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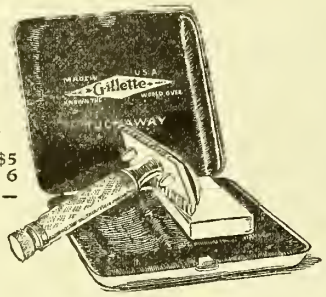

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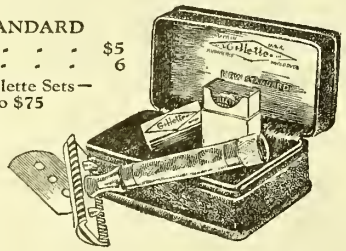

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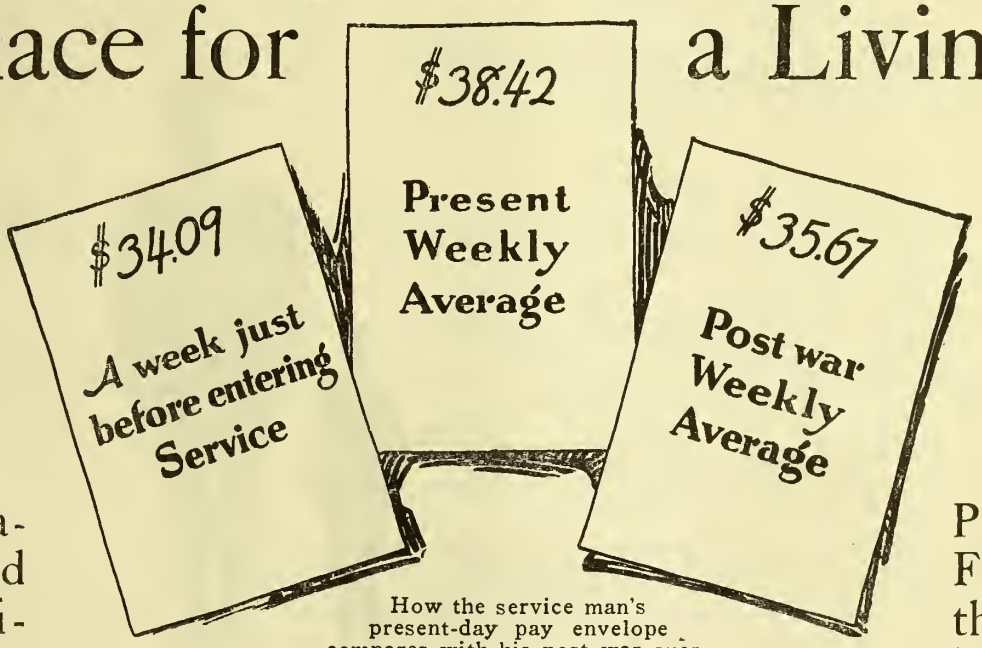
How Buddy Has Fared in the Race for a Living

Some Statistics and Comparisons on the Peacetime Fight of the Fighting Man



How the service man's present-day pay envelope compares with his post war average and his 1917 economic status, according to answers to the Weekly's questionnaire

By Thompson Mitchell

STATISTICS ordinarily seem dry as gunpowder and rather wearisome to read through, but in this particular parade of statistics the subject covered is of lively interest to every American who went to war. Facts and figures have been recruited from veterans throughout the country, and will hereinafter pass in review, to show just how things have gone with the average ex-service man since he marched home, changed his clothes, and resumed his normal pursuits.

Ever since Mr. Hohenzollern ran away from home and took to sawing wood and writing memoirs, some four million Americans have been trying to make up for lost time. How they have fared, generally, has long been a moot question. There has been much speculation and guessing on the subject. But now, in the light of definite information acquired by The American Legion Weekly, there is at last conclusive evidence that buddy's happy home-coming to music did not lead to a primrose path of economic advancement.

To be sure, the war had its satisfactions in the laurels of ultimate victory, and there is no gainsaying the pleasure derived from the cheers of townspeople and neighbors. But soldier appetites could not feed long on laurels and cheers. From the very beginning the men disgorged from the army's and the navy's swollen ranks found themselves nose to nose with the tribulations and discouragements of a war period's aftermath. Thenceforth, as shown by the facts, ex-service men as a class have been climbing a long, steep, difficult trail to get back to where they were, economically, when the great call came.

How have they succeeded? Are they better off, or worse off, than the man who stayed at home?

To derive the facts bearing on the average ex-service man's economic attainments during the three and a half years he has been out of service, two thousand questionnaire blanks were mailed by The American Legion Weekly several weeks ago to as many Legionnaires residing in all parts of the country. Names were selected by lot, at random, with the result that about sixty percent of the mailing went to men in cities and towns in the various States; the remainder went to men in villages and rural districts. Thus was information sought from men in all conditions and walks in life, so that, in the final striking of averages, the returns would provide a composite report typical of the status of ex-service men generally.

In view of the fact that the men petitioned were obliged to sit down and answer ten extremely personal questions, the result was gratifying. There was a return of 757, or about 38 percent, a number large enough to serve as a basis for computing fairly accurately the post-war welfare of ex-service men by and large.

Let the figures, then, tell the story. Take incomes. In the three months before they forsook their regular occupations to occupy themselves with the grim business in Europe and the preparation for it in America, the average weekly pay of these 757 men was $34.09. Since the war these same men have averaged $35.67 a week; and at the present writing they are earning an average of $38.42 a week.

After three and half years, following many months on small service pay, the average ex-service man has been able to increase his income by $4.33 a week. But taking the post-war period as a whole, he has been able to earn only $1.58 more a week than he was accustomed to earn in the ante-bellum

days when he was considerably younger and less experienced. It is not a heartening achievement from any viewpoint.

In analyzing these figures it must be borne in mind that these men are passing through the years of life which usually bring greatest development and advancement. Many of them gave up two whole years or more in the service of their country, for the benefit of all. Add all this time together, consider the loss in earnings represented, and then regard $1.58 and $4.33 as sums of remuneration. They are picayune indeed.

Even so, few ex-service men who express dissatisfaction would feel as they do if it were not for the ever rankling thought about how much better off other wage-earners have been who did not serve. Not those who could not serve, but those who did not—the ones, many of them, who volunteered to stay home. As further light on the foregoing figures, a few comparisons are in order. Let us see how other wage-earners fared.

One has only to consult the reports of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue on personal incomes to visualize the other side of the picture. During 1917 and 1918, the years when some five million stalwart young Americans were in uniform at small pay, personal incomes in America increased enormously. Wages jumped everywhere except in the Army and Navy, and due to wartime restrictions on luxuries and to the buying of Government bonds at liberal interest, savings jumped correspondingly.

In the $1,000 to $2,000 income class, 1,640,758 persons filed returns in 1917, and then in 1918 the number dropped to 1,516,938—simply because inflated wages raised tens of thousands of wage-earners above that class. This is proved by a glance at returns covering the $3,000 to $4,000 class: 374,958 persons reported incomes of $3,000 to $4,000 in 1917 as against 85,122 persons in 1916, and 610,095 in 1918 as against the number in 1917.

Reviewing the national income as a whole is one good means of getting a logical picture of conditions during and since the war. In 1917 the national income jumped eight billions over that of the year before, and national savings increased four billions. In 1918 the aggregate income rose another eight billions, and savings still another four billions. In 1919, when the Army and Navy released the veterans, the national income increased only four billions, and savings *decreased* seven billions. In 1920, incomes went down a billion and savings further decreased three and a half billions.

In other words, it is plain to be seen that the folks at home earned and saved a great deal of money during the fat years of 1917 and 1918. While the war was on they lived carefully, perforce, what with meatless, wheatless, heatless and other days of abstinence, and poured their surplus earnings into savings banks and into the Government's Treasury in return for bonds.

Twenty-six percent of the veterans interviewed say they have made up the economic handicap imposed by the war, but an overwhelming majority of 68 percent roar "No!" Six percent are uncertain and do not answer

But in 1919, the year of demobilization, living costs had risen higher than ever. Then began the great era of spending, that wild indulgence in automobiles and luxuries that set in the moment war restrictions were abrogated, and which hastened deflation. All this during the months that men just out of uniform were canvassing factories, counting rooms and offices for jobs.

At the peak of high wages, in July of 1920, the average weekly earnings of all wage-earners in the United States amounted to $29.81. Since then there has been a general decline of about 24 percent—a decrease due, however, more to part-time operations than to wage reductions, though both have been factors.

Only 57 percent of the men heard from have been regularly employed since demobilization

This figure is lower than the average earnings of ex-service men for the simple reason that it represents all kinds of labor, women and children included. It is better, perhaps, to note that ex-service men's wages have not been much higher, despite the fact that the Army and Navy drew upon the country's highest order of intellect and manhood.

Moreover, the $1.58 and $4.33 increases in the pay of the average ex-service man shrinks to even lower dimensions when living costs are considered. The National Industrial Conference Board's latest report shows that the cost of living rose 94 percent from 1914 to 1920. Between November, 1919, and March, 1920, when ex-service men were just getting re-established in civilian life, there was an increase of 6.9 percent in living costs. The cost of clothing climbed 18 percent during the same period; rent 8 percent and food 4.2 percent. Food prices now are back almost to the level of 1917, but clothing prices still remain somewhat above the old scale. Total increases of rentals over the country as a whole amount to 65 percent for the period between July, 1914, and March, 1922.

Forty-six percent of the men answering are following the same occupations they did before the war. Fifty-four percent have been forced into or changed over to other fields of endeavor

And now to get back to the other phases of the ex-service man's economic experiences since the war. In face of the facts on his income, it is scarcely to be wondered that 68 percent of the 757 answered "No"—against 26 percent who answered "Yes"—to the question asking whether they considered that they had made up the economic handicap incurred by their military service. Some six percent remained uncertain.

But there was no uncertainty in the minds of those answering "No." They replied in the most emphatic terms. Some were literally explosive. "Not by a damn sight!" several wrote, while others vented warm feelings about slackers who stayed at home and drew high pay. Some complained that their war service had cost them their seniority rights in corporations employing them, thus causing them to suffer delays in advancement. Many did not content themselves with merely answering the questions, but were determined to write lengthy bits of varying comment.

As an instance, hark to this from an ex-captain:

"I happen to be a physician, so a number of your questions are hard to answer, hence this method of replying. My work has returned to me very slowly, and I can assure you that the past few years have been anything but a bed of roses. It has been necessary for me to borrow money to live while endeavoring to rebuild my practice; and now, after three and a half years, I am just beginning to pay up on the loans made when I started back into practice. Before going to service my practice was equal to about $600 a month."

One chap sat down and tabulated what he would have earned in civil life during the 23 months he was in service, added up the pay he had drawn in the Army, and showed what he considered to be a loss of $2,630. Another man, an ex-lieutenant of the Medical Corps, bluntly declared he had lost $30,000.

Incomes stated in the returns ranged all the way from $10 a week to one instance of $500 a week, the latter reported by a physician. Of about half a dozen doctors heard from, at least four of them mentioned the difficulties

they have been having in regaining their practice, whereas several lawyers whose incomes had increased since the war stated that they believed that their participation in the war had helped them professionally. It may be noted, and is perhaps significant, that the lawyers in each case are practicing in small towns, where virtually everybody would be likely to know them and their war records.

One former second lieutenant who had been earning $25 a week before going to war, and is now drawing $55, explained the increase as follows:

"This large increase you see in my salary before and after the war really deserves explanation. When I was mustered out of the Army I immediately went to see about getting my old job back, and found that it was being held down by one of my former subordinates who had escaped the draft due to having a wife and child. They offered me another position, but refused to give me my old place because they appreciated the fact that this man had been with them throughout the time when men were scarce more than they appreciated my going and fighting for them. This was my first knowledge of how returning soldiers were going to be treated, and I was so disgusted I left my home State and came out to the Southwest, where I have succeeded far above expectations."

Of the 26 percent answering "Yes" to the economic handicap question many were likewise emphatic in their answers. One man whose salary had increased said, "There was no handicap; it was an asset." Another, still earning the same small salary he earned before the war, displayed the spirit of Nathan Hale. This man wrote, "I have nothing to regret for doing my duty." Many who had been officers in the service have profited since by the executive ability they were in a position to develop in wartime.

But more than 80 percent of the questionnaires were returned by former enlisted men; and of course the great majority of the men who saw service served in the ranks. It is among these, the lowly bucks and the gobs, that progress has been well-nigh negligible.

The figures disclose that only 57 percent of those heard from have been steadily employed since demobilization. Of the 757 men, 58 have been seriously handicapped by disability from wounds or illness incurred in service. Some of these are permanently disabled and have been subsisting entirely on compensation allotments from the Government.

Total time of unemployment among the 43 percent who reported time lost through no fault of their own has amounted to 2,876 months. Reduced to

(*Continued on page* 20)

Trading with the Bolsheviks

The Cargo Is Brought to Port, the Committee Prepares to Do Business—and Then Some Upstart Mentions Money

By John Palmer Cumming

This is the second of two articles by Mr. Cumming describing the sale of a shipment of American flour to the Soviet Government of the Transcaucasian Union. In the first article, published last week, Mr. Cumming described the arrival of the cargo in Constantinople and the journey to Batum, on the Black Sea. The present article narrates the painful ceremony of introducing the flour to its purchasers and the even more painful process of collecting for it.

WHITMORE and I paced the deck arm in arm. Below was the four thousand tons of American flour that had caused so much delay and so many complications, and that now supplied us with so many conjectures as to the future. Whitmore was to collect five hundred thousand gold rubles for the bank. I was to deliver the flour to the Russians at Batum. It seemed very simple.

Above us, on the bridge, the German master of the German ship was searching the Black Sea for mines. The chart showed that we were in the center of a mine field, and the engines were purring so slightly that we hardly moved through the waters. We had felt during the two days on board that the captain still bore a grievance against the entire Allied alliance for humiliating his flag and his crew, and was still mentally irritated over the fact that two aitch-dropping English Tommies had been his guardians through the Bosporus.

In Whitmore's room there was an empty bottle, marked Moet & Chandon, from which he and I had silently lifted glasses to the Armistice, for it was November 11th, and Whitmore had laughed at the secrecy of it. The captain had invited us on the bridge for liqueurs and coffee, but his eyes fell when he saw the champagne bottle that Whitmore had opened, and once more the wounds of Armistice Day, with all it had meant to him three years before, had been reopened.

Fifteen hours more and we should be on land and, as Whitmore expressed it to me in gleeful confidence, "Thank goodness, he can have his old Boche boat. I'll take the gold back on another ship."

As we swung forward once more in our intermittent after-dinner exercise we met the captain descending from the bridge.

"Say, you," the captain said to me, and I knew that he was still mad over his flag, the guards, and the champagne, "didn't you tell me that I could relay messages to Constantinople through the destroyer at Samsoun?"

"You can send messages to the American Embassy there," I said, "if they are about American business."

"Well," he snapped back, "I don't see why I must send your American Embassy any messages that are meant for my agents. I just sent a message to Pappadopoulous to tell him that we were arriving tomorrow morning at Batum, and the destroyer wired back that they would not take it."

"Of course they couldn't send such a message through unless I signed it," I said, getting more and more irritated. "I hope you don't think that American destroyers are scattered around the Black Sea to pick up your messages without any charge. Anyway, they don't know your agents in Constantinople, and they are certainly not going to make a telegraph office out of the communication office there for you."

The army habit of speaking back in the tone addressed was giving me trouble. "But I'll tell you, captain," I answered in a nicer tone, "if you will let me write the message, we can send it to Riff through the embassy, and he will notify everybody concerned."

"Don't want to send any messages," the captain answered.

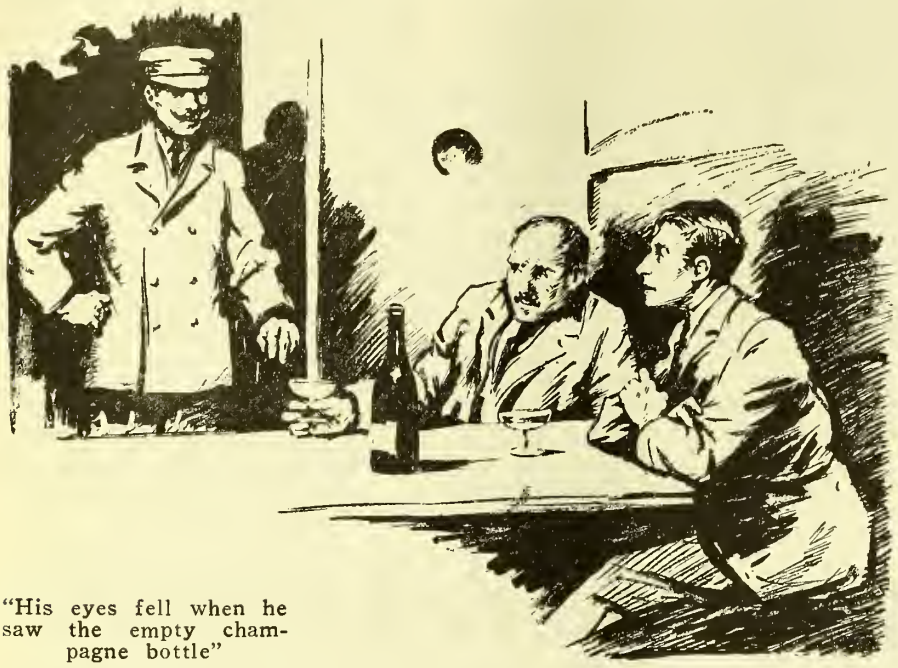
"All right, sir," I said, "then I will send one myself."

"It will cost you ten dollars. I just looked up the tariff."

The charges were out of proportion, but there was nothing else to do.

The American destroyer was at Samsoun simply to keep the embassy in communication with the Near East Relief workers in the Anatolian section of Turkey. It could not accept commercial messages unless they were distinctly in American interests and unless other means of communication were lacking. The incident is mentioned to prepare the way for the captain's part in the difficulties that awaited us.

Morning came and we lay at anchor



"His eyes fell when he saw the empty champagne bottle"

in the port of Batum. Before us was the low streamline coast that looks, from the sea, as if it were only a pencil mark on an azure horizon, but which now, from our nearer view, was just a great country town with its long row of stores facing the wharf street. To the left the great stone breakwater which had sheltered oil tankers from the rough seas in other days gaped emptily at the misty sea before it, gaped in fact at this first big cargo ship to enter the harbor since the day when Riff and I had set forth with American merchandise in the latter part of the summer of 1920.

There was one vivid reminder of that particular day of evacuation. It was the hulk of a great oil tanker. The ship had been bombed and had gone up in flames there in the harbor two days before our departure. I had snapped a picture of it, and the picture subsequently appeared in The American Legion Weekly. The tanker stood now a silent reminder of those days, a great black deserted hulk.

Two rowboats were coming toward us, and the wharf in the immediate foreground was filled with little groups of people whose faces were turned curiously in our direction. These things we saw with our field glasses as we checked off the minutes, feverishly alert to know what adventures awaited us.

The rowboats came alongside, and a horde of multi-costumed individuals swarmed aboard. Their clothes were mixtures of discarded uniforms. Their headgear was divided between Persian lamb fezzes and faded army caps.

I rushed up to the most sympathetic-looking individual in the crowd. "Is Ipskowitz in Batum?" I asked.

Ipskowitz, as the reader will recall, had closed the deal for the Russians. His presence and his friendship were vital elements in a quick delivery of the cargo.

"No," was the answer. "He is ousted. Deposed. Gone to Moscow. He got sent back for making contracts without the consent of the people."

"Bing!" I thought. A bombshell in camp all right. I rushed to the radio operator and like a cub reporter scribbled off a message to Riff. "Send this," I told him, and handed him a paper reading, "Ipskowitz recalled Moscow." This was to let Riff know that if we did not deliver the flour it would be because yours truly was bucking some unfriendly bolos. We were certainly up against the anti-Ipskowitz faction.

I returned to the saloon, where the Bolshevik officialdom was arrayed. They looked at passports, translated the captain's papers and were extremely official in their actions and appearance. Two armed guards stood at the doorway, and two others that were seated by them were ordered to the Marconi room, where, under the orders of a little squint-eyed officer, the door was closed and sealed and the guards placed on duty to see that no further radiograms were sent.

"It is our custom," the port officer explained to me, "to seal the radios of all incoming ships. Not that we object to their sending any messages, but we do not like to give them the occasion for listening in on our own secret conversations."

Riff in Constantinople would receive no more messages concerning our progress. Whitmore, Isseo and I stood at the mercy of the Bolsheviks and there was not a chance of communicating with Constantinople until our cargo was discharged and our money collected and we were on the open seas again. The advice we might need in a predicament could neither be asked nor given.

We gathered our papers together and went ashore with the officials when their task of entering the ship was concluded. The Batum business section of the year before no longer existed. In its stead was the same row of buildings, but empty windows and great iron shutters told us of a year of desertion. It was tragic when one recalled the friendly faces of the merchants that had once stood in front of these selfsame doors. Here and there a few Jewish *commerciants* had ventured small purchases from the coastwise trading vessels—cloth, tea, coffee, a little smuggled sugar, even pencils and stationery. Their stores stood out along the street in bright contrast to the vacant buildings on either side of them. They traded, we learned, for anything that could be sold for gold. Even an old Russian medal could be smuggled behind a dark corner where with a knife the merchant would chip away the decorative enamel and the cheap jewels and weigh the gold for its net carat value, announcing to his customer its value in so many arsheens of cloth or funts of flour. One of the most touching things I saw in all Soviet Russia was a cigar box filled with just such gold. There were broken bracelets, battered wedding rings, lockets, mementoes of all kinds, and on nearly every piece some term of endearment, some expression of love or affection had been engraved to make the gift personal and lasting.

We mounted the rickety stairs of the old port building that faced the custom house while innumerable orderlies and lackeys scurried about the building for chairs enough to seat the delegation. The squint-eyed individual who had locked up the radio room took the place of honor behind a great flat desk in the corner of the room, and there, rubbing his hands in a spirit of welcome, he addressed the delegation, nodding to the captain of the vessel, Whitmore and Isseo of the bank, and myself, not to mention the various and sundry officials —at least a dozen of them—who sat in the great circle before him.

"You have a cargo of flour?" he said to the captain.

The captain nodded. But why go on with the whole ceremony, the ludicrous, at times amazingly humorous transaction of business in the Russian manner? Tea was ordered for us—tea in thin glasses with a slice of lemon in the saucer, tea with little specks of leaves floating about in the bottom of the glass —and we drank it.

"You will proceed," the squint-eyed individual was saying to the captain, "to the eastern side of the breakwater this afternoon. Ivanovitch, you will have the labor there. Aksionov, you will send a message to the commissaires to be on hand for the distribution of the cargo to the district warehouses. Miklinvani, you will issue a bulletin stating that flour will be issued to all holders of labor cards tomorrow morning at ten."

How simple! How businesslike! Then the gentleman turned to the captain. "Where are the documents?"

Isseo tapped his brief case. "They are here," he said, beaming with smiles, rubbing his hands, and feeling that all of our anxious suspense had been needless.

"Then give them to me."

Isseo hesitated, half opened his brief case, and asked, "Will we collect the money to-day, sir?"

"The money?" the squint-eyed individual asked. "The money?" echoed the officials about the room.

"Yes," Isseo explained. "I cannot give you the documents until I collect five hundred thousand gold rubles."

"Sto? Sto?" It was the Russian word for "what," and it reverberated about the room while the squint-eyed individual ceased to squint and the tall slender fellow with a brief case under his arm echoed it with a smile on his face, and a fat Bolshevik shook with laughter to think that here was a strange ship in the harbor with flour

and that a price of gold was mentioned which on the face of it was ludicrous, impossible!

Explanations and gesticulations went together. Isseo calmly replied, "I want five hundred thousand gold rubles," and he and Whitmore triumphantly waved their arms in my direction as the man who wanted nothing on earth more than to get rid of four thousand tons of flour.

Stepping into the limelight, it took me just two minutes to lay the proposition before them. They had to pay. They had four days in which to pay. If they didn't, the ship would return to Constantinople, the Soviets would lose their deposit of seventy thousand dollars and we would sell the flour elsewhere. "Of course," I added, remembering something of the Tchcka police service of Russia, "you would not want to be the cause of your government's losing so large a sum of money."

They then and there decided to get in touch with the Caucasian capital at Tiflis, and there was nothing for us to do except find a restaurant and quarters and wait for another day.

On the following morning Whitmore, Isseo and I, accompanied by a couple of interpreters, appeared in the offices of the Obwnechtorg. We lost an hour trying to pronounce the word properly to cabmen, but none of them could tell us where it was or knew what the word meant. It meant, however, the offices of the trade commissioner.

Here, after we had found it, we learned that the chief would have to converse by telegraph with the office in Tiflis. This was done by standing at the side of the government telegraph operator and carrying on a lengthy conversation with the governmental head at the other end of the wire. Twenty-four hours had gone by, and another twenty-four were to elapse before we could know the result of this four-hour telegraphic parley.

Whitmore and I walked the great boulevard along the beach. There is a wide park extending for a mile along the coast, filled with palms and subtropical vegetation. In other days the British band had played every evening to thousands of promenaders on this great lovers' lane. The bandstand was now dilapidated, the paths and promenades were deserted. At the pavilion they could serve only a sugarless, tasteless tea or cognac without any of the once delicious pastry to accompany the order. Everywhere along the main thoroughfares of the city we found Soviet arches erected across the streets, each surmounted by the worker's great red star. For the rest, empty streets, empty stores, empty restaurants. In one corner lot not quite large enough for a bungalow the space had been cleared into a little lawn at the foot of a plaster cast of Lenine. Later we came upon another. Fading flowers and withering wreaths still hung upon the pedestals to remind us of the national holiday commemorating the formation of the Soviet Government which had recently been celebrated.

Everywhere we ran into companies of Soviet soldiers, continually marching, reminding the people of the armed power that held them in subjugation. An armored train of over twenty cars was standing idle on the railroad siding near the sea. The barrels of the guns pointed menacingly in all directions, and all over the cars, daubed and painted in large white Russian letters, were the words *Svobodnia Russie* (Free Russia).

The following morning, after forty-eight hours of the ninety-six had passed, the three of us appeared again in the hallways of the Obwnechtorg, there to be paged and there to wait. Finally, ushered into the imperial sanctum of the officer in charge, we ran into three new and strange faces.

By now we were friendly with the crowd, and Whitmore could not resist the ejaculation at the sight of the new comers, "The money has come!"

"Yes," a committeeman smiled back at him, "we have the money, but we must go over a few details. First, we must test the flour; next we must unload every sack of it to see that there are no bad sacks in the bottom of the ship. You say you have four thousand tons on board, but we may unload the ship after you have gone and find only a thousand. Next, you are demanding that we pay you five hundred thousand gold rubles, and this is in excess of your actual price. We propose to pay only exactly what we owe."

There followed eight long hours of wrangling and reverting back to one subject and another. Men went to the ship and tested and baked the flour, exactly as had been done at Constantinople, and then the experts rejected the cargo! It was hinted to me, however, since I represented the seller, that "perhaps—oh, well, the objections might be withdrawn."

"That cargo was sold," I remember shouting in the babel of voices that surrounded me in the great reception room, "on the certificate of the New York Produce Exchange, and that certificate is attached to the documents- you will get when you pay us five hundred thousand gold rubles!"

"We will deposit the money in a Batum bank at your order, and then unload the flour and look at it."

"I want five hundred thousand rubles in my hands within ninety-six hours, and you can look at every sack of flour you want to, or not, just as you want, on board the ship, but not on shore, but if the gold is not in my hands in ninety-six hours, you don't get the flour." It was Issco speaking for the bank, and he spoke in Italian to a committeeman who understood that language.

"You want us to let you put your money in your bank and take this flour on shore and examine it?" Whitmore laughed.

"What, don't you trust us? Why, we are a government!"

"No, we don't know you. You might be a bunch of brigands for all I know—" Poor Whitmore! The delegation was on its feet. "If that remark were published in the local papers your life would be in danger." And Whitmore apologized.

"Why pay you five hundred thousand rubles when the bill is about five or six thousand less?" Someone asked this in French.

"That is the contract, gentleman." We were perfectly willing to say "gentleman" at every opportunity after Whitmore's undiplomatic remark. "The remainder will not be known until all expenses for this trip have been paid, and the balance will be placed to the credit of your Constantinople delegation."

"Perhaps we don't want the Constantinople representatives to have the difference. Perhaps you won't pay back the money."

"We are a bank!" Whitmore exclaimed in his excitement.

"We are a government!" responded a Bolshevik who wanted to reopen Whitmore's previous diplomatic error.

"Well, that is your business," came from Whitmore's corner in German.

"What about short weight?" interrupted a special delegate from Tiflis who spoke now in good old American.

"Go out and look at the water the ship is drawing! Look at the manifests!" chimed in the German captain in *his* perfectly good English, for he was sitting in at all the sessions and growling at every moment's delay.

All of these arguments finally resolved themselves into the following closing remarks for the day:

Whitmore: "If you don't pay the

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"I want five hundred thousand rubles in my hands within ninety-six hours!"

The Barrage Against Fakers

The Legion's Observers Direct the Law's Fire on Rogues in the Guise of World War Veterans

By Austin A. Petersen

Adjutant, Department of Wisconsin, The American Legion

LIFE is no longer a cushy bed of roses for crooks, beggars and fakers bent on feathering their pockets by falsely parading themselves as ex-service men. The yesterdays of these parasites of patriotism may have been just about all they could have wished for in the way of easy money; but their todays are perilous gamuts invariably leading to exposure or jail, or both—and their tomorrows are bound to be hotbeds of trouble and defeat into which only the most foolhardy will venture.

Organized vigilance and systematic precautions on the part of most Legion posts, and most Legionnaires individually, are serving to forestall and checkmate the schemes which so many unprincipled masqueraders have been plying throughout the country since the World War. Protective measures may vary in minor details, but by and large they run pretty much the same—with increasingly good results everywhere.

In Racine, Wisconsin, my own State, for example, they have made it well nigh impossible for impostors to solicit alms in the name of ex-service men. Pseudo-veterans have as little hope of successfully hoodwinking the business men and sympathetic residents of Racine as William Hohenzollern has of convincing the world of his innocence in setting all Europe afire. Racine (and dozens of other towns equally prepared) is far from being a health resort for transient glory-mongers.

Commander Walter L. Haight of the Racine Post of the American Legion originated and organized the system that makes Racine's spare dollars safe for worthy causes. Other Legion posts have their own defensive tactics perhaps just as effective, but the methods followed in Racine are model enough to be studied and adopted wherever there may as yet be no definite line of resistance.

First of all, no one may solicit funds in Racine for any cause however remotely identified with ex-service men without carrying a letter of indorsement, on Legion stationery, and signed by the post commander. Without such a credential a person will waste breath and shoeleather; for proprietors and workers in stores, offices and factories will not even give him a hearing. Moreover, even the generous housewife will remain cold to the most eloquent plea unless it is backed up by the evidence of the aforementioned letter.

The inauguration of this system was quite simple. Commander Haight merely conferred with the Association of Commerce, whose membership comprises virtually all of the manufacturing, retail business, and professional men of Racine. He also sought and received the co-operation of the various charitable organizations in the city. An agreement was reached immediately regarding a letter of indorsement, and the plan published for all to read in the local newspapers.

Here is how it works out in practice. When a solicitor claiming to represent some cause worthy of public aid applies to the Legion post for the necessary letter of approval, the post busies itself along two lines of inquiry. If it is discovered that the applicant seeks to collect money for his own support, or that of his family, the post refuses to sponsor him. Instead, through its employment department, it offers to help him find a job so that he can earn enough rather than solicit, for his or his family's upkeep.

> Racine (Wis.) Post of the Legion has worked out with success a plan for putting a stop to the activities of pirates of patriotism who have preyed upon the public in general and the Legion in particular by appealing to their sentiments in the promotion of unworthy enterprises and in the accomplishment of downright thefts. In this article the Legion adjutant of the Department of Wisconsin tells how Racine and other posts of the Legion have fought fakers.

If it happens to be a case of raising money for welfare and relief work among wounded or needy veterans—either through out-and-out soliciting, by the sale of magazines, or by any other method — the post in Racine makes it obligatory that all checks be payable to a local treasurer; and further, that all money collected be distributed wholly by a local committee.

"To date, none of the solicitors has ever met our requirements," says Commander Haight. "We have not found it necessary to issue a letter of indorsement to anyone, so Racine is gratefully freed of much unpleasantness. When a letter is refused a person, we immediately notify the Association of Commerce and the charitable organizations. We give them a description of the man and the purpose for which he says he is soliciting. These organizations then warn their members against the fellow.

"It was quite easy to install this system in Racine, for virtually all the city's business men are members of the Association of Commerce. In other cities where there may not be such an association, it would devolve upon the Legion to visit each merchant and manufacturer individually. Again, the campaign might be carried on effectively through the columns of the newspapers.

Racine business men have shown themselves to be grateful for the protection that is thus assured them against impostors; and they are showing their appreciation by liberally contributing to all Legion enterprises. For the system assures them that their generosity is never misspent. They know that when they contribute to anything, the money goes where it should, and was intended to, go.

So the fight against fakers and swindlers is being waged here, there, and everywhere, in one way or another. Legion officials in other States report a great falling off in attempts on the part of crooks to beg, borrow or steal in the name of ex-service men. Buddy's dander is up. The average ex-buck with a star-and-circle in his buttonhole is an active *vigilante* now. Legion posts are listening posts; every Legion department is an intelligence headquarters, a broadcasting station ever ready to flash near and far comprehensive warnings against slickers reported to be plying dishonorable games in assumed rôles of honor.

Whenever an incident of deceit and fraud comes to light, it should be reported immediately to the nearest Legion post, whence a detailed account should be forwarded to the department headquarters. Thus the department officials are enabled to relay a warning to every other post in its jurisdiction. In this way the dust of a crook in flight scarcely has time to settle before a description of him and his scheme is posted wherever there is likelihood of his bobbing up again.

Not only should all Legionnaires be warned, but also the police; the Salvation Army; the Red Cross; the Y. M. C. A.; the Knights of Columbus, and the various other welfare and fraternal organizations. A barrage of publicity is the best kind of protection against rogues whose practices might in time sully the good name of the uniform and the Legion. Vigilance and action are the shears with which to clip the wings of all such birds of prey.

Until National Adjutant Bolles rounded a general alarm, there was a tribe of promotion sharks migrating hither and yon specializing on Legion Posts. Smooth highbinders they were, too, with glib tongues and sometimes the appearance of Presbyterian elders. Their game was to ease into a town, persuade the local Post to authorize them to conduct a carnival, a benefit theatrical performance, a raffle, or

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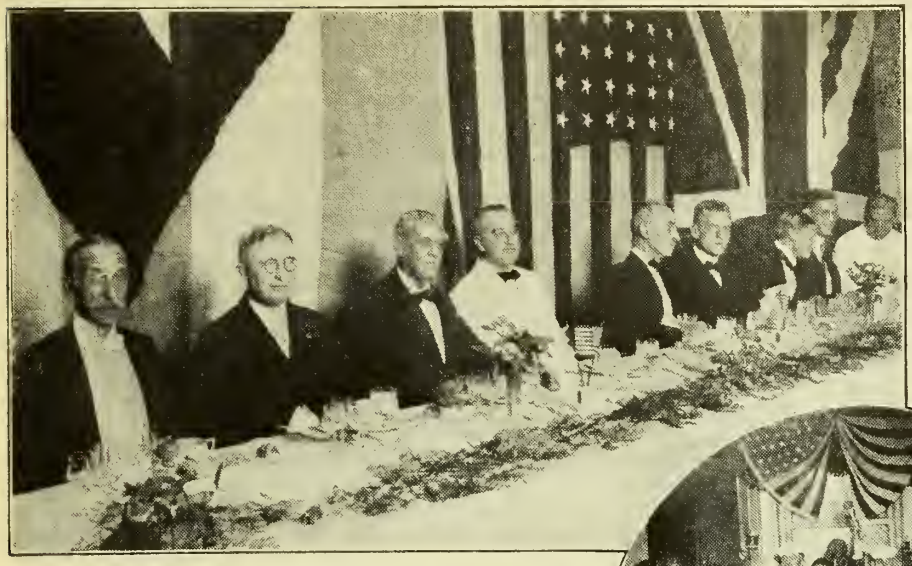

The Legion is big stuff everywhere, but see who sits at a Legion banquet in Cuba: Left to right, Count Naselli, Italian minister; C. C. Fitzgerald, past commander, Havana Post; President Alfredo Zayas of Cuba; Commander W. F. Martin of Havana Post; Maj. Gen. Enoch H. Crowder, U. S. A.; Walter E. Myers, vice-commander, Havana Post; Godfrey Haggard, British chargé d'affaires; G. L. Todd, Jr., finance officer, Havana Post; Major J. M. Hobson, G. S., U. S. A., military attaché

Old Sol Calls the Roll

And He Keeps at It all Day Long, Because the Sun Never Sets on The American Legion

By Atwood H. Townsend

Members of Constantinople Post raise their glasses to the boys at home

Legionnaires Ryan (left) and Rovzar (right) of Mexico City Post present President Obregon with a testimonial of the Legion's gratitude to the man who sent the Mexican National Band of the Third National Convention in Kansas City last year (below)

THE sun never sets, it has been said, on the British Empire, the Standard Oil Company, and young men trying to figure out how two can live as cheaply as one. A fourth has been added to those things which Old Sol, in his journeys around the earth, never loses sight of, namely and to wit—The American Legion.

Legion posts are actively functioning in Alaska, Argentine, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Chile, China, Cuba, England, France, Germany, Guatemala, Hawaii, India, Japan, Mexico, Panama, Peru, Philippine Islands, Poland, Porto Rico, Portuguese West Africa, Santo Domingo, Spanish Honduras, Turkey, and Venezuela. The posts in Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, and Porto Rico are under the American flag, of course, and are classed as territorial posts. All the others, however, are simon-pure foreign posts. These posts give smokers and dances, organize athletic teams, argue about adjusted compensation, elect officers, kick because the Weekly doesn't always show up as soon as they think it ought to, and otherwise carry on much as do home-grown posts from Skowhegan, Maine, to Tillamook, Oregon. In his daily circumnavigation Old Sol sees them all. We'll follow him around as he calls the roll.

When he comes up over the Atlantic Ocean in the morning, the first thing that greets his eye is Brazil, and there he finds two groups of Legionnaires.

"Rio de Janeiro Post No. 1, front and center!"

"Plugging along, sir. But we manage to stick together, and we figure that's the main thing."

"Sao Paulo Post No. 2!"

Exercises held last Memorial Day by Warsaw Post at Lemberg, Poland

"Forty ex-service men present and accounted for. This is the town the coffee comes from, you know, so that's all we ever have at our meetings—that is, almost always."

An hour later Sollie reaches Buenos Aires.

"Spencer Ely Post No. 1, what's the good word from Argentine?"

"Everything's top-hole! We meet monthly at the American Club, usually with a dinner before the meeting. We go in pretty

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EDITORIAL

Complacent Patriots

AMERICANS too often dismiss all Europeans as "those ignorant foreigners". This is patriotic complacency. Also it is patriotic ignorance. In the most vital of all cultural agencies—the mere teaching of their citizens to read and write—Holland, England, France, Finland, and all the Scandinavian countries excel the United States. The average north European could more aptly speak of America as the home of "those ignorant Yankees".

These are hard facts. Six percent of all Americans are illiterate. Germany, Holland and the Scandinavian countries have only one percent of illiterates or less. In 1910 there were 5,516,163 illiterates in this country. In 1920 the number had been reduced to 4,931,905. At this rate it will take the United States about eighty-four years to reach the high educational standards of Germany.

The teaching of reading and writing is not all. Millions of Americans who are not classed as illiterates can read and write but have let their education expire with just those two accomplishments. Hundreds of thousands of aliens in America cannot speak English. They huddle together in colonies in our large cities. Revolutionary radicals find them and educate them in radicalism. Give the radicals credit. They do not wait for the aliens to step forth and ask to be taught political insanity; they hunt up their own pupils.

That is one reason why The American Legion has been sponsoring National Education Week, from December 3d to 9th. American ideals are unsafe so long as native-born Americans themselves are complacent about them. Our ideals are doubly unsafe so long as we ourselves do not live up to them. One of our ideals is universal education, which is a means toward our most rudimentary constitutional ideal—equality of opportunity. We will never achieve our own ideals while we permit citizens and residents of the nation to handicap themselves by illiteracy.

Unlimbering

THE Weekly has received a great many letters since the conclusion of its recent series on war expenditures and war profiteers, a good proportion of them in the same vein. A reader who lives in Hamilton, Montana, writes:

I have been reading with the deepest interest and mortification the articles on "Who Got the Money?" I feel like taking one exception, and that is to the statement about the "apathy of the public." I am one of the individuals who make up the "public," but when I ask myself, "What can I do about this matter of war frauds"? I can see no ready answer. Some one suggests that I write my opinions to my Congressman or Senator—but I am no chicken. Neither my Congressman nor my Senator has the slightest idea who I am, even if they do continue to try to jazz me up by sending me every spring a little dab of seeds. While I may be writing my opinions about what they ought to do they very likely are being interviewed by the very people who are responsible for this corruption. I can picture the impression my protest would make.

So the question I want to ask you is, is there not some way in which the opinions of the little individuals who make up the great whole can be made use of? Could the matter be handled in some way so that each individual might feel that he was adding a drop of water to the bucket, I am sure it would be found that the public is not guilty of apathy. It is only the sense of utter helplessness when our officials betray us that keeps us silent.

How and what can individuals, posts of the Legion and other local bodies do to combat apathy, to arouse the public and keep it aroused until officialdom takes note? How can public opinion and righteous public indignation be harnessed? Our Montana correspondent, having asked the question, proceeds to submit an answer which is worth thinking about:

Might it not be possible for the Legion to act as a mouthpiece for the public? Might it not be possible for petitions or statements of our sentiments to be circulated through the efforts of the Legion throughout the country? With the boys circulating petitions for the prosecution of war fraud cases—and I have a suspicion they would enjoy doing it—and the great mass of the public signing them, would not the local papers feel justified in giving the matter their attention? Then would the Congressmen and Senators sit up and take notice? To repeat, the problem is how to use the opinion of the American citizen.

Our correspondent's statement of the problem is correct and if, in his local Legion post and his home town, he will suit action to the words of his excellent suggestion, he will have made a big step toward a solution. In fact, as far as Hamilton, Montana, is concerned, it will largely be solved, especially if the support of other local bodies is obtained.

Prior to the last National Convention a prominent political leader said, "If the war profiteers are prosecuted it will be because of the insistence of The American Legion." The National Convention has since spoken, and indications from all quarters are that the Legion is going into action and that it is going in with reinforcements from the rest of the public. The articles in the Weekly have been reprinted widely, frequently at the instance of posts and Legionnaires. Any interested newspaper or other publication, incidentally, is free to reprint these articles in whole or in part. Numerous editorials demanding action have appeared. Ministers have delivered sermons on the subject. Senators and Congressmen are receiving letters and copies of resolutions by posts and other organizations and letters from individuals by the hundreds, and these statesmen pay more attention to such communications than our Montana friend supposes. And the more they get the more attention they pay. The signs are distinctly hopeful. Perhaps the real battle has not begun, but the indications are that there will be hostilities.

Buy Now, and Buy Right!

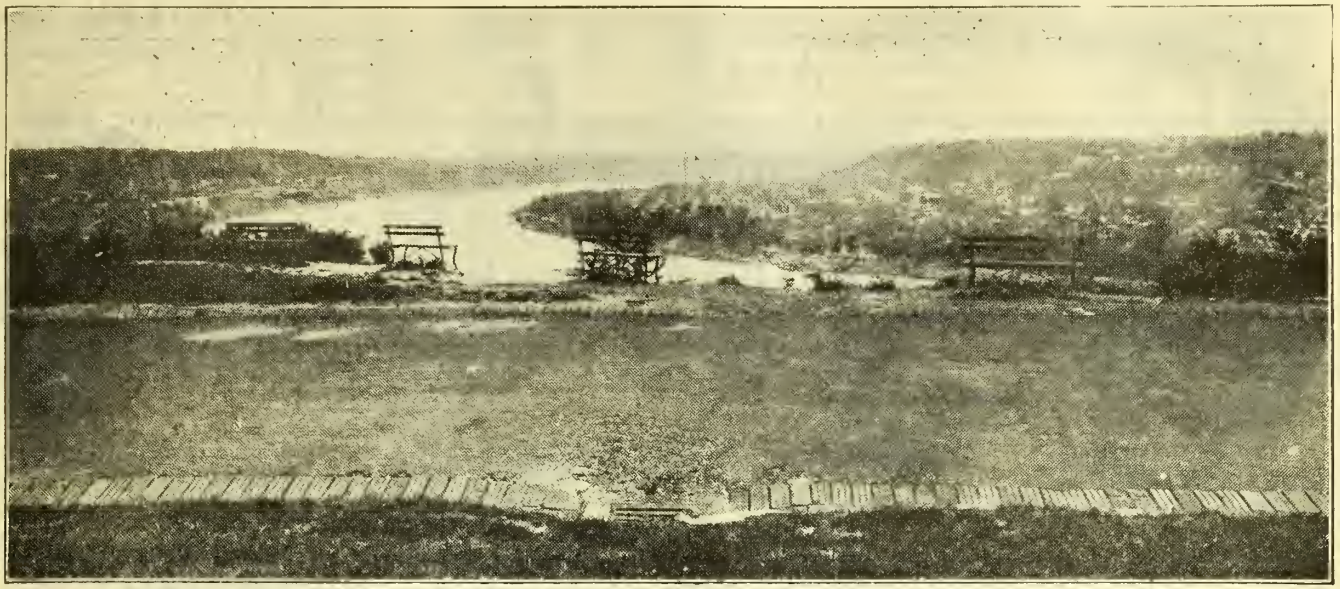
SOMEWHERE in your favorite department store they are holding a Christmas sale of toys, and toilet accessories, and those nondescript articles generally classified as notions. Perhaps some of them were made by disabled veterans of the World War. *That* make is widely advertised by the retailer.

On the same counter may be displayed other toys, toilet articles and notions. They will not be advertised as to origin, perhaps, because they were *Made in Germany.* A disabled American whose minimum living requirements approximate twenty dollars a week cannot be expected to compete with dollar-a-week Germans unless his goods are bought for something beside their intrinsic value.

The something is there, if the public could see it. The something was put into the article more than four years ago. It is something the manufacturer gave the world during the war—his health, maybe, or an eye.

For a rare combination of modesty and good judgment we need look no further than the man who recently declined the Republican nomination for governor of Mississippi.

We don't go to the movies much, but we are able to tell when a new staress of the film world makes her bow by reading the complexion cream ads.



The site of the Galbraith Memorial in the outskirts of Cincinnati, on a bluff overlooking the Ohio River

A National Legion Shrine

Next Memorial Day Will See the Dedication of the Galbraith Memorial in Cincinnati

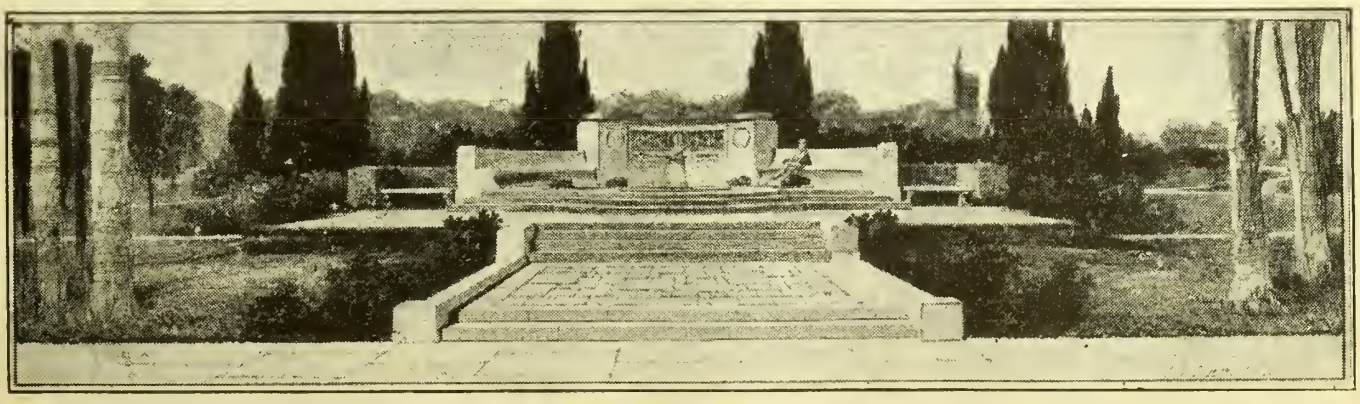
ON a commanding cliff on the outskirts of Cincinnati, overlooking the Ohio River and the Kentucky hills, will stand The American Legion's memorial to its late National Commander, Frederick W. Galbraith, Jr., who on June 9, 1921, was killed in line of duty. The location, which was obtained through the courtesy of the Park Board of Cincinnati, Commander Galbraith's home city, is distinctive and much visited.

The plans provide for an exedra or semi-circular bench of Mount Airy granite thirty-four feet in length. In the center of this semicircular sweep will be two commanding pillars enclosing a bronze tablet ten feet long. The tablet will portray National Commander Galbraith in bas-relief, with emblematic figures typifying his work as a soldier and as chief of The American Legion, and bearing evidence that the memorial is a symbol of honor and respect from the Legion to its dead leader. Two granite benches flanking the structure will be backed by privet hedges and overtopping the memorial will be four groups of Lombardy poplars, symbols of the white roads of France. At the rear will stand two flagpoles from which Old Glory and the Legion banner will fly. The Park Board of Cincinnati has pledged perpetual care of the memorial.

The design is the work of Starrett and Van Vleck, architects, of which firm William F. Deegan, past department commander of New York, is an associate member. Through Mr. Deegan's courtesy these services were given without charge. The memorial is being built practically at cost by Presbrey-Leland, monument builders of New York City.

Careful consideration was given the important question as to who should erect the memorial—whether the national organization of the Legion alone, or the national organization in conjunction with the Department of Ohio, the city of Cincinnati, or other organizations. The Galbraith Memorial Committee, of which Gilbert Bettman, Department Commander of Ohio, is chairman, decided that it was rightly the exclusive privilege of the national organization, as it was while in the service of all Legionnaires that Commander Galbraith met his death. On the recommendation of this committee the National Executive Committee of the Legion authorized an appropriation from the national treasury of $25,000 to be devoted to the erection of the proposed memorial.

Construction work on the memorial has been started in order to insure completion early next year. The official dedication will be held on Memorial Day, 1923, when present and past national officers and other prominent Legionnaires from all over the country will assemble to do honor to their late National Commander.



Perspective of the proposed American Legion memorial to the late National Commander Frederick W. Galbraith, Jr.

Substitutes for Coal

By Wallgren

HOW TO KEEP WARM WITHOUT COAL.

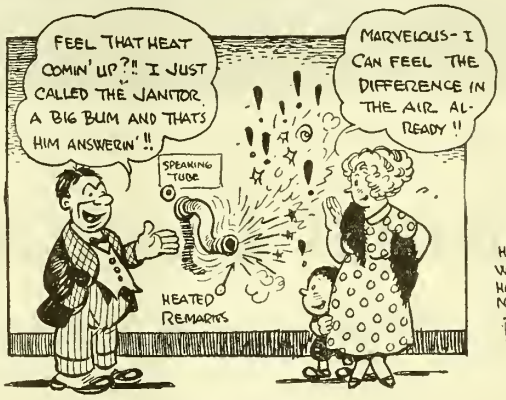
IN VIEW OF THE THREATENED SHORTAGE OF COAL FOR HEATING PURPOSES THIS WINTER WE ADVISE THESE FEW EXCELLENT EXERCISES AS SUBSTITUTES.

SO,- WHENEVER YOU FEEL REAL COLD AND UNCOMFORTABLE—

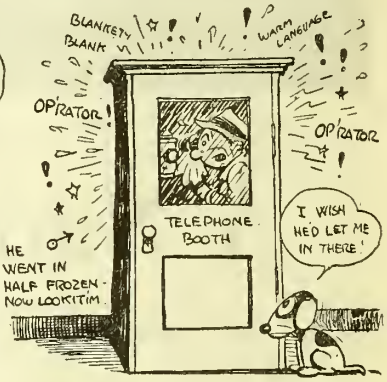
-THINK OF THE NICE COOL NAPOLEON BARRACKS. IN FRANCE, WHERE THE TEMPERATURE WAS NEVER ABOVE ZERO-

- OR THE CHILLY MID-WINTER WATCH ON THE HIGH SEAS.

- GO TO THE CLUB AND STAY LATE— THIS WILL INSURE YOU A VERY WARM RECEPTION WHEN YOU GET BACK

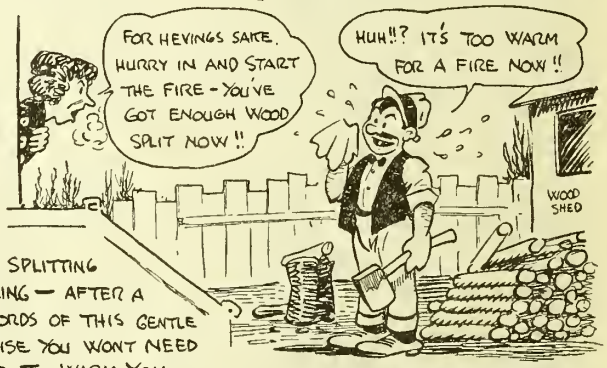


- TRY BAWLING THE JANITOR OUT FOR NOT SENDING UP ENOUGH HEAT AND HIS ENSUING REMARKS FLOATING UP THRU THE SPEAKING TUBE WILL DO MUCH TO REDUCE THE FRIGIDITY

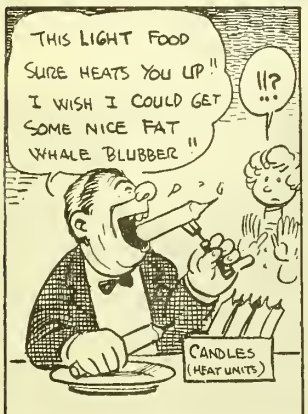


DUCK INTO A PUBLIC TELEPHONE BOOTH AND TRY TO GET A NUMBER IN A HURRY—BY THE TIME YOU COME OUT THE INTERIOR OF THE BOOTH WILL GREATLY RESEMBLE A TURKISH BATH.

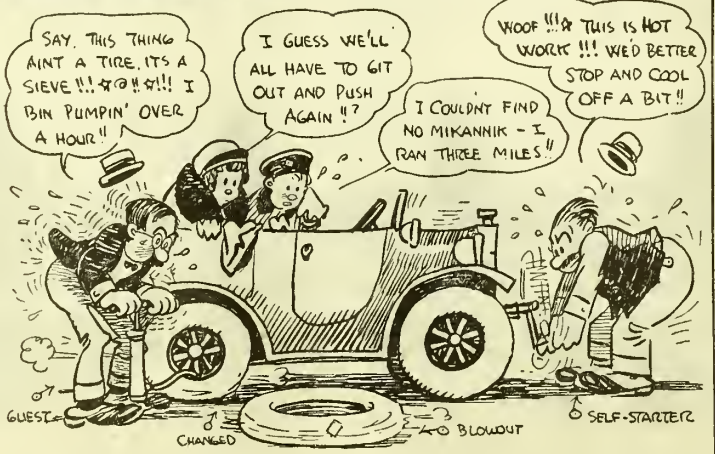
WHY NOT UTILIZE THE HOUSE HOLD ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES?



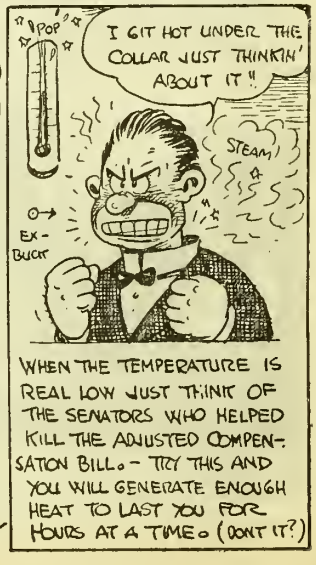
-TRY SPLITTING KINDLING — AFTER A FEW CORDS OF THIS GENTLE EXERCISE YOU WONT NEED A FIRE TO WARM YOU -



EMULATE THE ESKIMOS - EAT PLENTY OF FOOD CONTAINING HEAT PRODUCING CALORIES.



BUY A USED CAR AND KEEP THE WHOLE FAMILY WARM— EVERY TIME YOU FEEL CHILLY TRY TO TAKE A RIDE. Wallgren



WHEN THE TEMPERATURE IS REAL LOW JUST THINK OF THE SENATORS WHO HELPED KILL THE ADJUSTED COMPENSATION BILL. - TRY THIS AND YOU WILL GENERATE ENOUGH HEAT TO LAST YOU FOR HOURS AT A TIME. (DONT IT?)

Keeping Step with the Legion

They Got Us

WE just sent four smackers to our post adjutant. He, the low-life, had sent us a letter. Here it is:

Happy New Year! We hope it will be happy, but unless you mail us $4 before then, you'll start the year off in debt. Why? Because along toward the last of the month, whether you've paid us your dues for 1923 or not, we're going to send your department and national taxes to department headquarters. That will amount to a berry and a half, out of which a dollar goes to G. H. Q., and seventy-five cents of that dollar goes on to the Weekly for your subscription.

Remember, we are going to pay that money for you! And we're going to credit you with a 1923 Weekly subscription card. If you stay a delinquent member, eventually we'll use our influence to abrogate the subscription, but meantime, you're indebted to us—the post. In a way of speaking, your dues aren't due until January 1st, either for the post or for G. H. Q. Last year your taxes for G. H. Q. were due January 1st, but didn't have to be paid until late in February. This year, instead of closing our own books on the last day when G. H. Q. would take our money, we're closing on the first day. And unless the members of this post pay us before we pay headquarters, there's going to be a lot of fur-flying when we go after the members.

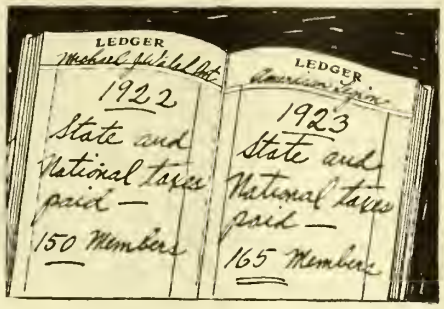
We sent in our four smackers. Somehow or other, it didn't seem right for the post to shoulder our burden. But all the same we were tempted to hold off for a week or so, just to see what the p. a.'s follow-up letters would be like. Knowing the p. a., we dimly suspect that the next letter would have been rougher on us, personally.

However, our own p. a. has no monopoly on this business of collecting dues. Learned Post in Detroit started out long ahead of him. Dr. Frank B. Broderick of that outfit, post commander, instituted a Five Hundred Club within the post. Sounds like an exclusive bunch, doesn't it? But it wasn't. It just included the first five hundred to pay their 1923 dues before December 1st. It was part of a campaign to collect from all the old gang long before the year was over and then devote the rest of the year to getting in new members. Learned Post hoped to start off 1923 with more members than it had at any time in 1922.

These activities mean work saved for your hard-working post officers, they tell us. They're writing in all the time, kicking because fellows won't pay their dues on time or because they all pay in a bunch. Remember, the post officers have to fill in a long series of cards for every member—including your membership card and your subscription card to the Weekly. The latter is the only one the officer ever leaves to you to fill in yourself, and he doesn't do that so much as he used to.

Although our friend the C. M. came in with a kick today about a p. a. Says the Circulation Manager:

"Looky here! The first card we got,



and the man's address isn't printed on his subscription record card a-tall!"

The Voice of the Adjutant

THIS is a hard season for the *busy* gang around the post. Which probably aroused Adjutant William P. Simons of Thornburg Post of Marion, Indiana, to write us this letter, which we print because—well, because it's worth printing:

In almost every club, lodge or Legion post, there are a number of would-be trouble-makers and drones who cry, "Our organization is run by a clique."

That's right. Every successful organization is run by a clique—a workers' clique. It's like a beehive. The workers work and build. The drones criticize and consciously or unconsciously destroy. The workers work together. There's plenty of room in the workers' clique, and when they need hustlers, they get men who work. If you have fault to find, come to the meetings and tell your buddies that this or that should be done. Don't stand on the street corner and knock your post. You will never find sympathy among strangers.

Join the clique that is running the Legion and join right away.

Legion Calendar

Christmas

Your post will do its share to put Christmas cheer in hospitals where disabled veterans are located—everybody knows that. But how about doing a little more than your post's share?

New Year's

Besides being a New Year for the calendar, it's a New Year for the National and State organizations of the Legion. Your post's per capita taxes will be due January 1st. Will your post pay them for every last man who paid his dues for 1922?

Winter Activities

How's your basketball team going? Is there ice enough for the hockey team yet? Are you putting on any boxing matches this season Dances? Shows?

Betting with Jove

SEVERAL times we have mentioned here posts that took out rain insurance as protection for carnivals and such events. Such ideas strike us as being too good to be damaged by repetition. Wherefore we quote from a letter written us by Elmer Monroe of Springfield,. Mass. Sezzee:

Springfield post sponsored a motorcycle racing meet on the West Springfield track, securing the services of the best riders in the country and spending a large sum of money advertising the events, which were of championship calibre. A rain insurance policy for $5,000 was taken out at a premium price of slightly less than $500. It rained hard on the day the meet was to be held and the post was forced to cancel the races, but the post collected the full amount of the policy. Races were scheduled again for the following Saturday. Another $5,000 policy. Another deluge. Another collection. Deducting expenses, the post will clear something like $7,000. The races finally had to be cancelled altogether.

Firing for Record

THE National Rifle Association of America, with which many Legion post rifle clubs are affiliated, has announced the program for its 16th annual gallery rifle and pistol competitions. Entry into any of the N. R. A. events does not require expensive trips to distant cities. All shooting is done by clubs or individuals in their local galleries at official targets furnished by the association, and in the presence of a local judge and witnesses approved by the association. These disinterested parties sign all completed targets and certify that the conditions called for have been properly complied with.

Brig. Gen. Fred H. Phillips, Jr., secretary of the association, announces that the competitive program for this winter has been developed with the idea of interesting men who have never before participated in gallery matches. However, he goes on to say that there are many individuals in Legion posts who are qualified to meet any field of competitors and recommends some of the advanced matches to Legion clubs, in addition to the beginners' matches. While some of the team matches of the present program have already been held, a number of individual and inter-club matches and championships are still to be fired.

Gold, silver and bronze medals, certificates of victory and other trophies are offered in team, individual and inter-club matches and championships. Only individuals and clubs affiliated with the National Rifle Association are eligible to compete. General Phillips will furnish necessary information and application blanks for the organization of rifle clubs together with a copy of the official 1922-1923 program of competitions to interested Legion posts. He may be addressed at 1108 Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.

BURSTS AND DUDS

Payment is made for original material suitable for tbis department. Unavailable manuscript will be returned only wben accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope

Just a Tip

Sergt. Cooper was in a quandary when he got out of the Army as to what to do. The old haberdashery job didn't look so good and it seemed a propitious time to start in something fresh. He'd always wanted to write, so he turned his hand to verse.

At first his success was small, but suddenly there sprang into being a tremendous demand for his books.

"How on earth do you do it?" demanded a friend.

"The old diplomacy, son," replied the ex-sarge. "I gave a few volumes to some public libraries, took them out again and returned them with verses blacked out here and there all through. And you know the public."

Recipe Unknown

Prohib. Agent: "Is there any liquor being manufactured illicitly around here?"

Old Native: "I dunno exactly how it's bein' manufactured, but it sure is."

Competent

"Listen you," ordered Battling Bill, who was looking for publicity, "you say you're a good press agent, but how am I to know if you're good?"

"Me?" countered the applicant. "Am I good? Say, once I was press agent for a movie actress and it wasn't more than a month before they wouldn't let 'em show her films any more. That's how good I am!"

An Expert

She: "Do you like to dance?"

He: "Not particularly."

She: "Oh, well, no one dances that way nowadays."

The Finicky Public

Rastus was serving his first term in jail after a life of petty thieving, from the consequences of which he had managed to escape through a general public indulgence. When he fell so far from grace, however, as to steal a small sum of cash it was decided to discipline him, and his conviction was speedy. To his parson who came to visit him Rastus made his lament.

"Rev'rend," he said, "all my life Ah done stole chickens and sechlike, but not till Ah takes dis triflin' amount o' money has Ah evah suffered dis indignation."

"Son," replied the parson gravely, "de Book says that money is de root of all evil, an' Ah tells you dat when you starts to tamper wid dat root, de white folks simply will not stan' fo' it."

To the Last Detail

Fussy C.O.: "Ah, sergeant, did you file those orders on the Sunday morning services?"

The Topper: "They are filed under H, sir."

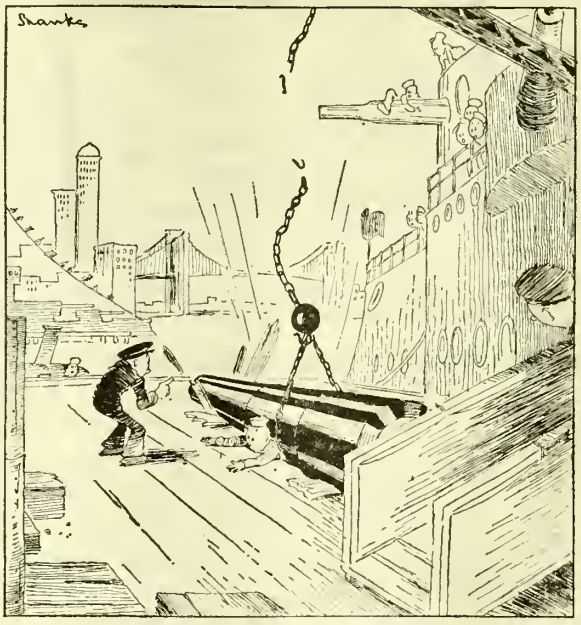
Fussy C.O.: "And why H, sergeant?"

The Topper: "Because the services are to began at half past nine, sir."

Page from the Diary of a Movie Star

(Based wholly upon newspaper accounts of mode of living prevailing among screen favorites.)

September 1: Woke up this morning with splitting headache. Took two shots of morphine in rapid succession. Drank five bronx cocktails before breakfast. Divorced Walter. Spent fifteen minutes at studio. So exhausted that I had to sniff cocaine four or five times. Divorced Eddie. Drank four whiskies straight before lunch. Spent most of the afternoon on the lounge smoking opium. Divorced Freddie and Al. Inhaled ether to get up an appetite for dinner. Party in evening. Used needle ten times and had nineteen rickies. Went to telephone to divorce Percy and Gilbert. About four in the morning crowd started to get a little rough, so I left.



"Lucky for you, my boy, she wasn't loaded"

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.

42. That the prevalent practice during the recent war of having the Artillery on each side devote a considerable portion of its attention to counter-battery work should be encouraged in every way possible. It would seem an excellent idea to have the Artillery on each side devote all its attention all the time to counter-battery work.

But He Generally Does

How doth the always busy bee
Discriminate between
The places where a sting may be
And sting may *not* be seen?

A Walking Example

There wasn't a prouder young father in the town than former Lieutenant Haskins. Even if the two-year-old was a bit backward about learning to operate his feet, his parent could not see that it was anything except an advantage. One day, as he was guiding the child's uncertain footsteps along the path in front of his home, a neighbor approached.

"Ah, teaching the little fellow how to walk, eh?" he commented.

"Not at all," replied the father proudly. "The child is teaching me things about walking I never dreamed of before. I never in the world imagined it was such a complicated process."

No Harm Done

The new post commandant was of a highly moral character and was amazed and shocked at what he considered lax ways about the camp. What particularly astounded him was when he dropped down to the athletic field on a Sunday and found B and C Companies engaged in what had all the earmarks of a ball game.

"See here," he exclaimed, getting the players on the carpet before him, "don't you know you shouldn't play ball on Sundays?"

There was a brief silence until the intelligent shortstop conceived a bright idea.

"We ain't playin' ball, colonel," he explained. 'We're just practisin' through nine innings for the next game."

As Bad as That

"Will you love me if I give up all my bad habits?"

"But, George, how could you expect me to love a perfect stranger?"

Must Have Excitement

"I say, Bertie, old deah, what are you growing those whiskers for?"

"Oh, Freddie, old bean, it's a dashed nuisance, but the pater started such a row over my hanging about doing nothing at all."

All Set

Mother: "Did the maid shout for help when daddy was kissing her?"

Willie (the eavesdropper): "I should say not. She didn't need any help."

Benevolence

"You prizefighters must be very wicked men," chided the Sweet Young Thing. "It is impossible for you to follow the Golden Rule in your profession."

"Aw, I dunno," retorted Slugging Tom McCarthy. "Of course, we try to do onto others more than they do onto us; but, then, we always believe that it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Helpful Hint

The wrestling match was a whirlwind and hotly contested affair. Every fan near the ropes was on his feet wild with excitement and yelling with every ounce of lung capacity—all but one frail little man, who was sitting totally oblivious to both the bout and the bedlam in the attitude of a man who is vainly trying to recall something.

Finally, with a hopeless sigh, he looked up and glanced casually at the wrestlers. Then he sprang up and elbowed his way through the crowds.

"The osteopath!" he shouted wildly. "That was it! I have an appointment with the osteopath!"

Simple Addition

"I am selling adding machines," announced the new traveling salesman to the country storekeeper. "I have the best adding machine on earth. It will add any number of figures accurately."

"Reckon I don't need one," replied the storekeeper, shifting his seat on the cracker barrel.

"But, man, how else can you keep up with things?"

"Wal, I got a plenty good enough system. I cut a notch on the counter every time I make a sale."

THE VOICE OF THE LEGION

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

The "Bugler-at-Belleau" Idea

To the Editor: Ernest Poole, the novelist, has suggested that, in lieu of erecting a monument at Belleau Wood, we station there a bugler who each evening, year after year, "would send the call of Taps out over those silent graves."

Those with whom I have discussed Mr. Poole's beautiful idea are much interested in it. I feel sure that it will appeal as strongly to millions of other Americans.

Mr. Poole suggests that a fund be raised and that the income derived from it be utilized to defray the necessary expenses. I am heartily in favor of raising such a fund, as soon as possible; but why stop at Belleau? The total annual cost—even though the idea were extended so as to include *all* of our burial places in France—would not be great; indeed, it is possible that the income from $100,000 would be ample.

Why doesn't the Legion raise that money? I, for one, would gladly contribute to the limit of my ability. What American wouldn't do the same?—T. T. W., *Germantown, Pa.*

To the Editor: I have just been reading the suggestion that a bugler be placed at Belleau Wood and that Taps be blown every night for all time. The man who originated that idea—Mr. Ernest Poole—must have been inspired. I believe that everybody who was in the Army will agree with me.

But is a fund needed?

Wouldn't it be better were the Army to take charge of the matter? And why couldn't we have a bugler at each of our cemeteries in France? Each year the best buglers in the service—carefully picked men, with excellent records—could be sent overseas, where for one year they would have the honor of sounding the most beautiful of bugle calls over the dead buddies. This suggestion is worth consideration, at any rate.

How do you feel about it, Legionnaires?—HENRY S. SMITH, *New York City.*

The Fate of the *Persic*

To the Editor: Having received a copy of The American Legion Weekly I noticed an article in it addressed to the editor in which Mac Larson, Laurens, Iowa, would like to finish the story regarding the luck of the ship *Persic.* Here it is.

It was our thirteenth day at sea with the Thirteenth Company on guard when suddenly I heard a shrill whistle. As I arose from on top of the cabin of the ship I could feel it turning sharply at an angle. Then I heard a terrible explosion which shook the ship from bow to aft for fully ten minutes. The captain of the ship had sighted the torpedo coming through the water and that is all that saved us from death, because the torpedo would surely have hit the boilers and caused an explosion. An airplane that had come out from London was flying over the ship and upon seeing the situation began its work. It started to drop its fireworks near the spot where the torpedo came from and signals among the destroyers brought five of them to our assistance. The other nineteen ships in the convoy were ordered full steam ahead and they scurried away as fast as they could only to disappear beyond the horizon in a few minutes. The five destroyers started immediately to drop their T.N.T. bombs within a radius of 1,500 square feet with the airplane holding the pivot position in the air and continuing to do its work. After ten minutes of hard work they all stopped discharging their bombs, and, as there was no evidence of the submarine, it is doubtful whether or not they destroyed the enemy craft.

Our ship in the meantime had been listing. My buddies had been thrown about when the ship was first struck. There was some confusion on board when the torpedo hit us, but after a few minutes it subsided and all was still with every soldier in his platoon answering to his name as it was called according to instructions that we received from our commanding officers when we left New York harbor. Our ship had sunk to almost six feet on the port side and grave fear was felt by the soldiers as it looked as though we were going to get a swim. The submarine destroyers then came to our assistance and the 2,000 men on board slid down ropes onto the destroyers and left the ill-fated ship to some of the crew and the captain, who stayed on board. All that saved the ship from sinking after the torpedo had bored a hole ten feet in diameter and from forty to fifty feet in length was the fact that the compartment through which the water flowed held and it did not get any further.

The five destroyers stayed around the ship all that night and well into the next morning, when we steamed ahead and arrived safely at Portsmouth, England, about eleven that morning. The crew of the *Persic* succeeded in beaching the boat a short distance from where we got hit on Scilly Isle. Not one man was lost on board; but I want to say that it was the most thrilling experience that I have had in my life.—JOHN J. NASH, *Buffalo, N. Y.*

A Merry Christmas to All Disabled Veterans

A Proclamation

THE disabled of the World War are now approaching their fifth Christmas of suffering. In hospitals and in places of refuge all over the country they are paying the heavy price of their honorable service to the nation in war. Many of these are enduring a gray and cheerless existence. Circumstances have stranded many of them far from their homes; many still undergo sharp suffering. Their families, too, are saddened on their account and in many instances these family circles are darkened by poverty and neglect.

We of The American Legion and its Auxiliary are pledged to the care of these suffering men, these sorrowful families. We cannot be forgetful of this pledge. We must bring to the unfortunates, upon this fifth Christmas of their long distress, comfort and cheer in the fullest measure that comrades can provide. We shall remember that this function of our service does not end with contributions and subscriptions and service upon committees. We shall remember, every last man and woman of us, that there is a great comfort for the disabled that subscriptions cannot supply; that that comfort lies in the handclasp of comradeship and the personal cheer of personal attention.

Legionnaires and women of the Auxiliary, do not consider your Christmas season as complete until you have gone in person into the hospitals and homes of the disabled with your personal message of affection and loyalty.

For The American Legion,
ALVIN OWSLEY,
National Commander.

For The American Legion Auxiliary,
KATE W. BARRETT,
National President.

How About It, Mr. Coombes?

To the Editor: Mr. Coombes wasn't talking to me, but I think I have succeeded in deciphering his code as published in a recent issue.

It is: 8—1—3—5—11—10.

These numbers are added successively to the numbers in the message and the total substracted from 50. The remainder is the numerical position in the alphabet of the letter represented.

As for the numerals, No. 26 is used to represent 1 and each numeral is one less—No. 25 for 2, 24 for 3, etc.

My solution follows:

28	34	29	25	31		38	37	35	43		30	21	35											
N	O	R	T	H		B	E	N	D		O	R	E											
−8	−1	−3	−5	−11		−10	−8	−1	−3		−5	−11	−10											
					23	44	31	25		24		26	18	25	25									
					S	E	P	T.		3,		1	9	2	3									
					−8	−1	−3	−5																
35	35	41	31		45	24	35	36	17															
D	E	A	R		B	U	D	D	Y:															
−11	−10	−8	−1		−3	−5	−11	−10	−8															
29	39	40		26	39	28		26	39	30														
T	H	E		M	A	N		W	H	O														
−1	−3	−5		−11	−10	−8		−1	−3	−5														
19	32	33	35	36	26		31	35		31	35	32	22	20										
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−11	−10	−8	−1	−3	−5		−11	−10		−8	−1	−3	−5	−11										
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—LE ROY JOHNSON, *Ex-Sgt., 316th Inf., Pottstown, Pa.*

"Boches" or "German Soldiers"?

To the Editor: As a member of The American Legion and with the best interests of that organization at heart, I wish to protest against the use of the word "Boche" in reference to the German soldier.

Many years have passed since the Armistice. A great portion of our population are of German blood and a number of the members of The American Legion have German parents It is unjust and unkind to subject them to this humiliation.

The word "Boche" is French slang for swine and was a term seldom used by American soldiers.—H. W. MCDONALD, *Omaha, Neb.*

Which will succeed?

WHICH will succeed? the one who spends all his precious reading time with the daily paper? or the other, who is gaining little by little, in a few delightful minutes each day, that knowledge of a few truly great books which will distinguish him always as a really well-read man? What are the few great books—biographies, histories, novels, dramas, poems, books of science and travel, philosophy and religion—that picture the progress of civilization?

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, from his lifetime of reading, study, and teaching, forty years of it as president of Harvard University, has answered that question in a free booklet that you can have for the asking. In it are described the contents, plan, and purpose of

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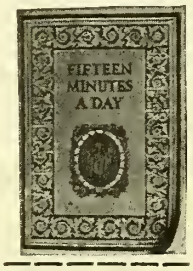

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Hugh J. Kearns Post gives a cup to the best drilled company of the Nebraska National Guard

Turning Out for the National Guard

HUGH J. KEARNS POST has gained a name for itself and for the Legion among the National Guardsmen of Nebraska. When it was announced that the Nebraska National Guard encampment would be held in Plattsmouth this year the post decided to award a silver trophy cup to the company rating the highest all-around camp efficiency.

The cup

Just prior to the review of troops on Governor's Day, the cup was presented to the winning company by Past Post Commander A. H. Duxbury. The post color bearers and guard and two platoons of post members in uniform assisted in the ceremony. Special news-reel movies were taken and the Legion gained columns of publicity.

In addition to awarding the trophy, the post furnished ample quantities of stationery bearing the camp name and the name of the post for use of the guardsmen at their recreation tent, the post club rooms and boxing ring were placed at the visitor's disposal and camp chairs, writing desks and tables were furnished. The Legion also sponsored a track and field meet open to the visitors only at which prizes solicited by the post members from local business man were given to the winning contestants.

A David of Posts—A Goliath of Activity

EVER since the historic clash between M. Carpentier and one Dempsey it has been the habit of the wiseacres to wag their heads solemnly when questions involving quality and size come up and pull that one about a good big man being better than a good little one. They take no account of the incident of David and Goliath, or of the fact that Napoleon stopped growing at an early age.

The adage that good goods come in small packages, once generally quoted, has fallen into disuse. But now comes Cameron-Ellis Post of Winchester, Ohio, with only fifty-five members, to prove it's still as true as ever and perhaps truer.

Officers of the post knew their men before they decided to try to put over what was to be called a Fall Festival and to amount to several county fairs rolled into one. Fifty-five members mightn't amount to much, but fifty-five workers did.

Every business man of Winchester fell manfully in with the idea when the Legion missionaries explained it. A five-day program was arranged, with a special eye to attracting the farmers of the section. Besides exhibits of the usual county fair variety, such features as a fiddlers' contest and a Ford obstacle race were provided.

From September 19th to 23d there was something doing in Winchester every minute outside sleeping hours, and the town was crowded morning to night. Visitors from a half dozen counties could be found on the streets at any time. Not only did Cameron-Ellis Post net $200 and vastly emphasize the fact of its existence, but its festival so pleased the community that it has been asked to arrange another and if possible bigger event for next year.

H. L. McClure, adjutant of Cameron-Ellis Post, has advice for other small posts in which many of them should find inspiration.

"Membership alone means little unless it is active," he says. "We have learned that the small post must have a program which will be attractive and interesting to the public."

PRO AND CON

Editorial Comment on the Activities of The American Legion

IT is evident that The American Legion, like the Ku Klux Klan, is an organization for the violation of whatever law runs counter to their kaiseristic inclinations. They have no respect for the Constitution or the law or the human rights of other people. Their ambition seems to be to become the Pretorian Guard of the capitalist groups in every section of the country. How long the people will stand for their hoodlumism remains to be seen.—*Oakland (Calif.) World.*

It is unjust to The American Legion to regard it as an organization of ex-service men gathered for the sole purpose of getting a bonus from the government. Its aims are loftier than that and its scope broader. Made up of younger men, for the most part of a tried and true quality of citizenship, it can become a force for great good in this country. Seldom has there been so evident a need of robust, common sense solidarity in worthy causes. . . . .

The Legion's usefulness will cease when, or if, it becomes partisan. It will increase in proportion to the effective part it takes in public affairs that affect the common welfare. The future usefulness of the Legion depends on its own leadership and on its ideals.—*Buffalo News.*

What is true of the Legion is no less true of the Legion's Auxiliary—a fitting companion organization to the great American Legion.—*Hancock (Minn.) Record.*

The American Legion has entered auspiciously upon a career that will undoubtedly be filled with great usefulness to the republic. Its members demonstrated their patriotism by their demeanor in the World War. That they will practice the same ideals in peace and that their citizenship will prove a benediction to the country goes without saying.—*Asheville (N. C.) Times.*

Alvin Owsley, new National Commander of The American Legion, spoke simple but significant words at the dedication of Nebraska's new Capitol last Saturday. He said:

"The ending of war is a great thing, but the beginning of peace is a greater thing; for with the coming of a just peace the march of mankind is taken up again, mankind going forward step by step to better things."

That is the right note, for the Legion had its birth not in the fighting, but in the ideals for which ostensibly the war was waged. These ideals, we believed, were hindered by those whom we fought. Peace only brought the chance to resume more favorably the struggle for the universal ideals of mankind.—*New York American.*

Outfit Reunions and Notices

CONTRIBUTIONS for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

Co. K, 307TH INF., 77TH DIVISION—First reunion dinner, Allaire's Restaurant, Third Avenue, near 18th Street, New York City, December 9th. Address, Philip E. Brouillet, 312 Palmetto st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

312TH FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION, 87TH DIVISION—All former members of this outfit interested in joining its veteran association, organized in New Orleans, address J. C. Locke, Secretary, Tulsa, Okla.

66TH ARTILLERY C. A. C.—Reunion smoker, Cranston Street Armory, Providence, Friday evening, Dec. 8. Address, T. Dawson Brown, 71 Peck st., Providence, R. I.

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MUSTEROLE

WILL NOT BLISTER

HARRY BOSSARD POST, PAPILLON, NEBRASKA. When the cornerstone of the new courthouse of Sarpy County was laid, Bossard Post was called upon to conduct the ceremonies. Bossard Post, with the two other Legions posts in the county, had charge, and the G. A. R. and U. S. W. V. assisted. A special ritual was written by the post for the occasion.

ARGONNE POST, DES MOINES, IOWA. Legionnaires of that post were prominent on the committee organized to arrange entertainment for the boys of '61 at their Annual Encampment held in Des Moines, Ia., this year. Post Commander H. H. Polk was grand marshal of the G. A. R. encampment parade in which 6,500 World War veterans participated.

ROY KINARD POST, EL DORADO, ARKANSAS. With a membership of only 74 during 1920 and 1921, the post has stepped out and now boasts of 805 members—731 additional Legionnaires—or a gain of almost one thousand percent. Can any post beat this record? The following Arkansas posts also showed substantial gains: Batesville, 600 percent, Fort Smith, 416 percent and Morrillton, 223 percent.

AUXILIARY UNITS IN ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI. Because there are no elevators in the Veterans Bureau hospital in which are more than 300 disabled veterans, many of them, tubercular patients located on the fourth floor, are unable to leave the building for outings in the parks. The Auxiliary is having screened sun porches built and will furnish the porches and adorn them with flower boxes, thus giving the shut-ins a taste of outdoors.

JIM ROBERTSON, SOMERVILLE (MASS.) POST. A record of ten home runs in fourteen consecutive games played by his post's nine has gained him the title of the Babe Ruth of the twilight baseball league in Greater Boston. Incidentally, the Somerville team was credited with twenty-one games won as against four defeats at the time of this report.

THOMAS K. KELLY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. Through his generosity in furnishing tickets, one hundred disabled veterans were enabled to attend the annual police baseball classic in which the Minneapolis and St. Paul police teams clashed.

CITY FIREMEN OF DETROIT. All disabled veterans in the vicinity of Detroit were guests of the firemen at their athletic meet. Arrangements for transportation of the men were made by Learned Post of Detroit.

GREAT WAR VETERANS OF CANADA, VICTORIA, B. C. To promote international good will, they entertained three hundred Legionnaires, and their friends of Seattle Maple Leaf post, composed of Americans who had seen service with the Canadian and British forces, directed the trip. A reception, football game, visits to disabled buddies in hospitals, a memorial service, a smoker and dance were included in the program.

HEMPSTEAD POST OF HEMPSTEAD, NEW YORK. With its share of the proceeds of a concert given through the thoughtfulness and generosity of Mme. Schumann-Heink the post has established a disabled veterans' fund from which financial aid will be furnished disabled comrades until compensation from the Government is received. The famous contralto is a resident of their town.

How Buddy Has Fared

(*Continued from page 7*)

terms of an average, it figures at 8.8 months out of work for each of 326 men who have not been well enough, or fortunate enough, to hold steady jobs. It may be seen from this how great a number of ex-service men have been affected by the widespread unemployment situation that existed for a long time following demobilization. Computing the financial loss to these 326 men on the basis of the average pre-war pay gives the staggering total of $390,538.02, or an individual loss per man amounting to $1,199.97.

Now let us trace what happened when these 737 men bought new clothes and started out to make their way in civilian life again. Only half of them returned to the same occupation they had been following during the three months preceding their entrance to the service. Some of the other half were physically unable to take up work of any kind, but about 350, for reasons unmentioned, entered upon new occupations.

At the present time 46 percent of the 757 men heard from are now following occupations which they did not follow in the three months preceding their transition from civil to military life. War may or may not alter the nature and disposition of men, according to your views, but the war undoubtedly had something to do with so

many men's changing their accustomed occupations.

It may have been restlessness; more probably it was necessity. To most men getting out of the service, a job was the thing--any kind of job. Obviously, upward of half of these 757 men clutched at the first job that showed itself, and the figures indicate a general disposition to regard a job in hand as worth two in the want ads—particularly in those parlous times barely past when there were many men clamoring for every available job.

Of the questionnaires returned, 52 were from men who before the war had been attending school or college. Most of them could not, or did not, return to their classes following demobilization, and were virtually unanimous in declaring that they had not compensated themselves for what they lost by giving up their studies. "I would have been a physician by now," wrote one young man. He went West after the war and is now working on a ranch at very small pay.

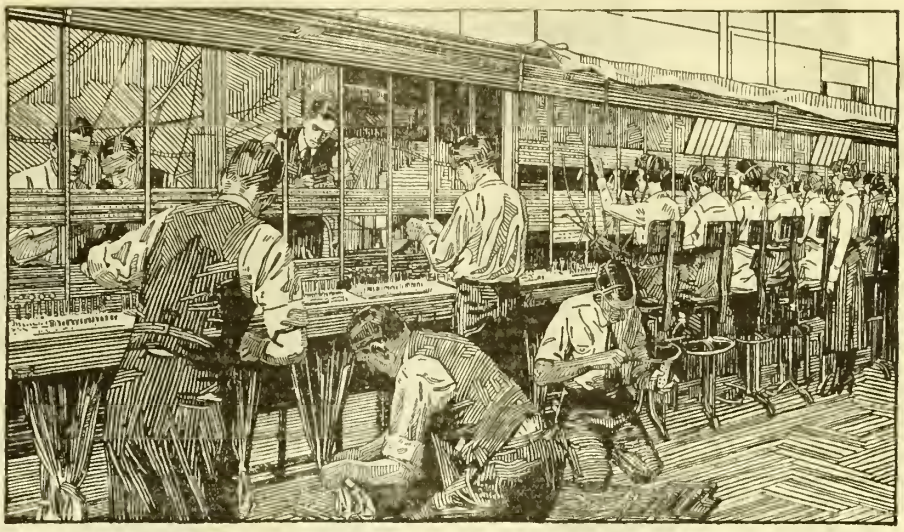
There were a few instances in which men were better off financially in the service than they were before or have been since. These were mostly young fellows who, from jobs on farms or minor clerkships, rose to be officers in the Army or the Navy at better pay than they had previously received. Now they are back on the farms or at minor clerkships—feeling above their jobs, discontented with their lot, and humiliated every pay day.

In a number of other instances men who were in business for themselves before the war are now working for others, with a consequent decrease in income. These men are particularly dissatisfied with the way things have gone for them during the last three and a half years. Some of them mourn not only their changed working conditions and smaller earnings, but still have pangs over losses incurred in the beginning when they left business to help along the business of war. For example, one chap wrote that he had been compelled "to give up a good going business, and lost in accounts and sacrifice of merchandise about $2,500."

The record number of jobs obtained and lost by one man since the war was fifteen. This man wrote that he could not retain a steady position because of his health. He was gassed during the war, and has suffered a great deal of ill health ever since.

Another man, a former cook in the Army, who earned $50 a week before he became associated with O. D. menus, has been able to average only $25 a week since he turned his back on rolling kitchens and chow lines—working successively, if not successfully, as timekeeper, roofer, carpenter, paperhanger and painter.

And so, 68 percent of 757 men picked from a list of representative veterans unhesitatingly set forth that they are the worse for the war in an economic way, presenting a fairly accurate cross-section picture of how the majority of America's ex-service men have been faring since they laid down their weapons of destruction and took up again the tools of civilization. Better days may be just around the corner, and the most of the 757 are hopeful; but there is no gainsaying the fact that the last three and a half years have been lean ones for a majority of the men who gave all they could give when America, and all the world, needed them.



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The Bell System is providing for more investment, further technical achievement, more wires, switchboards and stations—and more subscribers. The American people require the best service. The best service means the most comprehensive service, not only for the necessities of to-day, but for the necessities of the future.

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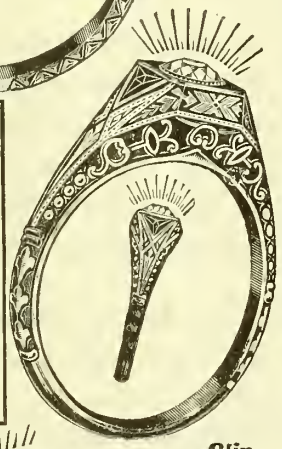

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Havana Legionnaires practice up on their life-saving. Havana Post members life-save regularly at a neighboring beach

Old Sol Calls the Roll

(*Continued from page* 11)

strong for athletics and have teams entered in local baseball and bowling leagues. The seasons are reversed down here, of course, so that we do our bowling when it's summer north of the equator and get out on the lot to rehearse for a berth on the Yankees in January, February, and March. We managed to beat the Japanese team in baseball, even though we didn't win the league championship."

Old Sol beams down on more than a few Legion posts in Spanish America. Here they are in the order that he sees them as he travels around from east to west:

"Edward C. Fuller Post No. 1."

"Santo Domingo isn't so bad. Christopher Columbus visited here some time ago, and since then nothing much has happened except a couple of hundred revolutions. We're mostly in the Marines trying to stop this country from tearing itself apart."

"Porto Rico Post No. 1!"

"There are about twenty-five of us keeping the old flag flying in San Juan. Give our regards to the rest of the gang."

"Venezuela Post No. 1."

"Maracaibo is our headquarters, but our thirty-odd members—geologists, bankers, engineers, and petroleum scouts—are more or less scattered over the entire map of this country, chiefly on the trail of oil. On the Fourth we put on the first baseball game ever staged in the Cordilleras of Venezuela. The natives are still trying to figure it out."

"Top-of-the-World Post No. 1, Cerro de Pasco, Peru. How come that name?"

"Easy. All good almanacs will tell you that Cerro de Pasco is the highest town of its size on the globe. So we figure we're just about sitting on the world. It's a copper mining town. There are only a few of us up here, but we get together and chin over Brest, Sedan, and Rue Sainte Anne every now and then."

"Chuquicuimata Post No. 1."

"Twenty-two of us, mostly engaged in mining copper out of the hills of Chile. We vary the monotony by occasionally excavating Inca mummies older than the United States and by inventing new verses for 'Mademoiselle from Armentieres.'"

Old Sol's next port of call is the Canal Zone, where the Legion is represented by three posts: Panama Canal Post No. 1 at Balboa, Post No. 2 at Cristobal, and Post No. 3 at Gatun, each of them a pepful aggregation of ex-service men. Five degrees of longitude later Sol reaches Havana, where —in the words of the post press agent —"the skies are ever blue, the palms are ever green, and the springs of Baccardi never run dry." Listen to him telling Old Sol to tell the world:

"Havana Post No. 1 has just pushed its membership over the two hundred mark, and this in spite of the exodus of Americans from Cuba as a result of the bursting of the sugar bubble. We have clubrooms in the city with all the comforts of home, including a mahogany phonograph and *La Vie Parisienne*. We run monthly dances at Vedado, the fashionable suburb of Havana. We also control a bathhouse with accommodations for both men and women at La Playa de Marianao, Havana's beach resort. We maintain a chapter of the American Red Cross Life-saving Corps with twenty qualified guards. Last season assistance was rendered or actual saving of life effected in over a hundred cases. The event of the year is the Armistice night banquet, at which our guests include the President of the Republic of Cuba, the American envoy, and the diplomatic representatives of all the allied nations."

In Central America Sol finds two posts, Guatemala Post No. 1 in Guatemala City and Forgotten Comrade Post No. 1 in Tela, Spanish Honduras. Further along to the west he shines down on the ancient capital of the Aztecs.

"Alan Seeger Post No. 2, Mexico City."

"Morale is high and everything's rosy. In between our regular post meetings we vary the program by baseball and by dinners. Had a very enjoyable party with the French war veterans and the *vin* brothers. Just now we're looking forward to our third annual Armistice Day Ball. The last one, which was held in the famous Chapultepec Inn, was quite a splendiferous affair and was honored by the attendance of President Obregon and his official family. Yep, we're going

good, although times are none too brisk."

"Tampico Post No. 1."

"Our latest splurge is a semi-monthly magazine we are getting out, *The Foreign Legionnaire*. Recently, as a means of increasing the post's treasury, we've been running aeroplane trips over the city at a nominal fare. No other excitement to report since the bandit business in this vicinity is suffering from a severe depression."

In Alaska fourteen posts answer Sol's roll call, with a total paid up membership of over five hundred. In order of foundation the Alaskan posts are: Jack Henry Post No. 1, Anchorage; Valdez Post No. 2, Valdez; Ketchican Post No. 3, Ketchican; Alford J. Bradford Post No. 4, Juneau; Isaac Evans Post No. 5, Seward; Merlin E. Palmer Post No. 6, Wrangell; John W. Jones Post No. 8, Cordova; Thomas A. Ross, Jr., Post No. 9, Nome; Davidson Post No. 10, Haines; Dorman H. Baker Post No. 11, Fairbanks; Russell H. Lovelace Post No. 12, Ft. Gibbon; Sitka Post No. 13, Sitka; and Petersburg Post No. 14, Petersburg.

Hawaii, Sol's next stop, has nine posts, as follows: Honolulu Post No. 1, Honolulu; Kauai Post No. 2, Kealia; Hilo Post No. 3, Hilo; Post No. 4, North Kohala; Waialua Post No. 5, Waialua; Post No. 6, Schofield Barracks; Col. Elmer J. Wallace Post No. 7, Fort Kamehameha; Mauii Post No. 8, Kahului; and Fox-Cornet Post No. 9, Luke Field.

The fastest steamships require a week to cover the miles of water between Hawaii and Japan but to Old Sol the difference of approximately sixty degrees of longitude means just about four hours of elapsed time.

"Tokyo-Yokohama Post No. 1."

"Banzai! First, the reason we're a hyphenated American Legion post is that Yokohama is Tokyo's seaport and is only an hour away by train. We thought it better to have one strong post than two little ones. We now have ninety members from all parts of the U. S. A., representing practically every branch of the service, and here on all sorts of businesses. Eight of us are of a species known in this country as B. I. J.'s (born in Japan).

"On Memorial Day each year the post conducts suitable ceremonies, including the decoration of all American service men's graves. On Armistice Day we participate in the celebrations. Last Armistice Day we joined with our British, French, and other Allied brethren in throwing a banquet which surpassed anything of its kind ever held in Japan—ask the barkeep!

"From time to time we hold dances or special meetings in the event of the appearance in the neighborhood of some distinguished person, for instance when General Wood came through. We have a basketball team which won the Tokyo championship in the Y. M. C. A. league. We also are maintaining an amateur glee club and are looking forward to putting on a show. Members of the post subscribed about $2,000 to the fund for the support of the American School in Japan.

"We steer clear of politics, national and international."

"Kobe Post No. 2!"

"Regular meetings, occasional dances, parties, and picnics, and a fitting celebration of November eleventh."

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$5 for double edge blades

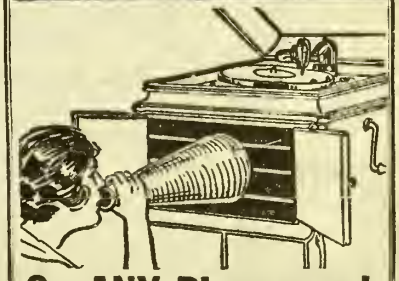
ARATEX SEMI-SOFT COLLARS

Pre-shrunk, will not wilt, crack or wrinkle —easily laundered

35¢ each 3 for $1.00

Cluett, Peabody & Co. Inc. *Makers*

Make your own Phonograph Records



On ANY Phonograph

Talk, whistle, sing, play any instrument. Use any phonograph, old or new. *No special attachment needed.* Simply use Pastime needles and blank records and **you can reproduce anything, everything.** So easy any child can do it. Pastime Metal Records are unbreakable, light, indestructible **Great entertainment** for young and old. **Make permanent records** of loved ones voices, send messages on Pastime records anywhere.

COMPLETE OUTFIT $1 POSTPAID

Send but $1 for 3 blank double-faced Pastime metal records, a supply of recording needles and complete instructions. Dept. 127-A.

A. J. ARCHIBALD Co., 1540 Broadway, N.Y.

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. Buescher Instruments have helped make famous Tom Brown, Paul Whiteman, Joseph C. Smith (Brunswick Records), Clyde C. Doerr, Bennie Krueger (Brunswick Records), Dan Russo (Brunswick Records), Paul Specht, Carl Fenton (Brunswick Records), Gene Rodemich (Brunswick Records), 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

The Buescher Saxophone is so perfected and simplified that it is the easiest of all musical instruments to learn. It is the one instrument that everyone can play—and it wholly satisfies that craving everybody has to personally produce music. You can learn the scale in an hour's practice, play popular music in a few weeks and take your place in an Orchestra or Band within 90 days, if you so desire.
Nothing can take the place of a Saxophone for home entertainment, church, lodge, school. It increases the pleasure you get out of life, increases your popularity and your opportunities.

Free Trial—Easy Payments

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

After nearly 300 years' supremacy, string instruments are almost entirely displaced by Saxophones in all nationally popular orchestras. Our Free Saxophone Book tells which Saxophone takes violin, cello and bass parts, and many other things you would like to know. Ask for your copy.

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Buescher Band Instrument Co.
Makers of Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
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Gentlemen: I am interested in the instrument checked below:

.....Saxophone .....Cornet .....Trombone .....Trumpet
(Mention any other Instrument interested in)

Name.....
Street Address.....
Town..... State.....

(41)

Tom Brown as he appeared in "Tip-Top"

BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

POSITION GUARANTEED
Paying Up to $250.00 per Mo.

MEN ARE WANTED to enter this fascinating profession. Splendid opportunities; travel or remain near home. Pleasant, outdoor work: meet big railway officials.

START AT $110 PER MO., expenses paid, after 3 mos. spare-time study at home. Any average man can qualify.

YOU TAKE NO RISK! Position *guaranteed* or money refunded. Send coupon *today* for details. Don't delay. STANDARD BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTE, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Standard Business Training Inst.,
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NAME .....
STREET.....
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Why Miss Half the Fun in Life?

There is no need of being a wallflower! Enjoy the pleasures and popularity of a real **good** dancer—**make people want to meet and dance with you!** Anyone can now learn to become an accomplished dancer in only a few hours.

Arthur Murray, America's foremost authority on social dancing, has perfected a wonderful new method by which you can learn any of the latest steps in a few minutes—and all of the dances in a short time.

Even if you don't know one step from another, through Arthur Murray's method you can quickly and easily master any dance without music or partner, right in your own home—**or the lessons won't cost you a cent.** More than 60,000 have learned this new easy way; your own success is **guaranteed.**

Five Dancing Lessons Free

To Prove You Can Learn Dancing at Home in One Evening

To prove Arthur Murray can quickly and easily make you an accomplished dancer, he will send you FREE, in plain cover, a lesson in Fox Trot, The Secret of Leading, How to Follow, How to Avoid Embarrassing Mistakes, How to Gain Confidence, and other dancing helps. You can learn in private and surprise your friends. Act **now** and be a good dancer **soon!** For mailing and handling of the five lessons, send 25c today! **Money back if not delighted!**

ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 551, 801 Madison Ave., N. Y.

"Aotearoa Tangatahaere Post No. 1, New Zealand."

"Fifteen strong, resident more or less temporarily in New Zealand. The name of our post is supposed to mean in United States "men who travel in the land of the long white cloud". Our membership is so effectually scattered over the dominion that most of our meetings are held by correspondence."

Six Legion posts dot the archipelago of the Philippines: Manila Post No. 1 and Lt. Quentin Roosevelt Post No. 2 at Manila, Cavite Post No. 3 at Cavite, C. Perry Rich Post No. 4 and Philippine Scouts Post No. 5 at Fort William McKinley, and Col. Elmer J. Wallace Post No. 6 at Corregidor.

"Frederick Ward Post No. 1, Shanghai, China."

"Just a gang of ex-service men that like to get together every now and then to chin over the good old days of goldfish and monkey meat.

"Last Memorial Day the members of the post made a pilgrimage to the tomb of General Frederick Ward. Ward was a hero, not of the World War, nor of any American war, but of the Chinese civil war, the terrible Tai-Ping Rebellion of 1815 to 1865, during which twenty million people were killed and nine rich provinces were ravaged.

"Ward, a youthful Yankee sea captain and soldier of fortune, led a handful of men, mostly Filipinos, against the strongly garrisoned city of Sung-Kiang and, by a surprise assault, captured the city. His army grew and won battle after battle, gaining the title of the "Ever Victorious Army." He was finally mortally wounded during a successful attack at Tse-Ki. Although but thirty-one when he died, he was credited by the Chinese with saving the city of Shanghai from capture by the rebels and also with laying the foundation for the crushing of the rebellion two years later.

"Altogether, we figure that Frederick Ward was a two-fisted fighting man, and we are mighty proud to have our post bear his name."

"Peking Post No. 2."

"In spite of wars and rumors of wars we managed to stage a successful membership drive. We are trying to secure an annual grant of fifty dollars per child for the education under thoroughly American auspices of the many American children in China."

"Canton Post No. 3."

"Our thirty members include bankers, missionaries, tobacco salesmen, civil and mining and electric engineers, automobile and oil men, and sailors from a United States gunboat. We have two Chinese members, one an instructor in the College of Agriculture, the other a government radio operator."

In Krasangju, Korea, fifteen ex-service men, most of them missionaries, have been granted a charter as a Legion post.

Fifty former doughboys and gobs in Calcutta, India, have also applied for a Legion charter.

"Constantinople Post No. 1."

"Muezzins and minarets, Russian refugees and Red Cross relief workers, Syrian dancers and colored jazz bands—we have them all in this hectic town, and besides that we have a post of The American Legion that's very much on the map down here by the Bosphorus. The bulk of our membership is made

up of sailors from the ships of the U. S. Navy stationed here, but civilians in business and with various missionary and relief agencies help to swell the total. We expect to have a neighbor soon in "The Garden of Eden Post," now being formed at Harpoot, Turkey-in-Asia, reputed to be the original stamping ground of Father Adam and Mother Eve. Also, a new bud seems to be sprouting into a Legion flower right in Jerusalem itself."

"Warsaw Post No. 1, how's tricks?"

"We're now getting out a monthly bulletin so as to keep in touch with our members, who are rather loosely scattered over Poland and the vicinity. The name of the sheet is *The Legion Przeczyszczajacy*. Regular meetings, dances, and basketball games help to while away the idle hours.

"We have some rather definite ideas on the matter of emigrants to the United States. Having opportunity to see at first hand the many thousands of ignorant, unwashed, wretched Poles, Germans, Jews, Russians, and Ruthenians who are clamoring for admission to the United States, we are firmly of the opinion that America should protect herself against this threatened invasion by restricting immigration as severely as possible.

"Our basketball team has won every game it has played, having defeated Cracow University, the American Club of Warsaw, the Polish Officers' Club, and the American Y. M. C. A. We believe that our war cry—'Prze-czyszcza-ja-cy' (which, freely translated, means 'C. C. pills')—has helped in our victories.

"A number of our members own horses, and there has been some talk of organizing a Warsaw Post dragoon squadron. The chief idea is to insure means of transportation when the next Bolshevik invasion comes to town."

"John Walker Post No. 1, Loanda, Angola."

"The gang is working for the Companhia de Petroleo de Angola, which is the Portuguese nom-de-plume of the Sinclair Oil Corporation. There is little amusement in Portuguese West Africa other than a little hunting now and then. Most of the fellows have gotten one or more buffaloes, and quite a few have killed hippo, and all manner of antelope from dik-dik to eland. There are lions to the south, and elephants to the north and south, but they are protected by the game laws. Of course, if a lion came snooping around eating up your porters, you would have to give him the razz, and if an elephant tried to occupy more than his share of your bed, you could make him move over, kicking him in the slats if necessary.

"Native products are very cheap, on the average, including wives. Imported stuff is very expensive, including the same. In both cases, the upkeep is more important than the first cost.

"One thing we like about having a Legion post is that when it gets too doggone hot we can weep on each others' shoulders for the nice, cool, frequent rain of France."

When the Army of Occupation in Germany was an army, there was pretty near a whole squad of Legion posts distributed along the Rhine. The only ones left now are Amaroc Post No. 4 at Coblenz and Andernach Post No. 5 at Andernach.

The capital of Belgium is the head-

Holeproof Hosiery

© H. H. Co.

HERE it is, buddy. Regular hosiery for regular fellows. It's there with the fit, the style, the class. And you'll say it never wears out. Costs little, too. At leading stores everywhere in Silk, Silk Faced, and Lusterized Lisle.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario

The Music Pals of the Nation

New friends, new pleasures, new and interesting experiences, invitations galore—dinners, dances, week-end parties, outings,—are some of the good things playing a Gibson brings into your life.

Gibson Instruments

are easily learned in spare time without previous knowledge of music. A few weeks of pleasant, interesting study and you'll be able to play. And there's no other joy in life quite equal to hearing music you make on your own instruments.

$5.00 Monthly buys a Gibson. The ultimate in construction, finish, tone quality and volume. Built like a violin. Adjustable bridge, non-warpable truss rod neck and thirty other exclusive Gibson features. **Guaranteed for life.** Non-Gibson instruments exchanged.

Make $25 to $200 weekly, selling, playing, teaching. Own a high class, exclusive business. We furnish stock, advertise, help sell, carry accounts. Gibsons easily sold on confidential credit plan.

Send for FREE catalog, FREE music and information about Mandolin, Mandola, Mando-cello, Mando-bass, Guitar, Harp-guitar, Mandolin-banjo, Tenor-banjo, Cello-banjo, Guitar-banjo. If interested in Agency, check here..... Teacher?..... Clip, check and mail this ad today.

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DIAMONDS

ONLY $2 DOWN AND 10 MONTHS TO PAY

Send only $2.00 deposit as a guarantee of good faith and we will send your choice of the $49.00 cluster diamond ring, or the $50.00 beautiful solitaire diamond ring, or the $12.00 wedding ring, or the $25.00 wrist watch. **Pay the balence in ten equal monthly payments.** For the $100.00 solitaire blue white diamond, send $20.00 deposit. For the $75.00 diamond, send $15.00 deposit. **Men's rings with same diamonds will be supplied at same price.** Hundreds of similar bargains are described in our new catalog.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Wear any article of your choice on trial for 30 days. If not satisfied send it back and we will return every cent you paid. Free examination at bank or express office before paying deposit, if desired. Written guarantee that if any other jeweler in the U. S. can sell you equal merchandise for less money, you can get your money back. On this guarantee you cannot lose.

14 Karet solid white gold rectangular wrist watch. 15 jeweled movement. Worth $40.00. Full length indestructible pearls $5.00. Our prices are the same for credit as for cash. Order article of your choice by letter and give size wanted. Everyone a wonderful bargain. Rings A-B-C-D are 18 Karat white gold. Ring E 14 Karat yellow gold. Thousands of similar values in our beautiful catalog.

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$1,000,000.00 and 43 yrs experience back of our guarantees

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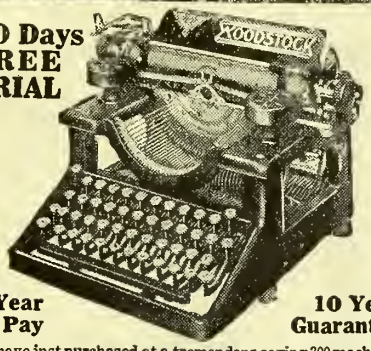
Wholesale Jewelers & Diamond Importers
172 NASSAU ST., DIV. 398 NEW YORK

SMASHING SALE Famous No. 5 Woodstock

10 Days FREE TRIAL



A Year To Pay **10 Year Guarantee**

We have just purchased at a tremendous saving 300 machines intended for foreign shipment. While they last, we offer these Famous No. 5 Woodstocks, rebuilt like new, at almost half. If you ever wished to own a real typewriter, here's your chance. Act quickly—before they are gone—and you get a $100 typewriter for almost half the regular price. Think of it—a No. 5 Woodstock, very late model, sold by the manufacturers for $100, now yours for 50 per cent off—a full year to pay.

$2 AND IT'S YOURS

Mail the coupon with small down payment and we will ship this machine for 10-days free trial. Never before have you had such an opportunity to buy a real typewriter—$100 value—at so low a price.

READ THIS!

The Super Typewriter

The Woodstock offered in this sale is the most popular model ever built with up-to-date improvement. Standard single shift key board, in four rows, 42 keys giving 84 characters; two color ribbon, back spacer, ratchet release, marginal stops; ball-bearing carriage, and full visibility of the writing line.

Over a Year to Pay

Our liberal "year to pay" offer makes it easy for everyone to own one of these Famous typewriters. Only small monthly payments that average less than 16c a day.

10 Days Free Trial

Completely rebuilt and refinished these typewriters cannot be told from a brand new machine. But don't take our word for it. Prove it to yourself! See the actual typewriter—write as many letters as you wish—put it to every possible test. If you are not thoroughly satisfied and convinced that it is the greatest typewriter bargain you ever saw or heard of we will take back machine, refund deposit at once.

Rush the Coupon—Today Remember only 300 of these famous No. 5 Woodstocks at this price-smashing sale. All orders filled in turn. Speak quickly if you want one of these wonderful machines. Fill out and mail the coupon NOW.

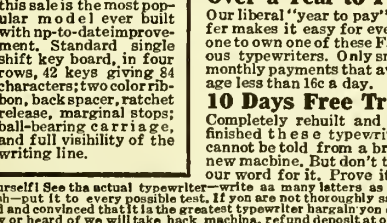
International Typewriter Exchange Dept. 12-101
177 N. State Street, Chicago, Illinois

☐ Gentlemen:—Ship at once a Famous No. 5 Woodstock for which I enclose $2 deposit. I am to have 10 days free trial. If I keep it I will pay the balance of $57.60 in small monthly payments of $4.80 per month, the title to remain with you until fully paid for.

☐ Do not send a machine yet. Mail me your special circular showing and fully describing this super standard No. 5 Woodstock.

Name .....

Address .....



Finish! It takes but a glance at an assortment of Keen Kutter pocket knives to know there are none better. Their finish bespeaks through-and-through quality.

KEEN KUTTER

Simmons Hardware Company

KEEN KUTTER

FREE BOOK!

This illustrated, instructive book on how to select, train and feed your dog will be mailed you FREE with a 3 months' introductory subscription to America's most popular **DOG, HUNTING and FISHING** Magazine. Send 25c (stamps or coin) today.

Sportsman's Digest Publ'g Co., 366-B Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

quarters of Brussels Post No. 1.

About twenty-one hours after his first hail to the Legion post in Buenos Aires, Old Sol gazes down, breaks into a beaming smile, and says, "So this is Paris!"

And back comes the answer, "Paris Post No. 1, American Legion, with 939 paid-up members, has permanent clubrooms at 10 rue de l'Elysee and an organization that accomplishes things. Practically every month we run some sort of affair,—entertainment, smoker, or dance. Our Auxiliary holds monthly teas and bridge parties. By way of special features we have had as guests Marshal Foch and Senator Lewis of Illinois. We put on a big boxing show at the Cirque de Paris in co-operation with the British and French veteran's organizations. On Memorial Day we supervised the decoration of American graves throughout France."

Here's what Paris Post has done for Americans S. O. L. in France: secured jobs for five hundred men, helped over two hundred ex-service men and their families to get back to the States, arranged for legal aid for some who got in trouble with the *gendarmes*, made hundreds of small loans of money, provided hospital care for those who were sick, and conducted military funerals for those who went West.

"London Post No. 1. Is the lime juice still flowing?"

"It sure is, but that isn't all. Our post has leased a house at 29 Chester Square, where several of our members room and which serves as a club for all the members. We have frequent social affairs, help out as best we can ex-service men who occasionally get stranded in London, and do our best to observe Memorial Day and Armistice Day fittingly. Our regards to the boys in the States."

One thing that Old Sol notices as he rolls around the oblate spheroid which we call home is that Legion posts in foreign climes, as well as those that pepper the map of the U. S. A., are strong for the Legion ideal of service. And what is more to the point, they put the ideal into practice.

Trees of God

YE trees of God, who rear your head
To mark our noble soldier dead,
Are sentinels who watch alone
To guard each well-beloved one.

Ye lift green branches high in air,
As if in silent, wordless prayer
For those who have life's battles won
In noble duty, nobly done.

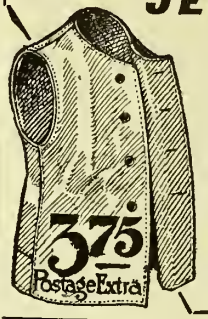
The everlasting symbol, ye,
Of life unending, radiant, free!
For no more steadfast is the sun
Than was each well-beloved one.

"Gone west!" "Lights out!" Three volleys! Taps!
The flag half masted! Shadow shapes
Forever marching—"Column right!"
To glories hid from mortal sight.

But never shall their memory fade.
Beneath such trees' green pungent shade
A grateful nation bows its head,
And worships with its soldier dead.

—*By Lilian Bell*

LINED LEATHER JERKINS



New U. S. Army standard jerkins with government inspection label. Made of fine quality tan leather, lined with olive drab wool cloth. Suitable for men or women for every outdoor activity. Sizes, 38 to 46. Shipping weight, 3 pounds.

Write for FREE, big catalogue No. 141 of Army, Navy, Camp and Sporting Goods.

RUSSELL'S INC.
245 W. 42nd St., New York

Beautiful Guaranteed Watch

$3.30

Here's your only opportunity to get this elegant **high grade thin model watch** with choice of **gold, silver, radium** or **fancy engraved dial** for only **$3.30 C.O.D.** Open face, stem wind and set. Adjusted. Fully tested. **Guaranteed perfect timekeeper.** A watch you'll be proud to own. **FREE** If you write at once—beautiful waldemar knife and chain with your order **Send No Money.** Pay postman on arrival only **$3.30** and the watch, knife and chain are yours. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Order today sure.

First National Watch Co., 651 Maxwell St., Dept. 900, Chicago

ANYBODY CAN PLAY

So simple a child can play—by numbers instead of notes. "FUN at parties entertainments, etc. SEND NO MONEY. Only your name and address. When FLUTA arrives, pay postman only $2.79. We pay postage.

PUBLIC TRADING CO.
404-4th Ave., Dept. 20 New York City

FREE—15 SONGS

Agents—$6 a Day

Taking Orders for Clark Glare Shield

Kills glare of sunlight and approaching headlights. Keeps you out of the ditch. Attached in five minutes. Fits any car. Neff took orders for 92 shields in one week. No capital required. County agents wanted. Write for sample and territory.

CLARK PRODUCTS CO.,
Dept. 622 Springfield, O.

This New Chevron Is On 7500 Newsstands

TRADE HERE WITH THIS DEALER

The CHEVRON of SERVICE

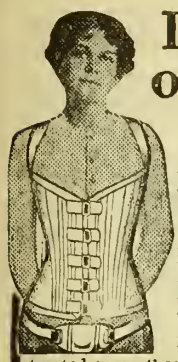
It is the newsstand sign of Legion Service, awarded only to dealers who are carrying The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly.

It bears the words,—*Legionnaires! Trade Here! Do all your magazine business with this dealer. He is selling your magazine and has earned this Chevron of Service, as authorized by the Fourth National Convention of The American Legion.*

Don't let your dealer kid you, he can get The Weekly through any distributor or direct from us. If he displays it, he can sell it.

Give your magazine business to the Chevronnaire dealers who are helping us make a bigger, better Weekly for you.

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY
627 West 43d Street New York



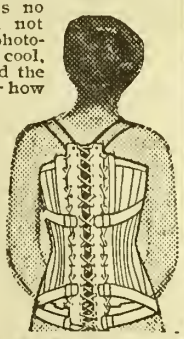
Deformities of the Back

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance three weeks. We have successfully treated more than 45,000 cases the past 20 years.

30 Days' Trial Free

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is — how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.



Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.

Send For Our Free Book.

If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
92-23 Odd Fellows Temple
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Genuine Texas Ranger

$14.50

32-20 CALIBRE

"The greatest bargain I ever received"—that's what a customer recently wrote after getting one of these genuine Texas Rangers at our almost unbelievable low price. So perfect is this firearm that you would expect to pay double our price for it. It is the popular swing out cylinder used universally for hard usage. Has lever plunger on hammer. Made of very best blue steel with 4 inch rifled barrel. The excellent sight insures accurate aim. Shoots regular 32-20 ammunition. Has unusually high penetrating power. A stone wall protection at a low price. Order yours today.

HOW TO ORDER

Send no money. Just rush your name, address and mention No. D 128. Your Texas Ranger will be shipped by return insured parcel post. Pay postman $14.50 and few cents postage on arrival. Money back if not entirely pleased after examination.

free Send today for free catalog picturing many bargains in firearms, clothing, shoes, etc.

PARAMOUNT TRADING CO. 54 WEST 28ST. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Solve this Mystery!

SIXTEEN THOUSAND BRANCHES

Ask Your Post Adjutant About—THE LEGION Subscription Service

The Barrage Against Fakers

(*Continued from page* 10)

some other dollar-catching campaign to raise funds for disabled men.

Then came a broadcast warning from Mr. Bolles:

"When an individual comes to you with an offer to conduct an entertainment for your post," the word went forth, "investigate him as thoroughly as would a bank if you were trying to negotiate a loan. This is sound business caution, and if your man is straight, he will welcome it in that spirit. If you are in doubt as to the procedure in such a case, talk matters over with local bank officials or the Chamber of Commerce."

Frauds of the promotion variety have subsequently diminished to the vanishing point. Similar warnings in connection with other methods of extortion have likewise proved a force in curtailing shams and swindles of every description. Go where you will, you will find Buddy keeping his eyes and ears trained in the same spirit which attended his long vigils in the trenches, and on fighting decks at sea. And as a consequence the wisest of the crooked gentry are scuttling for cover.

Two ingenious rogues posing as American veterans even failed recently to get away with a cunning "easy money" game in Paris. It was their plan to watch the hotel registers in Paris for the names of newly-arrived American visitors. To these travelers from the homeland one of the pair would address a doleful letter bearing a touching tale of unusual hard luck. In each letter the writer would say that he had come back to France with a buddy to revisit some of the scenes where their old outfit had fought; but, sad to relate, his buddy had fallen seriously ill, had spent some time in a French hospital, and now was trying to recuperate in a tiny tenement room in a squalid quarter of Paris—with no money between them for food or medicine. Would the kind tourist be generous enough to tide them over a few days with a few francs?

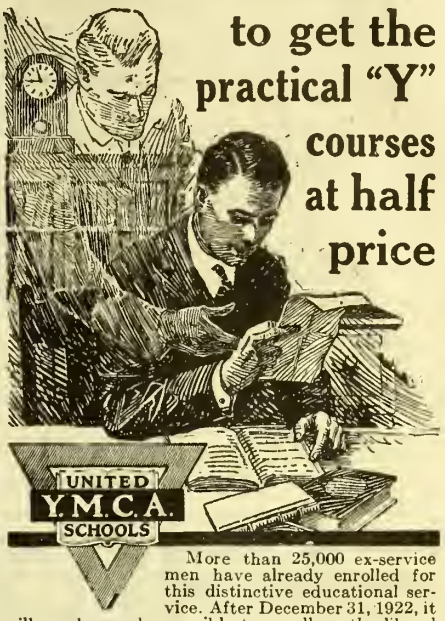
Usually the tourists would, and did. They were abroad for a good time, had plenty of money, and were carelessly generous. Few even bothered to visit the sickroom or otherwise check up the sincerity of the appeal; and the few who did go to the address given in the letter were greeted at the door by a young American and conducted up a creaky staircase into a dim, narrow-chested room where another American lay muffled in bedclothing.

"Sh!" the healthy one would whisper; "please try not to wake him, 'cause he's just got asleep after tossing all night in pain."

Invariably the visitors took one hasty look, pressed some money into the young fellow's hand and tiptoed from the room with the warm feeling of having done a good deed. But soon a Nemesis appeared. His suspicion and his eyes were all three keen. He peered closely at the bedridden "sufferer" and realized that the man was faking. But he gave no sign of his discovery. He pretended to be sympathetic, left behind a few francs and—returned with two gendarmes.

Unmasked, the men confessed to the

Your last chance to get the practical "Y" courses at half price



More than 25,000 ex-service men have already enrolled for this distinctive educational service. After December 31, 1922, it will no longer be possible to enroll on the liberal plan made possible by the War Work Council. But if you act promptly you may still, at just one-half the regular tuition rates, get correspondence instruction of the highest grade and the constant attention of a competent United Y. M. C. A. Schools' instructor, who will take a whole-hearted interest in all your problems.

The aid of this instructor is always available in your efforts to improve yourself and your opportunities. The kind of service he gives brings hundreds of expressions like the following from a Pittsburgh, Pa., student.

"I am certainly well pleased with the way you clear up all the rough spots I encounter. It is a mystery how you can make a student feel as if the whole school is run for his personal benefit."

Don't wait. This opportunity will probably never come again. Mark and mail the slip below and get our friendly counsel.

Some of our 300 Correspondence Courses

Business Courses

Accountancy	Business Law
Advertising	Complete Letter Writing
Banking	Office Management
Better Letters	Public Speaking
Bookkeeping	Salesmanship
Business Arithmetic	Secretarial
Business Administration	Show Card Writing
Business English	Stenography
Business Finance	Traffic Management

Technical and Other Courses

Agricultural Courses	Insurance Courses
Applied Psychology	Mathematical Courses
Architecture	Mechanical Engineering
Automobile Courses	Own-Your-Home Course
Building Construction	Plan Reading
Civil Engineering Courses	Plumbing
Drafting Courses	Poultry Husbandry
Electrical Courses	Radio Engineering
English Courses	Radio Telegraphy
Factory Management	Steam Engineering Courses
Foreign Languages	Structural Drafting
Foremanship	Surveying
Highway Engineering	Use of the Slide Rule
High School Courses	Vocational Guidance
Illustrating	*Are you an ex-service man?*

UNITED Y. M. C. A. SCHOOLS
Correspondence Instruction
Dept 7-D 347 Madison Ave., New York City

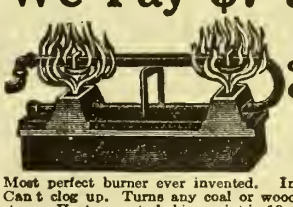
Without obligating me, please advise regarding half tuition rates and the course in

Name.....

.....

Full Address.....
(Please write plainly.)

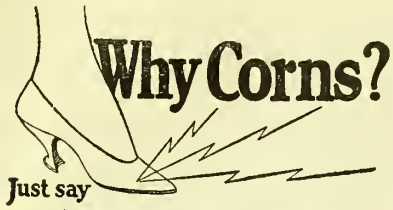
We Pay $7 a Day



taking orders for Can't Clog Coal Oil Burner

Most perfect burner ever invented. Intense blue flame. Can't clog up. Turns any coal or wood stove into a gas stove. Heats oven to baking point in 10 minutes. Cheapest fuel known. Low priced. Sells everywhere. Nothing else like it. Not sold in stores. Write quick for sample.

PARKER MFG. CO., Burner 803 Dayton, Ohio



Just say

Blue-jay

to your druggist

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in a colorless clear liquid (one drop does it!) and in thin plasters. The action is the same.

Pain Stops Instantly

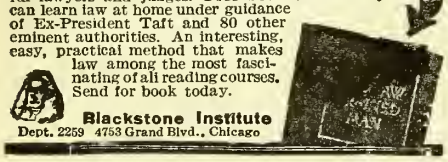
©B&B 1922

Free Book-LAW

Send for This Free 128-Page Book

It tells you how you can gain a thorough knowledge of law in your spare time as 45,000 others are doing. Business today seeks law trained men. 85% of all civil suits involve business disputes. Knowledge of law is *fundamental* in successful business management.

Thousands of Blackstone students have fitted themselves for bigger things in business. Thousands, too, have been admitted to the Bar and are successful lawyers and judges. Free book tells how you can learn law at home under guidance of Ex-President Taft and 80 other eminent authorities. An interesting, easy, practical method that makes law among the most fascinating of all reading courses. Send for book today.



Blackstone Institute
Dept. 2259 4753 Grand Blvd., Chicago

WILSON DRUMS AND ACCESSORIES

For

POST BANDS
DRUM CORPS
ORCHESTRAS
PATROLS

Write For New 96 Page Catalog

WILSON BROS. MFG. CO.
220 N. May St., Chicago

AUTOMATIC PISTOLS
AT CUT PRICES—NONE BETTER

25 cal. 7 shot . . . $7.80
32 cal. 8 shot . . . $9.60
32 cal. 10 shot extra magazine, making 20 quick shots, **$15.00.**

SEND NO MONEY, pay on arrival, our price plus postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money cheerfully refunded.

THE PRICE CUTTING COMPANY, 55 Broadway, New York

Sound Off Emblem Division

Automobile decorations. Post banners, grave markers, membership buttons, seal presses, window transfers, athletic emblems and a score of other useful and attractive items incorporating the Legion emblem are to be had from the Emblem Division.

WRITE FOR A COMPLETE CATALOGUE

Emblem Division, National Headquarters
The American Legion, Indianapolis

Paris police that they had been operating this swindle for several weeks. They admitted, too, that they had never served a day in either the army or the navy; although they *were* veterans of several prisons.

Nearly all posts these days refuse any type of parasite every request for money. If a man with a hard-luck story seems genuine, an effort is made to find him a job; if he proves beyond doubt that he is worthy, he may possibly succeed in obtaining a ticket for wherever he wishes to go. But it is even a difficult matter for him to get that. Posts throughout the country as well as here in Wisconsin have decided that there has been entirely too much globe-trotting at their expense.

As charitable organizations have long pointed out, more harm than good may easily be done by unorganized, free-handed giving. Trustfulness is all right in its place; but it certainly should have no place in dealing with utter strangers who come to you for money. The less credulity there is among Legionnaires when they are appealed to for money, the fewer sharpers there will be getting along without working.

Advice is cheap, but a definite warning is often well worth while. Once let everybody everywhere beware; once veterans without exception make it a rule to demand proper credentials from all seekers after alms or contributions of any kind; once all posts adopt specific systems for overseeing all money-raising activities in any way related to the welfare of ex-service men—then, and not until then, will the public feel a sense of security when asked to subscribe to causes worthy of generous support.

Fortunately, that day is near on the calendar. The wave of fakers and faking is dissipating into a feeble ripple, fast spending itself. Publicity, co-operation, and the counter wave of protective measures are defeating the enemies of Buddy's good name. Many crooks and fakers are already safely tucked away in jails; some have turned to honest toil; only a few, it is hoped, are stupid enough to go on trying. And Buddy will catch the few.

Trading with the Bolsheviks

(*Continued from page* 9)

five hundred thousand, we have at least one hundred and twenty-five thousand gold rubles to be used as margin, and we can sell the flour in Constaninople."

Isseo: "I want five hundred thousand rubles in ninety-six hours, and it makes no difference to me whether I get it or not."

The Captain: "If you don't take the flour here, I'll get additional freight on it back to Constantinople."

Yours truly (humbly, excitedly, beseechingly): "Gentlemen! Gentlemen!"

Then the group broke into ten or fifteen little attentive circles of whisperings. It was four o'clock of the third day and we had had no lunch. The meeting adjourned with the understanding that the government would take the arguments under advisement, but in order to avoid delay, Isseo would start

$43 In One Evening

That's what our representative in the town of Chelan, Wash. made through this amazing invention. And YOU can do that too in

Just Your SPARE TIME

This new heating device—the Oliver Improved Oil-Gas Burner, does away with mussy high priced coal and wood. Burns 95% air, 5% oil. Gives 3 times the heat of coal and wood at turn of a valve. So attractive to housewives it practically sells itself. Agents make fortunes taking orders from neighbors and canvassing their towns. Oliver's amazing features make everything easy.

Write for Free Book Send postcard or letter for interesting free book telling all about the Oliver and how to get a special Exclusive Franchise for your territory. Big money in spare or full time. Write now!

OLIVER OIL-GAS BURNER & MACHINE COMPANY
2080-X Oliver Building, St. Louis, Mo.

MINSTRELS Musical Comedies and Revues, with full instructions for staging. You can stage your own show with our books. Full line of plays, music, cross-fire, monologues, afterpieces, vaudeville acts and make-up. CATALOGUE FREE.

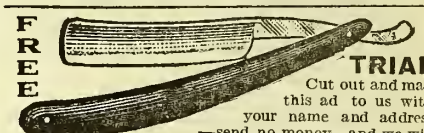
T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept 66, Chicago

Your Outfit's Photograph

In '17, '18 or '19 your organization was photographed. It's the only photograph of the "bunch" as you and they were then. It can never be taken again. Get a copy now, while you can, for your children and their children's children. If your outfit was photographed we can supply it. Give full name—camp and date. Price $3.00.

COLE & CO., Asbury Park, N. J.

FREE TRIAL



Cut out and mail this ad to us with your name and address—send no money—and we will send you this fine Razor for 30 days' FREE trial. When satisfied after using, send $1.95 or return razor. Order today. **AMERICAN RAZOR WORKS, Dept. N-7, 1575 Ogden Avenue, Chicago.**

SPECIAL OFFER! BE A SAW MUSICIAN!

You can produce wonderful sweet and mellow music from a carpenter's saw, **If You Know How.** If you can whistle a tune you can learn. You need not know one note from another. **Learn in 20 Days—We Absolutely Guarantee** to teach you how to play **Popular** and **Classical Music** and all the **Tricks** and **Positions** within 20 days by spending a few minutes each evening practicing on your own saw. It's as **Good** and **Cheaper** than any we could furnish.

No Charge If We Fail—We are making you a special offer of only $8.50 for this complete course. **Free—Special Information** how to pick the proper saw, violin bow and make soft hammer with but little cost—**Free** with course.

Be Popular Socially—Make Big Money playing at dances and entertainments. It will pay for itself many times over. **Send** or **Write Today**—It's more fun than a circus.

The Beloit Musical Novelty Co., Div. of Musical Saws 17, Beloit, Wisconsin

"BOW LEGS and KNOCK-KNEES" UNSIGHTLY

SEND FOR BOOKLET SHOWING PHOTOS OF MEN WITH AND WITHOUT **THE PERFECT LEG FORMS**

PERFECT SALES CO., 140 N. Mayfield Ave., Dept. 60 Chicago, Ill.

Filters 4 Gallons in 5 minutes

Write for Free Circular

THE FASTEST PORTABLE FILTER IN THE WORLD FOR GRAPE JUICE, CIDER, ETC., ETC.

Easy to operate and lasts for years. Fits any bottle or keg. HOME SIZE filters quart of water a minute, No. 11A $8.00.
LARGE SIZE filters gallon of water a minute, No. 11B $15.00.
PAY POSTMAN ON DELIVERY plus few cents postage. Money promptly refunded if not delighted.

The VACCU-FILTER SALES CO.
Dept 11—70 Fifth Ave.—New York

counting the money on the following morning while we argued the questions upstairs.

The fourth and last day found Isseo on hand with a pair of scales and a flour scoop. When ten guards placed twenty sacks containing twenty-five thousand gold rubles each in front of him, the gaping clerks in the office could hardly work. Each coin was a Russian reserve five-ruble piece, as fresh and gleaming as if it had been minted that day. There were five thousand of these pieces to a sack, and we were told that two girls had counted the entire amount, piece by piece, spending days at a task that Isseo could accomplish in a few hours with his scales. One missing coin, worth at that time five million paper rubles, would have meant, they told us, immediate death for any of them.

"Don't you hate to see all that gold go out of the country?" I asked one of the delegation who seemed to be fascinated with the glitter of the coins that fell from the flour scoop into the sacks.

His response was more altruistic than Bolshevik. "Take it away. I am glad to see it go. I hope every piece of it gets out of the country. If it had not been for gold we should never have had all the troubles we have now."

I wonder how he will feel about it this year when the reserve is gone and the promised harvest is not forthcoming?

Upstairs in the committee chamber I wrestled with the committeemen, until finally they agreed that there was nothing else to do on the face of the agreement except to pay the money. Whitmore and Isseo came up to announce that twenty sacks of the precious metal were sacked and sealed with the bank's insignia and were ready for delivery to the ship, but that they could not surrender the documents until the gold was on board.

This started another argument, but the bank officials were insistent and the Soviet delegation had to agree to the delivery, which was scheduled to take place at eight thirty the next morning, thirty minutes prior to the expiration of their time limit.

We made a gentlemen's agreement to this effect and shook hands with fully twenty people who were rubbing their palms in elation over the conclusion of four days of argument.

Then the captain of the steamer stepped forward. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am very glad to see that the deal is settled. But you have forgotten me. I want two thousand dollars a day demurrage, which is eight thousand dollars altogether, and I also want my expenses in Batum for attending these conferences."

Here was an unprovided-for problem. A ship such as the captain's could make a legitimate charge of five hundred dollars a day, but two thousand was outrageous. We adjourned to the ship, where another argument began. There the bills of lading were drawn forth and the clauses providing for every contingency studied again.

"If you don't come to reasonable terms and quit trying to queer this entire deal, you are going to meet with serious trouble when you get to Constantinople." This threat was made by one of the bank men.

"You are throwing monkey wrenches into the machinery!" I shouted to the captain.

Pay Your 1923 Dues Now

The Legion is making a big effort to have all dues for membership renewals paid by the first of the year.

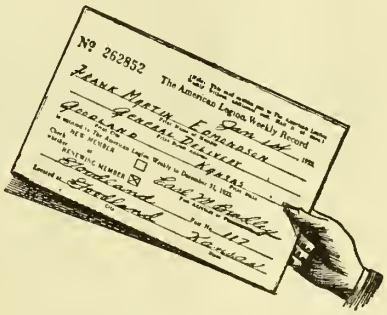
During November thousands of renewal cards reached National Headquarters. John Legiondoughgob, of Post, U. S, A., has quickly grasped the significance of this important detail.

Every single unit of the Legion has profited through these payments.

Some posts have paid dues for their entire membership out of the Post treasury. At this pace, the dues objective will be taken by January 1.

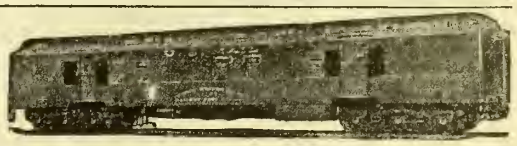
If you can possibly pay your dues today, do so. Right now the Legion is breaking camp for the forward march of 1923. Don't make your Post, or State or National Headquarters carry your pack. Don't be a straggler along the line of march.

In the service days it took several men to take care of a straggler. In the case of stragglers in the payment of dues, it takes several units of the Legion to carry the burden.



This is the card that brings the Weekly during 1923. Get yours started now and you won't miss an issue.

Wanted!



Railway Mail Clerks

$1600 to $2300 Year

HUNDREDS NEEDED

Every Ex-Service Man Should Write Immediately

Steady Work. No Layoffs. Paid Vacations.

Common education sufficient.

Ex-Service Men get first preference.

Send coupon today—SURE.

COUPON

Franklin Institute, Dept. L186, 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.....

FREE PEARLS

Resembles $750. Solitaire

No Red Tape
No Delay

14 K

SET IN PLATINUM—MOST SENSATIONAL RING OFFER EVER MADE

Think of it—seven brilliant steel blue genuine diamonds massed by a secret process in a setting of solid platinum set so closely together that only close inspection will distinguish it from a solitaire valued at $750.00. Shank of ring is 14kt. solid gold.

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL

You take no chance—if it is not satisfactory at the end of ten days or if you can duplicate this genuine diamond ring in any jewelry store for less than $65.00, your deposit will be refunded to you.

FREE "ROYALTON" PEARLS

We are giving an 18-inch strand of genuine Royalton pearls fitted with a solid gold clasp ABSOLUTELY FREE just to get you started as a customer. Retail jewelers charge $15.00 for a similar grade. The quantity is limited so be sure to send your order today.

SEND ONLY $2.00 AND RING AND PEARLS GO TO YOU IN A HANDSOME GIFT BOX. CHARGES PAID. A WRITTEN GUARANTEE BOND AS TO QUALITY AND VALUE ACCOMPANIES EACH RING. AFTER 10 DAY TRIAL, PAY BALANCE $4.65 A MONTH FOR 10 MONTHS. PRICE ONLY $48.50.

FREE BOOK OF GEMS

Most complete jewelry catalog ever issued of diamonds, watches and jewelry—newest designs at lowest prices. 10 months to pay on everything from our two million dollar stock.

Address Dept. 664
Established 1895

FREE PEARLS

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO
35-37-39 Maiden Lane New York

SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE

320 PAGES, ILLUSTRATED, CLOTH
By Winfield Scott Hall, M. D., Ph. D.

SEX FACTS MADE PLAIN

What every young man and Every young woman should know
What every young husband and Every young wife should know
What every parent should know

$1.00 POSTPAID
Mailed in plain wrapper

Table contents & commendations on request

AMERICAN PUB. CO., 1289 Winston Bldg., Philadelphia

Exide
BATTERIES

Power Dependability
Long Life

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.
PHILADELPHIA
Branches in 17 cities

"Monkey wrenches or not, if I don't get the money I'll dump every blasted sack of this flour overboard."

"The hell you will!"

The captain was alive, shaking, quivering with excitement, his finger was pointed at the speaker's nose. "Curse me, will you, on my ship? I can throw you in irons. I am master on this vessel. There is a German flag over me now, and there is German soil under my feet! The radio is locked up and you can't use that. I am not in the Bosporus and you can't hang your Allied flag over me or pester me with your English soldiers!"

Profuse apologies, fond farewells, exit to the deck.

The delegation was unanimous. "That finishes us. We can't make any payment until this demurrage question is settled. Why didn't you tell us that it was costing two thousand dollars a day to argue over this contract?"

There was one little fellow in the Russian delegation whom I must confess I liked. His name was Bantor, and he was almost American. He had acted as interpreter, and it was he who had made the remark about the gold. He had been educated in New York and spoke American more than he did English. His puttees and his trousers were ex-American army issue, and he wore an olive drab shirt under his blue serge coat. He had been special secretary to Ipskowitz, and was naturally keen and shrewd. He came up to me and we discussed the new obstacle.

"If I tell the captain," he said to me in confidence, "that a couple of hundred dollars in his pocket is better than eight thousand in the company's treasury, what do you think his attitude will be?"

I confessed that I did not know. "Well," he said finally, "you fellows might as well beat it ashore. This is a one-man job," and he mounted to the bridge while the rest of us made for the waiting boats.

"The captain is fixed." Bantor gave me this good news an hour after our departure from the vessel.

"How much?" I asked. But Bantor only shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "We know that kind of a character pretty well over here."

I laughed. "Somewhat like some that—"

"Be careful," Bantor laughed back, and we shook hands.

At five minutes to nine on the following morning twenty sacks of Russian gold had been deposited in the hold of the Italian liner *Canora*, bound for Constantinople. The documents had been signed and delivered. Bantor was on deck and handed me a telegram in Russian characters but spelling English words. It read: "Have flour representative proceed Tiflis for conference Ipskowitz concerning further business."

Ipskowitz was on the job and his faction again in power!

I went to Tiflis, which is another story, but I got no new business.

I learned that the Batum flour, however, was satisfactory, though they held me until the last sack of it was unloaded.

When I arrived in Constantinople, Riff met me with a telegram from the Russians. It had come over their secret wireless and it read: "Flour wormy, uneatable, and bitter. You must replace entire cargo."

The Ipskowitz faction was out again!

Prices Shot to Pieces

These Automatics are Brand New and use Regular Standard Ammunition

Lowest Prices in the Country

Be Protected in Your Home against unlawful intrusion with your choice of the following:

Protector	.25-cal. blue steel automatic, only few left. No. 346	$7.25
Broncho	.25-cal. 6-shot Blue Steel Dependable Pocket Arm, No. 146	$9.75
Ortgies	.25, .32 or .380 cal. 8-shot Blue Steel, Inlaid Hard Wood Grip, No. 646	$10.25
Military	Model .32 cal. 10-shot, with Extra Magazine Free, No. 246	$10.25
Quintette REVOLVER	.32 and .38 Cal. Revolver (Popular Break-Open Style) 5-shot; 3 inch barrel; Nickel or Blue. No. 546	$11.85

(Furnished with Pearl Grips, $3 extra)
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back.
Send Cash, M. O. or, if you prefer

SEND NO MONEY

Pay Postman on arrival, plus postage.
Free Catalog on Request
Edwards Import Trading Corp.
258 Broadway, New York

GUARANTEED $8 VALUE!

Greatest bargain of a Lifetime! Shirts are of neat colored stripes, made of highest quality percale and madras material, with soft cuffs, finished beautifully. All sizes from 13½ to 17½. Ties are made of finest silk knit material, fast colors, full length and closely knit to give long wear.

SEND NO MONEY!

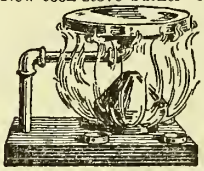
Just your name, address, and size of shirts. When shirts and ties are delivered pay postman only $4.99. We pay postage. Money cheerfully refunded if not satisfied.

FREE A dandy pair SNAP-ON CUFF BUTTONS, FREE to the first 500 ordering this great bargain.

Rush orders now: Mention size of shirts.
Send for free catalogue of bargains.
Public Trading Co., 404 Fourth Ave.
Dept. 105, New York City

Agents $6 a Day

New cook stove burner for cooking, heating, baking.



Burns (coal-oil) kerosene or distillate. Takes place of coal or wood. Fits any cooking stove or range. Easy to install. Absolutely safe.

FULLY GUARANTEED

Regulate by valve; burns just like gas. Steady uniform heat. Simple, safe, clean. Nothing to get out of order. Our agents having wonderful success. Work spare time or full time. Big money each day. Write for agency.

Jennings Mfg. Co., Burner 304 Dayton, Ohio

GIVEN AWAY THIS TENOR BANJO

Become Popular—Play all the Hits
Surprise your friends

No musical knowledge necessary. Rush your name and we will tell you HOW you can get this Tenor Banjo or any other instrument and learn to play at once.

A Oriol, 15 Park Row, New York

EVERY BODY CAN PLAY

PATENTS *and* TRADE-MARKS

As one of the oldest patent firms in America, and representing a clientage extending to all parts of the country, we afford Inventors and Manufacturers, at lowest consistent charges, a service noted for efficiency and results, evidenced by many well-known Patents and Trade-Marks of extraordinary value

Lacey & Lacey, 643 F St., Washington, D.C.

ESTABLISHED 1869

Our book Patent Sense Free

Buddy's Page

My Objective - "A magazine you'll be proud of."

I Am Buddy in the Barrel

You know me, Al. I was born in the City of Doubt, State of Uncertainty. When I utterecd my first squawk, advertisers alleged that Legionnaires rated only pup-tents, slum, senegambian marbles and frolicking freckles.

They claimed this old Weekly of ours was an advertising dud—and they got their funeral clothes all pressed up and ready to see us pass out like a first-class private with rust on his dog tag.

Me and my barrel loomed up in the darkening clouds like the smoke of a field kitchen far ahead along a line of march.

"Commence firing, men!" said I, as the sharp oval thrusts of manufacturers pierced the staves. Some ammunition was spilled at Chateau-Thierry; some lead was unloosed in the Argonne; quite some hot stuff was served from the griddles behind the Hindenburg Line; but friends and fellow-sufferers of the line-ups, this was all like an arrow from Hiawatha's bow compared to the coupon barrage laid down by John Legionnaire Leatherneck Doughgob, of Legionville, U. S. A.

I am Buddy in the Barrel. I knocked old Major Pessimist for a row of tin-hat factories. I proved reader-interest, reader-support, reader-loyalty, reader-buying power.

Hardboiled advertisers asked our salesmen to bring on "This guy Buddy." And I was there stronger than a second Ioui's alibi. When I put down the coupons and snapped to attention, it meant a new chapter in the advertiser's life. Here was a coup from Darien; there a letter from Ketchikan; a postcard from Pottsville, Pa. I am the Coupon Skirmisher. I brought to the advertiser's desk a human story of a product that apparently carried no more romance than a piece of cheese—and I even brought a cheese maker the story of a cut of cheese that saved a platoon. I light up the cold, clear facts of advertising with the warm hand of comradeship.

I am the Stave Hero. With me, the sky is the limit. Cash in on me. I am your trump card. Play me across the boards. Back me to the last coupon dot. I can't fail. I make good or vanish like a rook's suspenders.

More than a dozen national advertisers have used my mug in their copy in our Weekly. They are proud of the coupons that you Buddies and Buddiettes send in. Keep them on the wing. There's hardly an advertiser we can't get, if you say the word. In the Order of Coupons, every member is a commanding officer.

The fame of Buddy in the Barrel spreads like a guardhouse rumor. Clip me and paste me and shoot me to the Boss.

I need encouragement. I need thought. I need coupons.

And I'll pay dividends in a bigger and better Weekly.

Are you with me?

Buddy's Bare Floor

In the old combat days, Buddy in the Barrel as a rook went forth in search of the o.d. linoleum for the pup-tent flooring.

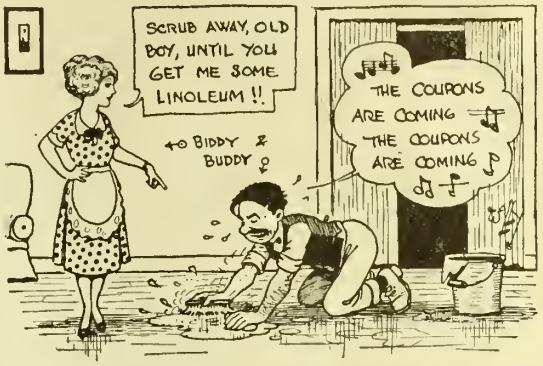
Today Buddy is wiser. If wife asked him to go to the furniture store around the corner for some of the latest designs in floor covering, Buddy doesn't budge. You can't fool that bimbo. There's no linoleum advertised in our Weekly and Buddy will tramp the old wood and let the scheme of home decoration take its own course.

Buddy still has the old fighting blood, but his taste for flooring designs has altered more than a buck's waistline. The Stave Hero no longer cares for the two-toned effect of the dugout flooring—the gravel effect and the clay. He has even lost any desire to step again on the waxed floor of a bivvy. A polished pup-tent flooring doesn't excite Buddy at all, at all, and the inlaid and printed designs of topper's headquarters cause not a ripple of sentiment in Buddy's brain cells.

Advertisers think the Old Boy's taste for floor decoration is all in his mouth.

Gloom in Buddy's home is thicker than service hardtack pudding. The floor of the House of Buddy is barer than a front line parapet. When neighbors drop around to see the Buddies, the morale of the Dotted Line Hero goes down like the market on tin hats.

Everyone on the pretty dots and help Buddy get his floor ready for inspection. Name your favorite brand of floor covering. Buddy will take this sales ammunition to the manufacturers and he'll probably come home with the linoleum.



To the Advertising Manager, 627 West 43d St., N. Y. C.
I would like to see advertised with us the following make of floor covering

.....

.....

Give reasons .....

.....

This coupon is for all Legionnaires and Auxiliary Members 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 them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad in

AUTO ACCESSORIES
VVVVElectric Storage Battery Co. 30
VLiberty Top & Tire Co. .....

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS
VVAmerican Pub. Co. 30
VP. F. Collier & Son Co. 18
F. Everett .....
VVVVThe Pathfinder Pub. Co. .....
VSportsman's Digest 26

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES
VVVAmerican Products 24
Bestever Products Co. .....
Clark Products Co. 26
Great Western Tailoring Co. .....
Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co. .....
VVJennings Mfg. Co. 30
VVLightning Calculator Co. .....
VMac-O-Chee Mills .....
Oliver Oil Gas Burner 28
VVParker Mfg. Co. 27
Santa Fe Railway .....
VVVStandard Food & Fur Association .....

ENTERTAINMENT
VClaxo Trick Co. .....
VVT. S. Denison & Co. 28

FIREARMS
Edwards Import Trading Co. 30
J. Arthur Deakin .....
VParamount Trading Co. 27
Price Cutting Co. 28

FOOD PRODUCTS
VVVVThe Genesee Pure Food Co. 2

HARDWARE
VVSimmons Hardware Co. 26

INSURANCE
VJohn Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co. ....

INVESTMENTS
VG. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co. .....

JEWELRY, INSIGNIA, MEMORIALS
Albert's Watch Co. 21
VVVVAmerican Legion Emblem Division 28
L. Basch 22
Crescent Co. .....

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

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

First Natl Watch Co. 26
VVVB. Gutter & Sons. 25
Royal Diamond & Watch Co. 30
VVVVSanta Fe Watch Co. .....

MEDICINAL
VBauer & Black 28
Bayer Tablets of Aspirin .....
VMusterole Co. 20

MEN'S WEAR
Cheney Brothers .....
VVVCluett, Peahody & Co. 23
VThe Florsheim Shoe Co. .....
VVHart Schaffner & Marx .....
VHoleproof Hosiery Co. 25
VPublic Trading Co. 30
VVVReliance Mfg. Co. .....
VRussell's, Inc. 26

MISCELLANEOUS
A. J. Archibald 23
VCole & Co. 28
Honor Framing Co. .....
Perfect Sales Co. 28
Philadelphia Key Co. .....
Philo Burt Mfg. Co. 27
Vaccu Filter Sales Co. 28

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
Beloit Musical Novelty Co. 28
VVVBuescher Band Instrument Co. 24
Gibson Mandolin-Guitar Co. 25
A. Oriol Co. 30
VPublic Trading Co. 26
Wilson Bros. Mfg. Co. 28

PATENT ATTORNEYS
VVVVVLacey & Lacey 30
VJ. L. Jackson & Co. .....

of ADVERTISERS

our AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY." Or tell the same thing to the salesman or dealer from whom you buy their products.

SCHOOLS AND INSTRUCTION
VVAmerican School .....
VAmerican Technical Society .....
Blackstone Institute 28
VVVChicago Engineering Works .....
VVColumbus Institute .....
VVVVVFranklin Institute 29
VVArthur Murray 24
National Automotive School .....
Ogilvie Institute .....
VVVPatterson Civil Service School .....
VVVVStandard Business Training Institute 24
VVVUnited Y. M. C. A. School 27
University of Applied Science .....

SMOKERS' NEEDS
VVVVAmerican Tobacco Co. .....
VVVLiggett & Myers Tobacco Co. .....
VLyons Mfg. Co. .....

SPORTS AND RECREATION
E. T. Burrowes Co. 21
VVVHarley-Davidson Motor Co. .....
VVHendee Mfg. Co. .....
Thos. E. Wilson .....

STATIONERY AND WRITING MATERIAL
VVVVVEaton, Crane & Pike Co. 20

TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH
VVVAmerican Telephone & Telegraph Co. 21

TOILET NECESSITIES
American Razor Works 28
Gillette Safety Razor Co. 4
VVVVThe Pepsodent Co. .....
VJ. B. Williams Co. 19
Twinplex Sales Co. 23

TRAVEL AND TRANSPORTATION
VVU. S. Shipping Board ..... Back Cover

TYPEWRITERS
International Typewriter Exchange 26
VVVTypewriter Emporium .....

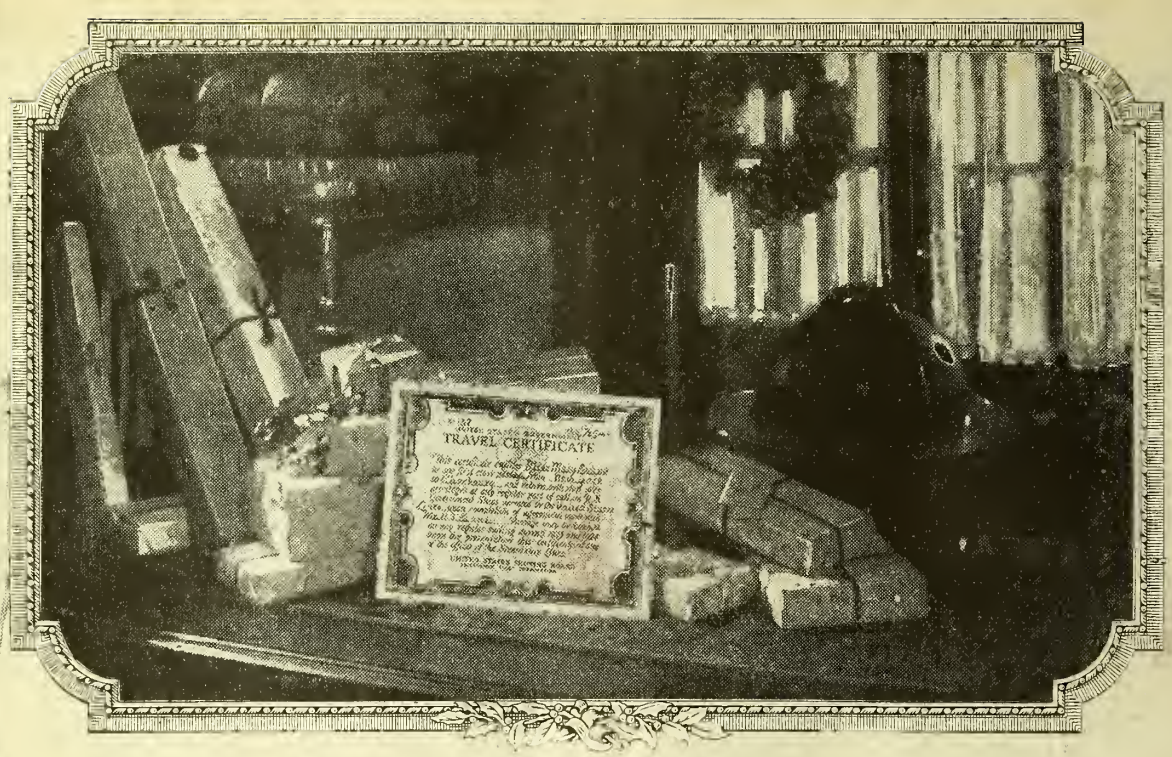
THEY ADVERTISE, LET'S PATRONIZE

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

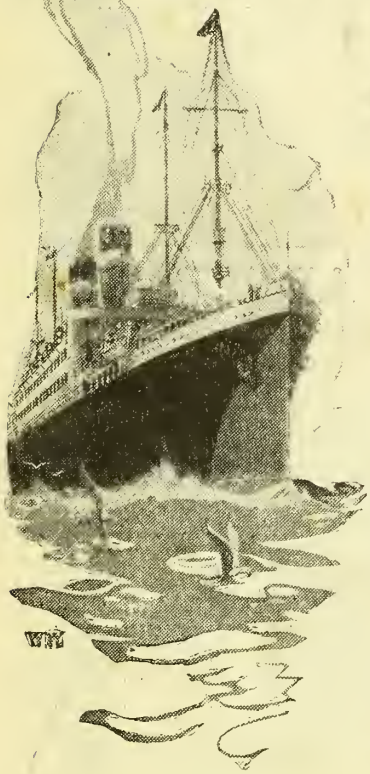
We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform," issue of February 6, 1920. Readers are requested to report promptly any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

Advertising rates: $3.00 per agate line. Smallest copy accepted, 14 lines (1 inch). THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City.

THEY ADVERTISE, LET'S PATRONIZE



A Trip Abroad— The Gift Supreme



IF you are thinking of giving some loved one the opportunities of a trip abroad, send the information blank below today!

A new Christmas gift has been created. It is probably the greatest Christmas gift ever offered, because it brings the happiness of anticipation, the happiness of realization and the happiness of golden memories.

This Christmas you may give some loved one the delights of an ocean voyage; new sights, strange lands; education and diversion that make life richer forever after. The pulse will quicken at the thought of the voyage (it may be taken at the convenience of the traveler). The mind will conjure up lightening views of the myriad delights to come. Then the trip itself—crowded days of seeing, hearing, living! And the years after, when cherished memories grow more and more lustrous!

You will give all when you give a United States Government Travel Certificate.

Find out about the greatest of all Christmas gifts. Find out about the swift, new U. S. Government ships that will carry your loved ones to the land of their dreams. You will be under no obligation.

The U. S. Government Travel Certificate

The ships are owned by the United States Government. They are operated by:

THE UNITED STATES LINES from New York to Europe;

THE ADMIRAL-ORIENTAL LINE from Seattle to The Orient;

THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY from San Francisco to The Orient via Honolulu;

THE MUNSON STEAMSHIP LINES from New York to South America;

THE LOS ANGELES STEAMSHIP COMPANY from Los Angeles to the Hawaiian Islands.

All are experienced steamship operators and have made possible a service which is making the American Merchant Marine a tremendous success.

Write Today

Send the information blank now! Thousands of Americans are investigating this newest and greatest Christmas gift. The United States Government's literature will be sent you without any obligation. You will receive a free description of the U.S. Government Travel Certificate and a beautiful new booklet showing actual photographs of both the exteriors and interiors of the ships. Write for it today! Now, Christmas is not far away.

INFORMATION BLANK

To U. S. Shipping Board

Information Dept. H 2259 Washington, D. C.

Please send without obligation the U. S. Government literature explaining the U. S. Government Travel Certificate and the ships that go to ☐ Europe, ☐ South America ☐, The Orient, ☐ To Honolulu.

My Name .....

Address .....

.....

U. S. SHIPPING BOARD