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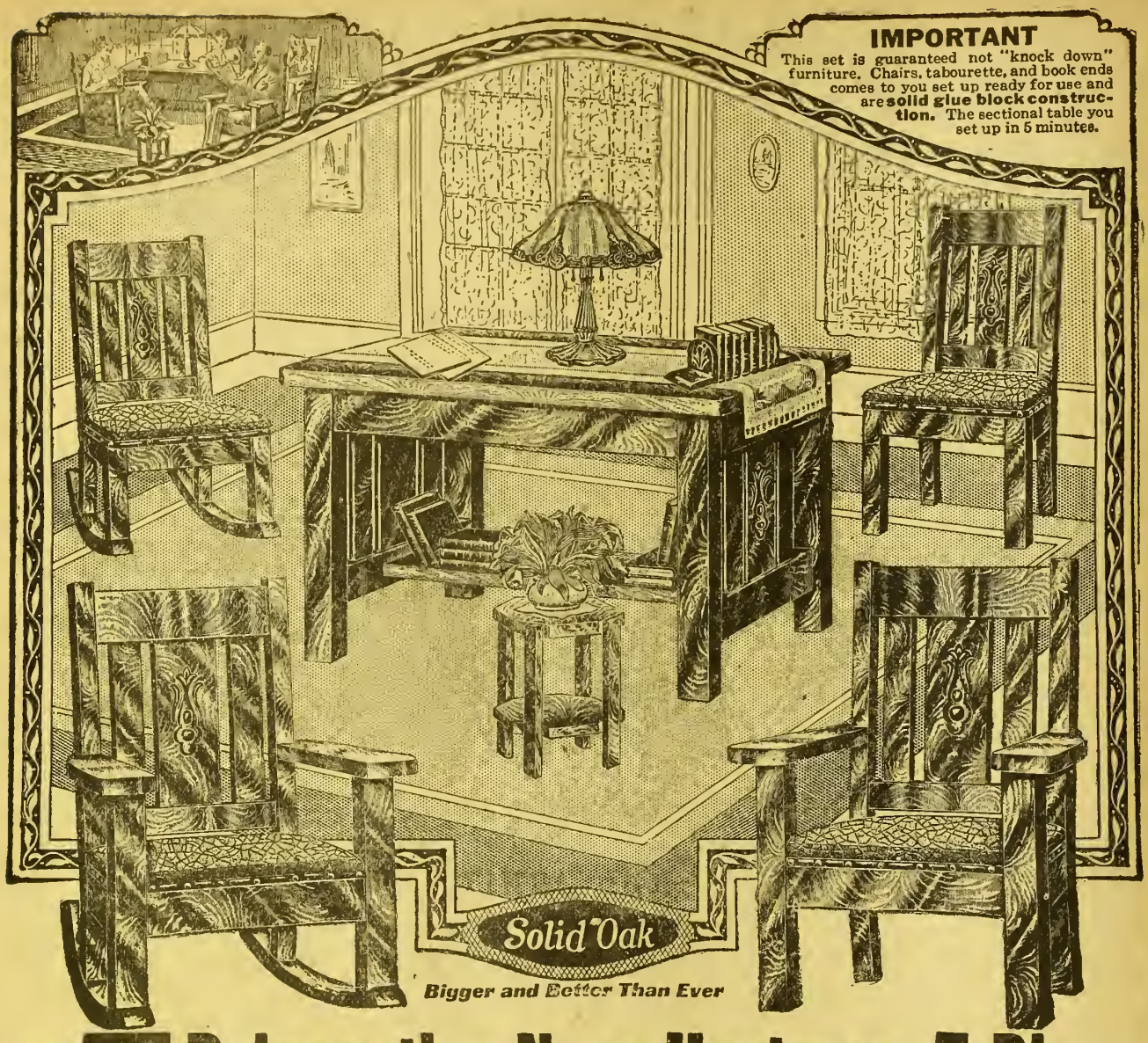

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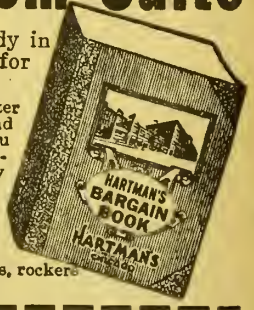

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THE DAY AFTER LABOR DAY

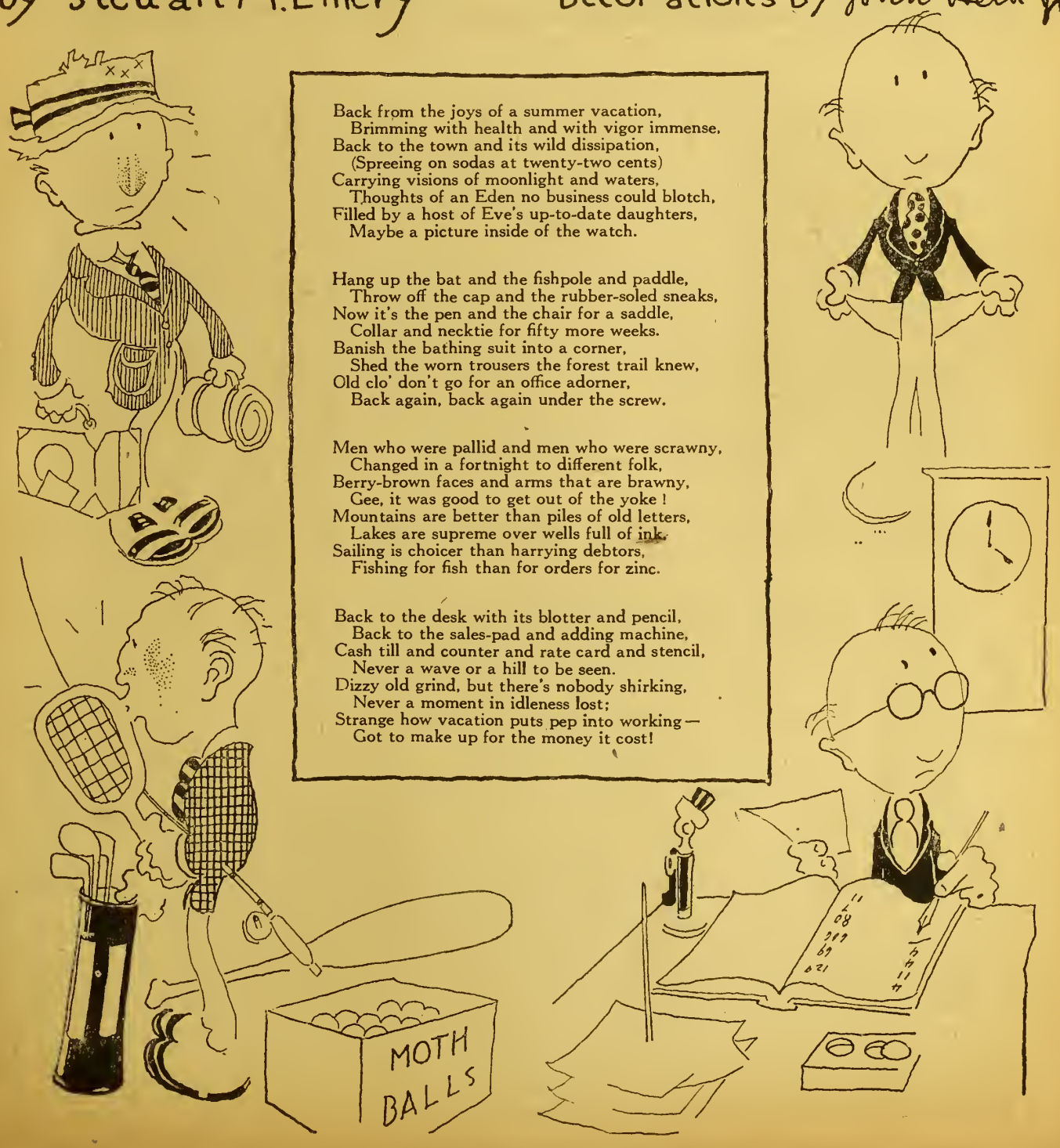
By Steuart M. Emery Decorations By John Held Jr

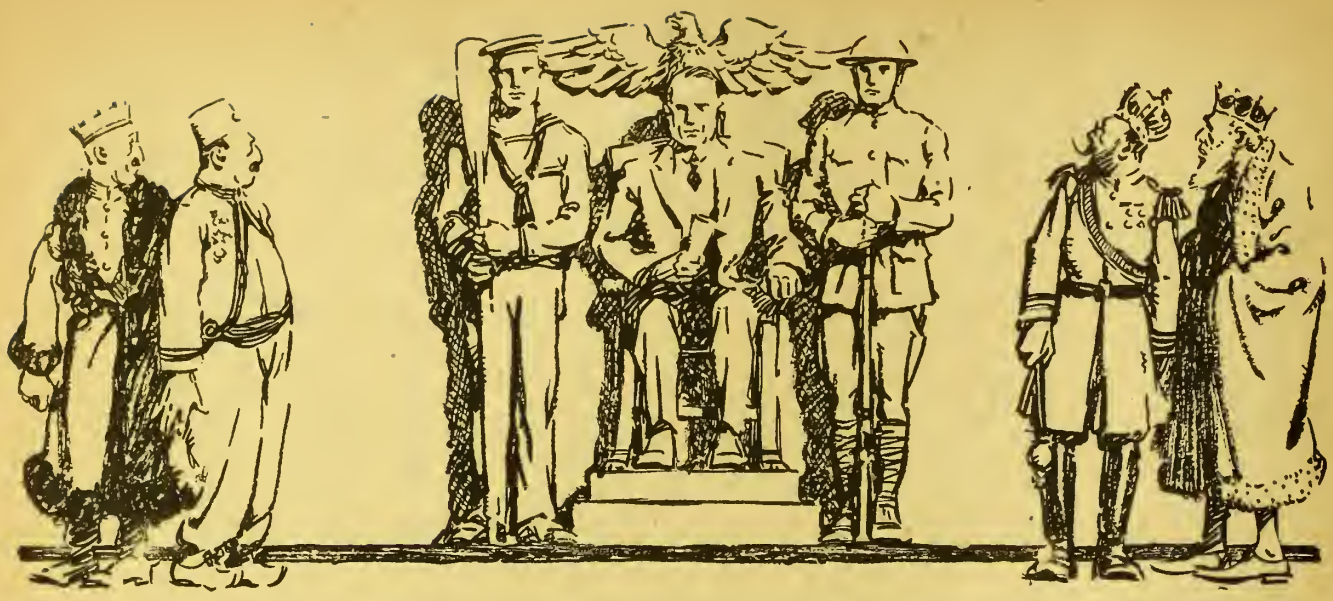
Back from the joys of a summer vacation,
Brimming with health and with vigor immense,
Back to the town and its wild dissipation,
(Spreeing on sodas at twenty-two cents)
Carrying visions of moonlight and waters,
Thoughts of an Eden no business could blotch,
Filled by a host of Eve's up-to-date daughters,
Maybe a picture inside of the watch.

Hang up the bat and the fishpole and paddle,
Throw off the cap and the rubber-soled sneaks,
Now it's the pen and the chair for a saddle,
Collar and necktie for fifty more weeks.
Banish the bathing suit into a corner,
Shed the worn trousers the forest trail knew,
Old clo' don't go for an office adorner,
Back again, back again under the screw.

Men who were pallid and men who were scrawny,
Changed in a fortnight to different folk,
Berry-brown faces and arms that are brawny,
Gee, it was good to get out of the yoke!
Mountains are better than piles of old letters,
Lakes are supreme over wells full of ink,
Sailing is choicer than harrying debtors,
Fishing for fish than for orders for zinc.

Back to the desk with its blotter and pencil,
Back to the sales-pad and adding machine,
Cash till and counter and rate card and stencil,
Never a wave or a hill to be seen.
Dizzy old grind, but there's nobody shirking,
Never a moment in idleness lost;
Strange how vacation puts pep into working—
Got to make up for the money it cost!





His High Mightiness

The Chief Executive of the United States Is Literally the Most Powerful Ruler on Earth

By Everett Kimball

Professor of Government, Smith College

"HIS high mightiness." That is the title which Washington is reported actually to have wished for himself and his office. At least several authorities insist that he wanted it, though none quotes him directly, and the world has the added information that Congress would have none of it. Since then, at all events, the President has borne no other official title than the name of his office—he always has been, always will be known, simply as "The President."

It is enough. For the President of the United States, though short on titles, is long on power. He has been given powers by the Constitution and has acquired powers through the evolution of our political system that make him the most powerful ruler in the world. No title which any European sovereign or executive bears adequately expresses the extent and importance of the President's power.

Was this the intent of the framers of the Constitution? Yes and no. They were terribly afraid of monarchy on the one hand and of the mob on the other.

They were not a democratically-minded lot. In the States in 1787, only a tithe of the population had the right to vote. The unfortunate experiences under the woefully weak Articles of Confederation showed the need of a strong executive. On the other hand, the experiences under George the Third had planted an ineradicable hate of monarchy.

An executive there must be. A monarch there could not be.

As the Constitution was originally adopted, nine powers were given to the President and eighteen powers were given to Congress. Experience, evolution, and above all, interpretation, have enlarged these powers. Today we no longer fear, as our fathers feared, that the government at Washington will be too weak. We no longer fear that Congress will control the President. Although we may invoke the power of the national government, we criticize "executive usurpation." That is what we call the exercise of the President's power—unless we are members of his party.

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

THE President, first of all, is commander of the Army and Navy and of the militia of the States when called into actual service. It may shock some people to realize that the President might become a greater military despot than was Wilhelm II of Germany. The former Emperor of Germany was always pictured as a field marshal. I doubt if President Wilson has a uniform, although it was reported that President Cleveland was once photographed in military regalia as commander-in-chief of the forces of the United States. But what cares the President for military trappings, provided he has the essence of military power? This he certainly has.

The Constitution says that war shall be declared by Congress. But what is war, and what effect does the declaration of Congress have? In 1846, President Polk ordered our troops to invade Mexican disputed territory. When the collision came, Congress asserted "that by the act of the Republic of Mexico, a state of war exists between that government and the United States."

We have had no war with China, at least Congress never declared one. President Roosevelt, however, dispatched an army from the Philippines which marched from Tien-Tsing to Pekin to relieve the legations.

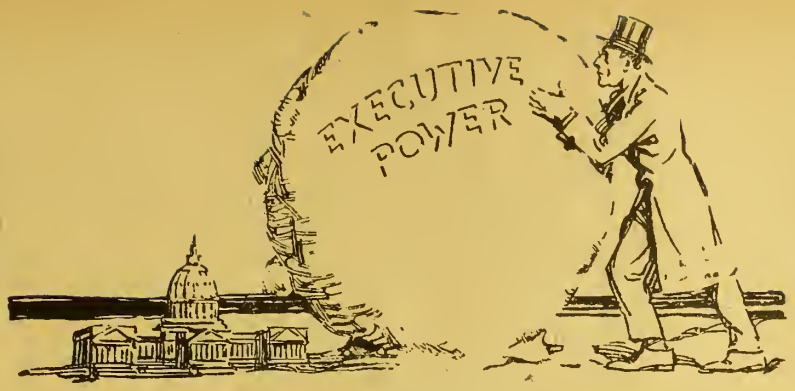
President Wilson landed troops at Vera Cruz and despatched General Pershing in vain pursuit of Villa, but Congress did not declare war.

As commander of the Army and Navy of the United States, the President can send the forces of the country anywhere and utilize them for any purpose, although Congress only has the power to declare war. Is he just the President?

The President commands the standing Army and Navy. In the days when our standing Army was small and our Navy weak, this prerogative was of little importance against a first-class power. But with a large standing Army and a Navy second only to that of Great Britain, our President wields a very different weapon.

And we must not forget the militia. The President has always had the power to call out the militia in case of domestic disturbances. Since 1916 the militia, with the assent of Congress, may be employed on foreign territory. Thus, although there was no war against Mexico, Congress gave the President the right to call the militia into active service, and our little campaign in 1917 proved but a dress rehear-

sal for Armageddon. The President can thus invlove us in actual war, although technically Congress must act. But what about peace? War is ended only by treaty. Here the President is supreme. The people may desire peace. Peace may actually exist. Congress may pass resolutions declaring that the war is ended, but there will be no peace.



What says the Constitution? The President "shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties." The President must act before the Senate. The President presents the Senate with the project of a treaty on which he requests their advice and consent. Their advice may be given in the form of amendments and reservations, as we have just seen. Their consent may be refused. The President may fail in his desire, but the Senate cannot triumph. Only when the President consents to modify the treaty in accordance with the desire of the Senate, only then can peace come.

But even then peace may not come. A President may withdraw a treaty which is under consideration by the Senate. President Harrison negotiated a treaty for the annexation of Hawaii. This President Cleveland withdrew, although the Senate would probably have ratified it. The President may not always obtain his will in foreign affairs, but the President can thwart the desire of a hundred million. Why call him His High Mightiness? What need of a title when he is it?

Although the consent of the Senate is necessary for the ratification of a treaty, there is a method of diplomatic agreement which some people overlook. This is the executive agreement. The President may appoint and instruct an envoy to a foreign country to act in a certain way. The foreign country may agree. A status is thus set up without the consent and advice of the Senate.

See how it works. In 1905 President Roosevelt negotiated a treaty with Santo Domingo which the Senate refused to accept. Thereupon President Roosevelt made an executive agreement. He despatched an envoy. As commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, he sent the Marines to support the agreement. For two years he was the undisputed ruler of part of the island without the advice and against the consent of the Senate, which shares his treaty-making power.

In like manner, the United States today is governing Haiti and Nicaragua by executive action, supported by the military power of the President, but without the consent of the Senate. In like manner, the irritating question of Japanese immigration was settled after a fashion by the gentlemen's agreement when a treaty probably would have failed in the Senate.

During the World War, countless executive agreements were made and enforced by the President without the Senate's knowledge. What was the War Board? What were the decisions of the Shipping Board? Who parceled out the supplies of money and provisions? Congress? The Senate? No. The President and his subordinates.

THE President appoints ambassadors and ministers to foreign countries. He also receives the envoys they send. We sometimes think that this is purely a formal affair and we hear a great deal, at which we smile, about the fuss and feathers of diplomacy.

But dangerous explosives sometimes may be sent in diplomatic uniforms. The appointment of a diplomatic envoy to a revolting colony or the reception of one from such is equivalent to the recognition of its independence. Once we profited by this. France ratified the Declaration of Independence when

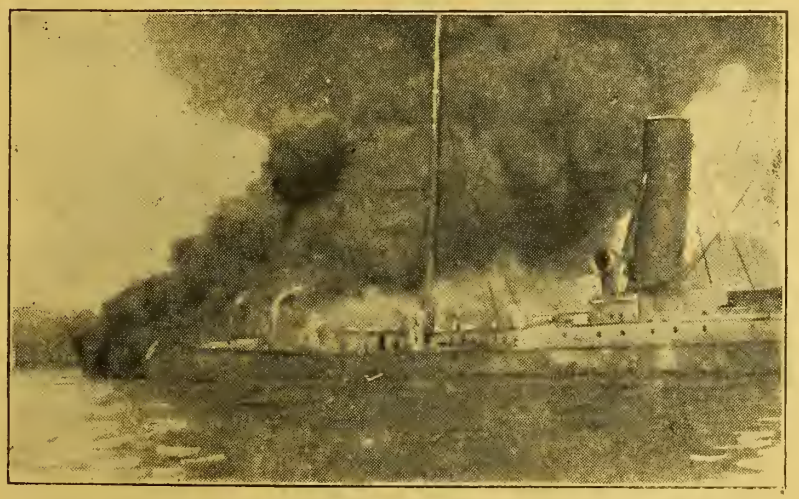
(*Continued on page* 26)

The Woes of a Mushroom Republic

Life in Batum, on the Black Sea, Reflects a Topsy-Turvy Society Whose Members Are Either Millionaires or Mendicants

By John Palmer Cumming

BATUM, Georgia, on the southeast corner of the Black Sea, has already been mentioned in despatches. Small city as it is, picturesque and beautiful in many respects as a resort on the bygone Russian Riviera, it is now a little whirlwind of international politics, chicanery and excitement. Not the international politics of governments that are well founded and well organized administrations, but rather of wobbly little countries that are almost childlike in their governments and ideas of governing.



A Russian merchant ship in flames in Batum harbor, the result of a well-planted bomb. Twenty-one three-inch shells had been fired into the hull in a vain effort to sink her when Mr. Cumming made this picture

For some time English battleships and destroyers have waited in the harbor of Batum, attempting in some small way to protect the oil fields at Baku and the pipe line between that city on the Caspian Sea and this particular port. The wells at Baku have been taken by the Bolshevists. Their mission is now useless. To the south of Batum the Turkish Nationalist Party in Asia is warring toward this prize; to the north and east the Bolshevists have reached the borders of the little Georgian republic, which has now signed an armistice with the Soviets. Tiflis, the center of things, the capital of Georgia, is tranquil only between rumors, while small business tries to operate.

At the moment this is being written a Russian merchant ship is in flames in the harbor, the result of an infernal machine slipped into the cabin during the night by some local Bolshevists. An English destroyer has punctured her hull with

twenty-one three-inch shells in an effort to sink her, but she still floats beneath a cloud of black smoke and hissing flames, while her cargo of gasoline continues to feed the fires. This is an instance of the tenseness of the situation. When the British go, as they are sure to do before this article reaches America, the Bolshevists will become a serious menace to the trans-Caucasian governments, and it is the general opinion that the Nationalist Turkish army, swinging north and east from Turkey in Asia, will soon wrest Batum from the Georgians.

Allied shipping will immediately cease, the harbor will be closed, and those who have moved time and again from the onsweep of the Bolshevists will be once more caught in a trap or else, fortunate enough to have their jewels to throw upon a greedy market, will take a few square feet on some merchant ship that will consent to take refugees at exorbitant prices.

An American destroyer is lying at anchor in the harbor now. A similar ship for the protection of American relief workers and American business has been here since last summer. At regular intervals they are relieved from the fleet of destroyers that Admiral Bristol, our high commissioner to Turkey, has at his disposal at Constantinople.

ROBBERY, pillage and money changing are at present the only profitable professions in the city. A small exchange of merchandise for carpets and wool goes on, but this does not amount to much. Since last November three ships, en route to Constantinople, have been taken over by brigands that had obtained passage on her and have been mercilessly looted. Money, jewels, and even baggage, have been taken from passengers at the point of guns in the middle of the Black Sea, and the boats compelled to change their courses toward the shore, where the crews were compelled to land the robbing parties with lifeboats.

There is a party of seven American business men in one large apartment who have been robbed on seven different occasions, without the slightest clew as to how the intruder got into their rooms. They sleep with revolvers and flashlights under their pillows, and a Russian policeman has been bribed to walk post in front of the house, but despite all of these precautions the seventh visit was made and watches, money and suitcases were gone on the following morning. My own watch and pocketbook went on the first night of my arrival, and it was only good fortune that kept the robber from noticing a stack of Turkish gold and several diamonds lying on the chiffonier by the window where he entered.

A glimpse of Batum reveals a squalid little town sprawled out under the shadow of neighboring snow-capped mountains. It is filled with malaria, mosquitoes, flies and vermin. It seems that the dirtiest and lowest classes of Europe have centered here as refugees unable to go further. The beggars are among the most pitiful and at the same time the most obnoxious sights imaginable. Their garments are often nothing but rags made from old flour sacks. Many have lost arms or legs in prior encounters with Tartars or Bolshevists. Even children with home-made peg legs of ordinary white pine and crudely whittled out, are continually at one's heels murmuring the beggar's chant. Their gratitude is always effusive, and given the chance, they grovel in the dirt to kiss the shoes of their benefactors in their happiness over the receipt of one or two rubles.

The money changers are robbers, too. The Turkish gold pound, for instance, has a value of about $4.81, but here if you sell them you receive about four dollars, and if you buy you pay six. The once perfectly good fifty-one cent ruble can be purchased now at the rate of three hundred for the dollar, while during the panic they dropped to 450 for American paper. When one stops to think that 450 rubles were at one time $225 in American money, he can appreciate the position of the thousands of refugees whose fortunes have dribbled into nothingness.

THE OPEN DOOR

There is a tragedy that hangs ominously over the heads of nearly every human being with a Russian passport. Nations have closed their doors to them; their money is valueless; the estates that were once the center of romance in Russia and perfect Utopias of life and gaiety, have felt the bloody heel of the Bolshevist, and friendless, the old people, marked as targets for the Bolshevists, sit and bide their time.

Of course, there are many Russians who have made fortunes, just as there are many others who are squandering the last pittances of their wealth. The markets are flooded with diamonds, all of which, of course, are claimed to have been personal presents from the Czar to once aristocratic families. Heavy gold cigarette cases, engraved in Russian and with diamond settings, are found in nearly every shop. Gobelin tapestries are peddled along the street by people who once looked upon them in their own magnificent villas. Diamond necklaces, pearls, and costly bric-à-brac are on sale in dirty little bazaars at outrageous prices. It is the proceeds from these luxuries that are giving the fleeing refugees money with which to return to their vodka and wild "*nuits blanches*" both in Constantinople and in Batum.

The town is filled with restaurants, all of which are called clubs, and supposed to cater only to the élite in their prohibitive prices. The finest Russian artists furnish cabaret entertainment. The great Russian prima donna, Madame Koschitz, who is now en route to America, has just finished a contract in Batum, where she gave several benefit performances for the refugees.

I said the prices in the restaurants were exorbitant. Can you in America compare your own high cost of living to butter at a dollar and a half a portion, to ice cream at two dollars a plate, and roast chicken at from five to eight dollars? Thirty-cent American sugar is nothing compared to a normal little dinner for one without wine at seven or eight dollars.

Only recently two American sea captains gave a little dinner for four that would not equal a dollar table d'hôte in an American red-inkery, and their check came to fifty-five dollars. Of course, there are cheaper places. A very light lunch, if carefully ordered from native and not imported foods, may be had for a couple of dollars, but that is all. The restaurants alone, however, are practising this brigandage, and local people live as cheaply as they can by cooking their own supplies.

Whole families live in one room. I

(*Continued on page* 29)

Rah-Rahing with Uncle Sam

The Federal Board Student Thrives on Culture and Comes Back for Seconds

By One of Them

Cartoons by HELFANT

It used to take him all one morning to dish up a furlough

TIMES do change.

Remember Guardhouse-Lawyer Buck? Mr. Buck is now a Federal Board student, and burns the midnight oil over Blackstone's interpretation of the constitutional limitations for the protection of life, liberty and top kickers. As ex-Private Buck he also stands for the abolition of the courts-martial system, and in the next war wants slum served to the prisoners in the pyramids instead of at the grease wagon.

The hard-boiled non-com—or non compos mentis, as he was often referred to—who used to grind at eventide over the number of counts in squads east, is now taking a fling at Cicero's eleven orations—a natural!—and the Gallic War.

The ex-topper, student extraordinary of human nature, now ponders alone in his electrically-lighted dugout over introspective and behavioristic tendencies in present-day psychology, with special stress on the old habitués of the sick book—the boys who made sick call so often that they carried a rubber stamp for the convenience of the company clerk.

And the company clerk, gassed when he came up from his underground encampment for air, is now learning the touch system in a business school, and can write "now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party" eleven times in thirteen minutes, whereas it used to take him all one morning to dish up an 11 o'clock pass. He knocks out shorthand signs with his right wing faster than he formerly got over the left hip after a cootie.

Picture the former unapproachable sage wearing a freshie's cap, sporting a frat pin, fussing the sorority queens and boning over a French grammar far after taps. Ex-muleskinner Mike Casey, the beetle who got a six-day leave to the Old Sod right after the Armistice, and remained AWOL six months, has forsaken the ribbons and is now a taxicab magnate, what with the completion of an F. B. course in auto mechanics and a little brushing up in trigonometric functions, logarithms and the solution of triangles. He knows the shortest distance between two points, but never takes it when riding with a customer.

It's sometimes hard for us old wearers of the O. D. to keep from eating with the knife at the college society functions, but we ordinarily handle the tools as nifty as the members of a foreign diplomatic corps.

Getting to classes on time is soft stuff for the birds who had to make a reveille line on the dot. A beetle who could get by at inspection with a dirty rifle bore merely by snapping the gat up with an extraordinary splurge of pep is going to be there with some kind of an answer when a prof. singles him out for a discussion of climatic conditions in France and its effect on the transportation of goldfish and peanut bars.

The old M. P. who swung a billie picturesquely isn't going to let any doctor of philosophy grab him napping when teacher asks for a description of the whirling mass of molten rocks as alleged in the nebular hypothesis.

THE army of the wounded and otherwise disabled is now beginning to break for the eddication line as it used to brush through the puptents at pay call. Faith in the F. B. at first was in direct proportion to the way it functioned, which was like a grease-wagon crew in the rain. A man that didn't know enough about red tape to qualify for a field clerk would never have qualified for War Risk.

At the big camps where discharges were meted out the word was passed around not to claim disability.

"If you claim disability," said one bird, "they'll send you back to the hospital for further treatment. I claimed ten percent; they sent me back, and two days after taking the treatment I was 'cured,' and swore I was in better condition than Frank Merriwell in his palmiest days."

Thousands of crippled doughboys, in fact, alleged they were in the pink of condition, like a newly-opened can of salmon.

The Federal Board, however, now goes out after the disabled veterans. A committee reports in a town, examines a number of applicants in the morning, passes on their cases and puts them into training the same day, or at least on the payroll, which is always considered a very essential process in any transaction among mortals here below. Even a shell-shock victim never loses his memory to such an extent that he forgets check day.

More than 60,000 men have been approved as eligible for training, and they are being trained in 1,500 institutions and 4,000 establishments. They pursue every subject from plumbing to chemical engineering, or vice versa, considering the scale of wages. Some are going back to the plow and the poultry farm; a great number are enrolled in the professional and business colleges, while trades and industries grab off a large percentage. There is one F. B. man now plugging at Columbia University for a doctor's degree. Four years is the maximum training, but a man may get an additional extension of government aid by submitting his case directly to Washington.

There are students who can speak only a few words of English. These are usually placed in trade schools, and get instruction in the English language in addition to other work. The F. B. even sends the men abroad for training, if the course they need isn't obtainable after a swing around the American border.

Some of the "boys" in training have reached fifty years along life's journey. One vet of forty-eight is now going to school for the first time in forty years, having dropped out of classes in the days of real sport. Veterans of the Spanish-American are back on the book route—men who did their fighting before many of the F. B. studes had uttered their first squawks. High school boys and college men who signed up during the melée are back at their studios, with Uncle Sam paying the bill instead of the old man.

TAKE it from a training officer, these F. B. men are ambitious and earnest in their work. Some institutions have reported that government students give less trouble and work harder than non-government studes. At first they were restless, jumped when a prof. slammed down his attention mallet, and went AWOL when Babe Ruth swung around on the circuit. Even now a back-firing auto outside an F. B. classroom causes a rush for cover. Few ever flunk. A man that

"Us bucks are after a doctor's degree"

could get by in the Army is just about prepared to tackle anything, so long as it doesn't smack of slum and there isn't any line-up.

Where a man is deaf or otherwise badly handicapped in his course, there are other F. B. students to assist him outside the classroom. In every school in the country where there are as many as a file of former doughboys they have an organization of some kind and pull together.

There are 185 men who lost their hearing entirely, or whose hearing was so greatly impaired that they need lip reading as a means of communication with other people, while there are between ninety and one hundred speech-defect cases. There are 250 cases of men who are either totally blind or who have seriously defective eyesight, and who are considered commercially blind.

The size of the tuberculosis problem confronting the F. B. can only be estimated. The totals range from 40,000 to 60,000. These estimates are based on statistical information gathered principally from figures published by the Surgeon General of the Army and the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. It is estimated that the F. B. will train 35,500 of these cases in 1921.

Assuming an average length of course of one year, the cost per man trained will be approximately $2,000. This includes training pay, tuition, books, travel, and administration expenses, including central and district office salaries.

ONE of the most surprising things is the number of men taking training who never crossed the submarine zone. A high official of the Board has estimated that fifty percent of the students never left an American port. The after-effects of the influenza epidemic and other sickness in the camps at home left in its wake a total of major and minor diseases that equals the injuries in the danger zone.

To get training under the F. B. a man is not expected to be disabled to such an extent that he is unable to work; in fact, the Board leans toward part-time employment for the student in addition to his studies, especially if the work fits in with his course.

Last winter one district had more work to be done than could be accomplished by its regular staff, and the F. B. students got four hours' work each week at 75 cents an hour. So much faith did this district have in its own boys that they were allowed to handle their own cases during the rearrangement of the papers and the changing of files. There is much contrast with this and the early days of the F. B. when the students were hounded and made to feel that a cent made on the side meant loss of training.

Nobody realizes better than the F. B. student that there are thousands of buddies throughout the country who are entitled to this training. A good adviser for any of the men applying is the student already in training, the man who has gone through the mill, the man who knows the F. B. rules, the schools which the Board prefers, length of courses and scale of pay for dependents.

Since so many of the F. B. studes have taken their places in the halls of learning there is considerable talk of making crap-shooting a major college sport. The salute has been revived by the physical directors for gym work, and a new piece of 'varsity skull exercise consists in trying to make a frat instead of colonel's orderly. Throwing the O. D. pills may replace the hammer hurl, while the patrol crawl will do away with the running board.

Here's the new college yell since the F. B. invasion:

Give 'em the axe, give 'em the axe,
Give 'em the axe, there!
Right in the neck, right in the neck,
Right in the neck, where
We got whizbangs and arm-ee rum,
O. D. pills, coots and slum.
K-h-a-k-i, k-h-a-k-i, the old O. D.,
Us bucks are after a doctor's degree!

Gandy-Dancin' Brannigan

By William V. V. Stephens

I think it was the seventh of September 'seventeen.
The railroad up to Cambrai was the settin' of the scene.
(Heave boys and End-O!)
Brannigan was "gandy-dancin'" up an' down the track,
Jugglin' ties an' fish plates on his bruised an' broken back,
Wonderin' when the word would come to make the big attack.
(End-O that rail!)

Brannigan was dreamin' of his gal with eyes of brown
Or blue or sumpfin' like it, in his little Jersey town.
(Heave boys and End-O!)
Over come a "coal box" a-screamin' through the air.
Brannigan was waitin' an' he got his little share.
Copped him in the second rib an' left him lyin' there.
(End-O that rail!)

Nawthin' very strange to have a "coal box" light an' burst;
But it *is* a bit of something to get the iron first.
(Heave boys and End-O!)
The first to feel the gunfire of Ol' Heinie overseas
Was Gandy-Dancin' Brannigan, the little Irish cheese.
You can look it up tomorrow in the records if you please.
(End-O that rail!)

Heroes Incognito

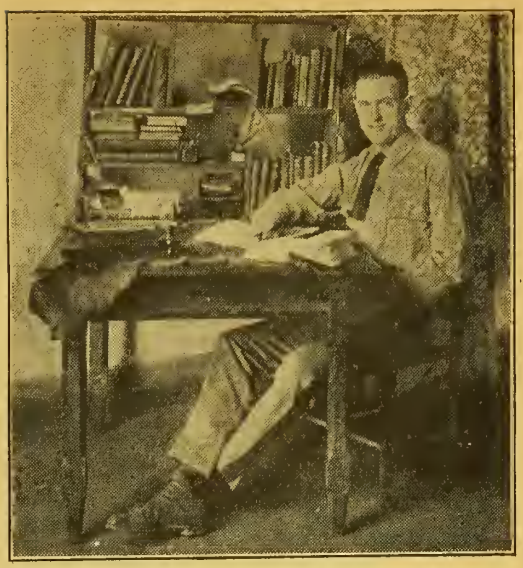
They Are Just Five Everyday Americans When You See Them at Work Today, but Their Names are Imperishable in the History of A. E. F. Daring

By Phillip Von Blon

A MIDDLE-AGED man wearing glasses sits at a desk beside a skyscraper window in the Wall Street district of New York. From far below comes the drone of the street traffic. Over his desk hums an electric fan. The busy clacking of typewriters is heard from an adjoining room. It may be that the medley of these sounds is conducive to concentration. At any rate the man at the desk is thoroughly absorbed in a closely typed, many-paged document before him.

The lively music of an overture falls away, and the brilliance of the pit and boxes is dimmed to a soft glow as the curtain rises upon one of Broadway's successes of the season. There is disclosed a stage garden. Red and white roses are blooming on vines that cling to brick walls. Graveled paths meet beside beds of hollyhocks. The entrance to a magnificent house shows through a break in a hedge. A young man attired in summer clothing—white flannel trousers, blue serge coat and straw hat—stands beside a garden seat with the air of one who is no stranger in these surroundings. The orchestra will play again, and the young man will sing and he will dance—all a part of the musical comedy in which a poor little girl, Pygmalion-like, develops into the beautiful society heiress.

In the mountains of Tennessee, a tall, freckled young man with a cropped reddish mustache grasps the handles of a plow at the end of a freshly turned furrow on a sloping field. As he chucks to the plodding team and wheels it for the turn, he looks across the crests of the Cumberlands which roll away into the distance like huge waves of green foliage. Beyond the farthest hill, the young man knows, lie the flat lands on which great cities are built. But he does not build any castles in the distant clouds or see any vision of a beckoning hand extended to him from the horizon. He sees only the piled-up thunderheads, and wonders vaguely if it is going to rain. He glances toward a cabin on the hillside nearby, and notices that smoke is curling from the chimney top. The breeze brings to him the premonitory fragrance of frying bacon and the steamy smell of new corn pone. The sun is already nearing the rim of the opposite hill, and he decides on one more round of the field.



Earl D. Gregory, single-handed, captured 23 Germans in the Bois de Consenvoye. Now he is pushing ahead toward a degree in electrical engineering at a Virginia College

"Haw there!" he exclaims energetically, lifting the plow for the final furrow.

In a small, simply furnished room of the dormitory of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg, Va., a young man sits at a desk and studies an open book. The shelves above him are stacked with volumes of varying sizes and thicknesses. Several pennants are crossed on the walls as decorations. The young man wears an army shirt with a four-in-hand tie, and light gray trousers which are conspicuous by reason of the broad colored stripes on the outer seams. He seems scarcely more than a boy. Whether you would call him a boy depends upon which side of thirty you are. But he is unmistakably studying. It may be differential calculus or "strains and stresses," or it may be a manual of engineers' field maneuvers—you can't guess at the subject which a student in an engineering school that has a cadet corps might be engaged in.

In a New England town a young man alights from a train with a sample case in his hands, gets into the bus at the station, registers at the hotel, goes out and calls at the nearest cigar counter. "Hello, Joe," is his greeting, with a familiarity that stamps him as a traveling salesman.

After crawling out of a shell-wrecked tank at Varennes, Donald M. Call carried a wounded lieutenant one mile under heavy fire. He is now playing a leading part in a Broadway musical comedy

AVERAGE people, these, you will say. Just ordinary, every-day Americans. Yes, they are, to find them today. Just average people—a lawyer, an actor, a farmer, a student and a traveling salesman. Ordinary every-day Americans they appear—and not one of them probably would be offended if you called him that.

And yet these five are five of America's greatest heroes. They are five of the fifty-four living men who, in the recent war, won the Congressional Medal of Honor, awarded only for surpassing heroism in battle—for heroic acts performed beyond the line of duty.

Some of them won fame as well as their country's highest award, while others returned to civilian life almost unnoticed despite their gallant achievements—for the reason that fame is

(*Continued on page* 20)

EDITORIAL

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

Denver and Elsewhere

DISCUSSING a recent editorial in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, the Fargo, North Dakota, *Courier-News* commented as follows:

The American Legion Weekly, in behalf of the Legion as a body, editorially condemns the tendency on the part of some Legionnaires and some Legion Posts to adopt "direct action" methods of curbing free speech and free assembly.

The *Weekly* is correct in saying the Legion as a whole cannot justly be held responsible for the acts of a comparatively few men or Posts.

Where the official organ of the Legion falls short in our opinion is in not also condemning the reactionary press for laying the blame for almost every case of mob action at the door of the American Legion.

In Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, Montana and elsewhere, whenever a Nonpartisan League speaker or some other believer in true democracy is mobbed or driven from town, the reactionary newspapers take special pains to say that the mob is composed of, or led by, Legionnaires.

Many newspapers in their desire to try to show that some person is what they call "disloyal" use the name of the American Legion to bolster up the charge.

That is unfair to the Legion. It causes people to believe that the American Legion is responsible for many cases of mob action, when the truth is that the Legion as a body had nothing to do with the outrages.

In commenting thus the *Courier-News* is dealing with an important problem facing The American Legion—the problem of clarifying and driving home more clearly to the public the aims, purposes and ideals of the organization. THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY does not share the belief of the *Courier-News* that what it calls the "reactionary press" is designedly and deliberately misrepresenting the Legion and coloring news concerning it. Rather it lays the blame for the many ill-advised newspaper stories which have placed the Legion in a wrong light to misunderstanding and misapprehension.

SEVERAL months ago wide circulation was given news dispatches chronicling the activities of a few scattered Legion Posts, or groups of men acting in the name of the Legion, which had overstepped the grounds of proper conduct in the treatment of so-called radicals. There were a scant half score of Posts involved, yet for the time being they commanded as much space in the newspapers, probably, and attracted as much attention as all the rest of the 9,000 odd Posts of the Legion combined. It was inevitable that the circulation of these dispatches should leave in the minds of the public, and in the minds of some newspaper editors, the impression that The American Legion was an organization which had taken upon itself the censorship of speech and social activity and would if necessary resort to militancy to enforce its policy. It was inevitable that thereafter the name of the Legion should be linked with further similar instances. And it was inevitable that the enemies of The American Legion should seize the golden opportunity and systematically spread the propaganda that the Legion was a hide-bound, conservative organization intolerant of new or progressive social ideas of any sort. The Legion still is suffering from the impression thus created.

National Headquarters of the Legion tried strenuously to counteract the effect of this wave of publicity. It explained that the much heralded acts of the few offending Posts did not represent the attitude of the entire Legion and that these acts were disapproved and regretted by the organization as a whole. But explanations never entirely accomplish their purpose. The harm had been done, and it could not be immediately repaired. Since then the Legion has been doing penance for the many-times-magnified sins of a few of its members.

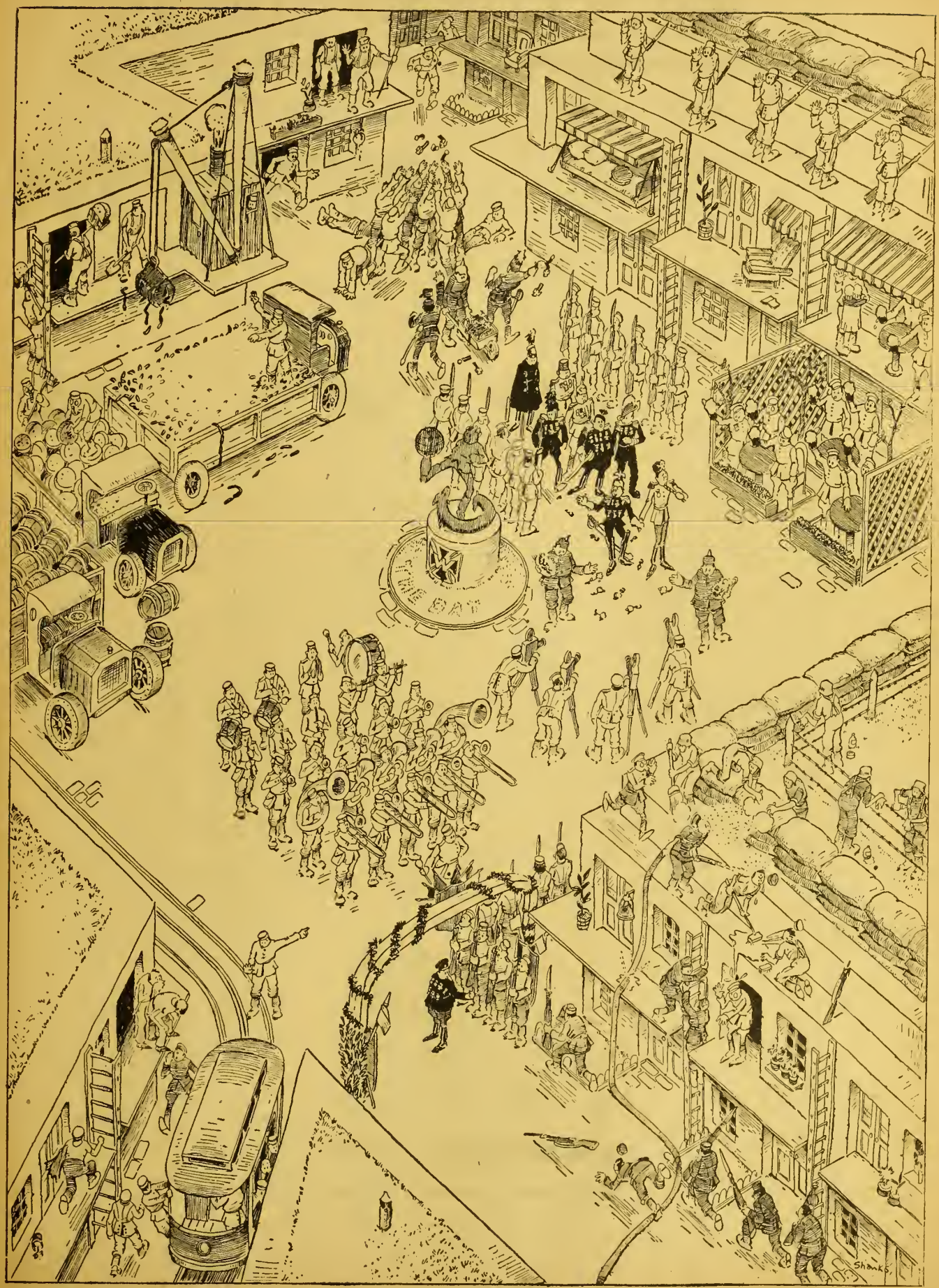
MORE recently newspapers have printed stories emanating from various parts of the country on the participation of the Legion in labor disputes, and troubles and disorders which have accompanied labor disputes, which have again placed the Legion in a wrong light. The latest instance is that of a widely printed news dispatch telling of Legion activity in Denver, Col., during the riots which followed the recent street car workers' strike in that city. The fault of this dispatch was ambiguity, the sin of it rather one of omission. It stated briefly that The American Legion of Denver had volunteered to assist the regularly constituted peace authorities in restoring order. What it did not explain was that the Legion—or such of its members as volunteered to assist in putting down the riots which had already cost several lives and threatened to exact many more—answered an urgent appeal from the governor of the State and the mayor of the city, that they acted only after the spokesmen of the strikers had approved their activity, and that they took extraordinary precautions to uphold the Legion's rule of non-participation and strict neutrality in labor disputes.

How effective these precautions were is a matter about which there still exists doubt. After the settlement of the disorders the strikers did not unqualifiedly endorse the activity of the Legion. Elsewhere in this issue is printed the report of the adjutant of Colorado upon the affair. A statement of the street car men's union will be printed subsequently.

However, the instance of Denver is only one of several, and if it ultimately develops that news dispatches sent from Denver left an erroneous impression in the minds of many persons it is not because of a deliberate attempt on the part of newspapers to misrepresent the Legion. It is a consequence of a misconception of Legion purposes and ideals. It was too much to hope, probably, that in one short year the ideals and purposes of such an organization as The American Legion could be transmitted the length and breadth of this country and be digested by the entire public—even in these modern days of the telegraph and the printing press. Only time will eventually overcome the misapprehension which exists. Only time will cure the sceptics and allay the suspicious. But the attainment of the purpose might be materially speeded if members and officers of Legion Posts actively seek to explain and elucidate the viewpoint of the Legion to the residents of their communities, enlisting the assistance and support of the newspapers.

Burnt Children

SIGNOR PONZI'S 50 percent profit plan having been washed overboard, the world will remain wary of double-your-money speculative possibilities until someone comes along with a scheme to extract twenty-two cent milk from milk weed.



His Heinieness and the Young Hopeful inspect a highly organized front-line system

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.*

Glad Ta Meetcha

One look the prize-ring beginner cast at the husky pug who was slated to oppose him. Then he advanced to the center of the roped arena, his hand outstretched.

"Well," he said cordially, "if I don't see you again, Hello."

Those Language Americain!

"Mais," protested the Frenchman who was touring the country, "you have admit that you have not see the London nor the belle Paris, yet you have say you have cross the ocean."

"That wasn't exactly what I said," replied the lank West Virginian; "I only told you that I went down to the ocean and give it the once over."

Wotta Break, Wotta Break!

Jinks and Jenks met for the first time in years. After falling upon each other's necks and chorusing the usual "Howzzaboys?" Jinks undertook to be polite and conversational.

"And how," he inquired with a show of interest, "is Mrs. Jenks standing the heat?"

Jenks regarded him suspiciously.

"How'd you know she was dead?" he demanded.

Details Demanded

"Here," bellowed the rubberneck wagon ballyhoo, in his most thrilling professional tones, "was fired the shot heard round the world."

But the young man from Boston refused to be convinced.

"But," he insisted, "just how many minutes did the sound of the trajectory require to circumnavigate the globe? I just perfectly know my memory is deteriorating."

The Stilled Small Voice

Judge Gray, down in Mississippi, was about to adjourn court when an old colored man of his acquaintance moseyed in, his countenance showing worriment.

"Jedge," he mumbled, "mah conscience done trouble me. Is yo' got a charge against me?"

"Why, no, uncle. I haven't any charge."

"Jedge, mah conscience suttinly am disturbin'. Yo' ain't missed a couple of yo' chickens, has yo'?"

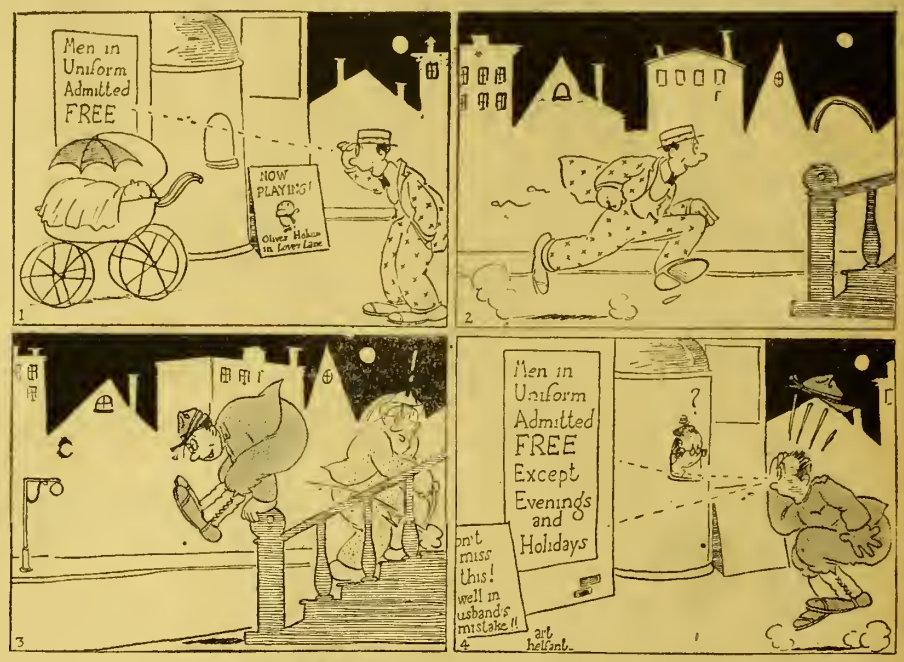
"No, uncle, I haven't, but even if there were a couple gone I wouldn't know it. I never count them."

"Don' nebber count 'em? Mah-h-h goodness! Mah conscience am appeased. Good day, suh, good day."

Happy Days

With tears of gratitude streaming down his face the man who had just been sentenced to six months in jail thanked the judge.

"It is an unspeakable relief," he said brokenly, "to have somebody except my wife tell me where I am going for the summer."



A RUN FOR HIS MONEY

Willing to Oblige

"So you were in the service," ejaculated the prospective father-in-law of the bashful aspirant to his daughter's hand. "Carry any scars?"

"No, sir," replied the would-be-bridegroom, "but I've got a deck of cigarettes if you'd like to try one."

"Since her marriage she has been ostracized by society."

"But I thought she married a banker."

"She did, but he turned out to be the banker in a poker joint."

Going Up

On the drill field a company of engineers was making the most gruesome possible mess out of "platoons left." A flea-bitten sergeant cast a sarcastic eye over the unhappy aggregation and then turned to the officer.

"Lootnant," he said, wearily, "I guess they thought you said 'balloons left,' so they all went up in the air."

Welcome Instructions

Down in Camp McClellan, Alabama, a captain was lecturing a bunch of prospective non-coms on the intricacies of the salute.

"And remember," he cautioned, "never salute an officer while you are running. If you are running, come down to a walk, salute, and then continue running."

The laziest man in the outfit exhibited his first signs of interest.

"I reckon," he suggested, "that even if we don't see no officer we better stay on the safe side and stop running just the same, hadn't we?"

The Inevitable Result

Teacher: "Suppose your father gave your mother twenty dollars, and then took five dollars back. What would that make?"

The Kid: "My gosh! All kinds of trouble."

Limit Somewhere

Hot and heavy the argument was running about the stove in the village grocery. One youth of tender years was waxing particularly discoursive.

"Huh!" he ejaculated. "Took you two years to finish up the war after the French and British had got it started. Lemme tell you if the S. A. T. C. I belonged to had been over there we'd have wound it up in short order."

"I guess you're right, buddy," returned an ex-overseas man mildly. "The Kaiser said he was willing to fight women and murder babies, but when he saw the S. A. T. C. he'd of drawn the line sure."

The Speed Boys

Still Buck: "Man, I tell you I'm the fastest guy on record. Many a time I've outrun a bullet for four miles and got away from it clean."

Civvie Again: "Call that speed? Shucks. I can turn out th' 'lectric light and be in bed before the room is dark."

The Fool Killer

"Say, listen," remonstrated the corporal when he came upon the laziest man in the outfit industriously cleaning his rifle. "You better cut that out. You're gonna get hurt."

"What's gonna hurt me?" inquired the laziest man.

"Accidental discharge of duty."

"How do you know Fred is making big money?"

"He's wearing a new pair of shoes."

Now You Tell One

"Yes, sir," said the big Irishman reminiscently, "I should say I was personally acquainted with General Pershing. I was lyin' back of the breastworks pumpin' lead into the Jerries one day when I heard the chuggin' of a big car. Then come a voice sayin', 'Hi, you there, with the deadly aim what's your name?'

"'Hogan, sir,' says I, recognizing Pershing.

"'What's your first name?'

"'Pat, sir.'

"'Well, Pat, you better go home; you're killin' too many men. It's slaughter.'

"'Very good, General,' says I.

"'And by the way, Pat, don't call me General; call me John.'"

Proof Positive

"Are you sure," demanded the lieutenant, "that there was only one girl there when the shell hit the Y hut."

"Absolutely, sir," replied the corporal. "I counted her over several times."

That's Gratitude

There was a raw rookie in France
Who was asked by a Y girl to dance.
As he swallowed his cud
He replied, "I'm a dud
But I'm sure much obliged for the chance."

THE VOICE *of the* LEGION

Red Tape and Medals

To the Editor: There is the usual amount of Army red tape in the giving out of the Victory Medals. Most of us are no longer bound by it and some of us think that inasmuch as the medal was awarded us it should be sent to us without requiring us to ask for it. The regiment of clerks employed to distribute the medals probably would be out of a job in a short time if they only had to look up the soldiers' records and forward the medals to last known addresses. What matter if 100,000 medals would have to be returned by postmasters? Would not that require less work than verifying 4,000,000 affidavits? Personally I do not feel like *asking* for a *gift* and swearing to the request.

O. S. McMULLEN

Victoria, Texas.

Electing President

To the Editor: Boy, page Mr. McNutt!

His article, "The Same Old Thing," was all right, but it wobbled considerably at the last. Mr. McNutt contends that both Harding and Cox were put across by a group. He then wants to know if the president of a bank would ever be selected by a mob of howling, frenzied, weary men. Certainly not. And according to his own statement neither Harding or Cox was put across by a mob. He says they were put across by a group of men around a table. That's the way the president of a bank is put across. But there's nothing to prevent the thousand or so stockholders of a bank having a big time at every annual meeting, is there? The

directors sit around a table and select the president, and if the stockholders feel inclined they may have their big meeting in the town hall and make a lot of recommendations to the directors, and get as hot as they want and as frenzied as their emotions will permit. A big laugh every four years isn't too often.

CHARLES BOOTH

Pocatello, Idaho.

Divorces

To the Editor: One thing that struck me forcibly in the last installment of the French war bride's pen was her reference to the laxity in our divorce laws. Laxity does not describe it. It is disgusting to note all the divorce cases. It was not so long ago that a divorce was a scandal to be hushed up as quietly as possible. Now it is a joke and the excuse for a double headline on the front page of the newspapers. We need new legislation that will tighten up our divorce laws, and until we do that the wave of immodesty that is sweeping the nation will continue.

WILLIAM USSLER

Philadelphia, Pa.

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.*

Do Veterans Shoot Craps?

To the Editor: Having read Mr. Sutton's letter under Veteran Legislation, issue of July 30, in which he states that "the bonus would simply be so much crap money and the recipients of the bounty would fritter it away accordingly," I take it for granted that this gentleman thinks all veterans are crap shooters. I presume Mr. Sutton must have patronized African golf in the past with poor luck and so considers that all veterans would spend their bonus in such a game. Therefore, I fail to see why he should pass judgment on all veterans.

I am no angel myself, nor do I patronize African golf, but if he or any others do not want the bonus, they should make it known to the authorities and lighten the burden of such an appropriation.

RAYMOND F. CLARK

Burlington, Vt.

No Bushel on This Light

To the Editor: When those Californians in your columns start singing their hosannas about their climate, it is time for a modest Kansan to step forward and tell about a climate that is useful as well as ornamental. Here

in Kansas our climate and soil produce real food. In California the only things they can raise are moving pictures, oranges and earthquakes.

You probably know about improvements in agriculture, by which our crops have been doubled, but do you know the real miracles of growth which occur under our beneficent skies? The corn is so tall and sturdy here that each stalk has to be cut down individually with a two-man cross-cut saw, and after the ears have been stripped off the stalks are set up along the highways as telephone poles. They are also being shipped into Texas for building oil well derricks. Experiments are now under way for the growing of square cornstalks, which would be easier to use in home building.

R. J. L.

Atchison, Kans.

We Also Served

To the Editor:

I am a member of the Legion
And I live in Illinois.
I didn't get across the sea,
To help our fighting boys.
But the Legion Magazine I take
Don't seem to think us much.
Who worked and drilled the raw recruit,
To try to make them such—
So when they went across the pond,
They'd know a thing or two—
About the rifle, gas mask,
And the things they ought to do.

My gang was sent to Alabam,
The hottest place I've seen,
We stayed down there all summer
And sweat ourselves quite lean.
We were ordered overseas,
I'll bet at least a dozen times,
But didn't even leave the
Camp 'til the Armistice was signed.

I'll tip my hat to him who took
The trip to Germany,
But try to find a line or two
For two millions just like me.

A. CLYDE MARLOWE

Urbana, Ill.

Are We Too Harsh?

To the Editor: Please pardon the following suggestions which are made in the interests of the WEEKLY. The writer is the secretary of a Congressman and does not sympathize with the tone adopted by some of the writers on public legislation. It is too similar to the constant unfair and ill-founded criticisms of the less fair magazines which have axes to grind.

If we cannot criticise intelligently, constructively and beneficially, we had best remain silent. Anyone can make destructive criticism, but we should try to offer remedies and not be merely wailers and calamity howlers.

Let me suggest some articles by better-informed and more constructive critics? As to Congress, it is accustomed to being charged with all the crimes of high and low degree, yet the vast majority of public men are sincere in their desire to help us. We should be sincere in our desire to help them.

GEORGE STRONG

Blue Rapids, Kans.

HE WANTS A SHOWDOWN

To the Editor: Of course politicians have said it would be unpatriotic, wicked and unspeakable for the Legion to go into politics. Many Legion members also believe honestly that the organization should stay on the outside of every question which has a political aspect.

But it seems to me from the mud I have seen thrown at ex-service men in general and Legion men in particular that most of the cooties which infest politics are against us and I see no reason why we should not stand together, to hunt out the seam squirrels in our national life, the arrogant officials and the wire-pullers who don't hold office.

They make more Reds than Emma Goldman ever could. I consider it the patriotic duty of veterans everywhere to boil and hand pick such political lice, regardless of what party they belong to.

This may sound radical, but I was shot up a bit while serving with the Sixth Marines, and I put Reds and crooked self-seeking politicians in the same class.

S. L. C.

Sunnyside, Wash.

A Senator's Promise

To the Editor: After a conference with United States Senator Charles L. McNary, this noon, I take pleasure in advising you that the Senator views the chances of the passage of the Fordney Bill through the Upper House very enthusiastically. He assured me that the bill would receive his hearty and active support, and that he intends to make a speech in its behalf.

ALLAN BYNON

Salem, Ore.

Getting New Members

To the Editor: I have got ten ex-service men to join The American Legion in the last two months by simply handing them copies of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. I work nights and long hours, so it is impossible for me to attend meetings, but I am doing what I can and I think others may get new members by following my plan.

W. A. T.

Tulare, Cal.

An Artilleryman Speaks

To the Editor: A man should be taught the rudiments of the service in which he enlists. I was stationed at Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky, six months with the Headquarters Company of the Field Artillery Replacement Depot. During this time I received about three weeks' training. I know just as much about the Field Artillery as I do about the Air Service, which is practically nothing. Except for the little drilling, "squads east and west, etc.," I did nothing but fatigue work.

When a man is physically unfit or has special skill, it is well and good to assign him to clerical work or something of that nature, but if the War Department can't make good its promise to use him in the branch in which he enlists, it should tell him that. If a man can't be given the special training he expects, tell him so at the start.

B. E. SMITH

Rochester, N. Y.

A Medical Doctor's Reply

To the Editor: In the issue of July 13, you print a communication headed "An Osteopath's Plea." An editorial in the *Journal of The American Medical Association* of April 17, 1920, is a good and sound reason for the difference made between doctors of medicine and osteopaths. It is as follows:

During the last three years a few Boards have examined osteopaths and licensed them as physicians. The objection to this is not that these candidates were osteopaths, but that their educational qualifications were seriously inferior to those which physicians are required to possess. Osteopathic colleges have been repeatedly inspected, and when measured by the same standards as are applied to medical schools, no one of them could rank higher than the lowest Class C medical college. Nevertheless, fourteen osteopaths were licensed as physicians in Colorado by examination, thirteen in California, two in Washington, and one each in New Hampshire and Texas.

J. M. S.

Denver, Colo.

Democratic Reform

To the Editor: The article on "Humanizing Army Justice," in the issue of July 2, if followed out would be the best improvement of the infantry. Of all our American institutions the Army in the past has been the most un-American and most undemocratic. Of all the Allied armies, the American Army was the most Prussianized as to government and discipline. In the future let our Army be free from those faults known as Prussianism. Let it be democratic like the other institutions of our Republic.

BENJAMIN F. STEPHENSON

Fellenzer Post No. 48,
Rockville, Ind.

Undelivered Photograph

To the Editor: A year ago, on August 24th, a camera man took a photograph of my outfit, the Headquarters of the Third Division, while we were being mustered out at Camp Merritt. Almost everybody ordered a copy of the picture and paid eighty-five cents in advance for it. I have never received my copy and suppose my buddies never got theirs. Can anyone do anything about this?

JOHN H. LEE

Dravosburg, Pa.

THE
Ex-Service
REVIEW

A Digest of News of Interest to the Former Soldier and Sailor

Schroeder Hopes to Win Famous French Air Race

The United States will have at least four entries in the Gordon-Bennett International Trophy Race, which will be held in France in September. The Army Air Service has entered Captain Schroeder with a specially built plane, The Aero Club of Texas has entered another plane, and the Glenn Curtiss and Wright-Martin Companies have each sent one. The renewal of the famous air race will be watched with great interest for the results may indicate to some extent what nation leads in the new mode of navigation.

The Army entry has a specially built 600 horsepower motor designed by Col. J. G. Vincent, of the Packard Company and formerly of the Air Service. The race is over a course of 186 miles, starting and landing on the same aerodrome. Awaiting the winner are $10,000 in gold and numerous other valuable prizes, in addition to the famous cup.

Especially interest has developed in the Swedish entry in the coming race as it is believed that Germany is trying out her latest product under Sweden's colors. Otherwise the German entry is barred.

In the party going to France from America, in addition to Captain Schroeder, are Capt. W. G. Kilner, who as a colonel commanded the famous Issoudon training school overseas; Capt. Corliss Moseley, who served with the Twenty-seventh Squadron; Lieut. A. I. Puryear and Sgts. W. G. Bailey, John Dolan, Homer Corby, Oscar Pach, John Ross, J. D. Smith, J. M. Pallisard, George Tribett, S. A. Christiansen and Charles W. Dworack.

South American Flyers Train in United States

Several of the South American countries have accepted the invitation of the Adjutant General of the Army to send officers here for training in aviation. The countries accepting and the number they will send are: Guatemala, 1; Venezuela, 2; Ecuador, 2; Peru, 2; Chile, 2; Bolivia, 2; Cuba, 2; and Paraguay, 1. These officers will be instructed in flying at March and Carlstrom Fields beginning next October. Chile is also sending two enlisted men to go to the mechanics' school at Kelly Field.

This is an innovation in Army policy. It was prompted, it is believed, by requests from the Pan-American Union, and is indicative of the desire for a more closely allied military policy on the part of the American republics.

Officers Write Histories of A.E.F. Major Battles

The official history of the World War is under way. Lieut. Col. O. S. Spaulding, of the Historical Branch of the War Plans Division of the General Staff, has ten officers at work on the data which has been collected by the War Department. The history will cover every stage of America's participation. Several volumes will be devoted to the other nations involved.

Colonel Spaulding will compile a series of monographs on each distinct phase of the history. The staff is now at work, for instance, on a pamphlet entitled "German Tactics in 1918."

Separate books will be written on each of the fourteen engagements fought by American troops—Blanc Mont, Meuse-Argonne, Vitorio-Veneto, Operations in Northern Russia, Operations in Siberia, Operations in Italy, St. Mihiel, The Somme, Oise-Aisne, Ypres-Lys, Marne, Champagne-Aisne and Montdidier and Somme Lys.

Dividends May Be Given On War Risk Insurance

There will be no reduction in the rates for War Risk Insurance, without Congressional action, according to R. G. Chomeley-Jones, Director of the Bureau. Reports have been circulated to the effect that the Bureau is operating at a great profit and would lower the rates next year.

This report was based no the statement of one of the officials of the Treasury Department that the ratio of death losses to the gross expected death losses as computed by the American Table of Mortality was less than 40 per cent. Hence, the War Risk Insurance Bureau was expected to reduce the charges.

This is not only impossible, according to Mr. Chomeley-Jones, who says that if the Bureau shows a profit above all possible expenditures at the end of the present calendar year, a dividend to policy holders may be made.

The War Risk officials are having to establish their own precedents as the tables used by the ordinary life insurance companies have been found to vary greatly from the results obtained by the Bureau. This is caused by the acceptance of all kinds of risks whereas the commercial companies are more restricted in the class of business they can do. Therefore, the War Risk Bureau must move cautiously for several years until some accurate table of mortality is devised for its particular class of business.

Hospital Patients Now Travel for a Cent a Mile

The Government Printing Office has finished the task of making the 40,000 furlough blanks which will enable all soldier patients of Army and Navy hospitals to travel for a cent a mile, and these blanks have been in the hands of the commanding officers of hospitals since August 6. The original idea of asking Congress for a cent a mile fare for hospital patients was conceived by The American Legion Post at Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, after the furlough fare rate was discontinued last March.

Necessary legislation was pushed through Congress by the National Legislation Committee of the Legion and *The Come-back*, the weekly organ of disabled men in Army and Navy Hospitals. It will result in saving thousands of dollars to the boys who are still awaiting the coveted discharge paper in military hospitals, and will make possible visits to their homes by many who could never have paid the three-cent fare, which will be even higher when the raises authorized by the Government are made.

100 PERCENT BIG TIMERS

The Washington Nationals claim to be the greatest ex-service baseball aggregation in the world. Clark Griffith, who was recently presented with a medal in appreciation of his services to service men during the war, says that he has more ex-soldiers on his roster than any other major league club, and that he has among them a pitcher, Harry Courtney, who was the first professional baseball player in the country to throw down his glove and go to the bat against Germany. No less than ten of Griffith's bunch participated in the war. These include Capt. Tim Jordan, Ensign Frank Ellerbe, Sgts. Sam Rice, Eric Erickson and Jezebel Zachary, Corp. Al Schacht, Pvt. Stan Harris and Chief Petty Officer Val Picinich.

Hospital Patients Do Not Lose—Patients in Army Hospitals who are members of the Army Reserve need not be disturbed by the recent abolition of the Reserve and the discharge of all its members. They will continue to receive hospitalization under paragraph 1452, Army Regulations, or as beneficiaries of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, according to a recent ruling of the Surgeon General's office.

A Blow At Alien Draft Evaders—No citizenship papers will be granted foreigners who sought deferred classification in the draft because they were not fully naturalized at that time, if the precedent established by Justice Nolan in the District of Columbia Court is followed. The Justice refused the final papers to a young man of draft age when he learned that he had made his lack of citizenship the basis of evading military service during the war.

Army Political Neutrality—Much comment has been caused in Army circles by a recent order of the Secretary of War in which he has forbidden all persons connected with the military establishment to participate in any way in politics. His order, which is very explicit, rules against "active participation in political manager ship or political campaigns." It is observed with interest that the order will preclude such a thing as General Leonard Wood taking the stump or working actively for Mr. Harding, as it had been rumored he would do.

Pilgrims' Day—Community Service, with which all ex-service men got acquainted more or less between camp and discharge, is still alive and is starting a drive for the commemoration of the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. The tercentenary is to be celebrated on November 20. Seventy cities are planning to provide a fitting festival for this day and have appropriated money for the purpose. Plans for the celebration include the unveiling of a monument at Plymouth.

Army Gets 11,000 In Month—While the new bill calls for a force of 280,000 officers and men, including Philippine Scouts, the Adjutant General's report for July 31 shows that there were then 202,560 in the service, 187,197 enlisted men and 15,364 commissioned officers, 8,222 of whom were regular army and 6,766 emergency officers. Recruiting in July was active and 11,000 men were gathered in.

Concession for Veterans—By special order of the President, ex-soldiers and wives of soldiers will be shown preference by heads of Government Departments and by the Civil Service Commission in considering applications for retention in the government service of efficient employes who have reached the age of retirement fixed in the Retirement Act of May 22, 1920.

Oath Restores Citizenship—The Attorney General of Massachusetts has ruled that a man who enlisted in the service of one of the Allied countries before this country entered the war is not a citizen of the State and therefore not entitled to vote. He is a citizen and may vote, it seems, if he entered an Allied service after our declaration of war. Those who lost their citizenship and suffrage by going to the aid of the Allies before their country did may regain them by taking the oath of allegiance to the United States Government.

Veterans Favor Business—Thirty-five percent of the disabled veterans with amputations who are in training under the Federal Board are taking up business and commercial courses, 34 percent are studying industrial and trade work, 14 percent are trying to learn farming, 10 percent have been attracted by the professions, and the remainder are taking pre-vocational training, learning to read and write.

Twenty-four Y. M. C. A. Secretaries have been made officiers de L'Academie by the French Government in recognition of their war work.

IN REPLY *to* CAPTAIN BUNKER

Would He Take a Bonus?

To the Editor: If Captain Bunker were in my condition he would not be so much against the bonus. I served my time in the A. E. F. as a private in the Medical Detachment of the First Gas Regiment, was wounded and gassed and lay in the hospital in France for three months. Since being discharged in the United States in February, I have been in the hospitals more than half the time. Yet I have a wife to support, and can do no heavy work. They gave me fifty percent compensation. At present I am in Oklahoma trying to get my lungs in condition.

Cleveland, Okla. C. L. P.

Whole Skin and Empty Pocket

To the Editor: I will eat Captain Bunker's bars if it is not justice to compensate a man who left home and a $125 job to fight on a $30 wage, while he was succeeded by a "stay-at-home" who got $150 and more for doing the same work. Did the man who "fought and bled for Democracy" owe more to his country than the "stay-at-home" who grew fat?

Personally, I have no complaint, as I am a disabled veteran and have been compensated, but most of my friends come through with a whole skin and an empty purse.

FLOYD L. OVERMAN.

Magnolia, Ark.

A Word for the Captain

To the Editor: To the man who said it was a good thing that Captain Bunker resigned from The American Legion, I would just like to say that it is a poor policy for anyone to talk freely about people he knows nothing of. While I was serving at Fort Monroe, Captain Bunker was in command of a regiment, and everybody that ever served under him, officers and enlisted men alike, always spoke of him in words of highest praise. Captain Bunker is a splendid officer and a fine man, and it ill behooves the Legion to lose many of his kind, whatever his opinions may be and however we may differ from him. Personally I don't think he is right on the bonus question, but that is another matter. The point is that our organization can ill afford to lose a man of his kind.

EDWARD E. FUCHS

New York City

A Hypothetical Question

To the Editor: If Captain Bunker had been a private in the war getting $30 per, less $15 allotment, less $6.50 insurance, leaving $8.50, and then had had a hard-boiled shavetail or C. O. come along and tell him he could afford a Liberty Bond, would he have his present viewpoint, particularly if he had been running in debt at home while he was away?

The Government has just handed the railroads the biggest bonus in history, and it gave $10,000,000,000 to make Europe comfortable. Why can't it even

OUR LOST CUSTOMER

The following letter to the editor of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY *was published in a recent issue. On reading it, dozens of members were moved to express in writing what they thought of the Captain's attitude. The accompanying letters are typical of the many received.*

To the Editor: As a mark of my personal disapproval of the bonus grab being engineered in the name of The American Legion, which your paper seems to approve, will you kindly do me the favor to see that my name is removed from your mailing list? I do not wish to be connected in any way with such an enterprise.

It seems that I joined the Legion under a misapprehension as to its purposes and ideals. Unless I receive notice from my Post in answer to a recent letter of mine that the Post is against this bonus bill, I shall take great pleasure in resigning from the organization.

PAUL D. BUNKER, Capt. C. A. C.
Fort Amador, Canal Zone.

things up for those of us who came home to face tough luck and taxes.

Hackettstown, N. J. O. C. A.

The Wrong Foot

To the Editor: Captain Paul D. Bunker, C. A. C., steps off on the wrong foot in his letter in the WEEKLY of July 23. If the Captain thinks the Legion is wrong, is it not much more his duty to stay with the Legion and try to set it right?

I don't approve of the bonus proposition myself, but the Legion is big enough to permit of differences of opinion—and it adds to the liveliness of post meetings to have a few of us irreconcilables ready to argue with our comrades on the merits of the biggest job the Legion has so far undertaken. Captain Bunker seems to be quitting. The bonus issue is only one of the many things on the Legion program, and the organization is going to be active and useful long after the bonus has been disposed of one way or the other.

Berkeley, Cal. ALBERT H. ALLEN.

"Paid-in-Honor"

To the Editor: I have just read Captain Bunker's letter in the July 23 issue. Evidently he is one of those "paid-in-honor" boys. Please don't stop his subscription at once, because he ought to know what the rest of us think about him.

Perry, Ia. M. J. C.

From $200 to $30 a Month

To the Editor: Replying to Captain Bunker's letter, I would like to ask if the Captain had left a civilian job paying $200 a month, and had served two years in the Army at $30 a month, would he still disapprove of compensation? Perhaps if I had left a job paying $100 a month and entered the Army at $200 a month or better, I might be against compensation, but even at that I think I would be fair enough to think of the other fellow.

W. C. GREENLEE.

Charleston, W. Va.

Is the Captain Married?

To the Editor: Under the heading, "We Lose a Customer," I see in the magazine that Captain Paul D. Bunker doesn't like the Legion's stand on compensation for veterans, and is going to resign. From observation, I am convinced that some form of compensation will be the only means by which certain ex-service men around me, working every day, will be able to clean up the debts their wives contracted while they were away fighting. The Captain is too unfair in mind to have a command, be he also has poor public spirit. Men with tempers such as his are not a benefit to our new Army.

SAMUEL HOOPER.

Swampscott, Mass.

Second Thoughts Are Best

To the Editor: I would like to reply to the letter in this week's issue from Captain Paul D. Bunker, C. A. C., with reference to resigning from the Legion.

My own resignation was in the hands of the Secretary of the Air Service Post for the same reason that the Captain gives, but upon a little more consideration I decided to withdraw the same, stay in and fight, rather than get out and quit. The place to work for improvement is from the inside. Stay in with me, Captain.

ROBERT K. DEMAREST,

Bayside, L. I. Ex 1st Lieut., A. S.

Comment by the C. A. C.

To the Editor: Captain Bunker is evidently a brand new officer who feels his oats. It looks like pretty poor pumpkins for a man who draws $2,500 a year to complain because fair-minded people wish to give privates who drew $360 a year, less deductions, their just dues.

RICHARD C. BURTON.

Richmond, Ill.

What About This?

To the Editor: I see that Captain Bunker of the C. A. C. stops his paper and threatens to resign from the Legion because of his opposition to bonuses. Yet he remains in the Army, accepting a bonus of ten percent on his pay, granted by a recent act of Congress.

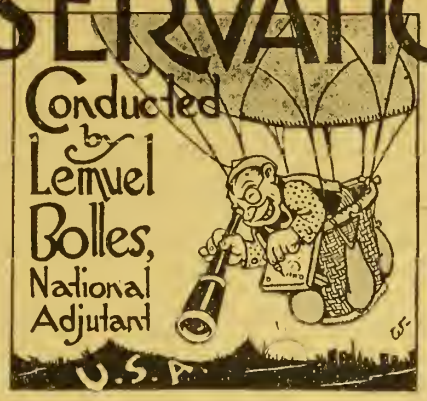
"Consistency, thou art a jewel," etc.

I happen to belong to the Regular Army myself, but I do believe in compensation.

THOMAS J. WALKER.

San Jose, Cal.

THE OBSERVATION POST



THIS week I step onto the forensic platform almost am--ed at my own precociousness. For I am leading by the hand none other than a little Legion brain-child who will be lucky if so much as a hair of his imaginary head is universally approved and passed at the inspection he is in for. I've named him the "Ideal Legion Post," and I've tried my best to make him concrete and specific, which is obviously impossible, since no post can be in a strict sense ideal without conforming to particular local conditions as they exist in different communities.

But careful analysis of data in the archives of the Organization Division reveals certain attributes that are found solely among the more successful posts; others seem to be characteristic of the unsuccessful or what we might call backward posts. With this as a foundation, I have modeled a more or less crude conception of what I think the ideal post should be. I make no elaborate claims as to merits or demerits. We merely present the ideals for what they are worth. And now, let's go!

ONE of the first requisites of the ideal post seems to me to be something that is not now possessed by more than ten percent of the more than 9,600 posts chartered to date—a fixed territorial boundary. Our last national convention advocated the establishment of posts on a distinct geographic or community basis. But thousands of posts had already sprung up mushroom-like, enrolling members at random from all communities and sections, and today with few exceptions I find there are men in every post who have little in common with the particular geographic district from which the post draws the majority of its members. There will always be a certain number of "casuals," such as racial posts, but the ideal post as I have come to see it is the one with all its members living in the same community.

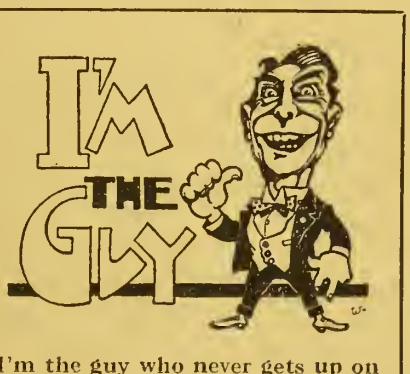
The membership of the ideal post, I think, should rarely exceed 250 or 300. In posts larger than this, a certain proportion of the members can never become intimately and personally acquainted with one another. You can easily see that. The big post has another disadvantage in that unless its officers are paid, it is unfair to ask them to carry out the vast amount of detail work necessary to the proper functioning of the organization. Moreover, not all posts have facilities where more than 300 members can assemble for a meeting.

A survey of 500 posts in twenty-nine different States shows me that posts of a membership of 250 or less have nearly twice as large a proportion of paid-up members as those with an enrollment of 1,000 or more. Up to the present I find this has been a general rule—the greater the enrollment above 250, the higher the percentage of delinquency. The average enrollment of posts chartered to date is about 225, and about eighty-two percent of all the posts have an enrollment of 250 or less.

THE ideal post *positively* must have a unit of the women's auxiliary. Paste that in your hat. So many post activities cannot be successful unless the women are interested, and this interest is so difficult to obtain unless the women themselves are organized, that an auxiliary unit is an absolute prerequisite of any post's success.

The ideal post will keep all its members thoroughly informed as to the action of State and National Headquarters, and will see that the latter are also promptly advised of all important steps taken by the post. Also, remember it must make a point of telling the public at large what it is doing, what is has done, and what it hopes to do. As a means to this end, it should have an active post correspondent, preferably a newspaper or advertising man, who will see that local papers publish the news about his post, and that data of national interest is forwarded to the director of the American Legion News Service, at 627 West Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Tell the world about yourselves, in other words.

The ideal post will have a full complement of officers as listed on its charter application. This permits of the delegating of official duties to officers who have special ability for those duties. It also enlists a broader degree of individual interests in the life of the post.



I'm the guy who never gets up on his hind legs in post meeting and shoots off his mouth. Why should I? I can talk just as good as the rest of the amateur orators in my post but what's the use of me wasting my breath when a lot of other wind-jammers are always on the job? I've got good ideas, but it's too much trouble to get up and sound off. Let George do it. That's me, Joe, and my name ain't George.

AND now, as to post committees, here is something very important you should remember. It isn't at all a case of too many cooks spoiling the slum, so far as having a lot of committees is concerned. The more committees working in their special fields, the better they'll do their job and the ideal post has many different fields of activity. Excellent committees to appoint beside the executive are those on public affairs, education, welfare, membership, program and entertainment, health and sanitation, finance, sports and convention. Of course, every post won't need to have all those committees, but the larger ones should certainly have them. It just means that every committee will attend to its own little job and do it up brown without having to worry about other things.

It is not enough for a post to feel, because it has an executive committee, that all necessary work will be taken care of by that committee. It is better to have several special committees with the chairman of these, along with the post officers, constituting an executive committee which will supervise and coordinate the work of all the committees.

The members of the ideal post never will feel that their post is an end in itself. You must regard your post as a means to an end—a concerted force to work with municipal officials and other existing agencies for the betterment of your community, State and nation. Your post can accomplish more by getting behind general civic movements and pushing them through natural channels than by attempting to take complete charge of affairs and be the "whole show."

A subject about which I receive widely divergent views has to do with county executive committees, and whether the ideal post should co-operate with other posts through such a medium, or carry on its transactions direct with its Department Headquarters. In some parts of the country where the functions of county committees have been purely co-ordinating and not administrative, definite benefits and particular advantages I know have been realized. Unfavorable situations, on the other hand, have arisen where the county committees have become administrative bodies. They tell me that in the latter capacity, these committees place an added expense upon the individual Legionnaire and usurp functions that properly should be performed by the Department Headquarters. But the decision in this matter is up to you.

THE average post dues in the different States range from fifty cents a year in Nebraska, to five dollars in Arizona. With respect to the ideal post, I can only say that its dues should be commensurate with its needs and in conformity with the community in which it is located and the means of its individual members.

The function of the ideal post, of course, is to carry out the principles

and aims of the Legion constitution. I can't make that too strong. It will abide by the rules of its Department and National Headquarters on questions of national policy. It will throw its full strength on the side of 100 percent Americanism, and maintain always the high goal of making our country a better place to live in. And let me say right now, I'm proud of the way you men of the Legion are tackling this job.

I realize that thousands of you will take issue with many of the points I've mentioned. Believe me, I don't presume to dictate how posts should solve their individual problems. The data I've presented is merely the result of conclusions I've reached after many conferences with various individuals in close touch with the development of our organization. My object in stating it here is purely informative. There have been numerous inquiries regarding the "ideal post" received at National Headquarters, and so from the information at present available, I've just made a stab to provide you with an answer. Now I leave it to you. Go to it.

AMONG the Legionnaires to compete in the Olympic Games at Antwerp, "Mike" Devaney, of the Thomas B. Wanamaker Post, New York City, stands well to the front. He belongs to the Millrose A. A., of New York, and is noted as a middle distance runner. He served in the Navy.

CARRYING ON

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

IT looks as though American Legion posts have recided to take a big interest in State and county fairs. Reports are constantly coming in dealing with the plans of various units to conduct booths and tents at fairs in their localities to get new members and help ex-service men with their insurance and other problems. Some of the posts entering this helpful work are Lorents Post, of Mankato, Mich.; Charles E. Price Post, of Carthage, Tenn., and Thayers Waters Post, of Colome, S. D.

With only twenty-six members, the Arnold Aosved Post, of Deary, Ida., a town of 300, started out last May to do things. On July 4, less than two months after organizing, the Post had constructed and paid for its own building, and had put in a piano costing $550. Today the Post has a membership of thirty-six, all paid up, and it boasts a property valuation and bank balance of more than $2,000. Approximately $175 a month is cleared by a series of Saturday night dances. Each dance is conducted by a different Legionnaire each week, and competition is keen to see who can make the most money for the Post.

One thousand handbills distributed through the city, full page newspaper advertisements, window cards in the principal business houses, and personal letters to every service man in the township, were some of the means employed by Alexander Bright Post, of Alexandria, Iowa, in its drive to increase its membership. The effort was a success, and the Post now lists 173 members. Soon after the membership drive an American Legion Frolic and Exposition was staged, and enough money was realized to pay off all outstanding debts and put $550 in the bank as a nucleus for a building fund. The Post now is housed in two well-furnished clubrooms.

The Norfolk, Va., Post is urging the local school board to introduce a course in Americanism into the schools of the city.

The first step toward procuring a home for ex-service men and women was taken the other day by the Twin Falls, Idaho, Post when articles of incorporation were approved for the formation of The American Legion Memorial Association. The board of directors will be three representatives from the Legion, two from the Women's auxiliary and two from the citizens' committee of the Chamber of Commerce.

The Jacksonville, Fla., armory recently was opened to Legionnaires of the Edward De Saussure Post and the woman's auxiliary with impressive ceremonies. A sixty-foot swimming pool, gymnasium, bowling alleys, indoor rifle range, billiard hall, auditorium, rooms for the auxiliary and a canteen are included in the equipment of the building.

BROADWAY stars have been booked to appear at the second annual entertainment and reception of Lexington Post, of New York City, to be held on Columbus Day, October 12, in the Yorkville Casino.

The old fatigue detail is out again, this time at Hackensack, N. J., where the top kick is putting members of the H. B. Doremus Post on the job of cleaning walls, scrubbing floors and generally policing the new house for the Legionnaires. A women's auxiliary will be formed as soon as the new quarters are ready.

"Americans in Action," a motion picture of war scenes obtained through official United States sources, was shown at a Milwaukee theatre under the auspices of The American Legion. The organization's share of the proceeds will be used to help finance the central office, which is maintained for service men of Milwaukee County.

The support that the Middle Village, N. Y., Post accorded to the local troop of Boy Scouts enabled the youngsters to get away for a vacation at Bear Mountain Camp. As the Scouts were without funds, the Post held a raffle.

The new home of the Benjamin F. Haecker Post, of Eureka, Ill., is a lot like the old Army hut, except that it cost $3,600. An office for the adjutant and a stage are included in its furnishings. The Legion's baseball team is sporting brand-new uniforms emblazoned with the organization emblem. They were donated by the citizens of Eureka.

After taking a whirl at cleaning up the Germans, the members of the W. T. Cokley Post, Lake Village, Arkansas, are cleaning up germs. Once a month the former doughboys and gobs snap into the old blue denims and hobnails and go out in formation to tidy up the streets of their town

The Montesano, Mont., Post has its own concert band of seventeen pieces, which made its first public appearance on Memorial Day.

The first annual joint reunion of Harry G. Myers Post of The American Legion and De La Hunt Post of the G. A. R. was held at Cannelton, Ind. All expenses of advertising and for the staging of a baby show, airplane exhibitions and concerts, were paid for by the issuing of an elaborate program.

One of the posts may yet be housed in a building now used as a church. That is the Horace D. Washburn Post of Corinth, N. Y., which is considering buying the building. A tug-of-war between the married men and bachelors of the Post was a knockout event in their recent field day.

WHEN it seemed as though the United States Coast Guard station in Chicago at the foot of Kenilworth avenue and Lake Michigan would have to be closed temporarily on account of the lack of men and money, Rogers Park Post procured three crews of life guards under a trained captain to man the station and patrol the beach. A combination memorial hall and community home, to be erected at a cost of $500,000, is planned by the Post. The project calls for a building containing a large auditorium, clubrooms, swimming tank, gymnasium, library, billiard and pool rooms and bowling alleys. Part of the money is to be raised by a drive, and the balance is to be covered by gold mortgage bonds.

The Legion and the Denver Upheaval

WHEN Denver, Colorado, was in an upheaval during the early days of August following a strike of street car workers, five hundred members of The American Legion, answering a call from Governor O. H. Shoup, volunteered for emergency service in preventing the destruction of life and property. The part played by these Legionnaires in assisting the inadequate force of peace officers to bring order out of chaos is told in the following account, the formal report of Morton M. David, Department Adjutant of Colorado:

"At midnight, July 31, the tramway union of Denver declared a strike. No cars were run the following three days. On Wednesday, August 4, a few cars were run with armed, imported strikebreakers and guards. No passengers were carried. On Thursday, August 5, the same method was used in running the cars with the exception that passengers were carried.

"At 5 p. m. on Thursday a motor truck became stalled on the street car tracks at Fifteenth and California streets, blocking two street cars. A crowd soon gathered and a riot started. Five persons were injured, and the street cars were badly damaged. The police dispersed the crowd.

"The same evening at about 8:30 o'clock four street cars were attacked by a mob at Colfax avenue and Logan street. Several persons were shot and others injured. The police were unable to disperse the mob. The street cars were overturned and several of the crews beaten. This mob was composed chiefly of men and boys between the ages of fourteen and twenty.

"The mob then proceeded to the office of the Denver *Post*, a daily newspaper, where they broke windows and entered the building, destroying furniture and part of the plant. Here also the police were unable effectively to control the situation. The mob then went to the South Side tramway barns, where they were fired on by the guards within. Three were killed and several wounded. One of the men killed was an American Legion member from Kansas, who was said to have been an innocent bystander.

"At midnight Governor O. H. Shoup appealed to The American Legion to assist in maintaining law and order, as this State at the present time has no State troops. He stated that the city and State government could not cope with the situation.

"In response to Governor Shoup's appeal, a meeting of most of the commanders of Denver posts and members of the Denver Central Committee of The American Legion was held at 2 a. m. Friday, August 6. It was the sense of the meeting that an emergency existed by reason of rioting, destruction of property and injury to life, all caused by a small, disorderly and criminal element of the community. The meeting considered a statement of the Governor that the police force was unable to handle the situation, and a call issued by the Mayor for a volunteer force of patriotic citizens to assist in maintaining law and order. The union officials had denounced the action of the mob.

"It was then resolved that each post of The American Legion should call a meeting of its members to act on the following plan:

"To select one member to act on a general committee in charge, such man to report immediately at Legion Headquarters.

"That such members as might wish be requested to volunteer their services as temporary peace officers.

"That each post organize its own volunteers and select its own officers, and assemble in uniform at American Legion Headquarters.

"That the general committee divide the entire city into districts, and each post be assigned a district to patrol and maintain law and order under control of the general committee.

"That it should be distinctly understood that the Legion stands first for law and order, and that neither directly or indirectly should the Legion by its action take any part whatsoever in the controversy between the tramway company and its employes.

"That the volunteer force under no circumstances should operate cars, become strikebreakers, or act in any capacity except the maintenance of general order in the community.

"By 2 o'clock in the afternoon all posts had held their meeting and had acted on the plan. At 4 o'clock more than 500 members reported at The American Legion Clubhouse for duty.

"Some were assigned as traffic officers in the business district. Their duties consisted of keeping automobiles and all other conveyances out of the district.

"That same evening rioting occurred at the East Denver car barns between a mob and strikebreakers quartered in the barns. Three men were killed and several men and children were wounded and injured. The police were unable to cope with the situation, and The American Legion members were sent. They dispersed the crowd without firing a shot and without any trouble whatever.

"The same duties were performed on Saturday, and at midnight The American Legion members were disbanded. Federal troops arrived at 1:30 Sunday morning.

"Not one street car was run nor was there any attempt to run them during the two days that The American Legion members were active.

"Not one shot was fired by any member while on duty, and outside of the one riot no trouble occurred.

"On Friday night a conference was held between the president of the tramway union and the Legion Committee, and he was informed of the Legion's plans and was in accord with them. At the same time he stated that the union was against violence, and that the men had been repeatedly warned against committing any acts in violation of the law. As far as we can ascertain the tramway union took no part in the riots. Seven persons were killed and more than fifty were injured.

"The American Legion as an organization did not, nor did any of its members, take any part, directly or indirectly, in the strike.

"On Monday, August 9, Ralph Pearson, a disabled member of the Legion, who was recovering from an operation and who did volunteer duty, was attacked from the rear by three thugs and severely beaten. No clue has been obtained to his assailants."

THE UNION'S STATEMENT

The following telegram was sent by THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY to the head of the street car men's union in Denver:

"In view of conflicting reports printed, AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY is anxious to know if the activity of members of The American Legion in patrolling streets and assisting in preserving order during Denver strike met approval of yourself and union men. Will you please advise immediately?"

The following reply has been received:

"We approve action of The American Legion insofar as applied to protecting life and property but do not approve of methods. Detailed account in mail to you.

(Signed) "COMMITTEE STREET CAR MEN'S UNION."

The mailed statement of the street car men's committee has not reached THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY in time to be printed in this number. The editors hope to publish it in the issue of September 10.

HEROES INCOGNITO

(*Continued from page 9*)

Charles W. Whittlesey, commander of the "Lost Battalion," is now following the tactics and strategy of Blackstone. His law office is in New York's financial district

based upon more factors than bare accomplishment. The names of several of them will be associated by almost everybody with the stories of their deeds, while the names of some of the others stir no responsive public memory. But both those who were made famous and those who remained out of the spotlight of a nation's emotional attention in war time merited by their performances the fullest measure of a nation's gratitude.

The lawyer was the central figure in an episode of the A. E. F.'s fighting which made his name a household word in the autumn of 1918. Who has not heard how Colonel Charles W. Whittlesey and his "Lost Battalion" of the 308th Infantry, Seventy-seventh Division, fought for five days in the Forest of Binarville, northwest of Verdun, while the Germans were all about them and pouring a deadly fire into the ravine which they were defending. The tale of the deliverance of this battalion after it had lost half of its five hundred men and had suffered tortures from hunger and thirst occupies a real place in the history of the war.

Mr. Whittlesey has offices at No. 2 Rector street, New York City. Several weeks ago a prominent New York man disappeared after embarking in a motor boat for a trip up Long Island Sound. A reward of $1,000 was offered for the finding of his body or news of his fate, and New York stirred with reminiscent interest when it read that the reward was offered through Charles W. Whittlesey. The lawyer who had brought back a battalion was engaged in the task of trying to bring back an individual.

Perhaps the military achievement of the actor is not known so widely as that of the lawyer. But when you read the name of Donald M. Call in the cast of "Irene," a musical comedy which has been playing continuously in New York since last winter, try to visualize the picture which the following official citation brings up:

"Donald M. Call, second lieutenant, Tank Corps. For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty in action against the enemy at Varennes, France, September 26, 1918. During an operation against enemy machine gun nests west of Varennes, Lieutenant Call, then corporal, was in a tank with an officer, when half the turret was knocked off by a direct artillery hit. Choked by gas from the high explosive shell, he left the tank and took shelter in a shell hole thirty yards away. Seeing that the officer did not follow, and thinking he might be alive, Corporal Call returned to the tank under intense machine gun and shell fire and carried the officer over a mile under machine gun and sniper fire to safety."

CALL was playing a leading part in "Fair and Warmer" at the time the United States entered the war. He joined the City Club Unit of the American Ambulance Service and sailed for France June 20, 1917. He received a Croix de Guerre with silver star for bravery while serving with the French Army, and joined S. S. U. No. 30 in September, 1918. In the spring of 1918 he joined the Tank Corps, and was made a corporal in the 344th Battalion. The officer rescued in the act which won Call his Medal of Honor was John Wesley Castles, Jr., of New York City.

Two days after his Medal of Honor performance, Call was wounded and spent some weeks in the hospital. He was commissioned in the autumn and took part in the St. Mihiel and Argonne offensives. After being sent to the hospital again because of an infection of his old wound, he returned to the States as a casual.

After his discharge, Call joined the Henry Jewett Players in Boston for the full season there. He then took a part in "Martinique" before joining "Irene." Call was married soon after his return from France.

THE A. E. F. exploit of the Tennessee plowman won for him the title of "the greatest hero of the war." Of course he would be a rash man who should seriously attempt to make the distinctions on which such a title might be claimed, but Sergeant Alvin York, of Pall Mall, Tenn., happened to ride into a fuller fame than most of his brother Medal of Honor men because an American magazine writer gave to the world the story of his deed at the moment when the public was seeking just such a war idol. After the publication of the article, Sergeant York returned to the United States and found himself undeniably famous.

The country's imagination was stirred by the narrative of a Tennessee squirrel-hunting deacon who captured 132 German prisoners almost single handed at Châtel-Chehery, on the edge of the Argonne.

But the adulation of half of the cities on the eastern seaboard did not turn the mind of Alvin York from his mountain home. He returned to his native cabin and, aside from work he has undertaken to improve the schools of the mountain districts, he has been content to harvest the crops from his sloping fields, preferring this to gathering the dollars which were offered him to appear in vaudeville and motion pictures. He is not city broken, and he does not wish to be. He is married now. It happens also that he is a colonel on the staff of the Governor of his State. So it is not likely he will do any more roaming for a while.

THE college student of Blacksburg, Va., is Earl D. Gregory. He received the Medal of Honor for an act of bravery which saved the lives of scores of his comrades of the 116th Infantry, Twenty-ninth Division. In the Bois de Consenvoye, north of Verdun, on October 8, 1918, the advance of his regiment was held up by fire from a German machine-gun nest. Sergeant Gregory took his rifle and a trench mortar shell and started out alone. He used the trench mortar shell as a hand grenade, and at the point of his rifle captured three Germans with their machine gun. He kept on, and a few moments later captured a 7.5 centimeter mountain howitzer. Then he entered a dugout and captured nineteen prisoners.

His right hand shattered, Benjamin Kaufman threw grenades with his left and destroyed a German stronghold. Now, as a traveling salesman, he is selling cigars with both hands

Sergeant Gregory returned to his old home at Chase City, Va., after being discharged from the Army. Then he reentered the Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg to finish the four-year course in electrical engineering he had begun before the war. The cadet corps at the institute maintains high military standards, and it is a safe bet that a real full-fledged Medal of Honor man has added to its prestige. Sergeant Gregory probably is thinking more of engineering than of fighting now, inasmuch as he brought home with him a shrapnel wound in the thigh.

That wound had kept him in the hospital for several months. Perhaps this hospital period served to crystalize the ambitions to which he had clung even when chances seemed against him.

THE world probably would not recognize the name of Benjamin Kaufman, the traveling cigar salesman, as that of one of America's greatest heroes. And yet, Sergeant Kaufman, of Company K, 308th Infantry, Seventy-seventh Division, wrote a lively little chapter in the war all by himself on October 4 on the edge of the Argonne forest.

His exploit was similar to that of Sergeant Gregory. When an enemy machine gun held up the advance, Kaufman led a patrol which set out to silence it. He became separated from his patrol, and a machine gun bullet shattered his right arm. He did not stop, but began tossing grenades with his left arm. Then he charged the enemy position with an empty pistol, scattered the crew and brought the gun and one prisoner back to a dressing-station.

Sergeant Kaufman's first after-the-war job was managing a Wall Street messenger service. Then, with his brother, he opened a cigar store in Brooklyn, and now he divides his time between this store and traveling through Eastern States with his sample case. Now and again he is hailed by a war veteran who does know what his lapel rosette stands for, but over most of his route he is still a hero incognito. For a hero, unlike a good cigar, is not recognizable by the wrapper and the band.

Alvin C. York's trusty rifle brought a harvest of 132 prisoners at Chatel-Chehery. Now his plow turns to a different harvest in Tennessee

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

THE LEGION LIBRARY

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

Books Received

THE THIRTY-NINTH IN THE WORLD WAR. *By Major Robert B. Cole and Captain Barnard Eberlin, Thirty-ninth Infantry. Press of Joseph D. McGuire, 241 West 37th Street, New York City.*

HISTORY OF COMPANY E, 303RD ENGINEERS (*Seventy-eighth Division*). *Compiled by Joseph P. Roth and Robert L. Wheeler. John P. Smith Printing Company of Rochester, New York.*

PICTORIAL ALBUM OF THE FIRST OVER. *Base Hospital No. 4 of Cleveland, O. Published by William J. Brownlow, 10509 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.*

MICHELIN GUIDES TO THE BATTLEFIELDS OF EUROPE. *Ten volumes as follows:* THE AMERICANS IN THE GREAT WAR, *Volume I,* THE SECOND BATTLE OF THE MARNE; *Volume II,* THE BATTLE OF ST. MIHIEL; *Volume III,* MEUSE AND ARGONNE BATTLEFIELDS; THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE MARNE: AMIENS; SOISSONS; LILLE; VERDUN; RHEIMS; YPRES. *War Records Publishing Company, 50 Union Square, New York.*

Detached Service

THE vaudeville line about the man who enlisted in the Seventy-first Regiment so that he could be near his brother, who was in the Seventy-second, no longer gets the laugh it did in the days when the word regiment meant to most people only a body of troops of indefinite size, but somewhere between a squad and an army corps.

It was something of a surprise to most civilians to learn that there were almost as many men in an American division as there are inhabitants in Newport, R. I. For instance, the woman welfare worker who had just landed at Le Havre and accosted a newly arrived doughboy with "So you're in the Umpteenth Division! Then you must know my cousin—his name is Smith," had at best a hazy idea of the dimensions of American fighting units.

"Say, Sarge, I been trying to compree what a helluva time a camel 'd have allaying through dis needle."—From "History of the Fifty-fifth Field Artillery Brigade."

Two brothers in a single A. E. F. unit—unless that unit happened to be nothing larger than a platoon or a company—could become as effectually separated as if one had gone to the Italian front and the other to Archangel. This was especially true of an organization like the Thirtieth Division, whose doughboys, with those of the Twenty-seventh, were fighting their way through the Hindenburg line between St. Quentin and Cambrai while its artillery, detached from the infantry as soon as it landed, was battering through the Argonne.

The story of these detached gunners is told in an unusually elaborate "History of the Fifty-fifth Field Brigade," in physical appearance one of the most attractive contributions yet made to the Legion War Library. There is an abundance of maps and photographs, and the story of each battery is set down, followed by a complete roster. In addition the history of the whole brigade is briefly but comprehensively told from its organization at Camp Sevier to its victory parades in Raleigh, Knoxville, Nashville, and Chattanooga. The men of the 113th and 114th Field Artillery Regiments will wear on their Victory Medals the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne battle clasps. The brigade spent two months in training following its arrival overseas, and after reaching the front—on August 27, 1918—was in continuous battle service until the Armistice with the exception of eleven days "when it was marching from sector to sector."

"Marching" is the word. The notion that an artilleryman rides to work—like the bush-league Yankee general in our war with Mexico who set out for the Rio Grande in a buggy—was exploded early in France. The hobnails on a redleg's trench boots never had a chance to get rusty.

They Come Back

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TWENTY-TWO HAPPY ORPHANS

WHAT is to become of the 3,700 French War Orphans adopted by the A. E. F. during the war? To-day they are facing the cold and hunger of another winter. Unless they are re-adopted these children will suffer even more keenly than they did before their American godfathers befriended them.

Who is to readopt them? Why not their former benefactors, now civilians again? Posts of the Legion or individual members or friends may adopt one of these children for $75 a year. Send the money to the French Orphan Fund, National Headquarters American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind.

The American Red Cross, which is working in conjunction with the Legion, will assign to each adopting unit or individual a definite child. If your Post adopts an orphan you will receive his or her photograph and address and you can write to your little protege and receive letters in return just like old times.

How about it?

Walter L. Fox Post, Denver	1
Bishop Brent Class, Christ Church Sunday School, Dover, Del. (through Walter L. Fox Post)	1
Post No. 50, Philadelphia, Pa.	1
Evanston, Ill., Post	1
Previously adopted	18
Total	22

TWENTY-TWO former A. E. F. orphans adopted! That means $1,650 in the till!

We're a-comin', French kids, we're a-comin'! Five new mascots last week and four more this week. And next week? Well, that's up to you and your post, but it looks now as though that will be the best week yet.

After all, it's just a matter of somebody—maybe you—getting up at your next post meeting and saying, "How about our taking one of our old orphans?" everybody yelling "You bet," and then collecting $75 from the crowd and shooting it in to Indianapolis? If you've got 100 men in your post it won't even come to a buck apiece.

Walter L. Fox Post, of Dover, Del., found it was easy. In fact, they found it was so easy that no sooner had they voted to adopt a French kid than a Sunday School class in the town right away wanted to get in on the scheme, too.

"You have not told us in the WEEKLY," writes John P. LeFevre, commander of Walter L. Fox Post, "that you could furnish twins, but we have every confidence in your ability to meet the situation. We want a boy and a girl, the boy to be adopted by the post and the girl by the Sunday School class.

Rene Boitel, thirteen, former mascot of Battery B, 68th C.A.C.

Can we furnish twins? Listen, buddy, we can furnish 'em by twins, triplets and platoons. Just call out how many you want and we'll get 'em for you. The Evanston Post, after taking one, now intends to take another.

And here come the ladies again, bless 'em. The Philadelphia Post on the orphan honor roll this week is composed exclusively of women, 685 in number, who served as yeomen (F) in the Navy.

"Please tell the Red Cross to pick us out a good one," wrote F. B. Flannery, commander of Hyde Park Post, in asking for a boy last week. The Red Cross will, and that's guaranteed. "Among the '700' boys in this Post we ought to be able to do something to make his lot in life a little happier," he adds.

A LEGION POST IS EXPELLED

LEON SONIAT POST, of New Orleans, has been expelled from the Louisiana Department of The American Legion. This action came after the Post had sent to the Democratic convention and to the Louisiana statesmen at Washington a resolution containing this paragraph on compensation legislation:

"The easy and unscrupulous use of the name of The American Legion by certain of its leaders to foster such legislation in Congress without a referendum thereon to the full membership of the organization has, by creating a false impression of the unanimous approval in its ranks, operated to the injury of the Legion's interest and is inconsistent with the high purposes set forth in the preamble of its constitution."

The records of the expulsion of Leon Soniat Post by the State executive committee have been sent to National Headquarters, which is bound to uphold the decisions of departmental bodies. The State executive committee announced that the resolution passed by Leon Soniat Post ran counter to the basic policies of the national organization of the Legion and the Louisiana Department and tended "to criticize and defame the House of Representatives of the United States Congress" as well as to disrupt the Legion organization.

The State committee also pointed out that the offending Post applied for admission to the Legion after it had gone on record as favoring the four-fold adjusted compensation plan. It was declared that Leon Soniat Post had made no effort to find out what action had been taken by the Legion toward having a referendum vote of its members before passing the compensation resolution. The announcement of expulsion "deplores the fact that a post of The American Legion bearing the name of a valiant comrade, such as Leon Soniat, who died in the service, should by its unwarranted action cause its charter to be revoked."

THE TRUTHFUL MUNCHAUSEN

Tales of the Impossible that Really Happened

THAT business of thirteens, started by John J. Thielen, of Carroll, Nebr., who chortled that he had more jinx numbers in his system than any man who has lived to tell the tale, has aroused a storm of challengers among the Veracious Ananiases. If you have any accounts of credulity taxing adventures you want to get rid of, along this line or any other, shoot it, in as brief form as possible to the Munchausen Editor, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

His Thirteen Points

A bunch of enlisted specialists left Point Richmond for Fortress Monroe in September, 1918, in thirteen coaches, each of which had thirteen compartments. We crossed thirteen States to get there and arrived on Friday, September 13. On Friday, December 13, after we had been there thirteen weeks, we started back to California. Although returning by another route, we managed to touch thirteen States again. We had thirteen meals on the trip—only got two a day. Then, after being discharged, I took thirteen days to go south over the holidays, and on Christmas Day consumed my share of a thirteen-pound turkey.

Berkeley, Cal. HAROLD H. HARRISS.

Is This Luck?

Our outfit sailed on a ship making her thirteenth trip, with thirteen companies on board, crossed the Atlantic in thirteen days, arrived at our destination, Chatel-Guyon, on Friday, the 13th, and I stayed there thirteen months.

C. W. ROBINSON.

Red House, W. Va.

How Many Innoculations?

I was in Camp Sherman thirteen weeks. Started from Camp Mills on June 13. The engine's number was 13, there were thirteen coaches, and I was in the thirteenth. Pulled into Hoboken on track 13. Stayed at Pontanezen thirteen days (and it only rained twice). Got on the boat for home on June 13 again, and arrived at Camp Sherman thirteen months from the day we left.

Chillicothe, Ohio. L. W. S.

Come Eleven!

Seven was my lucky number. Stop, look and listen. On the 17th of the seventh month, 1917, I enlisted in the Seventh Infantry. Struck France in the seventh month of the next year. Went twice to Evacuation Hospital No. 7, and once to Base Hospital No. 7. Rode in the ambulance train in car No. 7, and back home on the *Zeelandia* in Troop Space 7.

Glen Rock, Pa. HAROLD D. MOODY.

Income Taxer, Please Note

So far as is known I was the only doctor who fought the battle of Fort Riley who did not give up a $30,000 practice to join the Army.

St. Joseph, Mo. JOHNNY C.

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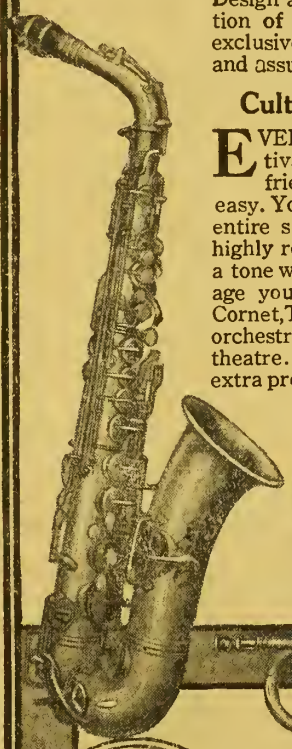

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His Letter

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(Signed) JOHN DOLAN

Simon Mantia

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His Letter

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(Signed) SIMON MANTIA

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His Letter

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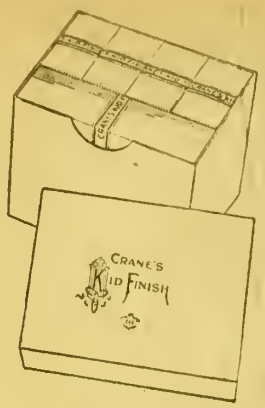

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ROLL CALL

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

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

ALISON, FRED W., discharged from service on Dec. 4, 1919. Whereabouts sought by mother, Mrs. B. M. Alison, Kimball, Minn.

ALLEN, JAMES M., formerly Hq. Tr., 35th Div., last in Am. School Det., Aix Marseille University, write D. Dettwiller, Box 41, North Middletown, Ky.

ANDERSON, JOE, discharged from Hospital No. 21 in Colorado on Aug. 29, 1919. Information wanted by David Toffgriene, 1215 Dakota ave., N., Sioux Falls, S. D.

BECHHAM, ARVEL, Cpl., formerly Hq. Tr., 4th Army Corps, write W. H. James, Box 95, Charles City, Iowa.

BRYANT, JAMES R., formerly Hq. Co. 137th Inf., write T. F. Akins, Gage, Okla.

CAVE, LEON, 147th Aero Sqdn., write Walter S. Nordgren, Anthony, Kans.

CONNELLY, RAYMOND W., missing from Little Rock, Ark., since September, 1919. Information wanted by H. E. Fredeman, American Legion, State Capitol, Little Rock, Ark.

CRAMER, PAUL, write Paul M. Hannan, Muncie, Ind.

CRUM, TED., formerly Hq. Co., 126th Inf. Address wanted by George S. Condon, 270 Meadowbrook ave., Detroit, Mich.

DAME, RAY or WARD, formerly of Kalamazoo, Mich., write E. R. Hatfield, 921 Jefferson, Toledo, Ohio.

DEBURG, ALBERT E., New York City—Director of Finance, Munitions Bldg., Washington, D. C., has allotment refund check for you. Give your army record and mark application "191878-Allot."

DUVAL, JAMES H., formerly Bty. C, 6th F. A. Information wanted by mother, Sarah E. De Vall, Box 371, Simcoe, Ont., Canada.

FIERROS, THEODORE, U. S. N., last heard from at London. Information wanted by John S. Brown, Indian Vocational School, Phoenix, Ariz.

HAMILTON, Pvt., formerly in Co. L, 148th Inf., write John C. Harris, 1233 Oread ave., Lawrence, Kans.

HISER, LEE, formerly Co. M, 166th Inf., write Fred W. Slinker, Box 154, Caldwell, Ohio.

HUGHES, ORVIN J., U. S. N., enlisted at Louisville, write W. B. Steube, Jr., Robert E. Bentley Post, American Legion, Cincinnati, Ohio.

JOHNSON, HARRY G., discharged June 9, 1920, from Co. G, 2d Am. Tr., Camp Travis, Texas. Whereabouts wanted by Adjutant, Elmer J. Noble Post, American Legion, Seattle, Wash.

KENYON, JOHN, former Cpl., Hq. Co., 11th Eng., write C. W. Leavitt, 601 High st., Dedham, Mass.

KISKADDON, BRUCE, Co. D, 41st Eng., Los Angeles, Calif., write William B. Myers, Box 33, Route 2, Mitchell, Nebr.

LEONARDO, ARPICO, New York City—Director of Finance, Munitions Bldg., Washington, D. C., has allotment refund check for you. Give your army record and mark application "117541-Allot."

MASUEN, JOHN, formerly at Madison, Wis., write J. C. Cromer, American Legion, 1938 N. Halsted st., Chicago, Ill.

MILFORD, JAMES C., discharged Camp Taylor, Ky., write George Sills, Pueblo, Colo.

MILLER, ROBERT H., cook, O. T. C., Fort Sheridan, Ill., write Victor Dennis, Box 397, Clay Center, Kans.

MILLYARD, ALBERT, formerly of the transport *Finland*, write Fred Slinker, Box 154, Caldwell, Ohio.

MORTENSEN, CONRAD B., formerly captain 115th F. A. Information wanted by Hamilton Gardner, 226 Ness Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah.

PIKE, JAMES, formerly lieutenant in Co. F, 140th Inf., write J. C. Henderson, Box 905, Memphis, Tenn.

PITZER, LEO, U. S. M. C., write John K. Billetter, American Legion, Moundsville, W. Va.

RAWLINS, JAMES C., was in Bty. F, 1st F. A., in 1914. Information sought by mother, Mrs. William Roberts, Box 309, Prescott, Ariz.

REACHE, JOHN J., formerly 345th M. G. Bn., write J. P. Gibbs, Huntsville, Texas.

REED, Lt., formerly Co. E, 104th Inf., write Thomas A. Bond, Sta. 10, New Bedford, Mass.

REIFER, RUBE, New York City—Director of Finance, Munitions Bldg., Washington, D. C., has allotment refund check for you. Give your army record and mark application "20012-Allot."

RICHARDSON, D. A., formerly of the *President Lincoln*, write J. A. Yovin, 169 West 57th st., New York, N. Y.

RIVERA, FRANCESCO, formerly Co. E, 307th Eng., 40 Cross st., Boston, Mass., wants to hear from members of this outfit in Boston.

RYAN, J. H., formerly of 6th Recruiting Co., Fort Slocum, N. Y., write Leslie W. Brown, Recruiting Station, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

SAAL, RUSSELL S., formerly Co. G, 13th Inf., write Hollis Andrews, Takoma Park, D. C.

ST. CLAIR, CHARLES A., formerly Co. A, 4th Supply Tr. Address wanted by Edward Zabel, 1845 W. Madison st., Chicago, Ill.

SALISBURY, GLEN C.—Address or whereabouts wanted by L. C. Moser, 1912 Grand ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

SELL, GEORGE, formerly Co. D, 52d Am. Tr., write H. E. Siebemark, New Buffalo, Mich.

SHANKLAND, RALPH, missing from Hyde Park Post, Chicago, Ill., since May 2. Information wanted by Frank B. Flannery, Chicago Beach Hotel, Ill.

SPENCE, WILLIAM D., formerly Co. C, 48th Inf. Information wanted by Henry G. Sweney, Chester, Pa.

STAGE, JOSEPH T., discharged f Co. C, 26th Eng., Camp Taylor, Ky. News o wanted by Mrs. J. T. Stage, 881 Virginia St. Louis, Mo.

STANDEN, RUSSELL L., formerly 148th F. A. Information wanted by Mrs. R. L. Standen, Ravenne, Nebr.

SUTHERLAND, FREDERICK, formerly Co. I, 338th Inf., write Daniel W. Kent, Buchanan, Mich.

UPSON, ARTHUR, Troop K, 16th Cav. Address wanted by Charles S. Bowe, Parksdale, Ore.

VANDEVERE, WILLIAM E., 1st Lt., can get his officers' identity card from William T. Vandever, Box 93, Richmond College, Va.

WADSWORTH, RALPH G., formerly Co. L, 43d Inf., write Earl J. Rickman, 1197 Gaylord st., Denver, Colo.

WEIKEL, chief pharmacist's mate aboard the *Jenkins* in February, 1919, write George J. O'Connor, 1515 Main st., Vicksburg, Miss.

WETTIG, CARL E., Valley Falls, Kans., formerly 16th Co., Jefferson Barracks, Mo., 36th C. A. C., Fort Barrancas, and 34th C. A. C., Bty. E, Camp Eustis, Va., wants to hear from his old buddies.

WILKS, WILFRED E., last heard from at Camp Dix, N. J., in April, 1919. Information wanted by brother, Enoch R. Wilks, Avery, Okla.

, 101ST AMB. CO.—Joseph E. McLaughlin, 655 Fourth st., South Boston, Mass., wants name and address of photographer who took picture of outfit at Camp Devens when it returned from France.

In the Casualty List

AMERICA — Archie Rossiter, fireman, ill of pneumonia aboard this vessel about March 1, 1918; died at Base Hospital, Brest, on March 13. Shipmates are asked to write to his mother, Mrs. Pauline Rossiter, 308 East Second st., Spencer, Iowa.

CHESTER, NEIL, Co. P, 3d U. S. M. P., killed on Marne, June 19, 1918. Relatives can get photograph of grave from L. E. Ragan, Albion, Nebr.

CLARK, MARION A., Co. B, 359th Inf.—Relatives can get his Bible from E. L. Norden, 4880 Homer st., Chicago, Ill.

DRIES, ——, formerly of Provo, Utah, presumed killed overseas. Information wanted by American Legion Post, Provo, Utah.

HILDEN, OSCAR E., Co. M., 137th Inf., killed on Sept. 28, 1918. Parents can get information about his death from E. J. Shrum, 301 Eighth ave., S., Valley City, N. D.

LEDWITH, JERRY F., 60th Inf., Co. M., or 79th Inf., Co. A., died near Sedan on Oct. 26 or 27, 1918. Particulars sought by sister, Mrs. John Connelly, 118 West Fifth ave., Conshohocken, Pa.

NESTOR—Victor S. Boult, 344th Amb. Co., died of pneumonia on Oct. 2, 1918, as this ship reached Liverpool. His mother, Mrs. A. S.

Boult, 2544 Pleasant ave., Minneapolis, Minn., wants to hear from his buddies.

NEWELL, JOHN E., reported transferred from Co. D, 306th Inf., on August 30, 1918, and killed on September 6. Buddies say they saw him in 101st Hospital, A. E. F., on November 1. Later report said he was suffering from shell-shock in hospital in America. Information about his fate wanted by brother, Howard Newell, North Attleboro, Mass.

OTRANTO—Men on board when this vessel was rammed by the *Cashmere*, and who know of the fate of Cpl. Roscoe McKinley, S. A. R., C. A. C., are asked to write his cousin, H. H. Hickey, St. Charles, Ill.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF GRAVES—Relatives of soldiers buried in cemeteries at Paignton, England, or Genoa, Italy, can get photographs of graves from Miss E. W. Brainerd, Y. M. C. A., 347 Madison ave., New York, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHS WANTED—A. W. Drake, Gold Star Association, Hazleton, Pa., wants single or group photographs of the following men: Lewis S. Wetzel, formerly Co. B, 30th Inf., Camp Merritt, N. J., killed in Meuse-Argonne, Oct. 3, 1918; John J. Givens, wagoner, 28th Inf., died of disease in France April 6, 1918; Wilbur E. Long, Med. Det., Co. D, 30th Inf., killed in Meuse-Argonne, Oct. 6, 1918; Joseph Marshall, Co. M, 23d Inf., gassed June 17, 1918, died Oct. 17, 1918, B. H. No. 25, A. P. O. 785.

2D MARINES, 1st Repl. Div., Co. I.—Lewis E. Dunbar killed in action at Mont Blanc on Oct. 4, 1918. Information sought by sister, Mrs. Ethel D. Chase, 4048 Walnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

6TH ENG.—Daniel W. Craven killed in action on Oct. 25, 1918. Particulars wanted by mother, Mrs. S. A. Craven, Box 54, Oakdale, Pa.

8TH CO., 5TH MARINES—Daniel L. Keate killed in action Oct. 4, 1918. Particulars and personal effects sought by mother, Mrs. J. C. Keate, Box 181, St. George, Utah.

16TH INF., Co. H.—Sgt. Frank J. Keefe died of wounds on Oct. 5, 1918. Details wanted by W. B. Steobe, Jr., Robert E. Bentley Post, American Legion, Cincinnati, Ohio.

18TH INF., Co. H.—Cpl. Fred C. Miller killed in Meuse-Argonne about Oct. 5, 1918. Details asked for by Cecil Miller, 311 Sixth st., Fairmont, W. Va.

33D BASE HOSPITAL, BREST—Harris Gillespie, Co. 28, S. A. R. D., died Oct. 20, 1918. Mother, Mrs. A. G. Gillespie, Lometa, Texas, seeks details.

47TH INF.—Sgt. John MacLellan died of wounds Aug. 9, 1918. Information sought by John P. Pow, 58 Montebello Road, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

54TH RAILROAD ART. REPL., BTY. F.—William R. Mounts died of disease at Mailly Camp, Aube, Oct. 26, 1918. Mrs. Hattie Mounts, Blanchester, Ohio, his mother, wants particulars.

83D CO., 6TH MARINES—Dan M. Blankenship died in B. H. No. 8 on June 12, 1918; buried at Juilly, Seine-et-Marne. Photograph of grave wanted by father, M. L. Blankenship, Higgins, Texas.

102D INF., Co. D.—Eugene Stackhouse killed in France. Details sought by father, J. W. Stackhouse, R. F. D. 167, Elton, La.

109TH INF., Co. C.—Francis B. Franklin reported killed. Particulars of his fate sought by Mrs. J. B. Marshall, 610 Upland ave., Noble P. O., Jenkintown, Pa.

116TH ENG., Co. C.—John N. Boesl died in B. H. No. 27, Angers, on Oct. 3, 1918. Nurse and buddies are asked to write to mother, Mrs. Cora A. Boesl, Allen, S. D.

147TH INF., Co. D.—Anton Diesen reported killed in action in Belgium. Details sought by Adjutant, Diesen-Winkler Post, American Legion, Germantown, Ill.

314TH INF., Co. L.—Francis L. McEll wounded in action Sept. 29, 1918; reported killed October 1. News of his fate asked for by mother, Mrs. P. McEll, 181 Plain st., Providence, R. I.

337TH INF., Co. M.—Edward Knoeck missing in action Oct. 18, 1918; later reported killed in action. Details sought by Mrs. William Ewen, Cogswell, N. D.

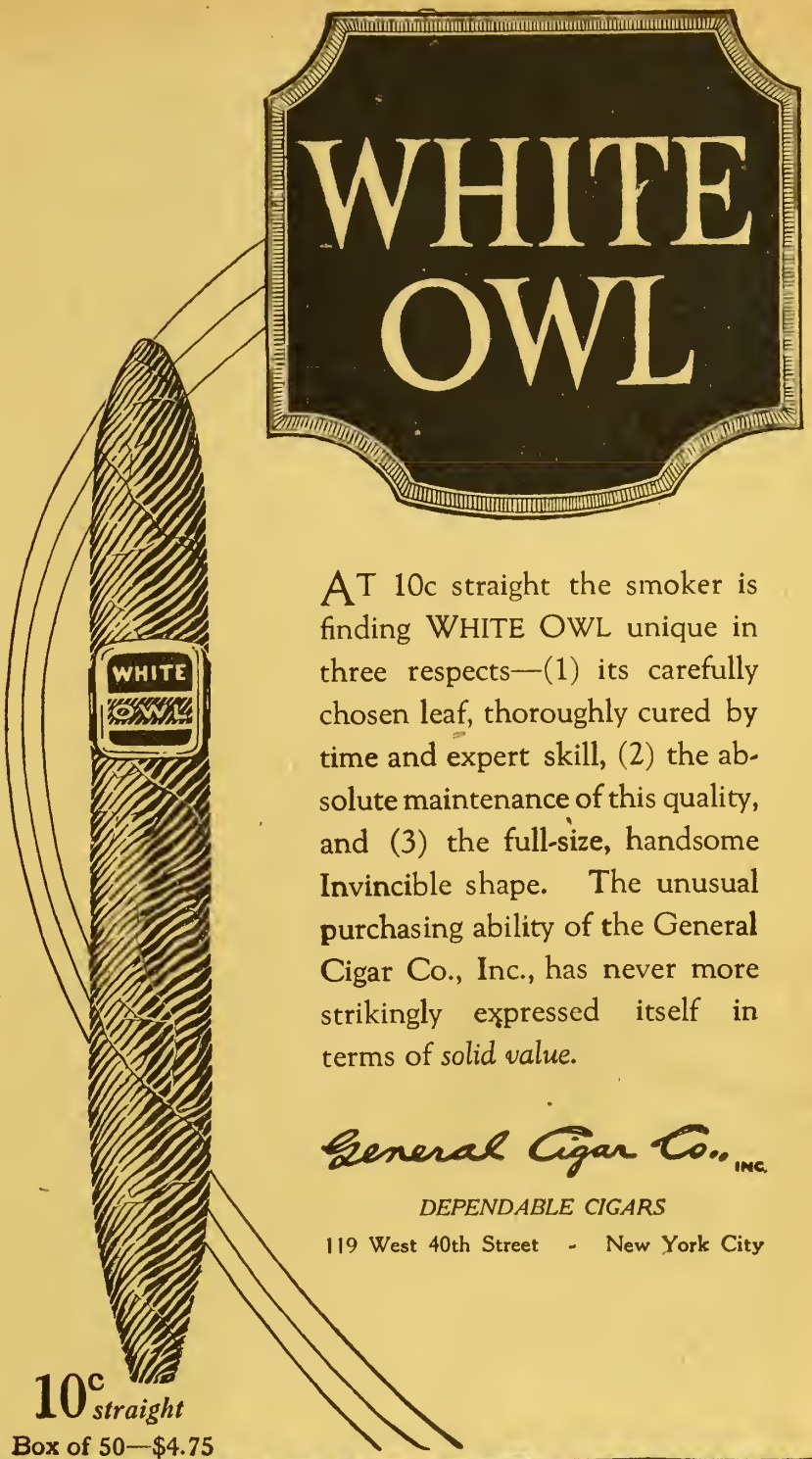
341ST INF., Co. I.—Merton R. Ottman killed in action. Edna Ottman, Moquah, Wis., wants particulars.

353D INF.—Samuel R. Clark last seen on Nov. 1, 1918. Information desired by Ben Hearne, American Legion Post, Palestine, Texas.

357TH INF., Co. H.—Capt. Richard Townsend died at Evac. Hosp. No. 1 on Sept. 13, 1918. Details desired by mother, Mrs. J. A. Townsend, Hot Springs, Ark.

360TH INF., Co. I.—Abe A. Harrison wounded Nov. 3, 1918, died November 18. Mother, Mrs. G. W. Harrison, Georgetown, Texas, wants to hear from soldiers, physician or nurse who knew of his death.

362D INF., Co. H.—Nickoli Stummer killed in the Argonne on Sept. 26, 1918. Particulars wanted by Alfred Dahlin, Sisseton, S. D.



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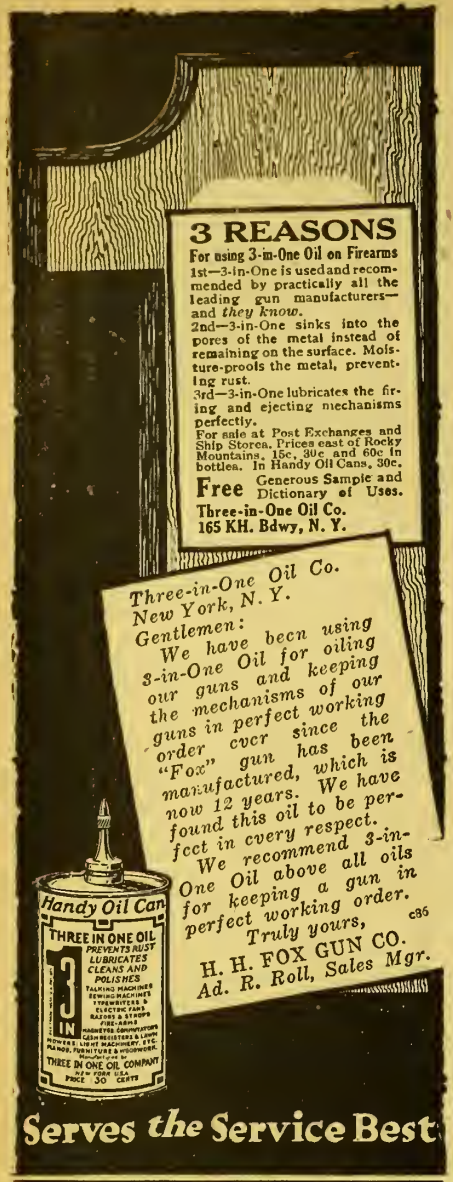

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HIS HIGH MIGHTINESS

(*Continued from page* 5)

she received Franklin as minister. What would happen if the President should appoint an ambassador to the Republic of Ireland?

But I hear you say, "Congress wouldn't let him." Congress couldn't help it. Congress is powerless.

THE President may require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of those respective offices. . ." That is the germ from which the cabinet developed in the United States. We do not have a cabinet system like that of most other governments. In them, the cabinet is the creature of the majority of the legislature and resigns when the legislature refuses to adopt its policy. European rulers are, after all, weak figures compared with Mr. President. Who is ruler of England? Is it George V? His sign manual makes official the documents he signs. But while George V may sign the document, Lloyd George guides the pen. Who rules England? George V or the uncrowned George? The King of England must take the advice of his cabinet. The king can do no wrong, because he can do nothing. A member of his cabinet is responsible for his every act. How different with the President.

What is the cabinet in the United States? Those persons whom the President consults. Custom has decreed that the cabinet shall consist of the Secretaries of State, Treasury, War, and so forth. Yet Jackson consulted other persons than the heads of the principal executive departments. His unofficial advisers constituted what history has called the "kitchen cabinet." It was generally assumed in Roosevelt's administration that the President more frequently consulted and was more strongly influenced by one of his secretaries than by the cabinet as a whole.

Until recently it was presumed that Colonel House was more potent in advice than all the members of President Wilson's cabinet put together. Whom did President Wilson consult during the dark days of his illness? No one knows. Constitutionally he was within his prerogative. In dismissing Secretary Lansing the President was well within his power.

THE cabinet cannot exist apart from the President, and the President's will makes a majority. Remember the story about the Proclamation of Emancipation? It is said that President Lincoln read it to his cabinet and asked for expressions of opinion and then a vote. All but two voted against its immediate issue. The President said, "The President votes 'Aye'. The ayes have it." The Proclamation was issued.

How different from the cabinets in Great Britain or France! Who represented these nations at the Peace Conference? George V and Poincairé? No. The men who had the power—Lloyd George and Clemenceau.

The President appoints his cabinet. The President directs the members of his cabinet. The President dismisses the cabinet. Congress has no voice. It is true that the Senate must consent to the President's nominations, but only in three instances has this consent been refused.

This power of appointment which the President has is not only a mighty executive power, but a source of far-reaching influence. With the power of appointment goes the power of removal. Only once in our history has Congress attempted to limit it. How many Americans realize that all the officers of the United States are appointed either by the President or the President's appointees? This mighty host carries on the business of the Government and enforces the laws. But they carry on the business and enforce the laws as the President directs.

Only the judges hold office during life. All others, whatever their terms may be, civil service rules to the contrary notwithstanding, are liable to Presidential direction and Presidential removal. "For the good of the service" is a valid reason for the removal of any person, even protected by the civil service regulations.

Secretary Lansing is not the only cabinet official who has suffered Presidential displeasure or who has been invited to resign because his policy was at variance with that of the President. The executive appoints the officers who execute *our* laws according to *his* directions. Appeal may be taken to the court, but where the law gives discretion, it is the discretion of the executive, not the wisdom of the bench, which the courts enforce.

THE mighty army of federal office-holders gives patriotic service—for pay. How many realize the total sum paid each year to officers appointed by the President? Exact figures can hardly be obtained, but in 1901 it was estimated at about $12,000,000 a year, or $20,000,000 if we include the officers of the Army and Navy. What it is today staggers the imagination.

This golden stream flows at Presidential direction in the direction of the President's party. The framers of the Constitution frankly referred to the power of appointment as the principal source of the President's influence, and Gouverneur Morris bluntly declared that "the loaves and fishes must be used to bribe the demagogues."

And so they are. Dana records that Lincoln bought the admission of Nevada and the ratification of the Thirteenth Amendment with the promise of appointments. President Cleveland procured the repeal of the Sherman silver law by surrendering the executive patronage to the Senate.

In 1913 the Underwood Tariff Bill, the Federal Reserve Act and the Clayton Act were all passed before President Wilson made any but the most necessary appointments. After seventeen years of wandering in the wilderness, the Democratic appetite for offices was keen. It was satisfied only when the House and Senate, by the passage of these great legislative measures, satisfied the executive.

THE President is not only a mine of wealth, but a fountain of mercy. To him is entrusted the prerogative of pardon. A Presidential pardon may be issued for any and all crimes committed against the laws of the United States. There is one exception. No pardon may

e issued for officers punished by impeachment.

In this prerogative the President is ot subject to legislative control. Read hat the Supreme Court says: "Conress can neither limit the effect of his ardon nor exclude from its exercise ny class of offenders."

We generally associate Presidential ardon with individual cases. We read f the pardon of a bank cashier or the ommutation of the sentence of a man onvicted of fraud in the mails.

But Presidential pardon may be isued for whole classes. Thus at the lose of the Civil War both President incoln and President Johnson, by proclamation, granted pardon, full amnesty, nd restoration to civil rights to all but ertain classes of those Southerners vho were engaged in the Civil War.

"HE shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient. . . ."

This means the President may send messages to Congress. More often, however, Congress gets the information on which it acts, not from Presidential messages, but from private conferences. The still, small voice which controls legislation is more persuasive in the executive office at the White House than in the chamber of the House of Representatives.

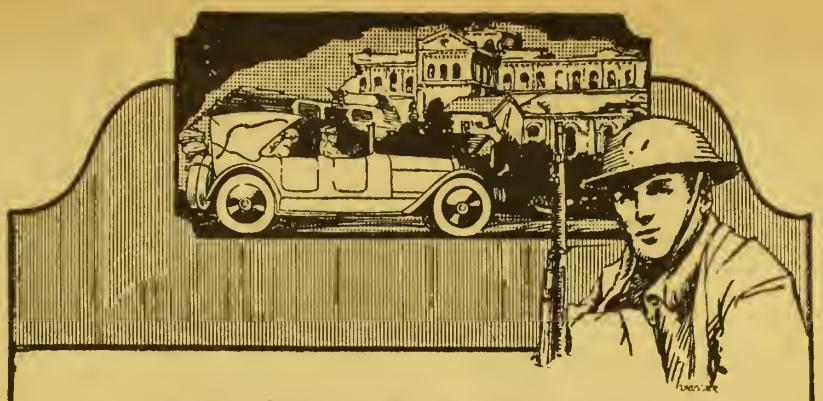
The Presidential messages more generally give information, not to Congress, but to the country and world; not of the state of the Union, but of the President's state of mind.

Where do we find that cherished corner stone of American foreign policy, the Monroe Doctrine? In a Presidential message. Did James Monroe give that message to the Congress to inform Congress concerning the state of the Union? No. He was informing Russia, France and Great Britain of a policy which he, as President of the United States, was planning to carry out.

Look at Cleveland's Venezuela message. To whom was that addressed? Nominally to Congress, but really to the people of the United States and Great Britain. It informed them that Grover Cleveland had decided that the United States was vitally interested in a petty boundary dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela. And it worked.

To whom were many of President Wilson's speeches in Congress addressed? Not to his immediate audience, but to the people of the United States, to the Allies, even to our enemies. Where do we find the fourteen points? In a Presidential address.

THE President, says the Constitution, "shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed." What does that mean? Congress makes the laws. The President enforces them. The Constitution gives him specifically certain executive powers; more come to him from interpretation, still more are granted him by statutes. Like a great snowball the executive power of the President has increased as Presidential administrations roll by. Jefferson criticized Washington, but Jefferson, in his purchase of Louisiana, did what Washington would never dare to have done. The administration of "Old Hickory" has been called the "reign of Andrew Jackson." As a war President, Lin-



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coin had almost despotic power; and what of Wilson?

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"Whenever, by reason of unlawful obstructions, combinations, or assemblages of persons . . . it shall become impracticable in the judgment of the President to enforce, by ordinary course of judicial proceedings, the laws of the United States within any State . . . it shall be lawful for the President to call forth the militia . . . and to employ such parts of the land or naval forces of the United States as he may deem necessary to enforce the faithful execution of the laws of the United States." Acting on this, President Cleveland despatched the Regular Army to Chicago against the protests of Governor Altgeld of the sovereign State of Illinois.

THE Supreme Court has said that "the entire strength of the nation may be used to enforce in any part of the land the full and free exercise of all national powers and the security of all rights intrusted by the Constitution to its care." There is no limit to the force the President may use in taking care that the laws of the United States are enforced.

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A SAD OUTLOOK

By JACK BURROUGHS

A few angelic years from now,
When every cellar's dry
And "Health, old fellow" and "Here's how"
From lack of usage die.

When pipes are in the discard thrown
And stogies we eschew,
When cigarettes we leave alone
Because they are taboo.

When crap and poker are extinct,
With every other vice,
And human nature's closely linked
With all that's pure and nice.

When, wholly sanctified, mankind
Flees each satanic wile,
What will the poor reformer find
To make his life worth while?

THE WOES OF A MUSHROOM REPUBLIC

(*Continued from page* 6)

have in mind a young man, his wife, his two sisters and a brother, who live in one small room near my own residence, who pay for the use of their "apartment" without service, the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars a month. That man receives a salary of about sixty dollars a month, and his brother earns fifty. The difference comes out of their principal, which is, I know, rapidly dwindling.

AS soon as the first boat is loaded with troops and the population learns that the English are really going, the town will go wild with excitement, the ruble will drop to nothing, everyone will buy all the foreign exchange he can get his hands on, and the people will pay any price for transportation to get away, either to Tiflis, between the fires of four little governments, or to Constantinople. A young Russian girl who calls at the office often for information, has just announced that she has purchased a revolver with which she intends to shoot herself if the Allies go. This is the temper of many others here who see no hope in the tragedy that they are facing.

The American relief committees are closing up their work in the Near East and will soon be out of the city. They have spent millions here in refugee work, yet today the place looks just the same.

When this reaches America, Batum will be closed. There will be no communication with the outside world. The fate of the Georgian, the Armenian governments, will be a mystery. And all the world can do will be to sit aside and watch the Near East wrestle with its troubles—and hope that something stable and permanent will somehow evolve from the wretchedness and squalor and turmoil of the present.

[*The prophecy contained in the last paragraph of Mr. Cumming's article has been borne out by subsequent events. British forces left Batum in the middle of July, leaving the city in charge of a committee with Bolshevist leanings, and the advancing Soviet forces later occupied it. Since then virtually no news has come through from the Black Sea port.*—EDITOR'S NOTE.]

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SALES MANAGERS
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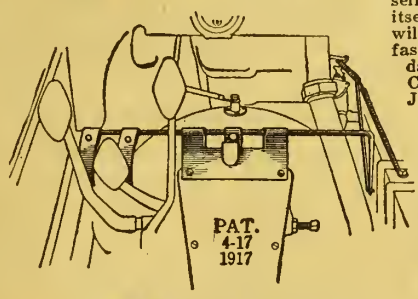
selling the Speederator. Best article to advertise itself you ever saw. Once on a car the driver will never let you take it off. Sales are made fast and furious. **Boyer, Penna.,** made $72 first day. **Cook, N. Dak.,** 150 sold first two weeks. **Cahan, Ariz.,** 72 in two weeks—$216.00 clear. Join the ranks of successful men in this work.



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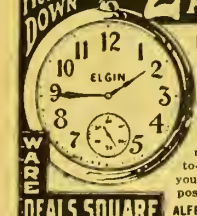

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(c) Keystone Views

Aviators of Kosciusko Squadron, members of Kosciusko Post, off duty. Left centre—Captain Merian C. Cooper: right centre—Major Cedric E. Faunt Leroy

KOSCIUSKO POST DEFENDERS OF WARSAW

HOVERING over the field of battle before the gates of Warsaw when, a scant three weeks ago, the defiant Poles with their backs to the wall flung back the bayonets of Bolshevism that had swept on without a check for hundreds of bloody miles, was a group of planes that bore the white eagle of Poland. In these planes, their fingers to the triggers of machine guns, were men of the American Legion—the swift flying, chance-taking adventurers of the Kosciusko Squadron Post, every man of whom had known what it was in the old days to tackle the Hun avion above the blazing fronts of France.

It was for the Kosciusko Squadron the climax to months of bitter fighting, of desperate rear-guard actions in which their planes alone stood between the retreating Poles and the hard-riding Cossack cavalry.

As these lines are written Warsaw is reported safe from the Bolsheviki and the opening of the parley at Minsk is expected to signalize the coming of peace. When these lines appear in print it may be that the planes of the Legionnaires of Kosciusko Post will have been returned for all time to their quiet hangars—or it may be that once more they will be riding above the wrack of battle.

They have done heroic work, have these American fliers, since last autumn they entered the service of Poland and almost at the same time formed their Post of the Legion. But all the charter members are not present today. Brief cables have told of planes manned by them being shot down behind the Bolshevik lines and of Legionnaire pilots who have not been heard from since they crashed from the clouds. The last word of Captain Merian C. Cooper, of Jacksonville, Fla., listed him among the missing, and there are others who also vanished in the smoke of battle.

Captain Cooper, who ranked next in command of the Kosciusko Squadron to Major C. E. Faunt Leroy, formerly of the "Hat in the Ring" Squadron, went overseas to France with the 200th-201st Aero Squadron, stationed at Beaumont Barracks, Tours, whence men and officers were sent all over France, England, Italy and Germany. At that time he was a first lieutenant but later won his promotion to captain.

He flew a fighting plane in the Argonne and on September 27, the day after the great "jump-off," he engaged in battle and was shot down in flames and badly burned. Taken prisoner by the Germans, he spent the rest of the war in a camp hospital and was not released until December 8. He was the first foreign officer to join the Polish Army after its call for volunteers.

All sections of the country are represented in Kosciusko Post, which grew out of the encounter of a Red Cross officer with American adventurers in a box car on a train crossing Germany for Poland. A brief explanation of the aims and principles of the Legion, and Kosciusko Post was born on the way into battle.

The charter members of Kosciusko Post and the Squadron were: Captain A. H. Kelly, Richmond, Va.; Captain Edward Corsi, Brooklyn; Lieutenant Edwin Noble, Boston, Mass.; Lieutenant Carl Clark, Tulsa, Okla.; Lieutenant Kenneth O. Shrewsbury, Charleston, W. Va.; Lieutenant E. P. Graves, Boston, Mass.; Lieutenant E. W. Chess, El Paso, Tex.; and Lieutenant G. W. Crawford, Wilmington, Del. Lieutenant Graves has been killed.

On a distant front, under another eagle than that of their native land, the Legionnaires of Kosciusko Post have been making history. The membership of their post is dwindling slowly; shrapnel and machine gun bullets are taking a toll of men that can not be replaced.

then the "Moppers-Up"

Don't forget your Grenades.

When you find him down in the dugout and quite contrary—won't come out—

Use a Grenade !

He'll come out then—by George—not altogether may be, but out—

So—the Legion asks you now—Don't forget to do your part as a Mopper-Up.

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WITH A GRENADE !

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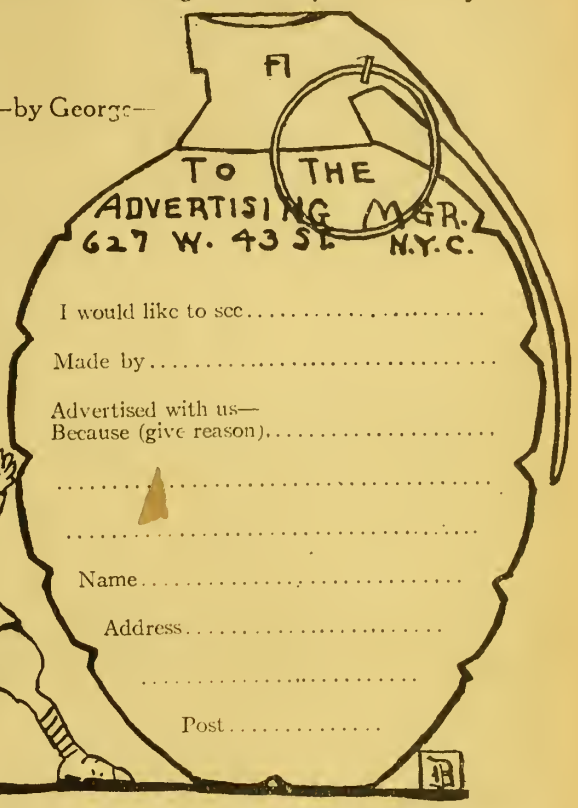

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THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y.

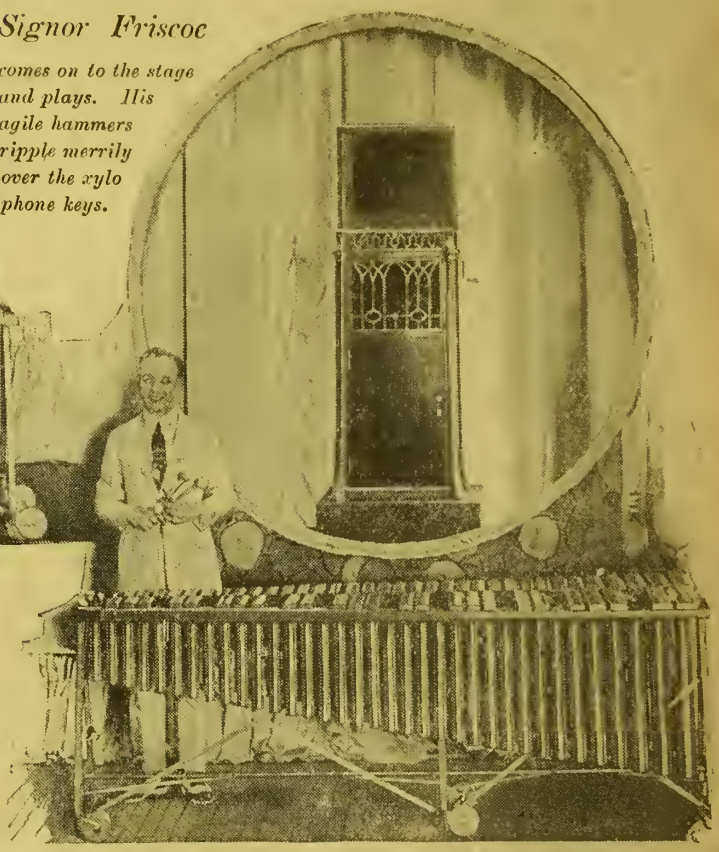
Vaudeville's Strangest Thrill

Meet Signor Friscoe, xylophone artist extraordinary—and vaudeville's newest purveyor of magic. Meet the New Edison—his chief "magic."

Signor Friscoe found that human ear cannot distinguish between his actual performance and its RE-CREATION by the New Edison. This astonishing act is the result. It's going big over the Keith and affiliated vaudeville circuits. Over 500,000 people have seen how:

Signor Friscoe

comes on to the stage and plays. His agile hammers ripple merrily over the xylophone keys.



Suddenly

Signor Friscoe holds his hammers poised in mid-air. But his xylophone performance continues—as if some magic influence were at work upon the keys.

Then *the curtains part. The audience gasps. The New Edison stands revealed. It has been matching Signor Friscoe's performance so perfectly that its RE-CREATION could not be distinguished from his original performance.*

Ask them to explain this!

THE absolute realism of the New Edison has been demonstrated by actual comparison with the art of living artists. More than 4,000 comparisons have been given, with more than fifty great artists, before a total of 3,500,000 people.

America's principal newspapers have reviewed these comparisons at length. They have conceded that the New Edison's RE-CREATION of an artist's voice, or instrumental performance, cannot be distinguished from the actual singing, or playing, of such artist.

It has been reported to us that over-zealous talking-machine salesmen have stated that the artists imitate the New Edison in these comparisons.

In the first place, it is a physical impossibility for any person to imitate the phonograph in a way to sustain this comparison.

In the second place, the artists who make these comparisons are of the first rank, and would not lower themselves to sing, or play, in an unnatural way.

In the third place, the music critics who have witnessed the comparisons could not, be deceived by an attempted imitation.

HOWEVER, argument is unnecessary. Signor Friscoe's extraordinary act makes the accusation of "imitation" quite absurd. Every one knows that a xylophone cannot be made to imitate a phonograph so as to deceive its hearers

Hear Signor Friscoe when he comes to the vaudeville theatre in your town. He is the world's greatest xylophone player. Pay particular attention when he plays in direct comparison with the New Edison's RE-CREATION of his xylophone performance.

IF anyone suggests to you that the artists imitated the New Edison in the 4,000 comparison tests that have been given by the Edison Laboratories, ask such person to explain Signor Friscoe's act.

Your Edison dealer has a New Edison exactly like that used by Signor Friscoe. Test its supreme realism for yourself in the Realism Test.

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