ADVENTUROUS AMERICANS

By

Elmo Scott Watson

The Worst 'Bad Man'

THE life of Alexander Harvey, one of the worst "bad men" of the fur trading days of more than a century ago, was just one murder after another. That isn't the kind of career to glorify, but there is no denying that if you can get away with it, there is adventure in it.

His first murder was in 1840 at Fort McKenzie when he shot a mild-mannered employee after first making him kneel down before him. He reported that a Blackfoot Indian did the killing and no one had the courage to contradict him.

Later that year, while traveling to Fort Union, he quarreled with his companion and shot him through the head. While at the fort, he was bitterly hated, especially by a Spaniard, Isodoro. In the presence of a group of people including the commander of the fort, he killed Isodoro and then challenged those present to do something about it. None would dare.

Back at Fort McKenzie a short while later, the commander was ordered away and a friend of Harvey's was left in charge. The two of them admitted a group of Indians to the fort and then discharged a cannon into the crowd as they were coming in the gate. Three Indians were killed and three wounded, including a chief. Harvey killed the wounded chief with his knife and scalped him.

Although Harvey was responsible for many other murders, all of them brutal, and although he was thoroughly hated, he was never punished for a single one of them. But there were so many plotting his death that he had to spend his last years skulking in the Missouri river bottoms.

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Colorado's Mystery Man

IN THE early sixties an intellectual gentleman with strong bearded features arrived at Georgetown, Colo., and immediately became a celebrity of the local mountain country. He called himself Commodore Stephen Decatur and since there had been two previous Stephen Decaturs in American history, both of whom were commodores, his identity was looked upon with suspicion.

Georgetown residents soon found that the commodore seemed to get a great deal of fun out of living. He got along well with everyone, especially the ladies. He was the town's greatest booster, an advocate of good roads and the development of mines.

He became associate editor of the Georgetown Miner, local paper, in 1869, and thenceforth increased his popularity. He was a flowery writer and a first-rate drinker. At odd moments, also, he would rattle off Indian language—that of the Sioux, Omaha, Ponca or Pottawatomie. Because of his ability to speak with them, he was delegated the task of settling all disputes with the Indians.

In 1876 he was appointed Colorado's commissioner to the Philadelphia exposition and he was cock of the walk there, too. He was so entertaining that he was followed by crowds wherever he went.

But he was recognized at the exposition as Stephen Decatur Bross, brother of the lieutenant-governor of Illinois. He had disappeared from Illinois and deserted his wife and children. The publicity of his discovery in Philadelphia ruined his popularity in Colorado and he had to retire to obscurity.

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Venturesome Historian

FRANCIS PARKMAN, the famous American historian, born in Boston in 1823 and educated at Harvard, underwent terrific hardships to gather material for his books. One of the most famous of these was his history of the Oregon trail. In order to get a thorough understanding of the people and country he was to describe, he lived among the Sioux.

Some historians have said he was "entertained" by the Indians, but "tortured" might be a better word. The Oglala Sioux were the fiercest savages of their day. As Parkman's hosts they would tell him stories of how they killed their enemies by holding them down in huge fires with poles until they burned to death.

Once, while being "entertained" by the Sioux, the eldest squaw came in, grabbed a small dog by the hind leg and took it to the entrance of the lodge. There she hit it on the head several times with a rock until it was dead. Then she swung it back and forth in the fire until all the hair was burned off. Next she cut it up into small pieces and dropped them into a pot that was stewing above the fire.

A dog feast was the greatest treat a Sioux could offer a guest and Parkman forced himself to eat it.

The hardships he underwent brought him ill health from which he suffered for the rest of his life. Yet, besides writing many famous historical books, he became overseer of Harvard in 1868, professor of horticulture in 1869 and from 1875 to 1888 he was a Harvard fellow.

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'Great Graves'

Among certain tribes of Indians in Colombia and Ecuador not long ago, the depth of a person's grave was gauged by his former standing and influence. While ordinary individuals only rated an eight-foot burial, important men such as chiefs, witch doctors and rainmakers were honored with "great graves," often 60 feet deep.

Fingerprints on Glass

Fingerprints on glass may last 10 years, says a Scotland Yard expert.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

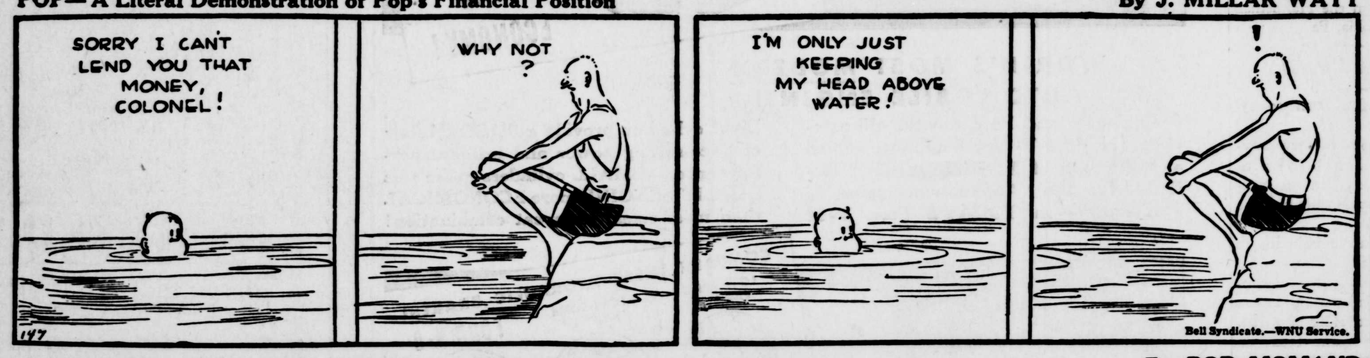
BIG TOP Jeff Bangs, owner of the circus, is amazed to hear that "Silk" Fowler, his ringmaster, wants to marry Myra La Belle. By ED WHEELAN

LALA PALOOZA —Ready for the Elopers By RUBE GOLDBERG

S'MATTER POP—Exclusive Rights Sale Coming Up! By C. M. PAYNE

MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY In the Past Tense

POP—A Literal Demonstration of Pop's Financial Position By J. MILLAR WATT



'KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES'—Eddie Had Provocation Anyhow By POP MOMAND

Cheerful News

RIGHT ON SCHEDULE

Patient—Say, doctor, pull this tooth just as quick as you can! It's been aching like tarnation ever since last summer. I thought sometimes I couldn't stand it.

Dentist—Why didn't you come to me sooner and have it pulled?

Patient—I heard on the radio you should go to your dentist every six months, and I was waiting for the time to roll round.

No Substitutes

"What's the matter, child?" asked mother, hearing small Molly cry.

"My new shoes hurt me, boo-hoo," answered Molly.

"It's no wonder. Look, you have them on the wrong feet."

"Well, I haven't got any other feet, boo-hoo."

Precautions

Patient—I wish to consult you with regard to my utter loss of memory.

Doctor — Ah, yes — what-er — in cases of this nature I always require my fee in advance.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

Just a Little Smile

NO RESPECTER OF NAMES

He was a very young policeman and new to the job, but he was also very keen, and quite determined that all should be well on his beat. While patroling the quiet suburban streets, he noticed a smart car pull into the curb and its owner prepare to alight.

"Now then, sir, no parking here," said the alert young policeman.

"But, officer, it's a cul-de-sac," expostulated the owner of the car.

"Can't help it if it's a Rolls-Royce, you ain't allowed to leave it here," was the firm retort.

Hat Was O. K.

She was arrayed for the theater.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting so long," she said, "but it has taken me longer than usual to get ready. I look like a fright in this hat, too."

He was vaguely desirous of saying something complimentary. "It isn't the—er—fault of the lovely hat, I am sure, Miss Thompkinson," he blundered.

They'll Get Sunburned

A Missouri farmer was trying to waken his new hired man at 4 a. m.

"What are we going to do today, Boss?" he yawned.

"Harvest oats," the farmer replied.

"Are they wild?"

"Nothing wild about 'em that I know of. Why do you ask that?"

The hired man was puzzled. "If they're not wild," he inquired, "why do we have to sneak up on 'em in the dark?"

ONE SURE REMEDY

Tom—My! Isn't the seaside glare terrible at this resort? I can't see any reason for spending one's vacation here.

Jim—You should wear smoked glasses.

Emergency

Billy had the childish habit of coming in just before meal time saying:

"Mamma, I am hungry." Mother would reply, "You ought to be. That is why I am getting dinner."

One day he came in ready for immediate action saying:

"I am hungrier than I ought to be."

Deflation

The young man was prematurely gray, and proud of it.

"Looks quite poetic, don't you think?" he asked the girl he had met on the pier.

"It does remind me of a certain poem," she said.

"And what is that?"

" 'When the Frost Is on the Pumpkin.' "

What's That, Please?

A young lady went into a music store and asked the clerk: "Do you know if you have any 'Yes, We Have No Bananas'?"

And the clerk replied: "Yes, I know we have no 'Yes, We Have No Bananas.' "

Keeping Her Happy

"She likes that hat."

"But she has it on wrong end foremost."

'Guess we'd better sell it that way if she likes it that way."

WAGE SLAVE

Jane—Why does the pitcher make all those funny motions before he throws the ball?

George—Wants to impress the manager of the club with the fact that he is earning his salary.

Not a Bed of Roses

A woman came into a car with five children. She busied herself seating them. A benevolent old gentleman arose and gave her his seat.

"Are these all your children, madam?" he asked, "or is it a picnic?"

"Theyre all mine," snapped the woman, and it's no picnic."

Too, Too True

"Do you have much trouble with patients in your insane asylum?"

"No, they are all busy writing movie scenarios."

Terrible Fate

The movie actress awoke from a nap, with a scream.

"What is it, madam?" inquired her maid solicitously.

"I dreamed that for a whole day my name wasn't being printed anywhere."

Turning the Tables

Bill—Why do you s'pose Joe always likes to go to that lady dentist?

Jim—Maybe because it seems good to hear a woman tell him to open his mouth instead of shut it.