The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

AUGUST 27, 1920

Vol. 2, No. 31
10c. A COPY

REQUIEM

The American Expeditionary Force will pass into history on August 31 when the only remaining unit of the army that fought in France, A. E. F. headquarters in Washington, will cease to exist.

It sprang from town and crossroads when the call to battle came
And grinned and slung its pack upon its back;
It wrote red Chateau Thierry and the Argonne into fame
And swaggered, roaring, down adventure's track.
It took a blasting, killing job and damned it and went through,
It faced six hells as part of every day;
In lousy barns and trenches just before the whistle blew
It sang of homes three-thousand miles away.

It knew the sleepless box car nights, the sweat, the drawn fatigue,
It lined itself with willie and hard bread;
Its hobnailed columns pounded France for league on rain-swept league,
Its nearest dream of heaven was a bed.
Its days are done and ended now, its Taps are sounding clear,
One last long note—"Farewell"—and it is gone.
It lives in distant memory but that memory is dear,
The soul of it alone still carries on.

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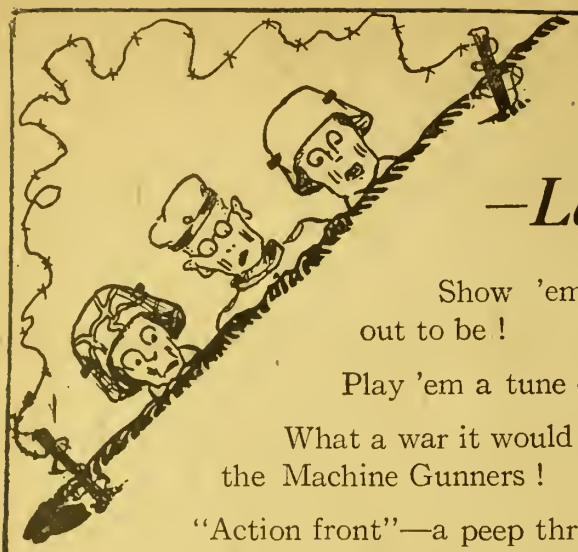

All Right There Boys!

—*Let 'em have it!*

Show 'em what sweet little stenographers you've turned out to be!

Play 'em a tune on your Oliver! Make 'em like it!

What a war it would have been, without the Machine Gunners!

"Action front"—a peep through the hole—

Rat-Rat-Rat-Rat-Rat-Rat-Rat-Rat - Tat Tat Tat Tat Tat Tat Tat Tat—

Certainly put the Fear of the Almighty in 'em!

We've got a whole regiment of advertisers lined up in their trenches—With just their helmets sticking over—You can see 'em and that's about all—

Shoot a Belt of 30-30's down the line —and watch the results!

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627 W. 43rd Street, New York City

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Advertised with us—
Because (give reason) .....

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Desdemona's Reign of Terror

A Texas Legion Post Steps in When Respect for Law and Decency Becomes a Mockery in a Little Oil-boom Town

The main street of Desdemona, Texas, where the Legion met the forces of lawlessness and won

By David Frisbie

AT first the little town of Desdemona, Texas, was hardly more than a stop for wayfarers on the road, a slumberous, dusty community wherein a perpetual peace reigned as it drowsed in the Southwestern sunshine. And then came OIL—OIL spelt in capital letters, and Desdemona took on life and grew and flourished and the pumping towers rose by scores and its flat acres became the source of potential millions that lured the hosts of high-booted, brawny adventurers who ever have heard the call to conquest in far-off places.

They came, these treasure-hunters, in a flood that increased day by day until sleepy little Desdemona had blossomed out into a town of twenty thousand with banks, hotels and restaurants lining its one main street. They came to prospect and to pioneer but, as is inevitably the case, there followed after them a horde of shifty-eyed gentry and red-lipped women who did not come to prospect or to pioneer but to prey, at which business they were adeptness itself.

Houses sprang up in riotous profusion where the shifty-eyed gentry took on all those who desired to try their skill at drawing to a flush or making the rolling ivories spell seven. And in other houses were the red-lipped women. The word was passed out through the oil lands of the Southwest that the lid was off in Desdemona.

It was not long before this sinister element, with its inexhaustible supply of money from its gambling houses, had entrenched itself firmly in the politics of the town and was running Desdemona blatantly and shamelessly on a twenty-four-hour-a-day "wide open" basis.

Top row, left to right, B. F. Bates, past post commander; Horace Soule, post commander; Z. Rochelle, post adjutant; bottom, Dick Kent, LeRoy Kemp, members executive committee

THEN the ring ran up against The American Legion. Individually for a long time members of Peavy-Price Post had been quietly combatting the spread of vice in Desdemona, but no official action had yet been taken when the ring decided it would crush this organization of veterans who stood for ideals that were not compatible with gambling houses and others of still more unsavory repute. The veterans themselves had sedulously avoided violence, and they intended to continue avoiding it.

The ring began with attempts to overawe the Legionnaires by shoving guns under their noses and telling them

what they were going to do to them if they didn't cease their activities against the reign of vice. Horace Soule, a prominent member of the Post and its present commander, was the first upon whom gun play was tried out. The town constable, one of the henchmen of the gambling ring, held him up early one morning with a revolver and challenged him to a duel.

The postmaster, H. E. Williams, also a Legionnaire, was the next to look into the business end of a six-shooter and be told to mind his business. The plan of campaign of the ring broadening, the manager of the local telegraph company and several other citizens who stood for law and order were threatened in their turn. Unarmed Legionnaires got to expect being held up on the way home and having hardware flourished in front of them with oaths and threats.

The effect of the attempts to cow the Legion was nil. A big Legion dinner was planned forthwith and was advertised by pictures, including one of the then Post Commander B. F. Bates, a man of fifty-two who had served in the ranks with the engineers at Camp Cody. Hardly had Bates left his office, the headquarters of the Legion, in the window of which hung his picture than the town constable tore it down and hurled it into the street with a boasting speech to the crowd. Within two minutes after Bates's return the picture was back in the window with a few lines written on it to show just who had committed the insult.

THE latest stroke, aimed at the Legion Post as a whole, aroused in the members a wrath that would not down, and when Bates and Perry E. Taylor, another Legionnaire, were held up by the constable, this time aided by a deputy sheriff and the justice of the peace, and searched for arms, the situation became critical. Yet a calm sanity ran beneath the indignation of the ex-service men and it was decided to let the law handle the offenders. A request for aid to Legion State Headquarters which was forwarded to the Adjutant General of Texas, brought Captain Aldridge of the Texas Rangers from Austin.

The captain found Desdemona in a tumult. The wife and sister-in-law of the boastful constable had just raided Bates's office and torn down the picture for the second time and again it had been instantly replaced. Then the constable himself and his Amazonian allies had returned and the constable had held the men in the office back with his gun while the woman had once more ripped away the poster. Armed members of the vice ring were parading through the streets in confident bravado. They ruled the situation, they thought.

But they changed their minds when Peavy-Price Post held a meeting that afternoon in a deadly calm. The constable speedily sent a written apology professing that he would do anything the Legion desired and the Legion promptly gave him, the justice of the peace, and the deputy sheriff, twenty-four hours in which to leave town.

They returned a contemptuous refusal, still sure of their ability to flaunt law and order at will. And Desdemona seethed. From the oil fields and from the camps in the vicinity men were pouring in by the hundreds, by automobile, by truck, on horses and afoot, all anxious to be in at the finish when the ultimatum should expire and the showdown should come between the Legion and lawlessness. Oil field men who had personal grudges against the officers came, men who were friends of the veterans came, men who had no other motive than curiosity came. By nightfall of the next day the main street of Desdemona was a milling mass of humanity, weaving up and down and waiting in tense expectancy for the hour of the big break.

The night was tempestuous and a sand storm, coming up, sent a flying spray of gravel and debris rattling on the roofs of the houses and falling on the crowd that packed the half-mile street for its entire length. Down the middle of the street, with their revolvers ready for instant action, the lawless officers of Desdemona were swaggering in defiance.

TEN o'clock drew near. It was now some hours after the time limit had expired and the crowd was muttering. Here and there in the throng were scattered eighteen Legionnaires sworn in as deputies by Captain Aldridge to keep the peace and prevent a riot if possible. The matter was now in the hands of the Legion and the Legion was going to see it through. It was make or break for Desdemona, and there was no one on the wind-whipped, darkened street that night who did not realize that the fate of the town hung in the balance.

A few minutes before ten o'clock Le Roy Kemp, of Peavy-Price Post, a small man, stepped unarmed from the crowd and faced the truculent officers as they came from the doorway of a drugstore.

"Surrender," he said.

The officers hesitated. A dozen revolvers leaped from a dozen hips and all the bravado went out of them. They began to explain haltingly that they intended to resign anyway and asked for the protection of an officer. The Legion deputies stripped them of their guns and knives and marched them to the office of the justice of the peace, where one and all wrote out their resignations.

Yet it was not all over. Into the office, just as they were signing, plunged a wild-eyed woman brandishing a revolver, the sister-in-law of the town constable, wanting to know who were the men who had dared to make the arrests. She was disarmed at once and the offenders with their belongings packed into an automobile were escorted to the outskirts of the town and told to get out and never come back. And they got out.

With the main props of the gambling ring disposed of the Legion deputies lost no time in sweeping down upon the haunts where vice flourished. House after house was visited that night and every undesirable of both sexes was given until noon of the following day to leave town. The next morning the roads from Desdemona were dotted with automobiles bearing the exodus of the sporting fraternity to newer and greener pastures. Desdemona was through with them.

In a recent election, law and order won a decisive triumph in the selection of a new justice of the peace and town constable. The old days of a "wide open" Desdemona have gone, forever, the men of the Legion say, and they ought to know. They did the trick.

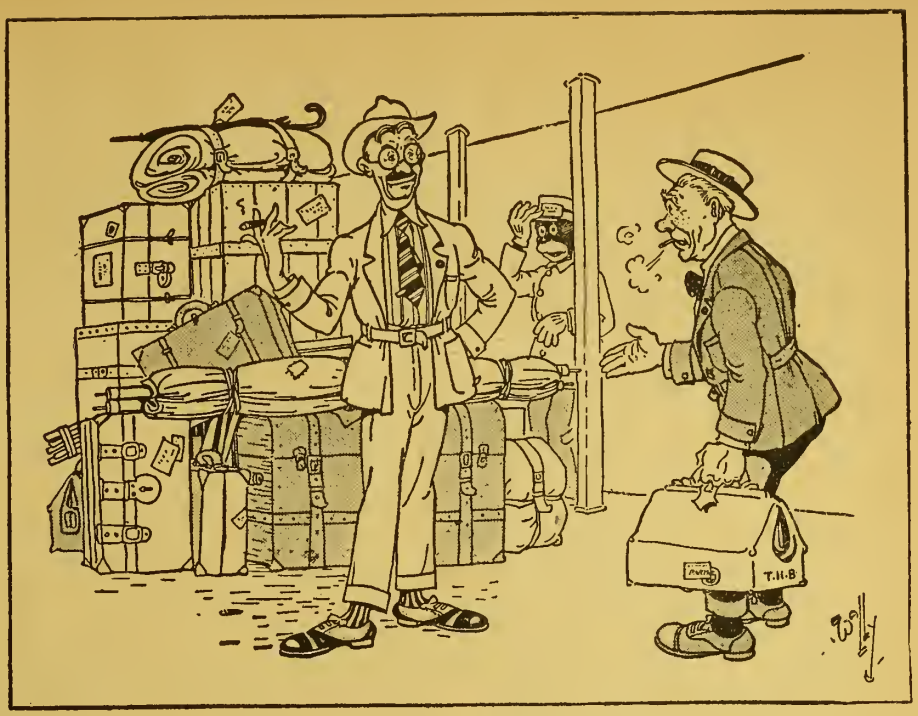
"LET ME SMELL YOUR BREATH, BOYS"

Backing Away From Nature

The Efficiency Camper Saves His Trump Card and Proves He Isn't So Unresourceful As the Amateur Suspected

By Tyler H. Bliss

Illustrations by WALLGREN



"Those are my traps," explained Dinwiddie

"NO," I said firmly to my friend Dinwiddie, "I will not go camping with you over the week-end.

"I know all about these camping trips," I told Dinwiddie. "You go off in the woods and the mosquitoes commit bayonet practice all over you, long-point, short-point, jab; and you ruin your teeth on the sardine cans because somebody always forgets to bring the opener, and when you get back the only difference between you and the people who give the insane asylum as the return-in-five days address is that they at least think they're happy.

"Nope," I said to Dinwiddie. "Nothing happening. Go and suffer if you want to, but as far as I am concerned the early Christian martyrs can have a monopoly on this self-sacrifice stuff. I stay in town."

"Not with me you won't suffer," said Dinwiddie. "I camp scientifically. When you go camping with me there are no hardships. Efficiency."

Of course I knew that. Dinwiddie is the sort that has a Way of Doing Things. The capitals are Cousin Alma's. She always speaks in capitals except when in an italic mood. Cousin Alma has always had a high opinion of Dinwiddie since Cousin Eben—he was the relative whom Cousin Alma is now the widow of, which is the way we keep track of some of the ex-officio members of our family—died, and Dinwiddie was on hand to give a touch of business efficiency to the funeral.

On that occasion Dinwiddie distinguished himself by sending out cards of admission to the last rites and then standing at the door and refusing entrance to any who couldn't produce them, acting on the principle that since Cousin Eben was about to join the select few in the more popular but less commonly patronized of the two Hereafters, it was only fitting that he should have an exclusive send-off. It turned out that he had ejected both the minister and the undertaker because they hadn't received cards, but still, as he pointed out, that was only an unfortunate oversight and ought not to be held against him. Yes, Dinwiddie certainly has a Way of Doing Things.

Well, in the present little argument with Dinwiddie I knew I had as swell a chance to win out as a colored Republican in Georgia. Once at a country fair I patronized the booth of one of those lads who goes over the relief map of your head with his finger-tips and then tells you that your bump of bad luck is well developed and that you are going to draw a pat full before morning, but to watch out for a dark man with a sandy mustache who will hold fours.

It seemed, when he got to massaging my Old Baldy, that my bump of resistance resembled a bird's-eye view from above of low-water in the Grand Canon, and that I might as well give in right away and save myself the trouble of winding up like Jess Willard. So since then I have been avoiding disputes, even surrendering my pet theory that there are movie actors who are not worth five times as much a week as the President of the United States is a year.

So after debating the matter pro and con, the pros swept the country and we decided to meet the next day and take the 6.42 up-State. Only Dinwiddie can make the words "the 6.42 up-State" sound as impressive as Amundsen announcing a dash to the Pole. Several people who were nearby pricked up their ears at a Great Scott angle when he rolled the syllables from under his tongue, and nudged each other as much as to say: "Can such things be? Can these two foolhardy young adventurers actually be going to take the 6.42 up-State?"

"Leave everything to me," said Dinwiddie. I agreed, with just a faint sinking of the heart at the thought of what sort of language Cousin Eben must have dictated to the ouija-phone on that occasion when everything had been left to Dinwiddie.

I WAS down at the station next morning in time for the 6.42 up-State—the words by this time exercising the same fatal fascination for me that a snake charmer uses—but I gasped when I saw the platform. Those parts of it that weren't littered up with suit cases and boxes were littered up with boxes and suit cases. Dinwiddie was in the middle of it; laying a course two points off the stabb'd bow and looking as happy as a district attorney with a new clew to a society murder.

"Tell me the worst," I groaned. "Has the National Guard been called out to quell a millworkers' strike, or is Polly Pinktites, the beautiful ingenue of the Bowery Belles, going on her annual honeymoon—Cincinnati papers please copy?"

"Those are my traps," explained Dinwiddie, as proud and independent as Adam before the landlord of the Eden Apartments served the first eviction notice.

"Traps?" I said. "You must be planning to go camping in the Zoo. But you'll get pinched if you try it because they paid a lot of money for some of those animals—"

"Traps in this case," said Dinwiddie loftily, "applies to belongings. Camp appurtenances as it were. I told you we were going about this thing efficiently. Nothing overlooked when I run anything."

"Except the can opener," I said.

"By gosh!" said Dinwiddie blankly.

I knew it. Nobody ever has yet or ever will remember to take a can opener on a camping trip.

JUST then, only thirteen minutes late, the 6.42 up-State came chuffing along, to the undisguised amazement of the station master, who was used to the disreputable hours it kept, and we piled aboard. I use the word "piled" advisedly. After we had gotten ourselves cosily tucked in among our baggage nothing was observable about our personal selves except our asininity. We were no more visible to the naked eye than Bergdoll.

Pretty soon the Dinwiddian voice emerged from behind a wagon-train load of junk—I mean traps.

"You haven't asked where we're going," it remarked.

"I know where you're going," I said. "And I'm not going to pray for you either. It's a good thing we've had a hot summer. It'll be good practice for

you. If human dumbbells could be materialized," I said, "you'd be a gymnasium. Compared to your lofty intelligence the bottom of a Texas oil well looks like the top of the Eiffel tower. From now on," I said, "the American eagle can claim full disability pay. The cuckoo is the national bird."

Just then a trunk fell down on me and by the time the pulmotor had earned its keep Dinwiddie and I were increasing the population of some up-State metropolis about fifty percent. and giving the natives something to talk about next time the census man should come around.

"This is our destination," said Dinwiddie.

"Then it's because the road is all out of rails," I said. "If this town goes for Harding in November it'll mean that the Cox man is sick in bed."

YOU could tell, though, that it was supposed to be a regular stop because the engineer went away from there in such a hurry. Talk about your primitive wilderness! If Rob Crusoe had hailed from there, when he hit his desert isle he'd have written to the editor complaining about the traffic.

"We go five miles up that road and then strike off through the woods," said Dinwiddie.

"I'm going to mail that 'we' joke to Frank Tinney," I said. "*We* go, just like the colonel used to say, '*We'll* go on a twenty-mile hike to-morrow.' How many railroad ties do you suppose there are between here and home? Let's count and see."

Even Dinwiddie looked stumped.

"Well, anyway, let's get this stuff out of the way," he said. "We'll cart it a hundred yards or so up the line and camp there."

"Heredity counts," I said. "There must have been intelligence back in the Dinwiddie family somewhere, despite appearances."

We hiked far enough getting that load of stuff that hundred yards to have carried the Kaiser to Duluth. Finally, though, we got settled. The forest primeval looked like the hold of an ocean-going freighter.

"Now we'll build a fire and cook something," said Dinwiddie, exhibiting Sign of Brains No. 2.

I was all for burning up a trap or two, but Dinwiddie wouldn't hear of it. So I got a load of sticks and he began some sort of a complicated architectural thing, laying them cross-ways and catty-corners. Efficiency stuff.

"If you intend this as a permanent war memorial we ought to have picked a more central site," I said. "If it's a bonfire why don't you light the darn thing?"

So Dinwiddie topped it off with a pergola and a pagoda and a whatnot, and got a couple of sticks and started holding a fencing match with himself.

"Arms, forward hoist, backward shove, forward hoist, backward shove," I said. "Now, by the numbers—one, two, one, two. The next exercise will be a finger stretching exercise. What the devil are you trying to do anyhow?"

"You ignorant bum," said Dinwiddie politely, "didn't you ever hear of how the Indians used to make a fire? They got a couple of sticks and rubbed them together and—plowie!"

"Yes, and the cannibals used to get a couple of missionaries and knock their heads together and—blooey!" I said. "But I never did care for fricasseed Baptists and since when did Chief Standing Bull ever marry into your family?"

"Gotta match?" asked Dinwiddie.

So we lit the fire in a Christian way and things were more satisfactory.

"How far we are from the problems of the world," said Dinwiddie. "How petty and trivial are these little worries and troubles with which the dweller of the town perplexes himself."

"I got a problem to present," I said. "When do we eat? Did you happen to think to bring food or do we sit around waiting for the Simple Life Delicatessen Company to open up?"

WELL, we skirmished around and unearthed a lot of eatables. In this matter, I'll admit, Dinwiddie had done himself as handsome as Francis X. Bushwah. But almost everything was wearing tin corsets. I've had experience trying to open canned goods without the utensils that common sense and Ogden Armour invented for the purpose, so I just chortled while he knocked a can of deviled ham for a row of goals with a tent peg and then consigned it to the gentleman whose snapshot appears on the label.

So we supped daintily on a bottle of not-so-very-near beer and a box of Utellem Biscuits.

"Now," said Dinwiddie, after we had searched the ground for cracker crumbs and eaten a bunch of mica by mistake, "we'll pitch the tent."

"I'm in favor of that," I said. "Where'll we pitch it to?"

He gave me a look that was hard enough to satisfy the hottest Personal Liberty League member, so I let him have his way and we got the tent out.

The man who constructed that tent was the same one who invented French briquets.

Apparently the designer had started out with the idea of making a mackintosh for a fat lady, switched to an awning for over a department store show window and wound up with a contract for a one-piece big top from Barnum and Bailey.

IT rained that night, of course. You can always break up any drouth that ever existed by sleeping under a tent.

So of course when I got up—I'm not a good enough liar to say "woke up"—in the morning, the old Ringling homestead was sticking to me like the mustard plasters they used to use in the Rutherford B. Hayes administration.

"What's for breakfast?" asked Dinwiddie, coming out of his coma and canvas simultaneously.

"We have some nice mica left over from our Thanksgiving Day supper last night," I said.

"A hot beefsteak, with French frieds, buttered toast and coffee wouldn't be so worse," remarked Dinwiddie dreamily.

I reached for the camp hatchet.

"If the guy that killed the Czar of Russia had half the excuse I have I hope they never find him," I said.

"No, but honest," said Dinwiddie, "what would you give for a nice beef—"

"A million dollars," I interrupted easily, testing the hatchet blade.

"I don't want to buy Babe Ruth," said Dinwiddie. "Could you let me have a twenty till Saturday?"

"Could you let me have a steak till ten minutes past now?" I asked.

"Follow me," said Dinwiddie.

Thirty minutes later we emerged into as snappy a little burg as you'll find this side of Paris and gave an order to the waitress at the Commercial House that made her ask if the rest of the troupe was expected in on the 8.11.

"Tell me," I asked Dinwiddie, after I'd finished playing "Dixie" on a repeating platter with a net capacity of one and one-half tons, "did you know this place was here all along?"

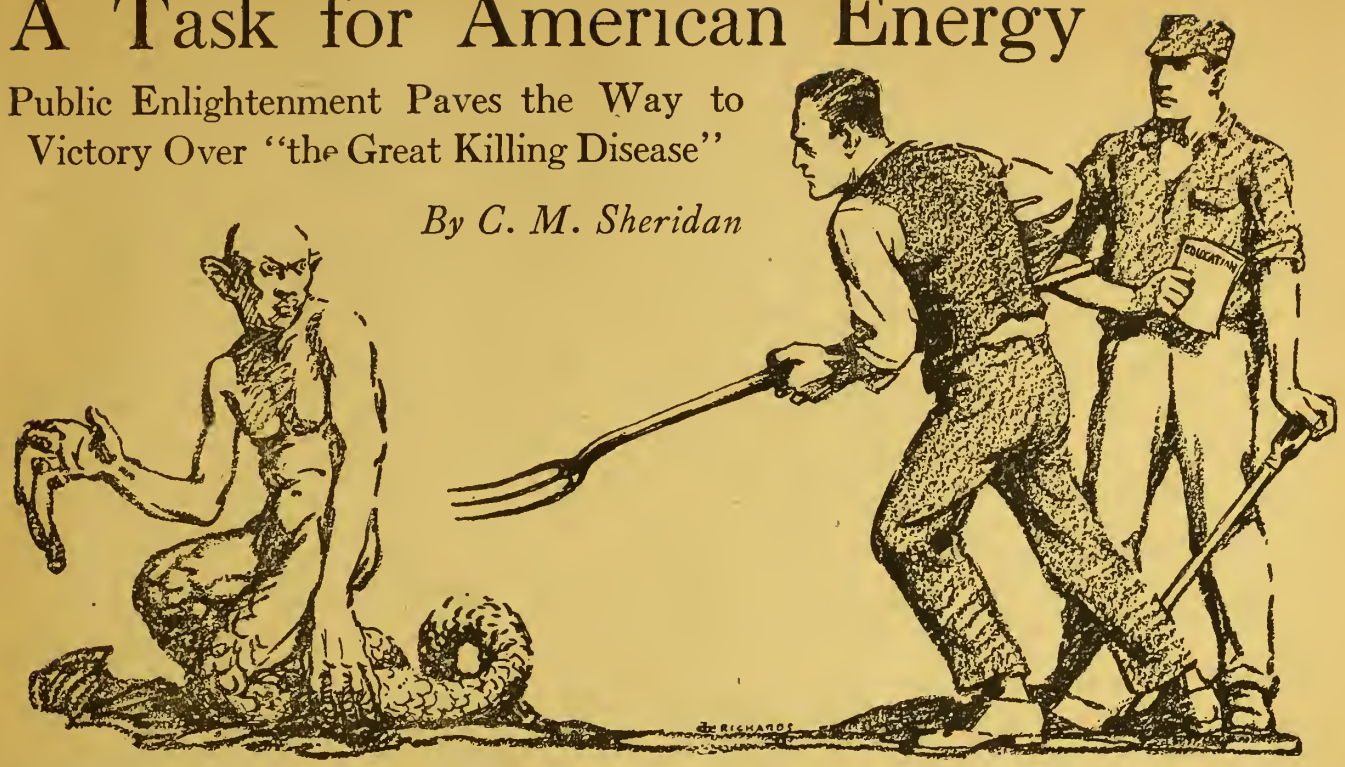
"Efficiency first, last and all the time," said Dinwiddie. "That's me. You never bet your roll on the deal without knowing you've got a chance to improve on the draw, do you, you big lump?"

Dinwiddie got a couple of sticks and started holding a fencing match with himself

A Task for American Energy

Public Enlightenment Paves the Way to Victory Over "the Great Killing Disease"

By C. M. Sheridan



The red light is fading from America's back streets—but there is still an occasional glimmer to prove that a great menace to the public health is not yet wholly removed. In this article Mr. Sheridan shows what progress has been made in combatting venereal disease and describes the task confronting the national agencies who are leading the fight against them

WHEN I was a boy in a little country town, some enterprising Spanish gentlemen contrived the destruction of the battleship Maine—and, as Mrs. Murphy would say, "the fight was on."

Troops were rushed to southern camps, and before long it was a toss-up which subject caused the most public concern—Spain, of the red and yellow flag, or a much deadlier enemy at home, a fever that flaunted the yellow flag.

Of our local militia, Company E, one man was wounded in battle, but one-third of the company fell before the onslaught of the yellow fever plague. Tampa was the camp, and I fancy there are many to-day who hold the name synonymous with the yellow death.

I mention this now because two rather notable victories grew out of the unpleasantness of 1898. The first victory was obvious and rapid. The second came slowly but no less certainly—the almost total wiping out of yellow fever. It had to be done. The lone heroism of Walter Reed and his tragic sacrifice in the interest of science and humanity, the indomitable purpose of the late General William C. Gorgas and a score of others, have practically freed the world from a once terrifying plague. And it may truthfully be said that it was an American job from start to finish.

All this is by way of showing that the impossible can be accomplished—and that it has once more been attempted in the field of public health work.

This time the job is bigger and harder. The handicaps are named Ignorance, False Modesty, Prudishness and Nasty Niceness—a fine quartette! The diseases to be conquered are called the venereal diseases, and the rank and file will tell you that it can't be done. But they are forgetting that the Federal Government and every State board of health is organized under a plan, known as the "American Plan" for combating venereal diseases—organized to win.

Many other agencies are closely affiliated with the governmental authorities. The Red Cross, the American Social Hygiene Association, State hygiene societies and local boards of health are lending wonderful reinforcement. But before a final victory is gained three things must be done. The public must be educated to a clear understanding of the infections; it must learn to know the insidious and far-reaching nature of their attack; it must grasp the absolute necessity of modern scientific treatment in their cure. Second, adequate treatment facilities must be provided and put within the reach of every infected person. Last, and here is the vital point of the whole program, prevention must be played to the limit.

It will not, cannot, be done in a day. Far more dangerous than a disease carrying mosquito, the prostitute is nevertheless human, is entitled to life, liberty and happiness—but she must not be permitted to endanger the life and happiness of others. And that can be prevented with entire justice. By far the great majority of these women are exploited by third parties.

Let me sketch, briefly, the four great phases of work comprising the "American Plan."

Law enforcement will aim at the repression of commercialized vice, at the enactment and enforcement of new legislation wherever needed, at the administration of health regulations regarding the conduct and treatment of infected persons and the protection of the non-infected.

Medical measures will encourage research into newer and still better methods of treatment, and lead perhaps to the discovery of better remedial and curative agents. A highly important task is to put the quack out of business. The "medical museum" and the wax horrors have no place in America's clean-up program.

I know a place down in one of the southern coal States where people were paying fifty dollars a treatment for arsphenamine ("606"). The United States Public Health Service and the State health officials interested the coal operators in the matter, and a clinic was financed. To-day they are giving the best modern treatment for fifty cents.

Education is a big order. Every man and woman in the country is expected to learn the facts about the venereal diseases—how they are acquired; why they are so dangerous even to generations unborn; why early diagnosis and treatment is essential to complete cure—these and many other facts must be the common knowledge of the public. Further, parents are expected to learn how to instruct their growing children so that they may avoid the dangers awaiting the uninformed. The machinery for educating the public consists of motion pictures, magazine and newspaper publicity, out-of-door poster

publicity, talks, lectures, literature. That sounds rather effective—and it is. Thousands of people are asking for information. One agency, in four months, has received requests from more than ten thousand parents for educational help in training their boys and girls.

Most people do not see just why recreation is featured as one of the four great divisions of the American Plan. For too many years we have overlooked a wonderful bet in public health by disregarding the play needs of the public. When municipalities awake fully to the situation the public will present a much healthier, happier front than ever before.

BRIEFLY, that is the story of the American Plan. To point out just how it is operating in every State would take too long. But the plan is logical, sane and absolutely workable. There is an opportunity, created by the intensive work done during the war, to make rapid and remarkable gains during the next ten years. But the public must understand and fit into each of the four big avenues of attack.

And in this need we are particularly fortunate, for there are among us several million war veterans who know. Nearly every man in the Army and Navy got a rudimentary education of great value to himself and to the nation.

In the United States in this year of peace, 1920, more lives than the whole empire of Great Britain lost during any one year of the war will be claimed by the venereal diseases. The annual death rate per 100,000 of population is about 1389. Of this number death certificates would probably not show more than nine due to venereal diseases, yet it is conservatively estimated that more than two deaths in every thirteen are due to syphilis. There seems to be a joker in the pack somewhere, but when we learn that all cases of locomotor ataxia are of syphilitic origin, when we learn that one hundred percent. of general paralysis of the insane is due to the same cause, we begin to see that Sir William Osler was not far wrong in calling syphilis "the great killing disease." Certain percentages of deaths from organic heart diseases, apoplexy and brain softening are due in part to the same cause.

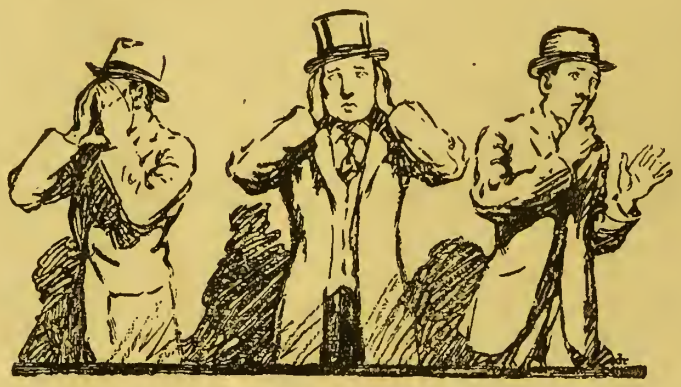
The diseases present no mystery to the modern physician. They can be cured and they can be prevented, but we have always been too blind, too nice, too *delicate*, to come out with cold hard facts. We as a nation have preferred the attitude of the three oriental monkeys who see not, hear not and speak not.

Many people are strong for the attempt that is being made, but doubt the chances for success. During the war, however, more than two hundred "red light" districts were effectually closed. And, what is more to the point, they are still closed.

Of the old picturesque districts few remain. The Barbary Coast of San Francisco is but an innocuous ghost of its former self. But New Orleans holds on in spite of the fact that each year the city contributes approximately $20,000 for the care of persons made insane by syphilis.

That is only one item of many, but it is illuminating. In New York State, the cities of Troy, Albany and Hudson have not yet followed the lead set by hundreds of others. Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee, Wyoming and Nevada still show a few red lights. But these remaining districts cannot long endure. The public is slowly but surely opening its eyes.

[*Nearly two hundred Posts of The American Legion, representing twenty-seven States, have endorsed the program outlined in Mr. Sheridan's article.*—EDITOR'S NOTE.]



We as a nation have preferred the attitude of the three oriental monkeys who see not, hear not and speak not

Aint Peace Funny?

By Steuart M. Emery

I SAW Bill today—
Old Bill, the sloppiest soldier in the outfit,
Who never had a blouse that fitted him from the day
He held up his right hand
To the day he got his discharge
And who always wore his cap hung on his left ear
While one puttee trailed along the ground after him.
His clothes never were clean even after he'd gone twice through the delouser.
I'd never seen Bill in civilian clothes before.
He had on a gray flannel suit that fitted him like a glove
And cost $190.
And his shoes had fancy scrollwork all over them
And cost $28.
And he had on a panama hat with a beautiful band
And he carried a cane in one hand and a pair of kid gloves in the other.
"Bill," said I. "How the hell do you get that way?"

I HADN'T seen the C. O. since last winter,
Then I ran into him one day on Main street.
He was rushing off to sell a man something important in corner lots
But he stopped to speak to me.
"Hello, it's you!" said he with a grin.
"How do you like being out of the Army?"
"Fine, sir," said I, and snapped to attention.
(You know some things get to be a habit after two years.)
The C. O. looked at me with that hard eye of his.
"I used to tell you often enough you'd never make a soldier," said he.
"Now it begins to look as though you'd never make a civilian,
You poor nut."

PETEY, the franc terror of the Vosges, had the next stool to me
At the lunch counter yesterday
And a bowl of milk and crackers.
"Look who's here!" cried he, and banged me on the shoulder.
"Making money, are you?"
"In great gobs," said I. "And you?"
"By the barrel," said he, and threw out his thirty-one inch chest.
"Can I interest you in a big proposition?"
We paid our checks side by side as we went out.
Petey's was for fifteen cents.
"So long, old timer," said I. "Leave a little money in the world for the rest of us."
"Say," said he in a confidential voice, "can you lend a man a dollar till Saturday?"

THE top kick was the worst enemy I ever had.
He married me to a dishrag early in my army career
And wouldn't let me divorce it.
I hated the big roughneck and his fool whistle
And his hoarse voice and the way he had of ordering us bucks around.
The top kick came in to the manager Friday hunting a job,
So I hung around with a lot of papers in my hands to see him get his.
"Can you give me references?" said the boss.
The top kick sort of hem'd and haw'd.
Then I stepped up to put in the finishing wallop.
"Sure," said I, "ask me. He's a he-man with hair on him.
"You'd have to sit up nights thinking up things he can't do."
"You're hired," said the boss.
So the top and I went outside and fought the battle of St. Mihiel all over again.

Baseball and Sportsmanship

The Fans Are More Responsible Than the Players for the Ethical Shortcomings of the National Game

By W. O. McGeehan

EVERY now and then some advocate of another sport casts an armful of aspersions at the sportsmanship of professional baseball —and some of the aspersions hit in tender places.

The primary design of baseball is to win, to reach the objective—according to the tactics and customs of the game, if possible—but to reach it. Even in college baseball games the rival collegians forget the show of courtesy which they would keep up in any other sport and try to rattle the opposing pitcher, to get his nanny in any way possible.

A losing football team may be slobbered over by its rooters, but no fan has any use at all for a losing baseball team. When the New York Giants are out in front the Polo Grounds are crowded. When the Giants are making desperate efforts to yank themselves out of the cellar the crowds dwindle, and you will hear them mutter, "What do you mean, Giants."

It is a merciless game. The baseball fan is utterly without pity. Have you ever seen a nervous recruit getting his first trial before a big league gathering. Let him boot a few through his sheer nervous anxiety to make good and they will boo him off the field and break his spirit unless he is made of fairly stern stuff. You have heard the raucous shout of "Take him out!" when the pitcher starts to go bad. It is the old Roman arena mob, only it speaks with more vehemence. The game does not develop the fine sportsmanship that other games instill because the sense of absolute fair play is not in the fan.

In New York the visiting team may get some credit for good plays, but elsewhere along the circuits of both big leagues, no. The stands are packed with fans who want to see the home team win and they do not care how it wins. It would be almost as gratifying to have the visiting nine break all of its legs and lose as it would be to have the home team win by superior baseball.

THE fan at a baseball game is a nut to begin with. He does not watch the game with a fine judicial calm but in a sort of frenzy. He would not cheat at cards, but he would chuckle with glee if he thought that the umpire was giving his team the better of the close ones.

I have seen a football game between two colleges at the time when one of the players was to kick a goal that would decide the game. The opposing college would not be guilty of such a mucker's trick as trying to shake the nerve of the goal kicker by yelling and creating a disturbance. But with the same two colleges in a baseball game and one of the pitchers starting to weaken the supporters of the opposing college would be yelling derisively like the fans at a professional baseball game. It seems to be accepted that the finer little customs of sportsmanship do not go in a baseball game.

> Who ever heard a second baseman say, "I didn't touch him—he's safe?" Or a runner admit, "I missed the bag—I'm out a mile?" It simply isn't done. Are we, either spectators or players, as good sports as we like to think we are?

A case to the point has just come up in Chicago as Babe Ruth and the Yankees passed through. A record breaking crowd turned out, and some of them were permitted to sit in the outfield, which necessitated ground rules. It was agreed that a hit into that crowd was to count as a two-bagger.

Along came Babe Ruth and hit a high one to left field. Joe Jackson rushed back and the crowd gave way. He dived into the mob and was lost to view. He came back without the ball. Umpire Connolly, under the impression that he caught the ball and held it momentarily, declared that Ruth was out and there was a debate. From the press stand nobody could see whether the ball was caught or not.

Now here is the main point. It never occurred to Umpire Connolly to ask Jackson whether or not he caught the ball. He would not take the player's word for it, nor would the player be expected to tell the truth if he had not caught it. In any other game the question might have been settled in this obvious way, but not in the national sport.

But in this instance the aftermath demonstrated that Chicago baseball fans are unusually sportsmanlike. Five or six members of that crowd visited the offices of the White Sox after the game and declared that Jackson had not caught the ball and that Babe Ruth was entitled to a two base hit. Chicago is one of the two places where this might happen. The other place is New York.

IT is the rule of the game to take every advantage, fair and foul. Take a recent game at the Polo Grounds between the Cleveland team and the Yankees. The Yankees were leading when it started to shower. Now the rainy day rule is that five innings will constitute a full game, and that in case of a continued shower the umpire will wait half an hour and then call the game if in his judgment the weather is too inclement to continue.

The Yankees, with their lead, tried to hurry the game, while the Cleveland men tried to delay it long enough to catch the downpour before the five innings could be completed. The shoelaces of the Cleveland men became untied. They changed pitchers. They started arguments. They used every trick to hold up the game, meanwhile watching the gathering clouds. They even let one man steal home in their effort to keep the Yankees at bat and prolong the inning. It became a burlesque game and the crowd protested, though at the same time the spectators realized that it was all in the national pastime.

The trading of baseball players is quite as full of tricks as the equally unethical game of horse trading. Many a shrewd manager has traded a veteran with the Charley Horse for a couple of young and promising players. The ways of the baseball scouts in buying or selling "ivory" are full of guile.

It is a game of mutual mistrust. The player distrusts the umpire and the umpire distrusts the player. Neither has any regard for the truth or veracity of the other on the playing field. Outside each might admit that the other might be human.

You can hold that the game is ethically lopsided, and perhaps it is. But you have to admit that it is frankly so. That is something. There is no hypocritical pretense of sportsmanship. The fans and the players admit that they want the breaks and will take them if they can get them. When the baseball spirit changes it will mean that the American has become one hundred percent. ethically pure—and that time is some years away.

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.

A Falling Market

EVERY modern war has been followed by an era of high prices which has been superseded eventually by normal prices and values. Economists and financiers of to-day are chary in predicting when the present cost of living will decrease, but none has yet recorded a prediction that it will not drop sometime. After the Civil War the persons beset by high prices probably thought the period of their duration as interminable as the present period looks to some of us now. But the man who remembers what happened in America in the seventies recalls that flour at twelve dollars a barrel was followed by eggs at ten cents a dozen.

Those who worry about prices now may take solace in the fact that precedent is with them—that high prices have always followed wars and that they have always dropped. But the man who remembers what happened in the seventies drops a fly in the ointment by recalling that eggs at ten cents a dozen didn't mean much because dimes were so scarce.

The point is that, in these days, the man who saves a dollar isn't merely saving one dollar but two or three.

Measuring the Public Brow

REVIVALS of Charlie Chaplin in "Carmen" are still more potent box-office attractions than "Village Life in Korea" and "How Manila Rope Is Made." The gloom spreader notes the line-up in front of the ticket booth when the great five-reel feature "Sex" is scheduled and despairs of the education of the masses. "Hamlet," he will tell you, can never hope to make the screen unless it is camouflaged as "Infidelity" and Ophelia wears tights.

Yet there are hopeful signs. An editorial digest like "Topics of the Day," now familiar all the way from the Broadway palaces to the smallest village theatre, not only does not drive the "masses" out of the house but interests them so strongly that in two years it has developed from a hopeful experiment into a definite success.

Giving the public what it wants is not quite identical with letting the public take what it can get. Has the newspaper editor who devotes two columns a day to a divorce story on the theory that "they like this sort of thing" ever tried filling those two columns with something else?

Humanity on the Move

THE American is prone to regard immigration as a purely local institution. According to the personal, highly individualized dictionary which each of us carries in his head—and which does not always agree with Webster—we incline to define the word immigrant as "a foreigner who comes to the United States." We forget that in its broadest sense it means anybody going anywhere—that in its limited sense it means a citizen of any country taking up his residence and earning his livelihood in another.

It is true that in America immigration has developed into a problem while in most other countries it has remained only a condition—a fact instead of a question mark. We are the world's greatest melting-pot, yes, but we are not its only melting-pot. The single Brazilian state of Sao Paulo numbers among its three million inhabitants a million first or second generation Italians. Not only do many Europeans who land on our shores pass on into Canada, but thousands of American citizens cross the northern border for better for worse, impelled more by the wheat fields of Manitoba than by the cafes of Quebec. France is a melting-pot on her own account with as many ingredients as we can claim, and England occasionally wins from us such a notable subject as the late Henry James. And for States with such mobile, fluctuating populations as the Balkans, the melting-pot comparison is scarcely strong enough.

Radicalism in Architecture

SEVERAL thousand years ago the Greeks adopted certain laws of beauty and proportion in building their temples. In its fundamentals their system has survived through the centuries, in competition with such later upstart architectural orders as the Gothic and the Renaissance. Modern architects for the most part are loyal to the old orders of the Greeks.

But a system of architecture, like a system of government, is constantly on the defensive. The bright young men of each new generation are likely to strike out boldly in the search for something new and better. An American architect, for instance, has just defied precedent by designing a new State capitol for Nebraska and making its dominant feature a 400-foot tower, crowned by a glittering dome, which will be visible for fifty miles across the flat country. It is truly a radical tower on a radical building. It will be a veritable Declaration of Independence in steel and stone.

But in architecture, as in politics, conservatism does not brook lightly any challenges. Will the designer of the Nebraska statehouse be able to establish himself as the George Washington of a new order of prairie architecture? Or will his beautiful, but radical, building be condemned as architecturally Bolshevik and mark him for obloquy as a Trotsky of the fine arts?

Suppositions

SUPPOSE we were all suddenly informed that the Presidential Election this year would be held September 1. Suppose we all voted September 1, and then, after the ballots had been cast but before they had been counted, were told that it was all a mistake—that the election would be held in November after all, the campaign meanwhile resuming its tranquil course. Suppose that, after the November balloting, the results of the September and November elections were both made public. What differences would they show?

When does the voter make up his mind how he is going to vote?

The Price of Progress

AIR mail service between New York, Cleveland and Chicago is reported to be operating at capacity, and probably nobody will have a thing to say against it until some worthy husbandman of Northern Indiana is socked in the neck with a ten-pound mail-order catalogue.

THAT TWO-WEEKS' VACATION—

—and when you get home you tell the world what a gra-a-a-and time you had

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.*

Blame the Mailman

The confirmed humorist had been railroaded to the psychopathic ward by some of his victims who demanded that if possible they cure him, and if not that they bury him, but on Christmas they repented and clubbed together for a gift. Then, a few days later, they received this letter from the merry lunatic:

"My dear friends: I am forwarding to you a box I received a short time ago. Obviously, from the label in the upper left hand corner it is intended for you, but came to me by mistake."

They looked at the label and realized with horror that their friend was incurable. It read: "Assorted Nuts."

One Better

The South Side Political, Social and Athletic Club had split into two factions regarding its choice for its next president and the meeting hall was jammed when election night came round. As the chairman started to call the gathering to order, the doorkeeper stopped a member who was entering, perspiring under the weight of a canvas sack slung over his shoulder.

"Cassidy," he demanded, "what have ye there."

"Bricks," replied Cassidy with some belligerence.

"Cassidy, there'll be no brick throwin' the night. Words and ballots will be all."

"D'ye think so?" said Cassidy with skepticism. "Annyways, the bricks come in, so if they start anythin' we can go them wan better. 'Tis me own ears that heard a guy say, 'There'll be a lot of mud slingin' the night.'"

The Revolt of Blivens

BLIVENS was a mild little man who swung like a patient pendulum across the small arc of the commuter: the morning paper, the poor cigar, the 7.13, the day, the 5.53, bundles, transient cook, petty domestic recital, lawn mower, baby carriage, bills, inelastic salary, taxes—and more bills.

He listened meekly while the dentist, the plumber, the shoe dealer, the gas company, the grocer, explained why the war—which Blivens had helped finance—made it necessary for them to charge double. And Blivens paid.

And then one day his gentle soul revolted. No vain threats, no absurd soap-box loquacity: he ran totally amuck. The last straw happened to be the new cook, who struck for a forty per cent. raise. But that was merely the occasion; the cause lay in the system of things.

Anyway Blivens, mild little Blivens, took his naked hands and—it sounds horrible—choked the huge cook to death.

Two minutes later the iceman came in. Ice was up. Blivens took the crystal cube, poised an instant like a statue of Caveman Resistant, hurled the missile unerringly and knocked the iceman into an iceless eternity.

Laundry, too, had risen. Three shakes after he had announced that fact, so had the laundryman—neatly noosed to a porch rafter in one of Blivens's soiled shirts. The neighbors shrieked and fled, and Blivens went systematically crazy.

He carved the butcher, gristle and short-ribs; dyed with the gore of the Greek proprietor the waiting shoes at the corner stand; laid out the haberdasher by the way; and brained the iodine merchant with his own pestle.

From morn till noon, from noon till starry eve, he spread Bolshevik horror through Willowhurst, driving the police like sheep through shambles, and working up a splendid climax at the Country Club, where a goodly company of major profiteers—wheat, wool, high finance and the like—were teeing off at 5.13.

Whereupon he called it a day, surrendered sweetly to a quaking constable and went lamb-like to the bastille.

"Guess things'll be a little cheaper around here," murmured Blivens, and slept like a child till the turnkey brought in the morning paper. Modest as he was, Blivens was mildly curious to see how the press measured his revolt. The headlines would have to be pretty high.

They were—two lines—black and shrieking.

"GRAVEDIGGERS STRIKE," ran one line.

The other: "COFFIN TRUST DOUBLES PRICES."

"You say that I dance like an angel, Miss Tango, but an angel can't dance."
"I know it."

"Won't it be fine, though, when I get old enough to do as I please?"
"Yes, my son, but right away you'll probably go and get married."

Must Be Awful

An Australian dignitary was being entertained by New York society. For what seemed to be endless nights he was dragged through the intricacies of the pigeon walk, the fox trot, the camel limp and the rest. At last came his day of departure.

"Please, madame," he implored of his late hostess as they parted at the gangplank, "don't ever come to Australia."

"But, wh-wh-why not?" gasped that surprised and offended lady.

"Because," answered the Australian, wiping his brow, "I don't want you ever to see a kangaroo at play."

Step on It

"Cousin Henry," gasped the country visitor from Woodpecker Flats, "you just barely missed that man."

"Can't help it," bellowed his city relative, throwing her open another notch. "Haven't got time to go back and try again."

Right at Home

"I see old Bill Handshake has landed up in jail."

"Nothing new to him. He's used to being behind bars. He was the captain's orderly."

Johnny, Get Your Gun

"They say that Miss Mush is inclined to be over-romantic."

"I'll say she is. She's gone to work in an arsenal just to be sure of having arms around her."

As Per Instructions

The captain of K Company left an order with the company clerk to inform the men that on a certain day an eclipse of the sun would take place and that he would explain the phe-

nomenon. And here is the notice, as it was translated into Armyese by the dutiful corporal, and posted on the bulletin board:

"On Tuesday there will be an eclipse of the sun, by order of Captain Boofus. All men will assemble in rear of barracks immediately after retreat where the captain will personally inspect and conduct the eclipse. In case of rain the eclipse will be held in the mess hall."

Changing Times

Sunday School Teacher: "Willie, what does the story of Jonah and the whale prove?"

Willie: "Proves ya could get away with a durn sight bigger fish story in them days than ya kin now."

The Higher Motive

"Well, Count de Buste is going to get married at last. He's deeply in—"

"Love? Ah, how wonderful."

"Nope. Debt."

Dodge This Brand

"Doctor, my husband is an inveterate smoker. Do you suppose he could smoke himself to death?"

"He could, madame, if you gave him rope enough."

"Why, what's happened to you? Aren't you the immaculate man in the collar ad?"

"Yes, but I lost my collar button."

THE VOICE *of the* LEGION

A Veteran's Sentiments

To the Editor: I should deem it a favor if you would publish the following:

"Brothers of yesterday, you who lie sewn in your blankets in the little shallow graves over there, we send you greeting.

"You have solved the Great Problem and we pray that you are truly at rest. You are indeed fortunate not to have lived to see how little your efforts to free the world of jealousy and power seeking have failed. Had you lived you would have seen the ideals for which you fought and died swept aside in a rush for political power and material gain. Better to be forgotten a thousand times than to be exploited by those who can never understand what you suffered. Better to be where you are than to be the subject of political quibbling as to whether you should be cared for or not. But in the minds of your brothers, who also served, there is no forgetfulness of the horrors of war or the sacrifice you made.

"Brothers of yesterday, we send you greeting."

T. A. N. GETHING

Greensboro, N. C.

Furlong's First C. O.

To the Editor: I was particularly gratified on turning the cover of the issue of July 30th to meet the smile of Harold Furlong, heroic officer of the 353d Infantry. I was in the service over fifteen months, but was denied the opportunity of action overseas, and while I chafed under the routine of training camps I managed to gleam a little satisfaction out of the deeds of former buddies.

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.*

When I first heard of Lieutenant Furlong's bravery, I tried to flatter myself that I had helped a little to make him equal to that test of courage. Mr. Furlong entered the Michigan Agricultural College with the Freshman Class in 1914. I was a senior in the Forestry Course.

We had a very efficient cadet corps of twelve companies of infantry, and I was in command of Company G, composed entirely of Freshmen. Mr. Furlong was soon made a corporal in the company. The year's work was terminated with a military field day of competitive drills, exhibitions and a review. Company G managed to run off with most of the prizes, and it was one of the proudest days of my life. I tried to express my appreciation to the boys for their splendid entrance into the spirit of our efforts and they made tears come to my eyes when a committee, of which Mr. Furlong was a member, later presented me with a set of gold studs inscribed with our Company's monogram.

Mr. Furlong was only one of that little cadet company who acquitted himself nobly in defense of our country, and I am sure a poor captain left on this side of the Atlantic may be pardoned for being proud of them.

GEORGE K. FISHER

Rockford, Ill.

Pro-Insignia

To the Editor: On page fourteen of your issue of July 30th you print a letter from some anonymous person who signs himself "Comrade" about "Parades and Insignia." It is a sample of the sloppy, muddy, half-baked sort of thinking which is doing the Legion more harm than all other things put together. Also, it is an instance of a silly, sickly, ingrowing, sham "democracy," which is as unpleasant as it is unnatural.

He wants every former officer to remove his insignia of rank. Does he realize what he is saying? If our friend (I suspect he's a doctor) takes off his oak leaves and nothing more, what does he look like? An officer, of course, and he has accomplished nothing except to make people ask him questions. If he takes off his collar insignia, his hat cord (or the badge on his cap and the piping on his overseas cap), the brown braid on the sleeves of his blouse, and his leather leggins (all these things show he was an officer) what will he look like? A prisoner—or a tramp—a disgrace to a good army.

F. D. PILKHAM

Boston, Mass.

So This Is California

To the Editor: In your issue of July 30th, one Harry B. Clark, M. D., of St. Cloud, Minn., jumps into print with a jolt at California. He claims the coldest and the hottest weather for his State, and we gladly let it go at that. He says, however, that no one can mention anything under the sun without reminding some Californian about the

climate of California. For the benefit of Dr. Clark, who, I suppose, is sweltering in the heat at this time, I rise to remark that those who have ever had a taste of California weather, either winter or summer, do not need to be reminded. They never forget the Garden Spot and Playground of the World.

With coal at $50 a ton in St. Cloud and bathing suits at $1.50 in Los Angeles, I place my order for a bathing suit, which may be worn all the year 'round. You can take your dip in the Pacific every day.

I am sorry, Doctor, that you do not know what you are missing, but you have been told often enough. I was the same way once, but I came out in 1884 to see for myself, and although I have been back two or three times, about a week was all I wanted and each time I fought my way to the ticket office and played my money straight across the board for California.

If you ever jar yourself loose from the snow and ice long enough to come out to the coast, look me up and I will show you a real country.

C. E. (Casey) Brain

Los Angeles, Cal.

That Artificial Lawn

To the Editor: In one of your recent numbers you had a letter from a Vallejo, Cal., man who wanted to make sure nobody would forget that there is no rain in his State from April to October. Well, well! So that is the reason that the poor woman in Los Angeles, or some other town out there, had to build that artificial lawn I've been reading about, the lawn made out of cement or paper mache and painted to look like grass. We couldn't understand why anybody should want to take such drastic steps to get back to nature, until we found out about that no-rain skeleton in California's closet.

Now that we do know, how we can sympathize with that poor woman, pining away for a sight of real grass. I'll bet she sometimes gets out of sight of the other Californians who would call her a heretic and wishes real hard and long that it would sprinkle. I understand, though, that it isn't exactly true that it *never* rains there. They tell me that anything less than a deluge is technically known as fog, and that there are city ordinances prohibiting people from carrying umbrellas, lest some tourist might get a wrong impression and carry back east a slanderous story about being rained on in the golden poppy State. I wouldn't trade five minutes of an Ohio dogday for three months in that State.

G. H. Tewson

Toledo, O.

Wooden Leg, Iron Will

To the Editor: I should like to answer the question raised by Ben McElfresh of Georgetown, O. I lost my left leg in the World War, but am able to use an artificial one made from a tree that God caused to grow for our use. I was unfortunate to lose my left leg half way between the knee and hip, but very fortunate to come back in otherwise good health and with will power not to give up.

In one way I am more fortunate than Mr. McElfresh in the loss of a leg instead of an arm. But does the loss of his arm keep him from doing the work he performed prior to the war? I am a cabinet worker, and have been working at this trade since my return, although I am on my feet eight hours a day. I am going to have to give up my trade, however, as I find I cannot stand it much longer.

There are lots of hard feelings toward the Government and there are times when I do not like the way things are going at Washington, but I try to make the best of it and think of what little I gave in comparison to the many thousands who made the supreme sacrifice. Let us keep patient and work hard and those who are not getting their just dues now soon will.

Paul R. Parrish

Capital Post,
Topeka, Kans.

PEACE

I stopped a lot o' shrapnel out in France
How long I'll wear a crutch the doc can't tell;
But when the fish are biting and there's sun
It makes you feel you're not so S. O. L.

He Defends Decorations

To the Editor: In answer to the letter of the "comrade" from Boston, criticising former officers for wearing their insignia of rank and Sam Browne belts in the Memorial Day parade, I should like to ask: Why Not?

I, like he, was an officer. I am proud of my overseas stripes; of my division insignia; of my cap, which denotes overseas service; of my major's leaves; yea, even of the maligned S. B. belt, which I had to wear for twelve months until the uniform seemed incomplete without it.

If it is such a terrible affront for an ex-officer to show what he was, then he should throw away his leather puttees, his garrison cap, the cord from his service hat and the braid on his sleeves. In fact it would be safer for him to get hold of an O. D. issue uniform, to take the place of the serge he once had to buy.

On such a basis the corporal who served overseas should strip off his chevrons, his overseas stripes, his overseas cap, else he would be showing unholy pride and holding himself above the private from his home town who only got as far as Hoboken.

Leon G. Smith

Montevideo, Minn.

WHO WILL CHALLENGE HIM?

To the Editor: I want to claim the belt for being the most-traveled enlisted man during the war. I joined up sixteen days after war was declared and was shipped from Frisco to the Philippines. That was a jaunt of twenty-five months. I got back last Christmas. I traveled over 20,000 miles in the Army. I suppose I'll have some of the boys of the A. E. F. tell me they walked that far on French roads.

B. T. Y.

Vermillion, S. D.

Labor and Capital

To the Editor: Taking note of a letter in the July 30th issue, under heading "The Legion and Labor," I wish to express my approval of the stand the Legion has taken on the subject, by not having the Legion mixed up in any way with capital and labor. Let us keep the Legion free from all outside interests, and let us put forth all our efforts to the betterment of our organization.

I might add, I am a strong upholder of the unions, being a union man for several years.

W. B. Keefer

Harry A. White Post,
Delta, Colo.

German Schools

To the Editor: Some time ago an ex-soldier asked through the "Voice of the Legion" if it were true that the German language is spoken in the pulpits of German churches in the United States. Not only churches, but schools also, are conducted in German in this part of the country.

Mary E. Wilcox
Lena C. Peterson
Formerly A. N. C.

Broken Bow, Neb.

THE OBSERVATION POST

WHAT is *your* post doing to make the Legion's plan for nation-wide ceremonious presentation of Victory Medals on Armistice Day a success? Has it obtained its supply of application forms from the nearest recruiting station or Army post? Has it advertised that fact in the local newspapers? Does every ex-service man and woman in your community know the service your post is prepared to accord them in obtaining their Victory Medals? Have they read in the local papers about the plans you are making for the formal presentation of these decorations on November 11?

The co-operative arrangement the Legion has made with the War Department for the distribution of Victory Medals offers the Legion a great opportunity. It can and should make the presentation ceremonies on Armistice Day the greatest nation-wide celebration since, two years ago on that date, the country rejoiced at the victorious end of the war. Whether the Legion will do this is entirely up to the local posts. Each post is supreme in its field. It can make its local celebration just as brilliant as it will.

Reports so far are encouraging. In New York, for example, the first thing Commander Hayes did when he heard of the Legion arrangement was to send out a "story" to every newspaper in the State. This was followed by bulletins to every post telling post commanders what to do and how to do it. The result was that there was such a demand for medals through Legion channels that Mr. Hayes ordered 50,000 application forms.

The Army Recruiting Service is co-operating loyally. In the latest number of its official publication, *Recruiting News*, I note the following suggestion to recruiting officers:

"It would be greatly appreciated by the Legion if recruiting officers will inform all medal applicants of the Legion plan and that they also may turn their medals in to any Legion Post and thus share in the presentation ceremonies which will be held simultaneously in every community in the United States on November 11th. The Legion is very anxious that all Gold Star mothers receive their medals on Armistice Day, and it is suggested that recruiting officers take up this matter with local Legion Post Commanders at once."

Let's put the medal stunt over in regular Legion style—and tell the world about it!

The way requests are coming in from department officials for copies of the resolutions adopted at other department conventions just goes to show how the various departments are looking to each other for suggestions. So it's up to the department adjutants to send out copies after conventions to tip off the rest as to what has been done.

AND, speaking of telling the world about what the Legion is doing, the Legion is creating its own organization to help that process along. It is the American Legion News Service. Not long ago some of us woke up to the fact that the press of the country was not printing as much Legion news as it would like to print; in fact your own Weekly, so the editor keeps telling me, finds it increasingly difficult to get the week-to-week news of the Legion.

To correct this difficulty the News Service was established. A letter was sent to every post commander explaining fully the object of the service and urging the appointment of a post correspondent. Complete instructions for this correspondent were enclosed. His mission is first, to get his local post before the public of the home town by getting news of its activities in the home papers; and, second, to project his local post in the national spotlight by sending items of news and pictures to the main office of the News Service at 627 West Forty-third street, New York City. The News Service, by direct distribution to its own newspaper lists and by working agreements it has made with existing news and picture-purveying agencies, has the means at hand for getting Legion news to a majority of the newspapers in the United States.

With a force of 9,500 post reporters in the field, scattered throughout the world, each covering the activities of his own unit, and forwarding interesting pictures and news material to the headquarters of the News Service which is prepared to redistribute this news to millions of readers through the Weekly, to other Legion publications and the press of the country, the Legion can build up a publicity corps without equal.

When one reflects on the interesting possibilities and importance of the post correspondent's work about the last thing that would occur to him would be that some posts would neglect this important duty. And yet Marquis James, who is director of the News Service, reports a slender response to his widespread call for news. He believes a lot of good news is going dead in the Legion simply because it isn't being reported to sources from which it can be brought before the editors of the country.

Let's show him it isn't so. In with that item. In the O. P. they've even inducted me into service as a scribe. And the water's fine!

County and post officials are asked to give a second thought to the matter of placing Legion directories in railroad stations, hotel lobbies, etc. These should contain a roster of posts, names, addresses and 'phone numbers of commanders and adjutants, dates and places of meeting and a general invitation to visiting buddies to drop in and be at home.

IT is important that delegates to the National Convention should go to Cleveland thoroughly informed as to the sentiment of the Legionnaires they will represent on all questions about which there is apt to be a difference of opinion. One means of realizing this aim involves holding discussions at post meetings on such problems as adjusted compensation and military policy. Following these debates, after sentiment has become sufficiently crystallized, a vote might be taken and recorded. The delegate or alternate could then go to the convention with an accurate knowledge of his colleagues' views.

CARRYING ON

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

AN editorial in a Philadelphia newspaper pointing out that the supposition that the recent "crime wave" in that city is due to "young men who learned rough and wicked ways in the army" is wholly baseless, has been formally commended in a resolution passed by Harold D. Speakman Post, of Narberth, Pa. The editorial declared that the amateur bandits were the young men who stayed at home and made big money, and now insist on making it by illegal ways.

THE GOBS' MEDALS

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY has received many inquiries from ex-navy and marine members asking whether the Legion's arrangement to help distribute Victory Medals applies to naval or marine veterans. It does not—at present.

The navy is not ready to begin distribution of medals. As soon as it is ready the Legion will make the Navy Department the same offer of co-operation which it made to the War Department.

A donation of $50 to the camp fund of the local Boy Scouts has been made by the Leonard Hoskins Post of East Las Vegas, N. M. The sum will be used at the scouts' mountain camp "El Recreo." The Post holds a weekly dance to add to its building fund.

On ground made historic by yearly gatherings of the Blue and Gray, Forrest-Stone Post, of Mammoth Spring, Ark., held a week's reunion. The State of Arkansas furnished tents for the visitors.

College women aren't necessarily the only shining lights of Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Trophies awarded to winners in Illinois Department's big water meet

for Bryn Mawr is also the home of John Winthrop Post. In one week's time the residents raised $150,000 and purchased a big estate with a large house, which will be used for Legion headquarters and for civic, social and community purposes.

The remains of Sergeant Charles R. Wright, one of the men after whom Wright-Irion Post, of Scottsbluff, Ark., was named, were buried in the local cemetery upon arrival from France, with military services conducted by the Legion Post.

The prize for the service man with the greatest number of wounds at the American Legion picnic of the six Posts of Berrien County, Mich., was awarded to Perley Porter, of Berrien Springs. He was wounded in twenty-seven different places. Mrs. James Archer, of Derby, captured the award for the mother with the most sons in service. She had five.

In order to raise funds for a permanent home for the 4,000 men who worked on board the Leviathan in the war the Leviathan Naval Post held a garden party in the City College Stadium, New York City. Secretary Daniels, Maj. Gen. John F. O'Ryan, Governor Edward I. Edwards, of New Jersey; Irvin S. Cobb and Samuel Blythe are members of the endowment fund committee.

Sick and disabled service men have been the guests of the Providence, R. I., Post on its country estate at Quonset Point, on Narragansett Bay. This estate, comprising twenty-two acres, with a large and well-furnished clubhouse, was a gift to the Post from Arthur Henius of Providence in memory of his son Cyril who died in the service. Governor R. Livingston Beeckman of Rhode Island arranged for sufficient tentage to care for all Legionnaires desirous of spending their vacation at the club. The Post held its first annual outing on the property recently and celebrated the event with a real, old-fashioned Rhode Island clambake.

A TOUCH of the old O. D. days will be imparted to the Cleveland convention by the members of the Paul F. Bartelle Post of Toledo, O. They're going to send a fancy drill team to give an exhibition of "squads east."

They're not so quiet in Quakertown, Pa. Four performances of their minstrel show to packed houses, several block parties and dances and the local baseball team represent some of Wallace Willard Keller Post's activities.

San Francisco staged a big celebration to mark the anniversary of the founding of San Francisco Post. the first to be organized in the Department of California. Members met in numerous places early in the evening to play host at parties, dances and dinners before going on to a theater for a special midnight performance. The management of the theater donated the house free and the entertainers, many of them prominent stage folk, volunteered their services. San Francisco Post has a paid-up membership of 6,500.

A rooming and eating house for Legionnaires will be operated by the Phillips-Edwards Post of Pinedale, Wyo., which hopes to induce ex-service men to settle in the vicinity. "Being the last stronghold of the West, the finest fishing and hunting are to be found here," writes B. H. Moffett of the Post, "which, together with the valuable land being thrown open to settlement, has already drawn men from as far east as New Jersey."

A big regimental reunion, with a steamboat outing to Roton Point, Conn., was put across by the 308th Infantry Post of New York city, and made rather a busy day out of what would otherwise have been a quiet Sunday.

Every member of the Boy Scouts in Peoria swears by Peoria Post. Recently the members of the Legion devoted an entire day to the Scouts and built a hut for them.

"WHAT I want to do first of all is to stand out there on the platform with an American flag in my hand and lead in three rousing cheers for The American Legion and then three cheers more," said Nina Morgana, prima donna of the Chicago and Metropolitan Opera Companies, who appeared in the Tacoma Stadium and sang to an audience of 40,000 under the auspices of Edward B. Rhodes Post of Tacoma, Wash. The celebration at which Miss Morgana appeared netted the Post $5,000.

ILLINOIS BOOSTS LEGION ATHLETICS

LEGION athletics in the Middle West have been boomed by the Department of Illinois, which recently held a Statewide water meet on the course of the Chicago Yacht Club. Ten gold watches, each with the Legion emblem embedded in the back, six silver cups and many gold, silver and bronze medals bearing the emblem and the inscription "American Legion of Illinois," were awarded to the winners. Thousands of spectators attended the meet.

The Legion in Illinois now is sponsoring a boxing bill to be presented at the next session of the State Legislature. This action follows the sending of a questionnaire to the seven hundred posts, all of which favor legalized boxing. The support of such women's organizations as the Phillip Sheridan Post, Enlisted Nurses; the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs and the Illinois Women's Athletic Club has been gained for the Legion measure.

Three members of the Hyde Park Post, Dayton R. E. Bown, J. C. Grubb and Joseph C. Railey won places on the Illinois State Rifle Team. The formation of rifle teams in all posts is being encouraged and golf and tennis tournaments are now in progress throughout Illinois. A big track meet also is arranged for this autumn.

ANOTHER international cup comes to America as the result of a visit made to a Canadian veterans' reunion by a delegation from the Charles A. Learned Post of Detroit, Mich. The Legionnaires picked up a tug-of-war team at the Essex County Veterans' Association celebration and pulled the silver Officers' Challenge Cup away from the Walkerville, Ont. athletes in two straight tugs. As soon as it is engraved the cup will adorn Learned Post's clubrooms.

A field day that includes a parade, two band concerts, two baseball games, the usual athletic events and a dance is to be staged on Labor Day by the Roy-Bent Post, of Wilton, N. H. One show a month is on the entertainment schedule of the Post for this winter in addition to a grand ball for the night of November 11. And all this by a Post of sixty-three out of a possible sixty-eight service men in a town of 1,200.

Lawrence J. Flaherty Post of East Boston, Mass. is planning a field day and athletic carnival to be held at Wood Island Park on Labor Day. The Post has a paid-up membership of nine hundred and has its own clubhouse.

Horse races, bucking bronchos and steers, airplane flights and a baseball game made memorable the Wild West field day of the James C. Gabe Post of Richardton, N. D. The event was attended by thousands.

More than $1,000 was netted by a field day put on by the Phillips—Elliot—Hodges Post of Saginaw, Mich. The affair was held to raise funds with which to entertain the Legionnaires of the States when they meet at Saginaw in the September convention. An endorsement from the Chamber of Commerce and a congratulatory proclamation by the mayor of the town contributed to make the field day a success.

The Legion's Commencement

The National Convention at Cleveland Will Open the New Epoch to Succeed the Training School Days of Paris, St Louis and Minneapolis

ON September 27th there will be rekindled in Cleveland, Ohio, the fire of that American spirit which flamed brightest on the battlefields of France in the autumn of 1918. The second annual convention of The American Legion will open in Cleveland on the anniversary of the second day of the battle of the Meuse-Argonne. And, just as the million men who fought on the same day two years ago came from almost every town and city between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the hosts who meet in Cleveland will be representative of every part of every State and all the countries of the world where American veterans of the World War are living.

There will not be a million of them in Cleveland, but there will be more than 50,000—perhaps as many as 75,000—and the convention probably will be the greatest peacetime mobilization of American manhood that the country has ever witnessed.

Cleveland will stage the convention on a truly vast scale, and yet it is not going to sacrifice hospitality in magnitude. The whole-hearted personal relationships will not be submerged in any cantonment-like speeding-up system, but from the time a visitor steps from the train and is met with a handshake from a member of the Reception Committee, while a Boy Scout steps forward to take his grip and escort him in an automobile to his hotel or stopping place, until he boards the train again, he will know that the city is glad to entertain him.

Through the entire three days of the convention a well-organized committee on information will be giving every possible service to the delegates and their friends. Other committees will handle questions of hotels, housing, registration, transportation, women's affairs and the many other problems which are a part of every convention.

This corner of the Public Square is to Cleveland what the Place de l'Opera is to Paris—the center of everything. Here a visitor might meet everybody attending the National Convention if he waited long enough. Euclid Avenue, down which 50,000 Legionnaires are to parade, is shown in the right background

THE sessions of the convention will be held in Keith's Hippodrome, one of the largest theaters in the United States. The headquarters of the national officers will be at the Hollenden, a hotel less than two blocks from the Hippodrome. Most of the 3,000 delegates will be quartered in other hotels within a few blocks of the Auditorium.

Finding hotel accommodations for from 25,000 to 50,000 men would, of course, be an impossible task for any American city, so the Cleveland hosts of the convention have arranged a billeting system that has enlisted the cooperation of the whole city. Hotels will be filled to capacity, but it is expected that a large percentage of the members of the delegations will be entertained in private homes which have been registered for guests. This system will enable visitors to obtain accommodations without unreasonable expense, and the Cleveland committee will even see that a man unexpectedly short of funds will be taken care of.

In connection with the central registration of all visitors to the convention, a directory will be compiled, so that any man may learn which of his friends are attending and where they are staying. For instance, if an Alabama veteran of the Rainbow Division wants to know if Bill Smith, formerly of the 165th of New York, is in town, he can find out in a minute.

In addition to the central information office, there will be information booths in all the hotels. All information booths will have special telephones. Badges will be provided all visitors, and the badge will be really artistic. It is so made that the metal part may be detached and used as a watch fob. One part of the badge will represent Cleveland, and the metal part proper will follow the map outline of Ohio, upon which will be superimposed the emblem of The American Legion.

A MONSTER parade will be the big single demonstration of the Legion's strength. Visitors are requested to take their uniforms, but it is made clear that uniforms will not be a requirement for entering the parade. Wearing of th uniform will be optional, because everybody will march, but everybody is urgently asked to take his old service togs.

The parade will be headed by a battalion of forty tanks and will have many bands in line. Getting 50,000 men into line will be a job for the best genius that the A. E. F. produced, and the problem of the march from East 105th street down Euclid Avenue to the Public Square may be understood from the fact that if only 25,000 men were in column of fours, the line would be five miles long. The parade will be reviewed by celebrities.

The entire city will be decorated during the convention. In the downtown district thousands of flags will be strung between the trolley poles, and between the lamp posts will be hung rows of vari-colored pennants. The shield of The American Legion will be the central feature of these decorations. The American Legion Clubhouse, in the heart of downtown Cleveland, will be decorated appropriately. Arches are planned for the principal street intersections.

The entertainment features for the convention will include moonlight rides on Lake Erie, one day excursions to Canada, prize fights, outdoor movies, dances in various parts of the city and special programs at amusement parks.

Something of interest to the delegates, only for the reason that it has already been taken care of, is the ques-

tion of finances. It costs a considerable sum to stage a convention of this magnitude, but Cleveland is paying for it and it won't cost the Legion a cent. Not only have Cleveland's heart and its homes been opened, but its purse as well.

Special editions of *The Legionnaire*, the organ of the Cuyahoga County Council, will be issued to all visitors. These will be printed in colors and will be worthy of both the city and the organization. Maps of the city, with information about the convention events, will also be distributed.

There will be many reunions of regimental and unit societies.

Railroads throughout the United States are making a special fare reduction on tickets to and from Cleveland during the convention. The round-trip rate is one-third more than one-way fare, the reduction being obtainable on the return ticket on presentation of an "identification certificate" which will be given when the ticket to Cleveland is purchased. This concession is making reunions financially possible for many societies.

The question of the adoption of a national ritual will come up, and the Pennsylvania Department will suggest that its initiation degree of *"Le Societe des Hommes 40 et Cheveaux 8"* be adopted by the whole Legion. Each Pennsylvania Post is now organizing its own *"voiture"* in this degree and 1,000 *"hommes"* will go to Cleveland and will probably conscript many P. G.'s for the sacred box car while there. The *"hommes"* have their own distinctive chapeau and bronze medals, and they will probably put on a brave promenade.

FOR AMERICA'S HEROES

The assembling of the largest number of America's superlatively brave fighting men ever brought together at one time and place is to be a feature of the National Convention of The American Legion at Cleveland on September 27. Arrangements are being made to entertain all of the fifty-four men of the A. E. F. who won the Congressional Medal of Honor and lived to return to the United States. These men are to be honored guests at the Convention.

DELEGATES from many cities are planning to spend their vacations at the convention. The Charles A. Learned Post of Detroit, for instance, will travel on a chartered steamer and members will live aboard the boat while attending the convention. It is expected this Post will send 1,000 men.

Duluth, Minn., will also send a delegation of sixty men. Two towns in Connecticut will take their own bands with their delegations. From far away Alaska hotel reservations have come, together with others from Paris, Hawaii, the Philippines and other Legion outposts.

Many notable persons have been invited to attend. Marshal Foch was expected until the developments in Poland made it certain that he will remain in Europe. Admiral Beatty of England has also been invited. Invitations have been sent to the heads of the veterans' societies in all Allied countries.

The convention will mark a new epoch for the Legion. The preliminary caucuses at Paris and St. Louis and the first convention at Minneapolis drew up a Constitution and set in motion the processes of getting members. In the last year, however, The American Legion has grown until its membership is now more than a million and a half. The work done heretofore belonged to the "training camp" period. At Cleveland opinions will be exchanged, ideas discussed, reports considered and policies and plans adopted which will regulate the Legion's new period of active service. Officers will be elected for the new year and amendments to the Constitution considered.

Representation at the convention will be by departments. Each department is entitled to five delegates and one additional delegate for each thousand paid-up members. The voting strength of each department will be equivalent to the number of delegates to which it is entitled. Each department will be entitled to seat the same number of alternates as it has delegates.

"It Is Only Justice"

One of the Legion's Most Decorated Heroes, Now a Financier, Gives His Views on Adjusted Compensation

HANFORD MACNIDER, of Mason City, Iowa, in civilian life is the president of an investment banking company that has a capital of one million dollars. He is commander of Clausen Worden Post of Mason City, Iowa, and vice-commander of the Department of Iowa. Hanford MacNider, as a soldier overseas with the Second Division, took part in the Chateau Thierry, Soissons, St. Mihiel, Blanc Mont and Meuse-Argonne offensives; won nine separate citations for valor, including decorations from three countries, and rose from a second lieutenant to a lieutenant colonel of infantry. There are, therefore, few men more qualified to talk about compensation for soldiers from personal experience with all its angles than Hanford MacNider.

Hanford MacNider thinks that the Legion's four-fold optional compensation measure should receive the support—not just the passive support but the active support—of financiers throughout the country. He has written to one financier—the head of a big Eastern banking house—and in his letter he tells in plain words why he is convinced the veterans should receive some compensation for the service they rendered to America at the expense of their bodies and their personal ambitions and business futures. His income will be hit if soldier compensation means added taxation, MacNider realizes, but he wants it to come just the same for, he says, "it is only justice." Here is his letter:

Hanford MacNider, much-decorated veteran, who advocates the Legion's soldier compensation measure

"I don't want to pull a lot of sob stuff on you nor do I want to accuse you of lack of appreciation of what these lads did and what they went through for those good people who now holler the loudest, and who—even as you and I are best qualified to stand the burden if it is one of extra taxation. No one has the right to say that these men should not have what they want, to begin with, and certainly no one has the right to take the stand that they should not be at least partially compensated for the months or years they put in the service.

"I know the arguments that are propounded against adjusted compensation—of the danger of our promulgating another gigantic pension drain upon the country; of selling our patriotism; of the uselessness of giving these men this money only to have them squander it; and all the rest. I could not help but be grimly amused to read the pitiful appeal of our President Emeritus, to look back at our forefathers and to follow their noble principles—not mine, for mine came over in the steerage not so long ago, but his, and I presume, most of New England's. His own little college taught me that these Revolutionary gentlemen, and brave and good they were, don't misunderstand me, not only demanded a bonus but demanded it before they would enlist and a very alarming percentage deserted to re-enlist and catch this gratuity all over again. On top of that they pulled down about an Ohio county as a reward afterwards, which makes our fourfold compensation scheme look exceedingly mild and insignificant in comparison.

"But here is the point—no man who did not see these lads of ours in the line, and if I am not mistaken, we ended up with nearly two million of them there or perhaps patroling the North Sea or doing convoy duty in one of those bouncing iron boxes, has any conception of what wonderful stuff your America is.

"Perhaps the most vivid instance that typifies it all to me, was the night march before the jump off on July 18, 1918, southwest of Soissons, an operation now credited I think, with turning the tide. We had some three

hundred odd replacements (five weeks old in uniform) join us that night—Lord knows how they found us—and they were slapped under the end of the column. All night they plunged along the side of those roads which were jammed with artillery and transport moving up for the surprise attack—it was rainy of course, and packs were soaked and heavier than lead—falling into shell holes, tearing themselves on the barb wire, floundering along single file, but every one of them hanging on like grim death to the man in front of him, every man knowing down in his heart that it was the top in the dark of the morning with the chances not over fifty-fifty that he would ever see the sun shine again or his home or the trees or the flowers—but hanging on for fear he would get lost and would not be able to do his little part. Why? Because they were Americans.

"What has all this got to do with the bonus? Just this, that these bucks, these plain enlisted men—and let me add right here that it was the fine, high and wonderful spirit of the buck private which won this war for America, not G. H. Q., nor the General Staff, nor the officers of the line, though they all did their part—these bucks, the lads you pass now every day on the streets, your neighbor's boy, the lad who works for you, have everything coming from their country and they at least should have an even chance with the birds who cheered them off and won the war here at home.

"Damn it, if it wasn't simple justice, they should have it anyway, but it is only justice. Those who don't need it need not take it. Let them give it to those who do or to their Legion Post for relief work. There is no way to pick out just which ones should have it. The only way to reach the deserving is to give it to all.

"A lad from my old outfit wandered in here the other day, looking rather the worse for wear, but cheerful enough at that. He wanted to know what I thought the prospects for the government loan were. He had a chance to buy a cow, and he wanted it. This is his story:

"On the day war was declared he was working as a farm hand just outside of town. He had saved up a couple of hundred dollars, had the prospects of renting a farm for the coming year and intended to be married. But his country had declared war and the next day he enlisted in the infantry, unable to see any other course clear. He had a furlough a month or so afterwards and he married the girl he was going to leave behind. This kid went through the whole show, over the top a dozen times and with all the hell bursting around him for months, that these good Americans here at home when the news rolled back from the western front, might stick out their chests and say, 'Thank God we're Americans!' Out of his $30 a month this lad sent all he had after his insurance was paid, back to his wife, and, true enough, the government doubled it, but she couldn't make the grade on that alone.

"He got back in August last year, too late to take a farm, with his uniform still on and the $60 which proud America so generously gave him. He has had a hard time making a go of it because the profession of farmhand does not pay heavily and no one wants a farmhand with a family. Through the kindness of a former employer, he has forty acres to make his living on this year, but as you know, the produce of the farm does not come in until fall. He wanted to borrow enough money to get this cow, and see if he couldn't at least pay up something on the grocery and other bills which had been accumulating against him while he was eking out his living on the soil.

"In the last analysis, the question is this, Do you owe these men anything or don't you? If you feel that you do, the heads of the Legion, their accredited representatives, should not only have your good will but your active support, and those of us whose income is going to be dug into hardest, should be the happiest to have it so and *you know it*"

The decorations that MacNider wears are the Distinguished Service Cross with an oak leaf cluster for additional recognition of bravery; the Croix de Guerre with five citations, the Croce Al Merito Di Guerra of Italy and the ribbon of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He served with the Ninth Infantry and spent eight months in the Army of Occupation after the Armistice.

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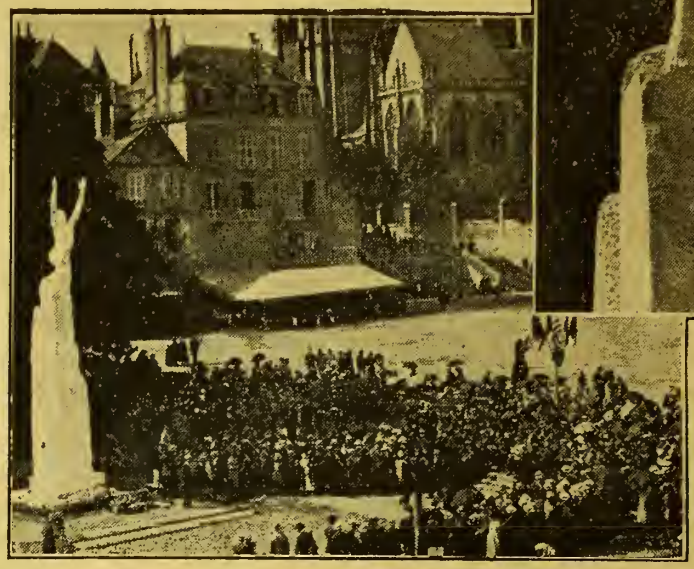
FRANCE'S TRIBUTE TO WILBUR WRIGHT

THE thousands of American soldiers who passed through Le Mans during the war and decided vaguely that some day they would go back to the Place St. Jacobins to look again upon the Gothic walls of the Le Mans cathedral will find, if they do return, that the Place St. Jacobins is now consecrated to the genius of a great American.



Above—Symbolical figure surmounting Le Mans Monument. At left—Tribune at the unveiling ceremonies

In the center of the square rises a fifty-foot shaft of white stone, at the top of which is the figure of a man with hands upstretched toward the sky. The monument is France's memorial to Wilbur Wright, the American whose experiments in flying, begun in 1900, earned for him his title as the father of aeronautics. At Le Mans in 1908 Mr. Wright conducted triumphant experiments which really brought into being the airplane industry of France.

The monument is the work of Paul Landowski, noted French sculptor. The base bears an inscription which gives chronologically the successive achievements in Mr. Wright's experiments. The figure surmounting the shaft symbolizes the struggles of man to fly. The statue was unveiled early in the summer in the presence of many French and American dignitaries.

The statue to Mr. Wright, an Ohioan, has added significance from the fact that Le Mans during the war was the headquarters of the 83d Division of Ohio, a depot unit which supplied many replacements for the front.

Le Mans, of course, is interesting for its own sake, for the traces of the first foreign army to camp within its gates, the Legions of Rome, may still be seen in many parts of the town. A few hundred feet from the statue erected to the memory of Wilbur Wright is a sunken garden, reputed to have been used by the Romans, and along the banks of a river, a stone's throw from the cathedral, are the ruins of the wall which the Romans built about the city.

If tourists reach Le Mans soon they may yet see the traces of the once vast camps occupied by American soldiers during the great return movement of the A. E. F. Le Mans and all the towns within fifteen or twenty miles of it formed the embarkation center in which homeward-bound troops waited for the boats, and those soldiers who were not sheltered in billets were quartered in the series of camps west of Le Mans.

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31x4	8.00	2.25	35x5	12.50	3.50
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PHILADELPHIA'S BIG LEGION FIELD DAY

POSTS in Philadelphia are arranging a notable American Legion Field Day to be held on Franklin Field, University of Pennsylvania, on September 18.

The games will be much more than a local affair. Many of the contests will be open to Legionnaires from all parts of the United States, and there will be special events for registered athletes of the A. A. U. who are not members of the Legion. American participants in the Olympic Games at Antwerp also will attend and perform.

The benefits of the athletic carnival will go to the Posts of Philadelphia, but they are not bearing the entire burden, nor taking the whole honor. Mayor J. Hampton Moore is chairman of the civilian committee which, with representatives of the Legion, will meet the returning Olympic heroes and escort them from New York to Philadelphia.

Valuable cups and sets of gold, silver and bronze medals are being pledged by prominent citizens and leading firms to be awarded as prizes. The carnival was organized by the County Committee, of which George Wentworth Carr is chairman. George G. Stranahan, formerly of the air service and one of the pioneer

automobile racers of the East, is chairman of the Field Day Committee. Edward Koellsted, chairman of the Philadelphia Legion's athletic committee, is in charge of the athletic events. He has the assistance of one of the best-known athletic directors in the country—Dr. George W. Orton, who annually conducts the International Relays at Philadelphia, an event which attracts the best runners of Europe and America.

In a conference at Philadelphia with the Legion representatives before the Olympic team left for Europe, Earl Eby, crack University of Pennsylvania

George Wentworth Carr, chairman of the Philadelphia County Committee, which sponsored the meet

runner, promised to act as an agent at Antwerp for the Legion in signing up the American winners for the Field Day.

The stadium of Franklin Field seats approximately 20,000 persons. The first event, a sixteen-mile marathon, will be started from Villa Nova College, or some equally distant point, in time to allow the runners to finish at Franklin Field just after the audience has gathered.

Events on the Field Day program open to all Legionnaires in the country are the 100-yard dash, 600-yard run, one-mile run and one-mile inter-city relay, each man to run a quarter mile.

Local events open to all Legionnaires of Pennsylvania, Southern New Jersey and Delaware are the Post medley relay race, Post one-mile relay race, 100-yard dash, 75-yard dash for women, tug of war, undress and dress again uniform race, bayonet race, bugle competition and squad wall-scaling contest.

The following are handicap events open to all registered A. A. U. athletes: 100-yard dash, 220-yard dash, 440-yard run, 880-yard run, high jump, broad jump, pole vault, shot put and invitation one-mile run.

Entry fees are fifty cents for each man for each A. A. U. event; twenty-five cents for each man for each other event; $1 for each relay race. Entries will close on September 8th. Entry blanks may be had from Edward Koellsted, Chairman of Athletic Committee, Philadelphia County Committee, American Legion, 1011 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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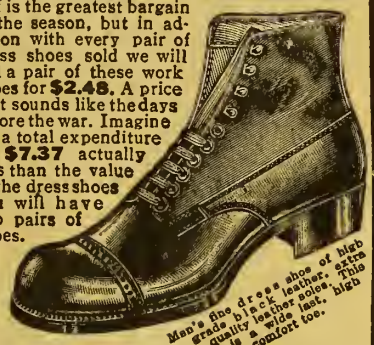

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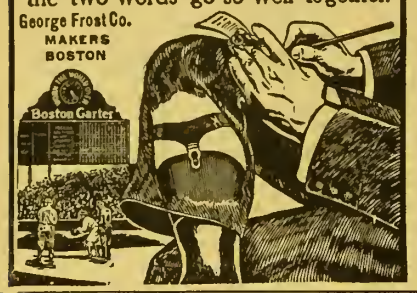

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THE ORPHAN-ROLL JUMPS TO EIGHTEEN

Gertrude E. Craig, Sangamon Post, Springfield, Ill.	2
Englewood, N. J., Post	1
Harry E. Kern Post, Toledo, O.	1
Hyde Park Post, Chicago, Ill.	1
Previously adopted	13
Total	18

THEY'RE coming in, men, they're coming in. Five more little French kids adopted this week, making it the best week yet. Or, as we really ought to say—they're coming in, men and women, they're coming in. Because this time the star adopter is a former naval reserve nurse, Gertrude E. Craig, of Sangamon Post, Springfield, Ill., who has taken *two!* If *one* nurse can adopt *two* orphans how many orphans can 9,500 Legion Posts adopt? We're not strong on mathematics, never could even count the beans in our mess kit right, but the answer does sound like food and shelter and clothes and an education for pretty near all the orphans of France. If—

That's just it, that *if*. *If* we take 'em and are we going to? We did once, when our average income was thirty-three princely iron men a month and now as civilians we spend about that much on a pair of shoes—at least some of us do. And all it costs to provide for one of our former *petits camarades* for a year is $75. Split that sum up among the members of your post and see how much a head that means? We thought so. Not such a lot apiece. So, when you hold your next post meeting, why not put up the "If *one* nurse can adopt *two* orphans . . ." question and see what happens. Maybe next week we'll have to change the question to "If *one* post can adopt *three* orphans . . ." But that's up to you.

"I prefer that a boy and girl, not under six years of age, be assigned to me," writes the former nurse who adds that she expects to continue the support of her two protegees for more than a year.

For the Englewood Post, H. V. D. Moore, the commander, asks that a girl mascot be assigned "who will write the Post from time to time." Will she? We'll bet a *chapeau* she will! And Englewood Post wants a picture of its orphan as does Harry E. Kern Post of Toledo, O., another live unit that remembers the days of O. D. and the funny scrawls the French kids used to get off to their American pals. The orphan fund now stands at $1,350.

Want to get in on the big campaign to father the lonely kids of our one-time ally? Here's how to do it:

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 mascot assigned will be either orphans or the children of permanently disabled French veterans.

Joseph Lechalupe, eight years old, formerly adopted by Lieut. E. W. Van C. Lucas, Jr., A. E. F.

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.

THE HIGH MASCOT

By H. L. AUSTIN

WHEN I was in training at American Lake, Washington, in July, 1917, a daily swim was necessary. The weather was fine and the swim was always a pleasure.

One day, when coming out of the lake, I bumped into a little white flannel dog floating in the water. It was a baby's toy and had tried a swim of its own. I took it to camp and tied it to our tent flap. A few days after I went swimming with a wrist-watch on, and after that it never ticked again. One of the boys of the squad buckled it around Whitey's neck as a collar. During our stay at this camp he was adopted as squad mascot, and served as an ornament by day and a sign by night. We could identify our tent by his presence, especially when running the guard lines after taps.

One day we packed up and hurried to France, arriving there in August '17. Whitey served as squad mascot during all our stay, although the squad changed its personnel several times. Sometimes he sweltered in a barrack bag; he traveled strapped to the outside of my pack; he hung from a string when in billets, and there were times when he was nailed to the foot of my double-deck bunk, when we were in barrack.

He was buffeted and abused by every buck that passed, but his kicks and cuffs and comfortings were all in the nature of fellowship, for he represented all that the squad meant to each other—good fellows, willing to lend their last clacker, standing every hardship, every loss and all good fortune.

All have scattered, but he remains with me, the symbol of two of the hardest and best years of my life. He is not valuable; he doesn't cost a cent for upkeep; he is dirty, inarticulate, ragged; the excelsior is coming through in places; the watch is muddied and rusted, and is rather a grotesque ornament for a creature so much traveled and solemn, but I would not lose that old watch or that ragged watchdog for any amount. He represents only the intangible things of friendship and memory. And he will stay with me, the High Mascot of my house.

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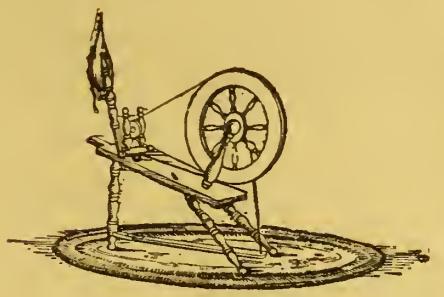

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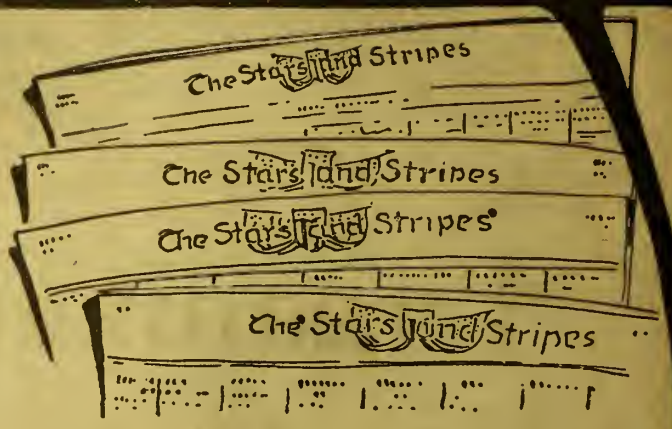

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