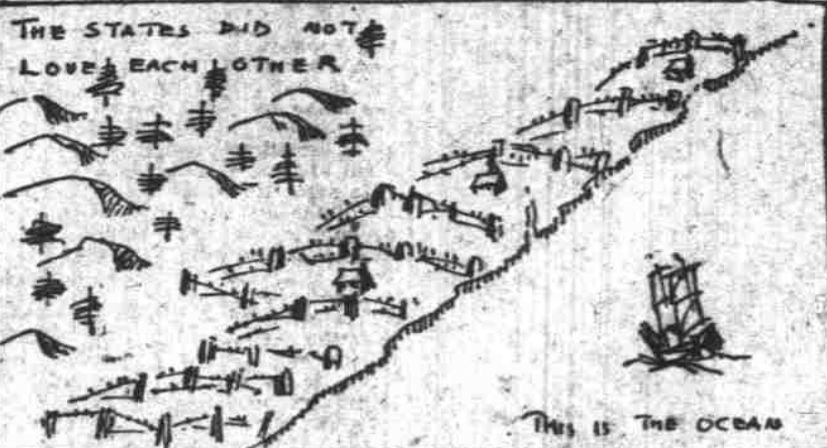


America

By HENRIK VAN LOON

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF MANICHO" © 1922 BY THE CHRISTY WALKER SYNDICATE



STORY NO. 96.

IN the treaty of peace it had been agreed that congress should request the various states to pay the Tories living within their borders for their property which had been confiscated during the war. This, as we have already said, the states did not do. In fact the Tories were so badly treated that between 1783 and 1785 more than one hundred thousand of them left the country and went to live in Canada, and Florida and in the Bahamas, Islands. The British government retaliated by refusing to withdraw their troops from the Northwestern forts, and there were British garrisons at Oswego, Niagara and Detroit until 1786. They also passed some laws which made it almost impossible for Americans to trade with them. Then, to increase their difficulties, the different states began to make commercial war upon each other. New York, for instance, would pass laws interfering with the trade of Connecticut, and then Connecticut would pass a law forbidding all trade with New York, and so on. All this did not help matters much. Congress wanted to put a revenue tax on all goods imported from Europe, but such a storm of protest was raised at this that the idea had to be given up hurriedly. The whole difficulty was that the states among themselves could never agree on anything and that Congress was too weak to force them to act like well-behaved members of a single commonwealth. It could only "suggest." And how much they tried, it seemed impossible to discover a single law which would be acceptable to all the 13 states.

Anything faintly suggestive of an aristocracy was bitterly hated by the men of the Revolution. The officers of the Continental army had been promised half pay for life on the coming of peace, but the people feared that the carrying out of this promise would build up a military aristocracy, and a compromise was effected whereby the officers had to content themselves with five years' full pay in cash. The

army was reduced to 80 men, just enough to guard the arsenals at West Point and Pittsburg. Although congress pleaded for a stronger force to guard the Western frontier, the best it could do was to persuade the states to raise a force of 700 men for one year for this purpose.

Before the officers of the Continental army finally disbanded they formed a society called the Society of the Cincinnati, which corresponded to a certain extent to our American Legion, although only officers were admitted. This society had three objects—to continue the friendships made in the war, to deliberate in secret on the general welfare of the country, and to create an organization membership in which would be his honor which could be passed on from father to son. The people who had sat comfortably at home while the fighting was going on protested vigorously against this new "aristocratic notion." Even Franklin and Adams raised a voice of warning. The society was abolished, but later revived and exists today as a harmless patriotic order.

The uneducated class wished to settle the financial difficulties of the country by a plentiful issue of paper money, and the assemblies of different states were threatened by mobs, which threatened violence if this were not done. In some cases the militia had to be called out to disperse the crowds of honest citizens who thought that a piece of paper marked a dollar was actually worth a dollar and who did not realize that without a dollar in the treasury to back it up it was only so much waste paper. One of the most threatening of these riots took place in Massachusetts under the leadership of Daniel Shays, who had been a captain in the army. The malcontents burned and plundered and attacked the arsenal. State troops were called out and there was some blood shed before the band was dispersed. But the belief in the efficacy of the paper dollar continued.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER— Operate This on Your Organ



BRINGING UP FATHER



Better Late Than Never



ABIE THE AGENT



The Best Man Wins



KRAZY KAT



Practice What You Preach, Mr. Givney



JERRY ON THE JOB



Fair Enough



ANTICIPATION

By RALPH WATSON

"WELL," T. Paer said, in an amiable greeting after he had skidded down the aisle to the Fat Man's customary station in the end seat. "Have you got over the grouch you had yesterday?"

"I don't know as I had so much of a grouch," the Fat Man responded, "but the world looks a little brighter to-day'n it did yesterday."

"What's the matter?" T. Paer grinned. "Did they cancel that invite to the New Year's party or decide just to have coffee?"

"Nuthin' like that," the Fat Man answered enthusiastically. "The party's still on 'nd I'm feelin' like a million dollars in double eagles."

"You must of took scalme!" T. Paer suggested. "Yesterday you was complainin' about your liver."

"Liver's all right," the Fat Man assured him. "Everything's all O. K. 'nd ready to go."

"Humph," T. Paer grunted. "Judging from the way you talk you must of found a new bootlegger about as good as your old one that was pinched 'nd give you the grouch."

"Nope," the Fat Man responded cheerfully. "The old fellah was waitin' for me when I got down to the office yesterday mornin'."

"You don't tell me," T. Paer replied in a congratulatory tone. "I thought he was in jail."

"Courts're human, after all," the Fat Man answered optimistically. "You don't think they'd send a honest bootlegger—one that sold good stuff—over the road just before New Year's, do you?"

"I hadn't thought much about it," T. Paer confessed. "I just had a idea if a fellah was caught bootleggin' these days the courts look his package 'nd handed him a heavier one regardless."

"That's all bunk," the Fat Man argued. "There's bootleggers 'nd bootleggers 'nd they just cut a slice out'n the wads of the real ones 'nd shoe 'em away."

"It looks like it," T. Paer admitted, "but I can't just get the angle of the dope."

"Ain't you got no business head at all?" the Fat Man answered. "If they shot 'em all into stir where'd they get the kale to run the government now that we're dry 'nd saloons ain't payin' no license?"

"From finin' the drunks that drive automobiles," T. Paer answered. "I thought that'd took the place of saloon licenses."

"That's only part of it," the Fat Man insisted. "How'd you 'spose they could collect any mazuma from the drunks if they put the bootleggers away 'nd dried up the fountain of youth?"

"It's too much for me," T. Paer admitted. "I never was much good for high finance 'nd runnin' the government."

"Well, take it from me," the Fat Man chuckled. "I sure was glad to see that prosperous lookin' business man waitin' for me. I felt like I was down 'nd out when I got off'n the car yesterday."

"I should of thought," T. Paer mused, "that he'd kinda laid off'n the job for a day or so when he'd just been pinched like he'd been."

"That's one reason I was glad to see him," the Fat Man confided. "They'd just stuck him for \$500 iron, 'nd he had to rustle 'em or go across to the hoagwag."

"You don't mean you let him touch you for that?" T. Paer asked incredulously. "You're sure the thing's good?"

"Not on your life," the Fat Man chuckled. "The poor goat had to flip up quick so he cut about \$50 off a case for a quick turn."

"What good'd that do him?" T. Paer

BRAIN TESTS

By Sam Loyd
Four Minutes to Answer This.

In the first sentence can be found the name of one of Washington's generals. The second and third sentences also each contain a Continental general's name. The fourth sentence contains the name of an English officer who was admired by his enemies; the fifth sentence contains the name of an English general; in the sixth sentence is concealed the scene of one of the early skirmishes of the Revolutionary war. Washington recruited American farmers and from them organized an army of heroes.

At Valley Forge even that ogre enemy "starvation" was conquered by the spirit of patriotism.

The Continental soldier, with his uniform a rag, ate seldom and fought constantly.

That great Lafayette came and remained steadfast to the end.

However, the young folks celebrated the Fourth, let them not lose sight of its meaning.

From San Francisco to New York, from Portland to Macon, cordiality and good will toward the mother country now prevail.

Answer to Saturday

That envelope was addressed to Elsie Dix, Winchester, Tennessee (509 equals Dix).

No Wage Cut for California Women

San Francisco, Dec. 30.—(I. N. S.)—As a belated Christmas gift to the 11,183 women employed in the mercantile industry in California, the industrial welfare commission today announced there would be no reduction in wages this year. The minimum wage was fixed at \$16 a week. Employees joined in asking that wages be maintained, the commission announced. Wage minimums will be set shortly for other industries, and with today's decision as a precedent no decrease are looked for.

AID FOR QUAKE VICTIMS

(By Universal Service)

Washington, Dec. 30.—The San Francisco chamber of commerce has forwarded \$4000 to the American minister at Santiago de Chili for use in relief of earthquake sufferers. It was announced today by the state department.

LITTLE JIMMY



Fair Enough

