ADVENTUROUS AMERICANS

By

Elmo Scott Watson

The First Rebel

JAMES SMITH led the first uprising of American colonists against England, drew the first blood in actual battle and all this 10 years before the Revolution began.

At the age of 18, young Smith was captured and held prisoner for four years by the Caughnawaga Indians. During this time he not only acquired their skill in woodcraft and their cunning in warfare but also learned to hate the traffic in whisky and rifles that both the French and British were carrying on with the Indians. He could see the disastrous effects on the red man of the white man's greed for money.

Smith organized a band of frontiersmen called "Black Boys," in 1763. Their purpose was to keep the drunk and bloodthirsty Indians out of Conococheague valley. But two years later, Smith decided that the best way to fight them was to cut off their source of supply for whisky and arms. Accordingly, his "Black Boys" held up a pack train and burned the goods.

On May 6, 1765, a platoon of British Highlanders, members of the Forty-second regiment of His Majesty's army in America—the famous "Black Watch"—marched on the town of Fort Loudon, Pa., to preserve law and order and put this lawless band of "Black Boys" in their place.

But when the British soldiers reached Smith's forces and Sgt. McGlasham ordered them to "Halt! In the king's name, halt!" a pitched battle followed in which the soldiers were driven into the cabin of a certain Widow Barr. The rebels kept them there until the Britishers agreed to march back to Ft. Loudon from whence they came. And so the truly first battle of the American Revolution, fought 10 years before the famous battle of Bunker Hill, was won by America's first rebel, James Smith.

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Sky Pilot of Deadwood

AMONG the thousands of adventurers who took part in the gold rush to the Black Hills of South Dakota in 1876 was Connecticut-born Henry Weston Smith.

Smith arrived at Deadwood when the town was at the height of its untamed glory. But he was not seeking gold. He picked rip roarin' Deadwood to try out his preaching talents.

He preached in the streets, but received no money for it, supporting himself by manual labor such as cutting trees, chopping wood and firing a sawmill boiler. Even his preaching was not only spiritually but physically difficult—he had to shout at the top of his voice to be heard above the raucous calls of the gamblers and entertainers.

On Sunday, August 20, 1876, after his usual morning services in the main street of Deadwood, he started out for Crook City, 10 miles away. He put his Bible in one pocket, the copy of his sermon in another and pinned a note on his cabin door that said, "Gone to Crook City, and if God is willing, will be back at 2 p. m."

God wasn't willing. When about halfway there, he was stalked and killed by a Sioux war party. For some strange and unknown reason, the Indians did not rob him or scalp him, but crossed his hands peacefully on his breast and put his Bible in them.

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The Railroad Raider

ON THE morning of April 12, 1862, a train stopped at Marietta, Ga., en route from Atlanta to Chattanooga. An unusually large number of men passengers came aboard, claiming they were refugees from within the Yankee lines and wanting to join the Confederate forces.

When the train stopped at Big Shanty for breakfast, James J. Andrews, a citizen from Flemingsburg, Ky., and one of the large party of alleged refugees, cut away all but three cars, climbed into the cab and steamed away.

Capt. W. A. Fuller, who was in charge of the train, dashed to the telegraph office to warn the station agents up the line but found that the telegraph wires had been cut. Andrews really was the leader of a group of Union soldiers in civilian clothes who started out to paralyze traffic on the Western and Atlantic railroad—one of the vital arteries of Confederate transport.

Captain Fuller got a handcar and with a couple of men started in pursuit. But Andrews burned 15 bridges, pulled up many sections of track and placed several obstacles along the right of way, all while keeping ahead of his pursuers who finally abandoned the handcar when they were able to board a locomotive.

About to be overtaken, Andrews set fire to the last freight car, left it on a bridge and ran into the woods with his crew. Mounted militia finally captured all of Andrews' party and he, with several others, was executed as a spy.

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Mispickel

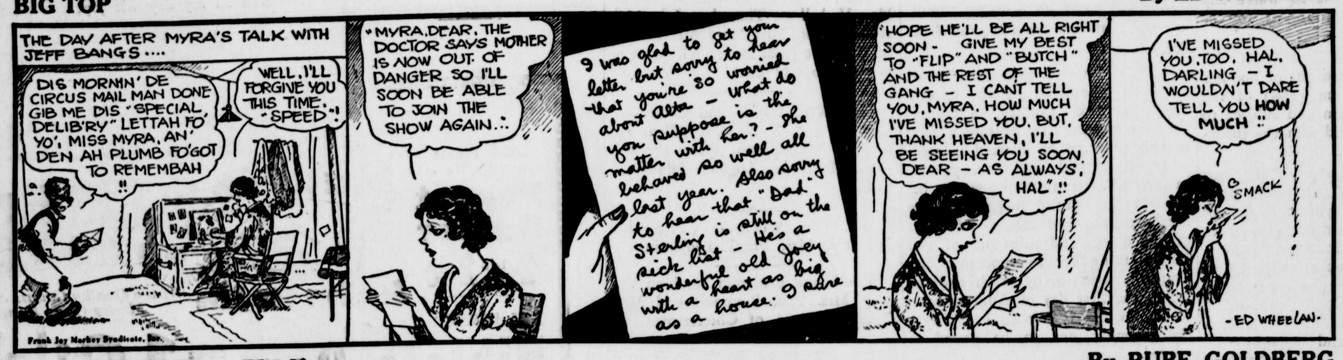
Mispickel is the chief ore of arsenic, a compound of iron, arsenic, and sulphur, sometimes called arsenopyrite. The color is silver white to steel gray and it is found massive and as rhombohedral crystals, usually associated with ores of silver, tin, copper and lead.

Cloves Led to Exploration

The rich trade in cloves was one of the principal factors leading to European exploration of the Asiatic coast and the East Indies.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

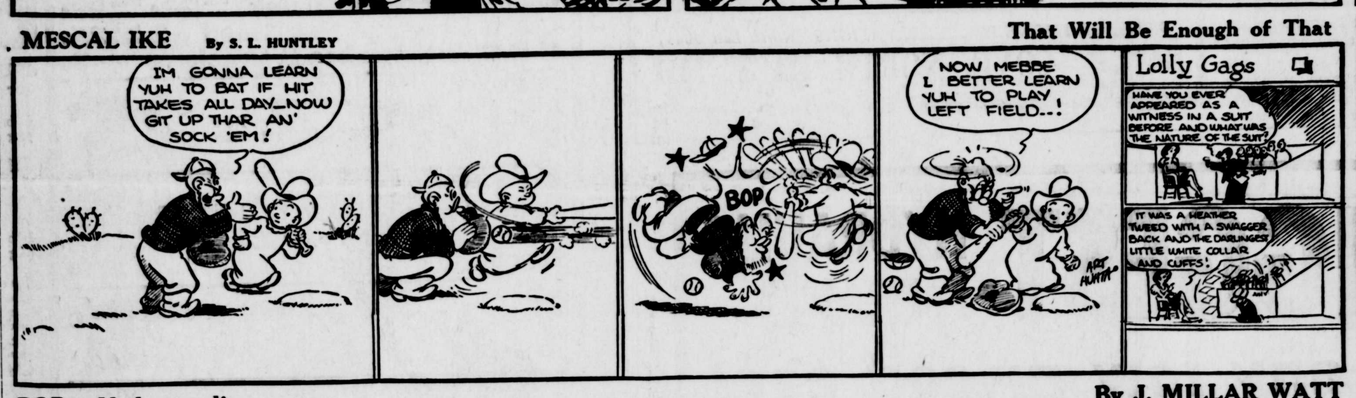
BIG TOP — By ED WHEELAN



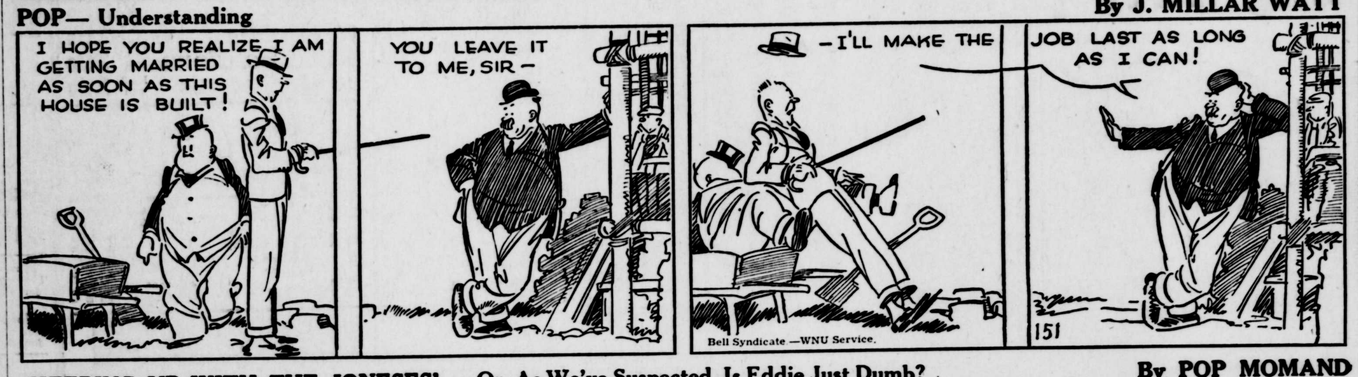
LALA PALOOZA —Hot News — By RUBE GOLDBERG

S'MATTER POP—Ever Handle Money This Way? — By C. M. PAYNE

MESCAL IKE — By S. L. HUNTLEY — That Will Be Enough of That



POP— Understanding — By J. MILLAR WATT



'KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES' — Or, As We've Suspected, Is Eddie Just Dumb? — By POP MOMAND

Cheerful News

TAKING NO CHANCES

Jones—You don't talk much since you got married. What's changed you?

Smith—Well, you see my wife thinks I'm the smartest man on earth and I have to be careful what I say.

Paternalism Wanes

"Do you think our government is becoming paternalistic?"

"Certainly not," declared Senator Sorghum. "Collegiate influence has dispensed with references to 'dear old dad.' All you hear anything about now is 'Alma Mater.' "

Flowers for the Departed

"I am surprised to see you here. I thought you had passed away."

"Whatever made you think that?"

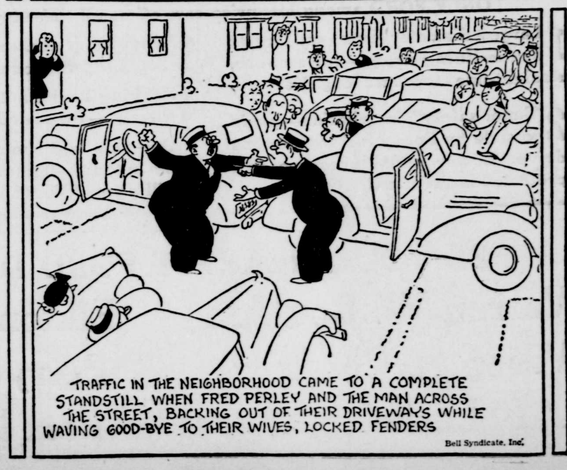
"Why, I heard some men on the street speaking well of you."

Defined

Son (reading newspaper)—Dad, what is a stable government?

Dad—I guess it must be one that is run with horse sense.

FOLKS NEXT DOOR — By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



CAP AND BELLS

OBLIGING

The woman in the top-floor flat signaled for a sack of coal, and the coalman toiled laboriously up many flights of stairs with his burden.

"Since you are going down empty," she said, "perhaps you would take down my dustbin," a suggestion to which the coalman gave an unwilling assent.

"And there's a big box here full of rubbish, too. Perhaps you wouldn't mind—"

"Not at all, missus," intervened the coalman. "I was wonderin', too, if you had a brush with a long handle which I could tie to my waist, and I'd brush your stairs for you as well on my way down."

Proof Positive

To the surprise of the magistrates, and especially of the official concerned, the prisoner in the dock called the police superintendent as his witness as to character.

"But I don't even know the man," complained the "super" indignantly.

"And that," returned the prisoner, smiling at the Bench, "is my proof of respectability. I've lived in this 'one-horse' town for five years and the police don't even know me."

GEOGRAPHY LESSON

Teacher—Now, Johnny, since you can do nothing with Japan, what do you make of China?

Pupil—Dishes, ma'am.

Too Bad!

"This is the fourth morning you've overslept, Susan," said the mistress. "Where is the clock I gave you?"

"In my room, ma'am."

"Don't you wind it up?"

"Yes, ma'am, I wind it up."

"And do you set the alarm?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am!"

"And don't you hear the alarm in the morning?"

"No, ma'am. You see, the thing always goes off while I'm asleep."

Poor Crop of Oats

"Do you know," said the young student of the agricultural college to an old farmer, "your methods of cultivation are 100 years behind the times? Why," he went on, looking around him, "I'd be surprised if you made $50 out of the oats in that field."

"So would I," said the farmer, "seein' as how it's barley."

Wanted to Make Sure

First Hunter—Oh, Bill! Yoo hoo, Bill!

Second Hunter — What do you want?

First Hunter—Are you all right?

Second Hunter—Sure!

First Hunter—Then I just shot a bear.

In a Restaurant

She—I think it is a shame the poor cattle must die to give us this steak.

He—Yes, it is tough.

WANTED, AN INTRODUCTION

"So you've fully decided to marry old Vanderrocks?"

"Yes. All I'm waiting for now is an introduction to him."

Spilled Milk

Jimmy—Boo-hoo, I spilled the ink.

Uncle—Never mind, don't you know you shouldn't cry over spilled milk?

Jimmy—If it was milk I could lick it up, but this is ink and it's me who will get licked.

Two of a Kind

Sophomore—Why is a crack in a chair like a traffic policeman?

Freshman—I give up. Why?

Sophomore—Because they'll both pinch you if you don't park right.

Forgetful Grammy

Old Man—What is the matter, little boy? Are you lost?

Little Boy—Yes, I am. I might have known better than to come out with grandma. She's always losing something.

—But the Wrong Pew

John—I just congratulated Dr. Smiley on marrying one of his patients, and he seemed rather angry.

Mary—That isn't Dr. Smiley, silly. That's Dr. French, the lunacy expert.