HAVE YOU PAID YOUR POST DUES?

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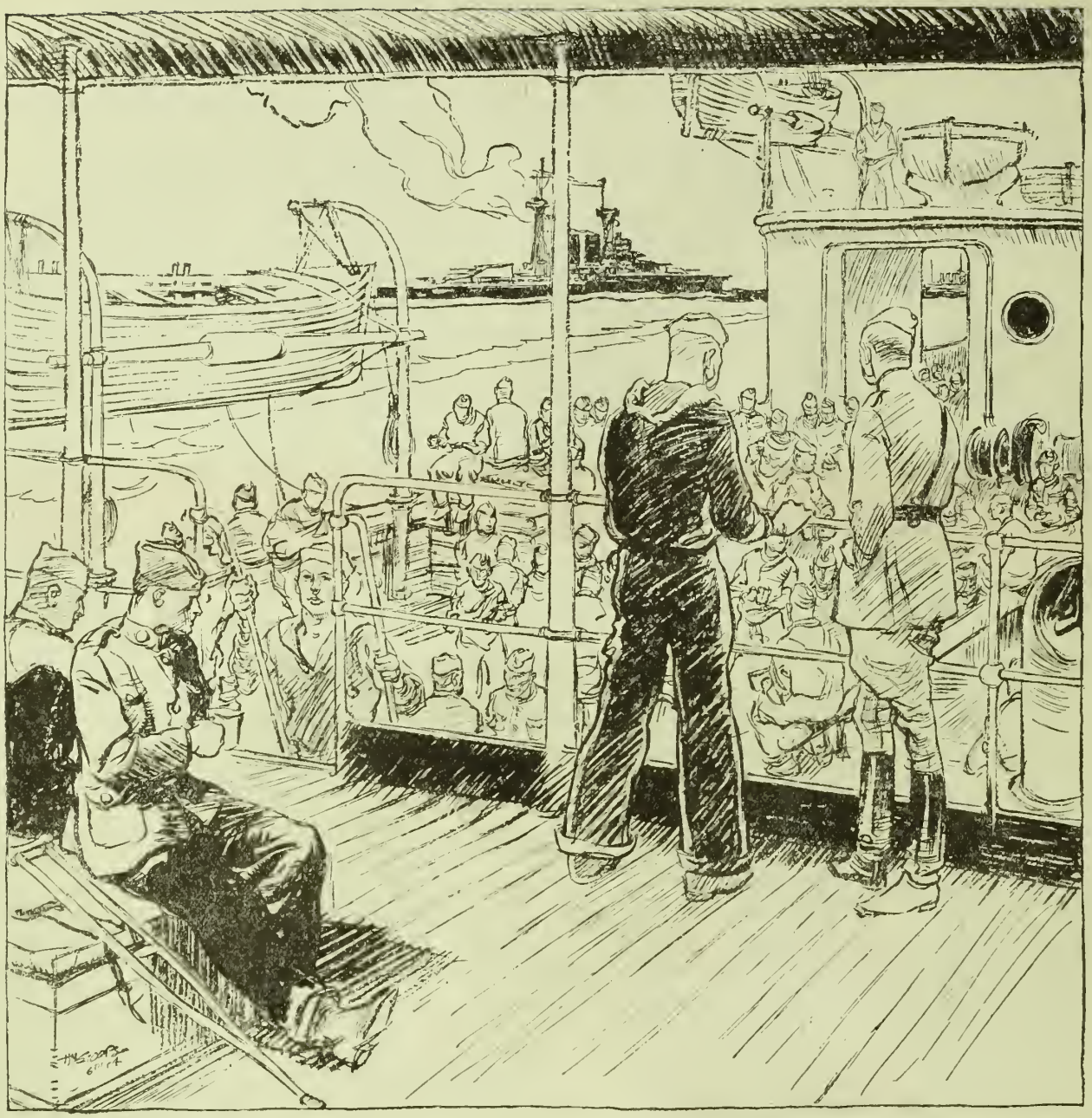

HOMEWARD BOUND—via U. S. S.

The navy, in the transport service, was called on in a new capacity, but proved itself as excellent there, as in its proper field. Probably more efficient transportation was never seen in the world than the homeward bound route from France. Space, which on eastward trips was given to supplies, housed men coming home, and while quarters were cramped and food of the simplest, spirits were high. Home was not more than ten days away, and gazing westward across the wide expanse of water toward the unbroken horizon, many were the men that had visions of real home cooking. Dinners brought to an ideal conclusion with a dainty dish of *JELL-O* with cream, giving the delightful feeling of having dined perfectly and completely.

JELL-O

America's Most Famous Dessert

AT HOME EVERYWHERE

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY

Le Roy, N. Y. *Bridgeburg, Ont.*

This is the sixteenth and last of a series drawn especially for the Genesee Pure Food Company by Herbert M. Stoops, formerly 6th Field Artillery, 1st Division.

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DECEMBER 14, 1923

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PERSHING—Five Years After

An Interview By Herbert B. Mayer

During cadet days

© INTERNATIONAL

In the border days of 1916

© CLINEDINST

When we entered the war

As a captain

© GALLOWAY

Today

WE paused a moment before the closed door, the aide-de-camp and I. Outside the sun was shining, and through open windows one could see the flowers and the snowy walks of the White House.

In the office behind the closed door sat John J. Pershing, General of the Armies of the United States—the fourth to be so commissioned in the history of this nation.

Sunshine and flowers and an office. . . . How different from that day exactly five years before when, rising at 3.30 a.m. in the rain and darkness, he had given final orders for a decisive battle of the World War. There had been no sunshine then. Only darkness and the will to strike into it blindly so that the sun of peace might again illumine a world grown weary of war and blood.

In that instant of waiting I could not help but think of Pershing as we of the A. E. F. had known him then—an almost half-mythical being whose slightest word was law. No man had been more feared or, until the very last, less loved. Every tale that was told of him—and they were legion—pictured him as a demon of ruthless efficiency, driving all before him with heavy, tremendous blows, making men and callously breaking them.

"Pershing's coming!" "Black Jack'll be here tomorrow!" What momentous phrases were these! What efforts they set in motion! How quickly camps were cleaned up overnight and how worried and nervous officers of high and low degree grew on the instant! I mention officers particularly, for history does not record that a single enlisted man ever felt Pershing's wrath.

Five years ago his headquarters at Chaumont teemed with life and the movement of many officers and thousands of men. Cars, trucks and ambulances sped by in a constant stream. The very atmosphere of the town was surcharged with energy. Five years after, his personal staff is reduced to two aides-de-camp and two stenographers, and his headquarters to three rooms. One of these serves for the aides, another for the clerks. The third is his own. It was at the door leading to this third room that we waited.

And as we waited I wondered what sort of man I would find within. I had seen him in Tours, just after the Armistice—a tall, dashing figure, almost boyishly happy, whose every movement and word betokened the savage energy within. What had the five years done?

The door opened. My name was announced. I looked within. There sat the general at his polished desk in the far end of the room. A great pile of papers lay before him. He returned one to the desk as I entered, his hands making a characteristically quick movement.

The room was huge. I caught a glimpse of bronze busts, of historic flags uncased, of oil paintings of past commanders on the walls. But more impressive than all was the figure at the polished desk, clad in civilian clothes—a neatly fitting gray suit. Any other man, dressed in mufti, would have seemed out of place there amid all these tokens of military pomp; but this man fitted the surroundings as a saber conforms to the pattern of its sheath.

The General half rose and extended his hand as, from sheer force of habit, I saluted. By scarcely a line had that face changed from the face we had known in the A. E. F. The hair, perhaps, was a trifle grayer, the moustache a bit more closely cropped, but without a gray hair in it. Yet a few days before he had reached sixty-three.

"The American Legion?" he repeated. "Always glad to hear from them or of them. I said it once before in a speech, but it holds good now. I hope they will think of me as a buddy and comrade rather than anything else; that would be most pleasing. They are my comrades in service to the last man."

The smile grew a trifle.

"I mean it. I've put in practice what I preach." He reached into a drawer of the elaborate desk and with something of a flourish produced his Legion membership card. "And I've paid my dues, too!"

I asked him what recipe he had for

longevity and good health. One could see he considered the question trivial.

"Oh, hard work and not permitting one's self to worry, I suppose."

"By the way, sir, you were sixty-three the other day," I asked. "How many of your class at West Point are still in the Army?"

From his expression I do not think the General had thought of the matter in years.

"Wait a moment," he said interestedly. "I don't know."

He reached into one of the drawers and produced a book—the Army Register. With careful deliberation he pored over a number of pages, until, fearing I had too greatly disturbed him, I suggested it did not greatly matter. He looked up.

"I want to know for my own information."

Turning page after page, slowly and deliberately, he counted away, ticking at the names with a pencil.

"There are only twelve," he said finally. "I am the thirteenth."

"How many were in the class originally?"

"Seventy-one."

"Do you find it strange," I asked, "to command an Army of only 125,000 after commanding the largest force that the United States ever put in the field?"

"Why, no. It is just the same sort of work."

"What do you think, sir, of the present outlook for the Army of the United States, under the National Defense Act —the organization as one army of the Regular Army, the National Guard and the Organized Reserve?"

FOR the first time his tone took an expression of real, intense interest. There was no trace of a smile now. He was deadly serious, and his expression seemed to confirm what I had heard, that his reason for refusing retirement three years ago had been his desire to leave behind him a nation thoroughly alive to the evil of such a state of unpreparedness as existed in 1917.

"The National Defense Act provides the first real plan that this nation has ever formed in time of peace as a means of preparation for war. Under it the Regular Army, the National Guard and the Organized Reserve form a comprehensive and economic skeleton upon which, in time of need, the forces which must be called on in the event of a real emergency may be formed, equipped and administered with a maximum of haste.

"The Army of the United States is not a force for aggressive or selfish warfare. It is designed primarily for national protection, national defense. It costs less to maintain in the form of taxes than do our fire departments or police forces. Its function, as a force with which to meet an emergency, is exactly the same.

"Before the war no means was provided for calling an army into existence. In all our history there had never been a plan for mobilizing our resources of men and materials. Men who proposed even reasonable preparation for war were called militarists and Prussians. Men or boys who chose service quite often became the object of jest or ridicule. The soldier was held as an unnecessary expense to his country. The bitter lessons of past failures to prepare had been forgotten.

"The terrible awakening came when we were confronted by the actual condition of war. Then the pacifist politician, primarily responsible for the existence of our unprepared state, was the first to voice unreasonable demands that the War Department should by some sleight of hand develop a full-fledged fighting force overnight. Yet even now there are those who would have us go back to such a state again, to destroy this plan, which, with little expense, means national safety against attack.

"Our national safety must not be so

(*Continued on page* 27)

This is General Pershing's favorite war picture. He chose it from fifteen thousand made by the Signal Corps in France. It was taken in a church at Vaux. Nobody posed—the tired doughboys who appear in it were singing when, entirely by chance, a photographer came in and took the impressive scene. When General Pershing saw it for the first time he exclaimed: "The spirit of the A. E. F. is there!" A copy of it will soon hang in the General's office in Washington

A D. C. I. Story

The Girl *of the* Star-Bright Eyes

By
Karl W. Detzer

The lovely Marcelle assured me that she would take me to a beautiful house with plenty of liquor

THE river bank at Le Mans was a beautiful spot for a murder. The first night that I walked along its dark quais, between lumber piles in disordered rows, past the black houseboats moored to mouldering piling, with the elevated structure of the narrow-gauge tramway cutting me off from the nearest friendly lights of the city, I felt a prickly sensation in my spine.

On the broad, white flagstones, under the bull's-eye of my electric torch, lay a pool of blood. It marked the scene of the first three mysterious attacks on the lives of American soldiers.

I have forgotten now who the first soldier was, what his name or outfit. Enough that the blood on the street was that of an American doughboy, and he went to the hospital with a slit in his throat and his pockets inside out.

He had been drunk. In a Le Mans café, where he celebrated leave, a girl, a marvelously pretty girl, had promised to show him a good hotel. He had confided in her that he feared the places at which most soldiers stopped because in his pockets was the four months' pay he had drawn that afternoon. She listened sympathetically.

"Of course," she agreed.

What else?

The American soldier could not remember. His rambling story, told us in the hospital a few hours later, had to do with a cab, and a café, and the Girl with the Star-Bright Eyes.

Of the attack there on the river bank he knew little. He remembered dark figures leaping toward him, a fight, the cut at his throat, and then a long, agonizing crawl on hands and knees to a place where two other passing Americans found him. Their report to the Military Police was relayed immediately to the office of the Division of Criminal Investigation.

The boy had been discovered on a narrow street near the door of a building used by the American attending surgeon. He had been taken into that office, patched up, and sent on to the hospital. The doctors said he would recover.

I talked to him—but he had been drunk. Now, stark sober, he could remember very little. But we called in M. Legal, French superintendent of civil police, and told him what we knew.

The Frenchman shook his gray head. His eyes, those sharp points of black set in narrow slits with which he stared into the heart of a criminal, were dancing with anger.

"In my arrondissement!" he exclaimed. "An American soldier stabbed, robbed!"

"Yes. What can we do?"

"If it takes ten years, that case must be cleared," he answered gravely.

After a week or two, it seemed true enough that the case might take ten years. The soldier recovered and left the hospital. And the Girl with the Star-Bright Eyes still walked at liberty. Then a second attack, so similar to the first that there was no doubt in anyone's mind that it was committed by the same desperadoes, shifted our busy attention once more to the river bank.

PRIVATE BEN SYKES of Kansas —I think it was Kansas—and a buddy whom we shall call Frank Roberts had come in to Le Mans from the country. They were members of a home-bound organization, and, with a twenty-four hour pass and three months of belated pay in their pockets, they had set a snare for gaiety.

At a café on the public square they met the lady. Pretty? Ben Sykes will swear it to this hour. She was small, with wavy yellow hair, a pert tilted nose, lips like a cupid's bow, and eyes—star-bright eyes! A small, smart pink hat tipped over her face. Her cape, cut in military fashion, was thrown back, exposing a pink lining, and she wore soft gray gloves on her tiny hands.

Mr. Sykes himself, after his affair with the lady was over, could give us little of the description herein set down. In fact, all he did say was that this girl knew enough English to satisfy him, that she wore gloves, that her hands were small, that her eyes were deep, and that she was very beautiful. Sykes insisted that he had not been drunk—just drinking. Pressed further, he admitted with blushing naïveté that he had taken a few shots of cognac, some port wine, some white wine and some red wine and had finished off with that oily liquor which the soldier

misnamed "Triple-Six." But drunk? Not Sykes of Kansas.

In the café, his pal and he had discovered the lovely girl. With her was a friend—a "dark woman" was the only description which Roberts could give of the lady who captured his fancy. Private Sykes had the more money. So Roberts and the "dark woman" went for a stroll elsewhere.

Nine o'clock came, and the closing hour.

"I don't know the city," Sykes admitted.

The Girl with the Star-Bright Eyes would show him. She led Sykes by the hand out of the café door, across the sidewalk to the curb. A cab crawled by—an old, creaking vehicle with a lame horse.

"A safe hotel," the girl was saying, "where there are no M.P.'s and no other Americans. Your money will be safe."

Sykes held firmly to the roll of francs in his pocket.

The cab wound through dark streets. It stopped at what seemed to be a gate. The girl stepped out. Sykes followed. The cab rattled off.

"This way."

They passed under the tramway tracks. A fresh breeze swept down the river, and the mind of the Kansan cleared. He saw the stars reflected in the water.

"This is no hotel," he insisted, and drew back.

The girl laughed. Sykes turned wonderingly to look at her.

THEN something fell upon the American's back, and at his throat the blade of a knife reflected the starlight. Men were upon him. He was thrown to the ground. Climbing to his hands and knees, he tried to escape. A heavy blow on his head forced him down again, fighting bravely. The knife circled, missed his eye by an inch, rapped his cheek.

It slashed at his throat, and his hands went limp.

"His pocket, the left trousers pocket!" the girl directed.

Two dark figures stooped over the fallen soldier. Fingers that were not gentle rummaged his clothing. They threw his knife and keys back at him. Then one of the men, the burlier, set his broad heel down on Sykes's nose and twisted.

"The seal of the city," he explained as his hobnails ground into the American's nose and forehead.

The girl laughed, still musically. With her two companions she ran back through the dark.

Sykes knew no French, but the formula "seal of the city" lodged in his mind, and three hours later, on his cot, he repeated it to us. One more thing had impressed him in the moment of the fight. One assailant was very short and wore a French uniform. It was the other, a man in civilian clothes, who had bestowed on Sykes's nose the "seal of the city."

He would recover. Lieutenant Leonard D. Mahan of the D.C.I., in peacetime a member of the Washington city police department, took charge of the investigation for my office. A tireless worker who considered twenty-four hours too short for any day, he ploughed that night and succeeding nights through the streets and alleys of Le Mans, picking up suspects only to let them go again. M. Legal lined up the underworld characters, scores of them, but Sykes shook his head. Not one of the women had pretty enough eyes.

It looked like a hopeless job. But we had taken one precaution. The river bank no longer stretched unguarded. From dusk each night until three in the morning some secret police officer lay under the stars on one of the lumber piles, watching the dark backyard of the city that had proved so convenient to Apaches with murder in their hearts. Two or three times each evening a raiding squad of our men swept along the river bank, arresting all persons who could not give a sufficient account of themselves.

We had stopped the attacks on the quais. But the gang still walked another street. We knew some evening they would flash a knife in the eyes of another soldier. We were right. One night, after the cafés had closed, M. Legal called me on the telephone.

"An American," he reported, "has been found dying in the street back of my quarters."

I hurried to the scene. A private soldier lay in a gutter, his throat cut. His pockets were inside out. Within the hour he died in Camp Hospital 52. And although he gave us no description, his wounds and the circumstances made us sure that our Girl with the Star-Bright Eyes had been at work again.

The day passed without clues. That evening I called on Legal, who stormed about his office. Detectives had questioned householders. But there had been no cry, no sound in the quiet street where the boy, a handsome young fellow, had been come upon dying. No doubt the body had been carried there from some secret court or house, now used as a lure for Americans.

"Tonight!" Legal cried. "We must get them tonight!"

"My department is at your disposal," I told him. "One lieutenant and several men this minute are down near the river, picking up suspects."

"That is the wrong place." He shook his head. His hair bristled and his shaggy eyebrows shaped themselves into a V. "Go down to the public square," he directed me, "and get some of your men. In the Café Gruber not twenty minutes ago was Marcelle of Montparnasse. She is pretty. Perhaps it is she. Have them follow her."

He described Marcelle of Montparnasse. I hurried down to the Café Gruber. There, in the best café in town, she sat at a table, this gigoulette, tilting her head and laughing with three or four American lieutenants.

Captain Flora, that prince of A.P.M.'s, was standing near the door. A good officer was Flora, and a shrewd detective who himself cleaned up one murder in Le Mans before the body of the victim was cold. He did not speak to me. I was in uniform, which in that place of olive drab was less conspicuous than civilian clothes. Being clever, he did not interfere when I walked unsteadily up the aisle, feigning too much gaiety.

I approached the table in the rear where Marcelle of Montparnasse chattered with her admiring lieutenants. The men offered me a seat. Marcelle was singing. I joined the hilarity, and when the M.P.'s came in to close the place at nine o'clock it was I who stayed longest at the curb with the lady of the come-hither eyes. A rickety cab swung across the square and stopped before us.

I opened the door. Watching, I knew, were men from my office who would follow. Marcelle entered. I stumbled in after her. Vaguely I doubted Legal's suspicions. This French girl was too pretty, too charming, entirely too feminine to be mixed up with a crowd of murderers.

We had driven a few blocks when she called up through the trap in the roof:

"Take us to Yvonne's house, number 24 bis, Rue du Tunnell." She added, "Yvonne is waiting."

On the way up the hill I grew irritable. Presently we dismissed the cabby. As we stood on a corner I argued drunkenly with her. The lovely Marcelle assured me that she would take me to a beautiful house with plenty of liquor. I objected. She feared my noisy protests. Reluctantly she hailed a cab and left me. There were pedestrians on the street.

I CUT back through the dark, after the cab was safely out of sight, and reported to M. Legal.

"Yvonne's house!" he exclaimed. "That is the place where we have been watching for Henri Berger, a deserter from our army."

"At number 24 bis?"

"Exactly. Right at the edge of the Apache hill. Our suspicions are justified. Yvonne must be the dark woman that man Roberts described. But none of them said that the pretty girl—I don't think she's pretty—had only one arm."

(Continued on page 26)

The Wildcat

is going to pay a visit to the Weekly. The best-known contemporary Negro character in American fiction — a worthy companion of Uncle Tom and Uncle Remus—will make his bow to the Legion next week when the first part of a two-part story

By
HUGH WILEY
called
SONS *of* DOOM

will be published. Wiley, himself a Legionnaire, came to appreciate and love the darky types which he has immortalized when destiny put him in command of a colored stevedore outfit at Bordeaux. Since the war the Wildcat and his diminutive sidekick Demmy have become world-known. If you've met them before you'll be glad to see them again. If you haven't there's a treat for you

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

World-Encircling Helpfulness

How a Legion Post Brought Aid and Comfort to the Widow of a World War Veteran in the Heart of China

AN American flag flies above an American Legion grave marker on a concrete tomb close by Jia gi Chen, Sunning City, China. A Chinese inscription on the face of the tomb recites that the grave, facing the northeast, holds an ancestor of the twenty-fifth generation who repaired there in the eleventh year of the republic (1922). On the reverse of the grave marker, in Chinese and English characters, it is recorded that in this spot rests Sam Soo Hoo, a private of the 42nd Division of the American Army in France, who was killed in battle in the valley of the Ourcq in the summer of 1918. In a Chinese home just outside the South Gate, almost within sight of the grave, live a widow and her two little sons whose shrine is the concrete tomb, and who daily ask in their prayers all blessings possible for the great American nation overseas and for The American Legion.

In the heart of the widow is a profound gratitude and the recollection of a series of marvels, the latest of which is the incomprehensible appearance, despite the thriving industry of war in China, of six strangers from a foreign land — her husband's land which she never had known — to render final honors at a comrade's grave and to carry out the obligations of their comradeship with him by seeing that his widow was provided for.

The story of the six Legionnaires' visit to the grave of Sam Soo Hoo is the last chapter of a tale whose earlier chapters have already been told in the Weekly in the issues of January 27, 1922, and December 22, 1922. It has already been told how Sam Soo Hoo, of Chinese parentage on both sides but born in San Francisco, came back from China to enlist in the American Army for the World War, leaving behind his wife and two sons; how months afterward word of his death in battle was sent back to China, and how, after many delays, his body, in a flag-draped coffin, was conveyed from Brest to Hong Kong and then to the resting place of his ancestors. It has also been told how Canton Post of the Legion, after many difficulties, succeeded in learning where that resting place was, ordered a grave marker and prepared to make a pilgrimage to pay final honors to their deceased comrade and to extend whatever assistance was possible to his widow and sons.

Mrs. Sam Soo Hoo, whose husband died thirteen thousand miles from home fighting for a country she has never seen. At her side is their youngest son

A letter from Alfred H. Holt, commander of Canton Post, supplies the final chapter of the story. In it Mr. Holt tells how he and five comrades made the long journey to the graveside and ran into the fresh war on the return trip. As a graphic description of events at the moment China was being thrown into the turmoil of another civil conflict, Mr. Holt's letter possesses an added interest. After describing how his party reached the Chinese village Mr. Holt writes:

"There's one memory about this trip that stands out above all others—none of us will ever forget it. When the brother of the widow pointed out the burial place on the bare, lonely hillside not far from the village, we saw, hanging from a shaky bamboo pole, a faded rag that we knew had once

(*Continued on page* 24)

Members of Canton Post at the grave of Sam Soo Hoo. To reach the grave and the widow's home they traveled through a region torn with revolution

EDITORIAL

Trade Means Ships

SECRETARY HOOVER has given striking confirmation and support of the articles by Paxton Hibben on an American merchant marine which have been appearing in the Weekly. Speaking before the American Marine Congress last month, he said:

> We must have regular and positive transportation under our own flag in the great trade routes where our commerce can and will expand. Nor can America be dependent for her movement of overseas goods upon the make and break of peace and war in different parts of the world. . . . If we would make sure of the continuous flow of goods we must have the American on the ground distributing to the foreign retailer, securing business by his services as well as his price. Many an American merchant has seen his established trade disappear because he depended upon a foreign merchant not to show patriotism to his own country. . . . We cannot have a merchant marine without an army of American merchants in foreign ports. This is the foundation of our British competitors.

Or, as Mr. Hibben puts it:

> We have to have our own ships because the business men of other lands either will not put their capital into shipping firms that carry goods in competition with their own output, or they will insist that such competitive goods receive inferior service to that which they receive. What we pay in foreign shipping is a tax, pure and simple. It is levied upon our wealth and our labor by those who own the seas by virtue of their possession of the steel bridges by which, alone, one may cross the waters that separate us from our markets. It is plain that unless American shipping gets down to business and reaches every corner of the world with the products of our farms and factories, our vessels are merely feeders for a trade which we control no more than if we never owned a ship. And in the first place, to get business for American bottoms, there must be Americans stationed in the lands where business is to be had.

The tendency is to think that merchant shipping concerns only the shipowner— that it does not affect farmer or manufacturer one way or the other. Yet every lesson of our history is to the contrary. In 1803, when the ports of the French, Spanish and Dutch colonies were thrown open to American ships, in two years the European continental markets had been so flooded with raw materials borne to them in American bottoms that British merchants and British manufacturers faced ruin for lack of their former markets unless something were done to cripple the American merchant marine.

Something was done. Paper blockades were declared of European ports. More than a hundred American ships were seized by the British. American seamen were taken from American ships and forced to serve under the British flag. The war of 1812 ensued.

As a result, in ten years from the time when British merchants and manufacturers had seen their business swept from them through the predominance of the American flag on the high seas, British merchants were selling in New York beef, ham, butter, potatoes and other commodities brought from Ireland in British vessels cheaper than farmers within a few miles of the city could produce the same articles.

As Mr. Hibben says: "The ocean belongs to that country whose ships ply it most widely and most frequently." And the markets of the world belong to those who control the ocean. American foreign trade must begin with ships—or it may end at the water front.

The Pendulum Swings

IT appears that there are more people from Missouri than the census figures indicate. They demand to be "shown". At the present moment this state of affairs seems disconcerting to those who over-hastily seized the implements of strife for warfare against the veterans' adjusted compensation bill under the banner raised a few weeks since by the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon. On first glance that banner had a captivating aspect. In the rosiest of hues it bore the motto, "No 'Bonus' Means Lower Taxes". That was almost as good as "The Full Dinner Pail". Everyone would like to have his taxes reduced. It makes no difference how large or how small the amount of those taxes may be, the man who pays them would like to pay less if it can be managed. The psychology of the thing is responsible for the semblance of popular support which followed the organized program of acclaim which the selfish interests opposed to compensation released the moment Mr. Mellon's announcement was given to the public.

When the period of exultation was at its height, *The New Republic* said, naïvely:

> Secretary Mellon has at last discovered the magic formula with which to slay the bonus dragon. . . . The shrewd Mr. Mellon has built a counter-fire by telling the tax-payer he may have substantial relief. . . .

The New Republic is a stanch foe of the adjusted compensation bill, but in this instance it inadvertently dealt a blow for the friends of that measure. The people of the United States are not out to "slay the bonus dragon". They want this debt to the soldiers paid, and so have expressed themselves at twenty state elections. So the rather candid intimation that this tax reduction talk might, after all, simply be a trick to swat adjusted compensation one had the effect of bringing to focus many a coldly analytical and arithmetical eye upon the terms of the announcement of Mr. Mellon. The Missouri blood which is in us all got to working.

And with what result? For one thing, all those who took the trouble to look, ascertained that the Secretary's figures did not jibe, and there is no way of making them jibe so as to support his contention that if adjusted compensation is paid there can be no tax reduction. Mr. Mellon said that without adjusted compensation the country would be in shape to cut income taxes $323,000,000, but if adjusted compensation is paid taxes can be cut—nothing. How much would compensation cost per year? For the first three years it would cost $80,000,000 annually. $323,000,000 minus $80,000,000 equals—nothing? The people haven't believed it.

Figures like these have substance to them. They sink in. The conviction grows that the supporters of Mr. Mellon's plan, after all, merely are out to "slay the bonus dragon"; and the "bonus dragons" as well as all the other dragons do not exist except as the amusing adjuncts of fairy tales.

EDITORIALS BY THE OWNERS

THE Weekly has decided to offer the occasional use of its editorial page to its readers. They are invited to write their own editorials. This plan, it is hoped, will give members of the Legion an opportunity to express to all their fellow Legionnaires their opinions on matters in which the Legion is especially interested—or in which they think it ought to be—thereby making the department a more certain reflection of the sentiment of the organization. The Weekly differs from most publications in that its readers are also its owners. Hence the editorials will be by the bosses themselves. Copy for editorials should be addressed to The Editors, The American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43rd Street, New York City.

A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer

The Things *That* Count

THE most fascinating book that I have read for a long time came to my desk this morning. I read it as eagerly as any vivid piece of news with a three column head. Actually it is not a book but only a pamphlet bound in paper, telling of deeds which are not the wonders of imagination but of things achieved. Its scenes range from Peking to Poland and from Poland to San Francisco; from the laboratories of science to dim tenement alleys and tropical swamps.

Possibly its most interested reader will be the richest man in the world, who has lately fallen into the habit of giving shiny new dimes to people he meets. Old, very old, and weazened, this richest man in the world. He has been direly hated for having made so much money in ways that were not approved. Dimes for the people he meets, but he gives millions for the people he does not meet. When he parts with the millions they are as much out of his hands as the dimes.

The Rockefeller Foundation takes charge of the distribution of the millions, and this book is the annual report of the Foundation. I am not sure that it does not express the best way to destroy the misunderstandings and hates which bring on wars. Perhaps if the report were entered for the Bok Peace Prize of one hundred thousand dollars it would go to John D., who might then afford to give the office boys and millionaire friends he personally meets shiny new quarters instead of dimes. An unusual character is John D. He must be, or he would not have become the richest man in the world.

WHATEVER the methods he used to amass his colossal fortune, the fact is that he has it. Another fact is that if he had been set down in his youth alone in the presence of bubbling oil wells and mountains of gold his money-gaining ability would have been as futile as all the power of the sea waves to drive his car another mile if it were out of gasoline.

He made his fortune with the help of his fellow citizens in developing the rich resources of his country. Every pioneer who made a clearing in the primeval forest, every lean prospector searching for gold, every house and railroad builder, every cowboy on the plains, every furrow turned, every shovelful of earth, every hammer blow helped him. Soldiers who guarded frontier settlements from Indian raids, soldiers who fought in other wars made the field secure for him.

The youth of our time, who drilled in the camps and fought in France or on the seas, protected his fortune and its increase. This is just as true in the case of Henry Ford, the second richest man, and of Secretary Mellon, the third richest, and of all millionaires, and of all who own a home or have a savings bank account, as in the case of Rockefeller.

THE thing that counts is what the millionaires are returning as trustees, and their method of returning it, to the people who helped to make them rich and to the men who risked their lives to make them and their fortunes secure. Some minds may hazard the thought that Rockefeller's benefactions have their origin in a stricken conscience; but it is not the spirit that prompts the giving which counts so much as the results which the Rockefeller Foundation achieves.

The motto of the Foundation is, "The Well Being of Mankind Throughout the World." This a grand sentiment, easily written as "The War to End War" and the promise to the man who volunteers to be a soldier: "Don't you worry, my boy, the country will never forget you. We'll look after the ones you leave at home."

The thing that counts is what happens to the soldier when he comes back. It is making good on the motto, when deeds and not words are master of the event, just as the pioneers made good in clearing the forest, the frontier guards made good in protecting the settlements and the men in uniform made good against the Germans.

There are battle maps in the little book which show how the experts who are spending the income of the one hundred and eighty millions which Rockefeller has given the Foundation are making good on their motto. Markings of campaigns started and under way, gains made and consolidated, and victories won, spatter two hemispheres. Having taken the lead which has practically removed the curse of hookworm from our Southern States, the Foundation has turned its guns on the pest spots of malaria in our own country. It took the organized initiative against that father of quarantine, that dire remorseless enemy of life and trade in the American tropics, yellow fever, which has been driven back and back until now it may have only a sporadic guerilla existence in a few fastnesses, if it has not been altogether eliminated.

THE little book, which is written in such good, cogent and lucid English, has photographs as well as maps. Smiling at the reader is the first class of Filipino girls in public health nursing and a class of school children in Mississippi who are being brought up to weight by adequate milk rations. You turn from a Public Health exhibition in Siam to a hookworm demonstration in Brazil. The Foundation's solution for China's troubles is its new Medical School in Peking and spreading the gospel of public health. Its policy is preventive medicine and education which eliminates disease everywhere; it is strong for more and better medical attendance, as its many bequests to medical schools exemplifies.

Carnegie and other millionaires have had other policies in their bequests. Mr. Hershey recently gave sixty million dollars for a home and school for orphans. Some welfare experts complain that this is a waste of money, as such is public generosity on this score that there are not enough orphans to go around. However, the experts may be mistaken if the number of automobiles and the tendency to reckless driving continue to increase. Certainly it is better that Hershey spend his millions in this way than on vast country houses and wired-in preserves which will give his friends free board and some "shooting."

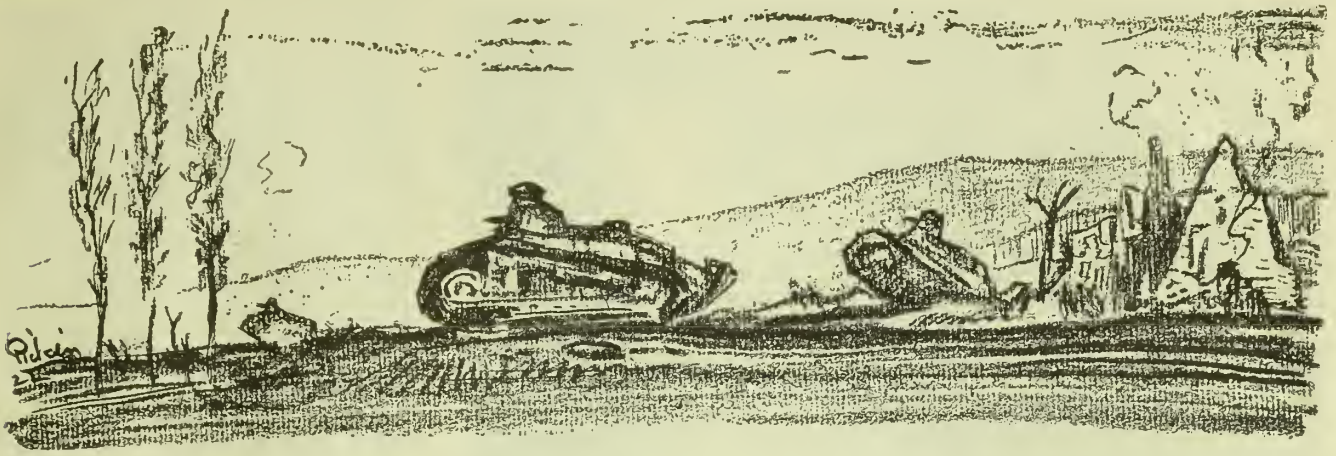
WHEN will Henry Ford and Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, and certain other millionaires we might mention, begin doing their bit? Ford's way to date is to amass more capital from the profits of building motor cars so that he can amass still more capital and employ more labor. Thus the money does not leave his hands. Mellon's way is to reduce the surtaxes on large incomes.

As there are no taxes on gifts it has been said that the surtaxes have prompted many benefactions which have been recently somewhat reduced by the abundant flotation of tax-free securities. Will reduction of surtaxes still further reduce the giving back of portions of great fortunes to those who helped create them?

And is there to be a slight readjustment for the men who served in uniform—*in order to make all fortunes large and small and all homes and all savings secure*—for from one-third to one-fifth of the pay which was received by those out of uniform? That is making good on that "Don't you worry, my boy" motto of recruiting days. It should make Rockefeller's dimes all the shinier to him and even something, which is a sense of justice, stir pleasantly in Mellon's breast.

The Sap and the Sapling

By Wallgren



The Tough Old Tanks

By Don M. Taylor

HOT dog! I bet I've walked around this flock of tanks sixty times. Wonder what my luminous says? Two forty-five! 'N' I thought it was time for my relief. I'd take a smoke, but that four-eyed two-striper's duty struck 'n' I get all the guard house I want off the duty roster.

This Army's sure the bunk. Here I am in the tanks, the tough old tanks, the Suicide Club! I'll say it's suicide! Between that sugar-peddling mess sergeant 'n' all those overstuffed K. P.'s we're all set to starve to death.

What in heck do they want to put a guard around these bloody tanks for? Nobody's goin' to steal 'em—not any Jerries, anyways. We're so far back they'll soon quit givin' us foreign service pay. Fine chance we've got to be heroes.

Bet that fool corporal's gone to sleep 'n' let that third relief lay in till reveille. I've worn a standin' trench around this tank park. Hello! Here they come stumblin' along like they wuzn't half awake.

"Halt! Who's there?"

COMBAT training in the Tank Corps isn't radically different from combat training in the other branches. At least, it wasn't during the late lamented war. The United States Army is primarily a fighting machine—yes, I know I'm contradicting many more able writers as well as numerous military school graduates with social ambitions—and the Tank Corps is no exception.

Tank troops are systematically and efficiently trained, and in compliance with army regulations the Articles of War are read to every man every six months. These three things the United States Army, officially, idolatrously worships, and again the Tank Corps is no exception: System (polite cries of "Hear! Hear!" from staff officers in the rear); efficiency (shouts of "Here! Here!" and "Razzberry!" from two ex-army cooks who are back on their pre-war jobs of truck driving); and red tape ("amen" from a disabled veteran up front).

But one may study military tactics for years and years and still be an infant in arms. Therefore, even if, despite, the efficient training and the reading of the Articles of War which the tankers underwent, the war continued merrily on for sixty days after their arrival at the front, they should not be censured.

The preliminary training course is concluded with a brigade problem, otherwise known as a "tank show," and from that time on the conscientious tanker counts that month lost in which his brigade doesn't have at least one tactical problem to solve. Infantry, Engineer, and other units are detailed from the nearest school area to take part in the show, so that actual battle conditions can be simulated. Who the authors of these many problems were has never been disclosed. That is probably one of our military secrets. But the consensus is that they were evolved by either superannuated staff officers seated in Washington at spur-scarred desks, or that even more authoritative authority—the war correspondent.

A brigade, successfully solving its first problem in the face of a simulated enemy, a barrage of hand grenades and a more or less corrugated terrain, considered themselves battle-tried and true veterans. Upon the completion of their eighth problem they felt more like battle-tired and blue veterans.

"Success in battle," says the I. D. R., "is the ultimate object of all military training." And in the course of time the tank brigade makes its first trip to the front. The tanks, under cover of darkness and a few witty sallies from the officers, are moved up alongside the railroad and camouflaged, so that no one in the world, least of all an enemy avion, would suspect that they were anything else but a nice, new grove of trees, thoughtfully planted by some farmer to shade his pastured cows. The troops are moved out of their luxurious billets, with hardly a chance to say farewell to the pigs and poultry with whom they have slept for months, and puptented around the grove. Presumably to guard the cows. They spend several days there awaiting orders to move forward. These few days are hectic ones, indeed. The tanks are tuned up and repaired. The troops are religiously and sacrilegiously exhorted. Company records are put in shape. "Who to notify in case of emergency" blanks—just a matter of form, you understand—are filled out, etc., etc.

Finally the morning of departure comes. Tanks and troops are loaded on the waiting trains, the former well camouflaged with covers, the latter made more or less anonymous by the removal of all organization insignia. Sooner or later, but very seldom sooner, the trains pull out. At the first station they pass a leave train headed for the rear. Some doughboys lean out and engage the tank troops in conversation which goes about like this:

"Going up, are you, buddy?"

"Hell, no! Just taking a tour."

"What outfit?"

"We're the new cooks and bakers corps going up to make doughnuts for the shell-shocked soldiers in the Paris sector."

"What you got under the tarps?"

"Ssh! Them's our ranges disguised as delousing machines."

"Huh! Watch out that Jerry don't get them."

UPON arrival at the front, or as near to it as the conformation of the—this military stuff does eat into one—as I was going to say, as near to it as the rails go, usually about ten or fifteen kilos, the trains are spotted on a siding, well-concealed by banks of trees, and the organization remains on board until dark. Immediately thereafter detrainment is begun as noiselessly as possible, which means that no avion more than a mile overhead could hear a sound. Tanks are then run up to their position-in-waiting, in a woods, if possible, which is within the gas alert zone and from three to five miles from the jumping-off place.

There they stay for a period of suspense of from twelve hours to three days. Tuning up and repairing goes on again and is continued until the forward movement. Gas and other supplies are secured on requisition or filched from the Air Service, or both.

Finally the brigade commander receives the order all have been waiting for. It briefly informs him that he will operate in conjunction with the —th

(*Continued on page* 23)

Youth replaced old age at The Weirs this year. Up the same road which had echoed the footsteps of the G. A. R. for more than a half century marched thousands of Legionnaires

New Hampshire Legion Falls Heir to G. A. R. Camp

ONLY the rear guard of the Grand Army of the Republic is still in sight, and as it marches bravely down Time Street its fife and drum corps play a diminuendo that will soon fall away into silence. But blending with the echoes of the distant music, the bugle call of The American Legion sounds strong and clear, and the hearer knows that for a half century at least there will be marching along that same highway another band of veterans who will see that the boys in blue are not forgotten.

The Legion is falling heir not only to the traditions of the G. A. R., but also, in many instances, to the tangible physical properties of the soldiers' organization of the Civil War. Among all the States, perhaps, New Hampshire had set up for the permanent use of Civil War veterans the best camping ground and resting place for the men of the G. A. R., and The American Legion of the Department of New Hampshire is just coming into this place by inheritance. New Hampshire has at The Weirs, on beautiful Lake Winnipesaukee, a "soldiers' field." Here, fifty years ago, the Boston and Maine Railroad gave a hundred-year lease to the veterans of the Civil War on a wooded slope along the borders of Lake Winnipesaukee. In the course of time fifty buildings were erected on this slope for the use of New Hampshire posts of Civil War veterans. These buildings include a large headquarters building, an open-air amphitheater and a mess hall, in addition to many dormitories.

The American Legion intends to preserve the "soldiers' field" as a shrine of patriotism. Plans are being made to take over gradually the regimental buildings. These will be remodelled for vacation use throughout the summer except during the week of "encampment" — department conventions and reunions. Legionnaires with their families will be able to spend a week or more of their vacations at the field at low cost. During encampment all the buildings will be available for living quarters for those attending the conventions.

Each year the veterans of all wars come together at The Weirs, and during the last week of August, usually, a day is dedicated to each group. Gradually, of course, all encampment activities will be taken over by Legionnaires, as they already outnumber other veterans ten to one. There is the utmost good feeling between the veterans of all the wars and all help equally to make Veterans' Week one of the big events of the year in New Hampshire. Legion Day is always attended by all the notable men of the State.

The veterans' organization which controls the annual encampment includes men of all wars. A Civil War veteran, Charles H. Stickney, is now president emeritus, and the president is Frank Knox, a former major in the 78th Division overseas, who was the first commander of the Department of New Hampshire of the Legion. The executive committee is composed of veterans of the Civil, Spanish-American and World Wars, men of both the Navy and the Army, enlisted men and officers.

Counterfeit Legionnaire Takes Trustful Adjutant's Trousers

TO the endless tale of imposition upon the comradeship and good nature of Legionnaires by traveling swindlers must be added the story of a Kentucky post adjutant who recently cashed checks for a man posing as a member of a Mobile (Alabama) post, who was accompanied by a woman whom he introduced as his wife. The checks, drawn on a Mobile bank, came back marked "no funds" shortly after the counterfeit Legionnaire and his ostensible spouse departed from the adjutant's home, where they had been guests, taking with them a pair of the adjutant's trousers and a supply of Legion membership cards. The faker is now probably devoting all these articles to his own uses.

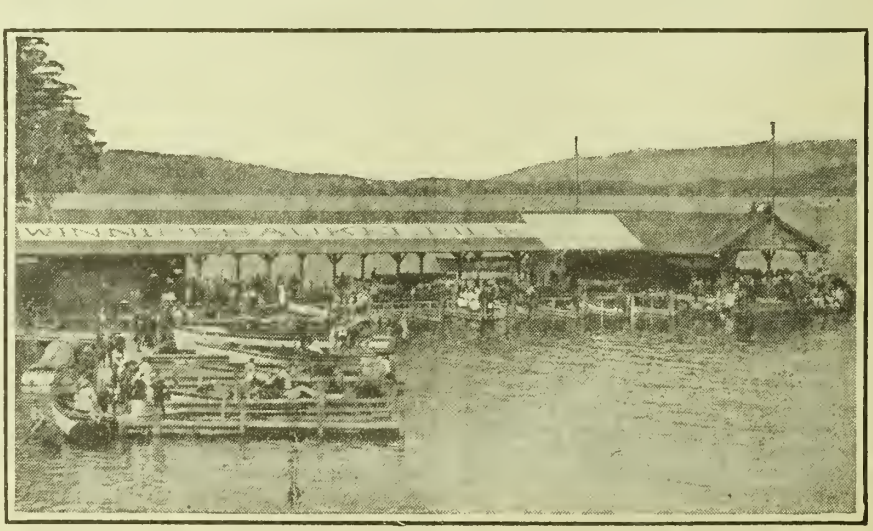
National Adjutant Lemuel Bolles is calling to the attention of all posts the resolution adopted by the San Francisco convention which urges as a matter of policy that a post extend financial assistance to a traveling Legionnaire only upon authorization, by mail or telegraph, from the applicant's home-town post.

What Do You Do? Write It On Your Weekly Subscription Card

HOW many thousands of physicians are among the three-quarters of a million Legionnaires? How many buddies sell pianos or real estate or automobiles? Who has the softest job, and who has the most dangerous?

Sometime next year the Legion ought to know the answer to most of these questions, for every Legionnaire in paying his dues for 1924 and renewing his membership will have a chance to tell what he does. The American Legion Weekly subscription card which each Legionnaire is given when he pays up contains a blank space in which he is expected to list his occupation before mailing the card to the Circulation Manager of the Weekly.

The Advertising Manager of the Weekly sends word that every buddy will do a big service if he will be sure to state his occupation when he fills out his card. When all the cards are in, the Advertising Manager will classify all members by occupations. If he finds that ten thousand buddies are in the grocery business, it's going to help him land a lot of new advertising of food products. If he can show that ten thousand druggists are Legionnaires, he's going to be able to talk right up to a lot of manufacturers of things sold in drug stores who haven't been advertising in the Weekly. And so with men of every other calling. Every man who gives his occupation on his membership card is helping the movement for a bigger and better national Legion magazine.



Lake Winnipesaukee, in its setting of mountains and forests, helps make The Weirs an ideal campground for New Hampshire's World War veterans

Credit and Debit Side of Buying a Clubhouse

IF a home-owning or home-building census were taken among the 11,000 posts of the Legion it would undoubtedly reveal a surprising activity, with real estate transfers and building contracts totalling many millions of dollars. Despite high building costs in most sections of the country, the majority of posts which do not now own their own clubhouses or buildings are either engaged in building operations or are rated as potential builders or buyers. Experience has shown that it is possible for almost any post to acquire title to its own home at a time when it has in hand only a small percentage of the funds necessary to pay for it without straining its resources too greatly. Typical of many other experiences is that of Alfred Wilson Post of Flatbush, Brooklyn, New York, which recently acquired title to a $12,000 clubhouse by the expenditure of only $2,286.

William E. Skillman, secretary of the post committee which arranged the purchase, supplies the following figures itemizing this initial expenditure:

Commission to real estate broker	$150
On signing contract	1,000
On delivery of deed	1,000
Examination of title and policy	82
Recording deed and mortgage	7
Mortgage tax	20
Stamps on bond	2
Drawing bond and mortgage	15
To attorney for title company	10
Total	$2,286

On signing the contract half of the broker's commission of $300 was paid by the post in consideration of the seller's procuring a $6,000 first mortgage on the property, subject to which the post took title. In addition to this mortgage the post, as a corporation, executed a $4,000 second mortgage to the seller. The estimated expenses for the first year are as follows:

Interest on first mortgage	$360
Interest and installments, second mortgage	535
Coal	200
Gas, electricity and incidentals	100
Insurance	70
Water	12
Total	$1,247

The post took advantage of the memorial corporation law of New York State to obtain exemption from all taxes and assessments.

The estimated income for the first year is as follows:

Rent paid by outside organizations	$600
Rent of apartment over hall	780
Total	$1,380

From these figures it will be seen that the post expects that income will meet all fixed charges, so that whatever funds can be raised during the year by entertainments or otherwise can be applied to a direct reduction of indebtedness.

California Post Issues Cards to Visiting Legionnaires

DAVIS (California) Post issues a guest card to every visiting Legionnaire who wants one. The card entitles the holder to all the privileges of the post while a temporary resident of the town, which is a favored winter resort. A nominal fee of fifty cents is charged.

Davis Post some months ago inaugurated an interesting preparedness activity when it planted a hundred black walnut seedlings along the principal streets of the town. Forty Legionnaires turned out with shovels for planting day, and were ably assisted by Boy Scouts. The post plans to plant a hundred trees annually. Thousands of black walnuts were searched out of America's forests in 1917 and 1918 to provide stocks for rifles.

It costs Alfred Wilson Post of Brooklyn, New York, $1,247 annually for debt and expenses on this clubhouse, recently acquired, and the post obtains $1,380 from yearly rentals

National Headquarters to Have Separate Home

THE American Legion will have its National Headquarters in an office building of classic Greek architecture located in one corner of the magnificent memorial plaza which will be created in the heart of Indianapolis. Earlier plans under which the Legion's National Headquarters were to have been given space in a structure constituting the base of a 190-foot tower and memorial shrine were revised at a meeting of the commission charged with establishing the $10,000,000 World War memorial authorized by the State of Indiana, the city of Indianapolis and Marion County. National officials of the Legion have approved the revised plans. The original plans had caused public dissatisfaction in Indiana because of an apparent lack of structural harmony in the monumental tower and the low building at its base.

As has been said in the Weekly before, five city blocks are to be combined in the new memorial plaza, which will extend from the postoffice building at the south to the library building at the north, both modern structures of classic design. The Legion will occupy one of two office buildings which will be erected at opposite corners of the plaza adjoining the library, and these office buildings, of identical plan, will be in the same style as the library.

The memorial shrine with its 190-foot tower will be erected two blocks from the office buildings on a site now occupied by hotels and business structures. It will stand immediately opposite the present National Headquarters.

Legion Post Seeks Factory to Help Improve Its Town

AMERICAN LEGION posts have taken an exceptionally active rôle in community betterment in many smaller communities in which the Legion performs functions usually recognized as those of a chamber of commerce or a commercial club. In Treverton, Pennsylvania, for example, Treverton Post has been conducting a campaign to bring a new factory to town. It has sent out letters stating that a building will be furnished free to any company wishing to locate in Treverton. The post pledges its support in advance to the new enterprise. Cheap fuel, good railroad facilities and other inducements are mentioned.

No.....

Davis Post No. 99

Visiting Members Card for 19

Davis, Calif., ... 19.

This is to Certify that_____

being a member in good standing of .. ..

Post No. ....., is entitled to all the privileges of Davis Post while a resident here.

Member's Signature Post Adjutant or Finance Officer

This is the card which Davis (California) Post issues to Legionnaires from other sections of the country who spend many months in its town, a favored winter resort. The post charges the nominal fee of fifty cents for the card

Bursts *and* Duds

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address 627 West 43d St., New York City

"Insured, Aintcha?"

"Bandits!" yelled the cop, commandeering the customary passing automobile. "Take me after them! Quick! Step on her!"

"B-b-ut," stuttered the motorist, "s-s-suppose I g-g-get shot???"

"Aw, tha's all right—then I'll grab another car."

All in One Volume

O'Verriwell (who doesn't believe in violence): "What is it this time?"

Book Agent: "A complete directory of the last American soldier in Germany to return, arranged alphabetically."

At the Race Track

Mose: "C'mon, Somepin! C'mon, Somepin! C'mon, Somepin!"

Bystander: "What's the matter with you, boy? There's no horse called Something in this race."

Mose: "Ah knows dat, but Ahs got two bucks on all of em, an' Ah's anxious."

Such Language

Dealer in Birds: "Do I understand that the parrot I sold you uses improper language? Impossible! It was brought up with the best of care."

Erudite Bostonian: "My dear sir, that bird split an infinitive the other night with absolute abandon right before my guests."

Forever

"What in the world is the matter? What are you laughing at?" demanded Mrs. Brown of her husband who was reading the evening paper.

"This inspired editor has printed the wedding announcements under the 'Lost' heading."

Bargain

Boston Blackie: "Where d'ya get de swell outfit o' clothes?"

Chicago Slim: "At de store."

"How much?"

"Aw, I dunno. De boss had gone home for de night."

The Price Booster

A man who had lived several years on a tropical South Sea island came north one winter. He sought out a coal dealer and asked him the price of a ton of coal. The dealer told him.

"What's the matter?" whispered the former South Seas man. "Have they passed a law against selling that, too?"

Real Headwork

She: "Yes, George, I know you earn more money as a plumber than any business man, but I'd like you in something more refined—some business where you would have to use your head."

He: "Use my head? Why, I have to use my head as a plumber! Who'd remember to forget my tools if I didn't?"

On Your Way

I've nothing but my violin;
She's nothing but her song;
I think I'll get a saxaphone
And then we'll jazz along.

In a Good Cause

A certain McIntosh, living in a Western town, was wont to caution all visiting hunters and fishermen:

"Here you're goin' up Snake River. You want to watch out for it. It's full of undercurrents and eddies, not to speak of pizcnous reptiles. Boys, I allow I'm the only livin' man that ever swum that river."

One group of travelers became curious at this boast and sought enlightenment from the ferryman.

"Yup," said the latter. "That's so. Reckon Mac is the only man what ever swum that river, and it's a wonder he lived through it. We was all up on the bank shootin' at him."

Business Opportunity

Smith, once a prosperous cotton manufacturer, had failed and he had gone down with the wreck. A few days after the news had spread abroad, his chauffeur, a young Negro, called at the office.

"Misto Smif," he began in an embarrassed manner. "I done had a job offered me down to de barber shop shinin' shoes. What yo' think about me tryin' it?"

"Try it, Sam, try it," encouraged Smith. Then a hopeful gleam coming into his eyes, he added:

"And if you don't like it, let me know and I'll take a whirl at it myself."

Sounded Suspicious

The minister was finishing a scathing sermon on gambling and was inveighing at the top of his lungs against poker when a little man, awakened by the shouting interrupted to condole:

"Aw, don't carry on so, mister. You may have better luck tonight."

Importance of Gestures

She: "And while you were in France, what did you think of the French language?"

He: "Well—if I was going to be born deaf and dumb I'd wanta be born a Frenchman."

The Silver Lining

Mrs.: "Mother writes that she's coming to see us in a month and stay all winter. Why, what are you so cheerful about?"

Mr.: "Oh, nothing. Only I went to see my doctor today, and he told me I wouldn't live a week."

Almost Gone

Office Boy: "Grandma's sick again, sir. Can I—?"

The Boss: "Serious?"

Office Boy: "Yes, sir. The last game."

And It Was

Casey: "See here, that dollar ye lent me last week was a counterfeit."

Cassidy: "Sure. Didn't ye say ye wanted it bad?"

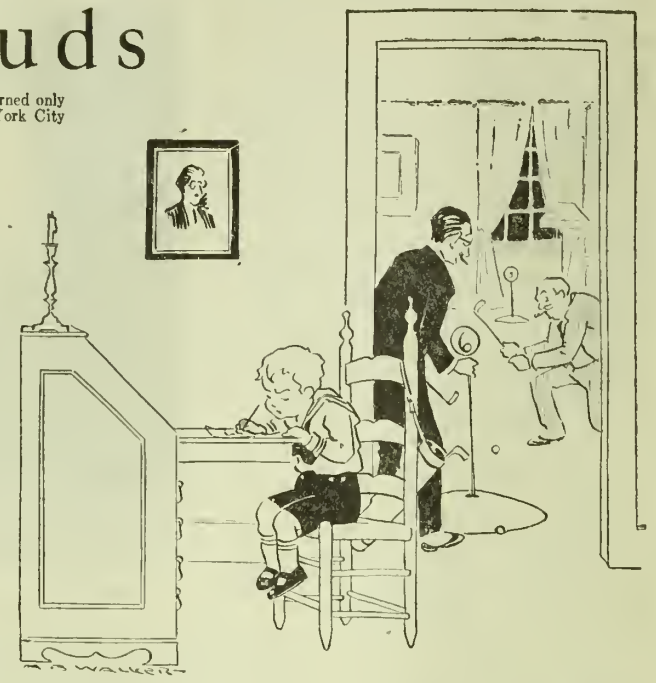
Sarcastic Family

He: "Is there any hot water?"

She: "What are you going to do? Take a bath?"

He: "No; I'm going to drown myself."

She: "Well, don't forget to let the water out of the tub when you're through."



Dear Santa Claus:
Will you please give me some toys that Daddy and Uncle Tom can't play with? They don't give me a chanct.
Yours lovingly,
TOMMY JONES

Wisdom of the Ages

At six he felt that Santa Claus was nothing but a joke;
At sixteen he inferred that race-track touts are full of coke;
At twenty-one he knew all men were crooks and bums as well;
At fifty-five he bought oil stocks. Quick, Doc, the padded cell!

"How Much in Your Cavity Today, Sir?"

De Style: "That dentist is very progressive. He gets all the work of the automobile owners."

Gunbusta: "How's that?"

De Style: "He refers to his office as a filling station."

A Better Way

Fair Customer: "Have you a book called: 'How to Manage Your Husband'?"

Clerk: "No, madame. But you might visit the cutlery and firearms counters in our hardware department."

Puffickly Good Reason

Chloride, the colored maid, had announced her impending departure.

"What's the matter, Chloride?" asked her mistress. "Aren't your wages sufficient? Don't we treat you right?"

"Wellum, de wages is all right, an' mostly yo' treats me right, but de trouble is dis: Dere am too much shiftin' of de dishes fo' de fewness of de victuals."

Worth While

Any girl can be gay in a nice coupé;
In a taxi they all can be jolly;
But the girl worth while is the girl who can smile
When you're taking her home in a trolley.

Strategic Jilt

Rufus: "What yo-all gwine gonna give yo' bes' gal fo' Christmas?"

Artie: "Ah ain't figgerin' on havin' no bes' gal long 'bout den."

Quoth the Raven——

Lady: "Are you an ex-service man?"

Disconsolate Veteran: "Yes, ma'am. Forever!"

Then *and* Now

By the Company Clerk

THE songbirds of 1918 came across in fine style in response to the request of Comrade Charles W. George in these columns for the words of the official artillery march and other service songs. Some choice impromptu outfit ditties were sent in, including beaucoup verses of the old Hinky-Dinky standby. Comrades Valentine of Huron, South Dakota, Newton of Farrell, Pennsylvania, Gates of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Coakley of Rochester, New York, lined up with the words of "While the Caissons Go Rolling Along," and we'll sound off with them:

Over hill, over dale, as we hit the dusty trail,
And the caissons go rolling along,
Up and down, in and out, counter-march and left about,
As those caissons go rolling along.

Chorus:

For it's hi! hi! hee! for the Field Artillery,
Shout out your numbers loud and strong,
For wherc'er we go you can always know
That the caissons go rolling along.
(Shout) Keep a-rolling—
That those caissons go rolling along.

In the storm, in the night, action left or action right,
See the caissons go rolling along.
Limber front, limber rear, prepare to mount your cannoneer,
And the caissons go rolling along.
(After second chorus):
Battery halt!

There wasn't any outfit that escaped an adverse Hinky-Dinky verse, and while we're on the Artillery, here's a Hinky-Dinky about the red legs of infantry origin which we dug up:

The Artillery claims it won the war,
Parlez-vous,
The Artillery claims it won the war,
Parlez-vous,
The Artillery might have done its share,
But sometimes the barrage just wasn't there,
Hinky-Dinky, parlez-vous.

Doc F. A. Rupp, major, medical corps, O. R. C., of Lewiston, Pennsylvania, answered the call and introduces his song contribution like this: "Just a verse to show you that even the much maligned medical officers had a heart for their commander back in those early days at Fort Benjamin Harrison:

"We are the boys of Ashburne, roughnecks to the core,
Forgetting that we're doctors, we'd like to drill much more—
Oh, yes, like hell we would!
Our Fords are all in hock-shop, our 'scopes and bougies too,
Keeping the line boys out of hell is what we do.

The doctor says the tune is the popular strain in the "Our Director" march, "to which even we medicos marched so many thousands of miles on the Fort Ben parade ground."

To save space, we'll have to indicate briefly the Hinky-Dinky lines of verses that we use. To cheer up our pill-roller comrade, all together now:

The medics claim they won the war, parlez vous, etc.
The medics claim they held the line
With C. C. pills and iodine.

Payday songs, of which "All we do is sign the payroll" was the grand-daddy, always hit a responsive chord. The former regimental surgeon of the First Engineers, Dr. D. M. Gardner, now at U. S. V. B. Hospital No. 49, Philadelphia, sends along this one, adapted by all branches of the service and sung to the tune of "The Old Gray Mare":

Oh, Uncle Sammy, he pays the Infantry,
He pays the Cavalry, he pays the Artillery,
And then, by gosh, he closes the Treasury,
To hell with the Engineers.

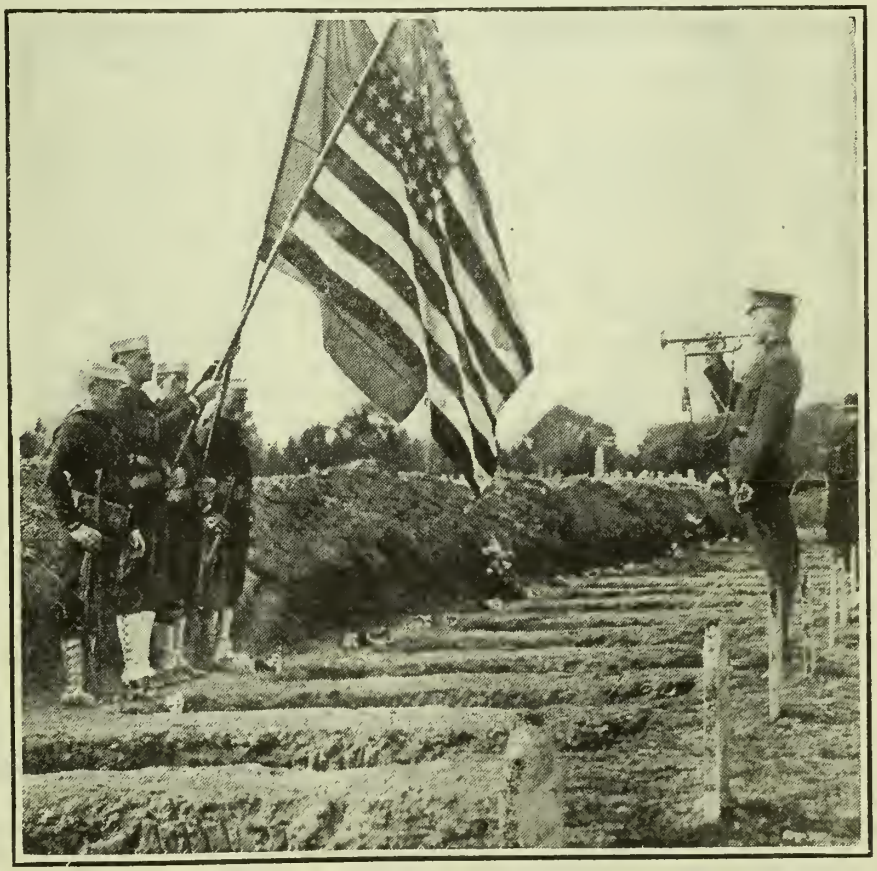
Hinky-Dinky was without doubt the best-seller of the war. Thousands of verses, ranging from quips about the life and habits of our Allies and slams on other outfits, to handing the raspberry in more-or-less safe form to some higher-up, testify to that. "When Colonel McNabb's justly famous pamphlet on musketry training became well-known among the doughboys," writes Lewis M. Perkins of Durango, Colorado, "they undoubtedly committed lèse majesté and petty treason, to say nothing of breaking a number of Articles of War by singing:

Oh, Colonel McNabb is a hunk of cheese,
All that he knows is the trigger squeeze.

While Legionnaire Perkins feels that "the doughboy in his spontaneous outburst of poetry and song was too brutally frank, too poignantly personal," he, being a former Third Division man, doesn't hesitate to offer the following verse which he says was the result of "some slight feeling that the two regiments of Marines were receiving more than their share of credit for operations jointly carried out with other outfits":

The little Marine he was a bear,
He captured a town, and nobody there.

Before we sound recall on the songfest, here is a parody on "There's a Long, Long Trail" which L. D. Huffman of Elyria, Ohio, reports was the unofficial song of an Artillery outfit with which he trained:



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HOME AT LAST.—After resting five years in graves in Brazil, the bodies of twenty-eight American sailors and marines were given burial with formal honors in Arlington National Cemetery last month. These service men, of the U. S. S. *Pittsburgh*, died during the influenza epidemic in the last year of the war

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There's a long, long trace a-winding
Around the hocks of my team,
And the martingale is missing
And the old brake beam.
I've got the off horse saddled backwards,
I've got the backstrap 'round his neck,
And though it's all damned peculiar, yet
We're ready to roll, by heck!

More service songs will be bulletined in a week or two. In the meantime some Gyrene may send in the words of some of the Marine songs which Charles W. George of Hammond, Indiana, who set off this song barrage, also requested. We haven't heard from any sailors. Didn't any topical songs or Hinky-Dinky verses put out to sea? Send them to the Company Clerk.

HERE'S a man, Edwin E. Ridley of East Swanzey, New Hampshire, who wants information about a comrade whom he saw wounded while in action over five years ago. He also asks help in locating some war souvenirs. He writes:

"Can any Legionnaire help me get information about Corporal Fred C. Partch, Company M, 103d Infantry, 26th Division, who received a serious bayonet wound in action. I never found out whether he lived or died. His home was in Lebanon, New Hampshire, before the war.

"In my barracks bag, which was stored in Liffol-le-Grand, Vosges [probably Haute-Marne.—COMPANY CLERK] in February, 1918, when we went into the lines at Soissons, was a pair of tiny wooden shoes, the work of a little French girl who gave them to me, and also an M. P. billy or policeman's club. The club was hand-carved and bore my name, rank, name of town and date. Perhaps some buddy who opened these bags may have it and be willing to return it to me."

Any information about Corporal Partch or about the lost souvenirs will be transmitted promptly by the Company Clerk.

A LETTER from T. F. Quinn of Philadelphia, father of the Marine, Joe Quinn, who was killed in action, thanks the Legionnaires who voluntecred information about the burial of his son. Mr. Quinn states he is positive the man referred to in the published letter of Edward Quinn, who assisted at the burial, was his son. Joe Quinn, 43d Company, 5th Regiment, U. S. M. C., was killed in October, 1918, and buried at Somme-Py. Official notice of his death was received by the family in March, 1919, after a long and anxious search in America and France. The body was later removed to Romagne Cemetery and in October, 1921, was returned to America.

We now have some information for a gold star mother of Brooklyn, New York, who was still in doubt about the fate of her son, George Dust, Company D, 28th Infantry, First Division. He was officially reported as missing in action, but the last letters returned to her were marked "Wounded C. P. O., Tours, N. L." Legionnaire A. V. Curl of Keota, Iowa, writes:

"I read in the Then and Now column of September 28th a request for information regarding Private George Dust. I was a member of Company B, Second Machine Gun Battalion, and was attached to Company D, 28th Infantry, in the St. Mihiel offensive in September, 1918. I overheard one of the men of that company say that George Dust was killed by the explosion of a German mine early in the morning of the first day of the advance, September 12th." The Company Clerk finds the name of George F. Dust, private, in the honor roll of Company D, 28th Infantry, in the History of the First Division, with a notation that he was killed in action.

Charles Engelking, ex-sergeant, Company C, 9th Infantry, Second Division, now living in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, has made prompt response to the request of Legionnaire Jasper A. Kerr of Columbus, Kentucky, for facts regarding the death of Private Buster McGee. Kerr wanted this information for McGee's mother, who is twice a gold star mother. Engelking writes:

"Answering the request for information regarding Private Buster McGee of Company C, 9th Infantry, Second Division.

"Our company relieved the French on the Soissons front the night of July 17, 1918, and four a. m. on July 18th was zero hour for the scrimmage. After advancing for about a mile we suddenly received orders to take cover, and at this moment I can recall seeing Private McGee taking cover with the rest of the company. We had been proceeding too rapidly for our barrage. When the barrage lifted, however, we proceeded and McGee was with us. We then came to a wheat field and part of the company took cover here, lying down on the ground, as the Boche was very active with his machine guns. At ten o'clock that morning we came to a ravine and remained there until seven p. m. and then followed the baby tanks until nine p. m., took our objective and held it until about the 21st. In that Soissons attack we lost about two-thirds of our company. When our company was checked up, after relief, I cannot remember seeing Private McGee."

No response has been received in the following cases which were listed in these columns: Sylvanus Hoxie, private, Company L, 39th Infantry, reported killed in action July 26, 1918: Private Jay E. Everett, Company D, 39th Infantry, killed on or about August 1, 1918, during the Aisne-Marne offensive; James Walter Flynn, first lieutenant, Company D, 112th Infantry, killed in the Argonne. The Company Clerk will bulletin reports sent to him.

Make It an All-Hands-Around Christmas!

WHAT, Mr. Individual Legionnaire, are you going to do to brighten Christmas Day for your buddies in hospital? If your post is located anywhere within gasoline distance of a hospital that is sheltering disabled veterans, it has already made plans to visit them. Your Auxiliary unit will be on hand, too. But what about *you?* Is the detail complete without *you?* Christmas is the great annual opportunity for the Legion to live up to its creed of devotion to mutual helpfulness. Devote some of your Christmas Day and your Christmas spirit to bringing cheer to a buddy. It's pure medicine—for him and for you.

LEGION LIBRARY

Book Service

OUTFIT histories and books on the World War make ideal Christmas gifts for the service man. Book Service offers a representative list of books which may be purchased through the Legion Library. Particular attention is called to the combined edition of U. S. Official Pictures of the World War, which will be available through Book Service during the month of December only. (For additional books available, see other issues of the Weekly.)

U. S. OFFICIAL PICTURES OF THE WORLD WAR. Both the Army and Navy editions, previously published, are combined in this volume. A carefully selected collection of more than two thousand official Signal Corps photographs giving a comprehensive pictorial history of all branches of the service and of all American activities of the World War. Farewell parades, troops in training, transports, familiar scenes in France and occupied Germany, actual battle scenes, battleships, destroyers, are all represented. In addition there are concise reports of the actions at Cantigny, Château-Thierry, St. Mihiel, the Meuse-Argonne and other important operations. Non-combat arms covered. Brief statistical records of all combat divisions and complete final report of General Pershing. 930 pages, 9 x 11 inches. Orders sent after December 31st cannot be accepted. Price: $12.15.

HISTORY OF THE FIRST DIVISION IN THE WORLD WAR. Official. Set of twelve 1:20,000 operations maps in separate container. Price: $5.

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

HISTORY OF THE FIFTH DIVISION. Official. A complete record of the division's activities from Camp Logan through the Meuse-Argonne. Tables of casualties, important field orders, decorations, citations. 86 full-page photographs. Many maps. 423 pages, 7½ x 10½ inches. Price: $6.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE 26TH DIVISION. Five hundred photographs. 8 x 11 inches. 320 pages. Price: Cloth, $5; leather, $8.

PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE 27TH DIVISION. Over 300 official photographs. 8 x 10 inches. 244 pages. Price: $2.75.

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

HISTORY OF THE 78TH DIVISION IN THE WORLD WAR. Official. The story of the 78th is told in a straightforward narrative form, backed up by copies of all important field orders and plenty of clear sketch maps. 243 pages. Many illustrations. Price: $3.50.

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

OUR NAVY AT WAR, BY JOSEPHUS DANIELS, former Secretary of the Navy. The book of 374 pages contains 64 illustrations. Special price: $2.

THE VICTORY AT SEA. By Rear Admiral William S. Sims. The Navy in the War. 410 pages. Price: $3.20.

OVERSEAS STARS AND STRIPES. A reprint of all of the 71 issues of The Stars and Stripes, the A. E. F. newspaper, printed from February 8, 1918, to June 13, 1919, when the paper was discontinued. 568 full pages. 18 x 24 inches. Price: $10.80.

THROUGH THE WHEAT. By Thomas Boyd. The war as it looked to a private in the 83d Co., Sixth Marines. 266 pages. Price: $1.75.

OUR 110 DAYS FIGHTING. By Arthur W. Page. A story of the combat participation of American troops. Tabloid histories of all A. E. F. divisions. Maps. 283 pages. Price: $2.50.

OUR GREATEST BATTLE. By Frederick Palmer. The Meuse-Argonne offensive carefully reported by America's foremost war correspondent. Maps. 617 pages. Price: $2.50.

THE ARTILLERYMAN. By Jay M. Lee. While fundamentally a history of the 129th Artillery, this book is to a large degree the story of the 35th Division and has been endorsed by infantry as well as artillery officers of the division. 150 illustrations, 22 maps, two panoramic inserts. 359 pages. Price: $3.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE. By Lt. Col. Jennings C. Wise. Story of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 26th, 28th, 32nd and 42nd Divisions from Cantigny to the Vesle. 255 pages. Price: $1.60.

A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN LEGION. By Marquis James. 320 pages. 36 illustrations. Price: $2.50.

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.

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Mr. William J. McGinley, Supreme Secretary,
Knights of Columbus, New Haven, Conn.

Attention Dept. C. 10

Dear Sir: Please send me Bulletin of Information concerning Knights of Columbus Correspondence Courses together with an application blank.

Name.....
(please print)

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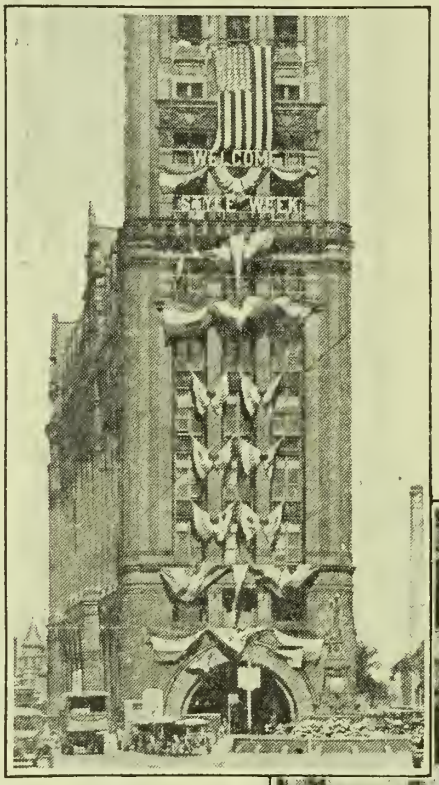
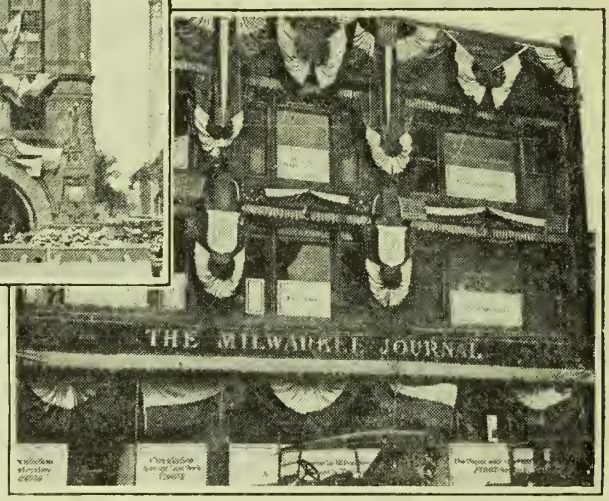
Millions of Legion Leaflets Instruct Nation in Correct Flag Etiquette





When the Grand Army of the Republic held its last national encampment at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, every effort was made to have the patriotic decorations of the city conform to the rules laid down by the flag conference called by the Legion last June. Here are two good examples of correct displays during the encampment. Note that the flag itself hangs free, only the bunting being folded and draped

ALMOST every town and city in the United States is participating or planning to participate in The American Legion's campaign of popular education in flag usage and etiquette which was begun at the conference in Washington on Flag Day, June 14th, called by the Legion and attended by representatives of sixty-eight organizations. Already more than three million copies of the code of flag etiquette and usage drawn up at this conference have been distributed through the National Americanism Commission of The American Legion, and programs adopted by Legion posts and other organizations throughout the country call for the distribution of many additional millions.

In addition to the sixty-eight organizations represented at the conference, fifty-one other national organizations have officially recognized the flag code and are co-operating in the movement to make the rules of flag usage known to all school children and citizens generally. These organizations have a combined membership of more than twenty million. The interest shown in the movement by public-spirited citizens has been surprising even to the pioneers who originated the movement.

The publication of the flag code in The American Legion Weekly of July 6th was the signal for an amazing demonstration of public interest. Requests for additional copies of the magazine containing the code quickly exhausted the available supply. Pamphlets of the code were then prepared by the National Americanism Commission of the Legion at National Headquarters. Almost one million of these have been sent out to Legion posts and other organizations. Many of the organizations which took part in the Washington conference have also had flag pamphlets prepared for distribution among their members and the public, using for this purpose matrices obtained from The American Legion Weekly. These pamphlets, together with reprints of the code in newspapers and magazines, have brought total distribution to date up to the three million mark.

The Fifth National Convention of the Legion at San Francisco directed that National Headquarters at Indianapolis distribute the flag pamphlets at cost. Accordingly the National Emblem Division will fill orders at $3.54 per thousand, F. O. B. Indianapolis. The pamphlet, entitled "The Flag: How to Display It, How to Respect It," consists of six pages with seventeen illustrations. A history of the flag is included.

Matrices of the flag code, with all illustrations, as published in The American Legion Weekly of July 6th, may also be obtained from the offices of the magazine at 627 West 43d Street, New York City, at a price of $1.25 per set. These are suitable for reprints in post publications and newspapers and magazines or for the printing of posters.

Many posts have adopted the plan of framing copies of the flag code and hanging them in schoolrooms and public places.

The New York Department of the Legion is now carrying on a campaign to place a copy of the flag code in the hands of every school child. As a preliminary, the Department presented 60,000 copies of the code to the State Commissioner of Education for distribution among the teachers of the state.

Sandusky, Ohio, is one of the hundreds of communities in which the Legion is systematically distributing the flag code. Six thousand copies obtained by Perry Post have been distributed from house to house by Boy Scouts.

In Prescott, Arizona, the Boy Scouts

have taken over the duties of flag inspectors, in co-operation with the Legion. Wherever an incorrect display of the flag is seen a Boy Scout will present a copy of the flag code, calling attention to the correct manner in which the flag should be shown. The same plan is being followed in Ponca, Oklahoma, where eight troops of Boy Scouts will work with the Legion.

Malden (Massachusetts) Post is another unit which has distributed the flag pamphlets among all schools, churches, fraternal organizations and business places. William H. Gordon Post of Ansonia, Connecticut, has already given pamphlets to five thousand school children and is enlarging its distribution.

A factory in Fort Wayne, Indiana, gave a copy of the pamphlet to each of its 1,500 employes. Many other factories in other parts of the country have also done this.

Thomas B. Anderson Post of Latrobe, Pennsylvania, distributed six thousand copies of the code at a public meeting at which General Pershing was honor guest.

Napoleon Quellette Post of Rumford, Maine, is one of the many which has attracted favorable public interest by framing the code and placing it in all the public places in its town.

The American Legion Auxiliary and the Daughters of the American Revolution are working together in Honolulu to make the rules of the flag code known to the people of varied nationality in that outpost of America. The two organizations, as one feature of their plan, gave an entertainment in which children of many nationalities, dressed in their native costumes, demonstrated the proper ways in which the flag should be displayed and honored.

As a feature of a revival of public interest in flag usage in Columbus, Ohio, 850 flags were placed in the schoolrooms by the Legion. Copies of the flag code were given to the pupils. Riverside (California) Post gives all new citizens small silk flags and copies of the flag code as a feature of naturalization ceremonies.

The distribution of the flag code has resulted in the correction of many abuses of the flag which had long been complained about. A firm of paper manufacturers in Brookfield, Massachusetts, for instance, reported to the National Americanism Commission that it is using copies of the flag code to obtain the co-operation of persons selling it wiping rags and other waste cloth. This firm reported that until recently almost every bale of wiping cloths it purchased for use in manufacturing paper contained one or more American flags. As a result of information sent out the practice of using worn-out flags as waste is being abolished and owners of flags are coming to understand that the proper disposition of them when worn out is to burn them.

Since the publication of the flag code Garland W. Powell, director of the National Americanism Commission, has been called upon to give opinions on many questions involving shades of meaning in the rules. His decisions have settled many disagreements in communities where honest differences of opinion had existed. Working with Mr. Powell on the questions submitted to him is the permanent committee of eleven which conducted most of the work of the Washington conference. The committee will probably meet in Washington on Flag Day, June 14, 1924.

Lawrence Wooding, employed at the National Soldiers' Home at Danville, Ill., recently received a legacy of $150,000. He was traced through his pension records after the late Senator Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania, administrator of the estate of Wooding's grandfather, had conducted a nine-year search for him.

Whiter Teeth

How millions get them

There is a way to whiter, cleaner teeth. Millions now employ it. You see the results in every circle now. Will you learn how to get them?

Combat the film

This way combats the film on teeth—that viscous film you feel. Film clings to teeth, it stains and discolors. Then it forms dingy coats. That is why teeth grow dim.

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

Dental science now knows ways to fight that film effectively. One disintegrates the film, the other removes it without harmful scouring.

Convincing tests proved those methods efficient. Then a new-type

tooth paste was created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent. Leading dentists of some 50 nations now advise its use.

Results are quick

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, also its starch digestant. Those are Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth.

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

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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Brass Buttons and Tailored Uniforms for J. Doughboy

IF anybody still thinks that the war ruined the Army, let him now do a mental about-face. The Chief of Staff recently signed an order which will make John W. Doughboy, peacetime buck private, the best-dressed soldier in the world.

The new dress regulations of the Army, heralded as the most important since the adoption of olive drab, make few changes in the actual cut of clothing, but they add a lot of glitter to the uniform and, most important of all, they demand that enlisted men's blouses and breeches actually fit. Moreover, they safeguard the requirement that they fit by provisions as solemn as an amendment to the Constitution. Every enlisted man, under the new regulations, is to have a tailored uniform supplied to him without cost to himself. That isn't all. Each company commander is required to supervise the taking of measurements of his men and to guarantee the fit.

The new outfits will be made at the Philadelphia Quartermaster Depot. Each uniform will include one coat and one pair of service breeches cut out of the same piece of material to insure identical color.

And, hear ye, hear ye! The Army has at last adopted brass buttons! Five years ago they were talked about in the A. E. F. and an official uniform board appointed by General Pershing went so far as to recommend them, but we were so busy winning the war at that time that the recommendation was never carried out. Now the uniform buttons and devices will be of gold, gilt or giltine metal.

General Pershing's A. E. F. uniform board favored roll collars for the Army. The new regulations make a compromise. The standing collar is retained, but it is not to exceed two inches in height.

Be it also known that the new dress regulations make legitimate whipcord trousers for officers, although cream-colored or pink breeches will still be frowned upon. Officers' trousers may be only slightly lighter than the service coat.

These Men Can Be of Service to Distressed Buddies

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

CPL. E. W. RICKERT, M.C., Walter Reed Geneneral Hospital, 1918-1919.

CAPT. ROOS, Ward 27, Walter Reed General Hospital, September, 1919.

LT. BUSHWALLER, 12th Training Bn., Camp Lee, Va., June, 1918.

HARRY C. PIERCE, 1st Lt., Q.M.C., Marseille, France.

CLIFFORD JOHNSON, Co. I, 53rd Inf.

Comrades of WILLIAM SLATER, Prisoner of War Escort Company 12.

Relatives and friends of AUGUST DOEDER, Pvt. 1/c, 2nd Co., Sandy Hook, who was recently burned to death in forest fire near Marquette, Mich.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

GEN. HOSP. 16, NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Former members interested in organization of a veterans' society are requested to write Arthur A. Fulton, 46 Elm st., Wakefield, Mass.

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

Legion's New National Chaplain Almost Went Into Pill Trade

IF destiny hadn't executed a flanking movement thirty years ago, Ezra Clemans might have spent his service in the World War in the Army Medical Corps. Thirty years ago, in the Methodist Church at Morristown, Minnesota, Ezra Clemens, a medical student about to finish his college course, walked to the altar in a revival meeting, with the result that when the World War came he spent his service working for men's souls instead of their bodies, and with the further result that Ezra Clemans became National Chaplain of The American Legion.

And when the Legion's National Convention at San Francisco elected the Rev. Mr. Clemans of Owatonna, Minnesota, as the Legion's National Chaplain, it chose a clergyman who, although always close to the Bible for thirty years, has never in that time been far from the rifle. The Rev. Mr. Clemans has a record of thirty-seven years' service with the Minnesota National Guard as well as a record of three years and five months with the Army of the United States, mostly during the World War period. His military career antedates his ministerial career, for he was graduated from Shattuck Military School at Faribault, Minnesota, in his nineteenth year, and in the same year he enlisted as a private in the Faribault Guards. He served from private to captain in various units of the Minnesota Guard before the Spanish-American War. In this war he was chaplain with the rank of captain with the Twelfth Minnesota Regiment.

When the forewarnings of the World War came in 1916, Chaplain Clemans spent six months with his Minnesota buddies on the Mexican border. He entered the World War at the start as chaplain with the rank of major, attached to the 136th Infantry.

National Chaplain Ezra C. Clemans as he looked when serving on the Mexican border in 1916

On his arrival overseas he became Chaplain of the Seventh Aviation Instruction center at Aunalt. Later he became senior chaplain of the Intermediate Section of the S. O. S. After his return to the United States the Rev. Mr. Clemans served as chaplain of the 58th Infantry Regiment of the Regular Army until his demobilization in October, 1919. Since that time he has been chaplain of the 135th Infantry, Minnesota National Guard.

Sixty-three years old, strong and vigorous, Chaplain Clemans found his World War service an opportunity which would appeal to any clergyman. He is said to have preached before more men of the Army than any other chaplain during the war. He found time for more than spiritual duties also. He was known for his visits to the sick. He was athletic officer and morale officer, had charge of mess funds and acted as banker for the men of his outfits. He has faith in service men, a faith which has been strengthened by his experience in lending thousands of dollars to men who repaid it. He helped maintain a system of savings by accepting deposits.

Chaplain Clemans has had a notable career in his church in Minnesota. After he entered the ministry he was district superintendent of the Duluth District in Northern Minnesota. In a pioneer country he led in the construction of thirty new churches. Later he was field representative for the Board of Conference Claimants of the Methodist Episcopal Church, helping to make available a fund of $10,000,000 for the care of retired ministers and their widows and orphans.

The Legion's new National Chaplain affiliated with Calhoun Post of Minneapolis in 1919 and became chaplain of Owatonna Post the following year, a post he still holds while he serves as pastor of the Owatonna Methodist Episcopal Church. He served as chaplain of the Minnesota department during 1921-22. He has won exceptional recognition by his work in organizing entertainments and membership campaigns and by the assistance he has given disabled men in obtaining adjustment of their claims. Incidentally he is a nephew of Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens), even though he does spell the last syllable of his name differently.

EX-SERVICE NOTES

SERGEANT James H. Weller, British flyer credited with bringing down the plane of the German ace, Max Immelmann, died recently in a New York City hospital. He had come to the United States several months before his death in an effort to regain his health, shattered by his war service.

Those former members of the Army of Occupation who forgot their accounts in Coblenz banks when they came home from the Rhine will be interested in the news that beer recently was selling in Coblenz at one billion marks a stein.

There are now 125 chaplains in the Regular Army, fifty fewer than a year ago, the reduction being effected to conform with the smaller size of the Army. The Reserve Corps chaplains now number 785, a gain of 150 over the previous year. Methodist Episcopal chaplains hold the lead in the Regular Army, numbering thirty. Twenty-one chaplains are Roman Catholic, seventeen Baptist and thirteen Presbyterian.

Lt. Col. Charles Sweeney, wartime battalion commander in the 318th Infantry, is now a field marshal in the Czecho-Slovakian Army. After the Armistice he served as brigadier general in the Polish Army, taking part in the Russian campaigns.

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Men's suits—$2.00; $2.50; $3.00; $4.00; $5.00; $6.00

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We take off our hats to—

CHARLES LOWMAN POST, YALE, OKLAHOMA. When an order of the city officials stopped roller skating on the sidewalks and streets of the city, a post committee secured permission from the city and from property owners to rope off a paved street one day each week to be used as a rink.

CUSTER POST, MILES CITY, MONTANA. The sum of two dollars each week has been set aside by the post to buy milk for needy school children.

DIKE (IOWA) POST. For organizing a vigilance committee to discourage bank robbers or other criminals from operating in that locality. Members of the committee have been furnished with arms, and the organization of the committee has the endorsement of the town.

THE MERCHANTS' BUREAU, CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, MORRISVILLE, VERMONT. Following the reluctance of a few merchants to close their places of business on patriotic holidays, the bureau has voted to close all stores on Memorial Day, July Fourth and Armistice Day.

HUTCHINSON (MINNESOTA) POST. In a chronological review of one hundred important happenings in the town during 1922, published in the local newspaper, twenty-one activities of Hutchinson Post were prominent. The list included patriotic observances, carnivals, banquets, and home talent plays.

ROBERT DILLON, LEGIONNAIRE. Shortly before going west in a Denver sanitorium as a result of tuberculosis contracted in service, he donated $57.50, his insurance money, and his $100 compensation check to the Near East Relief. His last gift will guarantee the life of one child for more than two years.

HARRY ANDERSON, DICKENS (IOWA) POST. For walking five miles through a snowstorm to attend a meeting of the post.

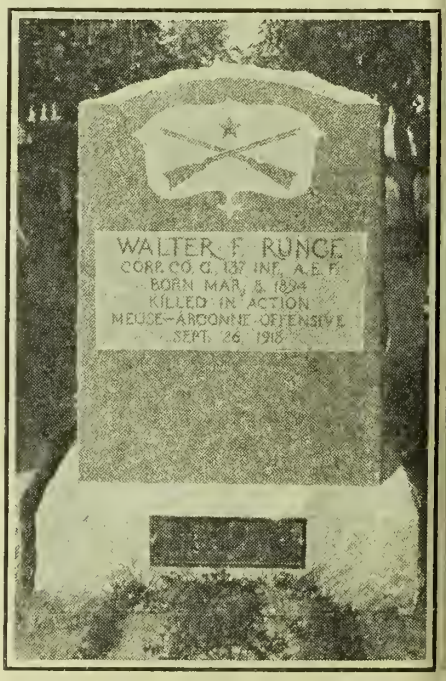
BRADER-O'BRIEN POST, NANTICOKE, PENNSYLVANIA. For actively co-operating with the Visiting Nurses' Association in local relief work, for its series of Sunday afternoon Americanism meetings, and for entertaining the high school basketball squad in recognition of their winning the championship of the district.

FRED R. PIERCE AND HIS ORCHESTRA, of Susquehanna, Pa. Although not a Legionnaire, Mr. Pierce volunteered to take his orchestra eighteen miles to Windsor, N. Y., to play the synchronized musical score for the presentation of the Legion's film, "The Man Without a Country," shown under the auspices of Lloyd B. Phelps Post of Windsor. Mr. Pierce made exceptional efforts and spent considerable money to get the proper music for the show. The nine members of the orchestra drove from Susquehanna to Windsor in their own motor cars and sent their instruments by truck. All this was done without cost to the post.

PERRY BYAM POST OF GOODING, IDAHO, for paying the expenses of transporting an injured service man to a hospital several hundred miles distant and then paying his hospital bill, and for starting a flower fund to buy flowers for post members confined to their homes by sickness.

HUGHES PITTINGER POST, POWELL, WYOMING. For buying and shipping a carload of potatoes to Denver, Colorado, for distribution to the poor.

UNITED STATES LINES POST, NEW YORK CITY. Newly organized with fifty members, it more than doubled its membership in two months, taking only men employed by the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation, and entertained a thousand guests at its introductory dance aboard the S. S. *President Harding*.



This monument was erected by Walter Runge Post of St. Louis over the grave of the soldier after whom the post is named. The bronze tablet on the base records the post's action. Formal ceremonies were held at the graveside when the monument was dedicated

The Tough Old Tanks

(*Continued from page* 11)

Division in an offensive to be launched in the morning. The attacking troops are the —th and the —th Infantry Regiments now in position at Ziphoncourt and Soixanteville. Zero hour is 5:05 a. m. First, second and third objectives, barrage schedule, and the usual other essential information is given.

The brigade commander, in turn, after consulting his maps with the staff, issues orders to his two battalions and the brigade Repair and Salvage Company. 411th Battalion will operate with —th Infantry, using two companies in the attack and holding other company in reserve. 412th Battalion will operate in the same manner with —th Infantry. Repair Company will operate from its present location, sending twenty mechanics and two motorcycle runners forward with each battalion. Gasoline and other supplies will go forward at midnight. The balance of information that the brigade commander received, together with some additions of his own, is then given.

Each battalion major in turn issues an order to his three companies which delegates to each its duties in terms which cannot be misunderstood.

This, you understand, will be the brigade's baptism of fire, so each major may deem it essential to give a little talk to his officers before the march to the jumping-off place, scheduled for 9.30 p. m., is made. Briefly but impassionately he reviews the glorious history of American arms and concludes his talk with some such statements as this: "We are none of us cowards, gentlemen. If we were, we would not be here. We all of us fear death and will have our moments of panic. If we didn't we would not be intelligent. It is needless for me to state that I shall promptly shoot down any officer who disobeys orders or shows cowardice during the action. My commander would do the same for me. We pull out in five minutes. Good evening, gentlemen, and good luck."

LORD! what a night! Rain, rain, rain. Wow! I must of went into that up to my knees. Seems like I've been trekkin' along here for hours. Wonder what my luminous says? Only ten! I thought as much. What a sap I was to ask the major could I go along as a runner! Those woods weren't so bad and I'd of been asleep by now. I didn't know that war was so darn wet. Sunny France! Hello! There's a bird smokin' a cigarette. Wish I had one. Wonder if Hansen's got any?

"Hey, Sarge, got a cigarette?"

"Sure. But you can't smoke it."

"The goof in front of the major's tank's smokin' one."

"That's part of his job. He's guiding the driver."

"Lord! Why ain't I a guide?"

"You'd soon be tired if you had to smoke 'em all night."

TWELVE thirty and we ain't there yet. Seems to be a bit of firin' goin' on up ahead. Guess that's where we stop. Lord! what saps we were to leave that conyak with Dick. Might of known he'd drink it all up. If I ever

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Make your Banker a friend of the Legion by making him a reader of The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly.

ALL OF YOUR LEADING CITIZENS SHOULD READ IT!

needed a shot I sure need it know. Well, here's for a gulp of cold coffee. Not so bad at that. So this is war. Wonder what Kipling would of said about this variety. Somethin' like this I suppose:

Oh! the rain and the pain
Of the pack, and the weight of the mud;
The trek through the dark—
Great stuff! What a lark!
And the chill that gets into the blood.

Gosh! I ought to be a poet instead of a soldier. I'd be at least a corporal among the poets. Wow! What broke loose? Zip! Bang! Wonder who's celebratin'. Whew! Look at 'em duck! That was sure a short one. And only four more hours of this 'till we jump off. Oh! What a lovely war!

SHE'S clearin' up and it's getting lighter. There's a sausage. And there's a flock of avions. Lord! They're tryin' to burn up that mountain. Five past five. There goes the doughboys. Look at 'em step out. Think they wuz goin' to a picnic. There's the major's whistle!

"Hot dog! Let's go!"

World-Encircling Helpfulness

(*Continued from page 7*)

been an American flag. It was all that was left of the very same one which had come with his coffin all the way from France to New York, then through the Panama Canal to Hong Kong and by steamer and rail to Sunning City. I felt ashamed and yet sort of achingly happy at the thought of these untutored natives reverently erecting that memorial, and of its flying bravely there, through blistering sunlight and raging typhoon, for a year before any American saw it and understood its significance.

"We placed the grave-marker in front of the Chinese-fashion concrete grave, and copied the inscription. Before we left the grave we noticed a most extraordinary fact—the ground about the grave was dotted with the white stars which had floated down, one by one, from the tattered wreck of a flag above. In reverent silence we collected them and brought them back to Canton. We have already mailed a new flag to Sunning City to relieve the faithful old guard.

"On our return to the home of Mrs. Sam Soo Hoo we were ushered into the unpretentious one-story house in the main room of which we were immediately fascinated with the family photographs, for none of us had ever seen even a picture of this ex-soldier whom we were attempting, in a small way, to honor. There on the wall hung the wedding photograph — Sam Soo Hoo, a handsome, bright-eyed youth in a morning-coat; his bride, demure, in a Chinese costume of silk. . . . I turned, and saw a solemn little woman, neatly dressed—it was the same person. Hardly a word the whole time we were with her; never a smile; and yet now and then an indescribable look of dumb gratitude.

"She promised not only to come into the city that afternoon by a sedan-chair which we would send, but also to go with us over to Hong Kong the next day to swear in her application for death compensation and to receive from the consul the $85 due her for transportation and burial expenses of the ex-soldier's body. From the edge of the village, as we walked away, we could catch a glimpse of a glistening white grave beside which rose a pole with a weather-beaten bit of torn cloth tied to it.

"When the formalities of filling out the compensation claim were over, I accompanied the widow back to the village to see if she had any documents indicating the serial number or the outfit of the ex-soldier. All I could find, however, were letters stating that her original application for compensation had not been prepared in proper form, and instructing her to fill out blank 527, the one we had just been working on. It was evident that Uncle Sam had done all he could from the Washington end, and that she simply lacked funds and initiative enough to push her claim through to the Hong Kong consul. It was just the sort of case that cries aloud for the Legion.

"But our plans for taking the widow to Hong Kong went awry, for when we reached the railroad station that afternoon two hand-car loads of excited section-men had jumped in with news of soldiers that had taken over Kung Yick after severe fighting and then robbed these men of their small change and even of their outer shirts. A conference with the head of the road, Chin Gee Hee (formerly of Seattle), was productive of nothing except a bon mot which we think worth passing on. Offered cigars, several of us declined, but Dr. Lowrie (who is rather an authority on political science) accepted, whereupon the old man remarked in good Seattle dialect, 'Oh, the rest of you are Christians, eh?' As far as promising a train to Kongmoon was concerned, however, he and Colonel House were simply synonymous.

"That night our party repaired to a Chinese hotel. We managed to perform our morning toilettes without the aid of the hotel tooth-brush, which the boy brought us with the polite injunction to hurry, as some other gentlemen were waiting for it. We hurried none the less, only to meet at the station the news that there would be no train. This didn't daunt us for long, as it was immediately followed by equally authentic news that there would be. Figuring that the chances were at least fifty-fifty that there wouldn't be one, and remembering that all of us were bound to be AWOL if there wasn't, the bunch started out pounding the ties through a drizzling rain. We had made a solemn pact with the engineer, one with whom we had become chummy on the way up, to stop and pick us up wherever we should flag him along the route. . . . Well, we had made about four and a half miles, and were negotiating for a hand-car at a way-station (they wanted five dollars to let us run it from there into Kung Yick) when the train itself breezed around a sharp curve and into the station.

"But at Kung Yick we got really depressing information—the wires were down, and no train would be sent on to Kongmoon until one had arrived from there with the message that the road was clear. For it was known that

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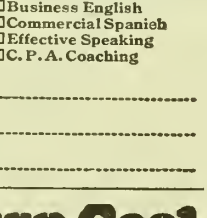

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fighting had broken out simultaneously at all the important cities along the Sunning Railway from Kongmoon to Kung Yick.

"A faithful Chinese friend (educated at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology) entertained us with stories of the stubborn defense put up by the surprised and outnumbered garrison of Kung Yick. There had been about fifty casualties there. The restaurant where we had dined the night before was now commandeered by the new troops for barracks. The cause of the fighting had been the effort, eventually successful, of the Kwangtung First Division (loyal to Dr. Sun Yat-sen) to smash the Fourth Division (suspected of favoring the army of Kwangsi, a neighboring province). We looked over the battlefield, which hadn't yet been properly policed up. A couple of us, filled with the honest zeal of all true American tourists, grabbed off a good souvenir in the shape of the muddy banner of the defending party; it was lying trampled in the street in front of their former headquarters. Queerly enough, attached to the same staff was a small five-color flag, the banner of the Republic of China, the same banner that the attackers had fought under, but these soldiers were now trampling this particular five-color flag into the filth of the village street.

"Needless to say, we were more than ready to leave this place by the next morning. Of course, when we went to the station to take the announced 5.40 train we were told there would be no train, and equally, of course, we were told five minutes later that there would be. Sure enough, due to the polite insistence of a couple of our party who stumbled through the darkness down to the round-house and camped in the engine, a train consisting of said engine, a baggage car, and a passenger car did finally pull out for Kongmoon at 6.30.

"We did well until we hit Sun Ooi City—but we sure stopped when we hit. We were less than ten miles from the place where we could connect with Canton and Hong Kong steamers, but there we stuck for an hour and a half while a fussy wee camel-back engine dragged an armored car all the way through to the terminal and back. On its return it escorted the first that had left Kongmoon for two days. From it we were interested to see them unload a new telephone exchange-board; I suppose some zealous soldier, instructed to destroy wire-communication in order to make Dr. Sun's coup a more complete surprise, had poked the butt of his gun through the old board.

"From Kongmoon to Hong Kong and straight up to Canton was an uneventful trip. On our way through the British colony I left with one of our members, now located there, all the papers that Mrs. Sam Soo Hoo would need in order to put through her claims at the consulate. And so we were back home after a tolerably eventful, reasonably successful and wholly worth-while pilgrimage.

"That's about all, except that the widow came sailing over to Hong Kong to the consulate two days after us and our representative, C. D. Ryan, put her through the red tape at the Consul General's in A-1 shape. She was reimbursed for the burial expenses of her husband, amounting to $85.70 Hong Kong currency, and her claim for death compensation was executed and forwarded to Washington."

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Sons of Doom

By Hugh Wiley

SONS OF DOOM is another adventure of THE WILDCAT and his perfumed mascot, Lily, the goat. This new story will be completed in two installments to appear in the December 21st and 28th issues of The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly.

If every service man you are trying to sign up as a member of your Post reads "Sons of Doom," there will be no keeping them out of the Legion. They will join if only to be sure to get the Weekly regularly.

We suggest that you send each of your prospective members a copy of both the December 21st and 28th issues of The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly. They will enjoy "Sons of Doom," and in looking thru the magazine, will read many other good things about The American Legion.

Copies of The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly will only cost your Post 3 cents a piece for one or one hundred. If you want copies of the December 21st and 28th issues, we advise you to order by special delivery or wire.

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

No orders for December 21st issue accepted after December 18th

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The Girl of the Star-Bright Eyes

(*Continued from page* 6)

"One arm?" I asked in astonishment. "This girl tonight did not have one arm!"

"Then you followed the wrong one!"

"I went with the one you described."

"Her right arm is off at the wrist," Legal insisted.

"Not a bit of it!" I assured him.

The French official looked at me wisely.

"We'll make the raid, now," he said. "Number 24 bis Rue du Tunnel is only a three minute walk from here, and one of my men is watching the house this minute from across the street. If we find the deserters and the robbers to be the same men it will be a good catch."

"Do you need any of my operators?" I asked.

"No, thank you. I'll use the dogs. One dog is as good as ten men in a case like this."

We walked out into the night, and soon arrived at the entrance to the dirty street where the mysterious Yvonne lived at number 24 bis. Legal and I were unencumbered by dogs. The other four, big French plain-clothesmen, each held back on a heavy leash. Except for their sniffing, the animals padded ahead silently.

They were powerful brutes that always made my entry into the French police quarters a cautious one. All night, except when on a raid, they lay chained to the legs of the tables. As soon as a man entered the door they jumped across the room, showing their fangs and dragging the tables after them. But an officer on duty always had a whip and one or two snaps of it usually silenced them.

This night, without reconnoitering, we walked straight to the door of the house.

Legal rapped.

"Who is it?" came a voice through the thick wood.

"Answer!" Legal whispered.

"An American," I replied, "an American officer. I want to see the girl with the pink hat."

The door opened an inch. Silently the detectives slipped the leashes from the dogs, and the big animals leaped against the panel. One of them pawed at the woman who had admitted us, his teeth bared, his muzzle in front of her face. Terrorized, she let us pass in silence.

But the other dogs had leaped ahead. In the second room we found Marcelle of Montparnasse, her eyes shut in horror, her hands before her, and a dog crouching at her feet, ready to spring.

A yelp from the stair caused Legal to rush the second floor. The other two animals were there, growling over a pair of Frenchmen who sprawled in a corner. One of them evidently had tried to move and the dog had yelped to warn us. Legal exclaimed when he saw the men. Here was Henri Berger, the deserter for whom he had searched.

We marched our prisoners, two men and two women, back to the lighted police station. Marcelle of Montparnasse had recovered her poise, her fluffy femininity. Legal ripped at her long glove.

Underneath was a stump of an arm and, fitted to it, an imitation hand of polished brass on a wooden stock.

"She gives love taps with it!" Legal laughed.

Lieutenant Mahan, who had hurried in response to a telephone call, First Sergeant Madden and several other D. C. I. operators stayed most of the night, while six French police slowly drew out the story, word for word, from their prisoners.

The victim of the questioning was placed on a stool directly under a brilliant electric light, in the center of the room. Circled around her, the Frenchmen shot their questions. When Marcelle looked up they arose, holding her always with their eyes. When she tipped her pretty head forward, they stooped down, looking up at her. When she had allowed one word to slip, a single syllable that would help them in their case, the six of them excitedly escorted her back to a solitary cell, and brought out another.

Thus, by a crossfire of questions, when I returned in the dim dawn they had broken down the stories and had complete confessions from Marcelle, whose surname was Maute, and from Henri Berger. Yvonne and the second man, who was Berger's brother, refused to talk. In her own confession Marcelle implicated a third man, Emil Broussard, hunted four years by the French for the murder of a French officer at the front.

Three months later I was summoned to the Palace of Justice. Henri Berger and his brother Emile had been convicted, without our testimony, of desertion under fire and of the robbery with a gun of a French citizen. The Procureur de la République ceremoniously presented me with tickets to the officials' gallery at the execution.

The guillotine, he explained, has been perfected; the electric knife did a beautiful job. I surely must witness it in operation. I could not appreciate it from a mere description. I accepted the tickets, but I saw to it that other matters prevented my attendance at the final performance.

Meanwhile my share in the prosecution of Marcelle of Montparnasse was not over. I was requested to testify at her trial. As the court convened came a messenger—Marcelle was in her cell. Would I see her? I complied.

Had the Girl with the Star-Bright Eyes been beautiful before, that day in the gray light, against the sombre background of stone and bars, she was exquisite. Tears streaked her pretty face. Surely, I knew in a moment, I had been mistaken. This fresh, lovely creature, about eighteen years old, could have had no hand in the luring of Americans to their death. She pleaded with me, begging me to look at her, to read her eyes. She was innocent.

I hurried back to the Procureur de la République. I whispered to him as he sat, calm in an excited court room. He raised his eyebrows.

"We'll see," he replied quietly.

They brought the girls out, chained wrist to wrist, Yvonne sullen, glowering, with a nasty white scar I never had noticed before across her neck. Marcelle of Montparnasse walked nervously. The clerk read the charge in the slow, ponderous voice of officialdom.

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The court room, once the chapel of an old monastery, shone with a thousand colors as the sun poured down through the ancient stained-glass windows.

Marcelle went to the stand at her own request. The judge put out his cigarette and climbed to his throne-like bench. The prosecutor rattled some paper. The jury leaned forward, and I read pity on every face. Marcelle looked long at her untidy shoes—no matter how finely a French woman of this class dresses up, her shoes always are untidy. She shot a glance at me. I knew she was wondering whether I had talked to the procureur.

There in the light of the great window, with the sun flashing red and purple beams across her hair, she looked up wistfully. Then her hands, just released from chains, lifted above her head.

"I did it!" she cried, startling me with a new confession. "I did it! I needed the money, and I was the tool of those men. I love Henri Berger. I did it for him. If he is going to die I want to die, too!"

She sank back into her chair. The jury wiped its eyes and there was a blowing of noses. The Procureur de la République took off his glasses, raised his eyebrows, and looked at me suspiciously. M. Legal chuckled in his throat.

". . . for ten years in the women's prison," the sentence boomed across the court room, and they led Marcelle of Montparnasse away. She waved at me, a dexterous right hand that I knew was of brass.

"The wickedest of women!" exclaimed M. Legal as we sat at a sidewalk table that night. "The wickedest woman in the world!"

"But her eyes," I insisted, "they are as bright as stars!"

"Yes, and as far away—as difficult for any man to read."

Pershing—Five Years After

(*Continued from page* 4)

endangered again. The Army of the United States is the property of the people of this country. It is their police force, their guardian against attack from within or without. Should it be the will of a majority of the people, the Army, as it has done before, must become an ineffective force."

His voice rose, his eyes were animated.

"But I do not believe that the people of this nation will ever again be content with a situation so grave as that which confronted this country in 1917. True, there is a more or less specious propaganda of pacifism rampant in the country, but the extent to which this can prevail is limited, I think, by the sober-minded opinion of the great majority of our citizens, included among whom are some five million veterans who know from personal knowledge the folly of an effort to prepare with war upon us.

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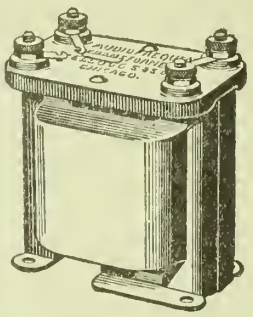

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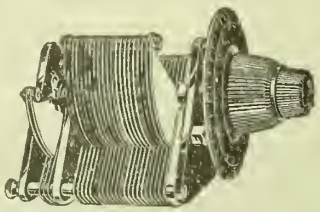

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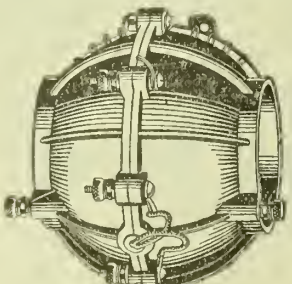

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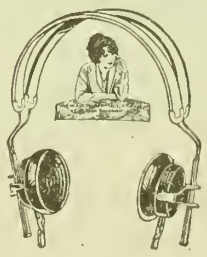

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ing personnel and camps for training the National Guard and the Organized Reserve."

General Pershing looked at the great map which hung on the wall. Colored flags indicated the units of each element of the three-in-one Army of the United States, largely his own creation, for on returning from France almost his first action was to assist in framing the National Defense Act. Immediately on his appointment as Chief of Staff he had plunged into the task of developing all three elements. Each has reached a point of efficiency never known before in the problem of readiness for mobilization, but much remains to be done. It would take us three months now to mobilize the Regular Army and National Guard at a given point; the Reserve consists of 76,000 officers with 1,000 men, but even this is a great advance over the situation in which we were placed when the World War began, when the Reserve Army consisted of nineteen men. The Reserve, largely under the influence of General Pershing himself, has been so organized as to form a fit successor to the old National Army. Wherever possible even the numerical designations of old National Army outfits have been retained. Attached to the National Guard and Reserve are a great number of Regular Army instructors, and the Reserve has an outline organization in which officers are assigned to units from the size of companies on up to army corps.

ONLY recently the General traveled sixteen thousand miles on a trip of inspection of this Army. He has planned a "test mobilization" for all the military forces of this country during the coming year when the personnel of the units and staffs of the Regular, National Guard and Reserve forces will be assembled at their home stations for one day and rehearsed in their initial duties on the outbreak of war. The conversation turned on this trip of inspection.

"The camps this year showed a tremendous improvement," said General Pershing. "I was particularly pleased with the Reserve camps and those conducted as Citizens' Military Training Camps. One thing that was particularly pleasing was the character and splendid spirit of the men attending the summer camps, their enthusiasm and interest in their work. The idea is taking hold. We expect an even larger attendance next year."

His praise of the C. M. T. C. youths reminded me of his son, Warren, who went to France with Secretary Baker after the Armistice to join his distinguished father.

"What will you do with your son, General?" I asked. "Is he to go to West Point?"

Again came that strange reticence which those who know him best set down to sheer modesty.

"That is entirely up to him," he responded shortly. "Warren has his own life to make. I shall not direct his choice of profession."

From other sources I learned that Warren, now fourteen, is a student at Phillips Exeter, takes a great interest in military life, and probably will follow his father into the Army.

I decided to make one last effort to get the General to reminisce a bit regarding his days in France.

"General," I asked. "Did you know that two million men in France were more afraid of you than they were of the Kaiser?"

General Pershing smiled innocently, guilelessly.

"Were they indeed?"

And that was that.

"How have you been able to work the long hours you have, endure the strains you have gone through, and still keep well?"

"Regular hours."

"Did you feel any particular personal strain when you gave orders for battles or big troop movements?"

He considered a moment—his eyes sought the pile of work on his desk again.

"No," he replied shortly. "Everything was ready."

"General, five years ago today the offensive in the Argonne began. Do you recall anything you did that day? Do any incidents stand out in your memory?"

"No. It was just routine."

Even as I spoke I saw the General's hand move in the direction of that pile of work. I had been in that office just ten minutes, but before I left I asked one last question.

"What have you decided to do after leaving the service?"

"I don't know."

His eyes were definitely fixed on the work; his left hand was reaching for it. I rose to go. He half rose again, extending his hand, and then, ere I had gone a foot, he had plunged into his work again. The last view I had of him there was of his figure bent over that pile of papers, pen in hand, brow frowning, concentrated on his task.

Whatever he will do when he leaves the service—and no man save himself has an idea what this will be—the task he will set himself will be one to match his driving power. He has never let down, nor ever will, so far as his friends can predict. In the entire Army of today he is the only man who works as long hours and as hard as men worked in France in the fervid days of war.

In just one thing has he sought some measure of ease—he, the creator of those ungodly before-dawn reveilles we knew in dark mornings in France, scorns early hours now in these piping days of peace. This is his one and only concession to the "war's over" spirit. He reaches the office each morning between nine-thirty and ten o'clock but brings with him in a brief case the work he has taken home the night before. The rest of his day is tremendous. He eats no lunch, unless invited out formally to some mid-day affair, when he eats sparingly, if at all. He seldom leaves the office before six or six-thirty in the evening and inevitably, unless attending some official function, takes with him a pile of work to be accomplished before midnight. The rest of the War Department unanimously quits at four-thirty. Quite often the General is the last man in the building save only the night watchmen. He will not eat much at banquets, but save for this, and not drinking coffee, he eats what he pleases.

During three solid years he has been on sick report exactly three days—with a slight cold. His apartment at 2029 Connecticut Avenue, started with apparent aspirations for personal ease, has, according to a story told about Washington, bit by bit assumed something of the aspect of an officers' quar-

ters and barracks combined, as much of his night work is done there.

The General does not go in for society now, although when he first returned from France he went out quite a bit. He paused also in the work of writing his memoirs when he became Chief of Staff and turned his attention to preparing the Army of the United States against an emergency of the future. His present amusements are few and simple. He has two saddle horses, Kidron, the animal he rode in the Victory parade in Paris, and Jeff, the horse which bore him down Fifth Avenue in the parade following his arrival from France. He hunts occasionally and is an enthusiastic fisherman, having only recently caught a fish weighing one hundred and fifty pounds which it took him forty-nine minutes to land. He takes physical exercise with more or less regularity, playing a good game of tennis, and pitches the medicine ball with vigor.

HE is as good a shot as there is in the Army, as he showed recently in a deer hunt in the Adirondacks. Last Easter he and his aide, Colonel Marshall, went for a one hundred and fifty mile ride through Virginia, avoiding publicity and recognition wherever possible. Many times, however, despite all precautions and to the General's intense disgust, he was recognized, although both himself and Colonel Marshall were wearing civilian clothes. Once the General obtained revenge on a farmer scout who, hearing the visitors were in the neighborhood, had set himself out as a sort of scout for the village. Apparently the farmer's idea was that a General must at all times be clad in full regalia.

"You with the General's party?" he called to General Pershing as they passed.

"Yes."

"Well, when will the General be along."

"Oh, presently."

Then he and the aide galloped away, leaving the farmer watching the road expectantly.

Possibly by way of training himself to be without the uniform after retirement, the General wears civilian clothes at all times except on official occasions. At such social affairs as he attends he usually wears civilian evening dress. His personal outlook is youthful, and there are no gray heads in his personal staff. Junior as these men are to him, they admit that he can readily outride and outwork them, this tall, hard man of sixty-three, six foot and over, and weighing but one hundred and eighty-five pounds.

That sixteen thousand mile trip of inspection this summer left him untired, although accomplished within a few weeks at top speed. The journey included trips to nearly every camp in the country on a route which ranged from north to south and which, because of the death of President Harding in San Francisco, necessitated two trips from east to west across the country. General Pershing was in San Francisco when the President died and accompanied the train to Washington, took part in the ceremonies there and at Marion, and was away again, completing his inspection.

During this trip those with him learned anew the General's tireless urge for the strict performance of his duty, without regard to personal discomfort. At the 28th Division camp at Mount Gretna, Pennsylvania, the General arrived in the midst of a pouring rain. The men assigned to the review were out in the downpour waiting. Without an instant's hesitation General Pershing turned to his staff.

"Let's go!" he said. When that review was over his boots were filled with water. Hurriedly changing into civilian clothes, he started back to Washington by motor where he arrived at two o'clock the following morning.

Those about him in Washington say that while he recognizes the importance of the position he held during the war, he shrinks from recognition of himself as an historic figure. There have only been five generals, all told, in the Army of this country. The first was General Washington, who was named in the early days of the Republic with scant formality. Only four Generals have been formally commissioned by Congress—Grant, Sheridan, Sherman, and Pershing.

On the wall of Pershing's office are oil portraits of the generals of the Army, and there are bronze and marble busts of his predecessors. Into this distinguished company, however, will soon go a photograph of a group of enlisted men of the A. E. F. who form the picture General Pershing chose from fifteen thousand as the most striking photograph of the Army overseas. It is reproduced on page 4.

"The spirit of the A. E. F. is there!" said the General when he saw it. And it is.

Scores of old timers call to see him—comrades of times past. Among these are many of the men of his former commands, the Sixth and Tenth Cavalry.

One day last fall a former soldier of the latter unit, black and grizzled, called to pay his respects at Fort Bliss, Texas. Pershing greeted the old man warmly, chatted with him of old times, and listened gravely as the old soldier talked on and on. As the time for departure drew near the General winked at Colonel Marshall.

"Have you ten dollars in your pocket? I'm broke."

Colonel Marshall had the money.

"Well, give it to the corporal here—he needs a loan just now."

The corporal gazed at the General in astonishment.

"How did you know I needed money, General?" he asked. "I *was* goin' to make a little touch but you beat me to it."

"Well, didn't I know you before?" laughed the General.

The old man left the office, smiling all over and tucking the bill in his pocket.

"You can't fool the Old Man nohow, even if he has become a general!"

These callers and others with more important matters to discuss take up a large part of the General's time in Washington. Because of the vast extent of territory he must cover in his work it is necessary for General Pershing to be away from Washington half the time. Hence the night work, when he is in town, to catch up.

From those who know the General well I gathered information showing that, beneath the iron, and outside of his official status, he knows how to laugh and play and be entirely human. Those who have long served with him say no man permits freer discussion in advance of his own decision. In

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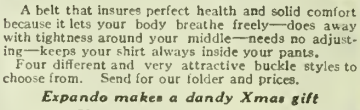

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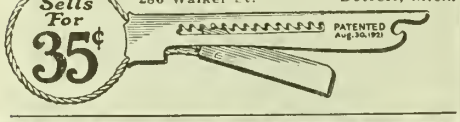
SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman BARGAIN price plus a few cents postage. Money immediately refunded if not satisfied. All orders shipped in accordance with State and local laws governing the sale of firearms.

AMERICAN BARGAIN HOUSE, Dept. P-50
79 Fourth Avenue NEW YORK, N. Y.

AGENTS 200% PROFIT

CABLE GRIP Adjustable Cover Remover and Sealer is a world beater. One man sold 120 in 10 1-2 hours. Also made 21 sales in 21 calls. Make $10 to $20 Daily. Sells to every home. Opens EASILY any size bottle or jar; seals fruit jars perfectly, saving contents. Buy direct from manufacturers. Sample 25c. SEND $2 FOR SAMPLE DOZEN.

BOYLE LOCK CO.
286 Walker St. Detroit, Mich.



Ex-Service Men Get *Special Preference*

$1400 to $3000 Year

Become Railway Postal Clerks

Steady Work No Layoffs Paid Vacations

Common education sufficient

Mail coupon today—SURE

COUPON

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. F.188, Rochester, N. Y.

Kindly send me, without any obligation whatever on my part and entirely free of charge, (1) A full description of the position checked below; (2) Sample examination questions; (3) Free copy of illustrated book, "Government Positions and How to Get Them"; (4) A list of U. S. Government Jobs obtainable; (5) Send full information describing preference given ex-service men.

- .... Railway Postal Clerk ..... ($1600 to $2300)
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- .... City Mail Carrier ..... ($1400 to $1800)
- .... Customs Positions ..... ($1100 to $2000)
- .... Internal Revenue ..... ($1100 to $2000)
- .... Rural Mail Carrier ..... ($1800 to $2600)
- .... Income Tax Auditor ..... ($2040 to $3000)

Name.....

.....

France, at his councils, it was Pershing who usually listened while others spoke. He despised and soon got rid of a man who agreed with him because of deference to his rank. He wanted plain, frank talk, and he got it. After decision, however, he hewed to his plan.

One of those who knew the General in France said: "Pershing would break down an average man through sheer necessity. There was no means of equipping men for the work. What his peculiar difficulties required was the man above the average—men who could make their tools of trade or improvise them. And these men alone lasted. Every man was treated alike and judged by a common standard. In that test and with his great task upon him, the General would have relieved his own brother of command in disgrace had circumstances so warranted."

On his last Easter Sunday in France the Military Committee of the House of Representatives visited the General in his headquarters at Chaumont. Following the usual custom, a formal reception to the Congressmen had been arranged. The Chief of Staff and the heads of the five General Staff sections were prepared and waiting to describe the workings of headquarters to the committee. In came General Pershing, just back from an inspection trip. He promptly upset all the studied arrangements by carrying the representatives off to the Easter service to hear the final sermon of Bishop Brent, senior chaplain of the A. E. F.

Pershing's days as head of the Army are numbered. On September 12th next year—the sixth anniversary of the Battle of St. Mihiel—he will be sixty-four and must retire from the Army whether he will or no—unless Congress meanwhile makes an exception in his behalf, recognizing that age after all does not very much matter. When his time comes the General will retire on an annual pay of $13,500—the same amount which was awarded to General Grant; there has been no raise since then, although the personal expenses of the man in the position have at least trebled.

What will he do then? He does not know, or, if he does know, he will not tell. He has had scores of offers, but I understand he has refused them all in order to be entirely free to carry on his present mission—the cause of preparedness.

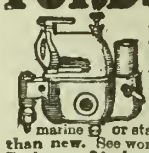
Somehow he won through it all—the only general who ever started a war for this country and was permitted to finish in command. He will not be a candidate for the Presidency under any circumstances, does not want it and will not seek it. Very probably, after leaving the Service, like his friend and former Chief of Staff, General James G. Harbord, he will continue working to keep the country ready by explaining the necessity for such preparation.

* * * *

THE sun has passed and the shadow of dusk is over the flowers. Throughout the entire State, War and Navy Building there is one light—it is in the General's office. As I watch that light is extinguished.

A door opens. A tall, erect figure moves down the steps with the poise and energy of youth. In his hand he carries a heavy brief case which he swings into his machine. Then he gets in himself and is driven off. It is another day's work done—another day of service to his country.

FORDS run 34 Miles *on Gallon of Gasoline*



Low Gear Seldom Used with Air Friction Carburetor

We guarantee all other cars nearly double present mileage, power and flexibility, make hills on high formerly difficult on low. Models for any car, truck, tractor, marine or stationary engine. Makes old cars better than new. See wonderful mileage guarantees for other cars.

Ford.....34 mi.	Reo.....24 mi.	Chevrolet...32 mi.
Buick 4...30 mi.	Chalmers...23 mi.	Maxwl(25) 30mi.
Buick 6...24 mi.	Olds. 6.....23 mi.	Nash 6.....23 mi.
Hudson....20 mi.	Paige 6....20 mi.	Lincoln 8...17 mi.
Hupp.....25 mi.	Oakind 6...24 mi.	Sidbkrl.t 6 .23 mi.
Dodge.....28 mi.	Overl'd 4...32 mi.	Cole 8....17 mi.

If your car is not mentioned here send name and model for particulars and our guarantee on it. AGENTS WANTED

SENT ON 30 DAY'S FREE TRIAL

You can drive any car in heaviest traffic without shifting gears. Starts off on high in any weather without priming or heating—no jerking or choking. No more foul spark plugs or carbon in cylinders. No leaking of gas into crank case. Try it 30 days on our guarantee of money back if not entirely satisfied. No strings to our guarantee. YOU ARE THE JUDGE. Anyone who can handle a wrench can attach it. No boring of new holes or changing of operating mechanism. Write today.

AIR-FRICTION CARBURETOR CO.
216 Raymond Bldg, Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A.

Save ½

Save one-half by ordering direct from us. Your choice of either high-grade watch. Octagon or round case. 14Kt. gold-filled 20-yr.-case with 20-yr. gold-filled link bracelet. Full jewel. Stem wind and set. Adjusted and regulated. $12 value, our price ONLY $5.95, prepaid. Tonneau shape 14Kt. White, gold-filled, 25-yr.-case. Silk grosgrain ribbon, gold-filled clasp. Beautiful engraved dial. Sapphire crown, 6 jewels. Regulated, adjusted. Fully guaranteed. $15 value, our special price ONLY $6.65, prepaid. Order today. Send no money. Pay on arrival. Satisfaction guaranteed or money promptly refunded.

SUPREME JEWELRY MFG. CO.
Dept. 12795 434 Broadway, New York

O. D. WOOL COATS

Like Cut. New. Sizes 33 to 38. The coat for lounging, hunting or working. Postage Prepaid. **$1.25**

OVERCOATS $4. NEW. ALL SIZES

Weight 5 to 7 lbs. Parcel Post extra. Coat for dress or work. Arms and other goods in catalog. It's Free.

W. STOKES KIRK
1627-E North 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa.

WANT WORK AT HOME?

Earn $18 to $60 a week RETOUCHING photos. Men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, guarantee employment and furnish WORKING OUTFIT FREE. Limited offer.

Write today. ARTCRAFT STUDIOS, Dept. I, 3900 Sheridan Road, Chicago

Buddy Gets a General's Pay Now!

So can you! Work for yourself. Make $5,000 to $10,000 a year surfacing Floors by American "Universal" method. Experience or large investment unnecessary. New field, big profits. Write quick for details.

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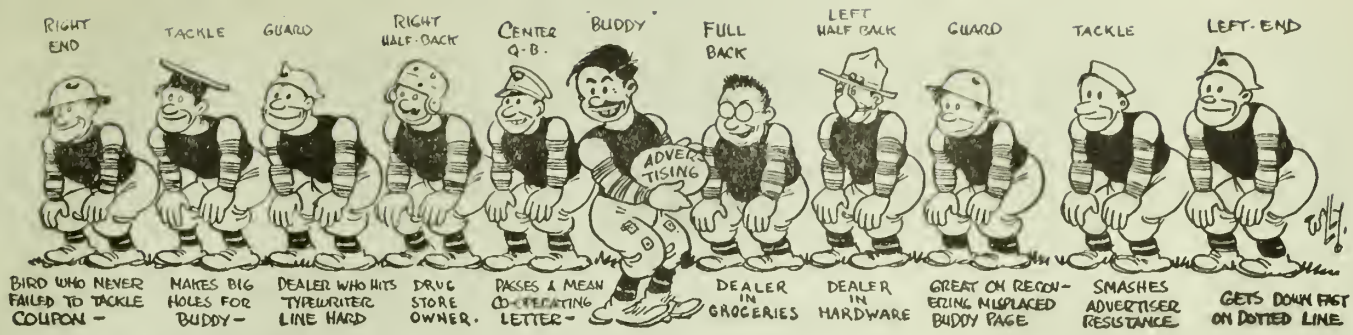
PATENTS As one of the oldest patent firms in America we give inventors at lowest consistent charge, a service noted for *results*, evidenced by many well known Patents of extraordinary value. *Book, Patent-Sense, free.*
Lacey & Lacey, 643 F St., Wash., D.C. Estab. 1869.

DOLLARS IN WEAVING HOME WORK Men and women can start a profitable business at home weaving Carpets, Rugs, etc., rapidly on the DEEN STEEL BUILT AUTOMATIC FLY SHUTTLE LOOMS from old clothes, old carpets, etc. Beginners make money from the start. Business plentiful among neighbors and friends. Get our new FREE LOOM & RUG MACHINERY BOOK. Shows work done various patterns, rugs, carpets, etc., in colors. Tells what is needed, how to start and grow into a rug factory owner and wealth. DEEN LOOM COMPANY, 216 Deen Ave. Harlan, Iowa



Buddy's All-American Coupon Team

By the Coupon Skipper, Himself

Here's a great co-operating eleven for the magazine field.

From end to end and back again, they're stronger than the plea of a guardhouse lawyer.

When I whisper the old battle cry of the dotted-line busters, they'll open up holes that I can carry a ladder through.

Wave a few coupons from the side lines and this bunch will be able to cross the advertising goal of a bigger and better Weekly.

With two ends that will go down fast on the coupons, dealer linesmen to help advance the sales arguments, the all-star coupon skirmishers would win many engagements with national advertisers.

It's a team that will cover more ground than a pair of freckled cubes.

Get into the game and make a place for yourself on this Legion team. Keep your eye on the advertising ball. Remember the Coupon College cheer is "They advertise, let's patronize."

The coupon is a candidate that will keep the Weekly up among the leaders. Give it a little rah, rah stuff now and then.

Every Legionnaire rates the job of picking an All-American national advertising team.

Name eleven brands of products not advertised in the Weekly; or if you haven't seen them all in action, pick out a single candidate, or two or three.

Pick out the manufacturers who have gained heavily through advertising.

Mail your vote to Buddy and he will assemble the selections and chose therefrom the most popular products.

If we root hard enough for them, maybe we can swing them over to our own line-up.

1—9—2—4—let's go. Who's your candidate—and why? What advertiser would you most like to see represented in our pages?

OUR DIRECTORY

These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad in

AUTOS & AUTO ACCESSORIES
- VVVAir Friction Carburetor 30
- ★ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.
- VVVLiberty Top & Tire Co.....

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS
- VVVNelson Doubleday, Inc.....
- VLittle Leather Library.....
- VG. & C. Merriam Co.....
- VVVVVPathfinder Pub. Co.....
- Whitlock & Co.....

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES
- VVAcorn Brass Mfg. Co..... 24
- VVVAkron Lamp Co.....
- VAmerican Floor Surfacing Mach. Co. 30
- VVVVVAmerican Products Co.....
- VArtcraft Studios 30
- Babson Bros.....
- Boyle Lock Co..... 30
- Davey Tree Expert Co., Inc..... 26
- Deen Loom Co..... 30
- VVFyr-Fyter Co..... 25
- Goodwear, Inc.....
- VHooker Howe Costume Co..... 29
- VVVJennings Mfg. Co.....
- VVVMac-O-Chee Mills.....
- VVVMadison Shirt Co..... 26
- New Way Laboratories.....
- VPaul Rubber Co.....
- VPremier Mfg. Co.....
- Queen City Brush & Specialty Co.....
- VVSanta Fe Railway .....
- Southern Maryland Immigration Comm...
- Stemco Eng. Co.....
- VM. H. Tyler Mfg. Co..... 26
- West Angus Show Card Service, Ltd..... 26
- Vapolite Co..... 28

CONFECTIONS
- Bunte Brothers.....

ENTERTAINMENT
- VVVT. S. Denison.....

FIREARMS
- American Bargain House 30
- Consumers Co.....
- VEdwards Import Trading Co.....
- Price Cutting Co..... 28
- J. Stevens Arms Co..... 22

FOOD PRODUCTS
- VVVVVVThe Genesee Pure Food Co. 22

INSURANCE
- VVVJohn Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co..

INVESTMENTS
- VCaldwell & Co.....
- Columbia Mortgage Co.....
- George M. Forman Co.....
- VClarence Hodson & Co.....
- VVG. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co.....

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

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

JEWELRY, INSIGNIA, MEMORIALS
- VVVVVAmerican Legion Emblem Division.....
- VBaer Brothers.....
- VVVVBurlington Watch Co.....
- VVVVVC. K. Grouse Co.....
- VVVVJos. De Roy & Sons.....
- VVVVB. Gutter & Sons.....
- VIngersoll Watch Co.....
- VVVLoftis Bros.....
- Oriental Exchange.....
- VE. Richwine.....
- VVVVVSanta Fe Watch.....
- VR. F. Simmons Company 17
- Studebaker Watch Co.....
- VSupreme Jewelry Co..... 30
- VVVVVVL. W. Sweet, Inc..... 29

MEDICINAL
- VBayer Tablets of Aspirin.....
- VVMusterole Co..... 29
- The Faultless Rubber Co.....

MEN'S WEAR
- Expando Buckle Co..... 29
- VVThe Florsheim Shoe Co.....
- Fuld & Hatch Knitting Co 21
- Getgey Jung Co.....
- VVVHart Schaffner & Marx.....
- VVVHoleproof Hosiery Co..... 25
- VInternational Comm. House.....
- VVW. Stokes Kirk 30
- VVVNu Way Strech Suspender Co.....
- VElmer Richards..... Back Cover
- Rollins Hosiery.....

MISCELLANEOUS
- VAllied Merke Inst .....
- The Clark Grave Vault Co.....
- VVVCole & Co.....
- Duane W. Gaylord .....
- Earle E. Liederman.....
- Kirchen Bros .....
- Lubbers & Bell.....
- VPhilo Burt Mfg. Co.....
- Lionel Strongfort.....
- Taylor Instrument Co.....
- J. L. Whiting—J. J. Adams.....

of ADVERTISERS

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

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
- The Benshrago Studio.....
- VVVVVC. G. Conn, Ltd.....
- VMussehl & Westphal.....

PATENT ATTORNEYS
- ★VLACEY & LACEY 30
- VE. E. Stevens, Jr.....

RADIO
- Kellogg Switchboard & Supply Co..... 27

SCHOOLS AND INSTRUCTION
- VVVVAmerican School 29
- VVVVChicago Engineering Works.....
- F. J. Drake & Co.....
- ★FRANKLIN INSTITUTE..... 30
- VHamilton College of Law.....
- VVVVVInternational Correspondence Schools.....
- VKnights of Columbus 18
- VVVVVLaSalle Extension University 24
- VVMichigan State Automobile School.....
- Northwestern School of Taxidermy.....
- VVVVVPatterson Civil Service School.....
- VPelman Inst.....
- VVVVVVStandard Business Training Institute.....
- VVVVVSweeney Auto School.....
- Washington School of Art.....

SMOKERS' NEEDS
- VVVVVVAmerican Tobacco Co..... .....
- VVVVVLiggett & Myers Tobacco Co..... 23

SOFT DRINKS
- VVCoca Cola .....

SPORTS AND RECREATION
- VVVVVHarley-Davidson Motor Co.....
- VVVVHendee Mfg. Co .....
- VVVMead Cycle Co.....
- Northland Ski Mfg. Co.....

STATIONERY AND STATIONERY SUPPLIES
- Ingersoll Redipoint Co., Inc..... 28
- Post Printing Service.....
- The Rand Co .....

TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH
- VVVVAmerican Telephone & Telegraph Co.....

TOILET NECESSITIES
- VForhan Co.....
- VA. S. Hinds Co. .....
- VVVVVVPepsodent Co..... 19
- Standard Laboratories.....
- VVVJ. B. Williams Co.....

TRAVEL AND TRANSPORTATION
- VVVU. S. Shipping Board..... 16

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- VRemington Typewriter Co.....
- VVVVShipman Ward Mfg. Co..... 26
- VYoung Typewriter Co .....

WOMEN'S WEAR
- Lucille Mardine.....

LET'S PATRONIZE THEY ADVERTISE

V SERVICE STRIPE—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS. THE VV, VVV, VVVV, VVVVV AND VVVVVV STRIPERS ARE INCREASING. NOTICE THE ★. THIS IS THE INSIGNIA FOR THE CROIX DE COUPON, AWARDED WHEN THE SEVENTH SERVICE STRIPE IS DUE.

We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform," issue of December 22, 1922. Readers are requested to report promptly any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

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

THEY ADVERTISE LET'S PATRONIZE

Stylish Moleskin Cloth Coat

$1.00 Down

$20.00 Value
Special Price
$13.65

No C.O.D. Charges to Pay

Rain Proof

Plaid Back

Send only $1 with coupon for this coat. Guaranteed rain proof and is also suitable for stylish top coat. Made from good weight moleskin cloth, a smooth, soft-finished material resembling chamois leather. Warm and comfortable in the coldest weather. Swagger double-breasted belted style with stylish plaited patch pockets. Adjustable strap on sleeve. Yoke back with inverted plait, giving the coat plenty of fullness. Collar can be converted into military style, buttoning close up to neck or worn as shown in illustration. Ventilated armholes. Ivory buttons. Backed with fancy plaid fast colored woven lining with extra coating of rubber between. All seams sewed, strapped and cemented. 45 inches long. Sizes 34 to 46. Rich Leather Brown shade.

Order by No. F-19.
Terms, $1 with coupon, $2.10 monthly.
Total price, $13.65.

6 Months to Pay

Buy the Elmer Richards way. You can always be well dressed and pay in small monthly sums, so small you will never miss the expense. Money back if not satisfied. No charge for credit. Don't miss this bargain. Supply limited at this special bargain price.

Write for our Monthly Bulletin of men's, women's and children's clothing and shoes.

Elmer Richards Co.

Dept. 2259, West 35th Street, Chicago, Ill.

I enclose $1. Send Moleskin Cloth Coat No. F-19. Size.....

If I am not satisfied when I receive the coat I can return it and get my payment back with charges. Otherwise I will pay advertised terms, $1 with coupon, $2.10 monthly. Total price, $13.65.

Name .....

Address .....

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