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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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What the German Is Thinking

He Has a Democratic Form of Government, But He Has Rank Profiteering and Dire Poverty Along With It

By George F. Kearney

HAVE you ever stared at a futurist painting with its wild assortment of colors and twisted lines? Have you ever tried to figure out what the title—some hifalutin name like "Eyebrows of the Dawn"—has to do with the streaky fried egg that the painter has splotched across his canvas? If so you can appreciate the frame of mind of the traveler who goes the length and breadth of Germany in search of a general impression of modern German life.

In the background of this mind picture of Germany today there surges a restless sea of faces that one encounters on the streets, at the theatre, on station platforms, in railway compartments and hotel lobbies, none of which have normal expressions. A walk down Unter den Linden in Berlin, staring at the faces of the passers-by, is oddly similar to a stroll taken in the garden of an insane asylum while the patients are being exercised. Practically every German face is a ghastly chalk-white; even the youngest show heavy lines, while in their eyes lurk unsightly expressions—mostly hopeless, sometimes vicious, often arrogant, miserable, hungry, disillusioned and menacing.

With this back ground of bewildered German faces once painted in our picture of German life comes easier. Once you have come to the conclusion that there will be nothing but disorder and confusion, your picture can sprawl out over the canvas of your mind in truly futuristic style. All night long under your hotel window roars a life of a people who cannot sleep. Like rats crawling from a sewer at midnight, you see types of human fiends moving among the crowds—thugs, drug fiends, men dressed in women's clothing and women dressed as men, murderous-looking individuals who were let loose again when the revolutionist opened the gates of the German prisons and insane asylums. Once a nation of sober drinkers, with few drunkards, today most Germans are inebriates, many are drug fiends, while morality seems to have been flung to the winds.

Things have come to such a pass in Germany that nothing matters. Consider the plight in which the average German finds himself and it will be easier to appreciate his bewilderment. Suppose you drew your pay on Friday night and planned on buying food, coal and other necessities for your family the next day. Saturday dawns. You pick up your newspaper only to find your marks have dropped to one-half of yesterday's value. By some manipulation of exchange, the working of which you cannot understand, you find yourself with half as much money as you had yesterday—without having spent a cent.*

You grab up your hat in your eagerness to spend what you have before it drops further. You find, however, that the shopkeeper has stayed up all night changing his prices so that you can buy only half as much as you did yesterday. When you go back to work on

". . . a man who has made a huge fortune by the manipulation of the same exchange that had made you poor"

*Since Mr. Kearney wrote this story from Germany the mark has slumped still further. His comparisons are left as they are because of the probability that the proportion of mark to dollar in buying power has been maintained to some extent during this latest slump. It is well for the reader to remember, however, that as this issue of the Weekly goes to press the mark is being quoted at .0125 cents, or ten thousand marks (normally $2,380) for a dollar and a quarter.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

Monday morning you must immediately strike your boss for a raise in salary. Perhaps he grants you, not a full one hundred percent raise to meet the exchange, but a twenty-five percent one.

This means that your wife must take the parlor clock, a treasured wedding present, to the pavement stores on Unter den Linden in order to find a purchaser who will give you enough money to balance your family budget for the next week.

There, on this principal thoroughfare, your wife sees many things. Doubtless she is embarrassed by the necessity of having to sell this clock, the pride of your home, and the experience is a very trying one. She no sooner sets out her wares on the pavement than a luxurious limousine sweeps up and out steps Frau Valute-Schriebe with her poodle dog. She is on her way to a jewelry shop to buy another diamond tiara. She stops, admires the clock, haggles about the price, buys it —and your wife sees her cherished wedding present being whisked off to the home of a man who has made a huge fortune overnight by the manipulation of the same exchange that has made you poor.

On the next payday the same performance is repeated. Your wage suddenly halves itself in value. Back you go on Monday morning to your boss to negotiate a new raise in pay. You find him in a blue funk, and then he explains to you his dilemma.

He has contracted to supply a certain amount of goods at a certain price. His original estimate was made on the quoted price of raw materials and he figures, say ten percent higher in order to cover the fluctuation in exchange. However, the mark falls more rapidly than he anticipated and he is forced to pay a twenty percent increase on the price of raw materials. After much thought he decides to go on with the contract. His troubles have just started. The mark slumps fifty percent and then still another fifty percent of the remainder of its value. In justice to you, as his employe, who must be kept alive and hence must be paid some sort of living wage, he raises your pay and that of his entire staff.

When, then, he delivers his goods he receives his money in due time, but it is now worth only a quarter as much as when he contracted for the deliveries, yet all along the line prices have been raised on him. Thus you find business being rapidly tied into knots with nothing tangible by which to figure prices, profits or losses.

In contrast to this you learn of Herr Valute-Schriebe, the money changer, who buys a dollar at 200 marks and sells it two weeks later for 2,400 marks, making a profit of 1,200 percent.

Thus, before one's very eyes, these exchange profiteers are becoming fabulously wealthy and the poor man desperately poor. These rapid shifts in the value of the mark work their greatest hardship on those who are solely dependent on fixed incomes. Suppose, for example, an aged widow has her money invested in mortgages so that in pre-war times she received the comfortable income of 200 marks, or about forty dollars a week. At current rates of exchange this income has shrunk to virtually nothing. There is only one answer to her problem, and there are

(*Continued on page* 26)

A Blossoming Desert

A Veteran Land Settlement Project That Works Provided the Vet Has a $600 Grub Stake and a Stout Heart

By Carl Helm

THERE'S much of romance about Shawn Kelly, late cook in his Uncle's Army, now head of a house of three blond and tanned Kellys and lord of an estate in his own right.

Shawn Kelly, in a Wild West brigade, made some hot coffee and was carrying it forward when a shell met him. Then out of the Argonne and into several hospitals and back to the States for Cook Kelly.

Would you recognize him today, fighting ravenous battalions of mighty jack rabbits, suffocating sandstorms and terrific heat to reclaim a twenty-acre tract of virgin sagebrush? Ex-Cook Kelly is a pioneer in the soldier-settlement reclamation projects of the productive West; he was, in fact, the first settler on the huge project made possible by The American Legion of Washington.

Kelly's twenty acres are an integral part of the tract set aside by the State of Washington for land settlement—soldiers, sailors, and marines preferred. This project, the first of several to follow in the State, is known as the White Bluffs-Hanford settlement, and is located in the heart of the Priest Rapids Valley, along the Columbia River.

The tenderfoot taking his first glance at White Bluffs-Hanford gets at once a wrong and a right impression. As far as the eye can see stretch blistering acres of sage and sand, the horizon dimly outlined by bare brown hills. Not a tree or a blade of grass or a drop of water, only the brilliant blue sky and the burning sun, the hot stinging dust assailing your face. Surely nothing, you say, could ever grow here.

That is the wrong impression. Things will grow there—apples and peaches, watermelon, alfalfa—but we shall extend the list later on. Take it that things will grow there—if you are willing to work as Shawn Kelly has worked, Kelly and the others. And that means hard work, the hardest work your imagination can conjure, work in the heat and the dust in the face of loneliness, hardship and disappointment. If you have a $600 grub stake and are willing to work for the rest you are on your way to a realization of the right impression of White Bluffs-Hanford.

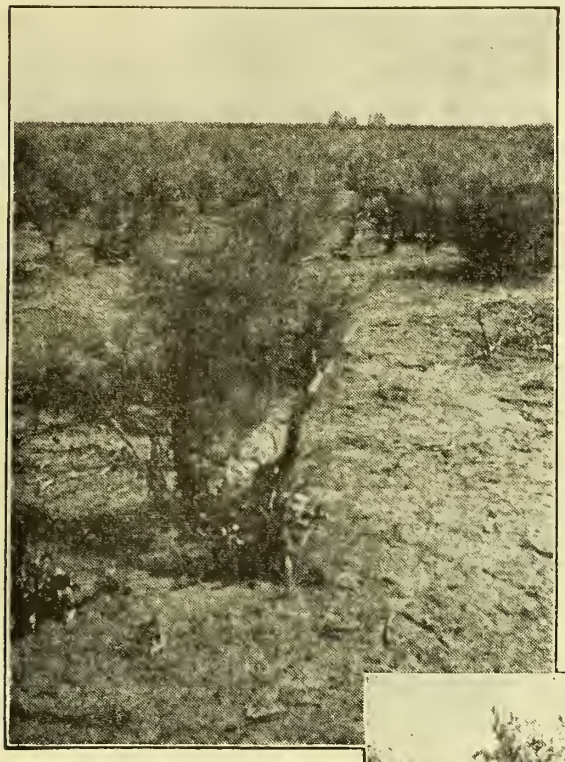
The writer is not a farmer, but he had toured wild and inhospitable country before he went to White Bluffs-Hanford. For half a day, in a steaming Ford, with the sun touching 110, I surveyed this project. Dust, sagebrush, heat and stinging sand—it was a hoax, I was convinced. No one could reclaim this land. No one could make a living there. I began to grow indignant at what seemed to be a cruel effort to practice upon the credulity of the veteran. I would not believe a word my guide had to say. Then he steered me to Brown's ranch.

Brown's ranch is only a short distance off the soldier-settlement project. For twelve years Brown, a blacksmith who settled on a desert tract, lived a dry existence within sixty feet of a fortune. He knew that if he could get water the sagebrush land would grow almost anything he cared to plant. But he couldn't strike the water. He sank a well some six hundred feet. It cost all he had and brought no water.

It happened that a sheep herder up White Bluffs way, digging for water, struck—gas. Gas prospectors began pitting the ground. One extended Brown's dry hole another sixty feet and struck not gas but—water; an artesian well, Brown's fortune.

Today Brown shows you his seventy-five acres of alfalfa. He gets four cuttings a year from this field. It makes up into sixteen stacks, with an average of forty-seven tons to the stack. Brown's men complete the cutting along about the middle of November. He has in his stacks some seven hundred and fifty tons of alfalfa. Stock men will bring their cattle and sheep to Brown's ranch and feed them themselves during the winter, and pay Brown $10 a ton for his alfalfa in the stack—a gross yield for the year of $7,500. Last year the stock men fed eight hundred head of cattle and 2,800 head of sheep off Brown's crop; they did all the work and were glad to do it.

You will be impressed with the fact that Brown has the best alfalfa in the Valley. He has trees in his yard and a soft green lawn and flowers, and his artesian well will flow 1,350 gallons to the minute when it is wide open and running through his irrigation ditches, and all around him presses in the sagebrush desert, the dry, hot burning desert that would be like Brown's wealthy



Left, a panorama of the White Bluffs-Hanford tract before taking the water cure. Below, what happens when the settler heeds the how-dry-I-am call of the land and gives it a drink. At right, Shawn Kelly, Mrs. Kelly and three Kelly-ettes taking life easy on the back steps after a day's wrestle with nature

acres if it had water on it. And sunup to sundown almost the year 'round dirt farmers will appreciate that Brown and his men don't turn a hand until the first of March each year, when they start irrigating, and close up shop for the winter early in November.

The project manager will take you to the ranches of other old settlers where there are wonderful orchards of apples — Yellow Transparents, Winter Bananas, Jonathans, Delicious, and so on—and vineyards of Flame Tokay, Concord and other kinds of grape, European and domestic. One grower has thirty varieties, some of the kind that grew in the Champagne country of France, and along the Rhine and the Moselle.

You will also see growing strawberries, asparagus, cherries, peaches, apricots, pears, canteloupe, watermelons, prunes, corn, onions, carrots, potatoes, to name only a baker's dozen. You will learn that farmers on this project get higher prices for their fruits because they produce them earlier and get them on the market two weeks ahead of other Washington fruit, that they haven't the shipping problems that confront California, that one grower took some $1,500 worth of grapes off little more than an acre last year, that the heavily-laden apple trees are worth almost their weight in gold, and that $1,500 an acre for some of the older orchard land is not considered outrageous.

By this time you are sitting under a poplar tree, admiring the blue and gold hills as the sun goes down and the temperature drops to about seventy, and there is a clean sweet breeze, and no mosquitoes, and a view of the placid Columbia River and its palisades that makes the Hudson look like the Rio Grande, and fried chicken and peaches and cream. You are waiting to learn how these tracts may be had, of course.

The Washington State Legislature in 1921 appropriated $300,000 for land settlement purposes in the State, veterans of all wars to have preference. The State having made no progress, The American Legion, at its 1921 department convention, authorized a committee to investigate the several settlement projects in the State. This committee recommended the White Bluffs-Hanford project, which was adopted by the State on November 11, 1921.

This project is located on the Columbia, in the heart of the Priest Rapids valley, about midway between Wenatchee on the north and Kennewick and Pasco on the south. Scattered through the valley in units averaging 20 acres each, the State is acquiring fifty-eight tracts.

Twenty-five miles distant is Priest Rapids, where Eastern capital is proposing a dam which, it claims, will be next to Niagara in the development of industrial power. A small power station operated by a wing dam at the Rapids now supplies electric power to the soldier settlers for about ten dollars per acre per year; this amount would be reduced to one dollar per acre per year with the establishment of the new power dam, it is promised.

State experts—a hydraulic engineer, a soil expert and a geologist—examined the project, and each twenty-acre tract was carefully selected. The soil is decomposed volcanic ash, in some instances mixed with fine sand. It is covered with sagebrush, and is treeless in its uncultivated state. Water for irrigation is had from dug wells (as distinct from drilled) 15 to 75 feet in depth, the average being about 30 feet.

Some of the land on the project was state-owned, but the most of it was purchased from private owners who, to help the cause, sold the land at ten dollars an acre (other land of the same description is now selling for much more) with the understanding that ex-service men would profit by their sacrifice. Although the project is open to settlement by any citizen who meets the requirements, only ex-service men have thus far been allotted tracts, and it is generally understood that none but ex-service men will benefit in view of their preference rights.

At this writing twenty ex-service men (all members of the 100 percent White Bluffs-Hanford Post of the Legion) have been selected and placed on tracts. This leaves thirty-eight tracts open, and the Legion of Washington is considering going after additional State appropriations that additional tracts may be provided.

But at the start it must be understood that, to settle on these tracts, an ex-service man must have at least $600 in ready cash. There's the rub, but perhaps a good one, as it makes for permanency among the soldier settlers. Only ex-service men of farming experience are considered. The State pro-

vides the soldier settler with 88 percent of the capital needed, the man providing twelve percent. The soldier settler, before he moves on to his tract, is provided with a constructed well, irrigation pump and motor set up and in working order, an irrigation distribution system, a three or four-room modern house all ready to move into, dairy barn, poultry house, material for rabbit-tight fence and a guarantee of the minimum power charges of $175 per year for three years. In addition, the State prepares five acres of the tract for cultivation.

Thus the State gives the soldier settler an equivalent of $4,125 for a payment down of $592.50. To prevent speculation, the State prohibits the passing of title to the settler until payment in full has been made, and payment in full will be accepted, except for reasons of emergency, only when the entire twenty acres have been reclaimed and made into a farm. The initial payment made by the settler is applied against the total, and the balance is repayable to the State at the rate of one dollar per acre per year the first three years, plus interest at four percent of the sum as advanced and remaining unpaid.

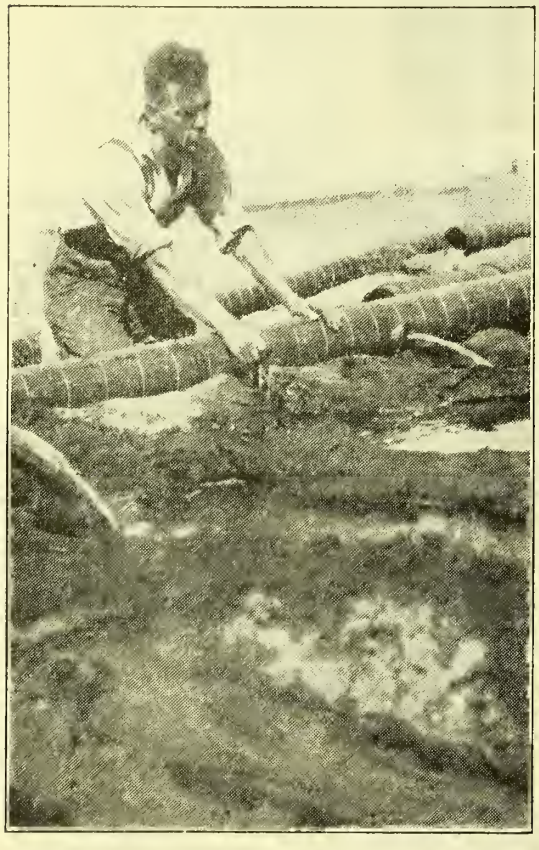
A living can be made off this desert land, and what can be done by pouring water on the sagebrush sounds like a fairy tale. But this settlement, with 204 days of growing season, is no place for a man without farming experience, no place for the hothouse apartment dweller. Your future depends upon your stout heart, your inclination to hard and hot work and your knowledge of which end of a horse to put the bridle on.

In this connection I have something to report that will bring applause and shouts of "Go on!" from a million ex-bucks. The first, and almost the only, World War vet to take a tract and then give it up was of old a first sergeant. Where the ex-top soak wrestled with nature and then ducked the detail, ex-Cook Kelly now is raising alfalfa. Said he to me: "All it requires is guts." There is plenty of sand gratis, he pointed out pleasantly.

This is a land which startlingly shows the results of Before and After Taking. Unsolicited testimonials by the column might read: "Before I started using Aqua Pura my ranch was covered with a scraggly growth that wasn't worth burning. Self-respecting jack rabbits starved to death while waiting for rain, and rattlesnakes dried up and blew away. After its first treatment with Aqua my ranch developed a beautiful new skin of alfalfa and now we raise so much to eat that we wouldn't recognize a corner grocery."

That line about the alfalfa coming up in a week is gospel. A soldier settler can clear off the sagebrush, dig his irrigation ditches, turn the water on, plant his alfalfa seed and in three days after planting the green shoots will appear thickly above the ground. Subscribed and sworn to before me this blank day of blank!

Ex-Cook Kelly could furnish testimonials. A little affair like a desert stretch didn't bother him after carrying coffee to the first line, and Mrs. Kelly had seen plenty of hot and sandy country in Montana, where she came from. When Kelly finally did get some watermelons growing where there had been sagebrush before, jack rabbits gathered from miles around to board with him, and the few melons they left were buried by a frivolous sandstorm and Kelly's patch looked like prize winning sand dunes. Kelly fenced against the jacks and dug out the surviving melons and kept on clearing his fields.



Ex-Cook Morford gives a practical demonstration of water distribution

Or take young Mr. Morford, who also was a cook in the Army. He was out in the burning sun clearing off the sagebrush when I saw him. He had one patch already cleared and water on it, and he showed me how the irrigation process works. First, there is the well and pump installed by the State. You close the switch and the motor pumps the water into the well and shoots it out in ten-inch wooden pipes, laid around and through your tract. There are holes the size of your finger placed systematically along the big pipes, and when you want water to flow on a certain portion of ground, you remove the plugs from the right number of holes.

"It's a great life if you don't weaken," said Morford, demonstrating how the water flowed when you removed a plug, and gazing out over the little ditches full of moisture, from which will spring hundreds of dollars in alfalfa and fruit some day.

Or young Mr. Kern, who enlisted out of a jeweler's shop for the duration. He wasn't at home, but his father was. Many of the young veterans work during seasons on the old-established ranches surrounding their virgin tracts, making money to carry them along between days of clearing off their land and allowing the water to soak in good. Young Mr. Kern may have been so engaged, but his father could show results. When he and his son took up their tract about the middle of last April, it was just hot and dry sagebrush. It was then the middle of August when I saw it, with corn taller than Dad Kern's head, growing exactly where, in April, corn could have been popped on the hot sand.

Here are the conclusions I drew from my visit to the soldier-settlement tract: There is an independent, happy life to be gained there. Veterans who enter upon such projects must be experienced farmers. They must add to this all they can learn concerning scientific irrigation and cultivation of the soil. They must be prepared to work hard and continuously for the first several years, and to make the most of discouragements and hardships. There are many sections of the Western States that would, and will, profit immeasurably from reclamation and irrigation, and ex-service men make good reclaimors and irrigators. There are thousands of acres of now waste and useless land in these States, and with anything approaching just Federal and State assistance, and on top of that a great deal of labor, these lands can be transformed into productive farms.

The warning cannot be sounded too often or too insistently or too loudly: Projects like this one are only for the man who knows before he starts exactly what he will be up against. They are not for the lazy man, no matter how much he may know or think he knows about farming, but even less are they for the hardest worker in the world if he knows nothing at all about farming, or has only a smattering of it. Ignorance of the land is no excuse, no matter how willing the would-be farmer. However ready he may be for the calloused palm and the aching back, he will get them all to no purpose, and get nothing else, if he approaches a project like this one with no better equipment than willingness to learn.

As stated before, the writer is not a farmer. I have paid a brief visit to the White Bluffs-Hanford development and written about what I have seen and heard. My advice, and the advice of those who have tried the game, is to go slowly in case this recital has developed a personal interest. By all manner of means don't hop aboard the next train West and expect to find a farm and a fortune. That is the trouble about writing farm stories. The quick-on-the-trigger boys read them and let themselves in for a lot of trouble and then begin to cuss the man who wrote the story and the paper that printed it. Remember in this particular project there were just thirty-eight tracts left last August. If you still feel that there are some which are untaken—and this is probable—and that one of them is where your future lies, don't spend any more than a two-cent stamp at first. Use that stamp writing to the adjutant of Dennis McGlothlen Post, The American Legion, White Bluffs, Washington, for more particulars.

"His eyes wavered under the Colonel's steadfast look, and the officer knew the man was lying"

Two Soldiers

A Story of the Qualities of Mercy and of Ornery Human Frailty

By H. A. Finch

COLONEL JAMISON was thinking hard. But the problem that creased his forehead did not concern his work or his regiment that lay encamped around him.

That regiment, the 100th Infantry, had two days before been shifted from its comfortable billets in the little German town of Mayen not far away and had become part of the army assembled on the Rhine by the Allies in early June, 1919. A possible advance into Germany was contemplated in case the desired signatures to the treaty of peace were not forthcoming.

The soldiers had welcomed the break in the monotony of service in a small German village with its annual bumper crops of children and potatoes. The men were now enjoying themselves as they picked the cherries from the trees along the roadside or took their ease in the shade cast by their tiny pup tents.

Seated in his camp chair in the open under a tree Colonel Jamison could follow with his eye the gentle slope of the fields and orchards down to the little village of Urmits resting on the Rhine. Over the tops of the low gray stone houses he could see the blue of the river itself, a stream that in the words of Anatole France "has for thirty centuries seen the forms or reflected the shadows of almost every warrior who has tilled the Old World with that tool they call the Sword." A little to the right and upstream he could see, looming up as imposing as a cathedral, the great steel bridge built for Germany by her prisoners of war.

Colonel Jamison had many times taken in this view and he had the capacity to appreciate it. But on this afternoon it left him cold. The uncertainties of international politics, the beauties of nature as improved by man —neither held him. He was thinking deeply of the problem of Private Arnold Logan, one of his men who had deceived him, had betrayed his confidence, had embezzled some hundreds from the regimental fund and had deserted the regiment two months past. A wireless message from Paris the day before had announced Logan's arrest by the American military police, and it had been agreed upon that he would be returned immediately to his regiment for trial. He was due to arrive that afternoon.

The Colonel had seen service, which means that he had dealt with all classes of men. He knew the bullying breed and the shiftless shyster. He knew the young adventurer type with the "wandering foot" as well as the awkward youth fresh from the farm. He knew also the educated, dependable class of man who was in the ranks as a first step toward something better. To this last group it had seemed to the Colonel that the soldier Logan belonged.

The regiment, hardened to the casualties of war, had apparently forgotten that such a man had ever served with them. But the Colonel remembered. He remembered Logan as a good soldier. To his mind this meant one who goes through the drudgery of a soldier's duties in peace without undue complaint just as he goes through his share of battle without undue fear. Logan had done both. Perhaps pride had upheld him, as it does most men when they face the chance of death. This the Colonel granted, but he thought none the less of the man's courage. He recalled Logan's wound stripe earned in a hot skirmish on the Marne, and he wondered how he should deal with this mixture of strength and weakness.

A corporal approached with word that an army automobile had arrived with the prisoner in charge of two guards. With his problem still unsolved Colonel Jamison rose to receive the papers accompanying the case and to listen to the M. P.'s verbal report. "Picked up in the streets on complaint of a hotel keeper whom he had defrauded." "Was he drunk at the time?" "No." "Had he resisted arrest?" "No, he submitted cheerfully enough." "Had any money been found on the prisoner?" "None, and he left behind a string of unpaid bills and creditors."

After some further conversation the guard was dismissed and Colonel Jamison was left facing Private Logan, the untrustworthy.

The officer lost no time in rebukes. "Logan," said he, in ordinary tones, "why did you get into this trouble? Why, in God's name, didn't you come back from Paris with that money after you had cashed the check for the regimental fund?" Private Logan's eyes shifted. Clearly he had expected a tirade given in anger or disgust, followed by a quick assignment to the guard house. He hesitated to speak.

"Let me have it," said his Colonel. "Give me the straight of it. Maybe I can stand between you and a trial for desertion."

"Well, Colonel," replied the man, with no air of expecting to be believed, "I was certain that my father had cabled enough money to you to pay back the amount I took. I wrote him to do this before I left for Paris."

It was evident that Private Logan was a man of good breeding. There was refinement in his manner and his speech. His eyes had in them a certain gentleness, a certain reserve, but they wavered under the Colonel's steadfast look, and the officer knew the man was lying.

"No, that won't get you anywhere, Logan," said he. "Give me the truth and I may be able to help you out of this hole, but I cannot do a thing for you if you don't come clean. Why did you spend that money?"

"I was going with a lot of nice people, sir, and the Colonel knows that it takes money to run with that kind of a crowd."

There followed a series of questions equally fruitless. Had some woman robbed him? No, he had not spent any money in that manner. Had he drank much? No, not much. Only a little champagne now and then with his cronies. Had he gambled any of the money away? Yes, he had gambled a bit, but he had lost only a small amount.

It seemed that the greater part of the stolen money had gone on mere high living.

The Colonel was balked. Logan showed no repentance, no desire to make restitution. He entered no appeal for clemency, no plea for the weak one's "just one more chance." Casual, cool and courteous he remained throughout the interview.

Colonel Jamison would have gone far to save the man had he made it reasonable for one to do so, but the prisoner rather invited punishment. As a last resort the officer fell back on an appeal to the soldier's feelings.

"Logan," he stated, "I understand that you have a wife and baby, a baby you have never even seen. Of course you will want to go back to them. Why don't you come clean for their sakes and tell me why you did this?"

The soldier's air of nonchalance did not leave him. "I don't think I'll ever go back to my wife, sir. My mother wrote me she has been running around with other men. It was that news that really made me do what I did. I was desperate for a while."

This, the perennial excuse of the erring soldier, was put forward with no air of conviction whatever. The Colonel was angered that the man should add to his shortcomings by attempting to hide behind a woman's petticoats. "Take him to the guard house," said he shortly, summoning a sergeant. "Put him to work digging on that punishment trench. Maybe a little perspiration will boil the truth out of him."

So Private Logan vanished from the presence though not from the mind of his commanding officer. Colonel Jamison continued to think of his problem. Fortunately for his conscience he soon had more leisure to give to it. The representatives of Germany signed the treaty at Versailles, whereupon the Allied forces along the Rhine dispersed, each regiment to its own area to take up again the interrupted round of garrison training.

This furnished an opportunity to have the prisoner examined mentally by the army medical board in Coblenz. He had every appearance of sanity but Colonel Jamison took no chances. The board's report declared the prisoner to be normal. And with it went the last hope of lifting from the soldier the stigma of dishonorable discharge from the army he had served so well in war and yet so ill in peace.

At the trial which followed the man's attitude was the one he had taken from the beginning. His defense, if such could be called a defense, gave his counsel no ground on which to stand. The court was left but one course to take—conviction.

The sentence was placed at dishonorable discharge from the army and confinement for five years in the military prison at Fort Leavenworth.

Even then, however, the Colonel's efforts did not cease. The soldier's record in battle was good. On the strength of that record and his colonel's recommendation the general of the division commuted the confinement period to two years.

Private Logan, still cool and nonchalant, was delivered over to the American authorities at Coblenz for safe-keeping. Soon thereafter his regiment started on its journey homeward leaving him in durance awaiting transfer later to Fort Leavenworth.

Here the popular story writer would leave Private Logan after painting a word picture of the "cruelty" of that punishment trench, the "horrors" of the trial before the court martial, and the "ghastliness" of the military prison awaiting this soldier who had fought for his country. And for what? A very effective ending, that "for what?" and one much employed by critics of the army system of discipline.

But the army system makes for justice and fair dealing in the main, however much its critics may shiver over its methods. It may be well, therefore, to follow the fate of the man Colonel Jamison had tried to save.

Thus far only Private Logan had appeared in the tragic failure he was making of his life. But as the regiment left the transport at Hoboken and went to nearby Camp Merritt for the final step of demobilization another actor appeared. The Colonel was summoned by telephone, and a woman's voice announced that Mrs. Logan, the wife of the former member of the regiment, was in New York City, only half an hour away. She besought the favor of an interview with the man who had had to do with her husband's fate.

The Colonel was a busy man. He was due to leave for Washington that same evening, but the wife of the soldier he had sent to prison had claims upon his sympathy and his conscience that he could not deny. He agreed, therefore, to see her that evening before his departure.

He found the woman in one of the nondescript third-rate New York hotels, the guest of a married girl friend who had offered her shelter in her trouble. As he entered the tiny living room he was received by Mrs. Logan, an attractive young woman, dark, vivacious and evidently of Italian origin. On the floor on a quilt a baby was playing. The Colonel mentally noted how effectively the child had been placed to make the strongest appeal to his sympathies.

Mrs. Logan took up at once her intercession for her husband. It was clear that she considered him an innocent and terribly imposed-upon victim of military tyranny. She had had letters from him in which he referred to the "conspiracy" against him and urged his wife to help him escape from his captors when he was returned to his own country. "Colonel, how can the army be so heartless? What has my husband done? Why can't he come back to me and Betty Jean as the other men of his regiment have come back to their families? I know he is not perfect but he has been a good soldier and I don't believe he has done anything to deserve being sent to prison. Why doesn't the army let him go free?" So ran the young wife's questions. The Colonel waited patiently, listened attentively. He will not soon forget that scene. The little girl, Private Logan's baby, played on the quilt with a rattle and a teething ring. It must have been far beyond

(*Continued on page* 24)

A National Home for the Legion

THE foremost architects of the United States are being enrolled in a competition to determine who shall draw the plans for the $2,000,000 World War Memorial Building in Indianapolis, which is to be the home of National Headquarters of The American Legion.

The competition will end March 15, 1923. By this date all designs, plans and specifications must have been submitted to the Board of Trustees of the Indiana World War Memorial at its offices in the Chalfant Building, Michigan and Pennsylvania Streets, Indianapolis. Thereafter all the designs will be passed on by judges to determine the winner of the competition. Information in regard to the competition may be obtained from Paul Comstock, Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Indiana War Memorial, at the address given. Applications to enter the competition should be addressed to the professional adviser, Thomas R. Kimball, 836 World-Herald Building, Omaha, Nebraska. A tribunal will pass on all applications to determine the qualifications of the applicants.

With the announcement of these details, the projected monumental building comes into promise of early completion. It is estimated that its dedication will take place in 1925, if not earlier. The building itself is to rank with the wonder places of the world. It is probable that there will be provided an auditorium, one of the world's finest libraries of war literature and a war museum in addition to space for our National Headquarters.

To give the immense structure a proper setting, the State of Indiana, the County of Marion and the City of Indianapolis have combined their resources. A great mall is to be created in the central section of Indianapolis. The width of a city block, this mall will extend over five city blocks north and south. The new building when completed will be the central structure of a row of magnificent public buildings, for to the north of the mall stands the James Whitcomb Riley Memorial Library and to the south the Federal Building, both admirable examples of modern adaptations of Greek architecture. Before the Memorial Building is completed, the built-up city blocks which now occupy the site will have been cleared. Apartment houses, a hotel, a club, a large publishing house and an asylum for the blind are among the structures to be removed. The land needed was bought at a cost of approximately $5,000,000. The law providing for the erection of the Memorial Building was passed by the Indiana Legislature in 1920.

A Gold Chevron Shop

Massachusetts Women Show Hospitalized Veterans That the Trinkets They Make Are Real Articles of Commerce

By Franklin Stetson Clark

"BUT what good are they after they *are* finished?"

An ex-soldier convalescing in a Massachusetts hospital made the remark. A mere invalid—he should have been devoting all his energies to getting well instead of cussing. Terrible, isn't it? And he wasn't the only one. The majority of the veterans at this hospital, recovering from the effects of gas, shell-shock, wounds and exposure, were cussing to beat the band awhile ago. They were cussing because the hand-painted parchment lamp shades, hand-woven baskets, hand-made toys and similar articles that they were learning to make couldn't be sold.

But all that's over now. Men at this hospital and in other hospitals throughout the State of Massachusetts are heartened up and gaining inches toward "rehabilitation" every day. It gives a fellow courage to know that what he's working at amounts to something, and that if he wants to and develops enough skill he can some day earn his living by his handiwork.

Mrs. Clarence R. Edwards, Past National Vice-President of The American Legion Auxiliary, by opening the Disabled Ex-Service Men's Exchange in Boston, has made this possible. In accordance with action taken by the Auxiliary at its First National Convention last year she opened a store where articles made by disabled veterans are sold, and, after a small percentage is deducted for the cost of handling, the money received is turned over to the men who make the articles. The Boston store is authorized to accept articles for sale from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia as well as from Massachusetts.

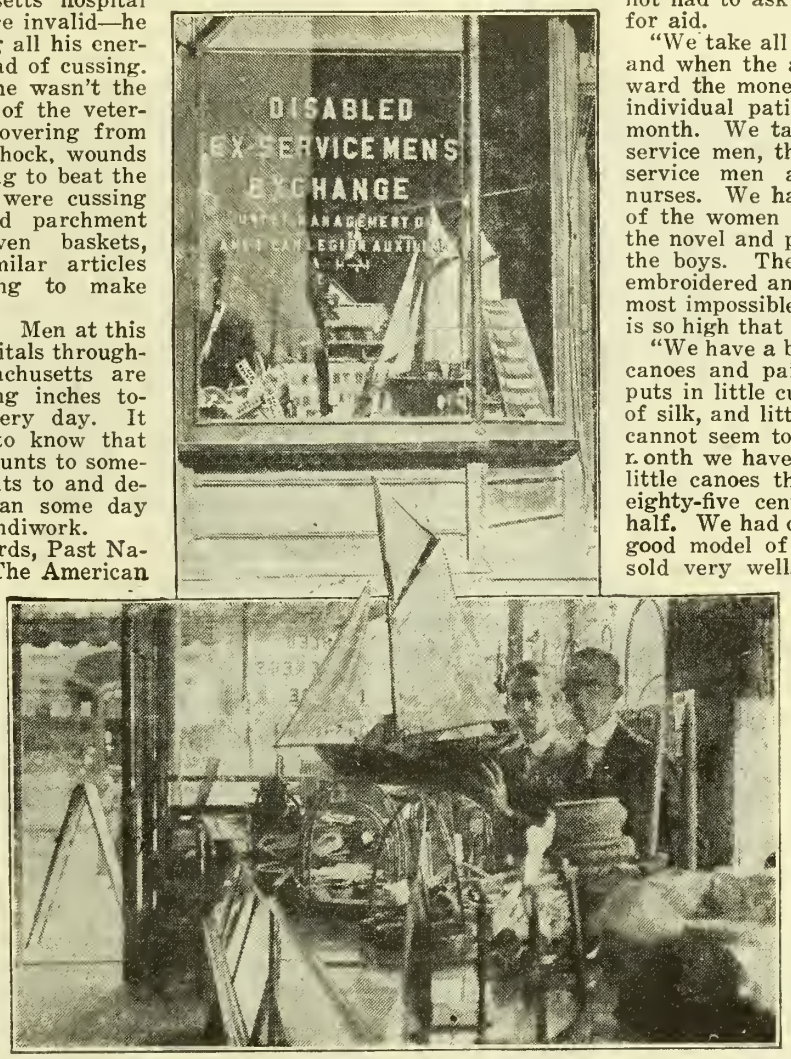
The following report issued by Mrs. Edwards and those assisting her will give a comprehensive idea of the experience and the results which have been achieved by the Boston store:

"The first thing to do was to find a store. And after searching for a considerable time we eventually obtained what is considered one of the best locations in Boston. The rent naturally was high, but at least until we get better established we consider the location very important. . . .

"On April 10th we opened our store, calling it the Disabled Ex-Service Men's Exchange. We have one paid employe, an ex-service man, who is in the store all the time, and is responsible for the articles sent in and for the accounting to the hospitals and the individual patients. Volunteer saleswomen aid him.

"When sending in articles we ask the men to write their names plainly on the tags, and also the price. To their price we add twenty-five percent to help defray our overhead expenses. In localities where rents are not as high it would probably be possible to operate on a narrower margin of profit. Two thousand dollars was donated by friends of Mrs. Edwards before the store was opened, and this has been reserved as a surplus to fall back on.

The show window of the Disabled Ex-Service Exchange conducted by The American Legion Auxiliary in Boston



Edmund T. Dungan (left), manager of the Exchange, and Alfred J. Demarais, ready for business

Since last May the units of the Auxiliary have given us contributions which have helped us out greatly, and we have not had to ask the National Treasurer for aid.

"We take all articles on consignment, and when the articles are sold we forward the money to the hospital or the individual patient at the end of each month. We take articles made by ex-service men, the wives of disabled ex-service men and disabled ex-service nurses. We have found that the work of the women does not sell as well as the novel and practical things made by the boys. The time put in on hand-embroidered and crocheted things is almost impossible to figure, and the price is so high that people hesitate to pay it.

"We have a boy here who makes little canoes and paints them pretty colors, puts in little cushions made out of bits of silk, and little paddles, and these we cannot seem to get enough of. In one month we have sold $75 worth of these little canoes that range in price from eighty-five cents to one dollar and a half. We had one boy who made a very good model of an airplane, and these sold very well. In fact, all kinds of toys at reasonable prices are very salable.

"String belts, girdles, dog leashes and curtain pulls are very popular. We have a man who makes hand-woven homespun, and we have a very good market for this. Jute rugs for piazzas and woven rugs for bathrooms are also favorites. In the basket line we have found that plain market or garden baskets meet with a more ready sale than the fancy baskets. All kinds of hammered silver jewelry and leather covers and cases are good sellers. We have had a very good demand for hand-woven scarfs, all of which at the present time are made up in the store by an ex-patient of one of the Boston hospitals. Curious passers-by stop to watch the process of manufacture of these scarfs, and frequently they are attracted inside the store, and buy perhaps not only scarfs but other goods. We have not yet been able to get enough scarfs ahead to have them ready to offer for sale made-up. . . .

"The thing that we are trying to bring out is that the people get their money's worth when they buy articles in our store. We are trying to take the store out of charity, and our slogan is,

(*Continued on page* 23)

EDITORIAL

Why Subsidize Our Shipping?

IT is trade that makes nations physically great. Trade means not only the selling of goods, but the transportation of goods from source to market, whether it be the kitchen-gardener carrying a basket of celery to the county seat or a steamer bearing a load of beef from the Argentine to Italy.

One positive good that was to come out of the war, we all believed at the time, was a real American merchant marine. "The growth, maintenance and prosperity of American shipping must be close to the heart of every patriotic American citizen," declared the late National Commander F. W. Galbraith, Jr. "The American Legion subscribes heartily to the motto, 'Keep the Stars and Stripes on the seven seas.'" Six years' service aboard commerce carriers in all seven of those seas had given the Legion's leader more than an academic interest in America's maritime supremacy.

Just as land warfare is conditioned largely by the position of strategic railways (the armistice could not have come when it did had Germany held another lateral line of communications beyond Sedan), just as the pacific routes of land traffic become in wartime vital instruments for the prosecution of hostilities, so at sea do the trade routes of the world become the key to failure or defeat, and the peaceful cargo carriers plying those routes indispensable auxiliaries of the navy itself.

Admiral Jellicoe has ranked the British navy and the British merchant marine as units of equal strength in the defense of Britain. If Jellicoe is right, then the 5:5:3 ratio agreed on at the Washington conference becomes, giving the merchant marines of Great Britain, America and Japan equal proportionate value as defense units, 10:10:6. Suppose our own merchant marine disappears and Great Britain and Japan maintain theirs at strength; the ratio declines to 10:5:6, and America reverts to the status of a second-class naval power.

Is there any danger of such a situation becoming a fact? It rapidly is becoming a fact. The United States owns more than fourteen hundred ships, but it is able to operate only some three hundred of them, and most of the three hundred are in the hands of insolvent companies. Some authorities assert that no ship of American registry engaged in foreign trade to-day is returning a profit. The Government itself is dropping $100,000,000 a year in its shipping venture.

The Fourth National Convention of The American Legion at New Orleans went on record in favor of the ship subsidy bill because "it will automatically increase the available personnel of the Navy, add materially to the efficiency and strength of the Navy, and at the same time be a great aid to all business throughout the United States."

Our foreign trade affects the whole country vitally, the great agricultural interior no less than the industrialized seaboard. And the amount of our foreign trade is directly dependent on the amount of our shipping carried under the American flag.

By Force or by Law?

SOMEWHERE today among the discontented millions of France, Britain, Italy, Russia or Germany there may be a young superman who is stoking his soul and mind with the fire which will one day give him mastery of the world. In Italy, where a peace of the sword and club has been forced upon a rebellious peasantry and industrial proletariat, the spirit of a famous Corsican of a century ago may even now be reincarnated in a Neapolitan high school boy wearing the black shirt of the Fascisti. Or in a Bavarian village, perhaps, is a budding Napoleon capable of consolidating the despondent and desperate ranks of his countrymen for the forlorn hope of a new war against the allies. These are hard and bitter times in this world and they are molding the kind of men who do not come forth in the long eras of peace. In every country potential conquerors and zealots are spawning. Mahomets of politics are seeing visions and inciting the masses to join in holy wars of nationalism. Russia is in world quarantine, but the epidemic of madness is working in Europe outside her borders.

Political heresy is becoming political orthodoxy overseas. The diplomatic doctors and the politicians of the old school have lost their prestige and peoples are trying out, one after another, the miracle men and the faith healers of democracy. If any man, untried, has a formula, now is the time when he may advocate it and find the opportunity of a trial. The unchangeable priesthood of reaction, beholding the manifestations of the times, is capable only of dismay. A king grasps the hand of a turbulent young man who was yesterday leader of a mob, today becomes dictator of a nation. Amazement befogs the inconsistency of the change.

The cult of Mussolini spreads from one nation to another and it seems possible that dictatorships will be the fashion in Europe in 1923. Dispatches from Munich tell of the rise of Hitler, a Bavarian Mussolini, hailed as a prophet and political economic savior, whose symbol is the blackjack instead of the fasces. There are also hints of 400,000 hidden military rifles in Bavaria and 150 cannon, and predictions are made that Hitler's legionaries will set smoldering Europe ablaze once more. The leader of this movement is described thus:

> Hitler's strength is in the combination of his undeniable great gifts as an orator and organizer. He exerts an uncanny control over audiences, possessing the remarkable ability not only to arouse his hearers to a fighting pitch of fury, but at will to turn right around and reduce the same audience to docile calmness and good order. Hitler, in addition to his oratorical and organizing abilities, has another positive asset—he is a man of the common people and hence has the makings of a popular hero, appealing to all classes. He served during the war as a common soldier and won the Iron Cross of the first and second classes.

More than any other country, the United States still maintains a comparative political stability. While nations overseas, morally bankrupt as well as financially bankrupt, fall under the trusteeships of dictators who gain power by the club and blackjack, we are working an adjustment by constitutional methods, and there is no reason for misgivings. Our flexible system of government may be subjected to considerable strain, but it was planned and built strong enough to stand any tests which may be anticipated. But this is no time for pharisaical indifference by Americans. Contemplating chaos from the Mediterannean to the Arctic, our task—to be executed devoutly—is at least to put our own house in order.

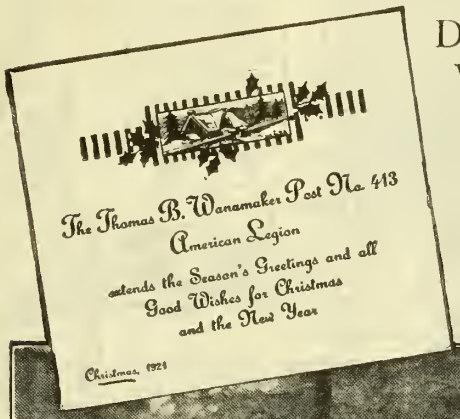
A New England suitor loaned a girl his pistol when she said she was disconsolate and wished to die. Now she is dead. This was carrying gallantry too far.

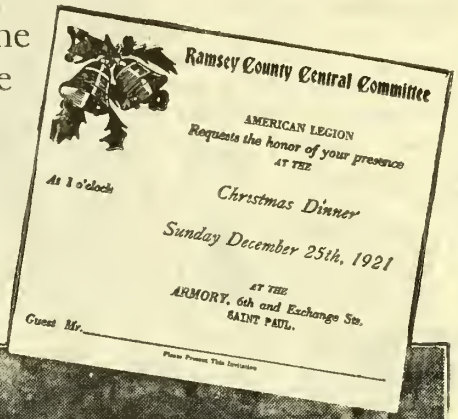
Henry Ford is gaining on John D. in the race to be the world's richest man, which would seem to indicate that the old fliv gets more miles on a gallon right along.

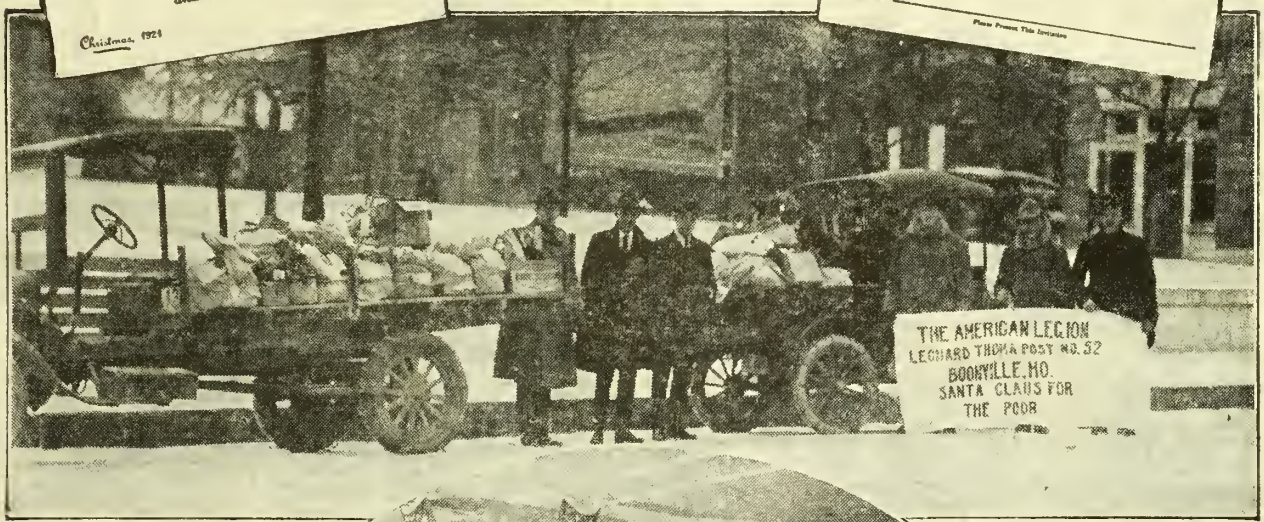
Peroxide blonds are getting scarcer, says a Paris note. Either that or more adept.

Subbing for Santa

Disabled Veterans of the World War Know the Other Name for the Patron Saint of Christmas — His Name Is Legion

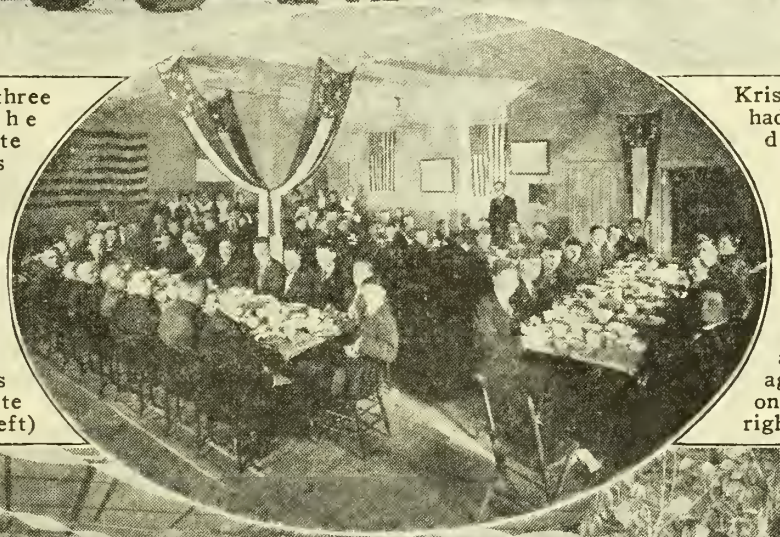






Kris Kringle Doughgob had to motorize his reindeer fleet in Boonville, Missouri, he had so many people to visit (above)

Sixty veterans of three wars, inmates of the Kankakee (Ill.) State Hospital, were guests of the Kankakee Auxiliary Unit last Christmas (right)



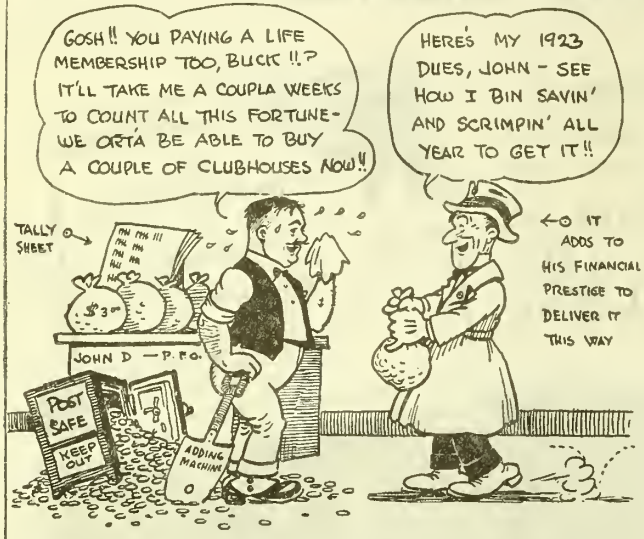
The Legion doesn't forget anybody. A sample from New York City of the sort of Christmas cards Legion Posts distribute is shown (upper left)

Five hundred hungry ex-service men in St. Paul, Minn. (all that could be found) received and acceped a year ago invitations like the one shown in the upper right-hand corner

South Carolina Legionnaires took note of every disabled man in the State last Christmas. Here's part of what they did in a colored ward at Hospital No. 26 in Greenville

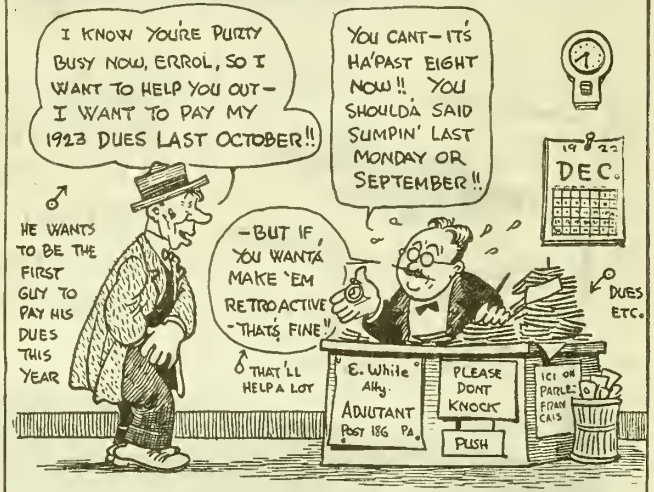
Hopeful Hints *By* Wallgren

HOW TO HELP THE POST FINANCE OFFICER DO HIS STUFF



PAY YOUR DUES IN PENNIES AND SMALL CHANGE. IT MAKES IT LOOK LIKE A LOT MORE AND MAKES THE P.F.O. THINK HES BACK ON THE RHINE WITH THE A OF O. IN A CRAP GAME ON PAYDAY. BESIDES, HE JUST DOTES ON COUNTING MONEY.

HOW TO AVOID BEING LATE WITH YOUR 1923 DUES.

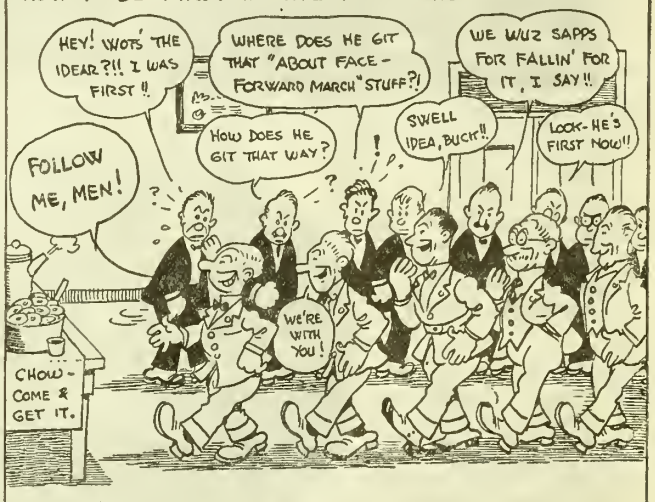


PAY THEM NOW, WITH THE STIPULATION THAT THEY ARE MADE RETROACTIVE. IN THIS WAY YOU DONT MIND IT SO MUCH AS YOU OTHERWISE WOULD AT THIS TIME, BECAUSE YOU FIGURE THAT YOU'VE ALREADY SPENT IT SOME TIME AGO- BESIDES IT HELPS RELIEVE THE HEAVY LAST MINUTE RUSH AND GIVES THE ADJUTANT A CHANCE TO DO SOME WORK WHEN HE DIDN'T.

HOW THE 40-8 CAN COLLECT FARES ON SCHEDULE

CORRESPONDANTS OF VOITURES SHOULD SEND 'AVISES' TO ALL DELINQUENT VOYAGEURS THREATENING THEM WITH ANOTHER W.K. 40-8 INITIATION AS ORDINARY P.G.'s UNLESS THEY CHECK UP ON TIME. IF THAT DONT MAKE 'EM COME THRU THEY'RE JUST NATURALLY HARD-BOILED -THATS ALL.

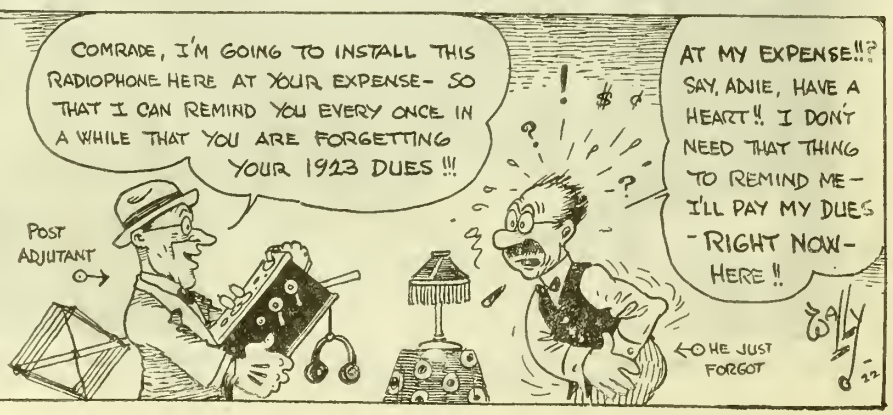
HOW TO BE FIRST IN THE POST CHOW LINE —



TAKE YOUR PLACE IN THE REAR OF THE LINE, AS USUAL, (WHICH IS VERY UNDIFFICULT) AND GIVE THE COMMAND, IN A STENORIAN TOPSARGINT VOICE, "ABOUT FACE- FORWARD MARCH!" -THEN LEAD THEM (OF COURSE THEY WILL FOLLOW YOU WITHOUT QUESTION) AROUND THE ROOM AND BACK TO THE CHOW TABLE. CONSEQUENTLY, BEING AS YOU LED THE LINE OF MARCH, YOU CANNOT HELP BEING FIRST. VERY SIMPLE (IF THE REST ARE) ISN'T IT?

HOW POST ADJUTANTS CAN SAVE THEMSELVES TIME AND STATIONERY SENDING OUT NOTICES, ETC.

INSTALL A RADIOPHONE RECEIVING SET IN EVERY POST MEMBERS HOME. THEN INSTEAD OF SENDING OUT WRITTEN NOTICES YOU CAN BROADCAST TO EVERY MEMBER DIRECT. ONLY:- DONT INSTALL THEM FOR NOTHING — EVEN IF THEY DO EXPECT YOU TO (AS USUAL)



"To Consecrate and Sanctify Our Comradeship by Our Devotion to Mutual Helpfulness"

"Cigarette, buddy?"

The Heart of the Legion

By Elmer I. Ransom

I SAT in the office of a state service officer, who, in addition to this duty, functioned with unusual efficiency as post commander in a certain Southern city. I was there because the work of the man and his post had attracted attention not only throughout his own state but had in some measure gone beyond to the ears of the powers that be.

We had just warmed up to this matter of service when I was given an opportunity to observe the thing in action. Into the office, hobbling on two sticks, came a broken bit of a man. Though he was scarcely twenty-eight years old, as I afterward learned, his temples were streaked with gray. His fine face was lined with suffering; in the heyday of his youth here stood a bent and broken man.

"Come in," called Hart—that was my new friend's name. The very cheeriness of his voice seemed to stimulate the caller.

Greetings were exchanged, a comfortable chair provided, and we listened to a story with a strange pathos in every word.

"Four years ago," the visitor began, "I was serving in the Navy. War had been declared but a few weeks. During target practice my spine was injured by concussion, and this injury followed by spinal meningitis."

The boy's voice quavered, and we could readily see that every nerve in his body was raw with the torture of his experience.

"When I recovered I was totally paralyzed from the waist down. I drifted from one hospital to another. My treatment was kind and considerate for the most part and the attendants seemed to do everything possible for my comfort.

"The horror of my disability ate into me, however, and I determined to try my own hand at selecting a doctor. I had a small farm which I mortgaged for two thousand dollars and began another discouraging round of places for treatment. Finally I went to the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minn. They told me an operation would be disastrous but gave me the hope that time would to some extent work on my side. This proved to be the case. I gradually recovered a sufficient use of my legs to enable me to hobble around as you see me now. After a time, my money exhausted, I went back into a government hospital—or I should say into a contract hospital."

"How are you being treated?" Hart put in kindly.

"Very well," replied the boy quickly, "except that I am securing no medical attention whatever. While it is true that I have been here but a short while I am misplaced. The majority of the cases under treatment are mental, and they are not equipped to care for me."

"How much compensation do you draw?" queried my friend.

The boy's eyes filled.

"Nothing."

Silently he reached into his pocket and drew forth five letters from the Government. Hart examined these and passed them to me. Each was a separate award of compensation, and in more than one of them was a statement that a check was being mailed. The boy had never received a penny, and was due in back payments more than $3,500.

"Mr. Hart," he said earnestly, "I have tried for three years to get someone interested in my case."

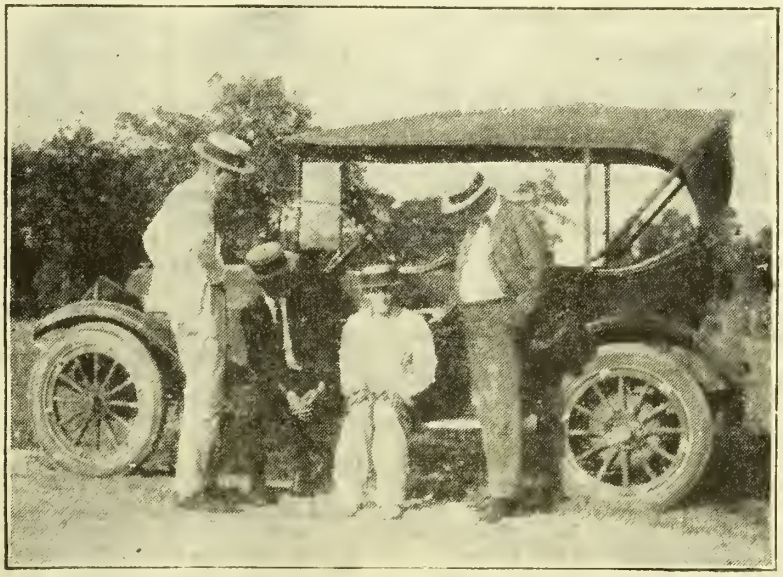
He drew another paper from his pocket. It was a copy of the mortgage on his little Western farm, and it was due in nine days. He spread beside it the copy of his discharge from the United States Navy.

Hart looked at me and smiled grimly.

"This man has been trying as an individual for four years to penetrate the delays that are almost inevitable in such a ponderous institution as a government bureau. I am glad you came in to see me. We will see what the Legion can do in twenty-four hours."

In fifteen minutes Hart was talking over long distance to an executive officer of the Veterans Bureau in Atlanta. His concluding statement was that he expected some kind of a report by three o'clock. It was then a few minutes before twelve.

After lunch Hart and I returned to his office to find the telephone ringing. It was the Veterans Bureau asking for certain information about the case, and with a promise to report before five o'clock the same afternoon.



"The man was badly in need of hospitalization"

At four-thirty Hart received a telegram from the bureau stating that an attendant would leave Atlanta on the evening train to take our visitor back to that city for observation prior to proper hospitalization, and that a check in excess of $3,500 awaited our ex-sailor there.

I have not gone into the minutiæ of this accomplishment. Details would be bare and uninteresting. Nor have I spoken of the reasons why this man had been apparently so badly neglected.

Several days later I accompanied Hart and another Legionnaire to Washington, Georgia, where we were to attend a Legion barbecue—and say, buddy, if

you have never attended a Georgia 'cue you have something to live for. Ask the men of the 28th Division. Those folks welcomed us with open arms; there was no such word as stranger to a man with a Legion button.

The day had been half spent in festivities when I drifted over to where Hart had cornered the post commander and caught the concluding words, "—send for him in an automobile."

About two hours later I was present at a conference between the post commander, my friend Hart, and a wounded veteran. The ex-service man was badly in need of hospitalization but was groping in the dark as to how to proceed. Again the wires were put to work, and two days later I saw the authorization for hospitalization and the assurance of prompt attention to the matter of compensation.

Curious after these two personal experiences, I asked to see the service file. I pored over it, absorbed. I found scores of cases any one of which would have provided material for a story full of human interest, and the file itself was a monument to the untiring energy of this Legion worker.

"And the funds for this work?" I queried.

"Well," Hart replied. "The State had no funds available. A big government hospital was here. A small contract hospital was here. The situation had to be handled—and promptly—so our post took off its coat, rolled up its sleeves and went to work.

"No solicitation for funds. We were afraid that would kill the post. Entertainments, bazaars, athletic events, dances, all provided some money. Finally we bought the advertising space in one of the local papers and resold it retail for a special Legion edition. Out of this we netted nearly two thousand dollars. The Legion is sold to the people here," he concluded, and I could well believe him; service sells anything.

"And your own salary?" I could not restrain the remark. I must know how this post functioned.

"My salary!" he flashed. "Man, do you think I'd take money for this sort of work? Not a cent of our money is spent in salaries."

I turned to other topics.

"There are probably additional ways," I suggested, "in which your post is active."

"Yes. Take the matter of lodging. We are on the direct route from the North to Florida. There is a floating population of nomads, always migrating. It was necessary to provide for those who were former service men and who were down on their luck. Come, I'll show you our sleeping quarters."

I went with him to the Salvation Army Headquarters and inspected a scrupulously clean Legion room with army cots and bed clothing. Shower baths had been made available for the men. I met the adjutant of the Salvation Army. That good man was loud in his praise of the Legion. He told me how the post had equipped the room for ex-soldiers; he spoke of the cooperation he had received and gave me sidelights on the work that I would never have got from Hart. He ended with the statement that he hoped he might at some time have an opportunity of serving the Legion as it had served him.

On the way back to Legion headquarters Hart stopped his car at a little corner restaurant and gave the proprietor a Legion check for $22, explaining to me that it was in payment for meals served to nomadic ex-soldiers during the preceding month.

"This afternoon," he said, "our committee goes to the hospital with cigarettes for the boys; would you care to go along?"

Would I? Well, rather. But I had to get my camera first.

I will not long dwell on that visit. United States Veterans Hospital No. 62 is for mental cases, and the men looked forward to two things; little entertainments provided by the Legion and by other civic organizations, and the consolation of tobacco.

"We bring out about $10 worth of cigarettes a month," Hart said. "It isn't much, but I believe it is their greatest pleasure."

"But do you do all this yourself?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he returned. "We have a hospital committee, one of whom visits the hospital each day. In this way we got in touch with a large number of men whose compensation claims needed adjustment. The cases are particularly difficult in that they are mental. It often happens that securing data and affidavits presents obstacles insurmountable without the help of the Legion. We systematized our work and have to date in every case secured the necessary information. In all of our work we have had the sincere co-operation of the Veterans Bureau in this district."

The next morning I found Hart at his desk with a letter waiting for me.

"You might be interested in seeing our legal talent function," he remarked. "This is out of my line."

The letter was signed by six men

(*Continued on page* 23)

Sing a Song of Red Tape

By Arthur McKeogh

'TWAS in the town of Washington whence legislation comes,
I met a Tattered Document a-twiddling of his thumbs.
His face was parchment-like with age, his figure shrunk with woe—
I never knew a document to be dejected so.

His only shield against the cold was yards of tape, red, thin,
Yet through his dim old eyes a fervent spirit burned within.
"How now," quoth I, "what awful fate has made your face a blur?
"What is your name, your home—you seem to need some help, good sir."

"You help me! Ha! Don't set my sides a-crackling wide with mirth!
Four million service men have tried—their efforts were not worth
A Heinie mark! For I am good old pending Bursum Bill,
And when they use cream cheese grenades I shall be pending still!

"I've pended since the Armistice, or sometime thereabouts;
My various pends are equalled only by my ins and outs—
In this committee, out of that, but rarely on the Floor!
You'd think, the way they act, I was Another Goshdarn War.

"Yet all I ask—" he flecked a flock of thumbprints from his nose—
"Is sometime, somehow, just before the current century's close,
Our legislative speeders give a passing thought or so
To officers who chucked a job to see the front-line show.

"The ones, I mean, who came back nicked—they're just a hundred score—
They made the costly error of enlisting for the war!
Whereas if they'd been Regulars, Marines or Navy men
They'd be retired with three-fourths pay, instead of three-fourths yen.

"I don't pretend to understand—" he scratched his final clause—
"Why second looeys from the ranks should have to urge their cause
A colonel kissed by old barbed wire—he isn't wounded much!—
He gets a Croix de Guerre; the second looey gets a crutch!"

"Well, Bursum Bill," said I, "buck up! Just crawl around some more,
And let the people know your cause for being worn and sore."
I doubt he heard me. As I left I saw his hands aclutch
The crimson tape, while he maintained: "—the looey gets a crutch."

Keeping Step with the Legion

Unemployment

NATIONAL Commander Owsley is up in arms. He's got out the big stick for an American institution that he is declaring un-American. That's unemployment. He just naturally feels that a jobless veteran is something the country cannot afford to have around, and he is asking the Legion to see to it that the country does its bit not to have them around. In other words, he's going to see to it that they get jobs, if it's possible, and he believes it's possible. In fact, he believes that anything is possible for the Legion.

Here's an idea hot off the bat—the N. C.'s bat, too, and his batting average is heavy:

Why not visit local business men *now*, whether your town has an unemployment problem or not, and get them to pledge jobs for jobless veterans whenever your town has jobless veterans? Business men like to help out veterans whenever they can, and if they know they will have the co-operation of the Legion, they'll strain a lot of points to do the helping. Just get them to co-operate with your post service officer, or employment officer, or employment bureau. The point is to establish the principle that when a vacancy occurs in any line, the employer thinks first—thinks automatically—of The American Legion as the proper outfit to supply a man to plug the gap in the line.

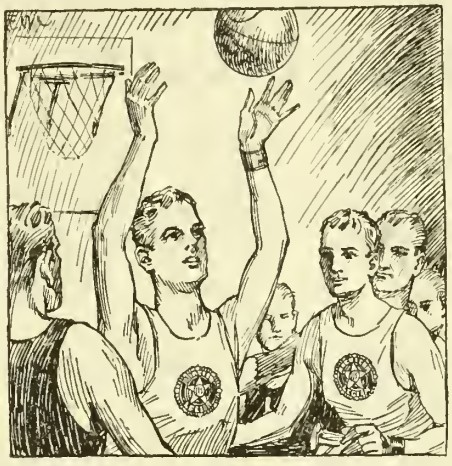
In other words, why not let your post furnish file-closers for the front rank of industry?

An Easy Job

EVERETT ACE COLE, a member of Fort Harrison Post in Terre Haute, Indiana, is a good guy. We like him because he sent us a good long letter that saves us a lot of labor this week. All we've got to do is use the letter. Here it is:

As an active Legionnaire, my experience in getting members may be valuable to other Legionnaires. This is how I get 'em to join and the kind of ammunition I use.

The ammunition train that carries said ammunition to me is The American Legion Weekly. When I find a bird that says the Legion is all right, but he doesn't like the way it is run, and what good will it do to him—O, buddy! I load my vocal cannon with some of that Weekly ammunition and aim right at his eyes with a good smile and say, "What are you going to do with your Federal compensation when you get it?" And from experience I find that the average non-Legionnaire ex-service man is not aware of the fact that the Legion is fighting at all times for the compensation which is for his personal benefit, as well as the Legionnaire's. I then ask him if he doesn't think he should pitch in and help us a little. I explain to him where his dues go—to the post, and to the department and National Headquarters—and that he also will get a magazine for a year, and that if he bought the magazine alone at a news stand each week it would cost him $5.20 for the year, and that it



will keep him informed about who is for compensation and who is against it. If he happens to be against it himself I shoot the disablement news at him—or maybe I shot that first. Then, about that time, I draw out the old Weekly from my pocket and show him that it is a real, honest-to-goodness, thirty-two page soldier and sailor Bible.

The way I have carried the August 18th and October 6th issues around with me, the print has almost come off the pages, especially page 13 of the August issue and page 10 of the October issue. I explain to my prospective member who Slicker Sawyer is on page 13 of the August issue, then ask him if he thinks the "Locked Out" cartoon on page 10 of the October issue is what we defenders of our country deserve. Then, of course, you know the answer. I remember a buddy said to me one morning when I was giving Slicker Sawyer fits that if Sawyer got any slicker he might slide out of Washington. Not so dumb, Al!

I will say that by the time the average buddy looks through the good old thirty-two-page Bible he has in his hand, he has begun to see a new light on the matter. The average non-Legionnaire ex-service man does not realize what he is missing until you show him the Weekly. I try to make him think that I believe it has been merely neglect that he has not yet joined the Legion. Now, if he seems to take that good, the next thing I say is, "By the way, the first time I think of it, I'll bring you over an application blank and have you fix it up."

I never say "sign it up." I find it profitable to let my prospect know that he does not have to sign anything, as you know we did that once and I got thirteen months out of it. Now from experience I find that he will say to me after I mention bringing a blank over, "Oh, I guess I should belong, but I never have joined yet." Right then is the psychological moment, or the time to shoot the big gun. He has admitted that he should belong, but he has neglected it. He does not know that I always have at least five or six application blanks in my pocket. But, by golly, I knew it all the time. Then, accidentally, I find one of them, draw it out of my pocket to my surprise, and apologize to him for not handing him the blank at the beginning of the conversation. He has done been sold, and he has admitted it!

What Mr. Cole has to say can be applied, to a lesser extent, to some of the fellows who have not yet paid their 1923 dues. Posts which are now making collections may find that old membership arguments are necessary. The beauty of Mr. Cole's arguments is that not all of them are old.

Legion Calendar

Christmas

Is the day when the Legion plays Santa Claus to every disabled World War veteran who needs Legion aid or comfort. Do you think hospitalized men in your neighborhood would like extra copies of the Christmas number of the Weekly? If so, write the Circulation Manager of the Weekly, telling your needs. Orders received from posts, Auxiliary units and hospitals will be filled free.

New Year's

Is the day when your post owes a bill for your department and national Legion taxes. If you haven't paid your dues to the post, the post may have trouble paying its taxes.

Winter

From basketball and hockey to bridge and dancing—they're all Legion activities.

War Chests and the Red Cross

NATIONAL Headquarters reports that in some instances Legion posts, confusing Red Cross funds with war chest funds, are requesting and sometimes demanding that funds in the hands of local chapters of the American Red Cross be turned over to the Legion. This procedure is entirely wrong and should cease immediately, says National Adjutant Bolles, because the American Red Cross is a recognized, going association and money placed in its hands for carrying out certain specific work is justly its property. Furthermore, the American Red Cross is co-operating with the Legion in every way in furnishing funds for service to the sick and disabled, and in many localities is providing direct relief to service men and their families.

The residue funds of war chest or other emergency organizations which during the war raised money for work among soldiers and sailors but which ceased to function at the conclusion of hostilities are the funds which logically belong to the Legion as the most representative organization of former service men, according to a number of court cases involving the disposition of such funds which have all been decided in favor of the Legion. The National Adjutant stresses the fact that the distinction between such funds and Red Cross funds should be clearly understood by all post officials.

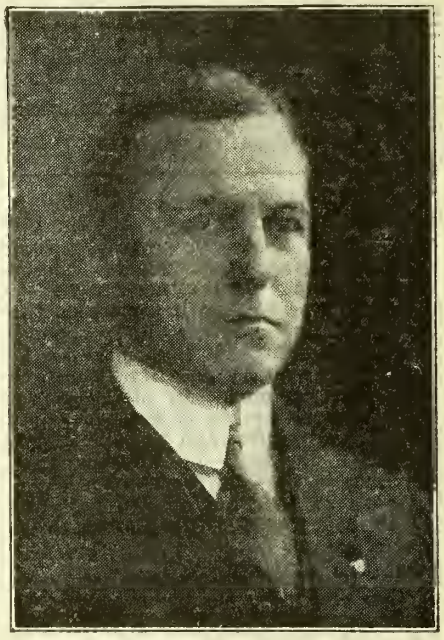
An M.D. Whose Initials Aren't C. C.

ONE war is enough for the ordinary man. But not so Dr. Edward J. Barrett of Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

Dr. Barrett was born in Wooster, Ohio, he informed National Headquarters when they asked him about himself. When he was born, deponent saith not. However, it is known that he was graduated from the University of Wooster and from the School of Medicine at the University of Cincinnati and that he was serving as house physician in the Palmer House, Chicago, when the Spanish-American War broke out, and that just as soon as the War Department let him he broke out into the war, and became a major in the Second Regiment, U. S. V. Engineers. He served in Honolulu and later in the Philippines during the insurrection.

When the World War broke out he got right back in harness. The Army knew his work and gave over to his care the Fox Hills Hospital on Staten Island, New York, and later made him chief of hospitals at the Port of Embarkation at Hoboken, New Jersey.

When the World War was ended, he jumped quickly into the fight for the disabled man. He was soon located in Sheboygan, and the Wisconsin Legion made him department commander in the fall of 1921 and also national executive committeeman. Likewise, he held down a job on the National Rehabilitation Committee. The New Orleans Convention elected him a National Vice-Commander of the Legion.



Dr. Edward J. Barrett

State Winners of the Essay Contest

THE observance earlier this month of National Education Week held special significance for three school pupils in each State and territory of these United States. These three were the winners of first, second and third state and territorial prizes in The American Legion's National Essay Contest. It was during Education Week that the awards were made. The subject was "How The American Legion Can Best Serve the Nation."

Three prizes were awarded in each State and territory, the first a silver medal, the second a bronze medal, and the third a certificate of commendation signed by National Commander Alvin Owsley and Garland W. Powell, Director of the National Americanism Commission of the Legion. The winners in each State were selected by judges appointed by the state superintendent of schools and the department Americanism chairman of the Legion.

The announcement of the three national prize winners who will be selected from among the winners in the States and territories will probably be made January 19, 1923, the birthday anniversary of Robert E. Lee. The winning essays will be selected by the national judges of the contest in Washington, D. C. The national honors consist of cash awards of $750, $500 and $250, respectively, these sums to be used for scholarships in colleges indicated by the winners. The three national prizes are the personal offering of Hanford MacNider of Iowa, Past National Commander of the Legion.

Following is the list of winners of medals in each State and territory:

ALASKA—1st, Verna Lillian Wacker, Wacker; 2d, Hope Cambas, Ketchikan.

CALIFORNIA—1st, James C. Barron, Los Angeles; 2d, Evelyn Caprico.

CANAL ZONE—1st, Agnes E. Johnson, Balboa Heights; 2d, Rena Mary De Young, Balboa.

CONNECTICUT—1st, Joseph Giandonato, Bridgeport; 2d, Clement Holbrook, Thomaston.

FLORIDA—1st, Charles Edward Kettle, Jr., St. Augustine; 2d, Monroe Philpot, St. Petersburg.

The silver medal (actual size) awarded as first prize in each State in the Legion's National Essay Contest

GEORGIA—1st, Francis Louise McAuliffe, Augusta; 2d, Louise Armstrong, Augusta.

HAWAII—1st, Ah Sing Ching, Ewa Oaki; 2d, Aiko Ester Ogawa, Paia Maui.

IDAHO—1st, Vaughn Simmons, Soda Springs; 2d, Mary Huff, Kellogg.

INDIANA—1st, Pauline Virginia Chastain, Indianapolis; 2d, Ruby Schultz, Butler.

IOWA—1st, Donald L. Campbell, Clinton; 2d, Barbara Head, Imogene.

KANSAS—1st, Frances C. Gritten, Courtland; 2d, Delbert Denton, Jewell City.

KENTUCKY—1st, Mary E. Marshall, Hickman; 2d, Marjory Joyce Fields, Cynthiana.

LOUISIANA—1st, Frances Thornton, Mansfield; 2d, Dorothy Marion Bradshaw, New Orleans.

MASSACHUSETTS—1st, Philip E. Mosely, Westfield; 2d Theodore J. Cutting, Newton Center.

MICHIGAN—1st, Grace C. Buhe, Kalamazoo; 2d, Dorothy Weed, Flint.

MINNESOTA—1st, Ralph R. Sullivan, Two Harbors; 2d, Della Bluntach, Itasca.

MISSISSIPPI—1st, Leny Owen Mitchell, Natchez; 2d, L. D. Mobley, Utica.

MISSOURI—1st, Viva Fay Cox, Salem; 2d, Lorena Bollinger, Oran.

MONTANA—1st, Evelyn Wright, Hysham; 2d, Edith Swingle, Bozeman.

NEBRASKA—1st, Douglas W. McServey, Kearney; 2d, Mildred S. Hess, Clinton.

NEVADA—1st, Howard Sheerin, Tonopah; 2d, Lois Carman, Goldfield.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—1st, Franklin Temple, Somersworth; 2d, Muriel Andrews, Somersworth.

NEW JERSEY—1st, J. Stewart Hunter, Dover; 2d, Edith Natalie Werner, Atlantic City.

NEW YORK—1st, Ruth Griffin, Elmira; 2d, Eva Dietz, Cobleskill.

OHIO—1st, Lee H. Strahl, Cincinnati; 2d, Robert L. Blair, Mt. Vernon.

OKLAHOMA—1st, Zelma Wickersham, Mangum; 2d, Estelle Jackson, Ada.

OREGON—1st, Ruth Scott, La Grande; 2d, Webster A. Jones, Ontario.

PENNSYLVANIA—1st, Carl F. Krauss, Milton; 2d, Arthur R. Hogue, York.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—1st, James W. Ferguson, Manila; 2d, Flora Arville, Manila.

SOUTH CAROLINA—1st, C. Heyward Hudson, Bishopville; 2d, Douglas De Lashmette Jeter, Santuck.

SOUTH DAKOTA—1st, Lillian Burdine, Sisseton; 2d, Alice Smith, Selby.

TEXAS—1st, Louise Beyer, Dallas; 2d, Gladys Shelton, Hughes Springs.

VIRGINIA—1st, Ellen Douglas Gordon, Richmond; 2d, Lewis Charles Mattison, Lynchburg.

WASHINGTON—1st, Bernice Hartley, Langley; 2d, Lloyd A. Stemm, Olympia.

WEST VIRGINIA—1st, Lavaughn McCray, Newlonton; 2d, Eleanor McCracken, Wellsburg.

WISCONSIN—1st, Robert Drew, Janesville; 2d, Gerald A. Ran, Two Rivers.

THE VOICE OF THE LEGION

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

A Bouquet

To the Editor: After keeping quiet for a long time and reading the Legion publication, I have decided to turn loose and tell you men who publish it a few things.

To begin with, I have never seen a publication grow with such rapidity and gain prestige so quickly as the Weekly. You started out with a world of pep, and contrary to all the laws of experience, rather than losing it, you are continually gaining more. Just what the ultimate outcome will be no one knows, but I do know that no finer magazine of its class will ever be published by anyone.

The National Convention created a lot of talk among Legion men all through the West. We were there good and strong and we had a great time. Say, that convention made New Orleans's Mardi-Gras seem like a love fest!

In conclusion, I want to say that we really appreciate your efforts and hope that you will keep up the good work. We're back of you.—WILBUR W. WOODS, *Sacramento, Cal.*

"I Was There"

To the Editor: In reply to the query of Mac E. Larson of Laurens, Iowa, regarding the fate of the *Persic*, appearing in a recent edition of the Weekly, I wish to state I was there.

Everything was fine, sea calm, nice sunshine. Our convoy of twenty-one ships (not counting five British destroyers) was sailing along nicely. Our ship, the *Traz os Monter*, was keeping up in position better than at any time during the voyage; in fact, we had crowded the *Persic* out of her position, and the latter ship had dropped back to about five hundred yards off our port quarter.

I had just come up from a lecture on why the St. Mihiel salient couldn't be straightened out, and was on the boat deck, port side, when the *Persic* gave the sub. alarm, twelve short blasts of the whistle. Then the torpedo exploded, and a column of water shot up in the air higher than the tops of the masts. She was hit on the port side, just aft of the boilers, and the force of the explosion was taken up in the coal bunkers.

The rest of the convoy immediately put on full steam ahead, and the last we saw of the *Persic* she was afloat and standing well up out of the water, about five o'clock.

One of the British destroyers that had stood by the *Persic* on the seventh came up through the convoy the next morning and reported that the *Persic* had made Queenstown all right, and that the sub. had been sunk.

Who that was on that ship will ever forget the mornings all the way across when we looked out on a sea deserted except for one American destroyer signalling to us to get up in our position, and the day the British ships joined us off Newfoundland, and the skipper of the British cruiser flashing this message back to us: "*Traz os Monter*, please keep up in position. Submarines love stragglers."

Little did he know the combination he had to deal with. Here it is. Figure it out for yourself, and if you can make anything good out of it, all right. She was the German ship, *Von Buelow*, re-christened *Traz os Monter* by the Portuguese when they took it over, under British charter, Portuguese crew, French gun crews, who, report has it, were learning the great American game of craps when the torpedo exploded, British signal boys, American stewards and carrying American troops. How many of you looked longingly at those dark shapes away ahead in the morning and wondered if *we* were still going to France? And then our friend the American destroyer came alongside, and, like a dog chasing the last cow in the bunch up with the rest, told us to get up in our position. And, say, do you remember the night we nearly ran over the flare boat at Dover, and the words of the English pilot to the men in the shore boat the next morning when we were lying off Diel: "I assure you, sir, there is not a capable man aboard the ship." Oh, boy, those were the good old days!—CHARLIE J. WEISS, *Whitewater, Wis.*

A Suggestion

To the Editor: It has occurred to me that, although The American Legion numbers hundreds of thousands of members, it is an organization that will inevitably eventually cease to exist, as the different organizations composed of men who saw service in the Union and Confederate Armies of the Civil War will do in the near future.

A suggestion: Why not admit *all* ex-service men, and all men in active service of either the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard who are serving their country at the present time or may hereafter do so?

No doubt this question has come up many times, but I see no reason why it could not be carried out. Of course the men and women who were in their country's service during the World War may object to this proposition on the ground that it would be admitting members to their organization who would in some manner be "inferior" to those who saw active service—the same feeling that senior members of a high school have when a freshman is admitted to their class party.

At present there are hundreds of thousands of ex-service men who are not eligible to join any kind of organization such as The American Legion. These men will in time lose the spirit that is to be found in The American Legion and other organizations composed of ex-service men, and it is only right, for their sake and their country's, that the Legion take them in. At least a sub-organization of the Legion could be organized for such men.

Is there likelihood that such an organization will ever become a reality?—I hope so.—GILBERT BROIDA, *Yorktown, Va.*

A Boost from California

To the Editor: About one and a half years ago I was sick, down and out, suffering from injuries received during the late war. One night a doctor told me at an American Legion Post to report to him the following day. I did so, with the result that the great and only U. S. Veterans Bureau picked me up and sent me to a hospital, and, after a few operations, I was placed in training. Today I am thankful for The American Legion, with its loyal membership, and for the U.S.V.B. I attribute my success today to these two organizations.—C. R. JONES, *Hawthorne, Cal.*

True Today?

To the Editor: Apropos of your editorial in a recent issue regarding Senator Lodge's quotation from "King Henry the Fifth," permit me to call your attention to a line from another of Shakespeare's plays, namely, "Pericles," which refers to a veteran's financial condition with a pointed truth that has not lost its force even in this enlightened age. The line in question occurs in Act IV, Scene VI, and reads as follows: "What would you have me do? Go to the wars, would you? Where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?"—C. O. MILLER, *Columbus, Ohio.*

Try This One, Code Sharks!

To the Editor: In the Nov. 17th issue an article appeared by C. J. Coombes addressed to code sharks, offering the Weekly for one year to anyone who would decipher and send him the answer. Contest open to the world.

Now I don't claim to be a shark or any other animal in its class; but here is the answer to Coombes' cipher: "North Bend, Ore, Sept. 3, 1922. Dear Buddy: The man who thinks he knows it all is a fool."

I wrote Coombes a personal letter and sent him the answer, with his key. Now here is another cipher which is also open to the world:

20_ 19 38 37 24 22_ 33 38_ 53 20 29 28_ 21 42_ 36 29 31 28_ 23 28 19 39_ 44 41 27_ 13 22 36_ 49 36 15_ 38 36 55 37 11 27 50 42_ 41 12 29_ 29 57 30 38_ 21 41 30.

If the nerves in your brain are as sensitive as they are in the tips of your fingers, you may pick this one.—G. H. CORPORON, *Mesita, Colo.*

A "Bonus" for Key's Widow

To the Editor: In looking over a sketch of the facts leading up to the writing of "The Star Spangled Banner," I find the following, which strikes me as rather pertinent regarding the "bonus":

"Francis Scott Key, author of 'The Star Spangled Banner,' fell in love with Mary Tayloe Lloyd, and they were married at Annapolis, Md., by the Rev. Ralph Higginbothan, director of St. Ann's Parish. Like the date of his birth, there is a discrepancy of a year in the two dates mentioned for this event. It is usually given at 1802. In May, 1855, Mrs. Mary Tayloe Key, the widow, applied at the Pension Office, Washington, for bounty land on account of her husband's service in the war of 1812, and stated under oath she was married to Francis Scott Key in August, 1801."—WELLS HAWKS, *Commander, S. Rankin Drew Post, New York City.*

Who Knows?

To the Editor: The other day, at Minneapolis, I had a talk with a fellow Legionnaire who told me he was in the Sixth (6th) Detachment, *A. S. A. P.*

Will some buddy advise who and what this outfit was? Many thanks.—R. V. J., *Appleton, Wis.*

Do We Respect Our Flag?

To the Editor: I have just read an editorial in the November 17th issue of the Weekly. You say, "No country on earth regards its colors with quite the degree of veneration which the American bestows upon Old Glory." I would that your observation were correct; but mine does not bear you out. You could more truthfully say, "No country on earth should regard its flag, etc., etc." My reason for the above statement is that in watching the flag go by, both as spectator and participant in parades, not half of the men standing along the streets have enough respect or veneration for the flag to uncover their heads. I have seen this time after time and it arises from one of two causes invariably: Ignorance of respect due the flag, or lack of respect.

Wherever I have seen the flags of foreign nations go by among its own people, English, French, Belgian, Italian, my observation has been that every man uncovers or salutes, without exception, and The American Legion can hasten the day when such will be true when Old Glory goes by.—BURNLEY LANKFORD, *Post 36, Norfolk, Va.*

BURSTS AND DUDS

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

Prudence

In Georgia they tell of a country minister, the Reverend Tyier Bliss, who was driving a spirited horse through a village when he overtook the local physician who happened to be on foot and invited him in for a lift.

Ten minutes later the horse bolted, tipped over the carriage and spilled both men. The doctor rose to his feet and felt himself over to see whether he was injured. Then he turned angrily toward the clergyman.

"See here," he demanded. "What do you mean by inviting me to ride behind an animal like that?"

"Well," replied the minister mildly, "it was lucky that this time there were no bones broken. But I always like to have a doctor with me when I drive that horse."

Snappy Work

Pete Wilkins had just entered the service and his young wife was the proudest woman in forty-eight States. She was boasting of his achievements to her brother.

"Isn't Tom wonderful?" she exclaimed. "He's already been promoted to field marshal!"

"From private to field marshal in two months!" ejaculated the brother. "Why, that's impossible! The thing can't be did!"

"Did I say field marshal?" murmured the girl. "Well, maybe it's court martial. I know it's one or the other."

Bang!

The ex-buck's son had reached the curious age and it took all his dad's time to satisfy his inquisitiveness.

"You were talking in your sleep last night, pop," the youth volunteered, "and you kept saying 'shoot a dollar, shoot a dollar.' How can you shoot a dollar, pop?"

"Well," answered pop painfully, "the dice are often loaded."

Too Many Customers

He was one of the youngest recruits who ever graced the Army and his voice was in the process of changing. Into the company barber shop he drifted and, in tones that were at one moment a promising bass and in the next a feeble treble, demanded a haircut.

"Hey!" ejaculated the bewildered barber, looking confusedly about him. "One at a time, please, one at a time!"

In a Quandary

"What's Sandy Macpherson studying about?"

"He's in a bad way. He's in the habit of letting his pipe go out and he can't make sure whether he saves more for tobacco or wastes more for matches."

All Over!

Hinkle: "That darned serial story left off with the hero in a pretty tight position. He has a puncture—"

Pinkle: "Hasn't he an extra tire?"

Hinkle: "I don't suppose so. He's up in a balloon."

Some Kick

A crowd had gathered at a railroad track and were gaping at an automobile which had been smashed into unrecognizability by a fast train. The Usual Simp was there, of course, with the Usual Brainless Question:

"Did a train hit it?" he demanded.

"Nah!" retorted a disgusted bystander. "Here's how it happened. There was a wheelbarrow on the track. The auto came along and struck it. This made the wheelbarrow so darn mad it up and kicked the auto into the weeds."

A Victim of Circumstances

A Dull Life

Madge: "It must be awful to be an heiress."

Peggy: "Good heavens! Why, dear?"

Madge: "There would be nothing to get married for."

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.

43. That in the next war all buglers be considered in Draft Class 1-A, so that there will be some reasonable certainty of their being comfortably eliminated by the time of the arrival of the real soldiers.

Shades of Robert Browning

How they would bring the good news from Ghent to Aix in 1922:

"Brr! Crackle! Snap! This is from WXZ, Ghent. Before the news of the day is broadcasted there will be two selections by the Jazz & Shudder Orchestra and a bedtime story by Professor Herman Van Verdampt."

Food First

North: "Have you ever tried the Daily Dozen?"

West: "No, I don't care for oysters."

Rather Thin

All his life Jenks had been a gob, but finally when his age prevented him from being accepted for re-enlistment, he followed the example of many seafaring men and turned to farming. A couple of city men who were spending their vacations in the village got into conversation with him and the talk turned to the difficulty of getting good milk.

"It's always been that way here," admitted Jenks. "When I docked in this town I bought a cow from Horace Miller and paid him fifty bucks for the blame thing. Horace said she'd give twenty quarts of milk a day and maybe she did—but you could always see bottom in six fathom."

Hardships of War

Private Pink, U.S.A., had an argumentative turn of mind that gained him little popularity with his officers. Every order had to be thoroughly discussed before he would consent to it. One morning, after reporting back from sick call, he came to the company orderly room and asked to see the captain.

"Cap'n, sir," said Pink, with obvious emotion in his voice. "The doctor tells me I got an ingrowin' toenail and that it'll hafta be cut out. Do I got to have it cut out, sir?"

"Of course, if the doctor says so, was the short reply of the captain, who was accustumed to interviews with Pink and wasn't disposed to humor him. Pink hesitated momentarily to gain control of his emotions, and then said complainingly:

"A poor damn soldier has to stand for most anything, don't he, cap'n?"

Age Cannot Wither

Manager: "What are you trying to give me? Why, the plot of your play is as old as the pyramids."

Playwright: "What of it? The pyramids haven't lost any of their popularity, have they?"

Metcorological

"What's the difference between climate and weather, Dad?"

"Climate, my boy, is weather which has become a habit."

For a Long, Long Rest

North: "I wish I could get away from the office for a while."

West: "Hit the boss for a fifty-dollar raise."

Relief in Sight

Barr: "This crime wave is awful."

Carr: "Oh, don't worry. Some of these days the gunmen are going to run up against our modern cavewomen."

Not Now

Him: "Can you take a joke?"

Her: "Oh, Jack, please don't propose!"

Too Much for Him

Mother: "No, Bobbie, absolutely no. For the third time I tell you that you can't have another chocolate."

Bobbie (in despair): "Oh, gee, I don't see where Dad gets the idea that you're always changing your mind."

DOUGLAS COUNTY POST, OMAHA, NEBR. To permit three students, dependents of comrades who are unable to provide for them, to continue their studies in the local high school, the post is paying all their expenses during the present term.

HAMBURG POST, HAMBURG, N. Y. When the call went out for candidates for the post football team, thirty-five husky Legionnaires, including former college, university and A. E. F. football stars, were on hand for the first try-out of the new season.

BUGLE CORPS OF GEN. DAVID MCM. GREGG POST, READING, PA. Through picnics and a carnival, the bugle corps raised funds to outfit itself and pay its expenses to the department convention, where it was largely instrumental in securing the 1923 convention for Reading. A surplus fund helped defray the expenses of the post's delegates.

TAMPICO POST, TAMPICO, MEXICO. As a result of the Fourth of July celebration held under the auspices of the post, over $2,000 was turned over to the American School in Tampico to assist it in clearing up financial obligations.

AUXILIARY UNIT OF HURLEY LEE SPICER POST, HARRISONVILLE, MO. To erect a community house, the unit has raised over $8,000.

FRANCIS DEITRICH POST, WEATHERLY, PA. When Weatherly decided to have a Better Babies Clinic it found that no rooms for the holding of the clinic were available. The Legion post immediately turned over its clubrooms for the use of those sponsoring the movement.

THE AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY, DEPARTMENT OF NEBRASKA. A $390 radio outfit has been presented to the Nebraska veterans who are patients in the government hospital at Colfax, Iowa. Receivers will be installed at the beds of all the patients. In addition, a saxophone, set of bells, trombone and cornet were presented to the vets in the Bellevue training school.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, SIOUX CITY, IOWA. Last year, at the National Convention in Kansas City, Monahan post Band of Sioux City won third prize in the band contest. There was doubt of the band's being able to compete at the New Orleans convention until the local Chamber of Commerce appropriated $2,500 toward the fund to purchase new uniforms and pay traveling expenses. The band won first prize this year.

DEPARTMENT ADJUTANT JAMES F. BARTON OF IOWA. Through his careful handling of the department's business affairs, almost $5,000 under the amount set in the budget was saved.

No Excuse Now

For dingy film on teeth

A way has been found to combat film on teeth, and millions of people now use it.

A few years ago, nearly all teeth were coated more or less. Today those dingy coats are inexcusable. You can prove this by a pleasant ten-day test.

Film ruins teeth

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Then it forms the basis of dingy coats which hide the teeth's natural luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it. So, despite all care, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing, and glistening teeth were rare.

New methods now

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. Years of careful tests have amply proved their efficiency.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, based on modern research. These two film combatants are embodied in it for daily application. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Dental authorities the world over now endorse this method. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

Other new effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize acids which cause tooth decay.

Old-time tooth pastes, based on soap and chalk, had just opposite effects.

It polishes the teeth, so film adheres less easily.

Thus Pepsodent does, in five great ways, what never before was so successfully done.

Used the world over

Now careful people of fifty nations are using Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. You can see the results in lustrous teeth wherever you look today. To millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

In one week you will realize that this method means new beauty, new protection for the teeth. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent
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The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

10-Day Tube Free 1020

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Dept. 527, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Mr. Peters, a shrewd and experienced banker, had accumulated a lot of money through safe, conservative investing at liberal rates of interest. His five sons had lost money because they bought securities which "went bad." At a family reunion the old gentleman told his sons exactly how to distinguish between good and bad investments, and where to put their money where it would earn 8% interest year in and year out.

Every investor who is interested in getting 8% with assured safety will find profit in Mr. Peter's narrative. His experience is a valuable safeguard against investment losses.

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Make $60 to $100 a Week
Introducing this wonderful new lamp. Gives soft, brilliant light; restful to eyes; ideal illumination.
Burns Kerosene or Gasoline
Clean, odorless, economical. Burns 96% air, 4% fuel. Absolutely safe. Lights with match. 100 times brighter than wick lamps. Patented. Greatest improvement of age. Table lamps, hanging lamps, lanterns. Work all or spare time. You simply take orders. We deliver by Parcel Post and do collecting. Commissions paid same day you take orders. No experience necessary. Get started at once. Big season now on. Write today for catalog and special agents offer.
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I can make a good penman of you at home during spare time. Write for my book "How to Become a Good Penman" and beautiful specimens, all Free. Your name elegantly written on a card if you enclose stamp. F. W. TAMBLYN,
420 Ridge Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

California state lands. The State Land Board of California has for sale 87 irrigated farms at Ballico near Merced in San Joaquin Valley on main line Santa Fe Railway. The state makes it possible for you to own one of these farms, only requiring 5 per cent of purchase price, remainder in semi-annual installments extending over 36½ years with 5 per cent interest annually. Here is an opportunity to become a home owner on terms as favorable as renting. It will be a long time before any more land will be available under such generous provisions. Money advanced on improvements and dairy stock. Those already located very enthusiastic; you can farm all year in California: all deciduous fruits profitably grown; alfalfa a paying crop, ideal conditions for stock and poultry; many persons long some day to make their homes in California, with its winterless climate, plenty of sunshine, seashore and mountains, fertile valleys, paved highways, very efficient marketing, excellent schools. State Board's pamphlet also Santa Fe folder describing San Joaquin Valley mailed free on request. C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, Santa Fe, 960 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ills.—Adv.

EX-SERVICE INFORMATION

The Army Death Record

IT is only four years since American Army transports bound for France were transformed into hospitals in mid-ocean. It is only four years since those transports docked at Brest and St. Nazaire and Le Havre with their holds stacked with coffins, their decks crowded with regiments of doughboys wearing gauze masks. But four years have been almost enough to erase the memory of the summer and autumn of 1918 when an influenza epidemic was threatening to assume the proportions of a plague that might have halted the war.

There was a censorship four years ago, but nevertheless the facts that could not be hidden were spreading alarm through a world which had become accustomed to the tradition that pestilence and famine are the inevitable accompaniments of war. Yet the potential menace of disease ceased to cast its spell of fear when the great American battles of the autumn of 1918 were being fought, and after the victory and during the making of the terms of peace the country found too many other things to think about and forgot the days when disease had seemed to be doing more than German guns to decrease our fighting forces.

In the four years that have elapsed since the war, the impression seems to have grown stronger than it ever had been that medical science has made war rather a prophylactic pastime—what with vaccinations and inoculations, safeguarding of food and water supplies, better standards of shelter and transportation and concessions to the necessity for recreation. The memory of the days when men in training were dying by hundreds in the cantonments seems dim indeed today. Too many persons think of the war only as an unprecedented mobilization of business and industry for the supplying of the materials of fighting. They have forgotten what that war meant to the millions of young men who underwent the trials and tests of camps and cantonments in the days when each individual's physique and his stamina were cast by nature in an equation of life or death.

Statistics of the World War prove, however, that war was, from the standpoint of mortality, not vastly different from other wars. In spite of the improvements in methods of killing by machinery, Nature managed to run up a higher score than the enemy's bullets and shells. The Surgeon General of the Army, at the request of The American Legion Weekly, has prepared the following figures for the period of the war, from April 1, 1917, to December 31, 1919:

Killed in action	36,694
Died of wounds	13,705
Total battle deaths	50,399
Died of disease at home and abroad	58,119
Accidents, etc.	5,591
Total non-battle deaths	63,710
Grand total, all deaths	114,109

The significance of the figures above is even plainer when the following sub-division is made:

Total of enlisted men dying of disease in the forty principal training camps	23,226
Total for disease for officers, all stations in the United States, and for enlisted men outside forty camps mentioned above	11,632
Total for disease, officers and men in the United States	34,858
Total for disease, officers and enlisted men, outside United States	13,261
Died of accidents, etc., in United States	2,564

The tables above show that the number of officers and enlisted men dying of disease at home and abroad exceed by 7,720 the number of men killed in battle or dying of wounds, and the number of officers and men who died of disease in the United States is only 1,836 fewer than the number killed in action. The figures also show that, contrary to the public's opinion, the training camps in the United States were not havens of safety even as compared with the battlefront, a fact testified to by their death roll of 23,226.

The Surgeon General's statistics show, as everybody already knows, that influenza was the most deadly wartime disease. The number of influenza victims equals a division almost at full strength. In the whole Army during the war, influenza killed 24,664 men. Of these, 16,571 died in the camps at home. Other diseases claimed the following:

	Whole Army	Army in the U. S.
Pneumonia, broncho	9,022	4,143
Pneumonia, lobar	10,145	5,787
Measles	2,370	1,987
Bronchitis	439	39
German measles	82	78
Diphtheria	177	96
Typhoid	227	74
Smallpox	14	1
Mumps	187	116
Scarlet fever	354	268
Meningitis, cerebro spinal	1,836	986
Dysentery	73	21
Anthrax	22	15
Tuberculosis	2,766	1,457
Syphilis	143	93
Cancers and tumors	159	102
Mental diseases	113	71
Diseases of ear	284	201
Diseases of nose	310	196
Diseases of throat	274	183
Heart diseases	596	327
Diseases of the circulation	184	101
Appendicitis	586	362
Nephritis	384	202

The statistics for causes of death other than disease or battle show that 607 men

SOMETHING for nothing—absolutely! But that something is invaluable to every Post Service Officer and every Post Adjutant who has anything to do with the handling of claims of disabled men or supplying answers to the hundreds of questions which service men are in the habit of asking.

That something is the 361-page book, published by the American Red Cross, entitled "Handbook of Information and Instructions for Home Service Workers." The title is a formidable one but for every-day use by Legion officials there is nothing better.

Every post needs this book. National Headquarters is distributing it free. Mr. Service Officer or Adjutant, if you haven't a copy of this book on your desk, write for one at once. Address the National Service Division, National Headquarters, The American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind.

committed suicide during the period between April 1, 1917, and December 31, 1919, and of these 411 took their lives within the limits of the United States. Homicide, a polite name for murder, accounted for 101 men in the whole Army—50 of them in camps at home. Drownings caused 499 deaths, 255 of them within the United States. Accidental gunshot wounds killed 65 men in the whole Army, 37 in camps at home. Poison gas claimed 102 men, only thirteen of them in camps at home. Food poisoning caused 15 deaths, and other forms of poisoning 110 deaths.

If anyone still believes that the 2,000,000 men of the wartime Army who did not get to France never risked their lives, let him study the following table which shows the number of deaths of enlisted men in the principal camps in the United States between October 1, 1917, and December 31, 1919:

Beauregard ..	631	Lee	936
Bowie	491	Lewis	341
Cody	445	Logan	191
Custer	907	MacArthur ..	347
Devens	981	McClellan ...	419
Dix	953	Meade	985
Dodge	1,039	Mills	476
Doniphan	311	Pike	1,145
Eustis	110	Sevier	612
Forrest	35	Shelby	200
Fremont	182	Sheridan	238
Funston	1,501	Sherman	1,348
Gordon	577	Syracuse	135
Grant	1,265	Taylor	1,191
Greene	490	Travis	570
Greenleaf ...	136	Wadsworth ..	271
Hancock	740	Wheeler	539
Humphreys ..	496	Upton	682
Jackson	756	Others	16
Johnston	219		
Kearny	269	Total.....	23,226

Compensation Claims

QUERIES aimed at locating former men whose statements are necessary to substantiate compensation claims should be sent to the Service Division, National Headquarters, The American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana. The Service Division will be glad to assist in finding men after other means have failed and, if necessary, will advertise through the Weekly. The Service Division wants to hear from the following:

John T. Burrell, horseshoer, 2d Ammunition Train, 2d Division formerly of North Birmingham, Ala; 1st Lts. Dr. Ellis Jones and Henry C. Metcalf, M. C., attached to Infirmary at Thessée, France, December, 1918, and Lt. Col. Michel Daily, M. C., and Corporal Soloman Sauber, Hqd. Co. Base Hosp. 26; name and present address of man who was chief engineer, U. S. S. *Santa Lenora*, during July, 1919; names and addresses of men who knew Harold H. Martin, yeoman 1st cl., at the U. S. Naval Air Station Pauillac and on the U. S. S. *Sierra*; address of Irwin G. Bingham, formerly stable sergeant, Supply Co., 353d Infantry; to hear from Medical Officer who was in charge of Infirmary on main street of Neufchâteau, France, and medical officer in charge of infirmary near motor section park station during July and August, 1918; names and addresses of former members of crew of U. S. S. *Bath*, September and October, 1918, who know of accident to Seaman 2d cl. Joseph T. Powers, who was struck on head by the handle of a coal scuttle bucket and rendered unconscious—in this connection, Frank Price is especially sought; Fanny Smith, army nurse at Base Hospital 52, Le Mans, France, February, 1919; present addresses of Vernon Robertson, Max Fellner, Robert D. Pellum, Robert W. Okley, Henry H. McCoy and Albert Franklin, formerly of Battery E, 18th F. A.

EX-SERVICE persons seeking adjustment of claims or information should apply to their post service officer. If the settlement or the information sought cannot be obtained locally, inquiry should be addressed to National Service Division, National Headquarters, American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana.

JUST make sure of one point—that the ties you select for yourself or for gifts have the name CHENEY on the neckband—and you are assured of up-to-date colorings, patterns and tailoring, and really satisfactory wear.

CHENEY BROTHERS, NEW YORK
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"Buddy in the Barrel's" first tie was a "Cheney" and now he asks his dealer for Silk-and-Wool Socks, Silk Belts, and Mufflers with the "Cheney" name on them.

Aspirin

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Colds	Headache
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Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

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Suspenders and Garters

Sold and guaranteed by leading dealers. Millions wear them. No rubber. Lots of comfort and easy stretch from Phosphor Bronze Springs. Year's guarantee. Suspenders, 75c; Garters, 50c; Hose Supporters, 25c.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! Nu-Way name on buckles. Send direct, giving dealer's name if he hasn't them.

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HOW TO PAINT Signs and Sho-Cards

MEN! Learn the Sign and Sho' Card business. Become independent. Easy to learn. Pays big money. Our remarkable book gives *complete instructions.*

STOREKEEPERS: This book will quickly teach you how to make your own signs.

CONTENTS: Alphabets, Colors, HOW TO MIX PAINTS, Show Cards, Window Signs, Banners, Board and Wall Signs Ready Made Letters, Gilding, Commercial Art and Tricks of the Trade. Contains 100 alphabets and designs. Bound in flexible imitation leather, gold edges. $2. postpaid or C.O.D.

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Amazing new easy method of dance teaching enables anyone to master any dance in their own home without partner or music

Learn Newest Steps 1 Hour

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DANCE-ART STUDIOS
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Casey and Cabot

By Ralph Milne Farley, C. A. C.

CABOT and Casey served in the 17th Mine Company, C. D. of Boston, in the late lamented war.

Private Cabot was a native of Massachusetts, "the land of the bean and the cod, where the Cabots speak only to Lowells, and the Lowells speak only to God," as the song goes. He drove an American ambulance in France from 1914 until we got into the war; whereupon he took the first boat back and enlisted in the C. A. C., because he figured that that branch had the best chance of getting overseas (a prophecy borne out by subsequent history).

Sergeant Casey was a native of—one guess. Correct! He had served eighteen years in the British Army. Shortly after the Boer War, he tired of military service, so he left the Army and started for the New World. But as soon as he was through Ellis Island he made a bee-line for the first policeman and asked the way to the nearest recruiting station. And he had been in twelve years, when Cabot first met him.

Cabot's chief ambition in life was to become an officer. Casey's chief ambition was to become Cabot's top sergeant. But of this, more later.

Upon enlistment, Cabot was assigned to Casey for rookie instruction; but, finding that he had had some previous militia experience, Casey let him sit on the barracks steps and watch. Casey's specialty was the hand salute, the description ending with the words: "Forearm inclined at about 45 degrees."

One day one of the recruits timidly asked: "Forty-five degrees with what, sir?"

Casey was horrified at the sacrilege. "Forty-five degrees with what?" he gasped. "Forty-five degrees with nothing, you poor fish. Just plain forty-five degrees. See if you can get that through your thick head."

The only thing about this episode which impressed Cabot, as he related it to me afterwards, was: "A non-commissioned officer really ought not to use abusive language to a private, you know."

Cabot slept in Casey's squad-room. One day Casey brought up the question of having some more systematic way of deciding who was to clean the cuspidors. Various plans for rosters were suggested, until finally I proposed that we do it by means of fines. Anyone who wished was to name some act that annoyed him, and if a majority agreed with him, that act would be posted on the squad-room door, and anyone caught doing it would have to clean the cuspidors the next day. If the first suggestions did not produce enough victims, the crime list could be enlarged.

The idea took, and one man suggested that we penalize reading the Boston *Transcript.*

Cabot at once spoke up: "I suppose that this is directed against me; but I'd have you know that reading the Boston *Transcript* is well worth the imposition." So he continued to read the *Transcript,* and that was the only crime which was ever placed on our crime list.

Cabot finally graduated from the rookies and received his first tour of guard duty. And, as luck would have it, he drew Post No. 1. He knew "My general orders are—" from stem to gudgeon, and also his special orders, and so of course he knew that it was proper, when on post of the guard, "at night, after challenging any person or party, to advance no one, but call the corporal of the guard, repeating the answer to the challenge." But that knowledge proved to be his undoing.

A certain well-known enlisted man, whose name I will not mention, got a bit lit up that night, and tried to pass the post of the guard on his way to his barracks. Cabot halted him and inquired: "Who's there?"

To which the drunk replied: "You're a———!"

Quick as a flash, Cabot, remembering his special orders, sang out: "Corporal of the Guard, 'you're a———!' "

And of course the corporal, having no sense of perspective, cleared the guard house railing with one bound, and started to beat Cabot up. Whereupon Cabot, having some vague recollection that, when the corporal didn't prove equal to an occasion, the sentinel should call the sergeant of the guard, shouted: "*Sergeant* of the Guard, 'you're a———!' "

Luckily for him, Casey was sergeant of the guard, and soon straightened the matter out by locking the corporal up in the guard house and telling Cabot that he did just right, but for Pete's sake not to do it again.

This little episode, coming to the attention of the colonel, convinced him that Cabot would be just the man to take charge of a math class which he had got up for the men who were going to be sent to the next training camp, the only exclusively enlisted training camp which the C. A. C. held. So Cabot went on S. D., and stood no more guards.

One day, when Cabot was a bit late to class, through having helped to catch our Austrian cook putting cyanide in the slum, though why he should have cared, as he never touched the slum anyhow— Well, as I was saying, Cabot came in the door, and there was Casey standing up before the class, giving an imitation of one of Cabot's lectures.

"Boys," said Casey, "we shall now consider circles. A circle consists of three hundred and sixty degrees. That is, at least it used to when I was a boy. But it may have gone up now, on account of the war."

Cabot's comment to me later was: "He should have said 'consists *in*' instead of 'consists *of*.' And I think he is wrong about the number of degrees changing on account of the war."

It was a long time before he forgave Casey for this *lèse majesté.* In fact, I don't think that he fully forgave him until, in the training camp at Fort Monroe, we learned that Casey had builded better than he knew; for the number of degrees in a circle really had gone up, on account of the war, to four hundred, commonly known as French "grads."

A Gold Chevron Shop

(*Continued from page 9*)

'Help the boys to help themselves.' We are trying to strengthen the morale of the boys. And we feel greatly encouraged, as the doctors and the assistants in the hospitals tell us the boys feel much better and have more enthusiasm for the work now that they have a store where they can sell their articles regularly instead of waiting for an occasional sale. This new spirit of the boys is shown in the marked improvement in the color schemes since the opening of the store in April.

"During the summer months when business in the city is dull the managers of the big hotels at the summer resorts have given us the use of rooms in which to conduct sales. Also some of the people owning large estates on the shore have kindly loaned us the use of their grounds for setting up outdoor booths."

Stores similar to the one Mrs. Edwards has opened in Boston have been opened in other parts of the country, and all report that the work accomplished has been of great value. An excellent name for a store of this sort has been coined by Mrs. Edward M. Burt of North Carolina, who calls the store she has opened for the men at Oteen Hospital the Gold Chevron Shop.

The Heart of the Legion

(*Continued from page 14*)

claiming to be ex-service men. It appeared from the contents that the signers had been passing through the city and had been arrested as suspects in a hold-up affair that had occurred several days before. They declared that they were innocent.

Hart invited me to go with him to the office of a former post commander, S. C. Rodney. From Rodney's office we went to the county jail and interviewed the prisoners. They claimed they had not even known each other before reaching the city. Their homes were at widely separated points over the country, and their destinations vague and undetermined. They established the fact of military service during the World War, one of them exhibiting a citation for bravery in action.

"What do you think of it?" asked Rodney, after we had left.

"Frankly, I could give no opinion as to their guilt or innocence," I replied.

"Nor I," he replied. "Yet they are ex-service men without money and without friends. Their story is at least plausible. The evidence on which they are held is of the flimsiest. I do not believe a conviction could be secured on such evidence. What should the Legion do?"

"Make them more comfortable for the present," I replied promptly, "and see that they are properly represented in a legal way."

"Exactly," was the answer.

I learned later that the six men were cleared. The legal talent was recruited from the Legion.

The following day was to be my last in Hart's town, and I asked him how

Get to the heart of this quality talk

What makes cigarette quality anyhow?

Chiefly it's a matter of *tobacco* quality—the kinds and grades of tobaccos used.

The extra enjoyment you get from Chesterfields is due to just that thing—finer tobaccos of better grade than in any other cigarette at the price.

The good taste of your first Chesterfield will prove it.

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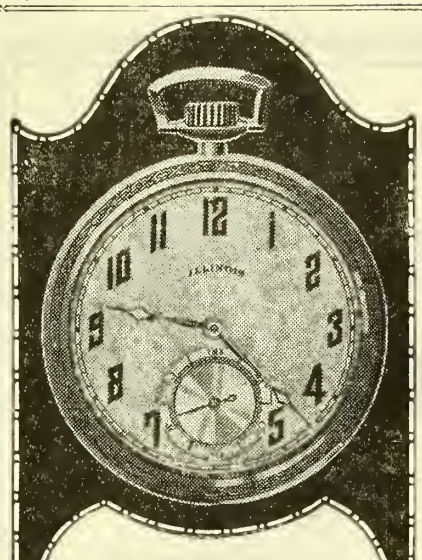

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Page 12 of our Watch Book is of Special Interest to You

Ask for our Watch Book free—then select the Watch you would like to see, either the famous Santa Fe Special or the 6 position Bunn Special, and let us explain our easy payment plan and send the watch express prepaid for you to examine. No Money Down. Remember—No money down—easy payments buys a master timepiece—a 21 Jewel guaranteed for a lifetime at about half the price you pay for a similar watch of other makes. No money down—a wonder offer

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A letter, postcard or this coupon will bring my Free Watch Book
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Please send me your New Watch Book with the understanding that this request does not obligate me in any way.
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it should be spent. We decided that perhaps I could gather good material as an observer in his office.

I was on the ground early and found eleven men waiting to see my friend—and theirs. The first case disposed of was that of a colored ex-soldier who had suffered a splintered ankle in France. He seemed to be in bad shape. Hart secured the necessary information and asked him to wait. His papers had not been filed.

He was followed by three men who wanted information as to the status of their cases. Letters were promptly dictated to care for them and they were told to report back in two days.

Then came the case of a man whose claim had been disallowed as not being of service origin. He was a robust-looking chap who said he was suffering from rheumatism. Following the rejection of his claim Hart had him sent to the Legion doctor for examination. In a moment Hart was in touch with Dr. Wilcox. I saw, for the first time, a hard look creep into his eyes.

"Perritt," he said, hanging up the receiver. "Wilcox says you are suffering with nothing more than a little imagination—if that much. The Legion can do nothing for you."

"It is very difficult," he said, turning to me as Perritt left the office, "to separate the wheat from the chaff, and yet we must accept as one of our responsibilities the stopping of fraudulent claims. But we have to be very certain. I never take an action of this kind without first having our own doctor make a thorough examination."

The next two men were plain broke, down on their luck and hungry. Battey, chairman of the relief committee, was called and the men sent to him.

The three men to follow had apparently good grounds for compensation claims and needed immediate hospitalization. A wire was dispatched on these two cases asking for authority to hospitalize prior to securing the necessary papers. Then the three of them, together with the boy with the broken ankle, were put in a car and sent to the office of R. C. Thomson, Contact Officer from the Veterans Bureau, who Hart assured me would direct the preparation of their papers and have all the necessary details attended to during the morning.

This cleared the office of all but one man.

The man was introduced to me as Burrell. Hart asked him to outline the story of his case.

"There ain't much for me to tell you," he began in an attractive drawl that cannot be reproduced in print. "When the Legion was organized here I fought it and kept a lot of my fellows out. I thought it was goin' to be a sort of ex-officers' club. I didn't mind that, but I sort of thought I'd rather have a little organization of our own. Their first drive gave them six hundred members. I guess I kept two hundred out of the Legion.

"They came to me and tried to make me see it their way. Offered to run me for adjutant or vice-commander. That made me mad and two of us almost had a fight. Looked like they thought I was hangin' out lookin' for a bribe. Finally they let me alone.

"Last summer I had typhoid fever and was down twelve weeks. I was just at the worst of it when they heard about me, and I was out of my head. My wife had got a colored woman to look after me and had gone to the mill herself to work."

He stopped talking and swallowed hard. I could see that it hurt his pride to continue. I held my peace.

"Our money was gone. We had a little baby eighteen months old. I was not getting the right sort of doctoring. One morning a car drove up to the house. Dr. Wilcox and Mr. Hart got out and talked to my wife. I was too sick to know or care what they wanted. My wife didn't go back to the mill and that afternoon the milk wagon left three pints of milk. The car came back with Mr. Hart and Mr. Battey and a carload of groceries.

"That's all," he concluded. "I got well and I joined the Legion."

"Not quite all," smiled Hart. "When Burrell went back to work he insisted on knowing what we'd spent. He brings us ten dollars a month and soon he will have paid it all back."

And, friends, it's a true story. His name is not Burrell, but his story is typical of this Legion post in Georgia.

While most of the names and places mentioned in this story are fictitious, every incident here narrated is veracious and can be attested to by scores of reliable witnesses.

Two Soldiers

(*Continued from page* 8)

the usual bedtime but the mother apparently was convinced that she needed the child in the fight she was making for its father. She continued her pleading.

As soon as there was an opportunity Colonel Jamison began to speak. He pitied the young wife and mother, but he must tell her the truth. Deception as to her husband's guilt could do no good. Sentence had been passed upon him. He must speak the truth frankly, and then he would see what could be done. He had wondered at first whether this wife, who had been accused of unfaithfulness, really loved her husband. She had now proved that she did.

If she wanted him back, knowing his guilt, there was a chance that through her love and faith Private Logan could be saved from war's heap of human wreckage. The conflict was ended. Discipline had been maintained. The regiment was now demobilized. Surely this woman, sincere as she undoubtedly was, could do more for her man than any prison. As for the mother's charges against her son's wife, they were plainly false—the result of the jealousy of an eccentric woman. He knew human nature and he knew this woman to be true.

These thoughts were in the Colonel's mind as he spoke. Even the wife's confidence in her husband's innocence gave way before his calm statement of facts. She admitted that her husband had been weak. He had obtained money under false pretenses early in their married life in St. Louis. He had had many unpaid debts before entering the army. These debts, in fact, had been responsible for his sudden decision to enlist. Yes, he had been unreliable, said his wife, and she added that, to be truthful, she had not been able to accept completely his story of innocence and persecution. "But I love him,

Colonel Jamison," she continued. "He was a spoiled boy. A doting mother reared him, a doting, eccentric mother. In her eyes her boy could do no wrong. I know she blames me for this trouble of his. But what have I done except to love him and bring his baby into the world?"

"But tell me, Mrs. Logan," said the Colonel, "was this husband of yours good to you?" "Yes, he was good to me, Colonel. He is a gentleman, and I know he will love the baby he has never seen. I am the only one who can do anything with him. Let me have him back. All I ask is a little place where I can look after him and Betty Jean and potter around my own kitchen. We have always had to live with his people. We have never had a home of our own and we have always wanted one. I am willing to wait the two years if he has to stay in prison, but can't I get him back without that? I'll make a home for him and he will live this trouble down."

If there had been any doubt left in the Colonel's mind this last appeal would have obliterated it. He was a home-loving man. His own wife and children were waiting for him in far-away San Antonio. He knew the hearts of men, yes, and of women. Here was a woman begging for nothing more than the right to love and serve the man to whom she had pledged love and service.

Colonel Jamison made his decision. Here was a genuine case of need that he might be able to relieve; here an opportunity to save a family's happiness that he must not fail to grasp.

"Mrs. Logan," said he, "I believe you can do what you want to do with your husband if you have the chance. If the regiment were still an active unit I could not recommend his pardon because it would encourage some other man to do what he did or worse. War is a beastly business, and in the army it is necessary at times to be hard. The regiment, though, has been disbanded; the men are out of the service and are scattered. Logan's pardon could not have a bad effect upon discipline. You have my promise, therefore, that I will do my best to get your husband a pardon when I go down to Washington. It may take six weeks or a month. If you can do so I should advise you to stay on here in New York because he will soon be coming over, no doubt, and you can arrange to see him. He will be taken temporarily to Fort Jay, out in the harbor here, where they always send prisoners before distributing them to the military prisons. You can see him there."

The interview soon closed with the Colonel's suggestion adopted. He rose to leave. He did not pat the weeping woman on the shoulder and call her "a brave little girl." Instead he shook the hand which she held out to him as she leaned, sobbing, against the wall and spoke his farewell. "Good-by and cheer up, Mrs. Logan," said he. "If we have luck you will soon have a man in your house to cook for. You will hear from me in a few days about how things are going along in Washington. I believe everything is going to come out all right."

Colonel Jamison found ready listeners in Washington. The "heartless bureaucracy" proved that it had a heart after all. One fine September day the Colonel was told that a recommendation for

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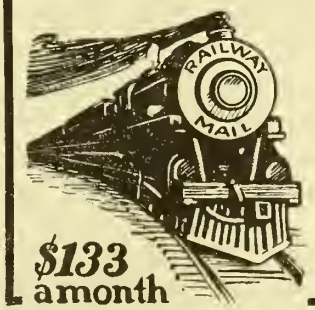

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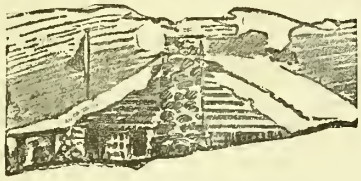

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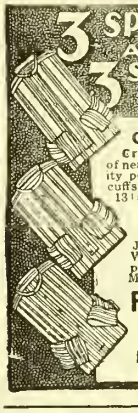

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pardon would be laid before the Secretary of War. Success was at hand, and the good news was sent the soldier's wife waiting in New York.

That same day's mail, however, brought Colonel Jamison a shock. Mrs. Logan wrote to say that her husband had been returned to New York from Coblenz but had escaped as the transport docked at Hoboken! "Colonel, it was a terrible thing for him to do! I came in from work Saturday evening and found him in the room with Betty Jean. He had slipped away from his guard at the dock in a truck under some baggage. Maybe he had help. I don't know. But there he was. He had my address but there had not been time for him to get my letter about his chances of getting a pardon.

"I almost fainted from fright and anxiety. I had visions of men in uniform coming to drag him away. His getting away like that made me afraid he would ruin forever his hopes of being pardoned. You were doing your best, I knew, but he had escaped from them and I didn't think they would forgive that.

"Yet how good it was to see him after being separated over two years! He loved the baby, and he saw at once that his mother's slurs at me were not true. How I did want to keep him, but of course he would have been a fugitive even if he was not captured again. Oh, God! But I did pray—and I've taken him back. This morning I made him go over to Fort Jay with me and he surrendered. They locked him up. Now that I have a chance to think, I am writing all this to you. I am praying again that the Secretary of War will not hold his escape against him. Please, please see him and do everything you can!"

Once more the "heartless military hierarchy" proved that it had a heart. "Effecting an escape from a military guard" is a grave offense. But the war was won. Private Logan's subsequent surrender and certain extenuating circumstances were in his favor. It seemed that the man had a wife and child depending upon him. The pardon was issued, and the Colonel sent a telegram to a reunited and rejoicing family.

Naturally it was a time of rejoicing for Colonel Jamison as well. He glowed over the letters of gratitude received from Mrs. Logan. In the man, Arnold Logan, he had no confidence whatever, but the wife's boundless faith in her husband appealed to him. Perhaps, no, it should be stronger than that, *certainly* she would succeed where he himself and others had found nothing but failure.

The Colonel had faith in human nature, and he had done his best to prove his faith in deeds. He was soon sent to a distant western station while the Logans remained in New York. As the weeks lengthened into months he inevitably lost touch with the little group to whose happiness he had contributed and who for a time wrote to him so frequently. But the chords of memory, mystic and merciful, were touched from time to time and in this did he find his reward. A glance from his wife, the sight of a child at play or a man working over his flower beds—and immediately his mind would picture a far-away family whose happiness he felt he had assured, a family upheld by a strengthened and grateful man, by a loving yet watchful wife.

* * * * *

That is the way this story should have ended. But it is founded on life itself, and truth is often more merciless than fiction.

A year later Colonel Jamison was enjoying a vacation abroad with his family. One morning in Paris as he sipped his chocolate with his newspaper propped up on the carafe in front of him his eye fell on this paragraph:

"Mr. Arnold Logan, an American, said to be from St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A., was arrested in this city yesterday as he was about to board the London express. The arrest was made on the complaint of the management of the Louvre Hotel. It is alleged that the prisoner secured several hundred dollars from the hotel office on checks that later proved to be worthless. He is said to have stated that he had no intention of defrauding the hotel for he was certain that his father had cabled enough money to his credit to cover the checks drawn. No money was found on the prisoner or in his hand baggage. He claims that he spent all the money while 'going with a lot of nice people.'"

What the German Is Thinking

(*Continued from page* 4)

many of these faded little gentlewomen whose bodies find their way to slabs in the public morgue.

All German social life twists and turns after the manner of the most wildly conceived futurist painting. One hears the story of the wife of a German general, the daughter of a baron, who is now chambermaid in the house of her former cook. All over the exclusive sections of Berlin there are owners of sumptuous residences who now live in the cellars as janitors, while they make their income by renting out the upper floors. As rents are controlled by government regulation, they receive hardly enough to keep body and soul together. Former owners of big businesses turn up as common laborers in their own establishments. Two German dukes are now tourist guides on Berlin rubberneck wagons. The berth of butler or valet to the newly-rich is a coveted one for the young scions of Junker aristocracy, while university professors, with strings of honorary degrees, can be found working as waiters in any first-class hotel.

In spite of all this confusion, and in spite of the fact that business men do not know whether they are coming or going, there is another curious twist to this life. There is absolutely no unemployment. All who are willing to work in Germany can find work, and the labor exchanges resemble the ones we had in America during war-boom times.

There are two reasons for this industrial spurt. In the first place, no one thinks of saving money. "What's the use?" the average German argues. "If we keep our money it only spends itself with the drop in the value of the mark."

Everywhere, then, one sees the shops crowded with buyers, while the cafés are filled with the newly-rich, all engaged in the mad scramble of getting

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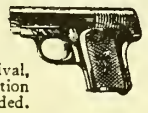

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rid of their marks. Folks who have amassed fortunes overnight do not dare to deposit their money in banks or invest it in bonds, since then it would be levied by the government for income, so they spend it as fast as they get it. This is the reason one sees so many new and very flashy automobiles on the streets, and it is also why the diamond merchants are reporting astounding prosperity. Solomon in all his glory could not have been so bejeweled as Herr Valute-Schriebe and his Frau are today.

The second reason for this industrial boom is the increased activity of Germany's foreign trade. From all over the world buyers are flocking to Germany eager to take advantage of the falling rate of exchange. In many cases foreign manufacturers are taking over old munition plants, and all over Germany one sees smoke stacks going full blast in their eagerness to supply the demands of foreign trade. Certainly the falling exchange is an ill wind that blows some good, for Germany is underselling the rest of the world and thereby rapidly rebuilding her foreign commerce. It might otherwise have taken centuries to re-establish her trade relations with a world prejudiced against German-made goods. Instead, German harbors are full of ships and her marts crowded with buyers.

All this is being done at the expense of the German workingman. The price of raw materials the world over remains fairly stable; it is the ridiculously low cost of German labor that makes it possible to sell German goods so cheaply. A foreign manufacturer can ship his raw products into a German factory and have them made up, with German labor, at one-eighth the cost in his own country.

The salary of the average skilled laborer in Germany is about 8,000 marks a month. Unskilled laborers and clerks must be contented with less than 4,000 marks a month. In other words, it is the labor of the German working classes that is being exploited to the tremendous advantage of those dealing in foreign trade and foreign exchange.

But this curious wage situation is only another queer twist in the disordered picture. It is obvious that no living man could live, and support his family on four dollars or less a month if he were living in a normal country. People with pro-German leanings point to this ridiculously small wage received by the skilled workingman as an evidence of Germany's great poverty. As a matter of fact, they usually forget the other side of the picture.

If a man rented a house or an apartment before the war he can still hold his tenancy, by law, at pre-war figures. This means, at present rates, that he pays five cents a month for quarters that once cost him fifteen dollars. By special regulation bread is held down in price so that an ordinary-sized loaf can be bought for less than half a cent.

Even in the prices of articles not regulated by law, the cost in our currency is ridiculously low. A German can buy a stein of his favorite beer for one-fifth of a cent in our money. He can buy a new felt hat for twelve cents, a good suit of clothes for $3.50, a fine pair of shoes for 60 cents, a cigar for a third of a cent. These prices balance, in some way, with the current rate of exchange, although the poor working-

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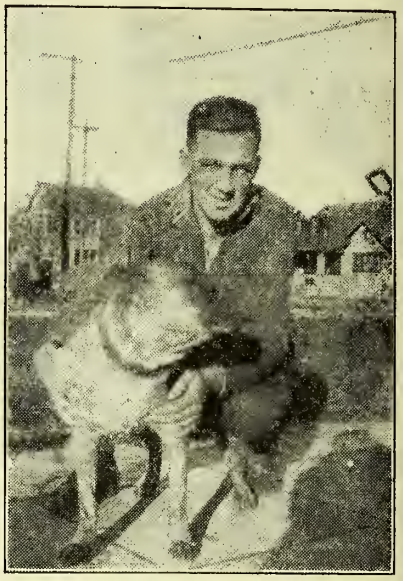

Mr. Holman answered one of the "Make Money" ads which appeared in this magazine. Here are his own words telling how easily he made the dollars roll in, taking subscriptions to The American Legion Weekly.

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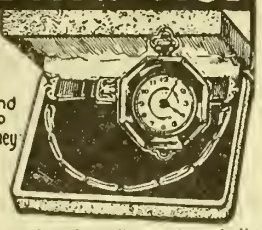

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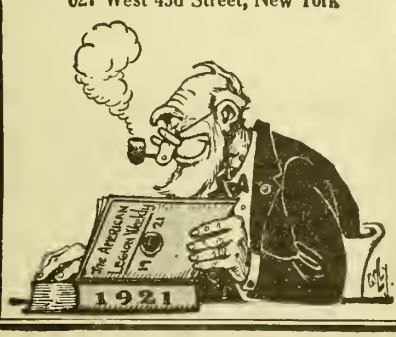
The American Legion Weekly
627 West 43d Street, New York



man never feels sure, week after week, that prices will not leap beyond his income.

Through all this comparison of price values moves the foreigner, the prince of everything he surveys. He goes to the bank with a ten dollar traveling check and the cashier hands him out a stack of bills amounting to 24,000 marks. Having distributed his wealth (which would amount to $4,800 in prewar value) in various pockets he finds the German world very much his oyster.

A splendid room in a good hotel cost the writer 17 cents a day. The best seat at the opera cost 11 cents. A full-course dinner (everything from caviar, fish, wines, quail to ice cream and nuts) cost in the neighborhood of 32 cents. A hearty meal in an ordinary restaurant costs about nine cents. An automobile and chauffeur can be hired for a day for $1.15. A seat at the Passion Play at Oberammergau costs 27 cents, and the writer traveled down from Munich to Oberammergau, saw the play and stayed two days in one of the best hotels, all for $2.60.

A day's trip down the Rhine in a steamboat can be had for 15 cents; to travel from Berlin to Munich, a seventeen-hour journey, cost 83 cents, while a private airplane trip for three persons from Dresden to Berlin cost 75 cents for the party. A post card cost 1/200 of a cent, to mail it to America is 1/400 of a cent.

One meets American music and art students living in Germany for five dollars and ten dollars a month. A tourist can travel luxuriously through the country for twenty-five dollars a month. A suite of rooms at the expensive Hotel Adlon in Berlin cost 4,000 marks, or less than two dollars a day—the same accommodations in New York would cost forty dollars a day. A taxicab fare is infinitesimal, and a penny tip sends the driver away beaming with pleasure. Talk about being a millionaire for a day, in Germany the average foreign traveler can live in billionaire style for a dollar a day.

Naturally, the knowledge that foreigners can live so well in their country on next to nothing contributes to the unrest of the German people. It is only one of the many astounding features of modern German life. And somehow Americans come in for a great deal of the resentment the German feels toward all foreign tourists since the mark is always quoted, in the newspapers, in terms of the American dollar. Previous to the war all exchange quotations were made on the English pound, but with the shifting of the world's financial center to New York, the dollar has become the standard. Although most Germans seem to realize that we are not exacting reparations from them, some of them feel that Dollar land, as they call the U. S. A., is responsible for their financial ills. Just what their reasoning is nobody knows, but then one can hardly expect sanity from a nation that lives daily amid such confusion.

Nor can German life continue, this way, to tie itself into knots. At the present time, because of the industrial boom, most of the people keep above water. The absence of unemployment has prevented the boiling over of the political pot. However, as the value of the mark slides downward the outlook of the German people becomes more hopeless. Just around the corner lies Bolshevism and hunger for the Ger-

The Middleweight Champion

Indian Scout

$250

Electrically equipped $285

It's a great motorcycle—at a small price

—100 lbs. lighter than the average motorcycle
—lower and more easily handled
—plenty of power, extremely low upkeep
—75 miles to the gallon
It's a real pleasure to handle it.
The Indian Scout will take you anywhere—and back. Quickly—Cheaply—Safely.

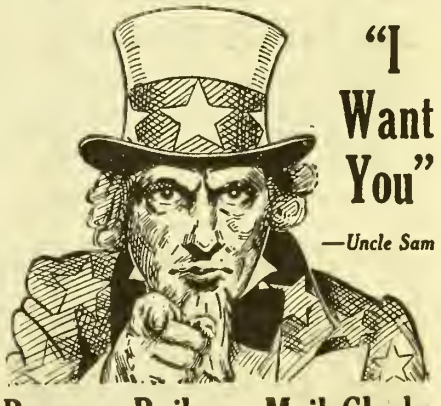
Your dealer will gladly demonstrate

Write Dept. L for booklet and nearest dealer's name

HENDEE MANUFACTURING CO.
Largest Motorcycle Manufacturer in the World
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

An Indian Sales Franchise is too good a proposition to be passed by a live dealer. Write for full particulars.

EX-SERVICE MEN



"I Want You"
—Uncle Sam

Become 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.

Franklin Institute,
Dept. M188,
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.

COUPON

Name.....

Address.....

Athletic
Equipment
Fit for
Fightin'
men

Let a Wilson dealer equip your Legion post.

THOS. E. WILSON & CO.
CHICAGO
NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

WILSON
ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT

AGENTS

Large Shirt Manufacturer wants agents to sell complete line of shirts, direct to wearer. Advertised Brand. Exclusive patterns. No capital or experience required. Big values. Entirely new proposition. **Write for free samples**
MADISON SHIRT CO.
503 Broadway New York

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.

AGENTS—$5 to $15 DAILY

EASY—Introducing NEW STYLE GUARANTEED HOSIERY—Must wear or replaced free. Big Profits. Repeat orders bring you regular income. You write orders—WE DELIVER AND COLLECT. No capital or experience needed. Outfits furnished. All colors and grades including finest silks.
MAC-O-CHEE MILLS CO., Desk 3717 Cincinnati, O.

OH BOYS-GIRLS GREAT SPORT
THROW YOUR VOICE

Into a Barrel, under the Table, Rack of a Door, into a TRUNK, DESK in SCHOOL, Any Old Place. Great FUN fooling the TEACHER, Friends, EVERYBODY with Our
CLAXOPHONE 1919
Which Sets On your Tongue Unseen, it NEVER FAILS Anybody imt. Birds etc. The CLAXOPHONE, with Full Instructions, a Set Of SECRET-WRITING TRICK, (beats luve., Ink) a MAGIC-DIAL Trick, (a Great Money maker) ALSO, This Marvelous Novelty-
NEW SCIENTIFIC WONDER
"X-RAY" CURIO
With IT you Apparently See thru Clothes. See the bones in your Fingers, Lead in Pencil, etc. No end of fun
3 FOR 25c. BIG FUN
WE SEND ALL ABOVE Novelties by pre-paid Mail for 10c. 3 For 25 cts. A nice Souvenir Free with each 25 ct. order.
CLAXO TRICK CO. Dept. X-A-L, NEW HAVEN, CT.
WE GIVE The BEST and MOST for The MONEY.

man people—just when, if ever, they will turn the corner is a question that only the future can decide.

Brave, indeed, is the man who will venture an opinion just why the mark vacillates. We do know, however, that the status of the mark is in some measure dependent on the amount of paper money issued by the German government. Naturally, with only a fixed or dwindling amount of gold reserve on hand, the government cannot continue to issue paper marks against itself without bringing about a depreciation in their value. As a matter of fact, it is generally understood in Germany that the present government is fully aware of what it is doing and goes on just the same in the hope that a clear case of bankruptcy can be brought before the Allied tribunal. At the same time this issuance of paper marks enables the government to maintain itself.

Perhaps the most eminent and fearless economic thinker in all Europe today is John Maynard Keynes, who wrote the remarkably prophetic book, "The Economic Consequences of the Peace." He recently wrote an article for the Manchester (Eng.) *Guardian* that admirably explains how the German government is using this inflation of the mark as an easy method of taxation.

"A government can pay its way," writes Mr. Keynes, "even the Austrian or Russian government, by printing paper money. That is to say, it can by this means secure the command of real resources—resources just as real as those obtained by taxation. The method is reprobated, but its efficiency cannot be disputed. A government can live by this means when it can live by no other. This is the form of taxation which it is most difficult to evade and which even the weakest government can enforce when it cannot enforce anything else.

"Let us suppose that there are in circulation 9,000,000 currency notes, and that they have altogether a value equivalent to 36,000,000 gold dollars. Suppose that the government prints a further 3,000,000 notes, so that the amount of currency is now 12,000,000; then if the above doctrine is correct the 12,000,000 notes are still only equivalent to $36,000,000. In the first state of affairs, therefore, each note = $4, and in the second state of affairs each note = $3. Consequently the 9,000,000 notes originally held by the public are now worth $27,000,000 instead of $36,000,000, and the 3,000,000 notes newly issued by the government are worth $9,000,000. Thus by the process of printing the additional notes the government has transferred from the public to itself an amount of resources equal to $9,000,000, just as successfully as though it had raised this sum in taxation.

"On whom has the tax fallen? Clearly on the holders of the original 9,000,000 notes, whose notes are now worth 25 percent less than they were before. The inflation has amounted to a tax of 25 percent on all holders of notes in proportion to their holdings. The burden of the tax is well spread, cannot be evaded, costs nothing to collect, and falls, in a rough sort of way, in proportion to the wealth of the victim. No wonder its superficial advantages have attracted ministers of finance."

[This is the first of two articles by Mr. Kearney dealing with conditions in present-day Germany. The second article will be published in next week's issue.—EDITOR'S NOTE.]

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**

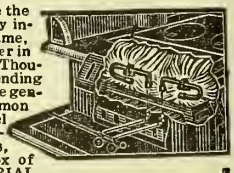
(Furnished with Pearl Grips, $3 extra)
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back.
Send Cash, M. O. or, if you prefer
SEND NO MONEY
Pay Postman on arrival, plus postage.
Free Catalog on Request
Edwards Import Trading Corp.
258 Broadway, New York

Auto Men Wanted!

Everywhere in California auto men are wanted. Trained mechanics, chauffeurs, battery experts, machine shop foremen, garage managers; all draw big pay. Learn the business quickly and easily in our big training shops. No previous experience necessary. Any man, of any age can learn. Tools and equipment FREE. Work guaranteed to earn room and board while learning. Only expense is for low tuition. Write for FREE 72-page illustrated book of facts. Explains everything.

NATIONAL AUTOMOTIVE SCHOOL
"Oldest and Best in America."
Dept. 52, 811 S. Figueroa, Los Angeles, Cal.

Why Burn Coal



When you can get twice the heat at half the cost, by installing, in 5 minutes time, Uni-Hete Oil-Gas Burner in your range or heater. Thousands of homes now ending coal expense! Uni-Hete generates gas from common kerosene—cheapest fuel known. Red hot fire instantly. Cooks, bakes, heats. Sets in fire box of any stove. FREE TRIAL. Saves its small cost in 30 days. Lasts for years. Made by factory making heating devices for 33 years.

Agents—Special Offer—Act Quick
High coal cost makes Uni-Hete a big profit maker for agents. **Write at once.**
Acorn Brass Mfg. Co., E24 Acorn Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS Secured

Prompt service. Avoid dangerous delays. Send for our "Record of Invention" form and Free Book telling How to Obtain a Patent. Send sketch or model for examination. Preliminary advice without charge. Highest References. Write TODAY. J. L. Jackson & Co., 312 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

AGENTS WANTED

Profits in advance. Sell Great Western All Wool Clothes. Two orders a day means $60.00 weekly profit. Full or spare time. Established 30 years. New low prices. Express prepaid. Everything guaranteed. Tell us your selling experience and we'll send complete outfit FREE, charges paid. Do it now.
Great Western Tailoring Co., Dept. 38 Chicago, Ill.

Buddy's Page

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

Have One on Buddy

At a meeting of the Syracuse Post a bar was installed. Legal tender was Buddy-in-the-Barrel coupons properly filled out, each one good for a drink. And in the long run the Advertising Boss at the Weekly got 'em all.

Hefty Cooperation

Paul C. Schmidt, East Palestine, O., sends a list of 13 advertisers who have used space in the Weekly from whom he has bought goods, "because I know they sell good, reliable merchandise, and the articles are advertised in the Weekly."

Cutting the Pages

After stating that he had taken particular care to buy a brand of overcoat, Hart Schaffner and Marx, that was advertised in our Weekly, H. O. Dennett, Paterson, N. J., says: "I enclose a coupon—reluctantly it's true—because it spoils the front page of the Weekly for preservation and because my son claims he can't take it to school for the teacher to use in her Americanization work." Buddy has often had to advance under a light coupon barrage because of this fact—our readers don't like to spoil the pages. We can't avoid this. Buddy's Page gets bumped around like a rookie. He goes where the page isn't sold to a cash advertiser—and because of Post Office regulations the coupon cannot be enclosed in the Weekly loosely. It's tough, but Buddy's got to take the medicine. There's one way out—just duplicate the coupon on a letterhead or postcard and send it.

California

In our All-cooperation team, we gotta pick California. Here comes Charles Mueller, owner of the Home Appliance Store, Alameda: "I saw New York and Michigan pipe up as Buddy's cooperating sidekickers. That makes me jealous 'cause I feel sure there are many "Bucks o' the rear ranks" who live in California who cooperate with Buddy and the advertisers, but do not make it known. As evidence please note enclosed letter to one of our Weekly's advertisers."

Buddy Losing His Polish

In the combat days, Buddy was there strong for polish. The old mess tins were spic and span, the rifle shined, the sibley and the hubs of the field kitchin looked like a bride's sparkler.

Even the dog tag had its day for a cleaning and polishing.

"Rise and shine" was the meaning in the notes that issued forth from the brightened bugle.

Buddy's ways have changed much since those days. But great as his demeanor has altered, he hasn't forgotten his old habits of policing.

The makers of Old Dutch Cleanser, Bon Ami, Carbona, Gold Dust, Sapolio, C. N., Liquid Veneer, Babbitt's, Ammo, etc., evidently believe that Buddy and Biddy worry along around the house by using sand on the aluminum, windows, linoleum and brass work.

They must reason that Buddy kept 'em polished up in his service days up the lines without these goods and he ought to be able to do so now.

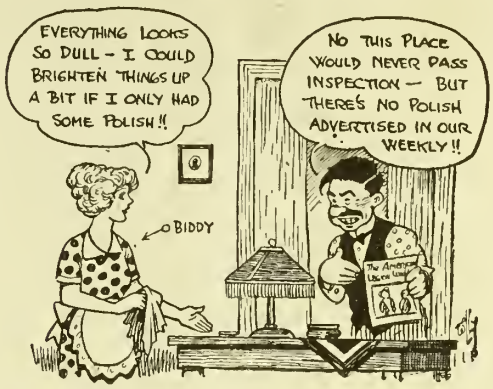
How many Legionnaires and Auxiliary members think different?

Tell Buddy and Biddy. Clean up on the coupon. Polish the little dots with ink. The kupes never scratch the advertiser's desk, but they make him scratch his head and think. And when he thinks about the tremendous market he is overlooking by not using the advertising columns of our Weekly, he may come to the rescue of Biddiette and Buddy.

The vote of the women will count heavily on this.

Mr. Dealer and Mr. Post Officer

Buddy wants to send you a poster, in the case of a dealer, to be placed where the manufacturer's salesmen will see it; in case of Pos Officer, to go on the Post bulletin board. Write your name and address on a postcard address the Adv. Mgr., 627 W. 43d st., New York, and say "dealer" or "post officer." Buddy will know.



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

.....

.....

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
VLiberty Top & Tire Co.....

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS
VVAmerican Pub. Co.....
F. Everett.....
VVVVThe Pathfinder Pub. Co..... 24
VSportsman's Digest.....

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES
Acorn Brass Mfg. Co..... 30
VAkron Lamp Co..... 20
VVVAmerican Products.....
Bestever Products Co.....
Great Western Tailoring Co..... 30
Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co..... 28
VVLightning Calculator Co.....
VMac-O-Chee Mills..... 30
VMadison Shirt Co..... 30
Santa Fe Railway..... 20
VVVStandard Food & Fur Association.....

ENTERTAINMENT
VClaxo Trick Co..... 30
VVT. S. Denison & Co.....

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

FOOD PRODUCTS
VVVVThe Genesee Pure Food Co.....

HARDWARE
VVSimmons Hardware Co.....

INSURANCE
VJohn Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co....

INVESTMENTS
VG. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co..... 20

JEWELRY, INSIGNIA, MEMORIALS
VVVVAmerican Legion Emblem Division..... 26
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.

VVVB. Gutter & Sons..... 28
VVVVSanta Fe Watch Co..... 24
Supreme Jewelry Mfg. Co..... 29

MEDICINAL
Bayer Tablets of Aspirin..... 22
VMusterole Co.....

MEN'S WEAR
Cheney Brothers..... 21
VVVCluett, Peabody & Co.....
VThe Florsheim Shoe Co..... 25
VVHart Schaffner & Marx.....
VHoleproof Hosiery Co.....
VNu Way Strech Suspender Co..... 22
VPublic Trading Co..... 26
VVVReliance Mfg. Co.....
VRussell's, Inc.....

MISCELLANEOUS
VCole & Co..... 30
Honor Framing Co.....
Philadelphia Key Co.....
Philo Burt Mfg. Co.....
Vacuu Filter Sales Co..... 26

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
A. Oriol Co.....
Wilson Bros. Mfg. Co.....

of ADVERTISERS

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

PATENT ATTORNEYS
VVVVVLacey & Lacey..... 24
VVJ. L. Jackson & Co..... 30

SCHOOLS AND INSTRUCTION
VVAmerican School.....
VAmerican Technical Society.....
VVVChicago Engineering Works.....
VVColumbus Institute..... 25
Dauce Art Studio..... 22
VVVVVFranklin Institute..... 29
National Automotive School..... 30
Ogilvie Institute..... 22
VVVPatterson Civil Service School..... Back Cover
VVVVF. W. Tamblyn..... 20
VVVUnited Y. M. C. A. School.....
VVUniversity of Applied Science.....

SMOKERS' NEEDS
VVVVAmerican Tobacco Co..... 2
VVVLiggett & Myers Tobacco Co..... 23
VLyons Mfg. Co..... 28

SPORTS AND RECREATION
E. T. Burrowes Co..... 25
VVVHarley-Davidson Motor Co.....
VVHendee Mfg. Co..... 29
VVVA. G. Spaulding & Bros..... 26
Thos. E. Wilson..... 30

TELEPHONE and TELEGRAPH
VVVAmerican Telephone & Telegraph Co.....

TOILET NECESSITIES
VVVVThe Pepsodent Co..... 19
VJ. B. Williams Co.....

TYPEWRITERS
VVVTypewriter Emporium..... 25

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

Which of these jobs do you want?

I have shown thousands how to secure these splendid, attractive positions. Take *your* pick of them, decide which one *you* want; and I'll help you get it. It's easy to pass the Civil Service examinations—if you KNOW HOW. And that's my business. For eight years I was Examiner for the Second Civil Service District; I know just how to train you so you can be SURE to pass your examinations with a high mark, and be sure to qualify for one of the first positions open. All I ask is a little of your spare time at home, and I'll guarantee to coach you until you get a position, or my services won't cost you a cent.

Don't be satisfied with ordinary low-pay jobs that get you nowhere, that start you off in a rut and keep you there. Work for Uncle Sam, the finest, squarest, most dependable boss in the world. If you are an American, 18 years or older there's a wonderful position waiting for you—a position that pays from $1600 to $2300 a year to start, steady work, easy hours, vacations with pay, and good opportunities for rapid advancement to salaries up to $5,000 a year or more! *And ex-service men, get special preference for these fine jobs!*

Good Pay—Steady Pay

Here is an opportunity to get a good position in the government service—with fine pay right from the start, and a job that is PERMANENT. Once you are appointed to the Civil Service you don't have to worry any more about a job or about your pay. And besides the fine salaries, and the certainty of getting your pay every month as long as you want to stay in the Civil Service, you enjoy other advantages. Hours are easy—eight or less a day. You get a vacation every year with full pay. In most Civil Service positions you get 30 days' sick leave each year with full pay. And you can choose the place where you want to work; in your home town, in Washington, at the Panama Canal, or travel if you like.

Railway Mail Clerk
$1600 to $2300 per year

Postal Clerk
$1400 to $1800 per year

City Mail Carrier
$1400 to $1800 per year

R. F. D. Mail Carrier
$1800 to $2600 per year

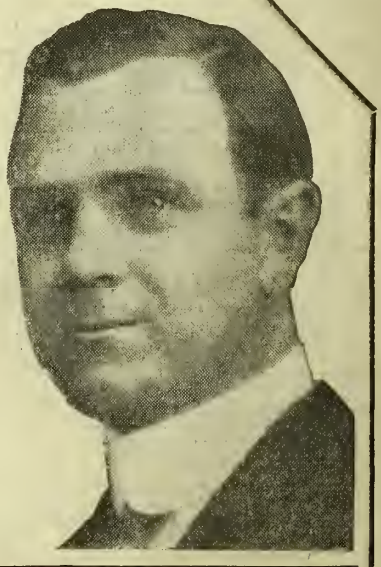
Custom House Clerk
$1400 to $3000 per year

Internal Revenue Men
$1400 to $3000 per year

Postmaster
$1000 to $2500 and up per year

and many other positions fully described in my book, "How to Secure a Government Position" sent free, mail coupon below or a post card for your copy NOW.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year Every Year!



As a Civil Service worker, your salary is increased every year, until you reach the limit in your class. You don't have to ask for a raise. It's given to you automatically. And as these raises usually come about the first of each year, it makes a wonderful New Year's present for you; the finest present you could ask from any one.

This is the kind of job you want; a job that's sure and steady, where you start off at a fine salary; where your pay is automatically increased, where you are guaranteed by law many privileges and advantages you can't get in an ordinary job. Get started on it at once. In only a few weeks, with my advice and instruction, you will be qualified to pass the examination for any one of these wonderful positions.

FREE My Book How to Get a Gov't Position

Write today for a FREE copy of my splendid, illustrated 48-page book, which tells you all about the Civil Service, and how you can get a job in it. Send in the coupon, or just a postal card. Find out now just how I can help you land a steady, good-paying position with the U. S. Government, in your spare time at home. It doesn't cost you anything to get this big book, so write at once and get ready for the coming examinations.

Patterson Civil Service School
Dept. M-6312
Wisner Bldg., Rochester, N.Y.

Patterson Civil Service School
Dept. M-6312
Wisner Bldg.
Rochester, New York

Please send me free, your book, "How to Secure a Government Position," and tell me how I can secure a position with the U. S. Government paying me $1600 to $2300 a year with excellent chances for rapid advancement, in a real good job.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Why I Am Best Qualified to Train You for a Gov't Position

For eight years I was Examiner for the Second Civil Service District. During that time I conducted hundreds of Civil Service Examinations. Naturally I came to know just which questions were hardest and just which subjects caused most failures. That is why I can give you the right kind of coaching and instruction. That's why I can give you my ironclad guarantee, which says YOU MUST GET THE POSITION YOU WANT, OR MY INSTRUCTION DOESN'T COST YOU A PENNY.