians the name of this man, but for whose efforts the settlement of a vast empire might have been delayed indefinitely, is comparatively unknown.

"A Forgotten Wild West Hero?" Not exactly! Talk to some of the old Ogala today, as the writer did recently, and you will find that the name of McGillycuddy is magic among them still. "McGillycuddy Kola" (friend of McGillycuddy), I said to one of them. "Waste!" (good!) he exclaimed and that phrase was the open sesame for the subsequent interview with several of them. Through an interpreter, Jim Grass, an educated Sioux, I talked with Rock, Spider, Little Hawk, Brave Heart, Yellow Thunder, and Chase in the Morning, all of them old-timers who remember the days of the buffalo chase and the tribal wars. Rock, Spider and Chase in the Morning fought under Crazy Horse in the Custer battle and at the Battle of the Rosebud where the Ogala chieftain fought General Crook to a standstill.

After the wars were over Rock became one of McGillycuddy's Indian policemen on the Pine Ridge reservation and from him I learned much of those stirring times when the young agent was gambling with death as he tried to break down the reactionary influence of Red Cloud among the Ogala. Rock and some of the old fellows questioned me eagerly about their friend Wasechun Waukon (Doctor McGillycuddy)—where he lived and what he was doing. They requested me to write to him and ask him to write to them. It was plain to see that after all these years they still love and honor the one Indian agent whom they learned to trust and respect.

"He was a brave and good man and the best friend we have ever had," Rock told me, and his face lighted up as he spoke of the old days when he was one of McGillycuddy's policemen. Then it saddened as he continued, "If he had been with us the great sadness (the ghost dance trouble and the Wounded Knee affair) would not have come to our people."

Forgotten? Not by the men who did not give their friendship lightly and when an old-time Sioux warrior utters the simple words, "He was a brave and good man," it's about as fine a tribute as could be paid to this real Wild West hero, Dr. V. T. McGillycuddy, surgeon, soldier, Indian agent and friend of the red man.