PERMANENT FIL

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

OCTOBER 1, 1920

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COPY

THE ISSUES

BY

SENATOR HARDING

AND

GOVERNOR COX

APACHES, AMERICAN STYLE

GRUDGES IN THE PRIZE RING

IRELAND ON THE WARPATH

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION

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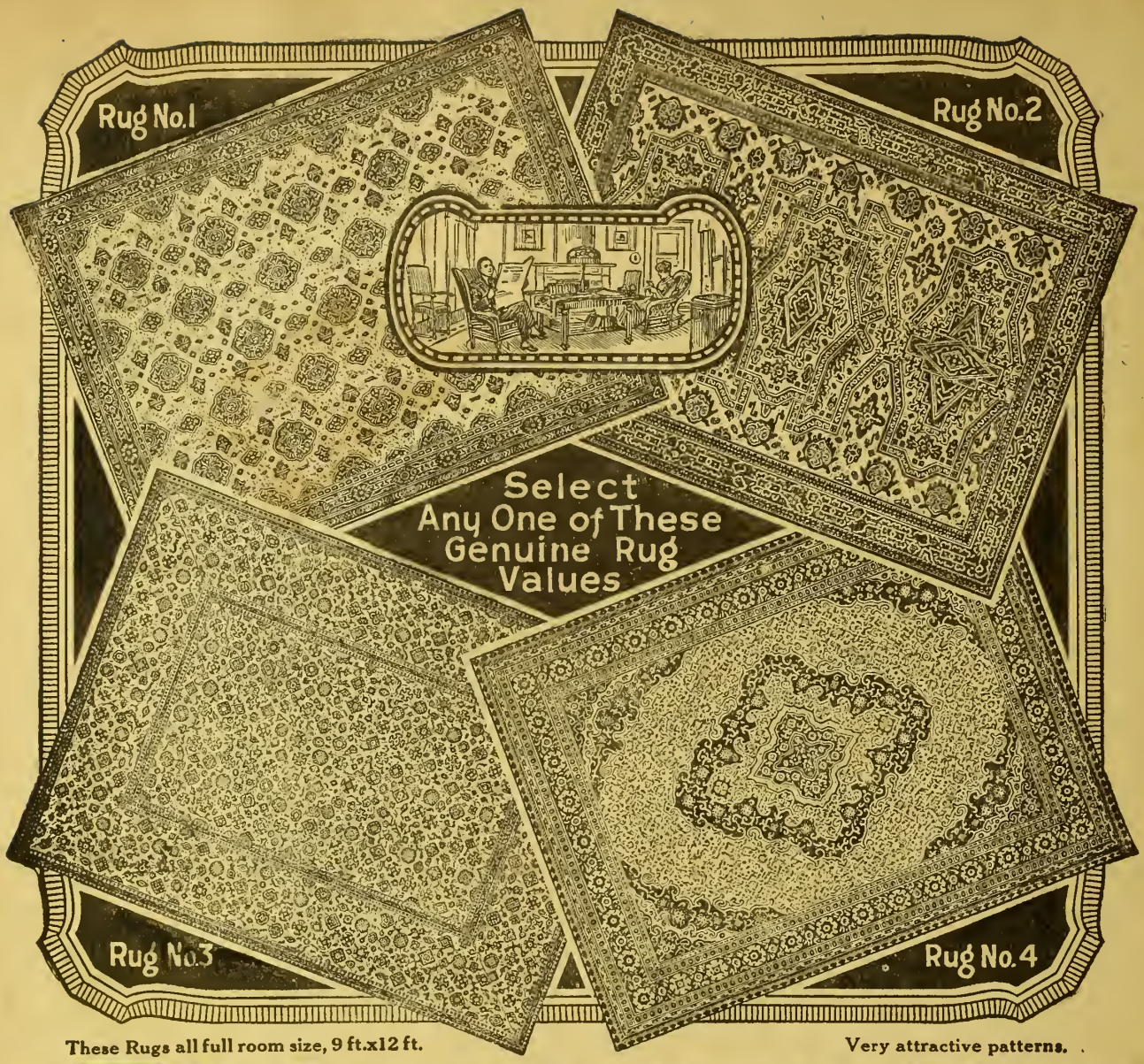

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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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The Issues as the Candidates See Them

By Senator Warren G. Harding

IN all of my public speeches during the past several months, I have emphasized one thought; namely, for both people and Government to get back to normal. This is a simple statement, but the action itself has not proven so easy of achievement.

I believe that the greater cause of trouble and distress affecting so many of our people is the abnormal conditions due in large part to the fact that we are still on a war basis. Certainly one cannot hope for any material relief from the intolerable high living cost until we recover from the inflation that affects everything. Once we get our feet on solid earth and thereby recover our balance we may put our house in order. To my mind this is one of the big problems. Precedent and contributory to the return to the normal are other matters affecting the main question directly or collaterally which must be likewise disposed of before the hoped-for aim can be achieved.

First, the Government must function again in all of its coordinate parts. Our Government has much more to do now with our most intimate affairs than ever before, hence whenever the Government refuses or neglects to function properly that failure is immediately reflected in our social and industrial life.

THE great World War left us stupendous problems, few of which have been solved. Our public debt is greater now than the combined debt of the nation from the beginning of the Revolutionary War to 1917. The bonds, the evidences of that debt, are held by about seventeen million people, and they are now greatly depreciated, to the loss of many who patriotically subscribed when called upon by the nation. Something surely can be done to bring those bonds back to par.

(*Continued on page 4*)

Photos © Underwood

By Governor James M. Cox

I CANNOT forbear at least a brief discussion of the outstanding issue in this campaign. I have talked with many young men who responded to the call to the colors and I have found that they appreciate there are two big tasks before us which may not be avoided nor evaded. The first of these is to formalize the peace that was won by the American and Allied Armies in France. The second of these is to make secure the fruits of victory by making as nearly impossible as may be a repetition of this great war. Both go together, and neither of the great assets which were brought to America and the world can be dissipated without betrayal of the soldiers who served in the great struggle.

I have found that better than those who remained at home, the soldiers understand what measure of moral turpitude and dishonor would be involved by our action in making a separate peace with Germany. We cannot pass by this issue without a reference to it, for, although it has been said that "peace by joint resolution" does not entail a separate treaty with Germany, the President of the United States is directed to make such treaty by the terms of the resolution itself. I quite agree with Senator Henry Cabot Lodge that such action "would brand us with everlasting shame and dishonor," but the difference between us is that he and Senator Harding have set out to secure that separate peace while I continue to urge that faith with our associates in the war for freedom shall be kept.

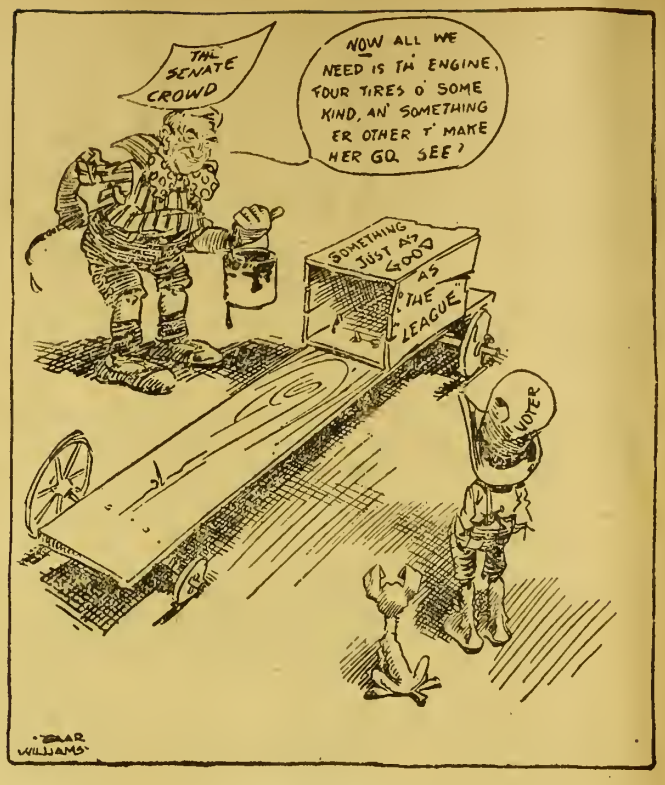
Until this issue has been disposed of, until we have earnestly set our hand to the great problem still before us, until we attempt to restore waning civilization, until we take affirmative action that will help to stay the hands of the enemies of civilization, there are no

(*Continued on page 5*)

The accompanying statements by the Republican and Democratic presidential nominees were prepared at the invitation of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, whose editors asked for an exposition of the sort of administration which each candidate would aim to give if elected, and for a presentation of any public problems which each saw fit to discuss.

Putting false teeth in it

Page in the *Louisville Courier Journal*



And there y' are

Williams in the *Indianapolis News*

AS THE COX PRESS SEES HARDING—

By Senator Warren G. Harding

(*Continued from page* 3)

Our annual interest charge is one billion dollars per year—a sum nearly equal to the entire receipts of the Government from all sources just preceding the war. Some method of refunding or otherwise should be devised that will cut down this tremendous sum.

We must reduce our expenses for administration, as the burden of taxes is one of the chief causes of the high cost of living. The Republican Congress, despite administrative opposition, has cut the national budget two and one-half billion.

Our railroads are so badly crippled that they are greatly inadequate for the demands of commerce, another cause for the high cost of living. They must be sustained in their credit to enable them to borrow the necessary money to put themselves in order. Likewise, the other transportation facilities of the country, such as electric interurbans, waterways and highways, must be brought into one general scheme of cooperation if the needs of the country are to be met. Cheaper, more efficient and readier transportation, which will follow these improvements, will make for reduced cost of materials of all kinds, including the important food item.

A BETTER understanding must be established between those who labor and those who employ labor. The women of this country must share more largely in the profits of their toil. They should receive equal pay for equal service with men. The wasteful warfare and suffering, the result of industrial conflicts, must and can be avoided. This achievement will help very greatly to reduce the living cost.

Equitable treatment of the soldiers of the Great War is a national obligation which the people of this country expect to be discharged. Just what form this proper recognition will take is not clear, but it should be of a character that will not reflect upon the glory and honor of those who bravely offered their all to their country. Certainly the record of the Republican Party from the end of the Civil War down to the World War is a complete assurance that it may be relied upon to treat those who have worn the uniform of their country and fought for its flag with every consideration that justice and the highest conception of national honor could dictate.

Formal peace should be speedily concluded with Germany and her allies, but that treaty should not yield one right necessary to our peace and security, nor surrender our authority to control our own destiny. What our soldiers won on the bloody fields of war must be sacredly preserved by the treaty-making authority. The covenant signed by the President at Versailles failed to achieve the great purpose sought, and the adoption of his treaty, as submitted, would defeat the interest of international peace, so far as we are concerned, by making us a participant in world quarrels, rather than sustaining the relation of peacemakers which our power and ideals so well qualify us to be.

THE farmer must be protected and his industry fostered in all necessary ways. He is carrying a heavy burden which should be lightened. Those who have taken advantage of him by devices calculated to deprive him of his just share while benefiting unduly by nefarious schemes must be rendered incapable of practicing such injustices. One of the great problems of these times is to shorten the line of communication between the farmer and the consumer. There must be the utmost possible elimination of wastes and unnecessary costs in getting farmers' products to the farmers' customers and likewise in getting to the farmer those necessities which he is compelled to buy. Not only should there be permission, but there should be the utmost encouragement to those practical forms of cooperative effort which will accomplish these results. Cooperation among farmers, both in buying and in selling, and collective bargaining on behalf of labor, are just as necessary under modern

(*Continued on page* 20)

"The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hand is the hand of Esau"

Reid in the *National Republican*

Keeping out of trouble

McCutcheon in the *Chicago Tribune*

—AND AS THE HARDING PRESS SEES COX

By Governor James M. Cox

(*Continued from page* 3)

other issues that can be permanently settled. The things we might seek to do would be overturned at the first blast from the war-torn world, and all our efforts be lost. Faith and duty call us. The men who crossed the seas understand this, and any man is recreant to his duty who fails at any time to make clear statement of it.

I THINK that the new voters and the young voters who cast their first, second or third presidential ballot this year will be more sensitive on the subject of an honest election than those have been who have voted more often. Youth suggests hope of better things, and old age reflects the fear that things must be as they were in the past. A certain measure of cynicism in later years may prevail, too, that bids us to beware of promises to keep from contamination the stream of political life. I make this observation on the evidence that comes to me that older men excuse the gathering of a huge campaign fund which has been raised for sinister and evil purposes. I find that young men have no patience with the argument that enormous funds are useful, and I think they will welcome the days when our politics are free from a suspicion, even, of money taint.

To bring such days to reality has been my largest purpose in revealing the unprecedented funds that Will H. Hays set about to collect for the election of Senator Warren G. Harding. The records of the campaign are my witnesses that a year ago I told of this plan, and I have followed it with the persistency of my convictions from that hour to this. It was an hour as sad and depressing to me as to any citizen of this republic when I was directed by conscience to present the evidence to the people of the United States. It is scarce necessary for me to say that I was not surprised to find them incredulous until the proof was revealed in the form of documents from the offices of the Republican Committee itself. Nor can I subscribe to the theory that the slogan "Get the money, boys!" was, as has been said, "innocent enough in itself." It was not innocent. The Presidency was to be "sold"—I use their term—and selling implies a barter and an exchange.

History will record that I helped to make financial control of elections odious, and that I consider a first rate accomplishment. It is not pleasant to speak of these things, not pleasant in any sense. For they relate to my friend and neighbor, Senator Harding, and they betray a condition that remains uncorrected after all the preachments that have been made against corruption in our public life. I would that the issues might have been discussed on other lines, but I pledge you while this campaign lasts this subject will be kept before the American people. The whole story shall be known in all its details. We shall expose the cancer, and the sharp knife of public opinion will cut it from the body politic.

MANY of the jobs of the next administration will be housekeeping jobs. Federal finances are to be set in order and taxes re-adjusted to a peace time basis, enabling us as the years roll by to discharge our national debt, a debt which we willingly incurred to make the world free, and to continue the development of our own country and to extend and expand our trade until our products shall move freely over all the earth and we, in turn, enjoy the comforts and luxuries of life brought to us from other lands. The job of housekeeping will have its function, too, in seeing that the distribution is made upon a fair basis. We must expect industry and thrift to win larger rewards than indifference and waste, but we must also see that there be no favoritism in the process and no undue advantage taken. A golden era of peace awaits mankind or an endless cycle of war. The question rests in large part with America.

There is much that the Federal Government may do.

(*Continued on page* 20)

Apaches, American Style

Two Thousand Former A. E. F. Soldiers Now Gain Dubious Livelihoods in a Paris Without M. P.'s

By John Black

PARIS today is grappling with a problem that for gravity and complexity has no parallel in the entire war history of that city. Just how much of the responsibility for the solution of that problem is hers, and how much of it may be laid at our own doors, is for the readers of this article—the men and women whose service and sacrifice saved America's honor—to decide.

Here is the question that France's capital is striving desperately and sincerely to answer:

"What shall be done about the 2,000 American ex-service men who are obtaining their living by illicit means in Paris today?"

The unorganized American civilians in Paris have tried to answer it, Paris Post of The American Legion has tried to answer it, the American ambassador has tried to answer it, the American consul has tried to answer it—and the evil continues unabated.

I arrived in Paris last July for a visit to the old war scenes, and one of my first calls was at the headquarters of Paris Post of the Legion, on the Rue de l'Elysée. The conversation swung around automatically to the American unemployed problem in Paris. Thousands of the soldiers who were discharged in France were out of work, the officers of the Post told me. Hundreds were flocking back from the States, with no money, no knowledge of French, and no trade. I was begged to use what influence I might have in the Legion to dissuade any ex-A. E. F. men who might be thinking of working their ways back to the land where there is no Eighteenth Amendment.

"It only means suffering and starvation for them," said Major Kipling, the Post adjutant, "and additional work and worry for us. We are busy day and night here trying to get jobs for the men who have legitimate claims. We find it hard enough to place them, so what prospects are there for men coming from the States? If they know when they're well off, they'll stay at home."

OF the thousands who are jobless, said Major Kipling, 2,000 are beyond the work stage. No offer of work can allure them now. Their sense of morality has become fossilized.

And, apropos of this, I shall no longer refer to the Legion officers. I shall cite from my own experiences this summer in the French capital. I shall delete nothing. I shall add nothing. The tale is too repellent of itself. What I say, however, is not one whit more and not one whit less than the truth.

There are American veterans living in Paris today by what they win at the races, a fairly precarious means of existence. Others are living upon the earnings of the women of the boulevards. In some cases the man will confine himself to one woman. In other

The lure of the Paris boulevards is still strong — so strong that it has created a situation baffling alike to the local authorities, American diplomatic representatives, and the law-abiding American veteran now in the French capital. Mr. Black's account of his experiences in Paris this summer is based wholly on what he learned from his own investigations and heard from the lips of derelict Yanks themselves

cases—and they are not rare—the men have surrounded themselves with a number of street girls and live in unashamed luxury upon the earnings of the unfortunate grisettes.

In still other instances some suggestion of morality, not altogether extinguished, halts the ex-soldiers from going this length. So they don the highwayman's mask. It is impossible to say what proportion of the present serious crime wave in Paris may be blamed upon Americans—the French are generously silent on this point—but it is certain that ex-A. E. F. men are responsible for no inconsiderable part of it. They follow the usual rules of the thug—beat and rob their victims in dark streets at night.

They have not lost the characteristic quick-wittedness of their nation, and only occasionally are they caught. Now and then, however, the Paris newspapers will record the arrest of an American who saw service in the war.

The municipal police minimize, rather than magnify, the trouble these countrymen of ours are causing them, and for that reason it is difficult to know just how grave the situation is.

During the summer that has closed, Paris was alive with American tourists. Their pockets were weighed down with fat rolls of thousand france notes and express checks. Of course, they drew the criminal ex-soldiers as sugar does flies. They would be invited to disorderly houses. (I have been so accosted on the boulevards by many men wearing American Army discharge buttons.) They would be fleeced by the women that these men have enslaved. Or, if they did not succumb to the call of the pretty Parisiennes, they would be decoyed into doorways, and slugged and their pockets rifled.

EXCEPT when they are parties to actual violence, these men make little secret of their professions. For that reason it is fairly easy to get what information one may want from them. I met them again and again in well-known Paris cafés and, pretending for the purpose of investigation to be a tourist, I drew them out.

The men are not immoral. They are unmoral. They have lost all sense of right and wrong. Now and then they can be seen in the more vicious drinking-houses in Montparnasse and Montmartre. The cloak of respectability they wear when striking up acquaintance with Americans in big hotels, restaurants and cafés, is quickly thrown off.

Many do not talk English any more and yet have only very imperfectly mastered French. The lingo that one hears among them is an uncanny sort of mongrel, punctuated with profanity in English and French. The women talk a Franco-American, the men talk an Americanized French.

I have spent hours in conversation with them trying to find out what has happened to their home ties. The mention of their native cities and towns is to them what a flood of pure sunlight is in a room long dark, dirty and evil-smelling. It is something out of another world. And they hurry to change the subject, for talk about America or their possible home-folks makes them uncomfortable.

The men spend their illicit money as quickly as it comes, and naturally are not infrequently penniless. Then they have another trick that they have learned from the boulevard women—they watch out for boulevard promenaders with American-made clothes and tell the usual mendicant story. The fact that the men served in the war

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In its issue of

OCTOBER 15

The AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*

will publish

A COMPLETE SUMMARY OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE SECOND NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION AT CLEVELAND

September 27-29

Kitchen, Field Hospital No. 5, Third Division, near La Ville Chambloin, France. June 26, 1918. Signal Corps Photo No. 16905.

Yankee Yesterdays

By Hudson Hawley

VIII. MANICURING THE MURPHIES

Peeling away, peeling away,
Hired-girl's work, for a dollar a day!
(Plus, of course, ten percent, called "foreign pay".)

Norah, at home, draws down double that sum,
Cookin' the family's goldfish and slum,
Down when she pleases, three nights a week out,
Plenty of suckers to beau her about,
Movies and circuses, sundaes and sodas—
(Ain't it three months what the paymaster's owed us?)

Peeling away, peeling away,
Strippin' their hides for a dollar a day,
"Seein' the world"—through the eye of a spud—
Face full o' smoke and your fingers all blood!
"Company punishment"; out after taps,
Or launching a harmless offensive of craps.

Norah wears silks and an apron of lace,
Eats what she pleases, or throws up her place;
Mess-sergeant's hand-me-downs, that's all we draw,
Bosom of sow which is next thing to raw,
Kitful of beans at the end of the line—
And nobody says, "Do you want to resign?"

Peeling away, peeling away,
All for much love—from the Y. M. C. A.
(Look at 'em, Norah; well, *now* will you stay?)

Grudge Fights

Professional Pugilism Today Is Too Much a Matter of Dollars and Cents for Personal Hatred to Figure in It

By W. O. McGeehan

THE "grudge fight" in the professional ring comes pretty close to being a myth, an invention of the fiction writer delving into the more or less prosaic land of Fistiana for plots. Ordinary professional fighters are business rivals, and do not personally hate one another any more than business rivals in other lines of endeavor hate one another.

Winners and losers of bouts that got much more space in the newspapers than did the Battle of the Marne in its day, meet, grin and shake hands, even as two men who had a back-lot scrap when they were kids shake hands and laugh over it. As a matter of fact, the feeling of the loser toward the winner is much more kindly than the feeling of a business man trimmed in a big deal would be toward the trimmer.

The talk of "grudge fight" is encouraged by the promoter and the manager—or rather it used to be, for in these days, when so much opposition has developed to the fighting game, they try to make it appear that the sport is a contest of skill, and attempt to take the stress off the knockout part of it. That seems brutal to some.

> Personal prejudice in the ring waxes and wanes in direct proportion to the size of the purse. Rarely, according to Mr. McGeehan, do the participants detest each other so strongly that they would go at it hammer and tongs if there were no clink of silver in the background. Boxers don't get "fighting mad." If they did they would go down for the count

A typical statement from a boxer's manager used to go something like this: "We are pretty sore at Battling Hoosis on account of what he said about us. He has a yellow streak, and we are going to show him up. We would fight him if we were not going to get a dime for it. He can't hurt us. We will take all he can give, and then we will knock him for a goal. This is going to be a real grudge fight, and the fans will see plenty of action."

The boxer's manager always uses the editorial we, and speaks as though he were aiming to stop a few of the punches himself. But reduce or abolish the purse and the grudge would disappear instantly. The two contestants that were to have been would combine in an onslaught on the promoter—or more probably split the expenses of an attorney to sue for it fifty-fifty.

I think that the personal grudge

myth started with the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight, or if it did not start there, it at least developed there into some real press-agenting. The personal grudge talk certainly helped to whet the appetites of those who journeyed from all parts of the United States to Carson, Nevada, to see it. One newspaper, for a cash payment to both boxers, arranged a supposedly impromptu meeting of the men on the road, in which they made a few faces at each other and called each other a few hard names. It was believed by many of the credulous that the two boxers would enter the ring boiling with murderous hatred.

BUT they did not. Angry men could not put up anything like a good boxing match. Of course the object in a boxing match is to knock the other gentleman cold as quickly as possible with a fair blow above the belt. It takes a certain concentrated viciousness to bring this about, but the viciousness passes when the object is achieved. The professional boxer fosters hatreds no longer than the professional soldier.

Corbett has a more active mind than most professional boxers. He saw many pictures, and he thought many things as he danced about in that ring at Carson and battered at Fitzsimmons's face until it was bruised and bleeding. But not one of those blows was delivered with any personal hatred toward Fitzsimmons. For the winner's end and what would come after, he must batter and blind his antagonist until he put over the knockout.

He was half laughing to himself because it seemed so easy to bring this about—this and the theatrical tours, the name of "James J. Corbett, Champion of the World," in the posters and in the electric lights. He was almost singing at his work, and it was all impersonal as far as Fitzsimmons was concerned. Then suddenly Corbett sank to the mat paralyzed, while Fitzsimmons stood over him, triumphant, not because he had conquered a mortal enemy, but because he had annexed the championship of the world and what went with it. After the count Corbett recovered and rushed over toward Fitzsimmons, raging not so much over the defeat as over what the defeat was to mean in dollars and cents and prestige.

THE commercialism of prizefighting at times goes to another extreme. There are in Fistiana certain so-called "brother acts." These are bouts between pairs of fighters who are constantly having return matches, and they always draw well. Leonard and Dundee have fought many bouts—eight or more—to no particular decision, the apparent reason being that if there should be a decision one of them, probably Dundee, would be knocked out and the revenue from the act would end.

Ted (Kid) Lewis and Jack Britton fought many bouts until it seemed profitable for Britton to knock out Lewis. That ended this particular combination. Dillon and Miske fought frequently, always to good houses, but with no particular result. If either had eliminated the other the income would have ceased abruptly. The winner-take-all arrangement is obsolete in these days of highly commercialized prizefighting. Matches are made by business men and boxed by business men.

The rise of Jack Dempsey, the present heavyweight champion, was fast because he kept his mind on the main chance, the championship. Fulton, whom he knocked out with some abruptness, raised the moan that Dempsey's manager had given him to understand that it was to be a mere boxing match and took a mean advantage of him. The prizefighter has no sense of humor.

Then there was the case of Jack Dempsey and Battling Levinsky. Dempsey knocked out Levinsky in three rounds, and soon afterward Battling Levinsky's manager made an attack on the manager of Dempsey, claiming in the presence of witnesses to this novelty, a battle between boxers' managers, that he and Levinsky had been double-crossed in a gentleman's business agreement with Dempsey and his manager.

Dempsey's manager was shrewd enough to see that the Dempsey punch eventually would win the championship, and that the quicker Dempsey won the championship the quicker they would realize upon the Dempsey punch. With a million in sight, why waste time with matches and return matches with second-raters? Dempsey has not yet taken the million, or any large part of it, but it was possible at one time.

When Dempsey came out of his corner in the third round a year ago July as Willard sat battered and sagging in his chair, he felt no grudge against that hulk. He was impatient to have him out again and to remove quickly this impotent barrier between him and the gold and glittering lights that he had been promised with the championship. And when Willard did not come out, Dempsey was just as well pleased. It came just that many seconds sooner.

THE OPENING OF THE BASKETBALL SEASON

AS far as I know, the only prize-ring grudge that lasted was the grudge of Peter Maher against Kid McCoy, the debonair Norman Selby, and one of the cruellest battlers that ever stepped into the ring. McCoy and Maher were to box at a benefit. It was not to be a real bout, just a make-believe, and the thing was carefully rehearsed.

"And you're sure you won't double-cross me?" asked Maher anxiously before the bout.

"Why, Peter," said McCoy reproachfully. "How could you think such a thing?"

Yet on the night of the benefit somehow or other McCoy shot over his right to Maher's "glass jaw," and down went Peter. McCoy bent over him solicitously. "Poor Peter," he said. "My hand slipped."

But poor Peter felt that those were crocodile tears, and he never forgave McCoy. And perhaps Peter was right. McCoy merely smiles in a reminiscent manner when it is mentioned.

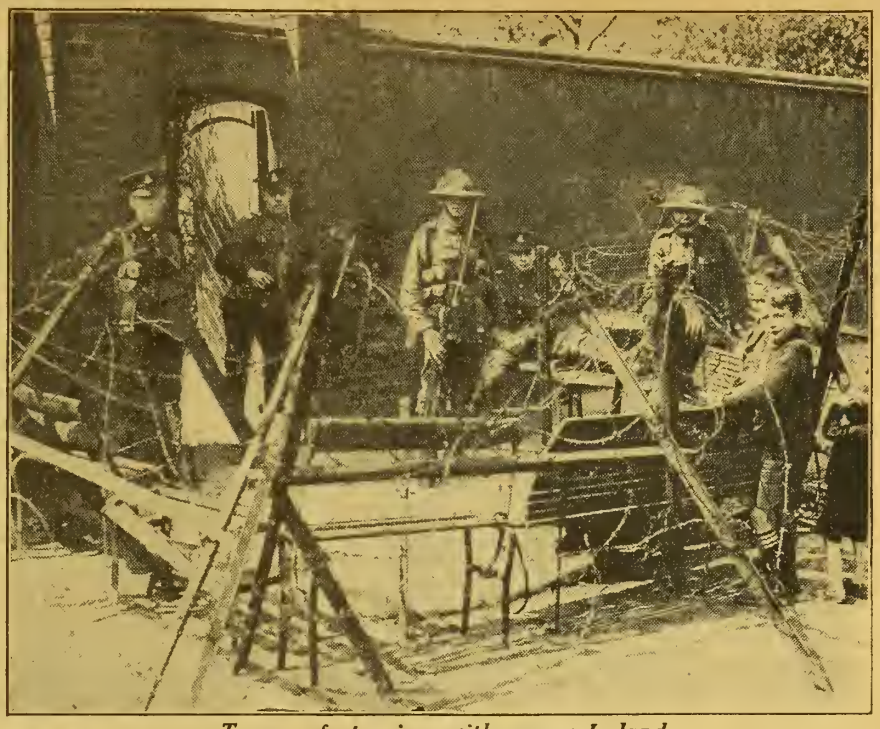
In the ring big Jack Johnson was without viciousness once he felt his superiority over an antagonist. He would toy with an opponent in a mischievous fashion, never in a hurry to put over the knockout. I recall one bout he had with Jim Flynn in San Francisco. Early in the bout Johnson shot over a left that closed one of Flynn's eyes. Then he proceeded to loaf through the rest of the bout. Flynn, feeling that he had no chance, was lashing about wildly.

(*Continued on page* 19)

Ireland on the Warpath

The Most Distressful Country Is Far from Being a Quiet Sector These Days

By George F. Kearney



Tommy fraternizes with young Ireland

"SURE, and it's like as though we were a-reading it in some owld book," shivered the little chamber-maid in the hotel at Belfast as she watched the armored cars in the street below. Far off we can hear the clang of fire bells; in the sky there is a red glow.

All over Ireland one sees disheartening evidence of the increasing anarchy of this bewildered country. No Irishman dare sit on the fence. He must take sides, and he does so emphatically.

Yesterday in Belfast $2,500,000 worth of property was destroyed in riots. The Ulsterites have made up their minds to rid Belfast of the Sinn Feiner. In dismay the Lord Mayor has issued a proclamation ordering the people off the streets. The only effect of the proclamation has been to turn all the population out into the streets. Nowadays every little thoroughfare in the Catholic sections of Ireland—no Ulsterite has dared to live in these districts—has organized its little republic and boasts of its army. At each corner they have pulled up the cobble stones and piled them against the wall. Scrawled on the walls are warnings: "Bobbies, don't touch!" "Dead men tell no tales." The piles remain undisturbed.

A barricade that might have seen service in the Somme country is transplan ted to a new front

At the entrance of a Sinn Fein street here in Belfast one reads, "Your time has come—shoot on sight," while on the Ulster quarters he sees painted on the wall, "Ulster will never surrender. Down with Dublin. God save the King." In the Sinn Fein streets there are stretched huge placards reading: "This is Rebel Row," and there follows a list of dead and wounded. "Remember Easter Week, 1916" is another frequent inscription.

The organization in "Rebel Row" is perfect. The men folk take turns all day and all night watching over their homes. The guards stand by the stone piles scanning each passer-by. They have strewn carefully on the street a goodly collection of bricks and cobbles to be handy in case of a forced retreat. In the center of the block there is another pile of cobbles for the last volley. At a signal from their chieftain—every street has its chieftain as in days of old—the men folk repair to their houses to shoot from the windows. Time and again the military forces have searched the houses in vain for firearms, yet somewhere up many chimneys are hidden a gun and several rounds of ammunition.

When the smoke clears in Belfast following a brisk night skirmish between factions

(*Continued on page* 21)

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.

The Candidates' Statements

IN fairness to all parties concerned, including THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, a word of explanation is due in regard to the statements by the Republican and Democratic presidential candidates printed in this issue.

When Senator Harding and Governor Cox were originally invited to present to the readers of this magazine their views upon the issues of this presidential campaign, it was suggested that the question of treatment of the ex-service man be omitted. The editors did not want the candidates to assume that the former service man's vote would be governed merely by his selfish interests or that he regarded himself as in any way different from the generality of American citizenry or entitled to any difference in treatment.

Senator Harding's statement, which reached this magazine first, adhered to this suggestion with the exception of a single paragraph urging the "equitable treatment of the soldiers of the Great War." In the minds of the editors this paragraph did not constitute a disregard of their suggestion, inasmuch as even in addressing a purely non-veteran audience, a candidate might with due propriety devote a few words to the ex-soldier.

It did seem fair, however, to inform Governor Cox that Senator Harding had referred specifically to the ex-service man and accordingly it was suggested to him that he do likewise, confining his remarks upon the ex-soldier to brief space.

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY takes this opportunity to thank the candidates of the two major parties for their ready response to this request for a discussion of the problems involved in the November election.

Almost But Not Quite

Mr. E. V. Lucas, the agreeable English essayist, narrating his recent American adventures in the *Outlook*, declares his conviction that all Americans look alike. On several occasions, he adds, this alleged resemblance all but caused him to greet strangers on the street under the impression that he had previously met them.

We incline to pooh-pooh this opinion (concealing our real pride in the fact that we may, after all, have a distinctive racial face) and then we pick up our morning paper and read The Misadventures of the West Virginia Legislator.

For the West Virginia legislator, going peacefully about his common business the other morning, was seized and kissed by an ardent anti-suffragist who mistook him for an opposition senator. Not satisfied with calling this a day, Fate, in the person of a zealous detective, arrested the legislator that afternoon under the impression that he was Grover Cleveland Bergdoll.

Mr. Lucas's case, however, is not complete. Until Grover Cleveland Bergdoll is kissed by the anti-suffragist under the impression that he is the opposition senator, we shall continue to oppose any effort to tell us apart by suspending individual license plates from our necks.

In Line of Duty

TWO thousand Americans, it is estimated in an article printed elsewhere in this issue, are now eking out a livelihood in Paris in ways more precarious than dependence on the visits of the Quartermaster, more questionable than pre-taps crap games in Clignancourt Barracks. Most of the 2,000, it is safe to assume, are long-distance AWOL's—men who left their outfits for one reason and another, with venereal sufferers forming an undoubtedly large percentage. Others are men who somehow contrived to be discharged in France without furnishing that proof of visible means of support which the Army was supposed to exact. Others still are wanderlust victims who returned to France from the States, and whose eagerness to revisit the scenes of their crusading outweighed the question of solvency.

All of them, however, are men who, yanked out of a rut by the swift emergency of war and transplanted to another continent and another life, lost their mental equilibrium in the process and never regained it.

They should be treated for what they are—men who for the most part are physically unwell, men who, in the broadest sense of the words, are mentally unwell. The Paris police, American diplomatic representatives and Paris Post of the Legion alike appear to be handling the situation with sympathy and intelligence, but their hands are tied. In its narrowest aspects the situation is a purely local one. In its broadest aspects—

Let it simply be recalled here that when, at the outbreak of the war in 1914, many American tourists found themselves stranded in a strange land, the United States Government sent a warship—the *Tennessee*—to bring them back in safety. Are the post-armistice casualties who did not come back when it was over over there worth as much consideration? They did not go across to do Europe—only to do Germany. And most of them played their part.

Behind the Times

THE motorist approaching the capital city of New York along the fine highway that leads from the Berkshire Hills to the Hudson comes upon two guiding signs directly opposite each other, the one reading "Albany 8 m.," the other "Albany 7 m." Driving on a matter of a few hundred yards, he meets another sign post: "Albany 8¼ m." An eighth of a mile further, so close together that they nearly touch each other, he finds these notices, reading from east to west: "Albany 5 m.," "Albany 7¼ m." The first and last of these five signs are not half a mile apart.

All this, of course, is merely amusing. Seldom is it a question of life and death to the motor tourist to know the exact distance he has yet to go in order to reach a specified center. But assuredly this hodge-podge of road directions—and the condition is not peculiar to New York—represents a spirit of civic slovenliness that the national efficiency label scarcely fits.

It is a matter which they order better in France. There the question of distance markers is not left to the discretion of the leading haberdasher in the next town or to the local agent for Big Smoky Ranges. With our great American highways thronged with automobiles from every State in the Union, we might reasonably expect some evidences of improvement over the ancient days when the buggy and the two-seated democrat wagon vied for the lordship of the road.

The German General Staff meets in Ludendorff's headquarters dugout to discuss plans for a new offensive

FIRST—
Miss Shepherd sang "In the Gloaming." The New Edison stood on the stage by her side.

185 times —

ONE hundred and eighty-five times, Miss Betsy Lane Shepherd has stood on a public concert platform, and sung the old heart-songs with all the exquisite fervor of her art. One hundred and eighty-five times, a New Edison has stood by her side, and brought her RE-CREATED voice into direct comparison with her living voice. One hundred and eighty-five times, her audience has found no difference between the two voices, either in quality, or in feeling, or in emotional influence.

AT Dallas, Texas, on April 26, 1920, Miss Shepherd, who is a famous concert soprano, stood before her 185th audience. She started to sing:

"*In the gloaming, oh! my darling—*"

With a soft, rounded loveliness, the beloved melody filled the auditorium. Pulsing through its theme was the soul of a great artist. Its message reached the hearts of the hushed listeners, and sped their imaginations back to cherished memories.

It was the magic of music!

Suddenly Miss Shepherd's lips went absolutely still. But her lovely voice went smoothly on—

"*—it was best to leave you thus—*"

The audience was puzzled. Then it awoke. Miss Shepherd's voice was now coming from the New Edison. For the 185th time, an audience had heard the Betsy Lane Shepherd test—and had been unable to tell the difference between her living voice and her RE-CREATED voice.

More than 4000 other audiences have heard more than fifty other vocalists and instrumentalists make this same test of

The NEW EDISON
"The Phonograph with a Soul"

THEN—
She suddenly stopped singing. The New Edison took up her song and continued it alone.

no difference!

direct comparison. Not one of these 4000 audiences was able to distinguish between the artist's original performance and its RE-CREATION by the New Edison.

MR. EDISON spent seven years and three million dollars in bringing the New Edison to this perfect realism. How he was led to concentrate upon realism was recently told by Mr. Edison himself.

"The ordinary phonograph, as we have known it, falls somewhat short of conferring upon its owner all of the pleasure and benefits that can be derived from good music. The greatest shortcoming of the phonograph was its lack of realism, and it is this shortcoming which I have sought to overcome. The result is a degree of realism in our present phonograph which is baffling to even the most expert ears."

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Per Volstead

"What will your present crop yield?" said the tractor salesman.

"Oh, about sixty gallons an acre," said the farmer.

With Malice Aforethought

Old Bill Holcomb, the town's leading character, had gone into the barber shop for a shave. At every stroke the tonsorial artist was asking: "Does it hurt? Is the razor all right?"

But after ten minutes Old Bill lost his patience. Upon the barber's next query of: "Does it hurt?" he yelled:

"Hell's bells, no! Is it supposed to?"

Poor Bathing Companion

(From the Dallas (Tex.) *Times Herald.*)

Hammond, La.—Miss Emma Breckwoldt, daughter of a hotel-keeper here, was suffering from severe injuries today, the result of an attack while bathing last night by an alligator.

Arabian Frights

Once upon a time the son of a noted caliph was led into the presence of the first of two princesses, between whom, it was decreed, he should choose a wife. As he gazed upon the unbeautiful countenance of the first his face paled and he staggered against the tapestries.

"He needs air," remarked his prospective father-in-law. And he was given air and he revived.

When he recovered he was escorted into the apartment of the alternative bride-to-be. But one glance at the blushing maid was enough, for with a gasp he collapsed headlong upon the divan.

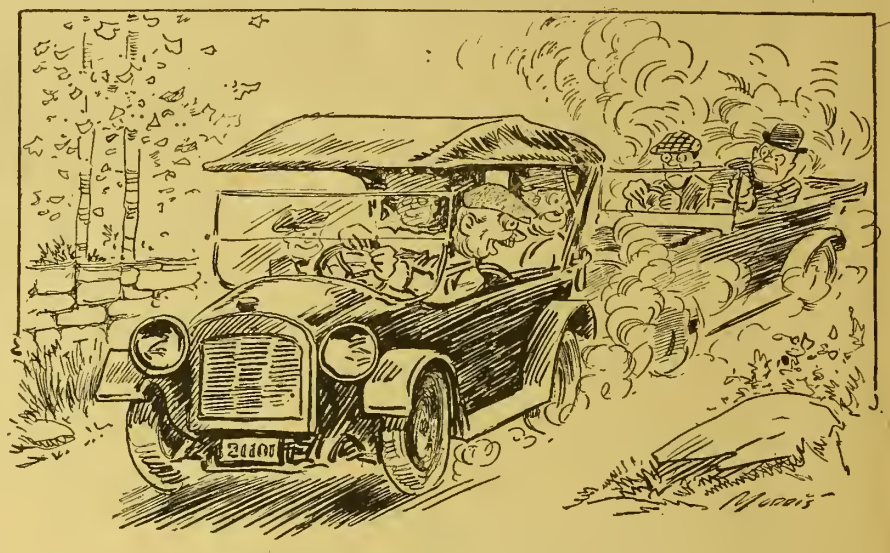
"He needs air again," declared the observant father, once more turning to the windows.

"Not air this time," replied the victim faintly. "Gimme straight oxygen."

"Jones got caught by the draft again."

"Whaddayou mean? He's been in civvies a year."

"He endorsed a bum check."



"Hey, there! D'ya want all the road?"
The family man: "No, only the top of it."

Old Stuff

"Everybody out!" bellowed the top kick.

"Out of what?" questioned the fresh rookie.

"Out of luck," yelled the t. k.

Fifty-fifty

"Hear you've cut out gambling here," said the traveler to Arizona Pete. "Reform wave hit you too?"

"Sort of, but mostly because everybody's plumb disgusted with the cheatin' that's been going on," returned Pete. "While ago a slick Easterner comes down here with a crooked deck and cleans everybody up. That disgusts all the natives. Then the Easterner discovers he ain't won nothing except counterfeit money. That disgusts him. So we decide to reform."

Totally Insufficient

The prisoner was up for bootlegging, but only one bottle of whisky was found upon him. The jury retired with "Exhibit A" but filed gloomily back at the expiration of ten minutes.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?" asked the clerk.

"We have not," stated the foreman aggrievedly. "We must have more evidence. Them last two jurymen that sat down to the end of the table swear there ain't an atom of proof against this feller."

One Road to Salvation

The two fishing guides had in vain tried to impress upon the stingy millionaire that a tip would not be amiss. Finally, as they paddled over the lake one had an inspiration.

"Bill," he gasped, pointing to a small fluffy cloud in the distance, "there's a storm coming up. Can you pray?"

"No."

"Can you sing a hymn?"

"No."

"Well, we've got to have something religious. Let's pass the hat around."

Whoa, Lizzie!

"Did you hear that Mr. Hiboy was killed while traveling in Kentucky?"

"No. How did it happen?"

"In a feud."

"Good Lord! And I've cautioned him a dozen times against riding in one."

Lucky Bird

By mistake he had gotten the wrong suit from the cleaners. Feverishly he fished through the pockets. There were $135 in bills and—

Not a one of them was receipted.

Looks That Way

"Who won the war?" asked the bright young goof behind the soda counter.

"Huh," ejaculated the ex-sergeant gruffly as he dug up the war tax, "I think we bought it."

Correct

"What are the two principal functions of United States money?" asked the teacher.

"To have and to hold." answered the bright young person.

Where Did He Learn?

"Murphy," snapped the desk lieutenant to the new patrolman. "I hear

there's a big crap game going on down the block. Go out and break it up."

The new cop vanished, reappearing in half an hour.

"Well," asked his superior, "did you put a stop to it?"

"I sure did," returned Murphy, patting a bulging pocket. "I only had two bucks on me but I broke up that game inside of twenty minutes."

Sad But True

Blues: "Why is glass a non-conductor?"

Booze: "Because there's nothing in a glass to be conducted any more."

APACHES, AMERICAN STYLE

(*Continued from page 6*)

seldom fails to win the passing tourist and he will yield a five or ten-franc note.

One of the men told me the full story of how they identify American tourists. They have reduced it to an art.

"You can generally tell them by the way they walk, or by their trousers," he said, "but when there's any doubt, take a look at the shoes, and that clinches it. The shoes are the final test—they never fail."

THERE is still another angle of the situation to be treated, and this is perhaps the most unhealthy of all. I thought I had sounded the depths of the horror until, one day, as it neared my time to sail home, I had occasion to go to the Gare St. Lazare. Standing for a moment in front of a café facing the station, I felt a touch on my arm. I turned and found myself facing a creature who bore a few traces of having once been a man. His face was unspeakably disfigured.

"Sorry to bother you, sir, but can you give me a little money to get something to eat? I hate to beg, but can't do anything else. No one will employ me. Take a look at my head."

The wretch took off a battered hat and what I saw shall not be recorded here. I gave him some money, and left him hastily. He was loathsome with disease.

This is a bird's-eye view of a certain element of American life in Paris. It is, of course, as far removed from the normal American life in the French capital as though the Atlantic Ocean divided the two.

It is a problem of immediate importance and fraught with a significance that cannot be exaggerated. These men, but by the grace of a war which threw their mental machinery out of cog, might now be normal citizens in their native land. They went overseas with the rest of us, they served with the rest of us in the big game. They just lacked a certain mental and moral something which would have kept them on the track.

Perhaps it is true, as Major Kipling of the Paris Post says, that they are "mostly essential criminals and would have been criminals at home." But that does not alter the fact that for eighteen months they wore the same uniform as we did, bartered cigarettes as we did, and "showed 'em how" at St. Mihiel. Let us give them the benefit of the doubt, and assume that the revolutionary changes in personal life that the war effected had at least something to do with it.

Will You Have a Home Like This One

Ten Years From Now?

It all depends on what you do for yourself during the next few years.

The men who are in responsible, well-paying positions, who have comfortable homes and who can give their families advantages have all this largely because of *what they know*.

Muscle can get you only so far. How much further you go depends on what you put into your head. Successful men are not usually geniuses. You can do what they have done if you have ambition and perseverance.

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THE VOICE *of the* LEGION

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.*

On "Being There"

To the Editor: Some time ago a verse appeared in the Voice of the Legion which seemed to some of us rather out of place. However, since "Trooper, Ex-104th Fld. Sig. Bn.," throws his hat into the ring, the undersigned forwards the following just to get it out of his system and possibly to express the sentiments of a few million who are not followers of Bergdoll and the conscientious objectors:

Just a little answer to a former pal of ours,
Just a word of protest from the boys beneath the flowers,
Just a word of caution to a buddy whose wrong steer
May give a false impression and create some groundless fear.

Remember when Democracy was on the brink of death,
When tyranny was conqu'ring and the free stood second best,
Remember when communiqués were full of dire news,
There were enough Americans who knew we couldn't lose.

And if again the bugle call shall summon us to fight,
There are enough Americans to back up what is right,
And all our Uncle Samuel will be obliged to do,
Is drop a little line to me—and I will be there, too.

E. L. M.

Washington Grey Post,
New York City

From a Native Daughter

To the Editor: I am just a girl, but I should like to set G. H. Tewson of Toledo, O., right about California. It was rather clever of him to spring the joke about the artificial lawn and I appreciate it. However, we don't care to have false stories spread. Why, the girls in this wonderful country are so healthy they don't need rouge, as they do in another State I might mention where the climate isn't like ours. If anyone doesn't believe this, all he needs to do is to come out here and see our native daughters. A. F. S.

Stockton, Cal.

I Dub Thee Goof

To the Editor: A recent journey through New England has suggested to me two new candidates for the Gorganzola Cheese Medalo, Second Class, with cauliflower star. I am not using real names, but I have the names as proof if the War Department wants to go into the matter and hold a public ceremony of bestowal.

The first candidate (I saw him in the Middletown, Conn., railroad station) was a young man with a suitcase which bore on the *side* (not the end) this legend: "Lieut. Fred Woof, Umpth Field Artillery, A. E. F." I decline to drag in the name of a fine fighting unit just because it happens to have one dumbbell among its alumni. The exlooey took good care to carry his suitcase with the lettered side out, and I regret to say that some silly little girls gave him a very languishing double-O. He didn't mind.

The second eligible is an ex-officer, outfit not known, who lives in a pleasant little house on the outskirts of Providence, R. I. On his house is a wooden signboard with black letters on a white background, easily readable from the rue, which says thusly: "Major Gumpf, U. S. Army."

R. G. D.

New Rochelle, N. Y.

Officers' Insignia

To the Editor: Why all the excitement about officers wearing their uniforms in parades? My feeling is that all our uniforms are of historical interest only, and serve merely to mark the place we occupied in the victorious organization; hence, a general's uniform is of no greater interest or value than a private's. But if we are to "remove all signs of rank," as recommended by "A Comrade," on what grounds can we logically retain sergeants' and corporals' chevrons, wound stripes, service stripes, service bars, medals, etc., each of which marks its wearer as having been different from other comrades who also had a part in winning the war? Of course, any ex-officer or man who tries to carry these war-time differences into peace times is an ass, and can be left to the effectual discipline of his associates, but I maintain that the arbitrary removal of a certain group of insignia is of doubtful value.

Why shouldn't I wear my uniform, unmutilated, when any other Buddy is wearing his? What square, level-headed comrade will feel offended if I do? If so, why?

COMRADE TOO

Somerville, N. J.

"His High Mightiness"

To the Editor: I have read through two times the article in last week's AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY entitled "His High Mightiness," and will frankly admit that I found I had been very ignorant of the powers vested in our President. I dare say the majority of our readers were almost as ignorant in that respect as myself.

Therefore, I believe it would be well for most of us to read it several times and prepare ourselves with a better understanding of the importance of our vote at the coming election.

How often do we hear some man express his indifference as to which way the election goes? I myself have heard men who are very prominent in local politics express such indifference. This is not true Americanism, and every man capable of voting intelligently should strive to know why he is voting for an individual or party.

HARRY M. STEED

Portsmouth, O.

The Flag as a Scarecrow

To the Editor: Have you ever heard of the Stars and Stripes used as a scarecrow? There is a man in a Massachusetts town who plants a garden every year beside a street car line. In the spring he tacks an American flag on one of the bean poles, apparently to keep the crows and other birds away. It is now September and what is left of the flag is still on the bean

pole, torn and weatherbeaten. It is well enough to be patriotic, but I think it is carrying it a little bit too far to leave a flag tacked to a bean pole day and night for five months.

J. A. MURPHY

East Bridgewater, Mass.

He Got His

To the Editor: Referring to the letter in the last issue from the man who doesn't want to get his Victory Medal by asking for a gift and swearing to the request, I suggest that he stop his calamity howling and go and get the medal.

I have had mine for some time—it took me exactly eleven days to get it. As a gift it is nil. Why did he ever accept his discharge paper? Was it not a gift, by his own reasoning? And aren't we asking for adjusted compensation, which I am sure will come some day and would be as much a gift as the Victory Medal?

I have asked for and obtained at various times, in addition to the Victory Medal, a discharge button, the Missouri State medal and a souvenir cigar lighter given by the citizens of St. Louis. My discharge paper has traveled twice to Washington and back, and I have it now.

Cairo, Ill. R. D. M.

THE OBSERVATION POST

Conducted by the NATIONAL ADJUTANT

I GOT a letter here at headquarters a couple of weeks ago, a long, vehement letter from a young man who began, "I have just been graduated from college—proving that I have at least average intelligence—and I am not a member of the Legion and I am not going to be." He went on to say that he didn't think that the Legion had lived up to its ideals and he said that there were a lot of fellows in the same boat with him. Then he enumerated a lot of things the Legion should have done and didn't and some things the Legion did that it shouldn't. He was an aggressive young man with positive ideas.

Now I could have written a long letter of explanation to the young man telling why the Legion has done certain things and why it hasn't done others—might have suggested to him, possibly, that a locomotive isn't built overnight, or a national organization, either. But I didn't. Just wrote him a few lines: "If I were in your position, and if my ideas were as positive and my ideals as high as yours, I would get into the Legion and remodel it to suit, or break my neck trying."

The young man was only a few days in answering. "Your letter voiced an argument which I consider sound," he said. "Within the next month I expect to remove to another city, at which time I will join the Legion, if they will have me.

"I realize the fact that a kicker who is outside the organization with which he disagrees is wasting energy. I shall join the Legion and then—when I have the right—I shall continue in this one respect to remain a kicker."

Of course the Legion will have this young man. And the post which gets him ought to be glad of it. The only trouble with him was that he had the wrong slant. There are probably a lot of kickers like this wasting their energy on the outside. But when you put it up to them this way, if they are sincere, there are only two alternatives—they either join the Legion or shut up.

OUT in Seattle, Wash., is a Legionnaire with a way of his own for getting new members. It seems that Elmer J. Noble Post, the one he belongs to, was conducting a membership drive and it was up to him to enlist as many ex-service men as he could. So he took around with him copies of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY and whenever he met a service man who wasn't a Legionnaire he gave him the magazine. Nine out of ten times, he says, he landed his man. So, you see, after you've read the magazine its usefulness isn't ended by several long kilometers.

¶How about a bulletin board in your post listing jobs for ex-service men in your community? If you hear of a job that's open anywhere around, put it up where everybody can see it. It may help some buddy who has just arrived in town to settle down among you and raise the census.

HERE comes another argument why your post should get up a local Legion directory and put it in such places as the railroad station, post office and hotels. A buddy from Pennsylvania blew into a town in New Jersey the other day not at all burdened with francs, and tried to look up the local post to be directed to a place where he could get a night's bunk fatigue for a reasonable price. The Y. M. C. A. didn't know where the post was; all a local newspaper knew was that it had moved, and the out-of-town buddy found himself up against it proper. As a result he had to spend a lot more than he wanted to for a bed at a hotel. And now, to come down to the big point, what would have happened if he had dropped into your town? Think it over.

¶Is your post going to be in on the big Victory Medal celebration on Armistice Day? Thousands of them are, and if your post hasn't started yet it should get application blanks from the nearest recruiting office and fill them out. Then give 'em back to the R. O. to be forwarded and you'll get your medals for the doing. All hop to it and let's put it across big.

THE question of forming a post composed of men all from the same branch of the service and from those men only is constantly coming up. Of course, I don't say it isn't a fine thing to have a post made up of men who looked at the war from the same angle, from above like the aviators or from below like the doughboys, but just the same there's this drawback to it: There may be a buddy in your town, a darned fine buddy, too, who wants to join your post but can't because he wasn't in your branch of the service. I've heard of a marine who is S. O. L. that way. He can't get into the post he wants to join because it is one of those special branch of service units. That doesn't seem quite fair, does it? I guess most posts of this kind never thought of this side of it before.

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CARRYING ON

What is your Post doing? Tell The American Legion News Service, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

ANOTHER secret organization has burst forth within the Legion. It is the Concatenated Order of the Wafampoofah, formed by Phillips-Elliot-Hodges Post of Saginaw, Mich. There aren't any dues and the order in time will consist of three degrees of "heartrending initiation." An initiation was staged at the State convention held in Saginaw.

Cowboys and ranchers from the Powder River country make up the membership of Jess R. Williams Post of Moorcroft, Wyo. "We live in one of the best countries that lies out of doors," is the word from the Post, "and there is still plenty of room on our broad prairies for anyone who wants to come out."

Approval of the action of the Legion Posts of Denver in turning out to protect life and property and impartially maintain law and order during the recent tramway strike, was expressed in a resolution passed by Fred L. Tuttle Post, of Clayton, N. M. "This resolution is made," the document declared, "for the purpose of showing to the Denver Posts and to the world that notice has been taken of their valiant action in this time of emergency, and for the purpose of expressing our appreciation and approval of their spirit."

Taking no chances of having their orchestra stuck on the road by blowouts or cast horseshoes, the Spiers-Dennis Post, of Olathe, Colo., had the musicians conveyed to town for a dance by airplane from Montrose. The orchestra, being ex-service men, took the new means of transportation quite as a matter of course.

WHEN things look a bit dull in Oskaloosa, Iowa, the commander of Harry Anderson Post, together with the adjutant and four or five other Legionnaires just hop into an automobile and shoot over to a neighboring town and organize a Legion Post. So far they've organized new units in Eddyville, Bussey, Ollie and New Sharon.

Everett, Mass., Post boasts a hand-embroidered Legion flag made by Mrs. Amelia Fowler, who is famous for renovating the original Stars and Stripes for the Smithsonian Institution several years ago. An American flag, a naval flag and a State of Massachusetts flag, also made by Mrs. Fowler, complete the Post's set of colors. The flags were presented to the Post by the children of Everett.

A Legion post at Downer Grove, a Chicago suburb, scored a victory over anti-cigarette reformers recently by a referendum in which the smokables, sale of which had been prohibited, were restored to the shelves of Downer Grove stores by a majority of nearly two to one. More women are said to have voted for the restoration than against it.

"Here y'are, ladies and gentlemen, step right up. A trip around the world for ten cents, only a dime, the tenth part of a dollar." And up the visitors crowded and took their trip around the world—a walk around a globe on a pedestal—at the "Carnival of Fun" staged by the Colome, S. D., Post. Eleven sideshows were operated by the Legionnaires, in which were seen everything from war relics to a Bolivian "strong man," who flung tremendous (?) weights (of pasteboard) around as easily as a doughboy juggles a kitful of slum.

Fifty miles from the nearest railroad, back in the Mt. Whitney Range of California, there is a Post of the Legion that is constantly on the go, although forty-eight of its sixty members are scattered through construction camps. Kern River Post has held several dances, and on Memorial Day it decorated the graves of soldiers in the vicinity. Many ex-service men, on going to work in the camps along Kern River, have been astonished to find a Post of the Legion deep in the wilds.

This oil painting of Ensign Joseph Faussett Bellak has been donated by his mother, Mrs. Blanche A. Bellak, to Joseph Faussett Bellak Post of Philadelphia. The new clubhouse of the post also was the gift of Mrs. Bellak. Ensign Bellak died in service October 4, 1918

In order to determine the most efficient method "to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness," the Astoria, L. I., Post has established a department to evolve ways and means whereby the Post may best carry out this clause of the Legion constitution.

A San Francisco newspaper which editorially advocated an amnesty for all war offenders and criticized the Government for prosecuting draft evaders is denounced in a resolution adopted by Berkeley, Cal. Legionnaires, who term the editorial "an

outrage upon the memory of loyal Americans who gave their lives in the service" and "a furtive attempt to establish a precedent whereby cowards and traitors may avoid service in defense of the country whose benefits they accept." The resolution also refers to the article as "a despicable veiled expression of sympathy for disloyal cowards who skulk in dark corners, hiding behind women's skirts, and who are a disgrace to the name 'American.'"

Elaborate ceremonies marked the recent dedication of Heisser Square in honor of a Brooklyn, (N. Y.) war hero. The square received its name through the enterprise of Charles W. Heisser Post, of Brooklyn, which placed the suggestion before the Board of Aldermen and arranged the program. Charles W. Heisser was an infantry sergeant in the Twenty-seventh Division and fell in battle on the Hindenburg line.

WHEN Bernardsville, N. J., Post was granted a charter at the New Jersey State convention after they had signed a statement previously offered by them that their manning of trains in the recent railroad strike was done purely as individuals and not as a Legion post, a long-drawn out dispute was settled to the satisfaction of all concerned. The convention passed a resolution clarifying the Legion's attitude toward strikes which has been widely quoted. It reads:

Whereas, the action of certain individuals in manning trains in the recent railroad strike has been attributed to The American Legion as an organization, and

Whereas, the impression has gone forth that The American Legion has officially sanctioned such action as an organization, now therefore

Be it Resolved, that we, the members of The American Legion of the State of New Jersey in convention assembled, do hereby reaffirm the principles of The American Legion that we shall in no way officially become involved in disputes between labor and capital, and we condemn and repudiate the action of any individual or individuals who may have misrepresented The American Legion in this respect.

GRUDGE FIGHTS

(*Continued from page 8*)

"Now, Jim," said Johnson soothingly. "You're a good game white boy. Don't you excite yourself, because we still got ten rounds to go, and I ain't going to be any rougher than is necessary, because the house ain't very big anyhow."

But Flynn replied peevishly, and with an oath. Johnson frowned and shot out a snaky black right, and it was over. Afterward he seemed sorry that he had had to do it.

Sam Langford, another black, knocked out the same Flynn in one round—in fact, with one punch. He did not do this because he was particularly angry at Flynn. But he was put out because his end of the purse was shorter, and as he explained afterward, "I wouldn't give them no long fight for so little dough."

In the prize ring of today those who see only two cave-men mauling each other savagely, "with all of the worst of the primitive instincts roused," or two "abysmal brutes" or that sort of thing, are seeing phantoms that are not there. In reality they are looking upon two eager young business men at work. For this is a commercial age, and the manly art, like all the other arts, has become highly commercialized.

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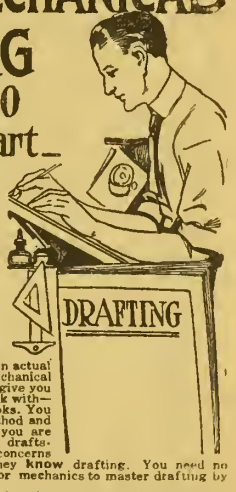

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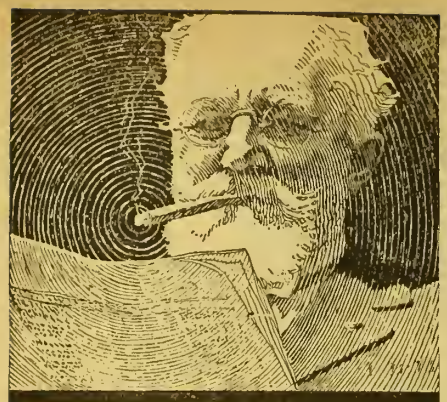

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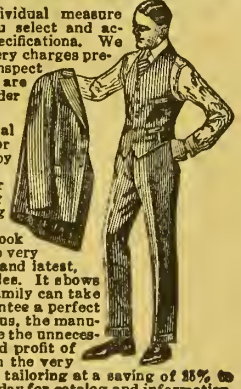

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By SENATOR WARREN G. HARDING

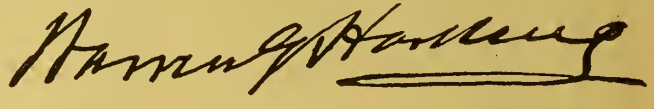
(*Continued from page* 4)

economic conditions as is the cooperation of capital through the agencies of corporations and large business aggregates.

We found ourselves at the close of the war with ships aggregating ten million tons capacity. Those vessels should be put on the sea under American private ownership, operated under our flag and by American seamen. The long hoped-for desire of the Republican Party has been for our own merchant marine. The opportunity is now here to make the United States the greatest sea-carrying power in the world. With trade routes and prompt and dependable service established and with a consular service trained to an understanding of the demands of commerce, we shall assume our proper place upon the ocean and provide markets in remote seas that shall take up our surplus products, insuring stable employment to our people and a demand for our grain and manufactures.

Above all things, I would have our people renew their faith in their institutions. We have the form of government best fitted to our needs and aspirations. It has stood the tests of one hundred and thirty-one years, through a great civil war. It is not perfect, as is no work of human minds, but it is fully adequate. We have prospered and we have grown powerful and great under our system. The powers of the Government sometimes have been misused, but the power soon returns to the people and they can easily apply the remedy. We owe it to those who have paid the great price of liberty and to those who offered their all to the nation to guard the institutions made sacred by all these heroic sacrifices.

There are a number of other important matters which space forbids me discuss, and their importance must not be minimized by failure to include them here. The Republican national platform is a clear and specific declaration of our purposes. Never in the history of politics has such a frank party declaration been made as that document contains.



By GOVERNOR JAMES M. COX

(*Continued from page* 5)

It may look with more vigilant eye upon the health machinery of the country. This is an important task in which the national instrumentality should not attempt to destroy the State, by no means, but in which it may suggest courses, offer aid and expert advice. The national Government has been able in this manner to build up a better system of vital statistics than would have been possible had each State been left to its own resources. It may do the same thing with health and again the same thing in institutions for child care and in education. This is a task of housekeeping in which the cooperation of the best talent in the land should be sought, men and women sharing in the task to build a stronger generation to people our great land.

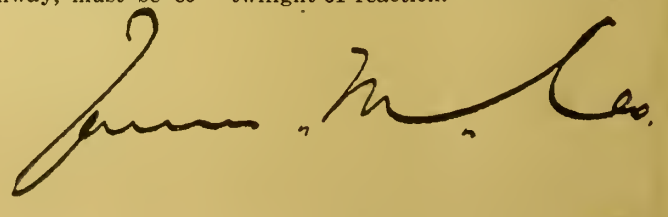
The younger Americans will wish to see better business in government. I believe that it never must be governed by quite the strict rules that prevail in many private businesses. After all, the people together may afford a few experiments. But the business principles of commerce and industry must govern, with elimination of waste and duplication. Practical experience will be indispensable in this task.

THE natural resources of the country, like its foreign trade, must be developed. We have streams and lakes that can be utilized to carry our commerce. They must be made suitable to the task. Our transportation systems, water, rail and highway, must be coordinated to secure an equal and harmonious development. These are essentially business tasks. Our natural resources in coal and timber and fertile soil must be conserved, for the generation is but, in a sense, a trustee for those who are to come after. These, too, are housekeeping problems.

Our nation in many of these things has made progress in recent years—would have made greater progress but for the interruption of war and delayed peace concentrating our energies on the means of destruction rather than of construction. But the war, awakening slumbering energies, has loosed new forces and powers, the potentialities of which in good and evil are immeasurable.

America has unshackled her business from the grip of the financial profiteer. She has secured her credit system and her banking on a firm and independent basis, and so it must be preserved. The young men have most at stake here, for they are beginning their careers and they are most likely to meet with conditions jeopardizing their success and prosperity unless the opportunities in life are fair. One cannot ask less and be a man, and one cannot ask more and be a good American.

A new vision unfolds itself as we stand viewing the horizon. May we keep our faces turned toward tomorrow. Let those who prefer the darkness look fondly on the deepening twilight of reaction.



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IRELAND ON THE WARPATH

(*Continued from page 9*)

Every little village, at one time or another, must have its fling. As our train en route from Dublin to Belfast passed through Dundalk, we found the outer section of the town in flames, with a great bank of smoke overhanging it.

Today Londonderry is isolated from the world. Cork awaits the death of Lord Mayor McSwiney in Brixton jail at London. The roads to Cork are crowded with motor lorries and armored cars carrying British soldiers to a scene where reprisals are sure to occur if the Lord Mayor dies. There is no rest after five 'years' war for the British Tommy—there are now more troops in Ireland than there were Irish 'volunteers for the Great War.

DUBLIN is quiet, for to Dublin the Irish Republic is an actuality. The Dublinites have changed the names of their principal streets, and all the sign posts are in Gaelic. In the center of the town the General Post Office stands in charred ruin as a monument to the uprising of Easter Week, 1916, when the Irish Republic was declared.

Far into the night dark figures gather in doorways eagerly awaiting the approach of soldiers. Under the cloak of a political movement thieves break into shops to loot the shelves. Off they saunter in possession of rich booty.

Amid this savagery the outside observer is forced to the conclusion that the Irish question has lost its answer. No solution has been offered that does not leave a rampant minority eager to perpetuate the fury into which the Irish mind has worked itself.

Even now as I write the wild cries of an angry mob can be heard above the clatter of Belfast. I feel as though I were penning a letter from a strange inferno. Now and again I hear the rat-tat-tat of machine guns. Just down the street the *Irish Times* is pasting up a list of casualties as they are reported from the overflowing hospitals. It is a queer world, and Ireland is surely an odd corner of it.

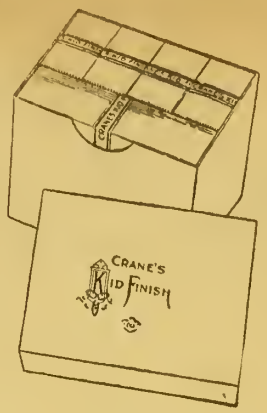
EX-SERVICE NOTES

Lower Funeral Costs—At the convention of the New Jersey State Funeral Directors' Association a resolution was introduced placing the organization on record as being ready to handle without profit all bodies of soldiers brought from overseas.

K. P. for the Bolshevists—An American aviator who was serving as an officer in the Polish Army and was captured by the Russians is now working as a K. P. for a Red detachment, according to the story told by Bolshevist prisoners. Efforts to obtain definite information as to the fate of Capt. Arthur D. Kelly and Capt. Merion Cooper, of the Kosciuszko Squadron, who have been missing for several months, have been unsuccessful.

First Division Reunion—Features of the First Division Reunion, to be held at Camp Dix November 11, include a reception, entertainments by various divisional units, athletic events, a reunion dinner and a smoker.

Hospital Outing—An all-day boatride from New York up the Hudson River was recently given 350 convalescent soldiers from the Fox Hills General Hospital. A committee of New York women, appointed by the mayor, accompanied the men as hostesses.



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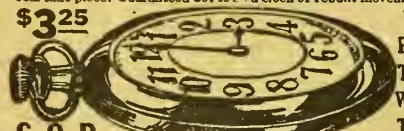

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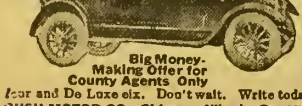

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ROLL CALL

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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.

HAGGER, ELMER E., 1st Lieut., Co. M., 59th Inf., write Thomas R. Wooderson, 1357 S. Washington st., Royal Oak, Mich.

SATURNIEWICZ, JOHN F., formerly of 502d Eng., who was at Gen. Hosp. 16, New Haven, Conn., write D. W. Morris, care of Morris Drug Co., Emporia, Kans.

VASAS, JAMES, formerly of 717 Broadway, Louisville, Ky., enlisted at the beginning of the war and was sent to Fort Bliss, Tex., to be assigned to 8tb Cav. At request of mother, information sought by Dr. W. G. Schacklette, Valley Station, Ky.

RONEY, ROSCOE VERNE, Co. G., 108th Amm. Tr. Last heard from in February, 1918, at Camp Logan, Tex. Red Cross of Denver, Colo., seeks information at request of mother.

LYNCH ———, formerly of Artists Rifles, B. E. F., who lived at 216 E. Bank st., Retenburg, Va., in 1917. Whereabouts sought by Mrs. Hubert Speer, 605 E 7th st., Temple, Tex.

SEVIER, STANLEY, discharged at Mitchel Field, Long Island, whose home was formerly in Groveland, Cal., may learn something to his advantage by writing C. E. Morris, 3701 Osgood st., Chicago, Ill.

FRANCOIS, GEORGE J., of Ohio, stationed at Camp Colt, Gettysburg, Pa., in May, 1918, while in the Tank Corps, and later transferred to the M. T. C. Speaks four languages and is about twenty-eight years old. Legacy now due him. Information sought by S. R. Scott, secretary Cuyahoga County Council, The American Legion, 2121 Euclid ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

HUGGINS, GLEN—Last heard of at Hempstead, N. Y., as corporal with 825th Aero Repair Squad. Information sought by aunt, Mrs. M. E. Davis, Denton, Mont.

140TH M. G. BN., Co. A—Vernon F. Ware, Willie D. Golson and Lawrence Buzzard, write Earl R. Rice, Clarksdale, Miss.

LANTZ, MILTON, formerly of Lindstrom, Minn., is asked to communicate with his home. Anyone having information concerning him is asked to write Mrs. Gust. Lantz, Lindstrom, Minn.

THOMPSON, RALPH, formerly of Vigo, Ohio, who was studying auto mechanics in New York after being discharged from the Army, write Miss Gladys Hart, 478 First st., Greenfield, Ohio, as his relatives are worrying.

DREDGE, GEORGE, formerly of 223d Aero Squad., write Ted Brodie, 10 Sewall ave., Brookline, Mass.

80TH FLD. ART., Bty A, Seventh Div. Former members of this outfit write Anton Mussil, secretary, The Seventh Division Club of Chicago, 1954 Sheffield ave., Chicago, Ill.

In the Casualty List

PROHORTZ, FRANK B., 96th Co., 6th Marines, 2d Div., reported wounded June 29, 1918, died June 30, 1918. Information sought from comrades by Cyril J. Probortz, 533 E. 31st st., Portland, Ore.

ANTHONY, FRANK JAMES, Co. H, 159th Inf., 40th Div., death reported Oct. 3, 1918. Information sougbt from Uncle Jack Schaub, of Idaho, or any of Anthony's buddies by his brother, Charles H. Anthony, White Sulphur Springs, Mont.

SPITLER, JESSE, outfit unknown. Report received from William Samson that Jesse Spitler was killed in accident in France. Mother, sister and brother seek information. Address Miss Nita Spitler, 326 Thatcher bldg., Pueblo, Cal.

CUNNEEN, HARRY S., Co. E, 23d Inf., reported missing in action July 18, 1918, later reported killed in action July 18, 1918. Was seen at 7 a. m. being carried to rear. A comrade, Samuel Swartz, reported seeing bim in hospital. Information requested by his mother, Mrs. Lizzie Cunneen, 7 Main st., Haverill, Mass.

67TH Co., 5TH MARINES—Cloyd K. Davis reported killed in action at Blanc Mont, Oct. 4, 1918. Information concerning service or death desired by father, Elmer M. Davis, Petersburg, Pa.

110TH INF., Co. H.—Ernest L. Cloud reported missing in action in Argonne, Sept. 27, 1918. Information asked for by mother, Mrs. H. V. Cloud, Clark, S. D.

125TH INF., Co. C.—Walter B. Carlyle wounded about Oct. 20, 1918; died October 24. Particulars sought by sister, Anna Carlyle, Bethany, Ill.

125TH INF., Co. F.—Archie L. Gregg reported killed in action on October 8, 1918, but reported seen in B. H. No. 18 after tbe Armistice. Information wanted by motber, Mrs. Thomas J. Greggs, 2006 Edna ave., Scranton, Pa.

150TH M. G. BN., Co. C.—Joseph Lorenz wounded in Aisne-Marne offensive about July 30; died of wounds. Men who were with him are requested to write his mother, Mrs. Frank Lorenz, 121 E. Fairview ave., Dayton, Ohio.

151ST F. A. BTY. A.—Frank Booma died while with his outfit. Details wanted by his sister, Leeta M. Rintz, 294 Pleasant st., Portsmouth, N. H.

325TH INF., Co. L.—Tom Backhouse reported missing in action Oct. 19, 1918. Information requested by mother, Mrs. E. Backhouse, 14 Altofts Place, Beeston Hill, Leeds, England.

61ST INF., Co. M—Sgt. Andrew Sieracki, killed in the Argonne Nov. 5, 1918. Particulars wanted by his brother, Leo Sieracki, 18 Barthel st., Buffalo, N. Y.

5TH MARINES, 47TH Co.—Guy Howard Spencer died in Base Hosp. 202 Oct. 17, 1918 after being wounded October 4. His mother, Mrs. Maude Spencer, Box 806, Jamestown, N. Dak., wishes to hear from comrades wbo knew him in hospital or in battle.

11TH REG. F. A. R. D., HQ. Co., Camp Jackson, S. C. Leon C. Smith accidentlly killed Nov. 7, 1918. Information wanted of his last hours and details of accident by his mother. Address C. A. Slocum, Watkins, N. Y.

315TH INF., 79TH DIV., Co. D—Sgt. Elmer Fox reported missing in action, but later reported as having been seen in a hospital in this country. Information sought by his mother, Mrs. N. J. Clapp, 2543 S. 61st st., Philadelphia. (Formerly of 3405 Comly st., Wissinoming, Philadelphia.)

VICK, AUBREY, serial number 306066, born Feb. 10, 1896 and killed near Xammes about Nov. 9, 1918. Relatives may obtain his Bible by writing A. J. Mead, 2617 Harney st., Omaha, Neb.

NELMS, GEORGE, Sgt. Co. I, 16th Inf., First Div., reported killed in action. Mrs. Alice Crossland, 1912 Mason st., Houston, Tex., seeks information at the request of his parents.

356TH INF., Co G—Pvt. Frank E. Glad, reported missing in action Nov. 10, 1918. Relatives have received photograph of his grave. A comrade of his company reported he was wounded at 3 A.M., Nov. 11, 1918, and taken to hospital. More definite information sought by his sister, Miss Barbara Glad, R. F. D. No. 3, Muskogee, Okla.

38TH INF., Co. L—Cpl. Martin Straulina, reported killed in action Oct. 9, 1918. Details sought by sister, Mrs. H. A. Platte, 133 Claremont ave., Montclair, N. J.

319TH INF., Co. H—Pvt. Carl William Ihli, reported missing in action Oct. 5, 1918, and later reported wounded and believed captured by the enemy. Information sought by Mrs. Frank Ihli, Sutersville, Pa., Westmoreland County, Box 327.

Regarding Circulation and Editorial Matters.

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

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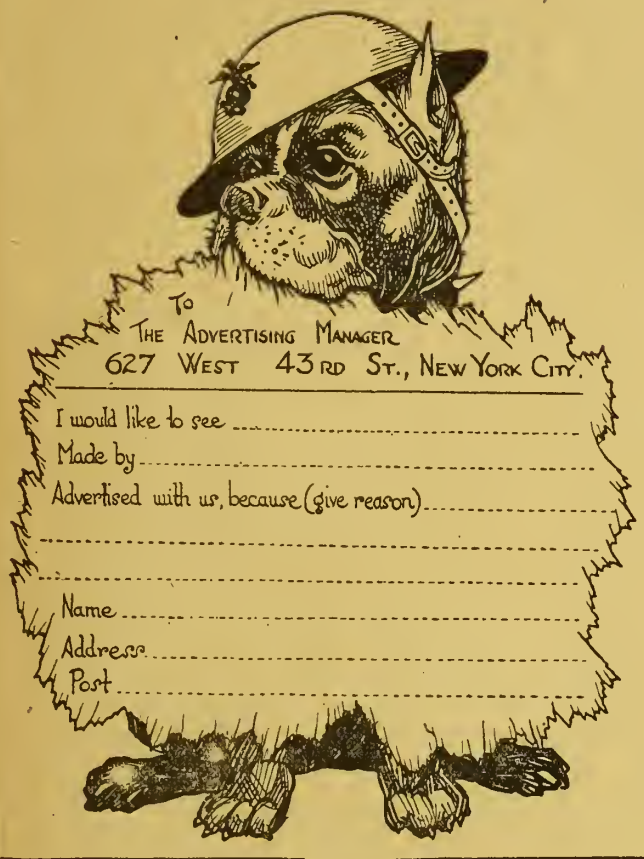
To the shores of Tripoli—"



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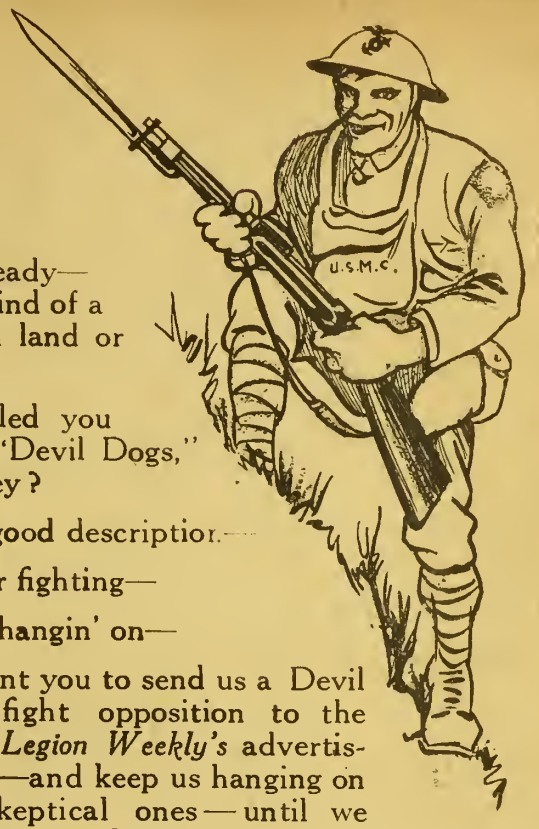

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