

May Become Spain's Royal Heads



Prince Juan and Princess Maria Mercedes

Prince Juan, youngest living son of former King Alfonso of Spain, and his wife, the former Princess Maria Mercedes of Bourbon, may become king and queen of Spain if Gen. Francisco Franco restores the monarchy to that war-torn country.

Test Your Knowledge

Can you answer seven of these ten questions? Turn to page Four for the answers.

1. What is the middle name of Norman H. Davis, chairman of the American Red Cross?
2. What is the proper name for the front of a boat?
3. Name the U. S. Member of Congress who is author of a proposed constitutional amendment to require a national referendum on war.
4. In what sea is the island of Ja-

COURT HOUSE

Set For Trial

The suit on account of Hamilton Casket Co. against Otho Lorenzen was set for trial March 17.

Rule To Answer

In the foreclosure of mortgage suit of the Home Loan Owners' Corporation against Doy and Josephine Tumbleton the court entered an absolute rule against the defendants to answer on or before March 10.

In the account suit of Dr. Edison Bishop against Esther and Fred Fulenkamp, a motion to dismiss with prejudice to the plaintiff at defendant's cost was filed. Release by the defendant was filed, the case dismissed and the cost paid.

Amended Complaint

In the complaint on note to foreclose mortgage of Samuel Barger against Tillman L. Nussbaum and others, the plaintiff filed an amended complaint in two paragraphs. A motion to separate the causes of action was set for hearing March 15.

Passed Bad Checks
To Feed His Family

Muncie, Ind., March 1 — (UP) — A father of two small children who said he could not get relief aid free today after admitting he passed more than \$100 in fraudulent checks. He said he preferred to pass the checks than let his wife and children starve.

Circuit Judge L. A. Guthrie suspended a reformatory sentence upon Harold A. White's promise he would restore the money he obtained fraudulently.

White could not be given relief because he had not been a resident here for the required year's period.

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THIMBLE THEATER

Now Showing—"CHILDREN SHOULD BE SEEN BUT NOT HEARD!"

KIT CARSON --- Avenger!
By EVELYN WELLS

CHAPTER XVII

While in St. Louis, Kit did purchase a "store-bought" hat and studied eagerly the new percussion cap rifles and the breath-taking new pistols that could shoot more than once!

Kit had lived sixteen years by his rifle. A gun had to be part of his hand and brain, "hair-fit" to his will. Now he primed and tested and squinted, and at last selected two of the wonderful new revolvers improved lately by Colt.

"I'll astonish the Indians," he thought, grinning at the long blue barrels.

And these guns would be wonders on the plains, where one bewildered chief, thinking the extra bullets must be blades, would stammer: "White man shoot once with rifle—six times with knife!"

Wherever Kit walked, to gun shop or hotel, a crowd followed. Shy Kit literally backed out of St. Louis and was cheered off by several hundred admirers at the wharf. With a feeling of escape he found himself on a brilliant afternoon in May, 1842, aboard the side-wheel steamboat ascending the Mississippi river. He would go by boat to Chouteau's trading post near the mouth of the Kansas, then ride westward.

He stood in his fringed buckskins, swaying to the slow motion of the boat, watching the low skyline of St. Louis. Adaline was hidden among those framework houses, learning to drop her sweet voice lower, to curtsey when spoken to, to say her prayers . . . Kit sighed.

Evidently fame was not easy to escape. Kit became aware of many eyes watching him on the deck. His little body curled a little nervously, like an animal's that dislikes being watched. His blue eyes became disinterested.

Men were watching Kit, some in mountain clothing, and one in a glittering new army uniform of blue and gold. This man was poised, worldly, assured, and very handsome. His manner was stamped with the courtesy of France and of the gallant South, but there was diplomatic breeding about him, too, and an unmistakable military air.

A man opposite to the poles to Kit was a child.

"You are Kit Carson," he said coldly.

"He unwrapped for Kit's approval an immense rubberized bundle that reeked of some strange chemical.

"A rubber boat," explained Fremont with pride. "For crossing rivers."

Kit swallowed hard. When the expedition disembarked at Chouteau's landing at the mouth of the Kansas, he hired two Delaware Indian runners and sent them ahead across the plains, to Taos, with a message to his seasoned mountain men, the Taos men.

"Tell them they are to meet at Fort Laramie, prepared for a long trail," ran Kit's message.

But he wondered unhappily what his buckskinned mountaineers would think of Fremont with his tinfoil uniforms, his toothbrushes and rubber boat, and his forks and knives!

Then, as a finishing touch, Fremont showed Kit a flag. It would be emblazoned upon pages in histories, this flag, but Kit, staring at it in bewilderment, knew nothing of its future.

"I had it made this way, Carson. I'm going to plant it on the highest peak in the Rockies! See, the eagle is gripping a peace pipe instead of arrows. I thought that would make the Indians understand that we are friendly."

"Mebbe," sighed Kit, "if we can get close enough to make 'em understand."

The man watching Kit was a student, a diplomat, poet and glass of fashion—a polished man of the world. Small wonder poor Kit, who had never learned to write his name, squirmed under the clear appraising glance of the stranger.

But he had this in common-youth! And a sense of daring such has seldom been duplicated upon this earth!

Still the handsome worldling watched, while the boat pushed on between wild crabapple branches that fell like plumes into the turbulent Missouri. Evidently he was reading a soul that was clean as a newly printed page, and judged the Kit Carson he watched to be incapable of guile.

At last, impulsively, he crossed the deck.

That night Fremont wrote of Kit in his diary:

"I am pleased with him and his manner of address—a man of medium height, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with a clear, steady blue eye and frank speech and address—quiet and unassuming."

And with this verbal agreement, Kit Carson's real life began. The rest had been prelude.

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That night Fremont wrote of Kit in his diary:

"I am under more obligations to Fremont than to any man alive."

They were friends in their first moment of meeting. They would again be friends. But between there would be bitter unhappiness and misunderstanding.

They came from different worlds.

Kit was appalled by some of the members of Fremont's party. Soft-handed and studious, with fine manners, they were emblematic of the East.

There were Charles Preuss, the artist, and the two young boys, Randolph Benton, son of the Senator, and Henry Brant his nephew.

But Cyprian Chouteau, the great St. Louis fur trader, had selected

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Northwest, a Mexico glowering in the south.

Men bought plows, oxen, seeds and wagons, and spoke of the Santa Fe and Oregon trails.

But who knew of the Oregon Trail? Only men like the pioneer Jedediah Smith, long since killed by Indian arrows, and like Jim Bridger and Kit Carson. The trap-ers and adventurers, the mountain men, were mute. Theirs the adventure and exploration, but theirs not the skill to map down these trails on paper for the feet of eager followers.

"That will be my task," explained Fremont. "To draw maps, make routes, explore and survey. To map out the trail to Oregon and explore the land lying between here and the Rockies. That will strengthen the hold of the United States upon the West."

Kit had heard in St. Louis of this plan proposed by the United States Government, to be carried out by the dashing young Fremont. Another matter that Kit remembered was the romance of Fremont, for his own dead love was still heavy on his heart.

Other voyagers hired in St. Louis were Clement Lambert, J. B. L'Esperance, J. B. Lefevre, Benjamin Poira, Louis Gouin, J. B. Dumes, Francois Tessier, Benjamin Cadotte, Joseph Clement, Daniel Simonds, Leonard Benoit, Michel Morly, Baptiste Bernier, Honore Ayot, Francois La Tulipe, Francis Badeau, Louis Menard, Joseph Ruelle, Moise Chardonnais, Auguste Janisse, and Raphael Proue. Nearly all these men were French-Canadians who had seen service with the fur companies of the West.

Kit was astonished also at the strange purchases made by Fremont for his expedition in the wilderness. These included toothbrushes, and soap.

"What will you want with soap?" he blurted.

The fastidious Fremont frowned.

"For my hands," he said coldly. "He unwrapped for Kit's approval an immense rubberized bundle that reeked of some strange chemical.

"A rubber boat," explained Fremont with pride. "For crossing rivers."

It was the season of voyages for Fremont, and there were nineteen of these, all men after Kit's own heart.

There were the French-Canadian trapper, Basil Lajeunesse, who would surely try Kit's patience and end by winning his complete trust, and Lucian Maxwell, who would become Kit's partner and closest friend.

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