10c. a Copy JULY 27, 1923 Vol. 5, No. 30

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

...weekly at New York, N. Y. ...entered as second class matter March 24, 1920, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under act of March ..., 1879. Price $2 the year. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized March 21, 1921.

Startling New Invention Ends Foot Pains Instantly

As if by magic this new scientific discovery instantly relieves all burning and soreness—all strains and aches—and all other twinges and pains caused by faulty arches—giving you the wonderful feeling that you are actually walking on layers of air! No braces; no rigid appliances; no straps; no special shoes; no bandages; no medicines; no trouble or inconvenience of any kind.

NO MATTER how long you have suffered the tortures of tired, aching feet—no matter how many different treatments you have taken without results—here, at last, is a marvelous new product of Science which is actually **guaranteed** to relieve pains and aches—instantly!

Never before has any scientific discovery meant more to the thousands of men and women who are suffering the miseries of foot pains. For with this sensational new invention, it is just as if a magic wand were waved over your feet—bringing them instant relief and comfort. It's actually mystifying! It's hard to believe that anything can banish agonizing foot pains so quickly. Yet you can try it—you can prove it to your complete satisfaction—without risking one solitary cent!

Twinges in the arches and instep—terrible drawing pains around the ankle—torturous aches in the toes and heels—pains from burning, blistered, swollen joints—even pains in the leg and thigh—all vanish almost "while you wait!"

It seems almost too good to be true, doesn't it? Yet the process is absolutely scientific, and offers positive assurance of quick—and **permanent**—results.

Here Is the Secret

There's a bone in your foot called the astragalus bone. This bone is a part of your arch. Now the arches are the "wagon-springs" of your body, since they absorb the shocks of walking. The astragalus bone, situated directly beneath your leg bone gets the whole weight of your body. But it distributes this weight to the balls and heels of your feet, just like a spring, so that no shock is felt.

This astragalus bone is held in its proper place by a series of cords in your feet and legs. But very often these cords become weakened—so weak that the astragalus bone, being under a tremendous weight, is easily forced out of its natural position. The moment this happens your arches begin to sag—and even the slightest sagging of your arches results in foot tortures that make life miserable for you.

Yet is it surprising? Just as any vehicle without springs soon breaks down, so it is with your feet. Delicate bones are compelled to stand terribly unnatural strains; the foot muscles become torn and twisted out of place; tender nerves and blood vessels are squeezed, pinched and tortured—and walking or standing becomes unbearable.

Rigid Devices Weaken Foot Muscles

Thousands of men and women, seeking relief from their foot pains, have resorted to unnatural mechanical devices intended to support their fallen arches. Most of these were hard rigid affairs, and acted merely as "crutches." The arches immediately flattened out again when the "crutches" were removed. Then, too, they in no way helped to ease the shocks of walking. It was the same as putting a huge rock between the springs of a wagon. There was no "give." But their worst fault was that instead of strengthening and building up fallen arches, they actually **weakened** them. For, being rigid, they prevented the muscles which supported the arches from getting any exercise whatever.

New Invention Brings Permanent Relief

But now, at last, you can not only raise your fallen arches to their natural position—thus instantly relieving all pain—but you can actually **strengthen their supporting muscles with every step you take** so that they soon are strong and well again and no further treatment is necessary.

This is through a marvelous new device called the Airflex Arch Support. They are made of Russian Sponge Rubber which has been surcharged with air and are in the form of wonderfully springy pads, scientifically formed to the natural arches of the feet. You can slip them into any style shoe, and they are so light and flexible that were it not for the wonderful comfort they bring you would never be aware of their presence.

With a marvelously gentle and even pressure at all points, this springy rubber at once lifts the flattened arches into place. The astragalus bone slips back into position and this instantly releases the pressure on the delicate foot bones and sensitive nerves, muscles and blood vessels.

At the same time, as this light and springy rubber yields to your weight, it reproduces exactly the natural spring of your arch! Its constant compression and expansion with every step massages, exercises and strengthens the muscles in a natural way—thus quickly bringing back their old-time vigor and strength.

Even if you are not now troubled with your feet, you will find the Airflex Arch Support of tremendous value. Thousands of housewives, clerks, salesmen and others find that with these supports they can stand or walk all day long without the least bit of fatigue. It's really just as if you were walking on layers of air.

No Metal

In diagram above "A" is a thin layer of soft flexible leather, "B" is a resilient pad of specially compounded Russian Sponge Rubber. "Airflex" Arch Supports not only banish all pain—but strengthen your foot muscles with every step.

Send No Money

Many people have paid specialists as high as $200 for the benefits that you can now secure from the Airflex Arch Supports for an astonishingly small fraction of this amount. You risk nothing in trying them, for if after five days you are not more than delighted with the improvement in your feet, your money will be instantly and gladly refunded.

Don't send a cent in advance. Simply fill in the coupon, giving the exact size of your foot as instructed below. Don't hesitate to order by mail, for every day we are fitting hundreds this way. When the postman brings you your supports, just pay him the amazingly low price of $1.95 in full payment.

Slip the supports into your shoes. Try them. Walk on them. See if you are not amazed at the wonderful comfort they bring. This special low price may never be offered again. So mail the coupon today—now—and say "Goodby" to foot pains forever. Thompson-Barlow Co., Inc., Dept. A267, 43 West 16th Street, New York City

Actual Results

Wonderful Discovery

"I wish to congratulate you upon your wonderful discovery. I purchased a pair last month from you, and have been greatly relieved—and well pleased. Your remedy is best yet discovered. I also notice it does away with ball of foot callousing."

R. E. CLEARY.

Ended His Pain

"I find them better than any I ever wore. I never have a pain when I have them on. I have tried others for 22 years and have paid good prices for them, but never were they as successful as yours are."

OTTO GENFER.

Wants Another Pair

"They suited splendidly. Please send me another pair to above address as soon as you can. My brother likes them very much. I have told several people what really good things they are for the feet."

R. T. DAVIS.

LOW PRICE INTRODUCTORY OFFER COUPON

If not sure of shoe size, stand on piece of paper and trace outline of stockinged foot. Hold pencil upright. Enclose this with coupon.

THOMPSON-BARLOW CO., Inc.
Dept. A267, 43 West 16th St.
New York, N. Y.

Send me at your risk the proper pair of your new Airflex Arch Supports. I will pay the postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage in full payment. It is fully understood, however, that if I am not delighted after 5 days' trial, I may return them and you agree to refund my money without question.

Name.....

Address.....

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

Men's ☐
Size of Shoe .. .. Width.....Women's ☐

Officica publieation of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary.

Published by the Legion Publishing Corp.: President, Alvin Owsley; Viee-President, James A. Drain; Treasurer, Robert H. Tyndall; Secretary, Lemuel Bolles.

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

BUSINESS OFFICE (Advertising and Cireulation) 627 West 43d Street, New York City

EDITORIAL OFFICES Natl. Hqtrs. Bureau, Indianapolis, Ind. 627 Wcst 43d St., New York City

Owned exclusively by The American Legion.

Correspondence and manuscripts pertaining to Legion aetivities should be addressed to the National Headquarters Bureau. All other eommunieations should be addressed to the New York offiee.

JULY 27, 1923

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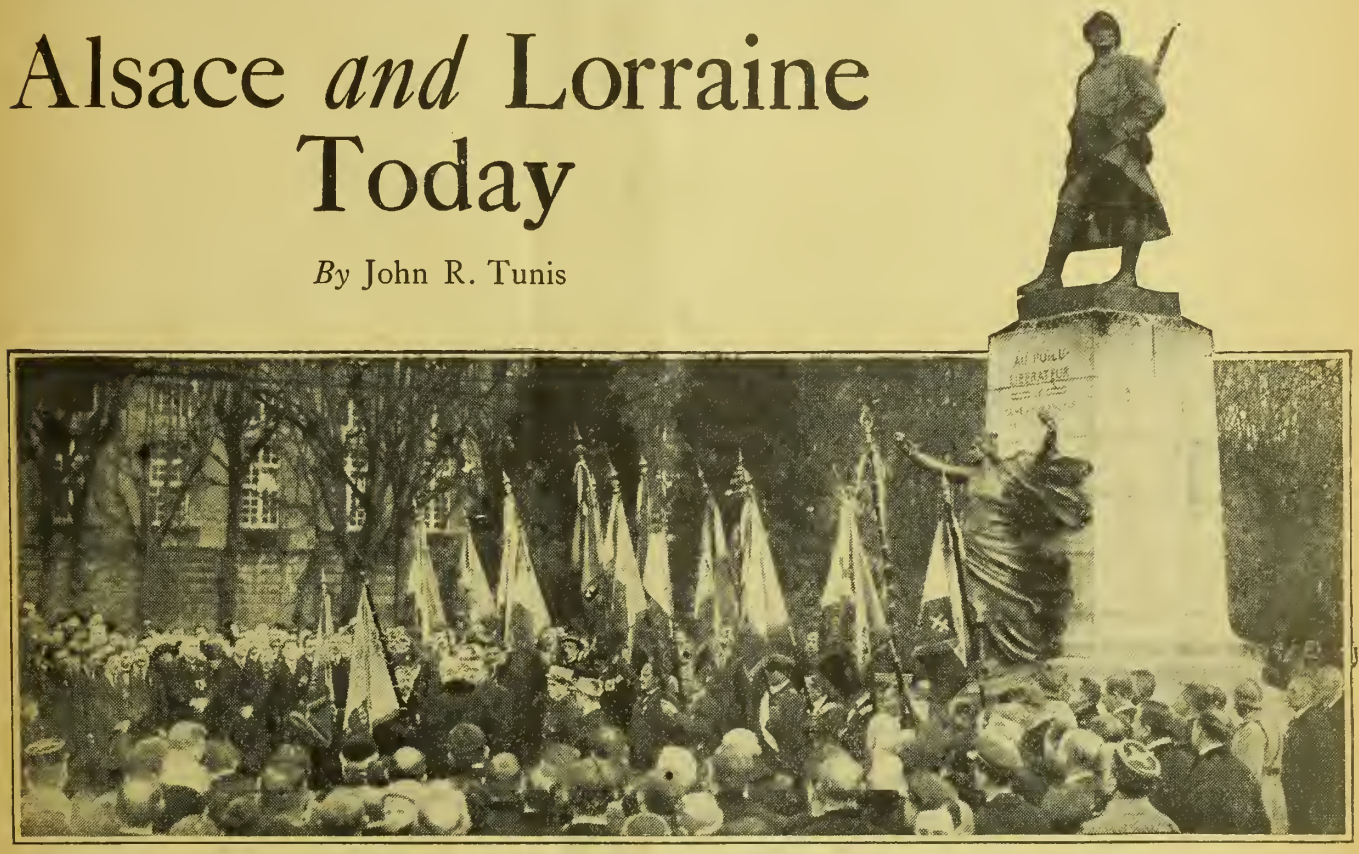
Alsace *and* Lorraine Today

By John R. Tunis



Before the Armistice a statue of the Kaiser frowned down upon the populace of Metz. French sympathizers pulled it from its pedestal and substituted this bronze poilu

ONE hundred and fifty thousand men from Alsace and Lorraine served throughout the war in the German army. In the fall of 1918 Alsace-Lorraine became French again after having been a province of the German Empire for forty-eight years. The reabsorption of those 150,000 "enemy" veterans into French civiliandom was only one of the many difficult problems that confronted the French administration when it took over the government of the ceded territory immediately after the Armistice. The problem has been solved, and the best possible proof of that fact came to my attention as my train rolled into the station at Mulhouse, in southern Alsace, early one morning in May, 1923.

There, working in the railroad yards as we steamed slowly in, was a man in the familiar German issue field-gray blouse. That the French should allow these "Germans" to wear their old uniforms was surprising enough. But in the next few minutes something still more surprising came into view. Another man in field-gray passed by, a long iron beam on his shoulder. Supporting the other end was a man in a faded blouse. But this blouse had once been horizon blue!

Five years ago these men were shooting at each other over the front of a trench. Today they work side by side along the main line of the Strasbourg-Belfort railway. They typify the spirit of the new Alsace. For the first time in nearly fifty years the Alsatian is getting a square deal from his government.

Of the 150,000 men from the province who fought in the German army, 30,000 —one fifth—deserted to the Allies. But today both the man who fought with France and the man who fought against France are treated alike by the French authorities. No discrimination is shown.

A policeman in Strasbourg made me appreciate that fact.

"C'est par ici pour la cathédrale?" I asked him in my best A. E. F. French.

He was a tall, imposing man. He looked at me hard—and through me. Then my friend came to the rescue. My friend is an American ex-service man who has lived in Alsace some time. He speaks Alsatian, and he began shooting guttural sounds at the policeman.

The latter suddenly came to life. He shot guttural sounds back. He pointed out the direction. He took me by the shoulders and turned me around. There was the cathedral tower, sticking up over the pointed roofs.

"Funny he doesn't speak French," I said as we walked away.

"Not at all," said my friend. "Half the Alsatians don't. Most of them fought in the German army, remember."

"Oh, not the police," I protested.

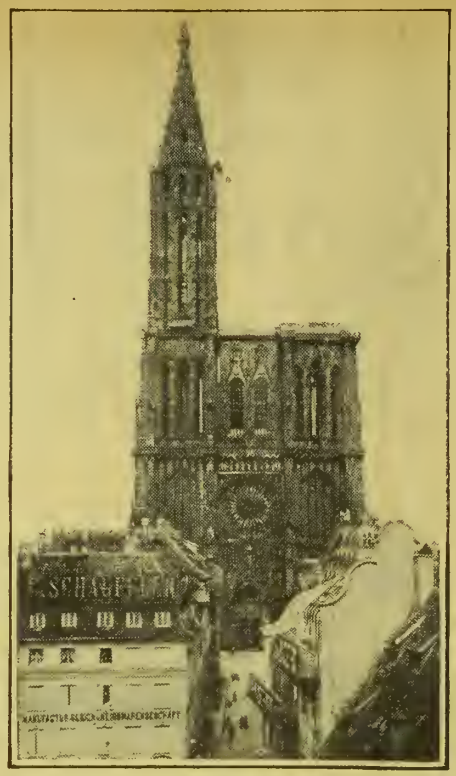
"Sure, why not? Police and firemen and nearly all the city officials were in the army once. Why, down in Colmar there is a man working in the town hall who was a lieutenant in the old German army reserve. When the French dragoons entered Colmar early in August, 1914, he was at work in his office. Someone came running in and told him the French were passing the city gates. He ran around, collected some troops, and drove them out. He's supposed to have killed the first Frenchman that fell in Alsace. But he's back at his old desk today. After all, why not? He only did his duty. The French realize it, too. And they have

sense enough to know he can do his own particular job better than anyone else."

That was not the German way in 1870. Then any Alsatian who had served with the French Army was under suspicion. If he was an official his place was filled by a man brought down from the interior of Germany. The Alsatians remember this, and they compare it with the generous attitude of the French at present.

In fact, the thing that made the greatest impression on me in all Alsace and Lorraine was a poster I saw in the rooms of a French veterans' society in Colmar. It was a picture, almost life size of a French poilu and an Alsatian in a German uniform shaking hands. Underneath in German it explained that both men had served their countries and that both were entitled to all honors and privileges in the organization. This applies, so I was told, to every one of the big French veteran organizations.

The monuments which Alsace and Lorraine have erected to their dead are also impressive. These plain granite shafts scattered throughout the countryside are all the same—a simple shaft of stone with the names of the fallen engraved thereon. The first one I saw was in the little village of Turckheim, a tiny hamlet in the shadow of the Vosges mountains. All around were still half ruined houses—ruins caused perhaps by French shells. And here is the inscription that Alsace and Lorraine put upon these tributes to their dead sons who fell on both sides of the struggle during those five years when her fate was in the balance: "To the children of Turckheim, victims of the Great War." No mention of sides, you note.



One thing in Strasbourg that neither the War of 1870 nor the World War troubled in the slightest—the Cathedral

As they solved the question of the old soldier, so they have solved the question of the young soldier. Right after their entry that problem faced the French authorities. What about the young men? The class of 1919 was being called to the colors in France. Should the youth of Alsace and Lorraine be called also? Their elder brothers had just spent five years serving in the German army. Would these young men serve at all? Would they refuse to go? Was it best to omit these two provinces when the youth of France were called up to undergo their eighteen months' training?

The best answer to that is the crowd I saw one day last May in the town of Selestat. Selestat, by the way, boasts that it has given six marshals to France, more than any other town in the whole country. The day I was there was the day before the class of 1923 entered upon its military service. It is a time when the young men celebrate with one last drink. In France, at any rate, it can't do them any harm. That is what goes on all through the interior of the countryside on this day. I wondered what would happen in Alsace.

A carriage rolling down the street was the answer. It was an old vehicle, about the vintage of 1850. We would call it a brake. It was drawn by two thin horses and decorated all over the outside with the tricolor. Inside were twenty-odd youths whose arms and legs were sticking out at all angles. They were waving French flags. They were singing loudly. They were cheering France, Alsace, Selestat.

Exactly the same scene was being enacted in every city and town and village all over the country from Bordeaux to Besançon and from Cannes to Calais at this time and on this day.

The next morning I saw a large num-

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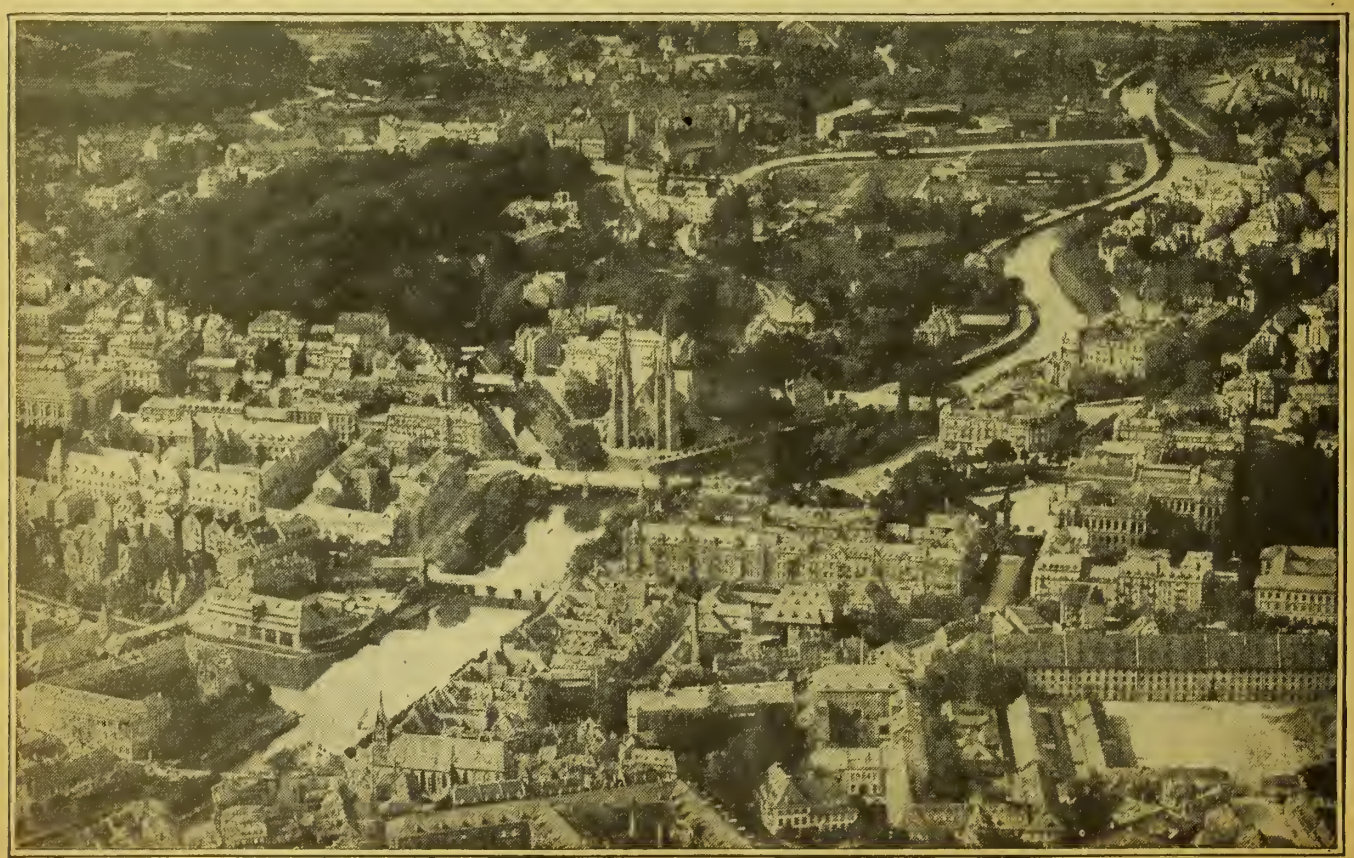
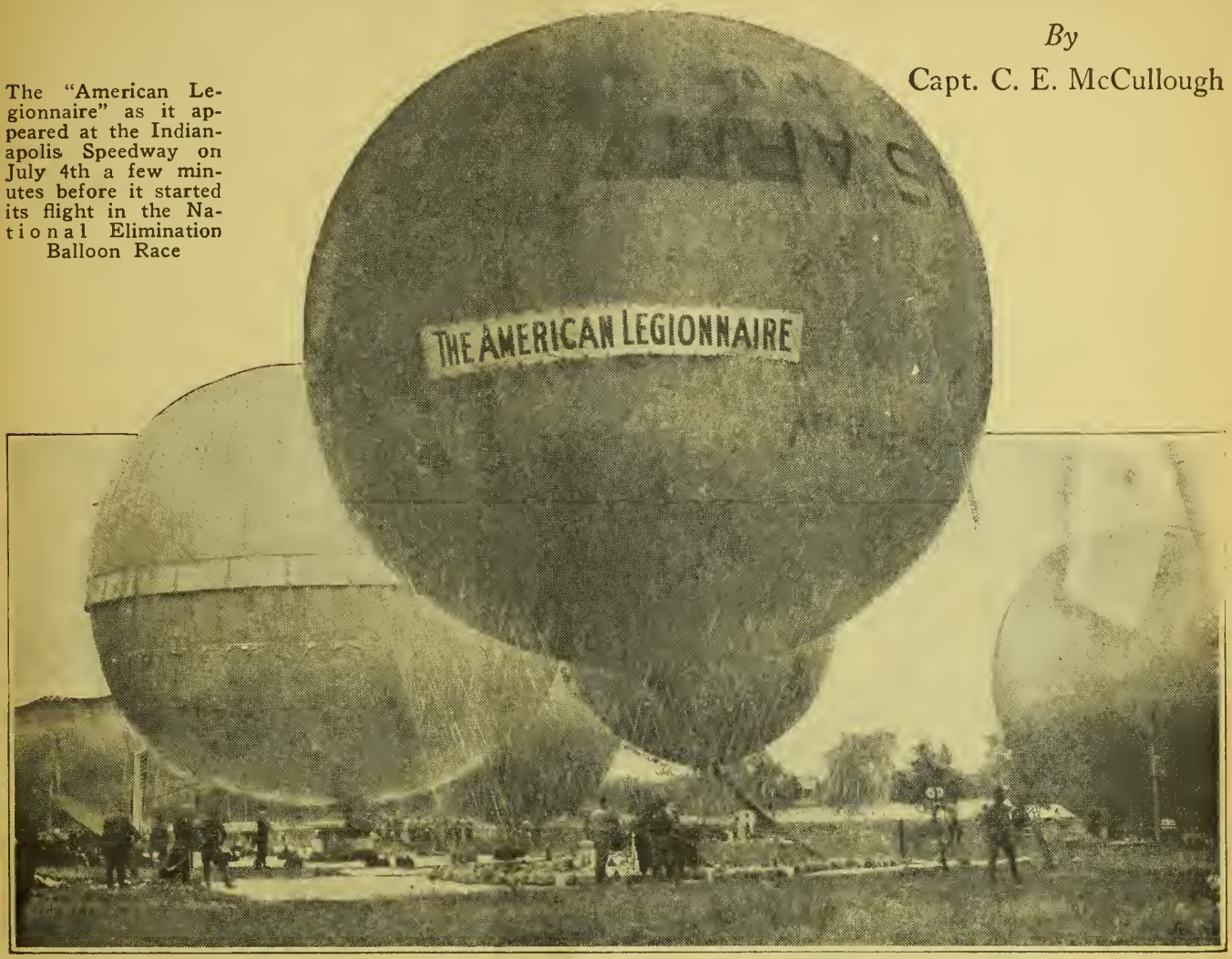


© *Compagnie Aerienne Française*

Very different from some of the French cities which survived the war, isn't it? It is Strasbourg as it appears from the air. Running through it is the Strasbourg-Rhine-Rhone Canal. Near the lower right hand corner some German barracks may be seen

The Log *of the* "Legionnaire"

By
Capt. C. E. McCullough



The "American Legionnaire" as it appeared at the Indianapolis Speedway on July 4th a few minutes before it started its flight in the National Elimination Balloon Race

IT was not an impulse of the moment that took Lieutenant Bond and me into the National Elimination Balloon race. We had talked about and planned for our entry for months. It was my first experience in such a contest. It was, in fact, my first balloon flight since I secured my discharge from the Army in June, 1919. But flying a balloon is like sailing a boat or swimming. Once you have got the knack it becomes second nature, and almost unconsciously you do the right thing. So I didn't suffer much from lack of practice.

With Lieutenant Bond flying is an old story. He is still in the Army, stationed at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Maryland, in the Heavier-than-Air branch of the Air Service. He has the distinction of being an aeroplane pilot, a dirigible airship pilot and a spherical balloon pilot. Also, incidentally, he holds the ratings of Aerial Observer and Balloon Observer. Last year he was in the race which started at Milwaukee, and, as aide to Major Oscar Westover, of the Army Air Service, was one of the team that won that event. The same team would probably have won the International Balloon race that began at Geneva, Switzerland, had it not been for some Hungarian peasants who captured their drag-rope while the Americans were close to the ground making observations the first morning after the start of the race.

When we had made up our minds to enter the contest we were confronted with the problem of securing a balloon. The answer to that was found in the interest and co-operation of the Army Air Service and General Muir, in command of the Third Corps Area. As a reserve officer I was assigned to and in command of the 382d Airship Company, G. H. Q. Reserves, Third Corps

CAPTAIN McCULLOUGH (at left) is vice-chairman of the Legion's Committee on Aeronautics. Accompanied by his aide, Lieut. Carlton R. Bond (right), he left Indianapolis on July 4th in the "American Legionnaire," a balloon of 80,000 cubic feet capacity, one of thirteen entrants in the National Elimination Balloon Race. The contest was held to select the three American entries in the international race at Brussels in September. It was for distance traversed.

The "American Legionnaire" made a 324-mile flight, winning fifth place. Near Frankfort Springs, Pa., it encountered two storms which collided. From an altitude of about 12,900 feet the balloon was tossed by air currents up to 16,000 or 17,000 feet and afterward dropped rapidly toward the ground, which was finally reached in safety. It was during the race described by Captain McCullough that Lieutenants Roth and Null dropped in Lake Erie and drowned.

Area. In order that my entry might represent the Organized Reserves of the Army, General Muir approved my request for the use of an Army balloon in the race; and the Air Service went the limit in furnishing a fine balloon and complete equipment. It is hardly necessary to say here that we feel deeply grateful for this help and co-operation.

As I write this I do not know exactly how we came out. We didn't win; but it is evident from newspaper reports that we are far from being the tail-enders. The "American Legionnaire" made a wonderful flight and we are proud of her no matter in what position she finished. We found her a good balloon and Lieutenant Bond and I extend our congratulations to the men who made her in record time at the Scott Field Air Intermediate Depot.

Captain McCullough (left) and Lieutenant Bond giving a final inspection to the basket from which a few hours later they narrowly escaped being hurled. The "American Legionnaire" was perfectly equipped and proved to be a staunch air craft

Our part in the National Balloon Race was concluded when we were forced to the ground by being the "nut" in the "nut-cracker" of two colliding storms which squeezed out practically all of the gas in the bag and made us use every grain of sand ballast we had. We landed in a big butternut tree on the farm of Mr. H. F. Wasson, one mile south of Frankfort Springs, Beaver County, Pennsylvania, at 1:15 P.M. Eastern Time, Thursday, July 5th, after twenty hours and four minutes in the air.

The fact is we landed in two trees, and it is fortunate that we did or we would have suffered some broken bones or worse. As we came out of the storm clouds we were falling at the rate of 1,200 feet per minute. We reduced that to about 1,000 feet by dumping overboard our oxygen tanks and apparatus and everything else that we could reach in the few seconds we had to spare.

Our basket swept through the top branches of the first tree, which helped break the force of our fall and onward progress. The surface wind must have been blowing around thirty miles per hour and we were not only coming down at a terrific speed, but traveling over the ground at a rate which was far from being slow. Our gas bag had been almost entirely deflated by the pressure of the cyclonic winds caused by the two storms coming together, and was so flabby that we had no lifting power whatever. As we passed through the first tree we crouched down in the basket and escaped being struck by the larger limbs. As we rose to look over the edge we saw that we were headed full-force for the second tree. The basket hit the trunk of the tree, but fortunately, sideways. Our rigging caught on one of the main limbs, the bag came to the ground, and for a few moments we were suspended there about thirty-five feet from the ground. We knew the basket would not stay there and prepared ourselves for a hard fall, but the weight of the rigging with the net and bag was sufficient to let us down with only a jar. For one second, however, there was danger that the basket was going to tip over on account of ropes on one side being caught, but good luck was still with us and the limb broke and we fell with the basket right side up.

Lieutenant Bond and I have had a good many experiences in ballooning, but never anything as we agreed afterwards, which could compare with our experiences in the storm and subsequent landing. At 12:30 P.M., Eastern Time, we were at an altitude of 12,900 feet, well above the clouds, and the country below us appeared only now and then in small patches as rifts in the clouds occurred. We observed cloud formations to the northeast and also to the southeast, which indicated wind and rain, but we did not fear them at first. We soon found, though, that these clouds were approaching us with tremendous speed, and as they drew nearer it was apparent from the way they were boiling and swirling in huge puffs, that we would be in trouble if we got caught in them. The gathering of these storm clouds made a wonderful sight. Our one regret is that we did not think to take some photographs with the camera we had along.

It looked for a while as though both storms would pass by us, one to the north and the other to the south, but instead of that they came together at the exact spot where we were hovering over the Ohio River near Coraopolis, Pa. The first thing that came after the storms hit was a roaring twisting wind which sucked us upward to an altitude of 16,000 or 17,000 feet. We did not have time to look at our altimeter for we were too busy getting things ready to throw overboard when the descent, which we knew must follow, occurred. The winds seemed to be trying to tear our gas bag to pieces and the basket from the rigging. There were terrific roaring sounds all around us. The bag was squeezed with such force that we were deluged with the gas and the French Prepared Chalk, which was in the interior of the balloon on the varnished surface of the fabric. It was difficult as well as fast work in the basket as it jerked and swayed in the winds. It seemed at times that we might actually be thrown out of it. When the descent began it was more terrifying than the ascent. We did not know how fast we fell at first, but from the pressure we felt on our eardrums (and which did not leave mine for hours afterwards) it must have been at terrific speed. After we had thrown out all of the sand we had left—fifteen bags of it—we were still falling at the rate of 12,000 feet per minute. Fortunately, we came out of the clouds about 5,000 feet above the ground. If the clouds had been much lower, we might not be here to tell this story. Heaving over our oxygen tanks and other articles of any weight that we could put our hands on broke our rate of fall to about 1,000 feet per minute. We may have slowed up a little more than that by the time we hit the first tree, but it was entirely too fast for comfort.

This is telling the conclusion of the story first, but the ending is most prominently and forcibly in our minds at this time. The log itself will tell the complete story of the flight.

Inflation of the balloons at the Automobile Speedway, Indianapolis, started at 3:30 P.M. on Tuesday, July 3rd, after a hard thundershower. It went on all night and the next morning, with frequent showers to make the work wet as well as interesting. Lots were drawn for order of take-off. We drew No. 4, but because of valve trouble in Pilot Razor's balloon he took-off first which made us 5th. We left the ground at 4:11 P.M., weighing off beautifully and going up to 1,000 feet in nine minutes.

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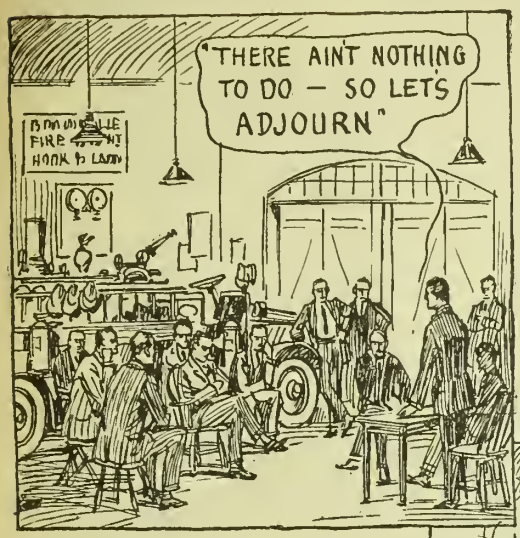
Has Your Post *a* Home?

By Alan Bruce Conlin
Commander, Department of New Jersey, The American Legion

"A LEGION post needs a clubhouse for three reasons: first, to give the skeptical prospective member a return for his dues; next, to prove to the post itself and to the community that the Legion is not merely living on sentiment but is also capable of present accomplishment; and finally to express in permanent, visible form the patriotic ideals and purposes for which The American Legion stands."



A HOMELESS vagabond is out of luck usually because of his own shortcomings. A homeless Legion post, as a rule, has only itself to blame. The vagabond can often be jarred into getting a new grip on himself and making good. The post without a place to hang its hat needs a renewal of the "let's go" spirit that chased Fritz back to Berlin.

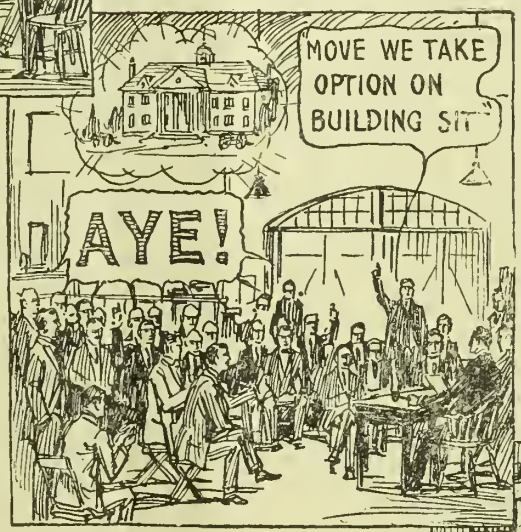
A couple of months ago I visited during the same evening three posts located in neighboring Jersey towns. The differing circumstances of the three posts made me realize more keenly than ever before exactly how much it means to a post to have a permanent clubhouse, a home of its own.

I'll tell you just the impressions I got from each of those posts. To avoid the possibility of hurting anybody's feelings I won't mention names.

At the first place I hit that night the post was meeting in a fire house, a dreary, barnlike structure. Some twenty fellows, sitting glumly around, listened patiently enough to my talk. I gave them the usual line about the necessity of worthwhile present accomplishment if a post is to be successful and the foolishness of trying to exist solely on sentiment dated 1918. They didn't throw any bricks, but there weren't any loud cheers either. Then somebody got up and waded doggedly into a long speech on some minor local issue. By ones and twos half the small crowd percolated out before the meeting was over. I don't know whether it was my speech that wearied them or whether they were just sick of speechifying in general.

The post commander got me in a corner and started telling me all his troubles. "Every meeting is like this," he complained. "Half of them beat it out and go around the corner to the pool room. The fellows haven't got the right pep. They're discouraged because the town has forgotten them. Nobody gives a darn any more about us ex-service men."

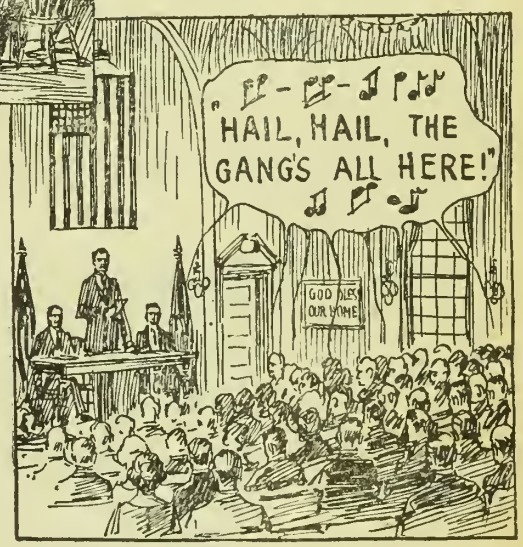
He went on at considerable length, but everything he said was triple distilled pessimism, solid black gloom. I asked him a few questions and discovered that, except for a couple of dances that had been more or less fizzles and a half-hearted petition to the town officials for a memorial building (which letter had been promptly tabled and forgotten) the post had done practically nothing in three years to justify its existence.



The next post I saw that night was in marked contrast. The room was packed, the meeting program moved snappily, and enthusiasm was at a high pitch. Announcements about a show then under way intended to raise money for a building fund and discussions of questions relating to it—rehearsals, advertisements for the program, selling tickets—held the members' interest. But the big question before that meeting, the proposition that brought out the most stirring speeches and that secured the most responsive interest on the part of the Legionnaires, was discussion of the clubhouse they proposed to build.

The building committee of the post had just paid ten dollars for an option on a site for their clubhouse. Obviously this wasn't much, but the post members felt that at last they had made a definite start toward realizing their dream of a home of their own, and their consequent enthusiasm was natural and justified.

Yet I sensed somehow, and I think correctly, that the enthusiasm of this rousing meeting was largely momentary, the product of particular events—the progress of the show, the ten dollar option, the spellbinding speeches. Such splendid enthusiasm was altogether worthwhile, but unless it were followed up it would certainly and surely fade away into nothingness. It takes more than one peppy meeting to make a Legion post. It takes a continuous program of activity and accomplishment.



My third call that night was on a post that rejoiced in the possession of its own building. It wasn't very large or very pretentious, but it had an attractive exterior with tall, white columns, and inside were pool tables, a comfortable assembly hall, committee rooms, a kitchen—practically everything that a small community post could wish for in its clubhouse.

It occurred to me that the first post was like an unlucky bachelor living precariously from hand to mouth, that the second resembled a luckier bache-

(*Continued on page* 23)

EDITORIAL

Whom Should a Senator Represent?

WE are touched by the plight of our majestic contemporary, the New York *Times*, which essays the unwelcome task of chronicling the toppling of an idol.

Senator Edge of New Jersey, [remarks the *Times*] has been thought of as one of the steady and dependable members of the Senate. . . . But in his address at the formal opening of the Convalescent Home of The American Legion at Toms River, N. J., he stated that he hoped a business-like bonus bill would pass at the next session of Congress. For it he promised to vote and work.

Thus the *Times* notes the announced decision of the senior Senator from New Jersey to support the position of The American Legion on a most important question of domestic economics. As long as Senator Edge worked and voted against adjusted compensation he was a "steady and dependable" statesman whose judgment was sound "especially in matters of finance." Now that the Senator has promised to support adjusted compensation, in the *Times's* estimation, he is none of these things.

Senator Edge did not declare himself without having reasons, nor without stating those reasons to the public. The Senator said that with the huge British war debt settled and the government deficit turned into a surplus the country is now fully able to pay its debt to the veterans—a condition which nullifies the argument which has prevented such payment heretofore.

The *Times* remarks that these reasons "are not good" and darkly hints that other factors have influenced the New Jersey Senator.

It would be unkind, [suggests the *Times*] and doubtless unfair to link this change in the Senator's attitude with the fact that he has to go before the people next year for re-election. It may be that he began to see the light when his colleague, Senator Frelinghuysen, was so unexpectedly defeated last November.

So that is it. That is the kind of man this Edge is. He means to represent the people of New Jersey. He means to stand for the things they stand for. He is swayed by what they think. In this instance the people have manifested a desire that the Government shall pay its long overdue debt to the veterans of the World War. Government finances unquestionably are such that this can be done. Therefore Senator Edge declares he is for paying the debt. That is the grudge the *Times*, and the anti-compensationists generally, have against the Senator. Because he seeks to represent the voters of New Jersey instead of the financial interests which contributed least to the war and got most out of it, Senator Edge no longer is "steady and dependable"—except as an instrument for carrying out what everyone knows is the will, not only of the voters of New Jersey, but of the country.

But It Doesn't Mean Anything

UNITED STATES Army flyers recently established eleven new world records, bringing the total held by American pilots to fourteen. The records for speed, altitude and distance are all held by United States aircraft piloted by Army flyers.

These things are encouraging to aviation enthusiasts, but they have not one iota of significance as regards aerial preparedness. They prove that given an opportunity, American aeronautic engineering genius is superior to that of the rest of the world.

It must be borne in mind that these records were established with experimental aircraft. None were stock models, although the Liberty motor confounded its critics in the distance and speed records.

Our air force, upon which we must depend in an emergency, consists chiefly of the rebuilt antiquated airplanes of five years ago—obsolete war equipment. That cannot provide security.

Mayhew T. Wainwright, who recently resigned as Assistant Secretary of War to sit in Congress, said in his report of the Air Service:

Its war-time equipment has been practically used up. The amount of money appropriated for new aircraft is so small that within two years it will have on hand less than one-half the number of aircraft necessary for its normal peacetime work. There will be no aircraft to equip and expand the Air Service in time of emergency, no reserve on hand, and it will be impossible in less than a year to expand the remnant of the aircraft industry which may be left or create it anew. . . . This situation is not only serious but actually alarming.

These are not the words of an alarmist. It is a sad truth that, when aerial preparedness is considered, the fourteen world aviation records which we hold are of no more consequence than the latest non-stop dance record.

The Changing World

THE tennis and golf matches draw tens of thousands of spectators now whereas a few years ago they drew scarcely none at all. Tennis and golf, especially the latter, were considered to be pastimes of the leisure class. Twenty years ago only a few exclusive shops in our most fashionable cities sold golf balls, for instance. Now you can buy them at the five-and-ten-cent stores anywhere. In those days tennis was played chiefly at the more swagger colleges. Now settlement house playgrounds in New York's east side and Chicago's west side are equipped with courts.

The annual tennis and golf championship matches have become truly national events only since the war. The baseball magnates were worried at first. They viewed with alarm the fact that the baseball no longer was the universal summer game of the kids. Tennis and golf were sharing their endeavors, and the baseball kings were wondering how this would affect their gate receipts.

It hasn't affected them at all. Attendance at the ball parks this summer is greater than ever before. More people are also turning out to watch the experts on court and links perform. It is a general move into the open air. It is the result of our changing modes of life. More people work indoors than ever before, and they get out of doors to play. As our national life becomes more highly industrialized and energy-sapping, more recreation is required to maintain the normal balance. That is what is going on.

A Gratifying Decision

FEDERAL JUDGE JOHN M. KILLITS, sitting in Toledo, Ohio, recently handed down a decision denying citizenship to foreign-born men who, on the ground that they were conscientious objectors, claimed exemption from military service during the World War.

The decision should be gratifying to those who believe that most of the so-called conscientious objectors were unwilling to bear arms because they were too selfish, too afraid to risk their lives, or too sympathetic with our enemies.

"We are unable to see how any applicant who conscientiously objects to bearing arms in his country's defense can take the oath of citizenship without reservations," said Judge Killits in explaining his verdict, "and we are unwilling to accept an oath that is subject to any reservation whatever. Without any intention to reflect upon the quality of the profession of conscientious objectors, we feel that it is enough that the country must endure the native born of that persuasion whose citizenship is a birthright without extending the number by the favor of the naturalization laws."

During the war there were, no doubt, a few idealists who genuinely loathed the idea of war—men who would rather do anything than lend their aid in a struggle between human beings. But such persons were, like angels' visits, few and far between.

It is a relief to know that the North Dakota farmer who has whiskers seventeen feet long does not use tobacco in any form.

Your Home Town

The Health of All the People

By Harold S. Buttenheim
Editor, The American City Magazine

THE average child born today in a progressive American community will live at least five years longer than a child who was born at the beginning of the present century. Census Bureau statistics show that the expectation of life of a baby boy at birth had increased from 48.2 years in 1901 to 50.2 in 1910, and to 53.9 years in 1920. The girls have even a better chance, their expectation of life having increased from 51.0 years in 1901 to 53.6 years in 1910, and to 56.3 years in 1920. These figures are the Federal Census Bureau statistics for the so-called original registration States—the only ones for which comparative figures are available for the twenty-year period. The annual death rate for the entire registration area in the United States shows a decrease from 17.6 per thousand in 1900 to 11.6 per thousand in 1921.

To what causes may this fine showing be attributed? Partly, of course, to the fact that the average individual has learned to live a saner life, mentally and physically; partly, of course, to the increased skill of our physicians, surgeons and mental practitioners. But in a very large measure it is due to the constructive work of our sanitary engineers and public health departments. We are gradually learning that the best way to cure many of the ills that flesh was supposed to be heir to is to reach them at the source and nip them in the bud—or the germ.

The reduction in the typhoid fever death rate is an excellent case in point. In the good old days, before the installation of municipal filtration and chlorination plants, the typhoid germ disported itself unmolested in our public water supplies. But by employing sanitary engineers to remove the filth from the water and to kill any of the deadly germs that remain, the average death rate from typhoid fever in the registration area has decreased from 35.9 per 100,000 in 1900 to 9.0 in 1921. Some of the more progressive cities have brought the typhoid fever death rate down to five, three, or even two or less per 100,000. In such cities, people enjoy the pure water which they drink; the doctors have been largely relieved of one impossible task, and the undertaker is learning patience.

Yellow fever has become almost unknown in the United States as the result of the work of sanitarians in declaring war on the mosquito, which seems to have had a monopoly in carrying the disease to human beings. A much more common scourge of mankind, tuberculosis, is rapidly losing ground before the advance of civilization. In 1900 the tuberculosis death rate in the registration area was 201.9 for each 100,000 of the population. By 1910 the rate had dropped to 160.3, and in 1921 it was under the one hundred mark for the first time—99.4 to be exact.

Recognizing, as we must, the community's responsibility for the public health, how shall we proceed to translate our faith into works?

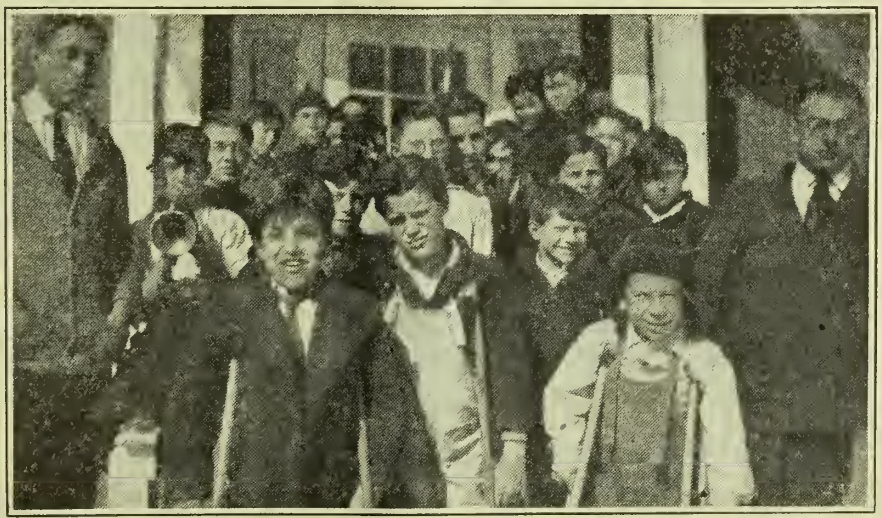
An honest study and fearless publication of the facts are important first steps. If the vital statistics are being properly recorded in your community, you can tabulate the general death rate and the diseases which contribute to that death rate and compare the figures with those of other communities. Suppose they are unfavorable. This is the best possible reason why your newspapers should have the courage to publish the facts instead of avoiding the issue. Let the facts thus published be discussed before city officials and civic and social welfare agencies in the community, and some sort of action is inevitable.

But suppose you discover that your city is below the general rate for municipalities in the registration area. What ought your attitude to be? In answering that question recently, Dr. George E. Vincent, president of the Rockefeller Foundation, said: "Your attitude ought to be, 'We have done better than other municipalities. Now we will go on doing better still, and show other municipalities what can be accomplished when a really enlightened and energetic and devoted community undertakes to make that city the healthiest place possible for all the men, women and children who live in it.' Another thing to do is to see that adequate appropriations are provided for public health administration. It is perfectly absurd to see the amounts that are provided in some communities. It is estimated that from fifty cents to one dollar per capita per year will provide a fairly good ordinary public health administration."

In planning your public health programs, don't forget the children. It is a very remarkable fact, and one little complimentary to human intelligence, that until recent years there was no such thing as publicly supported child welfare undertakings, and very few such undertakings privately supported, that more than scratched the surface. The saying, "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined," was almost as old as the everlasting hills in 1912, when the first public agency in the world was established to consider as a whole the problems of childhood, the United States Children's Bureau. It was not that people didn't believe the old saying, but apparently they didn't care enough to apply it intelligently, or didn't know how to do so.

We have been literally throwing away child life in this country. It was not until 1908 that any American city admitted that the death of babies was a municipal concern. That year New York City established a Division of Child Hygiene in its Department of Health. The State followed later, and now forty-six out of the forty-eight of the States and a growing list of cities have special divisions or bureaus dealing with the saving of life and the preservation of health of children.

That this increasing interest in child welfare is producing real results is evident from Census Bureau statistics, which show that the infant mortality rate — the number of babies born alive who die within the first year — has decreased from 100 out of each thousand births in 1915 to 76 per thousand in 1921. Public health is purchasable, and the supply is unlimited.



Twenty-four boys in the New York State Hospital for Crippled and Deformed Children are gaining a more cheerful outlook on life, and so paving the way to better health, through the help extended them by Burton Miller Post of the Legion of West Haverstraw and its Auxiliary unit. The two organizations have adopted a Boy Scout troop composed principally of youngsters on crutches. The photograph shows post officials starting on an outing with a group of their protegés

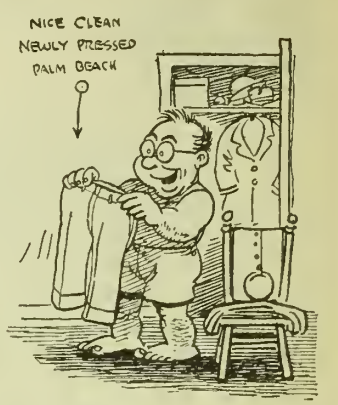
Dressing Up on a Hot Day

By Wallgren

WHEN YOU HURRY HOME AFTER A SWELTERING DAY IN THE OFFICE—

—AND DISCARD YOUR STICKY WET GARMENTS IN HAPPY ANTICIPATION—

—OF THE NICE COOL SHOWER WHICH BRINGS INSTANT RELIEF —

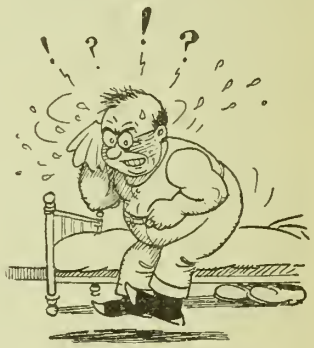


—AND LAY OUT A COMPLETE CHANGE OF NICE CLEAN COOL DRY CLOTHES—

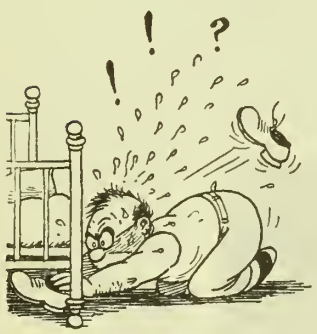
—YOU REVEL IN THE THOUGHT OF HOW MUCH BETTER YOU FEEL —

—ONLY, THE EXERTION OF PUTTING ON YOUR SOX WARMS YOU UP A BIT—

—AND YOU START PERSPIRING AGAIN WHEN YOU HAVE TROUSER TROUBLE—



—CAUSING YOU TO FRET UNREASONABLY WHEN YOU CAN'T FIND YOUR SHOES—



—AND TO SWEAT PROFUSELY IN YOUR EFFORTS TO LOCATE THEM —

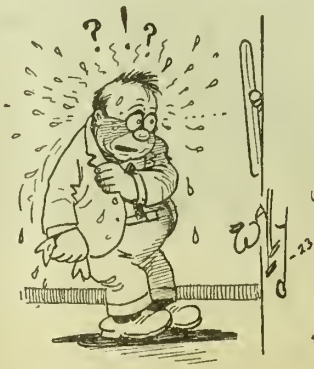
—AND MORE PROFUSELY AS YOU HAVE TO STOOP TO PUT THEM ON—

—THAT WHEN YOU HAVE DIFFICULTY IN GETTING INTO YOUR SHIRT—

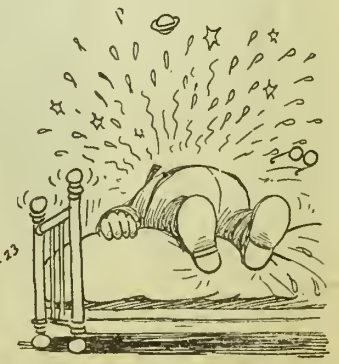
—YOU ARE ALMOST DROWNED IN PERSPIRATION BEFORE IT IS ON —

—AND YOU FIND IT ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE TO PUT A CLEAN COLLAR ON—

—BECAUSE THEY BECOME WET FASTER THAN YOU CAN TIE A TIE —



—SO THAT BY THE TIME YOU ARE FULLY DRESSED AGAIN —



—YOU ARE JUST AS BAD AS WHEN YOU STARTED — ONLY MORE SO.

This Iowa Post's Memorial Will Endure Through the Ages

WHEN the last member of the Legion in Sigourney, Iowa, has been buried with honors in the town's cemetery, Sigourney will not forget the Legion. Leo R. Farmer Post of Sigourney has just helped its town acquire a thirty-acre park of natural woodland, and if the post should never do anything more than this to keep its memory alive it has made itself solid with posterity. The oaks and hickory trees now growing in the park will be vigorous and green when every member of the Legion has passed on.

There are fewer than one hundred members in Leo R. Farmer Post, but the post has no difficulty in raising $4,500 for the park project. It obtained a part of this sum by giving a Play Day celebration on the town's public square. Then it canvassed the people of the town for subscriptions. The town was divided into districts, and sergeants and corporals were assigned to interview residents of each district. It took talking and persuasion, but the community was quickly fired by the spirit of the Legion's effort, and the vision of the park soon was made a reality. The post is now planning to construct cement walks and driveways.

A $50,000 Burial Plot for America's Defenders

THE American Legion post in Youngstown, Ohio, is making plans for one of the most beautiful cemeteries for war veterans in the United States following the presentation to the post of a large park tract in Belmont Cemetery by Judson Brenner, father of three World War service men and himself a Y. M. C. A. worker during the war. The tract is valued at $50,000 and has space for 500 graves. The donor has established an endowment fund which will meet the expenses of maintaining the plot. Veterans of all American wars will be buried in the plot, which has been termed "Defenders' Lot." The post is planning to erect a monument in the center honoring the soldiers of all wars.

Centennial Observance Nets 200 Members

FOR three days the bugles blew and the band played and the service men of Macon, Georgia, lined up before the recruiting tent of Joseph N. Neel, Jr., Post. When the membership drive ended the post had signed up 200 new members, making its strength 60 percent greater than last year. The drive was conducted as a part of Macon's celebration of its hundredth anniversary, in which all the nation's wars were depicted in pageant. Neel Post staged a spectacle commemorating the World War, assisted by its Auxiliary, National Guard companies and other organizations. The post also had a leading place in a parade in which 10,000 persons marched.

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BELIEVING in our Government and our democratic institutions is fine enough. It is the natural, impulsively fresh attitude of the average citizen. But it is an impulse and not so valuable as a reasoned, well-thought-out conviction. We have not only to believe, but likewise to teach others, especially the foreigners within our shores, the value of our present scheme of things. The American Legion has asked for a period of time in which to conduct such teaching. It believes that we should stop all immigration for five years so that we can determine upon a program of Americanization and then carry it out. The Legion is moved by no ill will toward the peoples of other lands. If the truth be known, it is the most powerful force in the world today, and it would save these people from industrial slavery in the America of their dreams. Thoughtful men will examine with care the appeals which industrial barons are now making for freer immigration. A well-grounded suspicion is that they are more concerned with a cheap, servile and overflowing labor market than with the human rights of the peoples involved. Where thoughtless industrial leaders would bring more foreigners to make matters worse, the Legion would deal first with those who now constitute a menace to a government of sound public opinion. Before more thousands are brought who would break down our overtaxed schools, we want to educate the present population. An effort should be made, too, toward the physical distribution of the immigrants. Idle land in the West cries for development. Idle men in the congested centers of population cry for work.—*National Commander* OWEN LEY, *addressing the American Library Association Convention in Hot Springs, Ark.*

Colorado War Chests Open to Peace Needs

WHEN war-chest funds were being raised, while The American Legion was sporting around in O. D., navy blue, mud, ice and suchlike garments, the chests were intended, as a rule, for relief work among service men. The Department of Colorado of The American Legion knew this. So when the Legion recently came into custody of a $25,000 fund left over from the Colorado War Chest, it was decided to use the money for relief work among ex-service men. The fund will go to buy food, coal, clothes, medical services, rent and such things for veterans in need of them. Up to fifty dollars will be granted in individual cases. The money will not go as a loan, but as a gift.

Oklahoma Plans to Start the 100% Literacy Column

EVERY resident of Oklahoma will be able to read and write when a campaign now being carried on by the Americanism Committee of the Department of Oklahoma has been completed. And with the disappearance of illiteracy in the State, hundreds of persons who until recently had possessed not even the rudiments of education will have acquired a working knowledge of American history and the principles of our national, state and city governmental system.

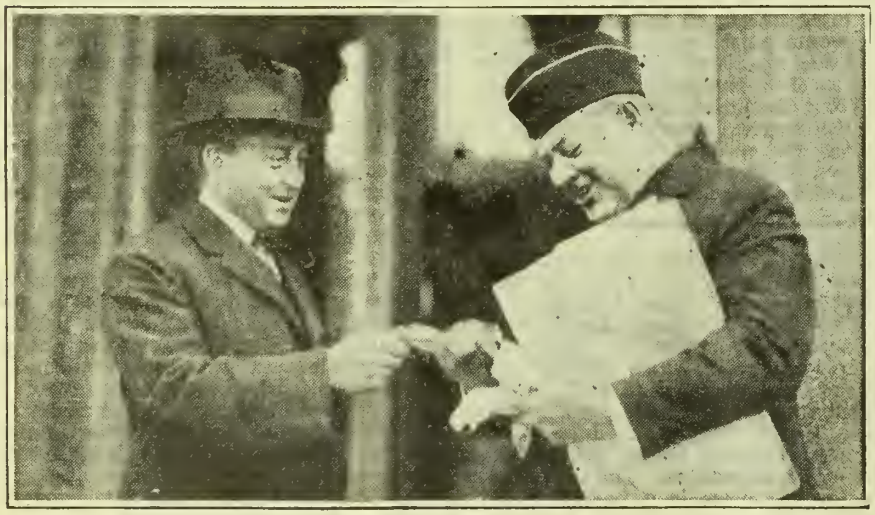
The Legion's campaign is based on what is known as the Jones Plan, a plan originated by a county superintendent of public instruction who is also a Legionnaire. In each county a Principals' Club has been formed, composed of all the principals of the schools. Many of the rural schools are consolidated institutions with from five to fifteen teachers in each building. Each principal pledges himself to organize the work in his district and to see that fifty per cent of the illiteracy in his district is eliminated in one term.

The first step is a tabulation of all those unable to read or write in each district. A card index file is used to classify the names. Teachers and as many volunteer high-school students as can be enlisted are asked each to adopt an illiterate and to begin immediately teaching him to read and write English. After an elementary knowledge of the language has been communicated, the teaching of history and civil government will be undertaken.

Macon, Ga. lines them up and then signs them up

It's the Life of Riley for These Kids

These Boy Scouts (above), in private life leading newspaper merchants of Trenton, N. J., were able to drop the cares of business and take to the woods when the members of a Trenton Legion post deployed and kept the local papers in circulation. Below is Adjutant General Gilkyson, a buck private Legionnaire, selling for cash in hand a late wuxtry to the Governor of New Jersey



ELKINS-OLIPHANT POST of Trenton, New Jersey, was godfather to one of the lustiest troops of Boy Scouts in the world, but when it got ready to take its protégés on a canoe trip and hike, it struck a snag. It happened that the scouts were not a ready-money outfit. Few of them had fathers in the foreground or background ready and anxious to shell out the dollars for uniforms, tents and hatchets. For the most part these were boys who put in a regulation day in school and spent hours before and after school selling newspapers on the street, manning shining stands, or doing dozens of other useful jobs.

A street corner concession for a newspaper isn't anything to be trifled with. One by one the scouts came round to the post and confessed reluctantly and somewhat shamefacedly. Then a Legionnaire had the big idea. The boys wouldn't have to give up their jobs. The post members would pinch-hit for them. While they were rambling the woods and shooting the rapids in canoes, Legionnaires would be selling their papers.

Thus it happened that when the scout troop set forth, forty strong, by truck for the hike and boat rides and feeds by the camp fires, Legionnaires were out on the streets of Trenton wearing overseas caps and carrying bundles of newspapers. Trenton's afternoon newspaper had published one of its early editions as a "Legion-Scout" special and the volunteer newsboys began to put zip and zow into the job of selling them. Strict orders were given that change should be given customers only when requested. Adjutant General Gilkyson of New Jersey, one of the newsboys, took his stand in front of the state capitol and shook down Governor William E. Silzer as one of his first customers. The Rev. Gill Robb Wilson, former A. E. F. sky pilot, now a Presbyterian minister in Trenton, took a stand in the center of the city. The whole town was covered. In a few hours the amateur paper salesmen had collected $300.

When the scouts, who reported a wonderful day, got back to Trenton each one was given the amount of his average day's earnings from the sum collected by their substitutes, and the balance was put in a general scout fund to be used for buying uniforms and equipment.

This big day was only one of the features by which the Trenton post has attracted and held the boys of its scout troop. During the winter the Legionnaires gave lessons in scout craft. Members of the post also gave talks on the city's industries and on opportunities in business for the boys. Naturalists gave lectures on wild animals and their habits.

How Membership Trophies Will Be Awarded at San Francisco

AT the Fifth National Convention of The American Legion to be held in San Francisco in October the presentation of national trophies and awards to the departments making the best showings in membership will have new importance, in view of rules recently approved by the National Executive Committee to govern the honors.

The two principal trophies are the Hanford MacNider Trophy and the Franklin D'Olier Trophy. The MacNider Trophy, presented to The American Legion by the Iowa Department, is awarded each year to the department that has the highest percentage of members for the period from January 1st of each year to a date thirty days prior to the convention as compared with the number of members in the department on December 31st of the preceding year. The Department of Georgia now holds this trophy, having been presented with it at the New Orleans convention.

The D'Olier Trophy has not yet been awarded to a department, as it was first announced at New Orleans. It will be awarded annually by the Department of Pennsylvania to the department obtaining as members the highest percentage of eligible service men in the State.

Title to both trophies will remain in The American Legion. Each department winning a trophy will be required to furnish a bond, an insurance policy and other security to insure its return for presentation at the succeeding convention. Each department winning a trophy will also be given a gold plate, suitable to be attached to the department's banner, which will bear an inscription reciting the honor won. Departments having fewer than 1,000 members on December 31st shall not be eligible to receive a trophy. The awards will be based on figures from the books of the National Treasurer.

In addition to the two trophies and their plates, there will be presented each year a one hundred percent membership honor plate to each department maintaining or increasing its preceding year's membership. This plate will be of silver.

Nine battleships, thirty-eight destroyers and many auxiliary craft are expected to take part in the naval show to be held in connection with the Fifth National Convention. Naval authorities of the Allied countries have been invited to send vessels for the review, which is to be one of the most impressive features of convention week.

Two More Departments Exceed Quota for Overseas Graves Decoration Fund

NEARLY $70,000 is still to be raised if the total of $200,000 is realized for the American Legion Overseas Graves Endowment Fund. Contributions have been coming in to the office of the National Treasurer at an average of several hundred dollars a day, but this is considered hardly sufficient.

The Department of Indiana, having still to raise approximately thirty percent of its quota based on the $200,000 which has now been set as the Legion goal, has sent word that it plans to institute a brand new drive. Its first effort easily overreached its quota of the $100,000 which was the Legion's first objective. Other departments report that they contemplate similar action.

The latest statement of the National Treasurer shows that thirty-six departments have not yet reached their new quota based on the $200,000 sum. New Hampshire and Vermont are the latest to go over the top, the latter with a remittance from department headquarters of nearly fifteen hundred dollars. In the table printed below departments which have exceeded their quota are shown in heavy type;

	Amount	Percent.
Alabama	$356.40	.476
Alaska	156.30	.990
Arizona	622.45	1.117
Argentine	25.00	2.190
Arkansas	1,648.95	1.038
Brazil	25.00	1.450
California	3,621.22	.526
Canada	24.45	2.840
Canal Zone	102.68	.880
China	21.02	.453
Colorado	741.99	.454
Connecticut	2,114.40	1.277
Cuba	54.50	1.220
Delaware	290.42	2.138
District of Columbia	1,202.15	1.190
Florida	1,161.34	.776
Georgia	1,167.49	1.043
Hawaii	265.30	1.173
Idaho	473.34	.602
Illinois	5,845.75	.421
Indiana	4,394.00	.667
Iowa	4,552.38	.339
Japan	100.00	4.580
Kansas	2,939.75	.449
Kentucky	1,570.65	.684
Louisiana	569.43	.263
Maine	1,304.62	.649
Maryland	1,494.90	1.692
Massachusetts	7,418.25	.793
Mexico	175.50	2.580
Michigan	3,783.53	.631
Minnesota	4,753.05	.533
Mississippi	1,033.48	.743
Missouri	1,200.91	.176
Montana	979.15	.681
Nebraska	1,925.39	.387
Nevada	77.25	.334
New Hampshire	1,749.41	1.165
New Jersey	4.786.48	1.056
New Mexico	885.33	1.272
New York	6,540.18	.449
North Carolina	745.27	.329
North Dakota	1,055.28	.392
Ohio	9,100.21	.761
Oklahoma	3,155.16	.752
Oregon	599.85	.266
Pennsylvania	9.767.78	.668
Philippine Islands	30.20	1.000
Rhode Island	1,975.88	2.280
South Carolina	1,289.98	1.245
South Dakota	1,032.30	.300
Tennessee	756.61	.405
Texas	1,733.49	.417
Utah	474.85	.932
Vermont	2,028.14	1.513
Virginia	1,403.12	.826
Washington	3,869.58	1.406
West Virginia	3,215.17	1.945
Wisconsin	4,699.92	.732
Wyoming	844.35	1.141

Contributions to the fund should be sent to the National Treasurer of the Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana. All those over one dollar are being noted in the Weekly. The following are acknowledged this week:

ARIZONA. YUMA: *H. H. Donkersley Post*, $25.

CALIFORNIA. MODESTO: *Modesto Post*, $287.20; BERKELEY: Mabel E. Bryant, $3.50; SAN FRANCISCO: *Golden Gate Post*, $4.50; GUSTINE: *Manuel M. Lopes Post*, $10.50; LOS ANGELES: Mrs. Kate L. Hawley, $5; UPLAND: *Auxiliary to Upland Post*, $10; PASADENA: *South Posadena Post*, $29.

CONNECTICUT. NEW BRITAIN: citizens, $300; MERIDEN: *Meriden Post*, $8.50; CLINTON: *Auxiliary to Howard Hillard Post*, $10.

FLORIDA. DE FUNIAK SPRINGS: *De Funiak Post*, $20; TALLAHASSEE: *Claude L. Saul Post*, $10; TAMPA: *American Legion Department of Florida*, $120.

GEORGIA. BAINBRIDGE: *Bainbridge Post*, $11.40; ATHENS: *Allen R. Fleming, Jr., Post*, $31.50; SAVANNAH: Mrs. W. F. Baker, Mrs. Arthur Wilson, Mrs. Charles Hogan, Mrs. Louis New, $50; Robert J. Smith, $2.

HAWAII. SCHOFIELD BARRACKS: *Schofield Barracks Post*, $11.20.

ILLINOIS. CHAMPAIGN: *Champaign County Post*, $10; LAKE FOREST: *Auxiliary to George Alexander McKinlock, Jr., Post*, $34.85; PLAINFIELD: *Marne Post*, $5; CARRIER MILLS: *Marion Oshel Post*, $5; HAVANA: *Hovana Post*, $27; *Voiture Locale 116*, $9; BROOKFIELD: *Auxiliary to Edward Feeley Post*, $2; PECATONICA: *Auxiliary to Eugene J. Barloga Post*, $10; ROCHELLE: *Auxiliary to Rochelle Post*, $10; OAK PARK: *Auxiliary to Oak Park Post*, $5; GLEN CARBON: *Auxiliary to Harry G. Sealon Post*, $5; WEST CHICAGO: Hortense L. Johnston, $1; CHICAGO: *Hinsdale Post*, $1; MONMOUTH: *Auxiliary to Mariam B. Fletcher Post*, $5; BRIMFIELD: *Brimfield Post*, $17.70; LENA: *Sprague Inman Post*, $23; WESTERN SPRINGS: Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Gladden, $1; ALTON: *Alton Post*, $50; HIGHLAND PARK: *Dumaresq Spencer Post* $154.39; WASHBURN: James Sherman, $1; KANKAKEE: citizens of Kankakee County, $100; *Kankakes Post*, $5; *Voiture 473*, $1; Roy F. Dusenbury, $1; Barney Adelman, $1; William Lord, $1; William H. Maitland, $1; Earl Cubberly, $1; Ed Bass, $1; Ed Reno, $2; Mrs. H. Vanderwater, $1.

INDIANA. LAPORTE: *Homon Gray Post*, $520.80; ALEXANDRIA: *Alexandria Bright Post*, $20; ROCHESTER: *Auxiliary to Leroy C. Shelton Post*, $10; OAKLAND CITY: John Riley, $1; JASPER: *Auxiliary to Dubois County Post*, $5; WILLIAMSPORT: *Warren Post*, $21.30; LOWELL: *Lowell Post*, $5; INDIANAPOLIS: *Auxiliary to Bruce P. Robinson Post*, $10; *Berry Copeland Post*, $37.75; *McElwaine Kothe Post*, $5; *Auxiliary to Irvington Post*, $58; TELL CITY: *Perry County Post*, $47.01; FLORA: *Clarence Wiles Post*, $5; MONTEZUMA: *Morris Long Post*, $5; HAGERSTOWN: *Auxiliary to William O. Frazier Post*, $5; KENDALVILLE: *Kendalville Post*, $41.19; GREENSBERG: *Joe Welsh Post*, $10; ELIZABETHTOWN: *Auxiliary to Kent Voyls Post*, $5.

IOWA. GILMAN: Earl Murdock, $2; WHITING: O. G. Licbtenberg and Paul Watson, $1.

KANSAS. GIRARD: *George C. Brown Post*, $30; TOPEKA: *Capitol City Post*, $5; C. G. Blakely, $5; TONGANOXIE: *Lester D. Hamill Post*, $7.50; GREAT BEND: *Argonne Post*, $9; DEERFIELD: *Ralph Shepherd Post*, $6.60.

KENTUCKY. MONTICELLO: *Wayne County Past*, $48.

LOUISIANA. NEW ORLEANS: *Auxiliary to P. S. Morris Post*, $10; BATON ROUGE: John A. LeBauve, $1.

MAINE. SANFORD: *Thomas W. Cole Post*, $77.67; BATH: *Roland H. Smith Post*, $15; GRAY: John J. Weber, $1; AUGUSTA: St. Mark's Church, $29.75; DEXTER: citizens, $8; MADISON: *Emile Tardiff Post and Auxiliary*, $14.

MARYLAND. CHESAPEAKE CITY: *Heslow Slicker Hager Post*, $8.

MASSACHUSETTS. MERRIMAC: *Stanley F. Wood Post*, $5; school children, $10; NORTH ADAMS: *Frank R. Stiles Post*, $100; CLINTON: Mrs. Patrick Philbin, $5; PITTSFIELD: *Pittsfield Post*, $100; BOSTON: *American Legion, Department of Massachusetts*, $1,091.73.

MEXICO. TAMPICO: *Tampico Post*, $2.

MICHIGAN. OWOSSO: *Patterson Dawson Post*, $50; Quackenbush Post, G. A. R., $15; W. R. C., Quackenbusb Post, $10; GRAND LEDGE: *Auxiliary to Roy Cole Post*, $28; DECATUR: *Post 309*, $5; PONTIAC: G. A. Brooks, $2; GRAND HAVEN: *American Legion Auxiliary, Department of Michigan*, $15; MOUNT CLEMENS: *American Legion Auxiliary*, $10; LAINGSBURG: *Clare Burt Post*, $5; HARTLAND: Harley J. Kirk, $1; BUCHANAN: *Auxiliary to Ralph Rumbaugh Post*, $15; DETROIT: *Pulaski Post*, $5.

MINNESOTA. PINE ISLAND: *Auxiliary to Charles Cowden Post*, $2.

MISSISSIPPI. CLARKSDALE: *Clarksdale Post*, $19; A. B. Admas, $1; C. F. Baltzer, $1; R. E. Wilbur, $1; Dr. E. L. Wilkins, $1; Dr. R. R. Kirkpatrick, $1; F. H. Cbnnon, $1; LOUISVILLE: R. L. Mitchell, $5; WASHINGTON: Pat Harrison, $5; LAUREL: *Marvin E. Staintin Post*, $10; MERIDIAN: H. N. Eason, $2; JACKSON: Typographical Union, $2; Thad B. Lampton, $2.50; ABERDEEN: *Daniel W. Bird Post*, $26.15; H. G. Howell, $1; B. L. Jones, $1; TUPELO: *Lee County Post*, $25; GULFPORT: G. C. Smith, Jr., $1; *Joe Graham Post*, $6; CORINTH: *Perry A. Johns Post*, $63.10; B. T. Whitfield, $1; INDIANOLA: *Indianola Post*, $20; GREENVILLE: *Beppo Arnold Post*, $50; CANTON: R. E. Spigey, Jr., $1; STARKVILLE: *Oktibbeha Post*, $25; NEW ALBANY: *Potter Henry Post*, $10.60.

MISSOURI. MEADVILLE: Howard Collis, $5.

MONTANA. GREAT FALLS: *Great Falls Post and Auxiliary*, $50; MALTA: *Malta Post*, $20.35.

NEBRASKA. BATTLE CREEK: *Auxiliary to Post 75*, $5; CRESTON: *Auxiliary to 306*, $2.50; BROADWATER: *Jess Snider Post*, $25; LEXINGTON: *Lanning Post*, $25; PAWNEE CITY: *Thomas Little Post*, $10; FAIRBURY: *Auxiliary to Post 24*, $15.40; VALLEY: *Auxiliary to Post 58*, $5; VERIDGRE: *Auxiliary to Post 259*, $6; SUPERIOR: *Auxiliary to Post 103*, $8.60; citizens, $8.40; IMPERIAL: *Auxiliary to Post 92*, $10; GIBBON: *Auxiliary to Post 310*, $5; BROKEN BOW: *Auxiliary to Post 126*, $10; SYRACUSE: *Auxiliary to Post 100*, $6.20; CEDAR RAPIDS: *Auxiliary to Post 44*, $3.40; CHESTER: *Auxiliary to Post 263*, $6; DORCHESTER: *Auxiliary to Post 264*, $4; JOHNSON: *Auxiliary to Post 330*, $2; MINDEN: *Auxiliary to Post 94*, $10; SEWARD: Mrs. Myrtle Fabey, $1; Mr. A. Campbell, $1; *Auxiliary to Post 33*, $19.40.

NEVADA. ELEO: *Reed Post*, $16.25.

NEW HAMPSHIRE. PETERBOROUGH: *William H. Cheney Post*, $25; DEERY: *Post 9*, $2; LACONIA: *Frank W. Wilkins Post*, $92.50; SOMERSWORTH: *Somersworth Post*, $45; PITTSFIELD: *Peterson Cram Post*, $9.60; CONCORN: *Concord Post*, $11.05; GOSSVILLE: Epson Baptist Church, $7; CLAREMONT: *Claremont Post*, $12.60; MILFORD: *Ricciardi Hartshorn Post*, $10; NEWMARKET: *Robert G. Durgin Post*, $20; BRISTOL: *George Minot Cavis Post*, $12.50; G. B. Cavis, $3; L. E. Allard, $2; Miss Mary D. Musgrove, $1; Charles E. Kenney, $1; Mrs. Grace Spencer, $2; H. C. Whipple, $2; Miss Sarah Danforth, $1; John Brown, $1; Frank Fowler, $2; Mrs. Abby T. Chase, $10.

NEW JERSEY. ANANDALE: Reformed Church, $5; FLEMINGTON: Methodist Church, $9.25; Klinesville School, $1.25; St. Magdalene's Church, $10, Voorhees Corner School, $1.55; Flemington High School, $4; *Flemington Post*, $10.83; BLOOMSBURY: McCullough School, $1; CENTERVILLE: Centerville School, $1.40; CLINTON: *Pittstown School*, $3; Clinton Public Schools, $11.14; HIGH BRIDGE: High Bridge Public Schools, $10.25; Ridge School, $1.70; CALIFON: Bunnvale School, $1.41; Farmersville School, $1.10; RINGOES: Unionville School, $1.42; OLDWICK: Mountainville School, $1; LOCKTOWN: Locktown School, $1.50; QUAKERTOWN: Quakertown School, $1.60; REAVILLE: Reaville School, $1; PLEASANT RUN: Pleasant Run School, $1.50; STOCKTON: Presbyterian Church, $2; LEBANON: Hamden School, $1.40; GLEN GARDNER: Glen Gardner School, $1.40; MILFORD: Everittstown School, $6.20; EVERITTSTOWN: contribution box, $1.23; SERGBANTSVILLE: contribution box, $1.36; WHITEHOUSE STATION: Charles Wykoff, $1; REN BANK: Trinity,Church, $12.00; First Methodist Episcopal Church, $25.40; St. Anthony's Roman Catholic Church, $10; First Presbyterian Church, $37.75; *American Legion Auxiliary*, $21.50; COLTS NECK: Dutch Reformed Church, $8.40; WEST HOBOKEN: *West Hoboken Post*, $2; NORTH PLAINFIELD: *Ball Kirch Post*, $29; BUTLER: *John A. Dean Post*, $50; NEW EGYPT: *E. Oland Nixon Post*, $5; LONG BRANCH: International Lions Club, $25; To-Kalon Castle, K of G. E., $10; Long Branch Fur Dressing and Dyeing Co., $10; Emanuel & Co., $5; C. C. Lloyd, $2; Oscar Cobb, $2; William D. Walling, $5; Glen L. Berry, $5; Herbert A. Reden, $1; Harry C. Rehm, $1; RIVERTON: Riverton Public School, $8.50.

NEW MEXICO. SANTA FE: *Montiya Montoya Post*, $20.

NEW YORK. BUFFALO: Henry Hacker,$2; *John A. Bocchat Post*, $12.13; BROOKLYN: Mrs. Margaret Watson, $5; *First New York Cavalry Post*, $25; DUNKIRK: W. H. Wills, $1; NEW PALTZ: *American Legion Post*, $6; FLUSHING: *Oscar Ammann Post*, $25; CASTLETON: *Castleton Post*, $10; MONTGOMERY: *Emory Osborn Post*, $20; NEW YORK CITY: Francis Lutkenhouse, $1; CATARAUGUS: *Auxiliary to Petersen Angove Post*, $3; RED BANK: Elizabetb Fishback, $2; SPARROWBUSH: *Auxiliary to James C. Bils Post*, $2; SARANAC LAKE: Harry D. Madden, $1; WARWICK: Morris Rutberford, $5; SCHENECTADY: *Auxiliary to Schenectady Post*, $25; ELMHURST: *Elmhurst Post*, $25.

NORTH CAROLINA. FAYETTEVILLE: *Cumberland Post*, $25; SCOTLAND NECE: *Roanoke Post*, $12.50; CLIFFSIDE: *Marion B. Hawkins Post*, $12; Cbarles H. Haybes, $2.50; Baron P. Caldwell, $2; Grover C. Haybes, $2; Cbarles F. Moore, $1.50; B. B. Goode, $1; Charles T. Greene, $1; Otto Ruppe, $1; George C. Shufford, $1; Hollis M. Owens, $1; NEWTON: *Auxiliar to Newton Post*, $10; SOUTHERN PINES: *Auxiliary to Sand Hills Post*, $5; CHARLOTTE: *Hornet's Nes Post*, $2; *Auxiliary to Hornet's Nest Post*, $25; GREENVILLE: *Auxiliary to Pitt County Post*, $15; WINSTON-SALEM: *Auxiliary to Clyde Bolling Post*, $25; BUXION: John H. Newton, $10; MONROE: *Melvin Deese Post*, $29.54.

OHIO. LODI: *Lodi Post*, $17; STRYKER: *Yackee Memorial Post*, $5.70; WINCHESTER: *Cameron Ellis Post*, $5; TOLEDO: *Tony Wroblewski Post*, $5; HUBBARD: *Hubbard Post*, $25; LEBANON: *Ralph P. Snook Post*, $10; NEW KNOXVILLE: *Waskington Post*, $25; BELLB CENTER: *Willard Stoul, Post*, $25; BEREA: *Albert E. Basel Post*, $15; MANSFIELD: *McVey Post*, $59.50. DEFIANCE: *Herbert E. Anderson Post*, $13; CINCINNATI: Sidne, McDougall Kite, $10; CLYDE: *American Legion Auxiliary*, $5; OBERLIN: *Auxiliary to Karl Wilson Post*, $7; STOCKPORT: *Byron Hook Post*, $10.30; CANTON: *Canton Post*, $100; CELINA: *Celina Post*, $13.50; ZANESVILLE: *Zanesville Post*, $284.20; FINDLAY. Christ Boulder, $2; Rutb Jester, $1; Theodore Bayless, $5; Mrs. Charles Kieffer, $5; GREENFIELD: *Robert A. Sma. Post*, $5; MINERAL CITY: *Mineral City Post*, $6.50; MCCOMB: *Mulford Butler Post*, $25; GEORGETOWN: *Carey Bovis Post*, $25; MINERVA. *Minerva Post* and citizens, $40.25; BELLAIRE: Sons of Israel Congregation, $5.

OKLAHOMA. TISHOMINGO: *James D. Davis Post*, $5; MUSKOGEE: Bess Ross, $2; ENID: L. D. Hinman, $1.

OREGON. ROSEBURG: *Umpqua Post*, $5; PORTLAND: F. C. Barlow, $1; SALEM: Tinkam Gilbert, $5; MAUPIN: *Post 73*, $10; MCMINNVILLE: *Auxiliary Department of Oregon*, $74.65.

PENNSYLVANIA. LANCASTER: John M. Groff, $5; PHILADELPHIA: *Auxiliary to Post 26*, $5; *Post 204*, $58.25; *Auxiliary to Herbert Warriner Post*, $5; CONFLUENCE: *Auxiliary to Harry Lichty Post*, $5; ORWIGSBURG: *James Stock Post and Auxiliary*, $100; PITTSBURGH: *Auxiliary to Post 81*, $15.80; MT. WASHINGTON-PITTSBURGH: *Auxiliary to Kenneth Newman Post*, $5; TARENTUM: *Auxiliary to Post 85*, $44.40; BANGOR: *Post 378*, $5; ARENDTSVILLE: *Ira E. Lady Post*, $25; NAZARETH: *Harold V. Kenecht Post*, $15; MIFFLIN: *Auxiliary to Junita Post*, $5; LITITZ: *Garden Spot Post*, $25; BLAIRSVILLE: Rev. H. E. Lloyd, $5; Mrs C. Stouffer and Mrs. Ed. Nesbit, $1; O. M. McMillen, $1; W. J. Stinson, $1; W. G. Livingston, $1; Erma Boesman, $1; J. Freeman Fergusod, $1; NEWCASTLE: *Auxiliary to Post 343*, $50; SMITHPORT: *Auxiliary to Post 128*, $9.40; Erie Reformed Congregation, Ansbe Chesed, $5; *Rogers Israel Post*, $25; Chapter 4, D. A. V. W. W., $10; Dr. Otte Bebrend, $10; Clara R. Coblentz, $5; Bisbop John C. Ward, $5; Dr. Elmer Hess, $5; H. H. Clemens, $5; Mrs. Ella R. Griffith, $5; Otto H. Hitchcok, $5; Service Star Legiod, M. O. D., $5; J. F. Wadsworth, $5; C. L. Tbompson, $5; *Voiture Locale 462*, $5; Judge Henry A. Clark, $5; Mrs. W. B. Trask, $5; Mrs. Ely Griswold, $5; Ely Griswold, $5; A. K. Riblet, $5; Dr. J. A. Stackhouse, $5; Thomas E. Durban, $5; Mary Metcalf, $5; Eleador C. Price, $3; St. MARY'S: *Auxiliary to St. Mary's Post*, $8.40; MEDIA: *Clayton T. Smith Post*, $28.47; READING: Mary M. Schwartz, $3; SUMMIT HILL: *American Post 316*, $10; NEW KENSINGTON: J. L. Cummings, $2; STROUDSBURG: Dr. and Mrs. Charles S. Flagler, $10.

RHODE ISLAND. EDEN PARK: Edward H. Adams, $1; LONSDALE: *John McKeown Post*, $10.

SOUTH CAROLINA. WINNSBORO: *Auxiliary to Winnsboro Post*, $11.25; SPARTANBURG: *American Legion Department of South Carolina*, $118; GREENVILLE: *Auxiliary Department of South Carolina*, $100.

SOUTH DAKOTA. BELLE FOURCHE: *George W. Miller Post*, $10; J. F. Peck, $5; Mrs. L. C. Gass, $2.

TENNESSEE. CHATIANOOGA: *Auxiliary to Davis King Summers Post*, $25.

TEXAS. AUSTIN: O. C. Taylor, $1; McKean L. Eilers, $2; M. L. Van Orden, $1; Ku Klux Klan, $85.78; Herman E. Becker, $1; Jack Wakeman, $1; John L. Lewis, $3; Dr. W. E. Watt, $5; Robert B. Gragg, $1; M. H. Reed, $1; S. L. Staples, $5; Hubert B. Jones, $1; *Auxiliary to Travis Post*, $25; Norman Arlitt, $1; Leo Ehlinger, $1; Jobo A. Hill, $2; Mrs. A. O. Watson, $5; Dr. C. H. Otken, $2; Mrs. R. Barrow, $1; W. L. Bradfield, $2; Verner Stohl, $1; J. W. Hawkins, $2; Fred W. Adams, $2; A. F. Hughes, $5; M. E. Liedburg, $1; Mrs. K. C. Miller, $1; Thomas Watkins, $2; Col. Will White, $1; Mrs. Huddle, $1; L. C. Younger, $1; Louise Haynie, $1; Louis Younger, Jr., $1; Mrs. Eugene Haynie, $1; Albert Younger, $1; P. Hornberger, $1; Ralph Younger, $1; Miss Vivian Franklin, $1; Alfred Younger, $1; E. Paxton Davis, $1; M. O. Gresbam, $1; J. A. Belger, $1; A. T. McKean, $1; Joe Dacy, $1; John Jacobs, $1; Ralpb Bickler, $1; W. J. Moore, $2; Dr. R. V. Murray, $1; Daughters of 1812, $3; Katie Weed, $1; H. F. Nitscbke, $1; J. L. Garrison, $1; R. Barrow, $1; B. E. Giesecke, $1; A. Watkins Harris, $1; S. H. Boon, $1; Eugene Sanders, $1; H. A. Sandberg, $1; Col. T. J. Stockton, $1; J. R. Williams, $1; J. C. Capt, $1; Edwin D. Hopkins, $5; Margurite McHenry, $2; R. G. Storey, $2; R. Lowery, $1; B. L. Dillingham, $1; A. F. Martin, $1; B. H. Hamilton, $1; W. D. Shelley, $2.50; Henry Bouchard, $1; Travis Post, $25;

Graves Fund Total

To July 7th - - - - $126,888.71
Week ending July 14th - 3,913.54

Total to July 14th - $130,802.25

George C. Hawley, $2; W. D. Goodlet, $1; O. G. Roberts, $1; J. C. Reynolds, $1; Fulmore School, $4.47; Mayhew Mantor, $2; Walter Tips Company, $12.50; L. J. Bailey, $1; Albert Sidney Johnson Chapter, U. D. C., $5; Douglas Thrasher, $1; Mr. Halden, $1; Ben Thrasher, $1; J. L. Beard, $2; Mrs. H. P. Galbreath, $1; Dr. Z. T. Scott, $1; R. T. Ford, $1; Dr. George Green, $5; Eric Anderson, $1; Sam Austin, $1; Mrs. Josephine Du Blanc, $1; W. L. Baker, $1; H. H. Luedecke, $1; Mrs. Grace Corbett, $1; Mrs. Pearl Ottman, $1; C. G. Haines, $2; public schools, $76.24; John Donnan, $1; Dr. M. P. Smart, $2; E. E. Barrow, $2.50; FLATONIA: *Auxiliary to Jerome Michal Post*, $5.20; CLIFTON: *Selmar Erickson Post*, $2; BRENHAM: *Washington County Post*, $10; MILFORD: *Morrel Hapgood Post*, $22.50; MATHIS: *Robert Gillett Post*, $10; VICTORIA: *Leon Zear Post*, $100; DENISON: *Auxiliary to Fred W. Wilson Post*, $5; PORT ARTHUR: *Auxiliary to Lambert Post*, $10.

VERMONT. MIDDLEBURY: *Middlebury Post*, $9.75; Middlebury High School, $22.35; ENOSBURG FALLS: *Enosburg Post*, $15; SWANTON: *Swanton Post*, $10; POULTNEY: *Auxiliary to James Claire Carmody Post*, $5; WELLS RIVER: *Earl Brock Post*, $3; CHESTER: Sons of Veterans Auxiliary, $2; BENNINGTON: Woman's Relief Corps, $46; RANDOLPH: Randolph High School, $13.31; LUDLOW: Caroline B. Coburn, $2; BRANDON: *Brandon Post*, $38; Sons of Veterans Auxiliary, $5; DANVILLE: *Henry L. Danforth Post*, $2.50; WILMINGTON: Sons of Veterans Auxiliary, $5; RUTLAND: *Rutland County Council, American Legion*, $2.25; Sons of Veterans Auxiliary, $25; MONTPELIER: Sons of Veterans Auxiliary, $5; WATERBURY: *Waterbury Post*, $48.32; FAIR HAVEN: *Fair Haven Post*, $13.60; WOODSTOCK: *Ora E. Paul Post*, $50; BARRE: Sons of Veterans Auxiliary, $5.

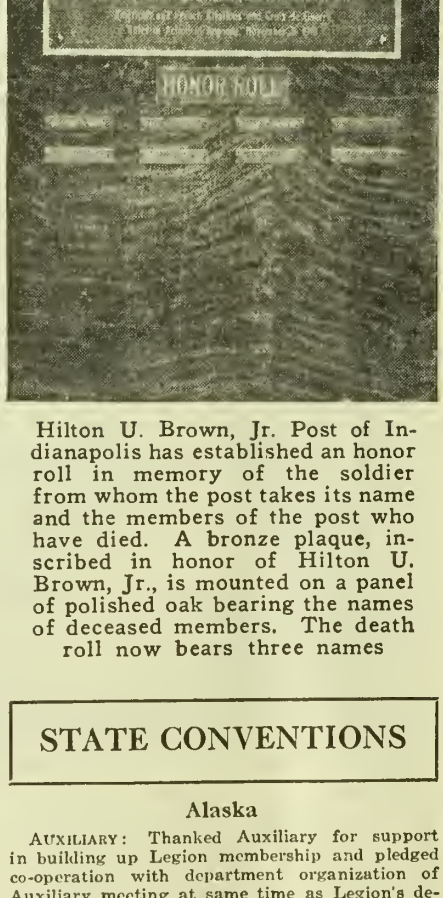
VIRGINIA. PETERSBURG: *Petersburg Post*, $42.07; WINCHESTER: *Robert Y. Conrad Post*, $10.

WASHINGTON. PULLMAN: *Maynard Price Post*, $18.40; SEATTLE: *American Legion Department of Washington*, $1,150; F. H. Morrison, $1; FERNDALE: *Kulshan Post*, $15; CHARLESTON: *Auxiliary to Charleston Post*, $15.

WEST VIRGINIA. ST. ALBANS: *American Legion Auxiliary*, $4.20; KINGWOOD: *Auxiliary to George D. Jackson Post*, $10; SCARBRO: *White Oak Post*, $5; H. Scott, $10; W. C. Bishop, $1; V. P. Spradlen, $1; A. Griffith, $1; W. A. Mann, $1; Dr. S. W. Price, $5; A. J. Bishop, $1; Dr. H. J. Smith, $1; C. E. Burgess, $1; J. V. Mayo, $1; J. A. Wrenn, $5; Allen Bros., $1; J. H. Beake, $1; S. S. Thompson, $1; W. L. Hauger, $5; M. C. Hess, $1; Lopinsky's Store, $1; O. P. Anderson, $1; M. D. McMahon, $1; R. R. Roach, $1; John Samuels, $5; D. C. Staton, $10; G. C. Hughart, $1; J. M. McCauley, $5; Hyman Fisher $5; E. Blackwell, $2; E. M. Tutwiler, $5; W. S. Harding, $1; O. W. Dixon, $1; E. J. McCool, $5; PRINCETON: *Princeton Post*, $12.50; *Auxiliary to Princeton Post*, $128.60; MARTINSVILLE: *Berkeley Post*, $5; KINGSTON: *Kingston Post*, $10; RICHWOOD: *Bert Hickman Post*, $20; CAMERON: *Delno Durbin Post*, $15; WELCH: mite boxes, $52.24; H. T. Graham, $1; J. N. Harmon, $1; A. F. Lickie, $1; W. J. Hatfield, $1; G. J. Cooper, $1; E. W Womack, $5; Sam Polon, $2; W. S. Renis, $1; HUNTINGTON: W. E. Haddon, $1; RIPLEY: Mrs. W. L. Carson, $2; WHEELING: E. W. Stifel, $50; ELKINS: C. G. McFerran, $2; Millard W. Martin, $1; H. H. Keim, $1; R. F. Hamill, $1; George E. Brown, $1; H. L. Adamson, $1; George W. Wilson, $2; George G. Martelmes, $1; R. M. Baker, $1; Garland W. Talbott, $1; Wayne Jackson, $1; Ross J. Leader, $1; S. M. Kendall, $1; R. E. O'Connor, $1; P. B. Craig, $1; John R. Waters, Jr., $2; R. S. Irons, $1; C. F. Harwood, $1; Howard W. Smith, $1; P. C. Caravasos, $1; Clay B. Whetsell, $1; Fred Graham, $1; F. C. Wimer, $1; Joe Nallen, $1; Charles H. Kerner, $1; Charles D. Hardman, $1; Robert B. Buzzerd, $1; J. Fred Heavner, $1; W. C. Armentrout, $1; B. M. Smith, $1; J. L. Maguire, $1; T. M. Cheek, $1.

WISCONSIN. ASHLAND: *Roy Kelly Post*, $10; NEENAH: Mr. and Mrs. Mowry Smith, $10; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Anderson, $5.20; Mrs. Albert Bearstow, $1; Meyer Burnstein & Sons, $2; C. B. Circle, Ladies G. A. R., $5; *J. P. Hawley Post*, $40; F. J. Sensenbrenner, $25; Mrs. Thomas Kelley, $1; Mrs. Mary Draheim, $1; Mr. and Mrs. H. Auspach, $2; Miss Mary Auspach, $1; Mrs. George A. Jagerson, $1; Mrs. James Romer, $1; Miss Mary Romer, $1; Mrs. Mary Runde, $1; Dr. Greenwood, $2; Mr. and Mrs. D. K. Brown, $5; Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Kimberly, $5; Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Pinkerton, $5; E. E. Lampert, $1; Mrs. Frances J. Kimberly, $5; Mrs. Max Meitz, $1; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Elwers, $2; FOND DU LAC: H. Ammel, $1; MILWAUKEE: A. J. Lindeman, $10; *Eddie Lyon Post*, $6.40; *Auxiliary to Myron Rieff Post*, $5; *Auxiliary to Arthur Kroepfel Post*, $5; *Iden J. Boldwin Post*, $10; LUCK: *Victor Post*, $8.63; COLBY: *Auxiliary to Raymond Firnstahl Post*, $5; *Raymond Firnstahl Post*, $5; GREEN BAY: *Sullivan Post*, $12; OSHKOSH: *Alley H. Cook Post*, $26.27; VIROQUA: *William A. Jacobson Post*, $5; MARION: *William Bertram Post* and Camp Fire Girls of Marion, $20.21; JANESVILLE: *Richard Ellis Post*, $10; Mrs. Ellis, $1; REEDSVILLE: *Auxiliary to Joseph Gosz Post*, $5; BARABOO: Mrs. Carl Miller and daughter, $1.50; BRIGGSVILLE: *Carl E. Grubman Post*, $5; APPLETON: *Oney Johnson Post*, $2.50; RIPON: *Auxiliary to Frank H. Brown Post*, $10; HARTFORD: Herbert F. Loper, $2; MAYVILLE: *Bonau Whereatt Post*, $20; MADISON: Benjamin H. Bull, $2; RANDOLPH: H. A. Johns, $10; HORICON: *Horicon Post*, $10; WINNECONNE: W. H. Grace, $1; MARINETTE: H. J. Brown, $20; *Teddy Budlorg Post*, $25; C. A. Goodman, $10; H. R. Goldman, $5; E. W. LeRoy, $5; M. J. Culnan, $5; M. D. Bird, $5; H. C. Hanson, $5; F. E. Noyes, $5; Ray M. Lauerman, $5; L. J. Evans, $5; The Strand Theatre, $5; J. R. McLain, $5; A. P. Scheldt, $5; Frank Lauerman, 5; Charles J. Lauerman, $5; Frank J. Lauerman, $5; A. Sterling Miller, $5; Mrs. Effie E. Correll, $2; C. A. Lind, $2; Daisy Dawson, $2; R. H. Churchill, $2; Mrs. C. E. Shields, $2; Miss Hattie L. McCarthy, $1; John S. Peterson, $1; Ellen Benson, $1; Fred Popp, $1; POUND: Dr. G. E. Armstrong, $1; NEENAH: W. J. Durham, $2; Mrs. H. K. Stuart, $5; G. S. Gaylord, 25; Mr. and Mrs. George Bergstrom, $5; Mrs. Marie L. Brandsmark, $1; Rev. R. A. Heron, $1; E. E. Jandrey, $10; Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Clark, $25; Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Babcock, $20; Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Shattuck, $10; Mr. C. A. Babcock, $25; Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Mahler, $5; Miss Barbara Beaver, $1; Harry Peck, $1; J. C. Fritzen, $1; Neenah W. R. C., $5; Mrs. J. R. Bloom, $2; Miss Emma Johnson, $1; Miss Helen Babcock, $5; Miscellaneous, $680; Mrs. A. F. Lyons, $1; Carl Gebhart, $1; Mrs. James Webb, $1, Miss Lucile Matchet, $1; Mrs. L. J. Willis, $1; Mrs. A. H. Weckert, $1; Mrs. Harold Welckert, $1; Nels Larson, $1; Miss Helen Arneman, $1; D. W. Bergstrom, Sr., $5; J. M. Bergstrom, $5; N. H. Bergstrom, $5; Charles Korotor, $1; John Kuether, $1; News Publishing Company, $5; Miss Margaret Barnett, $5; H. S. Lyons, $5; W. G. BROWN, $2; FOND DU LAC: *Major A. M. Irter Post* $100; BOSCOBEL: *John P. Blake Post*, $10; AMERY: *George H. Larson Post*, $10; GENOA JUNCTION: *Harry C. Sponholtz Post*, $5; BARABOO: Sam Briscoe, $1; E. C. Henke, $1; C. M. Bubois, $2; F. B. Moss, $2; H. C. Langdon, $5; J. H. Whisson, $1; Kradwel's Drug Store, $3; Mrs. D. A. Watson, $1; Dewey Schuster, $1; M. H. Mould, $5; A. C. Kingsford, $1; E. C. Mier, $5; Mrs. C. H. Stewart, $1; H. J. Steeps, $1; F. R. Bentley, $5; Dr. L. W. Sayles, $1; Dr. C. M. Hall, $1; E. A. Isenberg, $1; J. F. O'Neil, $1; G. W. Andrews, $1; F. E. Morey, $5; Jefferies Electric Co. $3; Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Gollmar, $2; Risley Brothers, $10; Hood Brothers, $5; Bank of Baraboo, $5; E. C. Fitzgerald, $1; Walter Schroeder, $1; John Wesley, $1; John Herrington, $1; L. S. Wakefield, $1; Farlow Burt, $5; Archibold Kellogg, $5; Grant Burton, $2; Fred Zantow, $2; Rev. E. C. Coontz, $1; W. A. A. Hattle, $2; H. L. Bretthauer, $1; C. L. Roser, $1; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Foster, $2; George A. Weber, $1; H. M. Acott, $1; Grant Briggs, $5; Carroll Hacket, $1; Bert Bellows, $1; OAKFIELD: James Tew, $3; WAUPUN: Women's Relief Corps, $5; *Auxiliary to Don E. Geichel Post*, $14; SOUTH MILWAUKEE: *Eberhart Van Eimeren Post*, $10; BEAVER DAM: Raymond Vollmer, $1; BRANDON: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Burleton, $1; CHIPPEWA FALLS: Joseph Hebert, $1; Alfred A. Hebert, $1; MILWAUKEE: *Voiture 85, 40 & 8*, $10; Mrs. Della T. Oliver, $1; ST. CROIX FALLS: W. M. Young, Jr., $3; *St. Croix Post*, $5; *Auxiliary to St. Croix Post*, $5; WATERLOO: *Jackson Humphrey Post*, $13; BARRON: *Ben Brown Post*, $18.75; SUN PRAIRIE: *Elmer Peterson Post*, $10; MENASHA: *Auxiliary to Henry Lens Post*, $10; Grace Ferguson, $5; SHEBOYGAN: *Auxiliary to Prescott Bayens Post*, $10; KENOSHA: American War Mothers, $10; JUDD: Fred Flick, $1; MONROE: H. O. Schulz, $1; RANDOLPH: E. J. Bohling, $1; MUSCODA: *Leslie J. Lee Post*, $18; Rev. John E. Prucha, $1; Herman Peer, $1; REEDSBURG: *Auxiliary to Charles P. Furham Post*, $10; SUPERIOR: E. H. Sears, $2; FT. ATKINSON: *Paul F. Florine Post*, $30; BELMONT: *William G. Kinnins Post*, $10; LODI: *Merton, C. Maynard Post*, $10; *Auxiliary to Merton C. Maynard Post*: $10; TOMAH: *Elmer W. Grassman Post*, $10; Arthur Lange, $2; Lew Wallace, $1; LAKE MILLS: *Clarence Bean Post*, $10; MELLEN: *Louis E. Seif Post*, $15.50; BERLIN: *Frank O'Connor Post*, $60; LITTLE CHUTE: *Jacob Coppus Post*, $8; NIAGARA: *Henry Cretton Post*, $25.

WYOMING. BUFFALO: *Auxiliary to Samuel Mares Post*, $5; LARAMIE: *Voiture Locale 403*, $25; MOORCROFT: *Jess R. Williams Post*, $5; Thomas Nicholas, $2; E. L. Fitch, $1; RAWLINS: *Fred Duncan Post*, $25; RIVERTON: *Riverton Post*, $10; FORT BRIDGER: *Fort Bridger Post*, $10; NEW CASTLE: *George Monroe Post*, $16; GREEN RIVER: *Corporal of the Guard Post*, $15; LUSK: *Auxiliary to Post 4*, $10; LUSK POST, $15; DEAVER: *Fred D. Griffin Post*, $3; GLENROCK: *Jesse Martin Post*, $10; SALT CREEK: *Orin Snyder Post*, $20; TORRINGTON: *Travis Snow Post*, $50; WORLAND: *Floyd Minch Post*, $10; SARATOGA: *Angus England Post*, $10; GILLETTE: *Campbell County Post*, $13.45; BASIN: *Marion Tanner Post*, $10; KEMMERER: *Kemmerer Post*, $25; CODY Cody Club, $15.



Hilton U. Brown, Jr. Post of Indianapolis has established an honor roll in memory of the soldier from whom the post takes its name and the members of the post who have died. A bronze plaque, inscribed in honor of Hilton U. Brown, Jr., is mounted on a panel of polished oak bearing the names of deceased members. The death roll now bears three names

STATE CONVENTIONS

Alaska

AUXILIARY: Thanked Auxiliary for support in building up Legion membership and pledged co-operation with department organization of Auxiliary meeting at same time as Legion's department convention.

ADMINISTRATION: Recommended that roster of all persons entering service of United States and Allied powers in World War from Territory of Alaska be permanently recorded at department headquarters and that separate rosters be kept by posts listing service men in their communities. Also requested territorial governor to have roster of all Alaska service men and women published and made available for general circulation.

AMERICANISM: Urged territorial legislature to enact law requiring literacy test of all voters. Requested judicial action to expedite granting of citizenship papers to applicants who have declared intention to become citizens but because of distance and geographical difficulties are prevented from appearing in court. Asked reinauguration of "floating court" to help these applicants.

FINANCE AND DUES: Adopted report recommending that expenses of delegate to National Convention, estimated at $300, be met by voluntary contributions from posts on a basis of fifty cents a member. Rejected proposal to increase department dues from $1 to $1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS: Thanked Alaska Legislature for adopting a memorial resolution favoring the adjustment of compensation for Alaska service men by grants of land. Repeated indorsement of Boy Scouts and Legion's intention to assist in formation of scout troops. Recommended legislation dealing with Alaska fisheries to prevent extinction of salmon and to preserve rights of cannerymen and fishermen.

Arizona

AMERICANISM: Urged the Governor to provide for carrying out laws to give elementary education and courses in English language to foreign-born residents of State, and requested that Legionnaires be appointed officials to have charge of this Americanism work. Recommended that all posts arrange for ceremonies in connection with examination of foreign-born for citizenship.

BOY SCOUTS: Requested that each post in Arizona help maintain a troop of Boy Scouts, and where necessary assist in establishment of new scout troops.

FLAG: Called for general observance of June 14th as Flag Day. Urged that Legislature pass law requiring United States Flag to be flown over every school building in State every day. Asked Governor to mount a more suitable flagstaff on state capitol.

INSURANCE: Favored rewriting of War Risk Insurance bill to remedy "discrepancies, injustices and contradictions" under present phraseology and provisions.

LAND: Expressed appreciation of state administration's efforts to carry out terms of soldiers' land settlement act and urged that steps be taken to speed up work to make land available to service men.

REHABILITATION: Contended that present methods of Veterans Bureau in rating tuberculous service men do not make allowance for varying powers of resistance to disease and requested revision of rating scale. Favored rating of total and permanent disability for tuberculous men who have not shown any improvement after eighteen months' treatment. Endorsed and commended work of Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee. Urged that legislation for benefit of disabled men of World War be made applicable to disabled men of Spanish-American war and other wars.

WAR RECORDS AND TROPHIES: Recommended compilation of state war records to preserve history of each Arizona man's service in World War and indorsed movement for establishment of war trophies' museum.

South Dakota

ADMINISTRATION: Limited future department conventions to two days. Adopted rule that delegates to national convention can only be reimbursed for their expenses after submitting evidence that they attended all convention sessions and the caucuses of the department delegation unless excused by the chairman of the delegation. Took steps to counteract unofficial acts by persons attending national convention who are not elected delegates.

AMERICANISM: Condemned liberation of "political prisoners" and "war obstructors" sentenced during the World War and branded recognitions and courtesies shown these prisoners as acts calculated to encourage disloyalty.

CONSTITUTION AND BY LAWS: Denied all department officers right to hold any political office, whether appointive or elective, and denied right of a department official to resign from his Legion position to seek a political position.

FOREIGN RELATIONS: Indorsed action of National Executive Committee in commending occupation of Ruhr Valley by French.

LAND: Favored amendment to state law to permit disabled service men to buy state lands from Land Settlement Board on second mortgages and providing exemption from interest payments for five years.

MISCELLANEOUS: Censured State Legislature for not making adequate provision for preservation of historic battle flags. Declared in favor of co-operation between Legion and Disabled American Veterans of World War.

Then *and* Now

By the Company Clerk

HOW about it, men? Have we found just the right title to fit this department—a corner of the magazine devoted to talking over the old days, with an occasional look at the new days? When the Company Clerk took on this detail a couple of months ago he pondered long and deeply before he chose "Then and Now." At the same time he invited suggestions for a better title. Several have been submitted—"The Listening Post," "In and Out," "For Auld Lang Syne" and "The O. P." Is any of these better? Or is there a better one than any of these—or than "Then and Now"? Send your suggestion to the Company Clerk, The American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

We didn't think that the boys who were on the U.S.S. *President Lincoln* when she was torpedoed had forgotten their shipmates who went down with the ship, but report had never been made to the orderly room of any memorial observances until we printed the letter from Comrade T. E. Metcalf in the Memorial Day issue. Read what Harry R. Williams, ex-No. 3 Gun Crew of the *Lincoln* and now commander of Cook Post of the Legion in Yonkers, New York, reports:

RECENTLY, Arthur Metcalf of Samsula, Florida, asked through the columns of the Weekly if any steps were being taken to honor the memory of the men who went down with the U. S. S. *President Lincoln* when she was torpedoed and sunk 450 miles off the coast of France on May 31, 1918.

For the information of Metcalf and scores of other comrades, I want to report that the U. S. S. President Lincoln Club was organized in 1920 and has held memorial services and a reunion annually ever since. A handsome bronze tablet bearing the names of the twenty-six men who went down with the ship and a picture of the sinking ship has also been placed on the wall of the United States Barge Office Building in Battery Park, New York City.

Last Memorial Day morning the club members held a short service at the tablet and placed a wreath on it. The following evening a reunion dinner was held in New York City with an attendance of sixty, including "Tex" Grube, who came all the way from Texas for the second consecutive year, and John MacDonald and Bill Trussell, who came from Atlantic, Massachusetts. The balance were from New York and vicinity.

Letters were received from Captain Percy W. Foote, who will shortly be assigned to New York in charge of recruiting; Licutenant Lind, who is at the Naval Air Station in San Diego, California; and the famous Master-at-Arms Sam Rogers, also at San Diego. Old days at sea were recalled and old tales related by those present.

Next year it is hoped to have a much larger turnout at the fifth annual reunion, and all former U. S. S. *President Lincoln* crew men are requested to send in their names and addresses to Harven D. Carter, in care of Pierce Oil Corporation, 25 Broad Street, New York City, in order that they may be notified of further activities of the club.

A letter was sent to Shipmate Metcalf in Florida and he responded, saying that his suggestion in the Weekly had brought him letters from many shipmates who had the same idea he had.

PROBABLY the toughest break for a man in service was to be one of that group of casuals or replacements—men without an outfit. Transfers from one unit to another or from hospital to hospital often spelled delayed or undelivered mail—the severing of all connections with the folks back home. That was the fate of our deceased comrade John C. Kelley. Can anyone report to the Company Clerk the present whereabouts of Sergeant Barry or Chaplain Walsh, who are mentioned in the following letter from Mrs. Mary Frances Kelley of Roxbury, Massachusetts:

MY son, John C. Kelley, left Boston for Camp Devens with the 301st Infantry. From Camp Devens he went to Camp Merritt, New Jersey, for the journey overseas. He was transferred many times and our mail never reached him, although the Government tried its best to locate him, as our returned letters indicate. Finally word was received that he died October 10, 1918, of wounds received in action in the Argonne.

The first notice we received of his death was on a returned letter marked: "Died of wounds—C C No. 333—Sgt. Barry." This letter was returned to us on February 10, 1919. We have never been able to locate this Sergeant Barry, which we would like to do.

Finally we located a boy who fought with my son and who had returned to Camp Merritt. He said that Private John C. Kelley had volunteered as a battalion runner and was never seen or heard from after he went out on his last mission. The records state that he was with Company E, 16th Infantry, First Division. The death certificate is signed by a Chaplain Walsh, but the Government says there was no Chaplain Walsh with the First Division.

The Red Cross has sent pictures of his grave in France. We have written to Hoboken, New Jersey, for any of his effects that might have been returned, but we have never had a reply.

We will be very grateful for any details concerning the wounding and death of my son.

The name of John C. Kelley, private, appears in the Honor Roll in the official History of the First Division during the World War. The only information given is that he was a member of Company E, 16th Infantry, and that he died of wounds.

THERE are some remembrances that most of us like to forget—of those men who couldn't stand the gaff in a tight place. But E. S. B., of Chicago, who served during the war as chaplain of an infantry regiment, came up against one of these incidents that had a different ending, so we're passing it to you:

OUR first aid station was the farmhouse at Talma. The ridge just beyond, which extended across to citadel hill near Grand-Pré, had been wrested from the enemy by three days of hard fighting.

It was nearing evening of the fourth day and I was returning to the first aid station. As I passed through the door into the rather darkened room of the old farmhouse I heard a stern voice say to a soldier form in the corner, "You have been inspected by two doctors and they find nothing the matter with you. My orders are that you go back to the company and report to your captain for duty."

This sounded harsh. The soldier form arose from the dark corner. He shambled rather than walked out the door and made his way up the path. Upon inquiry I found that the soldier was Corporal Henry Blankfield (which wasn't his real name). He was not a corporal now. The lieutenant colonel of the regiment who stood nearby had a few minutes before torn the chevrons from his coat. Blankfield had deserted his post of duty. To the Army this is an offense punishable by death. The colonel had been lenient.

The next morning, with a squad of men, I was making my way up Talma Ridge. Much work lay beyond for us. We observed approaching us four stretcher bearers and on their shoulders a wounded man. As we came up beside these men bearing the stretcher I stopped and asked them if they would halt for a moment. A word of cheer was usually welcome. The cap had slid down over the face of the man on the stretcher. I pulled it back. To my utter amazement I beheld the face of Blankfield. But what a change from the night before! His face bore a calm, peaceful expression. He smiled faintly.

"Buddy, I'm glad to see you, but not just in this condition," I said. "Do you know me?" he asked. "Your name is Blankfield, and I think you have done something right noble," I said. His face took on a slightly stern but not unpleasant expression. The faces of the tired men who stood about lighted with interest. The wounded man arose, resting on one elbow. "Yes, I am Blankfield. Yesterday, I was a quitter and yellow, the worst name a soldier can be called in this man's army. But, by the Eternal, I went back and I fought with the rest and reached the objective first. I got this for my pay." He pointed to a bad shrapnel wound in his side. "It's good pay whether I live through it or not. I've earned an army blanket to sleep in and my chevrons. I conquered the devil that was inside me. I'm not a quitter." He fairly shouted this last statement. He was weak and white.

The bearers had shifted the burden to their rested shoulders and were about to go. Blankfield motioned to me. He wanted to give me a parting word. His face had a languid smile upon it. "Chaplain, I think I'm not coming through this. Will you do me a favor?" I assured him I would. "Write, then, to my mother and tell her of the son who was a quitter but came back. And tell her, too, that I remembered a line of a hymn she used to sing when I was a kid back home in Iowa, 'To him that overcometh.' So long, Chaplain."

All of us were stirred to the depths who stood there. "Good-by, the best of luck and God bless you, corporal. You deserve better chevrons than the old ones." He smiled wanly. The stretcher bearers moved on.

With my squad I resumed the course up the Ridge. In a few minutes I looked back to see the bearers just as they were turning in by the garden wall of the old farmhouse. My wish was that the lieutenant colonel might be there just then to see a quitter that came back.

THRILLS? A fellow still has 'em when he unexpectedly runs into an overseas buddy—especially one who he thought had been bumped off on the other side. This happens frequently at outfit reunions or Legion conventions. T. N. Troxell, ex-captain, 109th Field Artillery, now of Concord, New Hampshire, re-established liaison with a former fellow-in-arms through this department. This is what Troxell reports:

IT gave me somewhat of a thrill to read Lt. Col. William Aird's letter in the Weekly of June 22d. On October 31, 1918, the 53d Artillery Brigade was supporting the 91st Division near Waereghem, having been detached from our own division, the 28th, after we were relieved in the Argonne. As commander of Battery B, 109th Field Artillery, I was ordered to support Major Aird and his machine-gun battalion. I reported at his P. C. and later in the day went forward with him and Lieutenant Merel. A Boche machine-gunner spotted us and got me through the lung, after which I lost track of Major Aird's adventures. I finally got home via English and American hospitals. The letter in the Weekly is the first word I have had that Major Aird got through safely and that he was promoted to a lieutenant colonelcy.

BURSTS AND DUDS

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Tolerance

We stood out there in the twilight glow
While the western skies turned pink.
The crimson sun was sinking low,
And we stood there and let it sink.

As It Should Be

Hardfast, the efficiency expert, had just returned from lunch after having completed the process of turning the office into a model of system.

"Anybody call while I was out?" he snapped to the office boy.

"Yessir!" answered the lad, just as snappily. "Your wife."

"What did she say?"

"She wanted to leave a message, sir, but I transmitted your orders and she hung up, but said she'd see you about it later."

"Transmitted *what* orders?"

"That 'To whom it may concern: No personal messages will be received or transmitted over the office phone on and after March 1, 1923.'"

Inexperienced

The Minister: "Do you take this woman for better or for worse—"

Nervous Misto Johnsing: "Pahson, dis am mah fust wife. Ah don' prezackly know how to take her."

Gratified

"So John Hornsbee's boy got hit by an automobile out along the country road yesterday?"

"Yup. Josh says as how the boy always has had a hankerin' for a taste of city life."

Guess Where

There once was a miser named Bent,
Who never would cough up a cent.
When they wrote: "Dues are due,"
He contracted the flu,
And, to get out of paying, he went.

Hot Competition

Boston Blackie: "Nix on dis window, guy! Get up on de roof! I'm ransackin' *dis* floor."

Chicago Red: "Nuttin' doin'! Dis is my story an' I'm goin' ter stick to it."

Achers of Gold

"I am extremely sorry, sir," explained the dentist as he examined the banker's teeth, "but I find it impossible to fill these with gold today."

"Oh, that'll be all right, doctor," answered the financial wizard absent-mindedly. "A certified check will answer just as well."

The Modern Daniel

It was a rather small circus and carried but one lion, one tiger, one elephant and so on down the list.

After the trainer had put the lion through his paces, an elderly lady appeared at the cage door and remarked:

"Aren't you afraid that this ferocious beast will attempt to make a meal of you some day?"

"To tell you the truth, ma'am," confided the man in the dazzling uniform, "if business doesn't get any better, I'm afraid I'll have to make a meal of this ferocious beast."

At the Museum

Hard-of-Hearing Old Gentleman (to attendant): "And what does that skeleton represent?"

Attendant: "A dinosaur."

H.-of-H O. G. (irascibly): "You dunno, sir. Well, what are you doing here, then?"

Such a Nerve

"Well, Mr. Silverstein," began the new office boy genially, "it looks as if we'd have some rain today."

"Say!" ejaculated the head of the firm angrily. "Where do you get that 'we' stuff?" Then, turning to the head bookkeeper, he added: "Look, Morris, did you ever? Two days he's been on the job and he wants to become a partner already!"

Disinterested

Minister: "So you want to get married?"

Mild Mr. Shrimp: "Not particularly, but this lady does."

Second String

Canvasser: "Is the head of the house in?"

Mr. Meek: "Yes, my wife is out."

Making It Easier

In their cross-country honeymoon trip in the flivver, Jack and Betty were relieved to find that Hickville boasted a hotel. It wasn't such a much of a hotel, though, and in the room assigned to them they found the screens rusty and full of holes.

During the middle of the night Betty awoke to hear her husband moving restlessly about the place.

"What in the world are you doing?" she demanded.

"Taking out these screens so the bugs can fly in without making so blame much fuss trying to find the holes," replied Jack.

The Selfish Rooster

In a country district not a hundred miles from Richmond, Virginia, there is a man who several years ago gave his youngest son a sled for Christmas.

Much to the youngster's disappointment no snow fell that winter and the sled was reluctantly put away. The next year proved equally discouraging, but the third saw colder weather and one January day a few flakes began falling. Hearing a commotion in the yard, the father went out to investigate and found the youth chasing a rooster.

"What's all this for?" he demanded sternly.

"It's snowing," explained the boy, "and can't you see that darned rooster is eating it up as fast as it comes down?"

Methodical

Agatha: "Grandma has had the same physician for fifty years. She never deviates."

Harriet: "No, she keeps the straight and allopath."

Final Bid

Knick: "That auctioneer remembered his calling to his dying day."

Knack: "Yes. His last words were, 'Going! Going! Gone!'"

One Way to Get Warm

"Didjer read about the guy who pleaded the unwritten law for killing his janitor?"

"Fair enough. He probably broke up his home by playing freeze-out."

Comfort

"Yes, it's flu, all right," said the doctor, leaning over the patient's bed. "But cheer up, old man," he added consolingly. "There aren't nearly so many cases as there were this time last year."

Unintentional

Specialist: "After going over the symptoms carefully, I find that you have acute sore throat."

Fair Patient: "Flatterer!"

Arcticklish Experiences

Two explorers of the far North were relating their experiences to each other and naturally drifted around to the subject of temperature.

"Would you believe it?" narrated the first. "In 1911 it was so cold up around Baffin's Bay that if a man wanted to get downstairs in a hurry, all he would have to do would be to throw a bucket of water out the window and slide down the icicle."

"Call *that* cold?" ridiculed the other. "Why, up in Greenland on the hottest days of the summer, we had to build a fire under the cow to keep her from giving ice cream."

Too Whit, Too Whoo

The owl, he is a noble bird,
And he has lots of grit;
This is the story that I heard,
To wit:

He went to see his lady friend;
He didn't bill or coo,
But stayed with her for hours
on end
To woo.

Nothin' On Mother

Tommy: "I can lick you." (No answer.) "My father can lick your father." (The supreme insult.)

Bobby: "Aw, that's nothin'. So can Maw."

The Perfect Hostess: "Why, Lieutenant Flightly, so good of you to drop in for dinner."

How the Legion Is Fulfilling Its Creed of Service to the Disabled Veteran

Washington, July 16th.

INTRODUCING Mr. Louis De Lane, late corporal, B Company, 148th Infantry, 37th Division. Before the war Mr. De Lane was an actor. He played stock.

Mr. De Lane is still on furlough from the theatrical business. His office is in the Bond building, in this city. He has five stenographers. I have never seen any of them idle. Mr. De Lane dictates from fifty to sixty letters a day. These letters are merely a by-product of his regular job.

There is an oil painting on the wall of Mr. De Lane's office—a portrait of the National Commander of The American Legion.

"When did Mr. Owsley sit for that?" your correspondent inquired.

"He didn't sit for it," said De Lane. "That was painted from a photograph."

"The artist being an old friend of the commander, I suppose?"

"No, he never saw him."

"Why, then, did he paint the picture?"

"Gratitude," said De Lane. "That's one of the compensations of this job."

The story is this:

When the war came along L. A. M. was studying portrait painting in Philadelphia. He exchanged his brushes for a rifle and went away with the Army. But his talent found him out, and presently he was busy with brushes again—Camouflage Section, A. E. F. They put him to work adjusting the military shortcomings of nature in the vicinity of the trenches. Gas masks are no great aids to landscape work. It is difficult to wear one while applying the cloak of invisibility to a new machine-gun position. M. used to get so wrapped up in his art that he would forget about his mask until the sickly-sweet odor of phosgene reminded him. After a few trips *au front* he went to a hospital.

He never felt just right after that, but they sent him to the camouflage headquarters, which was at Dijon,—a safe enough distance from hostilities. He stuck the war out, feeling pretty rotten, but telling himself that the air of the States and his old associations in the Philadelphia art colony were the tonics he needed. In the spring of 1919 he came home and was discharged. He tried to resume life where he had left off two years before, but it was no go. He kept trying, though, until the fall of 1919, when he decided to go South for the winter and take a long rest. Then —darkness.

In an Arizona Hospital

WHEN the mental mists cleared M. was in a government hospital in Prescott, Arizona. It was the fall of 1921. The story of the intervening two years has never been entirely pieced together. They are a blank in the life of L. A. M. At the hospital he was classed as a neuro-psychiatric patient, suffering also from bronchitis due to gas poisoning. At Prescott M.'s mind cleared rapidly and his bronchial ailment improved. He was transferred to a hospital in California to complete his convalescence. He applied for vocational training, which was granted, but his actual induction into training was deferred because Veteran Bureau officials feared a recurrence of the mental condition.

He was discharged from the hospital as cured and returned to his home in Pennsylvania. He renewed his efforts to obtain admission to an art school under the provisions of the vocational training act. Failing to obtain favorable action on his request he appealed to the Pennsylvania department of the Legion. The department couldn't get action and last summer M. came to Washington with a letter from the Pennsylvania department to Mr. De Lane.

De Lane assembled a history of the case in much greater detail than it has been related here. He got M. to send for several pictures he had made, and for his paints and brushes. De Lane made an appointment with the central board of appeals of the rehabilitation section of the Veterans Bureau. He took M., his paints, his brushes and his pictures along. De Lane argued M.'s case before the board, exhibited the pictures as proof of the man's talent, and offered as further evidence to have the artist sketch and paint the portrait of any member of the board. Notwithstanding these representations the board ruled adversely. Training could not be granted.

De Lane told M. to return home and await developments. De Lane sent specimens of M.'s work to Henry K. Bush-Brown, a well-known Washington sculptor and artist, and asked him to express an opinion of their merit. Mr. Bush-Brown said they showed talent. De Lane took this before the rehabilitation board. No result. De Lane appealed the matter in person to the assistant director of the Veterans Bureau in charge of vocational training. He went over the whole case and displayed all of his exhibits. The board of appeals was overruled and L. A. M. was sent to art school—to one of the foremost academies in the United States.

"I Will Never Forget the Legion"

SHORTLY after Mr. Owsley was elected National Commander, De Lane received the portrait which adorns his wall. With it was a brief note of thanks from L. A. M., who said he was doing fine at the academy and had never felt better in his life. "I will never forget what The American Legion has done for me," he wrote.

Such is an example of the direct service the Legion makes it its business to render the disabled—a species of service it has been rendering for more than five years. I distinguish between direct and indirect service in this way. The Legion has written and forced through Congress legislation creating and controlling the Veterans Bureau, the agency through which government relief to veterans is dispensed. That is indirect service. But the Legion does not stop there. It has erected an organization which covers the country and by which veterans are assured of the benefits the laws have made available. That is direct service.

The case of L. A. M. is a fair and typical example of this direct service. It is not an involved case, especially. Neither is it an entirely simple rule-of-thumb case. Observe the little quirks and divarications from the channels of official procedure which De Lane resorted to to impress the authorities favorably. If it had been a rule-of-thumb case it is unlikely that it would have reached De Lane, because according to the system now in vogue, De Lane receives only the unusual cases, the cases, which, for one reason or another, post, department and regional service officers of the Legion have been unable to adjust satisfactorily with the district officials of the bureau.

De Lane's office is not the official center of Legion activity on behalf of the man with a claim against his Government. That center—the P. C. of the Legion's National Service Division—is in Indianapolis, a hard-working unit of the Legion's National Headquarters. It is presided over by Claude J. Harris, who dropped the insurance business in South Dakota like a hot potato when the war came along and left it to get along as best it might. In the Army Harris developed into a sergeant major, than which there were few more impressive ratings. What with his insurance training and his army paper work experience Harris was admirably fitted to become chief of the National Service Division. Heaven knows how many typewriters (neuter gender) have been worn to scrap iron in his office in the dogged quest for justice for the disabled.

Louis De Lane, who has obtained a million and a half dollars for the disabled in half a year

The First Step: The Post

WHEN a veteran or the dependents of a deceased ex-service man feel they have a claim against the Government the logical place to initiate it is with a post service officer of the Legion. In practice this usually happens, though sometimes claims are presented directly to state and regional officers. It is not often, comparatively speaking, that a post service officer can see a claim through to final settlement. The next step is the department service officer. He gets his facts through the post officers and prosecutes the claim with the local district office of the Veterans Bureau. There are fourteen such offices. If he does not succeed the case goes to the regional service officer, or, as he is officially known, the district liaison officer of the Legion. There are fourteen of these, one in each district of the Veterans Bureau. Their salaries are paid by the Red Cross, which represents one of the contributions of that organization to the Legion's rehabilitation program. Liaison officers are so called because they are the links which unite and co-ordinate the activities of the Legion and of the Veterans Bureau throughout the country. These functionaries have many duties. Arguing claims is merely one of them.

When the decisions go against the veteran in the district the claims come to the National Rehabilitation Committee of the Legion in Washington, where they re-

ceive the attention of the practiced Mr. De Lane. They come in a pretty regular flow—about fifty a day. Only a small part of these are new cases. Often a claim travels back between Washington and its place of origin a dozen times. By this tedious process evidence is collected and a case kept going until every avenue has been explored to ascertain if the claimant has a just claim on the Government.

The money values of the claims settled at the Washington office of the Legion from January 1st to June 30th of this year is $1,514,538. This much has been paid, or will be, to veterans and their heirs as a result of the Legion's policy of painstaking persistence in sponsoring the rights of disabled ex-servicemen. These claims represent principally the payment of disability and death compensation, War Risk Insurance and vocational training pay. Another common form of claim is that of the veteran to hospitalization or medical treatment, but nearly all of these are settled without appeal to Washington.

To obtain vocational training or disability compensation it must be established that the claimant's disability is of service origin. To obtain death compensation for dependents it must be proved that the man died of an ailment contracted in or aggravated by the service. To obtain the payment of War Risk Insurance to dependents after a policy has lapsed through non-payment of premiums prior to the death of the insured is more complicated. It must be established that the insured died of an ailment of service origin, and that before he died he was entitled to disability compensation sufficient to cover the unpaid premiums.

The Government requires absolute proof of all of the foregoing. To establish this proof only certain varieties of evidence are admissible, and this evidence must be in specified form. These safeguards, of course, are designed to protect the Treasury against unworthy claims, but very frequently they make it difficult for the veteran with a worthy claim to get relief. It is De Lane's job to marshal evidence for a claimant and to present that evidence in proper form to the Veterans Bureau much the same as a lawyer presents to a court evidence in favor of a client. This calls for patience and resourcefulness plus an encyclopedic knowledge of the minutiæ of Veterans Bureau rules, regulations and procedure, which are endless and ever-changing.

The Washington office has two or three hundred cases working all the time, and every day fifty or sixty of these cases pass through the hands of Mr. De Lane—adding a link here, smoothing out a wrinkle there, gaining a point some place else—in the complex process of building bridges of evidence to span the gaps of doubt that separate the claimant from the relief to which he is entitled.

The principal difficulty usually is in establishing conclusively that ailments are of service origin. This is because the medical records of the Army are sometimes incomplete; usually they are incomplete in the cases which reach Mr. De Lane. This is no reflection on the Medical Corps, which had other things to do besides keep records. Sometimes a trifling hurt or ailment, scarcely worthy of attention at the time, might later develop into a serious and compensable injury or even result in death. De Lane often finds it necessary to go back to the morning reports of a man's company or detachment to trace an injury. He also assembles evidence in the form of testimony of a veteran's former buddies and squad-mates. Months of correspondence frequently are necessary. Many instances have been found where men today are suffering severely from the effects of gas which at the time were deemed so slight not only by the medical authorities but by the men themselves that no official record was made—at least none that can be found.

A Long Distance Claim

THERE is the case of a former first lieutenant of Engineers now living with his wife in Honduras. He wrote that he was slightly gassed and had thought little of it at the time. After the war he got worse. His lungs became affected and he lost all his upper teeth. He was advised to go to the tropics, which he did, and his health has improved. He is drawing $7.50 a month compensation and thinks he should have more. "To be compelled to live here is in itself worth $7.50 a month," he writes. De Lane could find no record in the Adjutant General's files that this officer had been treated for gas. He asked the man in Honduras for the name of the medical officer who treated him in the field and for the names of others who might be able to corroborate the lieutenant's story. These names have come in, some of them without initials. Imagine the difficulty five years after the war of locating from among all of the Dr. Browns in the United States the very Brown who as a lieutenant, Medical Corps, such and such a date, administered first aid to a first lieutenant of the First Engineers who had been slightly gassed. De Lane says it is easy. He will get the right Brown surely, and if the facts in the case are as the man in Honduras represents them to be he will be able to get him $40 or $50 a month compensation.

Death claims are always difficult, because the most important witness in the case cannot be called. Recently $25 a month death compensation was obtained for the widow of a soldier who died in May of 1919 of motor paresis. For more than two years De Lane and the officials of the Connecticut department of the Legion worked to establish that this death was due to an injury received in the service. They succeeded, and the Legion has this letter from the widow:

"I cannot tell you how much I appreciate all the help you have given me, and I hardly believe you can understand what it is going to mean to me, but please try to realize how thankful I am."

De Lane has a hundred such letters. At the outset of his investigation De Lane became convinced that this was a just claim, and discouragement after discouragement simply added new energy to his effort. What convinced him that he was right was this. As a preliminary move he obtained an affidavit from the man's pre-war employers—a large manufacturing concern—which set forth that in eight years the man had not missed a day's work, was dependable, thorough, industrious and an all-round good man. He came back in March of 1919 and was scarcely able to do two days' work in succession. On May 5th he quit, and on May 19th he died in his sleep. A thorough combing of the man's service record disclosed that in January of 1919 he had fallen in a ditch in camp and injured his back. It took two years of effort to prove by conclusive medical testimony that the injury to the man's back, which was believed to be inconsequential at the time, actually caused his death five months later.

Too much credit cannot be given to the post and department workers, who serve without pay, and upon whom the national organization relies for the co-operation which often brings victory to the most difficult undertakings. Read this:

"I have held three positions in the Legion—post service officer, post commander and department insurance officer, none of which pay a cent, as you know. For over three years I have given my time free. I am broke, discouraged and about worn out. I have no stenographer, clerk or assistant and, believe me, the work is piling up. I cannot quit, for there is something about this work that makes me carry on, and when I win a victory like this one my morale goes over the top."

This from the department service (insurance) officer of a large Middle Western State, himself a disabled man. The victory he speaks of was a notable one. It brought joy to a mother who had earned her living over a wash-tub since her son came home from the army broken-down physically. After a lingering illness he died. He had been discharged apparently in sound condition, but a few months afterward, without warning, he simply went to pieces. That his death was due to nervous reaction from the strain of war there was not the slighest doubt, but it took a weary year to assemble proof that would meet the technical requirements of the Government.

"How long will this condition last?" I asked De Lane. "How long will it be necessary to exert such strenuous effort to obtain for veterans and their dependents the relief the Government clearly intends that they should have?"

"I have no idea," he replied. "The first two years after the war, when the veteran rehabilitation problem was new and comparatively simple, scarcely anything was done right. The condition today is largely the result of the chaos of that period. If there had been competent management of things in those days there would be no necessity for the sort of thing the Legion is doing now—certainly no necessity for it on such a grand scale."

"Are conditions getting better?"

"They are, but there is still room for improvement. I am getting fine co-operation from the Veterans Bureau. On the whole I would say that, within the limits of my observation, the situation looks better for the disabled man now than ever before."

M. J.

Idaho Legislature Provides for World War Memorials

BY amending a law passed in 1919, the Idaho Legislature this spring provided for the establishment of a memorial commission in each county to be composed of the commander or commanders of American Legion posts and other "established and recognized" World War veterans' organizations and the county commissioners. Each county commission is empowered to decide on a memorial to honor the deceased service men of the World War. The State will provide $1,000 for the erection of a memorial when a county appropriates an equal sum and acquires a site.

The Legislature also passed a law directing county recorders to record all discharge certificates of World War service men on application, and to make certified copies of the record when requested. A fee of twenty-five cents is authorized for making the record or furnishing a certified copy.

Laws in the interests of service men passed at previous sessions of the Idaho Legislature are as follows: A law providing for the payment of funeral expenses, not exceeding $75, by the county treasurer

whenever a service man dies without leaving an estate or for the burial of the wives or widows of service men where other means of payment do not exist; a law establishing a Veterans' Welfare Commission to administer emergency financial relief to disabled and destitute service men and their dependents; a law admitting World War service men to the Idaho Soldiers' Home; a law providing penalties for the wearing of the Legion emblem by those not entitled to do so.

113,000 Additional Acres Open to Veteran Homesteaders

MORE land is available for World War veterans who feel the homestead urge.

The latest communiqué from the Department of the Interior opens up about 113,000 additional acres. California, Colorado, Nevada, Utah and New Mexico are the states which beckon. Here are the details:

CALIFORNIA: 36,000 acres in San Bernardino county near Kelso and in San Diego county near Campo or Boulevard described as mountainous, rolling, and level and well adapted for stock raising. For information address local land offices at Los Angeles or El Centro.

COLORADO: 1,800 acres in Costilla county near the town of Russell described as mountainous and heavily timbered. Address land office at Del Norte.

NEVADA: 22,000 acres in Nye county near the town of Carrara described as level with a scant growth of grease wood and bunch grass. Address land office at Carson City.

UTAH: 40,000 acres in Washington county near the town of Central described as mostly mountainous, covered with scrub timber and a fair growth of native grasses. Address land office at Salt Lake City.

In addition 11,000 acres in Juab County near the town of Mona, Utah, will be opened to ex-service men at the Salt Lake City land office after the State of Utah has made selections of part of the land in accordance with public land grants to the State. This land is also described as mountainous with scrub timber and native grasses.

Another tract consists of 2,318 acres in Routt county, Colorado. The land was recently excluded from the Routt National Forest, the coal rights having been reserved and filings limited to the surface only. It is described as mountainous and useful for grazing. Filings start August 21st. Other public lands open to veterans include 160 acres at the Sante Fe land office in New Mexico and 640 acres in Utah County, Utah, bordering on Utah Lake, near Alberta.

On all these lands ex-service men will be given a preference of 91 days in making entries, after which the land will be thrown open to the public.

North Dakota Authorizes Sale of Bonds for Compensation

AT the recent session of the North Dakota Legislature a law was passed authorizing the State Industrial Commission to sell $7,000,000 worth of bonds to permit payment of all pending claims under the North Dakota Adjusted Compensation Law enacted in 1920. Heretofore payment of claims was made only when the necessary funds were secured through direct taxation. Some months will elapse before necessary legal and administrative details can be carried out and payments made to service men. The adjusted compensation law provides for payment of $25 for each month of service to veterans who at the time of entering the service were residents of the State. Originally the law provided payments must be used for buying a home or securing an education in North Dakota. In 1921 the law was amended, and there are now no restrictions on the use of the compensation money.

North Dakota also has a law exempting service men from payment of certain tax levies, a law for the protection of the Legion's emblem and a law making November 11th a legal holiday.

Adverse Opinion on Pennsylvania "Soldiers' Preference Bill"

THE so-called "Soldiers' Preference Bill," recently enacted by the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, has been declared unconstitutional by David J. Smyth, City Solicitor of Philadelphia. Pennsylvania Legionnaires, however, are unwilling to accept the opinion of Philadelphia's law officer and are insisting upon a test case in court.

Under the new law any former service man taking an examination for appointment or promotion in the civil service of any of the cities within the Commonwealth would automatically receive a rating of 15 percent before his examination papers were passed upon. This provision, Mr. Smyth averred, is class legislation and a violation of the State Constitution.

In making public his opinion, the City Solicitor declared that he regretted that he could not rule otherwise. He informed Philadelphia Legionnaires that he would be glad to assist them in the preparation of a new preference bill for presentation at the next session of the legislature.

Do These Women Hold Rank as the Greatest Service-Star Mothers?

SOMETIME ago The American Legion Auxiliary asked, "What woman is most eligible to membership in the Auxiliary?" The first candidate nominated was Mrs. A. C. Adams of Nashville, Tennessee, whose photograph, with those of six sons who were in service during the World War, appeared in the Mothers' Day issue of the Weekly.

This record, however, is shattered by the receipt of subsequent information. Mrs. M. J. Daly, a gold-star mother of Kane, Pennsylvania, had seven sons in America's war forces, and a son-in-law completed a full squad from the family. One of the sons, Michael John, died of pneumonia while serving with Company D, 2d Battalion, Gas Defense Service, at Edgewood Arsenal. Mrs. Daly was an honored guest at the convention of the Department of Pennsylvania of the Legion at Williamsport last year.

Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Jacobson of New York City are proud of a record identical with Mrs. Daly's. Seven sons and a son-in-law were their contribution to the fighting forces. At the time of entering service the sons' ages ranged from 32 years down to 14. The youngest, Daniel, added a few years to his age in order to be accepted in the Navy. He later became a sergeant in the 17th Company, 5th Marines, and was wounded northwest of Château-Thierry and again during the St. Mihiel offensive. Five of the seven sons saw action overseas and four were casualties. Walter, formerly a corporal in the 6th Cavalry, is still a patient in a government hospital. Simon was wounded while in action with the First Gas Regiment and Joseph was injured in an airplane crash at Tours while serving as an aerial gunner in the 147th Aero Squadron.

Two additional nominations are Mrs. Julia Cassidy of Philadelphia and former Governor and Mrs. Richard I. Manning of South Carolina. Both of these families exhibited six-starred service flags in '17-'18, representing six sons from each who wore the uniform.

Texas, too, has a candidate. With Mother Kowalski as an honorary corporal, the Kowalski squad of fighters fell in recently for a reunion in their Brownsville (Texas) home. Benjamin Kowalski, the father, was a member of the Q. M. Corps of the United States Army back in 1878 and 1879 at Fort Brown, Texas. He applied for a commission in the World War, but his 63 years counted against him, so he and Mother Kowalski had to content themselves with strenuous Red Cross work. One major, two captains, one first lieutenant, one corporal and a field clerk were the official representatives of the elder Kowalskis in the days of '17 and '18.

A Texas service sextette: Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Kowalski and their six sons

Disabled Men Are Asking Help of These Comrades

THE adjustment of many claims of disabled men against the Government for hospitalization, compensation and vocational training is being held up awaiting the necessary affidavits of former fellow-fighters or of nurses and doctors who attended them. The question of securing such affidavits and statements from officers and men who are still in active service has been taken up with the War Department and the Adjutant General, Robert C. Davis, has promised co-operation. In a letter to Joe Sparks, chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee of the Legion, he says, "If, before final action is taken, you or any of your agencies find that any disabled men are having difficulty in obtaining affidavits from individuals now in the military service, I shall appreciate it if you will advise me in order that I may take special action to obtain such evidence as is desired."

The men in active service are lined up to help. The men in "inactive service" should be equally ready. The Service Division, National Headquarters, The American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana, wants to hear from the following:

Medical Officer at Infirmary, Camp Kearney, attending patients from Hq. Troop, 16th Div., Dec., 1918.

Medical officer, Major, in charge of regimental infirmary at Meudt, Germany, Mar., 1919.

PRIVATE ROTH, who was a patient at Hosp. No. 216, Nantes, France, Nov., 1918.

LESTER E. BOMAN, MURRAY D. ULLERY, RAPHAEL KELLY, WALTER MCGETRICK, all of Co. C, Motor Supply Train, First Div.

LELAND WHITE, Co. D, 5th Engrs., formerly of Truro, Iowa.

Capt. WARNER B. VAN AKEN, 1st Lt. JOSEPH C. MILLER, 2d Lt. FRED P. FELIZ, Pvt. CLARENCE G. BROWN, Sgt. WM. J. ABRAHAM, Pvt. CLIFFORD E. PARKER, all of Co. B, 27th M. G. Bn.

MILES C. SPENCE, Co. D, 103d Amm. Train.

Comrades of LAWRENCE J. SHAUGHNESSY, Pvt., 65th Balloon Co.

Comrades of L. REECE, Co. B, 57th Engrs., France, 1918.

Comrades of VICTOR L. SIMENSEN at Base Hosp. Nos. 93 and 30, France, Nov. and Dec., 1918.

Comrades of TILLMAN R. HARRISON, fireman 3/c, So. 116, U. S. N., who were with him at Norfolk, Va., Feb. 12, 1918.

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

Commission Named to Provide A. E. F. Battle Markers

HOW was the war won? A board has just been named by the President—the American Battle Monuments Commission—which will endeavor to answer the question. Its work will not be embodied in books nor in any sort of perishable maps, but in the enduring meadows and valleys and hills of France.

If it succeeds, a veteran can go to France a year or two hence, and, walking over familiar ground, find it charted and ordered with markers and bronze maps and with lasting monuments which will make clear and concise the location and movements of all divisions and the site of all engagements in which American troops took part.

This is the comprehensive job of the commission. Just how it will go about it is another question. For two years, however, a battle monuments board of the War Department has been studying the question, and it seems likely that the fruits of its investigations will carry weight with the new commission.

In all events, the hands of the commission are practically tied until Congress votes it some money. The bill creating it was passed in the final rush of last session and leaves the important question of money up to future Congresses. The next Congress is expected to remedy this deficiency.

The commission, which is likely to decide on a trip to France the better to do its work, is headed by Gen. Pershing. The Legion's representative is Alien Property Custodian Thomas W. Miller of Wilmington, Del., former lieutenant colonel in the 79th Division and present National Executive Committeeman from Delaware. Other members are Senator David A. Reed of Pittsburg, Pa., who was a major in the 311th field artillery; Congressman John Philip Hill of Baltimore, former colonel in the Judge Advocate General's office; Robert S. Woodside of Pittsburg, Pa., a captain in the 38th infantry; D. John Markey of Frederick, Md., lieutenant colonel, 115th Infantry, and former chairman of the military affairs committee of the Legion, and Mrs. Fred W. Bentley of Chicago. The secretary of the commission is Major Xanophon H. Price of the Regular Army.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

ALL former officers and men of the crew of the U. S. S. *President Lincoln* which was sunk by a German submarine off the coast of France on May 31, 1918 are invited to join the U. S. S. President Lincoln Club. The club was organized in 1920 and each year on Memorial Day holds a memorial service for the men who went down with the ship and on the day following, a reunion and dinner. Eligible men are requested to write to Harven D. Carter, in care of Pierce Oil Corporation, 25 Broad Street, New York City.

Outfit reunions reported follow:

Co. G, 329TH INF.—Fifth annual reunion at Ekko Cottage, Riverview Park, Fremont, Ohio, Aug. 4, 5. Address Edward Heider, 323 N. 5th st., Fremont, Ohio.

HQ. CO., 116TH INF.—Reunion at Fredericksburg, Va., Sept. 3-5. Address Stanley Garner, in care of Garner & Co., Newport News, Va.

CO. K ASSOCIATION OF CUMBERLAND COUNTY, N. J.—Reunion Saturday evening, Aug. 4, Baker House, Vineland, N. J. Address Anthony De Luca, 52 S. Laurel st., Bridgeton, N. J.

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

Free Scholarships for Vets Under Kentucky Laws

ANY resident of Kentucky who served in the World War is entitled to a free scholarship in either the state university or the eastern or western Kentucky normal schools. These scholarships include free tuition, all fees. room rent, fuel and light—everything except free board. Persons eligible for scholarships must meet the requirements for entrance prescribed by the university of normal schools.

The publication of a history of the part taken by Kentucky in the World War has been authorized by the Legislature.

Service men may have their discharge certificates recorded at county court houses on payment of a fee.

Settling a Doughboy-Gob Argument

Electrifying the A. E. F.—To settle a little dispute between a doughboy and an ex-sailor, will you please give me the following information: Did the A. E. F. have any electric power stations in France for lights or power? Where were these plants, if any? Were any of these plants installed by doughboys and by what company?—FRITZ K. H. EICKHOFF, *ex-U. S. N., Wayne, Nebr.*

The A. E. F. installed and operated electric plants for light and power at Is-sur-Tille, Bassens, Gièvres, La Rochelle, La Pallice, Neuvy Pailleux, Marseille, St. Nazaire, Mehun, Mèsves, Mars, Savenay, Beau Desert, Mazières and other places. The plants were installed and operated by Engineer organizations, among them the 24th and 37th Engineers and Company B of the 38th Engineers.

LEGION LIBRARY

Book Service

The 107th Regimental Publication Committee is offering THE HISTORY OF THE 107TH INFANTRY, 27TH DIVISION, to former members through the Book Service. This book of 550 pages is considered a model regimental history. It contains a compact chronological account of the outfit's career, an honor roll arranged by companies, a description of all battles in which the regiment engaged, detailed casualty tables, commendations, citations and decorations, individual company histories, biographies of all officers, and a complete regimental roster. In addition the history contains over two hundred illustrations which include photographs, airplane views of the regions fought over and individual portraits of all officers. An unusually liberal allotment of campaign maps is in the book. Price, $5.00.

By arrangement with the publishers, the following outfit histories may also be obtained through the Book Service (for additional books available see other issues of the Weekly):

THE HISTORY OF THE FIRST DIVISION IN THE WORLD WAR. Official. The complete story of the division from its assembling for overseas service to its demobilization as a part of the A. E. F. In addition to an accurate account of all activities the book contains the honor roll, commendations, field orders, eight color plates and seventy-seven other illustrations. Set of twelve 1:20,000 sector and operations maps in separate container. Price: $5.

HISTORY OF THE 310TH INFANTRY. Official. An account of the regiment's career in training camp and overseas. Maps, photographs, citations, field orders, operations, reports and a complete casualty list. 265 pages. To cover the cost of the book the Association of the 310th Infantry has been forced to advance the price of the book to $3.

PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE 27TH DIVISION. Over 300 official photographs of training at Camp Wadsworth, all battles, post-Armistice period, home-coming. Citations and decorations. Chronology of activities. 8x10 inches. 244 pages. Price: $2.75.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE 26TH DIVISION. Five hundred photographs. Ten thousand recognizable faces in group pictures. Brief history. Honor roll. Citations. 8x11 inches. 320 pages. Price: Cloth, $5; leather, $8.

HISTORY OF THE 79TH DIVISION. Official. Over 200 illustrations. Maps. 510 pages. Price: $5.

HISTORY OF THE 29TH DIVISION. Official. Complete roster. 240 illustrations. Maps. 493 pages. Price: $5.

HISTORY OF THE FOURTH DIVISION. Official. Sixty illustrations. Maps. 368 pages. Price: $2.

Prices listed are net and include packing and mailing charges. Send order with remittance to the Legion Library, 627 West 43rd Street, New York City.

Young Private du Claire

(A Spruce Division Incident)

YOUNG Private du Claire, a Canadian frog,
Had a voice like the blare of a horn in a fog;
When he felled a tree we stood rooted there—
Scared stiff, don't you see, by his shout of "Tim-ber-r-r!"
The lumberjack's warning to those in the way—
Just a hint that it's unwise and risky to stay.

Young Private du Claire said, "By Gar, I go in;
Maybe I don't care how I'm spending my tin."
And they gave him his pass and the top had to stare,
For when he made a break for to go anywhere,
You could bet your last dollar he'd make some fool slip,
Or spring something new ere he'd finished the trip.

Now Private du Claire at the Rex movie show
Right off from the square saw a picture, you know.
Called "Samson," the tale of "le grand weight liftaire,"
Whose deeds made him pale as he sat silent there,
Away down in center, directly in front,
And never emitted a sigh or a grunt—

Until the point where the temple came down,
And Private du Claire saw the Philistine's clown
Huge columns lay low and his voice, then and there,
Broke up the whole show as he shouted, "Tim-ber-r-r ! ! !"
A tribute sincere to the art, I should say,
Which seldom is met in our epoch blasé.

—*Charles Nicholls Webb*

The Log of the Legionnaire

(*Continued from page* 6)

Here is our log just as it was written:

4.20 P.M.—At 1,000 feet, traveling northeast at about eight miles per hour.

4.30 P.M.—2,000 feet, traveling a little north of east at slightly accelerated speed.

4.40 P.M.—2,500 feet, still traveling north of east at between 10 and 12 miles per hour.

4.50 P.M.—3,000 feet, about same conditions.

5.00 P.M.—3,600 feet, still maintaining about same direction and speed.

5.10 P.M.—4,100 feet, direction due east with a wind velocity of about 15 miles per hour. We have managed to arrange our numerous belongings in some sort of order in the basket. Lieutenant Bond climbed into the load-ring, an upper rigging, in order to stow away some coats and canvas carryalls, and gave me a scare when one of his feet slipped. It is strange how perfectly at home we feel. No nervousness whatever about standing on the edge of the basket and holding to the ropes with one hand.

5.20 P.M.—4,200 feet. Direction and wind velocity about the same.

5.30 P.M.—4,500 feet. Conditions same, except for slightly increased wind velocity.

5.45 P.M.—4,700 feet. Conditions same.

6.00 P.M.—4,900 feet. Still traveling east with good wind at about 18 miles per hour. A D-H plane from Chanute Field, flew around us. The pilot and his passenger waved to us and we responded.

6.15 P.M.—Passed over Pendleton, Indiana, at altitude of 5,000 feet, still traveling east.

6.30 P.M.—4,900 feet, passing over a point about 6 miles south of Anderson, Indiana. Only balloon in sight one of the Navy's. We are evidently in the lead.

6.45 P.M.—4,900 feet. Traveling north of east with good wind. Had some coffee and a sandwich. It tasted good as we have had no lunch.

7.00 P.M.—Everything stowed shipshape in the basket now. A little more comfort. Now up to 5,200 feet. Navy balloon trailing us, but has gone higher. Not much time for notes. Too much to do. Watching ballast and gas, maps, the ground and conditions generally. Still traveling north of east at maybe 18 miles per hour.

7.15 P.M.—5,300 feet. Passed about 3 miles southeast of Middleton, Indiana. Now going at about 16 miles per hour. Thermometer down to 56 degrees.

7.50 P.M.—5,300 feet. Traveling east, but with diminished speed. The lights of Muncie, Indiana and Newcastle, Indiana, in sight. Making notes now by the light of a flashlight suspended in the rigging above us. It gives very good illumination.

8.00 P.M.—Practically becalmed at 5,500 feet with temperature of 58 degrees. Still in the vicinity of Muncie and Newcastle. Numerous Fourth of July celebrations below. We can both hear and see the fireworks. All noises can be heard very distinctly, the mooing of cows, dogs barking, the rattling of trolley cars.

8.30 P.M.—5,400 feet. Still barely moving.

9.30 P.M.—Came down to 2,600 feet to try for better air currents. Now traveling north of east at about 10 miles per hour. Much warmer—69 degrees. Plenty of Fourth of July celebrations below us. Voices singing "The Star Spangled Banner" come up to us distinctly. We join in the singing, but doubt if they hear us.

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10.30 P.M.—Have come down to 2,400 feet and now moving about 10 miles per hour a trifle north of east. Passed Winchester, Indiana, about 5 miles to the south. The lights of Union City in the distance.

11.00 P.M.—Being closer to the ground had its effect. Gas warmed up, cordage dried out, and we have shot up to 6,200 feet. Did not valve, however, as we are saving our gas. Temperature down to 53. Expect another drop as soon as gas cools. Slow speed up here. Less than 5 miles per hour. Direction—due east. We figure we have just about crossed the State line into Ohio.

12.00 Midnight—Down to 1,700 feet again and temperature 72 degrees. Bond has remarked that perhaps something fell off of our basket, possibly a sand bag, which helped us to shoot up as we did. Better wind at this height. 7 or 8 miles per hour. Direction—trifle north of east.

1.00 A.M. Thursday, July 5th—Down to 1,000 feet, temperature 73 degrees. Automobile party below saluted us with long tooting of their horn. We hailed them and asked name of nearest town. They shouted back that we were about 18 miles southwest of St. Marys, Ohio.

1.30 A.M.—Going up again. 2,200 feet now and still climbing. We passed near St. Marys Lake. Over Celina, Ohio. Still going northeast about 12 miles per hour.

2.00 A.M.—7,500 feet. Temperature 47 degrees. Still going same direction at about same speed.

3.30 A.M.—Passing over Indian Lake, Ohio, at 6,000 feet. Sighted balloon to the west of us about 1,000 feet higher. Our course is changing to slightly south of east. Starting to climb higher.

4.00 A.M.—Went up to 8,000 feet, but slid back to 6,000 feet. A balloon, evidently the Navy's, still following us. Now going practically due east. Dawn is now well broken and it is rapidly getting lighter.

4.15 A.M.—3,800 feet. Tested valve. It works O.K. Sun is a large red ball in the east. We are traveling directly towards it. Have sighted another balloon ahead of us about 7,000 feet up and traveling south of east. Navy balloon still following us close, but seeking lower altitude. Third balloon now in sight, also, behind us, about 8,000 feet up.

5.00 A.M.—Have come down to 200 feet or possibly lower. Our drag rope is on the ground. Sun behind clouds, consequently expansion of our gas counted on for altitude without use of ballast being delayed.

6.30 A.M.—9,400 feet. Temperature 43 degrees. We finally got the sun and rose rapidly. We are passing Marion, Ohio, President Harding's home, about 5 miles to the north. Now traveling due east about 15 miles per hour. Five balloons now in sight; one ahead of us about same altitude, two southeast of us considerably lower, one to the south of us still lower, and one a considerable distance behind at about 6,000 feet.

7.30 A.M.—11,400 feet. Temperature 48 degrees. Well above clouds in bright sunshine. Traveling due east at good pace. One Navy balloon still a few miles ahead of us at same altitude. Another Navy balloon 5,000 feet below us and traveling south. An Army balloon is following us about 6,000 feet below. An unidentified balloon is following at about 7,000 feet.

8.00 A.M.—12,500 feet. Temperature 43 degrees. Traveling north of east at fairly good speed. We are still above the clouds, which are banked below us, and we can see the ground in small patches. Only balloon now in sight is one of the Navy's, which is veered far to the southeast and is dropping lower.

8.30 A.M.—13,300 feet. Temperature 52 degrees. Slightly warmer than in lower altitude. Still well above clouds and traveling north of east at improved pace.

9.00 A.M.—14,000 feet—Temperature 50 degrees. Now traveling northeast at fairly good speed. Dense banks of clouds below us obscure ground. Beginning to feel effects of altitude. We both have had a few whiffs of oxygen. We are making a breakfast of sandwiches and coffee.

9.30 A.M.—15,000 feet. Traveling north of east at good speed. We are hoping it is 30 or more miles per hour. Still feeling altitude and requiring a few breaths of oxygen every few minutes.

10.00 A.M.—15,100 feet. Temperature 33 degrees. Having some discomfort in breathing, especially when moving around in basket and leaning over moving sand bags. Feeling a little light-headed. We are taking turns at inhaling a few breaths of oxygen. They give immediate relief, but as soon as we move around again we need more. We are both acquiring headaches. Our wind direction and velocity are too good to lose, though. We are going to stick it out up here for a while longer. Think we must be in Pennsylvania by now, but cloud banks below make it difficult to locate ourselves on the map.

10.30 A.M.—15,500 feet—Temperature 28 degrees. Getting used to the discomfort of breathing, but feeling the cold. Still moving eastward with excellent wind.

11.00 A.M.—15,800 feet—Temperature 22 degrees. Cold and uncomfortable, but we seem to be moving faster in the right direction. Still above clouds.

11.30 A.M.—12,900 feet. We are much more comfortable now, but we do not like the looks of clouds approaching from the northeast and southeast. Through an opening in the clouds below us we can see a wide river with a large island in the center and a good size town on the south bank. By reference to our map we find this is Coraopolis, Pa.

1.15 P.M.—Eastern time. Landed on farm of Mr. H. F. Wasson one mile south of Frankfort Springs, Beaver County, Pa., after being caught between two severe storms, sucked up from an altitude of 12,900 feet to 16,000 or 17,000 feet, and then forced to descend so rapidly that at times it looked as though we would be thrown out of the basket or killed when we struck the ground. Closest railroad station Burgettstown, Pa., on Pennsylvania Railroad, about 9 miles distant. Great difficulty in packing balloon, account having landed in tree. Had to chop down half of tree to get net and rigging off. Another thundershower shortly after we finished. Considerable difficulty in finding anyone in nearby towns who had a truck we could get to carry balloon basket, packed with balloon and equipment to Burgettstown. Finally succeeded and reached Burgettstown

just in time to make 8.31 P.M. train for Pittsburgh. Finis balloon race, but we may be in the money yet, as we figure it is 300 miles from Indianapolis to where we landed.

(*Editor's Note.—Lieutenant Robert S. Olmstead, of the Army, who came down at Marilla, N. Y. (about 463 miles from Indianapolis) won the race; H. E. Honeywell, of St. Louis, who travelled 413 miles to Broekton, N. Y., and Lieut. J. B. Lawrenee, of the Navy, who landed at Glen Campbell, Pa., tied for seeond place. This is unofficial.*)

Has Your Post a Home?

(*Continued from page 7*)

lor with occasional sprees of hilarity and the hope of a more settled future, that the third post was in the case of a prosperous married man, happily and definitely established in his own home.

Perhaps the matrimonial metaphor doesn't exactly apply, but I do know that the third post was the only one of the three whose future was satisfactorily assured. At the meeting of that post no funereal clouds of gloom and discouragement were hanging over the proceedings. It wasn't characterized by a frothy enthusiasm that might produce results or that might evaporate like a soap bubble. On the contrary, that post had accomplished something for itself and for its community, had put itself definitely on the map, had got itself a headquarters which served as a continual rallying point for renewed vitality, and in the process had built up a firm, modest, and justifiable confidence in its ability to do things.

The post commander told me that some of the gang were at the clubhouse every evening, shooting pool or otherwise foregathering sociably. A troop of Boy Scouts met there one night a week. The D. A. R. and other patriotic organizations also held their meetings in the Legion building. Of course, whenever the post wanted to run off a dance or a show, their own building was available. There was no hall to be hired, also no bill.

In these three posts you have in a nutshell, I am sure, the circumstances of nine out of ten posts throughout the country. I know that they are typical of conditions in my own State of New Jersey. As department commander I have visited most of the posts in the State, and invariably the live posts are the ones that have clubhouses. Probably cause and effect work both ways in this proposition; that is, the active posts are more apt to go out and get themselves clubhouses, while on the other hand it is certainly true that the possession of a permanent headquarters increases the vitality of a post.

About twenty percent of New Jersey posts own their own buildings. Another fifty or sixty percent rent some sort of headquarters, varying from a single room to sizable clubhouses. The other twenty or thirty percent meet now and then here and there and are more or less alive.

Half a dozen of those owning houses have built from the ground up, and thus have secured exactly what they wanted. The majority, however, have bought buildings, remodeling them to suit their needs. A few of these posts, including my own, have taken advantage of the state law which permits municipalities to lease unused public buildings to veterans' organizations on a year-to-year basis at a merely nominal rent.

As I see it, a post clubhouse has several values. First of all, it provides a definite focus for all activities of the post. A post without a headquarters is like a nation without a capital. When the gang gets together only once or twice a month in rented rooms there obviously can be little chance for the development of a spirit of fellowship. When the Legionnaires have a clubhouse open to them every night in the week where they can get together informally then the membership list, instead of being a hit or miss conglomeration of isolated units, becomes a unified, homogeneous body and the post develops a genuine spirit of fellowship and a morale that ensures consistent and resultful support of all post activities.

Besides a clubhouse makes it easier and cheaper to carry on all sorts of activities. When you have to hire a hall every time you want to run a show or a dance you are apt to think twice before starting anything. When you have your own assembly room in your own clubhouse you can put on anything you want as often as you want to.

A considerable proportion of ex-service men, like men generally, want something for their money. Every post has its nucleus of enthusiastic Legionnaires, men who would be Legion members under any circumstances, but in most cases the majority of the membership is made up of men who in greater or less degree take the attitude, "Why should I join the Legion? What am I going to get out of it?" After all, you can't expect men busy making a living to give up time and money simply for the privilege of getting together occasionally to live over old times. They have to be made to see that the Legion is achieving worthwhile accomplishments to-day for all ex-service men and for themselves. The easiest and most effective way to visualize the accomplishments of the Legion and of your particular post to skeptical prospective Legionnaires is to show them your own post's clubhouse.

The experience of my own outfit, Martin Wallberg Post of Westfield, New Jersey, shows just what a clubhouse means to a post. We were luckier than most organizations in that we got a mighty satisfactory clubhouse without having to buy it, but in every other particular our experience is typical.

We started off in 1919 with perhaps more than the usual quota of sentimental spirit. As our charter number (three) indicates, ours was one of the first Legion posts to be organized in the State. Our post is named after one of the first Americans to be killed while carrying the American flag in action in the World War.

In 1920 we secured permission from the town authorities to use a condemned and ancient schoolhouse as our meeting place. This was better than nothing, but there was still lots of room for improvement. For some time

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THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY
627 West 43d Street New York

the building had been standing idle without repairs and open to any tramp who wanted a sleeping place. Worst of all, it was impossible to heat it properly. Chiefly for the last reason, I imagine, attendance at meetings, which had noticeably improved for a while, dwindled off again.

With a large assembly hall downstairs and smaller classrooms upstairs the building had the makings of a worthwhile clubhouse, so we set to work to make it what it should be. First of all we kept after the town officials until they gave us definite control of the building on a dollar-a-year lease as authorized by state law. There was a little difficulty in clearing up the title, as the last recorded deed dated back to George III.

Then we pitched in ourselves to put the building into shape. We cleaned out the accumulated dirt of years. We knocked down partitions so as to give us the floor plan we wanted. We installed stoves so that every room could be made comfortably warm. We repaired the front porch and painted the whole building inside and out. So far we have put about six hundred dollars into fixing it up.

The fact that we dug in ourselves and worked hard for our clubhouse made the people of the community ready to help us. The local Red Cross unit gave us five hundred dollars' worth of furniture. Three pool tables were given us by different individuals. These are now in use every night. Three pianos, a phonograph, and various other furnishings were also given us.

We were greatly assisted with our clubhouse both by our Fathers' Auxiliary and our Women's Auxiliary. The fathers made it possible for us to have the clubhouse, but the Women's Auxiliary made it a home. After we men had cleaned up the building thoroughly according to our ideas it was still not clean enough to suit the women. They scrubbed it all over again. They provided curtains for the windows, couches, pillows, pictures, magazines, all sorts of decorations and comforts.

What has our clubhouse meant to us? The most obvious thing is that before we got the clubhouse the largest number of names we ever had on our roll-call was seventy-two, but since that time our paid-up membership has averaged over three hundred. Before, our meetings were held at irregular intervals; attendance was uncertain. Now we have two meetings a month, one business and one social, and it takes pretty rotten weather to cut seriously into the size and enthusiasm of our get-togethers. Before, whenever we wanted to give a show, the hall cost us seventy-five dollars, leaving but a small margin for profits. Now we run off our affairs in our own place rent free and we literally clean up. The same thing is true of dancing and boxing matches. Incidentally, most of our profits from shows and the like go directly to help the disabled.

Our clubhouse has proved its practical value in a number of other ways. The Boy Scouts, the D. A. R., the United Spanish War Veterans and other patriotic organizations hold their meetings at our headquarters. It is my hunch, however, that the greatest value of the clubhouse has been in intangible things—a strengthened morale in our membership and increased goodwill on the part of the whole community.

To sum up the whole proposition, I figure that a post needs a clubhouse for three reasons: First, to give the skeptical prospective member a return for his dues; next, to prove to the post itself and to the community that the Legion is not merely living on five-year-old sentiment but is also capable of present accomplishment; and finally, to express in permanent, visible form the patriotic ideals and purposes for which The American Legion stands.

Alsace and Lorraine To-day

(*Continued from page* 4)

ber of the youngsters marching off to barracks. They were not yet in uniform, but already there was order. There was discipline in their line as they swung down the hot, dusty street. A French officer was standing on the curb, and I asked him if they made good recruits.

"The best in all France," he said. There was a touch of pride in his voice.

"The best?" I was surprised. "How is it that they make the best?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I do not know. It is so. Perhaps because they have been trained in German schools, these young men, and they find our discipline easier to live up to. But now our commanding officer asks for them when he makes up his lists for new recruits. You have seen, they are soldiers."

They were, too. In fact, the tactful and yet forceful way in which the French have handled this problem has helped allay the feeling caused by the deportations. For, being human, if the French authorities have been diplomatic in most of their dealings in Alsace and Lorraine, they have also made some mistakes. The worst one occurred right after the Armistice.

Imagine the scene as the French came into Strasbourg, a city of some 250,000 inhabitants, the largest in either Alsace or Lorraine. Here was a city composed of many people who were German or else pro-German in their sympathies. It was just after the war, feeling was high, and to protect themselves the French ordered those whom they were convinced would plot against their administration to be sent across the river into Germany. Later on I talked with a woman over in Baden, on the other side of the Rhine, who had been deported soon after the Armistice.

On the surface her case looked to be a hard one. She had certainly been unjustly treated. There were tears in her eyes as she told me how one night she had received orders to be ready to leave her home at ten the next morning.

"Twelve hours' notice, that was all. A poor, harmless widow, they order me to leave in twelve hours. The house I have lived in for forty years. And here I am with nothing."

Yes, it seemed hard. It was not until afterward that I discovered the reasons for her deportation. She was a German who had come into Alsace from Bavaria with her husband in 1873. Twice during the last war she had given information to the Germans which not only led to the recapture of French prisoners of war who had escaped and were in

hiding but also has caused the death of he people who had shielded them. Small wonder that the French did not desire her presence in Alsace.

That there were cases of hardship the office of the commissariat general in Strasbourg admitted to me freely.

"Yes, we made mistakes. In the confusion after our entry into Alsace undoubtedly there were some people who were unfairly treated. But, on the other hand, we actually sent away fewer people than we wished, and there are today many people in the two provinces who ought to be living in Germany. Had they been across the Rhine during the past five years our task would have been easier."

The Germans do not admit this. They say the people who were sent away were mostly innocent people. They say much suffering and hardship was caused, that the French were unnecessarily cruel. They put the total of the deported at 150,000. The French deny this. Less than 90,000, they say. Most of these they class as pro-German agitators, editors, capitalists, or people whom they were unable to trust. They also point out that after 1870 no less than five hundred thousand French were sent away from the two provinces.

Happily, however, this is all a thing of the past. If the French were hasty and caused suffering by their deportations, they have now practically stopped them. Today their treatment of the two provinces has softened the bitterness which this policy caused. Except for this they seemed to have used much tact and good judgment in their dealings with the natives. Evidences are on every side of you in both Alsace and Lorraine.

"Der verbeliebte schauspiele Tom Mix (The beloved actor, Tom Mix"). This was the sign that greeted me over a movie in Colmar the first night I was there. Do you think the Germans would have permitted a sign like this in French right after the war of 1870?

Walk along the side of one of the canals which thread through Strasbourg and give it its sobriquet of the Venice of the North and upon the side of an old stone house you will notice a queer plastered square. Before 1870 this street beside the placid canal had been named the Rue Carnot. The Germans changed the names of all the streets and took down all the French street signs. But this one had its name carved in the stone of this old house. So, not content with their new signs, they climbed up and plastered the name over so that it would be unreadable.

There it is today, a strange plastered blotch, testimony to the stupidity of the German administration. The French have not made this error. French is used in both Alsace and Lorraine. So is German.

"Sortie," says the big sign in the station at Colmar. Right under it is the word "Ausgang."

The Alsatian who does not know a word of French and wants to find a certain street in Strasbourg can always do so by its old name. Thus the French might have called the Zurichstrasse the Rue Maréchal Foch. They didn't. They call it the Rue de Zurich!

Each street name has its equivalent in German underneath. This is the way the street sign reads:

GRANDE RUE
Ancien
LANGSTRASSE

The Kleberplatz is now the Place Kleber, and so on. No, the French have used no compulsion. If you want to speak French you may. If you want to speak German you may. Perhaps that is why French is being spoken more and more all the time. There is no language question in Alsace today.

Once I wandered into the biggest café in Strasbourg. It is very modern, so modern that it has a "dancing" (pronounced "Danseeng"), as the cafés do in Paris. On the newspaper rack was a copy of the *République*, the pro-French paper of Alsace. It boasts on the front page that it was and always will be French. Just under it was the *Strassburger Neue Zeitung*. Such a thing would never have been possible under German rule when the *République* was published, circulated and read under penalty of a couple of years behind the bars. That is the difference between the two administrations.

Few people in the world today seem to be satisfied with life, and the average Alsatian is no exception. Under the Germans he was far from contented. But he was usually prosperous. Today he is usually contented, if he is not always prosperous. However, compared to the scene across the river in Germany he is certainly fortunate.

Over there in Germany is poverty, filth, dirt, an air of resignation on the faces of the people. Sunday afternoon in Kehl, the little town across the Rhine from Strasbourg, is a dreary time. Strasbourg on Sunday is alive. On one bank is an unhappy people, the zest of living gone from their faces. But this is what you see in Strasbourg's great park, the Orangerie, on a Sunday afternoon.

First of all it is crowded. Hundreds of couples will be walking through the vast flower beds or in the adjoining woods, others sitting at tables in the large beer garden which overlooks the lake. It is not very large, this lake, and it is full of rowboats, most of them filled with children, splashing each other with water. A band is playing. You can observe as you walk along that the people are well dressed and well nourished. No signs of poverty or privation. It could just as well be any one of a dozen cities in the United States—except for the beer garden.

They protest a little in Strasbourg about the high cost of living. As a matter of fact food is cheaper in Strasbourg today than in almost any city of France. And it is plentiful. In a stay of a week I was served fruit of all kinds, including strawberries and cherries in profusion, very good meat, fresh asparagus and mushrooms, all in larger quantities than one receives in French hotels. The bread is cheaper and far better than anywhere else in Europe, not excluding Great Britain. A significant sign. When the bread is good the country is not suffering.

It is true that business is not booming in either Alsace or Lorraine at present. But business is not too booming anywhere in Europe. It is true that there is kicking and grumbling in Alsace and Lorraine. But there is the same kicking everywhere you go. That many Alsatians realize this was brought to my notice by a conductor on a street car in Strasbourg. I was standing beside him on the platform while he was talking to a very fat man who was sitting just inside.

The fat man was complaining loudly

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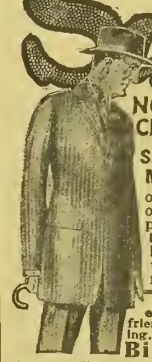

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Your Post can do this if you personally will do your share BY GETTING ONE MEMBER.

because trade was so bad. The occupation of the Ruhr was hurting his business. He sighed loudly.

"Ah, before the war things were not like this."

The conductor pulled the bell rope with a snap.

"You are right, my friend," he said. "But do you realize that in the good old days for which you long you would not be sitting in that seat. It would be reserved for a German."

Now the average Alsatian was looked down on by the real German. Alsatian, the dialect, is not German. It is as unintelligible to the Prussian or Bavarian as to the Frenchman. The Alsatian was held in check. You can imagine the Prussian officers mounting this same little jerky trolley, taking the seats away from civilians, men and women. You can imagine the fat Alsatian rising quickly to his feet as they came in. And you can understand why most Alsatians remember these little things and prefer French rule to German.

No, the average Alsatian does not want the Germans back. A vote taken now would show an enormous majority in favor of staying with France. And every year such a vote was postponed would mean a larger majority. There is still discontent about many things in both Alsace and Lorraine. But there is also discontent in Berlin and Bremen, in Lyon and London, in Manchester and Moscow.

Strasbourg is the capital of what was once Alsace. Metz is the capital of Lorraine. Look on the map and you will notice that whereas Alsace is separated from France by the chain of the Vosges mountains, Lorraine is not only closely united with it, but bound up by the Moselle River, which flows down into what was once the old Toul sector. Naturally, therefore, Lorraine is the more French of the two.

In Alsace you hear the older men greeting each other with "Bon jour," "Comment ca' va?" and other French phrases. After that they talk Alsatian. French is not the universal tongue in Alsace. But in Lorraine it is pretty generally used, and I had been in Metz two days before hearing a word of anything but French. Then it was Alsatian spoken by two French officers who were conversing with a civilian on the main street of the town.

Right after the Armistice, I was told, no French was spoken anywhere in the two provinces. Now it is about all you hear in Lorraine, and it is being used more and more in Alsace. In the villages and the countryside where the German influence did not penetrate so strongly during the occupation French is talked almost exclusively.

Because he talked French I got an insight into the way things were run before 1918 from the chef de gare of a small town in southern Lorraine. The railways in both Alsace and Lorraine are run by the Government.

This man had been a sous-chef under the Germans, and although he had passed his examinations for chef he had never been appointed.

"Three times before the war I saw a German sent down from the interior to be put over me. Why? Because I was not a German. Then came the war. For five years I was obliged to fight. On my return once again I was sous-chef. One day the French march into Lorraine. Then the chef left. Suddenly—comme ça! I take my examinations under the French. In three days I am chef de gare. I would have waited forever under the Germans."

"I take it you don't like them very well."

"Ah, but I know them. Just now you asked me if I favored the seizure of the Ruhr. Why not? If she had not done that, La France, she would never have been paid. Do not forget that we of Alsace and Lorraine know the Germans."

That was largely the feeling throughout the country. Those there were, like the people in the metallurgical industry, who were pro-German. They had big businesses before the war. Today they are losing money. There are but a handful of blast furnaces in operation now as against some sixty in 1919 and twenty or thirty last January before the French invaded the Ruhr. Naturally these people blame the French for all their troubles.

And then there is the class who are neither pro-French nor pro-German but pro-themselves. One man in a big wine firm spent an hour telling me about the "crise d'industrie" and how hard things were. Over his door was a large sign with "Vive La France" painted on it. Someone told me the next day that during the war that sign read "Gott Strafe England."

Climb to the top of the ancient cathedral at Metz and you will have visible proof of the success that the French government is having in Alsace and Lorraine. That proof lies in a number of long, low gray stone buildings. These buildings are situated in every direction, on all sides of the city.

They are barracks. Or rather they were barracks. Now they are nothing, as you will see if you descend and get near to them. Courtyards deserted, window panes broken, weeds growing up between the stone flags, they present an unkempt, dishevelled appearance. With but three exceptions these barracks are abandoned.

Before the war Metz was the seat of a German army corps, and not counting auxiliary services some forty-five thousand troops were quartered in and around the city. Today there are hardly five thousand troops in Metz, about a tenth the number the Germans garrisoned there. This same ratio holds throughout the entire district, and it explains only too well the feeling of the people toward the French and toward the Germans. The French have done things which have made them unpopular at times. But they do not find it necessary to overrun the region with soldiers to collect taxes or call up the yearly class for its military service.

When the French first came into Alsace and Lorraine there was some unemployment and a certain dislocation of industry. This disturbed everyone. But that feeling is passing. Unemployment no longer exists to any large degree. And there is no active opposition to the French rule, which is generous, farsighted, and liberal toward the natives of the two provinces.

Alsace has been divided into the departements of Haut Rhin and Bas Rhin, Lorraine is now the departement of Moselle. Already there is no such thing geographically as Alsace and Lorraine. In twenty years' time there will be no such thing in any sense of the word, and the departements of Haut Rhin, Bas Rhin and Moselle will be as French as those of Aisne, Dordogne, or Loir et Cher.

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My papa gets the Legion Weekly and how WE do enjoy it. There is just Mother and Daddy and I, but we read the Weekly from cover to cover. It is such a good paper and carries many valuable advertisements. But my daddy says the paper should have more ads and that is why I am writing.

I am going to send you my picture (you see my daddy is a photographer). Daddy carried a camera with him to France and GEE! he had a hard time getting films.

But say, that does not compare with it now—he says he will have to stop using the camera, for he can find no ads for supplies or cameras in the Weekly.

Of the manufacturers, Daddy thinks that at least the Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y., and the Ansco Co., Binghamton N. Y., should have ads in OUR paper. Of the dealers the Bass Camera Co., 109 No. Dearborn St., Chicago, The Central Camera Co., 124 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago; Abe Cohen's Exchange, 113 Park Row, New York City, The New York Camera Exchange, 109 Fulton St., New York City.

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You can see how simple it is. We furnish you with a complete outfit and tell you how to get the business in your territory. We help you to get started. If you send us only two average orders a day, which you can get in an hour or so in the evening, you can make $100 a week.

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Well, here is your chance to find out, for this is the same proposition that enabled George Garon to make a clear profit of $40.00 in his first day's work—the same proposition that gave R. W. Krieger $20.00 net profit in a half-hour. It is the same opportunity that gave A. B. Spencer $625 cash for one month's spare time.

I need five hundred men and women, and I need them right away. If you mail the coupon at the bottom of this ad I will show you the easiest, quickest, simplest plan for making money that you ever heard of. I will send you a beautiful style book and samples of cloth. I will tell you where to go, what to say, and how to succeed. Inside of thirty days you can have hundreds of dollars in cash.

All you need do to-day is write your name down below, cut out the coupon and mail it to me at once. You take no risk, you invest no money, and this may be the one outstanding opportunity of your life to earn more money than you ever thought possible.

Find Out NOW!

Remember, it doesn't cost you a penny. You don't agree to anything, and you will have a chance, without waiting—without delay and without investment—to go right out and make big money. Do it. Don't wait. Mail the coupon now.

C. E. COMER, The Comer Mfg. Co.,
Dept. F-442 Dayton, Ohio

JUST MAIL THIS NOW!

THE COMER MFG. CO.
Dept. F-442, Dayton, Ohio.

Gentlemen:—Please send me, without obligation on my part, copy of your booklet and full details of your proposition.

Name.....

Address.....

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(PRINT OR WRITE PLAINLY)