PERMANENT FILE

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

AUGUST 20, 1920

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COPY

IN THIS ISSUE

HIS SUPERFLUOUS EXCELLENCY

America Departs from Her "Anybody Will Do" Attitude Toward the Vice-Presidency

RUNNING DOWN THE YELLOW STREAK

The Government's Draft Dodger Offensive Gets In Motion and Begins to Show Results

THE H. C. L. AND THE DISABLED MAN

Federal Board Investigators Learn Where the Dollar Will Go Farthest

Jokes, Departments, Two Pages of Cartoons

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION

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Advertising and the Weekly

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Up and at 'em, Boys!

"In the soggy mists of the early morning, through the wire, stumbling along, at an easy walk, went the first wave of the INFANTRY! . . . . . ."

Did they ever trot you out to win the war with a rifle and *one* bandolier of ammunition—

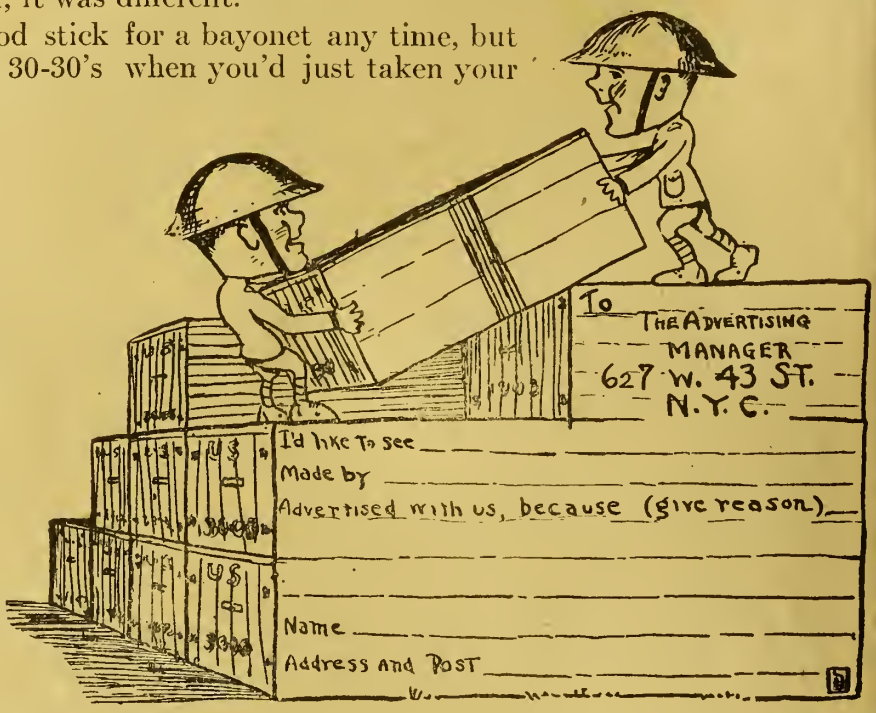
Oh yes! you were supposed to have *two* and then some—always did at inspection or on the hike—but somehow, in action, it was different.

The old "Pot Iron" was a good stick for a bayonet any time, but a sad weapon without its clips of 30-30's when you'd just taken your objective—and were waiting for Heinies' counter attack.

We feel the same way—We've got up into the jumping off trench leading to big stunts in this advertising campaign of ours but we're shy on ammunition—so we are going to ask you to help out these two chaps and let Uncle Sam bring a box on into the front lines for us.

When you fill it out—You will fill it up—We'll do the shooting!

The Machine Guns in action next week



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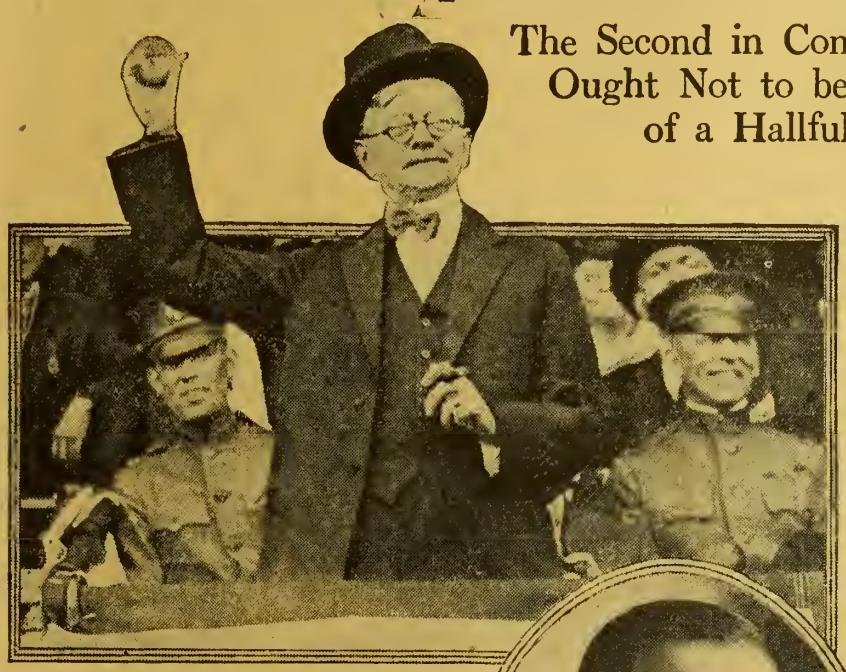
OWNED EXCLUSIVELY BY THE AMERICAN LEGION

His Superfluous Excellency

The Second in Command of the Ship of State Ought Not to be the Eleventh-hour Choice of a Hallful of Weary Delegates

By Everett Kimball

Professor of Government, Smith College



Photos (c) International

Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall in action—but not in the Senate rostrum

Governor Calvin Coolidge, Republican candidate for runner-up

Ex-Secretary Franklin D. Roosevelt did not ask the Democrats to name him for second place on their ticket

IN the United States it is a fiction that the office seeks the man. Really none of us believes it. What is the phrase we use to describe a campaign? We say, "He runs for President." The candidate may say he hears a call, but more often the call is but the echo of his own desire.

One office, however, is unique in that it fulfills our theory. Did you ever hear of anyone seeking to become vice-president, running for that office? The phrase the English politicians use, "He stands for office," more aptly describes the attitude of most candidates for the vice-presidency. They generally stand for it. If elected they have to stand it.

Senator Harding, the Republican nominee for the Presidency, has made two proposals to increase the power and importance of the vice-president. He first proposed that the vice-president, as presiding officer of the Senate, should act as a harmonizing influence between the executive department represented by the President and the legislative department represented by the Senate. Later he declared that if elected he would invite Governor Coolidge to sit in his cabinet and share in the executive work that body undertakes.

Governor Cox, the Democratic nominee has not yet spoken on this subject, but soon we may expect to hear from him. For what Governor Coolidge is to Senator Harding, Secretary Roosevelt is to Governor Cox. The nominations of 1920 are remarkable in that the candidates for the vice-presidency in both the great parties are unusually strong. They have evoked fully as much satisfaction as the nominees for the higher office.

What was the vice-presidency designed for? In the Constitutional Convention of 1787, the office was not mentioned until the Convention had been in session nearly four months. Even then it was little discussed and little criticized. At first, when the Convention planned to have Congress elect the President, there was no need for a vice-president. In case of a vacancy, Congress could elect another President. But when the Convention decided that the President should be chosen indirectly by the people at large, it was necessary to give the people an opportunity to choose the residuary legatee.

For another reason a vice-president

seemed necessary. Who should preside over the Senate? A Senator? If so, the State from which he came would be deprived of his services as a legislator, and, in case of a tie, be given representation beyond that given to other States. For the presiding Senator might vote upon the question and thus create a tie and then, as presiding officer, cast the deciding vote.

Still another reason for the vice-president is to be found in the original method of choice. By the unamended Constitution, the electors of the States were to vote for two names, the one which received the highest number of electoral votes was to be chosen President; the one who received the second highest number of votes, vice-president.

This method of election helped the framers to meet that bugaboo which was constantly in their minds, but which has had little effect in our political life; namely, the preponderance of influence of the large States. In the electoral college the larger States might have a majority of electors for the President, but the smaller States would have a fair chance to secure the second prize. Experience has shown that parties do not divide along the lines of large and small States. The vice-presidency, although a consolation prize has never been the consolation of the smaller States.

GOOD NEWS

THE original method of electing the President produced startling results. The hope was that the presidential electors in each State, without prior consultation, should vote for the names of the men they deemed most fit. Perhaps they did in the first and second elections Since that time political parties have risen, and the action of these parties has totally changed the action of the presidential electors. In 1797 John Adams, as President, found himself paired with his most bitter political enemy Thomas Jefferson, as vice-president. In 1800 Jefferson and Burr received an equal number of votes, although no one wanted Burr for President.

In 1804 the Twelfth Amendment was adopted by which the presidential electors voted directly for two officers, the President and vice-president. The vice-president was no longer the second choice of his party for the presidency, but the first choice of his party for the vice-presidency.

Unforseen developments have resulted from this change. In the original Constitution, the vice-president was at least a man of national prominence and national appeal. He must have been, for he was the second choice for the highest office in the country. What is he now? It is true he is the first choice for the vice-presidency, but what is that? The fifth wheel to the Coach of State.

The Twelfth Amendment was revolutionary. It affected not merely the vice-president, but it was a frank recognition of the power of political parties, and altered the position of the President himself. Before 1804, the electors, in theory at least, had some freedom of choice. At present the presidential electors are mere cogs in the machine—which the muckrakers falsely call "the cash register." The party names the President, and the presidential elector only registers his party's choice.

The President, since 1804, has been transformed from the impartial executive of the nation to the leader or the tool of a political party. The party frames the platform which the President stands on, or which he gets in by. The President either leads the party or is controlled by it. However unpartisan he may attempt to be, he really is a party President. And the vice-president, what of him?

JUST as the President is made in the nominating convention, so is the vice-president, but with less thought and care. Read the proceedings of almost any nominating convention and see how it is done. First comes the dispute over the delegates; then the adoption of the platform, sometimes attended with a flood of oratory and debate. The candidates are then put in nomination, and sometimes three days are consumed in obtaining the necessary majority for any one candidate.

When everyone is tired and weary with the whole proceeding, the candidate for the vice-president is selected. Thus in 1904, at one o'clock on a Sunday morning, the Democrats nominated Henry Gassaway Davis for vice-president. Who was he? Few knew, although he had been a United States Senator and a successful business man. Word was passed around that Davis was the man to be voted for, and Davis was chosen. After his nomination it was found that he was over eighty years of age, but who cared in the convention? What one of the presidential electors cared when, on the second Monday in the following January, the Democratic electors cast their votes for Parker and—Davis?

So little attention do we pay to the vice-president that sometimes we vote for him without knowing who he is. How many Republicans realize that in 1912 they were voting for Taft and Nicholas Murray Butler? The Republican Convention of 1912 nominated Taft and Sherman, but before the election in November Sherman died, and the Republican National Committee designated Butler as the vice-presidential candidate, and he received the electoral votes of Utah and Vermont.

What are the duties of the vice-president? Why is it that we are so careless in our choice? Constitutionally the office is not attractive. Thus John Adams wrote in 1793. "My country has in its wisdom contrived for me the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived." It is true that the vice-president presides over the Senate. He does not rule as the Speaker rules the House. He presides over the Senate as a moderator. The Senate rules itself The vice-president may make rulings, but only with the assent of the majority, and the Senate pays scant consideration to his rulings when they interfere with its desire. It is true that Vice-president Sherman, on the last day of the Sixty-first Congress, in 1911, seemed almost as arbitrary as Speaker Cannon ever did in the House. But Vice-president Sherman was supported by the Old Guard and knew he had the majority behind him. As presiding officer of the Senate, the vice-president has little to do and less influence.

In one respect, however as presiding

(*Continued on page* 18)

Running Down the Yellow Streak

The Government's Machinery in Motion Against 300,000 Draft Slackers

By Walter J. Wood

Boston Post Photo

An alleged draft dodger leaving court under armed guard—so excited that he has his hat on backwards

NOT so much where is Bergdoll but what is Bergdollism, is a subject to which every patriotic citizen of America might well address himself without fear of wasting his time.

In the great test through which we have just passed, twenty-four million Americans put their names down in black and white as potential defenders of the nation's honor. Nearly three million of them—2,810,296, to be exact—were inducted by means of the process of selection which came to be known as "the draft" into the military service of the country. Had it been necessary, military experts figured, the United States could have created and maintained in the field at all times an American Army of 5,550,000 men.

There was something big and awe-inspiring and terribly splendid about America's great mobilization of her man-power. Many of us joked with our lips as we joined in the refrain of the popular ditty, "I left the window open and they caught me in the draft," but deep down in our hearts we were far away singing in shining armor, "As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free." There came the call to register, then the call to camp, then the long months of waiting, then for many the ships, the sea, strange lands and fields of flame and victory—for the splendid few, white crosses; for the many, ships again and home. It was all indeed, as many have remarked, something very near to a crusade, something that lifted men off their feet and swept them out of themselves, sent them scurrying from the little tasks of trade, of getting and spending, to the fine business of sacrifice and high endeavor.

Well might one wish that here the picture closed, that nothing base, mean or unworthy should mar the beauty of it, that history's page should remember only the way American manhood rallied to the colors and served. And so it could have been—except for Bergdollism.

Bergdollism was and still is nothing more nor less than a yellow streak down the country's back. If in those white-heat days of 1917 and 1918 anyone had dared rise on public platform or in public press and announce that when the war closed it would be necessary to run down 695,523 men of military age as slackers, and that half, or more than 300,000 of them, twenty months after the victorious close of the war still would be proscripted as draft deserters and draft delinquents, he would have been taken out and dealt the same kind of medicine which a company of Kentucky folk administered to Mr. Bigslow. A chorus of boohs would have been his only echo. And yet he would have been as true a prophet as the unfortunate Cassandra—and as much unbelieved.

WHAT happened in brief was this. On paper at least, when twenty-four million Americans were called on to register, 318,314 refused to sign up, and when more than three million of those who did register were called upon to proceed to camp, 377,209 refused to serve. A grand total of 695,523 slackers. The men who refused to register were known as "draft delinquents," while the men who registered and refused to serve were called "draft deserters." The former were subjects for the Federal law and the Department of Justice of the United States. The latter were military deserters and subject to Army court-martial. The Selective Service Act of May 18, 1917, provided a penalty of not more than a year's imprisonment for the "draft delinquent." Army regulations provided for the "draft deserter" the same punishment as for the regular deserter.

The War Department and the Department of Justice set to work chasing this yellow streak soon after the Armistice. They have succeeded in cutting the width of the streak in two by a tedious process of elimination, the result of which, in a nut-shell, has cleared the records of more than 300,000 of the 695,523 men listed as technical draft delinquents and draft deserters.

AS things stand today, there are approximately 300,000 men—slackers—about equally divided numerically between delinquents and deserters, who have so far successfully defied the Government and the conscience of America with impunity. It remains for the War Department to dispose of the 150,000 draft deserters and for the Department of Justice to take before the bars of justice the 150,000 draft delinquents. In a much larger sense it is for the American people, for you and me and the neighbor next door, to give these men, as many of them at least as are guilty, an object lesson in the elements of Americanism.

It is not in extenuation of a mean or vindictive spirit that those who served have a right to expect some measure of justice to be meted out to those who slacked, and slacked for the most part with a sneer of contempt written across their every act. It is for the safety, honor and welfare of the state that we are concerned. The ignoble 300,000 and the element they represent, are still among us, just as ready to slack today, tomorrow, as they were in the acid test of yesterday.

Who is there so bold as to argue that this yellow bunch of unrepentant, cowardly, indifferent and oftentimes pro-German and anti-American slackers, for every one of which there is in all probability a regular little Bergdoll clan of disloyalty at his back, should in the interest of good citizenship be let off Scott free? Bergdollism, slacking, is a disease that calls for the amputation of punishment, not the poultice of kind words and forgiveness. If 300,000 were able to defy the law this time and get by with it, who knows how many times that number would be multiplied in the event of another such national emergency?

It is in this spirit, I take it, that what is hoped will prove a final and effective drive against these slackers is now getting under way. The Department of Justice is filing with district attorneys throughout the United States the evidence in its hands against the 150,000 draft delinquents to whom the draft was nothing at all in their young lives, and who never even took the trouble to register, and asking for a speedy prosecution in the Federal courts. The War Department is publishing the names of its 150,000 draft deserters, and asking the co-operation of all public and semi-public agencies and institutions and organizations in a united effort to bring them before a military tribunal.

THE government agency responsible for apprehending and preferring charges against the draft delinquents is the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice. The Bureau,

(*Continued on page* 22)

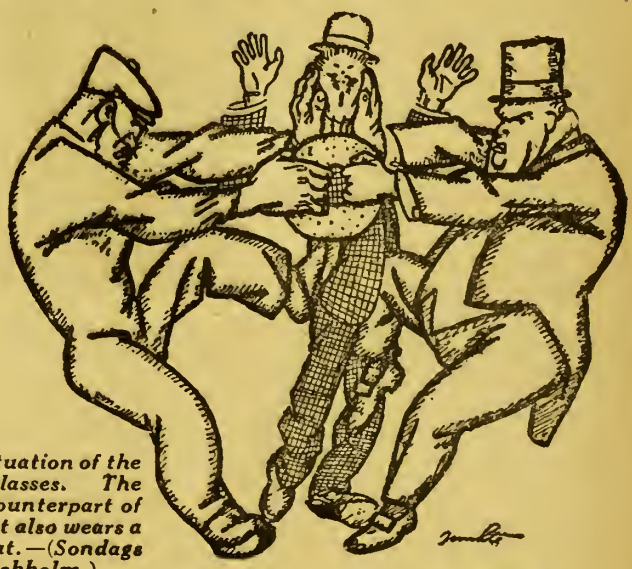
HOW EUROPE LOOKS ON HER TROUBLES

—One of Which, the H. C. L., is no Stranger on This Side of the Ocean

"I can put you up for thirty francs a day, but at that price, of course, you'll have to help dig potatoes and milk the cows."—(Le Rire, Paris.)

The Englishman: "I've come to sit in the council of Danzig with the German and Polish representatives." The Pole: "But there isn't a seat big enough for you." Englishman: "Then I'll have to occupy all three."—(Mucha, Warsaw.)

Italy sees herself left out in the cold while England, France and America struggle for world domination. —(Asino, Rome.)



Present situation of the middle classes. The Swedish counterpart of a capitalist also wears a plug hat.—(Sondags Nisse, Stockholm.)

Ambassador of the German Republic in gala costume—a Dutch satirist pictures him wearing a liberty cap over the well-known spiked helmet. —(Notenkraker, Amsterdam.)

A German view of France "colonizing" Europe.—(Simplicissimus, Munich.)

Quartette of 301st Stevedore Regiment, attached to 23d Engineers, Legney, France. May 13, 1918. Signal Corps No. 14598.

Yankee Yesterdays

By Hudson Hawley

VI. A HARD-LUCK CHANTEY

Oh, Ah's jes' so happy dat Ah cain't see!
Ah's outer de brig, Ah's delivuh'd an' free!

CHORUS: Oh, Top come git me; fo' yo' taps Ah's late—
Yuh kin graib me now; doan' yuh hesitate!

Gwine 'long de road, wif mah pack on mah back,
'Long comes a froggie, wif beaucoup conyak. (Chorus)

Says Ah to dat froggie, Ah says to him,
"If de ocean was conyak, Ah'd sho' luhn to swim!"
(Chorus)

"Ah's got vink-sank frankies, an' a pow'ful thust,
An' Ah's de ge'mman what done axed yuh fust!"
(Chorus)

He gimme de conyack, Ah gib him de dough,
An' Ah A-doublya-elled it clear down to Bo'deaux!
(Chorus)

Spen' 'leben whole days an' e-leben whole nights,
Gittin mo' conyack, an' a-seein' de sights! (Chorus)

An' den Ah gits hongry, an' lookin' fo' chow,
An' a red-tab white man, he jes' knocks me pow!
(Chorus)

"C'mon 'long to haidquahtuhs," says he to me,
An' bein' obligin', Ah said Ah'd agree. (Chorus)

"Thutty days," says de jedge, "an' two-thuds o' yo' pay,
An' yuh rejines yo' Skipper, toot-sweet-right-away!"
(Chorus)

Ashes to ashes, an' dus' to dus',
If de M. P.'s doan' git yuh, den de D. C. I.'s mus'!
(Chorus)

Ain't sayin' it's wuth it, ain't callin' it crime,
But brig or no brig, 'twuz a doggone good time!
(Chorus)

The H. C. L. and the Disabled Man

Federal Board Investigation Discloses the Fact that a Dollar Will Go Further in Dixie than Anywhere Else in the Country

By J. W. Rixey Smith

Washington Correspondent of AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

AS certain little black-headed pins hop into place on a map of the United States hanging on the office wall of the auditor of the Vocational Board at Washington, telegrams go out that mean an increase of twenty dollars a month in the allowance of disabled veterans in vocational training at those points fortunate enough to be pin-pricked. The pin goes in the map and the telegram goes out, and on the ensuing pay day there will be a raise in the pay envelopes of vocational students in the places concerned.

There is a history back of the pin and the telegram and the raise in the vocational student's envelope—a history of a long legislative fight for more money for the soldier in training, of seventeen words written into the legislation just before it was passed by the United States Senate.

What does room and board cost *you* these days? The Federal Board for Vocational Training thinks forty dollars a month a good estimate of the country-wide average, and has made that figure the basis of its computation of allowance to disabled service men under the Darrow Bill substitute

The Federal Board has been compelled by the now notorious seventeen-word amendment to the Darrow Bill substitute to undertake a canvass of the cost of living in every community in the United States where are located the 1,600 institutions and 4,000 shops and factories in which disabled veterans are in training, in order that increased monthly allowances might go to vocational students "residing in congested centers of population where maintenance and support is above the average and comparatively high."

The Federal Board, confronted with the task of figuring out the "average" cost of maintenance and support" among more than a hundred million people before it could relieve the financial distress of the disabled soldier in training, was like a little boy sent to hunt lions in the jungle with a slingshot. The Board had no means of taking a nation-wide census of the cost of living. To carry out the law literally and technically, it would have been

compelled to suspend all other work and devote several months to such a survey.

With all due respect to Senator Warren, author of the troublesome amendment, and the Senate, which passed it, those in charge of the Board's work decided to carry on with their job of rehabilitating the disabled American soldier and to take a running guess at the average cost of board and lodging throughout the United States.

So the Board guessed that the average cost of board and room was about forty dollars a month, and ruled that where vocational students were paying under that amount they would not be entitled to any increase in monthly allowance, but that where they were paying that amount and over they should have their pay envelopes fattened a bit, those paying under forty-five dollars to the extent of ten dollars a month, and those paying forty-five dollars and over by as much as twenty dollars a month.

BUT having disposed of the average cost of living by a happy guess, the Board found its hands full when it came to differentiating between those localities of the country where living expenses are above and those where they are below the average.

In its perplexity it turned to the Divisional Vocational officers in the fourteen vocational board districts for the quickest and most accurate information obtainable as to the "community rate" of board and lodging for vocational students in all training centers. These officials were told that the Board wanted this information without delay in order that the disabled trainees might receive the increases to which they are entitled on the earliest possible semi-monthly payroll.

The divisional officers of the Board in turn have sought the aid of the American Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., posts of The American Legion, and various public and semi-public agencies in an attempt to rush into the central headquarters of the Board dependable figures as to the cost of living in the localities in their respective districts where men are in training.

As this is being written telegrams are pouring in to the Board from its divisional offices recommending this city and that, one training center and another, for the full twenty dollars monthly increase. To be exact, on July 26, just five days before August 1st pay day, 13,842 vocational students in twenty-three vocational training centers had been designated as entitled to the monthly increase of twenty dollars in their allowance, and such progress was being made that the auditor of the Board stated that in all probability 25,000 students of the 38,662 disabled men drawing compensation, in all but the most isolated places of training would get the twenty dollars increase on the August 1st payroll.

So far as the canvass has proceeded at this writing, been decided upon as "above the average and comparatively high," together with the number of disabled men in training in each, were as follows:

New York City, 3,514; Buffalo, 350; Boston, 2,044; Washington, D. C., 621; Pittsburgh, 966; Detroit, 481; Chicago, 1,828; Evanston, Ill., 12; Bloomington, Ill., 10; Grand Rapids, Mich., 40; Ann Arbor, Mich., 108; Muskegon, Mich., 12; Huron, Mich., 10; Beloit, Wis., 3; Milwaukee, Wis., 350; Madison, Wis., 65; New Orleans, 562; Philadelphia, 1,739; San Francisco, 660; Cleveland, 501; Kalamazoo, Mich, 10; Menominee, Wis., 15.

ALL of the disabled soldiers in these training areas were to get the full twenty dollar increase, retroactive to July 1st, on the August 1st payroll. Other training centers which it is possible to mention as sure to be judged in this class are Atlanta, Birmingham, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Dallas, Kansas City, Denver, Minneapolis, St. Paul and Portland, Ore.

The designation of a city or training center as where the cost of living is above the average and comparatively high, and as where all vocational students are entitled to the twenty dollar increase, includes all towns, cities and institutions within commuting distance of the place named.

It will be extremely interesting to hear what the economical solons of the Senate will have to say when the final result of their little joke is known. Those in the Federal Board in close touch with the situation predicted that by the August 15th payroll ninety percent of the men in training would have received the full twenty dollars a month increase, and that the other ten percent will have an increase of ten dollars a month. And it would surprise no one, least of all officials of the Federal Board, if in the end the ten percent should raise such a racket that all distinction would have to be abolished and the twenty dollars increase spread blanket-like over the entire vocational flock from coast to coast.

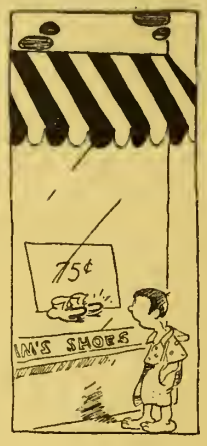
Not a few will appreciate the sense of humor of the Mobile darkey who, hearing of the seventeen-word tempest in the vocational teapot, wrote the director of the Federal Board, "Please, sir, let me know how much board and lodging I must pay to get the twenty dollars."

Cost of living or no cost of living, it will be found that boarding house rates are just about as elastic as the Senate's sense of economy in approving the Darrow Bill substitute.

CHANGELESS AMBITION

By STEUART M. EMERY

Cartoons By HELFANT



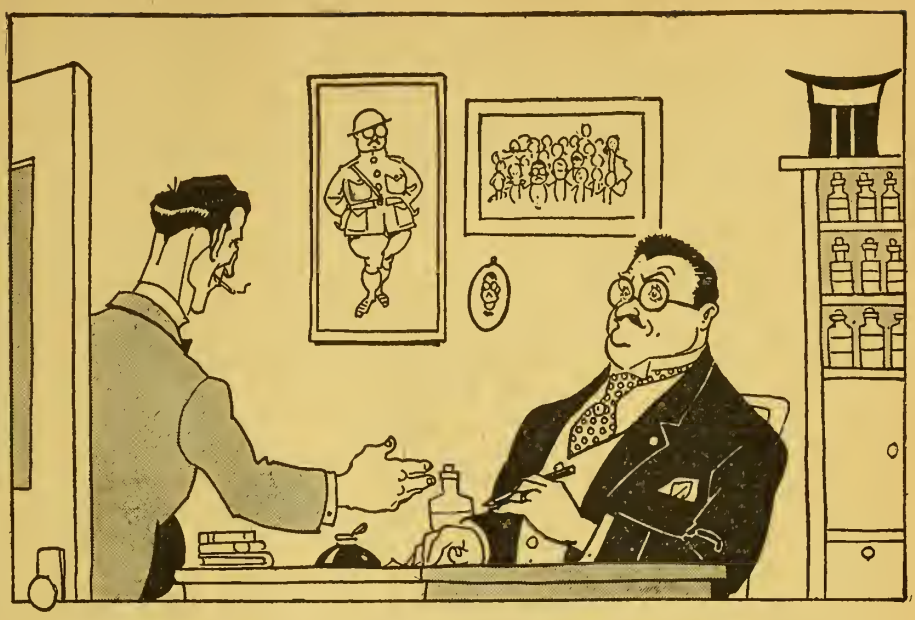
When I was very, very small,
About the age of eight
And barefoot ran about the farm
We had somewhere up-State,
There was one thing my childish heart
Desired both day and night,
One thing that represented then
My young ambition's height.
A bat and ball, a kite to fly
Of wild and brilliant hues?
No, no. My heart was hungry for
A pair of brand-new shoes.
A pair of shoes, rare leather shoes,
For church and all the week,
True lace-up shoes, two shiny shoes
To proudly go "squeak, squeak."
"Hush, hush," the family said to me.
"You'll have them when you're grown,
just see."

Well, that was twenty years ago,
And I have changed since then.
I'm not back on the ancient farm
But in a town of men.
And still ambition's flame is high
And still its visions cling,
And still I center all my hopes
Upon a single thing.
A motor car, a country place,
A yacht in which to cruise?
Not so. My goal in life remains
That pair of brand-new shoes.
A pair of shoes, rare leather shoes,
For church and all the week,
True lace-up shoes, two shiny shoes
To proudly go "squeak, squeak."
"Tut, tut," the family say to me,
"You'll have them when you're rich,
just see."

From M. D. to M. C.—and Back

The Officer Pill-roller May Have Mislaid Some Pieces of Equipment Over Yonder, but the Bedside Manner Wasn't One of Them

By Robert J. Casey



His stern face relaxed at this evidence that I was not about to dun him for a prescription

I WENT recently to see my old friend Major Zeek, M. C., who had been mustered out of a pup tent on the Rhine into a mahogany-bound office with art-glass lights and a blonde announcer.

He didn't seem particularly pleased to see me. I knew too much about his past, and, as one of the laity, I was certain to be a potential applicant for one of a fast dwindling stock of more-than-one-half-of-one-percent prescriptions. But I was cheerful about it. There is nothing so conducive to the proper spirit in a visit to a doctor's office as a knowledge of perfect health.

He escorted me into a private office all fitted up with white iron arm chairs, photographs of the 1900 graduating class of Whoosis University, and carefully assorted smells of carbolic acid and iodoform. I seated myself comfortably on the examination table and broke the sad news.

"I just dropped in to find out, Major," I said, "what, if any, influence the war has had on the practice of medicine in general and upon your practice in particular."

His stern face relaxed at this evidence that I was not about to dun him for a prescription.

He cleared his throat.

"It would be impossible to estimate off hand the benefits of close contact to humanity in its supreme test," he began.

"Oh, yes," I assured him. "With humanity in its supreme test and cognac in its hundred proof, and all that thing. You may have acquired a lot of gifts in the war, but oratory isn't one of them. Let's get together on this in close formation with heels together and toes out at an angle of forty-five degrees, weight resting evenly on the balls of the feet. What, in the language of spiritus frumenti and S. Q. Lapius, are the benefits that you derived from your late lamented service in France?"

The doc sank back in his iron pillow, propped his feet on the examination table and lighted a cigarette.

"IT was a great war," he observed reminiscently, "and champagne was *dix* francs a liter. . . .

"As for the materia medica, I can't say that field service is apt to make a Mayo or a Murphy out of a surgeon whose only chance to surge is in issuing olive drab pills and manicuring a horse.

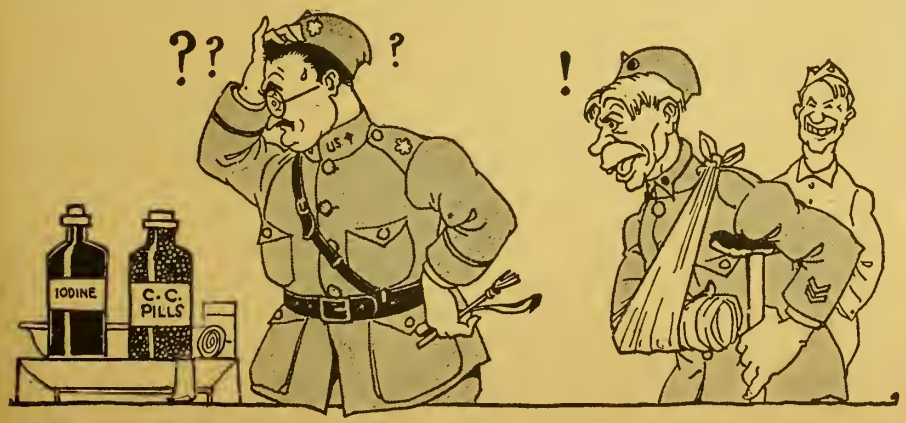
"I learned how to tell the difference between a rifle and a howitzer—something that my professors at medical school had never told me. I learned how to refuse cheese in three languages. I found out that shell-shock is contagious—had it myself more than once. I discovered after much patient research that the best way to put a bridle on a horse is to start by sticking the bit between his teeth and then push the rest of it over his ears—not to hang the thing over his ears and try to stretch the bit by pulling it down over his nose. I discovered that a perfectly balanced ration is one pound of hardtack and one pound of water, that a man's natural habitat is mud, and that houses are a menace to the community. I learned the difference between ordnance and Q. M. property, that it cost forty-eight cents to mail a German helmet home and that cooties were apt to bite when aroused. . . ."

He blew a smoke ring toward his elevated knees and chuckled.

"This Medical Corps was a funny proposition," he observed. "But I enjoyed the experience. I got so that I really liked soldiering. Why, one time I had an outfit down in Houston that could beat the world at litter drill. It was a picture to see them swing down the little bull pen they gave us to drill in. Those boys certainly carried a mean litter.

"And then there was the excitement of training them for dispensary work without having them commit murder.

"Well, we got all these boys so that they would consult one of us before administering arsenic to such impromptu patients as happened to stroll into the infirmary after hours. When we had attained that stage of perfection the war was pretty nearly over.



We managed to salvage a liter of iodine and a bottle of C.C.'s

"A MEDICAL officer jolly well earned his keep in those training camp days. The idea of the Army seemed to be to oust as many as possible in a given twenty-four hours. It began to look as though they intended to cut the A. E. F. down to about two picked squads and let them settle the matter privately with the Germans. Anybody could get into the Army. It took a genius to stay out. . . . And it took a whang to stay in.

"Every forty-five minutes we had to examine some crew or other to make sure that they hadn't developed angina pectoris or lapsus memoriæ since their previous alibi. It got so that we could tell who a man was just by the way his toes wiggled when we hammered

(*Continued on page* 20)

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.

To Make up a World

CIVILIZED man may be divided into two great groups, the class whose influence and endeavor is positive and the class whose influenee is negative. In the second group are the men who say it can't be done; in the first are the men who do it.

The first group includes our business men, our legislators, our presidents. It consists mostly of men who are producers by choice and who work largely for the intrinsic satisfaction of accomplishing something. The second includes the men whose principle contribution to the world would be conversation but for the fact that the complexities of civilization force them into productive work to survive.

The presence of these two classes is undoubtedly necessary in an orderly world. The aggressive producer envisages great fields of accomplishment, but is retarded in carrying out his dream by his doubting companion. The optimist is the engineer of the train of progress, the pessimist is the brakeman who prevents him from throwing the throttle too widely open and wrecking it.

But while the pessimist has his place and function, personal application of this rule finds his lot by far the less desirable. The man who works to accomplish something usually acquires also in the accomplishment the best things of life. The doubter, the sluggard, the unimaginative man who works grudgingly gets only what the world, just as grudgingly, gives him.

The Link of Nations

AN American correspondent at the Spa conference told how one of the German delegates remarked that the sitting would have to end by Friday night, because nothing so trifling as world peace could be allowed to interfere with the precious British week-end. Some day, added the correspondent, one of the conferees is bound to say something funny, the opposition will laugh, and in the laugh world peace will be brought measurably nearer.

Here in America we can consider peace restored when the German comedian regains the prominence of the footlights. Meanwhile let us rest content that we now once more call Hamburg steak by its right name.

Scuttling the Mayflower

THE development of the art of propaganda has resulted in one serious flareback—it has tended to convert the world to cynicism. We read that somebody has donated a hundred thousand dollars to a cause or a hospital and immediately we smell a rat, we envisage a dark party in the woodpile, we inquire, "What particular brand of axe is *he* grinding?" We question motives in everybody and everything. It is a very safe way of doing business, but it does not make for human concord or normal digestion.

But the saving grace of humor enters when we carry this tendency too far. An instance in this year's celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. Very naturally this is being made the occasion of the hands-across-the-sea, blood-is-thicker-than-water, ties-of-the-two-great-English-speaking-nations sort of thing which we would normally expect. Call it, if you will, propaganda. But remember that that objective could scarcely have been in the minds of the *Mayflower* immigrants—that very likely they had never even heard of Lord Northcliffe.

When, in 1992, we celebrate the cinquecentennial of Columbus's little accident, someone is sure to remark that it is all being done to make people forget the Spanish-American war.

Meaningless Promises

THE American veteran is not alone in his belief that his country has hardly played square with him. *The Ex-service Man*, a publication for former British soldiers, carries at its masthead this sentiment:

> When troubles rise and the war is nigh,
> God and the soldier is the cry.
> When war is o'er and the trouble righted,
> God is forgotten and the soldier slighted.

Philosophers have noted that a nation in wartime is usually as lavish with its promises as a man who fears he is about to die and that the promises of a nation apparently are fulfilled in something like the same proportion as the vows of the man who comes out of his fear and finds he isn't going to die after all.

Forbidden Fruit

WHILE Harry Turk, a poor but honest A. E. F. sergeant, was out on the banks of the Gironde one day industriously looking for a fatigue detail, Mademoiselle Lily Ponce, the daughter of a Bordeaux wine king, opportunely fell in the river and began to drown. Sergeant Turk, after saving Lily, refused both money and kisses from her papa.

And now, two years later, a Bordeaux avocat looks up the young man in New York and informs him that he is one of Monsieur Ponce's heirs and the owner of a ten thousand dollar vineyard which produces "vairee much wine."

Sergeant Turk's acres of vin rouge and vin blanc may yield their accustomed tons of fruit this autumn, but Sergeant Turk has announced that he probably will remain in the wilderness, with never a caravan to bring a single jugful from his overseas oasis.

Perhaps he may decide to import some barrels of grape juice in the hope that nature will add the 2.75 plus. In any event this story is moral proof. You can't mix Horatio Alger and Omar Khayyum.

Cellar Bolsheviks

AT what per cent. Americanism shall we classify the fellow-citizen who tells us in one breath that he is in favor of deporting all these Constitution-violating radicals and in the next that he has just picked up a quart for eight dollars?

A Non-military Parallel

> As the maid for Miss Vera Maxwell stepped from the elevator to go to her room she noticed two men at the door. She called a hallboy. He telephoned to the clerk. The clerk called the manager. The manager called in Detective McGrath.—From a newspaper account of a recent hotel robbery.

AND still there are people who think the Army has a monopoly on buck-passing.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IF ELECTED——"

—but at that moment Candidate Hoofus's speech was interrupted by the appearance (in person) of Mamie Chickford, queen of the movies

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 Distrustful Bride

Chlorine, the dusky queen of the kitchen, showed up at the receiving teller's booth with an air of determination on her midnight features.

"Ah wants you should take care of dis yeah cash fo' a while," she remarked, planking down her savings of several years.

"Why, Chlorine," ejaculated the teller, who knew her of old, "I thought you always said you'd never trust the bank."

"Dat's all right, dat's all right, but de circumferences surroundin' de matter makes me change mah mind. Yo' see, I'se gwine get married an' Ah don't want dat much money round de house with no strange cullud man on de premises."

Unneeded, Unwanted

A dusty stranger limped into the railroad station of a little Texas town that was chiefly noted for cactus and alkali, and deposited a coin on the counter.

"Gimme a ticket to the next place," he ordered dispiritedly.

"Single or round-trip?" queried the agent.

The stranger glared. "Round-trip?" he burst forth. "What's the use of a round-trip when I'm here already?"

Some Kick

The two old soaks had met for the first time since Volstead gave the country a piece of his mind.

"How's your home brew?" asked the first anxiously.

"Brother," chortled the second, "you know what they say about Carnation milk—comes from contented cows? Well, that stuff in my cellar comes from discontented mules."

The Alternative

Sign on a Kansas farm:
WARNING TO TRAMPS
We keep a dog.
And remember, there are just two kinds of folks—
THE QUICK AND THE DEAD

Since July Thirst

"Mercy me!" grumbled the old lady in the grocery store, "but you charge a terrible price for vinegar nowadays."

"Yes?" sniffed the clerk contemptuously. "I paid five dollars for a pint of it the other day."

A Celtic Holiday

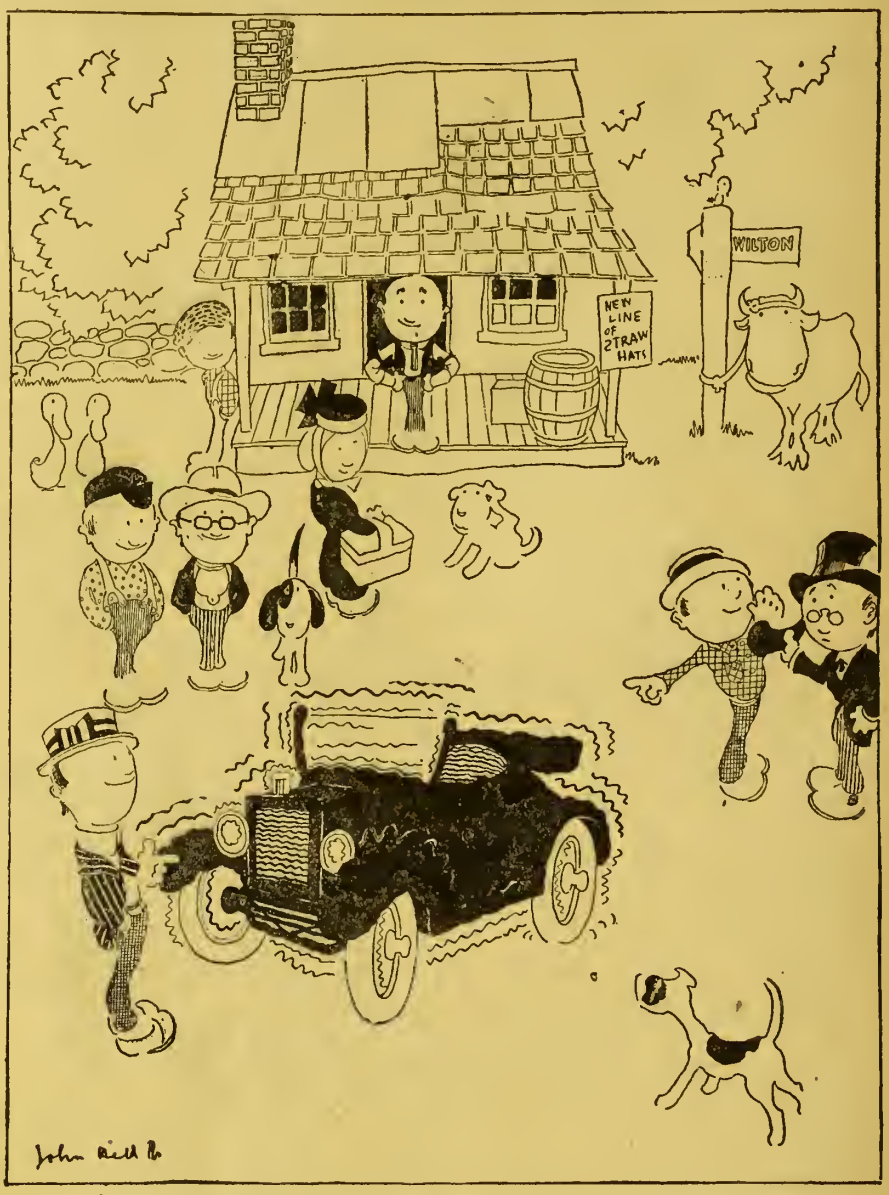
Flagrantly against the laws of fraternization, Private Muldoon of the American forces in Germany was reminiscing with a Jerry who was bemoaning the fate of some of his outfit in the only scrap in which he had been engaged.

"And how many did ye lose?" asked Pat sympathetically.

"Zwolf—twelf," replied Jerry.

Twelve, is it? And ye call that a battle? Man, dear, when we have an A. O. H. picnic in the States, if there ain't more than twelve casualties, we issue rain checks."

BUCKEYE CORNER'S NEWS ITEMS



Following its visit to the big city Adam Rennell's Ford develops a tendency to shimmy

Arithmetical Progression

In certain sections of the backwoods of Carolina, portions of the population are still blissfully unaware of the march of civilization. Corn liquor punctuates their days and draw poker their nights.

An itinerant school teacher, passing through the region, came upon a lanky, disconsolate looking person who had recently been suffering from a disastrous session with the pasteboards. The teacher stopped, in search of vital statistics on education.

"Would you mind telling me," he asked, looking into a somewhat vacuous countenance, "whether you are yet through with your A B C's?"

"Waal, nope," drawled the native, "I ain't rightly even begun on my I O U's yet."

The Overwhelming Yearn

He took his girl to the restaurant, determined to be a sport if it took the last cent he had, but as she gave her dictation to the waiter his face grew longer and longer. Finally, though, she finished.

"And now, sir," asked the waiter po-

litely, turning to him, "what do you wish?"

"Me?" returned the young man in a voice of abysmal gloom. "I wish I'd stayed at home."

Fini!

Not even loss of sight can destroy the Yank's unfailing sense of humor. A blind soldier was alighting from a trolley near the Red Cross School for the Blind at Evergreen, on the outskirts of Baltimore, when a sympathetic old lady rushed up.

"My poor man," she cried, "may I help you to alight?"

"No, thanks, ma'am," returned the soldier. "You see," he added confidentially, "I just swore off smokin' for ten days."

Regular Fanatics

"I don't believe those M. P.'s had any religion, the way they treated the doughboys."

"They had piles of it. They're all Mormons. Don't you know their motto: 'Brig 'em young!'?"

Tried and True

"And how," queried his best girl anxiously, "did you acquit yourself in Paris?"

The ex-doughboy looked disturbed.

"I didn't know you'd got wise to that," he answered, "I didn't acquit myself. They gimme two months."

Is It Possible?

Oh, tell me, little ouija board,
If you really think,
That from all your spirit horde
I might get a drink.

Small Chance

The night was dark, but it did not seem to hamper the German artillery. Shell after shell screamed overhead as the two Yanks sat uncomfortably in their cramped dugout. Suddenly one came crashing in, bumped into the back wall and thudded down at their very feet, apparently a dud, but threatening momentary death and destruction.

"I'm goin' out of this place," declared one soldier, scrambling to his feet.

"Set still, set still," grumbled the other; "it takes a blamed good German to hit the same hole twice."

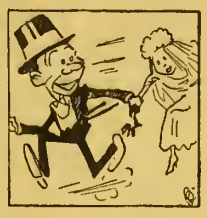
LINES AND CURVES

By JACK BURROUGHS — By LUCIEN BRETON

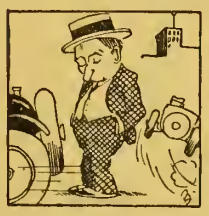
Too Dear to Destroy

They tell me it is very rude
For me to dally with my food—
But food so costly is today,
I hate to eat it right away.

When the Knot's Not



The nuptial knot was safely tied,
When lo, a chap who'd loved the bride
In days gone by, upset the plot,
And now the nuptial knot is not.



Rest in Peace!

It's proper, when the whistle blows,
For those who work to seek repose.
But heaven help the poor galoot
Who sleeps when traffic whistles toot!

Trouble Ahead

Not all Lotharios are gay.
One sent his love a note today,
But thoughtlessly he mailed the same
In his fair vampire's husband's name.

Blessed Is He

"Yes," said the philanthropic doctor, "I find more pleasure in giving than in receiving."

"I should think you would," gulped the patient as he swallowed the medicine with a wry face. "The stuff cert'nly tastes like hell."

And What Might That Be?

"It's always been my motto," declared the practical business man, "that a man gets all he can in this world."

"Very likely," agreed the clergyman mildly, "but remember, that in the next he gets all that's coming to him."

The Proper Spirit

There was a bang and a zloo-oosh as the transport bearing its dark-complected cargo was careening toward France. A moment later the gongs in the troop spaces began to clang.

"Chuff!" snorted one soldier, settling himself more comfortably in the doorway, " 'tain't nothin' but just anudder one dem old boat drills, dat's all."

"Outa mah way, outa mah way!" shrilled an excited voice behind him. "Man, unnerstand me, if you-all doesn't wanna boat drill today, *Ah does!*"

'Tis More Blessed to Give

Ebony Joe, who had inserted his number twelve feet into number nine bright yellow shoes, was struggling up the street, the object of admiration for all his feminine friends and of jealousy for all his masculine ones.

"Dem shoes is miles too small fo' you," stated one of the latter.

"Ah knows dat," replied Joe hopefully, "but dey'll give, dey'll give."

"Give?" sniffed the other. "Dey'll give you de debil."

THE VOICE *of the* LEGION

Immigration

To the Editor: What action is to be taken on the dangerous horde of immigration that is coming in every day? We were assured during the war that certain restrictions would be thrown around immigration. Nothing has been done. The economic danger is very grave from these people, and they are being rushed here without even medical inspection. Visit Ellis Island and see the thousands of people from Poland and Russia who are coming in. These nations are urging, and even almost forcing some of their people to come here. Meanwhile typhus, bubonic plague and other diseases are at our door. Washington will take no action. The people themselves must save America, for which our dear men died.

MRS. EMMA J. ARNOLD

New York City.

German Rifle Controversy

To the Editor: Kindly publish this in order to give credit to the support given our Post at a funeral ceremony by the Seventh Illinois Infantry, and particularly because of the published statement by the Commander of a Chicago Post who claimed that he could not rent rifles and ammunition for $50 and had to use a German rifle to fire a funeral salute.

On a Wednesday evening we received word that one of our buddies had been brought back from Europe and would be buried the following day. At nine o'clock that night our Adjutant started working on the telephone. Eight of our members volunteered to form the funeral escort. Our Finance Officer and Adjutant called on Captain Hartman Thursday morning at 10:30 a. m., four hours before the funeral was to take place and immediately received a written order for the rifles and the ammunition. At 11:30 a. m. we had the rifles.

A. A. SOUCEK

Chicago, Ill.

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.*

Army Punishment for Civilians

To the Editor: It might interest everybody to know of a certain clause in the Army Reorganization Bill which has now been made a law.

Article 32 states that "any person who uses any menacing words, signs or gestures in its presence (an Army Court) or who disturbs its proceedings by any riot or disorder" shall be in contempt of the court and punished.

In the old code of laws of the Army, Article 14 limited Court Martial sentences to those subject to military law. A civilian who was judged "in contempt" of an Army court was turned over to a civil court for punishment on the contempt charge. In the new revised Army code, this Article 14, or any equivalent, is omitted. This leaves an Army court free to sentence a civil-

ian before it who is judged in contempt. In other words, a civilian is now open to punishment by military law, before a military court, in time of peace and while the civil courts are functioning.

This is a clear violation of the spirit and letter of the Constitution and our American ideals of civil rights.

RAYMOND F. JOHNSTON

Philadelphia, Pa.

A Kentucky Violet

To the Editor: I deem it highly desirable that the world know who and what won the war. It was not doughnuts, nor grenades, nor machine guns at the front. Nor was it the slacker spell-binders who so rhetorically bade the draft contingents good-bye at the county court houses. The fact is the Boche heard the Twentieth Division was ready and about to go across, and it being a Camp Sevier division and Jerry feeling he could not stand more severity, ran up the white flag and shouted his final "Kamarad!"

J. W. NOLAN

Harlan, Ky.

"Full Many a Pearl —"

To the Editor: I saw a skit in your magazine saying that some bird in an Eastern city wears a rosette and says that he was 44 years old when he enlisted and gave his age as 33. I enlisted with the 151st Field Artillery, was 51 years old and gave my age as 44 years. I was with the 42d Division in all its operations, never missed a day and was never off duty, and I haven't got a medal at that.

V. E. ANTWINE

Arlington, Ia.

Forgotten

To the Editor:

I'm home with a silver button stuck in my coat lapel,
And selling cigars at the counter—after I've laughed in hell.
Fat men with beautiful women, jolly and carefree and gay,
With never a thought for the war that's past—or the beggar who had to pay,
Pass, or stop for Havanas, nice and polite as can be,
But I'm just a part of the fixtures—they don't give a damn for me.

Two years ago, it was different. We were up with the "Tommies" then,
Holding the line along the Somme, and that was a job for men;
Raiding parties and night patrols, gas and shells and blood,
With Jerry raising general hell, and we stuck there in the mud—
The fat men buying bonds at home, at four and a half percent—
And I'm earning an honest living, the same as before I went.

They called me a "gallant hero," the day that we marched ashore,
While our fat friends stood on the sidewalk and cheered till their throats were sore,
But that's all done and forgotten. Funny, how quick they forget,
And they wonder that we, who saw it, are dreaming about it yet.
That was the Hour of Romance. That was our taste of Fame.
"Yes, sir. A Corona Perfecto." God, it's a glorious game.

F. C. T.

Chicago, Ill.

Our Mistake

To the Editor: I read with a great deal of pride your article, "Where are the Heroes?" I noted in particular the story concerning Harold A. Furlong, as he belonged to my outfit, the 353rd Infantry. Every man who served in France cherishes the accomplishments of his old outfit, and for this reason I want to call to your attention the fact that the story gives the Seventy-ninth Division credit for having Lieutenant Furlong. But to the Eighty-ninth Division is due the glory for having produced this particular hero. Can't you explain to your readers that the Eighty-ninth was Lieutenant Furlong's division?

L. H. SOMMER.

Medicine Lodge, Kans.

CHANCE FOR A DEBATE

To the Editor: Is a former member of the A. E. F. who fought in the Meuse-Argonne drive, but was later tried by a G. C. M. at Paris and sentenced to be dishonorably discharged, entitled to receive the new Victory Medal, with a clasp for the battle that he was in?

I say, why isn't he? He did his share, and the fact that he was court-martialed after the Armistice ought not rob him of his credit for what he actually did.

There are at present confined in disciplinary barracks hundreds of men who saw honorable active service but went AWOL or committed other Army crimes after the Armistice. They will be dishonorably discharged and will have nothing to show for the honorable part of their military career. I think some provision ought to be made for them.

D. W. PINKARD,
Ex-91st Division.

San Francisco.

Union Labor

To the Editor: I have spent almost all my time after working hours trying to get new members for the Legion. I have been told by several former service men that the reason they would not join is because the Legion is not in sympathy with union labor. We must get busy and let our comrades know what we are doing. Let them know that we are for labor unions. I am a union man myself.

ELMER N. HIGHLEY

Coffeyville, Kans.

Greatest Fighters

To the Editor: In reference to today's announcement that Jack Dempsey's manager thinks Jack ought to have $100,000 guarantee every time he puts on the mitts, I wonder if any soldier of the Legion will ever pay his money to see this galoot who is posing as the "world's greatest fighter."

Last Sunday I went down to see some of the world's greatest fighters at the Fox Hills hospital, the armless, legless and the blind. They took the count in France in the world's greatest fight. I have been crippled thirty-one years, but gave my two sons to the Regular Army April 11, 1917. Hundreds of thousands had fathers and mothers, wives and small children to support. The New York 69th alone had 800 men who left homes and families to get on as best they could. The same thing happened all over the country. My two sons were both border men before going over.

M. J. MAHER

Brooklyn, N. Y.

¶When you write a letter to the Editor, why not make it a double letter and help out the Advertising Department? Fill out and send in the coupon which is printed on the "Advertising and the Weekly" Page. The Advertising Department wants to learn what articles Legionnaires wish to see advertised in this magazine. If you haven't anything to say in a letter, send in the coupon alone.

The Stars and Stripes

To the Editor: I want to purchase the following copies of *The Stars and Stripes*, official newspaper of the A. E. F.: Nos. 1, 3, 5, 6, 7, 12, 14 to 28 inc., 21 to 25 incl., 27 and 28 of Volume 1. I will pay cash or exchange Nos. 41, 44, 46, 47 and 50 of Volume 1 and Nos. 1 and 3 to 11 incl. of Vol. 2 for any of the above.

J. E. BUTLER

16 East Broad Street, Columbus, O.

Baseball Practice

To the Editor: If the United States Army intends to encourage athletics, etc., in its propaganda for recruits, it seems as though someone should investigate certain posts, to find out whether athletics, especially baseball, is being recognized. This post, the Augusta Arsenal, does not encourage a ball team in any way, shape or form, in so far as excusing the team from duty for an hour and a half for practice, or improving the diamond. We have the material to make an A-No. 1 team, but to do so practice is essential.

J. L. S.

Augusta Arsenal, Ga.

Who'll Write the Music?

To the Editor: Comrade John M. Martin's verse about the Old Back Seat, which appeared in a May issue, certainly stirred a few of the old A. E. F.ers. I, myself, have composed a poem, but have hesitated about sending it in, not being a poet. However, I hereby throw caution to the winds, and if you care to print it, go ahead.

AN A. E. F.ERS WAIL
By 1,270,367

"I've had my caviar,
With bandolier
And also with a pack,
And when the next war comes,
I'll tell the world,
I'm going to be way back."

This don't somehow sound good to me.
Don't sound like Yankee grit,
Don't sound as if this fellow
Was with the lads with whom I fit.
And I know my pals would razz this lad
If he gave them that kind of lip.

It's all right to talk about family and kids,
But as I sit here and write this now,
I'd swap my lot for a mess kit lid
Just slushin' over with chow.
And with my old pals to sit and dine
Up here where the whiz bangs whine.

So when the next war comes, I'll bet there'll be
That same old gang that used to be,
Who, like true Yanks'll grab gun and kit
And go campaign'n' where Uncle sees fit.
They'll all be there, I know so well,
And so will I—yes, yes—like hell!

TROOPER
Ex 104th Fld. Sig. Bn.

Jersey City, N. J.

CARRYING ON

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

IN Hawaii The American Legion celebrated the Fourth the same as thousands of posts on the continent. Reports aren't in yet as to what happened on the beach at Waikiki, but the Honolulu blow-out was a huge success.

Perry Post, of Sandusky, O., has taken over the home service bureau from the local Red Cross organization. Commodore R. G. Denig has taken charge of the work.

Americans now living in Canada who served in the war held a mass meeting in Montreal and organized a new foreign department of the Legion. J. R. Roberts was chosen temporary department commander and H. Hessler, formerly commander of the first Legion post in Canada, was made temporary adjutant.

These are the days—and the nights—when the "block parties" of Legion posts are booming. I. W. Person Post, of Brooklyn, staged a successful one recently.

Taunton, Mass., Post has the mayor of the city in its ranks as an active member. Captain Leo H. Coughlin, 55th Artillery, within two months after his return from overseas last autumn was elected mayor by a vote of nearly three to one. At thirty-one years of age he is the youngest mayor Taunton has ever had.

Found—the youngest charter member of the women's auxiliary. She is Helene Young, the eleven-months-old daughter of Captain and Mrs. H. G. Young, of Willman, Minn., and was taken in by the auxiliary of the Austin E. Hanscom Post.

Los Angeles Legionnaires are fighting for a $4,500,000 bond issue for the erection of a great war memorial building. The building is to be 480 by 200 feet and will contain an auditorium seating 15,000 people. The bond election will be held August 31.

THREE Legion posts of northeastern Connecticut will combine to hold a field day early in September. They are the Oscar W. Swanson Post, Anselm Mayotte Post and Leo J. L'Homme Post.

Stockton, Cal., will have a Soldiers' Memorial Hall with clubrooms for the Legion and other veterans. The name of every man who died in the service and the name of every man who answered the call to the colors from the town will be inscribed in the hall. Peter Sala, city building inspector and a member of the Legion, is working on plans for the memorial.

Six posts of The American Legion in Salt Lake City, Utah, joined hands and united efforts in a Legion Day celebration. The movement was described as the initial step toward the amalgamation of the various posts into one big organization under a single set of officers.

An American Legion Post in Pennsylvania recently conducted a discussion on "What the War Did for Me." Each member was called on to say in what way the war had influenced his life, for better or for worse. Many spoke of the conflict as a sort of dice box that had shaken them out of old ruts. The Beaver Falls (Pa.) *Tribune* made the incident the basis of an editorial pointing the moral that all men who are bogged in ruts should "fire themselves promptly and strike out on a new road."

Capitol Post, Topeka, Kans., helped the Elks of that city conduct a memorial service for those who gave their lives in the war. The ceremonies took place on the State House grounds.

IN a published notice, the Alvin Mauney Post, of Gorman, Texas, has gone on record as condemning the practice of vendors of cocaine and morphine and serves notice that it will "exert every effort to bring all offenders to justice."

The aviation committee of the Department of California has forwarded to Governor Stephens a communication urging the appointment of a State commission, composed of aeronautical experts, to control aviation.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

Class AA

Cocalico Post, Denver, Pa.
Sherill, N. Y., Post
Herbert Eugene Wade Post, Grandfield, Okla.
Ed. H. Lohman Post, Concordia, Mo.
Crewe, Va., Post
J. W. Roth Post, Lake Crystal, Minn.
Eureka, Ill., Post
Windom, Minn., Post
Nicholas Tasson Post, Diorite, Mich.
John Rolinski Post, Toluca, Ill.
Eddyville, Iowa, Post
New Sharon, Iowa, Post
Shipman, Ill., Post

Class A

Frederick P. Helmuth Post, Clinton, N. Y.
Byron Hook Post, Stockport, O.
Harry E. Evcrist Post, Mankato, Kans.
Harris D. Buckwalter Post, Royersford, Pa.
Luther S. Hankinson Post, Elgin, Kan.

Class B

Bethany College Post, Bethany, W. Va.
James C. Shea Post, Roslindale, Mass.

Hereon are listed the names of posts with the highest proportion of members among the ex-service men in their communities. In Class AA are the names of posts with a 100 per cent. enrollment—posts whose membership embraces all the former service men in their communities. In Class A are listed the names of posts with an enrollment of between 90 and 100 per cent.; in Class B, posts with an enrollment of between 80 and 90 per cent. If your post is qualified for The Roll of Honor forward its record.

Quick Federal action to shut down on the influx of Japanese into California was urged at a Congressional Investigating Committee hearing at Stockton by Leroy Johnson, chairman of the California Department's alien immigration committee.

Six American Legion baseball teams are fighting it out for first place in the Lackawanna Legion League of New Jersey. The teams are from the posts in Morristown, Summit, East Orange, Dover, Madison and New Providence.

Aberdeen, Wash., Post produced its second annual play, "The Ne'er-Do-Well," with a cast composed exclusively of ex-service men and women. Another stunt of this post was to stage a ball game with St. Martin's College. Several thousand attended.

Citizens of twelve different States are among the forty-eight members of U. S. Public Health Service Hospital Post, of Alexandria, La., which is composed of patients.

"We are isolated out in western Pima County and our nearest neighbor town is more than 100 miles distant," writes W. A. Davidson, commander of Art Taylor Post, of Ajo, Ariz. "We are the youngest mining camp in the State but have a complete little city." The post has sixty-six paid-up members and has started a fund for a permanent home.

Ninety percent of the 337 members of Panama Canal Post, at Balboa, Canal Zone, are employes of the Panama Canal. When the post was first formed it included all white ex-service men on the isthmus, but Legionnaires residing on the Atlantic side have since formed their own post at Cristobal.

THE Thomas Dismuke Post, with a membership of 2,485, has a budget of $8,000 from the city of Houston, Texas, this year for welfare work. The organization has a thriving women's auxiliary unit.

"Sugar 15c per Pound" is the slogan adopted by the Legionnaires of the Department of Florida in their fight against profiteering in that staple.

Here's a post named after an army general order—G. O. 30 University Post of New York City. It is made up entirely of men who under the provisions of G. O. 30 were sent to British and French universities as students in the spring of 1919.

Having no place in town in which to hold any kind of entertainments, the members of Benjamin F. Haecker Post, of Eureka, Ill., clubbed together and raised enough money to put up a building. The Legionnaires who acted as capitalists will be paid back out of the financial returns from the headquarters.

The most exciting event on the program of the picnic held by Burlington Post, of Burlington, Iowa, was a contest to see who could drink a bottle of near-beer in the least time.

Headed by a band and carrying 250 cakes, 1,500 cigarettes and 425 jars of

FLAGS fly, but there are no bugles calling reveille at Camp Franklin D'Olier, the vacation center operated by the Atlantic City, N. J., Post. With all the attractions of the beach and boardwalk just a step away, members of The American Legion are spending a holiday under canvas at a cost of $5 a week. A canteen supplies breakfast and a light lunch. Applications for the camp should be made by Legionnaires to James Butler, 1512 Atlantic avenue, Atlantic City, N. J. All Legionnaires may apply for the camp, which will be open until the middle of September.

candy, Nutley, N. J., Post and its women's auxiliary went to Fox Hills Hospital on Staten Island by automobile to visit wounded soldiers. After a musical program and the distribution of the gifts, the convalescents went for a long automobile ride.

"News is scarcer than hen's teeth in summer, but Post 104 is bubbling with enthusiasm over the big moonlight excursion down the Delaware on the *Queen Ann*," is the word from Trenton, N. J.

Four members of the same family are members of the Pettis County Post, of Sedalia, Mo. George H. Scruton, the father, went to war at fifty-five and was post quartermaster at Is-sur-Tille, attaining the grade of lieutenant colonel. His three sons served in the ranks throughout the war. Mr. Scruton is now running for United States Senator.

THROUGH a loan of $10 from each member to cover the preliminary expense, the Aarvig-Campbell Post of Pontiac, Ill., put across a big Independence Day celebration that cleared $2,000 for its building fund.

Two Legionnaires from the Oakley Traynor Post of Flint, Mich., have scaled their tin hats into the political ring. They are Charles S. Mott, gunner's mate in the Spanish-American war and major in the Great War, who is running for the nomination for governor, and Guy M. Wilson, D. S. C., formerly a lieutenant colonel of the 125th Infantry, out for the nomination for lieutenant governor.

James K. McDonald and Charles E. McCord, two disabled service men and Legionnaires of Birmingham, Ala., have published a song, the music for which was composed during the second battle of the Marne near Fere-en-Tardenois. McDonald and McCord were with the Rainbow Division.

With the assistance of the Pikeville, Ky., Post, Pikeville is building a memorial hospital with a ward for ex-service men. During the fight for passage of the compensation bill in the House, the Legionnaires of Pikeville Post sent telegrams to their representatives as often as three times a day.

Busy scenes are enacted daily at the office which the Norfolk, Va., Post maintains in the downtown district of the city, largely to handle insurance claims and correspondence. The services of a notary are offered free to all service men. Fairfield H. Hodges, an overseas veteran and secretary of the Post, is in charge of the service station, and has reinstated hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of insurance.

A country store, operated to beat the H. C. of L., was established at the Legion carnival at Mankato, Mich., and did a rushing business.

Military funerals were conducted by the Dover, N. J., Post for two members who met accidental deaths. A big dance and a choir concert have been held. The Post has a war chest of $40,000 promised for the erection of a memorial building.

The old rolling kitchens were out in force at the military tournament of The American Legion at Honolulu. Sixteen thousand ham and cheese sandwiches, 1,500 pies, 8,000 cups of coffee, and beans without number were dispensed by the k. p.'s to the crowd that stormed the chow line.

G. Harold Henry, of Oscar M. Hykes Post, Shippensburg, Pa., wants the names and addresses of any posts that have gotten up directories with a list of Legionnaires engaged in business in their towns, so he can put the idea up to his Post.

The intense desert heat proves a serious handicap to the activities of the Caochella Valley Post, of Thermal, Calif., and except in emergencies no meetings are held from June 1 to September 1. The members are ranchers, and are particularly interested in the reclamation of arid lands for settlement by ex-service men.

Cornelius Greenway, adjutant of the Edward L. Grant Post, of Franklin, Mass., suggests a get-together dinner or conference of all post commanders and adjutants in each State Department at least once a year to get better co-operation on Legion plans.

ORDINARILY it's the citizens of a town who put up a memorial to the soldiers, but here's a case of soldiers giving a memorial to a town. When the Fourth Infantry, N. J. N. G., of Jersey City, was mobilized in August, 1917, at Somerville, N. J., the residents extended such hospitality that the Fourth New Jersey Infantry Post of the American Legion recognized it on Memorial Day by the presentation of a bronze tablet as an enduring token of appreciation. The tablet bears the seal of the regiment and the emblem of the Legion.

The whole Post in uniform, together with its auxiliary, went to Somerville from Jersey City and marched in formation before the presentation ceremony. The Fourth Infantry left Somerville in September, 1917, for Camp McClellan, Ala., to be made a part of the Twenty-ninth Division.

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.

ROLL CALL

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

BRACKMAN, Corp., formerly 6th Anti-Aircraft Bn., write R. B. Knight, 26 E. Canal st., Peru, Ind.

BUSKEY, PERCIVAL T., Brooklyn, N. Y., formerly sgt., hospital detachment, Rahway, N. J., write J. D. Leach, Pagosa Springs, Colo.

CAHO, CHESTER, Cpl., Altoona, Pa., who was in Savenay hospital in March, 1918, write C. H. Lambert, Emporia, Kans.

DARR, EDGAR, formerly Co. B, 116th Field Sig. Bn., write Charles R. Studley, Niles, Mich.

DREGER, CARL H., formerly 4th Bn., 20th Eng., write A. White, Box 293, Newman, Cal.

DUNPHY, JAMES, formerly Co. M., 113th Inf., write R. S. Huey, Box 36, Chesterfield, S. C.

GAFFNEY, WILLIAM, 32 Pearl Street Place, Springfield, Mass., is missing. Information wanted by Adjutant, American Legion Post, 266 Worthington st., Springfield, Mass.

HEARNE, GEORGE M., missing from League Island Navy Yard hospital since July 10, 1919. Believed to be suffering mental disorders. Information wanted by G. R. Hearne, Carthage, Ill.

KRESGE, MILES W., Lt., formerly at A. P. O. 719, write George D. Foy, Bowman's Technical School, Lancaster, Pa.

LAMEAU, GEORGE, of Michigan, write Fred Schlimmer, care E. P. Mulhern, Route 4, Sheldon, Ia.

MACKEY, HERBERT C., Co. M., 159th Inf., communicate with Dr. Eldo G. Tucker, Cook, Neb.

MCGILL, GEORGE F., formerly Co. G., 137th Inf., write E. T. Lowther, Emporia, Kans.

MARKHAM, GEORGE, formerly of 109th Inf. and recently discharged from the Charles Gawthrop at New York. Information wanted by Adjutant, American Legion, Broad and Callowhill sts., Philadelphia.

MORRIS, ARTHUR E., formerly sgt., Ord. Det., 117th Ammunition Train, write R. E. Boynton, Y. M. C. A., Emporia, Kans.

PFEUFFER, GEORGE H., Co. F., 162d Inf., communicate with L. E. Montgomery, 2302 Clay st., San Francisco, Cal.

ROSS, WILSON J., mentally incapacitated, missing from Public Health Service hospital, West Roxbury, Mass. Information wanted by John R. Ross, 52 Ashford st., Allston, Mass.

SHARP, ROBERT T., Lt., 117th Inf.—Officer in Charge, Recruiting Station, Norfolk, Va., has a D. S. C. for him.

SHINGLER, C. A., 319 Keihe st., Woodlawn, Pa., wants to hear from buddies of Co. F., 30th Inf., 16th Inf., and Co. E., 360th Inf.

WALSH, GEORGE C., formerly of Harvard Radio School, write J. B. Ward, 155 Denton ave., Detroit, Mich.

WHEELER, FRED, formerly of A. A. A. A. School, A. P. O. 702, communicate with Frank Kamlousky, 316 Lime st., Topeka, Kans.

In the Casualty List

OTRANTO—Alexander J. Kurtz, Sept. Repl. Draft, C. A. C., was on board this vessel when she was rammed, Oct. 6, 1918. Information wanted by his brother, John W. Kurtz, Jr., 2118 N. Ninth st., Sheboygan, Wis.

PHILLIPS, A. B., outfit not known, last heard from in France in 1918. Mother, Mrs. Lizzie Phillips, Gen. Del., Tulsa, Okla.

7TH INF., Co. C—Walker J. Griffith reported in action July 22, 1918; reported dead on July 29. Also said to have been in the U. S. since the Armistice. Mother, Mrs. Jennie F. Griffith, 1436 Tenth st., N. E., Canton, Ohio, inquires.

13TH F. A. Bty. D—Myrl Granger, not heard from since he went overseas from Fort Bliss. Father, J. A. Granger, Tekonsha, Mich., wants information.

16TH INF. M. G. Co.—Pvt. William M. Magarrell killed in action in the Argonne July 18, 1918. Information about death and personal effects sought by brother, Russell H. Magarrell, Adair, Iowa.

16TH INF., Co. C—Pvt. Arling C. Van Bibber reported killed in the Argonne Oct. 8, 1918. Details wanted by mother, Mrs. M. E. Van Bibber, Savanna, Ill.

17TH Co., 5th Marines—Leo Leyden killed near Bouresches June 14, 1918. Particulars sought by father, John J. Leyden, 240 W. Fourth ave., Denver, Colo.

23D INF., Co. B.—Frank E. Spencer reported dead in B. H. 32 on Nov. 3, 1918. Buddies, particularly Sam Jacobs, are asked to write to mother, Mrs. Margaret Spencer, 30 Norwood ave., Northampton, Mass.

28TH INF., Co. B.—Angus Miller killed July 21 or 22, 1918. Write Sam L. Malone, McLeansboro, Ill.

39TH INF., Co. A.—Pvt. Rolland J. Andreas killed on Montfaucon Hill Sept. 26, 1918. Mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Andreas, 656 N. Locust st., Hazelton, Pa.

30TH INF., Co. L.—Henry J. Deisenroth killed in July, 1918. Information wanted by sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Andreas, 656 N. Locust st., Hazleton, Pa.

39TH INF., Co. E.—Joseph Fitzpatrick died just before the Armistice. Sister, Miss Delia Fitzpatrick, Exeter, N. H., wants information.

49TH BASE HOSP.—Raymond A. Lyons died of pneumonia on Sept. 12, 1918. Physicians asked to write to mother, Mrs. E. E. Lyons, Box 210, Fitchburg, Mass.

70th BASE HOSP.—Aswald L. Bonkolzer, 59th Inf. M. G. Co., died in this hospital. Details wanted by mother, Mrs. Anna P. Bonkolzer, 211 McClure st., Dayton, Ohio.

96TH Co., 6th Marines—Milton J. Harper killed on Oct. 3, 1917. Mother, Mrs. Arthur Hagen, Glendale, Ore., seeks information.

109TH INF., Co. E.—William F. Hedgelon wounded in action on the Vesle on Sept. 6, 1918, and sent to hospital. Location of grave or hospital wanted by Commander, American Legion Post, Honesdale, Pa.

110TH INF. HQ. Co.—E. Sheldon Gerry killed on the Vesle and buried near Courville on Aug. 16, 1918. Details sought by H. W. Gerry, Camarillo, Cal.

110TH INF., Co. L.—John W. Cordes killed near Cierges on July 29, 1918. Location of grave wanted by mother, Mrs. J. W. Cordes, Blairsville, Pa.

115TH INF., Co. C.—William Bluemer killed in action on Oct. 4, 1919. Location of grave wanted by Mrs. Mabel Shuart, 414 Douglas st., Saginaw, Mich.

119TH F. A., BTY B.—Biddie Irion killed while with this outfit. Details about wounds and death wanted by Wright-Irion Post, American Legion, Scottsbluff, Neb.

119TH INF., Co. B.—Cpl. I. B. Englebart killed in action on Sept. 29, 1918. Information wanted by brother, E. H. Englebart, Huron, S. Dak.

126TH INF., Co. I.—John H. Saylor fatally wounded in Argonne on Oct. 8, 1918. Details wanted by L. J. Saylor, Rising City, Nebr.

128TH INF., Co. C.—Pvt. Chester A. Wolfe reported missing in action on Nov. 10, 1918. Mother, Mrs. Asa Wolfe, Orchard st., Plymouth, Pa., seeks information.

131ST INF., Co. H.—Pvt. Henry H. Kraemer killed at Bray-sur-Somme on Aug. 11, 1918. Father, John Kraemer, West Union, Minn., wants information.

139TH INF., Co. H.—Harry W. Fair reported killed in action on July 31, 1918. Information wanted by Mrs. John Watson, 1530 Hay ave., Coshocton, Ohio.

141ST INF.—Roland Roeder reported missing on Oct. 13, 1918, while acting as runner. Location of grave wanted by mother, Mrs. P. J. Roeder, Grundy Center, Iowa.

308TH INF., Co. G.—Charles M. Smith wounded in the Argonne on Sept. 30, 1918, and died in B. H. 116 on Oct. 4. Father, Frank G. Smith, Travelers Insurance and Indemnity Co., Hartford, Conn., wants information about his death.

316TH INF., Co. I.—Pvt. Richard T. Henwood died of pneumonia at Nantes on Oct. 6, 1918. Information about his illness and death wanted by sister, Mrs. Alice M. Jones, Washington ave., Jermyn, Pa.

333D M. G. BN., Co. C.—Hillard A. Aronson died in Shirley hospital, Winchester, Eng., on Sept. 28, 1918. Details of illness and death wanted by mother, Mrs. John Aronson, Box 1504, Tower, Minn.

362D INF. HQ. C.—Chester Lane died of pneumonia on Feb. 26, 1919. Information about his illness wanted by sister, Miss Vernie Lane, Forsyth, Mont.

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HIS SUPERFLUOUS EXCELLENCY

(*Continued from page* 4)

officer, he may exert great power. He has the casting vote in case of a tie. Thus, in 1789, Vice-President Adams, by his vote, gave Washington the power to remove the officers he had appointed—a power which every President has had ever since, except during the short period when the Tenure of Office act was in force.

In 1811 Vice-President Clinton, by his casting vote, killed the first United States bank. In 1846 the great Tariff Measure became a law by the deciding vote of Vice-President Dallas. Other matters of not so much importance have been determined by the vote of this officer, who, though not a Senator nor chosen by any one State, has made a majority of the Senate for or against a measure.

THE most important duty of the vice-president, however, is potential. He is the heir apparent. In case of the removal, death, resignation or disability of the President, the vice-president succeeds. Fortunately few have died; none resigned; none been removed. What constitutes the inability of a President to perform his duties? Who decides—the President, the vice-president, the cabinet or Congress? The Constitution and the statutes are silent. Precedents are wanting. And yet President Wilson, by his abrupt dismissal of Mr. Lansing, his Secretary of State, clearly showed that it was not the cabinet who should decide the Presidential disability, but the President himself. So far in our history only the death of the President has given the vice-president the opportunity to exercise the Presidential function. It may be necessary to have a residuary legatee, an heir apparent, but the lot of such an officer is not easy, nor his position one which is attractive to ambitious men.

And yet, when the crisis comes, how we wish greater care had been taken in the selection of this residuary legatee! In 1841 the Whigs nominated "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." Tyler was chosen largely because of the crocodile tears he shed over the fate of the great Whig leader, Henry Clay. But on the death of William H. Harrison, the Whigs reaped what they had sown, and Tyler's administration was as distasteful to the Whigs as that of the Democratic Polk who succeeded him.

In 1864 Lincoln was elected President, but Booth's pistol gave the country Andrew Jackson, whom his own party sought to impeach. Few Republicans probably thought of Arthur as President. Still fewer are like that Princeton professor who was willing to vote for Marshall but not for Wilson.

WHAT are the elements sought for in a vice-presidential nominee? Who chooses him? Why is he chosen? It has become increasingly common for nominating conventions to choose as their candidate for vice-president a man acceptable to that faction of the party which failed to name the President. Thus Cleveland and Adlai Stevenson made a pair acceptable to the independent Democrats and the machine alike, while Roosevelt and Fairbanks appealed to the popular desire and the senatorial oligarchy. To link William Jennings Bryan with a millionaire shipbuilder of Maine, Arthur Sewall, seemed grotesque, and yet Sewall, perhaps, very faintly shadowed the influence of that small group of bankers and business men who in their attachment to the Democratic ticket could stomach free silver.

Sometimes the vice-president is chosen for territorial reasons to placate a section of the country. Wilson, from New Jersey, was paired with Marshall, of Indiana, and Taft, of Ohio, with Sherman, of New York, while in 1912, the Progressives nominated Roosevelt, of New York, and Hiram Johnson, from California.

Sometimes a single man is allowed to name the vice-presidential candidate. It is as if the entire electorate should give the choice to one man to name the President. Few of us, in our sane moments, would be willing to do that. And yet it was done in 1880. The Republican Convention allowed Senator Conkling to name Arthur as vice-president, and the death of Garfield made Conkling's choice our President.

The English House of Lords is sometimes called the graveyard of political careers. So is the vice-presidency. Some men achieve the Presidency, others have the vice-presidency thrust upon them. Four men, however, refused to commit what seemed political hari-kari, and have declined the nomination proferred by the Convention.

In 1900 Senators Quay and Platt sent Roosevelt to what they hoped would be innocuous desuetude. As successful governor of New York, Roosevelt was a Presidential possibility in 1904. As vice-president, the bosses thought him politically buried. It may be that the Honorable Charlie Murphy was willing to see that thorn in Tammany's side withdrawn, and thus consented to the nomination of Franklin Roosevelt. It may be that the leaders of the Republican organization in Massachusetts would be better satisfied with Vice-President Coolidge in Washington than Governor Coolidge in Boston.

WHAT is there that the vice-president can do? What is the merit of Senator Harding's suggestions that the vice-president shall serve as a harmonizing influence between the executive and the legislature, or that the vice-president shall sit as a member of the President's cabinet? Are these suggestions new?

As far back as the days of Washington and Adams the vice-president was a problem. Washington and Adams had pleasant personal relations, and the President consulted the vice-president both in person and in writing on various matters, and once, at least, invited him to sit in his cabinet.

Jackson and Van Buren were warm friends, while Polk frequently consulted his vice-president, Dallas. So President McKinley maintained frequent and helpful intercourse with Vice-President Hobart.

But these are almost the only instances of what Elbridge Gerry feared would be a dangerous intimacy between the President and the vice-president. Heirs apparent seldom love their fathers, and from the days of Prince Hal, the relations between the ruler and his successor have seldom been affectionately cordial. Jealousy, courteous

or critical neutrality, or calm indifference, has more often characterized the relation between the President and vice-president. Yet both are ready to sink these feelings for the good of the party, and the vice-president, next to the President, ranks as one of the party's most sought-for spokesmen.

SHOULD the President give the vice-president a seat in his cabinet? There is no constitutional nor statutory objection. The President's cabinet does not exist by law, but by the will of the President. It is true that the President generally consults the heads of certain departments whom custom names cabinet officials. But the President might just as legally consult the President's physician and the secretary to the President as the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Treasury and their colleagues. President Wilson was correct in his curt letter to Secretary Lansing—the cabinet cannot exist apart from the President. The functions of the cabinet officers are two-fold. They are chosen to administer the departments and to give the administration political strength. How would the vice-president fit in the cabinet? He could not administer a department, for by the Constitution he has other duties, innocuous as they may be. But really do the cabinet officers always administer their departments?

If the truth were known, the almost permanent under officials in most departments run the departments while the secretaries see that the departments run. The cabinet officers are really chosen more for their political influence than for their administrative skill, and as such they are judged.

If, then, the cabinet officers are primarily political officials, is there not a great merit in the suggestion that the vice-president be included among the President's advisors? We saw that Washington once summoned John Adams to a cabinet; Taylor in 1849 expected to include Fillmore among his advisors, but the idea of a vice-president being a member of the cabinet expired noiselessly. In 1896 Roosevelt, and Bryan in 1901, urged the vice-president's inclusion in the cabinet.

Consider the Senate, remember its jealous attachment to all its prerogatives, constitutional and acquired. Imagine a vice-president controlling the Senate! A few vice-presidents have considered it their functions to attempt to rule the Senate. But the calm assertion of senatorial prerogative has smothered all such attempts. Vice-President Marshall, however, has in his quaint homespun language occasionally lectured the Senate for its own good, but his advice has seldom been followed.

The vice-president has been called "His Superfluous Excellency," and such he appears doomed to be. Our Constitution gives little place for the activities of a Presidential understudy. His actual functions are two-fold. He is to strengthen the ticket and to act as life insurance for the party which elects the President.

[This is the second of a series of articles by Dr. Kimball dealing with some of the more important non-partisan aspects of our governmental system, suggested by the approach of the national election in November. The third will appear in an early issue.— EDITOR'S NOTE.]

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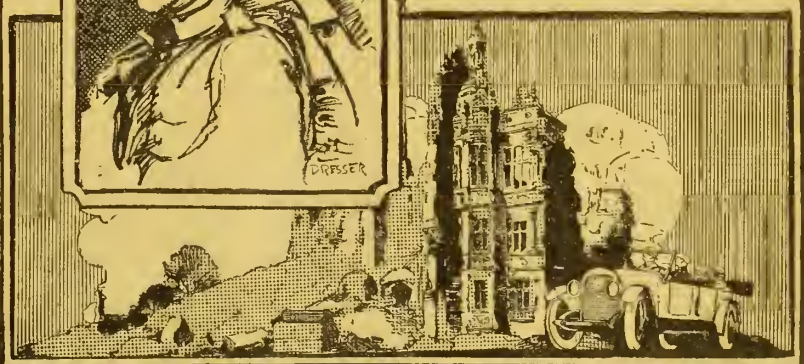

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On October 30, 1920, I am going to give away a $985.00 Overland 4 Touring Car, fully equipped, to some one who answers my Ad. and is the most successful in carrying out my simple instructions. In this contest I will also give away a $650.00 1920 Model Ford Touring Car fully equipped with Electric Lights and Self-Starter and thousands of dollars in Cash Rewards, Bicycles, Gold Watches, Diamond Rings, Phonographs, etc., etc., and in case of a tie I will duplicate the prize tied for.

GET 1,000 VOTES

In the picture are a number of hidden faces. See how many you can find. Some are looking right at you, some turned sidewise. You will find them upside down and every way. Mark each face you find with a pencil and mail to me with your name and address. If you find as many as five of the hidden faces I will enter you in this contest with 1,000 votes to your credit and send you full particulars. The two leaders will get these cars. Why not you? Write today SURE.

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Perfect fit, fine goods and tailoring, $20 saving, *all guaranteed or no pay.* **Samples Free.** Every man wanting to dress well and save money should write at once for our beautiful free book of cloth samples and correct fashions, explaining everything. Write letter or postal, just say "Send me your samples" and get everything by return mail free. Important to every man. Write today sure.

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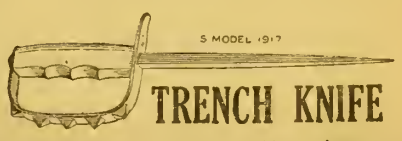

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The U. S. Government has just sold us a large quantity of new Trench Knives which are still in the original packing. This knife has the triangular blade with walnut grip and heavy studded guard. It is the model carried in France and a sample should hang in your den.

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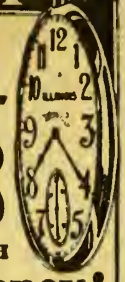

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First grade factory, cut-down price. Direct to you at only $5.15. Retail price of these shoes is $8.00. Made of the best elkskin waterproof leather.

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28 x 3	$6.85	34 x 4	$11.35
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In ordering be sure to state size wanted, also whether s. s. clincher, plain or non-skid. Send $2.00 deposit on each tire, balance C. O. D. subject to examination; 5 per cent discount if you send full amount with order. Rush your order today.

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THIRTEEN—BUT IT'S NOT UNLUCKY

ADOPTED THIS WEEK

Oscar T. Dalton, U. S. General Hospital No. 19, Oteen, N. C.	1
Barthelette-Ressler Post, Walhalla, N. D.	1
Previously adopted	11
Total	13

THIRTEEN it is, and who says thirteen's unlucky?

That's the total now of the French war orphans adopted by the Legion posts and individual members throughout the country, and it means just this—thirteen little French kids will be fed and clothed and kept warm by the generosity of the onetime Yanks who rollicked with their tiny fellows on stone-flagged kitchen floors.

But thirteen out of the 3,700 the A. E. F. adopted, in its time off from fighting battles and standing in the mud for chow, isn't such a lot for former doughboys and gobs to godfather when you come right down to it.

Can those of us who are strong and healthy and drawing down a neat civilian pay envelope adopt a French kid for $75 a year? One of the bunch who's sick in a hospital can, anyhow.

"I want to adopt a little girl about ten years old. As I am a patient in U. S. General Hospital No. 19, Oteen, N. C., I should like to keep in touch through correspondence with the ward assigned to me," writes Oscar T. Dalton, inclosing his subscription to make a *petite Francaise* happy for twelve months. Dalton is a member of Balea Post of Oteen.

The Barthelette-Ressler Post of Walhalla, N. D., wants to adopt a little girl, too, and further asks for her birthday, "so we can remember her then and on other days." These two latest subscriptions bring the fund up to $975. Is it going to stay there?

Here's how to get a mascot for your post. It's easy.

Posts of the Legion, or individual members 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 French 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.

Marcelle Ryckelynck, adopted by second platoon, 306th Engineers

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 direct or through the Red Cross.

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

FROM M. D. TO M. C.—AND BACK

(*Continued from page 9*)

him on the knee. And the paper work!

"I came to realize that our training should have been literary, with therapeutics as a side line. All day long we ferreted for pulmonary lesions and long hair and pediculosis. All night long we wrote thrilling things about our adventures to the White Father in Washington. It was an excellent system. If a man were to die of old age or anything, it was a simple matter for a file clerk by the Potomac to turn to the records and, after three years of diligent search, emerge with the medical history of somebody else.

"We got to France finally. Some of the medics got switched off at Bordeaux or Nice or other sectors on that same front.

"How they envied us . . . the lucky ones . . . who were going forward with the 'circus artillery' to see actual fighting—to perform miracles of surgery with the daring of necessity and be the alert foes of death, the salvagers of human flesh. . . .

"We were fairly well equipped when we went into the line. We had practically every sort of drug from abies excelsa to Zittman's decoction. Also a fourgon to each battalion and some horses.

"Some fiend of a stable sergeant whose enmity I incurred in training camp one day by marking him 'duty' selected my personal mount for me. The animal exhibited no marked symptoms of typhoid fever, but I'd stake my reputation that he was suffering from everything else.

"In those days, before the St. Mihiel advance, we had a lot of trouble with intestinal complaints, coughs and the flu. Every man who showed even the slightest indication of wanting to be sick was carefully examined and fed the entire pharmacopeia at regular intervals.

"We got into trouble, though, right after the fireworks started.

"Up near Romagne a shell hit our

wagon and expunged the horses, pills, castor oil—the whole smear.

"We managed to salvage a liter of iodine and a bottle of C. C.'s, and after that if a man was able to walk he had to take his chances on the efficacy of faith cure and such stock as we had on hand.

"It was remarkable to see how well we got on. We could cure anything from Bright's disease to a fractured ulna with iodine, and O. D. pellets proved an infallible treatment for sore feet, earache and failing eyesight.

"Our supplies never caught up with us until the Armistice stopped us on the Meuse, but we kept the battalion healthy. Enemy shell fire was about the only thing we had to worry about."

Here the doc paused to take a breath and brush the cigarette ashes from his bosom.

"I guess you might say that that's the principal thing we learned in the war—the remarkable resistance of the human body. In peace times we wouldn't have believed that a man could survive battlefield living conditions even if he never had to face an enemy bullet. A lot of us learned that nature doesn't need so much assistance in taking care of its own problems. From now on I'm a disciple of dietetics and simple drugs—a strong advocate of the natural method of living. . . ."

He was interrupted by the blonde attendant, who rapped timidly and announced that Mrs. Towncar-Sedan, or something like that, was waiting in the anteroom.

THE doctor suddenly jerked his feet from their rest, threw away his cigarette and straightened stiffly in his chair. His professional manner settled down over him like a fog as he gazed at me with a look that said plainly that the interview was over and that his rates were five dollars.

"Yes, as I was saying," he observed with the air of an orator rounding the last quarter post of a peroration, "the benefit to the human race resulting from the experience of the medical profession in the great war cannot be calculated. It is a pleasant thing to know that the heroic sacrifice has not been in vain."

I agreed with him, thanked him, and passed out just as Mrs. Whatever-her-name-was passed in. She seemed overdressed, overfed and short of breath.

I paused for a moment in the anteroom to arrange my notes on the doc's reminiscences. Over the transom came a plaintive voice:

"The last doctor I had didn't understand me. He put me on a terrible diet—no sugar, no cream or butter, no potatoes—nothing fit to eat. He seemed to think there was nothing the matter with me at all."

"Mistaken diagnosis," answered the doctor's voice interestedly "Yours is a very complicated case—outwardly you are the perfect picture of excellent health—inwardly you are a victim of torment, especially after meals. Am I right?"

"That's just it, doctor. It's my metabolism, I believe."

"Quite right, quite right. Now I shall prescribe for you two excellent tonics and a nerve sedative. . . ."

But I didn't wait to hear the rest of the conversation I knew in advance that whatever he prescribed for her it wasn't going to be iodine.

BINOCULARS

A Large Quantity offered for sale by the War Department

The War Department is placing on sale a large number of Signal Corps, six-power, prismatic, binocular field glasses These glasses are just as returned by the troops using them. Some are new, others practically new, and some have seen considerable service. They are being advertised for sale in service papers only in order to get them directly into the hands of ex-service men and officers at a minimum price.

Prices are as follows: Absolutely new glasses at $35 each; lots of six. $30 each; lots of fifty, $25 each. Used at $25 to $15 each, according to condition; cases of fifty at the minimum price of $15 each.

It is suggested that each Legion Post, and similar military organizations, arrange to purchase at least one case for its members.

These glasses are adapted for marine uses, Boy Scouts, bird study, nature students, for the races, vacation and general purposes.

Glasses ordered by mail will be shipped by express collect, or parcels post, provided postage and insurance for a 6-pound package is remitted for single sets. No returns will be permitted Remittance must accompany all orders

Glasses are sold through the **Depot Quartermaster** located at the following places: Army Supply Base, Boston, Mass.; 461 Eighth Ave., New York City; Transportation Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.; 1819 West 39th St., Chicago, Ill; San Antonio, Tex.; Fort Mason, San Francisco, Cal.; and Surplus Property Branch, Munitions Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Additional information may be obtained from the Depot Quartermaster in the cities named, or from the Chief.

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has substantial bank account; does **$100 business** daily; ready to start second and larger Tire Surgery Station. This is record of John W. Blair, Ohio. Two years ago he was practically broke. **Today he's successful.** All credit to his prosperity is given to

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HAYWOOD TIRE & EQUIPMENT CO.
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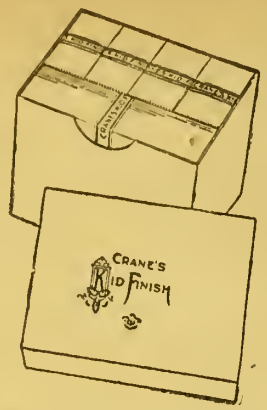
Men of the 305th Infantry

A number of rings are being held for men of the above regiment, which they ordered while in France.

These can be obtained by getting in touch with

James J. Kilmartin, 15 Maiden Lane New York City



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RUNNING DOWN THE YELLOW STREAK

(*Continued from page* 5)

in view of the fact that the Statute of Limitations will soon operate to prevent the punishment of many thousands of these men, recently took steps to insure against such a contingency by putting the records against such delinquents in the hands of district attorneys in different parts of the country and asking for quick action.

The Bureau by the first of August set the ball rolling against 50,000 of the 150,000 men still on its rolls as draft delinquents. Many thousand indictments had been obtained, and many thousand warrants for arrest issued. Results began to be noticed in the press dispatches from the middle of June on. Thus was chronicled in the newspapers of June 23 the first arrests in a drive against 25,000 alleged slackers in Pennsylvania, and in those of June 29 the indictment by a Federal court at Brooklyn, N. Y., of 2,264 alleged draft evaders. Such dispatches have continued, and will be noted from now on with more and more frequency, and, I am sure, with more and more gratification by all of us who like to see every fellow get what is coming to him.

I have mentioned that the 150,000 draft deserters whose records in the office af the Adjutant General of the Army still show the charge of desertion blue penciled in dishonor across their records are now being, have been or are about to be exposed to the searchlight of public opinion. The tentative plans for the War Department's drive against the draft deserter call for the printing of the 150,000 names by local draft board districts; for an appeal to any one of the 150,000 who may have a proper excuse, alibi or explanation, such, for instance, as having served in one of the Allied Armies, to step forward and have his record cleared; and for a vigorous attempt to locate, arrest and try all remaining after the final clearance effort.

BECAUSE it is so little known and because it is also indicative in a way of what may be expected, something might well be said here of what so far has been accomplished in vindicating the draft law. At the instigation of the Department of Justice, five thousand draft evaders, "delinquents," have been convicted and sentenced in Federal courts to anywhere from thirty days to a year in prison.

The Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice has investigated 275,000 cases of draft delinquency. It has arrived at the conclusion that twenty-five percent of them were men who enlisted but who failed to report the fact to their local board, that forty percent of them were "floaters" who moved around from pillar to post without observing due care to keep Uncle Sam informed of their migrations; that twenty-five percent of them were technical but non-wilful evaders, and that only about ten percent were deliberate slackers. The War Department, for its part, has massed together at Washington the records of the twenty-four million draft registrants—no small task when it is considered that these records, as assembled, made up a file of cases which, placed end to end, would make a line fifty miles long and cover ten acres of floor space—has isolated from this data the records of 377,209 draft deserters and 111,794 draft delinquents, has turned the records of those draft delinquents over to the Department of Justice for action, and has proceeded to investigate the status of all its draft deserters. As a result it has removed the charge of desertion against 39,560 found to have enlisted in our own and other Allied services, and has "apprehended and disposed of" 163,738 cases.

Whether or not the belated campaign of the Government against the slacker through the War Department and the Department of Justice will be productive of any vital result all depends upon the way the wind of public opinion is blowing. Like the old colored man in the congregation who heard his parson praying for rain, and muttered to his neighbor: ""Tain't no use, the wind is coming from the wrong way," I would say that the Government can and will proceed no further against the slacker than public opinion and public cooperation will sustain it.

NOW HE IS HAPPY

He has finally received his copy of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY after much impatient waiting.

He is fighting over those battles and again going through those adventures with his buddies, but this time in solid comfort. The magazine brings all this back to him and he likes it.

How many members are there in your post who should be getting the WEEKLY and are not getting it? We want them to have the WEEKLY. They can have it if the post officer responsible will send in their names with their national dues.

Every member of the Legion becomes a subscriber to The AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY upon payment of his National dues. Names of subscribers and remittances should be sent by posts to Department Headquarters, and then forwarded to this magazine 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 by getting in touch with your post officers and finding out if all names have been forwarded. Or, go to the next post meeting and bring up the subject there.

Ask your newsdealer if he handles the WEEKLY for the benefit of those who cannot be members of the Legion.

In other words

Camels supply everything you hoped for in cigarettes!

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YOUR taste will prove that in quality, flavor, fragrance and mellowness Camels give you a real idea of how delightful a cigarette can be!

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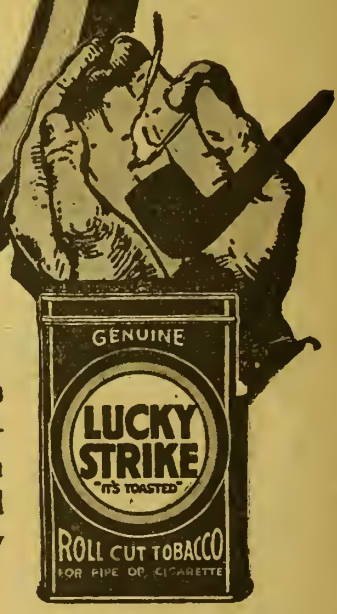
Camels superiority is best proven by comparing them with any cigarette in the world at any price.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"



LUCKY STRIKE cigarette—it's toasted. Lucky Strike tobacco—it's toasted. Both are toasted. You cannot get the remarkable and unusual flavor of toasted Burley tobacco in any other brand.

How is it that this toasting process preserves so successfully the original Burley flavor? Because it's sealed in.

Take the case of the bee and the honey. The bees have the right idea. To lock in that fragrant and delightful flavor of clover honey they put a thin coating of wax over the whole honey-comb.

You know yourself that honey can stand unbroken on a shelf for months or years, and be just as good when it's used.

And that's what happens with the Burley tobacco used in making Lucky Strike.

In each Burley leaf there are little pores like a sponge. In the heat of toasting these pores are sealed. The Burley flavor is there, inside.

When you light your Lucky Strike cigarette or your pipe full of Lucky Strike tobacco the heat releases the Burley flavor for your benefit.

IT'S TOASTED

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—which means that if you don't like LUCKY STRIKE you can get your money back from the dealer.