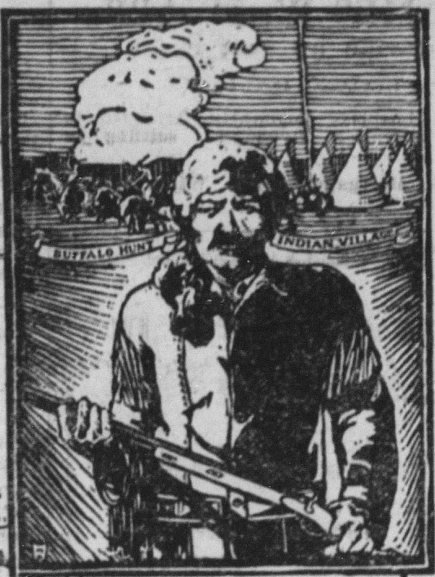
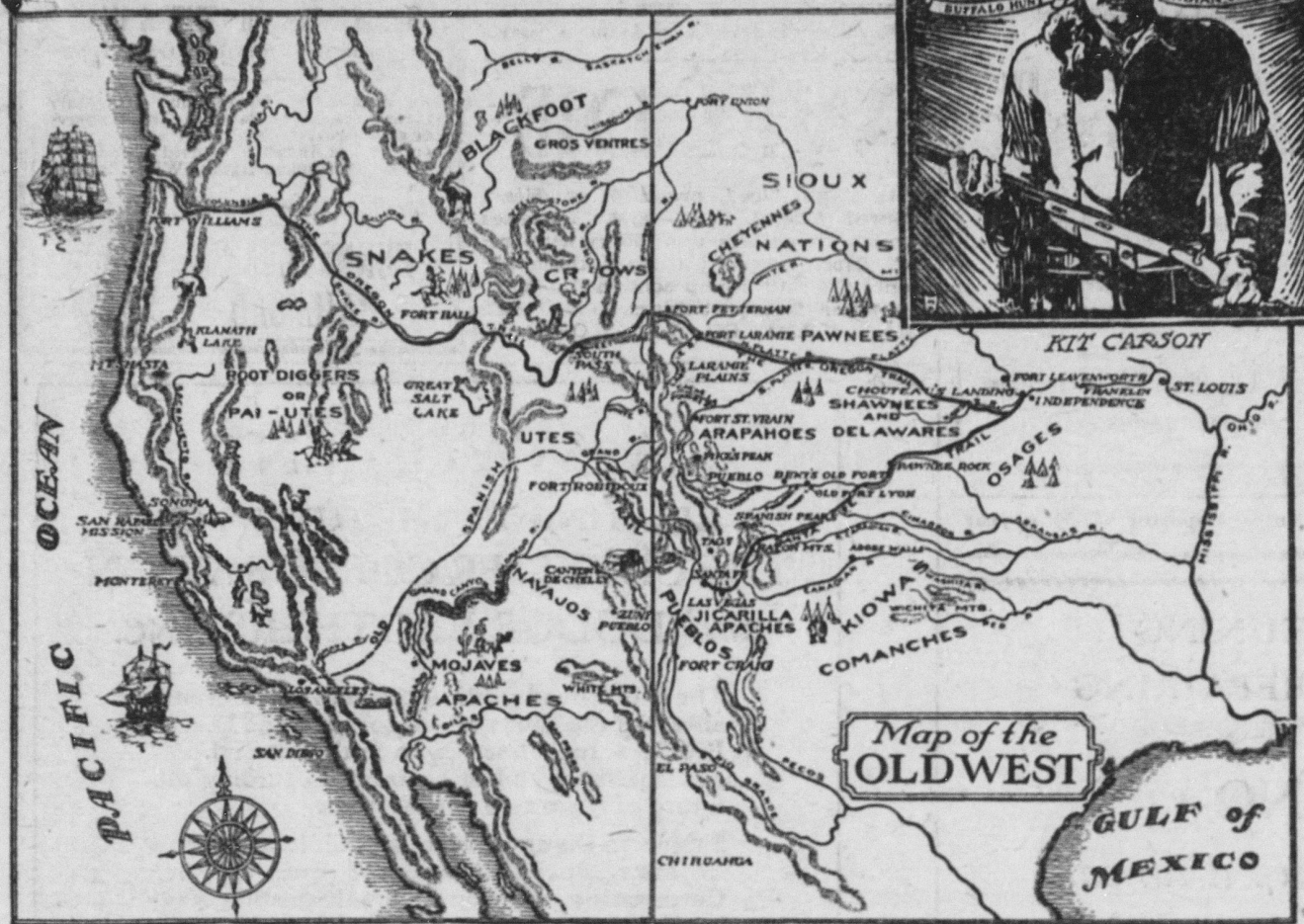


A Happy Warrior of the Old West



Map of the Old West

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
On Christmas day in the morning, 1863, an under-sized, tow-headed, bandy-legged, blue-eyed boy sped into the world quavering lustily with an uncontrolled excitement which no later adventure could arouse in him. Small, bandy-legged, blue-eyed, and sandy-haired he remained to the end of his days, and to this unimpressive appearance the sun added freckles. Yet this boy, typically backwoods as he was, and apparently no different from other lads of his family and community, was to exhibit such character, display such competence, and achieve such fame as distinguish few other lone adventurers in history.

THUS begins the saga of a great American frontiersman, as recorded in a book, "Kit Carson—The Happy Warrior of the Old West," recently published by Houghton Mifflin company. The author is Stanley Vestal, otherwise Walter Stanley Campbell, a professor of English at the University of Oklahoma and a man who has had an unusual opportunity to write the final word in a Kit Carson biography. For, as he says in the preface, "I am familiar with much of the country Kit ranged over, and with that Southwest which he made his life-long headquarters. I grew up among the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians, the tribes with which he was most intimately associated and from which he took his two Indian wives. And I think I have seldom missed an opportunity to talk with an old-timer who could tell me about the days and ways of America's heroic age."

Among those original sources of material he lists such persons as George Bent, son of Col. William Bent and Owl Woman, and grandson of the Keeper of the Cheyenne Medicine Arrows; Left Hand, Washie, Watan and Watonga of the Arapaho Indians and Wolf Chief, Burnt All Over, Roman Nose Thunder, Edmond Guerrier of the Cheyennes. In addition to these and his stepfather, James Robert Campbell, who served on the staff of Bancroft, the historian, and spent much of his time in making investigations in the Southwest, the author of this book has made use of the researches of such historians as George Bird Grinnell, Edwin L. Sabin, H. M. Chittenden, R. L. Thwaites and Blanche C. Grant, who last year published for the first time Carson's own memoirs.

As one of the "Big Four of the American Frontier"—the other three are Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett and Sam Houston—Kit Carson has been much-written about. But as Mr. Vestal points out "Kit's first biographers made him out a striking but unaccountable hero. They placed him in a spotlight which threw all the background of his age in shadow, representing him as at once blameless and colorless. The effect was to make, the man incredible, and to leave the reader with a hunch that the evidence had been doctored. To make matters worse, the Western Hero became commercialized, and the country was flooded with showmen, who—for a consideration—posed and postured and made of the Old West a cheap burlesque. This sickening spectacle made us all more skeptical than ever, and Kit Carson seemed about to go the way of the 'noble Red man' in popular favor. For there was no readable 'Life' to relate the man to the character of the times he lived in, no cred-

ible account of the typical product of that heroic age when trick cowboys and professional humans were as yet unknown. . . . As research mops up the corners and corrects the errors of the earlier accounts of his career, it is more and more clear that the legend needs rechecking. . . . It is time to retell the adventures of this great little man."

And that is what Mr. Vestal has done—retold Kit Carson's adventures and projected the action of the epic story against an authentic background of the Old West in which Kit Carson lived. In the first chapter he offers an interpretation of Kit Carson, the man and the frontiersman, which sums him up as follows:

Dispassionate comparison will demonstrate how worthy he is of a rank even with the best of legendary heroes. Kit Carson's endless journeys through the wilderness make the fabled Mediterranean wanderings of Odysseus seem week-end excursions of a stay-at-home; his humanity rivals Robin Hood's; in readiness to fight and in chivalry to women he rates a siege at the Round Table; his courage and coolness against hopeless odds may be matched but not surpassed by the old Norse heroes; while his prowess in innumerable battles—all quite without the aid of invulnerable armor or the encouragement of indulgent goddesses—makes Achilles look like a wash-out. This is no idle boast; any candid reader will admit it.

Yet Kit was no seeker after renown. Shy and matter-of-fact, he went about the business of his life with no notion that he was to be the archetype of the American pioneer. Before Horace Greeley thought of his celebrated advice, Kit had already gone West and grown up with the country. And because he did grow up with it, he left all the other mountain men behind him—pathetic survivors of a dead epoch. It was this adaptability, this superior competence, which made him the figure he remains in the history of the frontier.

When fame came, it abashed him, and he never betrayed any of the showmanship which has so cheapened the western adventures of a later day. Kit was no boaster, no outsize, no charlatan, no gunman. Only the willfulness of youth flung him into that endless series of scamps, expeditions, sprees, battles, adventures of every sort, making him chief actor on the largest stage whereon a heroic age ever went its swift and roaring way to law and civilization. He looked his part so little that on one occasion some emigrants on the Oregon Trail, having paused to stare at the famous scout, went back to their wagons, hooting and laughing, too smart to be honored by those who had pointed out that insignificant-looking little man.

When fame could no longer be denied, the myth-makers went to work. They piled their legends about Kit until the man himself is hardly seen. They concealed and ignored the wild deeds of his youth, though he killed more men than Billy the Kid; they said nothing of his adventures with women, though he is known to have married three times, and twice without the blessing of the church. Not knowing how to present such a man, they manufactured a monster. On the one hand they failed to exhibit the winning humanity of their victim; on the other they magnified his exploits, "laying it on a little too thick," to use Kit's own ally comment on the authorized "Life."

The high lights in the life of Kit Carson have been told so often that they are familiar to most Americans—how, when Kit was a year old, the Carson family left his birthplace in Madison county, Kentucky, and went to Missouri; how as a small boy Kit ran wild with the neighbors' children, hunted coons and did chores about home; how he was apprenticed to a saddler at Franklin, Mo., but ran away seeking adventure as a trapper. This followed his first trip to Santa Fe,

N. M., with the wagon train of Bent St. Vrain and company, Indian and Mexican traders, which was to launch him upon his amazing career as a mountain man, scout, guide for General Fremont, Indian fighter, Civil War leader on the New Mexican frontier, guardian of the Santa Fe trail and "Father Kit" in the government's dealings with the Indians.

Such a career, of course, with its multitude of thrilling incidents gave the "Wild West" type of writer a chance to do his best (or worst) and few of them failed to make the most of the opportunity in writing of Kit Carson. The result has been a jumble of truth and absurdity which fully justifies this latest Carson biography's criticisms of his predecessors. But he has exploded many of the old legends and in their place substituted either the facts, or theories which can be accepted as logical and reasonable.

For instance, Carson has been painted as a man with a vision of the vast empire of the West which he was to help open up. This new picture of Carson shows him as an empire builder, all right, not because he intended to be one but because he liked the life which these "unconscious empire-builders" lived—the scouting, fighting of bad Indians and making treaties with good ones, trapping, hunting, dancing, drinking and loving. For instance Carson did not go with Fremont to "carry the Stars and Stripes to the summits of the Rockies and win this vast territory for his country," as the sentimental-historians would have it. "Kit went with Fremont," says Mr. Vestal, "because he loved Josepha (his third and last wife) and wanted to better himself. Like most people who do things in the world of affairs, he was moved by no grand schemes or highfalutin, sense of service or honor, but simply set his heart on a woman and a little money." And that is sound common sense.

His manner of dying was as simple as the manner of his living. The end came May 23, 1868, at Fort Lyon, Colo., where he was under the care of an army surgeon. He was tired of the food that had been given him.

"Cook me some fast rate do'n's," said the old scout, "A buffalo steak and a bowl of coffee and a pipe are what I need."

The surgeon warned him that the meal would probably be fatal. But Kit insisted and the surgeon, knowing that he was going soon, did not long oppose him. The expected hemorrhage followed. Kit called out "I'm gone! Doctor, comrade, adios!" The end was swift.

So died Kit Carson, brave, unaffected, self-sufficient to the last puff of his old dudhean, a valiant trencherman, with the bull meat under his belt, and the old gleam in his tired eyes, blowing smoke into the jaws of death, whom he had flouted so often. This is the happy warrior; this is he that every man in arms should wish to be.

Protecting Investors
Though differing slightly in some of the states, the blue-sky laws are much alike in their essential features. They are designed to regulate the sale of stocks, bonds and other securities, but in practice their application has been extended to a wide range of investment enterprises. The law usually contains a penal clause prescribing penalty for fraud in the sale or negotiation of securities and vests in a certain officer or body the power to investigate all transactions of this kind.

"In these days," replied the senator, "the man who can remain resolutely silent, demonstrates that he holds a rather important position in public affairs."

An alligator's nest contains about 60 eggs.

Community Building

Keep Moving, or Fall Behind, Natural Law

There is much food for thought for every community in this short editorial from the Kansas City Star:

The talk of W. H. Manss at the chamber of commerce luncheon was not the kind of thing to make Kansas City satisfied with itself. But it was the kind of thing that ought to make Kansas City think.

A community, like an individual, often needs to be shaken out of itself. Kansas City needs just that treatment now. The city has been content to rest too long on past achievements and to assume that its natural advantages and its facilities already acquired would, in some automatic, mysterious fashion, bring it growth and prosperity. But the city has learned, or ought to have learned by this time, that such an attitude is fatal to community progress.

It can't be every fellow for himself, first and last, if a community is to go forward. Individual citizens, civic and political groups that fall into the habit of placing their own imagined welfare ahead of anything and everything advanced for the good of the city will find after a while that they, as well as the community, have suffered. Mr. Manss has struck at the heart of Kansas City's problem. It is a test of the community's mettle. What will be the response?

Indiana Women Plan Flower-Lined Roads

Plans of the 656 women's clubs in Indiana to plant larkspur, hollyhock, ivy, myrtle, honeysuckle and other perennial flora along all state and federal highways not only will make Indiana's roads pleasing to the senses, but will serve a very useful purpose. Vines and plants on sloping roadsides will hold the earth, preventing erosion and the slipping of dirt onto the pavements, and on new construction in a short space of time will hide the scars of contractors' shovels.

Indiana has a state forest at Henryville, 20 miles north of Louisville, where all shrubs and trees native to Indiana are cultivated. From this huge nursery are to be obtained saplings and flowering shrubs which the state highway department has promised to set out, in co-operation with the conservation commission and the club women.

Imagine the delight of traveling for miles on good highways bordered with colorful and fragrant blossoms! It would seem like fairyland. But, having planted their flowers, the next task of the club women will be to teach the city tourists not to pick them, or to transplant shrubs to tubs to set out on the fire escape.—Indianapolis Star.

Don't Paint on Wet Wood

Home builders who wish to obtain the best results possible in painting the siding and other exterior woodwork of their homes should be careful not to apply the priming coat to wet wood. If the wood has been exposed to rain or has become soaked with water from some other cause, the first coat of paint should not be put on until the wood has had a chance to dry out. Otherwise, a very unsatisfactory paint job may result. The paint may become chalky, peel off, blister or show discoloration.

If the first coat is put on while the wood is dry, a satisfactory paint job should result. No matter how much rain strikes the wood after it has received its priming coat, the moisture will not penetrate the paint film and will soon evaporate, leaving the paint in suitable condition for the second coat.

Label the Garden

In many gardens where a great number of varieties of flowers and vegetables are grown it is necessary to know just where each flower is located as each has a treatment of its own. Garden labels then must be resorted to unless a map is made of the garden, which is not as advisable. There is a new label on the market to take the place of the unsightly wood sticks, a metal card holder made of special rust-proof iron, galvanized and finished in dark green. To designate a special plant, the card is removed and marked, then replaced and covered with a piece of mica which makes it weatherproof.

Support for Roof

Roof permanence depends as much upon what holds up the roof as it does upon the surface exposed to the elements. A roof framed with 2 by 6 rafters spaced 16 inches apart and not spanning a distance greater than 10 feet, and which are not set at an angle less than 45 degrees, will be strong enough to support heavy roofing such as tile and slate. If a roof is wider, or if the angle at the peak is greater, rafters should be sturdier.

Use Materials That Last

Before building a home, be sure of each step. One of the best ways to avoid heavy upkeep costs is to strangle them at their birth. Be ruthless about that. Cut, slash, slay. Get the kind of materials that will endure. Endless bills for painting or renewing wall coatings which crack or fall off are unnecessary.

How Much Water Should Baby Get? A Famous Authority's Rule

By Ruth Brittain



Baby specialists agree nowadays, that during the first six months, babies must have three ounces of fluid per pound of body weight daily. An eight-pound baby, for instance, needs twenty-four ounces of fluid. Later on the rule is two ounces of fluid per pound of body weight. The amount of fluid absorbed by a breast-fed baby is best determined by weighing him before and after feeding for the whole day; and it is easily calculated for the bottle-fed one. Then make up any deficiency with water.

Giving baby sufficient water often relieves his feverish, crying, upset and restless spells. If it doesn't, give him a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria. For these and other ills of babies and children such as colic, cholera, diarrhea, gas on stomach and bowels, constipation, sour stomach, loss of sleep, underweight, etc., leading physicians say there's nothing so effective. It is purely vegetable—the recipe is on the wrapper—and millions of mothers have depended on it in over thirty years of ever increasing use. It regulates baby's bowels, makes him sleep and eat right, enables him to get full nourishment from his food, so he increases in weight as he should. With each package you get a book on Motherhood worth its weight in gold.

Just a word of caution. Look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher on the package so you'll be sure to get the genuine. The forty-cent bottles contain thirty-five doses.

Protection Given to Flyers Carrying Mail

In preparing for night flying in the air-mail service, four classes of equipment are used. The flood lights are used at regular fields to give the pilot as nearly as possible the same illumination of the field at night as is available in daylight. This is accomplished by a powerful unit. In addition to the large field light, all buildings on the field are flood lighted by smaller units. The beacon lights are placed on 53 foot towers and serve to guide the pilot and show him the location of regular and emergency landing fields. A revolving projection type of beacon is used. The drum revolves with a frequency which gives a flash every ten seconds. The rotating beacons are of two classes, electric and gas. The electric rotates six times a minute, and the gas beacons flash 60 times a minute. Both assist in keeping the pilot on his course. The boundaries of all regular and emergency fields are outlined with white electric lights placed 150 to 300 feet apart.

Even a Light Snack Would Satisfy Tramp

On the doorstep stood a very miserable-looking tramp, in his hand a tattered hat.

"Madam," he said, "can I do anything to help you? Is there any food to be chopped?"

"No, I'm afraid not," said the housewife who had answered his knock.

"Carpets to beat, p'raps?"

"No, thanks."

"Any gardening or other rough jobs to be done, then?"

"No, thanks, I don't think there's anything you can do today."

The wayfarer heaved a sigh of relief and his miserable expression disappeared.

"All right," he said cheerfully, "then p'raps I can have something to eat?"—London Answers.

Just About

"Myrtle tells me she's been offered a name part in Shakespeare. Do you believe it?"

"Oh, I expect it's 'Nothing' in 'Much Ado.'"—Tit-Bits.

The Modern Art

Girl—"Does the painting look like me?" Painter—"Oh, I'm way past that stage."

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Stops the pain of Corns and Bunions and you can walk all day in ease and comfort. Nothing gives such relief to hot, tired, aching, inflamed or swollen feet, blisters or calluses. A little ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE sprinkled in each shoe in the morning will make you forget about tight shoes. It takes the friction from the shoe. Always use it for Dancing and to Break in New Shoes. For Free Sample and a Foot-Ease Walker Book, address ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, Le Roy, N. Y. In a Pinch, Use Allen's Foot-Ease

Gastritis?

Here's Your Relief EVERY MORNING AND NIGHT TAKE Dr. Hatcher's vegetable SYRUP

For COLDS

there is nothing like Salicon. Two of these when your cold starts and it's knocked out before it really gets started. It may take 24 hours to break up a heavy stubborn cold but you can depend on Salicon; it will do the trick.

No dose in Salicon—many physicians prescribe it—great for Flu and grippe, too. At all druggists 25 and 50c. There is no substitute for

Salicon

Does Not Affect the Heart Does Not Upset the Stomach

One Soap is all you need

Keep your complexion free of blemishes, your skin clear, soft, smooth and white, your hair silky and glowing, your entire body refreshed, by using Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Contains 33 1/2% Pure Sulphur. At druggists. Robland's Styptic Cotton, 25c

For Galled Horses

Hanfords' Balsam of Myrrh

Money back for first bottle if not suited. All Dealers.

His Little Joke

Wife (at Wilkesden)—My husband never says how little he earns; he is really a most funny man.—London Answers.

Gradually, it came to be understood that bloodhounds were far inferior to thumb prints.



DON'T suffer headaches, or any of those pains that Bayer Aspirin can end in a hurry! Physicians prescribe it, and approve its free use, for it does not affect the heart. Every drug-gist has it, but don't fall to ask the druggist for Bayer. And don't take any but the box that says Bayer, with the word genuine printed in red!



Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 23-1028.

Roman Punishments

The following punishments were meted out to the offender in ancient Rome: The multa, or fine; vincula, imprisonment or fetters; verbera, or stripes; talio, or infliction of punishment similar to injury. I. e., limb for a limb; infamia, public disgrace, by which the delinquent, besides being scandalized, was rendered incapable of holding public office and deprived of other privileges of Roman citizen-

ship; exilium, banishment; death, either civil or natural. Natural death was brought about by beheading, strangling, or throwing the criminal headlong from the Tarpeian rock, or from a place in a prison, from the Robur.

To Be Trusted

Silence was one of the greatest reasons for the continued political success of the late Senator Lodge of Massachusetts. On one occasion, after the Washington correspondents had

wasted an hour trying to quiz him, the dean of the scribes complained: "You have remained absolutely silent on some of the most important public questions."

"In these days," replied the senator, "the man who can remain resolutely silent, demonstrates that he holds a rather important position in public affairs."

An alligator's nest contains about 60 eggs.