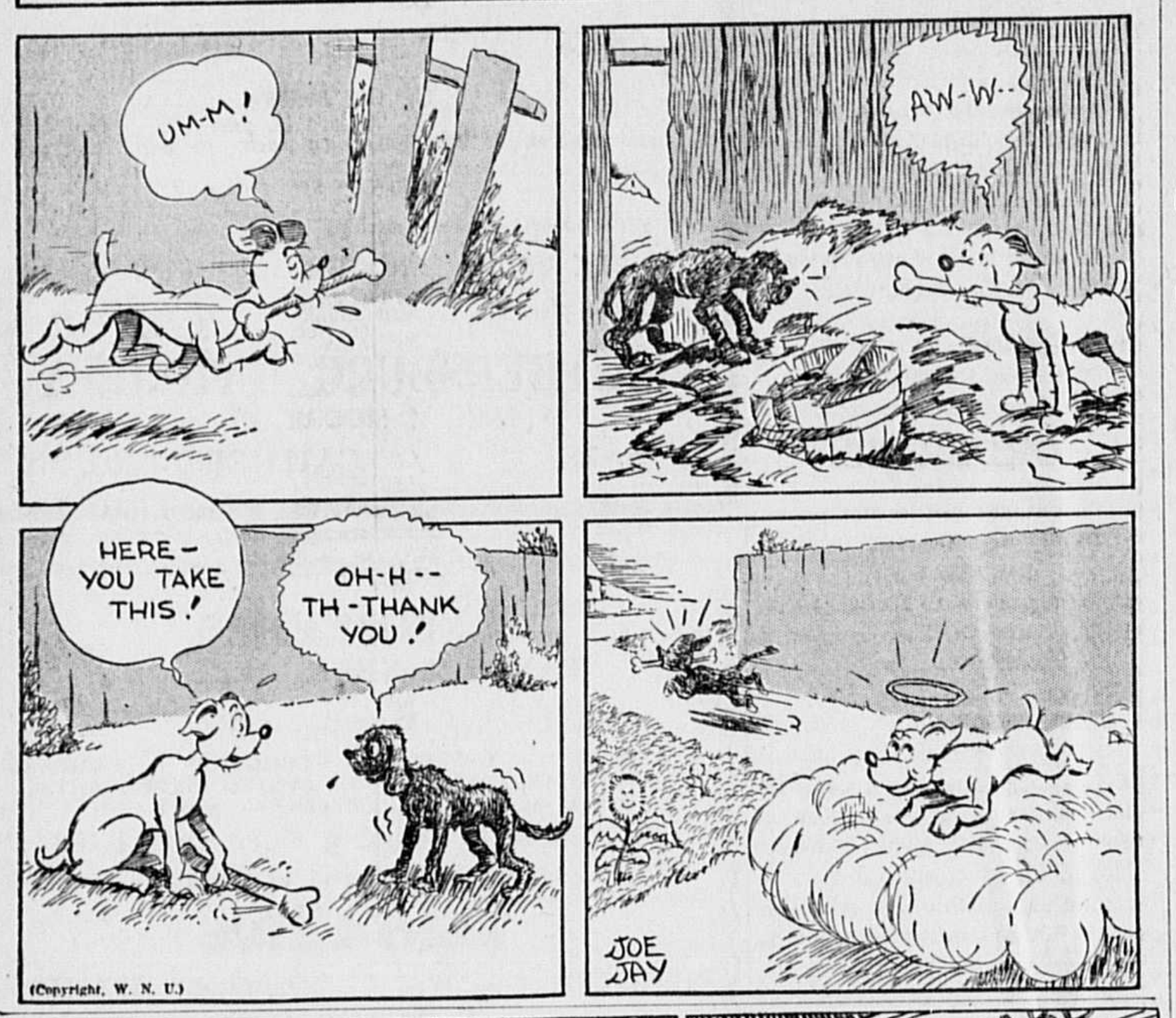
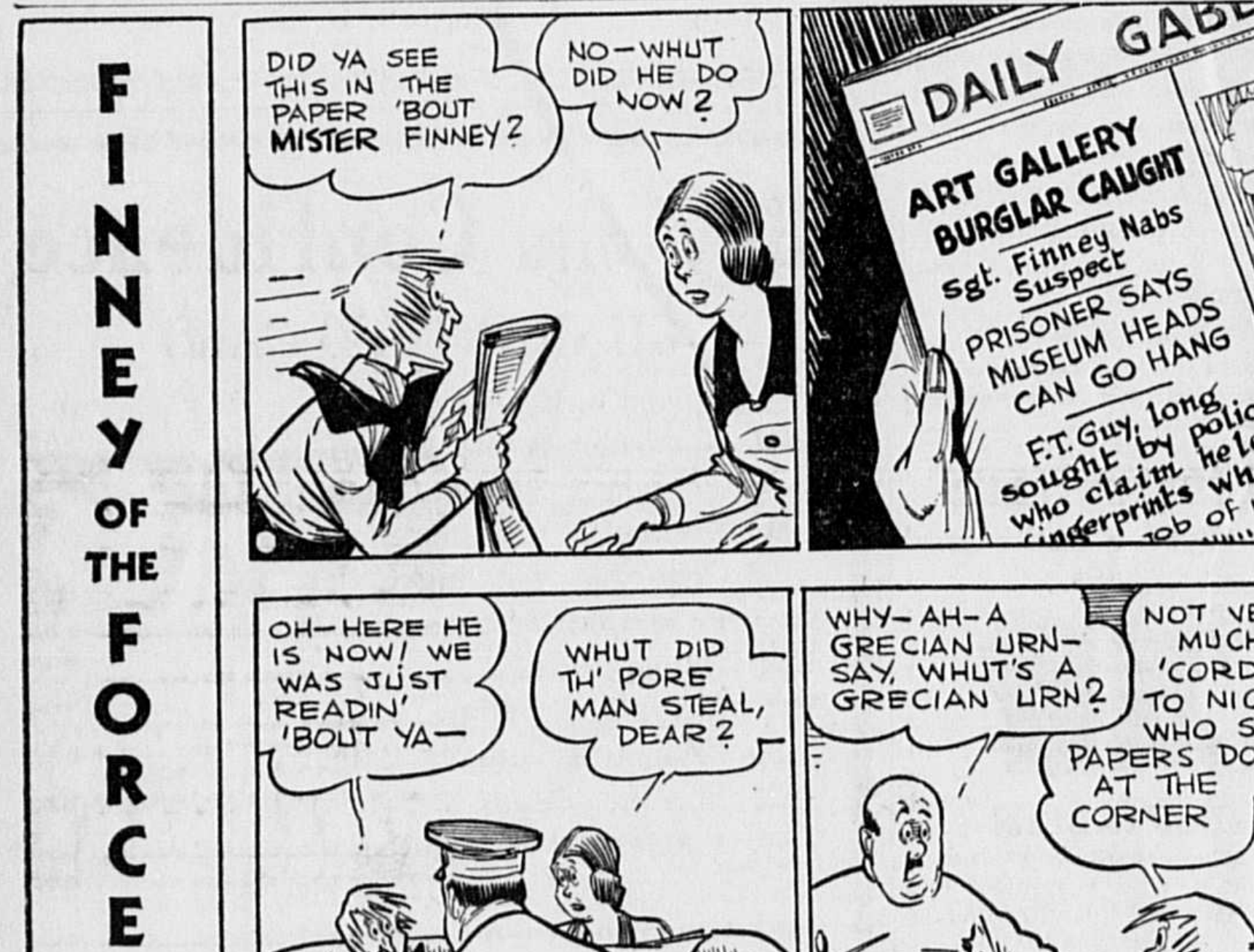
OUR COMIC SECTION

SNOOPIE


UM-M!
AW-W--
HERE- YOU TAKE THIS!
OH-H-- TH-THANK YOU!
JOE JAY
(Copyright, W. N. U.)


FINNEY OF THE FORCE
By Ted O'Loughlin
DID YA SEE THIS IN THE PAPER 'BOUT MISTER FINNEY?
NO—WHUT DID HE DO NOW?
DAILY GABB
ART GALLERY BURGLAR CAUGHT
Sgt. Finney Nabs Suspect
PRISONER SAYS MUSEUM HEADS CAN GO HANG
F.T. Guy, long sought by police who claim he left fingerprints when job of !!!
OH—HERE HE IS NOW! WE WAS JUST READIN' 'BOUT YA—
WHUT DID TH' PORE MAN STEAL, DEAR?
WHY—AH—A GRECIAN URN—SAY, WHUT'S A GRECIAN URN?
NOT VERY MUCH 'CORDING TO NICK WHO SELLS PAPERS DOWN AT THE CORNER
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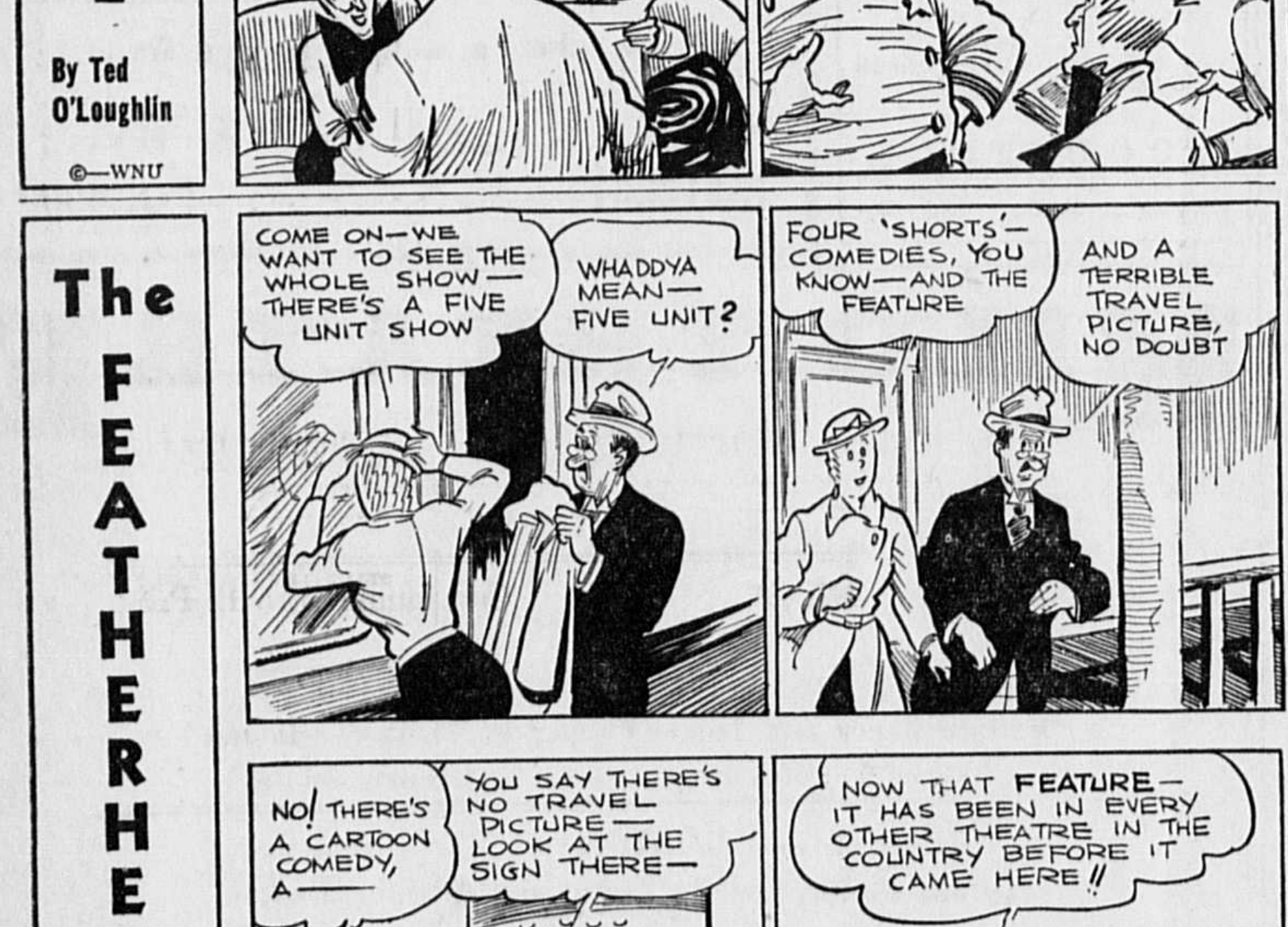
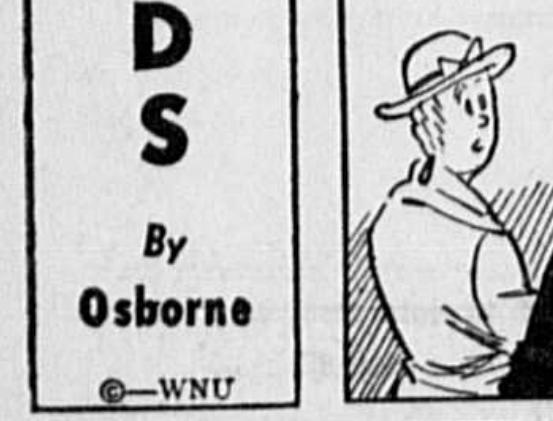

The FEATHERHEADS
By Osborne
COME ON—WE WANT TO SEE THE WHOLE SHOW—THERE'S A FIVE UNIT SHOW
WHADDYA MEAN—FIVE UNIT?
FOUR 'SHORTS'—COMEDIES, YOU KNOW—AND THE FEATURE
AND A TERRIBLE TRAVEL PICTURE, NO DOUBT
NO! THERE'S A CARTOON COMEDY, A——
YOU SAY THERE'S NO TRAVEL PICTURE—LOOK AT THE SIGN THERE—
NOW THAT FEATURE—IT HAS BEEN IN EVERY OTHER THEATRE IN THE COUNTRY BEFORE IT CAME HERE!!
©—WNU

TWO'S ENOUGH



"Shoes."
"Yes, sir. What number?"
"A couple. Think I am a centipede?"

The Classic Touch

Mrs. Schmonsky—What does that word "asbestos" on the theater curtain mean?

Schmonsky—Don't show your ignorance. That's Latin for "welcome."

Good Rain

Mose—Dis yere rain's goin' to do lots o' good, Rafe.

Rafe—Yeah! Half-a-nour o' dis yere rain'l do mo' good in five minutes dan a whole month's rain'l ginally do in a week.

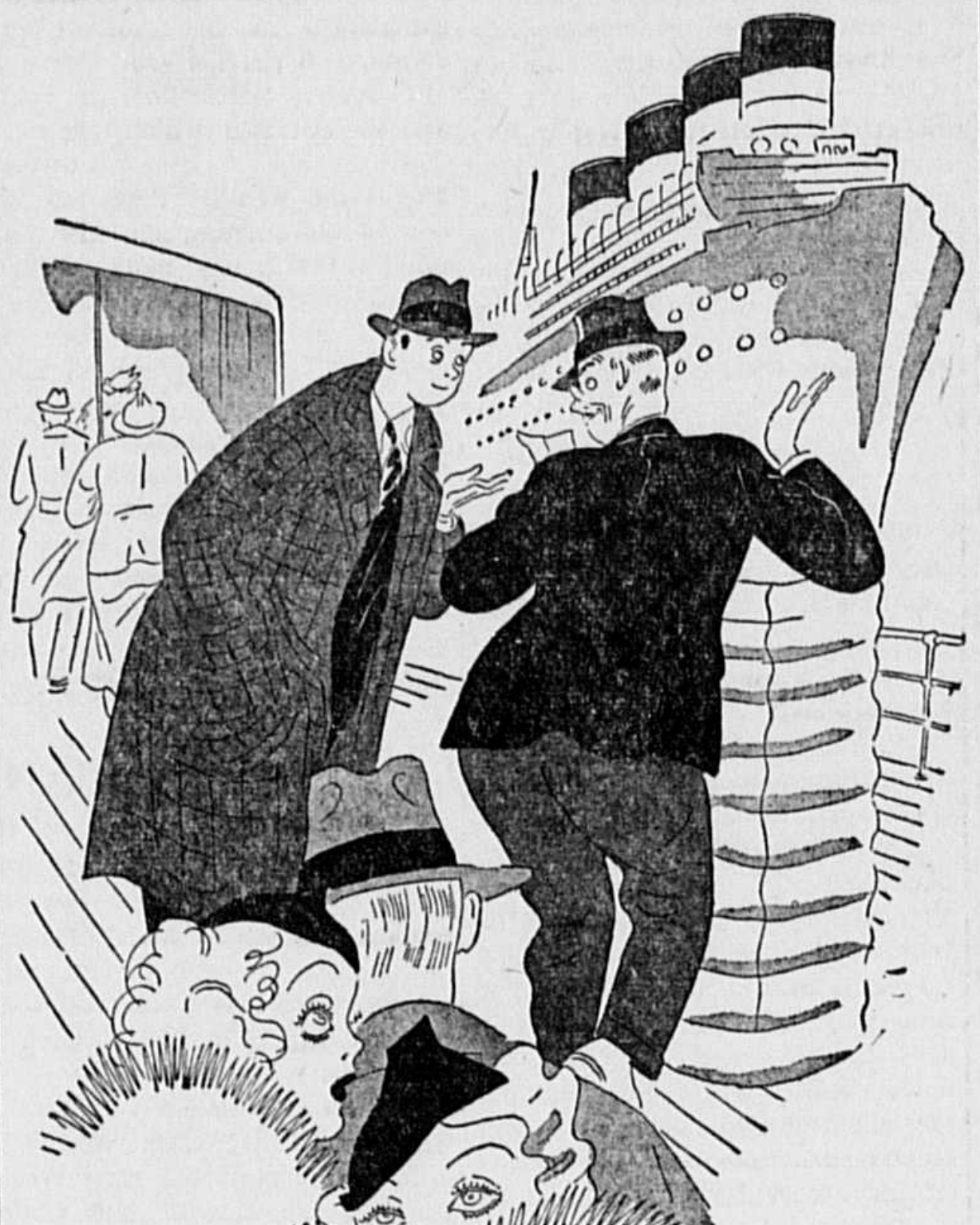
THAT'S SOMETHING

"How do you know you're goin' to pass all de tests?"
"Me big brudder's engaged to de teacher."

The Rogues' Gallery

NEIL STAFFORD

Seeks Romance Afar



"Go right on board," he directed. "Just walk up the gang plank. I'll be seeing you later."

By NEIL STAFFORD

MR. KIPPLE is a long-time friend of mine, operates a steamship agency and has lately grown fat and prosperous selling accommodations to bright-eyed tourists. Business is excellent with Mr. Kipple and his smiling countenance shines and beams behind the counter. For many weeks he has been after me to take a trip on one of the steamers served by his company—a free ride—what is technically described in the trade as a dead-head run.

"Go any time you want to," he urged cheerily. "Won't cost you a thin dime. Just go down to the pier and get on the boat. You're a friend of mine and I'd like to do you a favor."

I hesitated a long time, but finally accepted on the condition that I could take the wife, kids and car.

"Fine," he said, beaming more than ever. "You wait a minute and I'll write you a letter to our Mr. Hutchings, who will be down on the dock on sailing day. Just hand him the letter and he'll take care of you."

We're on Our Way.

I thanked him and went home. We packed up, piled our bags in the car and Saturday morning, one hour before sailing time, we drove down to the pier, my wife, my kids and myself. I had the letter safely in my pocket. We climbed out of the machine and began hunting for Mr. Hutchings and for a long time we couldn't find him or anybody who had ever heard of him. One official said he knew a man named Grossbeck, but not Hutchings.

We then stood beside our machine for a long time, asking passing workmen if they'd seen Mr. Hutchings. They had not. I began a hurried chase, finally located him beside a bale of cotton and handed him Kipple's letter. He was busy and read it swiftly.

"Go right on board," he directed. "Just walk up the gang plank. I'll be seeing you later."

I strode up the gangplank, followed by my inquiring family and upon reaching the deck we gathered in a puzzled circle and stood still. The steamer was filled with hundreds of passengers who had been there for thirty days and knew each other. We were newcomers, not to say interlopers, and they stared at us curiously and even superciliously.

A Hearty Welcome.

"Why don't we sit down?" my wife asked, after a reasonable pause. "I always thought people sat down on a boat."

I didn't quite have the courage to sit down, but my wife had, probably on account of her new shoes. They therefore plumped themselves into deck chairs and were speedily requested to get out by old-time passengers who owned them. They rejoined me and we leaned against the rail, looking down at the brisk confusion on the pier. One item in the confusion was our own car, which stood there alone and avoided, like a sore thumb. I hurried down, found Mr. Hutchings again and informed him our car was going along with us. He glanced at his letter from Mr. Kipple.

"Oh," he said, "You got a car, eh?"

"There it is," I said, pointing to it and feeling guilty. I then walked up the gangplank and rejoined my family and we all leaned on the rail, like a lot of orphans.

"This is not the way I thought an ocean voyage would turn out," she remarked.

I made no reply. We had nary a ticket and now we hadn't even a letter, as Mr. Hutchings had the letter in his pocket. By this time, I had a feeling that everyone was staring at us, so I started to find Mr. Hutchings, who was supposed to be on board. He was in hiding, for I couldn't find him, so I rejoined my group.

Eating Is Hazardous.

We were all definitely hungry and it was the lunch hour, as announced by the ringing of a gong. We could see the passengers filing down the stairways, looking as if they were about to eat, so we filed down the stairways too, and stood just outside the dining-room door.

We had no legal right in there with the food, as I knew, having nothing by which to identify ourselves and no ticket to show the chief steward. We were strangers in a strange land, ticketless and letterless and also hungry, for the more you realize you cannot walk into a dining room, the hungrier you grow. I fervently wished I had paid for my tickets.

"Come on," I snapped at my group. "Let's nudge in anyhow."

After lunch, I scurried around the decks, followed by my uneasy family and finally discovered Mr. Hutchings.

"Haven't you been fixed up yet?" he asked in surprise and I told him we were still unfixed.

"Take this gentleman to 329," he said to a steward and the fellow did so, giving me a hard look. I now knew that I would never again set foot on any ocean liner without at least two feet of tickets, paid for in cash.

Mr. Hutchings Vanishes Again.

When the ship arrived in San Francisco and laid up against the dock, the regular passengers went ashore, but not me and my family. You must have a landing ticket to leave a steamer and we had none. Stern looking officials barred us at the gangplank, pretending we were Chinese coolies or South Sea lepers attempting to smuggle into America. I told them earnestly that we had boarded the boat at a California port, that we were Americans and wished to get off and leave them forever. They said: "Where is your landing card?"

I hunted again for Hutchings, but he was nowhere. We could see the derrick lifting our car from the hold and seemed we would never be near that friendly machine again. They referred us to a grim U. S. official and to him I related our pitiful plight, throwing a dash of pathos into the recital.

Dry Land for Us!

When we were permitted to chuck our bags into the car, I climbed behind the wheel, breathed a great sigh of relief, and ordered my family to get in there, I stepped on the starter and found the battery was dead. It had died down in the steamer's hold, along with a lot of dead bananas. Two hours slipped by, while I negotiated by telephone with a San Francisco garage and while we sat there in the motionless machine, a genial countenance appeared and we heard the tones of a hearty voice. It was Mr. Kipple. He had come up by train.

"How about going on up to Vancouver on the ship?" he continued warmly, "I'll give you a letter to Mr. Hutchings—"

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Ask Me Another ?

A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

1. Where was the first session of the United States Supreme court held, and how many justices were present?
2. Are the authorized version and the King James Bible the same?
3. What animal is the fastest runner?
4. How big is the standard parachute?
5. When was the federal income tax first imposed?
6. What state has furnished more Presidents than any other?
7. How many counties in the state of Delaware?
8. How many kinds of time in use in the world?
9. Who wrote, on the eve of battle, "If I survive, I shall soon be with those I love: if I fail, I shall soon be with those I have loved"?
10. How many snapshots do amateur photographers in the United States take a year?

Answers

1. The first session of the United States Supreme court was held in the Royal Exchange in New York, February 1, 1790, with three of the six justices present.
2. They are. The King James Bible became known as the authorized version, probably because it bore the line "appointed to be read in churches" on the title page.
3. The cheetah in short distance runs. It can run down a deer or antelope for a short distance.
4. The standard airplane parachute has a spread of 24 feet when open.
5. In the year 1916.
6. Virginia.
7. There are but three counties in the state of Delaware.
8. Sixty-three kinds of standard time are used in the world.
9. This sentiment was contained in a letter written home by Sir Charles Napier, a distinguished British general.
10. Amateur photographers in the United States take 500 million snapshots a year to use up 3 million pounds of film and 14 million pounds of printing paper annually, according to the Literary Digest.

"Wait for Opportunity" Is a Misleading Maxim

There is no time of a lifetime that has not opportunity within it. It is not a thing that comes once in a lifetime, to be seized or neglected as the case may be, but an ever-present power, waiting to be used.

There may be a certain time in life when we see before us a road so wide that we can see Success in the distance, but, nevertheless, there is always some small path awaiting us outside our doors. And who knows but that the small path may have a hand in it not many yards away and success be actually nearer than that seen on the wide road.—Elsie L. Taylor.

Americans Are Not Accustomed to Making the Most of Leisure Time

It is not true that reduction of working time in the last several decades has made leisure automatically advantageous; for, with the greater increase of the time not absolutely necessary to earning a living, there have come inventions which are especially adapted to consumption of this leisure time, to wit, the radio and the movies.

And the augmentation of the periods not necessarily given to working has created the problem not of how to use leisure but how to use it properly and most effectively for our own happiness and our own betterment.

Most of us are insanely extravagant with the time known as leisure.

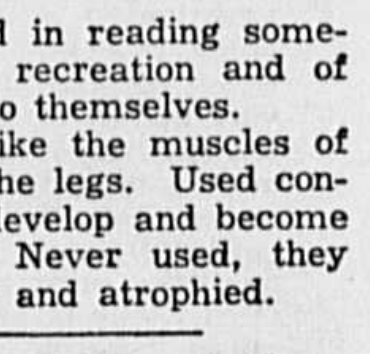
Instead of using it to store up an authentic happiness for ourselves by riding a worth while hobby, reading truly great works of literature, or in kindred pursuits, we devote entirely to much attention to mere "time killers."

There is something terribly wasteful in attempting merely "to pass time away" in view of the pricelessness of all moments.

Persons who spend half an hour, or an hour, a day over many years riding street cars, contenting themselves with gazing unthinkingly at scenery which is as familiar to them as the backs of their own hands, have wasted years which might profitably have been employed in reading something both of recreation and of lasting value to themselves.

Minds are like the muscles of the arms or the legs. Used constantly, they develop and become strengthened. Never used, they become flabby and atrophied.

Uncle Phil Says:



Successful Failures

Some of the greatest successes are wrong from beginning to end. Napoleon was.

The history you are making is seldom as pleasant as the history you read.

A wolf lives only 10 years. That comes of living a life of fury.

There should be more leisure for men of business and more business for men of leisure.

Determination Has Inning

Hanging on to a forlorn hope results in success as often as it results in failure.

Some of the big words he afterward uses, a boy gets from a circus poster.

Those who live by free speech must expect to suffer by it.

To say the world is moving in cycles is supposed to soften the blow.

GAS
QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL
"Oh, I remember now—you bought a quart of Quaker State when we were first engaged!"
JUST MARRIED AT LAST!
GO FARTHER BEFORE YOU NEED A QUART
QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL CERTIFIED GUARANTEED

Always adding oil? Then make the "First Quart" test. It's easy. Just drain and refill with Quaker State. Note the mileage. You'll find you go farther before you have to add the first quart. That's because there's an *"extra quart of lubrication in every gallon."* The retail price is 35¢ per quart. Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Pa.

"Drummer Boy of Shiloh Dies"

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

THE death last month of Maj. Gen. John L. Clem, U. S. A., retired, marked the passing of a picturesque figure in the military history of our country. It also revived the dispute over who was the original "Drummer Boy of Shiloh," hero of a song famous during the first two or three decades after the Civil war and an even more famous play during that period. For no less than three times during the last 20 years newspaper headlines have proclaimed "Drummer Boy of Shiloh Dies" and in each case the death of a different man was chronicled, as witness the clippings reproduced at the right.

"Drummer Boy of Shiloh" Dies at 70 in Peoria, Ill.

1919

Peoria, Ill., Nov 24.—J. H. Monroe, famed after the civil war as "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh," is dead here today at the age of 70 years. He entered the northern army when 10 years old. He came from Burlington, Ia., and served as a drummer boy in Company I, 6th regiment, Iowa volunteer infantry. A statue of him as a drummer is on the soldiers' monument in Des Moines.

FAMED "DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH" DIES

John E. Butler, on Whose Record Play Was Based, Expires at 77.

By the Associated Press. 1927

FRANKLIN, Pa., May 21.—Famed as the "drummer boy of Shiloh" during the Civil War, John E. Butler, 77, di ' at his home here last night. Although only 12 years old, Butler, then a resident of Princeton, Ind., answered President Lincoln's first call for volunteers in 1861. Turned down on the score of his youthfulness, Butler persisted and finally won his way to a post as drummer boy in the 17th Regiment, Indiana Volunteer Infantry.

After seeing active service i several major battles with the Indiana regiment, commanded by the then Brig. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, Butler practically distinguished himself in the battle of Shiloh in April, 1862. His heroism under fire in this combat earned him the praise of the Union Army. Th. wartime play, "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh," was based on Butler's war record.

Mustered out of the Army in 1866 Butler was attracted to Western Pennsylvania by the early oil excitement. Later he conducted a successful business in oil products.

MARSHON, "DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH," DIES IN LOS ANGELES AT 86

1931

Los Angeles, Cal., July 9.—[Special.]—Burial services will be held here tomorrow for Maj. W. H. Marshon, 86, drummer boy of Shiloh. Maj. Marshon died late yesterday of apoplexy after seven weeks illness. His wife was stricken similarly two days after the major and died last week.

Maj. Marshon was born in Fort Wayne, Ind., and among his most cherished possessions was a drum presented to him by his civil war regiment, the Thirtieth Indiana Volunteers, bearing an inscription authenticating him as the "Drummer Boy of Shiloh" heroized in prose and poetry. He enlisted as drummer boy in September, 1861, and was severely hurt by a shell at Shiloh in 1862, but served four years before being mustered out. He was leader of the military band which accompanied Abraham Lincoln's body from Chicago to Springfield for burial. Three daughters and one sister, Mrs. Lydia McComb of Warsaw, Ind., survive.

In the face of this incomplete and contradictory evidence it is difficult to say which of the three was most deserving of that title. The record of the fourth who died the other day is, however, somewhat more complete, even though he was more widely known as the "Drummer Boy of Chickamauga" than as the juvenile hero at Shiloh.

The Ohio Orphan.

Clem was born in Newark, Ohio, August 13, 1851. In May, 1861, the motherless boy tried to enlist as a drummer in the Third Ohio regiment, which was recruited in and around Newark, but on account of his age and small size a Captain McDougal of that regiment, to whom he had offered his services, refused to enroll him. When the regiment started for the front, young Clem, undaunted by this rebuff, took the same train to Cincinnati, where he tried again to "join up."

Rejected again, Clem offered himself to the Twenty-second Michigan regiment whose officers declined to enroll him but permitted him to accompany the regiment when it moved over into Kentucky. Impressed by his persistence, the Michigan soldiers "adopted" him as a regimental mascot, raised a fund to buy him a uniform, a gun, which had been cut down to his size, and a drum and each month paid him the wages of a drummer boy.

According to one account of his career, "At the Battle of Shiloh, a piece of shell smashed his drum and knocked him down. But he was instantly on his feet, this time firing his little rifle rapidly at the enemy, who were close at hand. For this show of bravery he was heralded throughout the country as a boy hero and was nicknamed 'Johnny Shiloh' or 'The Drummer Boy of Shiloh.' "

This evidently was only a temporary sobriquet, however, for it was soon succeeded by another which stuck to him through the remainder of his life — "The Drummer Boy of Chickamauga." According to a sketch which appears in "Anecdotes, Poetry and Incidents of the War: North and South. 1860-1865," collected and arranged by Frank Moore and published in 1866, he won his title in this way:

> At Chickamauga he filled the office of "marker," carrying the guidon whereby they form the lines—a duty having its counterpart in the surveyor's more peaceful calling; in the flag-man, who flutters the red signal along the metes and bounds. On the Sunday of the battle, the little fellow's occupation gone, he picked up a gun that had fallen from some dying hand, provided himself with ammunition, and began putting in the periods quite on his own account, blazing away close to the ground, like a fire-fly in the grass. Late in the waning day, the waif left almost alone in the whirl of battle, a rebel colonel dashed up and looking down at him ordered him to surrender. "Surrender!" he shouted, "you little d--d son of a ----!" The words were hardly out of his mouth, when Johnny brought his piece to "order arms," and as his hand slipped down to the hammer, he pressed it back, swung the gun to the position of "charge bayonet"; and as the officer raised his sabre to strike the piece aside, the glancing barrel lifted into range, and the proud colonel tumbled from his horse, his lips fresh-stained with the syllable of vile reproach he had flung on a mother's grave in the hearing of her child!

For this feat Clem was promoted to sergeant by General Rosecrans and attached to headquarters of the Army of the Cumberland.

Another account of this incident says that it occurred when his regiment was surrounded by the enemy who opened a hot fire on the Union troops. In the midst of the fusillade, which sent three rifle balls through young Clem's cap, he dropped to the ground as though he had been mortally wounded. But he was only "playing possum" and when night came he crept away from the battlefield and rejoined the retreating Northerners in Chattanooga.

A Prisoner of War.

A few days after his arrival there, the young soldier was captured by the Confederates when he was detailed with others to bring up supply trains from Bridgeport, Ala. He was held as a prisoner of war for 63 days during which time he was moved from place to place, eventually arriving at Tallahassee, Fla., where he was paroled and sent to Camp Chase for exchange. Returning to the Union army once more Clem found Gen. George H. Thomas, "The Rock of Chickamauga," in command of the Army of the Cumberland and again he was attached to headquarters as an orderly sergeant. One apocryphal story says that it was General Thomas who promoted Clem to his sergeancy for killing the Confederate colonel and that when he did so the boy said to him, "Is that all you're going to make me, General?" But such informality, not to mention the presumptuousness of the reply, even in the case of a precocious little drummer boy, makes the authenticity of this part of the yarn doubtful.

Maj. Gen. John L. Clem, "The Drummer Boy of Chickamauga," Laying a Wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Memorial Day Exercises in Arlington National Cemetery in 1930.

In addition to serving in the battles of Shiloh and Chickamauga, Clem also saw action at Perryville, Stone River, Resaca, Kenesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, Nashville and Atlanta.

At the end of the war Clem returned to Newark to finish school and then set about winning an appointment to West Point. He was sent to the military academy as a cadet-at-large by President Grant and was graduated in 1871 as a second lieutenant. From then on he was promoted through the grades until he became a brigadier-general in 1915 and the following year he was retired from the army as a major-general.

• • •

The song, "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh," apparently had no connection with the career of Clem or any of the other claimants for that title. For its hero died, thereby causing many a schoolgirl of the sixties and seventies to shed tears over his sad fate. Perhaps you remember it:

On Shiloh's dark and bloody plain
  The dead and wounded lay.
Amongst them was the drummer boy
  Who played the drum that day.
A wounded soldier held him up,
  The drum was by his side.
He smiled, shook hands, then raised his eyes
  And prayed before he died.

"O, mother," said the dying boy,
  "Look down from heaven on me;
O, clasp me in thy fond embrace
  And bear me up to thee.
I've loved my country, as my God,
  To serve them both I've tried."
He smiled, shook hands, then raised his eyes,
  And prayed before he died.

This song may have been based upon a real incident in the battle of Shiloh, but that is doubtful. It is probable that the currency of the phrase, "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh," or a certain musical quality in that title may have been the inspiration for some song writer, who sat himself down and wrote this sentimental, highly moral ballad which is so typical of that period in our musical history.

• • •

As for the play "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh" it, too, may or may not have been based upon any authentic incident in that sanguinary engagement. But that didn't prevent its being the favorite theatrical offering of post-Civil war times. In fact, in its popularity it was second only to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Ask your mother or dad what was the first play they ever saw and it's pretty likely that if their reply isn't "Uncle Tom's Cabin" it will be "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh."

Written by a Veteran.

This classic of the American stage was written by Samuel J. Muscroft, a native of Cincinnati, Ohio, who had served during the War Between the States in Company B of the One Hundred and Second regiment, Ohio Volunteer infantry. Another Civil war veteran, Alexander Frank Nail of Mansfield, Ohio, later purchased it and, beginning in 1873, he staged this stirring war drama for nearly 40 years in cities and towns all over the northern states from Massachusetts to California. Nail himself played the role of the faithful, lovable old negro servant, Uncle Joe, and one reason why the play was such a success (quite aside from the fact that it contained stirring drama, tear-jerking pathos and sure-fire comedy) was because veterans of the war, their sons and daughters and other young people in the communities where it was played were given parts in the cast, thus making it something of a "home talent" production. Later, when the ranks of the Civil war veterans became thinner and thinner each year, Spanish-American war veterans had parts in the play. One of Eugene Wood's delightful "Back Home" sketches is devoted to "The Drama in Our Town" and in it he says:

> Yes, I saw "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh" just the same as you did. Laura Hornbaker, who was "Esther," was the girl that Mose Coogler wanted to get, and that Johnny Durfee got. Mose was afterward prosecuting attorney, you remember. He played the part of the "Rebel Colonel," and was in command of Andersonville, and who should turn up among the Union prisoners but Johnny Durfee that got engaged to Laura before the war broke out. She mittened Mose because he talked so against the Old Flag.
>
> Harry Detwiler that played the "Dutch Recruit" wasn't in the prison scene at all because he was such an awful cut-up you couldn't help laughing at him, and this scene wasn't intended to be a bit funny. The Company K boys were all in rags, and chalked up to look pale and starved to death. In walks Mose Coogler with a bucket, and he scatters wet sawdust like it was chicken feed. They made out it was cornmeal. And the boys grabbled for it with their hands like they were crazy to get it and pretended to eat it. (Oh, it made you wild to see 'em.)
>
> Johnny Durfee was supposed to be too sick to be able to get his share (he had such pretty black eyes and mustache!). So "Little Jimmy," the "Drummer Boy of Shiloh," who was supposed to be the brother of Johnny Durfee (young Loosh Benson played the part), he up and asks Mose for something for his poor sick brother. That was Mose's chance to get even with Johnny for cutting him out with Laura. So he roars out: "No, you Yankee dogs! No-o! Right here in this prison pen you shall rot, starve and die!" (Oo-oo! You ought to have heard the people grit their teeth at that.) So Loosh he throws himself at Mose's feet and begs and pleads with him. But Mose was a coward as well as a villain, and he shot the poor boy dead.
>
> That is, he did on the nights when the blame thing would go off. Sometimes it wouldn't, and young Loosh would have to stagger and fall and struggle and die just the same as if he had been shot. Heart failure, you know. Abel Horn was in that, too, and after Johnny Durfee said, "My G---! Little Jimmy dead? This will kill poor mother!", Abel had a speech like this: "Comrades, unknown to you I have kept concealed near my heart ----."
>
> But wait till I tell you. One night he forgot to put the folded-up flag inside his shirt-bosom, so when he came to feel for it there he didn't find it.—"Next to my heart," says he, hunting wildly, and reaching way down—"Next to my heart" (then he whispered: "Where is it? Quick, you fellows!")—"Next to my heart—next to my—my heart"—Abel was getting rattled. Finally he fished it out of his pistol pocket where he had thoughtlessly stowed it—"Next to my heart the dear Old Flag. Let us spread it over Little Jimmy for Little Jimmy is dead."
>
> No, you might say that was a the-ayter. It was a regular play, costumes and everything, and all spoken except in the last act where Laura sings "There Will Be One Vacant Chair" with that kind of a tremble in her voice that she got right after she began to take vocal of old Professor Minetti who plays the organ in St. Bridget's church. Yes, but don't you see, these were our boys, the Company K boys, and we wanted to help 'em along. It wasn't like upholding regular actors, traipsing around the country, too lazy to make a living in an honest way. And besides it was about the war, and that's the next thing to a Bible story.

MAJ. GEN. JOHN L. CLEM
"The Drummer Boy of Chickamauga."

• • •

Yes indeed, "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh" was about the war and the "next thing to a Bible story." So Puritanical America, which disapproved heartily of the "the-ayter," had no compunctions about going to see a play of this sort, especially since it was "helping out the Company K boys" of the local G. A. R. post.

So year after year Alexander Frank Nail was called back to towns that he had visited to aid in worthy causes. His drama would be put on for several evenings and so enthusiastic would be its reception that it might even be repeated every night for a week. Thus it continued until his death on March 28, 1911, at his home in Mansfield, Ohio.

In the quarter of a century that has passed since that time, both he and the drama which he helped make famous have been forgotten. But the chances are that many an American, who has passed the half-century mark and is nearing the proverbial three score and ten, "perked up" when he read in the newspaper headlines last month that John L. Clem, "The Drummer Boy of Chickamauga" had died. For that phrase struck a responsive chord in his heart and memory carried him back over the trail of the years to the night when, as a wide-eyed little boy, he sat on the edge of his chair in the old Opera House and thrilled to the scenes enacted before him—scenes from the play, "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh."

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The SUPREME COURT AND HOW IT WORKS

"The Public Welfare"

By ROBERT MERRILL

THE Supreme court of the United States has frequently been called upon to act as umpire in cases where citizens protested that their health or their crops were endangered.

A number of such appeals have resulted in the elimination of conditions causing pollution of the water an affected community must drink, or contamination of the air it must breathe.

In one instance a company made a practice of discharging waste material into a river, whose waters, farther along the course, were utilized for irrigation purposes.

A citizen whose crops and food supply were thus damaged obtained an injunction in a local court. The company appealed to a higher state court, which modified the decree to the extent which allowed it to operate if it provided facilities to prevent the waste being carried down the river. An appeal was then carried to the United States Supreme court, which affirmed the ruling and explained:

"In giving a right to use the waters of the public streams . . . the statute does not provide that such a user may send his waste material or debris down the stream to the destruction or substantial injury of the riparian rights of users of water below, and no such invasion of private property rights should be inferred or implied . . ."

State Seeks Fresh Air.

In another instance a state appealed to the Supreme court of the United States to enjoin certain industrial plants in a bordering state from polluting the air and endangering the citizens' health and crops.

The Supreme court granted the injunction, pointing out that a state has an interest in all the earth and air within its domain.

"It has the last word," said the opinion, "as to whether its mountains shall be stripped of their forests and its inhabitants shall breathe pure air."

On one occasion, a church in Washington, D. C., carried to the Supreme court its appeal against a railroad company which had erected an engine house and repair shop next to the church property. It protested that the noise and smoke thus caused interfered with services and greatly inconvenienced worshipers. The court decided in favor of the church.

Handles Small Cases.

But the individual citizen, no matter how obscure, does not need the support of his state or any other organization to appeal to the Supreme court if his Constitutional rights have been infringed upon.

Naturally the Supreme court appears most prominently in the news when it umpires cases involving prominent names or great organizations; but its work includes also the job of umpiring cases which, apart from their constitutional aspect, would seem of little importance.

Here's one case involving a $25 fine:

The penalty was imposed by a District of Columbia police court on a resident charged with conspiring to extort money. When the prisoner refused to pay, he was turned over to a United States marshal.

He protested that the Constitution of the United States secured to him the right to be tried by a jury on the charge, and since that right was denied, the police court had no authority to impose a fine on him or to order him imprisoned until the fine was paid.

Jury Trial Guaranteed.

Because of the constitutional aspect involved, the case went finally to the Supreme court. The court agreed with the prisoner, and explained:

"Except in that class or grade of offenses called petty offenses which, according to the common law, may be proceeded against summarily in any tribunal legally constituted for that purpose, the guarantee of an impartial jury to the accused in a criminal prosecution, conducted either in the name, or by or under the authority of, the United States, secures to him the right to enjoy that mode of trial . . .

"In such cases a judgment of conviction, not based upon a verdict of guilty by a jury, is void."

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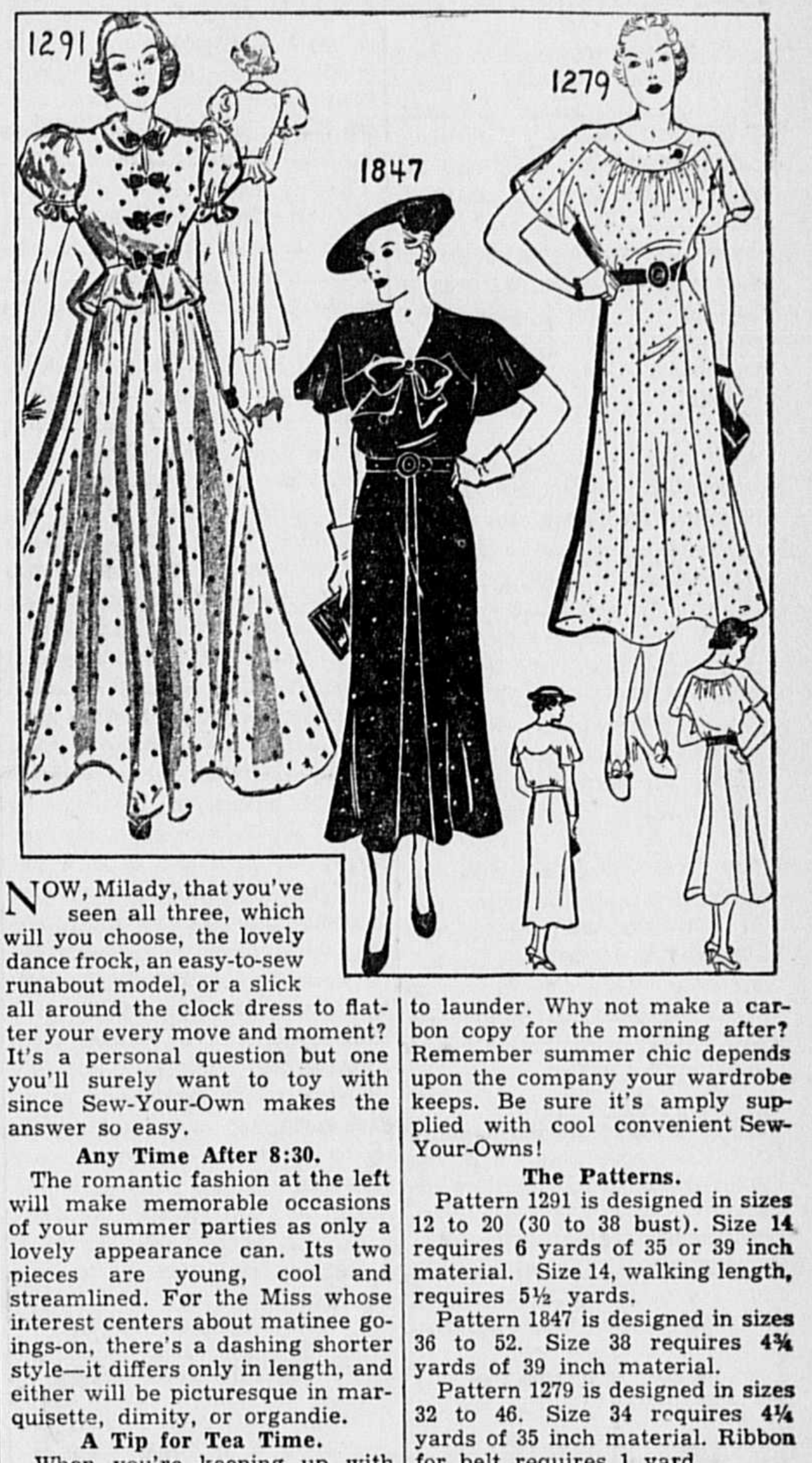
Storks' Nests in Poland

In the cities and on the farms of Poland great white hillocks swell from the eaves of the hut, cottage, palace and hotel. They are the nests of the stork which bring luck and prosperity to the households they favor, observes a writer in the Boston Globe. Poland, perhaps more than any other country of Europe, is the summer home of the stork. For centuries he has been the faithful harbinger of spring and, with his nest, the herald of good fortune. For equal centuries therefore he has been protected, coaxed and spoiled. In the nesting days peasants often build round solid platforms on the ridges of their roofs. These are lures inviting the lanky birds to weave homes there for their babies. Once such a nest is built it becomes the enduring talisman for a household's prosperity and peace.

Clothes That Look the Part



NOW, Milady, that you've seen all three, which will you choose, the lovely dance frock, an easy-to-sew runabout model, or a slick all around the clock dress to flatter your every move and moment? It's a personal question but one you'll surely want to toy with since Sew-Your-Own makes the answer so easy.

Any Time After 8:30.

The romantic fashion at the left will make memorable occasions of your summer parties as only a lovely appearance can. Its two pieces are young, cool and streamlined. For the Miss whose interest centers about matinee goings-on, there's a dashing shorter style—it differs only in length, and either will be picturesque in marquisette, dimity, or organdie.

A Tip for Tea Time.

When you're keeping up with the Joneses, wear this stylish all occasion dress. It will do great things for you socially, and, figuratively speaking, it will cut inches from those high spots and make you feel pounds lighter. Think of what that means to chic and comfort when things get hot out your way. Dark sheer crepe is the material that lends top charm to this creation.

Fore and Aft.

Easy to sew and always ready to go is this new spectator frock for young women and those who want to turn back the clock. With this number handy there's no need to pause for reflection about what to wear. And that holds good whether you're bound for sports, business, or society. It is becoming as a sun tan, as simple to sew as a dress can be, and a cinch to launder. Why not make a carbon copy for the morning after? Remember summer chic depends upon the company your wardrobe keeps. Be sure it's amply supplied with cool convenient Sew-Your-Owns!

The Patterns.

Pattern 1291 is designed in sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 6 yards of 35 or 39 inch material. Size 14, walking length, requires 5½ yards.

Pattern 1847 is designed in sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 4¾ yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1279 is designed in sizes 32 to 46. Size 34 requires 4¼ yards of 35 inch material. Ribbon for belt requires 1 yard.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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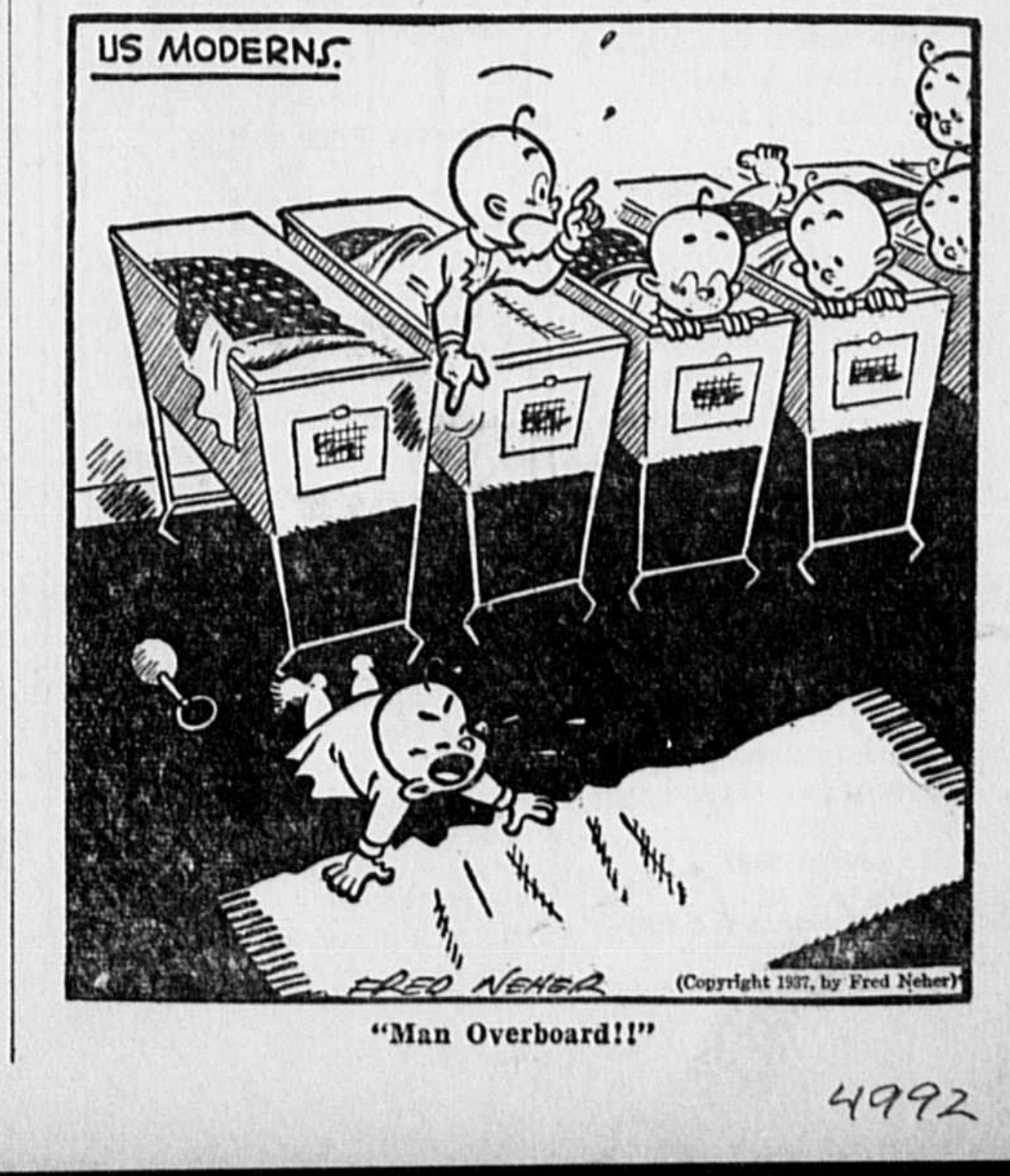
LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By Fred Neher



"Man Overboard!!"

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