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The Disabled Man's Chimney

"You dont mean to tell me that Hart Schaffner & Marx pay anything for the advertising they're running in the American Legion Weekly!"

Your Western advertising manager told us that a manufacturer said that to him

This manufacturer noticed that we hadn't said much about our clothes; we hadn't tried to sell them He thought that advertising that didn't do those things wasn't worth much—

That's a common mistake

We advertise not to cultivate sales—but to cultivate belief in us That's the best way to sell, because everyone likes to buy from those they believe in

You can be sure that any advertising that makes friends is advertising that's worth paying for

Hart Schaffner & Marx

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How the Lost Battalion Was Lost

The True Story of an Heroic Incident of the World War in the Light of a Tragedy of Peace

By William E. Moore

Formerly Captain, S. C., Historical Branch, G. H. Q., A. E. F.

A LEADING New York newspaper that should have known better, since a score of its pre-war staff were officers in the 77th Division, suggested the other day that Lieutenant Colonel Whittlesey might have been driven to suicide through a feeling of guilt for having led the "Lost Battalion" into a trap in the Argonne ravine since famous as "The Pocket." But since all America is so fully misinformed not only concerning Whittlesey, but as regards most everything else that took place in the A. E. F., it would be unjust to single out one newspaper for criticism.

Every overseas veteran knows that the folks back home are crammed full of bunk about things that happened in France. When we first came back some of us tried to correct these errors when first we heard them repeated, but it didn't take long for us to realize that our fellow citizens resented having the myths exploded. They wanted to believe the foolish and improbable things they did believe.

So today probably a hundred million people believe that the Lost Battalion was lost and that when summoned by a German officer to surrender the gentle, but heroic, Whittlesey replied: "Go to Hell." It may be that Cambronne uttered the words at Waterloo that Hugo says he did. Perhaps Farragut cried "Damn the torpedoes" at Mobile, but we have Whittlesey's own word that he never said "Go to Hell" in the Argonne.

What he actually did was so much finer, and in character with the man, that it should not be lost to the world in the musty files of the War Department.

To understand what brought about the so-called Lost Battalion's advance, and its resultant pocketing by the Germans, one must realize that after seven days' continuous fighting in the Argonne the 77th Division on October 2, 1918, found its advance checked before the heavily-entrenched German positions. The success of the American operations depended upon breaking through the enemy line.

In the face of this impasse the then Major Whittlesey, commanding the First Battalion of the 308th Infantry, received from his commanding officer, Colonel Stacey, an order to attack which contained this sentence: "The general says you are to advance behind the barrage regardless of losses." How strictly the heroic major complied with his orders is testified to in the undramatic language of his official Operations Report written October 9th, the day following his relief. He writes: "The advance was continued to the objective stated, which was reached at 6 p. m. with about 90 casualties from M. G. fire. Two German officers, 28 prisoners and 3 machine guns were captured. His trench system was crossed, one heavily wired."

Here then we have Whittlesey and his composite battalion on their objective—the Pocket—under competent and mandatory orders. This answers the question raised by the New York newspaper quoted above as to whether the lawyer-soldier might not have been driven to suicide through a feeling of guilt for having led his men into a trap. He led them there because he was ordered to, and his later troubles resulted from the inability of units on his right and left to make advances equal to his. He and his command, therefore, were left "up in the air."

Having reached his objective there were two good reasons why he could not have retired to safer ground even had he wished to. In the first place he had received orders to hold his position until the other elements came abreast of him. But they were unable to do so. In that situation the Germans filtered through on either flank, got in his rear, and strung wires across the path through the ravine, thus linking up the two sections of the German trench system, and placing a closed German line behind Whittlesey.

It is of interest to know that the officer commanding the Germans in Whittlesey's rear was from the United States. He was Lieut. Heinrich Prinz, 76th Infantry Reserve Division, and he had lived for six years in Seattle, Wash., prior to the World War. While the Americans clung to their hillside for five days, under constant fire from rifles, machine guns, artillery, mortars and hand grenades, several false orders were found to be passing down the American lines. On one occasion at least some one was heard to cry out in English, with a German accent: "Gaz masks." It may well be that the former citizen of Seattle was the one who was giving these orders.

Lieutenant Prinz was the man who wrote the note to Major Whittlesey demanding his surrender on the ground of humanity, in order to save further casualties to the surrounded American forces.

There had been casualties, serious ones. Give note to this significant sentence from the Operations Report of Captain Barclay McFadden, Company A, 308th Infantry: "On the 8th of October the Pocket was relieved and all that remained of A Company which could walk back were three men."

A great many word pictures, at the time and since, have been painted of the Gethsemane through which the heroic battalion was passing during those five days. Most of them were fanciful, based on stories told by self-nominated heroes or by artists in words who were not there. In this connection it is interesting to read what the

The Demand for Surrender

"TO the Commanding Officer—Infantry, 77th Division.

"Sir:—The bearer of this present, Private ....., has been taken prisoner by us. He refused to give the German Intelligence Officer any answer to his questions, and is quite an honorable fellow, doing honor to his Fatherland in the strictest sense of the word.

"He has been charged against his will, believing that he is doing wrong to his country, to carry forward this present letter to the officer in charge of the battalion of the 77th Division, with the purpose to recommend this commander to surrender with his forces, as it would be quite useless to resist any more, in view of the present conditions.

"The suffering of your wounded men can be heard over here in the German lines, and we are appealing to your humane sentiments to stop. A white flag shown by one of your men will tell us that you agree with these conditions. Please treat Private..... as an honorable man. He is quite a soldier. We envy you.

The German Commanding Officer."

chief actor in the drama was writing himself, and sending back to headquarters by his carrier pigeons, the only line of communication left open.

Pigeon No. 1—"We are being shelled by German artillery. Can we not have artillery support?"

Pigeon No. 2—"Our posts are broken, one runner captured. Germans in small numbers in our left rear. Have located German mortar and sent platoon to get it. E Company met heavy resistance—at least 20 casualties."

Pigeon No. 3—"Germans are on cliff north of us and have had to evacuate both flanks. Situation on left flank very serious. Broke through two of our runner posts today. Casualties yesterday 8 killed, 80 wounded. In the same companies today 1 killed, 60 wounded. Present effective strength of companies here 245." (Whittlesey went in with 679 effectives.)

And so the story ran until his last pigeon was released on October 4th. After that he went militarily dumb. His last message read: "Men are suffering from hunger and exposure and the wounded are in very bad condition. Cannot support be sent at once?"

Four days were to elapse, however, before the desired relief was able to battle its way to the beleaguered forces lying in their funk holes on the exposed hillside. They were days of hunger as well as danger and death from bullets. The men had gone in with only their iron rations. Efforts were being made by American airplanes to drop packages of food for the men but in each instance the food fell outside the lines. This led indirectly to the written demand for surrender from Lieut. Heinrich Prinz. But before going into that it should be explained that, in order to mark his position for the American aviators, Major Whittlesey had placed in position the white cloth panels employed in the Army for such a purpose. These later were to play a part in the drama.

It was tantalizing to the suffering, hungry men to see the precious food meant for them falling outside their position. Nine men, without asking permission, went out into No Man's Land to search for some of the fallen parcels. They paid a heavy penalty. Five were killed, four captured. Among the latter was Private Growell R. Hollingshead. These men fell into the hands of the German forces commanded by Lieutenant Prinz. The latter already knew by observation and reconnaissance what extremities the Americans were in. With some difficulty he compelled Private Hollingshead, blindfolded, to carry a note to Major Whittlesey demanding surrender.

The note was couched in polite terms, praised the bravery of the Americans, and wound up with a demand for surrender in the name of humanity.

We now approach the moment when in the apochryphal histories of the event Whittlesey cried: "Go to Hell." That would have been what our French allies call a beau geste and certainly no American soldier, or civilian, would condemn the major had he indulged in some profanity at the moment. Fortunately, we have the major's own words for what actually occurred. Writing in his official Operations Report he says: "At 4 p. m. a private from H Company reported that he had left without permission in the morning with eight others. They encountered a German outpost. Five of the nine were killed, the rest were captured. This man was given by the Germans a demand for our surrender, a copy of which is hereto attached. He was then blindfolded and returned to our lines. NO REPLY TO THE DEMAND TO SURRENDER SEEMED NECESSARY."

Undramatic you will say, but then those of you who were in it know the United States Army doesn't go in for drama. But, to continue in the language of the stage, there is restrained acting that our better critics deem superior to the fustian and claptrap which so wins the gallery. That was the school of Whittlesey. In the message sent to him by the German officer he had been asked to display a white flag if he meant to surrender. Whittlesey's answer to that was an order to take up the white cloth panels that marked his position to his own airplanes. In doing that he cut his last connecting link with the American army, knowing when he did it that this action might delay, and perhaps prevent, his rescue.

Banishing Guesswork from Industry

By Floyd W. Parsons

THE great need of the moment is for the elimination of guesswork from modern industry. Laboratory methods should be applied to all business phenomena. People who believe that scientific research is nothing more than a pioneering adventure into the unknown, to satisfy the eternal curiosity of a few theorists, are in a class with those who would trade the hen for the egg.

The progress of American business depends far more on mentality than on materials. But, notwithstanding the urgent need for the greater exercise and the more effective use of the human mind, it is a fact that the brain power of modern men has seldom been taxed to anywhere near its limit. The energy consumed by the human brain, when compared to the work done by other organs of the body, is so small that it cannot be measured as energy at all. Immense tasks of a mental character lie just ahead of us, but let no one despair.

One of the great industries of tomorrow is the field of research. Before long not only every great industry will have its national bureau of scientific investigation, but hundreds of corporations, large and small, will maintain research departments. Thousands of young men will be required to carry on this work, and the resulting benefits to American business will be beyond calculation.

In the field of science, the relation between the known and the unknown has been truly likened to the surface of a sphere; the greater the sphere of knowledge becomes, the greater the surface of contact with the unknown. In other words, the further we progress in any line, the faster will be our progress in the days to come. The more inventions we get, the more we will need. The more new lines of activity we open up, the greater the number of fields that still lie ahead of us. For each research genius the past ages produced, the world of to-morrow will yield a dozen equally brilliant thinkers. We talk of the wonders of invention, but it is well to remember that back of the inventors are the research workers.

The story of the research work of the present generation of men is an unparalleled tale of romance, politics, business and war. No immediate benefits were anticipated when the workers in a great American laboratory developed knowledge relating to electrostatic corona, and to dielectric phenomena in the air. However, this research led to the re-designing of practically all the high-voltage transmission apparatus throughout the world. If Faraday had not been a patient plodder, we would not have been given the general laws of magnetic induction that made the invention of the telephone possible. The incandescent lamp industry would probably have been lost to the United States if it had not been for the development of the tungsten filament by an American scientist. Ernest Abbe, an inquisitive German optician, persisted in his investigations until he finally succeeded in making discoveries that brought about the transfer of supremacy in the manufacture of photographic lenses from Great Britain to Germany.

Up until 1894, all the world's scientists accepted the statement that the air is a mechanical mixture of moisture, nitrogen and oxygen, with nothing else in it except traces of hydrogen and carbon dioxide. Lord Rayleigh, a great chemist and student of research, found that the nitrogen obtained from the air was never so pure as that obtained

"THE progress of American industry depends more on mentality than on materials. One of the great industries of tomorrow is the field of research." There's a hint from Mr. Parsons, one of the nation's authorities on the economics of industry. In the adaptation of the discoveries of war to the problems of peace, in unlimited industrial investigation, he sees an opportunity for America and for her young men.

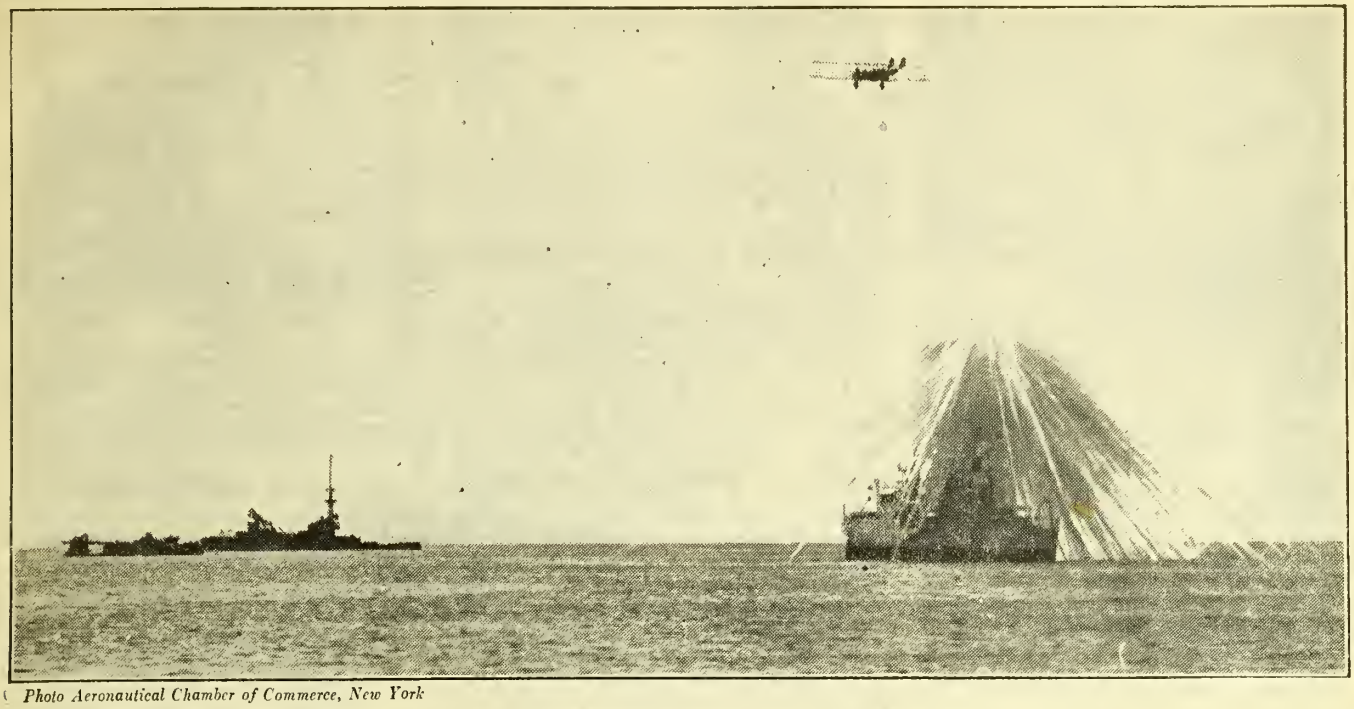


Photo Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce, New York

It's a far cry from the crude but cruel gas Jerry sent after the Canadians at Ypres to the phosphorescent American bomb seen here exploding over a battleship scrapped for experimental purposes long before the Washington conference. But the chemical industry has developed, and with it chemical warfare, and America has done her share of the development.

from some compound like ammonia. A search for the impurity immediately commenced, and the result was an entirely new gas which was called argon.

At the time of this discovery, the practice in making electric bulbs included the exhaustion of a large part of the air from the bulb. The big problem in connection with these so-called vacuum lamps was how to prevent the destruction of the filaments, which seemed to evaporate, or boil away, like so much water. Scientists knew that pressure will check boiling or evaporation. Would a gas under pressure prevent filaments from boiling away? If so, what gas? It was easy to conclude that a filament would burn in oxygen, and that hydrogen would conduct the heat away too rapidly. Nitrogen is a useful gas for such work, but it forms a few compounds. This line of thought resulted in the discovery that argon was the very gas needed for the purpose, since it forms no compounds at all. This discovery is saving millions of dollars each year for the people of all civilized nations. Argon was transformed from being one of the most worthless of gases to one of the most useful.

It is never possible to know just when a purely theoretical fact is going to become a revolutionary principle. The whole profession of mechanical engineering is based on the laws of gravitation and motion, mostly discovered by one man. Herz's brilliant experiments demonstrating the existence of wireless waves at first were more of a theoretical novelty than a practical discovery; however, to-day wireless communication is based on this research.

Only a few years ago, a remarkable young Englishman, 27 years of age, was killed in battle at Gallipoli. Notwithstanding his youth, he had succeeded literally in turning the X-ray on matter, making his machine disclose the skeleton of an atom. He proved that all atoms are built up of electrons, and while it is almost unbelievable, he counted the number of electrons per atom of all the metals, from aluminum to gold. As a result of these discoveries of Moseley, science is better able to answer the questions: How does water freeze? What is lead? Why are lead, iron, gold and tungsten malleable?

We would have no electro-chemical industry if it had not been for Sir Humphrey Davy's purely scientific study of an electric current's effects on caustic potash and caustic soda. When the scientists get along a little further with their X-ray studies, they will probably be able to tell us why iron is magnetic. When the correct answer to this question is written, the electrical industry will take such a great step forward that more real progress will be made in five years than can be made in a century of experimenting with existing electrical apparatus.

In the matter of lighting, there has been an amazing advance since the day of the sperm candle, but notwithstanding all that has been accomplished, we still are unable to develop light for practical purposes except by raising some material to a very high temperature, and in doing this we waste in the form of heat almost all the energy supplied. One of these days some clever fellow with an inquisitive mind and an ample fund of patience will work away until he discovers the secret of the tiny firefly, which has ability to make light that is not only cold, but practically speaking, is 100 percent efficient. The moment this discovery is made, the entire science of illumination will have to be rebuilt. In that day lamps will be discarded, and instead of such lights we will employ a system in which the entire surfaces of ceilings and upper walls will be made luminous at will.

Think what the coal tar industry means to civilization, and yet there would not be such an industry were it not for half a dozen simple discoveries in organic chemistry. For hundreds of years, the manufacture of dyes was a slow and laborious process. The purple used to color the garments of King Solomon was derived from the throat of a mollusc known as a murex, and only a single drop of the coloring matter could be obtained from each murex. Chemical research has changed all of this, and the artificial dyes now obtained are not only superior in quality, but are less expensive than the natural dyes prepared by the ancients.

Here in the United States, in recent months, there has been much discussion concerning the infant American dye industry and its probable value as a national asset. In this connection it is well to take into account a few facts. The largest standing army in the world is in Russia; the largest dye industry in the world is in Germany. Both nations are outcasts, and if for no other reason, have a community of interest. Last year the Bolshevist armies were successful in their campaign against the forces of General Wrangel, and authorities attribute their victories largely to the effective use of poison gases. But Russia has no chemical industry, so the answer should be plain to even the slowest thinker.

It is Germany's dye industry that provides the world with its biggest problem at the present time. We may deprive the Teutons of their ships and munitions, but let no one think they are disarmed while they own and operate the greatest dyestuff business on earth. No one in any other country has power to know or to regulate what tens of thousands of chemists are doing behind closed doors in hundreds of German dye plants. When the World War commenced, all the nations except Germany

believed national safety lay in the possession of great guns on land and sea; now that the war is ended, we all know better. Before the war, Germany produced 135,000 tons of dyes annually. Now she is producing at the rate of 180,000 tons a year. Germany's economic troubles have evidently not extended to her innocent-looking dye business.

Before the war, the United States supplied Germany with thousands of gallons of crude coal tar, which was refined by the Teutons and later sent back to the United States in the form of finished products. It is also a fact that up until 1918 there were practically no goods reaching consumers in this country that were colored with American-made dyestuffs. On the other hand, in 1916 and 1917, when our markets were stripped of dyestuffs, a number of American importers had on hand considerable quantities of German-made black dyes of a kind susceptible to sunlight, washing, acid, rubbing and practically every other fading factor.

These dyes were used chiefly in coloring casket cloth. The American owners of this inferior coloring matter sold the stuff to hosiery manufacturers in this country at a high price. Of course, the hosiery faded as soon as it was washed, and immediately the whole nation was informed that the inferior dyes were the products of American plants. The idea that our domestic dyes are inferior in quality has been carefully planted in the minds of the majority of Americans and the result is that the people of the country are prejudiced in favor of the German dyes.

Nevertheless, thanks to our research chemists, we are building up an American dye industry second to none in the world. Prior to the war, Germany produced three-fourths of the total amount of dyes made in the world, having an annual value of $68,300,000. Switzerland was Germany's nearest competitor, with an annual production of $6,450,000. The total for the United States at that time was less than $3,000,000, and Germany supplied practically all of the bases from which this amount was produced. In 1914, there were seven American dye factories, which produced annually less than 7,000,000 pounds of coal tar coloring, representing only thirty colors. Last year the United States exported coal tar dyes to the amount of nearly $30,000,000.

It is interesting to note that there are 67,585 manufacturing establishments in this country, employing more than 2,000,000 American workmen, and producing goods valued at more than $5,000,000,000, that are directly or indirectly dependent upon dyestuffs for their successful operation. What has been accomplished along this line is evident from the fact that one large American consumer of dyestuffs in 1913 used 92 percent German colors and 8 percent American. In 1920, this same company used 6.2 percent German, 5.4 percent Swiss and 88.4 percent American colors.

The dyestuffs industry is a standing army which supports itself. If the nation had spent $50,000,000 a year for preparedness, it would have taken us 450 years to spend the amount our war effort cost us. Poisonous gases in the last war caused 27.3 percent of all American casualties, killed and wounded. More than 31 percent of the wounded admitted to the hospitals were the victims of gas, and yet the use of gas, even at the end of the World War was a child's game compared to what its use would be to-day or in the near future.

It is to be hoped that the great nations of the world will never again be engaged in fighting one another, but it is silly for us to overlook the fact that if there ever should be another great conflict of peoples, the only economical method of waging the fight is through the employment of chemical warfare. Practically all agencies of war, except dye plants, have no commercial value in peace times. Even the chemical warfare organization of our army today is working with the public to eradicate the bubonic plague by killing rats and other carriers of disease; it is searching for a method to attack the boll weevil; it is experimenting with the use of gases for killing insect pests on fruit trees, and is hoping to attack successfully the locust in the Philippines.

It is no exaggeration to say that the hope of the future in medical science lies in the great coal tar industry. Adrenalin, salvarsan, commonly called "606," and hundreds of other famous drugs have been produced synthetically from coal tar products. Many of these drugs were formerly secured from animal sources, and the cost of getting them was many times what it is by the methods employed today. According to several authorities, the scientific work on coal tar is only in its infancy. One famous chemist recently isolated the active principle of the thyroid gland. There is little doubt but that other equally rare substances will soon be prepared in pure form from coal tar products.

Every great American business is confronted by dozens of problems that can only be solved by extended scientific investigation. All about us are crude practices that will be looked back to with amazement by the next generation because of the barbaric wastes they entail. We still follow the plan of hoisting coal from the earth's depths and then carrying this coal hundreds of miles over railroads to great cities where the fuel is burned in the most wasteful fashion. Not only do we haul the coal, but in every ton there is from 10 to 20 percent of impure matter (water and ash), which is incombustible, but which nevertheless is hauled along with the coal.

Scientific research will change all of this. The picture of coal-laden trucks traveling over icy streets during the winter months will remain only as a memory. The heat units in the coal will be sent to the consumer in the form of gas through pipes, and the householder will be through with firing furnaces and carrying out ashes. Our cities will be clean, and millions of dollars will be saved through a reduction in laundry bills; through lessening the destruction of house furnishings by dust, soot and smoke; through making it unnecessary to paint the exteriors of buildings so often, and through the general betterment of health that will result from a less polluted atmosphere.

The leaders in every industry will soon discover that research is the most effective weapon available to them in defending their businesses against false accusations and unjust attacks. For example, let me refer to the American laundry industry. For years laundrymen were blamed every time a garment or other article was injured or destroyed in the wash. Little by little, laundry methods were improved, and yet in spite of the progress that was made, the destruction of fabrics continued, and the public persisted in its condemnation of laundry practices.

Finding that the public would not be convinced by mere talk, the laundrymen banded together and decided to get the real facts through a carefully conducted campaign of research. They are showing the public that responsibility in the conservation of fabrics must be shouldered largely by the people who purchase washable goods. The investigation indicated that a large part of the goods spoiled in laundering are either defective materials or fabrics which have been abused by the owners before being sent to the laundry. Many so-called "silk" shirts under a microscope show heavy white threads of cotton as filling, with only the warp threads of silk. There is no possible way to launder such shirts satisfactorily.

The laundry research showed that table linen often fails in the wash due to the use of short fibers in long floats. Dish towels, table napkins and hand towels are frequently used for general mopping purposes or for cleaning shoes; and the accumulated dirt can only be removed from such articles by drastic treatment in the laundry, which rough handling often damages the fabric. In many cases cotton and linen materials are loaded with excess starch to give the fabric "body," and when the article returns from the laundry minus the "body," the owner always blames the laundry.

Frequently a salt of tin is used to

(*Continued on page* 19)

The Legion to the Disabled:

To you men who are fighting the brave fight against the effects of your service to our country The American Legion of your comrades sends Christmas greeting with every sincere wish for your speedy recovery and future happiness. Every American shall be indebted to you as long as the nation endures and your cause shall always be first on the program of The American Legion. We intend to see that you get a square deal from the country you fought for. We would expect you to fight our battles were our positions reversed. We assume that responsibility as a privilege and an honor. The American Legion reports for a new year's duty. Give us your commands.

HANFORD MACNIDER,
National Commander.

So This Is a Shell Hole!

The "World's Best Job," as Seen by a Yank Who Went to France Twice

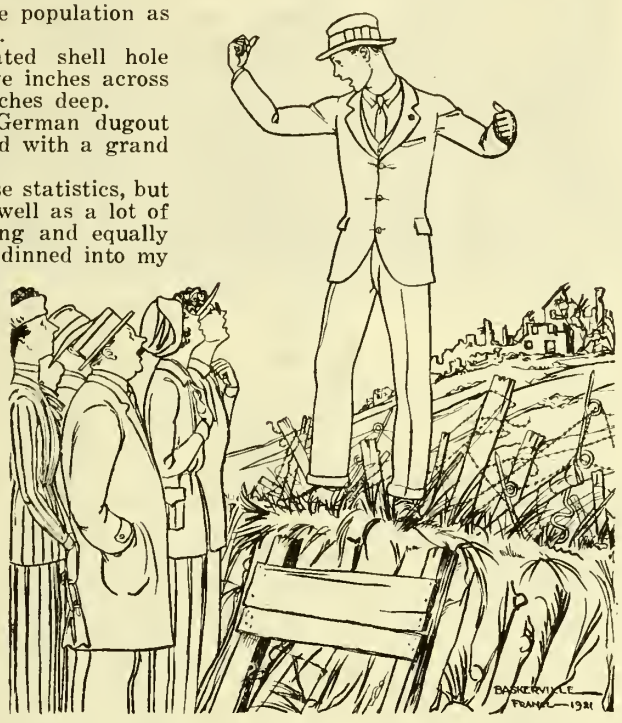
Illustrations by CHARLES BASKERVILLE, JR.

METZ has the same population as Sioux City, Iowa.

A well-regulated shell hole should be eight feet, five inches across and three feet, eight inches deep.

There never was a German dugout yet that wasn't equipped with a grand piano and oil paintings.

I won't vouch for these statistics, but heaven knows they, as well as a lot of others equally interesting and equally unauthentic, have been dinned into my ears hundreds of times since I took the job with a tourist company of guiding inquisitive American tourists over those battlefields where, three years ago, other inquisitive Yanks were starting out to find just what Berlin really did look like.



The principal of an American high school asked hopefully: "Wasn't that formerly a cathedral?"

This job of mine was the softest thing in the world. I have been told so by so many comparatively veracious friends that I feel it must be true. Why, they argued, here I was getting paid—regular cash money—for running around and talking about war experiences while the rest of the former A. E. F. was doing the same thing absolutely gratis.

But my friends reckoned without the well-known human race. I maintain that guiding the average American over a battlefield is a job worthy of the tact of a prime minister and the patience of the permanent personnel at a port of embarkation.

Before I actually started out in the Baedeker business things looked very rosy. They looked so rosy that all my friends promptly put themselves on the list of substitutes in case the grim reaper should page me, and, every time I caught a slight cold in the head they spoke hopefully of Denver and regaled me with anecdotes of acquaintances who had passed off just by letting a little thing like that go along without attention.

So, naturally, it was with implicit confidence in a rainbow future that I crossed the Atlantic and established myself in Paris, taking up the duties of incipient battlefield guide with that confident trustfulness that characterizes childish natures.

From everything I could see, nobody ever read a single official communiqué during the war and they might as well never have been written. But what my customers lacked in knowledge they made up in enthusiasm and when they had really convinced themselves of anything nothing in heaven or on earth or in the waters that are under the earth could dissuade them.

For instance, it was the prevalent understanding that all German dugouts were models of luxury and sumptuousness. I suppose the veterans themselves are responsible for this impression because statistics show that 97.5 percent of all the troops who came back to America brought back an anecdote about drinking champagne from Hindenburg's private cellar in the St. Mihiel sector and playing "Yankee Doodle" on Ludendorff's personal banjo in the Argonne. It appeared that in every instance of a German retreat Jerry had to pull out in such a hurry that the lights were still burning in the cut-glass chandelier and the water was still running in the porcelain bathtub.

Therefore, it was bound to come as a disappointment when some conscientious guide would inform his patrons that the average Jerry didn't really have the chance to change his socks every day and that some of them were addicts of the six-foot shelf of chemise classics, otherwise known as shirt-reading.

I remember, for example, one day when I brought some tourists to the Crown Prince's headquarters at Etain between Verdun and Metz. It wasn't much, just a small detached residence, encrusted with stone and steel on the Verdun side, the sort of a place that would rent at about forty dollars a month in Chicopee, Mass.

The visitors looked at it for some time in disappointed silence and then one, the principal of an American high school, asked hopefully:

"Wasn't that formerly a cathedral?"

The train of thought that led up to that question will go down as one of the unsolved mysteries of my life. But that man had a peculiar way of thinking. It was he who asked me:

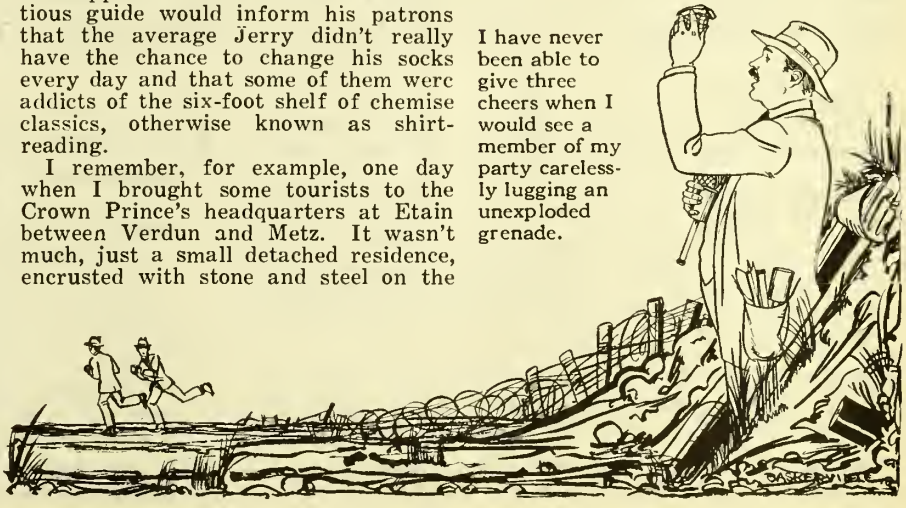
"What size should a shell hole be?"

And he didn't seem to believe me when I told him that the H. E.'s were encouraged to use originality in order to relieve the monotony of what would otherwise be mile after mile of uniform and exchangeable shell holes.

We came close to chopping up the landscape a bit and creating a few personal shell holes of our own. I try to keep cool when under mental tension but I have never been able to give three heartfelt cheers when I would see a member of my party strolling along, carelessly lugging an unexploded grenade by its tail.

On the other hand they sometimes went to the other extreme. One man who had been poking around came up to me and, producing a small object, timidly asked me if I thought it would be safe to take it home so long as he was careful to keep it out of the hands of his children. I looked at the Portland, Oregon, label on the back and then told him that salmon was generally only dangerous when out of its can.

Of course, the great American souvenir mania was rampant. Rusty nails, horseshoes, chunks of rock that might have been dislodged by the fiery steed of the Kaiser himself and then again might not, even bits of glass, were picked up, treasured and lugged home. Or at least I suppose they were lugged home unless the tourists tired of them before they reached the ship. As indications of what the war was like they weren't worth anything more than relics would be if torn up from Nicollet Avenue in Minneapolis. But altogether



I have never been able to give three cheers when I would see a member of my party carelessly lugging an unexploded grenade.

they formed a collection that would have gladdened the heart of a junk shop proprietor.

The prize exhibition of the lot was owned by a man who collected half a dozen French cigarette butts under the impression that they might have been left by Marshal Foch himself when he was directing operations on the front. I admit that the butt of a French cigarette is generally less objectionable than an entire French cigarette, but I have never been able to fathom the psychology that attributed to Marshal Foch indestructible cigarettes impervious to the storms of more than three years. Especially when the Marshal doesn't smoke cigarettes anyway.

The only ones who could be cured of picking up stray duds were those who happened to be near the spot when the French salvage men were blowing up unexploded shells. Those parties would regard them thoughtfully and then exhume their own ammunition from satchels and suitcases and park it in the vacantest spot they could find.

Some of the battlefields today are hardly recognizable, to such an extent has reconstruction and recultivation been carried. This applies particularly to the Luneville and Baccarat sectors where scarcely any traces of warfare can be seen. On the other hand, around Rheims and Verdun the devastation is still excessive and there is far more opportunity for the visitor to picture in his mind the sort of thing that was going on there three years ago.

Even these fronts, however, laced as they still are with barbed wire and criss-crossed with trenches, have been softened by the new, post-war underbrush and grass, and whole towns, formerly in the front line, have been rebuilt. Grain crops now flourish in what was once a shell-pitted No Man's Land.

But to go back to the tourists. The questions those people can and do ask!

For instance, one young woman asked me:

"What percentage of loss is sustained by the farmers on account of the poppies in their wheat?"

Guides are supposed to study up in order to be able to answer anything likely to be asked, but this was one I had never anticipated.

"I live in New York," was all I could say, but if I'd lived in South Dakota I don't know that I'd have had any more statistics ready to quote.

And distances! Why is it that the tourist has such an insatiable appetite for wanting to know how far it is from here to there?

"How far is it from Luxembourg to Metz?" someone would ask and I'd tell him, to the best of my ability. Then would come the exclamation:

"Why, how funnee-e-e-e! That's just the same distance as from Akron to Ashtabula." (Please don't look up the figures.) I *must* tell the folks about it just as soon as I get back."

I've often thought what a wonderful home-coming those people must have had, rushing up to the front door from the station and greeting all the relatives with the joyous cry:

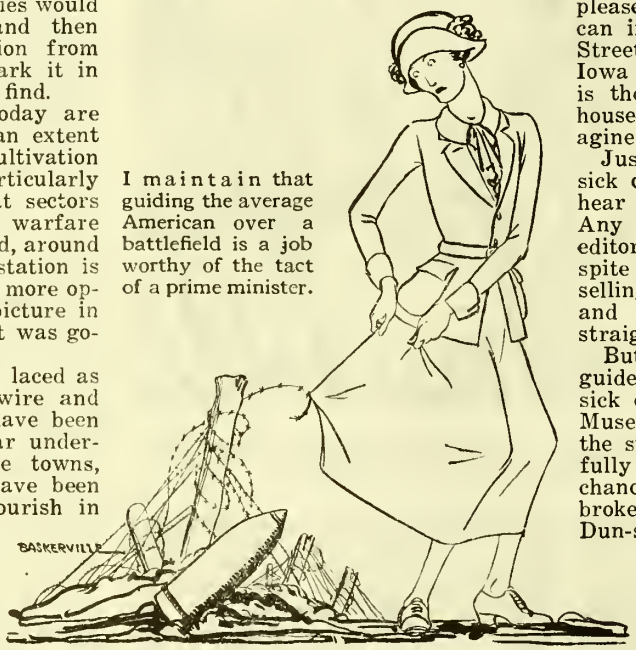
"Did you know it's just as far from Luxembourg to Metz as it is from Akron to Ashtabula? Isn't that funnee-e-e?"

The saddest strain was translating kilometers into miles. It got on my mind so that I'd even go to sleep dividing things by eight and multiplying by five.

And populations. It gives a man a sort of proprietary interest in Metz to learn that it has the same number of inhabitants as Sioux City. (Again, please do not check up on this.) He can imagine the Grande Rue is Main Street and that every gendarme is an Iowa cop and that le Café Continental is the same as Ma Hicks's boarding house—well, no, probably he can't imagine that, but he can try.

Just one thing more. "People are sick of the war. They don't want to hear any more about it. Lay off it." Any theatrical manager or magazine editor will tell you that, and this in spite of the fact that one of the biggest selling and certainly the most praised and damned book of the year is a straight war story and nothing else.

But anyone who has been a battlefield guide can tell you that people aren't sick of the war—not by a long way. Museums, cathedrals, art galleries, all the stock sights of Europe, are cheerfully passed by in order to get the chance to pick one's way among the broken stones that litter the streets of Dun-sur-Meuse or gaze in awe at those piles of white, powder-like dust over which American engineers once put the road sign: "This WAS Fismes."



I maintain that guiding the average American over a battlefield is a job worthy of the tact of a prime minister.

The Compensation Bill's Benefits

The provisions of the Adjusted Compensation Bill which The American Legion is asking Congress to pass at this session are given below. If this bill is made a law, each World War veteran will have the right to avail himself of any one, but only one, of the following options:

(1) **Adjusted service pay**, at the rate of $1 a day for home service and $1.25 for foreign service. Maximum of $500 for man without overseas service; $625 for man with overseas service.

(2) **Adjusted service certificate** (so called insurance feature), a paid-up 20-year endowment policy. The face value of this policy will be 3.38 times the amount that would be received in cash. The face value of this policy would be payable to the veteran at the end of 20 years, or if he dies before the expiration of 20 years the face value would be paid to the beneficiary of the policy. Loan values also are provided for.

(3) **Vocational training aid** of $1.25 a day while taking a course in vocational training. The amount thus paid in no case would exceed 140 percent of what would have been paid in cash.

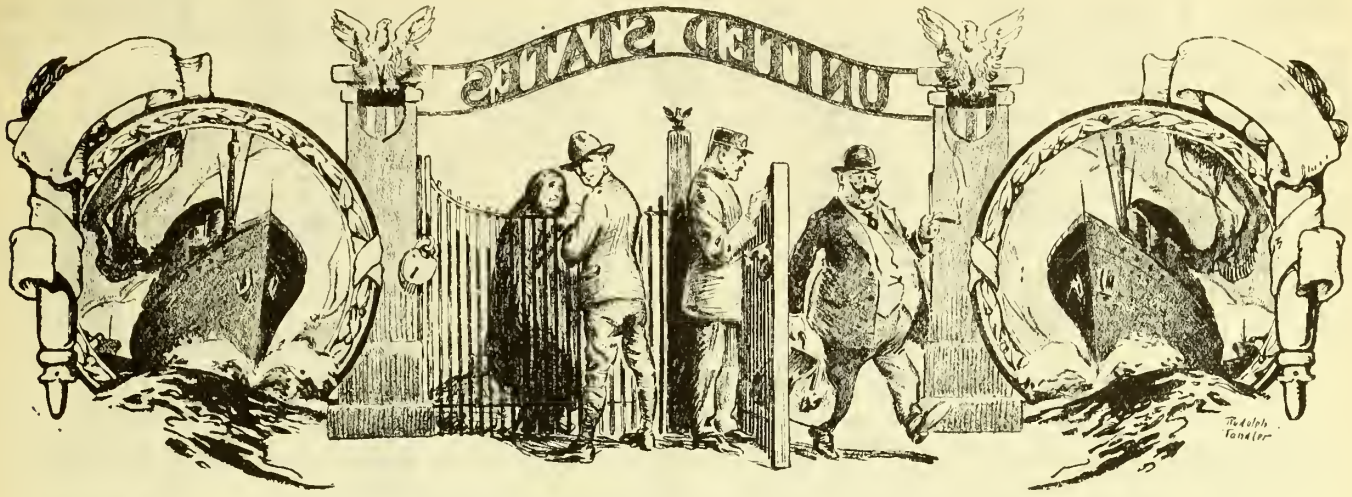
(4) **Farm or home aid**, 140 percent of what would be paid under option No. 1 if the money is used to purchase, improve, or make payments on approved farm or city or suburban home.

(5) **Land Settlement.**

A—Provides for the establishment of reclamation projects for the development and improvement of vacant land. This may be government land or may be land purchased by the Government. If possible, projects will be located in each State, the State paying part of the purchase price of private lands bought for this purpose. Ex-service men to be employed on the project as far as possible.

B—Provides for the sale of farm units on these projects when they are ready for settlement. Sale price is to include purchase price of land plus cost of improvements. Terms, part down, rest in 40 years at 5 percent interest.

C—Veterans may have their adjusted service pay applied as first payment on this land.



Choosing Americans by Horsepower

By William Slavens McNutt

The speed of a ship, not general desirability, determines eligibility of immigrants to enter the United States. A German may come in, but a war veteran's relatives may be excluded.

IN one week recently there entered the gateway of America at Ellis Island a former German army captain, who had fled from this country in 1917 after being indicted for an alleged breach of American neutrality. In that same week, there also entered Ellis Island an Englishman, who chanced to have been born in Spain, his wife and his two daughters. They had come to join their son, a veteran of the American Army and a naturalized American citizen.

It happened that not all the immigrants who entered Ellis Island that week were admitted to the United States. The 1921 immigration law was in operation, and thousands of heartbroken aliens found themselves passengers aboard ships bound for Europe. They had been refused the opportunity to become American citizens. They were being deported.

Now, among those thousands of deportees were either the German captain or the English family, the family whose son had fought for Uncle Sam and sworn allegiance to him. You would say that, of course, it was the German captain who was bundled out of this country hastily—ordered to go back whence he came.

But it was not so. The English family is today either in Gibraltar or Spain, while the German captain is living luxuriously in New York City, intending to become an American citizen as soon as formalities will permit. The father and mother and sisters of a former American soldier have been coldly rejected by Uncle Sam, while a man who a few years ago was accused of conspiring to defeat America's efforts in the war is given a welcome that is at least courteous, and the fact that he was born in Germany has been an immense advantage to him.

To find the answer to the question why Captain Hans Tauscher is on the road to American citizenship, while Joseph Brooks, his wife and his daughters, Madelina, eleven years old, and Mabel, nine years old, were deported, you must look into the provisions of this country's immigration law enacted early this year. It is worth studying further.

Before the war we had a bad immigration law. It wasn't really an immigration law at all. Practically anyone from anywhere who wanted to come to the United States and had the price to get here could get in some way or other. During the 25 years prior to the outbreak of the World War something like 18,000,000 immigrants landed in America.

Now, some of those men and women who came during that time are among our most loyal and valuable citizens today. Many of them fought and died in France when the time of test came. But many of them are among our most traitorous internal enemies. We deserve no praise because the good ones came, but it is our fault that the bad ones were admitted. During all that time we made no intelligent effort to induce worthwhile people to come to our shores and no intelligent effort to bar the worthless ones who sought admission. We just left the front door open and paid no attention to who came in.

Things which happened during the war, and which need not be enumerated here, convinced a good many of us that our old lax immigration law was no good. Congress was ultimately convinced of this and passed a temporary emergency restrictive measure which went into force last June. In a few months from now it will go out of force and in the meantime Congress must plan something to take its place.

Perhaps the new law Congress must pass will embody the principle advocated by The American Legion at its convention in Kansas City. This principle was stated in a convention resolution as follows:

"We declare ourselves in favor of the exclusion of all aliens for a period of five years; provided, however, that the father, mother, sister, wife or husband of an American citizen be allowed admission."

And perhaps, if Congress does not exclude all aliens for five years it may adopt another policy which the Legion's convention favored if newcomers are to be admitted, a policy for the examination of all immigrants at the point of embarkation or the nearest United States consulate before embarkation. This examination is to include not only physical and blood tests but also an examination into the general desirability of the immigrant with respect to his future as an American citizen. Let us hope, in any event, that the gentlemen at Washington will give us something different from either the bad law that worked to no good purpose before the war or the terrible one that has been in operation since. Let us hope, in other words, that they do not proceed to the ultimate passage of a good law by a process of elimination; by trying out all or most of the bad ones first. Certainly two laws that have been tried can be discarded without argument, namely—the one we had and the one we have.

There is no need for discussion here of the law we had. There is little argument today in favor of opening wide the gates and letting in every one from war-wracked Europe who can raise the price to get here. With the exception of the people of France and England, many of whom might be legitimately welcomed to our shores, all who could raise the price would come if we left the gate open with no guards to watch. We don't want all those people now, so that's that, so to speak. The old pre-war, "come-on-come-all" law is out.

So let's take a look at the law we have. To be sure it's not much to look

(*Continued on page* 20)

Merry Christmas!

By Wallgren

WE GOTTA AWFUL LOT OF XMAS PRESENTS OFFA SANTY CLAUS THIS YEAR, DIDN'T WE?

WE SURE DID!

HANG UP YOUR STOCKING —

OH BOY!

THE ADJUSTED COMPENSATION

THE PEOPLE FOR WHOM XMAS WAS INVENTED

YOU MUST HAVE SPENT AN AWFUL LOT OF MONEY ON XMAS PRESENTS THIS YEAR, M'DEAR!

U AND I

XMAS BILLS

OH, I DON'T KNOW — I GOT EVERYTHING ON CHARGE!

THAT MAKES IT CHEAPER

WOULDN'T IT BE GRAND TO FIND THIS IN YOUR SOCK ON XMAS MORNING?

JOB

FOR THE JOBLESS VET.

CLOSE UP (COMPOSITE PICTURE) OF SANTA CLAUS IN HIS WORKSHOP

THE BUTCHER THE BAKER THE CANDLE STICK MAKER AND ALL THE OTHER HELP

MERRY XMAS, SIR!

JANITOR

CLERK

STENO

THEY SAY THE GREATEST JOY IS IN GIVING! IF THAT'S THE CASE I OUGHT TO BE THE HAPPIEST MAN ALIVE!

PAPA TIZINGLE

MERRY XMAS FROM THE AMERICAN LEGION

MY NAME IS BUDDIE!

MERRY XMAS FROM THE AMERICAN LEGION

$ CHECK

XMAS DINNER!?

FOR THE DISABLED IN HOSPITALS AND THE DISABLED BUDDIE AT HOME WITH DEPENDENTS.

IT'S A HECK OF A NOTE TO HAVE XMAS ON A SUNDAY, WE ONLY GET ONE HOLIDAY!! THEY OUGHTA BE SUMPIN' DONE ABOUT IT!

ANOTHER REFORMER

EX-BUCK

OH LORDY — AND NEXT WEEK NEW YEARS!

XMAS POSTCARDS

U.S.

THE MAIL-MAN

OF COURSE SOME IDIOT HAS TO GIVE ME A COMB AND BRUSH EVERY XMAS!

WOT AM I GONA DO WITH THIS PURTY LITTLE MANICURE SET?

SOME SMART ALECK GAVE ME THIS!!

WHO'S THE BLITHERING IMBECILE WHO HAD THE NERVE TO GIVE ME A CIGARETTE HOLDER?!! A CIGARETTE HOLDER — BAH!!!

COOK BOOK

SHE'S A LADY.

STOGIE

THIS IS WHAT I CALLS A PURTY PUNK JOKE! JUST AS I WAS GITTIN' RESIGNED TOO!

PUNCH BOWL

I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHO ALL DONE GIMME DESE HYAH CURLIN' IRON!?! DE WERRY IDEA!!

WOTTA I WANT WITH A OLE GRAMMIR? I DON'T NEED NO GRAMMIR BOOK! I WANTA SLED, I DO!

GRAMMAR

I NEVER GET ANY CREDIT!

Keeping Step with the Legion

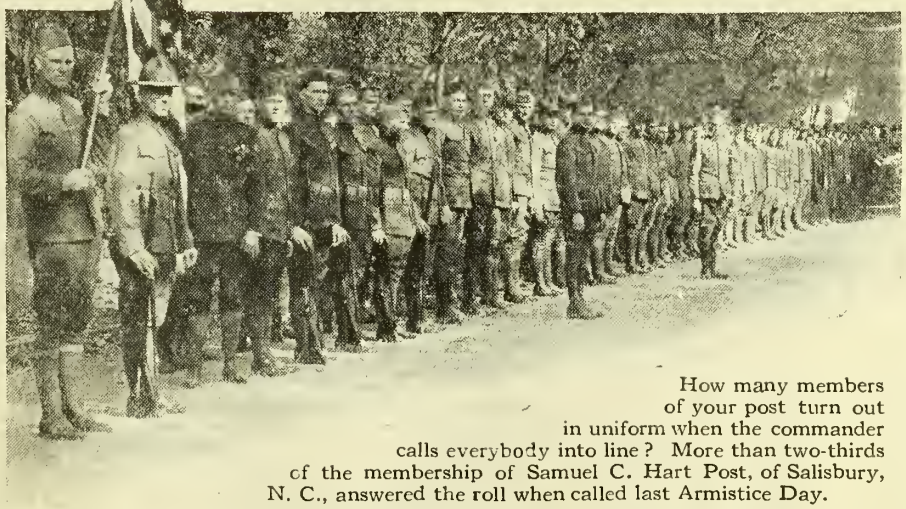
We've Much to Discuss

THE purpose of this department is to transmit ideas and information. At the present time we have a top drawer full of information and about a quarter of a brain full of ideas. The accumulation in the drawer was caused by the recent necessity of discussing several pressing matters which took most of our alloted space. These pressing problems—the new dues collecting and membership recording system, post elections and the Legion's Christmas celebration—aren't out of the way yet, but we shall endeavor to dispose of them with a few well-chosen words and then get on with new business. The few well-chosen words are these:

If you haven't already done so, read the announcement on page 18 of this issue. It is another reminder about the new membership card system and if you don't digest what it says and observe the same there is going to be confusion. And if you are not square with your post, get square immediately. Your post finance officer may have to wait until your dues are paid to remit your departmental and national taxes, which latter includes subscription to The American Legion Weekly, when they are due on January 1st. There isn't any internal matter in the Legion more important than this right now. After you've tied a string on your finger on this—

Tie on another reminding you that it's your solemn obligation to attend the meeting of your post at which your officers are elected (this being the Legion election season in most localities) and to see that the right men get in. We have a memorandum from National Adjutant Bolles on this subject. Says he: "No day goes by that we don't hear from some Legion member who complains that his post isn't getting ahead, that it doesn't seem to be accomplishing anything. The answer usually is, in a large part—officers. They haven't got the right ones. All credit to the thousands of hard, earnest workers, who, as commanders and adjutants and everything else about a post, have put the Legion where it is today. But you can't pound too hard on the necessity of ELECTING GOOD OFFICERS." The capitals are Adjutant Bolles's.

If you read this before December 25th, don't forget your post's Christmas obligation to the disabled men and their dependents in and out of hospitals. This Christmas observance is going to be one of the biggest things the Legion has ever done. You can't afford to miss being in on it.



How many members of your post turn out in uniform when the commander calls everybody into line? More than two-thirds of the membership of Samuel C. Hart Post, of Salisbury, N. C., answered the roll when called last Armistice Day.

On to New Orleans

AFTER which we yield the floor to Mr. Ed M. Cobb, Newark Post, Newark, Ohio, who has something of importance to say:

"Speaking of the big convention at Kansas City reminds me that we have worked out a plan whereby each member signs an agreement to deposit one dollar each week with a designated treasurer until the time of the next convention. This will put each individual in a position to more than pay for his fare and have a little extra when the time comes around.

"For the last convention each of us chipped in fifty cents, drew numbers out of a hat, and the lucky man got a free trip to Kansas City with plenty to spare for extras. Good plan, wasn't it? Thought the other boys might be interested in this."

Before we could get the idea of the Newark Post into print (due to the aforementioned top drawer congestion), came word that the Lisbon, South Dakota, Post had organized a New Orleans Club, each member putting up two dollars a week and that Department Adjutant Jack Williams had pronounced the plan a winner. Then came news that the scheme had been found highly contagious and that it is threatening several States. Well, we hereby nominate ourselves a germ-carrier. We fear no germ anyhow, have feared none since the battle of American Lake, Wash., when the typhoids and paratyphoids, 30,000 strong to the needleful, fought it out in our left arm and got us out of K. P. for three weeks running. So we fearlessly transmit the On-to-New Orleans microbe.

* * * *

THERE is no more interesting city in the country, by the way, than New Orleans nor a more interesting and inspiring event than the national convention of The American Legion. It would be highly invigorating if every post could have its own representation next year, whether it's just one lucky man or the whole outfit going down to see what it's all about. Each national convention has been bigger than its predecessor and our prediction is that the future will see the attendance record broken, not once but many times. For one thing, every man who has attended one convention isn't likely to miss the next one if the trains are running and he can spare the fare, and every man who attended is a booster for the next. The annual convention is much more than a convention. It's an Army and Navy reunion.

* * * *

THE Kansas City Convention did a great deal towards awakening the country to a realization of the significance and importance of The American Legion. The newspapers carried columns about it. But printed words have their limitations in expressiveness; the Convention was so big you really had to see it with your own eyes to believe it. And, speaking of seeing and believing, Kansas department headquarters has announced that in the few weeks following the Convention the membership of posts in Kansas City increased sixty percent. Men came in at the rate of two hundred a day. A membership boom is reported throughout the Middle West and the reason for it is that the new members *saw* the Convention. They saw it and believed. They saw it and realized the virility, the power, the comradeship of the Legion and the necessity of their being in it.

Incidentally, while we're talking of the Convention, enough printed copies of a summary of the proceedings at Kansas City to supply one to each post were mailed to department headquarters. They should be available at post headquarters in the event any elucidation is needed on decisions of the Convention. The summary may also be found in the Congressional Record of November 9th, having been read into the proceedings by Congressman Royal Johnson, the resolution asking adjusted compensation and all, and a bound volume containing a complete verbatim report of the Convention may be had for ten dollars by applying to National Headquarters.

Signing Up Dad

TIEING up the manpower of the masculine side of Legion members' families is an idea which has been prevalent in the Legion for many months. It did not gain official recognition, however, until the Third Annual Convention, which passed a resolution referring the question of national sanction of the plan for a fathers' auxiliary to the National Executive Committee for

investigation and recommendation to the next convention.

Almost every department has posts which, in addition to enjoying the support of an Auxiliary made up of women relatives, has a second co-operating unit of fathers but the Department of New Jersey probably leads in this field. New Jersey has several fathers' auxiliaries which are functioning actively and with such success that department headquarters is urging the rapid formation of more. Commander Searls, of New Jersey, is an ardent booster for such expansion and we asked him to address our readers on the subject. Here is what he says:

"The success and usefulness of the organized support of the wives, mothers and daughters of the Legion, so splendidly demonstrated by The American Legion Auxiliary, is what has blazed the way for a new auxiliary which will bring to the aid of the Legion the mature advice, assistance and companionship of another very dear and near relative of the ex-service man—his DAD.

"We of New Jersey, have endeavored to fit this very good pal of ours into our Legion activities and we have found that in caring for the disabled and dependent comrades, in assisting in entertainment activities, in helping to secure adequate post headquarters, and in fact, in every endeavor which we undertake. fathers' auxiliaries not only bring to our support older and wiser heads than ours, but that they are willing to help in a most enthusiastic and self-sacrificing way, the boys they sent to war.

"The object of this auxiliary is, I believe, best stated by the preamble to the constitution of the Fathers' Auxiliary of Martin Wallberg Post No. 3 of Westfield, N. J., the first and most successful fathers' auxiliary in New Jersey, and we believe, the first fathers' auxiliary of its kind to be formed in the United States:

To advance the interests and promote the welfare of Martin Wallberg Post No. 3, American Legion; to create an organization which will enable father and son in good fellowship and comradeship to join in mutual entertainment and recreation; to be affiliated with and act or serve as an auxiliary of Martin Wallberg Post as far as the rules of The American Legion will permit; to be allies and aides of The American Legion in all events, pursuits, undertakings and activities whenever called upon to serve by that organization.

"The soundness of the fathers' auxiliary idea has been so successfully demonstrated in New Jersey that we believe it is destined to spread through the entire country and that such units will become a very important ally of the Legion.

"As commander of the Department of New Jersey, from my observation of the success of the fathers' auxiliary in our State, I feel that nothing could more advance the interests of the Legion during the coming year than an effort to organize a fathers' auxiliary in connection with every post. Their organized assistance, good counsel and good will, are a most valuable factor in improving the stability and increasing the influence of The American Legion."

Legion Calendar

Christmas

Forget no disabled or needy veteran, in hospital or out. Every member should stand by to put the Legion observance over.

Post Elections

Draft the best men you've got to run your post next year.

Unemployment

The Legion might well be represented on all central civic bodies dealing with this question.

Dues

Each member should get square with his post finance officer at once. National and departmental dues are payable January 1st. And don't neglect to read the announcement on page 18 of this issue. Getting your subscription card to the Weekly is highly important, and if your post officer doesn't send it to the circulation manager, mail it yourself.

NOTICE

After December 31, 1921, entertainments undertaken by Legion posts and Auxiliary units will be exempt from the government amusement tax. This is provided in the new revenue act recently passed by Congress.

WAR RISK INSURANCE

The period for the reinstatement of War Risk Term Insurance, which was to have expired December 31, 1921, has been extended to March 4, 1926. Several million veterans who would automatically have lost their rights to reinstate their lapsed wartime policies had the December 31, 1921, time limit been retained, now are given almost five years in which to renew them. New official regulations governing reinstatements in the extended period will soon be supplied to all Legion posts.

Demobilizing the Tax

THE gaining of a recent Congressional enactment exempting the proceeds of Legion and Auxiliary entertainments from the amusement tax which all posts have had to pay in the past, comes directly home to every post in the country.

In the course of the last year, out of every thousand dollars a post took in as admittance fees to amusement enterprises, it had to surrender one hundred dollars to the Government. After January 1st no such payment will have to be made.

Several months ago the National Legislative Committee sought to obtain a ruling from the Bureau of Internal Revenue exempting posts from the entertainment tax. This effort was unsuccessful and the committee sought the assistance of Congressman Ogden Mills of New York who introduced a bill to release posts from the tax obligation. This bill was included in the revenue bill recently passed. When boiled down for inclusion it contained only about thirty words but those thirty words mean an aggregate saving of tens of thousands of dollars to posts and Auxiliaries and, unquestionably, a stimulation of amusement activity in the Legion.

The Zenith in Co-operation

"CO-OPERATE with the civic bodies of your community," is one of the heavily-stressed admonitions of the American Legion Handbook issued a few months ago by National Headquarters (a volume which, by the way, is recommended for regular reading by post officers and committee members) and it couldn't have been taken more literally than by Peterson-Cram Post, Department of New Hampshire. Department Adjutant George W. Morrill reports the facts:

"Peterson-Cram Post, Department of New Hampshire, composed of fifty members and located in the town of Pittsfield with a population of three thousand, realized that the community was steadily losing its young people, owing to lack of industry. Recently the post served a banquet to sixty-five business and professional men of the town, and recommended the formation of a Chamber of Commerce. The post offered its rooms as a headquarters and extended its co-operation to the proposed body The banquet was served on November 30th, and immediately after the banquet the Chamber was formed with all its proper officers. No members of the post desired to be officers of the new organization, although many of them joined as members.

"Peterson-Cram Post has very nearly a 100 percent enrollment in its community and during its existence has procured beautifully-furnished quarters and established itself in the community as an organization composed of two-fisted Americans with the welfare of the town at heart."

Peterson-Cram Post wins the monogrammed cigar. Organizing a civic body to co-operate with when there isn't any is getting toward the ultimate in civic activity.

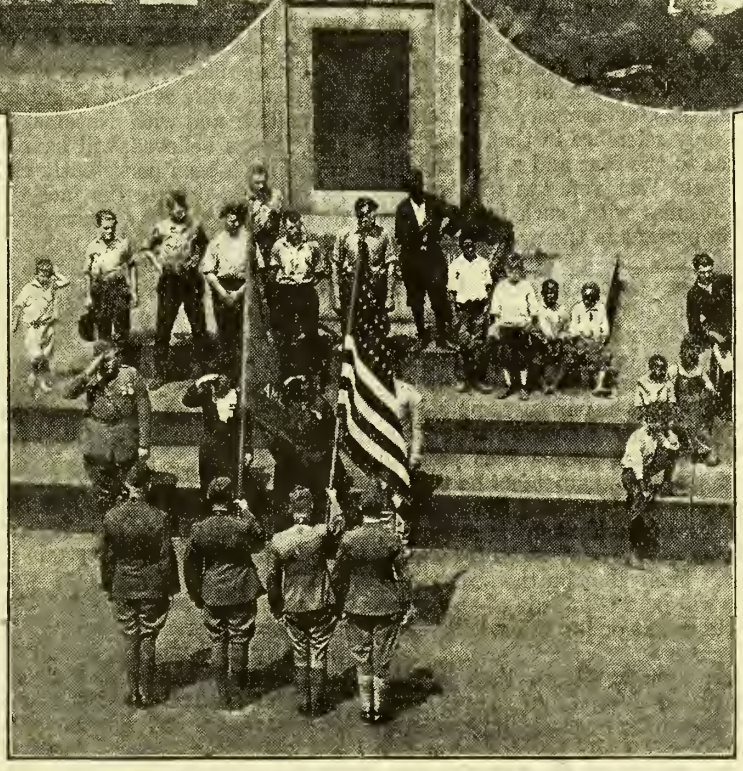
* * * *

LAST week we printed a page of photographs of Legion bands. How about fife and drum corps, bugle corps, orchestras, and other post musical outfits? Can we get enough pictures of these to make a page? Send them in.

DANCES, SHOW WINDOWS, FLAGS AND TRENCHES.—Four posts in four States carry on with four widely-different ideas—but they all got across. These are the things that keep the Legion before the public, and help give it standing in communities. The live post is known by the dust it kicks up. A post never knows how good it is until it has been tested in the public eye.

Sioux City (Ia.) Legionnaires prepared this window exhibition of the principal German imports into America during 1917 and 1918. How many German helmets are rusting in American attics? Most posts have a few personally-gathered souvenirs of this kind.

Above is a glimpse of the Ernest T. Birch Post and its Auxiliary engaged in rattling the funnybone of its home town, Milbank, S. D. It's a dress-up affair, with dancing, cards, other games and a banquet. Is it any wonder the post has 225 members and the Auxiliary 125?



Hand it to Victor Candlin Post, Greeley, Col., for thinking up this way to make $850 at a county fair. The trench system (below) led to a war museum. Barbed wire, dugouts and duckboards lent realism. The Governor of Colorado was one visitor (below at right).

Most all Baltimore took notice when the Auxiliary presented to the United Railways Post a stand of colors. The women obtained funds for the colors by giving a carnival. A Gold Star Mother made the presentation speech.

EDITORIAL

If we have nothing else to boast of, we could claim with justice that, first among the nations, we of this country made it an article of organic law that the relations between man and his Maker were a private concern into which other men have no right to intrude.—*David Dudley Field.*

Unfit Acres: And the Alternative

"We hold in imperishable remembrance the valor and the patriotism of the soldiers and sailors of America who fought in the great war for human liberty, and we pledge ourselves to discharge to the fullest the obligations which a grateful nation justly should fulfill, in appreciation of the services rendered by its defenders on land and sea."—*The Republican Party's National Platform in* 1920.

"After each war until the last the Government has been enabled to give homes to its returned soldiers and a large part of our settlement and development has attended this generous provision of land for the nation's defenders. There is yet unreserved approximately 200,000,000 acres in the public domain, 20,000,000 acres of which are known to be susceptible of reclamation and made fit for homes by provision for irrigation."—*The only reference to government assistance for ex-service men contained in President Harding's message to the new Congress on December* 6, 1921.

NINE months almost to the day from the time he took office President Harding sends to a new Congress a message on the problems facing the Government. The second quotation given above is the only reference in that speech to the problem of granting justice to the four and a half million American ex-service men. World War veterans will wonder why the President chose to dismiss with such insignificant mention a subject that is so important in the eyes and minds of the country.

They will wonder, moreover, that President Harding should seriously intimate that the Government can fully discharge its obligation to its defenders by the distribution of public lands. It is fairly well known by this time that such a course is an impossibility because the available lands do not exist. Mr. Harding himself shows that he partially appreciates this fact. He speaks of 20,000,000 acres "known to be *susceptible* of reclamation." Mr. Harding means that *possibly* 20,000,000 acres of land in the public domain *might* be tillable and productive after being *reclaimed*. How long the reclamation would take, how many farms would then be available, what the land-hungry ex-service men should do in the meantime, is not explained. It isn't likely that on the strength of the President's message there will be a stampede of ex-service men wishing farms on the Gobi desert or the Staked Plains or in the Everglades.

The American Legion has already shown that by the greatest efforts the Government could possibly make, it could provide land from the public domain for but a small percentage of ex-service men wishing it; that it could provide even this small amount of land only after long delay, and that, in providing land it would aid only a fraction of those who are entitled to assistance. The Legion agrees with the President that the Government should endeavor to make as much public land as possible suitable for settlement, and do it as speedily as possible. But the Government should do more.

The American Legion expects the Sixty-Seventh Congress to pass the Adjusted Compensation Bill which provides five choices of benefits for ex-service men. That bill would enable many veterans to settle on the land. But it has four other benefits for the men who could not or would not settle on the land. It would enable some of these to obtain homes or to take a course in vocational training. Others it would give insurance certificates, in effect, a paid-up 20-year endowment policy. Finally, those who regard their need of relief as pressing would be given money payments. This adjusted compensation bill is so honest and so just and the need is so pressing, that Congress should act upon it at once. After granting assistance to many industrial interests, the passage of the Adjusted Compensation Bill will be only an act of tardy justice. The longer the passage of this bill is postponed, the less gracious will appear the efforts of those of its opponents whose motives may be challenged on the ground that they are animated by selfish and sordid personal considerations.

Protecting the Legion's Name

SEVERAL years before his death, Theodore Roosevelt filed a damage suit against an obscure newspaper which had printed an article charging him with drunkenness. He was awarded a verdict of six cents, but the evidence presented and the verdict rendered disproved the slander against his name.

The same motive which induced Mr. Roosevelt to take notice of the attack upon him led the Department of Nebraska of The American Legion to file a suit for $100,000 damages against F. H. Shoemaker of Appleton, Wis., on the grounds that statements Shoemaker made in Omaha concerning the Legion were "wicked, false and untrue."

The suit is brought in the name of The American Legion, Department of Nebraska and of Department Commander William Ritchie, Jr., and it is based upon the following statements which Shoemaker is alleged to have made before a butcher's union which was preparing to go on strike:

"The American Legion as an organization has broken up picket lines, in which disturbances men were killed. The American Legion is subsidized by big business. The packers have contributed to the Legion. The American Legion is against union labor. It is up to you men to go into an organization that is for you."

Before filing the suit Department Commander Ritchie consulted with several members of the Nebraska executive committee and with National Commander MacNider. The suit, it was believed, will have the effect of checking slanders which have been persistently circulated against the Legion by its enemies, despite the fact that the Legion has repeatedly declared its absolute neutrality in labor disputes and a lack of enmity toward labor unions, and has repeatedly won endorsement for its just attitude from responsible labor leaders. Shoemaker, it may be said, is not a member of any union.

Many deliberate falsehoods have been circulated against the Legion by irresponsible persons to the undoubted detriment of the Legion. The Nebraska department is entitled to the thanks of the whole Legion for bringing some of these gross misstatements into a court of law.

In the Line of Duty

R. G. CHOLMELEY-JONES, former director of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, at this writing, is seriously ill, an after-effect of the strain and overwork of his position in Washington. Fighting for war casualties, he has himself become one. For many months he struggled to establish and maintain order and efficiency in a demoralized bureau hampered by inadequate laws and hobbled by red tape. His work was the more creditable because inevitably it was bound to be thankless. Much criticism was directed at the War Risk Bureau during Mr. Cholmeley-Jones' directorship, but it was not personal criticism. His zeal and energy were recognized. National Commander MacNider has sent to Mr. Cholmeley-Jones a wire expressing the Legion's sympathy. It embodies the sincere feelings of every Legionnaire.

To-day's Biceps

EVERY so often an athletic record is broken. They have been broken steadily for many years now, until one wonders whether they aren't approaching the insurpassable. Apparently not, though.

Add to that the fact that man has added several years to his life in the last century, and that death rates are lower, and you come to the conclusion that modern civilization isn't wholly ruinous.

One way to tell an ex-service man from a non-ex-service man is that, confronted by a one-legged man, the non-ex-service man will inquire, "Where did you lose it?" and the veteran will ask, "Where did you get it?"

Compensation—and a Financier

IN the protracted campaign for the passage of the Adjusted Compensation Bill, there have been many battles which have not attracted the attention their importance warranted because of the smoke and the noise along the whole front. The fact that Hanford MacNider is now National Commander of The American Legion, however, gives new significance to one of those battles whose issues have not received as much attention as they deserve. This is the battle which ex-service men who are themselves well-to-do, or who personally are not in need of compensation, have been conducting to convince certain of their business associates who were not in the service of the inherent justice of the whole compensation cause.

Mr. MacNider has been one of the most conspicuous leaders in this phase of the compensation campaign, and the success of the effort has been recognized, since Chambers of Commerce in all parts of the country have gone on record in favor of compensation and prominent financiers individually have indorsed it. The moral consequences of the possible rejection of a national obligation have become increasingly apparent to men who might be inclined on the ground of their own selfish, pocketbook interests to oppose the compensation proposal, and many men of wealth who formerly opposed compensation have undergone a change of heart and viewpoint. This result has been accomplished largely through efforts of Legionnaires, of the kind made by National Commander MacNider in the summer of 1920 after he learned that a business and personal friend, an influential Eastern investment banker, had made a large contribution to an anti-compensation fund. National Commander MacNider, himself the head of an investment banking company in Mason City, Ia., with a capital of $1,000,000, addressed a letter to his Eastern friend. This letter, published first a year and a half ago, is reprinted below because it expresses the viewpoint of the present head of the Legion and a viewpoint which still holds good.

Mason City, Iowa.

Dear ———:

I was very much disturbed to note that the good house of ——— and ——— had been one of the heaviest subscribers to an anti-bonus and lobbying campaign. I hope the information was incorrect because, as a prominent member of your firm and as an ex-service and, I hope, a Legion man, I know that your advice and thought in such matters would naturally be followed.

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

Our Forefathers

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

Commander MacNider to a prominent banker who opposed adjusted compensation:

If you owe the ex-service man anything the Legion should not only have your good will but your active support. Those whose income is going to be dug into hardest should be the happiest to have it so.

But here is the point: No man who did not see these lads of ours in the line—and if I am not mistaken, we ended up with nearly two million of them there, or perhaps patrolling the North Sea or doing convoy duty in one of those bouncing iron boxes—has any conception of what wonderful stuff young America is. I could give you a hundred examples of unbelievable heroism—men wounded and shattered sent back from the line to the rear would come staggering up again with food or water or ammunition for their buddies—men would run into the face of terrific machine-gun fire to rescue a wounded comrade—a wounded man would give his gas mask to another blessé unable to help himself, and die cheerfully himself choking with gas.

The Long Night March

Perhaps the most vivid instance that typifies it all to me was the night march before the jump-off on the 18th of July, 1918, southwest of Soissons, an operation now accredited I think, with turning the tide. We had some three hundred odd replacements (five weeks old in uniform) join us that night—Lord knows how they found us—and they were slapped under the end of the column. All night they plunged along the side of those roads which were jammed with artillery and transport moving up for the surprise attack—it was rainy, of course, and packs were soaked and heavier than lead—falling into shell holes, tearing themselves on the barb wire, floundering along single file, but every one of them hanging on like grim death to the man in front of him—every man knowing down in his heart that it was over the top in the dark of the morning with the chances not over fifty-fifty that he would ever see the sun shine again or his home or the trees or the flowers—but hanging on for fear he would get lost and would not be able to do his part. Why? Because they were Americans.

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

"It Is Only Justice"

Damn it, ———, if it wasn't simple justice they should have it anyway, but it is only justice. Those who don't need it need not take it. Let them give it to those who do or to their Legion post for relief work. There is no way to pick out just which ones should have it. The only way to reach the deserving is to give it to them all. I could tell you of a dozen men I know, and any case would convince you.

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

On the day war was declared he was working as a farm hand just outside of town. He had saved up a couple of hundred dollars, had the prospects of renting a farm for the coming year and intended to be married. But his country had declared war, and the next day he enlisted in the Infantry, unable to see any other course clear. He had a furlough a month or so afterwards and he married the girl he was going to leave behind. This kid went through the whole show, over the top a dozen times and with all the hell bursting around him for months, that these good Americans here at home when the news rolled back from the western front might stick out their chests and say, "Thank God we're Americans."

Out of his $30 a month this lad sent all he had after his insuranee was paid back to his wife, and true enough the Govern-

(*Continued on page 22*)

The Parson with a Punch

By Sanford Jarrell

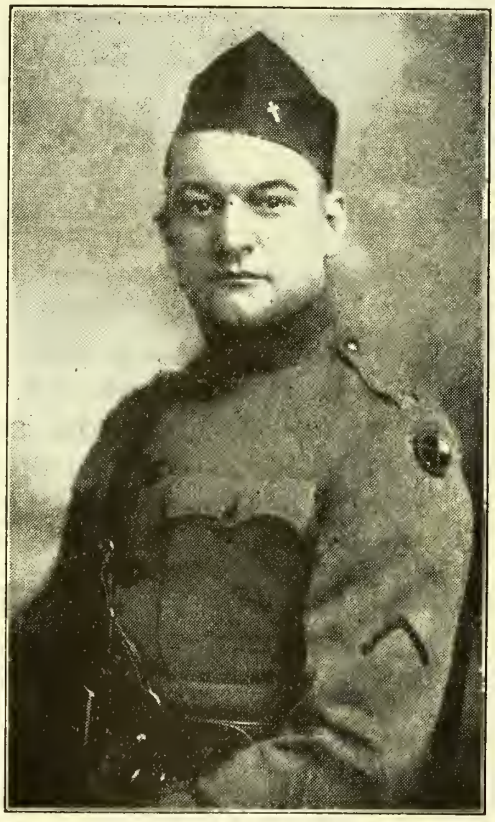
IF you ask any of the men who served in the 130th Field Artillery how long Parson Earl A. Blackman will fight, they'll tell you his straight-from-the-shoulder punches will be ringing true when elephants roost in trees and top sergeants teach Sunday School.

The sobriquet, "the fighting parson," was tacked onto the new National Chaplain of The American Legion in France when he issued a public challenge to box a match with any chaplain in the A. E. F. of his weight. Blackman's aptitude as a follower of John L. Sullivan was proved many times in France when he blacked the eyes or tarnished the noses of husky sons of the Kansas wheatfields. But it was not just because Chaplain Blackman fought with his fists in the Army, nor because he preached sermons under shell-fire, that he was chosen chief clergyman of the Legion. It was because he is at all times a man's man and represents the liberal spirit that pervades the national organization of veterans.

When Chaplain Blackman returned from France he resumed his pulpit at Chanute, Kansas. One of his first acts was to attend a public dance. He didn't dance himself but he enjoyed the party just the same. A howl went up among a small group in his congregation, so he turned in his resignation and went on a two-weeks fishing trip. When he returned he found that the congregation, by a large majority, had refused to accept his resignation.

With the backing of his church, the Rev. Mr. Blackman did some startling things. He rigged up a gymnasium in the basement of the church edifice and gave the boys in the Sunday School classes lessons in boxing. In his sermons he pounded hard at the bigotry of the church.

"That's why religion is not popular," he said. "We must take a more liberal, twentieth-century view of things. The churches are losing ground, but we can regain our lost territory as soon as we drop the narrow prejudices which we should have forgotten fifty years ago. Let's put religion over."



Rev. Earl A. Blackman, the new National Chaplain of The American Legion

And he put religion over with a bang in Chanute. He packed his church every Sunday night. Children no longer dug into their fertile brains for excuses to stay away from Sunday School. When a church in a large city offered him a big salary, he refused to leave Chanute until he had finished what he considered his duty there.

Chaplain Blackman has been active in the Legion ever since its initiation. He was one of the founders of the Kansas department. In Legion affairs, particularly in athletic lines, he has been a prominent figure in the Western States. He refereed many boxing bouts and on one occasion, at a Legion benefit show in Topeka, he fought "Wild Bill" Gracey, light heavyweight champion of the 35th Division, three rounds to a draw.

Here is what National Chaplain Blackman thinks about the observance of the Sabbath and the proposed Sunday Blue Laws:

"I think that part of the day should be spent in meditation and quiet, but I think it is utterly foolish and stupid to try to pass laws compelling people to refrain from any specific things. What is rest and relaxation to the farmer may not be such to the bank clerk. The one might derive the greatest benefit by sitting in a chair all afternoon on the shady side of the house, while the other might prefer attending a ball game, making the rounds of the golf course or lounging all afternoon in a boat watching his fishing bobber dance in the sunlight. The street-car conductor might not desire a trolley ride for his recreation, while the factory worker who makes the carman's uniform might be greatly benefited thereby.

"To my mind the advocacy of such laws only serves to cheapen religion in the minds of the masses and tends to push it back into the superstitions of the past. It is a cheap and indolent way of grappling with these complex social problems. It demands our greatest sincerity and consecrated efforts to solve them; and not the passage of restricting laws, in the hope of solving a problem by doing away with it."

The National Chaplain has some decided views about dancing which are not shared by some of his fellow ministers. He believes that the control and management of the dance should be made as far as possible by community conscience, rather than by such means as official chaperonage and supervision.

"If ministers and church people would co-operate and participate in the dance, recognizing its value as a social medium," he declared on one occasion, "it would not be left to the control of the cheaper elements of the community. I sometimes use the following expression in lectures on the subject: 'The church has allowed the devil to control the dance for so long that he has made a hell of a job of it.'

"People have always danced and they always will. Dancing is recognized by some of the best authorities and leading psychologists as one of the fundamental instincts of the race. Where it has been properly directed and controlled, it has ever been a benefit to the individual. When improperly controlled and allowed to become degraded, it becomes a corresponding evil and menace."

Feet

By William V. V. Stephens

"S' help me Gawd!" the Groaner said,
"Here's somethin' can't be beat;
Cheerful chirps of chunks of lead—
In other words, me feet!
Me feet! Me feet! Me poor ol' feet,
In sufferin' times of tryin'!
Sloggin' bogs in tattered togs,
Draggin' slow, your dirty dogs
Through the days of dyin'!"

"I had the meanest pair of feet
That ever kicked the rain;
Cranky, crinkled chunks of meat
Pumpin' prods of pain.
Me feet! Me feet! Me battered feet,
The ones me Maker gave me.
I cursed 'em strong; I done 'em wrong—
Never dreamin' all along,
Me feet was goin' t' save me."

"There come a day, I was that sore
That every toenail hurt.
I had to run a mile or more
To hit protective dirt.
Me feet! Me feet! Me bleedin' feet!
Whatever might have ailed me,
The shrapnel sound burst all around,
And as I dove across the ground,
My ol' feet never failed me!"

"I treat 'em kind o' kinder now.
Me feet have won me heart,
For in my fear, they showed me how
The sufferin' play their part.
Me feet! Me feet! Me bleedin' feet!
They hurt and hinder, maybe;
But just the same, me feet were game.
They brought me safe from fields of flame
To missus and the baby!"

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

Christmas

You cannot crush out Christmas, its soul
is in the air;
Its soul is in the crowded street, in shops,
homes—everywhere.
Its heart is beating underneath each keen
and steadfast star,
And in the crowded tenements where little
children are.

Beneath the ice of drifts of snow the soul
of Christmas lies;
Its spirit shines for many a day in millions
of glad eyes.
You cannot crush so great a thing, you
cannot break its heart,
For it will beat on lonely farms or in the
teeming mart.

You cannot crush out Christmas! Like
truth 'twill rise again,
Thrice wonderful, thrice powerful, in all
the sons of men.
It fills a need in human breasts, strike, and
its flame shall flare!
You cannot crush out Christmas—its soul
is in the air.

—*Joseph Collins.*

Where There's Life There's Hope

"Well, Jimmie," said the office kid's employer, "I don't see how you'll be able to get off to any more baseball games next season. Your grandmother died four times this year."

"Oh, that's all right, sir," answered Jimmie, unabashed. "Grandpa has married again, although it was very much against the wishes of the family."

Slight Miscalculation

A wealthy American's aunt had died abroad and he cabled for the remains to be sent to him in this country. Great was his astonishment when the undertaker whispered to him that the body received was that of a man in the uniform of a high ranking officer. After the passage of additional cables, he received this one from some G. H. Q.:

"Keep the General. Your aunt has been buried with full military honors."

Tact

Ten days after buying his new auto Mr. Crabb had the misfortune to connect with a trolley pole and shuffle off this coil. It devolved upon Dennis to break the sad news to the widow.

"Well," asked his friends, as he came down the steps wiping the perspiration from his brow, "how did you make it?"

"Fine," said Dennis. "I began easy, tellin' her that her husband was kilt entirely and horrible mangled and then I worked up to the climax, tellin' her finally that divvle a stick was left of the car."

Modern Times

First Small Boy: "If my mother knew I had cigarettes in the house she'd burn them up."

Second S. B.: "I'll say mine would, too—and she'd bum a match off me for her first puff."

Pussyfoot

Tom: "There's just two things I don't like about our new boss."

Ted: "And they are?"

Tom: "His rubber heels."

For Novelty's Sake

The circus train had pulled in and they were unloading the animals. One of the owners was motoring around town and, passing a big billboard, was surprised to

? ? . . . . ! !

see one of his clowns scanning it with all the rapt fascination of a country schoolboy.

"That's a good one on you, Jake," he laughed. "Takin' in the show, huh? That's the limit. Why, you've seen that show a thousand times."

The clown glanced at the name above the flaming board and then at the promising and glowing pictures again.

"By gosh, boss, you're right!" he exclaimed. "It is our show, ain't it? But there sure is a lotta things here you been keepin' back from us."

The Point

"My dear," asked Blackstone, fishing for a compliment, "what would you do if I should leave you?"

"How much?" asked Mrs. Blackstone, absent-mindedly.

Those Jolly Tars

Flubb: "Why do sailors like to be buried at sea?"

Dub: "Guess they want a chance to look into Davy Jones's locker."

Suggestions of a Doughboy

Being the
Suggestions of a Doughboy on the Manner of Conducting the Next War Together with Certain Reflections on the Conduct of the Last One.

3. That when we get sent out of the country again a board of three ex-bartenders and three veterans of the Battle of the Boulevards be appointed by the President to draw up the next amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Emergency Call

"Is this the Fire Department?" yelled the excited professor of chemistry over the telephone.

"Yes," answered a voice. "What do you want?"

"How far is it to the nearest alarm box? My laboratory is on fire and I must send the call in at once."

And That's That

"Young man," said the elderly lawyer to the junior member who was about to try his first important case, "in picking your jury be sure and get at least two women on it."

"Yes, sir, I shall, but why?"

"Because this is a doubtful case and we want the jury to disagree."

Expert Testimony

A young foreigner was being tried in court and the questioning by the lawyer for the prosecution began.

"Now, Laszky, what do you do?"

"Vat do I do ven?"

"When you work, of course."

"Vy, vork."

"I know, but what at?"

"At a bench."

"I know—I know, but where do you work at a bench?"

"In a factory."

"What kind of a factory?"

"Brick."

"Ah, now we're getting there. The factory makes bricks?"

"No, de factory is made of bricks."

"Oh, Lord! Laszky, what do you make in that factory?"

"Eight dollars a veek."

"No, no! What does the factory make?"

"I dunno. A lot of money, I tink."

"No, listen. What kind of goods does the factory produce?"

"Oh, good goods."

"But what kind of good goods?"

"The best dere is."

"Of what?"

"Of dose goods."

"Your Honor," said the lawyer, "I give up."

Natural Mistake

"Why the idea!" ejaculated the kindly old gentleman, "the very idea of a boy at your age, still wearing knickerbockers, smoking a cigarette! You should be ashamed of yourself. Haven't you any folks to—

"Oh, pardon me, young lady!"

If Possible

(Invitation sent out by a Mississippi Sunday School class.)

"We need your presence at Sunday school next Sunday to complete final arrangements. Each member will be expected to attend and bring his wife, or other woman if possible."

Not Hinting at Anything

"What shall we do?" she asked, bored to the verge of tears.

"Whatever you wish," he replied gallantly.

"If you do, I'll scream," she said coyly.

And thus a pleasant evening passed quickly.

The Chocolate Soldier

A chocolate soldier, K. P. Corps,
Could not withstand the sight of gorps.
He swooned to view
Chicks cut in tiew,
And then the hard-boiled head cook sworps.

Simplified Anatomy

Mary had been spanked by her mother. She was crying in the hallway when the minister entered.

"Well, well, what's the matter with my little girl today?" he inquired.

"It hurts," she sobbed.

"What hurts, my dear?"

"The back of my lap."

Melodrama

Kind Old Lady (in railroad station): "What are you crying about, my dear?"

Nice Young Lady: "I—was—driven—from—home."

Kind Old Lady: "Oh, how terrible!"

Nice Young Lady: "And—and—the taxi man charged me two dollars too much."

The New Membership Card System *and* How It Works

No January 2 1922

ISSUED TO:
John L. Doughgob.
Legionville
Ark.

ISSUED BY:
Oliver Drab
Adjutant—Finance Officer

This stub is left in the Coupon Book

POST RECORD

No January 2 1922

Name John L. Doughgob
Street Address 89 Division St.
State Ark Town Legionville
Phone No. 428-M

Admitted by
Initiation ☐
Transfer ☐
Renewal ☒
Reinstatement ☐

Business or Profession
Farmer

This Card is detached and retained for the Post Files

No January 2 1922

DEPARTMENT RECORD

Please be advised that
John Leatherneck Doughgob
First Name Middle Last Name
Legionville Ark.
City State
is a member in good standing of
St Mihiel Post No. 17
Located at Legionville Ark
Oliver Drab
Post Adjutant

This goes to Department Headquarters as a record of your membership

---

No

Read Other Side of This Card

This is to certify that John L. Doughgob has paid dues to December 31, 1922 and is in good standing in St Mihiel Post No 17 Department of Texas

John L. Doughgob
Not valid unless countersigned by the member

Legionville
Oliver Drab
Post Adjutant

This is your Membership Card. Keep it

(Please write or print plainly)

No SUBSCRIPTION CARD

JANUARY 2 1922

This is to certify that JOHN L. DOUGHGOB
Print Name of Member
89 DIVISION ST.
Print Street Address
LEGIONVILLE ARK
Print City Print State
has paid dues for the current year and is entitled to the American Legion Weekly. This is a ~~(new)~~ (renewal) membership.

Oliver Drab
Adjutant or Finance Officer

St. Mihiel Post No. 17
City Legionville State Ark

This is the Subscription Card for the American Legion Weekly. It is a post card. See that your name and address are recorded *plainly* and correctly, preferably printed. Make sure it is mailed to the Weekly. If your post officer doesn't mail it, do it yourself

NOTE TO POST OFFICERS: *The plot is for the post adjutant or finance officer to fill in all the cards. Some department headquarters are advising post officers to mail the Weekly subscription card direct instead of giving it to members to mail. It is important that this card be forwarded immediately in any event and that it be filled out plainly. Hand printing is advised. There is no card for county and district councils but special arrangements are being made where necessary.*

Keep Away from the Orient

DON'T go to the Orient unless you can get back. That's the advice of Whipple S. Hall, who traveled ten thousand miles—probably farther than any other delegate—to represent the Department of the Philippines at the Third National Convention of The American Legion.

Either a sure-thing job or money enough to make the voyage a round-trip one are essential, the experience of many ex-service men proves. While Legionnaires in the Philippines have no unemployment problem in the sense in which most home departments are faced with it, they have none the less been kept busy caring for veterans who have worked their way down from Siberia, or who have reached the Philippines as merchant sailors without resources. The situation has become complicated by the fact that many of the Siberian veterans have been accompanied by Russian wives who were as destitute as themselves, and these the Auxiliary has cared for effectively.

Most of the veterans of the Siberian campaign reaching the Islands have been in desperate plight. Somehow they managed to struggle down through China, in itself no light undertaking for a penniless voyager, and reached one of the ports. The Philippines loomed large as the nearest home ground to these hungry, homesick wayfarers, and many of them contrived to bridge the gap of sea between the Asiatic mainland and the Islands, reaching there, of course, in more pitiable condition than they had been in anywhere on their journeyings. The Department of the Philippines has been liberal in dealing with these refugees, most of whom secured discharges abroad in the belief that the Orient was blossoming with good jobs for sturdy ex-service men. They have been returned to this country, largely through Legion assistance, convinced hat there aren't any such blossoms.

The Department of the Philippines is anxious to bring this lesson home to veterans generally without making it necessary for them to go through the same harrowing experiences. Virtually all manual labor in the Islands is, of course, performed by natives, who also now hold many minor clerical positions. Only a man who has a job beforehand or is absolutely convinced he is a master of some specialty (and even he had better see if there's a job first) should consider going out to the Islands at this time, according to Mr. Hall.

The Department of the Philippines now comprises six posts, of which the chief is Manila Post No. 1, Harry Morgan, post commander. Sidney D. Rowlands is department commander and Philip D. Carman department adjutant. All the other posts are in the Manila area, including Quentin Roosevelt Post, composed of men still in the service, which recently almost suffered extinction when its entire membership was transferred to Hawaii. The post has been kept intact, however, though it still has to keep in mind the hard fact that when a man joins the Army, the War Department is very likely to let him see the world on short notice.

Mr. Hall remained in this country for some weeks following the convention at Kansas City and was a recent visitor at National Headquarters. He started on his way back to the Philippines, taking with him the officially-expressed assurance of the Convention that the Legion's National Legislative Committee will press two definite requests of his department for rulings which, if adopted, will prove of immediate benefit to ex-service men living in America's most distant possession.

The first of these, a resolution to permit ex-service men in the Philippines the privilege of being cared for at Army and Navy hospitals, would make available to veterans the services of Army and Navy physicians and surgeons and insure them ampler accommodations than are now available in civilian hospitals in the Islands, most of which are usually well-filled with patients suffering from minor ailments. The ex-service patients would pay the full rate for their treatment, as the department is seeking for them not charity, but assurance of expert care under the most comfortable surroundings.

The department also wants it made possible for veterans to pay their War Risk Insurance premiums through Army and Navy finance officers at the service rate of exchange, thereby effecting a saving of as much as twenty percent under present fluctuating conditions.

Banishing Guesswork from Industry

(*Continued from page* 6)

give weight to silk fabrics, sometimes twisted paper rope is woven into a fabric instead of cotton or wool thread; in all such cases the defective material fails in the wash. The pity of it is that the manufacturers who stoop to such practices—fortunately they are few in number—are permitted to manufacture and sell such articles without having to correctly label the goods so that the purchaser will not be deceived. In all cases of this kind, research not only benefits the industry that so employs it, but the public materially profits through the exposure of fraud and the dissemination of the actual facts in the matter.

The research worker to-day has wonderful tools to work with as compared with the investigators of years ago. For instance, the motion picture has furnished entertainment for millions of people for several years, but it is only recently that this great invention has been utilized by scientific investigators in the industrial field. The high-speed camera is being employed to analyze movements of all kinds. The human eye can only record sixteen different impressions of any given action during one second of time. The fast camera will take from 160 to 300 pictures per second, and later when such a print is projected on a screen at the normal speed of sixteen photographs per second, the movements of the subject are slowed down so materially that every motion can be easily distinguished. The promising field for this motion-analysis art is not in the theater, but in the solution of business problems.

Already the fast camera is being used to clear up certain doubtful opinions concerning the action of the human heart under various conditions. Dogs were used as subjects, and the surgeons detected actions of the hearts of the animals which could not have been noted by the human eye. These cameras have also been employed in making an analysis of the spring and body action of motor trucks subjected to shocks on rough roads. Other tests furnished information concerning the deflation and expansion of pneumatic tires on automobiles. At the present time investigators in the field of electric welding, steel making and rubber manufacture are using motion analysis to solve problems which were not susceptible of solution so long as the human eye alone had to record the impressions.

I might go on and enumerate dozens of fields that are ripe for research. We are on the way to the discovery of a method for producing cheap oxygen—say, oxygen that costs one or two dollars a ton. When we get there, the steel, fuel, chemical and dozens of other great businesses will be revolutionized. Soon our streets will be so congested with automobiles and motor trucks that we will have to double-deck some of our thoroughfares and as a result a large part of our city traffic practically will be carried on through tunnels. Here again the research worker will have to come to the rescue and tell us how to take care of the fumes and gases that will be given off so that human health will not be injured.

One great department store started a bureau of scientific research, and the first thing the chief investigator did was to take up the problem of how to prevent the big glass show-windows of the concern from becoming frosted in the winter months and thereby losing their advertising value. Finally a remedy was found, which is to add two ounces of glycerin to one quart of 62 percent grain alcohol, one drachm of oil of amber, and then let the solution stand until it clears, after which it is rubbed on the insides of the windows. Other investigations covered window displays, indirect lighting, the use of the telephone in collecting accounts, and whether it is best to have women sell to women and men sell to men, or vice versa. I am simply citing this to show that scientific research plus commercial research can be employed with great advantage in any and every line of business.

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fession, a man must have imagination and an inquiring mind. He must question everything—take nothing for granted. The ideal research worker questions even common facts. Doctor Willis R. Whitney, of the General Electric Company, one of the greatest research directors in America, says that the scientific investigator must not only possess ingenuity, but that above all else he must be interested in what he is doing. Without interest, success is impossible. The man must be mechanical rather than emotional and should take an impersonal view of his work, being always ready to use the ideas of others. The men who do the best scientific work are college-trained, although such a training is not absolutely essential.

The salary paid the young investigator at the start will likely be no more than $2,000 a year. Some of the best opportunities for research are in the laboratories of the various colleges. Such a job will constitute a good stepping-stone in the young worker's career. In such a position a man will usually learn to do much with little and to appreciate the value of public information, or "literature." As the situation now stands, the individual will probably find a greater future and larger opportunities in private work than in government work. A top-notch salary for a good scientific investigator is from $10,000 to $15,000 a year. However, if the man combines rare executive ability with scientific knowledge of the first order, there is no limit to the amount he may earn. The research worker must always remember that the products of his work belong to his employer, and that in order to develop to his full value, he must loyally accept this condition.

Research work in America has not yet gotten beyond the kindergarten stage. We are patenting 60,000 inventions a year in the United States, and yet we are not doing one-tenth of what we might or should do to extend the realm of natural knowledge. A vigorous campaign of national research would cut out millions of dollars of waste in materials and effort and appreciably lower the cost of life's necessities. No matter from what angle we view it, research is a coming profession of high importance, and before long will be regarded by everyone as a first-line national defense.

Choosing Immigrants by Horsepower

(*Continued from page* 9)

at. But if we don't look at it we may be led to believe some one who tells us it isn't so bad and that we might as well let it stick on the books awhile.

The present law provides for the admission to the United States each year of 3 percent of the number of any nationals already resident in this country. This 3 percent is divided up into equivalent quotas for each of the twelve months.

Now, it may be that we should forbid any immigration for at least a certain period. But if we do permit any immigration, and when we do, why not do it under some sane selective law that permits us to invite and admit the sort of people we want and which does not work unspeakable hardships and injustice on the sort of people we do not want and cannot admit?

I talked recently with Mr. Wallis, former Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, about the 3 percent law. He was bitterly opposed to it.

"Don't you think it does keep out some undesirables?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied. "It's bound to. If you make a rule that no man can land in the United States except those who wear size 15 collars you will be certain to keep out some undesirables, because surely some undesirable applicants for admission will wear that size. But why do it that way? It's silly, isn't it? You can keep out some undesirables by making a law that no woman who weighs between 123 and 130 pounds can enter the country. Some women applicants who ought to be excluded will register between those weights and so will be denied admittance. But why not a more intelligent method of discrimination? As it is, we admit from a certain country 3 percent of the nationals of that country resident here. Each month's quota may be admitted within a few minutes of the beginning of the month. There may be many in that quota who are not particularly desirable and there may be many more on some ship arriving a few minutes later who would make the best of citizens but who must be sent back because they lost a race across the ocean by the length of time it takes you to smoke a cigarette. If we want to admit only a few thousand immigrants each year why not pick out the very best, making the selection on the other side and not permitting any to sail who are not what we want?"

Well, why not? Of course, it's better to get 3 percent we don't want than it is to get 100 percent of those who should be kept out. But if we are going to admit 3 percent why just pick them blind out of the first steamship that makes port, taking the more or less good with the more or less bad, and not permitting ourselves to take a look at the human freight of the next steamship that comes in a few minutes later?

We get no particular good out of it and the poor devils who sell their all in Europe to pay their passage and then find themselves turned back without even a chance to be examined for fitness to enter and become citizens, go back to their homelands hopeless paupers.

As examples: The second day after the quota law went into effect, at the beginning of June this year, Italian

immigration exceeded the month's quota by 2,500. By the fifth of the month more than 4,000 Italian immigrants in excess of the quota were in New York Harbor. The weather was excessively hot. Men, women and children cooped up in the crowded steerage quarters were suffering the tortures of the damned. Their luckier brethren who had happened to be on steamships which got to port before the quota was filled were not necessarily more desirable citizens than those who were denied admittance. They had simply gotten here a few hours earlier.

The condition was so bad that city health authorities and government doctors at Ellis Island declared a few day's more delay would cause numerous deaths. A day later Commissioner Wallis said: "There are 4,500 Italians more than the quota now in New York Harbor. If we leave them on the ships many will die."

On that same day Ellis Island was crowded to overflowing and it was impossible to land those rejected immigrants even for a breathing spell. There were 300 more on the Island than could be accommodated. On June 6th there were twelve steamships in New York Harbor with more than 5,000 passengers too late for their quotas.

On June 9th the Department of Labor ruled that immigrants then in port be admitted and their numbers charged against the total year's quota for the countries affected. This was done as an emergency measure from humanitarian motives. It is interesting to note that the effect of the ruling was to encourage other races between ships bearing immigrants, so that on August 8th Commissioner General Husband of the Immigration Bureau ruled that all aliens in excess of quota would be deported and no more in excess could be charged against the total annual quota.

This was a direct result of races for Quarantine by ships held outside New York Harbor until midnight of July 31st. But in this same ruling Husband took pity on several hundred disappointed ones at Ellis Island and let them in under the old arrangement.

Waiting for midnight on August 1st, were six liners in lower New York Harbor, anchored outside the three-mile limit. The *Megalis Helas*, from Piraeus, Greece, and the *Calabria*, from Palermo, Italy, were anchored but a short distance apart, watching each other like wrestlers waiting for a grip. The *Megalis Helas*, with 969 steerage passengers from Greece and Persia won the race to Quarantine by less than one minute, official government timing. Fifty-eight Greeks and Persians aboard the *Calabria* had to go home. Were they better or worse as citizenship material than those who landed from the *Megalis Helas*, which won the race by less than a minute? No one knows, and, as the song goes, "Nobody seems to care."

By September 1st the races had come to be regular sporting affairs. Captain Batchelder of the *Acropolis* was wiring Washington protesting the decision on his run up Ambrose Channel against the *King Alexander*. Both vessels were bringing in Grecks. The *Acropolis* was timed behind the *King Alexander* by quarantine observers, and Captain Batchelder thought the judges were unfair.

Our prospective citizens from Greece that month were chosen by a race between the two vessels. The judge's decision stood so we got the Greeks who were on the *King Alexander*. If the decision had been reversed we would have got those who were on the *Acropolis*. If that is using intelligence in the selection of those who are admitted to the United States, whether they be many or few, ten thousand a month or ten or only two, then the woman who goes to a horse race, shuts her eyes, sticks the point of a pencil into her program and then bets all her money on the horse whose name is nearest to the spot marked is a scientific player of the races.

Stefania Watrobska came to the United States from Poland eight years ago. She worked in a lunchroom during that time and saved up $800 to bring over her sister Carolina. Carolina arrived here on the *Finland* a little after midnight on September 1st, just two minutes too late to be admitted. Stefania had proved herself a valuable worker. There was nothing against her character. Her sister Carolina might have proved a valuable addition to the American family. No one knows whether she would or not. There was no use examining Carolina to see how desirable a citizen she might have made. Carolina got in two minutes late after heaven only knows how many and what kind of men and women had been admitted before her, just because they got in a few minutes ahead. Why not look them all over on the other side—if we admit any at all—and find out which ones we want; then permit those to sail and refuse visas on passports to the others? Why not?

Lorence Hawmann, 18, a Jugo-Slav, member of a family of eight, was a bright, promising young fellow. He was ill when his parents and five brothers and sisters sailed on the *France*, and was obliged to stay in Europe for another boat. When he got here in September all the rest of the family had been admitted, but Lorence was a little too late. That was all. He was a little too late. Not undesirable in any way; simply a few minutes late. They shipped him back on September 13th, to make his way alone in Europe while all his family stayed in America. He may have been better than any of those who were admitted. But he was a little late!

On September 15th, sixty men, women and children were sent home from Ellis Island, very quietly, to avoid demonstration by their heartbroken kin. They too were all a little late. Among these deportees was Mrs. Esther Sannossian, Armenian, 60 years old. She had come to America to spend her last years with her son Harry, an American citizen. Harry had served as a volunteer with a combat division in France and received an honorable discharge.

But his mother arrived a little too late to land and spend her last days with the son who had but just finished soldiering for the country to which his mother was not admitted. Had she come in August she would have been subject to a special dispensation granted mothers of war veterans. Her steamship, however, carried immigrants not eligible for admission until September 1st, so she was landed three minutes after the midnight that marked the close of August 31st. By landing immediately after midnight the steamship officials made it possible for all the other immigrants on the vessel to get

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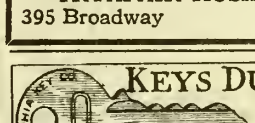

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in. But that made this mother of a war veteran three minutes late and she was sent back to die in loneliness and poverty in Europe. We have little reason to believe that the many immigrants on that same ship who were granted admission were desirable material from which to create good citizens. They were just on time and so they got in. The mother of a soldier was three minutes late so she had to get out.

The 3 percent law now in operation is better than the old law which let them all in, but it is as completely stupid a measure as any that could have been framed. There would have been just as much sense in refusing admittance to all who wore size 15 collars or in refusing admittance to any who did not wear that size.

So there are two laws that Congress can write off the books by process of elimination when it comes to consider framing a permanent immigration law—the law we had and the law we have. Let us hope in its deliberations it will bring common sense to bear and work out some system whereby we can select the sort of immigrants we want when we want them; some system that will permit us to lock the doors when the house is full or the table empty, and invite our guests with some sanity of choice when the time comes for us to invite them. Let us hope that, hereafter, when immigrants are admitted to this country, their fitness for citizenship will depend on something having more bearing on the question than the luck of their happening to be on a ship that beats another ship to Quarantine in New York Harbor by less than two minutes.

PRO AND CON

Editorial Comment on the Activities of The American Legion

The Legion is yet new. It does not have the program which it must have if it is to do the greatest possible good. But it is a growing organization of virile men, organized on correct principles.—*Peoria (Ill.) Journal.*

The American Legion has fought well everywhere and will fight for good government, the Constitution and the perpetuity of our institutions during the next forty years. All honor to the young men comprising The American Legion.—*Des Moines (Ia.) Capital.*

The American Legion will exist for many years. And in this fact Americans may find a feeling of confidence. The organization, because of the character of its personnel, because of the great trial that gave it birth, because of its example and teachings, is a bulwark and a mainstay.—*Billings (Mont.) Gazette.*

From the conventions of the Legion will come suggestions of all sorts; some wise, some selfish, some good and some bad. These suggestions will grow in value during the years, and they will underlie many a wise statute and many a useful custom in the long future that lies ahead. The country will read with interest the doings of The American Legion.—*Bridgeport (Conn.) Times.*

The American Legion, according to all its public announcements, stands for law and order. Its influence is great and it will continue to grow. We hope to see it grow stronger all the time, and in denouncement of lynching and violations of the liquor laws. The field for effective work along these lines is large and wide open.—*Florence (Ala.) Times.*

If there is one thing this country needs right now more than another it is the development of the national spirit, as distinguished from the racial, group or sectional, and to exalt real true-blue Americanism. The holding of patriotic meetings occasionally, as encouraged by The American Legion, should be encouraged. The claims of races, national groups, classes and sections should be submerged by the larger and grander claims of the nation.—*Sunnyside (Wash.) Sun.*

As the Grand Army was in its prime so is The American Legion today. The membership reaches into every nook and cranny of the country. What these young men think and what they do is of concern to the nation as being a most vital force in both the shaping and general conduct of public affairs. This fact obligates that they should govern their acts and conclusions with discretion. They have opportunities for public weal and control of public opinion that should impress them to the exercising of great care in looking well over the field before making final decisions. Above all they should never forget that they went to war to preserve democracy and that they constitute a most important force for its preservation now.—*Boston (Mass.) Post.*

Compensation—and a Financier

(*Continued from page* 15)

ment doubled it, but she couldn't make the grade on that alone and she worked every week that he was gone, with the exception of one in which their baby was born. He got back in August, last year, too late to take a farm, with his uniform still on and the $60 which proud America so generously gave him. He has had a hard time making a go of it because the profession of farm hand does not pay heavily and no one wants a farm hand with a family.

Through the kindness of a former employer, he has 40 acres to make his living on this year, but as you know, the produce of the farm does not come in until fall. He wanted to borrow money enough to get this cow, and see if he couldn't at least pay up something on the grocery and other bills which had been accumulating against him while he was eking out his living on the soil. That $60 did not even pay for a suit of civilian clothes for him, and yet this grateful nation who, as I said, stuck out its chest and hollered while this kid fought for them, is willing to actually combat the chances for this lad to get an even break.

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

HANFORD MACNIDER.

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It was said during the war that the value of the paper alone in one weekly publication was several times the cost of the magazine. It would almost have paid a paper-junk man to buy the copies—it would have paid him but for the cost of getting the paper back into the mill rolls.

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And every Legionnaire helps to control our circulation—it's the dues paid in that tells the story.

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V Hydro-United Tire Co
Langan & Phillips
V Mellinger Tire & Rubber Co.. 22
VV Albert Mills
Parker Mfg. Co.
J. M. Pitkin & Co. 20
VV Standard Food and Fur Association
VVVThomas Mfg. Co.

ENTERTAINMENT
V T. S. Denison & Co.

FIREARMS
Paramount Trading Co.,

FOOD PRODUCTS
VV The Genesee Pure Food Co.

JEWELRY, INSIGNIA, MEMORIALS
Decorative Arts League
VVV C. K. Grouse Co. 20
V Flour City Ornamental Iron Co.
V B. Gutter & Sons
V John Polachek Bronze & Iron Co.
VV Redding & Co.

"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.

MEDICINAL
The Musterole Co.
V Sloan's Liniment 20

MEN'S WEAR
Hart, Schaffner & Marx Inside front cover
VKahn Tailoring Co.
Tryapair Hosiery Mills 21
Wilson Brothers

MISCELLANEOUS
Metropolitan Importing & Mfg. Co 21
Philadelphia Key Co 21

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
V Buescher Band Instrument Co.
V Thomas A. Edison, Inc

OFFICE APPLIANCES, SUPPLIES
The Globe-Wernicke Co.
V Typewriter Emporium

PATENT ATTORNEYS
VVVV Lacey & Lacey 20

SCHOOLS AND INSTRUCTION
American School

VVChicago Engineering Works
VVVFranklin Institute 20
V Hamilton College of Law
VV La Salle Extension University
V The Lewis Institute
V Patterson Civil Service School 21
VVVWilliam Chandler Peak 20
V Pelman Institute of America
VV Standard Business Training Institute
VVVSweeney School of Auto-Tractor-Aviation
VV F. W. Tamblyn
VV The Tulloss School

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Lyons Level & Tool Co.

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Claxo Trick Co. 22
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V Harley-Davidson Motor Co.
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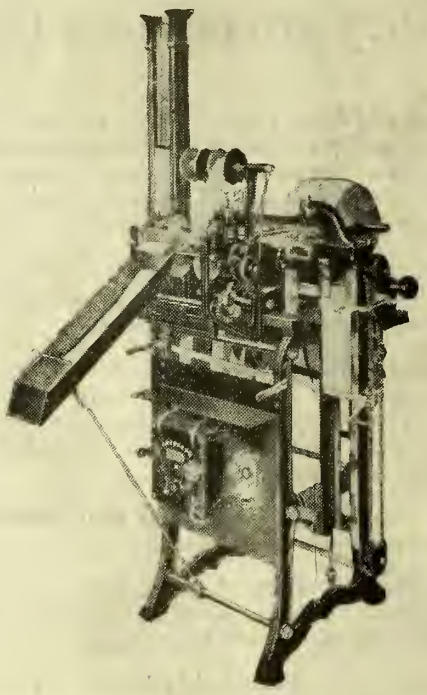
V SERVICE STRIPE—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS. VV THE TWO AND VVV THREE STRIPERS ARE GROWING IN NUMBER, AND THE VVVV FOUR STRIPERS ARE BEGINNING TO APPEAR

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.

THEY ADVERTISE, LET'S PATRONIZE

Can you use a Mailing Machine in your Business?



If so, here's your chance—

Belknap Duplexes in A-1 condition to go at a bargain — in service less than two years and have been carefully tended by expert mechanic—

Owing to a change in the addressing and mailing system of The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly, we have several Model E, Belknap Duplex mailing machines for sale. They were bought after the war, but at pre-war prices and, although sold as second-hand machines, they are "good as new." Due to the low price at which these machines were originally purchased, we can offer them at far less than second-hand machines of this type are actually quoted.

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Price $2,000 each

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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

627 West 43d St. ***New York***