Official Banner of the American Legion

As Adopted by National Convention

Emblem Patented November 12, 1919

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At the Point of the Ballot

A Remedy for Inefficiency and Political Flabbiness

By DAVID LAWRENCE

W H A T E V E R else may have been lacking in the fuss that America made over her returned soldiers, nothing has been omitted to make the war veteran feel that at least his vote will be enthusiastically welcomed. It is the most precious trophy he brought back from France. Eagerly do both political parties look forward to the usual manipulation of a new body of voters. Will they get away with it again? That remains to be seen.

But why is the ballot, you will ask, the most precious trophy which the soldier brought back from France? Simply because two million men over there and two million men over here suddenly became acquainted with the inefficiency, ineptitude and inadequacy of our governmental system and for the first time realized that the blame for it all rested squarely on the shoulders of an indifferent body politic. Four million men have learned a lesson in practical government.

The time is approaching for the discriminating use of the ballot. It is a time for judicial, not prejudicial or partisan thinking, a time for the free exercise of the American habit of independent judgment. One must use very cautiously the term "revolution" even when applied to the academic phrases of politics. But there is a fundamental reason for the political and social upheaval experienced or threatened in Europe today. Manifestations of it may take on an entirely different form in the United States, but the underlying principle is the same.

W H Y do you suppose peaceful peoples like the British or the French are talking about Bolshevism? Why is well-trained, well-disciplined Germany on the verge of Bolshevism? Why are the seeds of unrest spreading in Europe? There is a simple answer, and it is as historically true today as it was centuries ago. Peoples are dissatisfied with their governments. Peoples are clamoring for relief from their ills while statesmen are either too indifferent or too incompetent to answer their pleas. Abroad they may think of bullets to accomplish reforms; in America we think of ballots.

For, after all, the government of the United States is the possession of all the people of the United States. It is a partnership—the biggest and most representative soviet ever conceived. And if our representatives are incompetent and our government short-sighted, we have the simple remedy of changing its personnel on election day. Government, to be sure, is a delegated task. Sovereignty resides not in officials, not in the Executive, not in the House nor the Senate, but in the rank and file of the American people who not only delegate power but who can take it back whenever they wish. What has happened is a reawakening of political consciousness throughout the world. For years your citizen worked in the factory, on the farm, in the bank, in the shop, in the store; and thought of his government as a far-away institution composed of "smart men" who did the business of government and played the game of politics. How little contact indeed did we have with our government! No income tax law reached into our pockets and took away fifty cents on every dollar of productive wealth in the United States. No conscription law took men out of their homes, out of their offices, out of their jobs and sent them to war. No fuel administration assumed the right to say whether a business was essential or non-essential. Yes, government was a harmless thing, to be thought about quadrennially when we had a presidential election. But not so now. The government is the representative agency which is acting for the whole people and really governing us—restricting even our personal liberties wherever necessary in time of war or reconstruction.

We didn't realize these things before the war. We didn't imagine the government's business was any of our business. But suddenly as four million men shouldered muskets their sense of sovereignty was revived, their sense of ownership was transformed from a slumbering indifference to an active and lively solicitude. In Europe the returning soldiers felt their sense of ownership so much that upon occasion they even scorned laws that had been made. "We are the state," they said as they rioted.

SYMPTOMS of the same excessive zeal to govern cruelly and by mob have cropped out in the United States with the returned soldier, but happily it has been crushed by the sober leadership of the intelligent masses of veterans who have not forgotten that it is not necessary to resort to violence to gain reform—it is only necessary to exercise wisely the political power vested in the people themselves.

We have come to a climax in American politics. Nobody but the most extreme partisan will claim that the Republican or the Democratic parties as they exist today are especially qualified to govern the people of the United States. And when I use the term "party," I mean that relatively small group in every city, town and state who from year to year hold office or run for office. It's a political class whose members alternate in control of the national and state governments. If we don't like the Democrats, we turn them out of power and take the Republicans. We discover soon enough that after a short lapse of time, four or eight or even sixteen years, that the republicans aren't a bit better.
Then we elect the Democrats. They last six years and we take the other party again. Nothing in that process will develop efficiency or responsibility. One might make a good case that neither party improves and it's more the machinery that gets a better purchase on the voter, and adds and subtracts and does a better job of getting its message through. But in the language of a cartoonist—"it doesn't mean anything!"

FOR years I have watched in Washington and elsewhere the game of politics, the hypocrisy, and sham of it all, the selfishness and egotism of our politicians and their cronies and cowardly disregard of the real needs of our people. They remain smugly in their jobs—the political class—being all too sure that the public will choose or alternate between Republican and Democratic rule. There is no urgency to efficiency because there is no genuine competition. And the country suffers from a lack of leadership. For one political party has put itself so much out of the running that the other knows its own victory will be easy. Under such circumstances the latter party complacently does a minimum of work and evades issues and tasks that the people are begging it to take up. But what can the people do? Is it always to be a choice between two evils?

There are two ways of bringing about change in American politics. One is by the formation of an independent party to crack the whip over the heads of the two older parties, and the other is to get in on the inside of one or the other of the two parties and really force out the men who preside over them. Who else but a standpatter believes the progressive movement began in 1912 and has nothing to do with American politics? True enough the new party didn't win the election, but it taught millions of voters out west that it wasn't necessary to vote a straight ticket to be "a good American" and "to save the country from disaster." And in 1916, didn't the west reverse the whole situation by voting as between Wilson and Hughes for what it thought at the time was the more progressive of the two parties? California's overwhelming vote for Johnson and Wilson will ever be the subject of much discussion, argument, and debate, and California west swung an election. The greatest body of independent voters in the country rose in the west in 1916—independent in the sense that they cast off tradition and voted as they pleased, as they seemed to see fit. Redistricting, which people had long desired, they took an interest in that campaign and didn't simply vote as they had always voted or as their fathers had voted and their grandfathers before them.

WHAT greater confession of political indifference can there be than to boast of having voted the Republican or the Democratic ticket in every election? for twenty or thirty years? Does that argue for discrimination? Is it to be supposed that every Democratic candidate was better than every Republican candidate or vice versa? The people haven't seemed to think so, for they have picked some of the best men and some of the worst from the other. But a large number of voters simply vote the Republican or the Democratic ticket without regard to the qualifications of the candidates. That is the trouble in America. It leaves a responsibility to the voters rather than to the hands of the minority the power to choose between the two parties. My own suggestion is that this minority shall be increased by every independent factor in American politics, by the woman voter, by the progressive, by the returned soldier. Who is to say the great body of American voters are independent, then they will be able to reform the two big parties and make them toe the mark. It is a time for heroic measures to gain efficiency in our government. For the old politicians have been tried and found wanting. They are endeavoring again to coddle the returned voter and make him feel that he will get bonuses and all sorts of advantages by a tie-up with them at the polls. They are trying to appeal to an individual who twice returned a soldier which is not a bit different from their appeals to labor or to groups of manufacturers, to foreign-born voters or other classes. Usually the party whose sum total of class appeals outweighs the sum total of bribes offered to the sum total of other series of classes in our body politic wins the election. But concretely, where are the paths of reform? Isn't it an overwhelming journey? Not at all. What has happened again and again in a municipality or a state can happen in national politics. The moment a better class of citizenry has combined to eliminate the old party bosses and hoodlum and put a group of straightforward individuals in charge of a city government, many a population has joined in the movement and turned out the old politicians with a joyous whoop.

THE trouble is that the young men of the country have not taken a deep enough interest in politics. They have not made of themselves active campaigners for better government. They have failed to register, and they have failed to vote. Job Hedges once said that to fail to vote was to fail to be a good Christian. Broadly speaking, to fail to vote is not to be a democrat, is not to play one's part in the upholding of republican institutions. If every man is an integrated part of the whole, and integrated strength rising out of the body politic. Each individual adds or subtracts from the total political power of the state by his participation in or indifference to the affairs of his community.

Nominating campaigns will soon be at hand. In some respects they are more important than the final elections. In many states, a nomination is equivalent to an election. In all our states, it may be said, nomination for the presidency may be won or lost. It can win or lose an election. For the nominating campaigns result as a rule in the selection of only two candidates—a Republican and a Democrat. If each is not the best representa-
A WARM, steamy haze rose up from the dark, oily surface of the river as the heavily laden boat slid silently along beneath the overhanging branches of the trees, which grew straight up from the water's edge like a living wall. Now and then a crocodile pushed its ugly snout out of the ooze at the jungle edge, and monkeys and bright-colored birds chattered noisily among the tree-tops. At this point, far in the interior of Central Africa, the river was very narrow and sluggish, and the dense jungle growth made it dusky even at midday. The strong perfume of countless unnamed flowers mingled with the rank stench of decaying vegetation and unclean water to form a smell that was almost overpowering, but Ned Fowler was as used to it as he was to the damp, sticky heat.

Seated in the stern of the boat, steering ropes in hand, pipe in mouth, and keen gray eyes fixed on the curves of the stream ahead, he smoked in silence, while his crew of six brawny natives dipped their long paddles into the water with the regularity of machines. It was nearing mid-afternoon when they swung around a sharp bend in the river and saw ahead of them a patch of sunlight which denoted a clearing of some kind. Fowler's tired eyes brightened as he turned the nose of the boat shoreward and gave a low-voiced order to the paddlers.

Five minutes later, he was straightening the lanks out of his long legs as he stood on the bank and superintended the mooring of the boat. Then he turned and walked slowly up the hill toward a large kraal, or native village, which stood on the higher land just beyond a thin fringe of trees. As he did so, he was aware of the curious faces of several natives, peering at him from various points of partial concealment, but he ignored them completely; although his body-servant, Gaasha, who accompanied him, eyed them curiously.

He had reached the fringe of trees, and was passing through to the kraal, when of a sudden, as instantly as though he had been struck by lightning, he fell backwards under the weight of a great spotted beast, which now stood over him, waving its long tail to and fro and glaring down into his eyes.

It was a leopard, which, crouched on a branch of a tree above the path, had sprung upon him as it had been in the habit of springing upon the natives who passed from the kraal to the river. For a few seconds there was silence, broken only by the purring, or roaring sound, made by the great cat. Then the beast became uneasy. The claws of one paw sank into Fowler's thigh, while those of another were dragged diagonally across his breast, stripping the shirt from it and gouging the flesh beneath. The sight of flesh and the smell of blood seemed to madden the brute, and with a loud snarl it sank its muzzle toward its victim's throat. At this instant there was a sharp report, and the leopard, shot through the brain, sprang into the air and fell to the ground, kicking convulsively.

Fowler rolled over and sat up in a dazed fashion. The whole thing had happened so quickly that even yet he barely realized just what had taken place. "You saved my life, Gaasha," he said weakly. "That was good shooting." "It was nothing, bauna; I should have been quicker." The big Zulu dropped his rifle and stooped over the white man.

Fowler smiled faintly and shook his head. "Just the same," he said, "I... Then he fell back unconscious.

SOME hours later, Fowler awoke to find himself lying upon a kaross in a large native hut with a bundle of skins for a pillow. There was an earthen jar of cool water at his side, and, thirsty, he raised himself on one elbow after several attempts and drank deeply. Then he fell back again. He was very weak and the wounds in his shoulder and thigh, which had been bound up, pained him considerably; but his mind was clear and he looked around the hut impatiently for someone to assist him. The hut was empty, however, so he did the only thing he could do, under the circumstances—he lay still. He did not fall asleep, but he closed his eyes, and a pleasant languor crept over him, dulling his senses. Some time later he heard a soft voice speaking; it seemed a long way off, but he could understand clearly.

"The white chief still sleeps," it said, "but he has more color in his cheeks; I think he will wake soon."

"Do not fear, Mameena; he will wake, his hurts are not to the death," answered a deeper voice, the voice of Gaasha. "The big cat fell heavily upon him and he has lost blood, but he will not die. Lucky for him it happened here and that I am known to you. He might have died else."

A minute later, after telling his companion to watch the sleeper carefully and to call him should his master awake, Gaasha crawled out of the hut by its bee-hole doorway. Then Fowler yawned and opened his eyes. A fire was burning in the center of the hut and its red glow fell upon the girl Mameena, who stood leaning against a post which supported the roof.

As is sometimes the case among Zulu women, this girl was very good looking, so good looking that for a moment Fowler caught his breath and wondered if he were still dreaming. He had never before seen a woman of her type among
the interior tribes. Her dress, as is usual among natives, was extremely simple. Hanging from her shoulders, and open in front, was a white mantle edged with colored beads and feathers; about her middle was a mooch of soft hide, while around her head and knees were bands of fur. Her half-naked, copper-colored figure was here and almost perfect in its proportions, and her face was unlike that of the ordinary native girl, resembling more closely her Arabian or Semitic ancestry. It was slightly long and oval in shape, with delicate nose and well-formed lips, small ears, wavy black hair, and a very lovely pair of lustrous dark eyes.

For a moment they eyed each other in silence. Then the girl spoke.

"The inkoos (chief) is awake," she said shyly, in her soft Zulu accents. "He has slept long." Fowler smiled.

"Yes, girl," he agreed. "Just how long I do not know. But where am I? What is this place?"

"It is the kraal of the Makalanga, inkoos," she answered. "Zomba is its head man. You were, as you doubtless remember, struck down by the great cat almost at the gates, and after he had killed the leopard your servant brought you here. Zomba ordered that your hurts should be tended and that you should be left to rest and sleep until you were strong."

"But you, girl. You are not of the Makalanga?"

"Nay, inkoos, I am a Zulu; but I have lived among these people for a long time. I will call Gaasha, inkoos, if it is your pleasure. It was his wish that he be called when you should wake." She turned away and crawled out of the hut.

Gaasha came presently, grinning his delight at his master's recovery.

"Greeting, bavna," he said. "I hope you have had a rest."

"Yes," Fowler replied, "but that leopard came near putting me to sleep forever. You saved my life, Gaasha, and I shall not forget it. We seem to have fallen into pleasant quarters here. We have been in the kraal of the Makalanga, and who is this girl of the Zulus, whom I found at my side when I awoke?"

Gaasha's honest face clouded and his eyes became serious.

"It is a long story, bavna," he answered. "The girl Mameena is of my own people, and we knew each other when she lived at the kraal of her father in Zululand. There was a war and she was captured and brought here by the Black One, who, it appears, dwells here with Zomba, the chief of these people. Many years have passed since this event, as you have seen, and the Black One would take her to wife, or sacrifice her to the god of the waters that live in the deep pool by the Ema-gudu, the home of the dead."

"The Black One!" Fowler exclaimed in a pleased voice. "So we've found him at last! We've searched for him many times. But I don't like the rest of your story. I read your heart, Gaasha. This Mameena, she is dear to you?"

"She was to have been my wife before she was taken prisoner, and I have mourned her as dead these many years," the Zulu replied.

"Umph! And the Black One wants her now. We shall see about that, Gaasha. I have business of my own with this Black One, as your people call him, and I have not traveled through the jungle for all these months for nothing. Where is he now?"

"On a journey, bavna. He will return soon, however, for already the runners have arrived to announce his coming. Unless she agrees to live in his quarters with him, she is given to the water god when the moon is full on the third night from this."

"Umph!" Fowler muttered thoughtfully again. "We have arrived just in the nick of time, it seems. You know where this pool is, I suppose, Gaasha?"

"Yes, bavna."

"Good. You may leave me now, Gaasha, but remain within call. Have no fear. I will make a plan, and Mameena shall not be given to either the Black One or the god. I have spoken."

When his servant had gone, Fowler lay back on the pile of skins and did some quick thinking. He knew natives and their customs, and he was not surprised at Gaasha's story. To a certain extent, in fact, he was delighted with it, for it meant that his months' long search for Black Pedro, the renegade white man who had thrown in his lot with the natives when his many crimes had caused him to flee from the coast districts, was ended. Among these crimes had been the robbery and murder of an old friend of Fowler's, a crime for which—owing to a mass of cleverly manufactured circumstantial evidence—Fowler himself had at one time almost been convicted; and since then Fowler had traveled over half of Africa in his efforts to find the murderer and bring him to justice. Safe in the pocket of his waterproof suit, as a warrant for the renegade's arrest—a warrant which Fowler meant to serve before he was many days older. Incidentally, it was his intention to rescue Mameena.

It was late afternoon that same day—the day following Fowler's arrival at the kraal—when a small party of natives, headed by a white man, marched into the village. Fowler, still sore and stiff from his wounds but able to move about easily, was sitting outside the hut at the time, and he stood up to greet the renegade, who was proceeding to him with a smile.

"Glad to see you," Black Pedro declared, gripping Fowler's hand in a lean brown paw. "It's good to see a white face once more. Barring the natives, you're the only human I've seen in ten months. Come over to my house—it's cooler there, at least."

Fowler smiled under his beard as they turned in the desired direction. The man's words sounded fair enough, but there was a lack of sincerity in his manner which did not escape his visitor. Black Pedro was trying hard to appear cordial, but to a man who knew the inside facts as Fowler did, his bluff was easy to read. As they walked across the little clearing, Fowler studied his companion closely.

Pedro Bernardes, or "The Black One" as he was called by the natives, was small, wiry, and tanned, with a pair of very high cheek-bones and a scrappily wisps of black mustache which failed to conceal a set of yellow teeth. His eyes were an odd brownish hue and hard as glass, and they had a trick of shifting rapidly from one object to another as he talked. He was dressed in an indescribably filthy pair of cotton trousers, an equally dirty shirt open at the neck to show a hairy chest and a flat straw hat such as the Kaffirs often wore in the
fields of the coast districts. The only clean thing about him was the rifle he carried in the crook of one arm, which, Fowler noted with the eyes of an expert, was immaculate.

When the two men reached the house, a nondescript structure of jungle logs and grass thatching, Bernardes waved his guest to a seat on the veranda and clapped his hands. Presently a native boy appeared, stood silently while his master addressed him, then disappeared again to return after a moment with a bottle of trade rum and two glasses.

"Sorry I’m out of decent spirits," Bernardes apologized, as he proffered the bottle. "It’s hard to get supplies into this god-forsaken hole and I haven’t been ‘outside’ in months. It’s no easy thing, this living like a damn Kaffir."

Fowler nodded absently as he poured himself a small drink. He might have remarked that even in the jungle most white men managed to keep themselves halfway decent, but he did not. He was merely wondering if this dirty half-breed was aware of the real reason for his presence there, and, if so, what he meant to do about it.

"You seem to be at home here," the visitor remarked casually, offering his host one of the scanty stocks of cigars he had with him, which the latter eagerly accepted. "These Makalanga are evidently a friendly lot. I owe them one myself—they helped pull me out of a nasty scrape."

"So I heard. Ugly brutes, these jungle leopards, especially after they’ve tasted human flesh. You were lucky to come through it alive." Black Pedro bared his teeth in a mirthless grin, which was anything but pleasant to see.

"I suppose so," Fowler admitted. "As it is, I’ll have to stay here a few days until the stiffness works out of my wounds. Beastly nuisance! I had hoped to be well up in the elephant country before this."

"Ivory, eh?" Bernardes pricked up his ears at this hint of the other’s business.

"Well, you’ve struck a good place to rest up in. We’re on fairly high ground here—high enough to be above the fever mists. If Zomba doesn’t keep you supplied with what you need, let me know. These people know me and they’ll do what I tell ’em to."

THAT night, after a supper at the rene-gade’s house, Fowler knocked the ashes out of his pipe and followed the Zulu out of the hut to a point at the edge of the clearing where a narrow trail led out into the jungle. Save for the dim light cast by a few small fires, the village was dark and without sign of life, and Fowler felt confident that he would not be missed since Bernardes and the Makalanga thought him still too weak and stiff from his wounds to travel and, so far as he could tell, no watch was kept in the village. Peeling to make sure that his weapons were in order, he entered the mouth of the trail and followed Gaasha in the direction of the pool.

There was an ill-concealed air of activity among the natives about noon the next day as Fowler walked through the village on his way to Bernardes’s house, but the white man ignored it as completely as he did the rather surly greeting which the half-breed extended him. When the two men were seated upon the veranda, however, Fowler suddenly changed his tactics. With a quick motion of his hand he slipped his revolver out of its holster and dropped it on the arm of his chair so that its muzzle pointed squarely at his companion.

"Sit still, Bernardes," he commanded, when the latter would have sprung to his feet. "Sit very still and keep your hands quiet in front of you. I want a few words with you and I won’t have any interruptions. I know your whole dirty game from A to Z. I know the game you’ve been playing with these natives ever since you were run out of the white man’s country, and I know all about the pleasant little party you’ve arranged for tonight. There’s no use trying to lie to me. Mameena has told me enough to hang you a dozen times, if you had that many lives, to say nothing of what I knew before I ever came here. Sit still!"

Black Pedro, who had turned a sickly green color when he first saw the revolver, seemed stung to fury at the other man’s last words.

"So was Mameena, was it?" he snarled. "Much good may it do her and you, too. By the time I’ve done with you both it’ll make little difference what you know. I half guessed the girl had told you something when I found that fool Zomba had put her to nurse you during..."
Power and Responsibility

A RECENT speaker before a gathering of Congressmen and Legion members spoke of the tremendous power which the organization of veterans holds. This same thought has been expressed by many others—particularly by politicians. With a concrete, closely knitted organization of a million men who hold public sympathy and public interest to a degree never before known in America the aspect of power is apparent.

But the Legion is not conscious of power. Rather it is conscious of a tremendous responsibility. Power implies arbitrary force, and the Legion has not given, nor will it give, evidence of such an attitude of mind. Its responsibility is for the interpretation and application to the life of the country of the lessons growing out of the war. It feels itself responsible for the equitable treatment of the wounded and disabled. It feels itself responsible for an active part in solving the perplexing problems of readjustment.

The Legion has approached all these problems in a spirit of humility and helpfulness, even though with firmness. In none of its collective actions or policies has it manifested selfishness, arbitrary aggressiveness or given any indication that it was conscious of group-power. In that respect it has differed from any other great group that we can recall.

In that its ideals have been so high and even more liberal students of human nature have put the Legion's early pronouncements and actions down to mere amateurishness, to youthful enthusiasm. The public at large, of course, is coming to accept the Legion at exactly its own estimate of itself, and as for the doubters and scoffers we can only feel that they are out of step with the new conscience of America. The war has not transformed them. They live in ante-bellum days and ante-bellum beliefs. To all such The American Legion will always be an enigma.

The Red Exodus Begins

THE advance guard of the undesirables has sailed from New York bound for an unnamed Russian port. Preachers of sedition, disciples of the venomous philosophy of Bolshevism, they have been rounded up and sent, fare prepaid, to a land where common practice conforms to their utterances.

They will be free hereafter to mingle with their own kind. They will be free to revel in the chaos and misery that are the inevitable products of their own disordered philosophy put into practice. They will not be fettered by the processes of sane, orderly, government, of equal rights and equal responsibility.

If they are robbed of their baggage and effects on arrival, no doubt they will find comfort in the thought that property rights are wrong in principle. If they are set upon and beaten, at least is that not preferable to organized law? If there is famine and no work and consequently no food, will not hunger be preferable to organized industries? If they are haled before some local autocrat and whipped, they can at least console themselves that the circumstances were not attended by any obnoxious processes of law.

Just how much they are going to relish seeing their theories put in practice need not concern us. It is enough to be rid of them and to know their destination. Frankly, we suspect execution would have been more merciful.

America Lags in the Air

WHEN the German commander turned the Hun fleet over to the British he is quoted as having remarked: "You may send them all to the scrap heap—the future lies with the submarine and the air."

The British, the French and the Italians have accepted the challenge of that remark. Germany is putting the remark into practice. Amid the wreckage of defeat Germany has planned an air link with Scandinavia. The Krupps are specializing upon a newly invented gas turbine engine that drives, almost noiselessly, an airplane carrying fifty people. France and Italy are building formidable air armadas. Britain is linking herself through the air with India.

America, meanwhile, has scrapped the feeble infant air service that was just beginning to toddle when the war was ended. Having perfected the lighter-than-air machine, having contributed to science many of the more important inventions for the success of the airplane, America is now content with haphazard, unorganized efforts to harness the air and put it to work in the interest of commerce and national defense.

The government continues to grope for an air policy, and the whole air program continues as an obscure detail of the nation's business. But the future of the air is too important a problem to be handled as a mere branch of the Army or Navy. It is important enough to be put at once in a new department of the government—the Department of the Air—which shall coordinate all the uses of the airplane in defense and in commerce.

Local Posts and the Alien

IT is recorded that many aliens who fought for the United States have not taken out citizenship since their discharge from the service. Instances have been recorded where such aliens have presented honorable discharges, saying it meant as much to them as citizenship.

Local posts should bring the necessity of perfecting citizenship to all these men. They have proven their right to all the privileges and responsibilities of citizenship. They are entitled to a full voice in the affairs of the country, and we suspect that it is through no lack of desire to become full fledged citizens that they have failed to go through the necessary formalities—for it is more than a formality, in the case of men who have proven their loyalty and manhood in battle?
Old Hickory Post has a coasting party.
When Do We Eat?

The Favorite Wail of the Doughboy

By JAMES E. DARST

Old N. Bonaparte, general, first-class, once paid a delicate tribute to his S.O.S. by giving out a communiqué to the effect that an army travels on its stomach. Carefully studied, as must be all orders from higher up, one reaches the conclusion that Napoleon must have meant that food and the supplying thereof are indispensable to the fighting man's success.

Approved, with the indorsement that armies not only travel on their stomachs but set them on pedestals.

One who observed the United States Army during the late fracas, both in this country and in the A. E. F., frequently reached the conclusion that Chow was King and that a complete history of the war could be indited in terms of tin willy, submarine turkey, slug, pommes de terre Français and potage.

"When do we eat?"

Do you remember that old cry, buddy, as the line passed at the side of a packed road in the early dusk of a French evening? Sitting there in the gloom, loosening your pack straps and removing the tin hat from your aching brow? Remember someone producing a cake of chocolate and splitting even with you?

"When do we eat?"

Remember that cry as the hommes-40-chenau-8 box car stood patiently for hours on a siding while hungry men longed to get to the billeting area and hot coffee? Remember that query in the trenches when Jerry had shelled the communication trench and held up the chow detail; or in the fox hole area when the kitchen's hadn't been able to keep up?

Even way back in the wooden gun days of the war chow was a main objective in the day's plan. I believe it is safe to say that every man in the army or navy commented at some time in his letters home on the food. It was either, "The grub is fierce," or "They sure give a guy plenty to eat."

Those were the days, early in the fall of 1917, when mess sergeants were new to their art—and mess officers, too, for that matter. The "bird" who managed to hold his strategic position in the front end of the line was sure to get a monumental helping; whereas the unlucky individuals at the other end were apt to be told, "No more prunes; move on!" or "Coffee all out; quit shoving!"

That was the fierce battle for existence. You were on time or went hungry. Dear Clarence, who must always be called three times for supper at home, learned to be right there when the chow line fell in.

Some of the canny even learned to pack their mess kits with them to play it safe; on much the same theory that some men carry their toothbrushes with them, not knowing where they will spend the night.

A tale is told of a company in the depot brigade at a certain camp that was caught standing retreat, holding their mess kits. Which held the prize until a rocky mop another company of the same battalion was observed standing retreat, wearing a dip hat and smoking a stogie.

Later, when the old system began to work, mess sergeants learned how to make the ration go around; company funds took on dignified proportions; chicken and ice cream became occasional headliners on the menu. Those were the days of company banquets, stupendous assortments of food, speeches and amateur boxing bouts.

Then came the trips from training camps to seaboard. Cooks and K. P. took proud post in a baggage car, bulwarked behind mounds of loaves and boxes of canned willy. Thrice daily pilgrimages were made down the length of the train during which Chow was passed out as the bearers walked.

The dear old bowlo willy deep, when its time came, made quite a dent in the Chow enthusiasm of many a doughboy. Somehow the chunky, heavy, grossly material articles of diet, such as fried potatoes and bread pudding lost their whiteness charm. One longed for something dainty such as a cup of weak tea.

Certain other incidents of travel sometimes added to the distaste for food. A sergeant in a certain machine gun company bit down on something of a peculiar elasticity one day in mid-ocean. He investigated. It also came out at the hearing that the colored cook—a really excellent character at heart—chewed tobacco to excess and failed to observe proper care in the disposal of what might be called the aftermath. The sergeant foremost eating during the remainder of the trip.

English ships fell to the lot of many in those feverish, crowded days of the summer of 1918. Here the Yank learned for the first time the delightful English custom of afternoon tea.

Those who traveled first-class would be notified at four o'clock that tea was being served. Some would fail to respond other than with muttered oaths such as the stewards must have thought quaint; but others would haul their hats and bow a benediction at a ham sandwich whileMounting the gallow's steps would chortle with exuberance and sidle toward the dining salon.

There would repose the great mounds of toast, the inevitable orange marmalade and the pots of steaming tea. What was left of the bread was baked in a match at a ham sandwich while mounting the gallow's steps would chortle with exuberance and sidle toward the dining salon.

There would reposition the great mounds of toast, the inevitable orange marmalade and the pots of steaming tea. What was left of the bread was baked in a match at a ham sandwich while mounting the gallows' steps would chortle with exuberance and sidle toward the dining salon.

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blue chips to make sure the guy on his right hadn’t been slipping one over, that he had held his appetite until dinner. Not supper, you boob; dinner! You’re not out in Kansas now.

Some stopped off in England on the way to France. Those who did convinced many a hungry tank to love to eat. On the other hand, the English convinced Americans that food meant little to them.

Mealtime at a British rest camp was simply one of the formations. No one was expected to be vulgar enough to ask for more meat, even though it was there to be had. Cheese was the thing—cheese and jam. My word, do you recollect the jam? Sticky and messy and all that sort of deuced rot and perfectly rippin’ stuff with which to grease a rifle or waterproof your boots but hardly the thing for food, eh, what? Three days of the bivouacked diet almost did us in, not ’arf. Tea not up to the mark, either. Hungry? I’d es to tell yer!

DEAR Old France holds a world of dietary memories. There was the first meal in a base port. The American’s French was in the combien stage then. With the adventurous party of four or five there would always be one who had two years of college French and torments to some good use now. The party would file into the dining room. The maître d’hôtel would forward to greet them.

Nous désirons un table pour quatre,” the educated member of the party would allege.

‘Oui, oui, a table for four, sir. Here you are, just what you want,” the functionary would respond in ninety-eight per cent pure English. “We have an excellent menu tonight.”

The educated member would totter to the table with the others, baffled, but secretly determined to score a knockout in French yet.

Then there would always be a conscientious member in the party who felt that the visit to the restaurant must surely be a indiscretion and that the members should all be back at camp “this very minute.”

“Something’s a pity to pop while we are loafing here,” he would croak.

Henri would hover near, with his pad and suggestions ready. Desires would be confided to the educated “bird” who was bound to order that meal in French.

“Poulez, poudre avec fines herbes, omelette, pommes de terre Francais, fromage Camembert et cafe noir,” he would finally depose.

“Mais, oui. Et vin?” Henri would ask.

Finally this would sink in and several would call for Bordeaux, the conscientious member pleading to the last for sarapisilla.

The food would make up for conversational difficulties: soup that touched the palate; chicken that bore with it a faint breath of garlic; omelette, that bloomed softly; French-fried potatoes that were dream things, poems in flaky brown, etudes in savory richness; cheese, too, of a ripeness, a bit forward and outspoken but a good fellow, withal; coffee, of an inky blackness, very strong, sweetened with saccharine.

Later the American learned the delights of the little cafe of the French countryside, presided over by a buxom madame with, perhaps and much the better for it, a winsome daughter to serve. One had to order a full hour in advance; for if an omelette were desired a search had to be made for newly laid eggs, and if chicken were requested Margot or Mimi had to chase down a squawking pullet and administer the coup de grace.

And the bread! Who can forget the steaming brown loaves, with a crust so detectable and flaky and an interior so soft and sweet? Many of the parties les Americaines who would repair just before noon to the house of the mayor and glily tell him they needed bread tickets for eight. Whereupon the five would hike to the bakery and possess themselves of a round loaf of freshly baked war bread which would be taken to the restaurant and consumed—every bit of it—together with numerous other viands.

A T THE front, food was an elusive, an undependable but a cherished thing. In the old trenches in the Vosges or the Toul sector the front line was a weary hike from the kitchen. Chow details made the onerous trip twice daily, carrying the marmite cans filled with ham and coffee and prunes and trotting the huge loaves of issue white bread, wrapped in its muslin and filled with interesting things such as green mold and the date of baking, two months past, stamped on the bottom crust.

Great days those! Off in the early morning, fresh from stand-to, would go the carrying party, lugging the cans suspended on poles.

The men left behind who were not on guard would be down for a few hours’ sleep. As those hours wore on, those who were left awake would strain anxiously for sounds of shelving of the back areas. It would be just like the Dutchman to shell the kitchen at breakfast time or to gas the communication trench as the carrying detail came through it.

The sounds of voices would finally come from down the communication trench a bit and the carrying party would come into view, perspiring, hot, very vexed. Always would they bring a tale of rank inefficiency at the kitchen; of cooks who neglected the paring of potatoes because new G. I. cans fell nearby; of mess sergeants who gave all the sirup to the first platoon detail because they were able to get there first.

Spicy bits of gossip picked up at the kitchen also were retailed with effect; how a shell had lit in a mess line of an infantry company in reserve; how a side car orderly told of hearing the plans for the big drive that was coming.

Sleepy-eyed men would stand about with extended mess kits or probe purposefully into the marmite can for a choicer bit of beef. Hungry buddies would carefully lower themselves, side by side, to the floor of the trench and swat flies with one hand while they conveyed food with the other. Careful souls would lay aside chunks of bread and small stores of prunes, after the manner of the provident squirrel, storing the food against the long day ahead.

Up along the trench other men would

(Continued on page 34)
The Romance of a Forty-dollar Cow
Success Follows a Vision of Opportunity

WHEN Hiram Abrams was nine years of age he had forty dollars and the firm conviction that he was a capitalist. So he looked about for a good investment, and ended by buying a cow. He heard his parents discuss the subject of dairymen watering their milk, and he believed it would be a good idea to sell the pure product, even though at a higher price than the prevailing one. That was his second venture in the selling game. After a long salesmanship career, he is today still on the selling side of business. He is president of the United Artists' Corporation, and markets the products of the "Big Four"—Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and David W. Griffith.

"I began selling at the age of seven," said Mr. Abrams, "but I didn't have to go out and labor at that tender age. I just wanted to. We lived in Portland, Me., at the time, and my parents would have preferred that I continue through high school. But, I regret to say, I detested school, and was eager to go to work. While still attending public school, I started a newspaper route, with four customers, and served them with clean, well-printed papers, because I refused to accept dirty, torn, or poorly printed copies from the news company.

"Then one day I overhead my parents talking about the cow that was being raised in town over the dairymen's method of watering milk. Milk was then selling at six cents a quart. This gave me an idea, and I promptly invested my savings, amounting to forty dollars, in a cow, and opened a 'dairy.'

My father helped me to hold down overhead expense by allowing me to keep my cow in his stable.

THE cow was a good milker, and I sold the milk just as it was, cream and all, for ten cents a quart. Soon I had enough customers so that I could afford to buy another cow. I traded my first cow, and ten dollars, for two cows, which were healthy enough, but a bit run down. Soon these cows were giving quality milk, and my sales increased. My customers called for their milk, which saved delivery expense.

As my business increased, I traded one of my cows and a little cash for two more cows, and continued in this way until, when I was fourteen, I had nine cows and had outgrown the home stable. I rented one of my own. Then, bent on increasing my income, I bought a restaurant. It consisted of a counter and a table, and the proprietor did not appeal to me. I wanted to do selling on a larger and broader scale, and I confess I did not know enough about food or what the public wanted in that line. When, after a year, a man offered to buy me out, I sold, and for more than I had paid.

"When I was fifteen years of age I had $2,000 in the bank, and I had made every cent of it myself. I had graduated from grammar school by that time and decided to give up the dairy business and to try my hand at a regular job. I was anxious to enter the world of business.

"I had made up my mind that the class of people who buy on the installment plan are mostly honest, and that none of them would be 'fly by nights,' for there are few of that kind in Maine and Vermont.

"My idea in advancing the money was that in that way I could collect five dollars in one call instead of in five. I was right about the honesty of the customers, and I got all my money back. The firm offered me a better job, but I was convinced that it was giving me the best it could, and that the best in that field did not look especially tempting to me.

"So I went to Boston, and started selling skirts for a firm there. I soon learned that waists would be easier to sell than skirts, because waists were always being changed to suit the prevailing styles, and merchants were afraid of over-stocking. I took the matter up with my house, and the result was that it began to manufacture waists. I spent two years with this concern.

"When I started with this company it had six machines; when I left it had one hundred and twenty-five. My earnings soared from twenty dollars, the salary on which I started, to $150 a week. But I soon discovered that traveling wears down a man's health, unless he has traveled long enough to get it down to a science, and that it ruins his digestion. So I gave up this job, and started west to build myself up physically.

"I went out to Colorado, and punched cows for thirty dollars a month. I came back in splendid health.

"At that time the talking machine had just been put on the market, and people were skeptical about a queer apparatus which could both talk and give music. There were few open-minded people at that time, and every one was prejudiced against the machine. I wanted to sell this new invention, but saw that I would have to stage something dramatic to overcome this prejudice.

"I rented Infantry Hall in Providence and advertised a series of free concerts. Then I engaged about fifteen salesmen and put them in dress suits. We had the hall decorated as for a big ball, and I took the commission-basis plan, and then amazed the firm by at once turning in $1,500 in cash out of my own pocket, this being an advance payment by me for five months for each of the debtors.

"I was anxious to enter the world of business.

"I got a job as a collector for an installment house. The firm offered me a choice of fourteen dollars a week, or a commission basis, without salary, or even a drawing account. The list which I was to canvass ran through Maine and Vermont. I was to visit the three hundred persons on the list each month, and get one dollar from each of them. The firm offered me a better job, and then amazed the firm by at once turning in $1,500 in cash out of my own pocket, this being an advance payment by me for five months for each of the debtors. I was anxious to enter the world of business.

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By CAROL BIRD

TO STAY ON YOUR JOB AFTER you have become discontented is your biggest business tragedy.

WHEN YOUR JOB CAN'T PAY more, fire yourself.

QUALITY SALESMEN ARE MADE by interrupted prosperity. If your competitor is doing good work, don't let fear enter your heart: find out how he does it.

Hiram Abrams

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(Continued on page 28)
FEAR
The Reason a Soldier's Hair Is Hard to Comb in Battle

By M. CLIFFORD BROOKS

If you have never had any bad moments in service, you may not be interested in the experiences of Stotler and Plump. You may not understand them.

What is the worst scare of your war experiences? Everybody knows that every man who went under heavy fire was more or less scared. Otherwise it might not be particularly creditable to have stood up under the trying ordeal.

The WEEKLY offers three prizes for scare stories—$25, $15, and $10—and will pay rates for others accepted. No manuscripts over five hundred words will be accepted. Write on one side of the paper and give your former organization. All manuscripts must be mailed February 15, 1920. No manuscripts will be returned. Address Scare Contest Editor.

A big German, about seven feet tall, popped up right under me

BEEN SCARED?

THERE had been quiet for some time; each seemed to be wholly interested in his own thoughts. The cigarette ends glowed fitfully in the semi-dusk. It was a strange crowd of men that gathered in that little barrack room. They were from half a dozen different vocations and from half a dozen different states. These men had never seen each other before the school started, yet now they were the firmest of friends.

A man makes his likes and dislikes very quickly in the army, and first impressions are generally lasting.

It was the last week of an officers' training school, but owing to the armistice, no commissions were to be awarded. The successful ones were to get a certificate of ability; then a seven-day leave, possibly to Nice, and then—where?

Most of the men wanted to get back to their divisions, and this was a very reasonable desire. These men had fought with their own outfits, and it was quite natural that they should want to be with them when the time came to return to the States. Practically every division in the A. E. F. was represented at this school. Had there been light enough, one might have seen the various divisional insignia on the left shoulders of the blouses hung about the room. There was the big red Keystone of the Twenty-eighth, the Wildcat representing the Eighty-first, the Ohio Buckeye, the Rainbow and others. We were all from the so-called fighting divisions; a mixture of the National Army, the National Guard, and the Regular Army. There was no more of the old hard feeling. That had all been wiped out by the knowledge that the other fellow had been there and had made good. We all wore the same uniform, and as we would have expressed it, we all hailed from "God's Country." Lesser matters were forgotten.

We were discussing the old days before the armistice. We had all been on the front. We fell to talking about fear.

"Now there's Flynn," remarked Deal, with his slow southern drawl. "There's Flynn, probably the only man in the A. E. F. who never was scared."

"I'll never say that," remarked the big Irishman from Tennessee, almost reverently. "Boys, I'll never say that. I was in a perpetual fright from the time I would go into the line until we were relieved. I defy anyone who has really gone through it to say that he was never scared up there. Every one gets it at times."

The group agreed with him.

"Fear is a peculiar thing," the student of the bunch remarked. Sutherland wags his mule—a quiet chump, who could amuse himself anywhere provided he had something to read. "What will frighten one man will not even faze another. Yet we all have our weak spot, for you all say you have experienced fear. But I'll bet there were no two men in this room frightened at the same time."

Stotler, a short, stockily built man from Illinois, protested. "I don't see why you should say we have weak spots. Fear is not cowardice."

"I grant you that," Sutherland replied, "but by weak spot I mean some part of you that is specially vulnerable to fear. It's no reflection on anyone. As I said before, we all have them. McCrossen, what particular phase of warfare was it that affected you the most?"

"The whine of the big boys coming over," Irish replied without hesitation. "B-r-r. When Jerry would start shelling I would start shaking."

"And you, Parker?" Sutherland pursued.

"AEROPLANES," the big sergeant answered. "They used to get my goat. They would come flying down a trench so low that you could nearly touch them. You couldn't fire at them, or the pilot would rake the trench with his machine gun. They used to make me feel so damned helpless."

"How about you?" Sutherland pointed to Deal.

"Waiting to go over the top," the Southerner answered. "Just having to lie there and watch the seconds go by. That used to set my teeth on edge."

"Anyone else?" asked Sutherland, looking around the room. "Then to a stout youth in the corner, "How about you, Plump? You haven't said a word all evening. What scared you the most?"

"Petrols," Plump answered so serious and solemn that everyone laughed.

The boys all liked Plump, yet they did not fully understand him. His name was Prescott. He stood about five feet four and was built on the general lines of a rubber ball. Like most stout men, he was good-natured and care-free, with a ready smile for everyone. But he had one marked peculiarity. He refused to see anything but the serious side of any topic of the war. When discussing any phase of warfare his chubby face would be as solemn as an owl's.

The boys could not understand that, for they figured that at times this sense of humor was all that kept them up. They would try and laugh away their anxiety and worry when in a particularly difficult sector of the front line. Not so with Plump. War was always war with him and nothing to smile over.

When the mirth had died away, Sutherland pressed his point. "You see how it is, something different from each of you. With me it was the sound of a popping Jerry machine gun. I'd like to get hold of an encyclopedia or ask some authority or do something to get
an idea of what fear really is and what causes it.”

“Leave it to Sutherland to hunt for the scientific side of it,” McCrosken said with a grin. “Why don’t you forget books and drill? You’ll die with a book in your hand.”

Things were quiet for a while, as these new thoughts were being turned over in their various minds.

Then Flynn, or Noisy, as he was called, broke the silence. “Well, these are what I would term general scares. If I understood you fellows rightly, you were scared every time that particular thing occurred, not once, but many times. Now outside of that one thing that got you fellows regularly, was there any one thing else that made you nervous or fearful? I have to think long and hard before he broke and ran. The boys seemed to go stark, raving mad. They saw red. I guess I was as bad as the rest of them. I came to myself away off, alone, in pursuit of one badly frightened German. What really woke me up was a machine-gun bullet through the fleshy part of my upper left arm, luckily nothing serious. I started back with the intention of trying to assemble what was left of my scattered platoon. I could see the boys all over the field in wild confusion, shooting in every direction. In spite of what we had just gone through, I started to laugh. I was half hysterical, I guess. Lack of sleep and the strain of nearly three weeks fighting are bound to tell on a man. But I pulled myself together, and, having located some of the platoon, I was heading towards them.”

“All right; get it off your chest.”

STOTLER got his pipe drawing well and began:

“This was during the drive from Chateau Thierry to the Aisne. We had been following Jerry pretty close, entirely too close to suit me, and he kept dropping back and we kept pushing forward, fighting against a rear-guard action all the way. Finally we hit a little town called Valette. We were held up there for a while, but one night Jerry—Jerry got another one. Next morning we followed him up and moved forward about three kilometers without meeting any opposition at all. Then suddenly we were stopped. We had climbed a heavily wooded hill and at the top was a stretch of tabeland sloping gradually upward for about two kilometers. At the top Jerry had a string of machine-gun emplacements. There was not a sign of cover the whole distance, so we dug in and waited orders. On the other side, according to our maps, the land sloped down and the next city was the famous Aisne Plateau. We were for two days and three nights taking everything he sent over, shrapnel, high explosives, gas and machine-gun bullets. The morning of the third day we took the place and there was no fight. I didn’t like it. A daylight attack with conditions like we had there did not appeal to me. Well, over we went, in columns of half-platoons with the men at a five-foot interval and about thirty meters between columns. Jerry opened up with a withering barrage, all the time the machine guns were popping, and we could hear the nasty buzz and drone of the bullets.”

Stotler’s face had been grave, but by the lamp light we could see now that it had changed. He wore a look of mingled sadness and pride, and his voice was suspiciously husky.

“On off one side you would see a shell explode right in the middle of a column and raise a huge spout of dirt. In a few seconds that brave little line would come plodding out of the dust, with这首 song, big guns in the ranks, but still stubbornly going forward. We left sixty per cent. of our boys on that field behind us.”

“Jerry never expected us to get there. No other bunch of men in the world would have reached there. We were in a long line of columns with a big machine gun in the ranks before he broke and ran. The boys seemed to go stark, raving mad. They saw red. I guess I was as bad as the rest of them. I came to myself away off, alone, in pursuit of one badly frightened German. What really woke me up was a machine-gun bullet through the fleshy part of my upper left arm, luckily nothing serious. I started back with the intention of trying to assemble what was left of my scattered platoon. I could see the boys all over the field in wild confusion, shooting in every direction. In spite of what we had just gone through, I started to laugh. I was half hysterical, I guess. Lack of sleep and the strain of nearly three weeks fighting are bound to tell on a man. But I pulled myself together, and, having located some of the platoon, I was heading towards them.”

“`I WAS jumping over numerous little trenches about two feet wide, where the Germans had their guns placed. In some of them lay the battered and broken machine guns, and in some cases their crews were scattered around them, crews which would never fire another shot in this world."

``I came to one little trench and did not bother to jump. I stepped over, or, I should say, I started to step over. Now give my position. I had one foot on each side of this trench. I was straddling it and just ready to step over and be on my way. But I never stepped. A big German, about seven feet tall, popped up right under me. I was practically sitting on his head. If he had had a spiked helmet on, he would have punctured me. Automatically I jumped back and we stood there staring at each other."

``I was paralyzed, actually frightened stiff. That Jerry had the most frightful look you ever saw. I wanted to see again. His face was chalk white, and streaked with blood from a cut in his head. I had been walking with my pistol in my hand but I forgot all about it. I just continued to stare. And then the German spat. There was not two more, one on each side of the first."

``I looked back on that now and laugh, for I must have cut a pretty figure; but at the time I thought it was all over but the shouting. If one of them had made a move toward me, I honestly believe that I would have died of fright on the spot. I wanted to run, but I knew that my knees would not support me. Now mind, all this did not take more than a few seconds, but I lived an age in that short time. Then in perfect time, as if they had been drilled in it, up went those six hands high above their heads, and the middle one opened his mouth and bellowed:"

``I know now that he was more scared than I was, if such a thing was possible; and all the time his eyes were on that automatic pistol. I was so astonished I could only gape at them and I’ll wager that dirty jaw was hanging like the tail of a kite.”

``Then I came to life and I got them out of the trench with their hands still up. A machine gun lay down where they were and it looked in good condition, so I made them heave it up on their shoulders. The big fellow turned out to be an officer, and they for even a rag of cloth thrown him. I had my arm tied up. It was only a scratch, but I was nearly a nervous wreck from the scare I had received. Got a match, anyone?”

``DID tell the company exactly what happened?” Flynn wanted to know.

``Oh yes; I forgot to tell you. We were working with the French at the time, and they wanted to recommend me for a Croix de Guerre; but that was nonsense. But that was my fellow, that was the man. I told the tale to the captain. He nearly had a fit and of course had to go and pass it along. Next time I’ll take all I get and keep my mouth shut.”

``At last,” quoted Sutherland, “we have found an honest man.”

``It was just a case of who surrendered first,” Parker laughed.

``Well, I can’t say as I blame him much. I would have been as frightened as he was, in the same circumstances,” Plump defended slowly and thoughtfully.

``We never thought. When I think I think I was as frightened as Stotler was.”

``Let’s hear about it.” The whole bunch insisted, for, once started, Plump could spin a good yarn.

``Nothing doing. You birds would find something to laugh at, and there is nothing funny. I’m Plump added in such a tragic voice that their curiosity was only whetted the more. After much coaxing he was persuaded to start, but he talked slowly as though unwillingly recalling painful memories.

``Experience like Stotler’s,” he said, “looking up the Vesle River. We had been dug in in Death Valley for about a week when orders came in that we were to take up a sector right back of Fismes-Pismette on the Vesle. A town on either side of the river. We were on the right side. The Germans were on the left. No one occupied either town in the day-time for the artillery from both sides had left the two towns a mass of wreckage. But at night the Germans would bring their machine guns down to the river’s edge and keep up an irritating fire all night. Now the powers that be had an idea that the Germans were going to drop back from that position; our

(Continued on page 27)
Helgoland, the Fallen Gibraltar

THE sight-seer, much more the camera-man, had always been barred by Germany from the secrets of Helgoland, the island which was her greatest fortress. These are the first pictures taken after the Allies began dismantling its defenses under the terms of the peace treaty. This “Gibraltar of the North Sea” had been a thorn in the side of Britain ever since she sold the island to Germany.

The concrete breakwater built off Helgoland, the fortified island which was one of the most important submarine bases of Germany while trying to destroy British mastery of the seas.

Naval gun mounting, which formed part of the defenses.

Heavily armored gun positions which were constructed to withstand bombardment by the most powerful guns.

Howitzer cupola. The men who are dismantling the works are cutting the heavy armor with oxy-hydrogen flame so as to scrap the steel.

Barracks Street on Helgoland. This picture illustrates how the streets were wired to hamper any British landing. The Germans may maintain a garrison on their island but are forever barred from making it a fortress.
The Government

Congress and War Risk Insurance when American Legion

By MARCUS D'OILIER

The Government in obedience to the dictates of the Minneapolis convention, the American Legion's first blow has been struck for the relief of wounded and disabled veterans, and the dependents of those who gave their lives in the service. At the same time specific measures were taken in behalf of all ex-service men and women, who almost universally have suffered disappointment from the manner in which their affairs have been administered in connection with the War Risk Insurance Bureau.

To these ends a three-day-and-night conference of department commanders of the Legion or their representatives, with officials of the War Risk Bureau, the Federal Board for Vocational Education, the Public Health Service, and members of both houses of Congress, which closed in Washington on December 17, fairly bristled with results.

Sweeping legislative recommendations were made, demanding the extension and enlargement of benefits to disabled men, the liberalization of the government insurance policy and the readjustment and simplification of the federal machinery by which these enterprises are carried out. These recommendations were so specific in character and so firmly reinforced by facts that it would be difficult for Congress to sidestep the issues raised if it desired to do so. The Legion delegates carried their fight to the capitol and by direct, personal appeal to the senators and representatives drove home their message with a force the like of which seldom invades the national legislative halls.

In all its acts the conference was bound by the resolutions adopted at the Minneapolis convention. The cooperation of the Legion, with each state headquarters as a clearing-house for the activities within its territorial jurisdiction, was pledged the congressmen and the heads of the government bureaus.

The thought of the conference is summed up concisely in these words of Franklin D'Olier, National Commander, who presided at the sessions:

"The principle upon which the legislation establishing the Bureau of War Risk Insurance and the Federal Board for Vocational Education was enacted is sound, but the existing legislation and regulations are both unjust and inadequate. It will be unfortunate if the feeling on the part of Members of Congress created by past and present inefficiency of government bureaus affecting the welfare of ex-service individuals is permitted to stand in the way of immediate legislation to correct the situation. Unless such legislation is enacted promptly, it will be impossible for ex-service men to get the consideration they deserve at the hands of the government."

It was the conviction of the conference that government life insurance is the cheapest and the best that money can buy, and ex-service men who, because of the past errors of the bureau, or for other reasons, have abandoned their insurance, will make a serious mistake if they do not become reinstated. Renewal of lapse policies and the conversion of term insurance (the kind you carried during the war) into permanent policies issued by the government progresses slowly. Of the total war insurance issued, the War Risk director said, seventy-two per cent is still ineffective through lapse.

The broadest action of the conference was its recommendation for the unification of the War Risk Insurance Bureau, the Federal Board for Vocational Education and the Public Health Service under one cabinet officer. These are the three great bureaus which attend to the affairs of ex-service men. It was the conviction of the conference that the coordination of effort effected by such a merger would realize greater efficiency and less duplication of effort, at a considerable saving of the public's money. The Legion legislative committee will make an aggressive fight for this recommendation, and early indications inspire the hope of success. The conference was a unit in opposing the plan of Senator Smoot, of Utah, who would dismember the War Risk Bureau and parcel out its functions among existing government departments.

The principal results achieved at the conference may be epitomized as follows:

1. WAR RISK:

   1. To bring the bureau closer to the people it was created to serve it was recommended that forty-nine or more regional offices be set up, at least one in each state and in the District of Columbia. Broad powers should be given these outlying offices, and decentralization of the bureau from Washington effected as far as possible. Effective cooperation between these regional offices and the state war risk officers of the Legion was promised. This recommendation will be offered as an amendment to the Wasson Bill, now in committee in the House.

   2. Further amendment to the Wasson Bill was suggested in order that premiums may be remitted through any post office, rural delivery carrier or star route mail carrier, and that the same agencies may be utilized for the reinstatement of lapsed insurance. With these changes the bill was endorsed.

   3. The Sweet Bill, while not granting all the conference believed was due the veteran, was endorsed in order to hasten its passage. It doubles the compensation to disabled and adds decidedly attractive features to the government insurance, and is all right generally as far as it goes, and inasmuch as the bill had been approved by the Senate Finance Committee and was ready for the floor, it was decided not to delay it by tackling on amendments. The Sweet Bill passed the Senate two days after the conference closed. The additional recommendations will be brought forward in the form of amendments to the Wasson Bill or in new legislation.
Answers First Call
Risk Bureau Fall in
on Sounds Reveille
MS JAMES

4. Strong representations were made in favor of paying beneficiaries the awards of term as well as converted insurance either in lump sum or in installments extending not over three years. The Sweet Bill takes care of converted insurance in this regard. It was declared that unless this change was made the War Risk Bureau "might as well close up and go out of business," to use the words of Delegate McGuire, of Nebraska. Senator Smoot was the most powerful opponent to this plan.

5. It was urged that permanently partially disabled men should be paid a percentage of their insurance, according to the disability. It was also recommended that the director of War Risk be empowered to refund to such disabled men all premiums they have paid in, thus providing them with a paid-up policy.

6. Increase of compensation for temporary total disability, Efforts will be made to insert this increase into the Wasson Bill. The following tabulation shows the monthly awards under the original law, under the Sweet Bill, and the proposed increase:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Family status</th>
<th>Original</th>
<th>Sweet</th>
<th>Legion</th>
<th>Law</th>
<th>Bill</th>
<th>request</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bachelor</td>
<td>$80</td>
<td>$80</td>
<td>$80</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With wife</td>
<td>85</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>95</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wife and one child</td>
<td>85</td>
<td>95</td>
<td>105</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wife and two or more children</td>
<td>65</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>112 50</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For each child above two</td>
<td>65</td>
<td>95</td>
<td>85</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No wife, one child</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>85</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No wife, two children</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>95</td>
<td>95</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No wife, three children</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>100</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No wife, four children</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>105</td>
<td>110</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For each child above four</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>105</td>
<td>110</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

7. Where the disability is total and permanent the rate of compensation will be $100 a month, with additional sums to dependents as given above.

8. Tuberculous patients shall be assumed to be totally disabled during the

7. Where the disability is total and permanent the rate of compensation will be $100 a month, with additional sums to dependents as given above.

8. Tuberculosis patients shall be assumed to be totally disabled during the

continuance of the disease, and compensated accordingly.
9. To prevent the exploitation of the insane by officers of asylums and hospitals, responsibility for the care of such men should be placed upon the director of War Risk.
10. To insure a continuance of benefits to the children of deceased ex-service men, it was recommended that in event of a widow remarrying, the $25 paid her monthly before her remarriage shall be distributed among the children of her ex-service husband.

II. VOCATIONAL EDUCATION.

FACTS placed before the conference in executive session, chiefly by C. W. Wickersham, of New York, indicate that the Federal Board still remains in competition of its vital duty towards the nation's disabled. Improvement has been made, especially since October 1, but the situation revealed little that the conference could commend. The law under which the board functions is adequate. The recommendations offered by the conference committee which considered the subject deal exclusively with the internal administration of the board, on which three cabinet members have seats. The committee demanded that these reforms be put into "full and immediate effect":

1. That Section 3 of the Vocational Rehabilitation Act shall be interpreted for, rather than against, the crippled man, and that all men in training shall receive the maintenance pay allowed by law, in full. The board at present denies maintenance pay to men possessing "minor handicaps," according to its own rating, thus rendering it impossible for thousands to enjoy the training the government intended they should have.
2. That immediate steps be taken by the board to seek out and place in training all who are entitled to it. Thousands of men having become disheartened and disillusioned as a result of the board's delays have returned to their homes, and only personal solicitation can induce them to renew relations with the board. In this enterprise the Legion will cooperate.
3. That agents of the board be stationed at every hospital to give personal individual information of a definite character to the disabled men before they are discharged. This is aimed to enable the disabled man to go direct from the hospital into training, thus eliminating the long delay to which men have been subjected in the past.
4. That "an attitude of personal interest, kindness and liberality be adopted by officials and employees charged with the administration of training, and as a means to this end, preference be given to disabled men. No employee who fails to grasp the spirit of the disabled man shall be continued in the service." This recommendation is aimed at making the name of the man in charge of the provost marshal known in every city, which has been a source of much criticism of the board, in the New York and other districts.
5. That the board be further decentralized by enabling branch offices to act on all applications and place the men in training.
6. That recreational features be added to the training program.

III. PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE.
1. Hospital facilities were declared to be inadequate and Congress was urged to make "far more liberal provision" for the care of sick and disabled men in need of hospital treatment.

IV. GENERAL.
1. Arthur Woods, of New York, former police commissioner under the Mitchell administration, was presented to the conference as the chairman of the National Americanization Commission of The American Legion, the creation of which was ordered by the Minneapolis convention. Mr. Woods's reorganization of the New York police force, during which time he transformed it from a graft-ridden football of politicians into the most efficient law-enforcing body in any city in the world, made him a

(Continued on page 22)
BURSTS and DUDS

The homeward bound doughboy was complaining sadly at the slowness of the ship, and the grizzled old top sought to cheer him up a bit.

"Cheer up, buddy," he said as the ship started up the near side of a huge green wave, "we'll make good time as soon as we get over this hill."

O'Hara stood surveying the body of his friend, lying in state. Then he began to smile.

"What is there funny about it?" demanded an outraged friend.

"Twas only last week as Clancy was saying to me how there ain't no heaven an' no purgatory. An' here he lies now, poor divil, all dressed up an' no place to go."

Apparently poverty-stricken, save for the blushing bride at his elbow, the newly made groom asked the magistrate the charges for having tied the nuptial knot. The judge, regarding him with sympathy and compassion, said, "Two dollars and a half, friend.

The swain extracted a roll that would have taxed the contractile muscles of a mule's throat. The eyes of the judge bulged, but he thought quickly, and added the single word, 'Each.'

"When do you think the world will come to an end?"

"Well, if my usual run of luck holds, it will end the minute I hold four aces in a poker game."

Employer: "Have you drunk anything since the first of July?"

Applicant: "No, sir, not a drop."

Employer: "Then you won't do. I want a man who can surmount obstacles."

-Judge.

"Mommer," shrieked the little boy, surveying the toy train in operation, "it's faster than hell, ain't it?"

"Willie!" exclaimed the mother, "how many times do I have to tell you not to use that word 'ain't'?"

Ethelbert: "Who was that new girl I saw you with last night?"

Jack: "That wasn't a new girl. That was my old girl painted over."

The American Legion Weekly will use jokes and pay for those that are acceptable. For the best received before Friday each week, not exceeding fifty words, five dollars will be paid; for the second best, three dollars; for all jokes accepted, one dollar. Manuscripts will not be returned. This offer is limited to those eligible to membership in the Legion.


A soldier recovered consciousness and asked:

"Nurse, what's this on my head?"

"Vinegar clothes," she replied; "you have had a fever."

"What's the thing on my chest?"

"That's a mustard plaster to get rid of the cold in your lungs."

"And you've got something on my feet, too?"

"Yes, salt bags. Your feet were frost bitten."

"Saw," broke in another soldier, "hang the pepper box to his nose and he'll be a crust."

Gruff Policeman: "Now then, man, move on. Ye've been hanging around here long enough."

Seedy Individual: "Thank you most kindly, officer. I've been waiting here for three hours for my wife to come out of that millinery shop."

A sailor was swept off the deck of a cargo ship.

"Throw him a buoy!"] yelled the O. D., as he leaped to bring the ship to. After stopping the engines and swinging the vessel around, he noticed two men swimming in the water.

"What's the idea? Another one over?" he exclaimed.

"No, sir," answered the new mess boy, "only I couldn't find a boy to throw him, so I chucked over an old man."

"Wife ever get an economical streak?"

"She does. Only this summer she figured out she could save eight dollars in one week by doing her own housework."

"How did it work out?"

"She got a cook book, I got dyspepsia, and the doctor got the eight dollars."—Boston Transcript.

"Why won't you get out and hustle? Hard work never killed anyone."

"That's where you're wrong, boss. It was hard work killed my last four wives."

"Do you take exercise after your bath in the morning?"

"Yes, I generally step on the soap as I get out."
Rolling the Bones

It's 'leven o'clock or twelve o'clock and thru' the barracks roarin'
Like droves of over-fattened hogs me mates are loudly snorin'.
But sleep and I are on the outs, where'er I hear 'em callin';
It's in me blood, it must come out, there ain't no use a-stallin'.

I slips me bloomin' breeches on and takes a bit o' candle,
And creeps up to me bunkie—he's an easy one to handle.
I tickles him behind the ears and pokes him in the tummy,
Until he does a flop-about and growls, "You blank-blank rummy."

And then I whispers, "Roll yer five!" and reaches for the dices,
And rattles 'em about his ears—one shake of 'em suffices.
He's wide awake and by me side and ready for the battle;
No sporting blood can fake a sleep and hear them bones to rattle.

We sets the candle on the floor, and then we goes to rollin'.
What music could be half as sweet, what curses more consolin'? And now we cusses out our luck and damns a few it may be,
But mostly we are pleadin' like a mother to her baby.

It's "Darling Phoebe, come to me!" and "Papa needs you, dearie."
And "Little Joe, I'm callin' you. O Joey, don't you hear me?"
It's "Rabbit tracks, two rows of 'em!" and "Ninety days I'm after!"
And so we spices up the game with curses and with laughter.

Until we stirs the sportin' blood of others who are sleepin.'
The same old gang is sure to come in underwear a-creepin'.
And some of us will lose the francs, and some of us will win 'em,
For some of us will sure be skinned and some of us will skin 'em.

Oh, how I loves to hear those bones go rollin' and the chatter!
The callin' of the ivory is a most important matter—It's "Natural, be good to me!" and "Big Dick, on the level, I needs you." And it's "Joey Boy, you dancin' little devil!"

Oh, what's the use of preachin' us the Army Regulations, When "Shootin' Craps" is naturally a soldier's recreation; And roll the bones we surely will, no matter what the warnin'. We'll rise at night by candle-light and roll 'em until mornin'.

John M. Martin.
The Government Answers First Call

(Continued from page 19)

national figure. In January the com-
mission will be formally launched and its
national wide program announced.

2. The reorganization of the Vet-
erns of Foreign Wars will be
the subject of a hearing before
the Legion's national legislative
committee, according to a repre-
sentative of the VFW, Mr. Cholmeley-
Jones. In taking this step he set a precedent
which was regarded with alarm in some quarters
by the First National Legion, which is under
the supervision of a man who knows the inside story:

"When Jones told me he was going to
bring the Legion leaders here to help him
straighten out some of the kinks in his
bureau, I threw up my hands. 'Don't do
it,' I said. 'The Legion has been too
critical. Its members have suffered so
much from the shortcomings of the
War Risk Insurance Bureau I'm afraid
you will find them unreasonable. They'll
pick the bureau to pieces, and nothing
will come of it but folly.'

"Well, I stand corrected. The Legion
is a constructive crowd. They have
glossed over any of the mistakes
that have been made, and they have
expressed themselves plainly. Their
criticism has been reasonable. The result
of the committee's efforts has been
helpful and constructive. I have seen
a lot of conferences, but never an outfit
that got down to business and kept
down to business and accomplished in three
short days—and I must add nights—as
much as this conference has done."

Mr. Cholmeley-Jones, who is an
ex-soldier and a member of the Legion,
expressed the same opinion as to the
results obtained. In the course of their inquiry
the delegates brought all the cards out
on the table. The director explained
where explanations were called for, and
made no altercations. His position was:
"We're still in a hole; won't you help
us out?" The conference saw the marked
improvement that has been made in the
almost hopelessly tangled state of the
bureau's affairs since Cholmeley-Jones
took charge.

That's about the story. It will
be months yet before the bureau is
entirely out of the woods, but progress is
being made. A good indication of the fact
that things are moving faster is that
while there were more than 300,000
requests for information last bureau
year, in the middle of October, there were
about half that number during the conference,
and the figure is rapidly dwindling.

THE National Legislative Committee
of the Legion, in its report drew very
satisfactory conclusions from the work of
the meeting. The Legislative Committee
was represented at all sessions by its
chairman, Thomas W. Miller, of Dela-
ware, and by John Thomas Taylor, of
the District of Columbia. It is the
burden of this committee to present the
sentiments of the conference in concrete
form to Congress and keep hammering
away on that body until they are enacted
into laws.

Another gratifying feature is that
Congress seems to have heard and
received the conclusions of the
Legislative Committee shows signs of
falling in for roll-call on important
legislative matters affecting former service
people. That august body certainly
underwent a marked change of attitude
during the three days the Legion people
came to town from back home where
the voters live. Monday, the day the
conference opened, found the congress-
mens room at the Washington hotel
apathetic, exactly, but "engrossed in
other matters" when a Legionnaire
would approach one of them. There
was the League of Nations, the Railroad
Bill and lots of things that demanded
the Congressman's attention. The men's
legislation, they "deeply regretted," would
have to wait a little while.

On Tuesday morning the conference
knocked off the session at 10 o'clock
and the delegates climbed the Hill
in a body. In the capitol and the Senate
and House office buildings they deployed,
and each delegate advanced straight on the
P.O. of the senators and representatives
from his particular state. That night
some of the leading members of both
groups gave a dinner to the delegates
at a later sponsor's restaurant in the capitol.
The delegates brought along a couple of
squads of wounded officers and men from
Walter Reed Hospital.

Result: The next day a particularly
influential senator, and a man who has
opposed steadfastly some items in the
Legion program, was signed up with National Commander D'Olier.
The talk, of course, was confidential, but it
may be said that the National Com-
mander didn't look like a disappointed
man when he left the senator's chambers
an hour later. Tuesday evening the Sweet
Bill passed the Senate.

Before the Legion men got on the job
the most optimistic members of Congress,
even Mr. Sweet himself, the author of the
bill, seemed scarcely to hope the bill
would reach the Senate floor before the
holiday adjournment.

H. H. Raege, of Alabama, a member
of the Legislative Committee, and
who came out of the Argonne with one leg
less than he went in with, brought along
the wounded men from the Walter Reed
Hospital to the congressmen's party.
Some of the disabled men had been brought
back from the Argonne to the hospital in
Colonia, N. J. Chairman Miller, of the Legislative Com-
mittee, in presenting the men in uniform,
said:

"These men are only twenty minutes
away from your capital and twenty
minutes away from your offices, Mr.
Cholmeley-Jones. Every man has
suffered, actually suffered, not only
from his wounds, but in his spirit, which is a
condition this great nation's government
in all its kindness ought to change."

CORPORAL J. E. BUTTE, 355th In-
fantry, stood on the only leg he has
left and told the congressmen that "the
moral of Walter Reed Hospital, where
1,600 wounded men are confined, is
lower than the morale of the German
army was, even when we had them
running."

Private A. T. Nelson, 339th Infantry,
North Russia Archangel Expedition,
who was wounded on March 4, nearly
four months after the armistice, depicted
(Continued on page 27)
The town of Bony stands near the center of the main defensive system in the tunnel sector of the Hindenburg line. It was there that the great attack of September 29 was launched in 1918, in which the 27th Division played a well-known part. Sixteen hundred and eighty men of that unit fell in the action, and their bodies were buried in the American cemetery near the town.

Major General John F. O’Ryan has just received from the mayor of Bony a letter, which expresses with typical French gracefulness the feeling of the village toward les Américains. The letter says in part: “I have the honor respectfully to inform you that on the anniversary of their deliverance by the 27th American Division the inhabitants of Bony went piously carrying the homage of their gratitude to the dead of the American cemetery and there deposited a garland wreath. We were reminded that these young heroic and superb men had sacrificed themselves in the defense of the oppressed of the world, and more particularly for our defense. We shall never forget what we owe the division of New York, for we can see anew shining above our ruins the sun of liberty, tradition and ideals.”

This General O’Ryan has answered, thanking the people of Bony for their gracious and kind action, and expressing the belief that America is content to leave her dead in the keeping of a people who so revere their memory and guard their sanctuary.

The average family expenditure for twenty-two staple articles increased five per cent from November, 1918, to November, 1919, according to reports received by the Department of Labor. For the six-year period from 1913 to 1919 the increase was eighty-four per cent. We need to be reminded ever so often.

The Cuban Senate has put its O. K. on the Treaty of Peace with Germany, adding one more nation to the list of those which are headed toward peace-time conditions.

Other diplomatic items carry the news that the House of Deputies and the Senate of Paraguay have adopted a resolution adhering to the plan of the League of Nations.

Having been on strike for four years, employees of a woolen cotton mill in Canada lately suddenly heard the fire alarm ring. Deciding instantly that the Canadian village was pursuing him and his cargo with fire engines, he put on full speed, ditched the car, and lost all the whiskey in the crash. Guilty is as guilty does.

In the midst of all the weighty affairs of nations a few people still have time to attend to the important things. A professor is suing a photographer for $100,000 because the photographer sold a picture of a monkey kissing a man and the professor says it was plain enough that he was the man. He does not, he says, make a rule of letting apes kiss him before a camera.

The House of Representatives had a light day just before Christmas. A bill was passed to reimburse the owner of a cow which had eaten sixty dollars worth of government dynamite and had died of poisoning; and a second bill was put through to reverse the decision of the government compensation commission and pay a laborer thirty-five dollars for a set of false teeth he lost in government service.

England have now gone back to work. They quit in October, 1915, and the plant has been idle ever since. How about the workers?

A man who was driving an automobile load of whiskey into this country from Chandra Bose, the Indian genius, has invented a machine called the crescograph, which magnifies so highly that with its aid one can easily see a plant grow. A sample machine has been shipped to Paris, where the Peace Commissioners are still looking for the road to normal times.

It has come to the attention of the American Legion Headquarters that the insignia and design of the Legion are being used by manufacturing concerns for commercial purposes.

Copyright, 1919. American Legion.

This is The American Legion insignia. It has been copyrighted by The American Legion.

The American Legion has the exclusive right to use this insignia and no one else can use it in picture, print or any other form without first obtaining the permission to do so from The American Legion Headquarters.

The insignia has been used as the design for the American Legion Emblem, and Letters Patent have been issued covering this design.

No one can manufacture, sell or offer to sell the Legion button or any article whatsoever, using this design, without securing express permission of American Legion Headquarters.

All violations or infringements of this copyright or patent are to be reported immediately to the National Legislative Committee,

Thomas W. Miller, Chairman, 532-536 Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.

Where are all the girls who were knitting socks for the soldiers last year? Darning them now, for the same parties?

A great man is international property. A Canadian paper, the Toronto Mail and Empire, carries on its daily editorial page this quotation, which will bear repeating at this particular time: “With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation’s wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace.”

Eventually the railroads will be disposed of one way or another. Capital will have its say, and labor will have its say, and the public will still have to ride on the trains.

For the first time since the formation of the industry the balance sheet of the Krupp works shows a loss for this year. The deficit amounts to a paltry 36,000,000 marks. Apparently it isn’t so profitable making locomotives as making shells.
Commander Read in the NC-4 got lost in a fog over the Gulf of Mexico recently. With the aid of his maps he picked out Great Lakes, fifty miles from New Orleans, as a good place to land. When he reached it he found that there had been no town there since the tidal wave of 1893. Is this the kind of map the Navy Department supplies to its best pilots?

Newspapers in St. Louis have been printed lately on light brown wrapping paper. This makes it just a little more natural to use them to wrap bundles in. Aristocratic friends won’t criticize you now for carrying a newspaper-wrapped package on the streets.

The yardstick, says a professor of the University of Chicago, is shorter if you hold it one way than if you hold it another, according to the new theory of gravity. It is shorter than ever if you let the butcher hold it when he measures frankfurters.

The average daily expenditure of the British Government from April 1 to November 30 was reduced to $3,000,000, as compared with more than $7,000,000 during the war. Soon we may expect to read a like announcement from Washington.

A fox ran through the Capitol grounds in Washington the other day, and Congress turned out to give chase. As a whole, the Senate, which is more experienced at chasing foxes, outdistanced the House, but it took a plain civilian on a motor cycle to catch the animal.

The Entente is going ahead in the Turkey affair without waiting for this country. They explain carefully, however, that they have no wish to bar the United States from a share in whatever is to be done in Turkey. "Women and children first," said the sailor when some of the passengers had to be thrown overboard.

"Thieves are rampant in Berlin now." The encouraging thing about this report is that before the war we were not so frank about what we called the rampant ones of Berlin.

More experts declare that the middlemen are the cause of high prices. There are too many of them between consumer and producer, and the experts urge us to abolish them. But even the experts don’t tell us just how to go about that desirable occupation.

When Admiral Sims turned down Secretary Baker’s award of a Distinguished Service Medal, he did more than merely refuse a decoration. He raised a question concerning the manner in which the Navy’s medals have been distributed that must not be glossed over and forgotten.

Only a few poor, say those who know, will be frozen by the cold weather this winter. Civilization is improving; as long as it is "only a few" there is nothing to worry about—nothing, except for the poor.

All the Allies, according to news from Europe, have agreed to keep their hands off the Russian situation. One would not imagine that to make this agreement took any great fortitude on the part of the Allies.

It is an expert who brings out the statement that there are fewer strikes in zero weather than when the temperature is going over the top. This discovery is good for a thousand words of discussion of the problem: Why do men prefer to work when it is cold and to loaf in the shade when it is hot? Which is to say that our industrial problem is solved if we can find a way to keep the weather always cold.

A feat never accomplished before in naval engineering was seen in the Brooklyn Navy Yard recently, when the dreadnought Pennsylvania was taken out of dry dock and the dreadnought Arizona placed in the docks, on one tide.

The Federal Board for Vocational Training is up against it. Many disabled soldiers undergoing vocational training have expressed a desire for a musical career, and whatever it has been possible to do has been granted, but some of those in training have made requests that would speedily bring ruin on the government if complied with. On the strength of authority vested in the board to furnish necessary instruments, one veteran has requested that he be furnished with a harp costing $1,200; another wants a grand piano at $1,400; a third has put in his requisition for a $250 violin. The board has found that the soldiers trained in music develop rather discriminating tastes.

A Briton says that the first submarine to cross the Atlantic Ocean was a British craft. It was, just barely. It was built in the Bethlehem yards in the United States, sold to Britain, and sent to Canada, whence it started on its trans-Atlantic trip.

Ten Americans of the Committee for Independence for Armenia have sent a telegram to the President asking that this country recognize Armenia. The undertone of their message indicated plainly that we must hurry up if we expect to find any Armenians in condition to be recognized.

Montauk Hill, in the Argonne, on which are hundreds of graves of Americans who fell in the battle in September, and October, 1918, may be made a historical monument by the French Government. The ruins of the village will be left in their present state.

Smokes must be scarce at times in Haiti, according to latest Marine Corps reports. During one tobacco shortage Marines offered as much as five dollars for a plug of tobacco or a package of cigarettes.

The American Legion post has blamed the students. The college boys passed the buck to town "roughnecks." But both the daily papers of Ithaca and The Cornell Daily Sun have absolved the Legion men from any disorder in connection with the recent riot occasioned by the appearance of Fritz Kreisler, violinist, in a university concert at Ithaca, N. Y. The American Legion post of Ithaca protested against permitting the violinist, still technically an Oberlinian, to play in Ithaca, but its members took no part in the "direct action" which nearly drove Kreisler from the stage in Bailey Hall.

WHAT THE LOCAL POSTS ARE DOING

NATIONAL Headquarters is now installed in the Meridian Life Building, Indianapolis, Ind. During the process of moving from New York it has been impossible to maintain close communication with all the departments, but in the future department heads will be informed promptly of activities at headquarters. To this end bulletins will be issued on all subjects of interest to departments in each department should devise means of transmitting to the several posts the news from headquarters.

Questions of policy as set forth in future bulletins will be based entirely upon the official action of the National Convention, as interpreted by the National Executive Committee through the National Commander.

Bulletins dealing with problems pertaining to the American Legion Weekly will be furnished the several departments direct by the editor of the Weekly. Bulletins containing information of important news value should be immediately transmitted to the newspapers in each department through the department publicity officer. To this end each department publicity officer should secure the names and addresses of newspapers which he finds willing and competent to handle our publicity. A copy of this list will be of great value to the Publicity Department at National Headquarters.

Ten million dollars has been promised by the state of Indiana, the Marion county government, the Park Board of Indianapolis and the Indianapolis city government to erect a war memorial building which is to be used as National Headquarters of the Legion, and which is to contain a war museum, a convention hall, and historical exhibits.

The National Executive Committee has decided that any member entering The American Legion at any period of the year be considered as entering for the entire year and the one dollar national dues is payable therefor.

Regarding the actions of the War Department in its handling of conscientious objectors, it has been resolved by the National Executive Committee that the unconditional release of such men as Allan S. Broms is to be sincerely deplored. The Department of Justice was urgently requested to investigate and review this particular case.

An official badge with distinctive ribbon will be worn by Legion members on appropriate occasions, according to action taken by the National Executive Committee. Necessary steps will be taken to have the War and Navy Departments adopt the wearing of this badge on the uniform. The design is now being selected.

Meetings every week and smokers every month help to keep the Kensington Post No. 68, in Philadelphia, popular with its members and friends. When this post goes out for members it invites them to attend a smoker first, to see how they like it; then it gives them a chance to sign up. They all do.

Elm Tree Post No. 88 of Philadelphia has chosen its name because it is located in the ward where stood the elm tree under which William Penn made his treaty with the Indians. The post meets on second and fourth Thursdays of each month at the G. A. R. Post Room, Eyer and East Girard Avenues.

The post at Wolf Point, Mont., on the Fort Peck Reservation, turns out the entire population for its dances, the last one of which netted the post over $400. The work is considerably aided by the clever drawings and catchy signs made by one of the members, Eddie Whitehead.

Mrs. Sidney Drew, the actress, presents Lieut. Comdr. Wells Hawks, U. S. N., Commander of the S. Rankin Drew Post of The American Legion, with the cross from the grave of her stepson, the late Sidney Rankin Drew, U. S. Air Service. The cross was made from the airplane in which Lieutenant Drew was shot down behind the German lines on May, 1918.

Army and Navy veterans formed two teams and raced for new members for the Clarence Harker Post No. 69, Reading, Ohio. Fifty new men were secured; the Navy got most of them, and the ex-sailors will be the guests at a Chow and entertainment in the near future.

Frederick and Irving S. Clair Post No. 37 of Philadelphia has inaugurated a drive to increase its membership to 1,000. This is one of the largest posts in the northern section of the city and has been growing rapidly since its organization six months ago.

There are now over 400 members in Richard L. Kitchens Post at Helena, Ark., the membership having been doubled in the recent drive. The new strength has emboldened the post to lay plans for a big clubhouse.

The last shipment of Yanks that came back from Siberia landed in San Francisco with this sign flying from their ship, the Sheridan: "Bolsheviks, Watch Out! We're Coming Home to Join The American Legion." These veterans are used to dealing with Russian Reds.

According to Neil Ellis, secretary of the post at Fresno, Cal., the post is growing at the rate of ten new members a day. By the present month the membership is just about 2,000, which, the post believes, is the largest in California, "considering the population of Fresno."

The San Francisco Legion is working hard to restore to a firm basis those service men who are "down on their luck." In the past month the headquarters at 685 Market Street has given direct relief to eighty men, helped 130 in difficulties with the Federal Board for Vocational Training, straightened out ninety-two Liberty Bond cases, aided sixty-one men to collect back pay, got 350 jobs for men, adjusted 117 allotments, and secured increased compensation for ninety-three.

David Prescott Barrows, who was elected a few months ago to the chairmanship of the California Department of the Legion, has been appointed president of the University of California. He served in the A. E. F. and has an unusual record of civil, military, and political service.

This matter of the largest post needs to be threshed out. A good claim is put in by St. Paul Post No. 8, which has paid to National Headquarters a per capita tax on 4,175 members and has since acquired 900 more, making a total of 5,075. This statement has added weight from the exactness of the figures; there is no "about 5,000" here.

Laurel, Nebr., is a small town of 1,000 population, but it has a strong Legion post in No. 54. There are seventy members, and all of them attend the two meetings each month. The town is going to build a hall for the post in the spring.

One of South Carolina's newest posts is Rodman Law Post, at the United States Public Health Hospital, Greenville, S. C. It is named after the famous aviator who died recently at that institution.

The first chapter of a woman's auxiliary in South Carolina is to be at Marion, where the women are enthusiastic over the prospect of getting their own organization back of the local posts.

South Carolina has two large college posts, one at the University of South Carolina and one at Clemson College. The first named was the second one to start in the south. Soon it is hoped that there will be a post in every college in the state.

Kern County, Cal., is up to the mark. Although the Legion there is only three months old, it boasts four strong posts: Frank S. Reynolds No. 26, with 560 members; Stanley Little No. 70, with 200 members; Fellows Post, with fifty mem-
bers, and Merle Reed No. 124, with 100 members. The Reynolds Post publishes a neat Bulletin of local news, the last number having had a circulation of 3,600. There are 3,676 veterans of all branches of the service in the county, and the posts say they will not rest till they have enrolled every man of them.

The athletic meet to be held under the auspices of the 106th Infantry Post of Brooklyn at the 23d Regiment Armory on January 24 will be of almost nation-wide scope. Entries have been received from many distant posts and from a large number of the best known professional and amateur athletes in the country. The events will include the 880-yard relay, 70-yard high hurdles, 220-yard sack race, 600-yard special race, with many starts entered, 100-yard dash, 300-yard dash, 880-yard run, two-mile bicycle race, two-mile run, two-mile walk; one and seven-eighths mile relay, open to A. A. U. clubs only; 100-yard dash, open to Brooklyn Guard units only, and 220-yard dash, open to the 106th Infantry only. Many handsome prizes will be awarded.

The Washington Post of Lancaster, N. Y., is not very old, but it has made history by its vigor. Proof of that statement is seen in the fact that the Enterprise, Lancaster's local paper, is publishing a series of articles on the post's activities, both past and present. With over 140 posts and 15,000 members the Nebraska Legion is fast becoming a power in the state. It is estimated by Nebraska headquarters that over 20,000 service men will enroll in the coming year. Many women's auxiliaries will shortly be formed.

Here is a note from the Burnstad (N. D.) Comet: "J. B. Webb, who teaches school six miles north of Burnstad and who is also a member of Harry Hardy Post, walks in to attend every meeting and after the session is over walks home again, making a round trip of twelve miles. He is of the caliber of men that make the Legion the wonderful organization that it is."

Football is still being played on the west coast. The team of the Fresno, Cal., Post took the measure of the Selma Tigers recently, 14 to 6.

Posts are keeping an eye on the affairs of their own communities and of the country at large. Here are some of the latest resolutions passed by posts:

Silver Bow Post No. 1, Butte, Mont., asks the Supreme Court of the state to reconsider the issuance of a lawyer's license to an alleged slacker and perjurer.

Empire Post No. 250, New York, believes that the most fitting memorial to the veterans would be a well-equipped club house on Pershing Square, New York City. The same post expresses the belief that it is full time that the political parties of the country cease to make the Treaty of Peace a political football, that they compose their differences, unite in a workable treaty and ratify it at once.

The Empire Post, New York, also has adopted a resolution to the effect that the post offer its aid to the authorities for the suppression of all disorder and disloyalty and asks the National Headquarters of the Legion to censure any post or individual violating the law in any instance of riot or mob attack on radical meetings.

Joseph M. Lane Post No. 136, Locot, N. J., aligns itself with the government and the forces of law and order for the abolition of all disloyal and anarchistic elements.

Glenside Post No. 248, Glenside, Pa., urges an end to the policy of watchful waiting with regard to Mexico and the adoption of a policy that will bring order in that chaotic country.

The Executive Committee of California demands a state constitutional to combat anarchism and I. W. Wism." Freedom Post No. 183, Pemberville, Ohio, is opposed to the formation of any post that restricts its membership to any class or profession.

The Daily Post, Butte (Mont.) newspaper, gives one column a day to the Legion under the caption, "News of Interest to Former Service Men."

The tallest man in the Legion is claimed by the Anaconda (Mont.) Post. He is said to be Gunner Quist, of the A. E. F., who stands six feet six and one-half inches in his stocking feet. Can any other post beat this?

By means of a circular letter sent to all service men in the vicinity, Lynchburg (Va.) Post is rapidly adding to its present membership of 450. Recruiting for the Legion is turning out to be a simple matter.

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Fear

(Returned from page 16)

company was picked to furnish a patrol to cross the Vele that night and secure prisoners for the purpose of obtaining information. I was a corporal, and, like everyone else, was anxious to go. Little did I know what I was running into.

"The plan was this. The patrol was to keep down to the bridge and wait there for our barrage. After a fifteen-minute barrage we were to cross. The idea of the barrage was to drive them away from their machine-gun emplacements back into their deeper dugouts. Then we were to cross, get a few prisoners as they came back, and then start back towards our lines. Our instructions were: first, to make absolutely no noise; second, to keep connected with the man in front; third, not to fire a shot unless absolutely necessary; and last but not least, in case of night lights, flares and Very lights, to drop or else remain perfectly still.

"We started. Everything went fine. The barrage came on time, and we started on the bridge, or rather what had been a bridge. The middle span had been hit by a large shell and utterly demolished. And now all that remained was a single plank about four inches wide, that spanned a space of about fifteen feet. And you can imagine how that bent and sagged when a man was upon it. I was the last man with the planks, and I started out all right. Then I carried my rifle in one hand and a pistol in the other. As I approached the middle of that plank it bent until it nearly touched the water. The stream was flowing swiftly and it made me dizzy. I was just about to take another step when a Very light went up. Everything stood out like day. Here I was in a great white light trying to get my balance on a four-inch plank with a rifle in one hand and a pistol in the other. I was swaying back and forth, and right under me was the river looking fathomless deep and I couldn't swim. Follows, try to picture me."" Poor Irish exploded, "Good Lord, that's what I have been doing." That started it. It had to come out. The idea of the round copulancy of our Plump striving to balance himself on a narrow plank with both arms waving and one foot in the air was too much. They laughed till their sides ached. The only man with a straight face was Plump.

"I knew you would laugh," he said, "but it wasn't funny. The water was what scared me more than the machine guns. If I could have moved, I would have been all right, but I had to stand still till that light went down. My teeth were chattering, and I was quivering all over. Then my knees began to tremble.

"The light finally went down and I got back where I started from. I laid down in the wreckage-littered street and I could not move for ten minutes."

He leaped off into silence and started to undress for bed. No one said a word. He got in bed and blew out his candle.

"Finally he said, 'Imagination must have a good deal to do with fear.'" "Why?" Sutherland asked.

"Well, about a month after that I was passing through there again. The line was miles away by this time, and the engineers had built a big new bridge across. I was standing about the place where I had my misfortune that night and I thought I would see how deep the water was, with a long pole that was lying there."

"Go on," Irish said impatiently.

"The water was little over two feet deep," Plump replied sadly, as he folded a shirt to make a higher pillow.

As the laughter died away, the night air carried to them the last, clear notes of taps.
Government Answers First Call

(Continued from page 22)

the sufferings of the men on the Arctic front. He pleaded for a percentage of insurance disability award for men in the hospital.

Private Aaron Levy, 30th Infantry, who will be in the hospital six or eight months or more, had to be down with typhus fever every day, trying to support his wife on government pay. After allotment and insurance deductions have been made, Levy draws $6.50 a month.

Sergeant Thomas P. Matthews, 301st Tank Battalion, who quit high school to enlist at the age of 16, and Private Alvin Becker, 112th Machine Gun Battalion, related the injustices to soldiers by the Federal Board or Vocational Training.

Lieutenant James G. Graham, 110th Infantry, pointed out the unfairness of the rule which retires disabled Regular officers on three-fifths pay and com-

penses temporary officers on a basis of $30 a month for total disability. He cited a few striking cases.

A first lieutenant with twenty years service, who was wounded in action and left a wife and four children and who earned $4,000 a year before the war, disabled from wounds, was allowed a portion of $30 a month. A provisional lieutenant of the Regular Army, under twenty-six years of age, who had a shin-bone fracture in the railroad wreck at $109.50 a month. A volunteer colonel, sixty years of age, who, while commanding a field artillery regiment in action, lost a leg and suffered a severe skull wound was discharged to receive a pension of $100 a month. A West Pointer, a year out of school, sent through the war in Washington, contracted flat foot, retired on three-fourths pay for life.

This is the nature of the evidence with which the Legion bombarded the Congress for three days.

If I believe it had effect. One old congressman was so affected that he tried to slip a wounded soldier who was sittin' next to me a $10 bill under the table. The soldier, a buck private with a wife to keep, wouldn't take it. The congressman is to be commended for generosity, but our men want justice, not bribes.

When the dinner was over and the guests were filling one of the wounded approached the National Commander.

"You came out to Walter Reed and made a speech the other day," he said. "We still don't have a stock in what you had to say. We've been beggin' with promises too long. We couldn't see where The American Legion was going to help us any. I just want to tell you we've changed our minds. We're strong for the Legion and we're all going to join up."  "The Legion should be prouder of an endorsement like that," Mr. D'Olier remarked later, "than of anything else on earth."

Weekly Subscriptions

A number of inquiries are being received from individual Legion members and local posts regarding the new circulation arrangement for 1920. A bulletin to cover this situation was furnished to all State Headquarters.

This bulletin provides in effect that in all cases where the national dues of one dollar covering the subscription price to the WEEKLY for one year have not been paid, the amount became due with the issue of January 2. Subscribers who are receiving the magazine will be continued on the mailing list a short time to enable them to make payment. In the case of new member subscribers, names are added to the mailing list only when accompanied by remittances of one dollar for each name.

All subscriptions and renewals are paid with the national dues through the local post. In turn remits to the State Headquarters. Training addresses and remittances are sent to the National Treasurer, in care of The American Legion WEEKLY, 1311 G Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
INFORMATION

The American Legion Weekly will undertake to answer in this column practical questions asked by readers regarding the interests mentioned in the weekly. Questions will be answered in the order of their receipt, except that precedence may be given now and then to questions of a wider general interest.

No Uniform Gratuity for N. R. F.

To the Editor: While a member of the Naval Unit of the Student Army Training Corps at my university I did not receive the full $100 uniform issue. Am I entitled to this claim for the difference between the book value of the authorized issue and what I received? Mr. H. P. Morton.

Due to the fact that the Naval Units of Students' Army Training Corps were organized in a large number of universities at the same time that the government was still engaging in supplying the men and forces overseas, and as there were no stores of naval clothing in existence, which could be made to order, it did not in all cases receive complete outfits. Arrangements were made, however, to give to such men as were not outfitted uniform in order that they might have some clothing to wear in their capacities as members of the Naval Reserve Force. They are, in most cases, still members of this force and are upon their return to active duty as members of the regular Navy entitled to a uniform gratuity of one hundred dollars, less the cost of the one uniform which was furnished them. No payment of this gratuity can be made in military clothing of the same class as the immediate issue of clothing.—The Paymaster General, U. S. N.

Civil Service and the N. R. F.

To the Editor: Can any member of the N. R. F. obtain a discharge for the purpose of filling a civil service position? W. Haskell.

New York City.

The Secretary of the Navy has advised that any member of the Naval Reserve Force will be given upon his return either an honorable discharge from the service or an honorable discharge from active duty, is the understanding that as far as the Navy Department is concerned honorable discharges from active duty will only be given to those persons who have been released from active duty in the Naval Reserve Force and receiving full payment of charges from active service have the same status for military preference under the Act of Congress, approved July 11, 1919, as a member who receives an honorable discharge from the Navy, Army or Marine Corps.

Civilian Labor at Camp Lewis

To the Editor: Is civilian labor employed at Camp Lewis, Vancouver, Wash., for laboring from one camp in another state to Camp Lewis at his own expense and at government expense?—T. Small.

Topake, Kansas.

Civilian labor is employed at Camp Lewis, men being taken on and discharged incident to increase and decrease in the number of camp personnel, with no provisions for transferring laborers from one camp to another, and a laborer from elsewhere desiring work at Camp Lewis would have to present himself here at his own expense, and take his chances on filling any vacancies which might exist at the time.

Educational Advantages for Veterans

To the Editor: What colleges and universities are offering scholarships and special educational inducements to ex-service men?—A. L. Huntington.

Syracuse, N. Y.

The scholarships and special educational inducements offered ex-service men are too numerous to publish. They will be found listed in "Higher Education Circular No. 12," which will be furnished on request by the Bureau of Education, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

Certificate of Discharge

To the Editor: Inform me how to get a duplicate discharge if the original has been destroyed by fire—Brooklyn, N. Y.

H. Goldstaub.

No duplicate discharges are issued by the War Department in Case Discharge Certificate. A request for a duplicate must be made on application to the Adjutant General, War Department, Washington, D. C. In your application state serial number, grade in service, date of discharge, etc.

Bonus for Student Nurses

To the Editor: Can you tell me if army student nurses are eligible for the sixty-dollar bonus paid by the government to discharged men and women who were in service, and if so how I may obtain it?—Gertrude Davenport.

McKeesport, Pa.

The Zone Finance Officer advises as follows: In accordance with the Act of Congress approved February 3, 1919, a discharge from active, military or naval service under honorable conditions, are entitled to the bonus; hence an Army Student Nurse, while in the service, is entitled under the requirements of the above act and are not entitled to any such pay.

Coast Guards

To the Editor: I would like to find out if I can get an honorable discharge from the United States Navy, having served as a Coast Guard during the war and being discharged from active duty before my term of enlistment had expired. —Eugene Henry.

Claremont, Ohio.

In accordance with the Act of Congress, approved July 11, 1919, all men of the Navy and Coast Guard who have served in the war against Germany, and who have been discharged from the naval service since November 11, 1918, before the expiration of their enlistments, shall receive honorable discharges, provided the records of the man concerned be marked to show that the man holding a discharge from the naval service coming under the above provisions is to forward same to the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., and the matter of reinstating it as honorable will be brought before the proper authority; he will then be reinstated as a member of the United States enlisted men. This reissue, however, will not take the form of a new discharge but will be stamped across the face of the original discharge: "Reissued as honorable, in accordance with the Act of Congress, approved July 11, 1919."

Honorable discharge button will also be given consideration.

Insurance Reinstatement

To the Editor: How can I reestablish my insurance which I desire to do now that the Sweet Bill has been passed?—Arthur Merkin.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

In accordance with the latest rulings you have eighteen months from date of your discharge to reinstate your insurance. To reinstate you must comply with the following conditions: If discharged more than three months, the applicant must state in his application that he is in good health as when discharged, and the statement being made being accompanied by the affidavit of two physicians. If the date of discharge is less than three months away a medical certificate must state that the applicant is in health and is not disability necessary. In either case applicant will be required to pay a premium of $10, to cover the number of months the insurance is to be reinstated. One of the two premiums required to be paid covers the month of grace during which the reinstatement is outstanding. In other words, the premium is for the current month in which the reinstatement is made effectual. Minimum premiums for months in between date of lapsing of insurance and date of reinstatement for insurance, if reinstatement is paid, to be charged with the usual medical premium. Should be drawn either by order of money order or check payable to the order of the Treasurer of the United States, and sent to the Premium Receipt Office, Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Washington, D. C.

Eleventh Division

To the Editor: Where was the Eleventh Division organized, what was its insignia, and did it ever get to France?—John Martin.

Moberly, Mo.

The Eleventh Division was organized at Camp Meade, Maryland, in August, 1918. It was called the Lafayette Division, and its shoulder insignia was a profile of Lafayette. This division was one of those which did not get to France before the armistice was signed.

Navy Victory Button

To the Editor: Where can I secure a Navy Victory Button and what must I have to get it?—James A. Dentner.

Maiden-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Navy Discharge Buttons can be secured from the nearest Navy Recruiting Station and Commandants of all Naval Districts, these officers having been issued a limited supply of the buttons.

In order to obtain these buttons it is necessary that the discharged enlisted man forward his discharge to the nearest main Navy Recruiting Station with application for the same. In the case of a Reserve on inactive duty it is advisable they apply to the Commandant of the Naval District under whose jurisdiction they may be.

ROMANCE OF A FORTY-DOOLAR COW

(Continued from page 14)

"I carried the same scheme all over New England. Then I became a jobber in talking machines. I tried that for a year, and then sold my business at a profit, to take charge of the talking machine department of a big New England music house. The house also sold sheet music and stereopticon slides for illustrated songs. From selling music and lantern slides I very naturally began to look toward the motion-picture industry, which seemed at that time to be totally disorganized and in dire need of association as well as showmanship.

"I opened a little place in Boston, bought films, and distributed them to the trade. Later I became president of the Paramount Pictures Corporation and received a salary that covered six figures."

As a result of this combination of selling adventures, Mr. Abrams, who now employs instead of being employed, has learned a great deal about salesmanship, and for the enlightenment of those just starting out in the selling game, he offers the following in the way of advice to those who have a "business epigram," They say, "Never apply to less than five companies, say a few words regarding how your business plan is begun, and then, in the way of a dramatization of one's plans, say a few words regarding your business plan.

"Never develop your product. Your superlatives will react to the injury of your merchandise."

"The circle around which the law of sale is founded has personality for its appeal."

"Never be ashamed to say that you are a 'small town guy. 'And don't pose as a genius, for that being isn't human. The quality one finds in really big men is their plain, 'horse sense!'"

"Do nothing that will cause men to lose confidence in your wares."

"The world is full of big jobs, but not of big men."

"Success comes to the man who follows the human impulse to excel in the work he loves best."

"You may trick a man into a sale. You may buy him food or cigars to make a sale, but honesty and equitable profits are the only principles that hold patrons."
Advertising and The Weekly

We told you last week something of the bigness of this advertising problem of ours; that in order to get by in good shape—publish this magazine and put it in your hands on the profit side of the ledger for two cents a copy, we would have to carry about $416,000 in advertising during the next six months or so.

Quite some stunt. The writer of this has been in the advertising business for about fifteen years—that is, when he has not been mixed up temporarily with the Army in Mexico or France, and he has never known a new publication only six months old that could even hope to think of doing it.

But—there's never been a publication like this before. There's never been an American Legion before. There's never been a World War before.

And if we say we can't do a thing because it never had been done before, we're whipped before we start.

We never would have done much in the war if we'd gone at it with a weak spirit.

We never mobilized an army of nearly five million before, but you did it and got the whole of the country behind you.

You never whipped Germany before, but you did it this time when you had to.

We never had an American Legion before, and scoffers and doubters, particularly of the "Red" variety, said we wouldn't stick together, but we did—and in less than a year had over a million of us as members (and we want another million this year).

And the same spirit that did these things—the same spirit that is behind and in and through the American Legion in its fight to make this country a fit place to live in, is behind The American Legion Weekly.

And that's the spirit that's going to carry us over the top in the advertising end of this proposition—all of us, working and pulling together.

We're still thinking about that $416,000 worth of advertising that we've got to get for these columns.

That's a whole lot of money, isn't it? More than we ever saw on pay day even when the regimental pay pile was on the table. We're afraid if we had it ourselves, we'd be content to retire on a farm and let some one else worry about this job. No, we wouldn't either—on second thought—because we're too much interested in putting this through.

$416,000 in twenty-six issues means an average for the whole period of about $16,000 per issue. Now let's figure what that is in space.

The cost of advertising in The American Legion Weekly is based on a rate of 50c per agate line per hundred thousand circulation. A "line" in advertising parlance is 1/14th part of an inch; that is to say, there are 14 agate lines to an inch, single column width.

When we started the magazine back last July, we guaranteed to advertisers a circulation of 100,000 copies and our rate was, as you can figure, 50c a line.

Beginning with the issue of October 10, 1919, we guaranteed 200,000 circulation and our rate was $1.00 per line. In other words, we've kept our rate increasing as our circulation increased, or as near it as we could—for our circulation increase, as you know, if you've followed the figures printed each week on the front cover, has been very rapid, due of course to the extremely rapid growth of the Legion.

Our basic rate of 50c per line per hundred thousand is a fair average rate. It's about the same basis as is used by the Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, Literary Digest, American, and other large magazines. We may all have to increase it if printing and paper costs go much higher—that's true enough.

Our circulation is now increasing about 25,000 each week. A name goes on the mailing list every time a Legion member sends in one dollar through his local post, or a non-member sends $2.00 direct.

This dollar, as we said last week, pays just about half what it costs to send you the magazine.

So, in order to put your magazine over in good shape, we will have to carry about fifteen full pages (or their equivalent) of advertising per issue at a rate of $3.00 per agate line.

Yes, Buddies, that's for one time—one issue.

And of this $3.00 per line, like all magazines, we pay 15% commission to the Advertising Agency who handles the account of the advertiser, prepares copy for him, etc.

We will tell you more about the duties and services of the Advertising Agent later.

15 pages per issue, 60 pages per month—that's easy to say—but harder to get. You will see many a magazine—that is still short of the goal of financial success and established—that is not doing it.

But we are going to succeed. How?

By working together—all of us.

More about how next week.

The Advertising Manager,
1311 G Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.
The Doom Pool
(Continued from page 9)

my absence. Nurse you! God! If I'd been here when you were hurt I'd have let the cat finish you. As it is, you'll go to a worse death."

"We'll see about that," Fowler countered grimly. "If I do, you'll be too dead to enjoy the spectacle. Remember I've got you covered and I'm not likely to miss at this distance."

Bernardes grinned in an ugly fashion. "Perhaps not," he said. "But if you're wise you'll put down that gun and spend what little time you've got left begging me to save you. Nobody else can. Zomba and his men are watching you now, and they take orders from no one but me. They think I'm a little more than human"—he chuckled horribly—and "they almost feed out of my hand. I've spent a lot of time training 'em; let 'em see me walk in the jungle moonlight nights followed by a tame mugger I keep in a place near here, and they're crocodile worshippers, you know. You've had a hard time convincing Zomba that my medicine isn't pretty strong."

"Rot!" Fowler exclaimed scornfully. "I can work that mugger trick myself; I've seen it a dozen times. You've been feeding the brute dharus root; that's all. As for the rest of it, we'll see. I've got something to say to Zomba and his indunas myself."

The half-breed laughed nastily. In spite of Fowler's deadly earnestness, he did not seem in the least frightened. He acted like a man with a card up his sleeve which he knows will take the trick whenever he chooses to play it.

THEY were interrupted by the arrival of a score of naked savages, headed by Zomba himself, who came around the corner of the house. All of them carried heavy stabbing spears, and they looked ferocious enough to scare anybody.

"Seize this man!" Bernardes shouted, when he saw them. "He has insulted me and laughed at your gods. Seize him and bind him so that he may be judged."

There were shouts from among the Makalanga at this, and several of the warriors shortened their spears and ran forward. Zomba, however, did not increase his dignified pace. Fowler stood up and raised his hand.

"Halt where you are," he commanded quietly, in Zulu. "Before any of you can so much as prick me with your spears, I will kill this man who stands near me. If you value his life, you will stay where you are."

At this, the warriors stopped where they were, leaving Zomba to march forward alone. At the foot of the veranda steps the chief halted, in answer to a warning word from Fowler.

"What do you want, umlingu?" (white man) he demanded, in a deep voice. "Do you think you have one hair of the Black One's head I will have chopp'd into little bits. You forget that you are alone here, you who give orders and threaten our friend."

"I forget nothing, Zomba," Fowler replied calmly. "I have come from far off to make white man's medicine and put a stop to certain evil things that have been going on here. If you harm me, you will not save your friend, and you will bring many soldiers down upon you, who will burn your kraal and enslave your people. I want nothing from you, Zomba, except this dog here, who is not fit to be called a man. He must return to the coast with me. But before I go I will speak with you about certain doings at a pool we know of."

At mention of the pool, Zomba started slightly and gazed more keenly at the speaker, while Bernardes gasped and an ugly look came into his shifty eyes. Fowler was not slow to follow up his advantage.

"Many moons ago," he went on, still talking directly to the chief, almost as if they two were alone together, "the great father on the coast heard that all was not well with Zomba and his children. He heard that a man, who is neither white nor black and so evil that he can no longer live in the great towns, had gone to settle down among the Makalanga, where by means of certain evil charms and false magic he had attained a position of some power. When the great father heard this he ordered me to carry the truth to the Makalanga so that they might be warned of the uncanny thing that was hiding in their midst. If Zomba on his royal word will give me safe conduct, I will prove before all of his people that I speak true words and that this dog beside me is as false as I have named him."

When he paused there was a low murmur among the warriors. Most of them believed in Bernardes, and Fowler's steady words, though they bore the ring of truth, failed to impress them; but Zomba remained as impassive as ever. For a little he seemed to ponder; then he spoke.

"Vema" (good), he declared. "The inkos is brave, we all can see that, and brave men seldom lie. Let him prove to us that the Black One is false and we shall know what to do. But if he fail to prove his words, then it is our judgment that he shall be cast alive into the Pool of Doom. I have spoken."

There was a shout from the warriors at this and Fowler nodded instantly.

"All right," he agreed. "Zomba, the king, has spoken, and I bow to his will. Send runners to the kraals so that all people may be assembled near the pool at moonrise. I will then prove to you that the Black One is false and his magic weak."

It was about ten o'clock that night when Fowler, surrounded by a gathering of nearly three hundred natives, stepped out of the jungle at the edge of the pool. The moon was hanging almost straight overhead, and the shining surface of the water was clearly visible. On all sides but one the jungle grew right down to the bank of the pool, which was almost circular in shape and covered

(Continued on page 33)
MISSING IN U. S.—Clarence Earl Lowe, Sergeant 1st Class, Medical Corps, Serial No. 14894, with medical supply depot in France at Camps 9 and 10, Tresca, Germany. Landed Camp Merritt, October 4, 1919, discharged, Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa, December 12, from Hoboken Casualty Company 1226. Aged 21, medium height, light complexion, blue eyes, dark brown hair, prominent ears. Write Alfred Lowe, 388 Grain Exchange, Omaha, Neb.

GEORGE H. KILBORN, Serial No. 1626664, Company C, 127th Infantry. Reported wounded in action in drive on Fross, August 4, 1919. Communications from Regimental Sergeant Major Swain, 127th Infantry, states that after being wounded August 4, Private Kilborn did not report back to his organization.

Communications from Captain Paul W. Schmidt, of the 127th Infantry, states that Private Kilborn was in his company and attached to the 127th Sanitary Train, Thirty-seventh Division, and wants to find a man who has the same name so he can return his mail. Address: Mr. C. F. Kilborn, 6, Galena, Ohio.

MISS ELMORE BOLMAN, Nurse, Port Smelting Mines, in April and May, 1919, and John Junkel of St. Louis, formerly F Company, Thirty-sixth Infantry, are asked to write Gleen Lenz, Plenty Mora, Ill., formerly of that organization.


MISSING IN U. S.; John S. Covey left home last June to visit a buddy in Connecticut and has not been heard from since. Notify his mother, Mrs. A. E. Covey, 2511 Nichols Street, Philadelphia.

T. B. Tibbs, an old Regular Army man, last heard of with Beth Coal Company, Dinsmore, Pa., home in Tennessee, age Sanford Miller, 81412 Star Avenue, Toledo, Ohio.

MISSING IN ACTION: Van Samuel Smith, M Company, 137th Infantry, a cook.

Reported missing on September 29, 1919, and later reported killed. Last seen in a truck being taken away from the front. Information of his whereabouts can be appreciated by his sister, Elizabeth S. Smith, Box 78, Elkhart, Ind.

MISSING IN U. S.: Harry J. Blackford, 21 years old, disappeared the day he was discharged, May 17, 1919. Re-enlisted overseas in B Company, 112th Infantry. Occupation: clerk; brown eyes, brown hair, dark complexion, 5 feet 6 inches tall. Address: Mrs. L. D. Blackford, 4529 Greenwood Avenue, Chicago.

William Hallam, formerly with Royal Canadian Rifles, now believed to be in U. S. Army in Germany. Enlisted in Canadian Army at the age of fifteen. Was shell-shocked and sent home. Discharged from Canadian Military Hospital at Toronto and is thought to have gone to Baltimore and joined U. S. Army. Write to his sister, Mrs. Harry Dock, 610 Main Street, Roxbury, Mass.

E. H. C. SCHOLL, Ambulance Driver Company 145, 117th Sanitary Train, Thirty-seventh Division, wants to find a man who has the same name so he can return his mail. Address: Mr. W. E. Roby, 86, Zanesville, Ohio.
"The Lost Legion"

To the Editor: May I inquire whether any steps have been taken to get together the wives, mothers and sisters of the dead, who are now to be returned to their native soil.

Does The American Legion interest itself in any way in the cause of these women of the Roll of Honor?

Owing to terrible war losses I am without a home and striving to exist on $82 a month. Therefore I am not in a position to call a meeting, even though my husband was a lieutenant colonel who served the American flag ever since America declared war on Spain. But the wives, mothers and sisters of the fallen, who are the only bodies of women who have a premier right to receive "The Lost Legion."

A. M. G.

Out With the Reds

To the Editor: As I am a member of The American Legion and read every Legion Weekly with great pride and interest, I would like you to find a little space in the Legion for this letter which is in answer to a letter which appeared in the WEEKLY of November 7, 1919, written by G. E. Fahys, Jr., of New York, N. Y., in regard to the National Guard. But just let me say before I go any further, so you will know I am a good American citizen first, last and always, and not an I. W. W. as you might surmise by the tone of my letter, that I put in one volunteer enlistment in the Philippine Islands with an honorable discharge. I was receiving a pension when war was declared between the U. S. and Germany, also holding a government position. I gave up both and volunteered my service to my country again, I did not go overseas but that was no fault of mine, as is the case of thousands of others. I have an honorable discharge with character excellent.

As to National Guard troops, I am highly in favor of them if they were not so often used to fight or combat the working man in his effort to get higher wages and better working conditions. This I always contended is very wrong and should not be allowed, for when the National Guard is used to break a strike it is protecting the man with capital or furthering his interests. I have belonged to a union since 1903 and know about what I am speaking. If the National Guard is used for the protection of our country and Old Glory that is highly in favor of it, but, on the other hand, if it is used as a weapon against the laboring man and his rights, I am against it, for I am a working man myself.

As to I. W. W.'s, Russian Reds and all agitators, I say down and out with them once and for all. Why deport them when their native country don't want or need them? The best and only safe place for them is the stone wall with a firing squad in front of them to see that they never come back. The sooner this government takes that course and enacts laws to that effect the sooner the strikes will disappear and the country and its people will settle down to normal again. Such a crime as was committed in the State of Washington on Armistice Day on The American Legion is an outrage and disgrace, and such beasts that will commit a dastardly crime as that should be shown no mercy. When the National Guard is used for that purpose and the honor of our country and good Old Glory than I am willing to shed my last drop of blood with it and for it.

Marion, Ind.

FREDERICK E. LAMB.

An Educator Approves

To the Editor: As an educator as well as a member of The American Legion I want to put this copy to you, not only upon having seen a great opportunity for serving the returned soldier but above all for having created in a comparatively short time one of the leading American weeklies. I know of no journal in the American periodical field which so aptly fills the need for which it was brought into existence.

Ivan E. McDougle.

Sweet Briar Va.

Like a Moving Picture

To the Editor: To the former soldier back in civilian pursuits THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, with its series of realistic war pictures, timely articles and mots de guerre is like a moving picture with words of what he has seen and done himself while in the service. This wholly American Legion magazine I keep always front and center because it is enlightening in its work for the building up of a worthy union of all the ex-service men and for their welfare. It is read for 100 per cent true and fair Americanism.

Fall River, Mass.

ALAIN CHAPUT.
about an acre of ground, but no one side—
the side from which they had come—the
was more than one used as an altar of
and sacrifice: it was stained with dried blood,
and a pile of human bones at its base
like ivory in the moonlight. For
many yards on all sides of the rock
was worn hard and smooth as
though by the stamping of many feet.
Stepping to the edge of the pool in such
a position that a broad shaft of moonlight
fell directly upon him, Fowler addressed
Zomba, who in common with his people
was gazing expectantly at the unbroken
surface of the pool. A few yards
the pool gently upward to the
ring of hideously painted priests, stood
Mameena, looking very pretty in her
white robe, although her eyes were big
and round with fright. Near the circle
of priests Black Pedro was standing, grim
and evilly; but Gaasha was to be seen
making his gesture.

"Gaze not, O Zomba," Fowler droned.
"For your gaze is hopeless. You
will never again see living the thing
you seek. Even now the false god of
the waters will not come at your call, for
has been slain by a stranger and true
spirit, who will appear presently at my
command."

"The inhoos lies!" Zomba turned
up the speaker, while some of
the spearmen began to handle their
weapons suggestively. "The god is
but sleeping. He will appear when it pleases
him as heretofore. Let the inhoos prove
his words, "—

"Yes," Bernardes cut in, with an
ugly laugh, "prove what you say, if you can,
or end this tomfoolery. These people
here know me. I show them things. Talk is easy."

Fowler's only reply was a shrill whistle.
The next instant those of the Matalanga
nearest the water's edge shrieked wildly
in terror and then fell down upon their
faces, while some farther back started
up into the jungle. Even Zomba grew
green yellow with fear, and Black Pedro
stared across the pool like one suddenly
gone mad. Out near the middle of the dark

That cough syrup that was used in the hospital of the Third Corps School at
Clemcy, France—those were the
happy days. The veterans of the school
are hunting for the man who has the prescrip-
tion.

There was once a stone age; there was
also an iron age; today is the age of
experts. Without experts our civilization
would certainly go down in dust.
They make clear so much that is puzzling.
There should be a Cabinet portfolio for
the Secretary of Experts, whose function
it would be to give expert advice on any
and all subjects.

An interpretation of the Monroe Doc-
tine has been requested from the United
States by the government of San
Vador. There's a nigger in this wood-
pile. Any San Salvadoran who can read
is perfectly well able to interpret the
Monroe Doctrine for himself. Could
any European nation have put San Sal-
vador up to this trick to embarrass
the United States at this time?
When Do We Eat?

(Continued from page 13)

be turning out; indignant members of other outfits who would be told that their detail had been passed miles back; cheerful bucks of our own organization, who hailed the bread pudding with thick sarcasm and waxed eloquent over the beans.

"Any seconds on coffee?"

"Why don't you bring enough bread?"

"Who has my fork?"

Unanswered, the questions would go up along the line like rockets. Men would absorb food, enthusiastically or stolidly as their disposition would dictate. Monkey business and spuds and goldfish would succumb to the fierce attack, while the attackers would flavor the coarse food with visions of home-made waffles, of mother's pie and real ice cream.

Those were the days when K. P. was not a bad sort of a job. Not particularly there was no concern. They tell a tale of a lad of strong Italian leanings who had been given the proud rank of "permanent K. P." The work was not to his liking. After several weeks of it he sought out the company commander and filed his complaint as follows:

"I don't like my job. I wanna quit. I doan like alla the time being chief of police!"

THERE were those memorable meals after the attack when you dug hurriedly and waited for Fritz to counter attack. You would wait for hours and at length become aware that cigarettes no longer tasted right, and that you were hungry. Along would come the order to eat the iron rations.

A few quick turns of the patent opener and the red mass of beef would be exposed; someone else would rip the shell from a box of hard-tack; then, with the fingers as implements a meal could be made out, not elegant but wonderfully delicious.

Again there were the captured German rations. Many an American outfit persuaded themselves that tales of poisoned food were absurd and partook without harm of German apple-butter and synthetic honey and the hard-tack in the muslim bags and the dark, sweet beer out of the big and numerous kegs.

Several American outfits came on a complete and only recently abandoned German kitchen at Beney in the St. Mihel drive. They found pots, pans, spices, jam, beans, potatoes, coffee and a coop of chickens and rabbits, as well as a garden filled with carrots, cabbages and turnips.

Those were the times of less discipline and more excitement. Nevertheless, a story is told of one regiment whose colonel was determined that "snappiness" should not be lost. He insisted on "click." Rations had been very scanty during these days of "clicking." The men became a little disgruntled.

A sergeant of one of the companies of this regiment found occasion to reprimand a private of Italian extraction for failure to salute snappily. The buck came back with:

"Sure, I don't know how to salute. No clicka da mess kit, no can clicka da heels."

All of us old vets remember the meals and collations passed out in Red Cross, Kroger, of Columbus and Y. M. C. A. huts. Fond memory can picture the long line forming in front of the counter where the chocolate and jelly sandwiches were served; the "petit beurre" cookies; the candy bars.

A more recent memory is that first meal at home, a glorious occasion as we pictured it in the gray days when we were far away and scarcely less glorious in the realization.

But is it treason to hint that the day came at length when the ice cream we had flavored with such wonderful qualities no longer enchanted us, as we had thought it would always? Did there not come a curious longing for the salads of France, the cheese of Picardy, the white wine of Angers, the sparkling burgundy of Dijon? Well, it was a great war; far, far better than any war at all, as the Irish soldier contended. And who of us but cannot say to the little tots at some far future fireside:

"Yes, children, your granddad was one of the boys who ate his way through the Great War!"

Continued success has marked the work of the employment bureau of Fresno Post, California. Applicants are more numerous than positions, and employers of the neighborhood who need skilled or unskilled labor should communicate with Neil Ellis, care of the post.

Some of the newer posts that have notified the Local Posts columns of their organization are: U. S. S. Tampa Coast Guard Post, New York County (secretary, D. L. Pratt, 36 Hawthorne St., Brooklyn N. Y.); Bulla Post, Emporia, Virginia; Perth Amboy Post No. 45, New Jersey; Mack Post No. 70, West Port, Nebraska; Stromsburg Post, Stromsburg, Nebraska; Motor Service Post, New York (secretary, Geo. I. Hackenberger, 2109 Avenue J, Brooklyn, wants to hear from all Sanitary Train men, M. D. S. men, Ammunition Train men, Supply Train men; Motor Transport Post, Motor Transport Club, New York City; and Robert Stone Gill Post, of the Lambs and Players Clubs, New York City. The last named post is out to see that the stage and screen are kept altogether loyal to America.

Shubin-Buchbaum Post of Philadelphia is busy with plans for the big dance on February 11. The post's last affair was a sacred concert on December 21, which was all that could be asked.

A relief fund of $3,000 has been invested by the W. Mynderse Rice Post of Auburn, N. Y. The income, together with $1,500 more of the $5,000 given the post by the War Chest Directors, is used in relief work. The remaining $500 is used for the post.
AMERICAN LEGION OFFICIAL JEWELRY

Emblem Patented November 12, 1919. Manufactured and distributed only by National Headquarters, American Legion. All profits derived from sale of this jewelry accrue to the benefit of The American Legion.

![Image of jewelry]

**PRICE LIST**

Exclusive of Government War Tax. Add 5 per cent to given prices to cover this Tax.

**RINGS**

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<th>14K gold</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>N322</td>
<td>$17.75 ea.</td>
<td>$7.00 ea.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N319</td>
<td>6.00 **</td>
<td>8.25 **</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**REGULATION BUTTON, SCARF PIN OR BROOCH**

Bronze or Silver Center

10K $2.50 ea. 14K $3.00 ea.

**"K" OR SILK FOB COMPLETE**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Plate</th>
<th>Gold Filled</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>$1.25</td>
<td>$3.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**"C" OR SUEDE FOB COMPLETE**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Plate</th>
<th>Gold Filled</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>$2.50</td>
<td>$3.50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**SILK OR SUEDE FOB COMPLETE IN GOLD**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>10K</th>
<th>14K</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>L259</td>
<td>$10.00</td>
<td>$14.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L260</td>
<td>9.50</td>
<td>13.50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**COAT CHAIN**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Plate, Button and Chain.</th>
<th>$1.50</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gold filled with rolled plate button.</td>
<td>$2.25</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**LINKS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>10K</th>
<th>14K</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>$3.25</td>
<td>$11.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>$3.50</td>
<td>$11.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>$3.00</td>
<td>$8.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

All orders must be accompanied by cash or money order. Above prices include postage prepaid.

Above jewelry will be sold only to members of The American Legion or for their use. All orders must be signed by an authorized officer of Local Post, or must contain statement that writer is a member of The American Legion.

Address all communications to

Emblem Division, National Headquarters, The American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana.
Citizens of the United States: What are you planning to do in 1920

Are you going to Talk, Talk, Talk and Talk some more
Are you going to Theorize, Theorize, Theorize and Theorize some more
Are you going to Confer, Confer, Confer and Confer some more
Are you going to Spend, Spend, Spend and Spend some more
Are you going to Speculate, Speculate, Speculate and Speculate some more
Are you going to Strike, Strike, Strike and Strike some more

OR

Will you work more
Will you produce more
Will you save more

That is the only way possible for real Americans to do their solemn duty and save the country.

There is no substitute for work

Our policy of doing business is founded on Quality and Service, and we pledge that our organization will not be found wanting in this world crisis.

The Autocar Company
Ardmore, Pa., Established 1897
Manufacturers of the Autocar Motor Truck

This message was first published in newspapers throughout the country in December, 1919.