10c a Copy APRIL 4, 1924 Vol. 6, No. 14

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

FROM: JOHN R. QUINN, NATIONAL COMMANDER.

TO: ELIGIBLE NON-MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN LEGION.

SUBJECT: DUTY AND PLEASURE.

YOU are hereby invited to join The American Legion. My reasons for this invitation are in part:

1. The American Legion is still fighting to erase the scars of the World War. It is working hard for the rehabilitation of its comrades who were disabled physically and financially by the war.

2. We need your support in this fight. Your support is best manifested by your membership in the Legion.

3. The American Legion is fighting for the betterment of America through the promotion of education, through the development of patriotism among native Americans and among Americans by adoption, and through work for the welfare of American communities.

4. In this fight, too, The American Legion needs your personal support.

5. The American Legion is a non-military organization, offering the happy comforts of club life and the privileges of fraternal support.

6. Nobody can be happier than a good Legionnaire who is doing his duty to his nation, his community, his comrades and himself.

7. We have been fighting for you in the past. We are only asking you to fight with us in the future.

John R. Quinn

National Commander.

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Come Along and Join Our Club, Bud------!

It is more kinds of a club than any in existence. It is social, patriotic, joyous and serious. Rich and poor, good dressers and bad dressers, fair and dark, short and tall, lean and fat, Republicans and Democrats and men of all creeds and occupations, may join, if they did honorable service during the war.

THIS IS THE WAY TO GET IN:

Send this application to the address below. If there is no address there, send it to National Headquarters, The American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind. Anyway, send it along today, Bud.

This space for Post name and address

Application for Membership in The American Legion

The undersigned hereby makes application for membership in the ..... Post of The American Legion.

Fill in above name of Post you wish to join.

Name of Applicant .....

Street Address .....

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

.....

Give above the organization last served in.

Applicant's Signature

Lest We Forget

"To you, from falling hands, we throw
The torch. Be yours to lift it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
In Flanders Fields."

(In Flanders Fields, by Lieutenant Colonel John McCrea)

2½c Each (ACTUAL COST)

IN MEMORIAM

The public engaged in its own busy affairs is inclined to forget its obligation to the innocent victims of the war—the children of our deceased comrades. The Legion's second annual poppy campaign is to recall this obligation and to raise money to care for and educate this fast growing army of war orphans. The poppy—the official flower of the Legion—is the symbol of a faith that is being kept.

Thousands of Legion Posts with the aid of the Auxiliary will raise substantial sums through the sale of poppies during the week preceding Memorial Day. Can your Post afford to pass up this splendid opportunity of contributing to the Legion's national Children's Welfare program? National Headquarters will supply the Legion and Auxiliary with high grade, hand made silk poppies at actual cost. Each one is equipped with a tag bearing the copyrighted emblem of the Legion. This will identify your local campaign as a part of the Legion's national drive. Orders should be placed immediately to insure delivery. The supply is limited! Just fill out and mail the coupon below.

TEAR OFF AND MAIL TODAY!

EMBLEM DIVISION, THE AMERICAN LEGION, INDIANAPOLIS

Please send me at your risk ..... silk poppies. These are to be furnished at 2½ cents each which is actual cost. I will pay the postman $..... only (plus a few cents postage) in full payment.

Name .....

Address .....

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

Post No. .....

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The Legion *and* Its Home Town

The Destiny of The American Legion Lies With the Local Post. Here Are Posts Which in Their Own Communities Have Given Proof of Practical Adherence to the Legion Creed of SERVICE

GO, search America for the happiest towns, the most prosperous communities, the strongholds of our national life, and you will find the homes of the 11,000 posts of The American Legion.

Legion posts are at work in Paris, in Warsaw, in Yokohama, on the crests of the Andes, in the recesses of Africa, on the islands of the Pacific. Wherever Americans live in numbers, you will find a Legion post, and there the title of Legionnaire marks an American citizen who is performing his duty in peace as nobly as he did in war. At home and abroad, the tradition of the Legion as a force in everyday life is being maintained.

Ask any citizen in the continental United States what the Legion post in his town has done, and his answer will give you at least one good reason for the Legion's existence. If you, yourself, are a Legionnaire, his answer will give you new pride in the organization to which you belong.

Start at the northwestern tip of the country to find out what posts have done and are doing. Ask the citizen of Kelso, Oregon, and he will tell you that two years ago when a bridge span over a tributary of the Columbia River collapsed, throwing a hundred persons into the water, it was Guy Rathbun Post of the Legion which instantly began the work of rescue. Legionnaires plunged into the water to save men, women and children drowning among the wreckage of the bridge structure and tangled and smashed automobiles. Legionnaires ran ferries across the river, handled the crowds upon the bank and opened the official information bureau where on the day of the disaster, in which many lives were lost, more than one hundred telegrams were received from anxious relatives.

Go into any town or city in the valley of the Arkansas River in the flat region between the mountains of Colorado and the Mississippi and you will hear a tale of Legion heroism told gratefully by men and women who went through the terror of the floods of 1923. A thousand miles the Arkansas flows, bursting from the foothills near Pueblo, Colorado, winding in great loops across Kansas, Oklahoma and Arkansas to add its water to the Mississippi. A peaceful stream, normally, it rose wrathfully for many days and nights during heavy rains last year, overwhelming and paralyzing scores of towns. At Pueblo, at Wichita and Winfield in Kansas, Tulsa and Muskogee in Oklahoma and Little Rock in Arkansas, the river flood traveled with the swiftness of a tidal wave. Communities demoralized by cloudbursts and heavy, continuous rains, found themselves besieged at night by the furiously-rising waters.

IN all these communities Legion posts rallied for rescue work almost at the moment the Arkansas was bursting its banks. Squads of Legionnaires carried warnings of the impending flood to those who were heedless of nature's signs. When families were trapped in their homes the Legion's rescue parties forced boats against the turbulent current to the second-story windows

and carried the trapped men, women and children to safety. The flood peril lasted several days. As the waters receded, deserted and unguarded homes and business buildings tempted looters. Then the Legion's rescue forces turned to guard duty. At the same time the Legionnaires helped provide shelter for the refugees in tents and in public buildings transformed into relief stations. Former Army cooks helped prepare food for the homeless.

WHAT the Legion posts did to help their stricken communities in the Arkansas River valley, other Legion posts have done throughout the country. Wherever fire or flood has brought disaster, a post of the Legion has mobilized as a flying squadron to combat it and to help the sufferers. When a conflagration swept the city of Berkeley, California, across the bay from San Francisco, Legionnaires helped save lives and salvaged property. At Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, the Legion post organized a patrol system to guard against forest fires in the surrounding country. When an unseasonable blizzard descended upon the deserts and canyons of Arizona, the Legion posts of Arizona towns sent rescue parties to the aid of automobile tourists, trapped by the snow and in danger of death from freezing or starvation. When bands of robbers traveling in automobiles raided a number of small towns in Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, blowing open the vaults of banks with nitroglycerin and terrorizing the citizens, fear seized the people of scores of other isolated towns. In the emergency the Legion posts formed defense guards and arranged for mobilization of all the members of the posts in case of an alarm.

FROM far-off Japan comes an echo of these rescue and relief activities by Legion posts in American towns. In the earthquake disaster which brought death to hundreds of thousands of Japanese and prostrated the most prosperous section of Japan, Tokyo-Yokohama Post of the Legion acted as the savior and bodyguard of a large proportion of the American citizens who were rendered homeless when houses and hotels crashed in ruins.

Thus has the Legion firmly established the tradition that the Legion post is any community's first line of defense whenever it is faced or gripped by a disaster which its ordinary protective forces cannot meet.

Not only does the Legion come into action in an emergency created by the forces of nature; it also comes into action when good government is threatened. The Weekly has already published the full story of the restoration of government in Desdemona, Texas. The youth of that town came back from the World War and found the town's affairs in the hands of a vicious and lawless gang. When the young men of the town had left their homes in 1917 Desdemona was a dusty little way station. While they were away an oil boom transformed Desdemona, and when they got back they found it a money-mad oil camp of 20,000 souls. Liquor was sold openly, gambling flourished—the town had become a throwback to the wide-open days of the old West, with two-gun men in the saddle of power, commanding a political ring which elected and controlled most of the public officials charged with enforcement of the law. There was no enforcement of law in Desdemona.

THEN Peavy-Price Post of the Legion was formed in Desdemona. Individually the Legionnaires began an agitation for reform. The gun men of the ring which ran both vice and politics tried intimidation and then terrorization. After repeated conflicts between Legionnaires and the leaders of the bootlegging and gambling politicians, the post appealed to the State of Texas and a captain of the Texas Rangers came to Desdemona to investigate. He arrived in time to take part in the decisive battle in the Desdemona Legion's fight for a restoration of the law of the statute books. After a mob of the lawless had assembled, threatening violence and destruction, eighteen Legionnaires who had been sworn in as special deputies by the Captain of the Rangers took control, and law and order returned to Desdemona as the ringleaders of allied vice, corruption and political lawlessness departed.

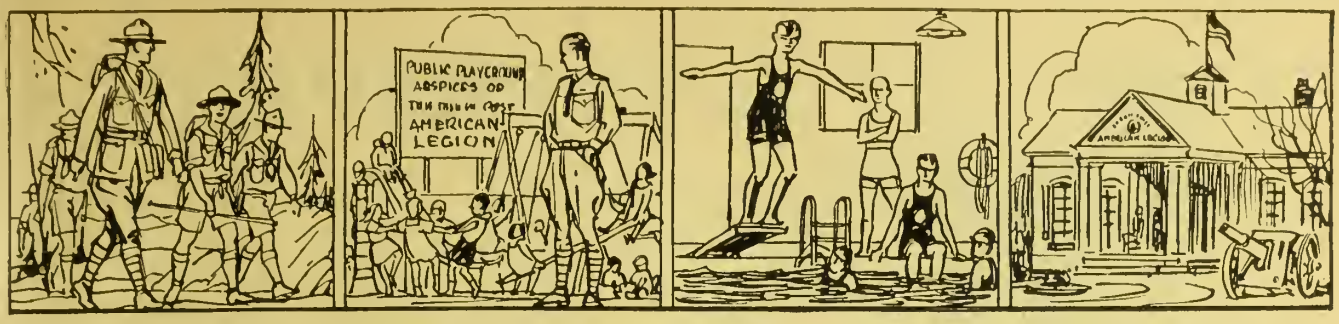
What the Legion did in a Texas oil-boom city, it also did in Rock Island, Illinois, a staid and comparatively old city, which, like Desdemona, had been betrayed by corrupt politicians allied with the underworld forces of liquor and social vice. A member of the Rock Island post has told the story of what happened in these words:

"For several years the majority of the citizens of Rock Island, a city of 35,000 inhabitants, had not been particularly proud of their city. The city administration was dominated by a powerful political gang linked with a vice ring which collected tribute from the city's underworld. The passing of the Eighteenth Amendment increased the opportunities of the ring tremendously, and its hold on the city became so strong that the chances for breaking it up seemed hopeless. The city was wide open, bootlegging became our most popular industry, gambling flourished, houses of prostitution ran wide open, and the ring collected steadily.

"Finally war broke out between different underworld factions. Some protested against the amount of tribute they had to pay. The ring insisted it would make no reductions. The contestants went gunning for one another. After a particularly cold-blooded murder, the local newspaper owned by a Legionnaire sounded the battle cry, calling upon respectable citizens to fight these unparalleled conditions.

"More murders were committed, eight in all, and the climax came with a gun fight in broad daylight between two underworld factions staged on one of the principal downtown corners of the city. During this fight the son of the vice king was killed.

"BY this time, the grand jury was in session. The state's attorneys presented them with evidence that resulted in the indictment of forty-one persons on more than eighty counts, the charges ranging from murder down. Among those indicted were the vice king, mayor, chief of police and city attorney.



"The citizens were jubilant. That they turned to the Legion Post is evidenced by the fact that at the county election they elected Legionnaires as probate judge, sheriff and county treasurer by overwhelming majorities, the Legionnaires elected representing men of both the leading political parties. Then came the city primaries. The people turned to the Legion again and literally drafted the post commander as candidate for mayor. He was a man of considerable affairs and could only take the office by making a big sacrifice. He was elected by the largest majority ever given a mayor in Rock Island.

"Naturally the Legion post as a body, having in mind the Legion's Constitution, did not make the slightest effort to bring about the election of any candidate. As individuals, however, they did take an active interest in the great fight in all its stages because it involved the question of law and order.

"When the smoke of battle cleared the city and county had Legionnaires in the following offices: Mayor, city attorney, sheriff, treasurer, city physician, city inspector, probate judge, county physician and alderman.

"The post held a community banquet with the officials as guests of honor. When this was announced some of the citizens looked on it with suspicion, fearing that the Legion was about to brag publicly over the fact that it had practically controlled the local political situation. The largest hall in the city was obtained for the banquet, but it proved too small. Nearly 600 citizens sat down that evening to dine with their new officials, an event that marked an era in the affairs of the community.

"THE high spot of the evening was the formal instructions of Rock Island Post given to all Legion men in office. These men stood at attention beneath the post colors while the post commander addressed them. He said the post neither wanted nor expected from them anything for the organization or for any individual Legionnaire. Unless they went out of office leaving behind them a record of performance of duty never yet attained in their offices, the Post would consider they had failed of their duty."

Desdemona and Rock Island are proof that Legionnaires will still answer assembly call and go into battle almost as real as it is figurative. In less spectacular ways, thousands of posts have served their communities equally as well.

NO band of crooked politicians gripped Schuylkill Haven, Pennsylvania, a town of 5,000, but there were other unsatisfactory conditions which Robert E. Baker Post decided ought to be remedied. So the post prepared a questionnaire which was answered by more than 2,000 of the citizens. As a result, a solution was found for the long difficult problem of providing the town with a water supply—the borough authorities built a new reservoir. A playground for the children was established. A modern fire alarm system was installed. Improvements were made to the high school building.

Consider also what Moffat County Post did in Craig, Colorado. When the town's schools were compelled to close at the end of the first half of the school year because of a shortage of funds, the Legion posts raised $1,000 by popular subscription, one fourth of which was contributed by Legionnaires or raised by Legion entertainments. This sum kept the schools running until the school finance officials met the emergency. Posts in every state have helped the schools in such emergencies, and they have repeatedly led movements to obtain new buildings, better teachers and the most modern courses of instruction.

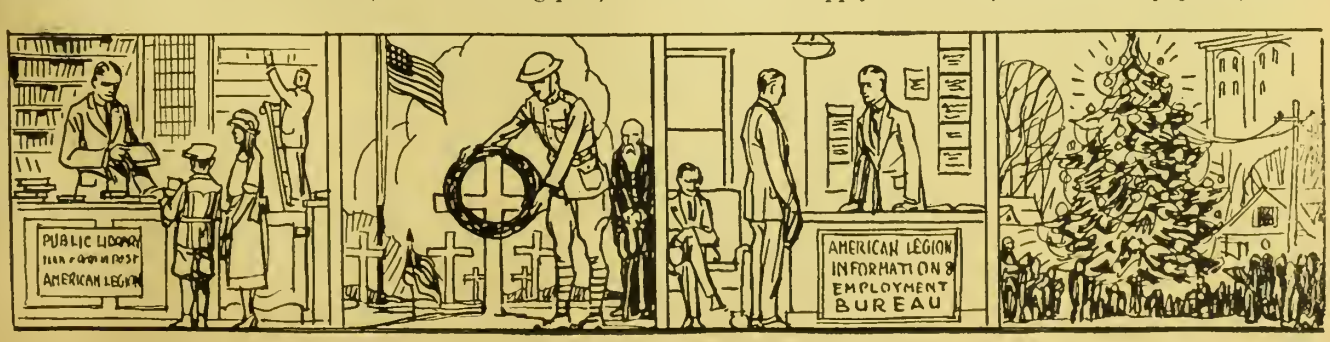
Typical of work done by posts in all sections of the country is the raising of a Boosters' Fund by Everhard Post of Middletown, Maryland, which has made itself at once a Chamber of Commerce, a rotary Club and Kiwanis Club. Typical also is Milligan-Goodson Post's work in Hobart, Oklahoma—obtaining 160 acres of land which it made into a community play resort. The post constructed two dams along a stream running through this tract, one to provide a bathing pool, the other a water supply.

Cass County Post of Logansport, Indiana, raised funds and provided teachers to insure the continuance of a night school system, which was to be abandoned because the school authorities lacked an appropriation. Its spirit of service was the same as that of the Legion posts of Cleveland, Ohio, which in a community fund campaign entered a team which raised $18,000, twenty-seven percent more than the quota assigned to it. In the same campaign Legionnaires were captains of five other teams. That same spirit led William A. Leonard Post of Flushing, New York, to establish and equip a 15-acre community athletic field at a cost of $25,000, and inspired the Julius Zanette Post of Palisade, New Jersey, to drain a swamp and construct tennis courts and ice-skating rinks for its community.

COMMUNITY spirit led George N. Kemp Post to conduct the first automobile show in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, and caused Binghamton, New York, Post to give a style show in which Binghamton merchants participated. Edward B. Rhodes Post of Tacoma, Washington, conducted a Fourth of July community celebration in a stadium attended by 40,000 persons, and thousands of other posts have conducted similar celebrations not only on Fourth of July but on all other holidays. The Legion in Stuttgart, Arkansas, attracted national attention by giving a rice carnival which brought visitors from dozens of states. Hornets' Nest Post of Charlotte, North Carolina, staged a celebration honoring the Mecklenburg County Patriots who signed the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence on May 5, 1775, more than a year before the national declaration. It had a parade two miles long, and General Pershing and other distinguished guests attended. The post raised $6,000 to meet the expenses and won great praise in the community.

IT was true community spirit also that caused a large number of the Legion posts in Minnesota to plant thou-

(*Continued on page* 22)



With PRIVILEGE

Wild shrieks rang out, and sent him listening, peering out, to the door

THIS is the fourth installment of Mr. Wolff's story, and a synopsis of the three installments which have gone before is given on page 29. "With Privilege of Stopover" will continue through April and May issues. The American Legion Weekly is sent to every paid-up member of the Legion as soon as his subscription, which is included in his post dues, is forwarded by his post adjutant or finance officer together with his weekly subscription card.

IX

MORNING found Bill Patterson sitting, with weary eyes, in the back seat of Galloway's sedan, while that mysterious real estate man drove the car, forced back into second speed, up the long grade of what, for want of a better name, might still be called a road. It was, really, a trail through the woods; Galloway had to hold to deep ruts, between which grass was growing in the lush profusion of the evergreen forests of the Pacific northwest.

Beside Bill sat the man who had, a few hours before, been posing as Governor Winston; the man who had, after his associates had abducted the Governor, walked into his house, deceived the servants, and prepared to carry out an impersonation so daring in its conception that its very improbability was one of the greatest reasons for its success. He didn't, in the chilly morning light, look quite so well. Blood caked one cheek, where he had been cut in falling after Galloway had attacked him; his careful make-up was disarranged. He still looked like the Governor, but no one could, now, have taken him for Winston.

He was conscious, now, and awake, but he sat in sullen, brooding silence, looking straight ahead. To Bill he paid no attention at all, but Bill watched him like a hawk, and the automatic pistol he held was eloquent of his intentions should their prisoner make any move to escape. Bill didn't pretend to understand what was happening; he didn't know where Galloway was going; he didn't much care. Galloway was, it seemed to him, a highly efficient person, and one safe to follow.

And he had, so far, been able to obey the few instructions Winston had had time to give him in the brief interval between the moment when they had both been flung from a train, just west of Butte, into ten feet of drifted Montana snow, and the coming of those who had, obviously, been stationed thereabout in anticipation of just what happened. Winston had asked him, really, to do just two things—get in touch with his daughter, who had gone on, naturally, on the train, and with Galloway.

He had made his peace with Barbara Winston and become her ally, and she was now, probably, awaiting word from him, at the house party near Seattle to which she had gone, with a good deal of anxiety. And, after leaving Barbara, he had driven to her home, to seek some clue to Galloway—whom Barbara hadn't known — and to find Chuck Barnett, the ex-convict who was the Winston chauffeur. Chuck had led him straight into the presence of the man who had succeeded in making him and all the others about the place believe he was Winston — and deceived Bill himself until he spoke.

The sedan was making tougher and tougher going along the trail. But now Galloway turned a tired face and called: "Cheer up! We're practically there. Sit tight!"

A series of bumps even worse than those that had gone before justified his warning; then the car stopped, and Bill saw a small house, built of logs. There, in the woods, it looked out, amazingly, over a far prospect of forest and plain; its site had been cunningly chosen to afford as wonderful a view as could be imagined.

"Come on, you!" Galloway wasted no politeness upon his prisoner. "Tumble out!"

The man obeyed. He was stiff and sore; he still felt the effects of the blow on the head that had put him out; he was, altogether, a pitiable object. But not to Galloway, who herded him before him, when he had opened the door of the log house, and drove him into a small room.

"Your promise not to try to get away wouldn't be worth anything—so I'm not asking for it," he said. "But—take my advice, and don't try, either now or later. You may not know it, but I'm a deputy sheriff, and you're under arrest, right now, for the crime of impersonating a public official of this state. And if there's anything I'd rather do than get a shot at you while you were trying to make a getaway I can't think of what it is!"

HE shut the door and locked it. Then he stretched, luxuriously, and turned to Bill.

"He won't get out of there," he said. "There's a window—but I have to keep it shuttered to keep varmints out—else I'd find darned little when I got here. Now—we eat."

"I've been wondering about that," Bill admitted. "It sounds reasonable to me."

"You're going to see the world's

of STOPOVER

By William Almon Wolff

Illustrations by Walter De Maris

greatest assortment of canned food," said Galloway.

"Check!" said Bill. He was much too hungry to follow his host's advice to rest while breakfast was preparing; he wanted to help, or, at least, to watch.

"Suit yourself! You can even have a bath if you want it—in a real tub! Just turn on the oil heater—it's full. Takes about ten minutes. Meanwhile—"

But Bill just watched, and smelt the luscious smells of frying bacon and steaming coffee.

"I can make muffins, too," said Galloway, "but I guess we'll take pilot biscuit instead. I'll teach you before I go, though."

"Oh!" said Bill. "I'm not going, then—?"

"Well—some one's got to stay and look after Martin," said Galloway. "You can see that, can't you? And there are things to be done that—well, that I can do and you can't."

BILL nodded.

"All right—I've enlisted for the war, I guess," he said. "Who's Martin? You know—"

"Yes, I know, all right," said Galloway, after a moment's hesitation. "I—well, as you've guessed, I know a lot of things. The dope you got from Miss Barbara was good—so far as it went. She told you all she knew, at that—and more than either her father or I thought she knew. But — Patterson, there's mighty little I can tell you—yet. I'm sorry—"

"That leaves me a free hand—beyond a certain point," said Bill. "You can see that, can't you?"

Galloway stared.

"Here!" Bill was beginning to feel explosive. "I find out that some one's planning to play a game of some sort against the Governor. I try to warn him—and he's inaccessible, like a king! I tackle his daughter—and she threatens to have me pinched for flirting with her—when I don't even like her! I'm damned fool enough, even after that, to take a hand.

"Well—if you people want to keep things back—all right. All I say is that if—I say if—at any time I decide that I ought to cut loose and tell the world what I know I'll do it! Governor Winston may be a great man—he may be a public spirited and honorable man. But—how do you expect me to fall for that, Galloway? If he didn't know he was going to be pulled off that train and hidden somewhere — well, I believe he did. They may be double-crossing him now—I guess they are. This stunt of putting in a ringer for him surprised you —it was the only thing I told you that did. Do you blame me for thinking Winston's been perfectly willing to let the railways have their way with their rates?"

"No — I don't," said Galloway, thoughtfully. "Fact is—I think we're mighty lucky you haven't washed your hands of us all long ago! I can't give you any argument at all—and I can't tell you anything of what I know, either. Except this. There's something involved in this business that you have no idea of at all—that Miss Winston knows nothing about—that, until last night, I believed only one person beside Governor Winston and I did know anything about. I guess you'll hear about it before we're through. But not from me."

Bill stared at Galloway for a full minute after that. He was vastly puzzled. He couldn't help liking Galloway—and he couldn't help distrusting him, at the same time. He felt rather that way about Winston, too, for that matter. His mind bade him distrust both men. But his instinct was to like them; an instinct based upon indefinable things.

"Go ahead and play your game your own way!" he said, at last, with a short laugh. "I'll stand by here until I hear from you or you send some one to relieve me—I'll go that far with you, anyway. How long do you want?"

Galloway thought for a moment.

"Forty-eight hours," he said. "From the time I start. You're a good sport, Patterson. Can I send any messages for you?"

"No, thanks." Bill grinned. "Messages would only excite my brother a little more. All right — forty-eight hours goes."

"Right! Let's eat!"

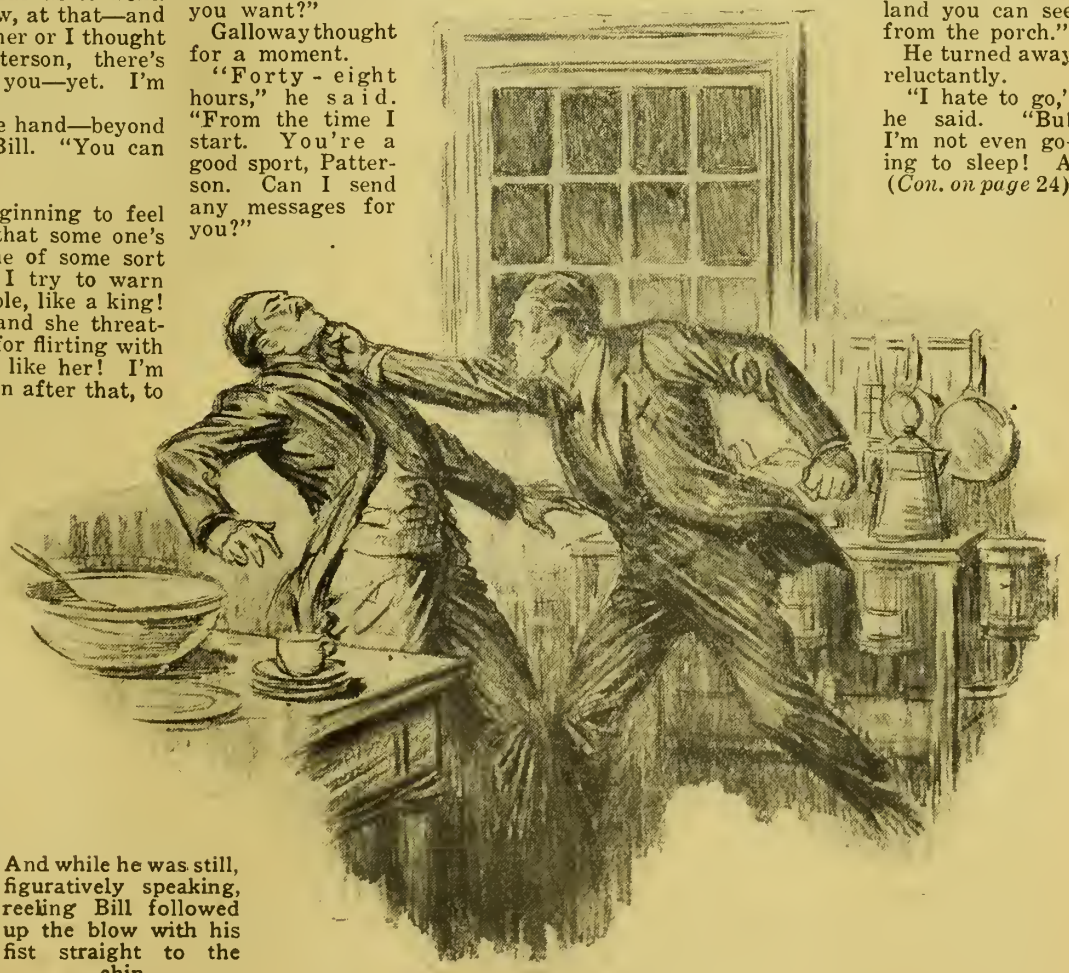
THEY did—abundantly. Afterward Galloway showed Bill what was to be his domain. The house was substantially built; definitely a summer house, it could still be made comfortable in cold and wet weather. It was perched on a ledge of a mountain, on ground cleared from the surrounding forest, and it looked out over a panorama that made Bill catch his breath when, in full daylight, he at last really saw it.

"They cut some spruce for airplanes up here during the war," Galloway said. "But there's been no real logging yet — won't be, probably, for quite a while, because it's going to cost like the devil to build a railroad. I own about five thousand acres I may never get any real return on, but I'm satisfied—this place is what I've wanted all my life. I can drive up here—that road's better during dry weather. And there's more concentrated peace here than I've ever found in the world. There are two or three much more elaborate places further up the mountain—Winston has one. He owns most of the rest of the mountain, and a fair slice of the valley land you can see from the porch."

He turned away reluctantly.

"I hate to go," he said. "But I'm not even going to sleep! A

(*Con. on page* 24)



And while he was still, figuratively speaking, reeling Bill followed up the blow with his fist straight to the chin

EDITORIAL

FOR God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

Today and Tomorrow

THIS issue of The American Legion Weekly is addressed to the eligible non-member of The American Legion. It tries to tell him what the Legion is and what it is doing, and the record is so substantial that the editors believe that the Legion member himself will find it worth reading. For once in history a listener may hear good of himself.

With the exception of some general summaries of the Legion's work as a national organization for the physically and financially disabled veteran of the World War, the accent in this issue of the Weekly is put on the local post. It is not quite true to say that the Legion is no stronger than its weakest post, but certain it is that the Legion as a national organization is judged in its own community by what the local post has done or has neglected to do. Moreover, a veteran cannot join the Legion without affiliating with a local post. There are no members at large in the Legion, any more than there are citizens at large in America.

The post is the mainspring of world-wide Legion activity, but a mainspring has to function successfully before you can honestly say that you have a good watch. The Legion as a national force could not exist if the Legion were not already established as a local force—if thousands of local posts had not already given proof of the Legionnaire's "sense of individual obligation to community, state and nation."

Those words are from the Preamble to the Legion's National Constitution. That Preamble is quoted in its entirety at the head of this column. Read it. Digest it phrase by phrase. Could you draft a finer creed of citizenship, a nobler conception of the duty of one member of a democracy toward all the other men and women who go to make up that democracy?

Well, fine creeds of citizenship and noble conceptions of duty are all right as far as they go, but if they don't get past the creed stage they can accumulate all the mean and dirty vindictiveness of a boomerang. A Legion that did not live up to its Preamble would thereby convert the fine phrases of that Preamble into one of the best jokes of the century—except that it would also be one of the tragedies of American history.

But the Legion is in no such dangerous position. It has lived up to every plank in its platform. It has put into practice every text that it preaches.

For one thing, the Legion had a mighty practical training period before it could become a Legion at all. It fought a war. Wars are fought for high ideals and noble conceptions, but the actual fighting is about the dreariest business imaginable. The actual fighting is also intensely practical. Mud, cooties, whizbangs, barbed wire, gas shells—these are not high ideals or noble conceptions, but actual physical inconveniences. But the road to the accomplishment of the high ideals and the fulfillment of the noble conceptions lay through the mud and the whizbangs and all the rest. There was no coasting to victory. The Legion you see, did not learn the great lesson of service by keeping itself cool with a palm-leaf fan under a spreading chestnut tree while a Fourth of July orator told how we all ought to be nice Americans.

With this tradition of practical accomplishment behind it, the Legion, once organized, immediately set out to continue and maintain that tradition as a living force. How well it has succeeded is set forth all too briefly in this issue of the Legion's national publication. How much better it can succeed in the future is largely for the eligible non-member of the Legion to decide. Let him read the record as it is written and see for himself whether the Legion is the up-and-doing outfit he wants to associate himself with.

So much for the Legion of today. There will be a Legion tomorrow also—the tomorrow which a single turn of the clock will bring and the tomorrow measured in scores of years. Sixty years ago young men quit the battlefields of the Civil War. Today they are patriarchs in almost every town and city in the country, the surviving members of the G. A. R. How glorious a tradition they have given to the country! How sublime the example of comradeship of their long march from the high noon of life into the twilight! They found that they wished to stay together while the memories of their battles were still vivid in their minds. As memories mellowed, the desire for friendship and comradeship grew even stronger. Their ranks filled. The stragglers of the earlier years of the G. A. R. came under its banner and were warmed by its spirit. Now twilight turns to night for thousands of these wonderful old men each year, but the G. A. R. lives on and gives its parting salute at their open graves. The G. A. R. was a part of them all their lives, and its hand tenderly bids them goodby as they pass out of time.

Soon the last footsteps of the G. A. R. will have echoed. But every year as the country honors its dead in the cemeteries on Memorial Day the Legion will be growing stronger. The stragglers of today will be coming in tomorrow. By the time the Legionnaires of today are old men, forty, fifty and sixty years from now, watching their children and their grandchildren carry on the work of the world, the ranks of the Legion, as the ranks of the G. A. R. long ago, will be full. Only the dead will not be answering the Legion's roll calls.

The service man who does not now comprehend the Legion's duty in carrying on the country's most beloved traditions, who can not now foresee the important rôle which the Legion is destined to play in this country's history for the next sixty years, will, of course, come in in time. Today he has the opportunity of helping to make history with the Legion, of adding his own voice and his own hand to those of his united comrades. A time will come when if he has remained aloof from his comrades he will be looked on questioningly.

The Legion is on the march. Three-quarters of a million men are in step. Help make it three million.

What the Legion Fights

THE *Wall Street Journal*, which carries at its masthead the motto, "The truth in its proper use," recently referred to the service men of the United States in these words:

"To grant these panhandlers their unearned and indefensible dole would settle nothing."

So it is "panhandlers" now. And in 1917 it was "the flower of American youth."

Who has changed, the service man or the flag-waver of 1917? Every self-respecting service man knows the answer.

Has the time arrived when a man who fought in the World War must apologize for having done his duty? Will the *Wall Street Journal* succeed in establishing the tradition that service in the World War was disgraceful? Can it place the brand of beggar upon those it once hailed as heroes and get away with it?

Vilification of this type—a type happily in such boorish bad taste that its own phrasing condemns it worse than could any argument—serves the Legion admirably. It proves to the eligible non-member that the road to justice lies through the ranks of organized veterandom. Alone, the veteran is powerless in the face of such cheap attacks. United with his fellows, he can laugh at them, for then the attacks are powerless to prevail.

A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer

The Things *That* Count

COME along and join our club. It is more kinds of a club than any in existence. It is social, patriotic, joyous and serious. Rich and poor, good dressers and bad dressers, fair and dark, short and tall, lean and fat, Republicans and Democrats and men of all creeds and occupations, may join.

It is the most democratic of clubs. There may yet be four million members. Why not? The more the better for the four million and the whole United States.

Yet it is a most exclusive club, the most exclusive club there is. Money, power or influence will not buy your way in. No one will snub you if you are a millionaire or if you wear patched pants, provided you are true to the principles of its great fellowship.

IF you are obliged to walk with a crutch, or you have another kind of crippling scar, and you have to struggle along on a disabled man's allowance, you will receive more attention than if your father left you the majority of stock in a trunk line railroad. If the railroad owner is not respectful to the disabled man he needs a reminder that if somebody had not been disabled in the late war the railroad might have been in bankruptcy.

Money initiation fees are not high. The big initiation fee has already been paid. It is too late for any fellow who was absent-minded in '17-'18 to pay that, now, as it was not paid in money.

No qualification for admission to any club could be simpler if you were not absent-minded at the critical hour. Uncle Sam has the records which count first, last and all the time for admission.

That qualification is the greatest experience of our lives, the experience which will grow and grow in our recollection as we grow older. Having had it you can look all the world in the face proudly if you are still true to its teaching. Having had it, and having heard your best girl say "yes," and found that she was all that you thought that she was, and having had her present you with a youngster, and possessing a home, you are all set as a thrifty citizen for a happy and useful life if you have a good Legion post in your vicinity.

PERHAPS the best girl has not said "yes" yet. In that case, you still have the big qualification to convince any right-minded girl that she will have a husband who will never go to jail as a conscientious objector.

That experience meant that all we had was our country's. Each man went where his country sent him. His pay was the same as all the men of his rank. There was the team play of a great cause, our country's, democracy's, civilization's cause. We wore the same kind of clothes, ate the same kind of food, obeyed common commands in a fellowship that was not for a few hours a week but all day and often all night, the fellowship of service.

A man was a man regardless of his station or his birthplace. Americans from all parts of the land were welded together by the uniform in a common aim. We looked one another in the face and knew how human and how strong we were and what we had in common. From camp to trench we served together.

When the war was over we were more tired than anyone but an ex-service man can understand. We had had enough of war. We never wanted to see another. We who know war want to do all we can to prevent another. So the Legion is one of the greatest forces for peace existing today.

The experience is yesterday's. We live to-day and plan for to-morrow. The experience is so much capital in the bank of our minds and hearts which we would rightly invest. How are we best to apply it in order to make true that better America and better world for which we served? Better in health, in kindness, neighborliness, true prosperity, sound public ideals and all that goes to make life worth living.

How best enable the men who know what war and service mean, and the army nurses who cared for them in sickness and wounds, to keep enduring that fellowship in present service? Surely by organization in this age of organization. The Legion is the medium of organization.

When you have already paid the big initiation fee, why hesitate over the little one? Having served in the war, why not go on serving to make the cause secure in peace, especially as you are serving in the same good, tried companionship in which you served in war?

Sometimes I hear a man say: "Well, I don't know as it will do me any good to join the Legion," or "I am too busy. I can't afford the time."

He is the one who needs the Legion most. He might also consider whether or not joining will do any good to others. If he has prospered exceedingly since the war perhaps he is losing something, while he gains money, which the Legion fellowship will recover for him.

TO any veteran who is on the outside because he does not agree with all the Legion does or who feels a little haughty, I would say that he would do more to put over his ideas working inside the Legion than sitting on the outside and criticizing. Let him join in to make the Legion in his locality the leader in civic spirit.

No man is too busy to drop in at a Legion post meeting. He does not have to stay up until midnight telling how he won the war unless he wants to. He can leave that to other chroniclers. If he was an officer the others will forget that if he will, in that circle of fellowship in which the only rank that counts is good citizenship. "Liberty, equality and fraternity" —fraternity, too—as the French say.

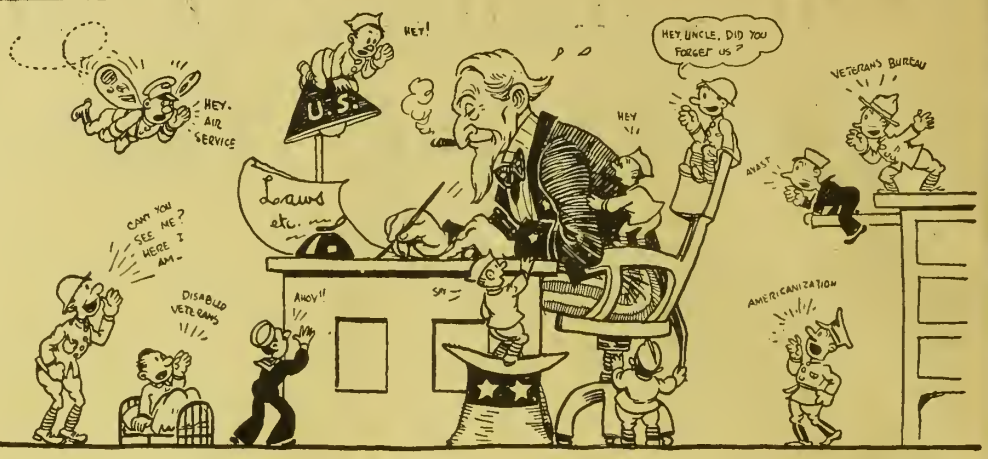
Mutual understanding and fellowship form the touchstone of democracy. The Legion posts scattered over the country stand for unifying Americanism. The veteran who is not in the club is getting out of touch with the greatest potential fellowship for public good that we have. He is refusing to talk a language that he knows: refusing to contribute the value of his experience to the whole. And this is peculiarly a crisis in our national affairs when the same spirit of service shown in the war is required in peace.

Although the Legion has nothing to do with partisan politics it is the common ground where the fundamentals of wholesome citizenship may be renewed by men who have stood the blood test. It is a free world of individual opinion without the organization being committed to any opinions except those which stand for the great common aims on which the vast majority agree.

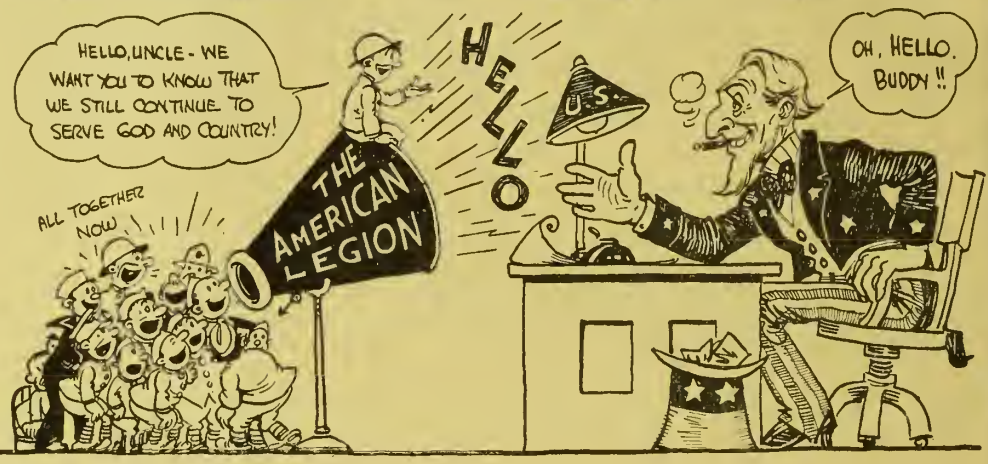
And that is why every week, speaking the language of the fellowship of service as I understand it, I write this page just giving my own views of things that count. I hope that I have some readers among present members and that I shall have some among future members.

The American Legion *By* Wallgren

CAN THE INDIVIDUAL EX-SERVICE MAN EXPECT TO BE HEARD, OR RECOGNIZED, BY A BUSY NATION? NO - HIS VOICE IS MUCH TOO WEAK TO COMMAND ATTENTION.



BUT- WHEN HE IS ORGANIZED HIS VOICE NOT ONLY COMMANDS ATTENTION, BUT RESPECT — AND THE AMERICAN LEGION IS THE EX-SERVICE MAN ORGANIZED.

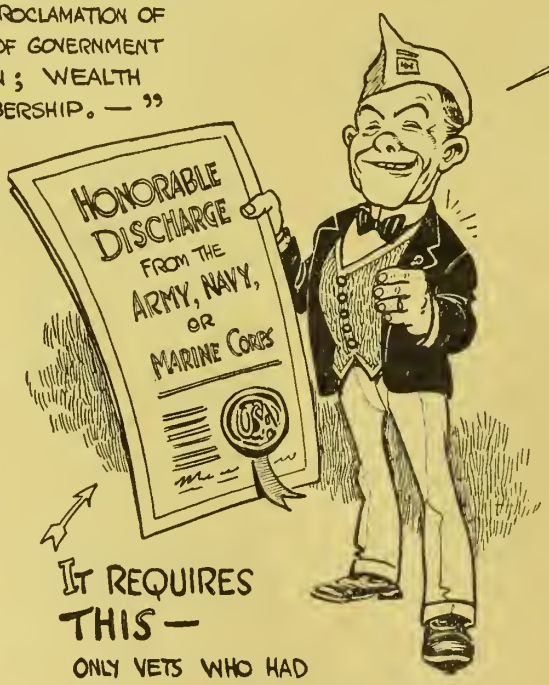


"NO CHILD CAN BE BORN INTO THE AMERICAN LEGION; NO PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT OR LAW OF GOVERNMENT CAN COMMAND ADMISSION; WEALTH CANNOT PURCHASE MEMBERSHIP. — "

BUDDY, I AM PROUD OF THAT — AND OF MY LITTLE LEGION EMBLEM WHICH TELLS THE WORLD I AM!!

"LEGIONNAIRE" MEANS WORLD WAR VETERAN.

- AND EVERY LEGION CONVENTION IS A GRAND BIG RE-UNION OF ALL THE OLD WAR BUDDIES.



IT REQUIRES THIS — ONLY VETS WHO HAD THE HONORABLE DISTINCTION OF SERVING DURING THE WORLD WAR ARE ELIGIBLE. ISN'T THAT A PROUD DISTINCTION?

WALLGREN-24

BY BELONGING TO THE AMERICAN LEGION YOU SHOW YOUR DESIRE TO HELP YOUR LESS FORTUNATE BUDDIES OF THE WAR BY IDENTIFYING YOURSELF WITH AN ORGANIZATION THAT IS DEMONSTRATING ITS ABILITY TO DO THE UTMOST FOR HIM.

On Guard *for the* Disabled

Care of the Men Broken by the War Comes First With the Legion

SENATOR REED SMOOT of Utah arose in his place and the walls of the Senate restaurant rang with the echo of his practiced rhetoric. The nation which neglected its defenders was not worthy of being defended. But America, victorious and grateful America, would never neglect the men who fought her battles on fields of fire and were brought back wounded and broken, bereft of health and strength in their country's service.

And more words to the same point; all of which made a deep impression, because the Senator spoke from the heart. He sat down amid applause.

The Honorable Joseph G. Cannon, congressman from Illinois, arose in his place, and spoke in the same vein. He sat down amid applause. So did Senator Watson of Indiana—and others.

Thomas W. Miller, then the chairman of The American Legion's National Legislative Committee, arose and thanked the Senators and Congressmen on behalf of the assembled Legionnaires who were the guests of the evening. Further response for the Legion Mr. Miller said would be rendered by some ex-soldiers Mr. Miller had taken the liberty to bring along to this dinner the legislators had tendered the members of the National Executive Committee of the Legion at its first meeting in Washington in December of 1919. These men, Mr. Miller said, had come from Walter Reed Hospital, "twenty minutes away from the Capitol."

An infantry corporal stood on the only leg the war left him and told the assembled statesmen that the morale of 1,600 wounded men at Walter Reed "is lower than the morale of the German army was when we had it on the run." And the corporal told why.

Get Story at First Hand

An Archangel expedition private, shot to pieces by the Bolshevists in March, 1919, four months after the Armistice in Europe, with his head swathed in bandages, related the difficulties which confronted him trying to support a wife on his disability allowance of $6.50 a month. "And the worst of it is," the soldier said, "they won't let me out for six or eight months yet."

A tank corps sergeant, a cripple for life, who had left high school to enlist at the age of sixteen, recited the abuses of the Federal Board for Vocational Education, the government institution which was supposed to retrain disabled men to become self-supporting citizens.

With this sort of evidence the Legionnaires answered their congressional hosts for three hours.

A veteran member of the House, who sat next to this writer, blew his nose loudly and passed a wounded soldier a ten-dollar bill under the table. The soldier, a private with a family to keep, declined it.

It was midnight when the party dispersed. And within forty-eight hours thereafter the representatives of the Legion were assured that the thing they had come to Washington for would be accomplished. This was the passage of what was known as the Sweet Bill, increasing the compensation of disabled soldiers from $30 to $80 a month and conferring many other benefits. This became a law on Christmas eve of 1919. It was the first constructive legislative victory in the never-ending fight The American Legion has waged to obtain justice and a competent administration of the benefits the nation has made available for the disabled veterans of the World War.

Without doubt it was the dramatic appearance of the disabled men themselves at the dinner the legislators gave in the Senate restaurant which made the victory possible. For three days the Legion committeemen had been in Washington. At an exhaustive series of conferences they had canvassed the situation and written their recommendations into the Sweet Bill, but they despaired of getting this legislation passed for weeks. It was the incident of the dinner that made it a different story.

Fight Started in 1919

THIS incident did not, however, inaugurate the Legion's work for the disabled. That was inaugurated in the summer of 1919 when the Legion itself was in a state of temporary organization. One of the first things the Legion, in its contacts with the ex-service men of the country, learned was that the Government's administration of the affairs of the wounded was in a state of disorganization. The Legion began by conducting an investigation of the Federal Board for Vocational Education, one of the three government agencies which had the care of the disabled in hand. The result of this inquiry was published in The American Legion Weekly. It brought on a Congressional investigation, the outcome of which was much bitter controversy and some reforms. In other words, it ran true to the form of congressional investigations.

Since that early date, as Legion annals go, the welfare of the war's disabled has been at all times the principal concern of the Legion. Occasionally the disabled question has flared forth into the national spotlight; and an examination of the causes of such flarings forth, in each instance, will reveal that the persistent work of the Legion was the impelling factor. For instance, there were the sensational hearings before a Senate committee, which disclosed the scandals of the Forbes administration of the Veterans' Bureau last fall. The Legion brought that hearing about; submitted, more than a year ago, to a group of Senators the evidence upon which it based its request for an investigation; engineered through the Senate in the closing hours of the Sixty-seventh Congress the resolution which authorized the investigations. Incidentally most of the evidence of maladministration in the past and the suggestions for improvement in the future which were laid before that committee came from Legion sources, as Major General O'Ryan, counsel for the committee, was courteous enough to state. Much of that evidence was published or intimated in this magazine more than a year ago—before the investigation was voted. These facts may be of slight interest, because, after the investigation got under way and to attracting attention a good many claims as to its parenthood have been filed with the public.

To revert to the earlier stages of the story. Day in and day out, year on year, in the spotlight sometimes but more frequently out of it, the Legion has waged the fight for the disabled. The rehabilitation of a disabled soldier encompasses, roughly speaking, three things. He must be physically cured; he must be financially supported until he gets on his feet, and if his disability is irremovable he must be financially compensated in greater or less measure throughout life; in certain cases he must be trained to master a new means of earning a livelihood. Thus rehabilitation is a three-fold matter—physical, financial, industrial.

This was recognized from the first. In the beginning three independent agencies attempted to administer to these three wants of the man in need of rehabilitation. The Bureau of War Risk Insurance took care of the financial end; the United States Public Health Service the physical end; the Federal Board for Vocational Training the industrial end. Each of these agencies was an independent administrative body. The liaison between them was poor, and each agency had defects, and bad ones, of its own. As a result the poor soldier was battered about between three independent and unco-ordinated agencies, each jealous of its own prerogatives.

Galbraith Gets Action

For a year, that is during 1920, the Legion tried to effect some teamwork between these three federal bodies. Small success prospered these efforts. In the fall of 1920 the late F. W. Galbraith, jr., who lost his life in a motor car accident while in office, became National Commander of the Legion. He went in office with the firm conviction that the only solution to the disabled problem was to amalgamate the three agencies into one. Others had speculated on the same solution, but dismissed it as impossible of accomplishment. When you put an independent and well-dug-in government agency out of business, you are doing something. Anyone who knows the first rudiment of Washington ways knows that. But Galbraith tackled it, and after eight months of most herculean labor he succeeded. He had the whole of Washing-

(*Continued on page* 21)

The Last Skirmish Is at Hand

WASHINGTON, March 24th.

THE veterans' Adjusted Compensation Bill, already passed by the House of Representatives, is at this writing before the Senate fighting for its life. If the Legion membership comes to its support and at this critical juncture reaffirms its faith in this particular bill, it is a virtual certainty that that bill will win. The opposition, with its back to the wall, is fighting with the strength born of desperation. These efforts can be blocked. But they cannot be ignored.

The arrows with which the opposition seeks to slay the bill are amendments and substitutes—a prediction which has been offered before in these columns. It is generally conceded by the political insiders here that the bill the House passed by a vote of 355 to 54 is unbeatable, even with the odds two to one against it, as the odds would be in a contest to carry it over the veto of the President. It is conceded such a bill will pass the Senate and repass both the House and Senate over a veto should Mr. Coolidge exercise that prerogative. Rumors, some of them seemingly well founded, are current in Washington that Mr. Coolidge may not veto such a bill. Whether this is true or not only Mr. Coolidge knows—even he may not have made up his mind. The rumors are merely reported here as a tribute to the economic soundness of the House bill, which even the President, squarely committed against a "bonus" as he is, might hesitate to veto. Thus the impatient anxiety of the opposition to tinker and tamper with the bill, to pelt it with amendments and drive it from its advantageous position.

The bill as it passed the House has the endorsement of the National Legislative Committee of The American Legion. Basically it is the same bill the Legion has been fighting for for the past two years and which carried the endorsement of two national conventions and the endorsement of Legion department conventions in every State. The veterans' adjusted service credit is figured on a basis of one dollar a day for home and $1.25 a day for foreign service. Cash payments are limited to short-time service men who would receive $50 or less. These prime features, which form the cornerstone of the Legion's case for adjusted compensation, are preserved. The old bill gave the veteran three options from which to choose his mode of compensation—paid-up insurance, home and farm aid, and vocational training. The present bill carries but one option—a twenty-year paid up life insurance policy with the usual borrowing privileges.

This change was made by the House Ways and Means Committee, which studied how to simplify the old bill along lines which would give the veterans what a majority of them seemed to desire and give it to them in a form which would mean most at least cost to the Government. To assist the House committee the Legion's Legislative Committee recently asked every department headquarters to poll a number of veterans, selected at random, on the various options of the old three-way bill. Forty-three States responded, polling 10,784 men. The result showed 7,292 or 66 percent desired insurance, 3,073 or thirty percent desired farm or home aid, and 419, or four percent, vocational training. Inasmuch as a clear majority favored insurance, and believing in the unassailable soundness of the insurance feature, the House adopted the modified bill—which incidentally would save the Government about $1,500,000,000 without expense to the veterans.

Under the terms of this bill every living veteran (who is entitled to more than $50) gets a policy the amount of which may be computed roughly on a basis of $1 a day for home and $1.25 for foreign service, multiplied by two and a half. A man with a year's service, six months at home and six months abroad, would get a policy for about $1,000. Loans can be made on the policy after two years. Dependents collect in full at death or the veteran gets the face value of the policy at the end of twenty years. Payments would be made in cash to immediate heirs of veterans already deceased.

Coolidge's Expected Veto

The fact that the veteran thus received his adjusted compensation in the form of the soundest investment a man can acquire, as any banker will affirm, has been a sore blow to the opposition. It has so cut the ground from under their feet that some opponents of a "bonus" have been won over or silenced. This is the line of reasoning which prompts the speculation as to whether, after all, Mr. Coolidge will veto so sound and conservative a piece of legislation.

Other opponents, however, are not so easily dealt with. Already some of them are busy misrepresenting the terms of the bill and trying to turn the veterans against it. The cry of "graveyard bonus" and "you'll have to die to get it" has been raised, and it is significant to note that this new solicitude for the welfare of the soldiers comes in most part from persons who until the last week or so have been known opponents of any "bonus" whatsoever. Amendments and substitute bills are being introduced by the fistful. Particularly a few people are trying to include an unlimited cash option and are trying to get veterans to demand such an option. Some such efforts are sincere, though I am sure they are misguided. Others are cold conspiracies to kill the bill. But whatever the intent, be it good or evil, the result would b the same. The Senate would come about as near passing a bill with an unlimited cash option as it would to erecting a statue of von Hindenburg on the White House lawn.

There are many other kinds of amendments. I can't discuss them in detail here, but I can say this about each and all of them. Either they fail to meet the desires and needs of the veterans as those desires and needs have been interpreted by the veterans themselves to the Legion's representatives here, or they wouldn't stand a Chinaman's chance of becoming a law.

So it is up to the veterans themselves —up to the readers of these feeble lines. If they want the House bill as it stands they can have it by making that want known — by telegraphing or writing their Senator *to pass the House bill unchanged.*

May I suggest again that you note what this bill calls for. It is a paid-up life insurance proposition purely—with the usual borrowing accommodations. No cash above $50 otherwise. But it is a "bonus" which at the end of one year, five years, ten years, or twenty years even you'll still have — a visible and actual asset. If you got the cash now, what would you have in five years, say? I don't know about you, brother. But I have a sneaking idea what I would have. That's why, in my own private capacity as a Legionnaire—if I may speak a word as such — I'm for the present bill, which if you insist will became a law now. A bird in the hand, you know—.

But think it over. It's basically the same bill the Legion has been fighting for all along. If you want it wire or write your Senator. Don't delay. Do it now. Obey that impulse. I thank you.

M. J.

A Survey of the Legion's Fight for Adjusted Compensation

THE current round in the four-year fight the Legion has waged in support of the veterans' Adjusted Compensation Bill—the so-called "soldiers' bonus"—is moving swiftly toward a climax. Indications are that the present month will witness a decision one way or the other. The chances are that the bill will win and become a law; its opponents admit it, and are making strenuous eleventh-hour efforts to avert disaster for their cause.

It is expected that President Coolidge will veto the measure when it passes the Senate, but those who have directed the long fight for this legislation are prepared for that. They have sufficient votes in the House of Representatives and in the Senate pledged to roll up the two to one majority that is required to override a veto. If the Senators and representatives vote on the show-down as they have indicated they will vote, then victory is assured, and the Legion will have won its most spectacular legislative contest—a contest it has carried on with unwearying perseverance to get a square deal for every veteran of the World War who feels he is entitled to an economic adjustment to rectify in part the financial disadvantages incident to his military service.

The present article is designed to furnish a review of the compensation fight, with special emphasis on that phase of the struggle which was inaugurated

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with the opening of the Sixty-eighth Congress in December. Even those who are familiar with developments since that time may welcome a chance to study them in historical summary; to the ex-service reader who is not familiar with those developments such a summary should come with the force of an unpleasant revelation. For seldom in American history have such unscrupulous tactics been employed to defeat a piece of projected legislation.

Readers of the Weekly who have followed our own Washington correspondent's reports on the progress of the adjusted compensation situation will recall some of the details that have brought matters to their present pass. One of the most heartening things in the entire fight has been the way in which, through the remodeling of the bill after its fruitless passage two years ago, many of the opponents have come over to the ranks of those in favor of this measure sponsored by the Legion.

Opponents Conceded Passage

Before the present Congress convened last December it was predicted by the supporters of the Adjusted Compensation Bill in Congress, and conceded by some of the opponents of that measure, that its passage even over a Presidential veto was certain. Senator Smoot of Utah, for one, chairman of the powerful Senate Finance Committee, declared early last fall that it seemed that nothing could forestall the enactment of the bill. Senator Smoot is one of the wheel-horses of the opposition. The advocates of adjusted compensation had won steadily since the contest began early in 1920. Round after round had been theirs. Legislative technicalities and delays were swept aside or surmounted one after another. Three times the bill had passed the House, by increasing majorities each time. Once it had passed the Senate. Only the veto of Mr. Harding averted its enactment in September of 1922 — a veto which was sustained by a margin of only four votes.

From the first it has been plain that the support which Congress on all occasions has given the bill expressed the wishes of the majority of the electorate of the country—a mandate which the average Congressman who desires to prolong his public career is bound to respect. Twenty-one states have held state-wide elections on the "bonus" question. Twenty of these elections went pro-"bonus." In Oklahoma a compensation measure was defeated by the stay-at-home vote. The measure received a majority of all votes cast, but not a majority of the total registered vote of the State, as is required by Oklahoma state law on proposals of this nature. The Oklahoma legislature, however, has since adopted a resolution asking Congress to enact the Federal Adjusted Compensation Bill.

From the first, also, the main opposition, in fact about the only organized opposition to adjusted compensation has come from the rich and powerful financial and industrial interests known as Big Business. These interests aimed a crafty stroke at the Legion in 1920, when Franklin D'Olier, then Commander of the Legion, was approached adroitly and asked to resign rather than lead his organization in a fight for adjusted compensation. Mr. D'Olier is a wealthy man of extensive business interests. The suggestion that he resign and repudiate the "bonus grab" was clearly a threat—a threat which, however, did not intimidate the Legion's Commander, though it did cost him a great deal of money. He continued to lead the fight and frequently made the charge that "some of the interests in this country who have contributed least to the war and profited most by it are now attempting to tell the men who saved this country from a German indemnity what they can expect as a fair return for their services."

Just prior to the meeting of the present Congress the opposition tried its master-stroke. Mr. Mellon, the Secretary of the Treasury, who has been the field marshal of the anti-compensation forces for three years, announced that Federal taxes could be reduced by $323,000,000 a year if the adjusted compensation could be defeated, but if the compensation bill passed there could be no reduction and an increase of the levies was possible. This was a bolt from the blue. Behind the "Mellon plan" was instituted instantly an organized campaign of far-reaching propaganda such as the country has never seen before. The machinery of the Federal Government, the press, the radio, the movies, magazines —every known agency for the dissemination of information began to drive home upon the citizen and tax-payer the doctrine that to beat the "bonus" meant lower taxes, to pass it higher taxes for all. One of a score of slogans was "The Mellon plan means a bonus for everybody." All good citizens were exhorted to write their Congressmen to support the Mellon plan and soak the "bonus." Aside from this general appeal for letters the agencies of Big Business organized and executed a letter writing campaign of their own. It was not an unusual thing for a Representative or Senator to receive one thousand letters in one day urging him to vote for the Mellon tax plan and to vote against adjusted compensation.

Mellon Gets in Work

The country was staggered and Congress all but swept off its feet. The compensationists a few weeks before had confidently polled the House and Senate and found enough members favorable to their measure to pass it over a Presidential veto. But now it was different. Congress bows to public opinion, and it looked as if Mr. Mellon, with his tax issue, had swung public opinion to the other side of the "bonus" question. Senator Smoot announced definitely that the Senate would sustain a Presidential veto; the Senator still conceded, you see, that the compensationists held a majority in the Senate, but not the two to one majority required to enact legislation in the face of the President's disapproval.

While all this was going on the people in Washington who were directing The American Legion's part in the campaign simply ducked into a shell-hole and let the barrage go whistling by. They kept their eyes open, their mouths shut and made note of certain things. These notes they treasured up for future reference.

The Mellon drive started in November. It gathered force when Congress met early in December and continued on into the new year with undiminished vigor. Then, here and there came a break, an impertinent interruption, an embarrassing question. It seems that what the press called "this great spontaneous expression of public opinion" was just a little too perfect and too unanimous to be spontaneous. It began to look artificial. Pretty soon it began to be whispered about that it might be artificial. Congressmen began to think it queer that they should receive a hundred letters a day against the "bonus" and none for it from a town which in a recent election had gone preponderantly pro-"bonus." Another peculiar circumstance was that letters would come in from Seattle and from Boston couched in exactly the same language; thousands of letters would come in as alike as two peas in a pod—wording, stationery, typing, envelopes and all. This didn't look so spontaneous. Then a Congressman got a note reading:

> Dear Sir: Please don't pay any attention to that letter you got from me the other day asking you to vote against the "bonus" bill. I am really for the "bonus" and hope you are. But I had to write that other letter to hold my job. The boss made us all do it.

Other Congressmen got similar letters. Investigation quickly established the existence of such black-jacking methods. Indignant cries of protest began to go up. Congressmen resent being bunked, almost as much as anyone else. Finally the President himself felt obliged to disown and repudiate this form of "stimulating" the anti-compensation "sentiment."

Andrew Shows Mellon

Already somebody had got busy with arithmetic. Mr. Mellon had said there could be no tax reduction if a "bonus" bill passed, but $323,000,000 worth of tax reduction every year if there was no "bonus." From this it would seem that a "bonus" would cost $323,000,000 a year. But official Treasury estimates made a year and a half before said a "bonus" would cost only about $80,000,000. Mr. Mellon was asked how about it. He answered with another set of figures, indicating that the "bonus" would really cost $225,000,000 a year. This estimate looked padded and unconvincing—and it still lacked about $100,000,000 of proving out the original Mellon assertion that there could be *no tax cut* if a "bonus" were paid. Congressman A. Piatt Andrew of Massachusetts, himself a former assistant Secretary of the Treasury and a recognized expert on government finance, shot this last estimate all full of holes and adduced statistics to support his assertion that adjusted compensation could be paid and at the same time taxes reduced all if not more than Mr. Mellon said they could.

People got to looking into Mr. Mellon's past record on the compensation question. It was a pretty puzzling record. They found that he had produced statistics to order on several occasions when ammunition for a crack at adjusted compensation was needed. Within a space of nine months the Secretary was nearly one billion dollars "out" or wrong in his estimates of the condition of the Treasury. This was in 1922 when he was trying to prove that the Government was running at a loss and too hard up to pay its soldiers. In 1923 he came along and admitted a $315,000,000 annual surplus, and tried the tax reduction uppercut.

The last of January found the op-

position to adjusted compensation too busy explaining to be very happy. Then the Legion's National Executive Committee held a meeting and decided the time had come to quit the old dugout and spring a counter-attack. That attack showed up the forced and false nature of the antis' propaganda campaign and made a wreck of it. Within a few weeks' time the manufactured letter barrage died down to a whisper and Congressmen were being showered with letters from veterans and their friends on the other side of the question. This shower continues, and indications are that it will continue until the bill is ultimately disposed of, which won't be very long now. But it will be long enough for anyone who hasn't yet written his Senator or Representative —particularly his Senator—to do so; or if he hasn't written for a month to write again. The pro-compensation letters are not form letters. You don't find blocks of two to twenty thousand of them phrased exactly alike. In fact, you seldom find any two of them alike. Only a fraction of them are even typewritten. In fact, they are just the sort of letters a Congressman pays attention to. They reflect the unbossed sentiments of the folks back home.

Senator Smoot hasn't made any predictions lately, but Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, another of the leaders of the opposition, recently conceded that it looked bad for the anti-"bonus" side. Senator Reed admitted that the antis could count on only twenty-eight Senate votes to sustain a Presidential veto of the compensation bill, whereas thirty-three such votes would be required to make a veto stick. The hunt for the five extra Senators is on, and it is on in earnest. That's how the situation rests now.

In its recent whirlwind fight against the "bonus" opposition, the Legion's effort seems to have appealed to the veteran who is not a Legion member.

Anyhow, the past two months has brought quite a stream of recruits into the Legion. The Commander of the Oregon Department writes that 1,683 members joined during February on a straight appeal to help win the adjusted compensation fight. It was the biggest month's membership business ever done by the department.

These newcomers get under the wire in time to strike a lick for adjusted compensation at a moment when every blow counts. Their next move is to take pen in hand and write a letter which begins "Dear Senator." The more letters, the harder will be the task of the antis' persuaders who are out to try to swing over those five more Senators whose votes against the bill are needed to prevent it from becoming a law this month.

LEGION RADIO

BRIEF announcements of radio programs to be broadcast by Legion posts will be published in this column. Notices of proposed programs should be sent to the Weekly at least four weeks in advance of date of broadcasting.

Station WDAF (411 meters), Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo. Program in commemoration of declaration of war, auspices Wyandotte Post, Kansas City, Kan., 4 to 5:30 p.m. (Central Time), April 6th.

Station WNAC (278 meters), Shepard Stores, Boston, Mass. Massachusetts Legion Radio Night, 7:30 p.m. April 6th to 3 a.m. April 7th (Eastern Time).

The Good Angel of the War *becomes at last* the Servant of Peace

A NEW antiseptic, discovered by two scientists during the World War, drove infection from the war hospitals of France and saved the lives of hundreds of thousands of wounded men.

This miracle was performed by the new antiseptic, because: First—it had the active germ-killing powers of poisonous, burning compounds which could not be used freely on the human body. Second—it had the non-poisonous, non-irritating properties of the so-called mild antiseptics which could be used freely on the body but were not effective in killing germs.

The new antiseptic is now used in hospitals throughout the civilized world.

Zonite is the form in which this remarkable antiseptic has been made available for household use. Among other things, it has made possible the practice of really *effective* oral hygiene (habitual cleansing of the mouth) in hundreds of thousands of homes. A teaspoonful of Zonite in a quarter of a glass of water will sterilize saliva (kill *all* the bacteria) in a few moments. Mildly antiseptic mouth washes and gargles won't begin to do it.

When allowed to multiply, it is generally recognized that the bacteria which accumulate in the mouth are responsible for pyorrhea; they can also be the direct cause of respiratory diseases from ordinary colds to influenza and pneumonia.

Zonite not only kills the bacteria, but it instantly overcomes breath odors, hardens the gums and leaves the mouth with a wholesome, cleanly, aseptic taste.

A recent survey indicated that a large percentage of the dentists of New York City are using Zonite as a mouth wash *in their own homes.* Dental literature indicates why this is so. One dental authority says: "It was first recommended as a mouth wash and oral germicide. This led to an investigation and finally resulted in the adoption of the solution to the exclusion of all other drugs."

For mouth wash or gargle — a teaspoonful of Zonite in a quarter-glass of water twice a day.

Use Zonite as a preventive measure against pyorrhea, coughs, colds and more serious respiratory diseases daily in your own home! The only safe germ is a dead germ.

The Zonite Handbook on the Use of Antiseptics in the Home describes the many new methods of controlling infection and disease made possible by this modern form of antiseptic. The book will be sent anywhere free of charge upon request. *Address Division K, Zonite Products Company, 342 Madison Ave., New York City.*

To Women

It is no longer necessary to keep poisonous, burning compounds in the house. Such things are a menace in more ways than one. Zonite can be used freely on any part of the human body to destroy germ life. Although more powerful than pure carbolic acid, it leaves the most delicate membranes and tissues entirely unharmed. Ask your doctor.

FOR HOME USE
—prevents contagion

Use Zonite to protect your family against coughs, colds, grippe and more serious respiratory diseases. Gargle or spray the throat and nasal passages daily.

Wherever You Go, *the* Legion Has

WHEREVER he goes, the Legionnaire finds a home and a welcome —the comforts of a clubhouse and the companionship of men bound to him by the ties of common service. The Maine tourist wearing the Legion button may lounge luxuriously in an Italian renaissance palace where San Diego (California) Post keeps open house. The buddy from New Orleans, changing cars at Logansport, Indiana, may rest for a few hours in a $100,000 memorial clubhouse, the gift of the people of Cass County to a Legion post. The visiting Legionnaire in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, or Endicott, New York, finds Legion posts at home in magnificent clubhouses, gifts of public-spirited citizens.

Flemington (New Jersey) Post built this $15,000 clubhouse when it had $7,500 in the bank. It is so arranged that it can be readily converted into a residence should the post ever wish to sell it to move into larger quarters. The post had no difficulty in selling $7,500 worth of mortgage bonds

"A dollar a brick will do the trick" was the slogan of Wilbur M. Comeau Post of Haverhill, Massachusetts, when it raised $20,000 to buy this fine old family mansion. Post members sold a whole brickyard full of bricks to contributors to the building fund. The post now plans to spend $30,000 in remodeling and furnishing

Council, Idaho, is a village of fewer than five hundred inhabitants, and Bert Harpham Post of the Legion has only twenty-one members. But the post built this clubhouse, Legionnaires doing so much of the construction work that the estimated cost was cut in half. The clubhouse is a community center where dances are held and where school children give parties

Selby, South Dakota, needed a community building, a place where the 564 men, women and children of the village could get together, and Frederick Schauer Post of the Legion needed a clubhouse. So the post built this structure, which at once became the center of all village life. Dances and entertainments are held in it and other societies use the Legion's hall for their meetings

a Home *in* Which *to* Welcome You

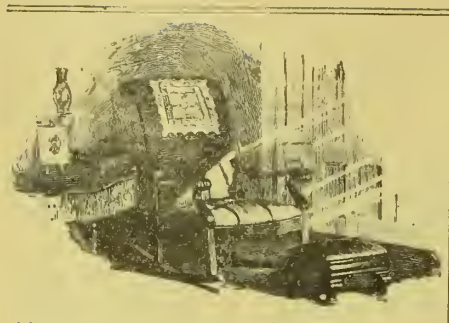
In scores of other towns, comfortable buildings with the Legion emblem upon them are community centers — clubhouses for everybody. Thousands of Legion clubhouses are now in use—probably as many more are under construction or are planned. These Legion homes range from the monumental structures costing tens of thousands of dollars to the tiny house which Las Vegas (Nevada) Post transported in twelve sections forty miles of a desert in order to have a clubhouse in its mining camp community. Legion posts have put up business blocks, remodeled family mansions, transformed hulls of ships—the home-making instinct is all-powerful among them. Every Legionnaire is at home wherever he goes. And his Legion membership card each year becomes a more valuable credential in his own town or wherever he may be.

This is a glimpse into the Legion clubhouse of Baltimore, a four-story building which is the home of the fifteen Baltimore posts

In Shamokin, Pennsylvania, stands this Legion Memorial Building (left) erected by Lincoln Post at a cost of more than $200,000. When the last Legionnaire of Shamokin dies it will become the property of the city and township in which it stands. Citizens pledged $85,000 to help build it, in a campaign whose slogan was "A day's pay for the boys who went away." The post also sold bonds. Rentals from the lower floor and basement total $10,000 yearly and a canteen in the clubrooms yields $10,000

This home of Norman Horward Post in Ada, Oklahoma, has an auditorium seating 2,500 people. The Legion occupies the entire third floor and the remaining parts of the building provide quarters for all community organizations, such as the Chamber of Commerce and the Red Cross. The people of Ada at a special election authorized a bond issue of $110,000 to make possible this Legion clubhouse and community center

The imposing front of the Veterans' Memorial Building at Cincinnati, Ohio, the home of Robert E. Bentley Post of the Legion and also a center for all veteran activities in Cincinnati, including an employment bureau



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ONLY that burial protection which is absolute and permanent has any meaning whatever when considered in thought of Eternity. Absolute and permanent protection is assured by the Clark Grave Vault.

This vault by utilizing an immutable law of Nature keeps out water and protects against the destructive elements in the ground. During the many years it has been in use the Clark Grave Vault has never failed. It is made of Keystone Copper Steel.

Leading funeral directors gladly supply the Clark Grave Vault because they know it is the standard of protection. They deliver with each vault our guaranty for fifty years.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

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BALL TIME!

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The Legion's Legislative Record

PARDON, a personal question, Mr. Legion Booster?

Certainly. Shoot!

All right, then: What has this Legion ever done for me? Can you answer that?

Not only can, but will.

One word more, before you begin. I appreciate that I have asked a large question—put in a big order. Maybe a word of explanation will save you some time and breath. I grant that the Legion is a great, fraternal, social, patriotic organization, which I am sure has done much—I will say, even, that it has done more than any other body of men—to advance and perpetuate the truly fine ideals which impelled America to go to war. And those were fine ideals. Brave days! They shine yet like bright stars of wholesome promise through the murk of selfishness and greed that has come with the aftermath of that struggle. The Legion has done that, I know. It is a circulating medium for the great fellowship which none but those who have endured the common experiences of camp, deck and trench can know; and I grant the importance and the desirability of these things, because man cannot live by bread alone. Yet he cannot live without bread. It is the practical, the definitely assayable benefits to its membership that I inquire about. In other words, why should I join the Legion except to have a good time? I like a good time as much as I ever did, but I'm married now. A little family will be coming on. I'm beginning to appreciate the meaning of responsibility. I'm looking ahead, for myself and for my associates, my community and country, because I know that as they prosper I shall prosper. In the light of these things, what can you say to recommend your Legion?

Buddy, you simplify matters wonderfully. I am going to answer your question by dwelling for a few minutes on just one topic—the influence of The American Legion with Congress, the national law-making body of the land. It may surprise you to know just how greatly the laws affect your prosperity. Every citizen, you know, in theory has a voice in his government. He helps make the laws which will be wisest and best and which will enhance most the general prosperity of all. But in practice just what does this amount to? What can you, for instance, point to in the way of national legislation and say definitely, "I helped start that." Maybe not a great deal. But the average everyday member of the Legion can point to a lot. His voice in government counts more than the voice of the outsider because the Legion has erected an elaborate national mechanism designed solely for the purpose of amplifying—like those loud-speaker contraptions the orators use—the voice of its membership in the country's affairs, and consequently their own affairs. Wally has pictured that very idea in his cartoon in this issue.

You have benefited by this, even though you are not a Legion member who has pulled his own weight in the boat. In twenty-odd States an adjustment of compensation or "bonus" has been paid to veterans. In every single instance it was the Legion, with its organization, that helped, and helped materially, to get those "bonuses" through. In a majority of instanc they never would have gone throug save for the Legion. Very soon no Congress will pass a law—there is r doubt about this—opening governmer hospitals to all veterans who nee treatment, whether their disability wa caused by the service or not. The Le gion did that. And then there is th national adjusted compensation figh For four years the Legion has carrie the brunt of this fight. It looks as i victory will come very soon. But if i doesn't come soon it will come eventu ally. And if you don't believe th Legion has done this, ask the interest who are fighting adjusted compensa tion. They will tell you what the Le gion has done, and they may use som language reminiscent of the first ser geant's in the telling.

Or, if I could digress from this sub ject of legislation, I might mentio other things the Legion has done fo you. Through its employment office located throughout the country it ha obtained work for a million men. I put five hundred thousand men to work in thirty days in the spring of 1922 and, according to industrial experts turned the tide of hard times. Through its national service officers it has ob tained the adjudication of claims against the Government in favor of veterans totaling more than $5,000,000 Maybe you didn't get a job or a claim settled yourself, but you prospered by these acts. There is an economic link which binds us all—especially us veterans who are about of an age. When you lift one out of the rut you help all his comrades a little.

But to return to this matter of the Legion's giving its members a stronger voice in the matter of law making.

A Legion member—just an ordinary John Citizen—gets an idea. He springs it on his local post. It goes pretty well. The post frames it into a resolution. Now this post has a hand in selecting a delegate to go to the Legion national convention—the next one will be held in St. Paul this fall. Delegate goes "instructed" as per post resolution, which in due course becomes a resolution of the national convention—a plank in the Legion's national platform. One Legionnaire can start the ball rolling, you see. Interested?

Rather. What happens next?

Well, national conventions may propose but Congress disposes—in matters touching legislation. The master's voice of Congress is the people back home. Now the Legion maintains in Washington a National Legislative Committee. The job of this committee is to help Legion convention resolutions to become laws. This committee acts as a sort of a liaison officer between the Legionnaires back home and the Congressmen on Capitol Hill. It is delicate and particular work, but work that has been pursued with great success from the Legion's standpoint. In four years no less than 122 national laws, sponsored by the Legion, have been passed. I will run over a few of these legislative achievements:

In 1919:

American Legion chartered by the United States Government.

Congressional investigation of improper care of disabled veterans.

Increased appropriations for disabled veterans by $90,000,000 annually and

WITH VICTORY IN SIGHT!

With the enemy's right and its left weakening,

Let Us strengthen our forces and attack the center in a final blow.

Bring Up the Reserves

Call Out the New Recruits

Roll In a record membership—and the fight is won.

The Legion Cannot Be Annihilated

It Will Go Forward

READ the issues of the WEEKLY for March 14 (page 2)—March 21 (page 25)—March 28 (page 23)—and go to it.

READ also the March 21 issue (page 26).

But anyway---
"LET'S GO"

increased compensation of individuals from $30 to $80 a month.

In 1920:

$125,000,000 voted for death and disability claims.

$97,000,000 voted for benefit of disabled men undergoing vocational training, including $7,000,000 for increase of training pay to individuals.

$48,000,000 for better hospitals and for special benefits for sick and wounded in hospitals.

$8,463,000 for development of twenty-six separate land settlement projects for benefit of veterans.

Revision of Articles of War and manual of army court-martial.

Increase of pay of men still in Army and Navy.

Amendments to Civil Service Law giving special preferential rights to veterans.

Law passed giving veterans special rights in filing on unoccupied government lands.

Wrote Adjusted Compensation Bill and obtained its passage by House of Representatives.

Publication of slacker lists.

In 1921:

Creation of United States Veterans Bureau.

Return of body of Unknown Soldier.

$37,000,000 for new hospitals.

$20,277,000 for more land-settlement projects.

$158,000,000 for compensation for and hospitalization of disabled.

$65,000,000 for vocational training.

Preferred right of entry to United States for alien relatives of veterans under new immigration laws.

Congressional inquiry into escape of Grover Cleveland Bergdoll.

Free transportation to United States for veterans and families stranded abroad.

Bestowal of Congressional Medal on Unknown American, French and British soldiers.

In 1922:

Adjusted Compensation Bill passed by House and Senate; vetoed by President Harding; repassed over veto by House by two-thirds' majority required; failed of repassage in Senate by four votes.

$15,000,000 for land projects in which veterans were given preferential rights.

$582,000,000 for the disabled.

Restrictive immigration law.

War profiteering exposed by The American Legion Weekly, and Department of Justice and War Department moved to act against it, $500,000 being appropriated for purpose.

In 1923:

$451,000,000 for the disabled.

Many amendments obtained to existing disabled legislation, creating liberalizing provisions thereof, and extending benefits.

Exposure of corruption, waste and mismanagement in Veterans Bureau; Senatorial inquiry of Bureau obtained; most of evidence that committee obtained and revealed at public hearings which attracted national attention supplied by Legion.

Well, now—hmmm—so the Legion's done all that. You know, I've read about a lot of those things in the papers, but I didn't know it was the Legion that started them.

Yes, the Legion's done all these things, and I've just skimmed here and there through the list of national achievements. In every State we have

(*Continued on page* 22)

From woodchuck to wolf—
the new Savage Sporter will drop them all—

.22 cal. $19.50
.25-.20 cal. . . $23.50
.32-.20 cal. . . $23.50

ALL the fine points of the popular last year's model—plus some new refinements that make this the finest repeater you ever saw for all kinds of small and medium game.

Just look at that bolt action for example—notice how it cocks? Half on the opening movement—half on the close—just glides along—it's so smooth.

The loading is quick and positive. You simply push in the box magazine holding five cartridges—then after shooting them all, just slip out the empty magazine and slip in an extra loaded magazine.

And no wonder you can get a good bead—the sturdy hi-power rifle sights are new refinements—unusually strong and accurate—a German silver front sight and flat topped elevator adjustment rear sight.

Safe and quick, too—the safety is worked by the thumb of the firing hand when the rifle is in a shooting position—no waste of time there.

And finally take one more look at the prices. Only $23.50 for a .25-.20 or .32-.20 repeating rifle—the lowest price of any rifle made in these calibers.

Write us for interesting catalog describing the details of the new Sporter and the complete line of Savage firearms and ammunition.

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Here's Real Music!

Why run out to a cabaret every time you want to dance? There's many an evening's fun right at home—provided there's good music. And there's always good music where there's a Hohner Harmonica—

The World's Best

If you want to be a popular host, be ready with your Hohner at impromptu parties, after dinner dances and social gatherings. Produce your pocket orchestra, announce a good fox trot or one step, and surprise your guests with some real snappy harmony.

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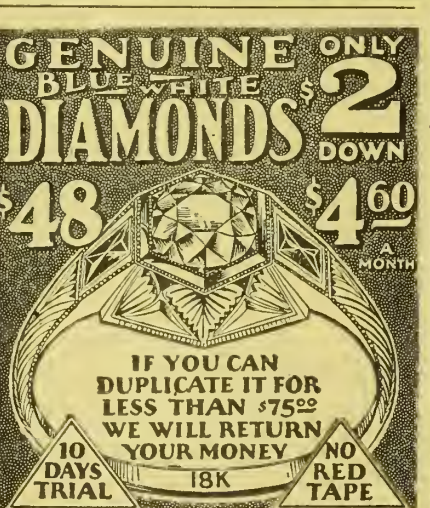
$48 $4.60 A MONTH



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10 DAYS TRIAL — 18K — NO RED TAPE

Just send $2.00 deposit to show your good faith (or pay postman $2.00 on delivery) and we will send this beautiful, latest style diamond ring. If satisfied after trial, pay only $4.60 a month for only ten months. Total price $48.00.

SET WITH BLUE SAPPHIRES

The sparkling, blue white, perfectly cut, genuine diamond in the center is set off attractively by the two deep blue sapphires set on either side in the shanks of mounting. The ring is 18 karat solid white gold, hand engraved and pierced, and looks like solid platinum. SEND FOR IT.

ORDER IT ON FREE TRIAL

Compare it with any $75.00 diamond. We will give you a written guarantee that every penny you paid will be returned, if you are not satisfied and return the ring within the ten days' trial. Can not be equaled as a bargain.

Write for BARGAIN CATALOG

It brings our large jewelry store right into your home. Compare our prices! $1,000,000 Stock. EASY TERMS.

STERLING DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
(Diamond Importers—Established 1879)
63 PARK ROW, Dept. 1619, NEW YORK, N. Y.

What the Auxiliary Is Doing

IN every period of this country's history American women have proudly commemorated the service of their fathers, sons and husbands who fought America's wars. Although comparatively small numerically, such organizations as the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Daughters of the War of 1812 were pioneer societies whose influence and prestige were notable long before woman's developing consciousness of her citizenship rights brought her the vote. After the Civil War, the Women's Relief Corps enjoyed an unparalleled growth as a woman's organization, matching in vigor and accomplishment the Grand Army of the Republic. One likes to think of the Women's Relief Corps as the faithful helpmate of the G. A. R. during the long years, the inseparable aid of the Civil War veterans in the tasks of peace. The Women's Relief Corps, like the G. A. R., gave to the country a splendid tradition of patriotism and civic duty—a tradition which expanded gloriously when all the women of the country found themselves called upon to undertake new duties and make new sacrifices when the United States entered the World War in 1917.

The American Legion Auxiliary, composed of the mothers, wives, daughters and sisters of the soldiers and sailors of the World War, has in the four years of its history done more than give its help in the activities of the Legion itself. It has grown strong and great by its own efforts and has attained a prestige which is an inspiring augury of its future place in American life. In the short period of its growth it has enrolled more than 200,000 women in all the states of the union and in America's outlying territories. It now has 6,000 units. When the Auxiliary held its national convention at San Francisco last November, fifty-three departments of the Auxiliary sent delegates, and that congress demonstrated that the Auxiliary has in every state leaders who have won outstanding positions in public and social life. That convention heard a recounting of a remarkable program of accomplishment, not only nationally, but also in each state and in each community having an auxiliary unit.

The Auxiliary always has been the most sympathetic friend of the disabled service man—because woman's capacity for sympathy and helpfulness is ever greater than man's. So, therefore, not only has the Auxiliary accomplished through its national rehabilitation and hospitalization committees truly worthwhile tasks for the men in hospitals and those men helpless in their own homes; it has also set a noble standard of helpfulness in each Auxiliary unit. Reports were read at San Francisco showing that in every state Auxiliary units have been doing relief work of an intensely practical character. Units from Massachusetts to Oregon have as a matter of course sent food and clothing to tuberculous service men in the government hospitals in Arizona and New Mexico. The Auxiliary in Minnesota provided hundreds of disabled men with employment in making artificial poppies, and the profits from the sale of these poppies were used to buy comforts for the disabled. So, all the other states—New Jersey, Ohi Kansas, every single department.

In New York the Auxiliary raise in a single compaign $84,000 for th Veterans' Mountain Camp, establishe by the New York department of th Legion for service men suffering fro tuberculosis, and the women pledge themselves to help raise the endowmer fund for the camp to $2,500,000. N only this, but each unit in New Yor State pledged itself to send a box c supplies to the hospital camp—sheet pillowslips, towels, underwear, pajama sweaters, slippers and socks. Who sai the war has been forgotten?

A guest house in Washington, mair tained by the Auxiliary, is availabl for ex-service men visiting the nationa capital. A special committee of th Auxiliary is studying the problem o the needy and orphaned children o World War service men. In severa states which have homes for orphan of service men of all wars the Aux iliary has visiting committees whic gladden the hearts of the children wit friendly calls and something mor substantial than calls frequently durin the year. The Auxiliary Departmen of Michigan helped found the Children' Billet at Otter's Lake, which has bee taken over by the National Child Wel fare Committee of the Legion as th first of a series of regional homes. Th Auxiliary units of Kansas have mad possible the fulfillment of the dream o another regional home at Independence Kansas, planned after a large tract o land and a gift of money had bee turned over to the Legion by Danie Dabney, a Kansas father of two de ceased World War veterans. This gif was conditioned upon the raising o $100,000 by the Legion, and the Kansa Auxiliary has made it certain that thi sum will be raised.

Twelve thousand women compose th Massachusetts Department of the Auxi liary, which last year spent $40,000 or welfare work. The units have not only provided financial assistance to needy veterans and their families, paid doc tor's bills and supplied food and othe necessities of life; it has also pro vided entertainment for men in hos pitals — harbor trips, excursions, en tertainments and weekly trips to theatres. The Massachusetts Depart ment also established "The Disabled Service Men's Exchange," a store not run for profit, but to sell articles made by service men in hospitals. In one year this store returned to disabled men $15,280 from the sale of articles which these men had made. The 750 men who benefited by the store's sales came from all sections of the country.

The relations between the Auxiliary and the Legion are those of mutual help and friendship, and each organization is pledged to do its utmost to build up the other. The Auxiliary has already firmly established its position outside the Legion among the foremost women's organizations of the country. Its growth will be rapid as the realization comes that membership in the Auxiliary is a privileged honor. An Auxiliary member has every right to an honest pride —the same sort of pride that she had in the war service of those dear to her. That pride will grow with the years.

On Guard for the Disabled

(*Continued from page* 11)

n bureaucracy on his neck from the art, but he fought them in true sailor ashion and won.

Colonel Galbraith convinced Presi-ent Harding his consolidation theory as the right one, and by congres-onal enactment the three scattered gencies were combined in the United tates Veterans' Bureau in August of 921.

Unfortunately, at the outset, the eterans' Bureau fell into incompetent ands. Still it did better by the vet-an than any of the previous agencies ad done. The beginning of a brighter apter did not come until a year ago st March when C. R. Forbes was ismissed as director and Frank T. ines appointed in his stead. There as been improvement since then, and e shortcomings of the Forbes regime ave had a public airing. Out of this rther improvements should come. uch still remains to be done, and the egion is on the job in Washington elping to do it. Thirty amendments existing laws dealing with the isabled have been drafted by the Le-ion and placed before Congress. This ork is handled by the Legion's Na-onal Committee on Rehabilitation.

This is an outline of what the Legion as done for the disabled, and a very ketchy one. On another page are listed few of the items of national legisla-on which has been obtained by the egion. You will note that most of em aim toward the relief of the dis-bled veterans, who have always been e first charge on the time, energies nd resources of the Legion.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

328TH F. A.—Reunion May 28-30, at Grand apids, Mich. Former members requested to nd expense donations to 328TH F. A. REUNION OMM., 2000 Division av., Grand Rapids.

Co. C, 33D ENGRS.—Former members interested reunion in September during American Le-on National Convention at St. Paul, Minn., ddress John H. Doran, 806 Miners Bank bldg., ilkes-Barre, Pa.

26TH DIV.—All former members are requested send addressed envelope for permanent record Y D Memorial bldg., 200 Huntington av., oston, Mass.

Co. E, 106TH INF.—Reunion dinner will be eld in near future. Former members interested ldress Louis Mollard, 179 Van Buren st., rooklyn, N. Y.

Co. L, 135TH INF.—Reunion June 19th at St. aul, Minn. Former members address Ed. H. ater, Old Capitol, St. Paul.

89TH DIV.-35TH DIV.—Joint reunion in Kan-s City, Mo., Sept. 26-30. Also reunion Sixth ero Reserve Officers Corps same place and me. Address J. S. Schoolfield, Jr., Memorial dg., Topeka, Kans.

413TH TEL. BN. S. C.—Fifth annual reunion nner April 26 in New York City. Address J. Dartt, 52 William st., New York City.

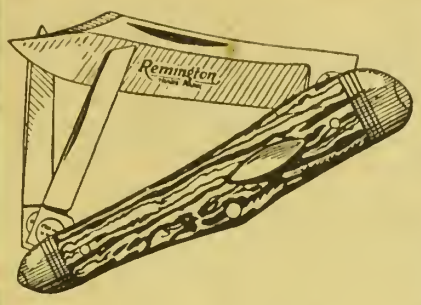
U. S. S. PLATTSBURG.—Fourth annual reunion pril 19, 7:00 p.m., at Army and Navy Club, 112 . 59th st., New York City. Address B. H. acobs, Islip, Long Island, N. Y.

301ST F. S. BN.—Reunion dinner, April 26, American House, Hanover st., Boston, Mass. ddress E. J. Desmond, 2 Edgemere rd., Quincy, ass.

ST. NAZAIRE ASSN., BASE SEC. NO. 1.—Fifth nnual reunion dinner, April 26, at Army and avy Club, 112 W. 59th st., New York City. ddress A. M. Du Bois, 11 John st., New York ty.

FOURTH ORD. CAS. BN.—Annual reunion and int dinner with members A. E. F. theatrical ity, "Full o' Pep," on April 12, Keen's Chop ouse, 44th st., New York City. Address Re-ion Committee, 550 W. 57th st., New York ty.

Announcements for this column must be re-ived three weeks in advance of the events with hich they are concerned.



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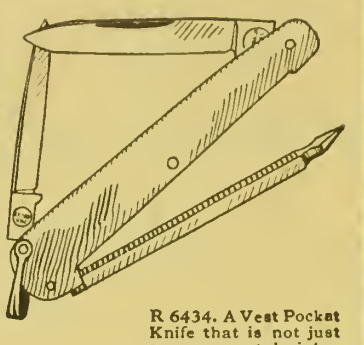

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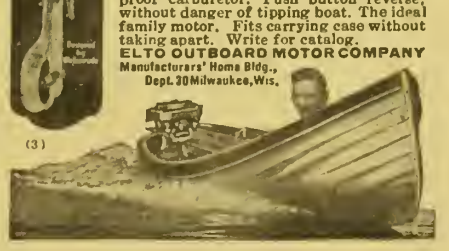

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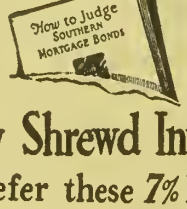

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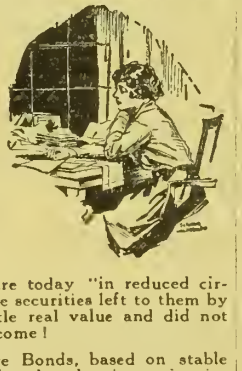

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The Legion's Legislative Record

(*Continued from page* 19)

our legislative workers, and every state Legion organization can point to a record of accomplishment. It's organization that does it — organized force which has the support of public confidence.

What is the extent of that force? Let's see, you were saying the Legion membership was—

Around 700,000 that's fully paid up —and, by the way, that's the only sort of membership we count. I suppose if we wanted to run in delinquents and mere well-wishers and button wearers, as I hear some organizations do, we could say we had a million and a half names on our rolls. But it's the man who pays his national dues who supplies the gas that makes the old engine go and grind out the stuff that helps him and his buddies. The Legion isn't simply out for numbers. It is out to do things.

But supposing you did have this million and a half all paying their dollars down on the nail?

That would double our strength, double our effort, double our accomplishment. The Adjusted Compensation Bill would have been passed long ago and you'd had your share—a good round $500 in a home or farm, or a $1,500 life insurance policy; something that would have made the road to success a little smoother. With that out of the way, the Legion could have gone on to other items in its program. The universal draft act, for example — a proposed law drafting in time of war not only men for the armed forces but labor for the munitions factories and capital for those factories as well. It would eliminate profiteering. It would be the biggest peace move that could happen.

But what the Legion intends to do— I could talk a week about that. We have a wonderful program. The Legion intends to do whatever its members want it to do. They run the outfit. You have heard a few of the things the Legion has done, and it is just getting under way; its future is as great as America itself. With a million more members Legion stock would go up just about 133 percent and every member would get dividends in about that amount on the money he invests in a membership card.

That is why we are out for members this spring—and, incidentally, that is why we are getting them. The way things are going we ought to pass the million mark this year. Well, I must be strolling on. So long.

A minute there, neighbor. Before you go would you like to take my name and my dollar, plus whatever your local post dues are? Then you'll have one less man to get to hit that million.

Sure, buddy. Thanks. Drop around to the clubhouse Friday night. Smoker and business session. It's getting on to time we were picking a delegate to go up to the state convention.

The Legion and Its Home Town

(*Continued from page* 5)

sands of black walnut trees, furnished by the Department of Forestry, along the national highways and in public squares. The trees were dedicated as memorials to men who gave their lives in the World War. Posts in every other state also have planted trees to beautify their communities and honor the dead of the World War.

Throughout the country stand magnificent community buildings, public clubhouses, open day and night to all citizens, the centers of social life and entertainment, provided by Legion posts. At San Diego, California, the Legion post has made a community center of the largest and most beautiful building erected for the Panama Pacific Exposition. The Legion has been the most powerful force in the community center movement, and posts everywhere are planning structures which will transform the whole social life of their towns and cities.

Sidney L. Smith Post of Aberdeen, South Dakota, was true to Legion standards when it established a free employment bureau for harvest hands, providing tents with floors and electric lights, army cots, stationary and shower baths. In a single season 1,100 men were registered. Men have been sent as far as 200 miles in response to telephone and telegraph requests. Since the bureau was established there has been no trouble with the I. W. W. in this section of the harvest country.

Philip K. Lighthall Post of Syracuse, New York, is one of a large number of posts which have helped conduct citizenship courses for aliens and have had charge of naturalization ceremonies in United States courtrooms.

Arthur J. Stuart Post of Lubec, Maine, gave its town its first annual picnic, providing coffee and fish chowder for six hundred persons and requesting the townspeople to bring only bowl and spoons.

Carroll Farmer Post of Marfa, Texas, bought an electric fire alarm siren, provided a fire truck for its town and equipped a fire house, all without donations by persons outside the Legion. The post commander then became chief of the volunteer fire department, in which all the members of the post enrolled.

Quentin Roosevelt Post of Oyster Bay, New York, organized a first aid

WALLY'S membership cartoon on page 10, which compresses into one page of pictures the equivalent of a half-hour talk on reasons for joining the Legion, is available to posts for reproduction in local newspapers, post publications, posters, etc., in mat form, at a cost of 60 cents, postpaid. Orders for mats should be sent to The American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

Buying on Margin

By "FINANCE"

Buying on margin consists in putting up a portion of the purchase price of an investment and borrowing the balance. Suppose you have a thousand dollars and you decide you'll purchase one hundred shares of a stock selling at one hundred dollars a share. If you paid for the stock outright it would cost you ten thousand dollars, which you haven't got. With your thousand, however, you go to a broker and place your order; you give him your money and he advances nine thousand dollars of his own, and buys the hundred shares. You pay him interest on the nine thousand dollars. He credits your account with the dividends, if and as received, and renders you a monthly statement showing the status of the transaction. It may be the dividends will pay the interest. Maybe not.

With one thousand dollars you have purchased ten thousand dollars' worth of stock. If the shares advance ten points in price, and you sell, the account has credit of eleven thousand dollars, of which nine belongs to the broker, and two to you. In other words, you have doubled your money. The broker, of course, has profited only to the amount of his commissions and the interest on his loan to you. The certificate for the hundred shares of stock is registered in his name, and he keeps it in his possession. He has no stake in any profits you may make, but on the other hand he assumes no risk. If instead of going up, the stock starts going down, he waits until it has declined say seven points and then asks you to put up more cash. If you are unable to do this and the stock shows no signs of slackening its downward course, he may sell you out. If he sells at ninety-one and say $9,075 are realized from the sale he credits you with seventy-five dollars and pays himself back the nine thousand he loaned you. You have had a one-tenth interest in the hundred shares; if the price declines and your one-tenth interest disappears so does your thousand dollars. Which is only another way of saying, "you lose."

Margin buying is the method popular with speculators because it enables them to buy larger blocks of stock than they could do if they were obliged to put up the whole purchase price. Hence they are in a position to gain larger profits in case their purchases advance in price. On the other hand a sudden shrinkage in quotations will wipe out many margin speculators, who, if they had bought outright—that is paid for their shares in full—would have a paper loss only, and a chance to hold on until prices advanced once again. Further, most people who buy on margin buy larger blocks of stock than they are justified in doing, and this is frequently one of the main contributing causes to their downfall. They all expect to win, of course. All gamblers do. But in buying securities—any kind—it is only prudent to give as much, if not more, thought to the possibilities of loss as well as of gain. Margin buying particularly is not for the inexperienced; it contains too many elements of risk to make it much more than a gamble at best, and for the person not in a position to keep in close and constant touch with his purchases it is a gamble pure and simple. Better to make a little, and be sure one's money is safe than to try to make a lot and find one's money gone.

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affectivity	Swaraj	photostat
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megabar	soviet	Red Star

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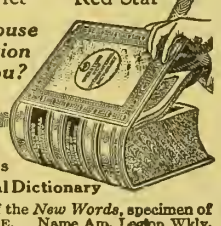

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campaign for the poor of its town at Christmas time and made up baskets for the neediest families, giving each enough food to last a week. The post also had charge of Christmas carol singing and planted a live, twenty-foot Christmas tree in the town square to be the center of the community celebrations on future Christmas days.

Marvin E. Stainton Post of Laurel, Mississippi, helped make its town one big flower and vegetable garden by distributing free seeds it obtained from the Congressman of its district. The post placed posters throughout the town and conducted a newspaper campaign in advance of the seed distribution in order to insure success of its plans.

Charles H. Carey Post of Salem, Ohio, erected street signs throughout its city, placed waste paper receptacles at convenient spots and conducted an open-air dance pavilion.

When a new state hospital was being completed in Hazleton, Pennsylvania, Hazleton Post staged a local talent show which provided $4,000 for the furnishing of a nurses' home.

Space restricts this recital to the barest mention of only a few of the multitude of accomplishments of Legion posts for their communities. This story can give no more than a glimpse of the posts at work, just as the topical review in a motion picture show can flash only a few pictures of a world teeming with happenings we should like to see and hear about. The Weekly in each issue publishes stories of the posts at work and this magazine's files constitute a rich service record of the whole Legion at work for community betterment. Every Legionnaire is helping build an institution whose work and power in the towns and cities of America will be remembered always.

With Privilege of Stopover

(Continued from page 7)

hot bath—then a cold one. I'll catch up on my sleep after I've attended to some things back in town. All the beds are comfortable—you'll have either six or seven to choose from. There's plenty of oil and plenty of chow, and if you want a wood fire tonight there ought to be plenty of dry logs in the shed."

"Going to leave Martin where you put him?"

"Sure! Give him some blankets and feed him—it's all that's coming to him."

X

Bill watched Galloway drive down the trail without as much regret as the prospect might well have commanded. He was sorry to be out of touch with Barbara Winston; he felt, more and more, that she was about the only sympathetic figure on either side. And, whatever happened, it seemed to him, she was facing a severe disillusionment. For it didn't seem possible, now, for her father to come through this business with any great credit. He wasn't, if Bill could read the signs, going to the Senate; his chances for the Presidency were inferior to those of Comrade Debs — for Debs, at least, had been nominated, and Bill, somehow, couldn't see Winston's chance of ever hearing himself named in a national convention. Not after this.

He looked in at Martin after Galloway had gone; that sorry scoundrel was asleep. Bill himself settled down, in the big living room, to read. He built up a fire; stretched out before it on a deep couch, and surrendered himself to the rhythmic prose of Joseph Conrad's "Nostromo" — a book he had never before had time to finish. But he didn't read much; he yielded, soon, to his own weariness, and he awoke to find the room dark except for the glow of the dying fire, which had collapsed into embers.

Bill felt enormously refreshed. But he had, too, a queer and unaccountable feeling of being watched. He had a flashlight in his pocket, and even before he lighted the lamps in the living room he went and had another look at Martin. His prisoner was awake this time, and growled at him in surly fashion.

"Hey—give me some light!" he said. "And I'm hungry. Don't I eat?"

"Wait and see," Bill advised. "You don't rate many luxuries—I'll tell you that much! Unless—you don't happen to feel like coming clean and telling me the story of your life?"

"Go to hell!" said Martin.

Bill chuckled.

But food was, distinctly, in order, and he went into the kitchen and tried his hand. He had to admire the completeness with which Galloway's larder was stocked. He hadn't guessed that so many things came in cans. Galloway, plainly, was a luxurious brute; he even had a supply of some sort of butter substitute, which tasted extremely good. He also didn't believe in prohibition, or did believe in preparedness against chills and other ailments, for Bill made his way into a locked closet which contained a truly remarkable assortment of medicinal liquors, ranging from vintage champagne to pre-war Scotch whiskey. It seemed to Bill, all things being considered, that he was entitled to make any use of this stock that the condition of his health might suggest. And he felt a cold coming on.

It amused him to prepare an elaborate tray for Martin; after he had taken it to him he ate his own meal before the fire, which he had built up again. He meant to sleep before it; the couch was at least as comfortable as any bed could be, and there was something about the situation, or the place, or both, that made the idea of definitely undressing and going to bed out of the question. A gale was blowing up; it was beginning to rain when Bill got to work in the kitchen, and by the time he had cleaned up afterward—it must, by then, have been after nine—the rain was being driven against the house with the force of hail, and the wind was howling outside like a lost soul in torment.

Bill's nerves were pretty good, but the house and the mad noises it began now, to make, affected them, even so. He moved about, flashlight in hand, seeking the source of some of these sounds. A shutter was banging; he ran it down and fastened it. But there were strange rustlings; he could account for them only by supposing that here and there the wind was finding an entrance.

Outside, now and again, a branch must have crashed down; sometimes a whole tree. He went outside, once, and stood on the veranda, and the force of the gale threw him back against the door. Here was such a storm as one read about. The force of the wind was almost incredible; it was a monstrous, living, malignant thing that seized upon him, assailed him, sought, with a deliberate and terrible ferocity, to destroy him.

And he could not escape the feeling that, outside, some one was prowling; that he was being watched; that, in spite of the fury of the storm, some one was spying upon him, awaiting the right moment to attack him. He would have liked to talk even to Martin, but that surly brute had only grunted in answer to Bill's more or less cheerful remarks when he took him his food.

He lay down, leaving the lamps alight, and tried to sleep. But whether his long oblivion in the afternoon had satisfied the demands of his body and mind for rest, or whether his nervousness was responsible, he couldn't achieve even the preliminaries of sleep. He tried to read, but a consuming restlessness was upon him.

He knew, with his mind's knowledge, now, that he was hearing sounds that had no existence save in his imagination. Wild shrieks rang out, and sent him, listening, peering out, to the door. It was the wind that shrieked. He knew it. But it was one thing to know that—and quite another to believe it.

And then, at last, upon one of his trips to the veranda, when, for a moment, the force of the gale had died a little, and the rain came down straight, in a relentless downpour, he heard a new sound—a real sound, that he could identify. It was the unmistakable din of a racing motor, complaining against the hopeless task it was being called upon to perform. It roared out, died, sounded again.

At once something snapped in Bill's brain and he was himself again. Here was something definite. A car was struggling against that terrific grade—difficult enough for Galloway's car, before the storm, practically impossible of negotiation now. Bill could visualize the whole struggle. It had climbed just so high—and then something had happened—a patch of mud worse than the rest, a sudden encounter with a mass of wet and sodden leaves—something. They must be out, those from the car, pushing, trying to give traction to the slipping back wheels, doing all they could to help the conquered motor.

It might be—it must be!—Galloway, or some one he had sent. Who else would have business upon this mountain on such a night, in such a storm? And it was for him to get out and help. He saw no lights — but that wasn't strange; every bit of juice was needed for grimmer work than lighting the way!

He had seen rubber boots; he rushed inside, now, and donned them, and covered himself, overcoat and all, with a rubber coat of Galloway's. Then, flashlight in hand, he went out.

The wind was rising again; he had to let it carry him along until he reached the main trail, reached, from Galloway's house, by what wasn't in any real sense of the word a road at all, but just a cleared space, with stumps to trip one who tried to cross it in that raging darkness. Bill went

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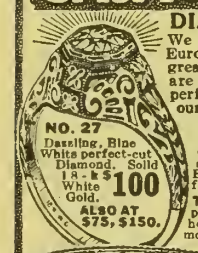

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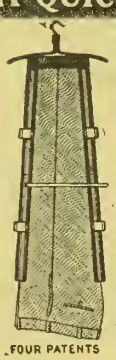

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down half a dozen times; he was cheered onward, suddenly, by the flashing of the lights of the stalled machine.

The going was better, once he reached the trail, and, thanks to the lights, he could see, now, where the car was—not more than a hundred feet away. He saw at once that it wasn't Galloway's car; this was a much bigger and more imposing machine. Several figures showed about it; once he thought he heard a woman's voice. But that was just flatly impossible, he knew.

And then, all at once, it was neither possible nor impossible—it was just so. For he not only heard a woman's voice, but recognized it. It was Barbara Winston's. He knew her laugh.

He stopped short. Here was the last, incredible touch. What on earth could she be doing here—tonight? Why had she left Seattle—the house party? He shook his head, doggedly, disgustedly. And, just at that moment some one about the car must have seen him, for he heard a shout, and the beam of a spotlight flashed out, and, after wavering for a moment, centered itself on him. He went on, then, and now he could see nothing, with the light blinding him.

But he could think, even as he struggled on. And there was, by this time, just one fixed thought for him—that, of all the crew with which his impulse in Chicago had thrown him, there was just one he would trust—Barbara Winston. If she were here she had some good reason for being here. And—if she recognized him, all right, and if she didn't again, all right.

She must have seen him, of course, when the spotlight found him; she was having time, therefore, to adjust herself. Then he was upon the car, and within five feet of her, and it didn't take the faint, almost imperceptible shake of her head to warn him.

"Hello!" he said. "Some trouble here?"

"Trouble! You could call it that!" A big man spoke; a man who towered over Bill, and had shoulders like a wrestler's. "God knows how we got this far—but we're stuck now. Wheels turn and turn—won't take hold. We've tried everything. And we're five miles from where we've got to go."

"No, you're not," said Bill, with decision. "Come on—block your wheels and come with me. I've got a place about three hundred feet away—fire going—give you hot coffee—get the lady out of the—"

He stopped, abruptly, in the middle of his sentence. His eyes were drawn, with a horrid fascination, to those of a man who was watching him, incredulous, aghast. And the eyes were those of the man who had spied him, on the train, and caused him to be thrown off after Winston. The man recognized him, and Bill could see how amazement gave way to suspicion.

"Come on up to the house," he said. "I'll fix up some hot coffee—food, if you're hungry. And we can bring down some stuff to put under your wheels—may be able to get you out of here yet. Though I don't see you making another five miles uphill tonight—"

Even as he spoke Bill was sizing up the situation. One thing was plain; if the man who had been on the train started anything he could see it through. Bill was outnumbered and outweighed. There were four men. The big man who had spoken first; a dominant, aggressive man, this, forty years old, per-

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haps, and a man plainly accustomed to command. Bill's acquaintance of the train; a fellow of a wholly different stamp, but swift and resourceful, and dangerous, too. Bill had had proof of his strength already. Of the two others one was a chauffeur, whom Bill dismissed with a glance. The last was altogether incongruous in that company. He was a clean-cut youngster, with light hair and blue eyes; a smiling, pleasant chap, amused by their predicament, as friendly, in his aspect, as a big puppy. The sight of him gave Bill his first flash of hope of being able to handle the situation should it come to a show down.

Now the big man spoke again.

"I guess we'll take you at your word," he said. "And much obliged at that! Miss Winston oughtn't to be exposed any longer—"

"Oh, I'm all right!" said Barbara, cheerfully.

"So, if you'll show us the way, Mr.—"

"My name's Patterson," said Bill. "It isn't exactly my house, but I'm in charge, so to speak—"

"Fine! Miss Winston—daughter of the Governor, Mr. Patterson. My name's Hornaday. My secretary, Mr. Garvin." Garvin, it turned out, was the man of the train. His eyes quivered as he nodded to Bill. "And Jerry Wayne, who's just starting out to do me out of my job."

"Meaning that I'm learning to wipe engines during working hours," said the big youngster, with a grin. "You're singing sweet songs about hot coffee, Mr. Patterson!"

"You the Wayne who played end for California last year?" asked Bill. "Thought I recognized you — seen enough pictures of you! All right—let's go."

He took a quick step toward Barbara.

"Better take my arm, Miss Winston," he said. "I know the way—and it's rather tricky."

So they started, with Barbara and Bill leading the way. In the tumult of the storm they were as safe as though they had been alone in the woods; it was natural that they should talk as they fought against the gale, and no one could hear.

"Nice work!" said Barbara. "I'm dying of curiosity—but you'd better know why I'm here. Jerry's all right—and he knows something. He came up and got me. He's on our side. I'll tell him about you later. Listen—he thinks Dad's at our place, further up the mountain! Where—oh, where are we going?"

"Galloway's!" said Bill. "I found him. I can't begin to explain—but this thing's as twisted up as a fishing line in spring! They had some one in your house, pretending to be your father. I spotted him—and Galloway and I pulled him out last night and brought him up here. Galloway left me to watch him—I thought your car was one he was sending up with some one to relieve me. Get it?"

"Well enough to go on with for now," she said. "You know about Mr. Hornaday—?"

"Galloway told me something. Chances are he's the man behind the gun?"

"Yes! Jerry's sure of that, too. Dad's supposed to be ill up here. They think I'm walking into a trap—they were afraid to leave me loose. Jerry believed what they told him till he saw me—they didn't know how much I

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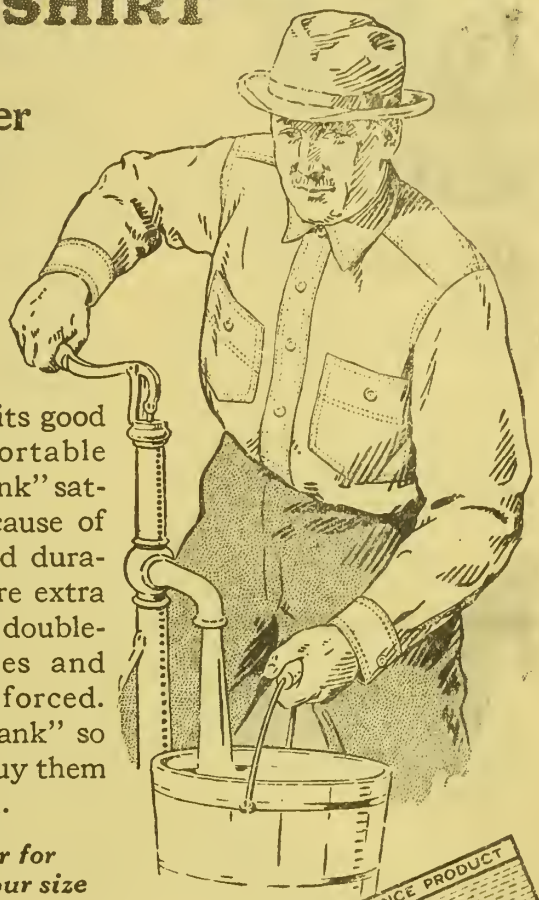

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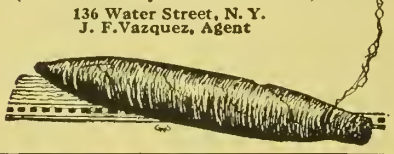

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knew, you see—didn't know I'd seen you and found out just what had happened."

"They may know it now," said Bill, grimly. "Garvin's one of the two who threw me and your father off the train!"

"He must have got on at Butte!" she said. "If I'd only stayed up I might have seen him—!"

"I doubt it," said Bill. "Probably wouldn't have made any difference if you had." He stopped short; if he had any object at all now in seeing this business through it was to spare Barbara, and he wasn't going to betray his suspicion of her father. He was enormously relieved about Barbara, anyway; if signs meant anything she and Jerry Wayne understood [illegible] another very well indeed, and that [illegible]uck him as being exactly as it should be.

They could see the lights of Galloway's house now, and Bill turned and called back to the others, who were straggling behind. "Turn to the right here," he shouted. "Look out for stumps—they'll trip you—"

The full force of the wind struck them now, coming across the valley, and Bill almost carried Barbara the rest of the short distance to the house. He was nervous, just for a moment, as he and Barbara went inside; if Martin cried out, now, or made some disturbance in his cell-like room, trouble might be precipitated before he was ready for it. And he knew that, were he in Martin's place, he would do just that if he heard what Martin was bound to hear—to say nothing of the fact that Martin might very well recognize Hornaday's voice, or Garvin's.

But there was no sound at all, even when the others came in and Hornaday, looking about, expressed his surprise at finding such a house in such a place.

"Never knew it was here!" he said. "And I must have passed it time and again, going up to the Governor's! I suppose the leaves screen it pretty well in summer."

"They must," said Barbara. "I've never seen it, either."

"Some of you stoke up the fire while I fix coffee," said Bill.

Sheer instinct made him, on the way to the kitchen, unlock the door of Martin's room to have a look at him. He did part of that. He unlocked the door. But all he could look at was a pile of blankets and an extremely empty room, through which rain and wind were swirling cheerfully—the shutter having been torn from the window, and the window itself left wide open! As for Martin—the old question asked of the boy who stood on the burning deck went for him. Where, oh, where was he?

"Oh!" said Bill. "Yes, indeed! A very nice night! Wouldn't that bump you?"

Martin was gone. That was plain. Some one had stolen him away—for if anything in the world was sure it was that Martin had had no chance to get away alone and unaided. He hadn't gone very far, either—but Bill couldn't see that that made any great difference, because Martin was safe, even if he were looking at Bill now, from somewhere outside, and thumbing his nose—which was very much the sort of thing Martin, Bill was sure, would like to do.

Bill closed the door, softly, and locked it, and went, in deep thought, to the kitchen, and made coffee. He sought the silver lining to this cloud, and found it. Almost anything was better than for Martin and Hornaday to establish contact; that was certainly true. And the chances were that, as a matter of fact, this escape of Martin's had saved him, for the moment, from a show down for which he was by no means ready. He wanted to know a whole lot more than he now did before he was faced with the need for decisive action—which couldn't in any case, be delayed much longer.

He wasn't at all surprised when Garvin, presently, poked his head through the kitchen door and asked if he couldn't help.

"Sure!" said Bill. "Stack up those cups and carry them in by the fire. And if you want to trip and break your neck on the way go ahead!"

"Fair enough!" said Garvin. "Look here—no one asked you to butt in that night on the train! And you weren't hurt!"

"That wasn't your fault," said Bill, reasonably. "I don't believe you cared whether I was or not."

"Mistake I made was in not going over after the two of you," said Garvin. "You'd be, oh, so comfortable a long way off if I had!"

"I'm sure of it," said Bill. He considered Garvin closely. Garvin had made a movement toward the cups, but he changed his mind, now, and closed the door.

"Look here," he said. "You haven't any chips in this game. What's the idea, anyway? What do you figure there is in it for you? You're the man who talked to Miss Winston in Seattle, aren't you?"

"Maybe so—maybe no," said Bill. "I'll tell you one thing, anyway—I'm the one who called on your fake edition of the Governor and sicked Galloway on to him."

He drew blood with that thrust. Garvin's face, pasty at best, went a sickly white. And while he was still, figuratively speaking, reeling, Bill followed up the blow. With his fist—straight to the chin. Garvin went down with a crash; Bill was upon him, doing swift and expert work with dish-towels, before he could recover himself. In thirty seconds Garvin was very effectually gagged; in thirty more he was locked in a closet.

No real plan or purpose had been behind Bill's sudden attack. He had simply seen a chance to equalize the opposing forces; it seemed safe to regard Wayne as an ally. And something, he was very sure, was going to happen, in a very short time. His expression, as he carried in the steaming coffee, was entirely bland; so bland, indeed, that Barbara looked distinctly interested. She was, it may be suspected, beginning to know Bill rather well.

"Gosh—that smells good!" said Hornaday. "Where's Garvin?"

"I don't know," said Bill.

"He went to help you," said Hornaday.

"Haven't seen him. Maybe he went back to the car for something."

It was Wayne who laughed.

"No use waiting for him, anyway," said Bill. "Miss Winston—will you pour the coffee? And—while we drink it, maybe Mr. Hornaday will tell us just where your father is, and why."

Hornaday leaped up.

"What the devil—?" he cried. "I—"

His lips remained open. But he sat down, suddenly, under the compulsion

Jerry Wayne's big hand on his ulder. And he stared, with utter tination, at the unwinking muzzle Bill's automatic.

(To be continued)

WHAT'S GONE BEFORE

ILL PATTERSON, en route to L Angeles from New York, finds himself the same car with Governor Winston, rominent Far Western politician, and Governor's pretty daughter, Barbara. ough an error he receives a telegram—ipher message—intended for someone . The knowledge of ciphers he acquired he Army enables him to read the mes-e, disclosing the fact that a plot is on to "get rid of Winston" while he is eling. In Chicago he tries to warn Governor's daughter, but as the girl ks he is trying to flirt with her he is erely snubbed.

ill resolves to see the thing through, ever, and when the Governor and Miss nston leave Chicago he takes the same n with the idea of keeping an eye on nston. Near Butte, while the train is ing slowly through snow-covered coun-, two men hurl the Governor from the r observation platform, and Bill, rush-to the rescue, is also thrown off. Be-se of the depth of the snow no bones broken, and the two men discuss their ght. Winston speaks quite frankly. He erts confidently that he is in no danger, ers to "those who are coming," and asks l to find his daughter in Seattle and l her what has happened. He has just d Bill to "get hold of Galloway" when tsteps are heard. He immediately stops king and Bill departs at the Governor's n request.

n Seattle, where Bill finds Barbara nston, now not quite so aloof as she s in Chicago, the entire situation is efully reviewed. From what Barbara 's Bill gathers that Governor Winston, ambitious, wealthy politician, is engaged a desperate struggle with certain mys-ious interests who are determined to in control of the State's railroads. The l knows little definite concerning the ht, but she believes one Hornaday, a althy lumberman who owns some lucra-e logging roads, is in some way involved the silent struggle between Winston and enemies. After arranging to keep in uch with Barbara, Bill buys a second-nd car and motors to the Governor's me, where Chuck, Winston's loyal ex-nvict chauffeur, astounds him by an-uncing that the Governor is in the house smoking a cigar in the library!

Bill is marched into the house ahead of revolver in Chuck's hand, to find a man ho is not Winston but who looks amaz-gly like him—so like him as to deceive uck. What does it all mean? Who is e impostor? Bill determines to find out. ithout disclosing his discoverer, he tells e fake executive that he has motored wn to get some skiing clothes for Bar-ra and that he must return to Seattle once. When he has the opportunity he nfides in Chuck and instructs him to stick the pretender like a burr and report s every move. From Chuck he learns that Galloway lives in a nearby town, and makes up his mind to find him as soon possible. He is shadowed but manages slip into town without his mission's ing suspected. Galloway, when discov-ed, is not inclined to open up, though he forms Bill that Hornaday is behind the ouble. The two finally go to the Gov-nor's home, so that Galloway can inspect e fake Winston. Galloway enters. Bill ands in a shadow on the porch, waiting. man carrying a revolver steps up beside m from the darkness and Bill very omptly knocks him out. Immediately terward Galloway and the fake Governor me crashing through a window, and the mpostor—to whom Galloway refers, in the ight of the struggle, as Martin—is put the automobile and carried off. "Well, ey've got our Governor and we've got eirs!" exclaims Galloway as they drive vay into the night.

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TAPS

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

WILLIAM L. BAMBLETT, *Westfield (Mass.) Post.* Died March 1st, aged 56. Veteran of Spanish-American War and in service with Army at Boston during World War.

TED V. BOGUE, *North Platte (Nebr.) Post.* Died February 28th, aged 26. Served in Navy.

JOE BURGIN, *Worth Lewis Post,* Bessemer, Ala. Died March 4th, aged 30. Served as sgt., Co. D, 167th Infantry, 42d Div.

ARVID S. CARLSON, *Oscar Hillestad Post,* Norcross, Minn. Died December 9th, aged 29. Served as cpl., Co. L, 348th Infantry, 87th Div.

EDWIN R. CASTLE, *St. Paul (Minn.) Post.* Died February 26th, aged 33. Served as sgt., Co. L, 135th Infantry, 34th Div., and Co. F, 39th Infantry, Fourth Div.

ALBERT M. DICKEY, *Campbell County Post,* Gillette, Wyo. Died January 24th, aged 30. Served as sgt., Cas. Det. No. 852, Dem. Group and M. T. C. Det., Hq., M. R. P.

MANNIE H. ERICKSON, *Howard McCarty Post,* Cambridge, Minn. Died March 2d, aged 28. Served with 35th Div.

AUGUSTUS J. GALLANT, *Stephen W. Manchester Post,* Westbrook, Maine. Died March 3d, aged 24. Served with Co. D, 56th Pioneer Infantry.

CHARLES P. HANLEY, *Loudon (Tenn.) Post.* Died February 12th, aged 25. Served with Co. C, 114th M. G. Battalion, 30th Div.

W. MONROE JONES, *Alfred Lockman Post,* Breckenridge, Minn. Died February 18th, aged 25. Served as radio operator, N. S. Navy.

BENNY J. KAMINSKI, *Logan Square Post,* Chicago, Ill. Died January 12th in U. S. Veterans' Hospital, Maywood, Ill., aged 33. Served as cpl., Co. D, 318th Infantry, 80th Div.

EDWARD KELLIHER, *Kewaunee (Wisc.) Post.* Died February 19th, aged 25. Served at Camp McArthur, Texas.

JAMES C. KIRKLAND, *Loudon (Tenn.) Post.* Died October 24, 1923, service disabilities, aged 34. Served with Second Co., First Convalescent Battalion, Camp Gordon, Ga.

JOHN J. KILLOREN, *Fort Madison (Iowa) Post.* Died February 28th, aged 29. Served with Co. K, 328th Infantry, 82d Div.

WILLIAM C. MARTIN, *Stass-Utterback Post,* Aldrich, Mo. Died February 9th, aged 28. Served with G. H. Q., A. E. F.

HARRY A. PARSONS, *Lakewood Post,* Cleveland, Ohio. Died March 13th, aged 51. Served as Lieut., Naval Reserves. Taught navigation at Great Lakes, Ill.

RICHARD B. SHELLY, *14th N. Y. Infantry Post,* Brooklyn, N. Y. Died December 24th at U. S. Veterans' Hospital, Bronx, N. Y. Served with 106th Infantry, 27th Div.

HARRY L. SMITH, *Paul Frank Florine Post,* Fort Atkinson, Wisc. Died March 5th, aged 28. Served as sgt., Co. B, 127th Infantry, 32d Div.

MILTON P. STEPHENS, *Lee Post,* Sanford, N. C. Died March 4th, service disabilities, aged 27. Burial at Jonesboro, N. C. Served in Navy on U. S. S. *Raleigh.*

RUSSELL L. SWANSON, *Frederick W. Soksen Post,* Stratford, Iowa. Died February 13th, aged 31. Served as sgt., Gen. Hosp. No. 27, Fort Douglas, Utah.

NORMAN ELLSWORTH TAYLOR, *Leo K. McCormack Post,* Republic, Wash. Died February 8th, service disabilities. Served with 10th Engineers.

LILLIAN E. THOMPSON, *Jean Templeman Post,* St. Paul, Minn. Died February 23d at St. Luke's Hospital, St. Paul, service disabilities. Served in Army Nurses Corps, Ft. Riley, Kan.

FRANK C. WOODWARD, *Herkimer (N. Y.) Post.* Died December 21, 1923. Served as 1st Lieutenant, Fourth Engineers.

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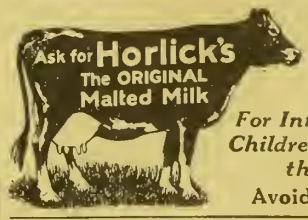

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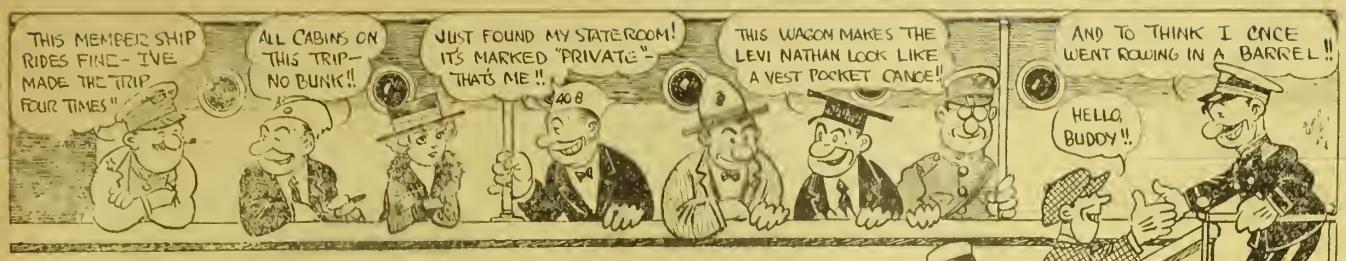

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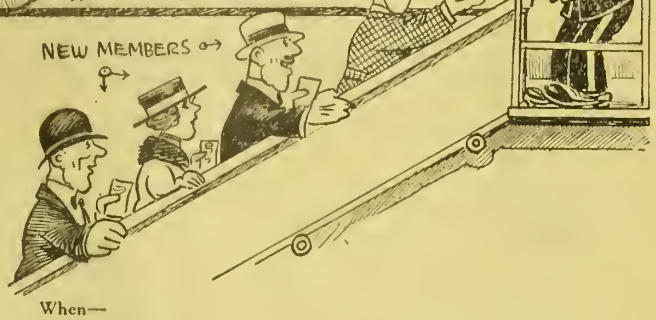

"Shiver my barrel staves! Keel-haul my koupon kapacity. Pipe up my enthusiasm!"

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(Reprinted from issue of February 1, 1924, by request.)

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VVVMellinger Tire & Rubber Co. ... 30

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VVVVVAmerican Publishing Co.
Judge
VVG. & C. Merriam Co. ... 24

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES
VVVAkron Lamp Co. ... 26
Allklean Mfg. Co. ... 24
VVVVVVAmerican Products Co. ... 25
VVCofield Fire Protector Co.
VVVVVVComer Mfg. Co.
Dacey Tree Expert Co., Inc. ... 28
VVVVJennings Mfg. Co. ... 29
MacFadden Publications
VVVMac-O-Chee Textile Company ... 25
VVVVMadison Shirt Co. ... 25
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New Era Mfg. Co. ... 27
VStemco Engineering Co.
Taylor Cap Manufacturers ... 27
VVM. H. Tyler Mfg. Co.
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West Angus Show Card Service, Ltd ... 25

CONFECTIONS
VVVAmerican Chicle Co.

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VVVVT. S. Denison.

FOOD PRODUCTS
VVVVVVThe Jell-O Company ... Back Cover
Horlick's Malted Milk ... 30
J. L. Kraft & Bros. Co

HOUSEHOLD NECESSITIES
VVDecorative Arts League ... 30
VVVVVHartman Furniture & Carpet Co.

INSURANCE
VVVVJohn Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co. ... 26

INVESTMENTS
Adair Realty & Trust Co. ... 22
VColumbia Mortgage Co. ... 23
VVVG. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co. ... 22

JEWELRY, INSIGNIA, MEMORIALS
VVVVVVAmerican Legion Emblem Division ...
VBaer Brothers ... 30
VVVVVBurlington Watch Co.
VIngersoll Watch Co. ...
VVVVLoftis Brothers ... 26
VVVVVVSanta Fe Watch Co. ...
VSterling Diamond & Watch ... 20

MEDICINAL
VVMusterole Co. ...
Zonite ... 15

MEN'S WEAR
VVThe Florsheim Shoe Co ... 29
VVVHoleproof Hosiery Co. ...
VVVVKahn Tailoring Co. ...
VVVNu Way Stretch Suspender Co. ...
VVVVVRellance Mfg. Co. ... 27
Rollins Hosiery ...

MISCELLANEOUS
Assoc. of Army and Navy Stores ...
VJ. Bobstela ...
The Clark Grave Vault Co. ... 18
VVVCole & Co. ...
Elto Outboard Motor Co. ... 21
Getgey Jung Co ... 26
VVVVII Clay Glover ...
J. F. Gregory ... 27
J. L. Whiting—J. J. Adams ...
Wollensak Optical Co. ...

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
VVVVVBuescher Band Instrument Co. ...
VVVVVC. G. Conn., Ltd. ... 20
M. Hohner ... 20
VMussehl & Westphal ... 26

PATENT ATTORNEYS
★VVLACEY & LACEY ... 30
Clarence O'Brien ... 27

SCHOOLS AND INSTRUCTION
Advertising Institute ... 29
VVVVAmerican School ... 26&30
★VFRANKLIN INSTITUTE ... 30
London School ...
VVVVVLaSalle Extension University ... 23
Milwaukee Motor School ...
VVVVVPatterson Civil Service School ... 28
★STANDARD BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTE ... 29
VVVVVVF. W. Tamblyn ...
VVVUniversity of Applied Science ...

SMOKERS' NEEDS
VVVVVVAmerican Tobacco Co ...
VVVVVLiggett & Myers Tobacco Co. ...
Tobacco Guarantee Agency ... 28

SOFT DRINKS
VVVCoca Cola ... 25

SPORTS AND RECREATION
VVVVIndian Motorcycle Co. ...
VVVMead Cycle Co. ...
Remington Arms Co., Inc. ... 21
Savage Arms Corp. ... 19
VVVVA. G. Spalding & Bros. ... 18

STATIONERY AND STATIONERY SUPPLIES
Post Printing Service ... 26
U. S. Card Case Co ... 30

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

TOILET NECESSITIES
VForhan Co. ...
VA. S. Hinds Co. ...
Palmolive Company ...
VVVVVVPepsodent Co. ...

TRAVEL AND TRANSPORTATION
French Line ...

TYPEWRITERS
VInternational Typewriter Exchange ... 29
VVVVVShipman Ward Mfg. Co ...
VVYoung Typewriter Co ... 21

WOMENS WEAR
Luelle Mardine & Co. ... 24

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