The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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JANUARY 6
1922

You are the strength of The American Legion. It will be just as strong as you build it. Your work in your own post is just as important—more important in your own community—than anything National Headquarters can do. We are your employees pledged to follow your commands in fighting the battles of the ex-service men and women of America. To keep America the way you fought for it to be—*American.*

Your national organization has carried out an effective fight for the disabled veteran. That fight shall be carried on with all the added strength that its accomplished legislation and hard-earned experience can afford—to get a square deal for these men from our country, the country they fought for.

The drive for adjusted compensation opens all along the line. We know your commands. We will give them everything that we have got and with your help we will surely deliver the goods.

No organization in America has ever had such an opportunity for worthy service to our country, for the upbuilding of good, clean constructive citizenship, as that which lies before The American Legion.

YOU

No man can doubt our right to speak; for if any man has earned his citizenship, if any man has a first lien upon his country, it is the man who has offered it his life; no man can be more interested in its welfare or more jealous for its future integrity and prosperity.

Another Legion year is ahead, with great possibilities for great achievements. If we can go before the people of the United States, our country, with every ex-service man and woman behind us, we can accomplish the things we have set out to accomplish.

Back us up—put steam into the organization, that it can have a running start for the next year—turn in your coming year's dues right now—get every ex-service man and woman into The American Legion. For, remember, the Legion can only be as strong as you make it.

You are the strength of The American Legion—come on, every man Jack of you on the job, let's go!

HANFORD MACNIDER.

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5 days *from New York début to Chicago dance floor!*

Act 1. WEDNESDAY, October 19th

Scene: The exclusive Club de Vingt (Hotel Vanderbilt), New York. "April Showers" is introduced to New York's smartest dancing set. The fox-trot sensation of the season.

Act 2. One Day Later, THURSDAY, October 20th

Scene: Edison Recording Studio, New York. The famous Club de Vingt Orchestra records "April Showers."

Act 3. Four Days Later, at Sunrise, MONDAY, October 24th

Scene: Hazelhurst Field, Long Island. Representatives of the Edison Laboratories catch the U. S. airplane mail for Chicago with Edison RE-CREATIONS of "April Showers."

Act 4. Fourteen hours later, MONDAY, October 24th

Scene: Black Cat Ball-Room, Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago. Chicago's smart set dances to the New Edison's RE-CREATION of "April Showers."

EDISON *is FIRST with Broadway Hits*

$1 Brings HARTMAN'S Richly Upholstered 7-Piece Suite

Quarter-Sawed and Solid Oak

Send only $1 for this complete suite of library, parlor or living room furniture—seven splendid, massive pieces. Use it **30 days, on free trial,** then if you don't say that it is even more than you expected, ship it back and we return your $1 and pay transportation charges both ways.

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Do not confuse this fine Hartman suite with furniture which may look like it in pictures, but is inferior in construction and finish. Every Hartman piece is made to give lasting service as well as to have an elegant appearance. Note also **handsome upholstering, spring seats, ornamented backs, rounded arms and quarter-sawed oak** in this special suite.

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Only by seeing this splendid **quarter-sawed and solid oak** suite can you realize how it will add to the appearance of your home. Only by examining it can you appreciate what a record-breaking bargain it is at our **smashed price.** Furniture like this—elegant, comfortable, massive—can be bought nowhere else at anywhere near the price, nor on such liberal terms.

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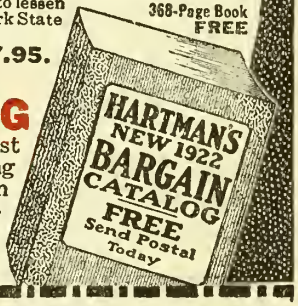

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Enclosed find $1. Send the 7-Piece Living Room Suite No. 112DMA7 as described. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If not satisfied, will ship it back and you will refund my $1 and pay freight both ways. If I keep it I will pay $3 per month until the full price, $37.95, is paid. Title remains with you until final payment is made.

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Town ..... State. .....

State Your Occupation ..... Color .....

Legionnaires! Make Money Selling KAHN Made-to-Measure Clothes

ALL over the United States there are thousands of Legionnaires anxious to earn more money—ready to set up in business for themselves.

To ambitious Legion Buddies already in the tailoring, clothing or furnishing-goods business, either as employers or employees, as well as others, we say:

Here is Your Chance to Become Allied With a Great National Institution and to Make More Money

If we are not represented in your town we want to give you an opportunity to become its Kahn dealer. Arrangements can be made whereby no investment will be required.

The Kahn Tailoring Company is a big, nationally-known institution. For many years it has been nationally advertised in the Saturday Evening Post and the American Legion Weekly. The men who know Kahn Made-to-Measure Clothes number millions. The men who wear Kahn clothes number many hundreds of thousands. Many of these men live in your community. You, yourself, may have worn our garments, either in civilian life or during the war, when our great model tailor shops were turning practically all of their energies to the production of Made-to-Measure Uniforms for the American army.

American Legion Men will remember this ad which ran during the war

Kahn Clothes Are Made to Each Purchaser's Individual Measurements

They are superior in style, fit and wearing qualities. Clothes of this type are easy to sell to any man who appreciates fine tailoring—and thousands of men all over America are cashing in on this fact.

Make Money in the Tailoring Business

Write for our plan as to how you can get into the tailoring business without investment—or if you are already selling to men, let us show you how Kahn Made-to-Measure Clothes will make more money for you.

The very fact that Kahn clothes need no introduction to American Legion Men means that it will be easy for you to sell them to your Buddies.

But do not think that we are interested merely in making a few sales. We want to establish you in a paying business—a permanent business—one that will put you on an equal footing with the high-grade merchant tailors and clothiers in your vicinity.

If you are interested, just sign and mail the attached coupon. Let us send you the complete details of our plan. If we have no dealer in your town, it will be possible for us to do a mutually profitable business. But act TODAY.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

KAHN
TAILORING CO.
Indianapolis, Indiana

As a member of the American Legion, I am interested in your proposition. Tell me your plan.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

TOWN AND STATE_____

☐ I am in business. ☐ I am not in business.
☐ I am now employed. ☐ I am not now employed.

NOTE: If you are now in business state its nature_____

_____

Do you handle a tailoring line now?_____

KAHN-TAILORING-CO. OF INDIANAPOLIS

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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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Chain Store Service for Ex-Service Men

The Development of the Veterans Bureau Through Decentralization

By Charles Phelps Cushing

Charles R. Forbes, Director of the Veterans Bureau

Leon Frazer, Executive Officer, Veterans Bureau

At the Third National Convention it was made clear that, while The American Legion should not hesitate to become a stern critic of the Veterans Bureau if, after a fair trial, there is no improvement in the Government's method of dealing with the disabled, for the present its judgment is suspended. The newly created government bureau is now completing the consolidation of the various agencies it absorbed and undertaking thorough decentralization. In this big and difficult work the Legion's national policy is co-operation. In the accompanying article Mr. Cushing describes the physical make-up of the gigantic bureau the Government has created to serve its veterans and the men responsible for its conduct. He avoids a discussion of the question of its present efficiency.

YOUR correspondent reported for duty the other day in Washington, D. C., seeking information about the United States Veterans Bureau and its new chain store system for handling the Government's business with ex-service men of the World War.

On arrival in the capital, the first person he sought out was an official of the Legion, a young man of inscrutable countenance, who is affectionately known to his buddies as "Old Wise Head."

Tilting back in his chair, Old Wise Head lit a fresh cigar and gave notice that he was "about to spring a fable." This might be useful, he explained, to furnish our readers a Washington background.

In a boiled-down version, here is how that fable ran:

Once there was a Big Crash in the Highway just outside a Banker's Place in Washington, D. C. Hence the Banker assumed Full Charge of the Welfare of All Concerned.

This Banker was a Versatile Cuss with a Large Establishment. Under him served a Whole Crew of Doctors and Lawyers and Insurance Sharps and School Teachers, as well as Financiers. Incidentally, a part of the Pleasant Duty of the Doctors was to keep the Home Fires Burning in our Lighthouses, to inspect Incoming Vessels and to rid our Ports of Rats.

The Banker and the Doctors and the Lawyers and the Insurance Sharps and the School Teachers and the Boys-Who-Make-Out-the-Pay-Vouchers all saw a Golden Opportunity for Service in the Emergency created by the Grand Smash. Being Persons cursed with Ambitions (even as You and I), Each and Every One wanted to make as Large a Job out of it as possible. In fact, Unkindly Critics in Washington, where there are Many Such, freely declared that the Main Idea seemed to be how to make it a Whale of a Job, rather than how to get the Work Done.

Be that as it may, One and All went out forthwith to cop off as many Department Assistants as the Law allows. Annexing these, they then petitioned tearfully for a Lot More. Before long, Assistants were all over One Another's Feet. A Rough Census at one time enumerated Fourteen Thousand Help scattered around the Capital in twenty Different Buildings. It also revealed intense and numerous Jealousies, and a Huge Force of Messenger Boys running their Legs off in the Old Army Game of Passing the Buck.

Such a Big Row was finally Kicked Up about the Muddle that People began saying that Something simply must be done. As a result, the Higher Council had to take the Pretty Playthings away from all the Boys, up to and including the Banker Himself.

Then the Head Man of the Nation put his own Appointee on the Job, with the Whole Plant under one Roof, and told the New Chief to roll up his Shirt Sleeves and get Action.

This was obviously what should have been done in the Beginning, though not so obvious to the Washington Mind as to a Rank Outsider's.

MORAL: Don't try to understand the Washington Mind.

Absurd as this fable sounds, it is a true enough description, apparently, of the governmental machinery that existed months after the close of the World War for handling the business relations of Uncle Sam with 4,500,000 ex-service men.

In the beginning of reconstruction days, the entire responsibility for transacting this sort of business was dumped at the door of the Secretary of the Treasury. Don't ask why. The explanation might run to too great a length.

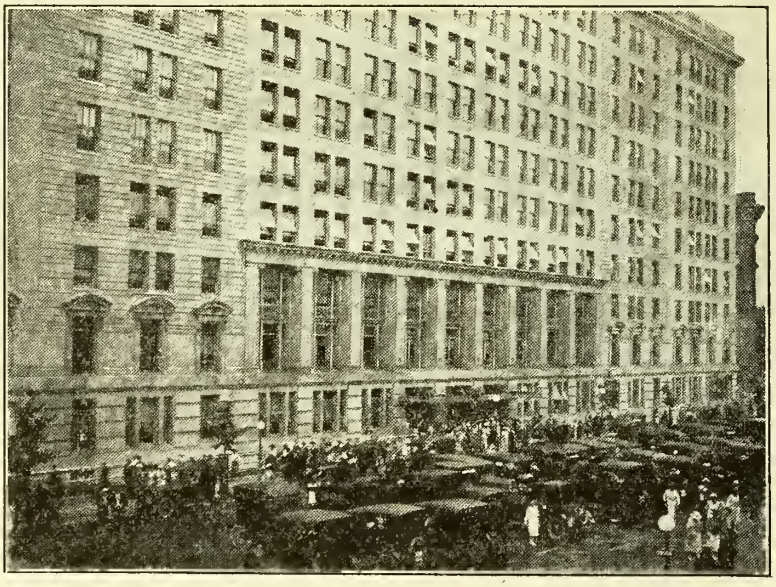
To the Washington Mind it all seemed perfectly natural. The Secretary of the Treasury (and why not?) was made chief godfather to the veterans. Under him, as assistants in this service, worked the doctors of the United States Public Health Service and the insurance men and lawyers of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance; and the only organization available to take charge of the welfare of a quarter of a million disabled veterans was a division which had been created for training men disabled in factories and mines—an organization whose equipment to furnish emergency service in a hurry on a large scale was much less impressive than its resounding name, Rehabilitation Division of the Federal Board for Vocational Education.

All of these branches, fighting one another bitterly for rank and authority as they expanded in numbers, struggled

vainly to keep from being buried under the avalanche of new business that began to descend upon them immediately after the Armistice. Matters finally got to such a desperate pass that all this old and inadequate machinery got clogged and had to be scrapped. A separate new bureau had to be established, with the affairs of veterans of the World War as its sole concern.

This was done, and today all the dealings of World War veterans with the Government—medical, legal and financial, insurance and claims and rehabilitation—is handled by the United States Veterans Bureau. This establishment is now removed altogether from the jurisdiction of the Treasury Department, and has as its bureau chief a director who reports to no boss higher up except the President of the United States.

In reorganization, the first step, of course, was to get the personnel of the various scattered services to veterans all under one roof and working to a single purpose.



Headquarters, United States Veterans Bureau, Washington, D. C.

The next step—today in progress as a result of the passage of the Sweet Bill—was to attempt to decentralize the business as much as possible from Washington to the field. To understand what this means, think of the Veterans Bureau as a big corporation which is now in the process of changing itself from a mail order house, like Montgomery Ward or Sears-Roebuck, into a chain store system like that of the United Cigars or Woolworth's.

The customers of the concern are chiefly vocational students, hospital patients and purchasers of life insurance; the stock in trade is a full line of insurance policies, various forms of medical and surgical service to the disabled and the ailing, and any kind of education you may care to call for, from ABC's and shoemaking to university scholarships. A good thick catalogue would be required to describe it all.

The home office of this huge corporation is the big eleven-story stone office building you can see from Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington as you stand in front of the White House and look across Lafayette Square to the northeast corner of the park.

From this headquarters the business now is in process of branching out into chain stores to every part of the land, so that the concern can sell its services to customers by personal interview instead of by letter, and carry on its business literally over the counter. To this end it already has in operation fourteen district offices, in the nature of salesrooms, and 140 sub-offices, or service stations.

Not all of these offices are yet fully equipped by any means to function independently, but all of them can furnish the applicant with any information he may require.

It's no one-horse affair, this service bureau! In the interview which Colonel Forbes granted that fact was made evident in the first minute of parley. The director shoots big figures at you until he has you dizzy. In Washington 4,500 employees. In the field, 12,500 more. A thousand new cases piling in a day, not to mention handling daily the mail of some seven hundred older cases. Bushels and bushels of letters—nine million indexes to consult about them. A business in life insurance amounting altogether to $3,851,562,273. Dividends already paid in excess of one million dollars. "Cheapest and best insurance

(*Continued on page* 16)

Touchdown, Legion!

What We Can Give to the Development of Sport—and Get Out of It

By Hugh Fullerton

BACK in a base hospital in France a husky doughboy occupied a cot and occupied his time cussing through bandages.

"Were you blown up by a shell or did a cathedral fall on you?" asked a sympathetic visitor.

"Heck, no! Worsen that," he replied. "I played tackle against Frank Cavanaugh's football team."

Last fall, during the football season, I asked one of the coaches of a great Eastern university what was the best football team he ever saw, and without hesitation he said:

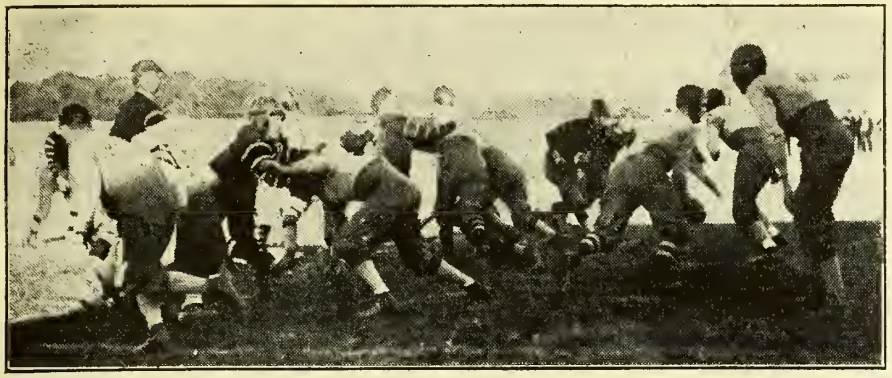
"The team Cavanaugh had in France. They had fourteen All-American candidates and most of them were All-Universe calibre."

The other day I took the records of twenty of the best college football teams in the country, over seven hundred names. Nearly fifty percent of them are war veterans, and the majority of those who didn't get in were in the Student Army Training Corps. Examination of college and A. A. U. records and further digging among professional records revealed the fact that seven of the promising professional boxers are Legion men, that the coming champion wrestler was There when needed, and that, in football, in baseball, basketball, track and cross-country running Legion members or eligibles are furnishing the majority of the athletes, even including the youngsters who have developed since 1918.

The assembling of the Army and Navy for the war undoubtedly gave the United States the greatest boom in athletic development in its history. Camp and army life revived the athletic activities of hundreds of thousands who otherwise would have settled into sedentary pursuits, considering their athletic careers ended. It developed the athletic qualities of tens of thousands who never suspected they possessed any talent in that direction and it stirred

How Hugh Fullerton Looks at It

The American Legion today exercises the second most important influence upon American athletic sports. But it ought to rank first. The Legion has the trained leaders of the country and the trained athletes, a genuine interest in clean sports, and an organization which could put over any program it tackled. While it has already done much in athletics it has not yet taken full advantage of its opportunities locally and nationally—and those opportunities are limitless.



A lively scrimmage between the Joplin (Mo.), Post and the Oklahoma School of Mines

interest in sports and athletics everywhere. Boxing, perhaps, was the greatest gainer. Scarcely one in five men ever had boxed prior to going into service and it seemed that not one in ten escaped boxing if he remained any length of time in the uniform.

The result should have been the most tremendous athletic development in the history of mankind. The question is whether it has or will have that result. Too many men were demobilized athletically as well as in the military sense; they shed their athletics with their uniforms.

The condition of sports and athletics in the United States at the present time is not clearly understood. Beyond doubt there is a big and growing prejudice against professional sports, or rather against the commercialization of sports and athletics. There is not, so far as I can see, any reform movement, any serious opposition to sports, but there is a tremendous and active sentiment against abuses in those sports which lend themselves most easily to commercialization. The growth of interest in amateur sports of all sorts, especially amateur football and boxing, reveals the sentiment of the sport lovers and more clearly demonstrates the necessity for some organization to assume a commanding if not a controlling position in American athletics.

I explain the situation thus briefly in order to show two things: First, that after the greatest forward stride in its athletic history the United States is permitting an opportunity to slip past and, second, to show more clearly what needs to be done.

The question is what is the Legion doing in athletic sports? The Legion has in its ranks more and better trained athletes than any organization in the world and the most timely opportunity for using that material, not only to uphold and continue the morale of the Legion but to improve it. And this opportunity can be used as a revenue-getter, locally and nationally.

The Legion is, to my mind, perhaps the second greatest influence in America upon national athletics today; counting the Y. M. C. A. as first in that regard. But great as the influence of the ex-service athletes is and has been, the great opportunity was very largely overlooked in many communities.

More than a million men learned to box, and many of them developed high skill in boxing during the war. Yet the crop of boxers produced has been rather small and disappointing in view of the material that was trained, or developed. Midget Smith, Bob Martin, and a few others attained some prominence, but the best material did not go in for the sport. In some cases locally the developed boxing skill has been utilized for amusement and for profit but the commercial possibilities of it slipped through the hands of the majority of posts.

Strong sentiment against boxing as it always has been conducted has manifested itself in many ways. Governor Miller of New York, for instance, who opposes commercialism and the offering of ridiculously high purses for a few professionals, strongly approves boxing for itself. He suggested several times prior to his election that the solution of the boxing problem might be in turning over control of the sport to the military, perhaps with the Legion working with the National Guard. He suggested that state armories might be used for conducting the matches for the benefit of service or ex-service men.

Although Governor Miller's administration has contented itself with reorganizing an existing organization for the control of boxing, Nebraska, Montana and Kansas got busy and created their own boxing laws, and now the sport is purely a Legion activity in those States, and under Legion control. There, as everywhere, the Legion is in a position to furnish the best sort of control of boxing, to supply men experienced in match-making and in handling bouts and to put on boxers far above the average seen in professional matches.

Imagine what such control everywhere would mean! Imagine a series of elimination bouts in each class, either State by State or section by section, and the final bouts for the Legion championship, say between Michigan and Massachusetts for the heavy, Illinois and California for the middle, Kansas and Pennsylvania for the lightweight title, held in some such place as the Yale Bowl.

Or take baseball. There is dissatisfaction with the conduct of organized baseball and, to tell the truth, little love for the professional ball players among the ex-service men who have no idea of forgetting how few got in. As Jimmy Montague, the newspaper poet and humorist said, "It's a good thing no more of those major league ball players went into the war; they might have thrown it."

You all remember that, with few professionals in the ranks, every division in France and every camp in America turned out baseball teams that would have made World's Championship clubs hustle to win. The material still is there. Fortunately, it is being used largely in some sections but without any comprehensive organization either nationally or sectionally.

Suppose an American Legion League should be formed, a series of elimination games played by States, then by sections, and then for the national championship. The financial possibilities of such an organization are immense, and from the standpoint of promoting and encouraging clean, pure sport, the possibilities are big. Perhaps I am just dreaming in this talk of national eliminations. They may be too

John Ashley Dennis, Jr., Post of Philipsburg, Pa., won 18 of its first 19 basketball games last year

Charles B. Yeager Post, Boyertown, Pa., boasted a nine that had something besides the uniforms

ambitious for the Legion at this time; but I'm certainly not dreaming about local opportunities.

There are already many small leagues among the Legion posts which serve their own towns and districts with fine sport and prove that the idea would work out.

The same thing could be done in football on a greater scale. With the exception of boxing, football appealed more to the armies than any other game; it is a fighting man's sport anyhow.

Last fall the game between the Army and Navy teams in New York revealed the possibilities. More than a quarter of a million persons tried to buy tickets to see that game and fifty thousand sat in a pouring rain to watch it. Imagine the finals between the championship teams of the Legion playing for the title in the Yale Bowl, say, or in the Memorial Stadium now being built at the University of California.

For the next ten years, at least, the Legion can and should be the biggest thing, and afterward the directing power, in America's athletic development. There is no use, of course, in arguing the value of athletics and sports in creating and sustaining morale; the facts were drilled in hard enough in camp, so hard that at times everybody doubted.

The Legion, or rather the posts, are doing big things now. My criticism is lack of co-operation and organization that would make the Legion the controlling athletic factor nationally as it is locally wherever posts have taken charge of sports.

It seems to me that the big things or the biggest thing could be done in football. During the war football got the big boom it is now enjoying. The game made more advancement in two falls, when the big camp teams and the division teams were playing, than ever before. Unlike the baseball players the football men rushed into the service and probably the seven best teams in the United States during those two years were the camp teams. Look over last fall's lists of great teams—Iowa, Lafayette, Penn State, Notre Dame—and count the stars and you will discover that more than half of them were in service.

The fact that football is the Legion's own game—a game for, of and by, the fighting man—was demonstrated in camp and in the lines and demonstrated last fall wherever posts formed their own teams. It was tried successfully by scores of posts and went big; and in many places Legion teams took the place of the old town team—in fact, became *the* town team. Still, the fact remains that in some places too many of the boys who should be on Legion teams swarmed to the professionals for the simple reason that the Legion had no organization, league or association to assume a commanding position.

The possibilities of football were demonstrated in scores of posts and one of the finest teams in Michigan was that of A. V. Braden Post of Ishpeming, which ripped through the Upper Peninsula without losing a game. The team was known as the "Arc Light Champions of the World," because all practice was held by electric light; yet the team piled up 185 points to fifteen for its opponents in six games. Dixon Post of Dixon, Ill., had almost as good a record and proved the drawing power of the sport. In eight games it lost two by low scores and the team was to Dixon what the college teams are to the students.

The big thing for football, it appears to me, is the fact that post teams are introducing and advancing the game in towns where otherwise there would be no teams and are thus fostering athletics and good sportsmanship. Out in Kansas there were about a dozen posts with strong teams in the field last fall. Among the best in the Southwest was one at Joplin, which battled the strong Oklahoma School of Mines to a 20-20 tie, although the Norton, Kansas, Post challenges its neighbors at Joplin. Norton had a big season. Iowa and Minnesota Legion teams tried the experiment with encouraging results and the Elk River, Minnesota, Post, organizing merely to furnish opposition for the high school team, developed to such an extent that by its coaching and practice it gave the high school one of the best teams in the State. The Fort Dodge, Iowa; Hutchinson, Minnesota; Elmore, Minnesota, and scores of other posts turned out successful teams.

The great difficulty in organizing teams of Legionnaires, of course, is the fact that most of us must work, and there is little time to practice, but many posts find this difficulty surmountable.

Basketball presents fewer of such difficulties and gives the opportunity for continuing athletic training and spreading the gospel of sportsmanship so that, in actual practice, the leadership of the Legion posts in matters athletic has been shown more in boxing and basketball than in other lines of endeavor, although state reports indicate that baseball teams have been organized in hundreds of posts.

The opportunity basketball affords has been demonstrated many times. This sport is Legion meat. I recall many instances which would establish the point, none better probably than that of the Tiger Post of New York City which decided to attempt the organization of a Legion basketball league. Tiger Post sent out invitations to other posts in the city and several times as many entrants as were necessary lined up. The result was a league so large it had to be divided into several sections. Utah, at this writing, is organizing a Legion basketball league with five divisions, eight teams in each.

I think one of the finest developments in sports in recent years is revealed in Minnesota by the organization of the "Four Star" League which started last May and played a schedule of fourteen games per club. The posts in this baseball league were those representing Fairmont, Jackson, Sherburn, Alpha, Lakefield, Heron Lake and Brewster. The object of the league was frankly set forth as being to "promote clean sport and to teach sportsmanship and furnish amusement." The teams were non-salaried. W. T. Payne, who represented Lakefield, said:

"A Legion team will see that there is no crooked work. The main object is to promote interest in the national game." So the fellows who went over there to save those at home simply changed to another uniform to keep sport clean for those homes.

There is now an increasing demand for a national bureau to conduct or to regulate athletic sports. The movement in this direction has been in agitation for several years. The importance of athletics in the training and education of boys especially has been demonstrated, better perhaps during the selective draft than at any other time. Other nations have recognized this necessity. The Scandinavian countries not only encourage but subsidize athletics, the British subsidize and furnish government aid to the athletic training of youth, France has taken a big step in that direction and Germany recognized it years ago in compulsory form. The United States, a nation of athletes, has been most backward in such organization, perhaps because few of us thought it necessary to teach an American kid how to play—which was a mistake. We knew how to play, but needed to be shown the best ways of playing.

Now the Government itself is waking up to the necessity. Secretary Weeks has expressed himself as desiring a national organization to foster and promote sports. Already, in New York, steps have been taken to promote such an organization through formation of alliances between state commissions and through proposals of co-operation in the various sports.

The Legion today has the trained leaders and the trained athletes of the country. It should take the lead not only in active sports, but must have a big voice in directing the future development of athletics in the United States. The men who saved the country can save its sports.

Hay-Riding

By Wright Field

A January hay-ride
Is such a joyous thing;
Your heart thrills to the music
That's in the sleigh-bell's ring!
The sky is blue and cloudless,
So are her melting eyes;
The sun is gold, and nestling
In wavy locks it lies.
With a tingle, tingle, tingle,
Jack Frost just nips your nose,
While jingle, jingle, jingle,
Old Dolly's sleigh-bell goes!

You cuddle down beside her
And feel her leaning near;
For the first time you venture
To call the angel "Dear!"
Her hands are cold—you warm them;
It surely is humane
To let no fellow creature
Endure a needless pain!
And tingle, tingle, tingle,
Your blood a-dancing flows,
While jingle, jingle, jingle,
Old Dolly's sleigh-bell goes!

Her eyes are turned up shyly,
Her lips are turned up, too;
Although you really daren't—
Well, what you'd like to do
Is press a kiss upon them . . .
And then you hit a bump;
The "smack" is accidental,
But, oh, your heart goes thump!
And tingle, tingle, tingle,
You thrill from hat to hose,
While jingle, jingle, jingle,
Old Dolly's sleigh-bell goes!

Restlessness

The Story of a Veteran Who Succumbed

"I had a girl with whom I went out in the evening"

FROM the pages of the newspapers which I wrapped about me at night, I read of the sessions of the unemployment conference at Washington. I digested its discussions eagerly. I followed its reasoning hopefully. I was tremendously disappointed when it adjourned—for it had neither discovered nor explained what is the matter with me!

I was a member of the army of the unemployed, I am also an ex-service man; and I think that if the conference could have found out why I was the first-mentioned because I had been the last, it would have laid its finger on one of the sore spots which is causing so much unrest. For my experiences typify to a great extent the experiences of millions of others who saw service either in France or in the training camps in America. And I believe that if the psychologists and government officials would investigate this human factor which could work but will not, they would have a clue to the vital psychological reason which, in a large measure, is preventing us from getting back to normal. It might solve the secret of why men strike in the face of sure defeat, and why other men rush to break that strike.

Therefore, I am going to relate just what has happened to me before and since my induction into the A. E. F. and later into the shorn lambs of labor.

In 1917, I was a clerk in a drugstore. I had taken the position upon leaving school five years before, and had continued in it because I liked it. The hours were easy and the pay sufficient to keep me comfortably and leave a little over to put away for a rainy day.

In meeting the hundreds of people who came to buy each day, I found a change which took away the monotony. It was a well-greased rut and I never had, as I remember, an unsatisfactory moment.

My life was laid out on a basis of desire and habit. I had a girl with whom I went out in the evening, and occasionally I thought of matrimony. I even had vague thoughts of a partnership in the business at a future date so far off that it was of no consequence at the time. In short. I was so unthinkingly content that I craved nothing more than I had. I wanted to live and die in my town of 50,000 inhabitants.

"I was through"

Then came our entrance into the war. Like almost everyone else I had scanned the headlines, but my easy-going life lacked a comparison, so I had no conception of what it was like in France and spent more time over the standing of the teams than over the daily communiqués. But America's participation brought to me a desire to go, a wish to gratify a suddenly-discovered taste for adventure.

So I jacked my wheel out of the rut and turned off the beaten track into new roads. From one training camp to another I went, finally leaving Texas for an embarkation point, and in January, 1918, I arrived in France. The ability to operate a Ford together with a slight knowledge of its mechanical make-up secured for me the title of chauffeur, first class, which afforded me an unequalled opportunity to take personally-conducted tours into various parts of France.

This brought constant change. No day was like the preceding one. Life became a procession of hotels and camps, villages and cities, and sensation and excitement. The thrilling heart-clutch of being under fire one day was succeeded the next by an innocuous flirtation in the park at Nantes or Bordeaux. Life was so full that the mind could not grasp it all and became top-heavy with its ponderous load of new experiences and unabsorbed knowledge. The yesterdays were forgotten in the newness of today. Such a life was bound to broaden the mind and obliterate the well-worn rut in which I had traveled until torn bodily from it, roots and all. Leisure hours were given over to reading French romances (in English); swashbuckling stories of d'Artagnan, the adventure yarns in the magazines shipped us from America. I traveled so much and changed so often that a two weeks' stay in any one place brought ennui and an overwhelming desire to move on.

Fourteen months of this found me ill in Coblenz; and after a few weeks I was evacuated to the United States. In due course of time the red tape was unwound; the system cast me forth, free to go home.

After the hurrahs and brass bands had played their part, I sought out my old employer and asked for my old job. Gladly did he give it with an increase in salary double to what I had received before my mental revolution.

It was remarkable how easily the old life was resumed; it was as if I had been wearing a new pair of shoes, stiff and uncomfortable and had now slipped into the old brogues which fitted and conformed. My girl had been constant and we early resumed the old schedule of four nights a week—a dance, a theater, a walk and an evening on the parlor sofa. To keep up the figure, I slithered along in the old shoes because they were comfortable and *new* because of disuse.

But after four months the newness was gone. During that time I had basked in the reflected glare of a nation's admiration, which to some extent offered a relief from monotony. But the very routine left my mind free to digest the magnificent collection of adventures and experiences which had overwhelmed me for almost two years. In retrospect I relived every day of it, painting it, you may be sure, in the rosiest of colors. I experienced vicarious adventures through my reading, of which I did more than ever before. This was merely the tentative trying on of the new shoes which as time passed fitted better and better, and like all my friends and acquaintances who had been across, I had an intense desire to return to France.

We had lived then so joyously and rapidly, it had been so new that we had missed much which we now recollected; so we wished to go back with more leisure and better understanding to observe and gratify a newly acquired

(*Continued on page* 18)

The Poor P. F. O.

By Wallgren

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE THE POST FINANCE OFFICER? YOU KNOW HIM — HE'S A BUSY MAN THIS TIME O'YEAR — HE'S THE BIRD WHO COLLECTS YOUR DUES — (OR TRYS TO ANYWAY)

SAY GEORGE, I GOTTA HAVE A TYPEWRITTEN LIST, (NAMES AND ADDRESSES) OF ALL THE MEMBERS IN THE POST RIGHT AWAY!! MAIL IT TOOT SWEET, WILL'YA?

VOICE ON 'PHONE

WHY THE RUSH? I GOTTA DATE TONIGHT, BUDDIE!

THE IDEA — AND THERE'S ONLY 400 IN HIS POST.

HE'S THE ORIGINAL "GEORGE" OF "LET GEORGE DO IT" AND ISN'T SUPPOSED TO LET PERSONAL ENGAGEMENTS INTERFERE WITH POST BUSINESS.

HERES ANOTHER BILL THAT HAS TO BE PAID RIGHT AWAY, GEORGE.

BILLS - BILLS - BILLS!!! THATS ALL I GET FROM YOU GUYS! WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM — THE U.S. TREASURY?

BILL

EVERYBODY EXPECTS HIM TO PAY THE BILLS IMMEDIATELY, REGARDLESS OF POST FINANCES — HE'S THE P.F.O., SO THEY SHOULD WORRY.

YOU GOT A HECK OF A NERVE YOU HAVE, SENDING ME NOTICE TO PAY MY DUES! I JOINED UP IN 1920 AND HAVEN'T RECIEVED MY CARD OR THE LEGION WEEKLY YET!!

INDIGNANT TRANSIENT

THERE'S BEEN SOME MISTAKE! WHY DIDN'T YOU LET ME KNOW SOONER?

HE ALWAYS BEARS THE BRUNT OF THE ATTACK

SAY, HOW COME I DON'T GIT MY LEGION WEEKLY, YET? WOTS THE IDEAR?

GIVE US TIME, BUDDIE — YOU ONLY SIGNED UP LAST WEEK!

ETC. - ETC. - ETC. -

HE MUST ALSO BE AN ABLE DIPLOMAT

KINDLY EXPLAIN WHY YOU ONLY MADE RETURNS FOR 300 MEMBERS WHEN THIS PAPER SAYS YOU HAVE OVER 500!?

OH, THATS ONLY A LITTLE EXAGGERATION BY OUR OVER ZEALOUS POST PUBLICITY MAN IN THE MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN! WE WERE AIMING AT 500!

STATE OFFICIAL

THE DAILY HOWL POST GAINS!! 500 MEMBERS

HE'S GOT TO BE SOME LITTLE EXPLAINER.

SURE, I PUT HIS NAME IN — HE TOLD ME TO! WHY?

LOOKIT THIS SARCASTIC LETTER HE WROTE ME FOR SENDING HIM A NOTICE FOR DUES! HE WANTS TO KNOW WHAT THE HECK I MEAN BY SENDING HIM A BILL WHEN HE'S NOT A MEMBER, ETC. -

HE IS USUALLY THE GOAT — AND —

WHY ALL THE FUSS DEAR?

I GOTTA MAKE OUT SOME OF THESE REPORTS IN TRIPLICATE AND THE DURN THINGS WON'T FIT IN THE TYPEWRITER - I GOTTA WRITE 'EM ALL BY HAND!!! ☆

REPORTS

ONE TO NATIONAL H'QRS. AND THREE TO STATE.

HE NEEDS A WHOLE FORCE OF STENOGS, BUT

WHY DON'T YOU COME TO BED? ITS AFTER TWELVE!

I CAN'T! I'VE GOT TO GET THESE ACCOUNTS STRAIGHTENED OUT BEFORE I GO TO THE BANK TOMORROW!

PUT DOWN 2 AND CARRY 6

- HE CAN'T AFFORD TO MAKE MISTAKES.

- LEAVING A BALANCE OF $99.66 — EXPENSES, $99.79 — LEAVING A DEFICIT OF THIRTEEN CENTS!!

WOT EXPENSES?

HOW COME?

REPORTS

-THE READING OF THE FINANCE REPORT NEVER PLEASES UNLESS IT SHOWS A HEAVY SURPLUS.

HELLO "OLD RELIABLE!" WHAT HAPPENED AT THE MEETING LAST NIGHT - WAS ANYBODY THERE?

DON'T ASK ME! I WAS BUSY FIGURING OUT MY REPORT AND COLLECTING DUES.

STILL FIGGERING - HE DOES IT IN HIS SLEEP

- AND STILL WE WONDER WHY HE CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING BUT FINANCES.

YOU CAN MAKE HIS JOB A WHOLE LOT EASIER BY PAYING YOUR DUES PROMPTLY.

BRING 'EM INTO LINE, BUDDIE! SNAP TO IT!!

"CORRAL THEM MAVERICKS"

+ GEO. N. CALLAHAN, P.F.O. MARINE POST 186, PA.

The Nine Commandments

An Address to Newly-Elected Post Officers

By Lemuel Bolles, National Adjutant

EFFORT is the price of progress. The American Legion during the coming year will advance or retire in direct proportion to the ability of the post officials who have been elected by their comrades to guide their destinies for 1922. Post officers are the platoon leaders of The American Legion. Posts are the fighting units which will carry the blue and gold banner forward to the objectives for this year, or will be overcome to our confusion. Just as the success of every army finally rests upon the fighting quality of the troops and the aggressive leadership of its combat officers, so does the work of The American Legion depend upon the will to win in the hearts of its members, and upon the qualities of leadership developed and displayed by its post officers.

The harmful influences operating against the Legion today work both from within and from without. Those from without which must be overcome arise from an increasing tendency to forget the war, and incidentally, the warrior—a recurrence to the old condition of greed and selfishness and the natural opposition to any change in the established order of things. Those from within, and these are the more dangerous, are led by old General Lethargy, General Indifference, and General Downright Cussedness in human nature.

It was Marshal Foch who sent the famous message: "My right is crushed, my left is crushed; in the center I am doing the crushing."

No post is whipped until it admits defeat to itself. No post should admit defeat to itself so long as one member remains active and on the alert in defense of the principles of The American Legion.

Paul Jones didn't begin to fight until he was about the last man on board ship who could train a gun. No leader who deserted his men in a tight place when conditions were blackest has ever had a bright place in history. The immortal Whittlesey is immortal primarily because when conditions were blackest his courage burned highest. That same spirit in the breasts of eleven thousand post commanders, ably backed up by eleven thousand efficient, conscientious post adjutants, can never be defeated.

By the end of this month, almost every post in the United States will have inaugurated a new set of post officials, and to them this message is directed:

1. *Know and learn your jobs.*
2. *Reorganize your posts and prepare for the zero hour.*
3. *Study the operations orders until you know them by heart.*
4. *Reconnoiter the ground to be covered during the ensuing twelve months.*
5. *Have your objectives plainly in view and determine to accomplish something definite and concrete for the benefit of the community in which you live.*
6. *Pledge yourselves to carry out with the utmost loyalty the suggestions and program which you receive from your Department and National Headquarters.*
7. *Give of your own time and enthusiasm to rekindle the enthusiasm of the members of your post who may be faltering or indifferent.*

Dr. H. Nelson Jackson

of Burlington, Vermont, failed to get into service when the war started because his age, nearly forty-five, prevented enlistment in the cavalry or infantry, or any similar branch of service. So the war actually got to be eighteen days old before he was in service as a first lieutenant of the medical corps. He went through the usual courses for medical officers, was made a captain and then a major.

September, 1918, saw him going over the top with the 79th Division, when the division took Montfaucon. He was wounded on September 27th, in the left forearm, but took a bit of first aid and went right on with his duties. The next day another bullet hit him in the back. He took a little more first aid and kept ahead with the job. Two days later Germany, in desperation, sent over a mess of H. E. and got him in the left forearm so badly he was absolutely put out of commission and was ordered back to the hospital, where he was held until after the Armistice. He was mustered out of service May 13, 1919 with the D. S. C., Croix de Guerre, Legion of Honor and 25 percent disability.

Oh, yes; he is now a National Vice-Commander of The American Legion, and his department, Vermont, is second in the list of States in proportion of Legionnaires to number of men contributed to the service.

8. *Be sure you have the will to win in your own heart.*
9. *Be sure you have clearly in mind what is to be accomplished.*

When this has been accomplished in your own hearts and minds, it will transmit itself to the members of your post in a constantly-increasing rush of enthusiasm. The wise post commander will not attempt to play all the instruments in the band himself. He will give careful attention to developing an efficient team. Every member of the post is interested in the welfare of that post. Give him something definite and concrete to do.

To use a homely expression, "Don't bite off more than you can chew." It is better to undertake one definite task and do it well than to start ten things and finish none.

Don't be "agin" the government in The American Legion. If the thought that you are antagonistic to your own higher officers becomes general in your post, don't be surprised if your members turn "agin" your own government. Department and National Headquarters are not perfect, but the men there are there by your will. If you don't like the way they are doing the job, change them at the next election. In the meantime, give them your hearty support.

Determine upon a definite course of action. Give careful thought to planning the work of the next twelve months. A haphazard policy never deserves to succeed. Outline your year's program, and then plan carefully in advance each separate part of this program. This done, stay with it until you have something better in sight. Don't waste time or thought on the chronic knockers.

Prepare yourself thoroughly before each meeting for the part you must play. See to it that post meetings open on time, that the business is conducted with certainty and snap, and that when the business is transacted, the meeting is closed and the remainder of the evening devoted to pleasant entertainment. Never allow the members of the post to come to a meeting and find you unprepared. Offices in posts of The American Legion are the stepping stones to the future, and that man who fills an office in his post in a way to earn the confidence and respect of his comrades is certain of success in his future life in his community.

Develop friendly contacts with all the organizations in your community, and with public officials. Make it a point to know the members of your post by name. They have paid you the highest compliment in their power. Unless you intend to give them full value for this confidence and honor by an unfailing interest and an earnest application to the discharge of your responsibilities, don't accept the office—but once you have accepted, unswervingly carry on and give them the best you have in you.

Not a man among us but believes firmly that he was a part of the best Army or Navy on earth; that The American Legion is the best organization on earth, and that he is a member of the best post in that organization. The non-Legion veteran and the public at large cannot be convinced by mere noise. We must show them by deeds. Commander MacNider has shown us the objectives. He has called us to battle. Let's go!

EDITORIAL

Our great leaders have not molded, but have been shaped by the public opinion of the nation.—*Julius Hawley Seelye.*

That Restless Feeling

ON another page is printed the story of a returned veteran who found the old before-the-war job and the old before-the-war town so slow and prosaic and irksome that he abandoned them to take that broad, alluring highway labeled "Adventure," which he found led merely to Unemployment. Most ex-service men will read the story with understanding and sympathy but most of them will not be puzzled over what ails the anonymous writer nor join him in blaming the recent national unemployment conference for not prescribing for him. They will readily recognize his ailment as nothing but a case of restlessness—a malady which, while it gained the proportions of an epidemic from which no veteran, probably, was immune, was, withal, a disease ordinarily without serious consequences.

Not so many generations ago men moved with the seasons or with the game they were tracking or with their whims. In those days restlessness was a virtue. Indeed, within the last few decades it has been a virtue for it was similar rebels against monotony and lovers of independence who claimed this continent for civilization. The nomadic instinct is still fresh and strong and all men experience occasionally a desire to go somewhere, to a place far distant.

But the world has changed suddenly. There are no Indians to shoot and Newark, New Jersey, is as romantic as Marysville, California. We have time clocks, and proficiency; patience and determination are the means to success. Our weapons are a lead pencil or a monkey wrench. We are playing a different game and the rules and standards are different. The wise man is the man who recognizes the new rules, swallows his indignation and abides by them.

It is not so easy, though, for a man who has marched to Madelon or seen the world through a porthole to subdue this instinct. Undoubtedly some veterans are without jobs to-day who would not be without them had they mastered the Wanderlust.

But while conceding this, and insisting that it is but a minor cause of the unemployment among ex-service men, we would remonstrate with the man who unqualifiedly criticises them, the man who says: "These ex-soldiers—they're no good. They won't settle down and stick to business." We would remind this man that most of the ex-service men of the nation are the sons and grandsons of men who lived in a day when sticking to business was not always, as it is to-day, considered one of the most desirable traits of character, that they are the victims of an hereditary desire aroused in the strongest manner possible, and that it was this hereditary desire which took them to France and the North Sea and won a war. They are war casualties entitled to sympathy and assistance.

As to the men themselves, while they are entitled to sympathy they probably won't get it, and most of them will snap out of it when Top Kick Experience gets through with them.

A Comparison That Isn't Odious

IN making the inevitable comparison between the consistent non-partisan attitude of the Legion and the early political difficulties of the Grand Army of the Republic, it must be remembered that the two organizations have widely different backgrounds.

The Grand Army was born from a war which involved the greatest internal political issues in American history. A man became a partisan by the very act of enlisting. The bayonet superseded the ballot, the battlefield the polling place.

It was quite otherwise in 1917 and 1918. Partisanship was confined to minor parliamentary tactics, and did not emerge as a dominant factor until the war was over. Four years ago we were asking, not whether a man was a Republican or a Democrat or even a Prohibitionist, but whether he was an American.

It was inevitable that the Grand Army should experience a political nightmare before the dawn of its real power and mission. The Legion, in the very nature of the case, could not in its early days have been confronted by anything like the same situation. The Legion could hardly have got into politics if it had wanted to, and now, with freedom from political bias as much second nature as honest endeavor, the chances of its ever getting into politics grow dimmer every day. But we must not attribute this necessary and desirable isolation wholly to our own efforts. We must remember that circumstances over which we had no control had a lot to do with it. And we may be grateful that they did.

Confiscation and Compensation

JOSEPH TUMULTY in his book, "President Wilson as I Knew Him," quotes a letter which was written by President Wilson to Mr. Tumulty before the question of adjusted compensation had been raised:

Dear Tumulty:

I think that anything of this sort would be a mistake. We ought not to get sentimental at the wrong spot. The young men of the country did register in fine style, but it was their duty to do so under the law and there were very heavy penalties attached if they did not, and I do not think that they ought to be specially lauded for doing what the law explicitly and imperatively commanded.

THE PRESIDENT.

This is not the first time that emphasis has been placed on the fact that participation in the war by men picked under the Selective Service Act was not a question of the individual's choice, although it does not alter the fact that the overwhelming majority of men in the service did not need coercion. But here is the important consideration: 23,908,576 men were registered under the draft law; only 2,740,422 were actually inducted into service. In other words, the Government commandeered the time and services of 2,740,422 men at a basic wage of $1 a day, less deductions, while the other 20,000,000 odd registrants continued at civilian tasks, earning big salaries and high wages, profiting hugely and directly by the fact that they were not called into service.

The Legion's Adjusted Compensation Bill would partly equalize the army compensation of those who did serve with the civilian earnings of those who did not serve. It is a fundamental legal principle that there shall be no confiscation without compensation.

President Wilson's view that the soldiers should not be "specially lauded" is understandable. The soldiers and sailors themselves, long ago tired of those whose attitude toward the nation's obligation to its veterans has been: "Pay it with flowers."

Do It There!

WHILE declaring itself in favor of the rigid exclusion of all aliens for a period of five years, the Third National Convention of the Legion recognized the fact that legislation to effect this result cannot be passed and put to work overnight. Wisely, therefore, it urged one provision that can and should be put into early operation, whatever Congress may decide to do about the general question of exclusion.

The Legion believes that all prospective immigrants should be registered and examined, physically and mentally, at the point of departure. William Slavens McNutt, in an article recently published in this magazine, clearly demonstrated the necessity for the adoption of such a program. The keenest sufferer under the present arrangement, he showed, is the immigrant himself, who literally stakes his future on the chance that he will pass the examination conducted at the port of entry. Thousands of immigrants have been turned back to the countries whence they came after setting foot on American soil, usually the dubious and necessarily inhospitable soil of Ellis Island. The only advantage they had gained was the ocean trip—and they had paid well for it, often out of the last of their resources. America has not only refused these thousands admittance, but has turned them back paupers, creatures in whom hope has been succeeded by bitter despair—undesirable citizens not alone to us, but to the very countries whence they came.

Examining immigrants on this side of the ocean is no more sensible a procedure than it would have been to draft an enormous American army, bundle it forthwith aboard a convoy, and conduct physical examinations at Brest.

Keeping Step with the Legion

and The American Legion Auxiliary

A Big Time Coming

ONE thing, along with many others, that was proved at the Kansas City convention was that the most famous soldiers and sailors in the world, the greatest parade in America since the war, official and unofficial reunions of all the old outfits that ever were and the decisions of a busy organization's busiest year cannot be crowded into three short days. That is why the committee on the next convention urged the necessity for a five-day meeting at New Orleans this fall. But as the provost-marshal of Tours did *not* say to the provost-marshal of Blois, "It's a long time between conventions." And Legion history is written between conventions — the conventions only divide that history into chapters.

It is the recognition of this fact that is behind the call sent out by National Commander MacNider for a meeting at Indianapolis on January 20th and 21st of the National Executive Committee, department commanders and adjutants, Auxiliary officers and other Legion workers. There will be some notable guests, but they will be seen and not heard until the banquet that is to be the wind-up of the meeting. The real purpose of the meeting is work. It will be as important an event in Legion annals as a national convention. It will be, in fact, a little national convention, but it will be little only in the sense that there will be no fireworks or fanfares or souvenir programs.

The first function of the Indianapolis conference will be a discussion of ways and means of perfecting co-operation between the Legionnaire and his community, the Legion keynote for 1922. With this end in view, National Commander MacNider will urge the adoption of a plan calling for a nation-wide service and compensation census.

The primary purpose of this census would be to see that every ex-service man had all that is coming to him from his Government. No one who has not made a personal investigation can understand the widespread unfamiliarity of the veteran with the laws designed to benefit him—and heaven knows some of them were hard enough to get passed. For instance, how many men know they must get on record with their war injuries by next August if they wish to profit by the provisions of the Sweet Act? It would be part of the job of the Legion census to list such men and see that they took advantage of their privileges before it was too late.

* * * *

ACCORDING to this plan, which achieved remarkable success in Iowa last year, thanks to splendid Legion and Auxiliary co-operation, the departments would be divided into districts to each of which a Legion or Auxiliary member would be assigned by the post embracing the particular community. These unofficial census takers would then proceed to canvass every house in their districts, following up every bell-ring with the query, "Is there a veteran of the World War in your family?"

The answer would probably be, "Yes, and he doesn't want to buy anything," which would be followed by the unanswerable retort, "I don't want to sell him anything, I want to *give* him something." The unofficial census taker would then ask if the veteran had his Victory Medal, whether he were entitled to compensation and whether he were receiving it, if he had the uniform to which he was entitled and the sixty-dollar bonus due him. He would be asked, quite incidentally, if he were a member of the Legion, and if he said no, he would be told that that made no difference, that the Legion post in his community would see that he got what was due him whether he wore the blue and gold button or not.

This plan isn't all the little national convention will discuss two weeks from now. It will hear from the lips of Auxiliary officers the program planned for the Auxiliary's first year of independent existence. It will talk over the National Commander's suggestion for a rotating Legion fund whereby payments under the Adjusted Compensation Bill may, if the payee thinks he doesn't need the jack, be pooled and lent without security to buddies who are broken in health. For, as the National Commander says, "The passage of the Legion's bill will do more directly for the men broken by the war than anything that could be planned." The special Galbraith Memorial Committee, composed of Gilbert Bettman, Robert Black, and Milton Campbell, representing the city of Cincinnati; Past Department Commander John R. McQuigg of Ohio, who succeeded Mr. Galbraith in the department office, and Past National Commander John G. Emery of Michigan, who succeeded him in the national office, will report, and in addition the National Executive Committee will set to work on the mass of detail referred to it for action by the Third National Convention.

It will be a big two days.

* * * *

Legion Calendar

Dues

They're due-er than ever. Square up with your post. And send in your subscription card to the Weekly—with your correct address. The circulation manager will hit you where you live. Read about it here.

Post Elections

Absorb what the National Adjutant has to say about post officials—page 11.

Coming Holidays

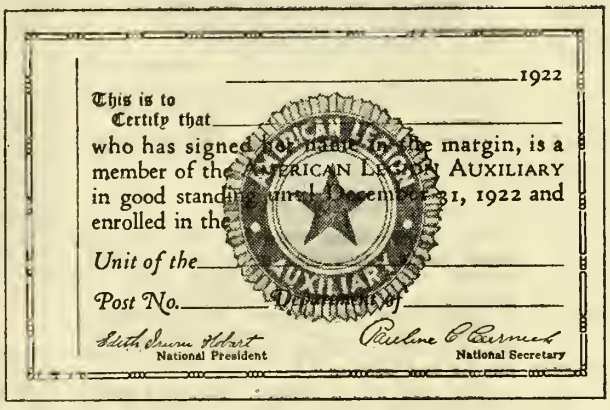
Lincoln's and Washington's Birthday plans are shaping up.

Unemployment

Make two jobs grow where but one grew before—and land a vet in each of them.

Auxiliary

Here's the membership card—further information in this department.



WE gave the Missouri department a poor Christmas by carelessly assigning Kansas City to the State of Kansas in the Christmas issue. Missouri hasn't complained as this abject apology is being devised, so we are hastening to assure her and hers that no slight was intended. In fact, the Keeping Stepper (or should he call himself the Step Keeper?) prides himself on his geography, and moreover is well qualified in this case to tell the world from actual experience where one State ends and the other begins. For, while attending the Third National Convention, he inadvertently stepped over the boundary into Kansas, felt in

(*Continued on page* 20)

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

Sure Thing, Now

Some years ago an engineering company, laying a railroad in the wilds, had occasion to employ a number of foreigners on grade route. In some cases, these men through their own ability or through the scarcity of more competent workers, became sub-foremen, who were instructed to take charge of their particular part of the job in case of the death or illness of their immediate superiors. It was from one of these that the company received the following telegram:

"Boss dead. What to do?"

"If you are sure he is dead, bury him. Will send another boss," wired back the company. The next day they received a second telegram from the obliging alien:

"All right, buried him. Made sure he was quite dead. Hit him on head with shovel."

Only Kind Available

In summer's heat we groaned and now
We're filled with deep vexation
By cold and snow. Would you call this
Adjusted compensation?

Terrible Jimmy

Jimmy, somewhat of a braggart, was telling his father and mother of his experiences while out camping.

"And all at once I stepped right on a big rattlesnake," he began.

"How did you know it was a rattlesnake, Jimmy?" asked his father skeptically.

"I could hear its teeth chatterin' the minute it saw me."

O. D. Fairy Tales

"Say, even the K. P.'s can't have no seconds to-day."

"I'm sickern'ell, Sarge. I gotta go on sick report."

"I didn't hear the bugle."

Light duty.

"Thanks awfully for the socks."

"They'll trust me in that caffy."

"I'm sorry, but I'm broke myself."

"I was right in the company street all the time."

Sunny France.

"Them two stripes mean I'm 'nofficer."

"Please write a lonesome soldier."

"Turned down a kraw de guerre. Too common."

"I comes right back at th' loot an' says—"

"They all fall for me."

"I wasn't sleepin'. There was just somethin' in my eyes so I closed—"

Bean soup.

"You'll find the guard line in the supply sergeant's tent."

"I couldn't come. I was on guard."

"I'll nail the top for this when I get out."

"That guy with the gun is my orderly, ma'am."

Canteen prices—a fraction above cost.

"My sister's sick, Cap'n. I gotta have a pass."

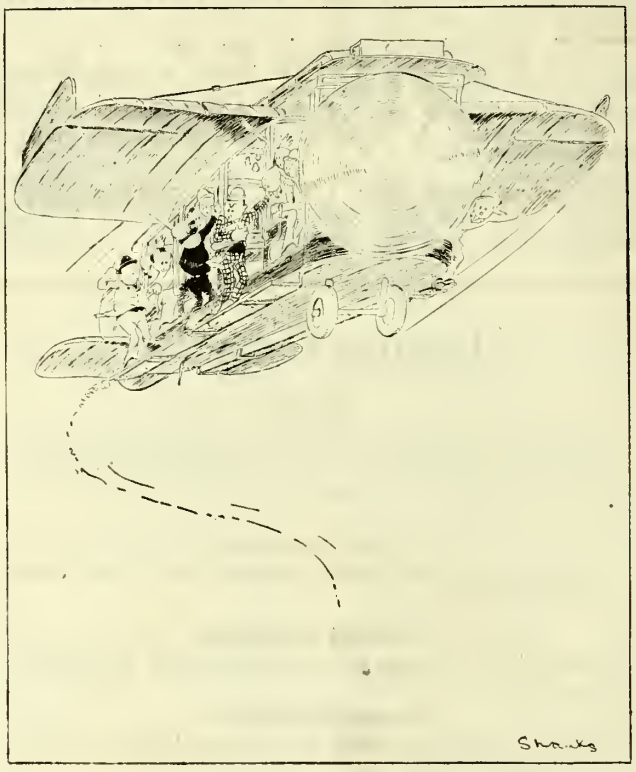
Company funds.

"Would have written sooner, but they were out of paper."

"I already put in my ante."

"You bet I'll come back for you, Colette."

"Cert'nly, it was a seven."



Conductor: "You pay your fare or get off!"

"My arm's so sore I can't go on the hike."

"I tripped and dropped my rifle in the dirt, sir."

Rest camps.

"You're the only girl I'm writing to."

"Sir, somebody swiped my slicker."

"Men, you'll need that dubbin some day."

Pay day.

"Next war I'll stay home and give until it hurts."

A Crop Failure

The suburbanites were boasting proudly about their respective crops of parsnips, though why one should boast about a parsnip is beyond human imagining.

"Last summer," observed the optimistic-looking man, "I grew parsnips so big that I had to hire a steam derrick to get them out of the ground."

"My crop was a failure," said the pessimistic-looking man sadly. "Started off like world-beaters but sickened and died. All of a sudden, too."

"What was the matter?"

"We didn't find out for a long time. It was because the ends of the roots had been eaten off by rabbits in Australia."

All Threats Ignored

"What do you like best, Elsie?" he asked as they sat together on the porch hammock.

"Ice cream," she answered promptly.

"Scream your head off. I'm going to kiss you anyway."

Double-Barrelled Rejection

She: "I'm sorry, but I don't love you enough to marry you. But I'll always be a sister to you."

He: "Not a chance! The family's overcrowded now."

Absolutely

It was when they started school for seamen on the U. S. S. *Missouri*. A young ensign, assigned to instruct the class in grammar, demanded: "What are the two principal parts of a sentence?" and waited for the inevitable reply: "Subject and predicate."

But it was not forthcoming. Instead a veteran gob shook his head sadly and replied:

"Solitary confinement on bread and water."

The Unterrified

A newspaper reporter had been regaled with a sensational story from a rural subscriber and was trying to seek verification.

"Is the fellow that told me this regarded as a truthful man?" he asked.

"Waal," replied the next-door neighbor and best friend of the man in question, "I ain't sayin' he ain't altogether truthful, but I kin say that what happened t' Ananias an' Sapphiry ain't never affected him a mite."

Great American Landmarks

He was showing the fair guest the sights in Springfield, Ill.

"And is that dirty little shack where Lincoln lived?" she inquired.

"Heavens, no!" he replied. "Why do you ask?"

For answer she pointed to a small tin sign that flapped on the wall. It read:

UNION LEADER.

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.

5. That the ancient and honorable institution of armor-bearer be revived, and that one be assigned each doughboy to carry his pack, rifle, tin fedora and mustard nose bag.

(*To be continued*)

But Have Patience!

Said the newly arrived missionary to King Oola J. Boola of the Cannibal Isles:

"I have come among you as a missionary, ready to serve."

Said King Oola, who was accounted something of a wag, as he surveyed the lanky figure:

"No, you're not ready to serve—not yet."

Revenge Is Sweet

Ex-Doughboy: "Did you ever get even with that second loot since the war?"

Ex-Buddy (now a plumber): "I'll say so. I fixed some pipes in his cellar."

Which Af-Fords Much Pain

"Pa, what's automobiliousness"

"It's a disease of the flivver, my son."

The Co-operative Method

He: "Can you keep a secret?"

She: "Oh, yes, do tell me. I was so worried because I couldn't think of a thing to talk about at the card club this afternoon."

From $600 to $9000 a year

The Remarkable Story of W. J. McCrary and How He Increased His Income from $2.00 a Day To $800 a Month

These are the plain, cold facts about a man who, after twenty-two years of hard work, suddenly learned the secret of success; a man who jumped from debt and poverty to happiness and prosperity.

A few years ago W. J. McCrary was doing clerical work for an insurance organization in a small town in Georgia. His income was $2.00 a day. He was trying to buy some property and was several thousand dollars in debt. With these obligations, and with the pitiably small income, there didn't seem to be much chance to make ends meet.

And yet, today, McCrary is a successful business man. He has plenty of money for all the things he may need or want. In one month he made $865.80 clear profit.

I am going to tell you exactly how McCrary became successful and how you, too, can do as he did and secure the same success for yourself.

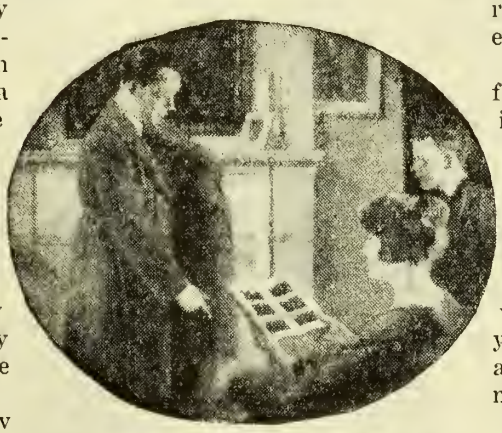
Remember that McCrary was living on an income of $2.00 a day. He had no surplus cash, he was in the same fix, or even in a worse position than nine out of ten other men. He had to do without almost everything that he wanted.

Today, he is out of debt; he is the owner of seven houses, an automobile; he can travel when and where he pleases; he sets his own hours; he is his own boss; his business is growing bigger and bigger from month to month and his income is about $9000 a year.

One day when things were at their worst McCrary read an advertisement which said that a man could make $50.00 to $200.00 a week in easy, pleasant employment. He could hardly believe it but, without much hope, he answered the advertisement.

He knew that he couldn't lose anything and that there was just a bare chance of gaining a great deal.

In a few days he received his reply; and with it a book, a little 8-page booklet, that told him how to make money. There wasn't anything complicated or hard about it. It showed him how he could start right out without any training and without any previous experience and



start making money immediately.

He started to work one Saturday noon and before dark had made $4.50. It wasn't much, but that first $4.50 proved to McCrary that he was no longer a two-dollar-a-day man, that after twenty-two years of privation, his opportunity had come.

In a few weeks he was making from $50.00 to $75.00 a week. Steadily that income has grown until, today there is hardly a month that he makes less than $500.00.

How He Did It

McCrary is the representative in his territory for Comer All-weather Coats. As a Representative of The Comer Manufacturing Company, he has built for himself a substantial and permanent business; he is just one of many who have found their opportunities in this fine business.

You have the same opportunity that McCrary had; you can do just as he did and you can own just as much as he does. It is not necessary for you to be a salesman; it is not necessary for you to know anything about clothing. The Comer Manufacturing Company is a big, substantial, well established manufacturer of fine raincoats. Instead of selling their coats through stores as other manufacturers do, they appoint local representatives who act as their dealers.

There is no trick to taking orders for Comer raincoats and the reason is simply this: That Comer raincoats are manufactured in the Comer factory and sent direct to your customers by parcel post. You, as a representative, will simply take orders; the wonderful values and styles speak for themselves and with such values and such materials, your business will grow just as fast and just as big as you are willing to make it.

If you are interested in increasing your income from $100 to $1000 a month and can devote all of your time, or only an hour or so a day, to this same proposition in your territory, write to The Comer Manufacturing Company of Dayton, Ohio. Simply sign the attached coupon and they will send you, free of charge and without any obligation, complete details of their remarkable offer.

Mail this Coupon at Once

The Comer Manufacturing Co.,
Dept. F-421, Dayton, Ohio.

I would like to know more about your proposition. Please send me, without any expense or obligation, complete details of your offer.

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Address .....

Post Office .....

State .....

Be the "Tom Brown" of Your Town

You may have the talent to develop into a Saxophone wizard like Tom Brown, of the famous Tom Brown's Clown Band, the highest priced musical act, and enjoy this most pleasant of vocations. True-Tone Musical Instruments have helped make famous Tom Brown, Art Hickman, Clyde Doerr, Donald Clark, Clay Smith, Guy Holmes and thousands of others. $500 to $1000 weekly for but two hours a day is not uncommon for musicians of such ability to earn.

BUESCHER

True-Tone Saxophone

It is the easiest of all wind instruments to play and one of the most beautiful. Three first lessons sent free. You can learn the scale in an hour's practice and play popular music in a few weeks. Practice is a pleasure because you learn so quickly. You can take your place in a band within 90 days, if you so desire. Unrivaled for home entertainment, church, lodge or school. In big demand for orchestra dance music. A Saxophone will enable you to take an important part in the musical development of your community. It increases your popularity and your opportunities, as well as your pleasure.

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You may order any Buescher Saxophone, Cornet, Trumpet, Trombone or other Band or Orchestral Instrument without paying in advance, and try it six days in your own home, without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy payments to suit your convenience. Mention the instrument interested in and a complete catalog will be mailed free.

Saxophone Book Free

Tells what each Saxophone is best adapted for; when to use singly, in quartettes, sextettes, octettes, or in regular band or Saxophone Band, and how to transpose for cello parts in orchestra. Send coupon below for free copy.

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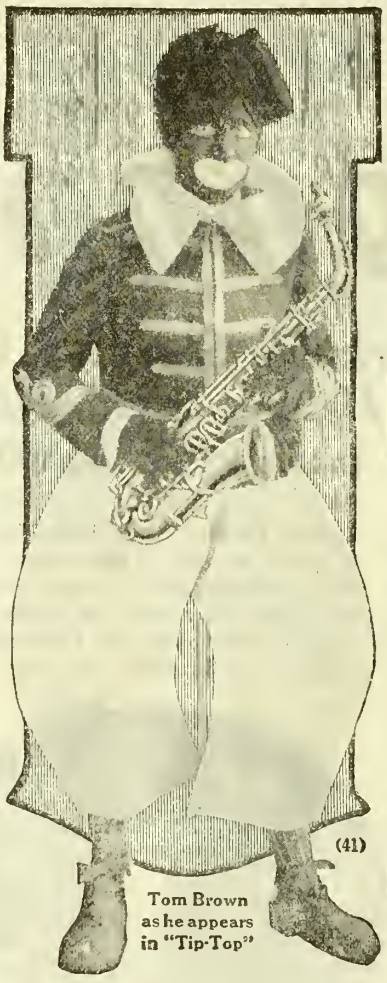
Please send me a free copy of "The Origin of the Saxophone."

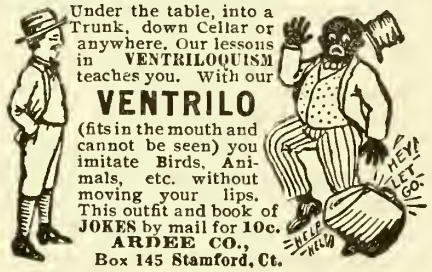
Name .....
Town ..... State .....
Street Address ..... Mention any other instrument in which you are interested.



Tom Brown as he appears in "Tip-Top"

(41)

THROW YOUR VOICE



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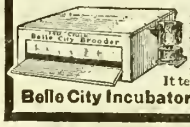

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Common education sufficient.
Ex-Service Men get first preference.
Send coupon today—SURE.

COUPON

Franklin Institute, Dept. W186, Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Send me, without charge, (1) sample Railway Mail Clerk Examination questions; (2) Schedule showing places of all coming U. S. Government examinations; (3) list of many Government jobs now open; (4) Information regarding preference to ex-service men.

Name .....
Address .....

Chain Store Service for Ex-Service Men

(*Continued from page 6*)

in the world," he declares. Spending $450,000,000 a year in all, most of it for the compensation and training of the injured and disabled and in insurance awards. Checks going out every month for the allotment and allowance, insurance and compensation claims of Uncle Sam's veterans in every part of the world—a total of $596,868.70 shipped every thirty days to eighty-six foreign countries. More than 400,000 ex-service men in all upon a year's pay roll. Claims filed in excess of 750,000. Since the clean-up campaign which began in August, 82,000 veterans interviewed, 35,000 new claims filed and 30,000 "reported adjudicated." Between September 7th and December 1st the number of disabled soldiers and sailors and marines receiving vocational training had increased 19,203—from 82,738 to 101,941.

"So it goes—and in the midst of all this comes moving day."

With that, Colonel Forbes goes on to relate the status of the transformation of the mail order establishment into a chain store system. In each of the fourteen district offices, he explains, are to be kept the complete records of all the veterans giving addresses within that district. This in order that no one will ever have need in the future to journey to Washington to get his business cared for properly and promptly.

The records of District No. 4, including Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and the District of Columbia, were the first to be separated from the files of the main office and decentralized.

The files of District No. 13, covering the States of Washington, Oregon and Idaho, were shipped out about a month ago to Seattle, along with orders for a personnel of 366 office workers.

District No. 9, which includes Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Missouri, got its records next, and has opened a big office in a tower building in University City, in suburban St. Louis, formerly occupied by a publishing plant. This district's force will number 766.

The records for California, Nevada and Arizona, District No. 12, will next be shipped to an office soon to be in full operation in San Francisco.

By the end of this year—it is predicted that it will take that long—the mail order establishment in Washington, D. C., will have completed its transformation into a chain store system throughout unless serious difficulties arise in the meantime to delay the changes required by law. Selah!

Colonel Forbes is, of course, an ex-service man. Solid of build, stubby-fisted, aggressive in gesture, he gives one the first impression that he rather enjoys tackling a hard job. The story you hear in Washington is that he came to the capital with his heart set on no less Herculean a task than that of attempting to unmuddle the affairs of the Shipping Board. If this is true the president perhaps persuaded him that the Veterans Bureau was something even tougher than shipping. Anyhow, Colonel Forbes has found something here to keep his hands full, something which, if successfully coped with, will merit him a fulsome citation in general orders and a palm on a Croix de Guerre.

A predecessor in office wrecked his

health at the task and at this writing lies in the hospital seriously ill—just as much a war casualty as was Colonel Whittlesey of the Lost Battalion. Colonel Forbes appears to be temperamentally and by training suited to bear the strain his task imposes. A self-made man, this latest director, who has been battling against obstacles ever since, at the age of ten, he set forth on his own with a tin cup and $1.39 and went to sea on an old New England square-rigger. Some more formal school followed in a Massachusetts academy after he made port again; but he learned his profession of engineering "from the ground up and on the ground," beginning in railway construction work in the Northwest, and scoring the biggest triumph of his career when he got the Pearl Harbor naval base in the Hawaiian Islands completed after others had failed. His military experience overseas was as a Lieutenant Colonel with the 33d Division, assigned first to infantry duty, then to the Signal Corps.

The second in command at the Veterans Bureau, Major Leon Fraser, the executive officer, is a contrasting type to the director and what might be styled a "complement." He entered Columbia University at sixteen and left it a few years later with a flock of degrees—A.B., A.M., Litt.B. and Ph.D. Not yet thirty-two, he has crowded into his post-college years varied experiences as a newspaper reporter, lecturer, college instructor and business executive. In war time he shipped overseas as a private with the 30th Division. Less than five months after he enlisted he attained a commission as major, to serve as an assistant judge advocate; and he ended as acting judge advocate of the S.O.S. Returning to Washington, he went to work in the War Risk Insurance office as an associate counsel, and rose from there to the post which in a corporation would be designated as first vice-president.

The affair that keeps Major Fraser the busiest these days is that of how to keep his head above water while he and the largest clerical division of the Veterans Bureau struggle to cope with a flood of claims for compensation. Article No. 1 of the Bureau's published program pledges the concern to undertake "to provide compensation for every man who suffered injuries or contracted diseases while serving in the military or naval forces during the World War that may have rendered him ten percent or more physically disabled." More than 750,000 claims have been received already—and to this fact Major Fraser calls attention first, with a plea that claimants be not too impatient and that they take care to have their papers in order before they open formal negotiations with the Government.

"Here is the way to save delays," he advises. "First of all, dig up your discharge. If you have lost that valuable bit of paper, make application for a certificate of lost discharge, which will do just as well. Your discharge and a statement which is evidence that the disability you suffered really was received in service or as a result of service are all the papers you need to file your claim. But about that statement let me give one warning: It must be genuine *evidence*, describing symptoms, such proof as a court of law would accept. It won't suffice for your family doctor to say, 'I saw Bill Jones and he had tuberculosis.' He must say 'I saw Bill Jones, on such and such a date and in such and such a place, and his symptoms were as follows,'—proving a case of tuberculosis.

"The law is extremely liberal, as a matter of fact, and any tuberculosis or neuro-psychopathic case which develops within two years after discharge is deemed to be due to service. Two-thirds of the cases in our hospitals, we find, fall into these two classes, of 't.b.' and 'n.p.'

"I'd further advise that you make use of the branch offices to help you. They are scattered all over the United States. Consult the list and find the one nearest your home. Take your discharge paper and your evidence to one of these offices. There you can get a free medical examination and the free service of a notary, and the man at the desk will take care of you. This will save you delay and insure that your papers are in order when they arrive here. Make use of the services available to you close at home—that's what this chain store system is there for.

"Give the new system a chance to prove its usefulness. It's there for *your* service."

UNITED STATES VETERANS BUREAU
WASHINGTON, D. C.

TO ALL FORMER SERVICE MEN

1. The United States Veterans Bureau was created to serve all ex-service men and women and I insist that all veterans get a square deal.

2. Employees will give you a cordial welcome and full information concerning your case. The law will be administered in the broadest and most sympathetic way possible.

3. You are entitled to information, assistance, and advice concerning the law and the Bureau's requirements. Employees will make these plain to you.

4. You will not be given short and unsatisfactory answers to your questions, but will be properly and sympathetically advised.

5. The services of the Bureau are at your disposal as a tribute to your patriotic service during the World War, and it is expected that you shall always receive courteous and helpful treatment. Any deviation from these rules should be reported to me. I want you to have every benefit which your grateful Government has provided.

C. R. FORBES, Director.

This bureau is your bureau. Here's its invitation

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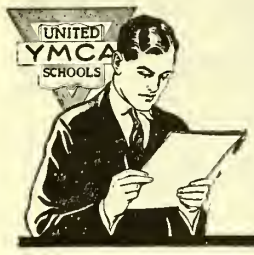
Scholarship Awards to Ex-Service Men Are Still Open



Through the generosity of the War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A., it has been made possible for ambitious ex-service men, for a limited time, to enroll for spare-hour courses at half of the usual tuition fees. This unusual opportunity is still open.

More than 20,000 ex-service men have already been enrolled for correspondence instruction in the United Y. M. C. A. Schools. This instruction service is distinctively of the individual kind, adapted closely to the particular needs and aims of the student. The latest text-books are used, supplemented by clear lesson guides and frequent letters from a competent, sympathetic teacher.

There are no extra costs, except postage on answers sent to the instructor. Even instruments are furnished with the drawing courses. A unique Students' Service Department takes an active interest in all personal problems, including personal development, employment, business relationships, etc.

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375 Lexington Ave., New York City

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—Building Construction	—Mechanical Engineer
—Business English	—Plumber
—Business Law	—Poultry Husbandry
—Business Organization	—Radio Operator
—Chemistry	—Radio Engineer
—Civil Engineer	—Railroad Engineering
—Civil Service	—Salesman
—Commercial Spanish	—Secretarial
—Concrete Engineer	—Steam Engineer
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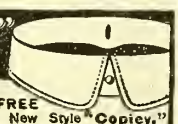

Send 2 Cents in U. S. stamps to pay postage and we will send you FREE a SAMPLE COLLAR of our New Style "Copicy." State size wanted. REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. 115, Boston, Mass.

Restlessness

(*Continued from page 9*)

taste for excitement, or as we put it: "Go somewhere where something is doing."

The sameness of my everyday life commenced to gall me. I wanted to do something else, but for the life of me, I could not tell what it was. I had an ambition to be different from what I was. My town seemed too small for me. I had witnessed life on such a colossal scale that now this little city with its Main and Water Streets was a pigmy in comparison.

My girl, a nice sweet girl, the like of whom every small town has in profusion, became just a garden variety of girl in my eyes. After the more sophisticated —or should I say cosmopolitan?—Red Cross nurses and Y. M. C. A. girls, my taste, so to speak, had been spoiled. Understand me, I do not try to defend this attitude of mind. I merely record just what I thought, and for that matter still do think.

I fought this gradually growing discontent and strove hard to adjust my gear to the cog-wheel of the commonplace. But it was no go. I had acquired a champagne taste with only a beer salary and was determined to go forth and find the founts where champagne was the rule and not the exception.

It was the same with my friend Hagar, if you will pardon a short digression. Hagar was a drill press operator before he spent one hundred and eight days in the front lines. He was a good operator and upon his return again occupied his greasy little stool. He remained three months and quit. When I asked him why, he said: "My God! You can't commence to imagine the agony of sitting on that stool eight hours a day and doing the same operation a thousand times. If I hadn't quit, I should have gone crazy!"

And then there was Jessen who operated a string of automatics. He lasted only two months. And he too told the same story.

"I simply couldn't stay another minute. I stood there all day doing a picayune operation that the machine could not do for itself. I'm going to get a man's job that offers more excitement than that."

To get back to my own story; it was six months to a day when I quit! The offer of an increase in salary and the enticing prospect of a share in the business did not deter me. I was through! Something was dragging me bodily away; the new shoe became a neat fit and indeed, a seven league boot, for it was taking me away in giant strides from what for twenty-two years had been my environment.

New York, of course, was my first objective. With a small amount of money and a colossal belief in my ability to do great things, I descended upon the metropolis determined to exert those marvelous talents which, I thought, existed within me.

First I became a chauffeur, because it offered novelty and changing scenes. But my employer's patronizing air vexed me and I quit. I was a salesman, but failed to earn my advance money. I tried to get a job on a steamer, but men with more experience than I were lying on the beach waiting for something to turn up.

Then I decided to write. My letters from France, published in the home pa-

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Which Sets On your Tongue Unseen, It NEVER FAILS Anybody Imt. Birdcalls. The CLAXOPHONE, with Full Instructions, a Set Of SECRET-WRITING TRICK, (beats Invs., Ink) a MAGIC-DIAL Trick, (a Great Money maker) ALSO, This Marvelous Novelty-

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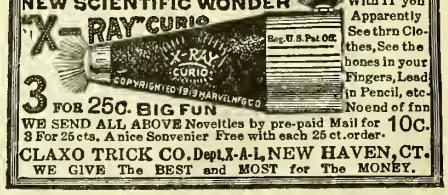

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the stationery that tempts a girl to write to you oftener because its rich quality and beautiful finish makes correspondence a pleasure.

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Have a bottle of Sloan's Liniment *handy* in case of sudden attacks of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica or lumbago. Also good for lame back, sprains and strains, over-worked and sore muscles.

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per, had attracted attention, and were, so I was informed, much admired. This, I believe, was my latent talent; so I started pounding out sophomoric themes on a rented typewriter. My pile of rejection slips became bigger and bigger as my stock of money dwindled and finally disappeared, unable to withstand the drain of food and postage. I thought I needed more background and entered college with the idea of working my way through. But I could not stand working shoulder to shoulder with seventeen-year-old boys.

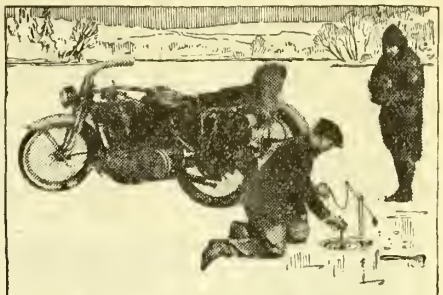
I wandered hither and yon, from pillar to post, seeking something that would alleviate that internal gnawing which never ceased. I found it on a park bench where I went when funds were gone. Here were hundreds of ex-soldiers and sailors and vagrants, employable and not. Most of them felt as I did. A return to France was the main desire, but the prospect of a job anywhere in the wild places would have answered their purpose. Some even entered the Spanish Foreign Legion.

We became strikebreakers and enjoyed it. The thrill of a possible clash with honest men looking for a wage increase added the tang for which we were looking. There was also the transitoriness of the work with its promise of quick change. Most of us were content to give voice to the internal longing which knew no surcease, but some went to seek the fleece via the freight train or tramp steamer. The rest were content to sleep in a park and trust to luck and a kindhearted passerby for breakfast and lunch.

I have a job now. I took it because I have an honest desire to work. I want to work, but I cannot find the job which will content me. I want to get married, but I want something better than love in a cottage. I want hundreds of things unknown to me and undesired three years ago. I should like with all my heart to fit my wheel back in the old rut, but the wheel is too big. Or, to return to the old figure, the old shoes are gone and the new have become the old, fitting comfortably and itching for action. How long I will remain at my present job is problematical. I may have quit it by the time these lines see print. This, you may say, is my fault, but I disagree with you. I have tried hard, as have many of my friends, to settle down to the old life. But the gypsy strain in us, for so long dormant, has assumed the ascendancy, and eggs us on willy-nilly, making the hazardous life of intermittent labor infinitely more preferable than the commonplace easy chair at home, making the cheap, irregular meals more endurable than homecooked food.

This may possibly wear off. I am inclined to think it will. But I am not so sure about the after results. The migratory instinct once aroused is hard to control, especially when the itching know not what irritates them. How many of the strikes which are called where money and hours are not the main issue, are due to this aroused discontent is a matter of question. But one thing is true. Whatever is the matter with me is the matter with a lot of others.

If the psychologists can diagnose our trouble and physic it out, the wheels of progress will be relieved of many brakes which now retard our reconstruction program. What then is the matter with us? We really want to know.



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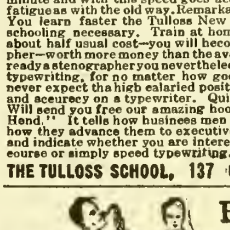

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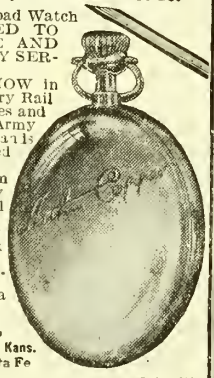

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taking orders for Insyde Tyres—inner armor for automobile tires. Positively prevent puncture and blowouts. Guaranteed to give double tire mileage. Use over and over again. Old worn-out casings will give three to five thousand more miles service. Enormous demand. Every auto owner a prospect. Write quick for agency.

AMERICAN ACCESSORIES CO. B-1706 CINCINNATI, OHIO

Keeping Step with the Legion

(*Continued from page* 13)

his pocket for a cigarette, found he didn't have any, and tried to buy some.

Good place for a row of stars.

* * * *

No Tickee, No Washee

THE world's greatest poker game, now being played by every Legionnaire, with his post adjutant as dealer, is progressing favorably. Our jocular reference is to the coupon system whereby every paid-up member's name is now being recorded on five cards, one of which is his actual membership card, and another of which is his subscription card to this magazine.

The membership card is the member's own portable proof of the fact that he is a Legionnaire in good standing. The other card—let's quote a little office dialogue (you'll find it comes pretty near being a monologue):

Us: "Now, Mr. Circulation Manager of the Weekly, about these subscription cards—"

C. M. (mean initials, those): "Those cards! *Those cards!* THOSE CARDS!"

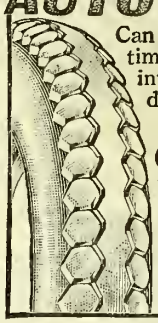
(Brief interval for passage of severe attack of what used to be called delirium tremens.)

C. M. (picking up thread of his discourse in an effort to show he understands more than two words of English): "Tell them to mail their own. Tell them not to leave it to a post officer. Lookahere. Here's a bunch of 219 cards from one post—good stuff, prompt work, and all that. Got here so early, in fact, that we had a chance to check them over against our own addresses for the 1921 Weekly. And what do we find? Well, the post adjutant sent those 219 cards in himself, and *he addressed them from his post records.* And, as I was saying, what do we find? Well, we find that out of those 219 cards, the addresses of 12 men are different from the latest change of address in our own files. Which means—what? It means that the member recently sent us a new address, without notifying his post adjutant, and the post adjutant, in filling out the 219 cards, used the addresses on his own books.

"What would happen if we hadn't caught 'em? Remember, we *can't* catch them when they come in at the rate of 10,000 a day. Well, this is what would happen: Twelve men out of 219 would say, 'No Weekly again! Just after I've finally got those people sending my magazine to my new address, back they jump to the old one! Can you beat it? I wouldn't have known it if the postmaster hadn't been good enough to tip me off to what had happened.'

"The answer? The individual member must send in his own subscription card. Nobody knows your address so well as you do. The individual member knows where he lives better than his post adjutant knows it. If he takes the card in his own hands as soon as the post adjutant gives it to him, he can see with his own eyes whether his address is correct or not. Then, if he mails it himself, he takes full responsibility for getting the Weekly. If he'll see that his address is correct and mail

AUTO DRIVERS



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a little instrument, fits in the mouth out of sight, used with above for Bird Calls, etc. Anyone can use it. **NEVER FAILS. Also a 32 PAGE BOOK** which gives full instructions on Ventriloquism. Formula for Secret Writing [Invisible Ink], 12 Money Making Secrets and **10 BIG TRICKS ON MAGIC** all for **10¢**

ROY. NOV. CO., Dept. 328, 80. Norwalk, Conn.
LARGEST and OLDEST Mail Order House in Connecticut.

We pay $8 a Day

taking orders for *guaranteed hosiery* for men, women, children. All styles, colors, including finest line silk hose.

Guaranteed To Give Satisfaction or New Hose Free

Often take orders for dozen pairs in one family. Repeat orders make you steady income. Devote spare time or full time. It will pay any man or woman to handle this guaranteed line. No experience necessary. Get started at once. Best season of the year. Write for samples.

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More men are needed to repair the 9,236,000 automobiles that are now in use. The demand for expert mechanics and auto engineers was never so great.

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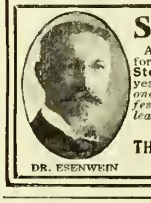

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pages, 215 beautiful pictures and color plates Hatching, rearing, feeding and disease information; describes the busy Poultry Farm handling 53 varieties including Indian Runners. Tells how to properly choose fowls, eggs, incubators, cheap feed and PURE-BRED **BABY CHICKS.** This practical book worth dollars mailed for 10 cents.

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the card himself, we'll do the rest."

Us: "Won't it help the post records as well if the member sees to it that his address is correct—that is, won't it make the post address file absolutely up-to-date?"

C. M.: "You said it. It will help the post as much as it helps the member and department headquarters and the Weekly. Oh, say, tell the post adjutant to *print* the names on the subscription card, too."

So there you are.

New post officers are hereby reminded that instructions for filling out the cards are printed on the cover of the card-books sent out by National Headquarters. Additional information appeared in the Weekly of December 2d, page 15, and of December 23d, page 18.

Post adjutants and finance officers got off to a flying start under the new card plan, as prospects around Christmas were that more than 20,000 subscription cards would be in the Weekly office before the end of the year. Even before Christmas 31 States had some cards in.

Remember, no cardee, no Weekly.

Vive l'Auxiliary!

"CARDS FOR WOMEN!" is the slogan of the Auxiliary, too, just now. The Auxiliary member only draws one, however—here's hoping it's to a full Legion house! A picture of the Auxiliary membership card is shown on page 13. It has space for the name of the member, the name of her unit, post and department, and the date. Unit secretaries (unit secretary is feminine gender for post adjutant in the Legion's grammar) will receive from their department headquarters a supply of remittance sheets which are to be made out in triplicate, one for the unit itself, the other two (including the original) to be forwarded to Auxiliary department headquarters together with department and national per capita tax.

(We know it's dry reading, ladies, but ignorance of the law is no excuse.)

Well, let's see: Anyway, one of the two lists sent to department headquarters goes to National Headquarters, unless somebody sneaks them from under the watchful eyes of a U. S. M. C. mail car guard—and the lists must be typewritten—and at National Headquarters there will be prepared a complete national membership roster.

"See that the name of every member of your unit is in this roster," urges Miss Pauline Curnick, National Secretary of The American Legion Auxiliary. "In the years to come, you will be glad to know that your name was listed in this our first year of national organization. Hand your 1922 membership dues to your unit treasurer and receive a membership card early in the year. Carry it and show it to your friends."

Outfit Reunions

Owing to the time necessary to print this magazine, contributions for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

1ST AIR DEPOT, Colombey-les-Belles—Reunion at Reisenweber's Restaurant, New York City, on Jan 11. For information address Arthur F. Allen, 51 Riverside drive, New York City.

302ND, 303RD, 304TH UNITS, Graves Registration Service—Reunion at Washington, D. C., evening of Jan 7. For information apply to Raymond P. Rocca, 1342 Irving st., Washington, D. C.

Chase Pain Away with Musterole

When the winds blow raw and chill and rheumatism starts to tingle in your joints and muscles, get out your good friend Musterole.

Rub this soothing white ointment gently over the sore spot. As Musterole penetrates the skin and goes down to the seat of trouble you feel a gentle, healing warmth; then comes cooling, welcome relief from old man Pain.

Better by far than the old-fashioned mustard plaster, Musterole does the work without the burn and blister Grandma knew so well.

For croupy colds, sore throat, rheumatism and congestion of all kinds, just rub on Musterole.

Don't wait for trouble, keep a jar or tube on the bathroom shelf.

Recommended often by nurses and doctors, it comes in 35c and 65c jars and tubes; hospital size, $3.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

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MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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To introduce the best automobile tires in the world. Made under our new and exclusive Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process that eliminates **Blow-Out—Stone-Bruise—Rim-Cut** and enables us to sell our tires under a

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We want **an agent** in every community to use and introduce these wonderful tires at our astonishingly low prices to all motor car owners.

Write for booklet fully describing this new process and explaining our amazing introductory offer to owner agents.

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☐ Telephone Work	☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ MECHANICAL ENGR.	☐ Show Card & Sign Ptg.
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☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Private Secretary
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☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ Stenographer & Typist
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant
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☐ Marine Engineer	☐ Commercial Law
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Name _____ 7-1-21

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We Pay $8 a Day

taking orders for Rotastrop for sharpening Safety Razor Blades. Every man a prospect.

600 Shaves From One Blade

Quick velvety shaves. Models for sharpening nearly all makes of Safety Razor Blades. Wonderful invention. We make deliveries. No collecting. All you do is take orders. Absolutely guaranteed or money back. Write for territory.

BURKE MFG. CO., R-207, Dayton, Ohio

THE VOICE OF THE LEGION

The Editors disclaim responsibility for statements made in this department. Because of space demands, letters are subject to abridgement.

Norfolk Hospitality

To the Editor: There has been called to my attention the article in a recent issue of the American Legion Weekly entitled "Sailing for Home and a Record," in which occurs the following paragraph:

"It happened in this way. We had been over there longer than we cared to think about, and when finally on our homeward voyage we learned that the sub-chaser convoy had been ordered to Norfolk we arose in mute rebellion. No naval man wants to be ordered to Norfolk—nor, on the other hand, does Norfolk want any naval man to be ordered there. Why not, we thought, go to New York, where we would be welcome?"

This statement is an uncalled-for slur upon the Port of Norfolk, and does it great injustice. I doubt the accuracy of the statement that no naval man wants to be ordered to Norfolk. Norfolk has been one of the principal homes of the Navy for more than a century. Many of the officers and men of the service entered it from Norfolk; many others have married here; many others have been here on long terms of duty, during which they have given indications of attachment to the community.

The statement, on the other hand, that Norfolk does not want any naval man to be ordered there, is not only untrue, but would be vicious if it were not so ludicrously untrue. I have myself sometimes thought that the City of Norfolk was subject to criticism in its frequent requests to the Navy Department that naval vessels should be sent here, believing as I do that that is a matter to be determined with reference to the strategic and tactical requirements of the Navy Department.

After the Armistice, when the men were being brought back, the incoming ships were met, whether by day or by night, by the canteen service of the Norfolk Red Cross Chapter, and I suspect that if the author of this article could have interviewed some of the tens of thousands of men who were landed here, he would entertain a different opinion of Norfolk's hospitality from that which he so ungenerously expresses.—ROBERT B. TUNSTALL, *Commander Post No. 36, Norfolk, Va.*

An Echo of the Tuscania

To the Editor: I should like to bring to the attention of the members of The American Legion a situation in which some of them can certainly be of great assistance to the widow of an American captain who lost his life off the coast of Ireland when the transport *Tuscania* was torpedoed. The officer in question was Capt. Leo Parrott LeBron, whose widow lives here.

All of Captain LeBron's baggage was lost. Mrs. LeBron is a widow without any means, except the government pay, and has two small children dependent upon her for support. We are trying to get reimbursement for her husband's baggage.

The Oklahoma department of the Legion was instrumental in having drafted a bill which we thought was broad enough to get the allowance under, but it seems now that the War Department construes it so that before we can get this allowance we must show whether the property was lost before or after Captain LeBron's death. Hence we are endeavoring to find some survivor of the *Tuscania* who knew Captain LeBron, and knows the circumstances of his death—whether he was able to put off in the small boats, etc.

A Captain Bishop, of the Engineers, it is understood, survived the wreck and, if located, could probably give the information desired about Captain LeBron's death. The Department of Oklahoma will be very grateful for any information.—ROY HOFFMAN, 906-912 *State National Bank Bldg., Oklahoma City, Okla.*

PROTECT YOUR HOME and Earnings

With this 25 Cal. regulation blue steel AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

Regular Price $22.50

OUR PRICE While they last $9.75

Keep one of these safety brand new revolvers in your home and be fully protected against burglars, thieves and hold up men. It's a terrible fright to wake up in the night—hear noises downstairs or in the next room—and realize your neglect has left you wholly UNPROTECTED.

Buy one of these revolvers and be always **fully protected.** Handsome blue steel, gun-metal finish. **HAS DOUBLE SAFETY** and is practically **"foolproof"** against accidents. Perfect grip, accurate aim. Rifled barrel, hard rubber, checkered grips, safety lever. Holds 7 cartridges. Small, compact, lies flat and will not bulge out pocket. **Shoots the Standard Auto Cartridges.**

SEND NO MONEY

Order today. Just send your name and address and say which Automatic you want.

No. 460 is 25-calibre, 7-shot, as illustrated, Regular price $22.50 Our price..... **$9.75**

No. 3560. Same style as above, only 32-calibre. 7 shots. Regular price $25.00. Our price only..... **$11.00**

No. 860 is larger size, 32-calibre, military model, automatic 10-shot, extra magazine FREE. Regular price $25.00. Our special price only..... **$12.00**

GET A SOUVENIR OF THE WORLD WAR

If you did not get a chance to pick up one of these famous German automatics "over there" here is your chance now.

Each gun is brand new.

No. 4560, 25-calibre genuine Mauser. The only 25-calibre automatic that shoots 10 shots. Blue steel finish. Value $35. Our price only..... **$14.50**

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No. 4060 30-calibre, genuine imported Luger. Don't be misled by a gun that looks like a Luger automatic. We are selling this wonderful world-famed gun at such ridiculously low prices because of our ability to purchase in quantities. The Luger shoots 9 shots. Has automatic magazine ejector. It is the latest model with safety attachment. Regular value up to $90. Our special price, while they last, only..... **$28.50**

GUARANTEED BRAND NEW GOODS

Don't wait. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed after examination, or money back. Order this bargain today. Write clearly your name, address and the Number of the automatic you want to order. **Send no cash.** We ship by return mail. Pay Postman on arrival our price, plus postage. Send for free catalog.

PARAMOUNT TRADING CO.

34 West 28th St., New York City

BILLIARD TABLES BOWLING ALLEYS

The largest stock of Billiard Tables in America for immediate shipment—wood or steel construction; and the finest line of supplies. Also "Pix Unit-Built" Bowling Alleys and the "Yankee" Pin Setter, the most perfect ever devised. Write for complete Catalog of Equipment and Supplies—No. 6504.

ALBERT PICK & COMPANY

208-224 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Missing in Action—The Collar of Our Coupon Hero—"Buddy in the Barrel"

We've all fought the Battle of Collar Buttons—dusting around the bedroom, going over the top of the bureau, digging into the bed clothes, laying down a verbal barrage from beneath a dresser, parrying right and left with a broom handle far under the springs.

We've all fought this early-morning collar *button* engagement—but there's only one Bimbo who's ever been worsted in a *collar* setto.

And that's our own Buddy in the Barrel, he that formerly owned the wooden suit, hero of the Battle of the Coupons.

When you started to dress up "Buddy in the Stave Enclosure," he was pretty well fixed on collars, you remember. But, alas, while you were getting him into the world's best clothing, underwear, hats and shoes, he lost his collar in the shuffle. Somebody dealt from the bottom of the pack.

Advertising on collars dropped out of the Weekly as quietly as a dog robber dodging a morning drill. The neck hold was too much for Buddy, and he let go. Now we've got to cover up that bare spot. We've got to decorate his Adam's apple.

Buddy, of course, didn't worry much about collars in *le guerre*, except when he was called down for tucking in the corners and then for not tucking them in. Either way often meant a reprimand. All according to the idea of the C.O. as to style.

Naturally he enjoyed looking 'em over—the collars—on sunny days for specks of animated dandruff—"seam squirrels" in our lexicon of the lines.

But high collars, stiff collars, were never hung on Buddy's puptent ropes to be purloined at midnight by a buck from an adjoining company street.

Now—how different! He wants the best in collars. Collar ads loom before him in other national publications—on billboards, in street cars, newspapers—everywhere. And yet Buddy is the great uncollared.

We are going to ask our three-quarters of a million reader-owners to help collar this nattily attired individual.

You govern Buddy's dress; you command his equipment; you order his boots; you name his food; you choose his music.

It's up to you what neckpiece Buddy calls his own.

Collar the coupon. Get the dotted lines by the neck.

Name your brand of collar—the one you want advertised in our columns.

From Color-ado 'n the world over, use the coupon for an ante.

Isn't our Weekly the best medium for collar advertising? You tell 'em Legionnaires, we'll have the mail trucks back up at the P.O.

To the Advertising Manager,
627 West 43d St., New York City

I would like to see advertised with us:

Give brand of collar.....

Because.....

.....

This coupon is for all live-wire Legionnaires to fill out.

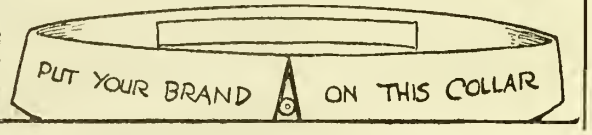
But if you are a dealer or salesman handling this line, please

indicate by check mark .....dealer.....salesman

Name.....

Address.....

Post.....



Our Directory

These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell our AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY." Or tell the same thing to them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad. in the salesman or dealer from whom you buy their products.

ARMY GOODS
Russell's, Inc. 21

AUTO TRUCKS
VVVVThe Autocar Company .....

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS
VV American Pub. Co. .....
VVThe Pathfinder 18

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES
American Accessorics Co. 20
Belle City Incubator Co. 16
Berry's Poultry Farm 21
Burke Mfg. Co. 22
VVVComer Mfg. Co. (The) 15
V Hydro-United Tire Co 21
Langan & Phillips 20
V Mellinger Tire & Rubber Co 16
VV Albert Mills .....
Parker Mfg. Co. .....
Razo Novelty Co 21
VV Standard Food and Fur Association 20
C. H. Stuart & Co. 21
VVVThomas Mfg. Co. 20

ENTERTAINMENT
V T. S. Denison & Co. .....

FIREARMS
Paramount Trading Co. 22

FOOD PRODUCTS
VV The Genesee Pure Food Co. .....

HOUSEHOLD FURNISHINGS
VVVHartman Furniture & Carpet Co 3

JEWELRY, INSIGNIA, MEMORIALS
Decorative Arts League .....
VVVC. K. Grouse Co. 21
V Flour City Ornamental Iron Co. 18
V B. Gutter & Sons .....
VJohn Polachek Bronze & Iron Co. .....

VV Redding & Co. .....
Santa Fe Watch Co. 20

MEDICINAL
The Musterole Co. 21
V Sloan's Liniment 19

MEN'S WEAR
Hart, Schaffner & Marx .....
VKahn Tailoring Co 4
Perfect Wholesale Tailoring .....
Reversible Collar Co. 18
Wilson Brothers .....

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
V Buescher Band Instrument Co. 16
VV Thomas A. Edison, Inc ..... Inside Front Cover
Lyon & Healy 19

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

PATENT ATTORNEYS
J. L. Jackson & Co. 18
VVVV Lacey & Lacey 19
C. A. Snow & Co. 16

SCHOOLS AND INSTRUCTION
American School 20
Bodee Schools of Mechanical Dentistry 21
VVChicago Engineering Works 17
Columbus Institute .....

"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.

# of Advertisers

VVVFranklin Institute. 16
V Hamilton College of Law 20
Home Correspondence School 20
Illinois College of Photography 18
International Correspondence Schools 22
VV La Salle Extension University 21
V The Lewis Institute 21
Arthur Murray .....
V Patterson Civil Service School 19
VVVWilliam Chandler Peak .....
V Pelman Institute of America .....
VV Standard Business Training Institute 18
VVVSweeney School of Auto-Tractor-Aviation .....
VV F. W. Tamblyn .....
VV The Tulloss School 19
VUnited Y. M. C. A. Schools 18

SMOKERS' NEEDS
VV The American Tobacco Co., Inc .....
V P. Lorillard Co .....
Lyons Level & Tool Co. .....

SPORTS AND RECREATION
Ardee Co. 16
Claxo Trick Co. 18
V Harley-Davidson Motor Co. 19
Hendee Mfg. Co.—Indian Motocycles .....
V Albert Pick & Co. 22
Royal Novelty Co 20
Royal Sales Co. 20

STATIONERY AND WRITING MATERIAL
VVVEaton, Crane & Pike Co 19
Universal Co .....

TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH
VV American Telephone & Telegraph 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.

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Actual photo of one of our rebuilt Underwood Typewriters

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CHICAGO
UNDERWOODS

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And It's YOURS!

STANDARD UNDERWOOD

Rebuilt like new. Every typewriter is factory rebuilt by typewriter experts. New enamel—new nickeling—new lettering—new platen—new key rings—new parts wherever needed—making it impossible for you to tell it from a brand new Underwood. An up-to-date machine with two-color ribbon, back spacer, stencil device, automatic ribbon reverse, tabulator, etc. In addition, we furnish FREE waterproof cover and a special Touch Typewriter Instruction Book. You can learn to operate the Underwood in one day.

From Factory to You

Yes, only $3 brings you this genuine Rebuilt Standard Visible Underwood direct from our factory, and then only small monthly payments while you are using it make it yours; or, if convenient, pay cash. Either way, there is a big, very much worth-while saving, too. Genuine, new Underwood parts wherever the wear comes—genuine standard, four-row, single-shift keyboard—thoroughly tested—guaranteed for five years.

$3 Puts It in Your Home

You don't even have to scrimp and save to pay cash. Instead, you pay only a little each month in amounts so conveniently small that you will hardly notice them, while all the time you are paying you will be enjoying the use of and the profits from the machine.

10 Days' Free Trial

Remember, you don't even have to buy the machine until you get it and have used it on 10 days' free trial so that you can see for yourself how new it is and how well it writes. You must be satisfied or else the entire transaction will not cost you a single penny.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM
SHIPMAN-WARD MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill.
2511 Shipman Bldg., Montrose and Ravenswood Aves.

Send by return mail Bargain Offer No. 2511 of a Standard Visible Writing Underwood. This is not an order and does not obligate me to buy.

Name.....

Street or R. F. D. No.....

Post Office.....*State*.....

Mail TODAY! Act NOW!

Now is the time when every dollar saved counts. Let us save you many dollars. Don't delay. Get this wonderful easy payment bargain offer now, so you can send for and be sure of getting your Underwood at a big saving—on our easy terms or for cash.

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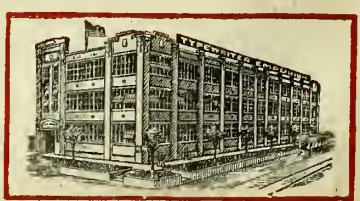

All shipments made direct to you from our big modern factory (shown above)—the largest typewriter rebuilding plant in the world