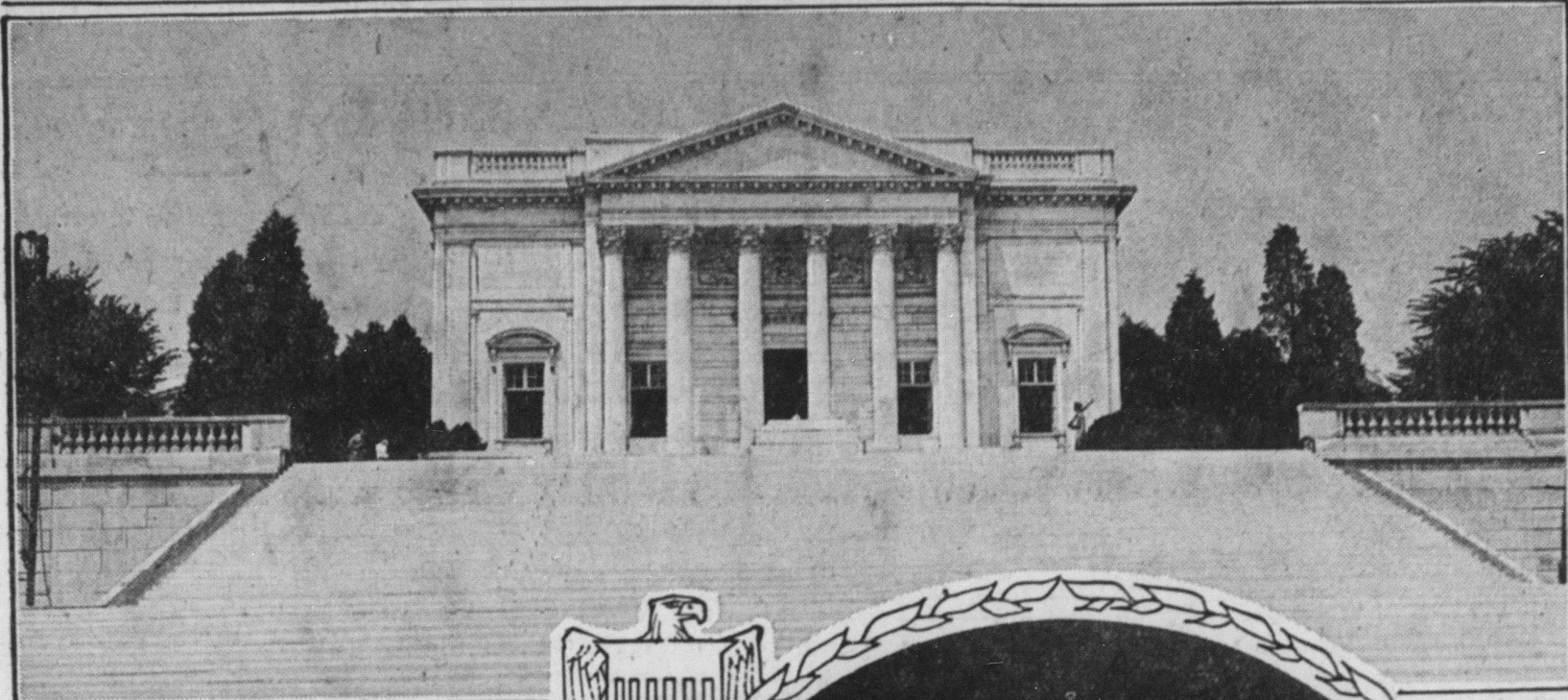


# UNKNOWN SOLDIERS



A NATION'S SHRINE

Note: The following article was written for Memorial Day in 1929. Because of the number of requests for copies of it which the author has received, it is herewith reprinted.

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

**H**E ENLISTED in one of the regiments of "expert riflemen" which the Continental Congress raised in the backwoods of Pennsylvania, and one fine morning in June, 1775, he marched gaily away to help "throw Tommy Gage and his lobsterbacks out of Boston town." He followed Montgomery and Arnold to Quebec and he starved and froze amid the snows of Canada that dreadful winter. He was one of the tattered remnants of that tragic expedition which finally staggered back homeward from its heroic but futile adventure.

Then, wearing the Continental Buff and Blue, he fought under Washington at Trenton and at Princeton, and in the summer of 1777 he was one of the picked men who went with Dan'l Morgan, "the Old Wagoner," to help repel Burgoyne's invasion of New York. At Saratoga the bayonet thrust of a Hessian grenadier struck him down.

What if the historians of the future were to call this conflict, whose din was now sounding faintly in his ears, one of "the fifteen decisive battles of the world"? What comfort was it to him to know—if he could have known—that he had been one of the pawns in the life-and-death game of nation-making? For he was conscious of the torture of thirst as his life-blood ebbed swiftly away until death came at last to still his pleading cry of "Water! Water!" and to ease his pain-racked body.

A great monument now stands on this spot which once witnessed the "pomp and circumstance of war"—the surrender of a British army. But, nearby, the smooth, green sod gives no sign that the soil beneath holds the dust of a young Pennsylvania backwoodsman who had died in defense of American liberty.

Who was he?  
Just an Unknown Soldier of the American Revolution!

**B**EFORE the ink was scarcely dry on the enlistment papers which made him a private in the First Infantry of the United States regular army, another boy, who had never before been beyond the confines of the rock-strewn acres of his New England birthplace, was on his way to the western frontier, there to serve in a lonely outpost called Fort Dearborn.

Here, it was as though he were on another planet, so far as communication with the world he had known was concerned. But somehow he managed to survive through the cold, desolate winters and the hot, fever-breeding summers amid the swamps along the Chicago river.

The summer of 1812 came and with it the news that we must fight Old England again. More alarming still, there was the threat of an Indian outbreak, for the oratory of Tecumseh, the great Shawnee, had been heard among the wild tribesmen throughout the Mississippi valley. Then a courier, speeding along the wilderness trail from Detroit, brought orders to evacuate Fort Dearborn.

One hot August day the retreat began. Southward along the sandy shores of Lake Michigan, Capt. Nathan Heald led his little army, all too few in numbers for its precarious task of safe convoy for the wagons where rode the women and children of the garrison. From out of the sandhills swooped the fierce Pottawatomies. A short, desperate fight—and the Fort Dearborn massacre was history.

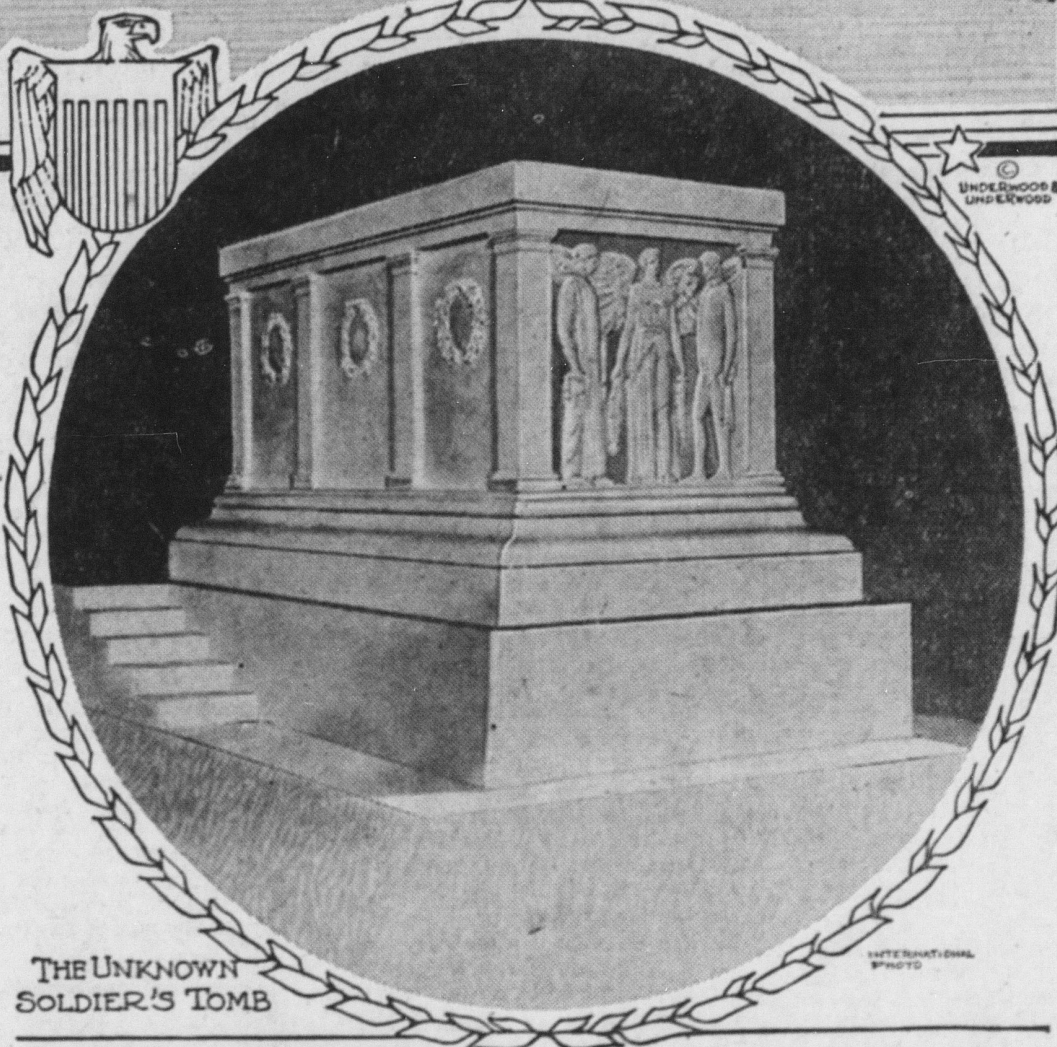
That night there was a hellish orgy in the Indian camp and the pitying stars looked down upon a writhing figure at the stake. What if this was one of the acts in the mighty drama called "the Winning of the West"? What if the future was to see one of the world's greatest cities rise on these sandy shores?

Could that knowledge have been recompense for the fiery agony of this New England lad above whose unmarked grave the hurrying feet of Chicago's millions beat an endless requiem today?

Who was he?  
An Unknown Soldier of the War of 1812!

**T**HOUGH some of his neighbors denounced it as "an unholy war" into which President James K. Polk was leading the nation, a boy on a middle western farm was one of the first to respond when on May 13, 1846, the President called for 50,000 volunteers to drive the Mexican forces back across the Rio Grande.

So he was among those who landed with "Old Fuss and Feathers" Scott at Vera Cruz and started toward the City of Mexico. To his parents back in Ohio came cheerful letters from the boy, telling of the rapid succession of victories won by the American army, assuring them that the war was almost over and that he would soon be home.



THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER'S TOMB



MONUMENT TO THE UNKNOWN CIVIL WAR DEAD

He wrote such a letter the night before Scott's men stormed Chapultepec. After that his mother watched eagerly for the return of his father from the daily trip to the village store where he went to get the mail. But every time the father shook his head sadly. Today in the environs of the City of Mexico there is a little cemetery in which stands a small granite shaft bearing these words: "To the memory of the American soldiers who perished in this valley in 1847, whose bones, collected by the country's orders, are here buried—750."

And so this Unknown Soldier of the Mexican war sleeps among the seven hundred and fifty, far from his native land where flows "the Beautiful Ohio."

**F**ORT SUMNER had been fired upon. In the North a mighty chorus was swelling from thousands of young American throats: "We Are Coming, Father Abraham—" In the South the rollicking strains of "Dixie" were firing thousands of other young Americans to an almost religious ecstasy.

In the Upper Shenandoah valley of Virginia, a father was bidding goodby to his two sons. "Pray God, you two never meet in battle!" he said.

For one rode north to wear the Federal Blue under General Patterson. And the other rode south to become a member of Gen. Thomas J. Jackson's "Stonewall Brigade." Whether or not his prayer was answered, the father never knew. He never saw them again.

Perhaps in some Valhalla two warrior spirits reminisce of Chancellorsville and Antietam, of Manassas and of Malvern Hill. But there is no bitterness now in their tones as they call each other "Yank" and "Johnny Reb."

The crumbling dust which once housed these spirits rests under a great monument of rough-hewn granite and polished marble in Arlington cemetery near Washington. On this monument is an inscription which reads:

"Beneath this stone repose the bones of 2,111 unknown soldiers gathered after the war from the fields of Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock. Their remains could not be identified but their names and deaths are recorded in the archives of their country and its grateful citizens honor them as of their noble army of martyrs. May they rest in peace."

**I**T WAS the spring of 1808. A Colorado miner, coming off the night shift, joined a group of his fellows gathered about one who held in his hands a Denver newspaper. One look at the screaming headlines told the story: "War With Spain."

A month later he was on an army transport that steamed through the Golden Gate into the broad Pacific. The next year he was one of a detachment which set out from a little Philippine village in pursuit of a party of Moro raiders.

There was a deathlike hush as they pushed on through the steaming heat of the jungle. A moment later its stillness was shattered by the sounds of men engaged in furious hand-to-hand combat—bayonet against bolo—a swarm of little brown men clawing at a group of swearing, desperately-struggling khaki-clad figures and at last bearing them down to earth by sheer force of numbers.

A few months later, back in the Colorado mining camp which clung precariously to the rocky slope of the mountain, a band was playing incessantly "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." For the troop of "our boys" was home from the wars.

But out in the province of Sulu a rusted Krag-Jorgensen rifle and a webbed cartridge belt, already nearly hidden by the lush jungle vegetation, marked the last resting place of one who didn't come home—an Unknown Soldier of '98-'99.

**N**OVEMBER 11, 1922. In Arlington cemetery a great throng stood with bared heads as a bugler blew "Taps" over a new white marble tomb in which had been placed the body of a dead warrior.

Who was he?  
No one can say. For his is the eternal mystery.

The lettering on his tomb betrays no word of his identity. It says simply: "Here rests in honored glory an American soldier known but to God."

He is "The Unknown Soldier" of the World War.

He is the man "whom we have exalted out of humanity into sainthood."

Since that day ten years ago when they enshrined his dust in marble at Arlington and his spirit in the heart of America, men and women of every station in life have bowed their heads reverently in the presence of his last resting place. To it have come the great of other countries—the queen of a European royal house, princes, field marshals, lord admirals, statesmen. None has been too great to pay him homage.

Orators and poets have tried in all-too-inadequate words to pay fitting tribute to his memory. But the only real tribute to him is the unvoiced one in the hearts of his fellow-Americans. To them he has given Memorial day a new meaning. For on that day their thoughts turn to his tomb as the shrine upon which is offered America's tribute to her soldier dead, and more especially to the Unknown Soldiers of all her wars.

We cannot decorate their graves in accordance with the Memorial day custom, for they are scattered far and wide over the face of the globe. Some of them fell before Indian bullet and lance on the wind-swept plains of the Great West. Some of them died in China, in Cuba, in the Philippines, in Mexico. Some of them "went west" on the battlefields of France and Belgium.

So in alien soil they keep their lonely "bivouac of the dead," and while we cannot pay them the same honors on Memorial day that we do to the others who gave their lives for their country, we can offer up to them our tribute of gratitude by remembering on that day what they did even though we do not know who they were.

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## They've Never Tasted a Tonic!



THESE are not patent medicine children. Their appetite needs no coaxing. Their tongues are never coated, cheeks never pale. And their bowels move just like clockwork, because they have never been given a habit-forming laxative.

You can have children like this—and be as healthy yourself—if you follow the advice of a famous family physician. Stimulate the vital organs. The strongest of them need help at times. If they don't get it, they grow sluggish. Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin is a mild, safe stimulant.

When a youngster doesn't do well at school, it may be the liver that's lazy. Often the bowels hold enough poisonous waste to dull the senses! A spoonful of delicious syrup pepsin

once or twice a week will avoid all this. It contains fresh laxative herbs, active senna, and pure pepsin, and does a world of good to any system—young or old. You can always get this fine prescriptive preparation at any drug store. Just ask them for Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin.

Get some syrup pepsin today, and protect your family from those bilious days, frequent sick spells and colds. Keep a bottle in the medicine chest instead of cathartics that so often bring on chronic constipation. Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin can always be employed to give clogged bowels a thorough cleansing, with none of that painful griping, or burning feeling afterward. It isn't expensive.

### Writer Would Combine

#### Harmony and Business

Wanderers in the Home park at Hampton court are said to have been startled by hearing the gangs of workmen employed in renovating its ditches and copses break into song. How far have we strayed from Merrie England, when even highwaymen and hanger sang at their work! We may well pine for a return to the days of Penchum and Macheath. Today errand boys whistle, grooms hiss through their teeth and taxi drivers groan, but only sailors, soldiers on the march and Welsh miners sing at their work. The rest of us confine our singing to the privacy of our baths. Behind locked doors we outsoar Chaliapin, but the presence of one fellow creature is enough to reduce us to dumbness.

It was not considered strange that the old-time milkmaid crooned at her task. Who expects the modern tylist to follow her example? It is frequently complained that noise is the curse of civilization. Why not turn it into a blessing by making it harmonious? When every man sings no din of traffic will be heard. "Tis a sure sign work goes on merrily," said Isaac Bickerstaff, "when folk sing at it." It is high time we forsook the idea that work is a penance to be performed in silence in a black coat.

### Viking Fishermen Cling

#### to Old-Time Methods

Fishing is now one of the most highly organized industries in the world. But, although everything has been "speeded up," and mass production methods are used for catching fish, progress has not killed the old long-line fishermen of the Scandinavian countries.

These Vikings, direct descendants of the discoverers of America, go to sea in a vessel about the size of a trawler. On the fore deck there is a small engine, worked by steam and about the size of a typewriter.

This is a set of spools for winding up the line. The twine they use is no thicker than the string shop assistants use for tying up parcels, but it is strong, and there are miles of it on the spools.

At intervals all along the line there are long strings branching off, and at the end of each branch a hook, baited with a bit of fish. The number of hooks on one line may be

anything from 1,000 to 5,000. The bait used is generally mussels, whelks, squid and herrings.

### Speaking of Trees

The pioneer Arbor day state is Nebraska, where the observance began in 1872. Georgia was the first state to initiate forestry in vocational schools. More than 79,000,000 trees were planted in this country last year for reforestation. More oaks are planted along American streets and roadsides than any other variety.

P. S. China's great floods are due in part to the lack of forests.



**Mothers!**  
BEWARE OF  
**WORMS**

Be on the look-out for the common enemy of children. Watch for such symptoms as picking at nostrils, gitting of teeth, poor appetite and frightening dreams. Expel these intestinal parasites with Comstock's Dead Shot Worm Pellets. Easy for the most sensitive child to take.

**COMSTOCK'S**  
**WORM DEAD SHOT PELLETS**  
W.M. Comstock, Ltd.  
Morristown, N.Y.

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 20-1932.

### Radio Guides Sailors

New radio beacons for the guidance of those who go down to the sea in ships are being installed by the lighthouse service to complete its radio system along the coastal waters. Latest to go into service was that on Scotland Lightship, in the Old South channel, still used by many coastwise craft for entering and leaving New York harbor.

### Spurns Using Car

James Melrose of York, England, who at ninety-nine directs large business interests, says he never will use an automobile.

### Just the Thing

"How shall we blind these lame duck reports?"  
"In limp leather."

## Why Worry?

WHEN you lose your appetite—not only for food... but for work and play—don't merely go on worrying. Do something about it!

One of the most famous tonics for weakness, "nerves," and "run down condition," is Fellows' Syrup. It stimulates appetite. Lifts the entire bodily tone to higher levels of vigor and energy. The first few doses will prove that "Fellows" is the medicine for "building up." That is why so many doctors prescribe it. Ask your druggist for genuine.



## FELLOWS' SYRUP

### CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Have you anything around the house you would like to trade or sell? Try a classified ad. The cost is only a few cents and there are probably a lot of folks looking for just whatever it is you no longer have use for.

CLASSIFIED ADS GET RESULTS