ADVENTUROUS AMERICANS

By

Elmo Scott Watson

A River Is Their Memorial

AWAY back in 1739 Pierre and Paul Mallet, Canadian traders, heard of the wealth of far-away Santa Fe where, it was said, the Spanish senors wore silver buttons on their clothes and the senoritas had silver heels on their slippers. So they enlisted six other venturesome Canadians and after a long journey by boat and pack train, arrived in the New Mexican capital.

The Spanish governor was friendly but there was a law against free trading. So the Mallets started north, crossed the headwaters of the Canadian (called the Colorado by the Spaniards because of its red waters) and followed up the Purgatoire to its junction with the Arkansas. There the party split up. Three of the men, who were homesick, started overland for Canada and eventually reached Montreal safely.

The Mallets, accompanied by two others, went down the Arkansas and the Mississippi to New Orleans, where they reported their explorations to Bienville, the governor, whose efforts to find a route to Santa Fe had been unsuccessful. He engaged them to guide another expedition led by Andre de la Bruyere, a royal officer, who was to ascend the Mississippi and Arkansas to the mouth of the Canadian, which the Mallets correctly guessed arose "less than 40 leagues from Santa Fe."

When the Canadian dwindled away to a mere brook in central Oklahoma, Bruyere sat down to wait for it to rise, instead of buying horses from the Osages to transport his goods, as the Mallets advised him to do. But it was a dry year and, after waiting six months, Bruyere went back to New Orleans. The Mallets returned to Canada, where they disappeared from history, but today the Canadian river is a 760-mile-long memorial to the two brothers "whose wanderings rank them on a par with La Salle."

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Klondike Kate

HER neighbors in Bend, Ore., know her as Mrs. John Matson, or "Aunt Kate" Matson, but to old sourdoughs who mushed over Alaskan trails during the gold rush days of '98, she always has been and still is "Klondike Kate." The daughter of a Seattle judge, Kate Betts spent most of her early life in a convent. Then a reverse in the Betts family fortune took her from behind its walls and started her on her career of adventure.

She was in Seattle when the stampede to Alaska started. She joined the gold rush and finally found herself in rip-roaring Dawson City. There she became the belle of the bars and a favorite of the bearded prospectors who came to town eager to spend money after their struggles to gain a fortune from the frozen soil. They showered their nuggets upon "Klondike Kate"—she often made as much as $150 a night by singing and dancing for them. Once a miner gave her $750 in "dust" simply for the privilege of sitting and talking to her.

But like many others, she brought little of her money back to the States with her when the boom days were over. Finally in 1933 she received a letter from 70-year-old John Matson, who had known her in the Dawson City days and who wanted to marry her. The marriage took place in Vancouver, B. C. Then she settled down in the little Oregon city, no longer the famous "Klondike Kate," the toast of Alaskan gold camps, but "Aunt Kate" to the home-folks.

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First Into Antarctic

THEY tell tall tales of explorations in the Antarctic. None of them can compare, though, with the trip of Nathanial B. Palmer if sheer adventure is the standard. Away back in 1820 he was the first voyager to reach the northern fringe of the Antarctic continent.

A tall, blonde, Connecticut Yankee, Nat Palmer was still only in his teens when he made the voyage as skipper of the sloop Hero. The ship which penetrated farther south than any other up until that time was only 50 feet long—half the size of the sailboat "America," original winner of the first America's Cup race in 1851.

The voyage is more remarkable, too, when you consider that it was made almost 100 years before the poles were finally reached.

Palmer himself has said, "I pointed the bow of the little craft to the south'ard and, with her wings spread, mainsail abeam, jib abreast the opposite bow, she speeded on her way to new sealing ground like a thing of light . . . With her flowing sheet she seemed to enter into the spirit which possessed my ambition, flew along the wave and over billow until she brought in sight of land not laid down on my chart . . ."

Thus this lad discovered Palmer land, archipelago of the Antarctic continent, and proved by his description that he was as literary as he was adventurous.

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Da Vinci's Paint Formulas

The formulas which exist as the basis on which paints are manufactured were worked out by the great artist, Leonardo da Vinci, and his successors who were dissatisfied with the paint used during the Renaissance.

Sources of Vitamin A

Vitamin A is frequently associated with yellow color in foods. Thus sweet potato, squash, carrots, egg yolks and butter are excellent sources of this vitamin.

Fun for the Whole Family

BIG TOP

By ED WHEELAN

LALA PALOOZA —Professor Zeero Is Still Hungry

By RUBE GOLDBERG

S'MATTER POP— No, Pop Wouldn't Wish It

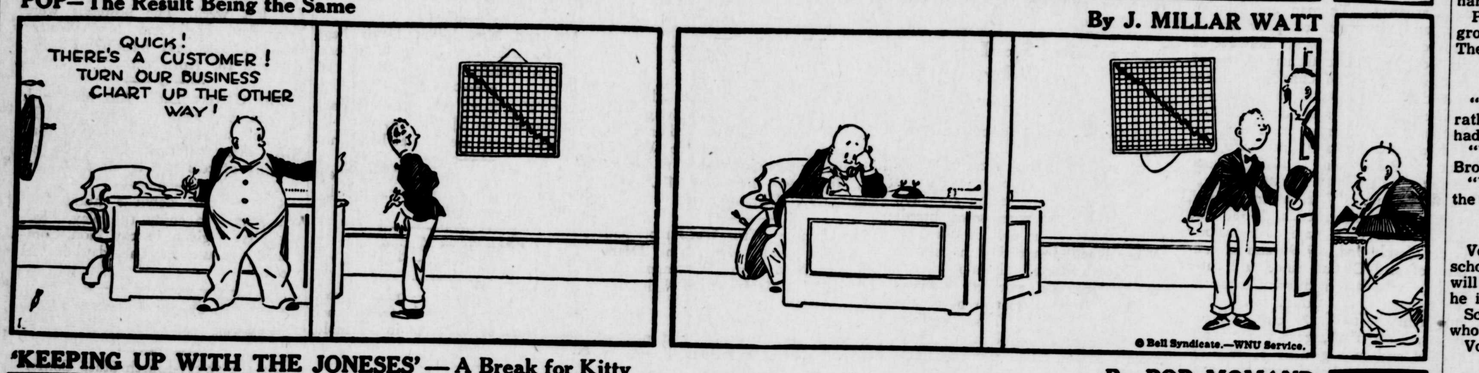
By C. M. PAYNE

MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY

Maybe Pa Should Write a Letter

POP—The Result Being the Same

By J. MILLAR WATT



'KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES' — A Break for Kitty

By POP MOMAND

Curse of Progress

SELF-CONSCIOUS JOHNNY

Teacher—Johnny, now you have in front of you the north, on your right the east, on your left the west; now what have you behind you?

Small Boy—A patch on my pants—I told mother you'd see it.

Different Evidence

The doctor was questioning the new nurse about her latest patient. "Have you kept a chart of his progress?"

The nurse blushing, replied: "No, but I can show you my diary."

Discovery

Bill—I forgot my umbrella this morning.

Harry—What made you remember you'd forgotten it?

Bill—I missed it when I reached up to put it down after the rain.

Why, Grandpa

Grandpa—In my day, my dear, young ladies knew how to blush.

Modern Miss—Really? Do tell me what you told them!

SHOW-OFF

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

A Little Bit Humorous

WHOSE AFRAID?

Mrs. Smith was particularly fond of reminding her husband that the silver was hers, the piano was hers, and the furniture was hers, and Smith was getting tired of it.

One night Mrs. Smith was awakened by noises downstairs. She shook her husband, relates Pearsons London Weekly.

"Henry," she said hoarsely. "Get up. There are burglars downstairs."

"Burglars!" echoed Smith, wearily. "Well, let 'em burgle. There's nothing of mine down there."

High Praise

An American woman who spent last summer in Europe tells of her efforts to say "thank you" to a waiter who had been particularly helpful.

"As I passed him the tip I started to say 'Thank you' in German, revised it with a bit of French, added a little Italian, and—well, in the midst of my floundering, imagine my chagrin when the waiter suddenly interrupted.

" 'Madame, you're doing swell.' "

LITTLE FAUX PAS

He (exaltedly)—I feel I could put all the world under your feet!

She—Sir, permit me to say the size of my feet would not permit the carrying out of your ambition by any means.

Nice of Them

A woman had gone to Scotland for the first time in her life. On her return to London she expressed herself as quite surprised at the comparative civilization of the north.

"Our English customs are spreading rapidly," she said. "Even in a little town like St. Andrews they have a nice golf course."—Pearson's Weekly.

Poor Elizabeth

Two little girls who could not have been more than 12 at the most were discussing plans for a party.

"I'm inviting only couples," said one of them, with great dignity. "But I'm facing quite a problem with Elizabeth. She hasn't got a boy friend—you know, she's only eight."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Simple Test

Professor—I am going to speak on liars today. How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter of the text?

Nearly every student raised his hand.

Professor—Good. You are the group to whom I wish to speak. There is no twenty-fifth chapter.

Quantity Price

"Don't you think, doctor, you rather overcharged when Johnny had the measles?"

"You must remember, Mrs. Brown, that includes 12 visits."

"Yes, but you forget he infected the whole school for you!"

Voice That Told

Voice over the telephone to schoolmaster—Please, Alfred Jones will not be at school today, because he is in bed sick.

Schoolmaster — Very good; but who is this speaking?

Voice—My father.

Not That Slow

"Are you a messenger boy?" asked the near-sighted man of a boy in the street.

"No, sir," was the indignant reply. "It's my sore toe that makes me walk so slowly."—Royal Arcanum Bulletin.

NO SUCH THING

"So he's married for the rest of his life?"

"He's married; but I doubt that he'll find much rest."

It Pays Now

"You know, dear, you hold that umbrella over me every bit as nicely as before we were married. In fact, you are even more careful."

"I have to pay for your dresses now."—Minneapolis Journal.

The Weather Again

Election Agent—That was a good long speech our candidate made on the farming question, wasn't it?

Farmer—It wasn't so bad; but a couple o' nights good rain wud done a sight more good.

Commercialized

Proprietor of mountain hotel (to newly arrived guest)—This is your room, sir. If you want a fine view over the mountains, put a dime in the slot and the shutters open for five minutes.

Not Too Much

Manager—Yes, I'm looking for a lad to learn office work. Is your boy honest?

Mother—O, yes, but he knows well enough that business is business.—Safe Driver.