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—and he gave it to her for her birthday

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The Young Man and the Small Town

"Shall I Stay in My Own Community or Try My Luck in the Big City?"

By EDWARD W. BOK

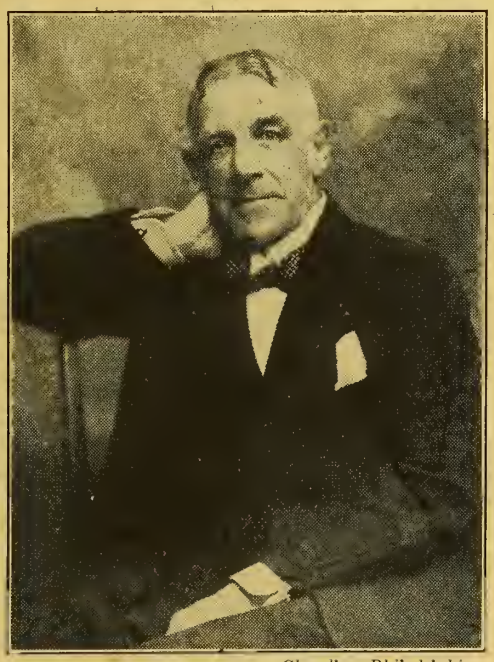
THE lure of the large city is very strong for the average young man. Naturally so. He constantly reads about the doings in the metropolis in newspaper, magazine and book, and from the insistent way in which some writers place the scenes of their material in the large city, one might imagine a metropolis was the only place of romance or adventure.

Particularly is this true of New York City. No American city so completely attracts the writer of fact and fiction, with the result that to thousands of young men it has become the American Mecca. They read of the fortunes made there; of the wealth gathered and spent; of the goings and comings of the great captains of industry; of the stupendous corporations harbored there; they read about Broadway until it is stamped on their minds as the most famous street in the United States, as it probably is, thanks to clever advertising, and they count the days until they can get to the great Eastern metropolis.

And then?

They find the most sordidly cruel city in the country: a city with its fine side, yes, finer than any other city in the country, but also with its proportionately hard side, also harder than any city in the country. The fortunes they have read about are there, no doubt of that, but the young men soon find that they have not been made there. Wealth is spent wildly, intemperately; recklessness borders on madness, but the money is not gathered there. The captains of industry are there, but only in a few instances have they made their careers in New York; generally outside of it. The large corporations are there, but only in an executive sense; their vital part, the production end, is almost in every case elsewhere.

The young strangers walk up and down Broadway, and if they happen to be chaps who have their sense of relations well-grounded, they soon wonder what, other than theatrical advertising, has made it famous; they are amazed to find it one of the ugliest streets they ever saw in day-time, and blatantly vulgar after dusk. Narrow, badly-swept, with its street-cars crying aloud in their appearance their story of bankruptcy, its stores cheap and tawdry; its theater-fronts with their inartistic and exaggerated lighting—the strangers marvel, and well may they do so, at the fame of a street which has actually nothing to commend it except its sordid cheapness.



Chandler, Philadelphia.

MR. BOK, for thirty years editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, has been in the forefront of the movement to make the small town a cleaner, more beautiful, more neighborly place to live in. Mr. Bok's autobiography, "The Americanization of Edward Bok," has recently appeared. He is a native of Holland, and came to America at the age of six

What confuses the average young man about New York is that he believes it to be a producing center, whereas it is only a market. No city of its size perhaps produces less than New York, and when you give it credit as a trading-post you have written down all that you can in its favor. It is a mart and all that a mart is.

And suppose these young men do succeed in New York, what return in the things worth while do they get? They cannot live in a home in New York; they no longer build such things there. Life in New York means a flat life in a flat, and even to get to that and from it they must go through the torture of a subway ride twice a day which is only tolerated by those who have no idea of comfortable transit. The suburbs are there, but beyond their reach. Brooklyn is theirs, but that means a dark tube or a bridge crush. The New Yorker never sleeps in fresh air; always in an atmosphere charged with soot and dirt and gases. His nerves are never at rest, for the noises of New York never cease. New York never really sleeps.

And this is life!

And what is true of New York is true, with only the local conditions changed, and in a degree perhaps a trifle less faulty, of Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis and the other so-called centers of the United States. I do not think that any of these cities is as flagrantly bad as New York, but they are bad enough—as places to live.

Of course, great cities must exist. They are a necessity, and to make them great there must be folks who work and live in them—or rather exist in them. But why deliberately choose them where the choice exists? That is the puzzling question.

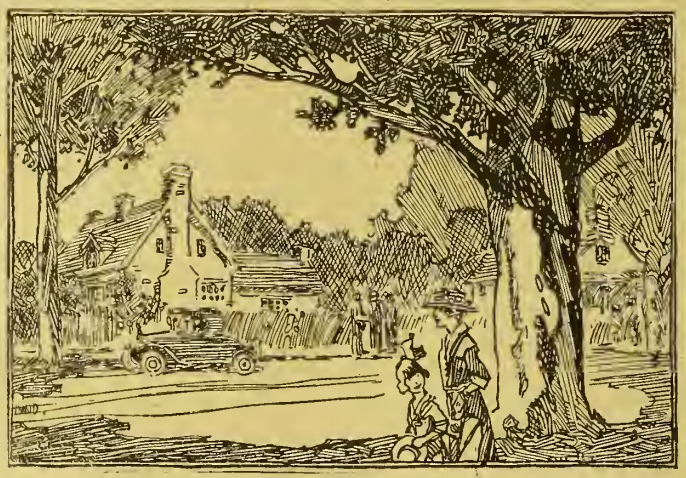
Some one will say, "How about yourself? You live in Philadelphia." I do not. I take good care to live in the suburbs.

"But you did live in New York."

True, in that I lived in Brooklyn. But I had no choice. My place of living was forced upon me, and, being a foreigner, I did not know my America as I do now. Given my present knowledge, it would never occur to me to settle in a large American city. If I had my life to live over again, and given the knowledge of an American young fellow, say, at the age of twenty-five or thereabouts, I would unhesitatingly choose the smaller American community, both for working and living. There is no comparison when it comes to rational living.

I can imagine no more fortunate man, no man more to be envied, than he who, born in a moderate-sized community, has grown with its people and history, and is today the president of its leading

bank, the proprietor of its most respected newspaper, its foremost attorney or its recognized merchant. And he is the true American. His life is busy, of course; a man's life should be busy. But he finds time for repose, for quiet thought, for reading, for neighborly contact. He has a chance to develop his human relations not all based on business interests. His life is not charged with the electric current of city life and its thousand and one demands which send a man half-rested and yawning to his business the next morning. Go into any subway train in New York from eight to ten any morning and watch the faces of the men; they are tired before they begin their day; fifty percent yawn before they leave the train; such sleep as they have had has not even been restful.



There is a wonderful quality about the average small American community. Take such cities as Galesburg, Illinois; Springfield, Massachusetts; Utica, New York; Portland, Maine, and others, smaller and some even larger, a recital of which would fill line after line to mention them here, and what has the metropolis to compare with the actual quality that distinguishes these communities? What is there American except its commercialism about the huge metropolis? But there is a distinct American color to the smaller American city. Intelligent foreigners know that to see the real America and the real Americans they must go to the smaller American communities where at least you can walk a block or two and hear only one language spoken—an impossibility in New York or Chicago, for example.

But how about the larger and the greater number of chances in the big cities, some one will ask? To which I answer how about its greater demands and the greater number of persons after those chances? There is really a great deal of nonsense written about the greater chances of a greater city. Of course, relatively speaking, they are there, but so are the struggles after them. And the hard cruelty of the struggle in a great city is realized to the full only by those who have been through it. I have, and I know; I am not spinning beautiful theories. I would not spare any young fellow the hard knocks of life; they are good for him, and he should experience them. They go to make character. No man has less use for a softy or a mollycoddle than have I. But why deliberately seek them when they will come fast enough unsought? And to begin in a big city is to invite a hardness that finds no necessary place in a formative life.

I believe a young man has a better chance to make his way in the smaller community than he has in the great city, despite all that has been said to the contrary. A young man's abilities, at the beginning, are always apt not to fit into the larger opportunities of the great cities; they have an infinitely better chance to fit into opportunities which, while not so large at the beginning, can develop with him. In the large city he is apt more or less to be swallowed up unless he is a genius. In the smaller city he has a chance of standing out. And it is a tremendously more satisfying feeling to be a large toad in a pond than a small toad in a river. Moreover, his work in the earlier years of his business career is more likely to be successful where he can concentrate on a limited area and population, both familiar to him.

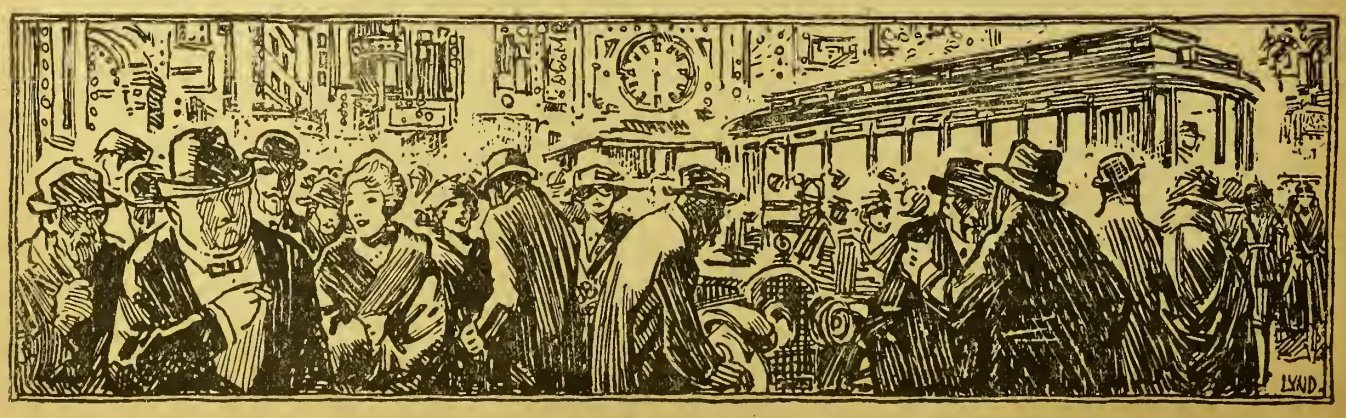
THEN, too, a man can always throw a greater light upon the metropolis a little distance away from it than he can if he is working in the center of that light. It must never be forgotten that the business and professional interests of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and all the large centers are continually watching the men who are making their mark in the smaller communities and who are brought into contact with them through mutual relations. There is a fallacy abroad that an able young man is lost in a small city. A young man with the right stuff in him is never lost anywhere, although, as I suggested before, he is more likely to be lost in a large city than in a smaller one, the same as there is no loneliness so great as that which can be experienced in the big city.

The New Yorker will invariably assure you to the contrary; he will seriously tell you that New York is the only place for a young man, and he believes it, just as he believes that the sun rises in the East River and sets in the North River. He believes that the rest of the United States is provincial, not knowing that the most provincial man in the United States is the untraveled New Yorker.

Cream will rise to the surface anywhere, but my contention is that a young fellow at the beginning of his career stands a better chance in the smaller community. If later, with his riper knowledge, he is attracted to the larger city, or he is picked out by the larger interests of the metropolis, as he unquestionably will be, no matter where he is located, if he has the qualities in him, that is another story, as Mr. Kipling would say.

But to begin in the large city? No, a thousand times No. Far wiser will he be if he begins in the community of his ancestors, where he is known and where his people were or are known, where conditions are more favorable to his inevitable mistakes, where he will find pride in his progress, where friendships exist, and, above all, where, while he is making his way, he can live in a real home. Let him use the great city as a market in which to buy or to sell; to see and profit; let him use it as a place to go to for a good time, if he chooses. Let him bring back with him the best within it to serve his own community but leave behind him its turmoil and restlessness that vexes the spirit and makes the young old. Let him think twice and thrice and then some more before he raises his children with the ghastly memory of a steam-radiator in a city flat.

There is something very precious in the memory of a real home; an open fireplace and a bit of a garden. Nothing can take its place, and nothing in God's world, not even its greatest riches, can equal the memory of a childhood. That very precious possession is the right of every child.



Famous Boners of Baseball

Two Seconds of Absent-Mindedness Can Consign a .999 Player to the Ranks of the Eternal Has-Beens

By HUGH S. FULLERTON

JOHN ANDERSON, Fred Merkle, Doc Gessler, are baseball names that will never be dimmed. We may forget Babe Ruth as the majority of the present generation have forgotten Pop Anson, Ed Delehanty, Mike Kelly and other great stars of bygone seasons, but those first three names will remain forever, along with those of Bridget Donohue, Watch Burnham, and others.

The good a man does may live after him, but not in baseball. In the history of the national obsession we forget that Ed Delehanty was as great a hitter as Babe Ruth, that he made four home runs and a single in one game. We forget Clarkson, and Radbourne, and Tom Toad Ramsey, who were among the greatest of pitchers—and we remember forever some obscure or average ball-player because he pulled a boner.

The way to everlasting fame in baseball, it would seem, is to make a mistake which comes at such a critical moment that it attracts universal attention. So many boners have been pulled in the history of the sport that it requires an absolute genius, such as Heinie Zimmerman, to invent some new way of making a mistake, as he did when he chased Eddie Collins across the plate and drove home the winning runs of a world's series.

These things are laughable—afterward. Years after such a play has been perpetrated we can sit and roar at the foolishness of it. But at the time it is tragedy—tragedy more cruel than the thoughtless crowd can know. For almost every famous boner marks the finish of the career of some ball-player who has been great or who might have been great. The crowd roars. The reporters spend their best thoughts in inventing language to describe the utter idiocy of the play—but for the man who makes such a blunder, with perhaps forty thousand persons looking on, it is not laughable.

We all pull them. Probably no player in baseball can boast he never has made a boner. But to make one at the crisis of a game, or at the moment when a pennant race or world's series is being decided, a play which centers the attention of the entire nation upon one man, is a different matter.

Fred Merkle is perhaps the most noted man in the history of baseball. He was a really great ball player, one who had served with honor and ability, and because he made a blunder which cost New York a championship and a chance to take part in a world's series, his name is placed at the head of all who make mistakes. He is the Abou Ben Adhem of boners. Yet the mistake that Merkle made was made by scores of ball players before and after he made it.

The story of that famous play has been told with many versions thereof. I happened at the time to be traveling with the old Chicago Cubs and to be almost a member of that famous group of men who, for five years, seemed unbeatable. The team was playing in Pittsburgh and the score was tied. Pittsburgh had a runner on first and one on third. Beck, I think, was on first.

A clean base hit was made through the infield and the runner from third scored the winning run. The runner on first started to second, saw the other runner cross the plate and turned to run to the clubhouse without going to second and touching the base. Artie Hofman, out in center field, grabbed the ball. Johnny Evers was on second base screaming for Hofman to throw it to him. Hofman tossed the ball to Evers, who held it up on second base and claimed that the runner from first had been forced out.

Under the rules there was no doubt that Evers was right. But Hank O'Day, who was umpiring, had turned away and was over by the stand taking a drink of water. He had not seen the play, could not make any ruling—and Pittsburgh was victor.

Paul Thompson.

Fred Merkle, "perhaps the most noted man in the history of baseball . . . . the Abou Ben Adhem of boners"

That evening in the Fort Pitt Hotel Evers and I were talking over the play jokingly, and Charlie Murphy, who owned the Chicago club, came along and listened. Murphy was a great press agent. He knew the game was lost beyond hope, but remarked: "I'll protest the game; that'll make a good yarn for you fellows." So he telegraphed the president of the league protesting the game.

An hour or two later I met Hank O'Day and told him of the protest. He admitted he had not seen whether the runner from first went to second or not, and stated that had he seen the play there would have been nothing for him to do but to call him out and cancel the winning run which had crossed the plate.

The matter was widely published. About two weeks later the Cubs and Giants met on the Polo Grounds. The two teams were fighting on even terms for the pennant and the race was almost at an end. The only hope of the Cubs was to win the majority of the games. The series was one of the most desperately contested I ever saw.

Upon the final game depended the series and the championship. The score was tied. Larry Doyle was on third. Merkle was on first. Two were out and Al Bridwell at bat. Bridwell sent a sharp hit just to the right of second base, a clean single. Doyle romped across the plate. Merkle, running toward second, half turned, saw Doyle scoring and, whirling out of the base line, sprinted toward the club house.

It was the Pittsburgh situation over again. I saw what was coming off and stood up. Emslie, umpiring on the bases, was standing near the base line. Evers was on second base screaming to Hofman, who had scooped the ball and was running toward the diamond. Tinker had run over, grabbed Emslie, jerked him around and was pointing out to him Merkle running far out toward the club house.

Hofman heaved the ball to Evers. Two Giant players rushed across from the bench and attacked Evers, throwing him around, trying to get the ball. He fought. The crowd was surging down upon the field. I looked for O'Day. He was out near second. He had seen the play, run across the infield and watched every move. He jerked his hand upward, signaling the runner was out.

In an instant there was a wild battle. Jimmy Archer had run into the crowd and was fighting to get the ball from a fan who had seized it when the Giants had torn it from Ever's grasp and thrown it away. Archer got the ball, ran to second and handed it to Evers again. After that pandemonium, Merkle had been overtaken by his mates and rushed back to touch second. Then the mob took possession of the field.

In spite of the arguments and pleas of the majority of the big men of baseball, O'Day stuck to his decision that the runner was out and that the score did not count. Ensued the greatest argument in baseball history, which ended by the National League ordering the game replayed—and Chicago won.

Merkle became the synonym for bonehead. Yet he was a smart player, and scores of others had done the same thing. It is laughable to relate that, within a week after the Merkle play, Jimmie Sheckard, one of the smartest players and a member of the Cubs, made almost exactly the same mistake in a game and it passed unnoticed by

the opposing team and by the umpires.

I always will think that the boner Doc Gessler pulled when he was a member of the Chicago Cubs was the worst that ever was made on a major league diamond. Gessler was playing center field in a game in which Chicago had a lead of two runs in the ninth inning. Three runners were on bases and one was out when the batter hit a fly out to Gessler. Doc caught the ball, whirled and sprinted out toward the clubhouse. For an instant everyone seemed dazed. Then a great roar went up. Three runners were dashing around the bases. The Cubs were shouting, cursing and chasing after Gessler, who had reached the clubhouse and already was preparing to strip for the shower. Three runs had crossed the plate and Chicago was beaten before he realized that only one had been out when he caught the ball. He had believed that two were out and that his catch had ended the game. It finished poor Doc as a member of the Cubs, for Chance was busy releasing him even while he was chasing Gessler to the clubhouse.

While the boner of John Anderson has been perhaps the best advertised of all great blunders, it was not extremely rare, and has been committed by others. John had the misfortune to try to steal second base when the bases were filled. It may sound most ludicrous, yet if you have played ball you will understand how it could happen—and does happen. Anderson made a base hit which drove in one run. He figured that it had scored two and that the runner who had been on first base had gone on to third. He failed to take a look around to see. Instead he watched the pitcher, who naturally paid no attention to a first base runner with the bases filled, but took his natural windup. John saw the chance, made a dash for second and slid into the base, arising to find that it already was occupied by a runner.

The late Charles E. Van Loan, the great writer of sport, afterward one of our leading short story writers, made the same play once. Fred Clark, who was accounted one of the smartest of all players, did identically the same thing. But because Anderson made the play in a critical moment of an important game his fame was established.

There was a pitcher with Anson's old Chicago team who made one that deserves high place in the history of boners. The game was close. Rain

(*Continued on page* 18)

St. Nazaire These Days

By JOHN BLACK

O, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave?

YES, it does. And I was conscious of a queer sort of feeling inside as I stood gazing up at the American emblem on the building which for two years housed the administrative offices of the A. E. F. at St. Nazaire.

The fluttering flag was the only visible souvenir of the days that are gone. St. Nazaire is rapidly falling back into its normal state, I found, when, a few weeks ago, I paid a flying visit to the town that figured so conspicuously in the history of America in France. True, there are Americans to be seen—but matter-of-fact, unromantic civilians as they are, they merely emphasize the absence of the doughboy and the engineers.

The famous old base port through which passed hundreds of thousands of Yanks, has changed incredibly since the key was finally turned in the lock at the base commander's headquarters. When I walked past the big Y. M. C. A. hut, facing the ocean, I realized just how Rip Van Winkle felt on waking up. That shack of old memories is now doing double duty. It houses the French civilians who come to the auction of the last remnants of A. E. F. supplies, and it is the scene of occasional neighborhood dances.

The Grand Hotel is still there, and prices now prevailing at that hostelry make the terms charged to army officers in the days of '17 and '18 look like the last word in Friday bargains. The continuous increase in prices has puzzled the natives considerably—and it has caused them to withdraw one pet accusation they were fond of entering against the American soldiers.

The Madame who operates the boulangerie on the Rue de Nantes explained it to me.

"We thought, when the Americans were here, that they were to blame for the high prices. They threw away their money recklessly, sometimes not waiting for change. Our own soldiers, with their small pay, had no chance at all. I remember how we used to say, 'Once the Americans go home, prices will have to come down, for no one else will pay what they pay.'

"But I was all wrong," and she threw up her hands. "It wasn't the Americans' fault at all. Here they've been gone a year, and what have we? Prices have nearly doubled since they went away!"

The sale of A. E. F. supplies has revolutionized fashions in St. Nazaire, and the results are often ludicrous. All the peasants are wearing O. D. shirts and smoking desert ponies. It seems that vast quantities of clothes were bought by the natives from the government, which in its turn had bought them from the A. E. F. This, I found extends as far as automobiles. Numbers of our huge grey camions are now being used by the French authorities for municipal repair work, and others by private firms for construction work.

The natives do not view the automobile question with their customary complacence, and Madame B—, whose guest I was at a reunion dinner, told me why.

"Many people here got rich in their dealings with the Americans," said she, "and when your Army put its cars and side-cars into the hands of our government for disposal, they rushed to the sales. They bought right and left. Now, sapristi! they're killing themselves and everyone else, because they don't know how to run them."

Grandpère

So the old town is out after the scalps of its own *profiteurs de guerre*.

And what of Camp Montoir? All that remains on the scene of that vast enterprise is a few cars of scrap iron. The city of twenty thousand Yanks is no more. Montoir today is but a stretch of barren land, with here and there a lonely barracks.

It is not unlikely that next harvest-time, Montoir fields will be yellow with the wheat of pre-war days. That is the not unworthy fate in the offing for the site of the A. E. F. miracle city.

If you are going to assume from these reconstruction signs that St. Nazaire has completely forgotten the A. E. F., you are going to make the biggest mistake of your life. Forgotten the Americans? Mais, comment? Monsieur Soandso's daughter married Lieutenant Silverbars of Wichita, Kan. And Madame writes home regularly, giving all the news. They're very happy—doing very well. Mademoiselle Blank sailed last month for New York. Yes, of course. Going to marry that sergeant who was on M. P. duty here for a while.

But it is the little cheery café-keepers who are the real link between America and France. Didn't Madame B— show me a huge ledger with thousands of Yankee signatures and addresses—every one of which means some special pleasant wartime memory to her? And doesn't the whole town of St. Nazaire come to her for news of the boys who have gone?

True, there are some in St. Nazaire who were lookers-on at the drama of Franco-American fraternization during the war. They have no daughters who married wholesome, good-looking boys from Schenectady or Seattle. They have no memories of Yankee dinner guests trying to recall forgotten table-manners. But not even they are without their hours of reminiscence.

In the late afternoons, when the sun is orange and gold over the harbor, they will make their ways quietly to the American cemetery, and place a few bright poppies on the graves of the men who gave all.

The Purpose of Government

By DAVID JAYNE HILL

MANY problems regarding the form and policies of government would be greatly simplified if they were considered in the light of the purpose for which government exists.

What is that purpose?

If we examine the question historically we shall find that it has been answered in two opposite ways, according as it was regarded from the point of view of the ruler or from that of the ruled.

The great states of history have been developed in the interest of the dynasties that ruled them for the purpose of aggrandizement and tribute. From this point of view government is exploitation, conquest, domination. Correlative to it is the willingness to submit to a ruler in return for that degree of protection of the individual against spoliation by others which a settled government secures.

Out of this complex, which is exemplified in the greater part of recorded human history, two conflicting movements have been developed—a struggle for the possession of governmental power as a means of exploiting the resources of society, and an effort to organize society politically in such a manner as to secure the protection of the rights of the individual to the possession and enjoyment of life, liberty, and property without the menace of governmental exploitation.

The struggle for the possession of governmental power has assumed many forms. In general it has been a rivalry of dynasties, sometimes in collusion with one another for the exclusive possession of power; sometimes revolutionary movements designed to displace the dynasties in power or to supersede them; and sometimes the efforts of a single class to dominate the state in its own interest, and through the state to impose its will upon all other classes. That which characterizes all the forms of this struggle is the *will to power*, in order that this power may be used for the selfish purposes of the persons or the class possessing it.

Regarded from the other side, the effort to organize society politically for defensive as distinguished from exploiting purposes, the aim has been the *protection of inherent human rights.*

It is impossible within the limits of this article to enter into the history of this movement for the protection of inherent rights. We can here only explain and illustrate the essential nature of it. This is to divest government of its power to exploit and to make it the guardian of individual human rights.

At every point of its development this movement has encountered the opposition of those who have challenged its primary postulate, namely, that human nature possesses inherent rights. Rights, it is contended by the different forms of despotism, are not inherent in human personality; they are the gifts of governments. Where there is no government there is no right.

As a matter of formal law, this may be true; but the consciousness of rights is older than the law. Law is the effort of the human mind to find a rule of action that will secure these rights. If, in reality, there are no inherent rights, then power to rule is in no way limited when by physical force it may in any way be acquired. This is the postulate of every form of despotism. Between the two theories of government, the protection of inherent human rights and the power to dominate irrespective of rights, there is and ever will be an irrepressible conflict.

In the whole literature of political theory and practice there is, I think, no clearer or more incontrovertible statement of the true idea of government than this, in the Constitution of the State of Massachusetts of 1780: "The

DAVID JAYNE HILL probably is America's most scholarly diplomat and historical authority. Years of study in European and American universities and private research in international law gave him an unusual background of knowledge when he represented the United States as minister to Switzerland and The Netherlands and as Ambassador to Germany and as a delegate to the Second Peace Conference at The Hague. He is the author of more than twenty books on government and diplomacy, many of which have been translated into German and French

end of the existence, maintenance, and administration of government is to furnish the individuals who compose the body politic with the power of enjoying, in safety and tranquillity, their natural rights and the blessings of life."

This sentence expresses perfectly the primary idea entertained by the founders of the American system of constitutional and representative government. Of establishing a "supreme power," or sovereignty, in the old legal sense of the word, there was no thought. Indeed, the word "sovereignty" was rarely heard in the assemblies that established the State and the National Constitutions. What they were thinking of was a form of government that would have for its object the maintenance of public order by protecting every citizen in his rights under just and equal laws. The foundation of such a government was, in their estimation, a Declaration of Rights; not rights which a government had granted—although they undoubtedly claimed all the legal rights accorded by the legislation under which they were living—but rights more fundamental than any form of legislation, inherent in the nature of man as a moral and responsible being. "All men," runs the first article of the Massachusetts Constitution, " . . . have certain natural, essential, and inalienable rights; among which may be reckoned the right of enjoying and defending their lives and liberties; that of acquiring, possessing, and protecting property; in fine, that of seeking and obtaining their happiness."

Note how solidly this statement is grounded and how cogently all its parts fit together. Who can pretend that any human government is the source of the right to live? If there is a right to live, does not this include a right to the free exercise of our faculties, so long as this does not interfere with the equal right of others? When by our labor, or our foresight and enterprise, we have acquired property, can it be held that the right to enjoy it requires an act of government? Shall we not rather say that the right to possess and enjoy property is a right inherent in the producer, and not a prerogative created or accorded by any form of human legislation, and therefore not to be rightly taken away by any legislative enactment?

It is true that, without the protection of a government, the right to acquire and possess property may not be successfully exercised; but this right does not arise from the existence or the act of government. On the contrary, the purpose of government, as conceived by the founders of the American system, is to protect pre-existing and inherent human rights.

It is of the highest importance to apprehend clearly this distinction between a government based on pre-existent human rights and one based on the idea that all rights are derived from governments, because it marks the essential difference between the American system of government and the governments based upon power.

Other nations seem to have great difficulty in comprehending the American position on many questions because they do not fully apprehend this distinction. Even our British friends, who feel that we are so closely united with them by a community of institutions as well as of speech, do not fully grasp it. Our Constitution seems a mystery to them.

To understand this distinction between the British and the American system we must recall the fact that the American Government was not founded upon the idea of the omnipotence of parliamentary majorities, as the British is, but upon the definite restriction of legislative power. The American idea is that there should be in government no power that is not under the rule of law. The American Government was, therefore, conceived as a delegation of powers for the protection of pre-existent rights under the restrictions of a fundamental law. The world's experience of absolute power had taught the founders of the American system that in creating a government to protect rights they must withhold from it the power to perpetrate wrongs.

The barrier thus raised in America against the opposite conception of government, namely, that it is an instrument of domination and exploitation to be employed by a ruler or a ruling class, has in the main been effective. Its effectiveness depends upon the fact that the Constitutions of the States and of the United States were meant to be compacts or agreements by the people in which their inherent rights were guaranteed to one another under the protection of these fundamental laws, which prohibited all legislation that

(*Continued on page* 18)

THE LEGION IN REVIEW

Arrival of Funeral Ship Bearing 6,000 Soldier Dead Will Add to Solemnity of Memorial Day

THE arrival of the United States transport *Wheaton* at Hoboken May 16th with 6,000 soldier dead from the battlefields of France will give added significance to the observance of Memorial Day.

The coming into the home port of this great funeral ship, bringing by far the greatest number of American dead from overseas transported at any one time, cannot fail to stir the people of the country. Among the heroic host will be dead from practically every battlefield burying-ground of the A. E. F. and probably from every State in the Union.

Nearly all of the 6,000 bodies will go to homes which have long been awaiting their coming. Only a few hundred of them will go to the National Cemetery at Arlington, Va. And by the time Memorial Day arrives with its quickening of memories and its tributes of flowers, the precious cargo that the *Wheaton* brings will have been put tenderly to rest in native soil beneath 6,000 new-made mounds scattered from the Atlantic to the Golden Gate. Antwerp in Belgium and Cherbourg in France were the two ports used as concentration points for the dead the *Wheaton* brings.

The bringing home on the *Wheaton* of the 6,000 will advance the entire project of returning the A. E. F. dead to a point past the half way mark. Our military dead overseas numbered 75,640, and the War Department has been requested altogether to bring 45,000 bodies home. The 6,000 bodies on the *Wheaton* will bring the total number of bodies returned up to 23,000, which is more than half of the bodies to be returned.

The result of the War Department's consulting the next of kin in all cases as to the disposition of A. E. F. dead has been steadily and consistently 60 percent in favor of bringing home the dead and 40 percent in favor of leaving the bodies in France. At no time has there been any appreciable variation from this ratio, although for more than a year each week has seen about one hundred of the next of kin change their minds as to bringing the dead home or leaving them over there.

Until quite recently, the majority of changes of mind were in favor of bringing home the dead; that is, more people changed from a position of wanting their dead to remain in France to one of wanting them returned than vice versa. In about 5,000 such changes made in requests for the disposition of bodies, 3,000 nearest relatives who had previously expressed themselves as desirous of having their dead remain in France reversed themselves and asked that they be returned, and 2,000 nearest relatives who had previously asked that their dead be returned requested that they be left on the other side. During April there developed a sudden shift in sentiment and twice as many changes in favor of leaving the dead overseas as in favor of bringing them home were registered by relatives with the War Department.

In connection with this condition, widespread interest has been aroused in an advertisement printed recently in several newspapers signed "A War Mother and Father," urging other parents of soldier dead to allow their sons' bodies to remain overseas. "Will you deprive your son of the honor of lying in that sacred ground?" reads the advertisement in part. "Write to the War Department before it is too late. Tell them not to break the ranks of this quiet army that can know no defeat."

One of the most ambitious local celebrations planned so far for Memorial Day is that arranged by the Bronx County (N. Y.) Committee, which is preparing to dedicate on that occasion a tree to each of the 850 soldiers, sailors and marines of that borough of New York City who died in the war. A bronze plate will be affixed to a guard on each tree and will carry with the name of the hero the inscription that it is dedicated to his memory by The American Legion of Bronx County. The trees selected to carry the memorials line the Grand Concourse, one of the finest thoroughfares in New York. The city appropriated more than $14,000 to supply guards for the trees. The Legion prepared for the honoring of the dead after a civilian monument association of the community had failed to give evidence of activity.

A recent bulletin from National Headquarters announces that, to clear up a point raised by several departments in regard to department quotas for the decoration of American graves overseas on Memorial Day, it should be understood "the obligation of each department has been fulfilled when an amount equal to ten cents a paid-up member as of March 1, 1921, has been collected and forwarded to Robert H. Tyndall, the National Treasurer." Contributions in excess of a department's quota should be forwarded also to apply on the Memorial Day fund.

Any departments which have not yet forwarded their quotas to National Headquarters for transmission to the Department of France, which will have charge of the decoration of graves overseas, should do so at once.

MEMBERSHIP MINUTES

NOT only did Pueblo (Col.) Post stage a boxing exhibition recently that drew a big crowd but it took advantage of the gathering to pass around application blanks for membership. A number of recruits were gained on the spot.

Roy Bent Post of Wilton, N. H., has a double reason for celebrating these days. The Post has reached the 100 percent mark in membership and the town has shown its regard for the Legion by appropriating $800 to equip a clubroom for the outfit.

Get a member.

Every fraternal and union organization in Bakersfield, Cal., was visited by members of Frank S. Reynolds Post in their membership drive in an effort to have each body urge its ex-service members to join the Legion. To advertise the drive, sandbag dugouts were placed in the business district as recruiting headquarters. The town was divided up into districts and a membership team scoured each district for eligibles.

Letters inclosing a poem dedicated to Women's Post of Norfolk, Va., were sent to eligible women in the Post's campaign for members and brought good results. The Post claims to be the only one below the Mason-Dixon line composed entirely of women who served in the war.

The more members you bring into the Legion the stronger the Legion will be.

More than 100 posts had exceeded their 1920 membership at the close of the membership drive contest of the Department of Kansas. Clarence Smith Post of Weir, with a membership increase of 452 percent, will receive first prize, a stand of silk colors, and Mulberry Post, winner in the classification of new outfits, with a 340 percent gain, will be awarded a Legion lamp. Among the posts that gained especially large increases in membership through the drive were those in Elkhart, 420 percent; Edmond, 246 percent; Oil Hill, 167 percent; Sterling, 126 percent; Randolph, Cimarron, Hoisington, Eudora, Logan, St. Francis, Halstead, Sedgwick, Blue Mound and La Crosse, all old posts, and those in Brewster, 186 percent; Eureka, 186 percent; Luray, 180 percent; Lyons, 180 percent; Topeka (colored), Goff, Toronto, Whitewater and Oxford, all new posts.

A membership drive, like a war, can be started any time.

A silk banner will be presented to the post increasing its membership the greatest percentage during the membership drive of the Department of South Dakota. Posts throughout the state are prepared to go over the top when the drive opens on May 15.

Just as soon as a Legionnaire of Alexander Bright Post of Alexandria, Ind., signs up a new member in the Post's membership campaign, both he and the new recruit will receive free tickets for the banquet that will wind up the drive. Any member bringing in five recruits will be awarded a solid gold Legion emblem. The Post sent a list of eligible ex-service men in the community to all members.

Get a member.

Tell the World Again

DO you want to place the activities of your post squarely before your townspeople? Do you want to let them know what the Legion stands for and what it is doing? Do you want their financial backing for a memorial drive, a minstrel show or any other project? If you do—it pays to advertise.

Posts in Memphis, Tenn.; Merrill, Wis.; Patchogue, N. Y.; Kinston, N. C.; Parkersburg, W. Va.; Green City, Mo., and Fremont, O., have recently issued complete American Legion souvenir editions of their local newspapers or have prepared Legion supplements. A coming minstrel show or post play in each case furnished the occasion for stimulating the town's interest in the local post. Advertising for the Legion editions was solicited from local merchants, who in all cases responded generously.

The material printed in the Legion editions and written by the posts attractively presented the aims and ideals of the organization. A history of the Legion, the record of the posts and their auxiliaries, photographs and articles on the war heroes for whom the posts were named, photographs of post officials and leading Legion workers and the programs of the coming attractions also were features of the Legion booster editions.

A 72 Percent Union Post

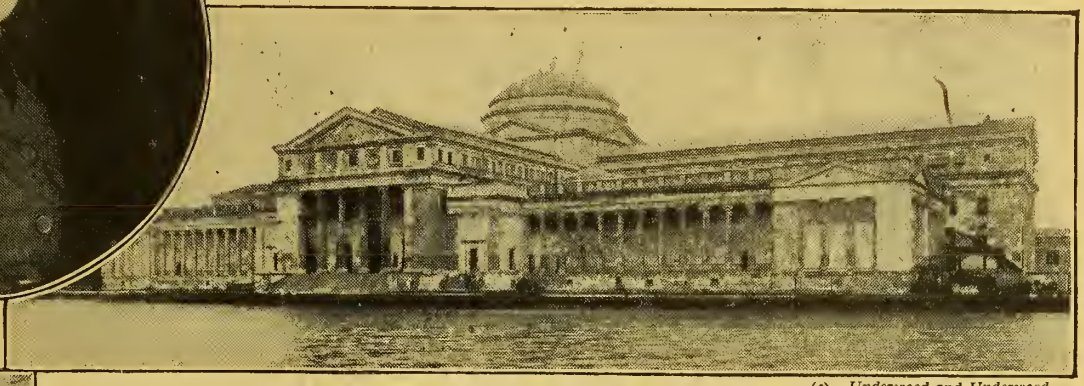
IT was in Kansas, in the winter of 1919, when the national coal strike was on, that misapprehension as to the true aims of The American Legion arose in union ranks and the unfounded accusation that Legion men were acting as strike-breakers spread with the malignance of evil rumor. It is in the heart of the same coal mining district, where the trouble first developed, that the greatest harmony between the Legion and union labor exists today and the Legion of Kansas is making its most important gains.

The story is largely the story of two posts, those at Weir and Mulberry, of their rise from a handful of members to the honor of being the leading posts in the department in membership gains. When the membership drive contest of the

(*Continued on page* 16)

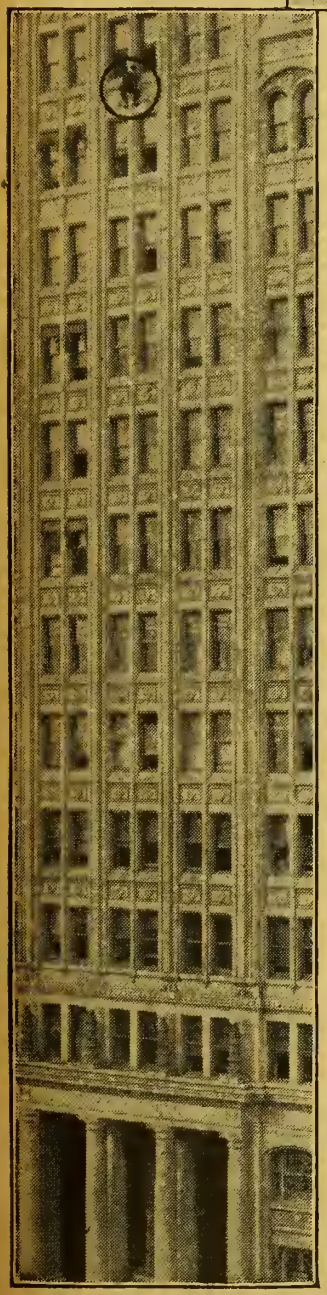
Romance, a $328 Rooster, Thrills and Visitors

Miss Josephine O'Reilly, of Raymond H. Niesen Post, Milwaukee, Wisconsin's only woman Marine.



(c) *Underwood and Underwood*

Under the dome of the old Field Museum, known the country over as the Fine Arts Building of the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, sounds the crack of rifles at the shoulders of members of Hyde Park Post. The post has obtained permission to use the famous building as an indoor rifle range.



While the human spider seen above ('way above) scaled a seventeen-story building, members of the Auxiliary of Louis L. Battey Post of Augusta, Ga., collected hundreds of dollars for post and auxiliary activities.

Mrs. Leiah L. Klein, Kansas Auxiliary Executive Committeewoman, smiles as she exhibits the prize rooster that brought the Auxiliary at Cimarron $328. The rooster, unfed for five hours in a store window, was given 1,000 grains of corn while spectators estimated how many he could eat.

Beside the standard of the Legion during a Legion masquerade ball in St. Paul, Minn., Miss Grace M. Ridgeway and Nehm S. Nelson, ex-service man, of Marion, N. D., were married as the novel event of the celebration. They were given a $150 set of furniture promised to the couple volunteering for the ceremony.

Members of Kiffin Rockwell Post, the Asheville Board of Trade and the North Carolina Baraca-Philathea Association brought potted plants and flowers recently to brighten the nurses' hospital wards at Oteen.

The Day of Reckoning

An Editorial

WHILE four and a half million men were traveling in 1917 and 1918 the road of destiny which led across an ocean fraught with danger to the battlefields of France, while more than one hundred thousand of these men were dying and half a million others were suffering wounds and physical ailments which will handicap them ever, another group of men who had ignored the call of their country were living in peace and comfort at home. They were strong-bodied but cowardly-hearted, shameful but shameless. They had wilfully deserted their country in its hour of need. By subterfuge, by secret influence, by flight, they evaded the call to enroll themselves in the American Army under the law which this nation had adopted for its self-preservation. Remaining at home, they reaped the benefits of the abnormal opportunities which fell to the selfish in the war. Since the Armistice they have lived in security, undisturbed.

Now the Government is taking action against a large fraction of them—those who are classed as draft deserters. The names of all of these draft deserters—160,000 of them—are to be made public by the War Department. The day of atonement is at hand, and the Government is making an effort to brand and punish each of them. The success of its effort depends upon the support the Government receives from the public, the press, officials charged with the enforcement of the law—and The American Legion.

Two motives actuate The American Legion in its heartfelt wish to have widespread publicity given to the lists of deserters which the War Department is now releasing. These motives represent principles which every loyal American, war veteran or not, must wish to see upheld. The first is the universally accepted conception of law as something to be enforced if government is to be effective. The men who shirked must be punished or one of the most important laws ever adopted by this country becomes meaningless. The second is the simple idea of common justice to the man who served. If the publication of the draft deserters' lists does nothing more than oust from well-paying jobs the men who gained those jobs by slacking, it will have served a just purpose. It is in no spirit of malign vengeance that the men who served ask that justice be meted out to the men who were found wanting in their country's hour of need.

How Your Post Can Help

Every post of the Legion has an interest in seeing that the lists get wide circulation. It might be well for every post, or every community group of posts, to see that the police officials of its community and the postmaster receive their lists according to the plan adopted by the War Department and to ask, perhaps, that these lists be posted conspicuously. Posts might also make it their business to send representatives to the editors of their newspapers and make clear to them the importance of publishing the lists. It is upon the press of the country that the greatest reliance is being placed. In calling upon editors, Legion representatives should impress upon them the fact that the names on the slacker lists are those of men who registered for the draft and received due notice of their call to duty. Under such circumstances they are classed as draft deserters—deserters as clearly as if they had fled under fire. Distribution of the lists is under the direction of Maj.-Gen. P. C. Harris, the Adjutant General of the Army. The plan he has adopted provides that the names of the alleged slackers will be classified by draft boards and that those lists shall be sent to the localities interested. Of the 4,648 draft boards in the United States, 4,251 reported deserters. There will therefore be 4,251 separate lists for the entire country. The lists will be released by the War Department as rapidly as clerical facilities permit over a period of one or two months. By the time this is read, according to the plans of the War Department, the first lists will have been made public.

Lists for the Departments

The War Department will send to all postmasters and all police officials the lists for the draft boards in or near their city, town or community. The lists also will be distributed to certain state officials and to private detectives, and each department headquarters of The American Legion will receive the lists for its State for the information of the posts within its jurisdiction. But the War Department places its principal dependence upon the newspapers. It plans to forward the lists to all newspapers which are members or subscribers of the Associated Press, the United News Service and the International News Service. The editors of other newspapers may obtain the lists for the territory in which they are interested by forwarding a written request to the Adjutant-General of the Army. They will be sent them as soon as ready for release. The list therefore is available to every newspaper in the United States.

Some newspapers, while they may appreciate the importance of publishing the list, may fear that they will incur legal liability in the event of the erroneous inclusion of the name of a man who is not a deserter. Although the list has been checked many times, it is inevitable that error will occur. Attorney General Daugherty, in giving out his decision that neither the Government nor any of its agents would be liable in the event of error, expressed the opinion to newspaper men that, inasmuch as the lists are officially issued by the Government, newspapers would not incur liability through their publication. The American Legion is now taking steps to have the lists made privileged matter, which would remove the slightest doubt of editorial liability. However, a man who would be the victim of such error would appreciate the fact that one of the purposes of the publication is to gain justice for himself and his comrades, and newspapers may guard against such injustice having a serious effect by noting, in issues subsequent to the number in which the Government lists appear, errors in that list.

In cooperating with newspapers the Legion post can be quite as effective here as it can in requesting fullest publicity for the lists. It can promise the editor that it will investigate personally the claim of every man on the list who maintains that his name does not belong there. It can assure the editor that the Legion's word that a name is erroneously included means complete vindication for that man. It should urge the editor to announce, at the top of the list, that the Legion will

investigate every name brought before it—that it is fully as eager to have injustice rectified as to have justice done.

Under military law a reward of $50 is offered for the arrest and delivery of an army deserter. The War Department does not have available an appropriation large enough to permit payment of the full $50 reward should it have to make payments for all of the 160,000 accused men, but Secretary of War Weeks has asked Congress to appropriate an additional $200,000 to meet the emergency. Whether this appropriation is made or not, the Government will reimburse authorities for all actual expenses incurred.

Appoint a delegation from your post to visit your local editor. Impress upon him the importance of publishing these lists. Assure him of your whole-hearted support, both as men who have done your duty and as citizens who are still doing your duty for your country and community, in seeing that any injustices are speedily rectified. Tell him that, while powerful interests are working hard to prevent publication of the lists, two agencies stronger than all of them are working even harder to have the lists made public and the cause of good government vindicated. Tell him those agencies are the great American public and The American Legion.

THE VOICE *of the* LEGION

Responsibility is disclaimed for facts stated or opinions expressed in this department. Because of space demands, letters are subject to abridgement.

'61 Tells '17

To the Editor: It has been sixty years since I put on the uniform and went out to fight. I am now in my eightieth year and I read carefully THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, which comes to my grandson who came back safely from France. I was especially interested in the article by Colonel Kilbourne entitled "Who Will Fight the Next War?" I hope there will never be a next war, but it will be for the boys who fought this last war to tell their sons what war is like, so those sons will not be as green as we were in 1861 and my grandsons were in 1917. The Government can't do too much for the boys who exposed their lives on the battlefields. Those who coined millions out of the war should be made to pay the cost of the war. A government that would let the profiteers escape would make us doubt that it is worth fighting for.—WILLIAM DUDLEY, *Cameron, Mo.*

Who Wants It?

To the Editor: The writer is in poor health and under the care of the U. S. Public Health Service. He wishes to dispose of his business before going to a sanitorium or hospital for treatment. I have a shop for commercial photography, portrait finishing and amateur finishing and carry a stock of photo supplies and cameras. Stock and equipment are worth $1,800. I will take $1,200 for it as it stands.—E. L. FORSLUND, *Le Mans Post, Madrid, Ia.*

The Home Fires

To the Editor: I am a volunteer of the first month of the war. I went for three reasons: first, duty; second, love of adventure; third, being of Irish descent I couldn't very well stay out.

I returned to find everything I owned had been destroyed by fire. I landed home with $25 and the clothes on my back. A slacker had my old job. I worked six months as a day laborer until I finally landed a satisfactory job with a chance of getting back where I had been.

The war has been over now twenty-nine months. What have we got? The German-Americans are crying about the black troops on the Rhine; the Irish-Americans are hollering for recognition of the Irish republic; the English-Americans want to have us cancel the debts owed us abroad; the Italian-Americans are crying about Fiume and all kinds of Americans are missing their cognac. Let's everybody forget the world for a while and bind up the wounds of those at home who have suffered by the war. I have enough to think about when I look about here at home. Although my sympathies are with the struggling republic of the green isle, I refuse to be drawn into a row over its fate. I don't want to see this country made a clearing house for old world squabbles. Let's see that our disabled veterans are taken care of, and let's see that Congress quits passing the buck on adjusted compensation.—W. J. O'N., *Alpine, Ore.*

Corporal to Corporal

To the Editor: I was interested to read the letter of the love-sick, woe-begone ex-corporal who moaned over his fate of not being noticed by the Signal Corps girls while in France. It seems terribly conceited for any man who dressed in the uniform the Q. M. C. issued to complain because the girls were smitten by the charms of Sam Browne-wearing officers. Did it ever occur to the corporal that the real purpose of the Army in France was warring, not wooing?—CPL. CALLAHAN, *ex-Bty B, 12th Field Art., St. Louis, Mo.*

General Wood and Mr. Wells

To the Editor: The article by General Wood entitled "What Shall Be Our Military Policy?" interested me greatly. Perhaps an ex-private ought to apologize for taking issue with the general, but it happens that I have been influenced by the doctrines of that scholarly gentleman, H. G. Wells.

True, the chaotic condition of the world seems to argue that the general's policy of preparedness is logical. But if the World War was really fought to give the world another chance to make good, can we reasonably expect to accomplish the imperative duty to work for the benefit of mankind and preserve civilization in an odious atmosphere of military preparations?

What are we doing as an influential organization to promote a better and more peaceable world? We seem to be concerned more about the army appropriation bill them by the shortage of instructors in our institutions of learning. Before we applaud the oratory of the alarmists who seek to impress upon us the inevitability of another war, let us read Mr. Wells's article in the *Saturday Evening Post* on "The Salvaging of Civilization."—G. H. J., *Geneva, N. Y.*

The Difference

To the Editor: My husband and I were both in the service. He served twenty-three months with the Twenty-Sixth Division. I was a yeomanette in the U. S. N. R. F. While we are fighting for compensation and vocational training for my husband, who was gassed while in action, a neighbor comes in to tell me that her brother has just received his bonus from the Government for the time he spent on government work in an ammunition factory, receiving double pay. He worked on the shells. It took him just three weeks to get his bonus, while we are still fighting for our rights after one year and a half.—B. D., *Waterbury, Conn.*

Regarding the S. A. T. C.

To the Editor: I noticed a communication in the magazine recently in which a correspondent complains of the discrimination against former S. A. T. C. men in the pending Illinois bonus bill. Being a citizen of Pennsylvania I know nothing of the bill in question, but I do, perhaps, know something of the conditions which have caused a general prejudice against the S. A. T. C.

As I see it, the undergraduate who did his bit in the service feels much the same toward the ex-member of the S. A. T. C. as does the former service man toward the slacker who, just as fit as he, grew rich on his job during the war and continued to hold it after the war. I admit the cases are not absolutely parallel but I think the simile brings out my point in the most concise manner possible.

There seem, in general, to have been three classes of the S. A. T. C. First: those in college at the outbreak of the war who were physically unfit or were too young for active service; second, those who would have come to college if there had been no war and who were also too young or unfit for active service; third and last, those who came to college during the war because they were thus enabled to escape the draft and, at the same time, to acquire a free education, which education ordinarily would have been the privilege of the absent ones who were helping to preserve the freedom of the nation.

It is this last class which, in the minds of many, is considered as representative of the S. A. T. C. and against which all this prejudice has been directed. The first two classes appreciate their position and have the decency to keep their mouths shut on such matters. It is time that the third class learned the army habit of keeping their kicking and grouching to themselves and their intimate friends.—RICHARD L. TOWNSEND, *University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.*

Woman's Place

To the Editor: I have just finished reading an item concerning a state law imposing a tax on bachelors. This law might be all right if it applied equally to single women. But what are the conditions? It is a man's natural desire to marry a good sensible girl, but the girl of today has her skirts cut short, and she has a jazz walk and jazz on the brain from dawn until night. She has a craving for fur

(*Continued on page* 22)

BURSTS and DUDS

Payment is made for original material suitable for this department. Unavailable manuscript will be returned only when accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Editor Bursts and Duds.

Perfectly Natural

"Wonder why it is," wondered Mr. Highbrough, "that the devil is always pictured with hoofs, horns and a tail?"

"I suppose," supposed Mr. Lowbrough, "that it's because he is made the goat for all the trouble in the world."

Ain't It Tough?

Weary Will: "I see by the paper there's a new disease called sleeping sickness."

Tired Tim: "Yes, and it'll be just our bad luck not to catch it."

Estimate Revised

"Ye ken the meenister left it to Sandy to pay him accordin' to what Sandy thocht the bride was worth?"

"Aweel?"

"And but the noo Sandy struck him for some of his saxpence back."

Ltd.

A flivver will get you inland,
Skyward or to the sea—
In fact, into most anything
Except Society.

Favoritism

A Jewish soldier was taken to a hospital. The diagnosis showed him to be suffering from a bad case of influenza.

"Send for the priest," Isidor moaned.

"The priest?" queried the doctor. "You mean the rabbi, don't you?"

"No!" yelled Isidor. "Do you think I should want to give the flu to the rabbi?"

Drafted to Class A

The Old Man was hardboiled and the regimental sky pilot knew it. But he thought he would make one try.

"Colonel," he said, "I'd like to hold a baptism service this Sunday."

"Nothing doing," roared the Old Man. "You'll have lots of time for that sort of thing after we lick the Jerries."

"But, colonel, the Eighth's chaplain baptized seven men last Sunday and I hate to have his monthly report beat mine."

"Is that so? *Is that so?* There isn't a blink-blank thing that blink-blank Eighth can beat my blink-blank outfit in. Sergeant, detail ten of your blink-blankest best men and tell them to report for baptism formation at 7.30."

Latter Day Methods

First Crook: "De last guy I stuck up didn't have nuttin'."

Second Crook: "Wotcha do? Croak him?"

First Crook: "Nah! He looked like a straight guy so I takes his I. O. U. for fifty bucks."

Beware

"Do you believe it's really a crime to sell liquor nowadays?"

"At the price asked—yes!"

Born Talented

"How you do stutter, my poor boy! Have you ever attended a stammering school?"

"N-n-n-no. I d-d-d-do this naturally."

First Hand Information

There had been a tie-up on a southern railroad, and the travelers were bored hanging around the country station. One of them in desperation started up a conversation with one of the villagers.

"That boy over there," he said, pointing to a native youth, "looks as awkward as a lame mule."

"He is," agreed the resident. "He's a shiftless, no account, lyin' rascal, too lazy to walk up hill."

"How do you happen to know so much about him?"

"Who, me? Well, I'd oughter. I'm his father."

On His First Hitch

"Say," remarked the peevish party at the table. "How long have you been working in this restaurant?"

"Six weeks, sir," replied the waiter.

"I beg your pardon," apologized the peevish party. "Then it wasn't you I ordered that steak from."

Military Maxims

A stitch in time saves nine—The old O. D. shirt.

One good turn deserves another—Squad formation.

Early to bed, early to rise—The whole blame system.

Better late than (n) ever—Reveille.

Too many cooks spoil the broth—K. P. duty.

More holy than righteous—Issue socks.

Try to put the best foot forward—Rookie drill.

Better to be born lucky than rich—The guy who succeeds in getting his W. R. I.

First come, first served—Mess line.

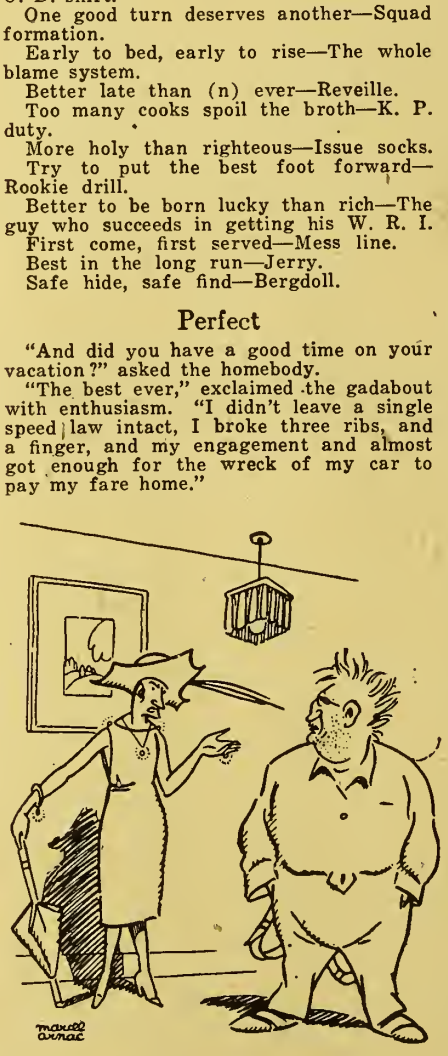
Best in the long run—Jerry.

Safe hide, safe find—Bergdoll.

Perfect

"And did you have a good time on your vacation?" asked the homebody.

"The best ever," exclaimed the gadabout with enthusiasm. "I didn't leave a single speed law intact, I broke three ribs, and a finger, and my engagement and almost got enough for the wreck of my car to pay my fare home."



PROFITEER'S PRIVILEGES

"How untidy you look! Have you forgotten that we're millionaires?"

"No, dearie, I haven't forgotten. I'm taking advantage of it."

Total Failure

The Chief of Police of Podunk,
Exclaimed: "That last bootlegger's punk.
His stuff was so rank
All the clews that I drank
Wouldn't make a canary bird drunk."

Discrimination

"Battalion, attention!" roared the battalion commander.

Tony Spinelli hurled his rifle to the ground and repaired in high dudgeon to the company skipper.

"Cap'n," he complained. "Dat major always maka da pick on me. I do justa like da odda fellers and alla da time he shout, 'Italian, attention!'"

A Garden Dialogue

"Saw you spading up your garden the other day. You took great pains with it."

"Yeah. Also *from* it."

"How did things come up last season?"

"How? Oh, neighbor's hens and wife's puppy."

"Planting anything in the shape of beans this year?"

"Yes, peas."

"I planted some four o'clocks last year but they were rather slow."

"Sure, just an hour, daylight saving time."

"My tomatoes are way behind the average size this year."

"They'll ketchup."

Credit Where Due

"I say, doc," asked the apprehensive patient, "what if your medicine doesn't pull me through?"

"Then your ending will have been inevitable," replied the celebrated physician.

"And if I get well?"

"Lay your recovery to Dr. Boofus's Renowned Cough Syrup. But—say—maybe you'd better write out that testimonial now."

Slam, Bang!

He (walking by a graveyard): "Wouldn't it be terrible if all the dead should come to life again?"

She (yawning): "Ho, hum. I certainly wish one of them would."

Forehanded Revenge

"Mrs. Van Gotmuch didn't speak to me today. But I got even with her."

"How?"

"I didn't speak to her yesterday."

Assurance

"Does this piece of goods wear well?" inquired the shopper. The clerk leaned toward her confidentially.

"No, madame," he replied. "I'll warrant that you'll have a perfectly legitimate excuse for getting a new gown the second time you wear this."

Oh, Tut, Tut!

An applicant for a job on the police force was being put through an oral examination. He answered the questions satisfactorily until he came to this one:

"If a fire broke out in a deaf and dumb institution on your beat, what would you do?"

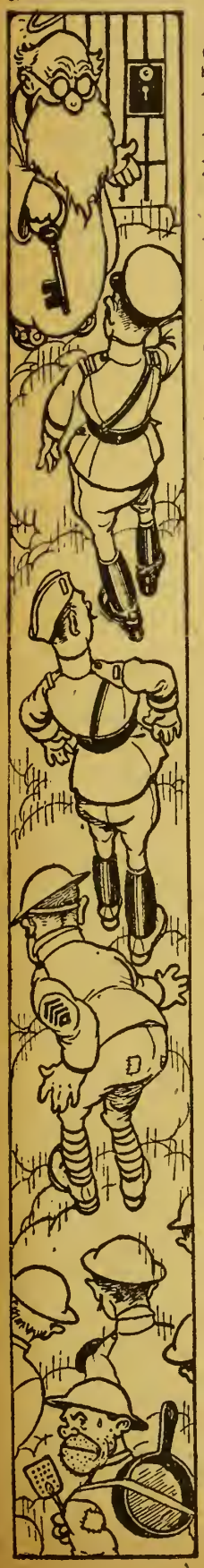
He scratched his head for a moment and then answered brightly:

"I would ring the dumbbells."

He was ordered to report for duty the following morning.

The Hot Cakes of Mike the Cook

by Stewart M. Emery ~ Decorations by Wally



ST. PETER stood beside the gate,
A bunch of keys were in his hand,
A halo twined about his pate
The while on guard he took his stand.
And, as he gazed adown the stair
That led to earth and misery,
He suddenly became aware
Of forms that climbed, all in O. D.

A weary throng that stumbled up
The steps that mounted to the door
As if they'd had nor bite nor sup
Since yesterday or day before.
So came they straggling, worn and sad,
Till one at last outclimbed the rest—
Two silver bars his shoulders had,
A Sam Browne spread across his chest.

"I am a captain," said this wight,
"I always dressed for revellay.
"I passes gave for overnight
"And loaned my final franc away.
"And when we came to St. Nazaire
"About to cross the homeward pond,
"I spent the comp'ny's treasure there
"For beer, of which my men were fond."

"ENOUGH, pass, friend," the good saint said,
"C. O.'s like you indeed were few."
The captain smiled and onward sped,
But, as the gate he skidded through—
"For Mike the Cook of Comp'ny M,"
He cried, "I wish you'd keep an eye.
"His record's shady but—ahem!—
"What hot cakes! Kindly let him by."

Then lo! there stood a second loot,
Extremely-gloved and costly-shoed;
Of snappy serge was all his suit
As is a looey's habitude.
"I am a second loot," he spake,
"And when fatigue was put on thick,
"And we had roads and things to make
"I used myself to swing a pick.

"I may be apt to dress a bit,
"I don't like woolen shirts with burrs,
"But, get me—here's the point of it—
"I never, never sported spurs.
"And, what is more, despite all fault
"I may have done in earthly climes,
"I never made a soldier halt
"And s'loot me fifty-seven times."

"GO in!" the good saint cried, "go in!"
And fairly shoved the loot inside.
"Whatever be your past, you win—
"You are the prince of all I've spied."
The looey passed with grinning phiz,
Then turned to say, "He will not look
"Like much, but, oh, those cakes of his!
"Please, if you can, pass Mike the Cook."

There came a cough. St. Peter wheeled
To meet the huskiest of males;
A stern face, cold as ice congealed,
It was a top kick, hard as nails.
"I'm a first sarge, I am," he quoth,
"I've kept my duty roster straight,
"I favored none, I'll take my oath,
"I rode 'em all when they were late.
"I drilled 'em morn, I drilled 'em eve,
"I drilled 'em in the heat of noon;
"I drilled 'em to and back from leave,
"I drilled 'em late and drilled 'em soon.
"I snapped 'em in, I snapped 'em out,
"They hated me like willie chow;
"But let 'em roar and rave and spout—
"I made 'em soldiers anyhow."

"INSIDE with you," St. Peter smiled,
And made aside for him to pass.
Bewildered, in the top kick sled
As gingerly as though on glass.
"There's one," he said before he went,
"That's Mike the Cook—you'll shortly spot,
"The worst of all for days ill-spent,
"But cakes! Boy! let him in! Why not?"

The sergeants came, the corporals came,
The first-class privates and the bucks,
And one by one each gave his name
And record, then they passed like ducks.
Till finally up to the gates
There straggled one in O. D. dress;
His ears stuck out, his feet weren't mates
And it was Mike the Cook, no less.

"I'm Mike," he said, "the king of hash,
"And here my service record tells
"On pay days that I owed 'em cash
"For fines on my AWOL's.
"My face was black till my discharge,
"My blouse was torn, my socks'd show;
"I won't put on no camouflage—
"I drank their old vin blink like l'eau.

"BUT, listen now, the cakes I did
"Won seven fights and took a town.
"With them inside there warn't no lid
"Could hold the good old comp'ny down."
St. Peter scanned the figure awed
From dismal head to sorry toe;
"I'd better leave," poor Mike deplored.
"Those cakes!" said Peter. "In you go."

Mike sauntered in the gate toot sweet
And silence fell about the arch;
Then came the tramp of hobnailed feet
And someone shouted "Forward—march!"
And through the door in squads aligned
They strode, the recent O. D. crowd,
With Mike the Cook ten yards behind
And at their head the captain proud.

St. Peter gasped in huge surprise.
"What's this, oh, what is this you do?
"I hardly can believe my eyes.
"Where do you think you're going to?"
The captain snapped his hand to cap,
"The billet's wrong," was his reply,
"There is no fire for Mike to flap
"His hot cakes on, and so—good-by."

THE LEGION IN REVIEW

(*Continued from page* 10)

Kansas Department closed on April 4, Clarence Smith Post of Weir was in first place among the old-established posts with a leap from 21 to 116 members, and Mulberry Post led the field of new outfits with a jump from 15 to 66. Their percentage increases, respectively, were 452 and 340.

"In launching our campaign we at first met with some difficulty in getting some of the union men to join the Legion," writes T. A. Braidwood, adjutant of Clarence Smith Post of Weir, "but in talking to them and putting the facts and objects of The American Legion before them, we had no difficulty in convincing them that The American Legion is in no way against organized labor or, in fact, any organization as long as it is for a just and right cause and does not in any way interfere with the ideal for which the Legion stands, which is a better America.

"We convinced some of the men who were holding out and strongly opposed to the Legion that the only thing for them to do was to join and become a part of the organization and in that way they could express themselves and have a voice in the goings-on of the Legion and say what the Legion should and should not do.

"Our Post is made up of 72 percent union men. We have an organization in which harmony prevails; discord in our ranks is unknown. There are no cliques or clans among us."

The membership of Weir Post includes 85 miners, five students, two doctors, ten store clerks, eight office clerks, five farmers and two laborers.

Department Conferences

PLANS for increasing membership in the Department of Missouri through a drive to start the last week in May and work on behalf of the state bonus, which will be submitted to the people in a referendum at a special election in August, were discussed at a conference of post and department officials in St. Louis, one of a number of state gatherings held in recent weeks. "Kansas City Convention Clubs" are to be started among the posts to bring a big attendance at the next National Convention as a result of the conference.

The most important element necessary for success in organization, that of personal contact, was secured, it is felt, in the Department of Massachusetts, by the recent "get together" meeting and banquet of 200 post and department officials in Boston. Neighboring New England departments were represented.

The Department of Georgia held a similar conference of post and department leaders at Macon, where Legion affairs were thoroughly gone over and a sounder financial basis for the department created. In Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama and Tennessee department conferences have recently been held.

The Helping Hand

IN times of catastrophe and in times of quiet alike the Legion stands ready to lend a helping hand in its community, as is evidenced by reports from widely-separated sections. Volunteers from Legion posts in Texas and Arkansas shared with the Red Cross the task of relief work in the areas ravaged by the recent tornado. The Legion assisted in recovering bodies of the 100 persons who were killed, helped provide temporary shelter for homeless refugees and pitched in to clear away the debris.

Picks and shovels again are in Legion hands, not in a storm-swept area this time but in peaceful Clifton Forge, Va., where Williams Post has arranged to help the city build a $10,000 playground. The post recently challenged all comers to meet its pick and shovel team of twenty men in a contest to see who could dig the new swimming pool the fastest. Local business men accepted the challenge, although without great hope that they would be able to defeat the men who learned the use of intrenching tools under Uncle Sam.

From Kansas City, Mo., and Eunice, La., have come tales of Legion prowess in community spring cleaning. Legion posts in Kansas City were well to the front in a gigantic municipal mopping-up, while Eunice was made into Spotless Town under the supervision of the local post, which provided wagons and fatigue details for the collection and hauling of rubbish. The town authorities accorded the Legion a vote of thanks as the last wagon rattled back into the stable.

WITH THE AUXILIARY

THERE is hardly a disabled soldier in hospital in Minnesota who has not been adopted by some mother of the Women's Auxiliary. Letters and gifts from these Auxiliary *marraines* regularly brighten the lives of the buddies in the wards.

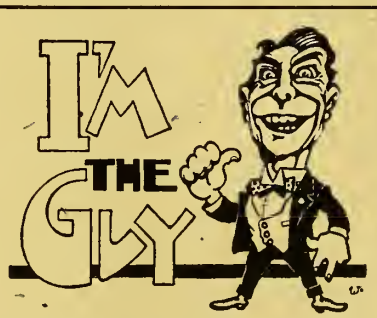
The Auxiliary is booming. Have you a unit in your town?

Prizes for the best essay on Americanism have been offered by the Women's Auxiliary of Malvern J. Nabb Post of Millville, N. J., to Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls and high school students.

"Now that the Auxiliary is in full swing there's no time to think of anything but what comes next," is the word from Fredonia (N. Y.) Post. The Auxiliary recently staged a county fair in the Legion clubrooms.

An Auxiliary unit added to a Legion post means 100 percent service to the community.

Soon after the Auxiliary had started its membership drive in Kansas three units reported that they had recruited more members than were in their respective Legion posts. The units were those of Erie, Lenora and Caldwell.



I'M the guy who is always knocking the post officers. Why shouldn't I? Who has a better right? I didn't have anything to do with electing them. I wasn't even present at the meeting when they were elected. I had a date that night and couldn't break it, so I can't be blamed. If I had only been there things would have sure turned out different. I never would have stood for the bunch of boobs they picked. I ain't mentioning no names, but I know a guy who ain't more than a thousand miles away who could give this here post commander cards, spades and little casino and still show him up. That's me, Joe.

An oyster supper was served to the Legionnaires of Richard Ellis Post of Janesville, Wis., after a recent meeting.

The gold star members of the American War Mothers' Association who go to France this summer to visit the graves of their sons will be the guests of the Auxiliary of Paris Post while overseas.

Members of the Auxiliary in Minneapolis, Minn., are opening a rooming house to care for disabled ex-service men coming to the city for medical treatment or to take up vocational training. Hitherto disabled men have had to pay high prices for hotel accommodations.

The Auxiliary of Elmer Grassman Post of Tomah, Wis., claims the honor of having the first charter member of the Women's Auxiliary born on Armistice Day. Little Monica Patricia Moran, daughter of the post commander and a full fledged Auxiliary member, was born November 11, 1920. Two new very young members of the Auxiliary are tiny Virginia Carr of Decatur, Ill., and Marie Rita Cone of Fernandina, Fla. Virginia joined the Auxiliary of Castle Williams Post when ten hours old and Marie signed up with the Auxiliary of Theodore H. Hernandez Post at forty-four hours.

A set of national and post colors were presented recently to Albert T. Wood Post of Longmeadow, Mass., by the Women's Auxiliary with an impressive service in a local church. The Auxiliary gave $100 from its treasury toward the purchase of the colors and raised the remaining $74 by public subscription.

In connection with the mess for unemployed veterans served in a Detroit armory the Auxiliary of Charles A. Learned Post is conducting a canteen for unemployed married veterans, and within a short time after opening for business had provided a week's supply of groceries for 75 families.

The Womens' Auxiliary of Harold B. Holt Post, of Haverstraw, N. Y., recently put on a one-day drive in the town for $174 to buy a set of colors for the Post. When the drive was over the women had the $174, and turned $568 more into the Post's treasury.

If you want any information on the Women's Auxiliary write to Miss Pauline Curnick, National Executive Secretary of the Women's Auxiliary, National Headquarters, American Legion, Meridian Life Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

A constructive program for bringing cheer into the lives of ex-service men now in hospital and one that can be carried out by any Auxiliary near a hospital, is that adopted and followed by Mrs. S. W. Seawright of Greenville, S. C., at the Public Health Service Hospital at Camp Sevier. Mrs. Seawright, who makes weekly visits to the disabled veterans, has made a census of all patients in an effort to provide each with a correspondent in his home State. Through writing appeals to the newspapers in each man's home town and by enlisting the aid of the Legion and the Auxiliary in those towns, Mrs. Sevier has succeeded in finding some one to write cheery, interesting letters to brighten the days of the individual patients.

Eightieth's Officers' Reunion

THE New York Association of Officers of the Eightieth Division will hold its fourth annual reunion and dinner at the Hotel Brevoort, New York City, May 20. A. N. La Porte, care of Life Extension Institute, 25 W. 43d Street, New York City, is secretary of the association.

A Personal Offer—to Legion Men Only

$25 to $200 a Week

I know that there are thousands of Legion Men who are interested right now in making more money. They want immediate action—without red tape and without delay, and I am going to make a personal, special offer to Legion Men only that will enable any man to make from $25 to $200 a week, depending on whether he can give me an hour or so of his spare time each day, or six hours each day of real work.

How Much You Can Make

I want a Legion Man in each community to act as my representative—call on my customers and take their orders for raincoats. That's all there is to it. If you take four average orders a day I will pay you $96 a week. If you only take one average order a day you will make about $24 a week. If you will read the records of a few of my representatives—on the left-hand side of this page—you will realize that it is amazingly easy for a man to make from $50 to $200 a week at this proposition.

$876 in One Month

That's the record of C. A. Rowe of New York—and he gives only two or three hours a day to this work.

6 Orders in a Bunch

"Enclosed find the result of first day's efforts. I did not know it was so simple. All I did was to pull out my book and hand it around to men, with the result I got six orders."—J. J. Steish (W. Va.).

Customers Overjoyed

"One night I spent one-half hour in a home in Portland. In that half hour I sold $100 worth of coats. Very easy and simple. September 28th I spent twenty minutes and my profit was $13.50. Customers are overjoyed with their coats."—R. W. Krieger (Conn.).

$625 a Month

Andrew B. Spencer, of Pennsylvania, is an insurance man who sells raincoats in spare time. We paid him $625 for one month's spare time.

$2005 in 6 Months

$2,005 cash for six months' part time is the record of C. E. Ray of New York. He only devoted his spare time to this work and added $13 a day to his income.

3 Hours—$13.80

"Am sending first orders for your splendid raincoats—only three hours' work. My profit $13.80."—Chas. Britt (N. C.).

5 Orders in Two Hours

"Enclosed find five raincoat orders, amounting to $50. Upon my word of honor, I made this profit in one hour and forty-five minutes by my watch. The more Comer coats I sell the easier they are to sell."—T. A. Earle (S. C.).

A Woman's Record

Mrs. Margaret McCoy wrote that she worked half an hour and made $14 profit.

No Trouble

"Enclosed find orders I took this evening. Had no trouble after I showed the samples. In fact two people sent for me to come and see them."—L. W. Roberts (N. Y.).

Without Experience

"Three orders taken in twenty minutes. Rush more order blanks."—R. H. Dorff.

No Experience Is Needed

It is not necessary for you to be a salesman. It is not necessary for you to know anything about raincoats. I will give you all the information you will ever need. There is no trick to taking orders for Comer Raincoats, and the reason is simply this—people are tired of high prices. If they buy coats from stores they have to pay a profit to the merchant, to the jobber, to the clerk—they have to help pay for fine fixtures, and, in most cases, they buy a coat that is from six months to two years old. Either the *price must be high*, or the *value must be low*. We manufacture our own coats and sell them direct to our customers by parcel post. Our representatives simply take orders. The values speak for themselves—and with such values, such styles, such materials as we offer, our representatives often take from two to four orders at a single call.

NOTE

The Comer Manufacturing Company is the largest business of its kind in the world. Any man who becomes a representative is assured of fair, square, honest treatment and will have reason to be proud of his connection with the company.

This Is All You Will Have To Do

All that my representatives do is to take orders—and they get their money immediately. If your profit for one day is $10 you will have that $10 in cash the same day. You don't carry a stock of coats. You don't put up any money. You don't deliver anything, and I do my own collecting through the mails.

This Is My Special Offer

Now—*the important thing is to get started.* I know that you can make at least $50 within one week of today, and have that $50 in *cash.* I know that within a short time you can be making $100 a week—every week. The important thing is to get started and get started *quick.* If you will fill out the coupon with your name and address, I will send you, without any preliminary correspondence and with absolutely no deposit whatever on your part, a complete selling outfit with full instructions, samples of raincoat materials, style book, order blanks and everything that you will need to make money. I will write you a letter that is so complete, clear and concise that after you read it you will know absolutely where to go, what to say and how to make the money.

Within the past few weeks I have paid Legion Men a net clear profit of about $15,000. And I am willing to make this concession, send the complete outfit, confidential information and instructions at once, because Legion Men are now making good wherever they are acting as my representatives. If you are one of those men who want a *real opportunity* to establish a big, permanent, substantial and profitable business—if you are sincere and in earnest, sign and mail the coupon at once, and in less than a week you will be making more money than you ever thought possible.

C. E. COMER
The Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. F-414, Dayton, Ohio

COUPON FOR LEGION MEN

C. E. Comer, Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. F-414, Dayton, Ohio.

I am a Legion Man and want to get started as a Comer representative. I can devote full spare time to your proposition. Please send me, without expense or obligation to me, complete outfit and instructions.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

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I mean it, Mr. Smoker. I want to send you FREE a big, generous sample of my pure, sun-cured, nature-flavored smoking tobacco. No money to pay. If you are a chronic hard-to-please smoker all the better. Try the pure stuff. No syrup, flavoring or dope. After you try the sample I'll show you how to cut your smoke bill and get more pipe joy.

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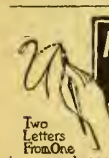

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FAMOUS BONERS OF BASEBALL

(*Continued from page* 8)

had fallen, and both pitchers were having trouble with the wet, greasy ball. Anson had been striving to get the umpire to throw dry balls into the game.

Finally Anson determined to get the wet ball out of play, and on the bench told the young pitcher to watch his chance, let the ball slip, make a wild pitch and get rid of the offensive sphere. The pitcher gave a couple of bases on balls at the start of the next inning. Then he saw the chance, let the ball slip, threw it over the stands and got it out of play—and wondered why Anson was angry.

There is one bone which I consider the finest example of the perfection of bone-headedness, but it took place not in the major leagues, but in the almost equally famous Trolley League of St. Louis.

I have forgotten even the names of the teams, but never the play. It happened that each team had a big, slow, fat player. One was a catcher, the other an outfielder. They had played against each other for years on rival clubs, grown older and slower and fatter and never had ceased to kid each other and argue about which was the fastest.

The team to which the catcher belonged was leading by three runs in the ninth. Two were out and the bases were full when the fat outfielder came to bat. He struck out with three wild swings. The fat catcher missed the third strike but stopped the ball. All he had to do was to pick it up, touch the plate and win the game. The batter had started to run, stopped, and was standing still a few feet down toward first base waiting to see the finish. The temptation to prove his claim of being faster than the outfielder proved too much for the catcher, who grabbed the ball and jumped toward first to touch the runner out.

The runner turned and lumbered toward first. A few steps behind him labored the catcher. The crowd went wild. The base runner beat the catcher to first, turned the bag and started to second. They never stopped. The catcher chased him all the way around the bases, chased all four runs home and lost game, race, and job.

It is not fair to my fellow bones to tell the yarns of their great blunders and forget one that I made myself. It came about during a spring training trip not so long ago when Hughie Duffy was managing the Chicago White Sox, who were carded to play an exhibition game at Phoenix, Arizona.

Phoenix had carded the game with the idea that both the first and second teams of the White Sox traveled together and played exhibitions. The first team reached Phoenix only to discover that there was no team to play them. Duffy skirmished for a team. There were not enough ball players to fill two clubs, so Duf decided to play left, drafted me to play center and a shoe merchant named Kelly to play right.

I hunted up Harry Suter, a left-hander who was going to pitch against us, and told him for heaven's sake to be careful and lob the ball to me.

Suter grinned in friendly fashion, then hopped a bean ball at my head. It missed the end of my nose half an inch. Suter roared with unholy laughter over the left-handed joke and I was mad. Then he lobbed up an easy ball and I banged it to right for a single. I got to first base, stepped off a couple of feet and spoke as follows (—only it isn't fit to print). I was still standing flat footed two feet from the base when Suter threw over to Gandil and I was tagged out, never moving to step back on the base, and still cussing him.

THE PURPOSE OF GOVERNMENT

(*Continued from page* 9)

would destroy or abridge the free exercise of them.

Without an independent judiciary with authority to apply this fundamental law its existence would be valueless. Every American judge, therefore, takes a solemn oath to obey that law. He becomes the guardian of the people's compact to respect one another's rights and to guarantee that they be preserved. He does this in the name of the law and by the authority of the law, for, as Chief Justice Marshall said, "In declaring what shall be the supreme law of the land, the Constitution itself is first mentioned; and not the laws of the United States generally, but those only which shall be made in pursuance of the Constitution have that rank."

When we ask by what authority the Constitution is given pre-eminence and is a law which even legislators must respect, the answer is that it is the People's Law made by themselves for their own protection against the powers of government. "We the People of the United States" made this law. The whole Government is based upon it. From this alone it derives all its authority, and no other authority exists for making or enforcing any law except that which it permits. Everything that contradicts it is illegal. It is the triumph of the conception of government based on the protection of inherent human rights.

There are perhaps other praiseworthy forms of government in the world, but insofar as they legalize unrestrained power, no matter where it is located, whether in a monarch or in a parliament, they fail of realizing the conception on which the American system is based.

The parliamentary system has many excellences, but it gives no legal protection to the rights of minorities. It was to prevent the dangers of parliamentary omnipotence that the American constitutional system was adopted.

The highest compliment that can be paid to the American system is to be found in the aims of the enemies who are arrayed against it. They wish to give unlimited powers to government because they believe they can control the government and through it impose their will. They object to the existence of a fundamental law for legislators, because they think that if it did not exist they could so influence legislation as to make it serve their private purposes. They object to the application of such a fundamental law by judges, because they believe that a legislature would be more subservient than a court. They aim, therefore, to destroy the Constitution and to leave to a court no

authority except to apply the unlimited legislation they intend to impose. When large bodies of persons pass resolutions to the effect that any judge who declares any act of a legislature unconstitutional should *ipso facto* be dismissed from the bench, they clearly disclose the purpose to destroy constitutional government. What they would put in place of it is a class rule, or government by intimidation. When we consider what the power of certain *imperia in imperio* already existing, and capable perhaps of even greater development, would be if there were no fundamental law or authority in a court to apply it, it is not difficult to picture what the country's condition would be.

It is timely, therefore, to emphasize the fact that the defense of Americanism demands the defeat of its enemies within, as well as resistance of its foes without. Both of these activities are essential elements of that "common defense" which the Preamble of the Constitution sets forth as one of its primary objects. It requires but little reflection to realize that America's greatness depends upon its remaining a government of laws and not of men. A union of all our energies under the protection of law will bring prosperity to the nation as a whole and to every citizen. The most dangerous public enemy is the spirit of exploitation of others through the power of government. That spirit has desolated Europe and keeps it in a condition of misery, dread, and helplessness.

There are two distinct types of nationalism. One is actuated by greed for territory, the lust of power, the will to exploit and dominate. Such nationalism is the generator of war and exhausts the resources of a nation in strife. The other type is inspired by the resolve to cultivate the virtues of good citizenship, untainted by false doctrine, under the mutual protection of just and equal laws. We have in this country created a nation where this is possible. We must be on our guard that it remain so. When we speak of "America first," that is what we mean by that expression. We must not lose this heritage, which is ours only in trust. America must continue to be herself by setting her own house in order, by loyalty to her traditions, by keeping the faith that has made her great. Her leadership is not one of command, but one of example. There is a limit to her responsibility; for the purpose of government is not international charity, which destroys the self-reliance and weakens the responsibility of its beneficiaries. America cannot, consistently with her own theory of government, exploit her taxpayers to extend gratuities to other nations. The attempt of a government to direct, at the expense of American taxpayers, the destiny of other peoples under the pretense of, benevolence, would be a contradiction of the purpose for which, according to the American theory, governments exist.

The citizen, the soldier, and the public official should live and work for his own country. This will not hinder any dutiful international action or relationship. In truth, these depend for their effectiveness upon the unity, the strength, and the complete independence of the nation.

This article has been prepared under the direction of the American Commission of The American Legion, Henry J. Ryan, National Director.

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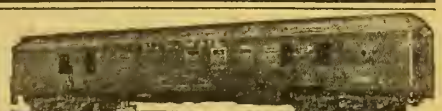

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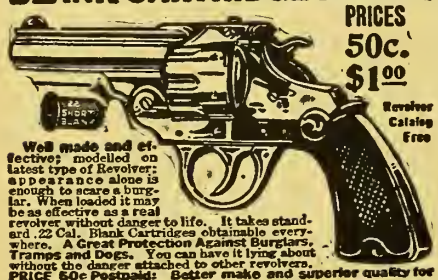

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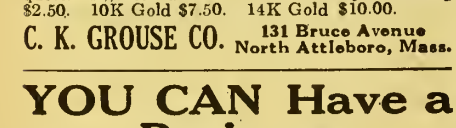

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NATIONAL SERVICE DIVISION

IN connection with The American Legion's efforts on behalf of the disabled veteran, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY *has for the past four months been receiving direct complaints of government dereliction which it has been impossible to settle locally. Some two thousand cases have received individual attention as a result of this suggestion, and the results have been gratifying, not to the men concerned alone, but to the Legion and its magazine. Testimonials have appeared in these columns from time to time indicating that the specific interest thus taken in the case of the individual comrade has borne actual results. This work will continue as long as there is need for it, with the difference that in future such complaints should be addressed, not to this magazine, but to the National Service Division of The American Legion, 1723 I Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. They will be taken up individually with the head of the government department responsible.*

SEVENTY-FIVE percent of questions which have been reaching the National Service Division of the Legion since its transfer to Washington from Indianapolis early in April have been concerned with compensation and hospitalization claims. Other inquiries have been received in the following proportions: Vocational training, 10 percent; retainer pay, 5 percent; Liberty bonds and Victory medals, 2½ percent each; miscellaneous (including uniforms and equipment, land settlement, lost discharge papers, bonus claims, civil service, back pay, travel pay, insurance and return of bodies from France), 5 percent.

Compensation Claims

If you have a disability which you feel is due to your military or naval service during the war, you should as a matter of duty to yourself and your country immediately file a claim for disability. To make the claim obtain from your local post, the National Service Division of the Legion, or the Bureau of War Risk Insurance the following forms: Numbers 526, 539 and 545. In addition make a detailed statement of your condition and occupation prior to service, injury or sickness during service, where treated, and physical condition since discharge. Obtain a like statement from one or more persons who were with you and knew of your disability during service. Get a statement also from one or two persons who have known you since discharge, particularly your employers and other disinterested parties.

Last and most important, get statements from all the doctors who treated your case and from the hospitals where you were confined. These must all be sworn to before a notary public and forwarded to the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, where, after consideration of your health record, your military record and your present condition, an award should either be made or disallowed.

If you are among the 100,000 whose claims have not been decided by the Bureau of War Risk Insurance and cannot get action through your own endeavors, the National Service Division will make it its personal business to get a decision on your claim.

Hospitalization

In addition to compensation, the disabled ex-service man is entitled to free medical, surgical and dental care and hospitalization when such are needed for disability incurred or aggravated by service during the war.

There are thousands of disabled men in the congested sections of our large cities and in the sparsely settled rural districts of the country who have never been sought out and who have never learned that they are entitled to medical and surgical attention and compensation. Many of them are letting their disabilities run along for such a long time that it is getting more and more difficult to trace these back to the service.

The Medical Division of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance is now charged with full responsibility for the hospitalization and treatment of the disabled man, for examining the claimant, furnishing him with care and treatment, including such appliances as may be needed, and for rating his physical disability.

Any ex-service man who feels that his disability or sickness is of service origin and that he is in need of care and treatment should immediately get in touch with the local Public Health supervisor or physician, all of whom are now under the direction of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, and make his wants known. Ordinarily a claim for compensation must be filed to determine the right to hospitalization, but in any emergency case the local supervisors have the authority to send a disabled man immediately to a hospital or clinic.

Navy Retainer Pay

Men entitled to Navy Retainer Pay and not receiving it should communicate with the Navy Allotment Officer, Navy Retainer Pay Section, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., giving the following data:

Full name, date of enrollment, rating and class in which enrolled, address when enrolled, present address, present rating, number of retainer pay checks received (if any) and amount of each, date of release from active duty, date of discharge from reserves.

Rifles for Legion Posts

POSTS wishing to keep on hand rifles for use in funeral ceremonies may obtain them from corps ordnance officers, United States Army, under provisions of the act approved February 10, 1920. No more than ten rifles and their accessories will be supplied to one post, it is specified in the act.

The application for the loan of rifles and the sale of ammunition must have the approval of the state commander. Upon receipt of the application bearing the endorsement of the state commander, the corps ordnance officer will supply a bond covering the penal value of the property, with instructions for filling it out. This bond must be properly executed, also approved by the state commander of the Legion and returned to the corps ordnance officer. The application must tell clearly the street and city address to which shipment is to be made and state whether the rifles shall be sent by express or freight collect. Transportation must be paid by the post.

Following is a list of the addresses of the corps ordnance officers of the nine corps areas: 1st area, 99 Chauncey st., Boston, Mass.; 2nd area, Governor's Island, N. Y.; 3rd area, Fort Howard, Md.; 4th area, Fort McPherson, Ga.; 5th area, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; 6th area, Fort Sheridan, Ill.; 7th area, Fort Crook, Nebr.; 8th area, Fort Sam Houston, Tex.; 9th area, 804 Santa Fe bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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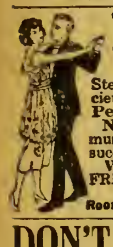

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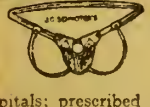

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PRO AND CON

Editorial Comment on the Activities of The American Legion

FUNDAMENTALLY there is no great difference between the aims of The American Legion and the aims of organized labor. Both are formed to protect and to advance the interests of their members, and the measure of their success depends upon the strength of their respective organizations.

The charge has been made that The American Legion was a capitalistic institution, but its very composition is enough to prove that such an accusation is absolutely baseless. The Legion's big job at the present time is to win decent treatment for several thousand of disabled veterans, and to provide employment for approximately 400,000 more who are now jobless. Nothing very capitalistic about that program is there?

It is a sad commentary upon the depth of the nation's gratitude to the heroes of Flanders and the Argonne that the men who risked all in their country's defense should have to make an organized attack upon official delay and public indifference in order to obtain the smallest amount of the consideration due them.

Every member of organized labor who is an ex-service man should join The American Legion and help his buddies in their fight to obtain recognition of their just claims.—*California Oil Worker.*

Members of the Waseca and New Richland Posts of The American Legion acted as military escort at the military funeral of a fallen comrade whose remains were returned from France for burial. The interest manifested by the public in the last rites of a fallen hero was evidence of their faith in America. It proved, too, all belief to the contrary, that The American Legion is yet destined to become a powerful factor in what we prefer to style the Americanization of America. Habits contracted by the men in the service, which are rapidly being worn off, put them in a bad light for a time, with a public that failed to make allowances. There still remain a few who make monkeys of themselves under cover of a Legion button or on the strength of being ex-service men, but they are in the minority. The American Legion is not to be judged by their actions any more than a community is to be judged by any one individual.—*New Richland (Minn.) Star.*

The Main Streeters and 100 percent Americans are now busy adding the Irish to their collection of races that ought to be allowed to live only on condition they keep their damn mouths shut. There are now the Irish, the Germans, the Russians, the Japanese, and, of course, the Negroes. Oh, and the Jews. But if the Jews only have money enough they're not so bad. But as for all the others it certainly would simplify matters a whole lot if they could all be dumped in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. Then The American Legion could feel easier in its mind, if that's the right name for what makes them talk the way they do.—*New York Call.*

Hon. Samuel Gompers, President American Federation of Labor, whose photograph resembles the face of an owl, has exchanged letters with the Grand Wizard of The American Legion, and in this correspondence the Wizard assures the Owl, and vice versa, that organized labor and organized militarism stand for one and the same thing. . . . Mr. Gompers stupidly accepts the verbal statement of this Legion crowd of cut-throats that they are friendly to organized labor, when Mr. Gompers, as well as all labor leaders, should know that The American Legion is financed by the Trusts and its members are used whenever and wherever workers are to be shot or intimidated—*Thomson (Ga.) Sentinel.*

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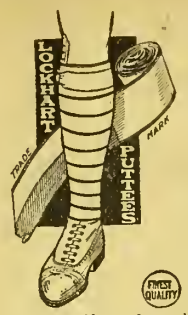

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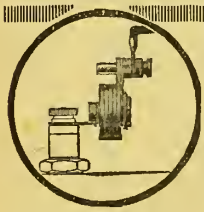

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We believe that many posts have sent in old addresses taken from post records. If you are not receiving your Weekly and are in good standing please write the circulation department, giving your present address, and all of your former addresses, as well as your post number.

AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY
627 West 43rd Street, New York City

THE VOICE OF THE LEGION

(*Continued from page* 13)

coats and fine gowns and nothing but horror and disgust for home work. In fact she considers it an insult to be suspected of knowing anything about housework. So many girls are working now that it is not surprising that 4,000,000 men are unemployed.

Men would work with the idea of supporting a family, while girls will work for less pay with the idea of buying a fur coat. If some of our good women would learn to do housework instead of meddling in politics and going around the country lecturing to young girls on "how to become successful business women," there would not be all this unrest, more men could get jobs and more bachelors would become husbands.

A woman can kill a man these days and a jury of twelve men will set her free so she can enter the movies and teach other girls not to do likewise. But what of a man? Twelve women jurors would hang him before he knew what was happening. O. BEINKE, *Kansas City, Mo.*

Suspicious

To the Editor: At intervals there have appeared in the Voice of the Legion letters which indicated that the writers had an axe to grind. In fact, it has appeared at times as if our friends of German sympathies were using our paper under different noms de plume to help Chief Mucker von Mach in his hyphen-hated efforts to bore from within in The American Legion.

I call your attention to the recent letter under the caption of "Blood Ties." In it there seems to be the thin edge of a wedge to stir up an argument. His wail that at several important meetings our "blood ties with England" have been slipped into the programme is probably all bunk. I for one see nothing particularly unpleasant in contemplating a better understanding with our friends in Europe.

I think the time has come when we should comb out and re-initiate every member in the Legion, making sure this time that his credentials are genuine.—WILLIAM ALLEN, *Prescott, Ariz.*

Local Issues

To the Editor: In a recent issue space was devoted to an academic discussion of whether or not we really made the world safe for democracy, intimating that this was our chief purpose in entering the world war. As a doughboy who served overseas I have had opportunity to discuss the war with a great many soldiers but I can't say that I ever found many who were worrying to an extreme degree whether Europe was made up of democracies or absolute monarchies. I believe most of the men thought they were fighting because American lives had been taken, American property destroyed, and American rights trampled. "Making the world safe for democracy" was and is a pretty abstraction, but it would never send a doughboy over the top with a lust for battle. Let's take care of our own grand democracy, make it safe and self reliant, and let the rest of the world have any old kind of a government it wants—so long as that government doesn't interfere with us.—HAROLD JENNESS, *Nampa, Ida.*

An Insurance Tangle

To the Editor: I am one of the two percent of the ex-service men who converted their War Risk Insurance to permanent peacetime policies. I have confidence that eventually the War Risk Insurance Bureau will function properly. It is improving. But I want to cite my own experiences to show that the need for further improvement exists.

Many who had the courage to convert their War Risk Insurance did not see the necessary cash forthcoming and allowed their policies to lapse. I saw that by borrowing on my civilian insurance, I could keep up my converted insurance payments for the full $10,000, with the idea of borrowing on my government insurance when necessary to keep up my payments on my civilian insurance.

I applied for a loan to an insurance company in Massachusetts. Within a week I received my money. I am charged only five percent from the date the money was mailed. My policy was returned to me.

I applied for a loan to the War Risk Insurance Bureau. I received the money one month after application. I am charged interest at six percent. Interest is dated from the day the forms started passing through the red tape machine at Washington. In other words, interest started April 1. The money was mailed from Washington April 12 and I got it April 14. In addition, the Bureau deducted the next month's premium from the loan, although my check for this premium is in the mail. Last of all, showing the Bureau's lack of faith in us, the Bureau keeps my policy until my loan is fully repaid.

I see the need for snappier service. And why can't the government allow us to borrow our own money at approximately the interest rate it pays us for what we loaned it when we bought Liberty Bonds?—WILLIAM J. BROWNLOW, *Cleveland, O.*

Happy Days at Tours

To the Editor: In the eleven months I served at Tours, at Beaumont Barracks and the Aviation Center, I had the pleasure of meeting some nurses, some Q. M. C. girls and quite a few S. C. girls. While I must admit that none of them ever went AWOL to go out with me, three of them did ask for and reveice traveling orders and a car to go on a sight-seeing trip to Saumur. I was the chauffeur, and to make sure I didn't-kidnap any of them, the captain sent the corporal in charge of transportation with me, which was just as all hands had wanted it to be.

No doubt if that M. P. who slammed the girls in his recent letter had known about it he would have spoiled the party. They had a habit of doing that. The girls paid for a fine dinner at the hotel for Mac and me, and we all sat at the same table.

The girls on duty at Beaumont may remember the fresh crumb cake I used to swipe from the bakery company every morning and leave at the telephone exchauge. I never even knew the girls' names. They were good, honest, square American girls and that was all that mattered.—R. N. T., *Ex-496th Aero Sqdn., Newton, N. J.*

From a Disabled Buddy

To the Editor: Being a disabled veteran, I make it a point to follow closely all legislation enacted and proposed for the benefit of veterans. The Legion is putting up quite a fight for the disabled boys and we surely appreciate it.

One of the main proposals now is to take all disabled men from private institutions and put them in Public Health Service hospitals. This plan in a way is a very good one, inasmuch as most private institutions give the disabled care and attention subject to the primary motive of profit-making.

There are some private sanitariums, however, which are satisfactory to the men being cared for in them. There are fifteen of us in one such hospital, and the food and attention is doing us as much good as we could expect. Don't you think it would be unfair for the Bureau to stop our hospitalization if we do not wish to be moved to a Public Health Service hospital?—H. J. R., *San Francisco, Cal.*

Important If True

To the Editor: I saw this headline in a paper today: "Western Europe Is Alarmed Over Long Drought." Say, it has quit raining in France!—MUNRO S. BROWN, *Las Vegas, Nevada.*

There's No Place Like Home.

How many times have we thought so—in camp, billet or dugout, or in the army home—the pup tent.
'Member the night when three buddies horned into one—somebody's pet shelter half gone wrong again—
And right then and there, you made a mental picture of your castle to be—one without folding ditches, rubber tent pegs, gravel mattress, sky hook or leaky roof—
Yet here we are, all of us, single or married—shelter half buddies still—
According to the way the manufacturers of building materials treat our advertising pages.
Let's snap 'em out of it— .
In the spring—birds, bees and buddies turn their keenest thoughts to homes.
Are you one of the thoughtful ones who contemplate building?
Or do you plan any improvements on the place you already own?
Or is your post planning a home perhaps?
If so—tell us about it—
Coupons from all of you about building material in which you are interested will cause the manufacturers of these products to sit up and take notice—
Three-quarters of a million men and their families still in tents. Is that so?
And dealers, salesmen, distributors of building material who are Legion men—what about the help you would derive from building materials advertised in the WEEKLY—
What commodity do you especially want exploited—
Remember your influence counts big here and when you help us, you help yourselves—to more business and a bigger, better WEEKLY—at one and the same time—
And you contractors and architects—
What about your activities? Are they worth reporting?
So all of you who read this—give us a lift and together we will show the building material people that we are prosperous enough to throw off the shelter halfs and stick up a roof of our own—
Lay the corner stone for building material advertising with the coupon you send in.
"Mid pleasures and palaces there's no place like home."

Next Week—"HOMEWARD BOUND"

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Our Buddy planning a home should use.....
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(Give name of brand)
Because.....
(Give reason)
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"BE IT RESOLVED, that with a firm belief in the value of our magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY—*as a national advertising medium; with the realization that due to limited subscription price and constantly increasing cost of production, the improvements which we desire to see in it will only be made possible through increased advertising revenue—and that increased advertising revenue depends primarily upon our support of advertisers in the* WEEKLY—*we hereby pledge our support and our patronage, as individuals, and as an organization, to those advertisers who use the columns of our official magazine*—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY."

Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion

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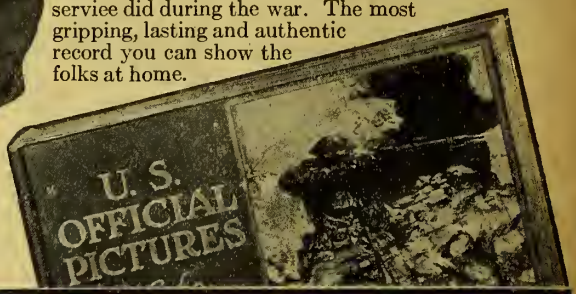
V SERVICE STRIPE—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS. VV THE TWO STRIPERS ARE GROWING IN NUMBER, AND THE VVV THREE STRIPERS ARE BEGINNING TO APPEAR.

We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform," issue of February 6, 1920. Readers are requested to report promptly any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.
Advertising rates: $3.00 per agate line. Smallest copy accepted, 14 lines (1 inch).
THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City.

Here's the very Spot

we made our jump-off at St.Mihiel and there's the old Outfit Marching into Germany

Here's the gripping picture story of the war—no censorship—told in this amazing portfolio of over 1,400 Official Government Pictures taken by the U. S. Army Signal Corps. Chronologically arranged, from peace in the U. S. A., through the war with the A. E. F. and back to peace. Every step of America's participation is accurately pictured, every picture bearing the seal of the Government, which means absolutely official. Few words—over 1,400 pictures! Easily grasped. Quickly understood. Supplemented by official maps, official divisional Histories, and official Histories. An imperishable picture story of what your division—your regiment—or branch of the service did during the war. The most gripping, lasting and authentic record you can show the folks at home.



U.S. OFFICIAL

WAR PICTURES

of every Division and Branch of the Service

Send No Money

The activities of every division and branch of the service is shown in this collection of War photographs (divisions and branches of the service best represented are given under heading of contents). Ten to one you will find pictures in the portfolio of your own division, or regiment, or perhaps your own picture. (Hundreds of men have written us they have recognized their own pictures.)

Every phase of America's participation is pictured, from the lowest Buck to the Commander-in-Chief, through every division of the service, on every front, in France, Italy, and Russia. Pictures of the French and German towns, base ports, training camps in the States, every division in action, photographic record of all the big offensives, Cantigny, Soissons, Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne and hundreds of other battle scenes selected for their timeliness and human interest. And the way the Portfolio is bound—Oh, Boy! It's a knockout. The front cover is of the finest quality of buckram. The cover illustration is a reproduction in seven colors of Harvey Dunn's famous A. E. F. painting, "Street Fighting." The title and border is heavily stamped in gold. So confident are we that every ex-soldier who sees this Portfolio will want to keep it, we are willing to send it to you for a five day FREE EXAMINATION without a penny deposit in advanee.

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