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Turning the Tables at Spa

Germany's Delegates, Fearing Demonstrations, Avoid Displaying Themselves in the Town Which Was Once the Great Headquarters of the Kaiser's Hosts

By George F. Kearney

HERE at Spa they are holding the post-mortem on the Peace of Versailles. Now, with my uniform long since laid away, I am watching the diplomatic surgeons who are performing mysterious operations in the palaces of this Belgian watering place. I have been wondering if the men who have been sitting around the conference tables in the picturesque Villa Fraineuse—and the other men who will come to this city for the series of confabulations in which the powerful magnets of a dozen nations' selfish interests are pulling different ways—whether these men will succeed in their efforts to patch up the peace of the world.

These speculations now are only idle. But the living actors of this world drama and the stage settings of Spa have substantial interest. Here the settings and costumes of wartime have been changed. It is a new cast with new scenery. Spa was the German Armies' G. H. Q. Here the kaiser and his staff lived and hunted, surrounded by special guards. Here it was that the emperor hid behind barricades erected to protect him from his own soldiers while he was signing his abdication. From here the German plenipotentiaries left for the front to sign the Armistice. From here the kaiser and the crown prince fled to Holland, fearful of the wrath of their own people.

Today Spa is a graveyard of German hopes, full of reminders of plans that failed, full of contrasts between the days of conquest and the days of despair. German generals once lived in luxury in villas and chateaux. Today the German generals who attend the conference are crowded into a small hotel and villa where once lived the privates attached to the kaiser's household.

The men who once strutted through Spa as conquerors are now a doleful lot. Herr Fehrenbach, their chancellor, is a tearful old gentleman who has absolutely placed himself at the mercy of the Allies. The German staff of experts stick very close to their quarters, for they fear demonstrations by the people of Spa.

Far into the night, if one strolls home late from a concert, they may be seen taking their exercise along the dark alleys of the town. A bowed form comes along, and your Berlin correspondent friend tells you that it is Herr Stinnes, the Rockefeller of Germany. With him is Dr. Erzberger, the defeated nation's foremost financial expert. Seen thus in the shadows of the side streets of Spa, the Germans remind the onlooker of worms that have crept out after a heavy rain.

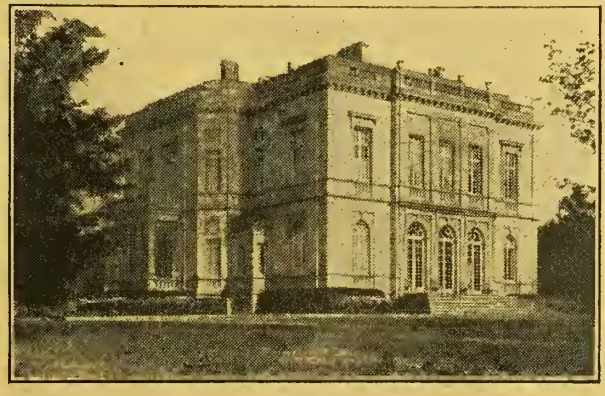
IN the daytime Spa is alive with automobiles filled with officials of all governments, rushing to and fro with great bundles of documents. One thinks of the claims for the billions of indemnities which those documents represent. Specialists are everywhere. One saunters up to the Villa Fraineuse in the pouring rain. Outside the door is a group of coal experts, their formal morning suits and hats dripping wet. They stand there waiting the summons to present their claims to the conference.

Spa has become the greatest newspaper battleground of the world. There are more than 250 correspondents here for almost every major meeting. The diplomats are learning of the increasing difficulty of keeping their own secrets, and the correspondents become more and more important. The shrewd diplomat has learned that he may gain his point by an easier effort than over the conference table. He allows some newspaper indiscreetly to publish his claims.

The decisions reached here may have a stronger influence on American destiny than we may yet guess. America might well take time out in her presidential campaign now and then to look across the ocean to this Belgian town.

SPA REAL ESTATE THAT HAS MADE WORLD HISTORY

Chateau Sous-Bois, Hindenburg's headquarters during the German offensives of 1918



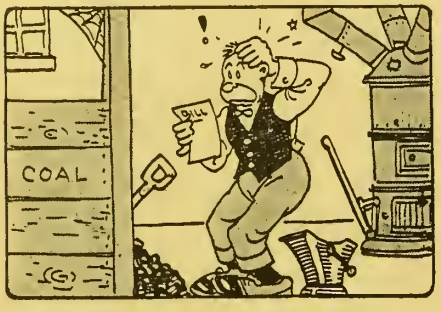
Villa Fraineuse, seat of the 1920 conference between Allied and German statesmen

The Burden of Civvies

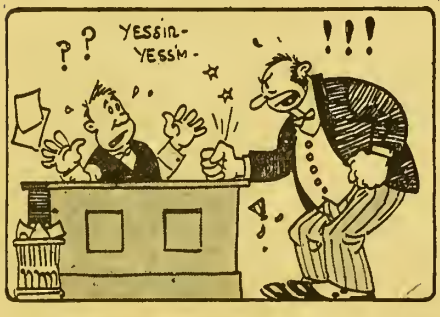
by Steuart M. Emery

Illustrations by Wallgren

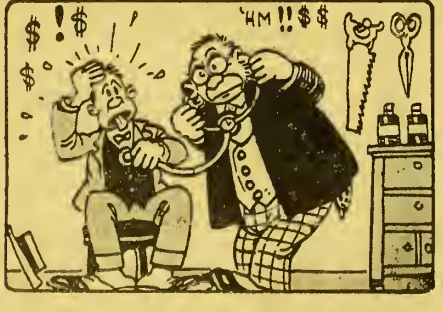
When home I return from my toiling
My inner man hungrily cramped,
In hopes of a steak, brownly broiling,
To find that the cook has decamped;
The kitchen all bare and forsaken,
Except for the presence of mice,
And face for a supper, if taken,
Cold crackers and water and ice—
It's then my soul leans
To the slum and the beans
And the sound of K. P.'s shooting dice.



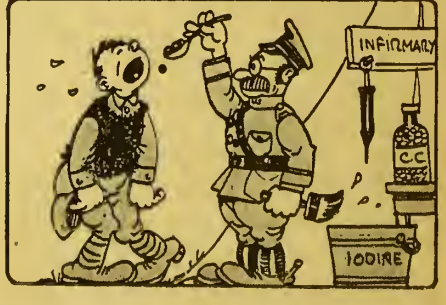
When 'long with the eggs in the morning
There come a few lines from the pen
Of none but my landlord who's warning
The rent has been doubled again;
And coal's at a price that is horrid
And getting it calls for a pull,
While wildly I clutch at my forehead
To tear out great streamers of wool—
It's then I repent
I don't live in a tent
With a Sibley that Uncle keeps full.



When up goes the boss in a flurry
Condemning the whole office force
To suffer the brunt of his worry
And picks on your servant, of course;
The while he ripsnorts in a raw way
And mutters, with rage in his eye,
Harsh threats of the sack and the doorway,
The bounce and the merry go-by—
It's then I would be
Once again in O. D.
Where you can't lose your job if you try.



When, being unwell, I meander
To visit a medical doc,
Who looks at my tongue with grave candor
And thumps me from collar to sock;
And says, "Yes, you ought to feel crummy,
"You will not be healthy until
"I've taken a knife to your tummy,
"Five hundred will cover my bill";
It's then that I pine
For the famed iodine
And the C. C.'s that cured every ill.



When bumping about in the trolley
I note a fair maid by my side,
And forthwith attempt to be jolly
To pleasantly shorten the ride,
Yet find that I cannot embolden
My beauty to talkative stunts,
And silence that hardly is golden
My monologue weakens and blunts—
It's then that I warm
To the old uniform,
For they all spoke to me in it once.

Senator Warren Replies

The Author of the Seventeen-Word Joker in the Darrow Bill Substitute Explains His Stand, and the Legion Answers Him

By the Editor of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

IN sending the telegram printed below to Senator Warren, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY had no other motive than that stated therein. In fairness, it offered Senator Warren an opportunity to explain and defend his stand regarding legislation affecting the war-disabled charges of the Federal Board for Vocational Education, which was brought into question in an article printed in the last issue of this magazine. Also, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY believed its readers would be interested in his answers to the questions propounded.

Not only was Senator Warren the author of an amendment which, rushed through the Senate just prior to the adjournment of that body early this summer, is seriously hampering and distressing the Federal Board and the wounded, but he is chairman of the Committee on Appropriations of the Senate, and as such he exercises greater power in the governmental appropriation of money for soldier relief, perhaps, than any other person in the country.

This magazine does not desire to debate Senator Warren's reference to the publication of "misinformation" about him nor the statement that he has ever refused an audience to "worthy soldiers, disabled or otherwise," except to say that the facts stated were thoroughly authenticated. On the other hand, it cannot pass without remark the intimation of general activity by "lobbyists who exploit, for their own benefit, the misfortunes of our brave national defenders." It is true that some self-appointed spokesmen for ex-soldiers have overstepped appropriate bounds of activity in Washington, and it is true that some things have been done from time to time by individuals and organizations pretending to represent the ex-service man whose authority and motives were questionable.

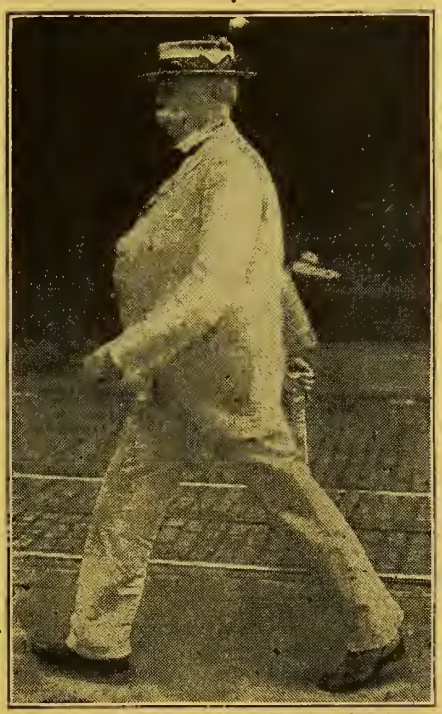
But it is also true that, on the whole, ex-soldier activity in behalf of legislation has been kept on an extraordinarily high plane. This is largely because the Legislative Committee of The American Legion has directed or influenced most of the ex-soldier efforts, and its aim has always been to conduct itself in such a manner as to reflect credit upon the organization it represents.

Spokesmen and representatives of the ex-service man have been insistent, yes. To some national legislators they may have been bothersome. But, whatever their activities, whatever their scheming and conniving, it was usually justified by the situation. They could have attained results in no other way. The record of this Government's treatment of its disabled war veterans is a long story of inaction, long-belated legislation, muddles, misdirected effort and confusion which cannot be called anything else but disgraceful. Those seeking soldier relief legislation, repeatedly were confronted with lack of comprehension, ignorance of fact and indifference. Every piece of legislation which has been gained from Congress has come forth after protracted delays, haggling, arguing and compromise. If the representatives of the ex-service man became a nuisance in the anterooms of

SENATOR WARREN'S ANSWER

Answering your telegram the proposal to publish misinformation as to my action in Congress as a public servant concerning disabled veterans does not seem to call for further notice from me than to state that I have never yet, and never shall, turn my back on worthy soldiers, disabled or otherwise, nor refuse them audience. But I have refused, and shall continue to refuse, to be moved by unreasonable requests for continued audiences by lobbying of those who exploit, for their own benefit, the misfortunes of our brave national defenders. I offered no amendment to Darrow Bill, but I moved an amendment to an immediate appropriation bill which was accepted by Congress, and which carried in it the full maximums and benefits proposed by Darrow Bill, raising amounts from eighty to one hundred dollars per month for unmarried men, and from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five for married men, subject, of course, to approval of vocational education board, as heretofore, and I consider that maximum, together with other advantages, war risk, public health, etc., offered, entirely sufficient for the purpose proposed.

(Signed) FRANCIS E. WARREN.



(c)Harris and Ewing

Senator Francis E. Warren of Wyoming

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY'S MESSAGE TO SENATOR WARREN

Reprinted from last week's issue

AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY is publishing article recounting distresses occasioned wounded students of Federal Rehabilitation Board and officials of the Board by the seventeen word amendment to Darrow Bill passed by your motion and insistence. It also mentions your alleged refusal to receive committee of disabled veterans and your conclusion of an interview with their spokesmen with exclamation, "Oh, hell." In fairness to you this magazine invites you to make in its columns any explanation or comment you desire. Whether or not you take advantage of this invitation, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY believes seven hundred thousand readers would be interested in your answers to following questions: In view of present living costs do you consider fair the present allowance of eighty to one hundred dollars a month to unmarried vocational students and the graduated amounts to married? Do you consider expenditure these sums governmental extravagance? We are printing this telegram accompanying article. Answer our expense.

AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

some Congressmen and Senators it was not the fault of the representatives, but of a condition which Congress itself created. In the words of one of these men, "They treated us like burglars, and sometimes we had to act as such, but the end justified the means—the only means which would have been effective."

If Senator Warren is annoyed he might better direct his annoyance, not at the spokesmen for the ex-service men, but at the persons responsible for the condition which necessitates their presence and persistence, his colleagues in Congress.

But it is the conclusion of Senator Warren's telegram which is most significant—and, to one interested in the welfare of the disabled service man, most disconcerting. Senator Warren says that he considers the "maximum, together with other advantages, War Risk, public health, etc., offered, entirely sufficient for the purpose proposed." The only possible conclusion from this statement is that Senator Warren believes that, in addition to the living allowance given by the Federal Board, vocational students under its jurisdiction receive some sort of assistance from the War Risk Insurance Bureau and the Public Health Service. This is not so; nor is it proper to classify War Risk Insurance as something which the Government has generously given to the men who served it. War Risk Insurance, from the soldier's standpoint, was a straight business, pay-as-you-go proposition, little different from that offered by a private insurance company. Premiums were paid in cash and paid with a sizable fraction of the average soldier's monthly pay. Moreover, the War Risk Insurance Bureau is advertised and generally considered as a self-supporting business institution.

In any event neither the Public Health Service nor the War Risk Bureau contribute materially to the support of the vocational board student. If a student becomes sick he is frequently put in a Public Health Service Hospital, but if he remains there, payment of his allowance is terminated by the Federal Board after a short period, usually about thirty days. A few scattering board students are realizing on War Risk Insurance, but they do not get this insurance unless they are classed as totally disabled. The number of board students receiving insurance is estimated at not more than three or four percent of the 40,000 board students.

The only conclusion is that Senator Warren is laboring under a misapprehension of the functions of the various government agencies for the assistance of the ex-service man, and has been laboring under this misapprehension for months. As stated in this magazine last week, Senator Warren's argument in the Senate for the passage of the amendment to the Darrow Bill substitute was made upon erroneous assumptions of the facts. Before the Senate, Senator Warren insisted that vocational students were drawing their board at soldiers' homes, and he was mistaken in his statement as to the amount of money which had already been expended upon board students.

In justice to Senator Warren, who is, incidentally, a veteran of the Civil War, and who received a Congressional Medal of Honor for valor upon the battlefield, it should be stated that, as Chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, he was at the last session of Congress burdened with such a volume of work that it probably was humanly impossible for him to familiarize himself with all the details of all matters that demanded his attention. Nevertheless, his apparent lack of knowledge of the situation of the disabled is regrettable.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee

Republican and Democratic "Soldier Planks" Both Consist of Little More Than Bare Flooring Plentifully Greased with Soft Soap

By J. W. Rixey Smith

Washington Correspondent of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

SHOULD a single ex-soldier in all this broad land of ours vote either the Republican or the Democratic ticket in the approaching national election because of what the party platforms have to say about him, he ought to be taken out and shot at sunrise.

If ever there were two platform planks with but a single thought, they are those of the two major parties this year. The same inspiration mothered the twins, and they are about as much alike as two peas in a pod. One may have a ruffle around its neck or a ribbon in its hair where the other has none, but stripped of these non-essentials you could never tell one from the other except by the party tags they wear. The Republicans hold the veteran in imperishable remembrance and the Democrats say that his worth can never be recompensed from the treasury. Apropos of what one of the recent conventions had to say to the soldier vote, Reporter Bryan commented that "they said it with flowers."

The Republicans pledged themselves "to discharge to the fullest the obligations which a grateful nation justly should fulfill in appreciation of the services rendered by its defenders on sea and on land." If there are any ex-

> "Grateful nation," "sacred heritage of posterity," etc. Those are the words—the tune is indifference, with the accent on the soft pedal, according to Mr. Smith's analysis of the political situation as it bears on the ex-service man

aviators who are puzzled as to where they come in on this, it is suggested that the omission of any reference to those who fought in the air was merely an oversight. The phraseology of this part of the plank was taken from an old plank of the days when there were no airplanes. The G. O. P. platform builders also promise to continue what they claim has always been the party's policy toward the soldier and sailor of all wars, "liberal legislation for the care of the disabled and infirm and their dependents." On the subject of adjusted compensation, they say nothing. On the topic of land, they utter not a word.

The Democrats announced at their convention that "The Federal Government should treat with the utmost consideration every disabled soldier, sailor and marine of the World War" and promised the "tenderest concern and richest bounty for the dependents of the brave men who died in the line of duty." They then committed themselves "to the enactment of soldier settlements and home aid legislation which will afford the men who fought for America the opportunity to become land and home owners."

It will be seen that the Republicans do admit in their platform that the Government is under some kind of an obligation to all ex-service men and women, and that they promise to fulfill this obligation to the fullest; that they pledge themselves to liberal legislation for the disabled; and that they are mum on the questions of land, home aid and the extension of vocational training.

THE partisans of Jefferson and Jackson, on the other hand, while registering a distinct beat on the opposition by coming out pretty squarely for land and home aid for the soldier, and while claiming to be equally as generously

(*Continued on page* 22)

Baiting the Umpire: Our National Sport

If the Lord of Close Decisions Were Paid According to the Esteem in Which He Is Held He Would Be in the Line-up for the Poorhouse

By W. O. McGeehan

Cartoons by HELFANT

"WHY is it," asked a tennis addict, "that baseball players dispute the decisions of the umpires? In tennis the rulings of the referee are final and are so regarded by the players."

It is simple enough to answer this question. Tennis is an ancient game. It was played long before there was any United States. The traditions of tennis do not include kicking and the throwing of pop bottles. Baseball is distinctly an American game and its traditions are American. The game, being the national pastime, reflects the national characteristics. And the American is a kicker.

In the beginning he kicked. He kicked against the tax on his tea and he kicked so vehemently that he not only kicked the tax but also the taxers from his shores. He afterward faced tougher sets of taxes and a tougher curtailment of his liberties, but these were his own taxes and his own infringements upon his own liberties. A nation of tennis players in the making might have accepted the tea tax as a referee's decision.

Mr. Kipling uttered a mouthful when he wrote something about the readiness of the American to flout the law he makes and make the law he flouts, or words to that effect. Naturally this paradoxical spirit will come out when the American is playing his national game or watching it being played.

Still the fact remains that an umpire's judgment on a question of fact never has been reversed. The kicker in baseball never got anything directly by kicking. The decision made is absolutely irrevocable.

Why does the player kick then? Why does the fan kick? The player kicks because it is a tradition. The fan kicks because he is a critic and because he is intensely interested.

John J. McGraw, manager of the Giants, can put more color into a ball game by rushing out of the dugout with his iron-gray head bobbing and his face flushed with rage to kick at a decision than the most perfectly executed play could bring. McGraw voicing a squawk is a companion picture to Babe Ruth busting one out of the lot.

The man in the best position to judge between balls and strikes naturally is the umpire, standing right behind the catcher. Yet the fan seated high up and off at an angle is always ready to call the umpire a robber if he sees it differently from his perch. Umpires do misjudge balls and strikes. It is their custom to make up for this. If they call a ball on a strike, the next one, good or bad, unless it is absolutely impossible, is called a strike, and vice versa. But they will not admit it.

Baseball, being the national pastime, reflects the national characteristics. The American is a kicker

The league presidents get the best umpires available. At least they try to, and they back up their umpires against the players always. They degraded the office of umpire in one league, however, by making policemen out of the arbiters and having them turn in secret reports on baseball players and baseball politics not connected with the actual playing of the game. This came out in the Mays case, a controversy that came close to disorganizing highly organized big league baseball. It was bad, for the office of umpire is that of judge and he should not be employed in police work.

Some baseball club owners complain that too much authority goes to the umpires and that these arbiters by tacit agreement can nullify the rules of the game. They seem to have done that this year. The "dead ball" rule has been ignored. The rule regarding intentional passing has been disregarded absolutely. One big league umpire is said to have admitted that he hadn't read a rule book in years.

UNQUESTIONABLY the umpire must have actual jurisdiction over the actual playing of the games. And unquestionably the players and the fans will question his judgment on all the close ones.

Sometimes the dialogues between the umpires and the players are too torrid for publication. Sometimes they develop repartee, sharp but harmless.

There is one umpire who goes through his work singing half aloud. When a protesting player becomes too unruly he bursts into the refrain of

> To the clubhouse you must go,
> Say no more. It'll cost you dough.

And the player departs sullenly, because he knows that he will be fined if he does not leave the field immediately. Being thrown out of the game is disconcerting, but paying a fine is a real annoyance, because the pocketbook of the ball player is his most sensitive spot.

One player was trying to draw a base on balls and the umpire was calling strikes on him. "Say," protested the player. "That one was a mile outside."

"Listen, young man," retorted the umpire. "You never will get any hits with your bat on your shoulder."

The umpire can punish the unruly player, but he can in no way restrain the boisterous fan nor can he retort to

the gibes and the reflections on his integrity that come from the grandstands and bleachers. If he is actually beaned by a pop bottle the police will arrest the offender if they can find him.

But sometimes the policeman himself is a fan. Out in St. Louis, where they take their baseball with feverish earnestness, I have seen a uniformed policeman shaking his fist and heard him denounce the umpire as a robber. He might have gone into the field if the crowd had started to rush the umpire, but I do not think that he would have hurried. In Cincinnati recently two usually law-abiding citizens, arrested for hurling pop bottles at the umpire, confessed to the offense in court. "He was so rotten that we couldn't help it," they pleaded.

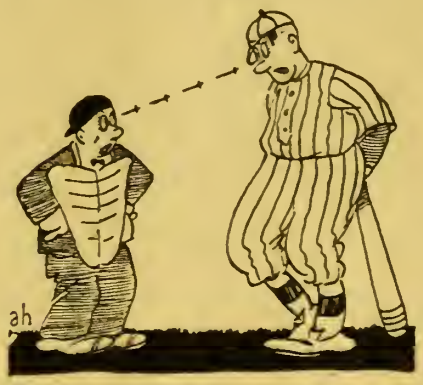
Old timers say that in the early days of baseball in San Francisco the fans used to take their shooting irons to the ball game. Frequently they took a shot at an umpire but apparently only for moral effect, for there is no record of an umpire ever having been slain at his post of duty.

Once this season the police had to escort umpires from the field in Brooklyn and in Philadelphia when the crowds moved down upon them menacingly. The pop bottle belt, however, seems to be west of the Alleghenies.

NEW YORK is regarded as the fairest place to the visiting team and to the umpire. That is because the New Yorker at a ball game is not a native born nor is he moved by any sectional feeling. He is merely watching a ball game. But he will criticize in an impartial way. He will boo the umpire just as fervently for deciding against the visitors as he will for the ruling against the home team—if he thinks the umpire has booted one. But he never waits at the gate to go through the motions of wanting to slay an umpire.

There are some players who never kick at the umpire. George Burns, left fielder and lead-off man for the Giants, is one of these. Babe Ruth, who would have legions kicking with him, does not kick.

Heinie Zimmerman was the eternal foe of the umpires. "Umpires, I hate 'em. They're all rotten," Heinie used to say. And Heinie voiced the sentiments



"There never was any good umpires"

of his fellow players. I have put questions to retired ball players in a roundabout way to get their opinions of the umpires in general.

"Who was the best umpire you ever knew?" I asked one. "There never was any good umpires," he replied.

There are teams and players that believe certain umpires "have it in for them." This seems absurd, for the umpire is not trying to make his lot any harder. And it is more than a stock joke, this idea that the lot of an umpire is far from a happy one.

One umpire told me something from his side. He was hired to umpire on a barnstorming tour with a couple of big league baseball teams. They did not want to be annoyed by the bush league umpires that might be foisted upon them.

Before the start of the tour the manager who advocated the hiring of this particular umpire came up to him and said, "Now you understand that you are to be absolutely fair on this trip. I don't want you to do anything for me for getting you the job. The only favor I have to ask of you is that you give us the best of the close ones."

THERE never will be a good umpire from the viewpoint of the average fan. Have you ever been at a ball park when an umpire was accidentally hit on the shins by a ball? An accident of that sort would make the afternoon perfect for many a fan. When two umpires were robbed recently at the Polo Grounds in New York it seemed to make the fans happy. "Now those robbers know how it feels themselves," was the average comment.

The worst umpire baiter of them all—Johnny Evers, the Trojan—is now absolutely silenced. Johnny, returning from his work with the Caseys overseas, was taken on as a coach to the Giants and a sort of general assistant to John McGraw. Before he was given this new work Johnny was warned by the league president that he must not abuse the umpires. When a row breaks out on the field Johnny is now a tragic figure as he restrains himself from rushing at the ump and giving vent to some of the burning sentiments of which he is capable.

For publication Johnny Evers says that he has quit baiting the umpires because there is nothing in it. But I am quite sure that this is only for publication. When Johnny quits the game finally he will leave the park clutching a handful of umpire's hair. For Johnny Evers is the spirit of baseball incarnate, and the spirit of baseball will kick and squawk until the game itself passes into the silences.

Ole Dynamite

By William V. V. Stephens

"You've got a mule a-leadin', what's th' reason?" asked a guy. "Can't your horses stand th' poundin' an' th' gaff?"
"I'll tell you what's th' reason," said the gunner with a grin, "an' I'll slam you where you're standin' if you laugh.
You're lookin' at Ole Dynamite, th' toughest army mule that ever pulled a load or bore a pack—
The mule that done his duty an' led th' critters through the day that Heinie made his big attack.
That mule was same as others—
Like his kickin', brayin' brothers,
Trailin' on th' flag from year to year.
In arguments of nations
It was mules as humped th' rations—
Ole Dynamite with rations in the rear,
That's him!
Ole Dynamite with rations in the rear.

"We held a little valley that was half way into hell, with hillsides heavin' up on jets of flame.
Ole Heinie lobbed 'em over, gas an' shrapnel mixed, an' we—well, we were sendin' back about th' same.
They were breakin' fast behind us—a wall of screamin' steel. We were runnin' short of grub to feed th' gun,
An' th' runners, beggin' rations behind th' big barrage, were droppin' as they tried it one by one.
Oh, we didn't mind th' dyin'
Or th' wounded near us cryin',
So long as we were shootin' with th' rest;
But to have a gun go quiet
An' to sot there idle by it,
Is misery a feller can't express—
That's it!
It's misery a feller can't express.

"We sent the last one over an' we hit th' sodden dirt. An' we prayed to see th' comin' of th' night.
We prayed for ammunition an' we cursed th' bloody train that had failed us in th' middle of th' fight.
I was clingin' close to cover in th' shelter of a wheel, with my heart a-beatin' bumps upon my brain,
When my buddy up an' shouted, 'They're bringin' up th' grub, an' Dynamite is leadin' out th' train!'
Ole Dynamite was leadin'
With an ear a-flop an' bleedin',
Headin' for th' guns he sought to find.
Through mud an' slime a-lurchin',
His eyes a-flame with searchin',
And his driver dead a mile or two behind—
He got it!
His driver dead a mile or two behind!"

Big Timers in a Big Town

Not All of America's Medal of Honor Men Were Milk-fed Huskies from the Pine Cone Belt

LITTLE more than a year ago the whole United States was talking about the young man from the mountains of Tennessee who had been described the greatest hero of the war. He had come back from France decorated with the Medal of Honor, the highest award which his country bestows for gallantry in action.

In the columns of description and comment written on this young man's life, it was emphasized that he was the product of the high and lonely woodlands—that the strength of the mountains was in him. People took pride in the fact that in the United States there were still places where nature is allowed to mold men of the same hardihood as those who conquered the great West in the pioneering days.

The young man from Tennessee deserved all the laurels he had won. But somehow, in the recitation of the heroism of the young church deacon and squirrel hunter of the Tennessee mountains, the people who keep us informed neglected to trace the influence of environment in the cases of the other fifty-four Medal of Honor men who came back from the A. E. F.

What they failed to show was that while the mountains and the plains did produce a good proportion of the A. E. F.'s most distinguished heroes, the metropolis of the nation supplied enough of them to prove unfounded all the early misgivings concerning the fighting qualities of a city-reared generation in a country which had not known a serious war for sixty years.

The war proved that the skyscraper warrior, accustomed as he had been to elevators, subways and all the other time and effort savers of city life, could become a hero on easy provocation.

These metropolitan heroes are back in civil life now. To find them you may possibly have to follow a trail which will end in the dizzy rush of an express elevator. It may lead you to a desk on the eighteenth floor of a steel and concrete pillbox. And when you start looking in New York for these returned Medal of Honor men and learn what they are doing now, you will know that cement sidewalks, steam heat, taxicabs, theaters and twenty-acre restaurants are not handicaps for potential soldiers.

FOR instance, in the heart of New York's Forty-second street theater district is the headquarters of a post of The American Legion which numbers among its members four Medal of Honor men. A single post of the Legion in America's biggest city has nearly one-tenth of all the Medal of Honor men who came back from France. This is the S. Rankin Drew Post, named in honor of the famous actor's son who plunged to death at Montdidier May 19, 1918, after he had driven his airplane headlong into a German machine which he had engaged in battle.

The S. Rankin Drew Post's Medal of Honor members are Alan Louis Eggers and John Cridland Latham, both formerly of the Machine Gun Company of the 107th Infantry, Twenty-seventh Division; Sydney G. Gumpertz, formerly of Company E. 132d Infantry, Thirty-third Division, and Charles F. Hoffman, formerly of the Fifth Marines.

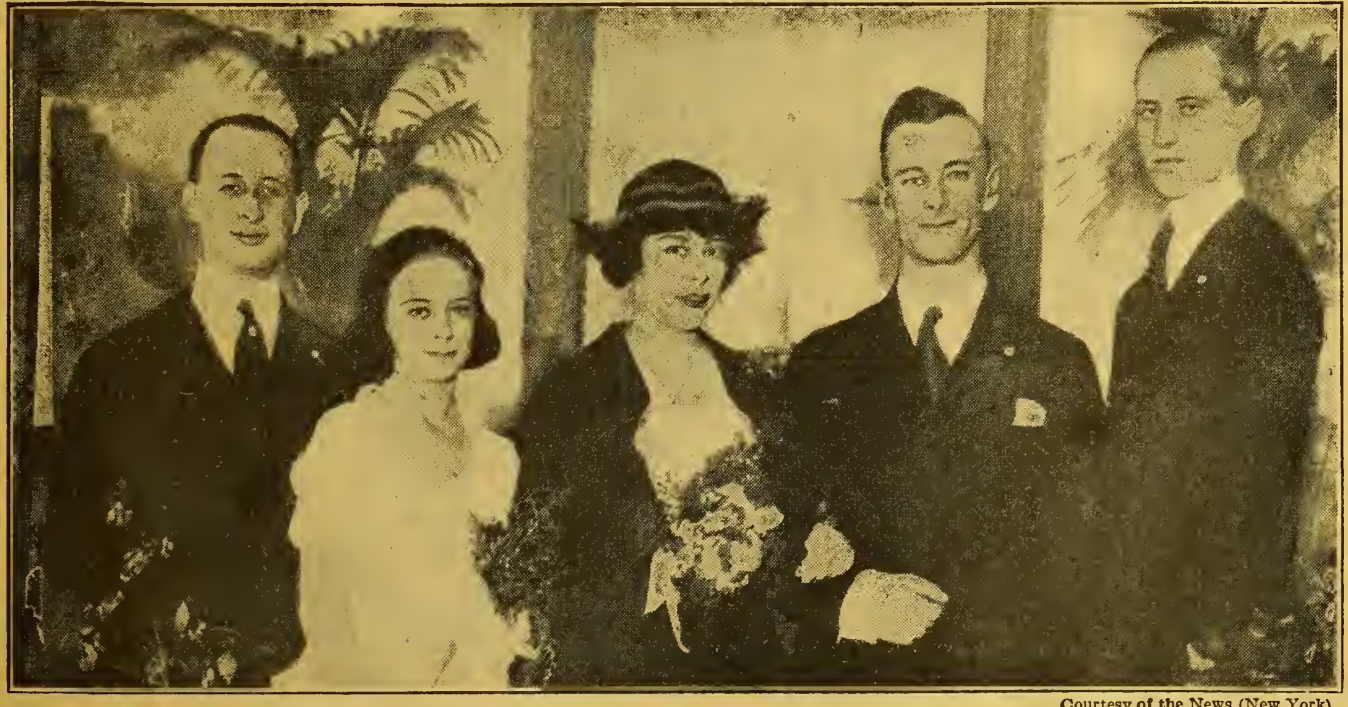
Gunnery Sergeant Charles F. Hoffman of the Marine Corps, the first man of the A.E.F. to win the Medal of Honor, is a leatherneck still

OF these men, Eggers and Latham are heroes of the same exploit. The medal was awarded to a third man who had shared in the gallantry of this deed, but he had died on the battlefield while Eggers and Latham were marvelously escaping death which kept at their elbows for hours. This third man was Thomas Elmore O'Shea.

The story of Latham, Eggers and O'Shea is one that was duplicated in its earlier chapters in hundreds of companies of the A. E. F. It begins with the friendship of Eggers and O'Shea while both were boys in Summit, N. J. They had belonged to the same boys' gang, attended the same schools and played in the same back lots.

It was natural that they should find

(*Continued on page* 28)



Courtesy of the News (New York).

Sergeant Latham, who won the Medal of Honor, advances to the altar, with Sergeant Eggers and Sergeant Gumpertz, also Medal of Honor men, in support. Left to right: Gumpertz, Mrs. Gumpertz, Mrs. Latham, Latham, Eggers

EDITORIAL

For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent. Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of the American Legion.

WE BLOW OUR OWN HORN

ELSEWHERE in this issue is printed an article about THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. This article is intended as a brief resumé of the eventful infancy of this magazine and as a sort of accounting to its readers, who occupy the unique position of being also its owners.

The management of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY has always recognized its responsibility and obligation to the reader-owners of the magazine, and for some time had intended to print within its own covers something about itself in addition to the formal report to be tendered to the National Convention at Cleveland next month. But it was not until a few weeks ago, when our business manager accidentally met a buddy from his old regiment, that we fully appreciated the advisability of it. Our business manager's friend propounded to him the question inevitably asked when a buddy meets a buddy, "What are you doing now?" "I'm business manager of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY," said our business manager. "Yes, I know that," said the friend, "but what are you doing for a living? That job doesn't take all of your time, does it?"

THE twenty-four page magazine in its fatigue garb of newsprint paper and no super-paper covers hadn't impressed our business manager's old buddy much. And, when we thought it over, we concluded that there must be a lot more readers who do not appreciate the magnitude of the job of getting out a weekly publication with a national circulation now exceeding 750,000; who do not appreciate, perhaps, that it takes the combined endeavor of 114 persons, most of them devoting their full time to the job (and most of them working under the direction of our business manager), to get out each issue of this magazine; who do not appreciate that every time an issue is printed and mailed it represents an expenditure of $20,000 or thereabouts.

So we have printed this accounting. It is a story of survival and success through a year of high paper costs, labor difficulties and transportation delays which have wrought havoc in the general publishing field and caused the suspension of many hundred publications. THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY has come through all this, and the future never looked brighter.

THE portion of national dues received from each subscriber is not nearly sufficient to meet the expenses of publication. A big fraction of our income must be from advertising. National advertisers are always chary of new publications. Moreover, they usually contract for their space many months before they use it. It has not been easy to sell an advertiser a page in a new publication for $1,287—or the back cover for $2,000. But one by one they are being convinced. The volume of business in sight for this Fall and for next year assures us of sufficient revenue to make some early improvements. In September we expect to increase the size of the magazine. At the same time we hope to strengthen and broaden the publication editorially. Later will come, if our hopes are realized, better paper and a heavier cover. Like Rome, no magazine was built in a day. Nor a year. A publication must grow up more or less according to natural laws like a human being. Experts who have watched the development and growth of magazines express the opinion that THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY is developing satisfactorily. It is some time since it abandoned its nursing bottle, and it soon expects to become a manly young publication and take a man's part in the world.

EDITORIALLY it hopes to perform a three-fold purpose: to be the servant and the mouthpiece of the Legion, reflecting and furthering the best that is in the organization; to print the news which affects and interests ex-service men as such, and to become a general, well-informed magazine taking a wide-awake interest in the affairs of the day. Its purpose will be to carry out the purposes of The American Legion as expressed in the preamble to its constitution.

And when you hear anyone say that the policy of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY is dictated or controlled by the War Department or "renegades seeking to raid the United States treasury," or Wall Street (we haven't heard so much about that since the beneficial legislation fight), or the Democrats in Patagonia just laugh him down.

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY is taking orders from The American Legion and from no one else. Its duty is to obey the will of its readers and owners. It obeys the instructions given by the National Convention of The American Legion, by the National Executive Committee and by the national officers. From these, and these only, does it take orders. But it is always glad to receive suggestions from all sources, especially from its reader owners.

THE editors of this magazine realize how far from the ultimate goal they are—and they realize acutely that the attainment of that goal is not the job of one man, nor of a dozen nor of a hundred. It is a job for all of us. Just as the results attained by the American Army in the recent war were not the accomplishments of one man, nor of one regiment, nor of one division, but of the co-ordinated team work of millions, so is it with The American Legion and, incidentally with its official publication.

What the Books Show

THE common stock of the United States Steel Corporation is held by more than 87,000 stockholders, according to figures based on the last (June) dividend. This is the largest number on record, and represents an increase of nearly one hundred percent since America's entry into the war and of four hundred percent. since the first quarter of 1902, when there were less than 18,000 stockholders. On July 1, the books of the Pennsylvania Railroad recorded a total of 126-468 stockholders, the largest in the history of the company.

Add to these isolated instances a body of Liberty Bond holders that exceeds the whole nation's voting strength, add again the record totals of recent savings bank deposits, and the inference that not all the contents of America's fabulously fat pay envelopes has been spent on silk shirts becomes a conviction.

THE LASS WHO LOVED A SAILOR

By John Held, Jr.

BURSTS AND DUDS

Payment is made for original material suitable for Bursts and Duds. Unavailable jokes will be returned only when accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Editor, Bursts and Duds, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, 627 West 43d street, New York City.

The twelve-dollar-a-week summer resort as the booklets picture it

Fell into Fortune

"Sure, it's Mike that's the lucky man."

"How's that?"

"Why, he just took out an insurance policy for ten thousand dollars and the very next day he fell off the bridge and got drownded in the river."

Multiplying Difficulties

The teacher, a lady of questionable age, was having a hard time getting Johnny to memorize the names of the kings of England.

"Why, when I was your age," she finally exclaimed, exasperated, "I could recite the names of all the kings forward and backward."

"Yes'm," replied Johnny, unimpressed, "but when you was my age there wasn't nearly so many kings."

The Human Dodo

Mrs. Jawslip: "You say Mr. Jawstrong always does what you tell him to and never talks back? He must be a rare husband."

Mrs. Jawstrong: "Rare? He's practically extinct."

Consolation

The big rookie, scared nearly out of his wits, had gone to the hospital for some trifling ailment, and was driving the orderly mad by a battery of nervous questions.

"What's that for?" he finally asked, pointing to the letters, M. D., U. S. A., on his blanket.

"Oh, that?" said the orderly carelessly. "That don't mean nothing much. It just means, 'Many die, you shall also.'"

En Famille

"Ma, is Mr. Jones an awfully old man?"

"No, dear, I don't believe so. What makes you ask?"

"Well, I think he must be, because I heard Pa say last night that Mr. Jones raised his ante."

Keep It Dark

"I suppose you think your little bride is the greatest girl in the world."

"Sure I do. But I wouldn't dare tell her for fear that *she* would think she is the greatest girl in the world."

Harvesting the Crop

When the German Army broke into Belgium and swept through the country one detachment was billeted in a farm house. A private, wandering through the fields, came upon a young girl sowing seeds.

"Yah!" he sneered. "You shall sow, but we shall reap."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," she replied sweetly. "You see, I'm sowing hemp."

Exclusive

A negro regiment, officered entirely by whites, had a West Point colonel who was very particular that all men should know who he was and pay him the respect due his position. Coming across a private who paid not the slightest attention to him, he swelled up with rage.

"Look here, my man," he burst forth. "Don't you know who I am?"

"Nossuh," said the private cheerfully.

"What? You mean to stand there and tell me you don't even know your own commanding officer when you see him?"

"Yassuh," explained the buck. "Yo' see, I ain't much fer pushin' mahself forward and I ain't been runnin' round with the ossifers none to speak of."

The Speed Boys

"Why, listen," said the artilleryman from Battery A, "our outfit used to move so fast that we were always way ahead of the infantry and they had to send runners up to find us."

"Old stuff," sneered the man from Battery B. "We moved so fast that when we got into a new position the shells we had just fired made a barrage so that our ammunition wagons couldn't get anywhere near us."

The Notable Trio

The Good Citizenship Club was entertaining a former French poilu and the chairman, whose memory was none of the best, wished to say something handsome of French military genius. As a reminder he wrote the names of Foch, Joffre and Petain on a slip which he pinned to the inside of his coat.

All went well in the early part of the speech and the orator worked himself and his audience up for the climax.

"And consider, gentlemen," he bellowed, "consider all we owe to those three great warriors who led the forces of France to a glorious victory. I refer, gentlemen, to those three wonderful men—"

Here he hastily consulted the coat lining.

"Those three wonderful men, Hart, Schaffner and Marx!"

Here's a Couple

A damsel was taking the air
In a suit that she wore on a dare.
'Twas an eye-filling sight
And 'twas daring all right,
For the boys all exclaimed, "She's a bare!"

There was a young lady named Stella,
Who in summer wore furs and umbrella.
Three ounces, no more,
Weighed the dress that she wore
When the weather was colder than hella.

The Sole Difficulty

"They say," gushed the lady, "that you can't hear the shell that hits you."

"I dunno about that," replied the returned doughboy. "But whether you can or not, it's a cinch you can't remember it long."

"Baby carriages? Yes, sir! We have just received a new lot—silk-lined, silver trim, genuine leather hoods, running-gear nickel-plated, hand-made basket-work bodies—for ninety-eight dollars only. Your first child, I presume?"

"No—fifth."

"Oh! You'll find a good, serviceable go-cart in the basement—special at two-forty-nine."

Truly Ornery

Down in the Carolina mountains a Northern traveler came across a mountaineer who was having more than the usual difficulties in persuading his mule to proceed. Arguments, cursing and beating were of the customary no avail.

"Stubborn?" inquired the man from the North.

The muleteer wiped his forehead. "Stubborn?" he ejaculated. "Say, mister, that cuss is so mean that when his hind legs are pushing his front ones are walking backwards."

Dangerous Pastime

The doughboy dived skillfully into his dugout head first as a big one hit nearby.

"Confound it," he growled, "those Jerries will keep on fooling around here until they hurt somebody."

A Bitter One

Sergeant: "Mah goodness, Sam, how come you lose your thumb?"

Sam: "Well, sarge, hyah's how come. Out in dis hyah Nobody's Lan' Ah foun' a lil black thing with a screw in it and Ah thought it was one of dese hyah brick-ettes, so Ah pushed the screw and—bam!—off went mah thumb. Lordy! Ah nevah was so disappointed."

THE VOICE *of the* LEGION

The After-the-War Goof

To the Editor: I still have some Gorgonzola cheese Medalos, 2d Class, for distribution in worthy cases where the recipient has ventured far beyond the call of duty, good taste or plain "crust." The last one presented was to a goof at Logan, Utah, who still wears with his cits a campaign hat with an officer's hat cord—no insignia of rank worn, so that he may have the benefit of the doubt, I suppose.

I suggest that the emblem department get out a large placard to be worn on the chest with a chain pendant, supporting it from the neck, and labelled, "I Was an Officer." The goof type of officer just naturally segregates itself in these days of reconstruction. The War Department should classify and blooey these birds now to eliminate dub officers in the next war. Let's make the next war safe for our kids and grandkids.

D. HARRIGAN

Glenns Ferry, Idaho

Single Men or Married

To the Editor: In answer to John W. Calender of Wellsburg, Kans., in the July 16th number, who wants to put wartime service all on the single man. Evidently he is married. I am single. I enlisted and was not worried by the draft, but the best thing I ever heard on the subject of married and single men and war was from a drafted married man, a replacement in our outfit. He said:

"I tried to enlist and was turned down. I worked hard so I could pass when I was called by my local board."

I said: "Yes, but you are married."

He answered: "Yes, but a man who has been married has no more to give up than a single man who has a sweetheart, whom he expects to marry. The single man loses all that was his dream, while the married man has enjoyed part of his life as he had wished."

F. B. WARD

Oldham Post,
LaGrange, Ky.

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY *disclaims responsibility for facts stated or opinions expressed in this department, which is open to all readers for the discussion of subjects of general interest. The only restriction imposed is that, because of space demands, no letter may exceed two hundred words.*

An Osteopath's Plea

To the Editor: Upon the entrance of the United States into the war, the nation's osteopaths came forward and offered themselves for service in the Army and Navy. A cry immediately went up from the Medical Department that osteopaths were not "M. D.'s," and hence could not hope to obtain commissions in the Medical Corps. Although the American Osteopathic Association made an effort to obtain legislation to permit doctors of osteopathy to serve the country in the capacity in which they had been trained, although some of the ablest men in the nation, including the elder Theodore Roosevelt, gave their support, the effort was of no avail. So the rank and file of the osteopathic profession closed their offices and left their schools, and served in every capacity except that in which they were trained.

The war is now over. What happens when disabled men under the care of the U. S. Public Health Service wish to consult an osteopath? They cannot do it, except at their own expense.

Let the Government put an osteopath on the board of doctors at each of the different centers where disabled men are being treated. Let him have his turn at the diagnostic mill, and let his treatment be authorized when in his opinion the necessity for it exists. Let's have a square deal. We do not tell a soldier he must be Catholic or Methodist, but we do tell him he must take "regular medicine" or nothing.

The writer was formerly a private in the Medical Detachment of the Third Pioneer Infantry, A. E. F.

JAMES H. CHENEY

Harold Mason Post,
Sioux Falls, N. D.

The Third on the Marne

To the Editor: In the issue of July 16 is an article entitled "South of Soissons," in which you make statements, which, for the benefit of others, it would be a good thing to correct.

You mentioned the First and Second Divisions as the ones who opposed the German attack on July 18. The Government statistics will show you that the Third, or "Marne" Division, held one of the main sectors from May 28, 1918, until July 31, 1918, both in defense and offense. You also mention the eighteenth of July as the day which should be included in American history. Why not make it from the fourteenth to the eighteenth of July, because it was on those days that the Third Division stopped Fritz on his Marathon to Paree? The sector was from and including Chateau Thierry to Dormans. The monuments erected or

being erected at Chateau Thierry show who was there and the exact dates. This division alone lost 7,200 men and 270 officers in this sector.

D. L. COLE

Three Rivers, Mich.

[Failure to mention the Third Division in the editorial referred to in Mr. Cole's letter in no wise reflects on its part in both the defensive and offensive campaigning along the southern bank of the Marne, east of Chateau-Thierry. Strategically, however, the Third was not so situated as to be able to deliver so vital an offensive blow as that administered by the First and Second. A thrust north from the Third's sector, unless pressure were being brought to bear elsewhere, could not have had the telling and instantaneous result that the attack of the First and Second did. A good parallel would have been an attempt to wipe out the St. Mihiel salient by attacking it on its tip, at St. Mihiel itself, instead of on the western and southern faces. The Third, apart from its excellent offensive work with the opening of the July 18th attack, had withstood three days earlier probably the heaviest enemy assaults which any A. E. F. troops ever sustained.—EDITOR'S NOTE.]

Lower Prices

To the Editor: The quickest way to settle the H. C. of L. and the disturbance and unrest due thereto would be for Congress to get the price of every article direct from the manufacturer of the goods that he turns out, then place a retail price on them, allowing for the freight to different parts of the country, and then enforce that retail price. By doing so you would release several hundred freight cars that are tied up while the brokers juggle the price of the material they contain one to fifteen times before it reaches the consumer. It would also relieve the brokers and profiteers of the acrobatic stunts they enjoy at the consumers' expense, and it would create a stronger competition among the manufacturers.

C. L. PRICE

Des Moines, Ia.

To Captain Bunker

To the Editor: I wish that that Captain Paul D. Bunker, of the C. A. C., who is against any form of compensation, were in my position. I wonder if he would feel the same as he does now. While I was in the Army I had a wife and three little children to take care of. Since getting out I am barely able to make a living, because I was fighting during the time stay-at homes were getting skillful in civilian jobs. I hope to catch up some day.

W. M. N.

Portsmouth, N. H.

To the Editor: After reading Captain Bunker's letter in the July 23d issue, my first thought is that during the war Captain Bunker probably was down in the Canal Zone getting big money and sitting on the world. If we all got our money as soft as he does, perhaps we could also pretend to be big fellows and refuse to hear anything about compensation. For one, I am not sorry he has resigned from our organization.

E. B.

Cohoes, N. Y.

Legion Enemies

To the Editor: The American Legion has got to do some hustling if it wishes to remain a strong organization. It has enemies on every side, some who were its friends and backers at one time. Now these men are trying to kill the Legion. In my town there are a score of merchants and professional men who are systematically working against the Legion. Some of their opinions run like this:

"The soldiers are trying to run the town."

"What did they do, anyway? We who stayed at home suffered a lot and kept the Home Guard. You fellows had plenty of sugar, flour, meat and other food while we were 'Hooverizing.'"

Of course these remarks are not from men of great fairness of mind. But if enough men repeat them, the majority may take on such narrow ideas. Some civilians believe that the service men had a grand time fighting for the Republic. They say we had enough to eat, plenty of free mileage, comfortable beds, an eight-hour day and a general good time. And, now that the war is over, they say, it is time to forget all about soldiers and anything pertaining to them.

I believe the Legion should be on the lookout for its enemies. I think a campaign of enlightenment should be waged to let the people know that the Legion honestly is at the service of all and is not trying to "run the country" alone. We should give the answer to the "knockers."

RAYMOND HOLDEN

Palmer, Mass.

"THE HOME FOLKS"

To the Editor: I believe the Legion should make known to the public that we ex-service men are grateful for the help that was given us by the folks at home, whether by subscribing to the general welfare fund, by giving individual donations, investing savings in Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps or by just working faithfully in some activity which helped win the war. There are numerous ways in which our families endeavored to make our lot easier. Can't we find some fitting manner to express our appreciation?

ELMER W. ACE,
Adjutant,
Corporal of the Guard Post,
Green River, Wyo.

The Truth

To the Editor: I see in your latest issue that an editor in Georgia says that The American Legion was organized by officers, and that no enlisted men had a say in it. I was in Paris with the M. T. C., stationed at the Grande Armee garage, and I attended the organization meeting of the Legion. I saw with my own eyes and know the truth, and you can tell the editor for me that he is all wrong.

PRIVATE JOSEPH PERO

Squadron A, Marine Flying Field, Quantico, Va.

Who Won the War?

To the Editor: Happily the gr-rand old world conflict (as it has so well been called) ain't what it used to be, but around this neck of the woods you will still hear enough echoes of it to let you know that there once was such an animal.

For instance, there are still people who think the A. E. F. might be in France yet if it hadn't been for the Twenty-seventh Division, and who think the Hindenburg line would never have been smashed unless the Twenty-seventh had helped. I suppose the idea is that the whole British Army was back in Calais and Rouen drinking tea and eating marmalade.

I haven't been in Tennessee and the Carolinas since the war, but do you suppose the Thirtieth Division vets feel the same way? Or do you not? I haven't an idea.

All I mean is, that if this sort of feeling is general the country over—if they think on the Pacific Coast, for instance, that the Ninety-first turned the whole trick—then we came out of the war as big a bunch of hicks as we went in. It makes a fellow pity the poor homeless Regulars—and I wasn't a Regular either.

C. M. R.

New York, N. Y.

His Own Censor

To the Editor: William R. Brown of Kenosha, Wis., Post struck a responsive chord in his recent letter which you published under the appropriate heading: "Why Not 'Slacker Steals Milk'?"

Yes, why not? I am in that end of the newspaper game myself, that is, the copy desk, and I wish to assure Mr. Brown that no ex-service angle, whether it concerns soldier, sailor or marine, figures in the heads I write or that are passed over the desk of which I happen to be the head.

And furthermore, I take as much pleasure in deleting from wire or local copy such phrases as "suspect wore an army coat," as did the army censor in riddling the perfectly good letters that we wrote home from the A. E. F.

Such reference to the service man in the news columns of our dailies is unfair in the extreme, if for no other reason than the wholesale dumping upon the open market of surplus army stores since the Armistice.

WILLIAM R. CURRY

Robert E. Kennington Post No. 34, Indianapolis, Ind.

Another Bergdoll Guard

To the Editor: I have just read L. K. Moore's letter offering to do guard duty over Bergdoll if he is caught again. I would also volunteer my services if Mr. Moore needs anyone for first, second or third relief.

Our New York newspapers six or nine months ago mentioned various persons who had paid for cushy jobs so that they could stay in this country. They were to have been brought to trial, but I have seen nothing further about it.

It certainly gets one riled up when he recalls the days before he sailed for France. I made it my business to go down to the City Hall just before June 5, 1917, the day of registering for conscription, and saw some of those who were getting married off, about one every minute, so as to evade the draft. Fine patriotism! I think it's about time that we get after those who are in charge to see that all the draft evaders are brought to justice.

J. N.

Port Jefferson, L. I.

Hitting the Legion's Pace

The Story of a Magazine Which Became in a Year the Fourth Largest Weekly in Point of Circulation in the United States

WHEN THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, in its issue of July 2, 1920, noted, in the circulation statement customarily printed at the bottom of its front cover page, the fact that its subscription list had reached 625,000, it stated a fact which had a deeper significance than most of its readers probably realized.

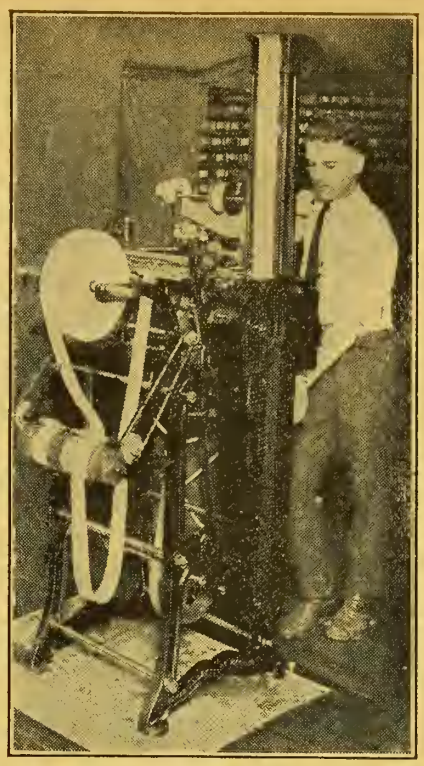
The issue of July 2 was the fifty-second number of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. The circulation total of 625,000 had been reached in one year. It was an achievement which broke all records of magazine growth in the American publishing field. A few weeks prior to July 2, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY had passed the half-million mark in subscribers and had become the fourth weekly magazine in the United States in point of circulation.

Not only, it is worthy of note, had the official publication of The American Legion attained this circulation in one year, but it had done it under the vicissitudes of the hardest year the publishing industry had ever known. It had done it in a year when the scarcity of print paper and the high cost of all materials had been a constant menace; in a year when transportation tie-ups and other manifold difficulties had seriously hampered all publications and caused the suspension of many.

And not only had THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, upon the occasion of its first birthday, exceeded all circulation records, but it had shattered a second publishing precedent almost equally important. It entered the second year of its life as a self-supporting, paying enterprise. Although its subscription price was by far the lowest of any weekly magazine of national circulation in the country, and despite the fact that, since the low subscription price had been set more than a year before, the cost of virtually all the materials entering into the publication of a magazine had doubled in price, the magazine was making a profit upon each issue published.

It was not a large profit. But it was a profit—and it promised to grow. This was considered by publishers of long experience as an almost phenomenal accomplishment. It is almost an axiom in the publishing industry that a new magazine must operate at a loss continuously for a protracted period during its early growth, usually for several years. A publication is regarded as distinctly an enterprise in which a heavy initial outlay must be steadily supplemented before the period of financial return arrives. It is comparable to a newly-planted forest which will bring its owner no financial return until the timber matures.

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY made this unusual showing, of course, because of the growth of The American Legion, because of the spirit of assistance and co-operation which animated the membership of this organization, and by radical curtailments of expenditures for white paper and printing in colors. Through the fact that it was the official publication of the Legion, and because it had made such strides in circulation, the magazine became a recognized national advertising medium and at present, what with the constantly increasing growth in subscribers—now totalling more than 750,000—the income from advertising promises to provide sufficient revenue for carrying out several important improvements in the magazine, to pay off the amount invested in it—$257,000—and eventually to contribute materially to the treasury of The American Legion, the sole owner of the publication. In September it is expected that the size of the magazine will be definitely increased. Colored covers will be resumed as soon as machinery for printing them is delivered. A better quality of paper is contemplated.

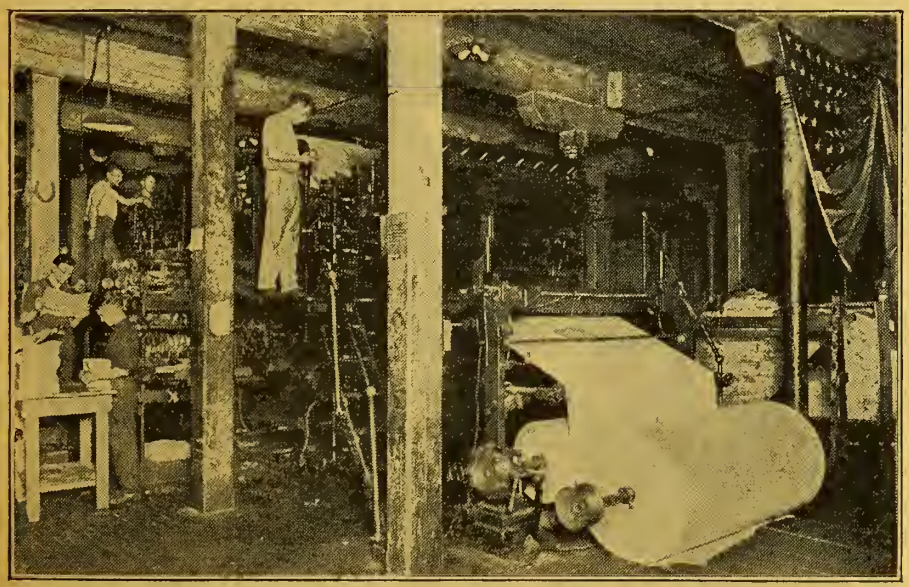


It takes five of these machines a whole week to print the little yellow ticket that gets the magazine to the man who reads it

THE average reader of any magazine usually does not appreciate the magnitude of the task of producing it. It takes forty tons of newsprint paper to get out each issue of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. The copies of each issue, which come from the press at the rate of 16,000 an hour, if placed end to end would make a ribbon 110 miles long. It costs approximately $20,000 to print each issue. Each page of advertising in the magazine has been sold for $1,287 an issue, each inch for $42.

Even more than other magazines, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, because of its low subscription price, must depend upon its advertising to meet expenses. The actual total cost of each copy sent out is about three and one-half cents. The subscriber pays for it less than two cents. On a circulation of 750,000 this means a net circulation loss of about $7,500 an issue, which must be made up in advertising revenue. For several months the magazine has been getting enough advertising to meet this amount. As a matter of fact, in the first year of its existence, it has published a larger volume of cash advertising, paid for at full rates, than any other new publication ever contained in the same period. This record is due largely to the unique methods used in obtaining the support of the magazine's readers for advertisers. In proportion as this support is increased and extended, the advertising revenue of the future will grow.

Getting 750,000 copies into the hands of readers scattered over the whole of the United States is a huge problem in itself. Of the 114 persons continuously employed in all departments of the



Two-thirds of a mile of paper is on every one of the rolls fed to the press which prints the magazine. The press turns out 16,000 copies an hour

magazine, a large proportion, mostly skillful girls, are at work in the Circulation Department. Adding as many as 25,000 new subscriptions in a week is a commonplace task for this department. Changing the addresses of 5,000 subscribers is a necessary complication that may be appreciated from the fact that it costs twice as much to change an address as to enter a new subscription.

Five addressing machines, electrically operated, work almost continuously the whole week through printing the subscription lists for each of the more than 9,000 posts. A large force of workers is constantly engaged in making the stencils for these machines. A stencil is made for each subscriber, and the stencils for each post, for each town and for each state are all kept in places allotted for them in large filing cabinets. Each addressing machine costs $2,500, and enough of them cannot be obtained from the manufacturer.

The system of forwarding subscription payments through local Post Adjutants, State Headquarters and National Headquarters, calls for water-tight cooperation if delays are to be prevented. So well has the system within the office been worked out, however, that the Circulation Department assures members that the magazine is being mailed regularly to every member whose national dues have been received at National Headquarters. Aggressive efforts have been made to impress upon officials of posts and departments the necessity of forwarding payments promptly.

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY is published under the supervision of a board of directors whose members live in all sections of the country. This board includes the National Commander and the National Adjutant. Many of the other directors are publishers. The names and addresses of all the directors follow: Franklin D'Olier, Philadelphia; Lemuel Bolles, Indianapolis; Robert H. Tyndall, Indianapolis; De Lancey Kountze, New York City; Frederick B. Wells, Minneapolis; David M. Goodrich, New York City; Matthew H. Murphy, Birmingham, Ala.; G. Edward Buxton, Providence, R. I.; Frank Knox, Manchester, N. H.; Henry Hathaway, New York City; George d'Utassy, New York City; F. W. Galbraith, Jr., Cincinnati; Benjamin Dibble, San Francisco; and Milton J. Foreman, Chicago.

THE history of the magazine since it first came from the presses on July 4, 1919, has been largely influenced by the conditions of the period in which it was born. The first editor, who was also the manager, was George M. White, a western newspaper man and editor, who remained in charge for the first seven months, after which he resumed his private business.

Publication was uneventful for the first few months of the magazine's life. But on October 1 a controversy between employers and labor organizations developed in New York City. This caused the suspension for several weeks of scores of national publications. It threatened serious consequences for this magazine at that critical stage in its development. Although the management offered to meet any terms specified by the labor organizations, an agreement was impossible because the controversy affected the whole industry.

Going Down at $1,000 a Day—The Legion Debt

THE first of the new year will see The American Legion practically clear of all indebtedness if the $1,000 a day rate of reduction carried out from January 31 to July 1 should be maintained. In that period the deficit was cut from $343,648 to $197,214, a total reduction of $146,433, or nearly $30,000 a month. These figures are from the statement of deficits issued by Robert H. Tyndall, National Treasurer.

The Legion's old indebtedness of $257,000, borrowed last summer by the temporary national executive committee for preliminary organization work and to meet the initial expense of starting THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, also has been paid off.

Thus the Legion's only debt on June 30, 1920, comprised current obligations incurred during the first few months of this year, before it was possible to place the magazine on a self-sustaining basis. This debt, represented by a deficit of $197,214.22 on June 30, is offset approximately three-fold by the organization's various assets, the treasurer's books show.

The statement of deficits reveals that the Legion's peak of indebtedness was reached on January 31, 1920, when the total deficit was $343,648.13. After that date, the collection of national dues progressed so satisfactorily and the magazine reached such a firm business and financial footing, that a reduction of $146,433.91 was made by June 30.

The deficits at the end of each calendar month of 1920 are shown in the following table:

January 31	$343,648.13
February 29	294,183.88
March 31	256,963.61
April 30	238,254.47
May 31	240,650.91
June 30	197,214.22

It was decided that publication must not be interrupted. The way in which the difficulty was met showed that wartime strategy had left a heritage to peace.

When the publishing plant shut down, 94,000 copies of the October 3rd issue had already been printed, of the total of 220,000 needed. The plates were on six presses. It looked as if they might stay there. Almost before the last echo of the rumbling presses had died away, however, arrangements were under way for completing the October 3rd issue in Washington. The business, circulation and editorial staffs put on overalls and got ready to move the plates and paper to the national capital.

Two obstacles threatened this plan. The first was the fact that a longshoremen's strike had tied up all ferry service. The second was the general paralysis of freight movements.

But the workers of the magazine had the fighting spirit that had admitted no obstacle for two years. The semi-cylindrical plates were taken from the presses. They were loaded on trucks. Then word came from Washington that the publishing plant there could not use paper in rolls. Its presses required sheets. So eighty-three rolls of paper, each weighing 1,400 pounds, were cut into sheets, forty-four by sixty-six inches.

The trucks loaded with the plates and the paper started for the ferry, where there was a line-up of hundreds of trucks and other vehicles. Some of them had been motionless in line for several days.

The way in which this obstacle was surmounted is still largely a secret. It is enough to say that, just as in the A. E. F. each emergency developed its hero, so in a certain New York ferry jam a Legionnaire who had not been at all identified with the magazine found the vulnerable point in the line. The trucks got across, even though it was a costly crossing.

In the freight yards of Jersey City another crucial issue was met. The plates and paper were loaded into freight cars. But here, too, it looked as if the material would get no farther. Thousands of loaded cars were all about. The cars containing the paper and plates were ordinary freight cars. There were no baggage cars available. Railroad mechanics appeared. Somehow or other, wherever went those plates on which the life of the magazine depended there appeared new men wearing the button of The American Legion. The railway Legionnaires got busy with the freight cars. They put new packing into the axle boxes, and did other things which the men accompanying the material didn't understand. Other Legionnaires at the far end of the telephone wires had been thinking and planning.

Evening came, and the precious freight cars were shuttled about the sidings a quarter of an hour. They finally jarred to a stop at the end of a train. That train was one of the fastest passenger trains which a certain railroad operates between New York and Washington. The packings of the freight car wheels had been prepared to stand the speed to which they would be subjected. The next morning the magazine paper and plates were in Washington.

While the freight cars were being hooked to the passenger train, motor trucks were being loaded with the subscription lists and the furniture and books necessary for the opening of a Washington office. These motor trucks followed the roads to Washington.

Business was suspended in the New York office on a Saturday afternoon. Tuesday morning the Washington office was in full operation. The entire issue of October 3rd was mailed out with a delay of only six days. So that is why several thousand Legionnaires throughout the country got their magazine of October 3rd when scores of other publications were not in the mails. That is why THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY reached its readers during the nine or ten weeks when the other magazines were still unheard from.

THE move to Washington naturally was not unattended with confusion. Those were the days when many thousands of Legionnaires probably cussed out the Circulation Department. The 350 Legionnaires of Helena, Mont., for instance, could not have guessed that the reason they did

(*Continued on page* 26)

THE OBSERVATION POST

HERE'S an idea from the Portsmouth, R. I., Post that sounds like the real music. In Portsmouth the live-wire Legionnaires have hit on a scheme for spreading the news of the aims and activities of the Legion. Each member of the Post simply takes his copy of the WEEKLY and, after he has read it, mails it to a citizen not a Legion member, and right there that citizen has coming to him every week a presentation of Legion ideas and Legion doings that show him what we stand for. It's a corking good way to bring our work before the public and we hope to hear of more posts doing it.

When you come right down to it, it is just a reversal of the good old system that got us all our reading matter when we were in the service. The folks at home read their magazines, put a stamp on them and we got them next. Now it's our chance to read our Legion magazine, put a stamp on it and pay back the home folks for what they did for us.

The plan is so simple it's wonderful. Everybody pick out a different person to mail his copy of the WEEKLY to and then—"READ IT AND PASS IT ALONG."

¶ Is it easy for you to find fault with your post officials? Both yourself and the post officials must be more than human if you don't. Before raising too much hell over the matter just imagine yourself in their shoes for a month or so. If at the end of this time, you think you could do the job much better than they are doing it, run for office when election times comes around. In the meantime, put your shoulder to the wheel and give them a lift.

THERE'S a little girl a-sitting in a land that's far away on the doorstep of a cottage and she isn't very gay. For she's feeling kind o' hungry and her clothes are sort o' worn and she wants someone to love her like the Yankees that have gone. Now the skies should all be sunny for an eight-year-old *petite*, and she ought to be a-playing in the cheerful village street, but she's sitting there and longing—it's so easy to forget—for the pals in oldtime O. D. Have you got your orphan yet?

¶ Several New York City Posts are planning to hold open air meetings this summer in public parks. This outdoor idea ought to go big with all Posts. Some of them might hold meetings at amusement parks.

HAVE you put in your application to your Post Commander for your Victory Medal which the Legion has been authorized to present to you on Armistice Day? Or maybe the post adjutant has forgotten to send it along to the War Department. Things have a habit of piling up on a desk, as we all know, and perhaps the commander is a bit swamped. So if you haven't registered your call for your medal, now is the time to do it, and if you have put it in and the adjutant hasn't sent it on, now is the time to give him a stir. It's going to be a big celebration on Armistice Day with all kinds of ceremonies along with the presentation of the medals, and no Legion post ought to miss the chance to give out the decorations to its members and all other service men who enter their applications.

¶ Every member of a certain post recently brought as a dinner guest to a Legion function a newly naturalized American citizen, and a special program designed to explain the principles of 100 percent Americanism was presented. Here's an excellent way for your post to show its practical Americanism. Why not try something like this in your community?

ANY number of times, no doubt, there have been questions in your mind concerning the Legion that you want to have answered, especially points about local or departmental affairs. Whenever this is the case apply to the department adjutant for the information, not to National Headquarters, for it is up to each post and department to decide on local and department affairs for itself, always bearing in mind the fact that the constitution of the Legion must be upheld. The department adjutant maintains an office to help you out when you are in doubt on Legion matters in his jurisdiction.

¶ Off that "Mister" stuff! You know how to greet your real friends.

IS your post on the list of those who have not as yet sent in their applications for permanent charters? Let's hope not, but there are some posts which have not. The permanent charter is something well worth while that every post should have in its headquarters. The forms of application for these charters were sent to all the departments long ago. They are issued to all posts which already have temporary charters on an application approved by the department officials. Another attractive feature about the permanent charter is the parchment which goes along with it. On this parchment the names of charter members are to be written, and if a post has each charter member sign his own name on the roll it becomes one of the most valuable records of the post.

¶ Have you paid your dues for the year 1920? If you have, are you getting your copy of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY regularly? If not, before writing that red-hot letter of complaint, find out the following: Are you still living where you were when you gave your address to the post adjutant? Did you give this address correctly? Did you give the name, number and address of your post? Has the post adjutant sent your name and your money to department headquarters?

FINE stuff for bringing in new members in community drives are copies of the "Book of Facts" and of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. A free distribution of them has been found by many posts to help a lot in impressing prospective members. Already National Headquarters has distributed free 40,000 copies of the "Book of Facts" and there are 60,000 more copies available which will be delivered to departments and posts at the low rate of two dollars a hundred.

The extra copies of the WEEKLY, as many as you want, can be obtained by addressing the Circulation Manager, 627 West Forty-third street, New York City, but be sure to notify him well in advance of the date of issue. The copies cost five and one-quarter cents apiece. Application for the "Books of Facts" should be made to the Emblem Division at National Headquarters.

CARRYING ON

What is your Post doing? Tell it here in news and gossip. Address contributions to Post News Editor, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

THEY'VE found a way to avoid the discomforts of hot weather during a dance at Lorian Brown Post, Chillicothe, O. The post is planning to give a shirtwaist ball.

The Department of Connecticut has been designated as the agency through which the state will provide for the care or relief of needy veterans and their families. The state legislature has provided a relief fund and each post of the Legion in the state will form a State Fund Committee for investigating all cases of supposed need. The funds may be expended for food, wearing apparel, medical or surgical aid, or in bearing funeral expenses.

Howard S. Fisk was unanimously elected Junior Vice Commander of the George Washington Post, of Washington, D. C., following the resignation of Colonel Roy Winton. A committee was appointed to consider the possibilities of the Post entering the National Guard of the District of Columbia as a unit. A second committee was chosen to look into a site for a summer camp for the Post.

Local posts have been taking the lead in appealing to senators and representatives in the hope of obtaining German war trophies for their communities. More than a million articles captured from the Germans will be distributed among the various states in proportions to the number of men in the service from each state. The apportionment will be made through the members of Congress. The trophies include 2,197 artillery pieces, 4,000 ve-

hicles, 70,000 rifles, 10,000 machine guns and tens of thousands of such things as bayonets, Uhlan rifles, helmets and badges.

The Massachusetts Department has addressed a letter to all Post Commanders in its state asking contributions to a fund for providing comforts and minor luxuries to ex-service men still in hospitals and convalescent camps. The contributions are being received by Paul Keating, Room 6, State House, Boston, treasurer of the Legion's State Welfare Committee.

The Memphis, Tenn., Post conducted an advertising campaign in the Memphis newspapers to acquaint ex-service men with their rights under the War Risk Insurance system, and advising them that the Post's insurance officer would render free service in all matters connected with insurance and compensation.

The 106th Infantry Post of Brooklyn, N. Y., has opened a public restaurant in the Post's clubhouse. "Moderate prices, Southern cooking, no profiteering," are the recommendations given in a bulletin issued by the Post. The Post also has living quarters for a number of its members in the dormitory of its clubhouse.

Twenty thousand dollars probably will be divided between the posts in Seymour and Brownstown, Indiana, by the united war work organization in Jackson County, which has been holding the fund since the return of the soldiers from overseas. Seymour Post expects to use its share to start a community house fund.

The first of the soldier dead to be brought back from overseas to Wilmington, Del., was buried with full military honors when Norman D. Scott Post acted as the guard of honor to the body of Pvt. James Larkins, Company D, 543d Engineers.

The Women's Auxiliary of the J. Hunter Wickersham Post of Denver, Col., has placed two pianos in the ward for bedfast soldiers at the recuperation camp at Aurora.

MORE than 150 picnics and boat rides were given by posts of the Minnesota Department in a single month this summer.

A trip to a historical scene by young men who had a bit to do with making history themselves in 1917-1919, has been arranged by Charles Hersey Post, of Chester, Pa. Valley Forge is the objective.

A one hundred percent. canvass for new members is on the cards for the Ole Alendal Post, of Viborg, S. D. Every ex-service man in the community will be called upon and asked to join the Legion.

Frank S. Reynolds Post, of Bakersfield, Cal., dug up a beautiful title for the bunch that arranged the stunts for its first annual outdoor shindig. They called 'em "The Committee on Wild Ideas."

No chances with memories that may go astray with the passing of the years are being taken by Cooper Yerger Post, of Clarksdale, Miss. Regular service records that contain many of the questions answered on a discharge paper have been sent to each member of the post to fill out. The names and addresses of three buddies with whom the Legionnaire served are asked for as well as an account of the most thrilling or most comical experience he underwent. A valuable record of Clarksdale's activities in the war for future generations will be the result when all the questionnaires have been collected.

WHEN Marshall and Lyon counties in Minnesota produced a historical pageant in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of their settlement they had to have everything up-to-date. And so this tank designed and camouflaged by the Luther I. Snapp Post of Marshall rolled along the streets and played the big part in the final episode of the pageant with one hundred Legionnaires to back it.

The American Legion Posts combined to celebrate the Fourth of July at Henning, Minn., with athletic games, speeches and music. The Posts were those of Pelican Rapids, Henning, Fergus Falls, Perham, New York Mills, Parker's Prairie, Battle Lake, Deer Creek, Dent and Leaf Mountain. It was estimated that 20,000 persons attended the celebration.

Nobody wearing a Legion button is a stranger in a strange town when they hit Frankford, Ind. Once every other week the Walter T. Cohee Post holds a luncheon and any stranger wearing the Legion emblem or a discharge button is promptly taken in tow to the banquet board.

The traveler has to wander pretty far afield these days to get into a vicinity where there is no Legion post. New posts have just been chartered in Belgium and Japan. Nineteen new units of the women's auxiliary also have sprung up.

ELEVEN—LET'S SHOOT THE WORKS!

ADOPTED THIS WEEK

Great Neck, L. I., Post	1
Previously adopted	10
Total	11

ELEVEN orphans adopted.

Eleven—the magic number! How many times in the old O. D. days have all of us seen that combination of six and five turn its beaming face upward on the brown blanket.

Eleven then brought a wealth that we spent with a free and a generous hand, and don't let anybody say we've changed since then. Eleven's still the lucky number for the demobilized doughboy and gob and for the little French orphans they befriended as well, for this week's total is that same memory-dear count.

Little Suzanne (left) and Genevieve Levet. Headquarters Company, 116th Supply Train, adopted Suzanne for the war.

But what did we do the last time we shot the "natch"? Stop there? No, not by a quart of vin blink we didn't. We let 'er ride up into the thousands. And so it is to be expected that the old A. E. F. gang isn't going to drag down now while nearly three thousand orphans and former mascots still remain to be won out of their streak of hard luck, hunger and discomfort. We pulled 'em out once when we were in France and they're still there today for us to pull out again with the same old friendly hand. And—whisper—these are the piping times of peace when we're not dependent on an Army paymaster, but we walk right up and draw it in an envelope every week. A lot more than thirty a month.

Posts of the Legion or individual member or friends may adopt a French war orphan for at least one year, contributing seventy-five dollars for the first year's support. The mascots assigned will be either orphans or the children of permanently disabled war veterans.

The money should be sent to the French Orphan Fund, National Treasurer, American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind. It will then be turned over to the American Red Cross, which will assign the children and supervise the expenditure of the money.

A specific child will be assigned to each adopting post or individual and a photograph of each mascot will be forwarded to the adopter, who thereafter may keep in touch with the ward either by direct correspondence or through the Red Cross, which will translate letters when desired.

All the money contributed will go to the child. The Red Cross bears all expenses of administration.

With the addition of Great Neck Post's contribution, the orphan fund of The American Legion stands at $825.

Eleven always was the lucky number. Let's shoot the works and double the pile.

IMPROVING *the* INFANTRY

Former doughboys have been busy with typewriter and pen since this magazine published the first letters which its readers wrote in answer to the request of Colonel—now Major General—C. S. Farnsworth, president of the Infantry Board, U. S. A., for suggestions looking to the improvement of the infantry service. The latest letters received on this subject, published herewith, show that most of them are inspired by personal observation or experience. This magazine will publish other letters in following issues and invites anybody who believes he has a constructive suggestion to send it along.

Courts Martial Officers

To the Editor: The courts martial controversy gives especial interest to the action of the United States Army Ambulance Association at its convention in electing as its president Colonel Richard Slee, formerly Summary Court Officer at Camp Crane, Allentown, Pa. Colonel Slee was nominated by a former private, who stated in his speech that he had once appeared before Colonel Slee's court and had received a square deal.

Does not the action indicate that in the minds of these ex-service men the fault which caused the trouble with courts martial is not to be found in the Manual and the Articles of War, but in the arbitrary attitude of those who as court martial officers were called upon to administer them? Is not the remedy to be found, not in the revision of the Articles, but in the careful consideration of the fitness of any officer before he is chosen to fill this place? Americans are apt to lose sight of the personal element in public administration. Most of our failures are not due to the laws, but to the men who administer them.

WILLIAM E. BROOKS
Chaplain, U. S. A. A. C.,
Allentown, Pa.

A New Rank?

To the Editor: The gap between the second lieutenant and the sergeant major, in the Army Regulations, is about one-sixteenth of an inch. In actual practice—in prestige, allowances, authority, etc.—it is a yawning chasm. We may well copy from the British and the French and adopt the rank of ensign, or some corresponding one, to bridge the gap between the second looey and the sergeant major.

THOMAS L. SULLIVAN
Ex Y-D
Newton, Mass.

Food on the March

To the Editor: In our outfit there seemed to be a law that a hike was to be completed with no long stops and no stops for food. That meant that on a hike, starting anywhere from eight to ten o'clock in the morning and lasting as late as five o'clock, no stops longer than ten minutes were made. I believe it would make the hike less exhausting to have a halt of three-quarters of an hour made at noon, at which time a meal should be served. With the rolling kitchens the meal could be cooked on the march, and the three-quarters of an hour rest would straighten out kinks and soothe pack galls on weary shoulders.

GRANT GOULD SPEER, JR.
Hollywood Post No. 43,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Where Do the Brains Belong?

To the Editor: The letter of Albert C. Brackett in your issue of July 2nd touches a very important point.

It was generally conceded in official circles that the Infantry was the lowest branch of the service. That is, it seemed to be a fundamental proposition that anyone could be an Infantryman and the more intelligent and better educated men were picked out frequently for other branches. There was a time when this was perhaps true, but I'll venture to state that under present conditions more is expected of the average Infantryman in the line of technical knowledge than is essential in any other branch of the service.

Mr. Brackett mentioned rockets, grenades, automatic rifles. Consider further, the Infantryman is expected to be able to scout, sketch and intelligently and accurately locate points on a map. There is also target designation.

He should also have a practical working knowledge of the special branches attached to his regiment, such as Stokes, 37 mm., and the lone .75 frequently attached to his battalion. He frequently must display as much technical knowledge of gambions and fascines as if he were an engineer. When one thinks of the things that he is supposed to know it is staggering. There are airplane panels and liaison methods—in short, the Infantryman can't be a machine-like, unthinking unit any more and get away with it.

I have scarcely sketched the work that is expected of an Infantryman, but will not go further into details. I was once in the Cavalry and thought that it was requiring a good deal of a man to know all about the horses and horse equipment, and put a Cavalryman on a higher intellectual basis than the doughboy. I know different now.

An English officer who had been in the Army all his life, and who had always served in branches other than Infantry, once told me, "There is no branch of the service that requires more technical knowledge in this war than the Infantry."

If the Limies can see it, our government ought to be able to get wise. The personnel officer in the next war should send his most intelligent and capable men to the Infantry.

L. M. PERKINS
Formerly Third Division
Durango, Colo.

ROTATION OF RANK

To the Editor: May I suggest one or two points in making the infantry more efficient: First, the rank of non-commissioned officers should not be fixed, but should be held in turn by all enlisted men of that branch of service on a plan like the one used in the officers' training schools; second, all enlisted men of infantry should be fully instructed in all duties pertaining to a platoon leader.

ERNEST SOLBERG.
Valdez Post No. 2,
Paxson, Alaska.

Fighting Judges

To the Editor: My own suggestion for improving the infantry is that in all cases where a soldier is to be tried for his life, on charges of "cowardice" or desertion when under fire, the court martial should be composed entirely of front-line men.

It is grossly unfair to have a fighting man tried by a jury of non-combatant staff officers. They have not the same perspective and are more inclined to stand for harsh and unjust military tradition. Nearly all cases of cowardice or desertion, according to medical authorities who have the courage to say so, are due to actual physical nerve failure. No man can justly be held responsible for his nervous system. You couldn't expect a man who had never been under fire to judge properly the degree of guilt of a man charged with cowardice.

D. R. C.
Golden Gate Post No. 40,
San Francisco

Optional Salutes

To the Editor: To improve the infantry remove some of the artificial restrictions between officers and enlisted men. No man should fear his superiors or be forbidden to speak to them on occasion. It is not so in civil life. Fear is not respect, but rather tends otherwise. Saluting should be optional when off duty. Then, when given, it would indicate genuine respect and good will. As it is, men will avoid meeting rather than salute an officer whom they do not respect, and a forced salute is a mockery, not good for discipline or morale. There are good reasons for the restrictions while on duty, but discipline should be only a means to an end. I believe more freedom would build more good will, and thereby more efficiency, than the old plan.

ELMER H. SANDERS
Lodi, O.

Do or Don't?

To the Editor: Of all the injustice in the world, the U.S.A. summary court-martial takes the hand-painted cuspidor. Convicted before trial, tried without jury or hearing—and still the billboards say that that "builds men"! Who said anything about rights of individuals?

We've seen plenty of printed matter on the subject of what the enlisted men may *not* do. We'd like to see even a very thin edition of what he *may* do without hanging for it at the discretion of some second looey or non-com.

THEODORE MULLEUR
Portland, Ore.

"This Soap Sure Does the Work"

No matter what your work is nor how dirty you get, you'll like to use GOBLIN SOAP because it cleans your skin quickly and thoroughly.

GOBLIN is the one soap that removes all the dirt; especially good after grimy, dirty, greasy jobs, where ordinary soaps fail. For that reason you should always have a bar of GOBLIN handy. It always does the work.

Good for the tenderest cuticle; soothing and healthful; leaves the skin soft, smooth and in a healthy condition. Lathers freely in any kind of water.

Your grocer should have Goblin. If he hasn't, send us his name and address and we will send you a trial size cake free.

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Please send me trial size cake of Goblin Soap.

Your Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

Grocer's Name.....

Grocer's Address.....

Maybe it's your Victory Medal the jolie mademoiselle is sewing

THE MEDAL IN THE MAKING

A LONG and complicated process which put to the test all the ingenuity and inventive genius of the manufacturers is involved in the making of the Victory Medals, many thousands of which will be presented to ex-service men with appropriate ceremonies by posts of The American Legion on Armistice Day. After the design by James Earl Fraser had been approved, the problem of manufacturing and assembling nearly five million medals with the attendant ribbon, battle clasps, bars and rings presented new phases never before encountered in medal production in this country.

One manufacturer solved the ribbon cutting problem by designing an automatic machine which produced a total daily quantity, equal to the work of fifteen persons, at a rate of ninety pieces a minute. The medal metal in strips was run into cutting machines, and the plain disks after being annealed were fed while hot into a striking machine which had a force of 175 tons to a blow. Twice each medal went under this machine and was then subjected to a hydraulic pressure of 120 pounds. to give a perfect surface.

Before the final lacquer was applied each medal was put through an automatic sand blast by suction and a bath in alcohol. The sewing of the ribbon to the bar from which it is suspended could only be done by hand. The contractors delivered to the United States Zone Supply Office at Philadelphia complete medals for domestic service only, and at that office the assembly of battle bars, ribbon and medal was made in the cases of decoration for overseas men.

Men of the Legion and any other ex-service men desiring to take part in the Armistice Day presentations may be assured of their part by calling on the local Legion post to forward their applications for the medal to Washington. The medals will then be delivered to the post for distribution on the formal occasion. Any man who receives his medal through Army channels before Armistice Day can turn it in to the post and receive it back at the celebration.

HOW TO DO IT

Here is a brief outline suggesting a Victory Medal presentation program:

Do This Now

Post commander should obtain from nearest recruiting office application blanks for Victory Medals to which all service men are entitled. When men have filled them out post commander should forward them to War Department with request that medals be sent to post. Men who already have medals should turn them in to post to be presented on Armistice Day.

Armistice Day

Form parade of Legionnaires and other service men at a designated point with all marchers in uniform. Head parade with band, if possible.

March through streets past reviewing point where prominent citizens and distinguished guests, invited to attend, should be assembled.

Invocation by chaplain, speeches, etc., at public square or other point selected as scene of medal distribution.

Speech of occasion by distinguished citizen or guest, and presentation of Victory Medals. A presentation man by man, would be most impressive.

Luncheon, if it seems desirable, or any other events originality may suggest.

THE TRUTHFUL MUNCHAUSEN

Tales of the Impossible that Really Happened

ANY press agent who wants to put a bum circus on the free publicity map ought to cast his mazdas over this field of Munchausens. Either these young men are the most expert liars who have happened since somebody said vin rouge was wine, or else the history of the war is still ninety-nine percent unwritten.

Try your own luck. What incredible incident stands out in your own mind like the Eiffel Tower in a Dakota wheat field? Jot it down and shoot it to the Munchausen Editor, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

It *Is* a Bit Thick

Our bunch, and I won't tell what one it was for they say Leavenworth is a punk summer resort, picked up a goat near Fere-en-Tardenois. We started home before they passed the mascot legislation, and Violet—his name was Violet—trailed along. Come to Brest and officer-in-charge-of-something says: "Can't take goat aboard ship. No goats. Strict orders!" Top kick desperate and says: "Sir, think you made a mistake. That's no goat; it's a crate of canned peaches." Officer looked. "By gosh, that's so! Certainly thought it was a goat. Get aboard." God bless him.

R. D. O'B.

Portland, Ore.

'Smissed!

Our casual company, supposed to be more or less infantry, drew an artillery first loot as commander a little outside of St. Aignan. One day he tried to drill us in I. D. R., but got stuck and soon had us tied up in something that looked like the noon mob scene in a cafeteria. So, sezzee: "Unravel yourselves, beat it for the barracks and the next man who suggests drill while we're here gets a month's k. p." Nobody kaypeed.

CLIFFORD L. MEECHAM

Louisville, Ky.

Able to Talk?

I didn't take a single drink on the original Armistice Day. Was in the hospital. Dammit!

R. R. BROOKS

Buffalo, N. Y.

Duty Volunteer! Next!!

After a six-and-a-half-hour hike from somewhere near Verdun to Issoncourt, we stopped for the night, half dead from exhaustion. The sergeant picked four men for guard duty and needed a fifth, but couldn't find one, overlooking me, because I was on special duty key punching at regimental headquarters. I pulled my creaking bones together and *volunteered.* Not only stood my trick but an hour over time, when my relief woke up by mistake and came along. You asked for something impossible that really happened. There it is.

MAC

Washington, D. C.

The Public Confidence

An important part of the management of the Bell System is to keep the public informed concerning all matters relating to the telephone.

We consider this an essential part of our stewardship in the operation of this public utility. It is due not only the 130,000 shareholders, but it is due the whole citizenship of the country.

We have told you of new inventions to improve service, of the growth of service, of problems involved in securing materials, employing and training workers, of financing new developments, and of rates necessary to maintain service.

You have been taken into our confidence as to what we are doing, how we do it, why we do it. You have been told of our efforts to meet unusual conditions; of how we have bent every energy to provide service in the face of storms, floods, fires.

It is an enormous task today to provide adequate service in the face of shortage of workers, raw materials, manufacturing production and transportation.

Nevertheless the service of the Bell System has been improved and extended this year. Over 350,000 new stations have been put into operation. And the loyal workers of the Bell System are establishing new records for efficiency and will establish new records for service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
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One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

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TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE

(*Continued from page* 6)

disposed to the disabled as their Republican brethren, at the same time did not quite manage to conceal hostility toward the idea of adjusted compensation.

As the plank was first drafted it was said that the soldier's service constituted "a sacred heritage of posterity, the worth of which can never be recompensed from the treasury and the glory of which must not be diminished by any such expedients." Friends of adjusted compensation in the convention after a committee skirmish succeeded in eliminating the clause, "and the glory of which must not be diminished by any such expedients," thereby, it is said, leaving Democratic members of Congress free to vote for or against adjusted compensation as they will.

It is interesting to turn back to the platforms framed by the same two parties in national convention assembled just after the close of the Spanish-American War and to observe that in the year 1920 they are running true to form.

Said the Republicans in 1900: "The nation owes a debt of profound gratitude to the soldiers and sailors who have fought its battles, and it is the Government's duty to provide for the survivors and for the widows and orphans of those who have fallen in the country's wars. The pension laws, founded on this just sentiment, should be liberal and should be liberally administered, and the preference should be given where practicable with respect to employment in the public service to soldiers and sailors and their widows and orphans."

The Democratic echo of twenty years ago was after this fashion: "We are proud of the courageous fidelity of the American soldiers and sailors in all our wars; we favor liberal pensions to them and to their dependents and we reiterate the position taken in the Chicago platform of 1896 that the fact of enlistment and service shall be deemed conclusive evidence against disease and disability before enlistment."

Perhaps, after all, it is hardly fair to judge the political parties by their platform utterances. Rarely do they say in those things what they mean and still more rarely do they mean what they say. The conventions as a whole, the number of ex-service men in them, the part played by them in deliberation and counsel, their influence—all these things really count for more than the mere jumble and jargon of platform planks in correctly estimating the attitude of the two political parties toward the ex-service man and his problems.

In this case, however, the men and women who served through the greatest crisis in the nation's history will find few crumbs of comfort in either of the great conventions. If Chicago was cold, San Francisco was tepid. There seems to have gone forth from mysterious hotel chambers the watchword, "Soft pedal on the soldier stuff."

FROM keynote to the last tired Amen the two conventions differed little in their indifference to the ex-service man.

Senator Lodge, chairman of the Republican convention did admit that a great war had been on and to say that "the splendor of the achievement of our soldiers and sailors, their dauntless courage and unshrinking service will always remain one of the proudest memories in the history of the Republic."

Homer S. Cummings, who pitched the tune for the Democratic gathering, also digressed sufficiently from his glorification of the President and the Administration to remark, "We are proud of our great Navy; we are proud of our splendid Army; we are proud of the power of our country and the manner in which that power has been used; we are proud of the work that America has done in the world; we are proud of the heroism of American men and women."

The ex-soldier lacked influence in the conventions and got such scant consideration, because he lacked votes. There were slightly less than fifty ex-soldier

The Two "Soldier Planks"

Following are the specific references to the ex-service man contained in the platforms adopted respectively by the Republican National Convention at Chicago and by the Democratic National Convention at San Francisco:

Republican

We hold in imperishable remembrance the valor and the patriotism of the soldiers and sailors of America who fought in the great war for human liberty, and we pledge ourselves to discharge to the fullest the obligations which a grateful nation justly should fulfill, in appreciation of the services rendered by its defenders on sea and on land.

Republicans are not ungrateful. Throughout their history they have shown their gratitude toward the nation's defenders. Liberal legislation for the care of the disabled and infirm and their dependents has ever marked Republican policy toward the soldier and sailor of all the wars in which our country has participated. The present Congress has appropriated generously for the disabled of the World War. The amounts already applied and authorized for the fiscal year 1920-21 for this purpose reached the stupendous sum of $1,180,571,893. This legislation is significant of the party's purpose in generously caring for the maimed and disabled men of the recent war.

Democratic

The Federal Government should treat with the utmost consideration every disabled soldier, sailor, and marine of the World War, whether his disability be due to wounds received in line of action or to health impaired in service; and for the dependents of the brave men who died in line of duty the Government's tenderest concern and richest bounty should be their requittal.

The fine patriotism exhibited, the heroic conduct displayed by the American soldiers, sailors, and marines at home and abroad, constitute a sacred heritage of posterity, the worth of which can never be recompensed from the treasury.

The Democratic administration wisely established a War Risk Insurance Bureau, giving four and a half millions of enlisted men insurance at unprecedentedly low rates and through the medium of which compensation of men and women injured in service is readily adjusted, and hospital facilities for those whose health is impaired are abundantly afforded.

The Federal Board for Vocational Education should be made a part of the War Risk Insurance Bureau in order that the task may be treated as a whole, and this machinery of protection and assistance must receive every aid of law and appropriation necessary to full and effective operation.

We believe that no higher or more valued privilege can be afforded to an American citizen than to become a freeholder in the soil of the United States, and to that end we pledge our party to the enactment of soldier settlements and home aid legislation which will afford to the men who fought for America the opportunity to become land and home owners under conditions affording genuine government assistance unencumbered by needless difficulties of red tape or advance financial investment.

delegates in the Republican convention and slightly more than that number in the Democratic. On a division of equitable proportion at least one-fourth of the delegates in each convention should have come from the ranks of ex-service men instead of, as it was, one-sixteenth.

When Captain E. D. Colvin of Seattle, Washington, appeared before the platform committee of the Republicans and tried to get a soldier's land plank across, the politicians smiled and threw it in the waste-paper basket. That a committee of ex-service men, representing an organized caucus of fifty-five ex-service delegates, was able to get the same plank written into the Democratic platform was due to the fact that the platform builders were aware that fifty-five delegates with fifty-five votes were ready for a fight on the floor of the convention.

And the superior showing made by the ex-service delegates in the Democratic convention all the way through was due to the simple fact that they got together and organized and fought. They even carried their fight for adjusted compensation to the floor of the convention, and although it went down in a chorus of noes, they at least had the satisfaction of seeing it die in public.

There will be a different story to tell four years from now. The conventions will undergo in their attitude to the soldier and the so-called soldier vote a marked change. They will be like the old postmaster down South, who, having been appointed by President Taft, was having fun poked at him by a Democratic friend on the possibility of a change in administration in 1912.

"Makes no difference, I will still be postmaster," the old fellow retorted. "I'd like to see any administration change its politics any quicker than I can."

THE LEGION'S OWN NEWS SERVICE

TO every Legion post throughout the country there has been sent the notification of the formation of the American Legion News Service, which now is functioning actively in the collection and dissemination of news of the organization.

Post correspondents appointed in each unit of the Legion have been called upon to forward stories and photographs of local activities to the News Service in New York City. Working in conjunction with THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, the News Service prepares this material for publication in the magazine and for nation-wide distribution in newspapers and periodicals.

Already many correspondents have sent in stories and pictures of wide interest, which have been edited for use in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, while others have been released to newspaper syndicates serving hundreds of journals in every section. The hearty response by the Legionnaires so far appears to insure the success of the project, upon which depends in a great measure the extent to which the public is informed of the activities of the Legion.

But you don't have to be a post correspondent to send in news of your post. If you get anything good, shoot it along.

For You, Also

Teeth that glisten—safer teeth

All statements approved by high dental authorities

You see glistening teeth wherever you look to-day. Perhaps you wonder how the owners get them.

Ask and they will tell you. Millions are now using a new method of teeth cleaning. This is to urge you to try it—without cost—and see what it does for your teeth.

Why teeth discolor

Your teeth are coated by a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It dims the teeth, and modern science traces most tooth troubles to it.

Film clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it, so the tooth brush fails to end it. As a result, few people have escaped tooth troubles, despite the daily brushing.

It is the film-coat that discolors—not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Now they remove it

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a film combatant. Able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. Millions of people have watched its results.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this tooth paste is made to in every way meet modern dental requirements.

Active pepsin now applied

The film is albuminous matter. So Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve the film, then to day by day combat it.

This method long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has found a harmless activating method. Now active pepsin can be daily applied, and forced wherever the film goes.

Two other new-day methods are combined with this. Thus Pepsodent in three ways shows unique efficiency.

Watch the results for yourself. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

This test will be a revelation. It will bring to you and yours, we think, a new teeth cleaning era. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

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Hand sewed, first grade factory, cut-down price. Direct to you at only $6.85. Made of the best Waterproof Mahogany calf leather. If these shoes are not just as we say, send them back. You do not lose a cent. Store price of this shoe is $10.00. Built for work and dress at the same time. If you are sending money order or check do not include postage. Pay only for shoes. We pay postage,

U. S. ARMY MARCHING SHOES

First grade factory cut-down price. Direct to you at only $5.15. Store price of these shoes is $8. Made of the best elkskin waterproof leather.

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Only $5.15
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THE LEGION LIBRARY

Through the medium of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, *the American Legion expects to assemble a complete library covering the field of American activity in the great war. It is intended ultimately to assemble this library in a room of its own, preferably at National Headquarters. Books received in the office of this magazine for inclusion in the library are listed on receipt, and thereafter in most cases noticed in brief reviews.*

Y. M. C. A. Secretaries unloading candies and tobacco for regimental warehouses, Ippecourt, France—From "That Damn' Y"

Books Received

AMERICA IN FRANCE. *By Frederick Palmer. Dodd, Mead and Company, New York.*

OUR GREATEST BATTLE (THE MEUSE-ARGONNE). *By Frederick Palmer, Dodd, Mead and Company, New York.*

ROSTER AND HISTORY OF GROUPS ONE AND TWO, CAMP JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA. *Edited by members of the organizations. William A. Darcey, President Port Chester Post No. 93, American Legion, Port Chester, N. Y.*

A YEAR AT CAMP GORDON. *By T. F. McCarthy, Kingston Station, Wilkes-Barre, Penn.*

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE 13TH REGIMENT, FIELD ARTILLERY, 1917-1918-1919. *Edward F. Hart, Captain, Adjutant, 13th F. A., Camp Dodge, Iowa.*

DEMOCRACY AND IDEALS: A DEFINITION. *By John Erskine, professor of English in Columbia University. George H. Doran Company, New York.*

HISTORY OF THE 311TH INFANTRY. *(Seventy-eighth Division.) Compiled by Capt. Barnard Eberlin, Hdqrs. Co., from the official records. Henry W. Drews, P. O. Box 120, Woodbridge, N. J.*

Squaring the Triangle

ONE year ago this time, one and a half million members of the A. E. F. had returned home. By the same token, one and a half million men were heartily sick of answering three set questions that had been asked each of them over and over again: "What did you think of Pershing?" "What did you think of French girls?" "What was the matter with the Y. M. C. A.?"

What the matter was with the Y. M. C. A., and whether anything was the matter with it at all, are questions of small concern to the ex-Yank twelve months after. It is surprising, therefore, to pick up Katherine Mayo's "That Damn' Y: A Record of Overseas Service," and find that the position it takes is so squarely on the defensive. For one of two things is certain: Either the Y's overseas efforts need no defense—or need no more than does the disbursing Quartermaster, who did finally get around to paying the troops, which was his object in life—or else the Y has crystallized in every soldier's mind as such a definite record of failure that it is much too late to propagandize it back to popularity again.

The first of these conjectures is undoubtedly the sound one. The Y occasionally limped and halted, but it did its job. And in Miss Mayo's book the limps and halts are attributed squarely to the "distant directorate" in charge of its destinies on this side of the ocean. That "distant directorate," on which Miss Mayo heaps a fair amount of sarcasm, supported by recorded instances of its patent shortcomings, was a force against which Edward Clark Carter, chief secretary of the overseas Y. M. C. A., strove mightily in the critical early days of the A. E. F.'s history. It is worth noting that, until recently at least, this same "distant directorate"—no longer distant—had not re-assigned Mr. Carter to duty.

The Stars and Stripes, five months before its final number was printed, declared that the chief weakness of the Y. M. C. A. was its personnel. Had they all been Carters, that just charge could not have been made. But they were not all Carters. And Miss Mayo does not dodge that issue, dead though it may be.

There is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine who need no repentance, but on earth, unfortunately, there is infinitely more joy (and publicity) over one righteous man turned sinner than over a thousand who stay good. The A. E. F., being above all else an intensely human aggregation, naturally found more food for gossip in three Y. M. C. A. secretaries who misappropriated funds than in the 12,019 whose honesty remained intact. To the credit of the Y. M. C. A. be it said that overseas headquarters gave the case of the three embezzlers full and unurged pub-

licity. To the credit of the Yank be it said that he did not regard the three embezzlers as representative.

THE writer believes that much of the "that damn' Y" spirit of the A. E. F. was born and brought up as the Yank was waiting in line while a well-meaning secretary was not misappropriating funds, but mauling them over in a hopeless confusion of centimes, sous, and Chamber of Commerce shinplasters that meant a minute's wait for every customer. When a man was forced to spend a half hour on his feet in order to get a deck of humps, he could scarcely be expected to be revolving kind thoughts about the cause of the delay. He would have preferred a rough person who said "Move along there—this ain't no wake—awright, Jack, what's yours?"—but who nevertheless rolled the clackers across the counter with speed, hustle and agility.

The A. E. F., as a recent writer in this magazine remarked, was "a linguistic dud." But there was one thing that it picked up as soon as it hit the (occasionally) dry soil of Brest, Le Havre or St. Nazaire. That was the French monetary system. At least a persistent canvas of all the available ex-A. E. F.ers in the present writer's vicinity has failed to disclose the slightest ground for accepting Miss Mayo's ingenious explanation of why the Yank thought the Y was overcharging him:

"This will be found to rest on the fact that the price list posted in the canteen read, naturally, in terms of French currency—the money in the boys' pockets—thus:

Lucky Strikes	10's	20 c.

or

Camels	20's	40 cents.

"'Twenty cents! Forty cents! Damn' swindle!' growls the outraged doughboy, and stamps out, pulling his crowd after him."

"Centimes never crossed his mind, when he saw the American-looking legend."

Centimes most certainly did cross his mind. Considering the fact that our war-time Army was one-fifth illiterate, it is fair to assume that the average Y. M. C. A. secretarial intelligence may have surpassed the general army average. But not when it came to reading French currency. What Y man, still holding the bones after four passes, with eight francs in Sergeant A's twenty-franc note, sixteen in Corporal B's fifty, twelve in Private C's hundred, and thirty-two in loose coin on the O. D. Monte Carlo, announcing to all and sundry that he was prepared to shoot the works, and being faded for twenty-seven of the thirty-two—what Y man could have computed in the second before he rolled them out just how much he would have coming to him with the turn-up of the five and deuce? And what Yank couldn't have?

Regarding one aspect of the Y. M. C. A.'s endeavor an overwhelming majority of overseas men will agree heartily with Miss Mayo's tribute. This is the excellent service it rendered in the leave areas. The leave area personnel was in general of that type which, had it only been duplicated everywhere else in the A. E. F., would have provided the best possible refutation of the allegation the Y. M. C. A. was not one hundred percent. on and of its job.

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Dept. 5258—2626 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

His Alibi

"Sir," said the philanthropic house-to-house canvasser, "will you please sign this paper for the benefit of—"

"I—I—I," stammered the conscience-stricken fireside hero, "I did fill out one questionnaire, and honestly they put me in Class 5 of their own accord."

Gun Makes Says, "3-in-One Prevents Rust"

Three-in-One Oil Co.,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

We take pleasure in writing to you that our experience with 3-in-One has proved more satisfactory as a rust preventative than anything we have ever used. Being close to salt water our materials seem to be more subject to rust at all seasons of the year, which is a more severe test than most materials are subject to. Before using 3-in-One we experimented with a number of oils for lubricating and for preventing rust, but we have found nothing so satisfactory as your compound. We consider it the best oil we know of for firearms.

Yours very truly,
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HITTING THE LEGION'S PACE

(*Continued from page* 16)

not receive their copies of one issue was that an outside addressing agency had taken a subscription list, on which the first name had the address, "Helena, Mont.," and each address under that first one was marked, "Ditto." In the mail there had gone out 349 magazines addressed to "Ditto, Mont." The post office department never did seem able to find the place.

Publication in Washington proved difficult. Increased costs, unforeseen

George d'Utassy, chairman of The American Legion Weekly Publication Committee

delays which prevented the expected inflow of advertising and other complications forced the decision to change the character of the magazine to its present form.

This decision was reached upon the advice of a conference of publishing experts serving voluntarily and without pay. Upon their advice, it was decided to move back to New York, where publishing costs are lower than in any other city, and where, by the natural grouping of all branches of production which enter into magazine making, the fullest facilities exist.

The last number issued in Washington bore the date of February 13. The work of re-opening a New York office was pushed rapidly. An entire floor in the large building of the printing establishment of William Green, a Corporation, at 627 West 43rd Street, was fitted up to contain all the editorial and business departments. In these quarters the magazine produced the first number in its present form on March 12, and here it has continued its rapid expansion. All the men employed in its various departments are ex-service men.

As chairman of the Publication Committee, George d'Utassy, a publisher of more than twenty years experience, has directed the magazine since April. He does so without compensation. Mr. d'Utassy, at present one of the owners of *Life*, has been associated with several conspicuously successful national publications, and his record is one of unbroken achievement. He it was who proposed the present plan and policy of the magazine, and upon him has rested the executive responsibility for the carrying out of this plan.

Mr. d'Utassy was one of the American pioneers of the war. His original outfit, the Norton-Harjes Ambulance Unit, arrived in France in 1916, and served with the French armies at Verdun and on other fronts. After the volunteer ambulance sections had become a part of the A. E. F., Mr. d'Utassy became commander of a unit which served in Italy.

MOST of the Legion already knows how the magazine put on its fatigue clothes and buckled down to the task of paying as it went. Although each issue since it appeared in its present form has shown a net profit, it has had to meet some of the same old problems which it encountered as an infant. The paper shortage hit it a new blow shortly after publication was resumed in New York. The issues of April 23rd and 30th had to be combined on account of freight blockade because paper could not be obtained for the early date.

To get paper for the combined issue, a representative of the magazine had to ride through from the Canadian border in Maine on the car loaded with the paper. And in doing this, it was once more demonstrated that wherever and whatever the emergency, there are Legionnaires to meet it. All the way through New England, Legionnaires in overalls and in railroad dispatchers' offices worked for the routing of that car. Then, when it seemed the car might be stalled indefinitely in the Boston yards, officials of the Massachusetts Department of the Legion got on its trail and, with the aid of railroad officials kept it moving.

It is such co-operation that causes the magazine to look to the future with the fullest confidence and make plans for the bigger things to come—plans which might seem grandiose were it not for the spirit of the whole Legion, which has proved responsive to every call.

The heads of the business departments of the magazine at present are: C. R. Baines, business manager; H. D. Cushing, advertising manager; A. R. Whiton, circulation manager; William Franklin, cashier, and Thomas Hobby, auditor. Harold W. Ross is editor, and John T. Winterich is managing editor. Both formerly were of *The Stars and Stripes*, the official newspaper of the A. E. F. The associate editors are Marquis James, who is also director of The American Legion News Service. Philip Von Blon, formerly of *The Stars and Stripes*, and Henley Hill.

Although the magazine is published in New York, and the members of its staff must, of necessity live there, they come from widely divergent parts of the country. The executive heads come from Tennessee, New York, Massachusetts and the Philippine Islands. The editors' home States are California, Massachusetts, Oklahoma, Ohio and Kansas.

BULLETIN BOARD

Correspondents wishing items published in the "Bulletin Board" should send them in at least three weeks in advance of the date of the issue in which publication is desired. The non-publication of a great many items is due to the fact that they are received too late to be included in the proper number of the magazine.

The newest veterans' organization to appear in the United States is the Sphinx Association, composed of former interpreters of the French Army. The New York branch has a club meeting the second Wednesday of each month at 109 West Fifty-fourth street. All former liaison officers of the American Army are invited to attend the meetings. The association also maintains headquarters in Paris where veterans on tours may be entertained.

A trip to Europe in 1921 is being planned by former members of Company F. 148th Infantry, Thirty-seventh Division. This company was formed from the Cleveland Grays, a long-established military organization of Cleveland, O. Before 1914, the Grays had arranged a European tour. For the 1921 pilgrimage it is expected that an entire steamer will be chartered.

William Campbell Moore, of Philadelphia, who served overseas with the 305th Engineers and was married in France, has returned with his bride to her native town near Bordeaux, where Monsieur Moore will be the landlord of a new hotel.

The Adjutant General's Office announces that the French Memorial Certificates are now being issued from that office direct. It is requested that all claimants make application there and not, as heretofore, to The American Legion.

The Secretary of War has approved a lapel button for optional wear on civilian clothes by members of the Officers Reserve Corps. The button is circular, of gold or gilt, one half inch in diameter, with face enamel of colors corresponding to the facings of the different services. A narrow circle of red or gilt runs around the outer rim of the button and the letters "U S R" occupy the center. The button will not be issued, but will be sold by commercial concerns.

Ex-officers of the Rents, Requisitions and Claims Service, A.E.F., are forming an organization and issuing a directory of names, addresses and present occupations of these men. The association expects to hold reunions in different parts of the country. All former R. R. & C. officers are requested to write H. M. Darling, 1929 Biltmore Street, Washington, D. C., the acting secretary.

Five thousand Americans who served in the French forces will be entitled to wear a bronze decoration, the new service badge of the French Army. A special clasp in bronze will be attached to the ribbons of volunteers.

Ex-service men who were stationed at Edgewood Arsenal, Md., during the war are asked to communicate with Lewis J. Isaacs, 1475 High Street, Denver, Col., or Edmund De La Chapelle, 293 Lenox Ave., New York City. The two men named are lining up Edgewood veterans for a national society.

Men who attended the enlisted school for master gunners at Fort Monroe are starting an association. A directory will be issued containing the names and addresses of the members. Former Monrovian gunners are asked to write Elmer R. Weil, 341 Ellicott Square, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Standard Oil Company of New York is distributing a bulletin saying that at all times it will receive applications from young men wishing to enter its service abroad, principally in the Asiatic countries and the Levant. Those accepted receive four months' training, with an allowance of $23 a week for living expenses in New York. The foreign pay is $166.66 a month.

At Long Beach, Cal., is the largest men's bible class in the United States. It has more than 800 members. At a recent meeting the class gave an ovation to the ex-service men of all wars, including its members and invited guests. The class and the church audience, joined in applause when it was announced that the House of Representatives had passed the veterans' four-fold compensation bill.

Henry D. Lindsley, of Dallas, Tex., past National Commander of The American Legion, has received the Order of Palms Medal, a decoration bestowed by the French Government in recognition of Mr. Lindsley's work as head of the War Risk Insurance Bureau in the A.E.F. A citation, accompanying the medal, names Mr. Lindsley "Officer of Public Instruction."

Former members of Field Hospital 23 will hold a reunion in Philadelphia on Labor Day, September 6. All former members of the 302nd Sanitary Train are asked to communicate with Max Tieger, 21 Catherine Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

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Is a Fighting Battery

During the war, on Uncle Sam's battleships, his submarines, his tanks, aeroplanes,—in almost every department of his vast army and navy—Exide Batteries consistently maintained the reputation that they have been establishing for over a quarter of a century.

Today—in peace—this same unfailing source of electric power—the Exide—is available for the starting and lighting of your automobile or for any other application in which storage battery power is a factor.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

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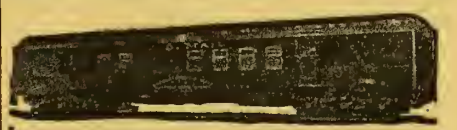

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Regarding Circulation and Editorial Matters

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Annual subscription price, $2.00. Postage free in the United States, its dependencies, and Mexico. Add 50 cents a year postage for Canada, and $1.00 a year for all foreign countries. The annual subscription rate to members of The American Legion is $1.00, payable as National dues through local posts only. Single copies, 10 cents. No subscriptions commenced with back issues.

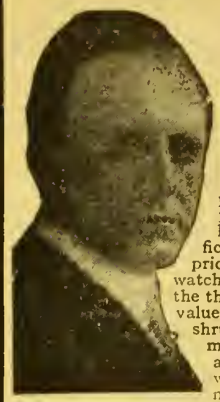
CHANGES OF ADDRESS: The old as well as the new address must be given with request for change. Legion members should give name and number of post to which they belong. At least two weeks is necessary for a change of address to become effective.

No subscription agents are employed, but regular newsdealers will accept subscriptions from persons other than members of The American Legion.

Address all correspondence to 627 West 43d st., New York City.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 627 West 43d st., New York City. THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY is always glad to consider articles, jokes and cartoons, and to receive letters and suggestions from its readers. Manuscript should be accompanied by postage and an addressed envelope for return if unaccepted.

TODAY!



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32x3½...	7.00	2.00	36x4½...	11.50	3.40
31x4.....	8.00	2.25	35x5.....	12.50	3.50
32x4.....	8.25	2.40	36x5.....	12.75	3.65
33x4.....	8.50	2.50	37x5.....	12.75	3.75

Send $2.00 deposit for each tire ordered, balance C. O. D. Tires shipped subject to your examination. State whether S. S. or Cl, plain or non-skid is desired. All same price. By sending full amount of order you can save 5 per cent—our special cash with-order discount.

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3019 Michigan Ave. Dept. 286, Chicago, Ill.

BIG TIMERS IN A BIG TOWN

(*Continued from page 9*)

themselves in the same outfit in war. In their machine gun company they both found a good friend in Latham, who was born of English parents but had lived long in New York City. The three went through their army training together and went side by side when the Twenty-seventh went out to its costly triumph, the breaking of the Hindenburg Line.

It was near Le Catelet on September 29, 1918, that Sergeant Latham, Sergeant Eggers and Corporal O'Shea became separated from their platoon by a smoke barrage. The official citation tells what happened:

"Sergeant Eggers, Sergeant Latham and Corporal O'Shea took cover in a shell hole well within the enemy's lines. Upon hearing a call for help from an American tank which had become disabled thirty yards from them, the three soldiers left their shelter and started toward the tank, under heavy fire from German machine guns and trench mortars. In crossing the fire-swept area Corporal O'Shea was mortally wounded, but his companions, undeterred, proceeded to the tank, rescued a wounded officer and assisted two wounded soldiers to cover in a sap of a nearby trench. Sergeants Eggers and Latham then returned to the tank in the face of a violent fire, dismounted a Hotchkiss gun and took it back to where the wounded men were, keeping off the enemy all day by the effective use of the gun, and later bringing it, with the wounded men, back to our lines under cover of darkness."

You may find Eggers today in a many-storied office building near Times Square, New York. When he left the army he joined his father's printing and publishing business, which puts out, among other things, adventure books for boys. He is commander of the Summit Post No. 138 of his home town in New Jersey, which has 325 members. The Hotchkiss tank gun which Eggers and Latham used in the action for which they were decorated has been presented to the town of Summit.

If you had been hunting Latham at the time of the New York flower show last spring, you might have found him at the Grand Central Palace. The veteran of Le Catelet is a landscape gardener, and much of his work may be seen on the terraces at Tarrytown, N. Y., where he has his P. C. at present.

SYDNEY G. GUMPERTZ, also of the S. Rankin Drew Post, won his Medal of Honor in the Bois de Forges on September 26, 1917. He was first sergeant of Company E, 132d Infantry, Thirty-third Division. When the advancing line was held up by machine-gun fire, Sergeant Gumpertz left the platoon he commanded and started with two other soldiers through a heavy barrage toward the machine-gun nest. His two comrades soon became casualties from bursting shell, but Gumpertz kept on alone in the face of direct fire from the machine gun, jumped into the nest and silenced the gun, capturing nine of the crew.

Gumpertz is now engaged in the real estate business. He is also one of the founders of the Jewish Legion of Valor.

Charles Hoffman, the fourth Medal of Honor man of the S. Rankin Drew Post, was a gunnery sergeant with the Fifth Marines at Belleau Wood. Sergeant Hoffman was the first man of the A. E. F. to win the Medal of Honor. He won it on the north slope of Hill 142 on June 6, 1918. In charge of a detachment, he was attempting to organize a position when he saw twelve Germans with five light machine guns crawling toward his group. Giving the alarm, he rushed the advancing Germans, bayoneted the two leaders and forced the others to flee, abandoning the five guns.

His official citation closes with these words: "His quick action, initiative and courage drove the enemy from a position from which they could have swept the hill with machine gun fire and forced the withdrawal of our troops."

Sergeant Hoffman is still in the Marine uniform. At present he is on duty with the Marine Recruiting Service in the East, and stationed in New York City.

[*This is the second of a series of articles telling what has become of some of the fifty-four living men who won the Congressional Medal of Honor for surpassing courage during the A. E. F.'s battles.*—EDITOR'S NOTE.]

SOUNDING OFF

But he is sounding off before the inspection. You can't blame him because he has been hoping and waiting for the WEEKLY. It has been promised but it hasn't come. Now he has lost patience and is angry.

If his name and correct address had been sent in he would be getting his magazine and would be able to find out what is going on in the Legion and what his Buddies are doing.

The number of delegates at the coming convention depends on the number of members whose names and dues have been forwarded. Every department wants to be well represented when assembly blows.

Names of members and remittances should be sent by Posts to Department Headquarters, and then forwarded to the WEEKLY through National Headquarters. They are added to the mailing lists immediately upon receipt by the Circulation Department.

You will be doing a Buddy a favor if you will get in touch with your Post officers and find out if all names and remittances have been forwarded.

Ex-service men and women who are not Legion members will buy the WEEKLY at the news stands if your newsdealer handles it. Ask him.

Advertising and the Weekly

Bzzzz-Bzzzz-Bzzzz-Bzzzz-Bzzzz----------Bzzzz-Blutttt-Bluttt-Bzzz-Bzz--"

Which may mean in code—AMMO-AMMO-AMMO——AMMO FORWARD!

The cry of the Artillery—when ammunition is all but gone!

Did the dumps hump to it—Did the trucks get there on time!

We'll say so—that's why we won the war—got there on time!

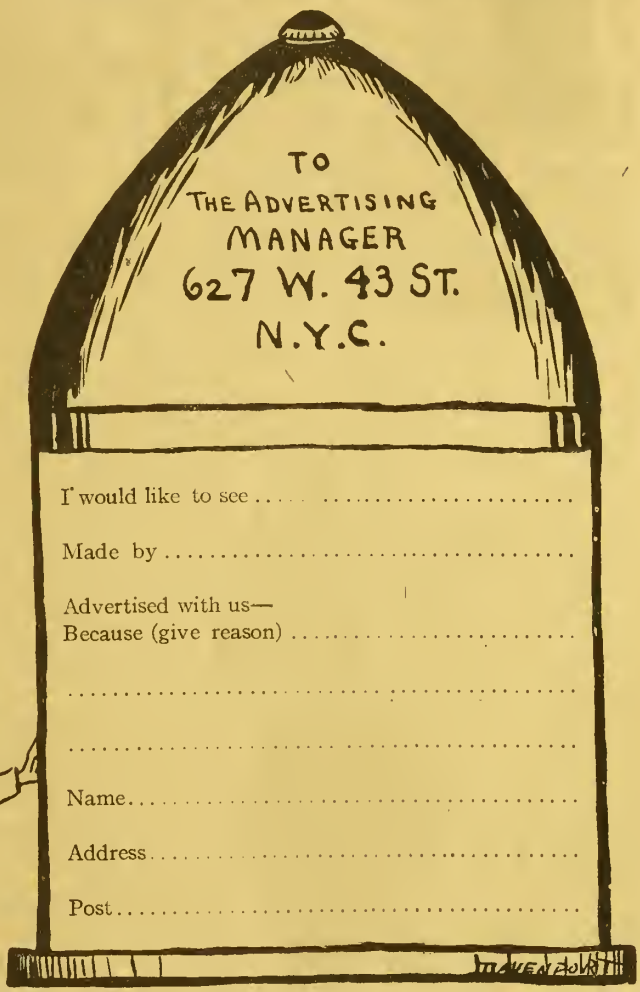
Were you in the Artillery?

And were you ever shy on ammunition—when you needed it?

Then you know how we feel—waiting for your coupon.

We want you to get "AMMO FORWARD" to us so we can fire some 155's over on the front lines of the people who as yet can't see why they should advertise in our AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

This particular brand of ammunition is a wonder—don't weigh a tenth of an ounce but has lots of weight with the man who buys advertising space!



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Yes, you keep $15 to $25 (or more) in your pocket when you order a suit or overcoat from us. See our stunning styles and classy tailoring and learn how to save a lot of money. Get in on this now, and save that cash for yourself. You send only $1.00 and your measurements and tell us which cloth you want. We make the suit and ship quick—no delays. Send clothes back if not all or more than you expect.

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Send for your copy of our wonderful FREE Style Book. Shows pictures of latest styles in suits and overcoats and a big collection of fine cloth samples to select from. Mail coupon, letter or postal today—no charge—no obligation whatever.

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The American Legion Weekly

627 West 43d St.
NEW YORK

ROLL CALL

This department is placed at the disposal of ex-service men and their relatives for the renewal of friendships formed in the war and in getting information about casualties.

Inquiries should be addressed ROLL CALL, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. Photographs cannot be printed. Send replies to the person who asks for information.

BAYLESS, J. HARRY, formerly Pvt., Co. A, 11th Reg, U. S. M. C., Hampton Roads, Va., write Paul H. Waldow, Gen. Del., New Brunswick, N. J.

BLIVEN, DAVID V., 1st Corps Artillery Park. Address wanted by Robert McMorran, 629 Columbus ave., New York City.

DEPEW, JOHN J., brother of Captain Richard Depew, write Jack Wolfe, 10208 Anderson ave., Cleveland, O.

DAVIS, ROBERT C., formerly lieutenant at B. H. No. 52, Rimaucourt, Haute Marne, write Robert P. Fuller, 420 West 8th st., Wichita, Kans.

EGAN, MARTIN M., formerly 455 Northwestern ave., Chicago, Ill., is asked to communicate with American Legion, Conway Bldg., Chicago.

GRISWOLD, major in 18th Inf., blinded by gas in second battle of the Marne about July 21, 1918. Address wanted by Richard K. Engle, 707 13th st., Seattle, Wash.

HOEFLER, ALBERT, formerly 285th M. P. C., write Harold E. Scarborough, 473 Edgewood st., Hartford, Conn., ex-first sgt.

HOFLAND, JOHN, Co. G, 39th Inf., wounded in Argonne on Sept. 28, 1919, write B. Randazzo, Box 534, Crockett, Calif.

HUTCHINSON, FLOYD, Motor Batt. 5, write Dr. C. F. Roh, ex-capt., M. C., Norway, Iowa.

HARRISON, FRED, formerly Cpl., Co. K, 23d Inf., can get watch left at Jouy hospital from Mrs. Thomas Morgan, Associated Press, 481 Via Umberto, Rome, Italy.

LOFTUS, GEORGE E., Evac. Hosp. No. 49.—Whereabouts wanted by Lee E. Bolton, Wyanet, Ill.

MOREHEAD, CHARLES M., Sgt., 4th Inf., Co. H, write B. I. Jenson, 1113 Eleventh st., N. W., Washington, D. C.

PILANCE, GIP, 1st Repl. Draft from Camp Shelby, Miss.—Information wanted by William J. Meoni, Willard Hotel, Grafton, W. Va.

OTTINGER, WALTER L., Hq. Co., 340th F. A., write A. K. Anderson, Fargo House, Fargo, N. Dak.

SLAGER, WALTER D., 325th M. G. Bn., write C. A. Hopkins, Box 91, Cedar Point, Sandusky, O.

115TH F. S. BN., Co. A.—Former members of this outfit are asked to send their addresses to L. H. Winters, 31 Ord st., San Francisco, Calif.

In the Casualty List

3D M. G. BN.—Pvt. Winton A. Newman, reported died of wounds on Oct. 11, 1918, probably at Base Hosp. No. 31. Chaplain or anyone else who knew of his death is asked to write to his mother, Mrs. Lewis S. Newman, New Matamoras, Ohio.

10TH F. A., BTY. D.—Pvt. Fred C. Garlick died while with this outfit. Buddies who were with him at time he was wounded or at his death write his mother, Mrs. Nancy Garlick, Lowell rd., Dracut, Mass.

11TH INF., M. G. Co.—Pvt. John R. Tune reported dead on Oct. 21, 1918. Buried in American Cemetery No. 624, Les Placys, Meuse. Information about his death wanted by brother, George R. Tune, Troy, Tenn.

23D INF., Co. H.—Pvt. Sheridan G. Goodrich reported killed in action on July 18, 1918. Details of death wanted by sister, Lena G. Rogers, Box 66, Bridgewater Corners, Vt.

26TH INF., Co. L.—Cpl. Percy A. Dean killed in the Argonne on Oct. 7, 1918. Information requested by Fred L. Dean, 21 Central ave., Oneida, N. Y.

26TH INF., Co. M.—Cpl. Arthur W. Rettig presumed killed in action on July 18, 1918, but two buddies say that he was only wounded. Further information regarding his fate wanted by his mother, Mrs. Olive Rettig, 189 Moss ave., Oakland ave., Oakland, Calif.

35TH INF., Co. B.—Address of captain or someone familiar with personnel of this outfit wanted by Mrs. K. M. McNeer, Dalt Hotel, San Francisco, Calif.

38TH INF., Co. M.—Edward J. Mason killed at Chateau Thierry on July 22, 1918. Particulars wanted by his father, Henry Mason, Prairie Grove, Ark.

47TH INF., Co. G.—Pvt. George Grohens killed in action on Oct. 8 or 10, 1918. Details of his death or location of grave sought by mother, Mrs. Joseph Grohens, Route 8, Dixon, Ill.

49TH CO., 5TH MARINES.—Chester A. Gade reported killed in action in Aisne Defensive on June 9, 1918. Information about his death desired by brother, George E. Gade, Jr., Shelton, Conn., formerly 12th F. A.

55TH INF., Co. A.—Max P. Storr killed on Oct. 22, 1918. Mother, Mrs. Catherine Storr, 415 Alder st., Scranton, Pa., wants to hear from buddies.

97TH CO., 6TH MARINES.—Archie L. Lake wounded on July 19, 1918; reported alive in hospital on Aug. 29, 1918; presumed to be alive but with complete loss of memory. News of him wanted for his mother through Edward E. Gore, 200 S. Fifth ave., LaGrange, Ill.

165TH INF., Co. C.—Sgt. Edward P. Clowe wounded and taken prisoner at Landres et St. George on Oct. 15, 1918. Sister, Mrs. James C. Bennett, 439 W. 51st st., New York City, wants information.

308TH INF., Co. G.—Sigurd Lima of this outfit sent to hospital on Oct. 10, 1918, and nothing heard from him since. Information sought by American Legion Post, Cooperstown, N. Dak.

323D INF., Co. H.—Any information regarding men missing from this outfit will be furnished to relatives by Capt. William J. Jegen, North Glenside, Pa.

325TH INF., Co. F.—Cpl. Harold L. Dutton died of wounds. Details sought by mother, Mrs. Jennette P. Dutton, 761 South st., Portsmouth, N. H.

358TH INF.—Cpl. Otto Wosoba reported wounded on Nov. 10, 1918, and died in field hospital the next day. Information about his death and burial wanted by mother, Mrs. Joseph Wosoba, Oxford Junction, Ia.

Missing Men

ABEGG, HENRY, last heard from in 12th Co., C. A. C., Fort McKinley, Me. Address wanted by Mrs. William Abegg, 4006 Armitage ave., Chicago, Ill.

BAUER, CARL P., missing since his discharge from 107th Eng., at Camp Custer, Mich., on May 26, 1919. Information sought by sister, Mrs. Dollie Ryberg, 1826 8th st., S., Minneapolis, Minn.

DALY, FRED, discharged from S. A. T. C., Indianapolis, Ind., on Dec. 8, 1918. His mother, Mrs. Fred Daly, 1228 S. Cherry st., Janesville, Wis., wants to learn his whereabouts.

GENTILE or GUSTI, JOHN, formerly of 1st Inf., is believed to be somewhere in New York City. His parents at 329 E. 25th st., New York City, seek his whereabouts.

GOTT, SAM A., was last heard from while on his way to Camp Kearny, Calif., from Red Cross Hospital, Ashland, Ore., from which he was discharged on Jan. 8, 1919. Information wanted by Red Cross, Rockford, Ill.

HOLTON, CLAUDE L., last heard from in Field Training Depot, West Indies Detachment. His sister, Mrs. W. G. Bouse, Halls Summit, Kans., wants to learn of his whereabouts.

HODGE, JAMES A.—Relatives, probably residing in Richmond, Va., are asked to write to the Publicity Bureau, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Wilmington, Del. Hodge was killed at one of the company's plants on May 4, 1920.

HUFFMAN, CHARLES H.—Last known address was 1819 Ninth st., Berkeley, Calif. His mother is ill and his whereabouts are sought by Iva Huffman, 314-2 West, Hutchinson, Kans.

KULPER, ALFRED, discharged from Co. D, 42d Inf., Camp Dodge, Ia., on Jan. 28, 1918. Write Red Cross, Twin Falls, Idaho.

SABO, CHARLES, formerly in 2d Div. Information about him is wanted by Adjutant, American Legion Post, Danbury, Conn.

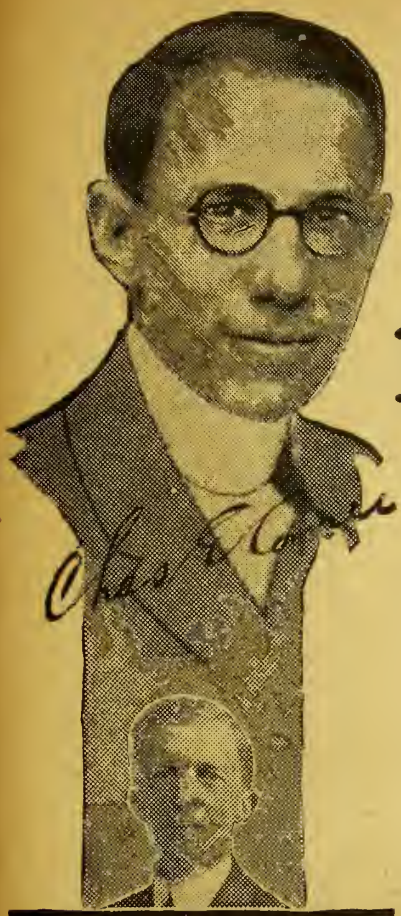
STONEBERG, BENNIE L., reported AWOL from Co. C, 319th F. S. Bn., since May 6, 1919. Information wanted by father Erick Stoneberg, Grandy, Minn.

31ST INF., Co. F.—Pvt. Ross P. Burnworth last heard from while with detachment of this outfit at Razdolnce, Siberia, last September. His mother, Mrs. N. R. Burnworth, 11 Mifflin ave., Uniontown, Pa., seeks his whereabouts.

WHEELER, HARRY, fireman on board the *Ohio*, disappeared from League Island Navy Yard, Philadelphia, on Oct. 9, 1918. Information regarding his present whereabouts sought by his mother, Mrs. E. Wheeler, 11 Park ave., Saranac Lake, N. Y.

WINSLOW, CLYDE, missing since April 25, 1920. Write his brother, Pete Winslow, care Monahan Post, American Legion, Sioux City, Ia.

You Can Make $300 in 30 Days During your spare Time



If you want to add $10 a day to your income, this is your opportunity. I will pay you $300 a month for taking a few orders each day for Comer raincoats. Experience is not necessary. No capital is needed. My splendid new line of models and fabrics is now ready. Thousands of people in all parts of the United States are ready to buy. And I offer to pay you from $50 to $100 a week for a little of your spare time.

$100 a Week is McCrary's Record

Last year I paid McCrary a net profit of $5,218. He often makes from $20 to $40 in a single day, and he only works a few hours each day. And you can make just as much or more than he does. Your income can be bigger than a banker's, lawyer's, merchant's or doctor's. Millions of dollars are going to be spent within the next few months for raincoats. Thousands of orders are waiting for someone to come and get them. I want you to help in getting these orders.

Think what an opportunity this is. George Garon of Massachusetts just wrote: "Yesterday morning I started on a new job, and in the evening I found I had made about $40 commission. I think that's a pretty good start."

You don't have to be a smooth-tongued salesman. Comer raincoats are all high-grade and wonderfully attractive in style and fabric. The prices are so exceedingly low that they sell on sight. Every man, woman and child needs a raincoat.

We also give our representatives the agency for our waterproof aprons and raincapes. On every call there is the opportunity to make from $2.00 to $20.00 net profit for yourself. If you take only three average orders a day during your spare time you will make $2,500 a year. Many of our agents make twice that much.

$2,005 CASH

FOR SIX MONTHS PART TIME

That's the record of C. E. Ray of New York. He only devoted his spare time to this work and he added $13 a day to his income. You can do as well. Write at once for my offer.

$1,060 CASH

FOR THREE MONTHS SPARE TIME

A few hours now and then devoted to this proposition gave Carl Rowe a net profit in three months of over a thousand dollars. I offer you the same proposition.

I Tell You Where to Go, What to Say and How to Make Money

We manufacture our own coats. The Comer Manufacturing Company is the largest business of its kind in the world. We stand back of our agents. We help you. We show you exactly what to do in order to make big profits for yourself. We furnish everything and we finance you. That is why A. McDonough of Washington made $1,509 in three months and Barnes cleared $523 in thirty days.

Full Equipment Free to You

I give all of my agents a beautiful raincoat so they can show their customers the fine workmanship, wonderful style and great values. I will give you your choice of the coat you want to wear, and I will also furnish you with dozens of samples of materials used in these coats and everything you need to start this prosperous and profitable business. If A. N. Weckerly of Ohio made $74 in four days' spare time, and Cooper averages $4,000 a year, think what an opportunity this presents to you.

I Offer Thousands of Dollars in Cash

Mail the coupon, and I will tell you how you can earn big cash prizes in addition to your regular commissions and income. The Comer plan makes it possible and easy for you to make an extra hundred dollars the second month you work for me It doesn't cost you a cent to get started, so act now.

I want you to understand that a Comer agent makes real profit. You get the cash, and you get it right away. There is no waiting, no delay, no delivering and no collecting. If you have confidence in yourself there is no limit to what you can make.

NOW—GET STARTED!

Don't send any money. I want you to simply mail the coupon and I will send you all the details of this wonderful proposition. It is actually worth thousands of dollars to you. People are buying raincoats by the thousand. There is no chance of failure. Hundreds are successful, and you can be just as successful as any of them. Just write your name and address on this coupon with a pen or pencil, tear it off and mail at once. Act right now.

THE COMER MFG. CO.
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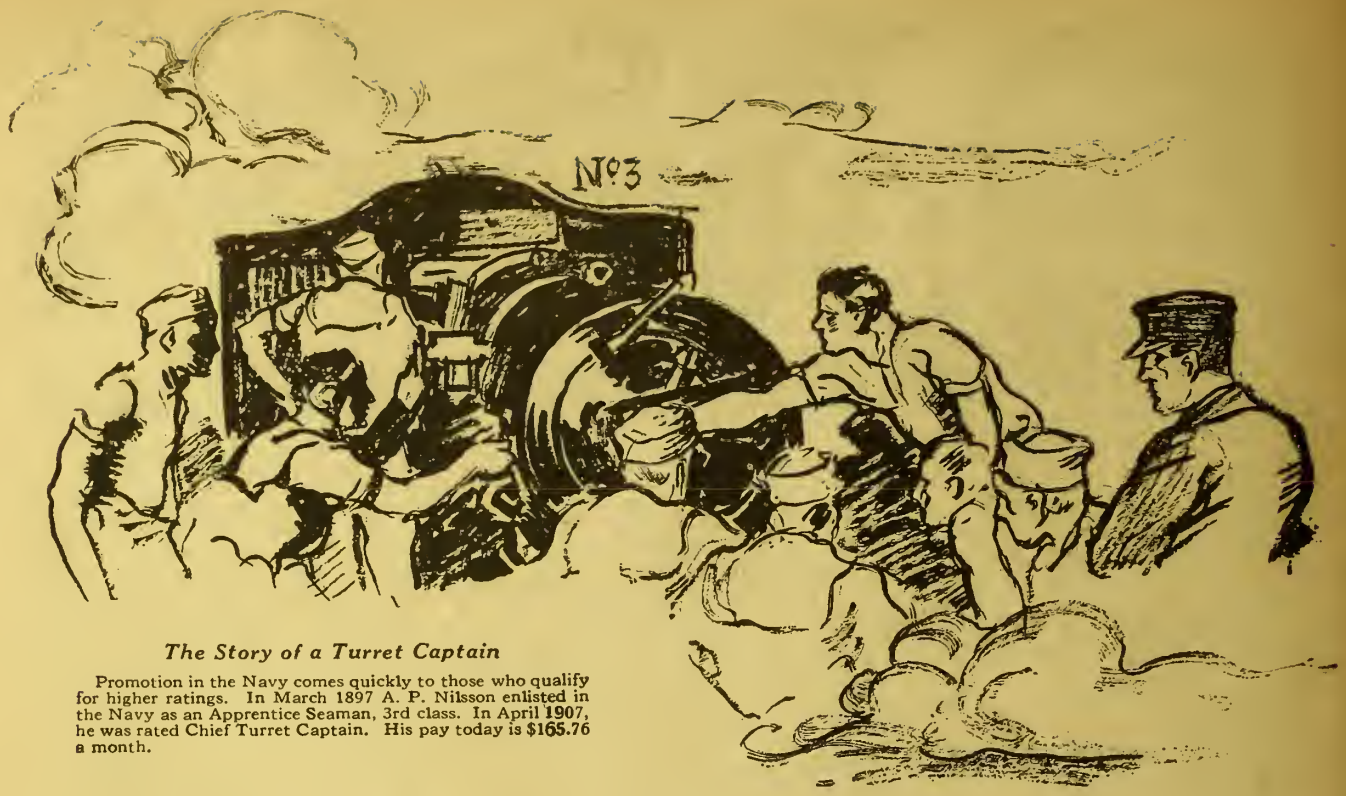
The Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. F-45, Dayton, Ohio

Please tell me how without investing any money I can become your agent and make from $50 to $100 a week. Also send me, without charge, your offer of a free raincoat for myself.

Name.....

Address.....

P. O.....State.....



The Story of a Turret Captain

Promotion in the Navy comes quickly to those who qualify for higher ratings. In March 1897 A. P. Nilsson enlisted in the Navy as an Apprentice Seaman, 3rd class. In April 1907, he was rated Chief Turret Captain. His pay today is $165.76 a month.

A man's life — among men!

REEL them off—"Rio," Gibraltar, Ceylon, Yokohama—all the great ports of the world—are they only places on the map to you—or are they ports where you've gone sailing in from the high seas with every eye along the shore turned admiringly on your big ship—your ship!

Are the great world ports nothing to you but little red spots in your school geography, or are they *real* towns whose funny streets you've walked—whose strange sights you've seen—whose magnificence you've admired—towns in which you've greeted the world's sailor men from the Seven Seas?

Make each port you visit mean another big experience. Curious spots, beautiful spots, ugly spots, famous spots, and every one of them more interesting to see than anything you ever read about in all your life. Every ocean has a United States ship sailing for some port worth seeing.

If you've any call in you for a full life—join, and color all your years ahead with memories of things worth seeing—with knowledge worth having—with an inexhaustible fund of sea tales and adventures picked up ashore and afloat that will make you a welcome man in any company.

Compare such a personality with that of men who are content to just stick around all their days and see nothing. Boy!

Work?—sure, and a man's work it is, among men.

Play?—well, rather, with a bunch of men who know how to play. These comrades of yours carry in their ears the sounds of great world cities, of booming guns, of swashing seas—sounds you will share with them and that will never die away.

And when you come home, you'll face life ashore with level eyes — for Uncle Sam trains in *self-reliance* as well as self-respect. The Navy builds straight men—no mollycoddles.

Enlist for two years. Excellent opportunities for advancement. Four weeks holidays with pay each year. Shore leave to see inland sights at ports visited. Men always learning. Good food and first uniform outfit free. Pay begins the day you enlist. Get full information from your nearest recruiting station. If you do not know where the nearest recruiting station is, ask your postmaster. He knows.

Shove off!-Join the U. S. Navy