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They were appointed by Providence, not by the Navy Department—fresh-water sailors of the first water

The STUFF *that* DREAMS *are* Made Of

By Roy Horton

Illustrated by John Held, Jr.

OUR post had a dinner the other night. It was held out as a lure to the members to attract them to an important business meeting. It was a huge success because by the time the business was brought up no one seemed to mind a little voting in the least. Everything was carried by acclaim. The last task of the meeting was the election of a commander. When we came to that the town orator, who had not been silent five minutes consecutively all evening, arose to propose the name of the leading candidate. He talked twenty minutes. It took him that long just to mention the virtues of his man, beginning with the original virtue and coming down to date. He was feeling a bit exuberant. No such eulogy had been heard in our town since Deacon Jones's funeral. By and by the boys grew restless. The room was not free from snickers.

The speaker grinned and said, "Maybe some of you fellows can already tell whom I am talking about."

Some of them could and did.

"Saint Peter."

"Yourself."

"Sir Galahad."

"General Pershing."

Yes, everyone was feeling a bit exuberant. I was myself. Else why did I sit around and re-fight the war until nearly morning? Then, after we signed the Armistice and brought the boys home from over there, I betook myself to bed only to dream the rest of the night away. The war talk, or the exuberance, or something was to blame—something I ate, no doubt.

The dream plunged me right back into the year 1918 and into the Submarine Chaser Navy. Before I tell you about it, perhaps I should explain what I mean by the Submarine Chaser Navy. I refer to the chaser squadrons which during the war did patrol work and convoy duty along our coast line and more particularly in New York Harbor. The Sub-Chaser Navy was of, by and for the United States Naval Reserve Force. It had about as much connection with the regular Navy as Mr. Ford has with the Democratic or Republican Party. The men of this navy were amateurs who successfully resisted all efforts to make them professional military men. The incidents of my dream paint the picture.

My dream was a series of disconnected scenes. It jumped hither and yon like a news weekly moving picture. The first scene had nothing to do with me at all. I was only a spectator. I saw a wharf in a navy yard and beside the wharf a submarine chaser un-

equipped, just a narrow wooden hull one hundred and ten feet long. On the dock stood a new and shiny ensign probably about three jumps removed from a brokerage office. A caption might have read, "Wealthy young bond salesman about to set out on a week-end cruise in his private yacht."

Up drove a fleet of motor trucks loaded with what appeared to be enough equipment for a dreadnought. The ensign registered dismay. Then by a device best described as the opposite of slow movies the guns, engines, lines, depth bombs, listening devices and whatnots were transferred to the chaser, and lo, she held them all. The water line disappeared below the waves never to be seen again, and the engineer cursed the extra burden on his precious engines, but the ensign heaved a great sigh of relief.

Next I saw the crew at work. How well I knew the types; the cook who could make nothing palatable out of a porterhouse steak, but could be counted upon to swing a nasty swab on any deck; the signal boy who could not read semaphore even if it were sent in words of one syllable, but could make filet mignon out of the rump; the coxswain who was given that rating because he had rowed on his college crew; the quartermaster who could not quarter, or whatever it is that a quartermaster is supposed to do. There they were, each at his appointed task—appointed by Providence, not by the Navy Department — twenty-three fresh-water sailors of the first water.

The chaser drew away from the dock, backed and filled and eventually pulled out of the navy yard basin with not over twelve or thirteen bells to the engine room, turned left under Brooklyn Bridge and left again at the Battery and headed out to sea via Ambrose Channel. Soon it came to the monitor which guarded the submarine nets. A seaman climbed to the top of the wheelhouse and waved colored flags vigorously. He was asking permission to pass. A gob on the monitor waved back. The captain watched him carefully. Then he turned to his crew.

"Well," he growled, "does anyone know what he said?"

No one did.

"Hmpf," said the skipper, "never heard of anybody being refused. Full speed ahead."

Suddenly the scene shifted and I found myself on a chaser outbound with a convoy. We were close aboard a huge freighter which was alternately veering toward us and disappearing utterly into the darkness. Each time she changed her course there was much activity in our wheelhouse as we, too, changed course to stay with her or to keep from being run down. How well I remembered it all; the start just before dusk with the convoy with no knowledge of its base course or its plan of zig-zag, the long night of clinging to a black unlit hulk that was one of the ships on the wing of the convoy, the hour of turning back when we found ourselves miles at sea with no idea of where we might be and no instruments with which to find out.

My dream skipped hours. I stood in the wheelhouse, the executive officer. The captain turned to me:

"Guess I'll go below and turn in," he remarked. "Take the deck, will you?"

"Chief," said the captain, "they want us to go out to the guard ship tonight. I trust that there is nothing the matter with our engines which would prevent our going"

"What course shall I steer?" I inquired.

He looked at me in surprise, then shrugged his shoulders and said, "Oh, steer about 270."

Of course 270. What had I been thinking of? No matter where we were in the Atlantic, a course due west would bring us to the coast of the United States. True, it might be Atlantic City, or it might be Boston, but what of it? Not a difficult matter surely to follow the coast line home. What price four years at Annapolis?

Another night at sea. I awoke to find the engines silent and the chaser wallowing in the troughs of the waves. Hurriedly I gathered some clothes and went on deck. There was not a soul in the wheelhouse. The wheel swung idly from side to side. I hurried aft. Not a man was on deck. What had become of the captain and the half of the crew that was on watch with him? Wait, the dinghy, too, was missing. From the starboard hand came the sound of oars, and out of the darkness appeared the dinghy with captain and crew aboard. The explanation was simplicity itself. They had sighted what they thought was a floating mine and had put off to investigate. It never occurred to them that anyone should be required to miss the excitement of the chase to keep watch on the ship. The chaser was pretty apt to be somewhere about when they returned.

WE were back in port, at anchor. To me fell the task of answering the daily mail. My desk calendar showed the date October 16, 1918. The first letter read, "In reference to your requisition dated April 8, 1917, for six (6) ¾-in. bolts which we were unable to fill at that time because the supply of ¾-in. bolts was temporarily exhausted, would inform you that we are now in position to fill said requisition." That was service. Just a little matter of a World War had been fought while we waited; that was all.

I opened the next letter. It read in part: "You will write a letter to the Commandant, Third Naval District, and explain why on the third of September you disregarded General Order No. Umph and passed the tug *Lucy G.* in the East River at full speed so as to throw a wave into her fire-room." Hot dawg, I can see that tugboat skipper still as he danced in impotent fury just outside the pilot house.

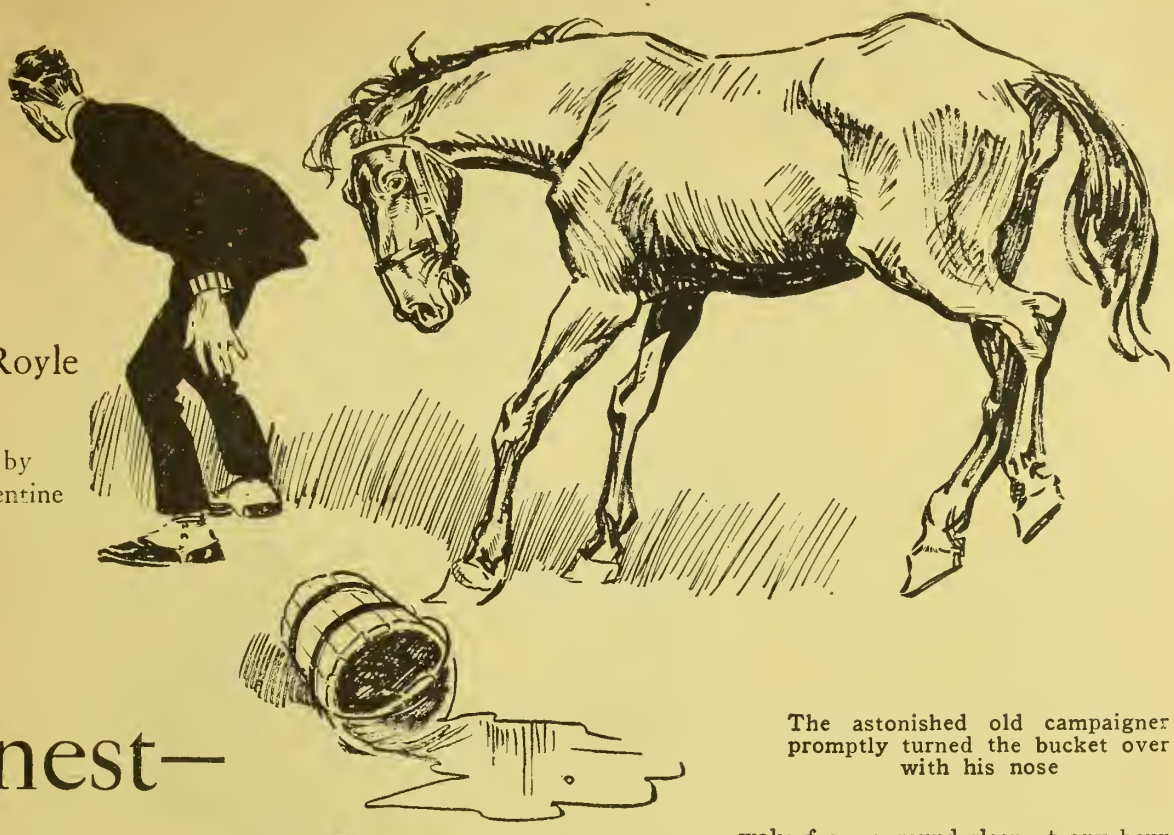
In much the same vein was the third epistle. It ran: "You will write a letter to the Commandant, Third Naval District, and explain why on August first you passed the dredge *General Grant* at anchor in Buttermilk Channel on the port hand when the dredge was displaying two red balls and a black shape." Could it be that we were wrong about the meaning of two red balls and a black shape when displayed by a dredge at anchor?

The last was a request, nay, an order, to write the commandant and report the number of times in September the crew had been taken ashore for physical drill in accordance with General Order No. Steen. That commandant was surely anxious to get mail. Investigation revealed the fact that the order had not been obeyed to the letter by the chaser skippers. The commandant evidently suspected as much. My inclination was to write as follows:

"Really now, don't you think that your General Order No. Steen was a silly one? A brief investigation would show that the chaser crews get plenty of exercise without being exposed to the Daily Dozen. We did not comply with the order because to have done so might have brought on mutiny, which would have been embarrassing for all of us."

On second thought it seemed better to call upon a vivid imagination and make out the report as requested.

(*Continued on page* 26)



The astonished old campaigner promptly turned the bucket over with his nose

Honest— *in* Many Ways

By J. C. Royle

Illustrated by DeAlton Valentine

HONESTY on the race course is of two kinds—with reservations and without. The former is human, the latter is entirely equine. A world famous gambler once declared the odds against any horse should be at least four to one. "For," he said, "maybe the owner don't want him to win; maybe the trainer don't want him to win; maybe the jockey don't want him to win; and maybe the horse can't win." There is, however, seldom a doubt that the horse wants to win.

Charley Hartley, the Baraboo Bear, was an honest man—in many ways. He said so himself. Dust Pan was an honest horse. The Baraboo Bear and Dust Pan formed one of the entangling alliances so feared of reservationists, and those fears were fully borne out, for neither could comprehend the code of ethics of the other.

The Bear never sold a share of stock to widows and orphans in his life. He had been known to advertise a chance found wallet. He was a stranger to the piece of lead pipe and the dark corner. He did not beat his wife—he did not dare—for Florence Hartley, universally known as Mrs. Baraboo, registered one hundred and seventy pounds of pink and white and gold loveliness when she stepped on the scales, and her lord and master tipped the beam at one hundred and twenty-seven. In view of these facts the Bear counted himself a connoisseur of honesty and uprightness.

Dust Pan's code consisted solely of the obligation to allow no other horse to precede him over the distance between the barrier webbing and the wire before the judges' stand. That code Baraboo was unable to comprehend, for when it came to the conduct of his stable, Baraboo ran his horse like the car tracks in the center of town—in and out.

The entangling alliance between Baraboo and Dust Pan had its inception in a stud-poker game in which Slivers Conway, seeking to bolster his falling fortunes, desired to extend the backing of a prospective spade straight flush beyond his cash reserve.

"And a hundred," remarked Slivers, shoving his last bills to the center. "I taps myself. If I could really have a chance to play this hand, Bear, I'd make you get back in your cage and beg 'em to put the chain on you. What will you lay me against Dust Pan? He's about all I've got left."

"Seven hundred," replied Baraboo, sitting behind two cold sevens back to back. Unmoved, he watched Slivers scribble a bill of sale and toss it into the pot, and, equally unmoved, he saw that gentleman receive a six of diamonds to complete his spade flush.

"MR. SLIVERS CONWAY, the well and favorably known owner, has announced his retirement from the turf. He will go to work." Slivers spoke plaintively. "You win a good reliable old hoss, Baraboo. You can depend on Dust Pan every time. It won't do you any harm to have one consistent performer in your string even if he is eight years old and a bit tender on his pins on a dry track. I'll lead him over in the morning."

Next morning, as in duty bound, Baraboo reported to his wife the fortuitous acquisition of Dust Pan. For Baraboo's goddess was a jealous divinity, insistent on explanations. She could wake from a sound sleep at any hour of the twenty-four and tell accurately the whereabouts and employment of her spouse. If she could not, she took immediate steps to find out.

Having been fully and immediately captivated herself by Baraboo's cosmopolitan manner and metropolitan raiment during the winter season in which he had hibernated in Baraboo and which had supplied his nom de guerre, Mrs. Baraboo viewed with alarm the possibilities of his attractiveness to her own sex, and unceasing watchfulness was the result.

Be it said for Baraboo that even in moments of extreme irritation he never allowed his annoyance at this espionage to pass beyond the point of alluding to the sharer of his joys and sorrows as "the blond enemy." At other times he was wont to refer to her in mixed metaphor as his "corn fed peach." Said peach had dropped from the roof-tree of the parental farmhouse into his waiting arms and had married him before he had a chance to recover. Baraboo was far from regretting it in spite of the restrictions she imposed.

Poker games, however, were within the letter of the law laid down by Mrs. Baraboo—provided she received her just percentage of winnings. She had discovered that feminine companionship is not welcome in poker games.

Baraboo had vigorously opposed the twenty-five percent tribute she demanded.

"If you get your cut of the winnings you ought to share the losses," he said.

"Any time that poker game gets so rough you have to have help to stand your losses, you'll quit playing." That answer was conclusive, and Baraboo lived up to its rulings honestly, lest worse befall.

Mrs. Baraboo expressed no great enthusiasm over the announcement that Dust Pan hereafter would carry the white jacket, pink sleeves and gold cap

of the Hartley stables. Baraboo had selected those colors as a graceful tribute to his wife's charms.

"Why didn't you take the money, Charley?" she complained. "That stable is full of horses eating their heads off that you don't know what to do with. Here it is almost June and me without a summer dress to my back. All the girls in our set up at the hotel are planning their summer clothes already and I need two new hats and a lot of other things right away."

"Slivers Conway didn't have the money," Baraboo explained patiently. "I thought you'd be tickled to death, Baby Doll. Why, Dust Pan is worth a thousand dollars of anybody's money."

"I can't wear him, can I?" Mrs. Baraboo had retained her bucolic complexion and her agricultural viewpoint as to race horses, but her taste in dress was distinctly urban. "Why, my share of a thousand would be two hundred and fifty dollars! And I need every cent of it. Mrs. Sollie Mannheim spent that much just for one embroidered linen frock. If Dust Pan is worth so much, you can just pay me my share now."

Baraboo shied violently. He was far from penurious, but in common with many husbands, he felt there should be a Federal statute, like the Harrison anti-narcotics law, to restrict the spread of the department store shopping evil.

"You come over to the stables and look at him," he said. "He'll win us the two hundred and fifty smackers ten times over if he's handled right. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you every cent he wins in purses as long as I keep him and twenty-five percent of what I get for him afterward. If you just trust to me and have a little patience, you can harness yourself all up like the Queen of Sheba and see if I care."

Mrs. Baraboo maintained a severe and judicious silence during the walk to the stables that housed the Hartley string, weighing prospective profits against present cash. They found Dust Pan duly installed in a loose box while his erstwhile owner stood dejectedly outside.

"You sure won yourself a hoss, Baraboo," groaned Slivers Conway. "I hate to part with the old boy."

Mrs. Baraboo sniffed contemptuously, but relented somewhat as Dust Pan popped his long and solemn face over the half door and nuzzled her shoulder softly. She had a genuine love for animals, even race horses.

"He's an honest looking old thing," she said contemplatively, stroking the bony nose.

"You bet he's honest," interjected Slivers Conway. "He's one horse that's always tryin'. You can depend on him, Baraboo. He'll give you the best he's got every time."

"I'll take a chance with you, Charley," Mrs. Baraboo relented, "but if this horse don't win something for me pretty soon, you'd better look out."

She strolled back to join the galaxy of womenfolk of the racing world on the clubhouse lawn, leaving her husband looking Dust Pan sourly in the eye. Dust Pan sustained the gaze with the unblinking aplomb of conscious rectitude. Finally Baraboo called his trainer, Sammy McQuade, beyond reach of listeners and gave instructions.

"Take him along slow," he said. "Slivers has raced him to death. He's had three and four outs a week since the season opened and his legs are bad. Work him under cover and if he shows anything, which I doubt, let me know. We may be able to slip him into a soft spot some day." And

"If you get your cut of the winnings you ought to share the losses"

as his new owner turned away, Dust Pan sent a whicker of promise and resolve floating after him.

II.

BARABOO found his contract with his wife well advertised when he returned to the hotel. Mrs. Baraboo had mentioned it in confidence to Mrs. Sollie Mannheim, Mrs. Big Ed Rose, Mrs. Jim Goodwin, Mrs. Speck Sternberg and Mrs. Captain Alphabet Rucker. After according Baraboo's generosity full mead of praise, those ladies had spread the news to their menfolk, all active in paddock and ring, and thence it had percolated through the various strata of the racing world.

Among the masculine element the news was received with professional skepticism in view of the well-known in and out eccentricities of Baraboo's stable. Jim Goodwin outlined this suspicion to Mrs. Goodwin when the latter urged Baraboo's pledge as worthy of emulation.

"What's the matter with Dust Pan?" he inquired. "Baraboo promised his storm and strife Dust Pan's winnings, but promises won't buy that one hundred and seventy pound baby any new shoes. I'll bet Baraboo don't start Dust Pan this meeting."

As a result of such discussions, many barbed arrows of wit from his friends rattled unheeded on the Baraboo Bear's thick hide. Complacently he reflected that he was two hundred and fifty dollars in as a result of his compact, and he was perfectly willing to let the future take care of itself. Ten wet days, however, which turned the track into a sea of mud and kept the feminine contingent within doors, rife for gossip, convinced him that the future might need a little of his personal attention.

The suspicions as to Baraboo's good faith were carried back straightway to his wife, who besieged him with inquiries as to Dust Pan's progress and condition and demands that he be given immediate opportunity to win the required summer wardrobe. Mrs. Baraboo even descended to the ignoble stratagem of tears.

"Listen, Peaches," he explained earnestly. "Just as soon as Dust Pan is right and I can drop him in a soft place where I know he'll win I'll start him. It'll be some time this week sure."

Mrs. Baraboo was pacified, but the Bear had caught a dangerous gleam in her damp eye and he made instant and careful study of the program as announced for the next few days. The next morning he held long and low voiced conference with Trainer McQuade.

"How's Dust Pan coming along?" he demanded.

"You know as much about him as I do. The old kangaroo has got me wingin'. He conditions himself and trains himself and rides himself. I, nor nobody else, has anything to do with it. I sent a boy out on him this morning to warm him up and take him five furlongs in about 1.02. Dust Pan pays no more attention to the boy than if he weren't there and gallops himself a mile and a sixteenth in 1.56 3/5. One of the swipes gives him a double feed of oats the other day by mistake. Does he eat 'em? Not so you could notice. He absorbs his regular ration as accurate as you could measure it and leaves the rest. He's got a mouth like a stone crusher and when he wants to run he runs, and when he don't want to run all hell can't make him.

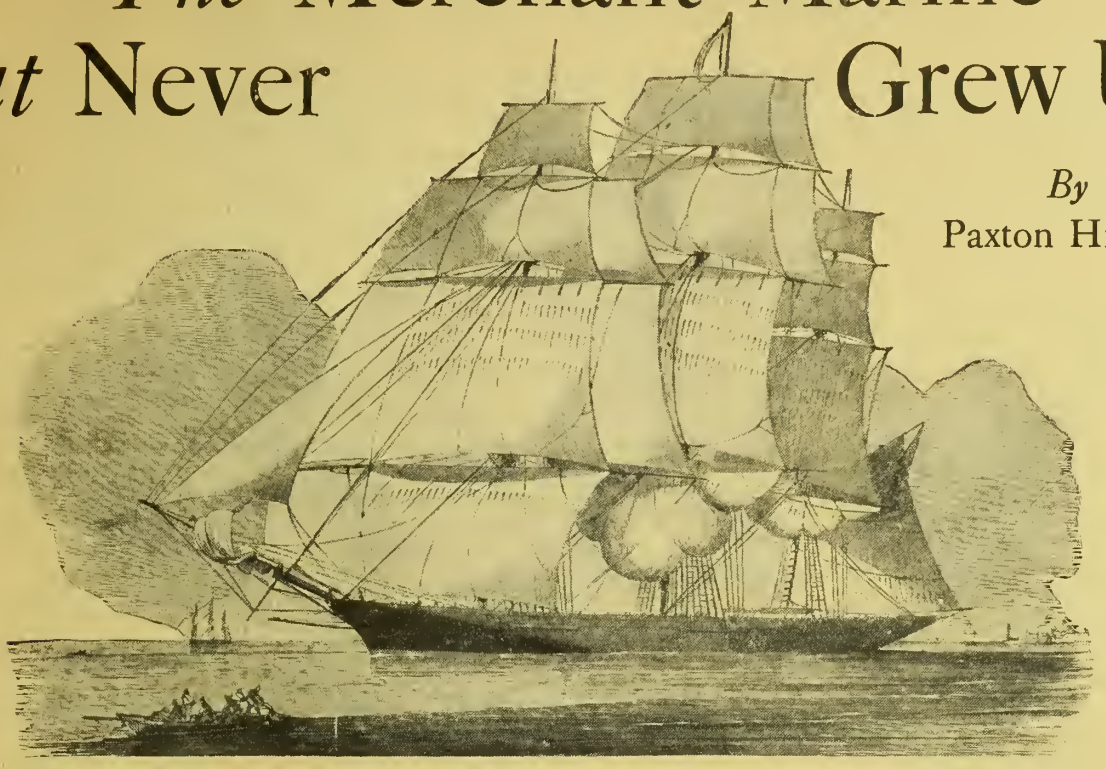
"Anyway, this soft going has fixed his feet up in great shape. His hoofs are as cool as if he'd been turned out for three months. He looks ready, but if you ask me what he can do I don't know and neither do the rail birds. They've been watching him close, too, figuring you'd have to win with him after what you told the missis."

"Can he take Ike Connors's Iniquity to the cleaners?" asked Baraboo.

(*Continued on page* 27)

The Merchant Marine *that* Never Grew Up

By
Paxton Hibben



The Yankee clipper ship *Witch of the Waves,* Portsmouth built, made the passage from China to England in the spring of 1852 in ninety days, a world's record. The clipper ship marked the heyday of America's merchant marine supremacy

I WAS one of the millions of Americans born and raised a thousand miles from any ocean. I was grown before ever I saw the sea. But for some reason or other, what interested me most in the pictures in the back of the dictionary were those of ships—brigs, schooners, sloops, frigates, brigantines, luggers. I could box the compass before I could multiply. I knew the name of every spar and sail. I collected cigarette pictures of famous pirates—Blackbeard, Captain Avery, Bartholomew Roberts, Ned England, and the first of a long line of more successful albeit subtler gold-diggers, Mary Read, the female terror of the Spanish Main. And then, one day, in my grandfather's library, I came upon a set of red-covered volumes forgotten now to most men living—the Elm Island Stories of Elijah Kellogg.

And a fascination for ships that had captivated a kid who had never seen one became an enthusiasm, a passion for something essentially American. Here in a nutshell was the stuff Americans were made of—and the America they made. You could talk as much as you liked about your covered wagons and your red mustangs and Indian fighting and the wild and woolly West. There would have been no covered wagons and no West, either—there would have been no United States—had the men along the seaboard in those early days of hardship not cut their way into the forests, designed and built them ships, and sailed the seas from Newburyport to Savannah, binding into one the British, French, Dutch, Spanish, Walloon, Irish, Swedish and Portuguese elements that all form the roots of the great American growth we now are.

For those who speak of Americans as of one stock—as if the original inhabitants of the country had all piled into a *Mayflower* the size of the *Leviathan* and come over packed as close as we went to France in 1918—know nothing whatever about their own country. Water was thicker than blood by a whole lot in those first days after Yorktown, when thirteen separate nations were bent upon setting themselves up, each independent of the others. For what held them together was not at all a very mixed and unrelated blood, but the close intercourse that the great, free highway of the Atlantic had afforded in a time when there were no roads worthy the name and no postal service, either. And those highways were traveled by ships built, from the very felling of the trees and the spinning of the cotton duck that made the sails, precisely as the Elm Island boys in the Rev. Elijah Kellogg's books built the good ship *Hardscrabble.*

ONE of the first acts of the first Federal Congress—on July 4, 1789—was to protect the ships which alone held our young republic together. By this early law every American-owned vessel's cargo received a ten percent reduction of customs duties, and within ten years our merchant marine ran to a ton of shipping for every eight inhabitants of the new United States, and was valued at nearly thirty million dollars.

But merchant shipping in those days was a very different business from the vast industry it has become in a century and a half. The men who inhabited New England were seamen from birth, not workers in shoe factories and textile mills, as now; and those who designed the Chesapeake clippers lived by and on the water all their lives. Today the fame of William Aspinwall of New York may rest upon his construction of the Panama railroad, but in 1845 he was known throughout the world because his firm had built a new type of sailing ship, designed by John Willis Griffiths, and destined to wrest the mastery of the seas from British hands until the Civil War.

Yet it was not a race of seamen who came from England to Massachusetts and Virginia; from Holland and Belgium to New York; from Sweden to Delaware; from Spain to Florida; from France to Louisiana. They learned to be seamen because they had to go by water to market, and as their markets grew their seamanship grew—precisely as it must be with us, now, since we have become competitors in every field of world trade as a result of the war. In the wildernesses of New England and Maryland and Pennsylvania there was all one could raise from the soil, and had our ancestors been contented to live like Russian peasants they could have got on comfortably enough for those days on what they produced, and let it go at that.

But men and women who had crossed the western ocean in search of opportunity and a greater freedom in which to grow were not of the stuff that rests contented. Nature had placed illimitable lumber at their very doors, from which to build ships more cheaply on that account than anyone else in the world could do. The first time that a New England bride told her strapping young husband that she would like to have a pound of tea or a silk dress or a copper warming pan—none of which

(*Continued on page* 23)

EDITORIAL

TO reflect more accurately the opinion and sentiment of The American Legion, the occasional use of this page is offered to the readers of the Weekly, who, through their membership in the Legion, are also its owners. Contributions are subject to abridgment and the Weekly assumes no responsibility for opinions expressed in them. They should be addressed to the Editors, The American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

Something to Remember

WHEN presenting their arguments for adjusted compensation to the present Congress the World War veteran will do well not to forget the subject of amortization. It is an interesting one—especially to the man who wore a uniform in 1917-18. The war profiteer would rather talk of other things.

Amortization denominates a plan by which industrial concerns were reimbursed for expenditures on equipment, plant and other essentials not needed in times of peace provided by them when they were producing munitions and supplies during the war. It means nothing more or less than the payment of a bonus to the manufacturer for his war work—for the privilege of making enormous sums of money at the expense of the Government and those who were in the service. Adjusted compensation is nothing more or less than an amortization to the fighting man for services which he furnished at a loss to himself when the nation was in danger. The "patriotic business interests" who are doing so much to fight adjusted compensation have apparently overlooked this fact.

Those who benefit from amortization made no sacrifices. The sacrifices were made by the men who did their bit and who must now fight for a little amortization on their own account.—CHARLES K. PULSE, *Cincinnati, O.*

Alien Labor

WHY do corporations and contractors employ foreigners —men who are not citizens of the United States and cannot or will not become such—when there are plenty of genuine Americans to be had?

The answer to this question is difficult to find. It is not that the alien will work for lower pay, for—except in certain instances—he will not. It is not that the man from overseas is a harder, more efficient laborer, for he most certainly is not. Regardless of what the answer may be, the fact remains that in an astonishingly large number of cases fully twenty or thirty percent of the men on the job are aliens. And they work while able-bodied men—many of whom went through the World War—apply in vain to the foremen for something to keep the wolf from the door.

A veteran who was born in this country and who pays taxes can hardly be censured for feeling bitter when, while wondering how he is going to keep his wife and babies warm and clothed, he sees newcomers who can't even speak English working away at jobs that might prove his salvation.

Let those who employ labor give a thought to this when next they need more men.—J. E. KELLER, *San Bernardino, Cal.*

Because It's Right

THE *Wall Street Journal*, continuing its opposition to adjusted compensation for former service men, has this to say:

"No citizen, called upon for duty in time of war, is entitled to special reward. If he were so entitled, citizenship would be dragged down to a level so low that it would cease to be citizenship at all. . . . The service is obligatory, and no more calls for special reward than service on a jury."

Evidently the *Journal* is under the impression that the soldier should be the one type of citizen who should serve his country at a loss. Several million men who know nothing about Wall Street doings but a good deal about fighting have another idea. They have somehow got the queer notion that the citizen who became a soldier and did a hitch in training camp or trenches rendered his country a service almost as great as the citizen who, instead of enlisting, spent the war days in the stock market or elsewhere where money was to be made.

"Adjusted compensation won't fail," says our new National Commander, "because, brothers, it's right!" Adjusted compensation *is* right; it was right five years ago and it is no less right today. The *Wall Street Journal* and the people it serves are just a little too much wrapped up in business to know what is in the popular mind concerning the question of paying the ex-soldier.—CLARENCE O. PINKERTON, *Argonne Post, Des Moines, Ia.*

The anniversaries of the locomotive and the steamboat and the sewing machine and the phonograph have all been widely observed, but nobody has risen to suggest celebrating the invention of the alarm clock.

In a recent batch of mail received by William Hohenzollern was a souvenir postcard from his oldest son inscribed, "You wouldn't know the old place now."

REDUCE TAXES? YES. PASS COMPENSATION? *YES!*

Treasury Department estimated surplus at end of present fiscal year - - - -	$329,000,000
Estimated average yearly cost of adjusted compensation for first three years -	80,000,000
Difference -	$249,000,000

Adjusted Compensation and Lower Taxes Are Both Feasible

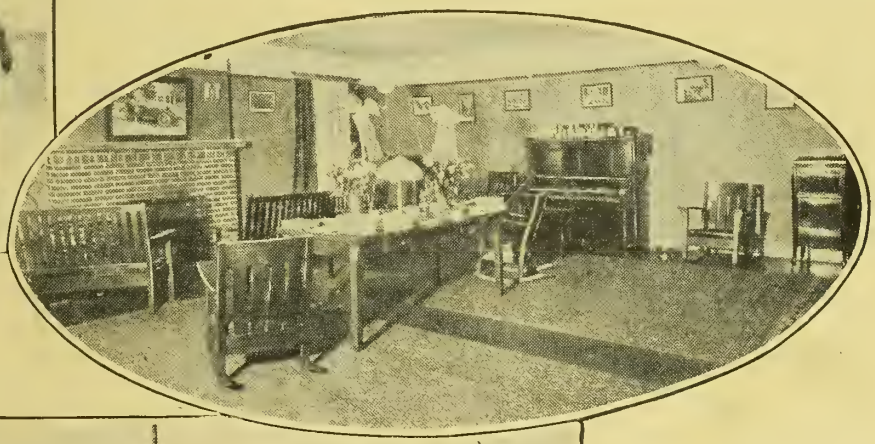
He Backed Up *His* Gratitude *with* $350,000

George F. Johnson, who gave $350,000 for the erection and maintenance of three Legion clubhouses

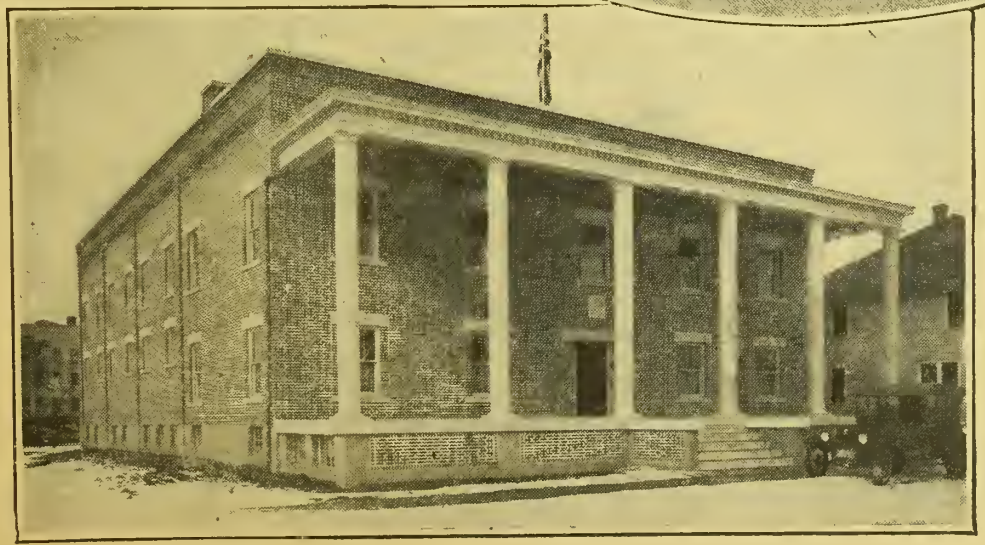
GEORGE F. JOHNSON is a citizen of Endicott, New York, who has a more than ordinary appreciation of what it means also to be a citizen of the United States. Mr. Johnson also happens to be president of the Endicott-Johnson Shoe Company, the largest manufacturers of shoes in the world. His company's mammoth factories are the leading industries of a group of New York cities and in them thousands of persons work for more than a mere livelihood—Mr. Johnson is nationally known for the success of his plans for sharing his profits with employes and for a diversity of public-spirited acts.

During the World War, when every town and city was sending its young men into the camps, Mr. Johnson, along with a great many other Americans who were too old to fight, found himself stirred by emotions. There was something in the spectacle of youth offering itself in the cause of civilization which appealed to that same sense of gratitude in a New York shoe manufacturer which had already led him to share his own prosperity with those working in his factories. Others who saw the same magnificent spectacle saw in it perhaps only the manifestation of a national consciousness—or merely young men doing a job for which they were hired and paid. Mr. Johnson felt that he owed the youth of America a personal debt of gratitude, and he resolved that he would in time give expression to his feeling.

Today Endicott-Union Post of The American Legion in Endicott, New York, has a new home—a beautiful clubhouse which cost $57,000. It is the gift of Mr. Johnson, and for its maintenance the post has a fund of $43,000 which it has invested to provide the necessary income—a total gift of $100,000 to a single Legion post. But this is not



A look inside the tasteful and attractive home of Endicott-Union Post of Endicott, New York



Exterior of the home of Endicott-Union Post—a tangible expression of one American's gratefulness for the efforts of the man in service

Greetings *to the* Auxiliary

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS to you, the members of The American Legion Auxiliary. May the year 1924 be filled with happiness and success for you, and at its close, looking back over the accomplishments, may you feel an exhilaration that will imbue you with that spirit which will make each succeeding year more satisfying.

Rejoice in the privilege of membership in that most wonderful organization, The American Legion Auxiliary. Appreciate the fact that it is your service and your loyalty that are factors in making and keeping it. If you feel that you are carrying more than your part of the burden, remember that in carrying this extra load you are helping some one who is weaker.

I regard the privilege of leading our membership a sacred trust which you have bestowed upon me, but it is only by your individual assistance that I can hope for accomplishment in our work for rehabilitation and better legislation for the World war veterans and their families, Americanism and the care of our World War orphans. The spirit in which we carry out our policies for the coming year will in a very large measure reflect your own individual efforts in your department. If we fail further to impress upon the nation and the world that we stand for "community, State and nation," in all things present and future, it is my fault and your fault. Therefore I know that we will forge ahead in our pledge to "participate in, and contribute to, the aims and accomplishments of The American Legion."

Do your utmost for your officers. Make this, their year, a great success so that they, too, when they doff the mantle of leadership, may feel the exhilaration of having served and of having been served well. Our accomplishment is the heart-pulse of the nation; the eyes of the world are upon us; let us welcome their inspection.

Will you now join me in a New Year's toast to The American Legion Auxiliary, the mother of our disabled veterans, the sister of The American Legion.

MRS. FRANKLIN L. BISHOP,
National President

the extent of Mr. Johnson's remembrance, the expression of his gratitude. In Johnson City, New York, another city founded upon the genius of the shoe manufacturer whose name it bears, is Frank A. Johnson Post. It likewise has a new clubhouse provided by a $100,000 gift from Mr. Johnson. Nor do the gifts to the posts at Endicott and Johnson City denote the limits to Mr. Johnson's expression of his thoughts in war time. He subscribed, in addition, $150,000 to The American Legion War Memorial Fund of Broome County, N. Y., primarily for the purpose of erecting in Binghamton a Legion clubhouse which would serve the Legion posts of the three cities. A photograph of this clubhouse appeared in the Weekly for October 28, 1921.

When an American citizen has given $350,000 to the Legion and thus testified to a high degree of confidence in the organization as well as to a gratitude toward those who served, there is the feeling that one would like to know more about the sentiment that inspired this action. Mr. Johnson, himself, has told us what we should like to know. He wrote the following:

"Ingratitude is the greatest of all sins in my estimation. It is not only the greatest but it is the most common.

"When the boys were called to the colors and marched away, little knowing what was in store for them—scarcely realizing what it meant—some volunteered and some were drafted, but all went who were called—some overseas, some to training camps. They were taken from comfortable homes. They were taken from good positions. They gave up honorable careers. They went when called, to save the world.

"As I saw them going—our own boys from the factories, and from the homes, and from the neighborhood—and as I saw the troop trains traveling to tidewater—and as I read and watched and listened and learned—I felt, deep down in my heart, that anything it was possible for me to do, to show my gratitude, my love, respect and honor, for these boys, I would count it a privilege to do.

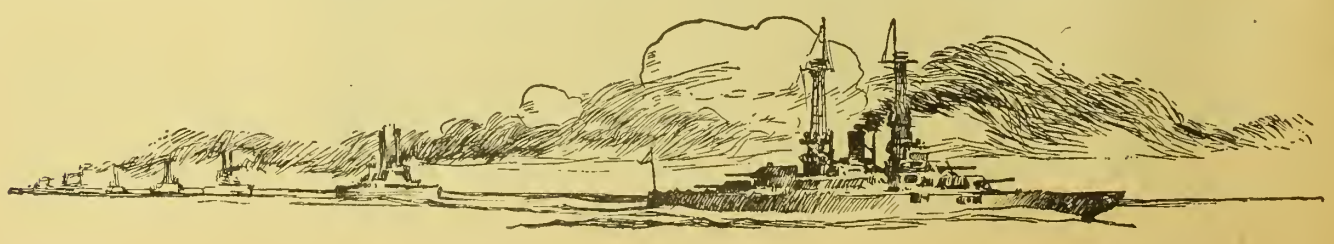
"Result: The different buildings in which the Broome County Legion boys find comfortable homes. I have many times thanked God that I do not forget easily. I find it a common fault, that we remember when evil is done which harms us. I remember vividly how many there are who never forget an injury. I remember and observe how many there are who soon forget a kindness, a good deed, and great sacrifice. I recall how great an evil ingratitude really is. I wonder that God, who made this beautiful world, permits such ungrateful children to enjoy so much.

"It seems to be a habit of mine to remember my friends, and every one of these soldiers—who volunteered, or were drafted—who found their way across the seas—who lived or died—and every one who entered a camp—every one who obeyed the call of our country, whether by draft or by voluntary service—in whatever capacity—I have learned to love, to honor and to respect; and I only wish I could do more for them.

"This is the reason why Broome County has three beautiful Legion clubhouses, and why the boys are well cared for, and shown proper respect."

The architect who designed Endicott-Union Post's clubhouse had as his ideal a model American Legion clubhouse. A central feature of the building is a large gymnasium which not only serves the post for dances, basketball and boxing bouts, but also is used for physical training classes for children, high school students and others. Four bowling alleys, a billiard room, lounge rooms and a library are other features.

It is not surprising that Endicott-Union Post, in a city of 10,000, has a membership of 600.

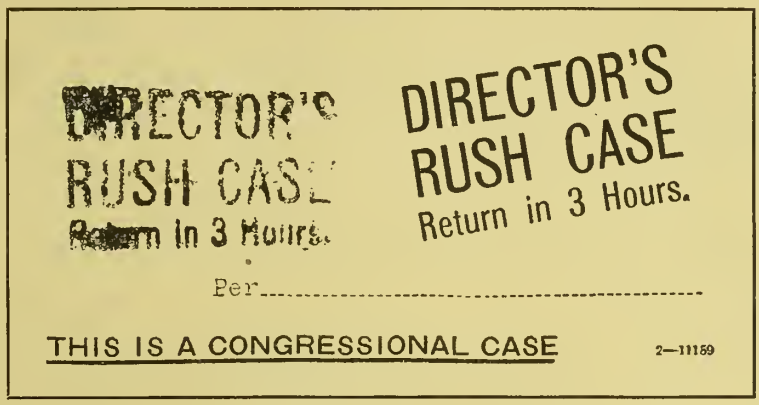


Exit Politics *and a* Rubber Stamp

WASHINGTON, December 24th.

THE name of the colored man who was janitor in and about the premises of the Claims Division on the ninth floor of the Veterans Bureau building last spring is not known. He worked in the nighttime, after the golden sun had gone to rest and the day's work of others was done.

On a certain night last spring no other person had access to the offices of the Claims Division. In fact, the circumstantial evidence is conclusive that this janitor did then and there make off with a certain rubber stamp of great importance, the property of the United States Government, as well as with all existing copies of a certain blank official form, also of great importance and also the property of the United States Government. Stamps and forms were in the office the day before. Next morning they were gone. From that day to this they have not been seen in the Bureau.



This is the rubber-stamped "Congressional case" memorandum which mysteriously disappeared from the offices of the United States Veterans Bureau. Special privilege for politically sponsored veterans disappeared with it

The rubber stamp is question bore the legend: "DIRECTOR'S RUSH CASE. Return in 3 hours."

The form in question was one asking for action on a veteran's claim for relief. At the bottom of it appeared the words in underscored black-faced capital letters: "THIS IS A CONGRESSIONAL CASE."

In their official capacities the "Congressional" form and the "rush" stamp usually went together. A "Congressional case," therefore, automatically became a "director's rush case," to be acted on in three hours.

But stamp and forms are missing from the Bureau now. And though research does not reveal the name of the author of the overt act, that of the responsible party to this strange and upsetting disappearance nevertheless has been ascertained. He is Frank T. Hines, director of said Bureau. He issued the order in pursuance of which the janitor filed the forms and the stamp in a waste-basket.

When Director Hines did away with this paraphernalia of injustice and favoritism he struck a telling blow at the greatest of all evils which ever has beset the troubled path of the disabled soldier; to wit, politics.

In a thousand forms politics has manifested itself in the bungled handling of the disabled soldier's affairs. The preference given a case where a man was able to interest a Congressman in his behalf and get action in three hours while (and this was an actual condition) the cases of 100,000 others who lacked this influence might wait for weeks and months is simply an example which comes easily to mind.

Congressmen who intervened for veterans under these conditions almost invariably did so from the best motives in the world. Just the same they helped institute a vicious practice. They helped enthrone political power, in the place of merit and need, as the force that made the wheels go in the great institution to which the people gave millions so that it could care for the country's suffering defenders. That is the power that has exerted its influence in a thousand forms—and each to the detriment of the veteran. That is the power which Director Hines started to dislodge when he took charge of the Bureau's tangled affairs last March. He held this as a prime necessity to the rehabilitation of the Bureau. And the rehabilitation of the Bureau was a prime necessity to the proper rehabilitation of the disabled man. The task is a hard one rendered doubly difficult by politics. For instance:

A young man arrived in town from the West the other day. He spends most of his time on Capitol Hill, calling at the offices of Senators and Congressmen. He has even been to the White House, I am told. The young man wants a job in the Veterans Bureau. His qualifications appear to be two. He is a good, regular Republican, and this is a Republican administration; he worked for the Bureau once before, but was fired, apparently, because he was a better Republican than he was a servant of the disabled.

This is the story. It seems that the manager of one of the Bureau's fourteen district offices is a Democrat. His chief and immediate assistants are Democrats. As I understand it, Director Hines had not been in office very long when this situation was called to his attention by the Republican National Committeeman of the State in which the office was located. These jobs should go to Republicans, the committeeman said. General Hines said he would look into the situation and see how the men were getting along; that he was going to replace inefficient personnel wherever he found it.

Eventually Hines got around to the district in question. Either he or one of his men made a personal inspection. They found everything shipshape. The district manager, sure enough, was a good Democrat, and so were his assistants, but they were also good Bureau officials. That seemed to be enough for Hines. Hines happens to be a Republican himself, but he isn't much of a politician. I have heard this said of him to his detriment. So when a politician called on the director and asked him how matters were coming on in District So-and-So, Hines said they were coming on fine.

"When will the changes be made?" asked the man of politics.

"What changes?" said Hines.

"These Democrats. When will they go out and some Republicans go in?"

"Not at all. An investigation proves that the men on the job are good men. Their politics is not interfering with their work. I am going to keep them all."

The politician argued. Hines was firm. Congressmen and a Senator intervened. Hines didn't budge. The committeeman came to Washington again. He went back empty handed but more determined than ever. When he got home a piece appeared in one of the local papers to the effect that Manager So-and-So of Veterans Bureau District Number So-and-So shortly would retire from official life. The manager read it and wrote to Washington for enlightenment. He got it. He was told that he stayed. Other letters came to Washington. Legion posts, Legionnaires, and persons and organizations interested in the disabled generally protested and asked for a "reconsideration" of the supposed plan to remove the manager. They were informed that no removal was contemplated.

The local politicians then began boring from within. They interested one or two subordinates in the district manager's staff, and set them to work to try to overthrow their chief. One of these agents went too far. He was discharged. The case was appealed to the politicians—even to the White House, I hear, but President Harding backed Hines. This is the man who is now in town trying to get back his job. And he is by no means the only one who is in town trying to use political pull to get on or get back on the Bureau payroll. He may succeed, but the chances are against it. Political influence in the Veterans Bureau isn't what it used to be. But the politicians haven't given up trying, and occasionally, even now, they slip one over.

The recent Senate investigation of the

Bureau cast the spotlight on political interference with the care of the disabled, and did a good piece of work in this connection. At the hearings Major General John F. O'Ryan, counsel for the committee, asked this question of Director Hines:

"Wasn't it a proverb in the Bureau among the employes that 'you'll never lose your job for helping a Congressman'?"

The director smiled an affirmative answer.

"Wasn't it also a fact," pursued the counsel, "that when the employes and the board of appeals were hastening to put through a claim supported by a Congressman the claim of some other disabled veteran, perhaps more worthy, was being delayed?"

"Yes, and that wasn't the worst of it," said Hines. "The employes left their regular work to run around from one department to another, taking up the time of other employes, to get these favored Congressional claims in shape for the rating boards and appeals board. These boards were so beset by requests for preference that they hardly knew which case to consider first."

The abolition of the "Director's Rush Case" stamp and the Congressional preference form has done away with this sort of thing. Congressmen still present cases, but they take their regular turn, and, in theory at least, get no more consideration than a case presented by a veteran himself. There are still emergency rush cases, of course, but the determining element is the nature of the case, not the fact that a Congressman or anyone else is behind it. This arrangement pleases most Congressmen, who are busy men and usually want to do the fair thing; but in the old days unless a Congressman pressed his cases personally action was likely to be long delayed.

The arrangement also pleases the veterans. Last week three veterans came to town together from Pennsylvania. Each had a point to unravel with the Bureau. They went straight to find their Congressman. He was out of town. Then they went to the Bureau, but with no very high hopes. They didn't think they would get very far without the political prestige of a Congressman back of them.

George Ijams, executive officer of the bureau, heard about it and saw the men personally. Personally he handled each case. In a day they were straightened out—one case being ticketed emergency and the others routine. The emergency man got what he asked for; the others were turned down, with an explanation of why their requests could not be granted. All three went away satisfied that they had had a fair deal.

"We never expected to get treatment like this without a pull in our favor," said one — incidentally one who had been turned down.

A COMPLAINT office is being set up in the Bureau to handle the cases of men who come to Washington in person, and I am assured that the veteran who comes alone will get the same attention he would if a member of the Cabinet came along with him. Trips to Washington, however, are not advised. Complaint offices are being established under the same system in the district offices.

The favored treatment of politically-sponsored cases was an evil as prevalent in the district offices as here in Washington. A district official recently told me that a year or so ago local political luminaries would "march them into the office in column of squads, demand action and get it." Technicalities were brushed aside, and undeserving cases frequently passed, in response to political pressure.

In his investigation of the Bureau for the Senate committee, Counsel O'Ryan appointed fourteen sub-committees of investigators, one to go over and report on the affairs of each of the Bureau's territorial districts. These sub-committees did their work conscientiously and well. They were composed almost entirely of ex-service men and Legionnaires of ability. In their reports I believe every one of these sub-committees spoke of the evil effect of political pressure in the districts and sub-districts of the Bureau.

"A pathetic and thoroughly reprehensible situation" was found in the eighth district office at Chicago, that sub-committee reported. "Complaints of organizations and men of prominence, particularly members of Congress, were receiving special consideration as a result of orders from Washington." Complaints from individual veterans whose cases may have been mishandled were referred back to the departments which were the causes of the complaints. The sub-committee was able to correct this.

The sub-committee in District No. 6, with headquarters at New Orleans, reported that the work of the office "is made much more arduous by the unnecessary and persistent demands on the part of outside agencies, but particularly by Congressmen." As many as thirty government-paid telegrams have come in one day from one member of Congress. While no special consideration is given such inquiries, the committee declared the practice to be "pernicious, serving no good purpose as far as the veteran is concerned," and inclined to lower the morale of the Bureau personnel, which cannot forget the adage that no government employe ever hurt himself by doing a favor for a Congressman.

The foregoing excerpts are taken at random. The seventh district sub-committee writes from Cincinnati that it is advised "that undue political influence is used to procure appointments of employes and to protect certain em-

(*Continued on page* 22)

Do You Favor *the* Winning Peace Plan?

ABOUT the time that this issue of the Weekly reaches its readers—possibly a few days later—the text, or a digest of the text, of the winning plan in the hundred-thousand-dollar Bok peace prize contest will appear in the newspapers throughout the country. Those in charge of the contest are deeply interested in the American World War veteran's opinion of the plan, which will be the best of more than 22,000 submitted to the jury of award. In order to determine with some degree of accuracy what that opinion is the Weekly prints herewith a coupon which all ex-service men and women are urged to use as soon as possible after they have reached their verdict for or against the plan. There will unquestionably be some who will fail to see the plan when it is published. For the benefit of such the American Peace Award, 342 Madison Avenue, New York City, will gladly forward copies of it to those who apply for it promptly. No question is more vitally important to the world today than that of world peace. Show your interest in it by studying the winning plan, forming your opinion of it, filling in the coupon below as indicated, and mailing it.

The votes cast by veterans are to be kept apart from the others and counted separately, so that there can be no possible doubt as to how those who served during the war feel regarding the latest—and perhaps the best—plan thus far evolved to put an end to war.

(From The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly)

Do you approve the winning plan *in substance?*

Yes	No

Are you a voter?.....

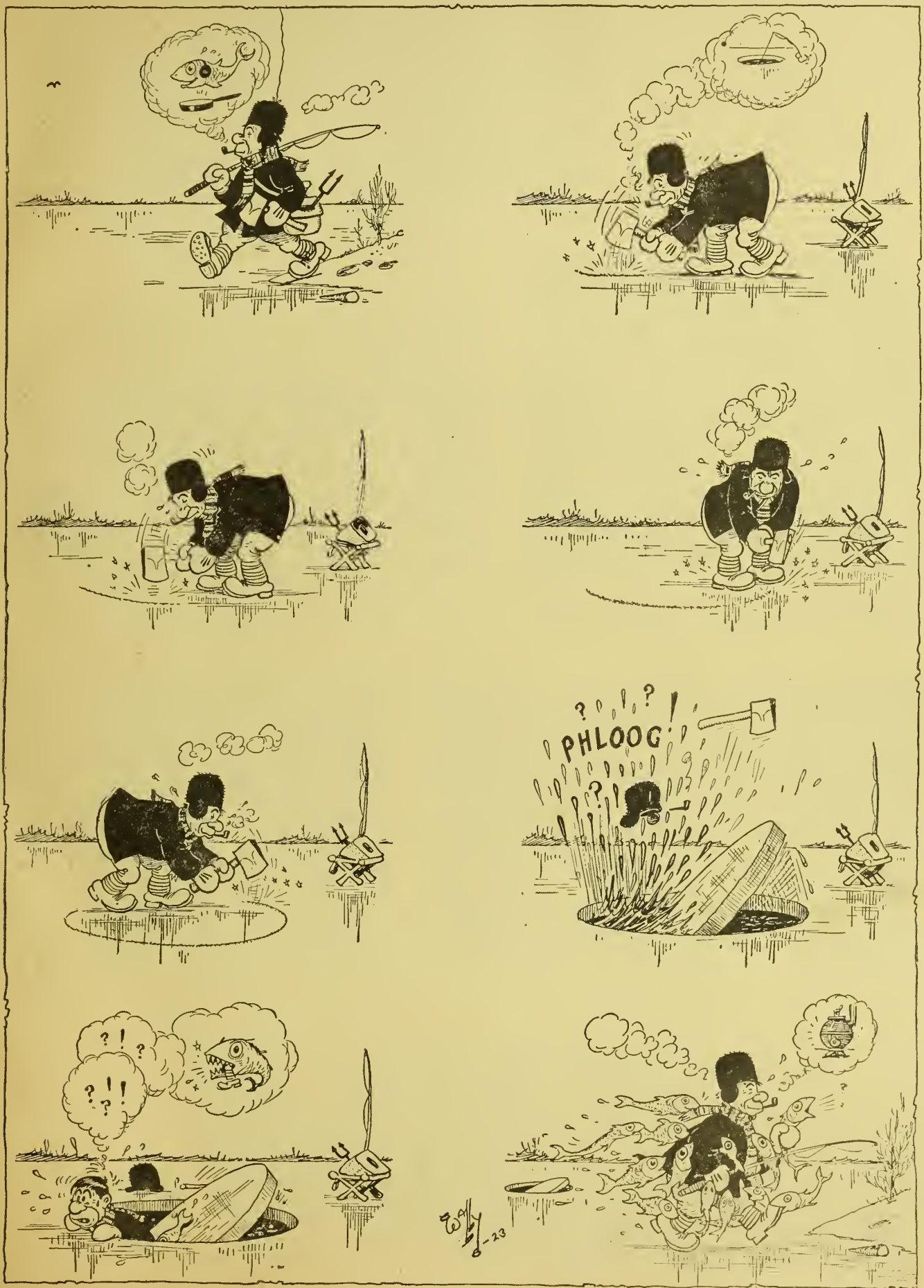
Name.....

Address.....City.....State.....

Please detach and mail promptly to
THE AMERICAN PEACE AWARD
342 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Note: Voters are urged also to express their opinion in greater detail than this ballot permits by letter to the American Peace Award.

Another One of Those Stories *By* Wallgren



Want the World to See Your Post in Action? Try a Float in a Home-Town Parade

ALL the world loves a parade—which makes a parade one of the best possible mediums for making a favorable impression on the public. And, outside of a herd of elephants, no part of a parade makes quite so interesting a spectacle as a float, provided it carries out successfully some tasteful and worth-while idea in the minds of its originators.

The Legion is strong on floats. On the opposite page are displayed half a dozen Legion floats which attracted wide notice in their home towns—and one of them attracted equal notice in a town two thousand miles away.

Racine (Wisconsin) Post constructed a float which, transported to the San Francisco National Convention last October, created a profound impression during the convention parade. Legionnaires posed as bronze figures so realistically that many persons who saw the parade did not realize that the figures were alive. The float, depicting the spirit of '76 and the spirit of '18, previously had been exhibited with notable success by Racine Post in parades in its own city.

Bellingham (Washington) Post won first prize in a night parade during a community pageant with an ingenious lighthouse on wheels. The lighthouse rose to an imposing height, its base and sides covered with rows of red and white tulips. The flowers, glowing in indirect soft light, and a flashing lamp in the tower made this float the most striking in a parade which was notable for beautiful electrical displays.

Like a section of Belleau Wood or a slice out of No Man's Land was the product of clever members of Brainerd (Minnesota) Post. Helmeted fighting men and bandaged wounded added to the thrill which the float gave to those who watched it in a parade.

The American Legion Auxiliary added both to the attractiveness and effectiveness of a Legion float at Selma, Alabama, which won first prize among one hundred floats exhibited in a community celebration.

In the Armistice Day parade held at Asheville, North Carolina, under the auspices of Kiffin Rockwell Post, a reproduction of a Greek temple was entered by the American Hellenic Educational Progressive Association, organized by Legionnaires of Greek descent and fostered by the post.

When Holyoke, Massachusetts, held an anniversary celebration in which all civic and patriotic organizations were represented by floats, The American Legion won a first prize with an exhibit showing rows of crosses in an A. E. F. cemetery. The effectiveness of the Legion float was increased by the guard which marched in front of it, men in mud-stained and tattered uniforms carrying helmets and gas masks, looking as if they had just come from the trenches.

State Auxiliary Leaders Form Associations to Support National Administration

IN its third year The American Legion Auxiliary has become conscious of a new power in its national activities, a movement which had its beginnings at the New Orleans convention in 1923 and acquired added significance at San Francisco last October. The women who have acquired experience in directing the state departments of the Legion have banded together to give the Auxiliary the benefit of their combined influence in facing the problems that are being encountered. The movement has manifested itself in two ways. An association of all past presidents of the departments has been formed. Another association has been formed by all the first presidents of each department. The purpose of each body is to assist in formulating and carrying out national policies and in supporting the administration of the National President each year.

The Past Presidents' Parley is the name of the first auxiliary within the Auxiliary. It had its beginning at a luncheon at New Orleans, and the first parley president was Mrs. Dorothy B. Harper of Honolulu, T. H., first president of the Department of Hawaii and now National Treasurer of the Auxiliary. At that meeting it was decided that the presidency should rotate in the order in which the departments were organized. Accordingly, representing the second Auxiliary department formed, Dr. Helen Hughes Heilscher, of Minnesota, presided at the luncheon of the Past Presidents' Parley in San Francisco. And as Massachusetts was the third department organized, Mrs. Clarence R. Edwards, wife of the Massachusetts commander of The American Legion, is the president of the Past Presidents' Parley for 1924 and will preside at the luncheon to be held at the St. Paul convention next autumn. The secretary of the Parley each year is the first president of the department in which the national convention is held. Mrs. William Porteus was secretary at New Orleans. Mrs. Carrol Marks held this place at San Francisco, and the secretary at St. Paul will be Dr. Helen Hughes Heilscher.

The second new Auxiliary society had its beginning at San Francisco, where the Department of Hawaii, as the first department to be organized, took the initiative in assembling the first presidents of all the departments, fifty-three in number. An Aloha breakfast was held and the first presidents adopted as the name of their permanent organization the Aloha Presidents, as a compliment to the Department of Hawaii. The Aloha Presidents adopted a program for ex-service women embodying welfare work and hospital care for ex-service women and their families, with the goal to be a national home or hospital for ex-service women. As a nest-egg each Aloha President gave a personal pledge which amounted to $250. Mrs. Lowell F. Hobart, Aloha National President, has been appointed to formulate the details of the plan to be submitted for adoption. Mrs. Hobart was also selected to preside at and arrange for the Aloha breakfast at the St. Paul convention. The breakfast will be given at the national convention each year.

The hospital and welfare program of the Aloha Presidents was indorsed at a business session of the Past Presidents' Parley in San Francisco.

As the National Executive Committee of the Auxiliary has among its members about thirty-five past department presidents, plans have been made to hold a joint meeting of the Aloha Presidents and past presidents at the time the Auxiliary National Executive Committee meets at National Headquarters in Indianapolis in January. At this meeting the ex-service women's hospital and welfare plan will be considered further. The number of past department presidents is now approximately 140. Mrs. J. E. Barcus of Indianapolis, Aloha president of the Department of Indiana, is making arrangements for the parley in connection with the meeting of the executive committee.

Department Adjutants Make Plans for Bigger Legion

MEETING at National Headquarters in Indianapolis for three days starting December 10th, a fortnight before the jump off day of 1924, the department adjutants of The American Legion laid the groundwork for efforts in every State to raise the Legion's membership higher than it ever has been. This theme, expressed in the opening address of National Commander John R. Quinn, was the keynote of the three-days' meeting. Closely related to it was the subject, discussed from many viewpoints, of preparing a 1924 program for post activities in their communities of a character designed to bring into the Legion every service man who is anxious to help his town or city. In addition to these two subjects almost every problem and activity of the Legion was covered in papers read before the conference.

The conference recommended that a committee of department adjutants make a study of the whole problem of membership and organization and report its findings and recommendations at the meeting of the National Executive Committee at Indianapolis on January 14th and 15th. It also recommended that National Headquarters take steps to adopt some practical form of percentage system whereby the efficiency of posts may be put on a competitive basis for prize awards.

John Thomas Taylor, vice-chairman of the National Legislative Committee, in an address at the conference stated that both branches of Congress would pass the Adjusted Compensation Bill, probably by even greater majorities than were given when the bill was passed before being vetoed by President Harding. He predicted that support of the measure would prevail even against a Presidential veto. Mr. Taylor outlined the other legislative proposals of the Legion and requested each department adjutant to have the Legionnaires in each Congressional district express their wishes to their representatives in Congress.

Mrs. Franklin Lee Bishop, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, urged the adjutants to use all their influence during 1924 to help build up membership in the Auxiliary, particularly to obtain as active workers for the Auxiliary the large number of women relatives of service men who have positions of standing and records for accomplishment.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

CO. F, 51ST PIONEER INF.—Recently organized society of veterans of this outfit will hold reunion about May 26, 1924. Those interested address Gordon Van Kleeck, 156 Fair st., Kingston, N. Y.

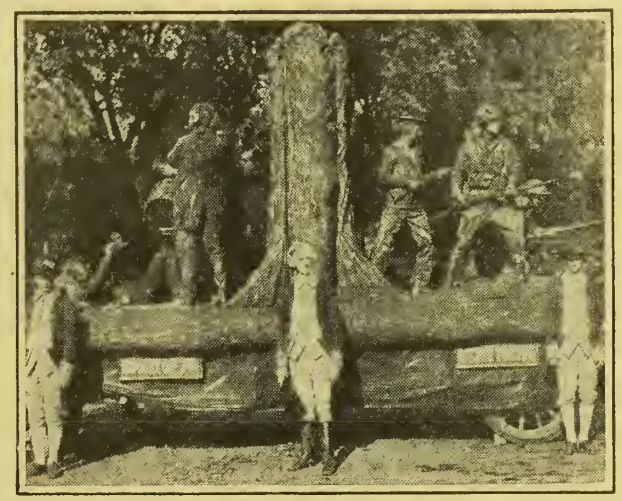
16TH DIVISION—Former members interested in reunion address Homer C. Tyner, Box 237, Hanford, Cal.

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

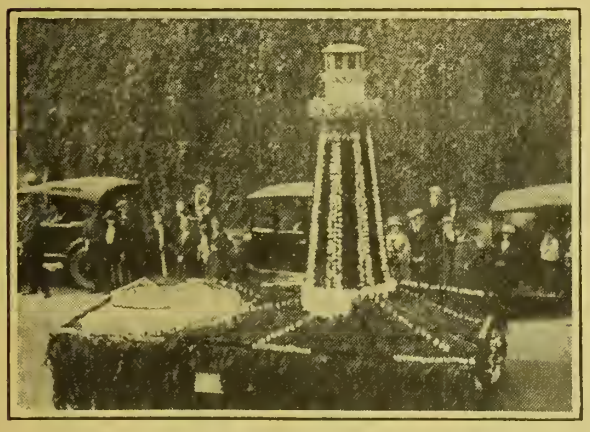
Beauty *and* History *on* Wheels

This float took a first prize when exhibited by Holyoke (Massachusetts) Post in a civic parade

The Selma (Alabama) Legion also won a first prize with this allegorical study in which the local Auxiliary unit had an important share



Racine (Wisconsin) Post displayed the spirit of '76 and the spirit of '18 in its home town and then transported the exhibit to San Francisco for the Fifth National Convention



Another first-prize winner—the creation of Bellingham (Washington) Post. The lighthouse worked, too

Legionnaires of Greek descent constructed this attractive float for the Armistice Day parade at Asheville, North Carolina

Brainerd (Minnesota) Post brought home war's grim realism with this effective display in a local parade

Want to Furnish a Clubhouse? Try This Home Shower Plan

WHEN Richmond Post, the first Legion outfit organized in Virginia, recently had a chance to buy a home at a bargain price—a $20,000 house offered for $14,000 if accepted immediately—the post snapped up the offer. It paid down $2,000, agreed to pay $2,000 in a later installment and assumed a $10,000 mortgage. It was all done so quickly that when the post caught its breath it found that its job had only begun. What should it put in the 15-room clubhouse? There it stood, in spotless magnificence, set in beautiful lawns and shrubbery, but as devoid of furniture as a pup tent.

It was fitting under these circumstances that a home shower was decided on as a feature of the formal opening. The shower brought a piano, a cabinet phonograph, lots of other furniture, pictures, curtains and a number of large checks. The Auxiliary, true to tradition, contributed a suite of furniture and lent its aid to the task of furnishing the quarters. The post funds were drawn on to buy another set of furniture and a pool table.

The new home has proved admirably adapted to the post's use. The walls needed no changing—they were handsomely papered or tapestried. The lighting fixtures left nothing to be desired. With the exception of one room, all the floors were of inlaid hardwood. A conservatory, a large reception room, two baths, a completely-equipped kitchen, and a water heating system were other features.

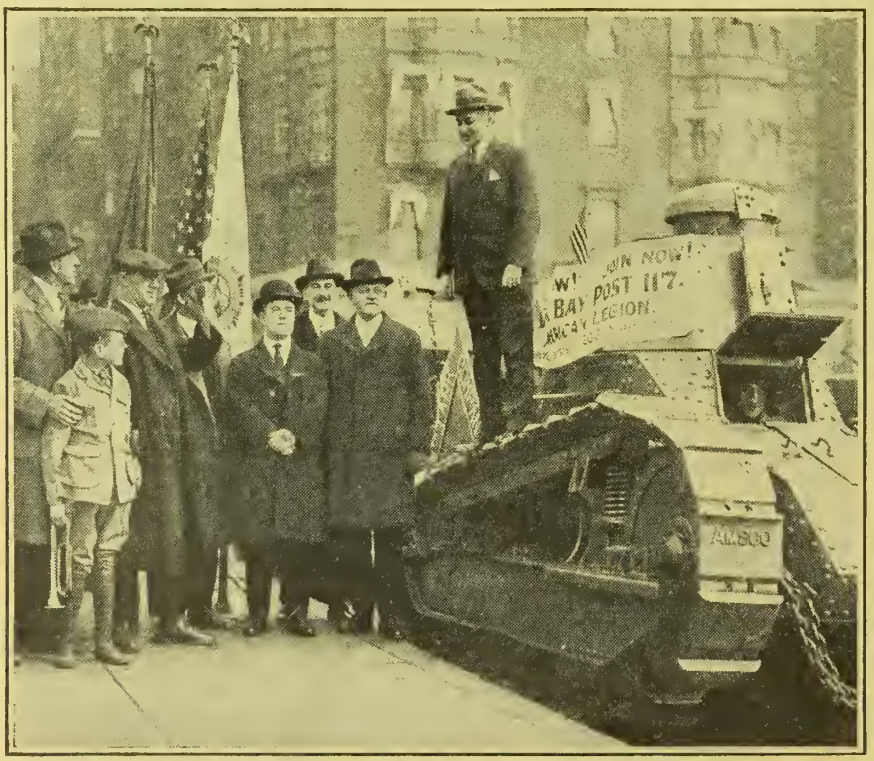
The post had on hand sufficient funds from its play, "Frolics of 1923," to make most of the first payment on the clubhouse. For the second payment and incidental expenses it has issued $50 bonds bearing six percent interest, payable, if desired, on a $5 a month basis. Post members oversubscribed the bond issue. To pay the remainder of its debt the post is making elaborate plans for its annual show and has arranged to give a series of entertainments and excursions.

Pianos and things fairly rained into this attractive clubhouse—the home of Richmond (Virginia) Post

Bugles, Red Fire and Oratory Help Boston Membership Drive

THIS is going to be the biggest American Legion year in Massachusetts if the rest of the posts in the State can match the enthusiasm and results of the membership drive being conducted by Back Bay Post of Boston. With 240 names on its rolls for 1923, Back Bay Post has adopted the slogan, "One Thousand Members in 1924," and it has been literally working night and day to sign up new Legionnaires. With red fire and the trumpeting of buglers, the post has been sending a flying squadron of speakers far and wide through its section of Boston. Rallies are being held on practically every street corner in the district.

The blast of bugles heralds the opening of the meetings. Red fire lends brilliance and helps draw the crowds. Orators tell in detail why every service man should take his place in the Legion. Members of the post single out eligible service men who are attracted to the meetings, many of them only curious at first.



BOSTON POST PHOTO

Governor Channing Cox of Massachusetts is snapped while speaking on behalf of the membership campaign conducted by Back Bay Post of Boston

Executive Committee Will Draw Lots for Extended Terms

PLANS for a system of life membership in The American Legion and for the administration of The American Legion Overseas Graves Endowment Fund will be considered by the National Executive Committee at a meeting in Indianapolis January 14th and 15th. The committee is expected to make decisions on many other important matters, including the dates of the Sixth National Convention this year in St. Paul, Minnesota, and arrangements for the convention parade, the question of a distinctive American Legion uniform, national membership trophies, and the question of a World War memorial in the Library of Congress at Washington.

At the meeting also lots will be drawn to determine which members of the present executive committee shall be continued in office for two years. At the San Francisco convention the national by-laws were amended to provide that one-half of the committee shall be elected annually, and it was specified that one-half of the 1924 committee shall have holdover terms for 1925.

LEGION LIBRARY

Book Service

ARRANGEMENTS have just been concluded to include THE HISTORY OF THE FOURTEENTH ENGINEERS in Book Service. This official history of the regiment was compiled by a special committee and is based on Colonel Wooten's official report, official government records, private diaries, letters, and other data. It covers the activities of the outfit from May, 1917, to May, 1919, and contains statistics, commendations and a complete regimental roster. There are 161 illustrations, two large insert maps and a reprint of a district control schedule in the book of 195 pages, 8 x 10½ inches. Price: $5. Following is a partial list of books obtainable through Book Service (for additional books available see other issues of the Weekly):

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

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

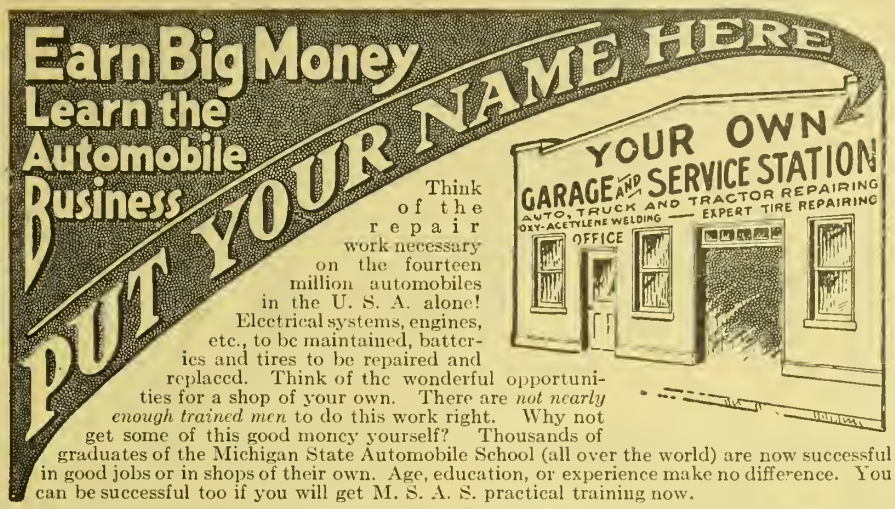
THE VICTORY AT SEA. By Rear Admiral William S. Sims. The Navy in the War. 410 pages. Price: $3.20.

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

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

Man in Uniform Mental Sufferer; Who Can Identify Him?

THIS is a photo of Charles Glenn Grubb of Greencastle, Indiana, now a patient in a Veterans Bureau hospital, his mind so impaired that he can tell nothing of his past life. If he served in the Army it is presumed he served under an assumed name, as no official records of his service can be found and this photograph showing him in uniform is the only evidence that he may have served. In the absence of proof of service the Veterans Bureau must soon commit him to a civilian institution for the insane. Does any Legionnaire remember seeing this man during the World War? Can anyone tell what name he was known by and in what outfit he served? Write the Editor of the Weekly.



Think of the repair work necessary on the fourteen million automobiles in the U. S. A. alone! Electrical systems, engines, etc., to be maintained, batteries and tires to be repaired and replaced. Think of the wonderful opportunities for a shop of your own. There are *not nearly enough trained men* to do this work right. Why not get some of this good money yourself? Thousands of graduates of the Michigan State Automobile School (all over the world) are now successful in good jobs or in shops of their own. Age, education, or experience make no difference. You can be successful too if you will get M. S. A. S. practical training now.

Unlimited Opportunities For Trained Men

Get the right start. **Come to Detroit** and learn the business thoroughly. Study automobiles, engines, trucks, auto.electricity, tractors, farm lighting plants. Learn on best equipment, all in good condition, up-to-date. Our engines are ready to run, our electrical systems are kept in A-1 condition,—no useless junk to look at but not fit to learn on. You are taught under factory endorsed methods by expert instructors. A thorough complete course that slights nothing. Garage Management, Business Methods and Selling are taught in all courses. Plenty of time in every department to learn right.

What Our Graduates Say

R. L. Beck, Pa., writes: "My wages have been increased 300% in two years since getting M. S. A. S. training." M. B. Gill, Idaho: "I am now foreman of my shop, have doubled my salary and am turning out far better work than before I took your course." J. I. Mayes, Kansas: "I have saved $100 every month since taking your course." Vanderbie, Holland, Michigan, writes: "We have the Durant agency and are the busiest place in Holland." Thomas, Pa., "Three months after graduating I became foreman of the Dodge garage at $200 a month." Nelson, N. Y. (seventeen years old when he graduated), writes: "I have five men working for me." Greve, California, "Last year's business bought us a nice little home and we have started buying another this year." These are not exceptions. They are just average fellows, no better than you. You can do it too.

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Here you have wonderful advantages. Visit the great plants, Ford, Dodge, Cadillac, Packard, Lincoln, Hupp, Hudson, Studebaker, Paige, Buick, Rickenbacker, many others. These great companies fully endorse this school altho they have no business connection with it whatever. Their letters of recommendation have been written by their executives who have seen our school, inspected our methods, employed our graduates, and furnished us equipment for instruction. They tell you to come here because they know our course is right. This is the **only automobile school in the world** which has this endorsement. It all means **real opportunity** to you to get ahead. **Packard** says: "We recommend M. S. A. S. in every particular." **Dodge:** "A diploma from M. S. A. S. helps get jobs with auto dealers." **Cadillac:** "Most complete school in the country." Others say the same. Take their word for it and you will be **sure** you're right. Be glad forever after for your M. S. A. S. training. START NOW! Be A TRAINED MAN,—SUCCESSFUL!

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Ford Auto Given!

We have a plan whereby our active workers can get a Ford without cost, in addition to their big cash earnings. Get the plan—quick!

AGENTS WANTED

We need more men like these, because the demand for our *Super Fyr-Fyter* is growing by leaps and bounds. Sells to garages, stores, factories, schools, homes, hotels, auto owners. Approved by the Underwriters. If you are willing to work and ambitious to make some real money, get our plan. You need no experience, as we train you without cost for the work. No great capital required. Good territory going fast. Better write us at once.

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Occupation..... Age.....

Bursts *and* Duds

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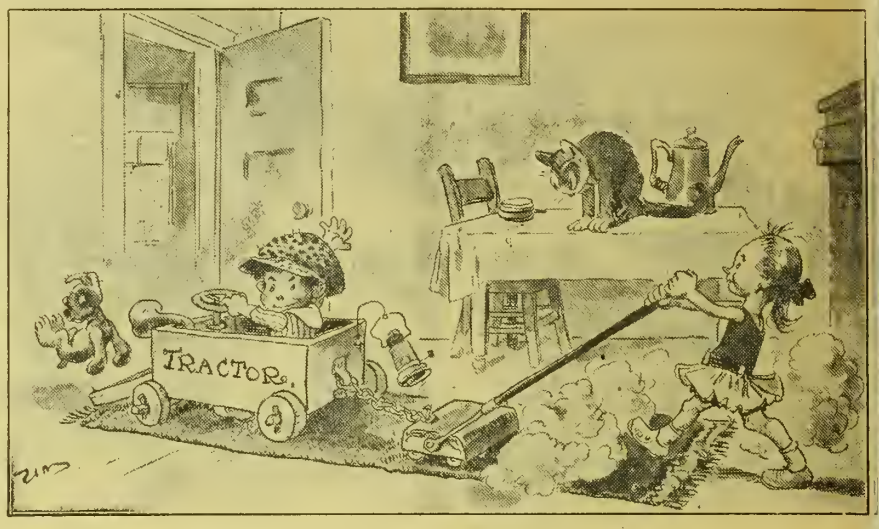

The tractor as a household utility

Time Killers

Gotrox: "Harold, what do you mean by telling that book agent I was not in?"

Office Boy: "But, sir, when you gimme de job you says always to—"

Gotrox: "Use your brains once in a while! Didn't I receive a permit last week to carry a revolver?"

No Chance

Woman: "May I see Mr. Brown?"

Office Boy: "He is engaged just now, madame."

Woman (cleverly): "Oh, no, he isn't. We were married last week."

Office Boy (even more so): "Then he is not at liberty just now."

Avoided the Possibility

"Why are you so positive that your wife divorced you without cause?"

"I know she couldn't have had any reason, because I left her before we ever had the least bit of trouble."

Confirmed

A somewhat exhilarated party wandered unsteadily into a bank and presented a slip of paper on which various hieroglyphics were scrawled.

"Sorry, sir," said the paying teller, "but I can't recognize your signature on this check."

"That proves," stated the customer smothering a hiccough, "that I wrote it."

Youthful Ambition

Little Elizabeth (visiting her uncle on the farm): "And do your pigs want to be bacon or sausages when they grow up?"

Good Excuse

Friend: "Mandy, ain't yo' 'spicious 'bout yo' husband quittin' work soon as he done married you?"

Mandy: "Yo' jes' keep yo' jealous nose outa mah business, Sally Johnson! Mah husban' am merely takin' his honeymoon."

Retort

"Ah jes' met Sam Jones, an' yo' know what he tol' me bouten yo'?"

"No. What he say?"

"Say yo' am de low-downedest, ornriest, thievinest, cheatinest, meanest, laziest, lyinest boy what is."

"Mpf! Dat all? 'Siderin' what I knows bouten *him*, reckon Ah'd radder be me."

A Match for Her

"What did your mother say, Polly, when she caught you smoking a cigarette?"

"She asked for a little light on the subject."

Heard It Every Day

"My friend," remarked the physician, "you are suffering from a chronic complaint."

"I know it, doc, but please lower your voice," cautioned the patient. "She's in the next room."

The Grand Rush

Patron: "Have you any blotters in stock?"

Stationery Store Clerk: "We had until somebody smashed a bottle of gin on our sidewalk this morning."

Get Set! Go!

George: "The boss offered me an interest in the business today."

Phil: "He did?"

George: "Yes. He said that if I didn't take an interest in it pretty soon he'd fire me."

Dad Ordered a Cut

"Love," remarked the censored movie idol, as he reeled down the steps by reason of her old man's husky hoof, "is just a matter of footage."

In New York

Kindly Old Party: "And why is the little man crying? Is he lost?"

Mickey (aged five): "Lost? Say, lissen I've lived in dis here burg all me life See?"

If Not, Why Get It?

"I'm sorry," said the lawyer apologetically, "but I'm afraid there'll be a good deal of publicity connected with your divorce."

"Huh!" was the grim retort of the celebrated actress. "There'd better be."

Possible Error

Amateur Stage Manager: "Well, how did the plot work out? Did you kiss Ellen when I snapped out the lights?"

Just as Amateur Actor: "Hmmmmm—well, I thought so, of course. But it—it tasted more like Juliet."

Sufficiently Supplied

Tourist: "Shall I take this road to Bingville?"

Native: "'Tain't necessary. They already got one road there."

Wise to the Bunk

Dentist: "Now, that didn't hurt, did it?"

Willie: "You can't kid me. My dad's in the advertising business, too."

Little Willie

Little Willie is so cute,
Tried to eat a rubber boot.
Little Willie's far from well,
Rubber boot began to swell.
Little Willie's not elated;
Gee, he looks as if inflated!
And I'm fearing at this juncture
Little Willie risks a puncture.

Contrast

Rub: "Why do you stick so close to the straight and narrow?"

Dub: "It makes you enjoy the detours so much."

The Draft Clerk

"Jinks is circulation manager of a magazine now."

"Why, he was only an office boy a year ago!"

"Yes, but now he has charge of all the windows, doors and electric fans."

Foreign Exchange

First Chorus Girl: "Four francs bought me this pretty hat in Paris."

Another: "That's nothing. One Johnnie bought me this lovely motor car in New York."

It's Safer Now

Registry Clerk: "You used to be a German-American during the war. Now you say you're just a German. What became of the 'American'?"

Eins von Zweidreivier: "Ich weiss nicht. Maybe the hyphenate it."

Perfection

He never swore, he never smoked,
He never drank a Tom-and-Jerry,
He never turned to take a look
At the neat lines of Jane or Mary.

He never held a royal flush,
Or rolled a fascinating seven,
And yet folks say that chaps like that
Are ticketed to go to Heaven.

I'm not the lad to question them
Or flout the stuff in which they revel,
And yet this statue in the park
Strikes me as an unlucky devil!

E. D. K.

That's Action

He had gone into the library to put the thing up to her father and she was waiting anxiously on the piazza for his return.

"Well?" she breathed as he came out.

"Well," said her suitor, "he asked me how I was fixed and whether I had any money in the bank, and I told him three thousand dollars."

"And what did he say?"

"Nothing much," he replied gloomily, "but he borrowed it."

What's the Use

"Who's that old fellow you were talking so nice to?"

"That's my old family druggist."

"What did he say?"

"No."

Perplexing

Cora: "Vera Manybeaux is in a nice fix."

Laura: "How so?"

Cora: "Her fiancé has just returned unexpectedly from South America, and she can't tell which ring is his."

$1.00 Down Brings This

Floor Lamp With Fifth Ave. Silk Shade

Gas or Electric

The Lamp

Comes equipped for choice of gas or electricity. Has 2-light Benjamin socket for electricity only, with 8-ft. silk cord ready for use; or comes with 6-ft. rubber hose, burner, mantle and chimney for gas.

Mahogany Finish

Standard is 69 inches high, 3 inches in diameter. Highly polished French mahogany finish.

Here is something you have always wanted—a beautiful floor lamp with handsome and elegant Fifth Avenue silk shade—to add an extra tone of elegance and luxury to your home. On this generous offer you can see just how this floor lamp and silk shade will look in your home, without risking anything. Send only $1.00 with the coupon below, and we will send it complete to your home on approval, equipped for use with either gas or electricity. We take all the risk.

30 Days Trial

When the lamp outfit comes, use it freely for 30 days. See how beautifully the colorings of the handsome silk shade blend and harmonize with everything in the home. How *useful* it is, too—so handy for reading, can be moved around with ease to furnish a beautiful light and rich warmth and coziness to any room in the house. If after 30 days trial you decide not to keep the lamp, just return it at our expense and we will refund your $1.00 deposit, plus any freight or express you paid. You cannot lose a single penny.

Silk Shade

Made in Fifth Ave. design, 24 in. in diameter, of delft blue silk, shirred top, alternating plain and fancy art silk panels. Twelve panels in all. Tinsel braid border, with four inch Chenille fringe. American beauty shirred lining. The harmonious color scheme gives effect of red light shining through a blue haze—a rich, warm light. Shipping wt. 27 lbs.

Marshall Silky Fringe Pull-Cords

Also pair of Marshall silky fringe pull-cords with 3½ in. silky fringed tassele, giving added rich effect.

For gas use, order by No. G6332NA.
For electricity, order by No. G6333NA.
Send only $1 with the coupon, $2 monthly.
Total Bargain Price for lamp and shade $19.85

$2.00 a Month

If you discover that this lamp is a tremendous bargain at the price we ask and you decide to keep it, send only $2.00 a month until you have paid the total bargain price of only $19.85. Yes, only $19.85 for this luxurious lamp and silk shade complete. Compare this value with anything you could buy locally at anywhere near the same price—*even for spot cash!* Straus & Schram gives you this bargain price and almost a year to pay. We trust honest people anywhere in U. S. No discount for cash; nothing extra for credit. *No C.O.D.*

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Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised Floor Lamp and Silk Shade as checked below. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the lamp, I will send $2.00 a month. If not satisfied, I am to return the lamp and shade within 30 days and you are to refund my $1.00 plus any transportation charges I paid.

☐ *Gas* Floor Lamp No. G6332NA, $19.85
☐ *Electric* Floor Lamp No. G6333NA. $19.85

Name.....

Street, R. F. D. or Box No.....

Shipping Point.....

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

If you want ONLY our free catalog of home furnishings, mark X here ☐

Send NOW!

Decide now to *see* this beautiful floor lamp and silk shade in your home on approval on this price smashing offer. Think how the nickels and dimes slip away for useless things; save them for something *worth while* that will give satisfaction for years. Send the coupon with only $1.00 now. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Free Bargain Catalog!

Shows thousands of bargains in home furnishings: furniture, jewelry, rugs, curtains, phonographs, stoves, dishes, aluminum ware, etc. All sold on easy terms. Catalog sent free, with or without order. See the coupon.

Bring In a Buddy With This Copy of the Weekly

IF this copy of the Weekly is used for membership work the name and address of the Legion Post so using it should be imprinted on the cover together with Adjutant's name and address so applications may be mailed correctly.

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

The Very Latest Style—

Biggest Bargain Ever Advertised

$30 Style

Astrakhan **Coatee Model Dress with Pleated Skirt**

Only $3.98 C. O. D.

Sizes 32 to 46 in. bust for women; 14, 16 & 18 for misses.

Everybody is wearing them. Astrakhan Coatee dresses have taken New York, Chicago and the entire country by storm and Mardine here offers you the most beautiful and most stylish creation of the season. A master designer's prize-winning masterpiece. Excellently made of finest quality **Navy Blue Poiret Twill Weave Serge**, the best wearing and most fashionable material today. Becoming to all ages and figures. Regular Coatee Style with pleated skirt. Novelty buckle and King "Tut" cuffs. Trimmed with Astrakhan all the rage. Be the first to wear this most beautiful dress.

Send No Money

But rush your order now! Give us Name, Address and Size. We will ship the dress by parcel post. Pay the mailman $3.98 and postage when the package arrives. Then examine the dress in your own home. If not satisfied in every way return the dress to us, and, we will refund every cent of your money.

Money Back if not satisfied

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4166 S. Halsted Street
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SMALL FARMS IN WINTERLESS CALIFORNIA. You can work a small farm with less capital investment. And in California you can work outdoors all the year. The State Land Board of California is offering choice twenty-acre farms at Ballico, Merced County, on 30 years time. The Rancho Santa Fe, in San Diego County near the sea, is now being developed into small farm tracts, with ample water for irrigation; climate delightful and ideal surroundings. Very favorable terms for these two propositions and many others equally good. The man of moderate means, who wishes to own a home of his own, should investigate California's reasonably priced lands. California is the richest state per capita in U. S. A. Most of this wealth came from the soil. No winter handicaps. Illustrated land folders descriptive of California mailed on request. C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, Santa Fe Ry., 950 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

MEN WANTED

We have positions open now that will pay from $45 to $100 a week. We are organizing a sales force to introduce the Cole Visible Gasoline Gauge, a low-priced, scientifically accurate instrument for Ford and Chevrolet cars. Prevents running out of gas. Guards against short measure. Fits on instrument board—always in sight. Big selling records.

Cole Visible Gasoline Gauge

PAT. 9-9-13; 5-1-17; 7-16-18; 10-19-20.

MAKE $50 THE FIRST WEEK

We want one man in each county. Our campaign is just beginning. Capital is not necessary. We help you start. Territory going fast. Write to

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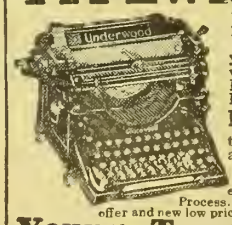

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Then *and* Now

By the Company Clerk

SOME weeks ago Miss Mary Martin of New York City asked help of the Company Clerk in behalf of the mayor of Crecy-au-Mont, Aisne, France, and the Company Clerk bulletined her appeal in these columns. The mayor wanted first-hand information about two bronze placques on the walls of the wooden barracks now used as the city hall in his town. One was in memory of Lieutenant Robert G. Fuller, U. S. A. The other read "To Cher Ami, the carrier pigeon who died in saving the Lost Battalion." Comrade Charles D. Shepard of Washington, D. C., sends this letter:

I think I have a clue to the circumstances surrounding the death of the carrier pigeon Cher Ami. In the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, in the basement of the new building, among other war relics there is a mounted pigeon, and the following is printed on a description card:

"Carrier Pigeon Cher Ami. One of 600 birds donated by the pigeon fanciers of Great Britain for use in France during the war. Trained by American pigeoneers and flown from American lofts, 1917-18. Cher Ami returned to his loft with a message dangling from the ligaments of a leg cut off by rifle or shell shot. He was also shot through the breast and died from the effects of this wound June 13, 1923."

It may be that this is not the same pigeon meant in the plaque put up in the French town, but I am inclined to think that it is.

From the facts collected there appear to have been two heroic carrier pigeons bearing the same name, one that lost its life in France and another that survived until last year. In searching through the Legion Library we found an account of a pigeon named Cher Ami which is no doubt the bird referred to in Shepard's letter. This records the fact that Cher Ami was liberated at Grand-Pré at 2:35 on the afternoon of October 21, 1918, with an important message during intense machine-gun and artillery fire. The bird flew to its loft at Rampont, a distance of 40 kilometers, in 25 minutes. Although one leg had been cut off and the breast pierced by a machine-gun bullet, the message tube, intact, was hanging by the ligaments of the torn leg, as Shepard states. Does anyone know further details—what outfit used this bird and the message sent? We'd like to get up an honor roll of other heroic dumb buddies in the war. Send in your nominations for the hall of fame of horses, mules, dogs and pigeons that also served.

C. G. BRAND, former corporal in the Second Aero Squadron, now billeted in Brighton, Colorado, hands us a bawling out for overlooking the Air Service in our service songfest. We're glad he got sore because he came across with a song. He writes:

Have read your songs and ditties in the last issue and see you are calling for more. You have asked for contributions from all branches except the Air. Maybe that branch didn't have many and they were local, in all probability. The following, however, is one that some of the boys used to exercise their lungs on down at Kelley Field, though they had little else but mesquite, cactus, tarantulas and scorpions for an audience. We sang it to the tune of "Dixie":

Said an aviator to a fighter,
Come along, get a Germaniter,
Come along! Get a gun!
Get a Hun! Atta boy!

CHORUS:

We're on our way to Berlin,
Hooray! Hooray!
Oid German-town, we'll tear it down,
We'll turn the Kaiser upside down.
Come along! Come along!
Come along, O aviator.

We're all healthy, fat and clammy,
We'll go to hell for Uncle Sammy,
Come along! Get a gun!
Get a Hun! Atta boy!

Brand said there ought to be other A. S. veterans with good stuff. Let's have it. Station T & N is ready to broadcast more service specialty songs as soon as the gang sends them in.

AWAY back in September we asked Then-and-Nowers for details of the death of Lieutenant Walter Flynn, Company D, 112th Infantry. The sister of this deceased comrade, Miss Monica Flynn of Oil City, Pennsylvania, asked our help. Comrade Harold W. Pierce, now a member of D Troop, State Police, Butler, Pennsylvania, makes this report:

I was a member of Company A of the 112th Infantry, attached to battalion headquarters as a scout. On September 28, 1918, I was attached to Company D, of which Lieutenant Walter Flynn was in command at the time. We made an attack on Le Chêne Tondu, a wooded hill in the Argonne about a mile west of Apremont, late that afternoon. We had a hard time getting to the top of the hill because it was so steep. At the time we were not bothered much by enemy fire. When we arrived at the top about eleven Germans surrendered to our outfit. Some others ran into the woods, however, and fired a few shots at us.

I was standing with Lieutenant Ogrum of Company D when we heard a hand grenade burst a few yards ahead of us. Someone yelled for first aid and the first aid man, Lieutenant Ogrum, several other buddies and I went forward. We found Lieutenant Flynn lying in a sunken road there. He was in pain, but at the time we did not think he was hurt seriously. He was wounded in the legs and abdomen,

as I remember it. He was given first aid and carried to the rear on a stretcher. The next day I heard that he had died of his wounds. Lieutenant Ogrum then took command of Company D and in a few days he was seriously wounded by a shell that killed and wounded a great number of our men. I would like to know what became of Lieutenant Ogrum, as he was a very cool-headed and efficient officer. Lieutenant Flynn had a brother who was a corporal in Company D.

Here's a letter from Legionnaire Percy B. Freeman of Dickson, Tennessee, giving a clew to a source of information in two cases in which our assistance has been asked. Maybe some Alton (Illinois) Legionnaires can help us get facts about the death of Sylvanus Hoxie, private, Company L, 39th Infantry, killed in action July 26, 1918, and of Private Jay E. Everett, Company D, 39th Infantry, killed about August 1, 1918, during the Aisne-Marne offensive. Freeman writes:

In reply to the query in regard to Sylvanus Hoxie, Company L, 39th Infantry, let me inform you that he was buried by Chaplain James R. Shank of Alton, Illinois. If you can locate him, you can obtain definite data concerning the death and burial of Private Hoxie. He should also be able to give information regarding Private Jay E. Everett, Company D, 39th Infantry. Private Everett's name is not in either the roll of the dead or that of the missing given in the regimental history.

If Chaplain Shank no longer lives in Alton, can someone let us have his present address?

Some more requests have been received regarding men killed in action or reported missing in action. The Company Clerk wants to explain that such cases are the only ones he can bulletin. He's just S. O. L. for space in the Weekly and can't get in any of the requests of men who want to locate old pals. Look over the following cases and see if you can help out with information:

Bert H. Hickman Post of Richwood, West Virginia, wants information about Bert Smallridge, Company I, 16th Infantry, First Division, reported missing in action some time between July 18 and 26, 1918.

I. N. Bess of Enid, Oklahoma, requests information regarding William Ernest Phelps, 84th Company, Sixth Regiment, United States Marine Corps. He advises that Phelps was reported severely wounded in action July 19, 1918, since which date his father, W. A. Phelps of Marquand, Missouri, has been unable to get any trace of him through government or welfare agencies. Phelps was seen by a fellow Marine, Charles Pogue, on the morning he was wounded. His name has never appeared on any casualty lists.

Legionnaire W. R. Forker, Dawson, Pennsylvania, wants information regarding Private John Norman, Company F, 47th Infantry, 4th Division, wounded in action September 26, 1918. He has not been heard from since. Norman's home was in Indiana.

COMRADE Walter F. Loehwing of Chicago is enrolled as a member of what he calls the "Then and Now Club" by submitting this story which he heads "The Wise Crack that Saved the Outfit." By the way, Loehwing admits that he was one of the ninety-day wonders, a second looey in the 80th F. A., Seventh Division:

Three of our own batteries firing long-percussion fuse had sustained heavy casualties from shell explosions within the guns, and morale went blooey that day. A little later, while firing short fuse, orders came to count long fuses in preparation for demolition fire. Every face went white at mention of long fuses. Mutiny was imminent. In the fourth section I heard the old sergeant bellow, "Snap into it, you buzzards, and count them fuses!" Reports were ominously military.

"First section, twenty-four long fuses, sir."

"Second section, twenty-four, sir; third section, twenty-four, sir," and then, "fourth section, twenty-four, but we'd rather keep the damned things if it's all right with the lieutenant, sir."

Which wise crack got a laugh all 'round. The change to long fuse went over without a hitch and mutiny evaporated.

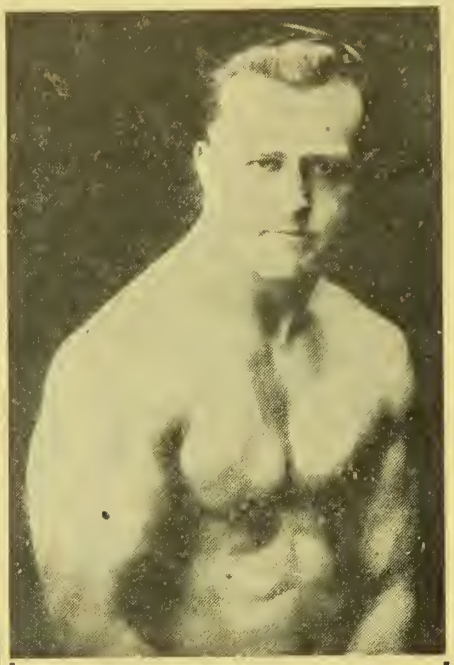
THERE were a lot of stories of strange coincidences that happened during the war which were told in the post-Armistice days. We heard of American doughboys who found brothers among enemy prisoners that were captured, of long-lost friends finding each other in the same outfit as a result of transfers, of fathers and sons and of sisters and brothers meeting under unusual circumstances. Here's a story of this kind which the Company Clerk can vouch for.

Corporal K. B. was attached to the regimental intelligence section of an infantry outfit as interpreter. During the St. Mihiel offensive this regiment succeeded in taking something over six hundred German prisoners from the town of Bouillonville—popularly known as Souptown. Acting in his official capacity, the corporal, with the sergeant of his section, proceeded down the line of prisoners to collect shoulder straps and *soldbuchs* (the German designation for the individual pay and record books) to ascertain what enemy outfits were fighting in this sector.

Getting toward the end of the long column of prisoners, the sergeant noticed that one German officer seemed to take particular interest in the two Americans and was surprised when this officer addressed Corporal B. by name. Later the corporal told this story. He was born in a western city of the United States of German parents. When two years old, his family returned to Germany, where he obtained all of his schooling, and when reaching the required age was drafted into the German army. He served five years and obtained his release only after getting the assistance of the American ambassador to Germany and the Secretary of State. Immediately upon his release he returned to his former home city in the United States, enlisted when this country entered the war, and went overseas with his outfit.

This accounts for the surprise received outside of Bouillonville. The officer who was now his prisoner and who called him by name was one under whom he had served three years while in the enemy's forces.

We know that the gang would like to have bulletined more of these coincidence stories. Tell the Company Clerk about the most unusual occurrence that came to your notice.



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
as he is today

Are You Ready for the Ash-can?

Do you realize what it means to neglect your body? Do you know that you will clog up with waste matter and deaden your life just as ashes do in a furnace? Are you going to drag yourself through a life of misery and be ready for the undertaker when you should really be only starting to enjoy life? Come on and brace up. Take a good hold of yourself and shake those cobwebs out of your brain. Give me a chance at that weak backbone of yours and let me put a pair of man sized arms into those narrow shoulders.

Pills Never Made Muscles

I am not a medical doctor. I don't claim to cure disease. Neither do I put any self-assumed title of Professor before my name. **I am a builder of muscle**—internal as well as external. I claim and can prove that by proper exercise you can even build muscle in and around your heart and every vital organ. The kind that shoots a thrill through your veins and reaches every crevice of your body. I add years to your life, and oh boy! what a kick you get out of every day you live. And talk about big, brawny arms and legs, or broad backs and husky chests—just take a look through this winter's copies of *Physical Culture Magazine* and see for yourself. You will see a few pictures of my pupils there—living examples of the Earle Liederman system—doctors, lawyers, business men, but every last one of them good enough to pose as professional strong men. Some are in better shape than men who are now acting as instructor to others.

Pep Up

What are you going to do about it? Don't sit idle and wish for strength. That will never bring it. Come on and get busy. You must have it, and I'm going to give it to you. I don't promise it, I guarantee it. You don't take any chance with me, so come on and make me prove it.

Send for My New 64-page Book
"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It contains forty-three full page photographs of myself and some of the many prize winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings; imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is ten cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 3201 **305 Broadway, New York**

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 3201, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir: I enclose herewith 10 cents for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name.....

Address.....

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

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is This Style
SILK Embroidered
One Panel POIRET TWILL SERGE DRESS

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Again Dunham is first with the latest. Just out, only 24 hours old is this most beautiful dress of the season. Excellently made of finest quality **Poiret Twill Serge**, the best wearing and most fashionable material today. Dress has long knife pleated panel, absolutely the newest thing. Beautifully silk embroidered all down the front of dress. Embroidered cuffs and tab on neat narrow belt. Egyptian Satin trimming on panel. Be the first to wear this beautiful dress.

New York Style

SIZES: 32 to 46 Bust For Women, 14, 16 and 18 for Misses.

Send No Money

Just send us NAME, ADDRESS and SIZE. We will send the dress by parcel post. Simply pay the mailman $3.98 and postage. If not satisfied return the dress to us and we will refund every cent of your money.

Money Back if not Satisfied

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SELLING FINE TAILORING

Earn cash profits **in advance** taking orders for our fine tailoring from friends and neighbors **$65 to $95 a week**, all or spare time. We deliver orders and collect.

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TIRES WITH 500 NAIL HOLES LEAK NO AIR

A new puncture-proof inner tube has been invented by a Mr. K. J. Milburn of Chicago. In actual test it was punctured 500 times without the loss of air. This wonderful new tube increases mileage from 10,000 to 12,000 miles, eliminates changing tires, and makes riding a real pleasure. It costs no more than the ordinary tube. Mr. K. J. Milburn, 337 West 47th St., Chicago, wants them introduced everywhere and is making a special offer to agents. Write him today.—Adv.

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Adjusted to the Second—Temperature — Isochronism — Positions — 21 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels—Cased in a 25 year Gold Strata Case. Only $1 down will bring you this masterpiece. Write today for free book to

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19th St & Marshall Blvd., Dept. 40-S1, Chicago, Ill.

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

WATERBURY (CONN.) POST let the Salvation Army use its post clubhouse as headquarters during a drive to raise $35,000 for a Salvation Army hotel.

To end a series of bank robberies, Legionnaires of FAIRMONT (PA.) POST have volunteered to serve as armed deputy sheriffs whenever called upon by the county sheriff.

The DEPARTMENT OF NEW JERSEY has begun a survey of all the disabled men in its State, planning to cite the findings as support for its effort to have Congress erect additional hospitals in New Jersey.

CAPTAIN HARRINGTON POST OF STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., has presented a silver spoon to each member who has been married since the post was formed and a bank book to the Legionnaire parents of each child born in the same period.

When HAVERHILL (MASS.) POST started a campaign to raise $20,000 for a clubhouse, it let the whole town know about it by having a general fire alarm sounded. When citizens called to find out where the fire was they were told they might buy a brick in the new clubhouse for a dollar.

L. F. KEITH of Waldron, Ark., has made JOHN TOLLESON POST, of which he was commander, the largest dirt-farmer post in the Legion. Out of a total of 315 men called to the colors in Scott County, Tolleson Post has enrolled 315, this despite the fact that Waldron, the largest town in the county, has a population of only 908.

C. D. FOURNIER, SR., of Bessemer, Mich., the only surviving Civil War veteran in his town, "incorporated" himself as a G. A. R. post in order to obtain machine guns from the Army Ordnance Department wanted by the PETER GEDDA POST of the Legion. Existing laws provide for distribution of obsolete guns only to the G. A. R., and the Legion post wanted its guns in a hurry for use at a Legion celebration.

CADILLAC (MICH.) POST made a pilgrimage to the neighboring city of Petoskey, where it was entertained by PETOSKEY POST. Both posts attended a football game and took part in a parade in which many other organizations also marched. A wild game supper ended the day.

LAFAYETTE POST, composed of 1,500 World War veterans in the New York police department, is considering the problem of helping those of its members against whom unjust attacks have been made as a result of performance of duty.

When the Groveland (Mass.) Village Improvement Society disbanded recently after forty years of work for civic betterment, it turned over all its assets to NATHAN M. WEBSTER POST of the Legion, which had been very active in community projects. The post decided, as its first use of the money thus obtained, to provide for the care of a World War memorial park.

JOHN H. DE PARQUE POST OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., issued an open challenge through the newspapers to any club or organization for a debate on the Legion's adjusted compensation bill.

Eleven city blocks in Weymouth, Mass., have been dedicated to the memory of Weymouth men who died in the World War. Following a memorial service in an auditorium, conducted by WEYMOUTH POST of the Legion, short ceremonies were held in each block by the Legionnaires and representatives of other organizations. Each block hereafter will be known by the name of the service man to whom it has been dedicated. Other Massachusetts cities have also dedicated blocks in honor of their sons who died in the war.

LEGIONNAIRES OF TENNESSEE have erected a marker on the site of a cabin near Maryville, Tenn., to mark the birthplace of the mother of General John J. Pershing.

COMMODORE PERRY POST of Chicago has joined with other organizations in a movement to assure members of the Chicago police force minimum pay of $2,500 a year.

FRANKLIN (PA.) POST took the initiative in forming a Boosters' Club which includes members of many other organizations. This movement was the direct result of the post's success in conducting a Mardi Gras celebration which brought 10,000 visitors to Franklin.

The Legion Manual and Your Post

NATIONAL Adjutant Bolles, after an exhaustive investigation of post activities, recently announced this conclusion:

Eighty percent of the more successful posts use the Legion Manual of Ceremonies to advantage. Eighty per cent of the less successful posts do not use it. Thus it is indicated that the ceremonial is an assistance in the development of a post and should be used.

What is the experience of your post with the manual?

The Weekly thinks that many posts would profit by a discussion of this subject and it invites answers to the foregoing question. Replies will be welcomed from all Legionnaires. Answers from post commanders or other officials will be especially appreciated. Tell what the ceremonial has done for your post. Write early. Address replies to the Editors, The American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43d Street, New York City. The first responses will be printed in an early issue.

Exit Politics and a Rubber Stamp

(*Continued from page* 12)

ployes from the consequences of insubordination." This touches another phase of political interference, which is summed up well in the report of the twelfth district sub-committee, San Francisco. While not a member of the sub-committee, National Commander Quinn of the Legion, before his election sat with it at times and was consulted during the preparation of its report, which says:

"Political interference has been one of the curses of the Veterans Bureau. It has produced the selection of im-

proper hospital sites and unfit schools, the appointment of inefficient personnel of all grades, the granting of disability ratings to those who have no right to compensation from the Government, the selection of specialists who are unfit and the cowering of those whose duty it is to carry out the purposes of the Bureau.

"Every class of men holding Federal offices, prominent state officials and politicians, chambers of commerce and veterans' organizations have all been guilty of seeking political preference for favored individuals and projects."

The report supports its indictment with a few specific examples, as follows:

"An architect was selected to draw plans for the hospital at Livermore on the recommendation of several California Congressmen and politicians. He had not a single professional recommendation. He received approximately $68,000 for plans that had to be discarded."

Since the writing of the report this man was paid an additional $39,000, bringing his total compensation up to $97,000.

A San Francisco doctor was overheard saying, "Charlie Forbes owes me a job and I am going to get it." He was appointed a "specialist" at a salary higher than that paid to any other medical man in the district office.

An engineer who was a close personal friend of Director Forbes was appointed supervising engineer of hospital construction at a salary of $6,000 a year. During the whole term of his service not a single hospital was under construction in the district. This man drew $500 a month for nine months, when Director Hines terminated the contract.

A competent sub-district manager was forced out and an inefficient politician put in his place at the behest of a Congressman.

A contract was entered into with a school of assaying in Southern California at the request of a Congressman. This school was absolutely unfit.

Employes who are wholly unfit for district or sub-district offices have been held in their positions over protests of the district manager by political pressure exerted in the central office at Washington.

Senators, Congressmen and politicians have interfered times beyond number to procure awards of disability, selection of vocational trainees' courses and fixing of employment objectives. There are many beneficiaries who openly avow that they obtained their awards through the influence of politicians and admit that they have no disability traceable to the service.

And so on. Possibly it is worth while to note that Judge A. E. Graupner of San Francisco, chairman of the subcommittee which rendered the report quoted above, is a most active Legion man and a member of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee. The examples I have quoted are typical of conditions which enveloped the waste of millions of dollars which should have benefited the disabled but in reality lined the pockets of the politicians and the creatures of their system.

It is a condition that Director Hines is fighting against and making headway. Hines's appointment was not political. Senator Walsh of Massachusetts, the Democratic member of the investigating committee, assures me of that. The collapse of the political Forbes régime was a lesson to some of the most practical of politicians, but now that the investigation is out of the way and the storm shows signs of blowing over, a lesson some of them would like to forget. Nothing but sleepless vigilance and plenty of nerve will keep politics out of the Bureau and reserve its benefits for the disabled soldiers. M. J.

The Merchant Marine That Never Grew Up

(*Continued from page 7*)

the wilderness produced—it was up to him to get it. And there was only one way to get it, and that was to build him a ship of sorts and load it with lumber or skins or wool or whatever he had, and hie him to the nearest market to buy therewith what the good wife wanted.

Maybe he knew no more about building a ship than you or I. Well, he could darned well learn—and learn he did. They laughed at the Ark of Elm Island when it arrived in Cuba—but those who had built it and stocked it with the fruit of their toil made a pretty piece of money out of the venture, and laughed last. The farmers, blacksmiths, wheelwrights and coopers who came to America became shipbuilders perforce, learning by trying. The same year that Jamestown, Virginia, was settled, the good ship *Virginia* was launched there to ply the Atlantic. A century later, at Gloucester, Massachusetts, the schooner was invented. It was Orlano Merrill, of Newburyport, who made the first waterline ship model, in 1794, and founded the great race of American shipbuilders who for half a century surpassed the world at the art. By 1857 Britain was forced to buy her ships from us in order not to lose entirely her place on the seas.

But it was not solely in shipbuilding that our ancestors excelled, though that had much to do with the brief period of American supremacy on the seas. The "Yankee clippers" were cargo ships primarily—though their average speed was actually faster than most of the steam cargo vessels of today—and they had a two-fold function — to carry American products (lumber, cotton, food-stuffs, fish, sperm oil, pelts) to market—ice was shipped from Boston to Bombay in those days—and, on their return voyages, to bring back to the United States the articles that could not be produced here and that the growing prosperity of the former colonists demanded—silks, tea, coffee, hardware, rum, sugar, molasses—but second, and most important to the young Republic, both politically and economically, the Yankee clippers became the carriers of the world, and brought goods from China to England, from Martinique to France, and Batavia to Amsterdam, in direct competition with the vessels of

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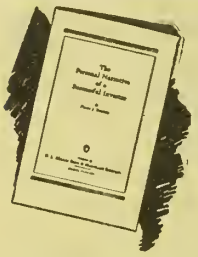

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the countries between which and their colonies American shipowners became the link. This distinction marks two stages in the development of American merchant shipping of the early days. The first led to the Revolutionary War and the second to the War of 1812.

In the beginning seafaring was a local business. A ship was built in Salem or Bath by the men who lived there. They contributed the lumber from their land and the spars from their forests, and their labor and skill to its designing and making. When it was finished there was scarcely anybody in the community who did not own some part of the ship—it was a community venture. The ship was then stocked with whatever anyone in the community had to sell, from smoke-cured hams to hand-woven linen cloth. The crew was chosen locally from the families of those who had helped to build the ship and stock her, and she sailed away for the West Indies or France with the fortunes of the entire neighborhood in her hold.

There was no way to know what market prices were in Cuba or Bordeaux when the ship weighed anchor, but the captain was a shrewd Yankee merchant as well as a seaman, and his business was to find the best market he could, sell his cargo, buy another, and sail back again to sell part of it in New York or Boston, and bring home to his own neighbors not only what they wanted from abroad, but their share in the profits of the voyage.

But colonies in those good old days were merely so many sponges for the exclusive squeezing of the mother country. It was just forty-three years after the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock that their amateurly-made ships were poking about in so many corners of the seven seas that the English government passed a law prohibiting the importation into her American colonies of any "growth, production or manufacture of Europe except in British-built shipping whereof the master and three-fourths of the crew are English." Four years later, in 1667, though England and Spain made a treaty of reciprocity in trade, that reciprocity was not extended to the colonies of either—and the greater part of the trade of the inhabitants of the American seaboard was precisely with the Spanish colonies of the West Indies. It was no empty phrase that the signers of the Declaration of Independence set apart in a special paragraph by itself, arraigning George the Third "for cutting off our trade with all parts of the world." By 1769, over a ship a day was being launched in the American colonies, and laws or no laws, these ships were trading with Spain, France, Holland, Portugal and their colonies even when the mother country was at war with one or the other of them—which was most of the time.

NOR was it solely to meet the expenses of an armed force in America that the famous tax on tea was imposed by England on her American colonies. It was very definitely with a view to killing the already dangerous American shipping and making the Americans completely dependent on English ships and English shippers, whatever their own needs might be. Because of the very local nature of American shipping this hit not just the importers of Boston and Philadelphia and Baltimore, but the inhabitants of every little hamlet from Bath to Charleston, whose home-made vessels brought them, at negligible cost, what they required from the markets of the world. The tax on tea was a test of whether American shipping was to live or die—and with it the future of that mixed American race that had grown

up of itself while England was busy with her continental wars.

It was a question that had to be fought out then and there, and fought out it was. But the Revolution lasted so long, and its winning involved so many other matters, that when it came to drafting the Treaty of Paris American shipping, destroyed during the war, was lost sight of. Before the Revolution the shipowners of Boston and New York and Baltimore had been so successful in plying the seas, despite prohibitory English laws, that it never occurred to them that they would have difficulty in extending their trade to the farthest reaches of the earth, now they were free. And one of the first things they did was to get even for the tax on tea brought to the United States in foreign vessels—or even in American bottoms bringing their cargoes from other countries than India or China. This was a direct slap at the English Far Eastern trade, and an encouragement to Yankee skippers to drive the British flag off the Pacific as well as the Atlantic. Also an extra ten percent tax, in addition to already discriminatory duties, was laid on all imports brought to the United States under foreign flags, and American vessels paid tonnage dues of only six cents a ton where foreign vessels paid fifty cents.

With these practical aids to the American merchant marine, the shipping which had disappeared during the Revolution sprang into life again, and by 1796, when John Jay's Treaty of Commerce with England became effective, ninety-four percent of American imports and ninety percent of American exports were carried under the American flag in more tonnage than Germany possessed in 1920. You can imagine with what a sour face John Bull watched the gay progress of the Stars and Stripes on the high seas. At war with France again since 1793, the English navy grasped the opportunity to strike a blow at the growing menace of American sea-power by seizing every vessel flying the American flag on any excuse or none at all. In those days in European countries drafting men for military or naval service was done with a sandbag. It was like the Central American general who wrote his commander-in-chief: "I am sending you two hundred volunteers for our glorious army of liberty. P.S.—Please return the ropes." The English navy was badly in need of just such "volunteers" for service against France and Spain, and England got them off American vessels regardless of whether they were English subjects or not.

We settled scores with the French in the War of 1798-1801, but the English somehow could not seem to get it through their heads that we were no longer a British colony. Jay's Treaty of Commerce did little to disabuse them of this idea, and so far as our merchant marine was concerned, our situation in the European wars of the period was very much what we found it in 1916—we were neutrals, and both warring parties took it out on us. To the French decree authorizing the capture of all ships carrying English goods England retaliated with an order in council forbidding our ships to carry goods from Spanish, Dutch or French colonies to Spain, Holland or France, and the Lords Commissioners of Admiralty Appeal sitting at the Cockpit (as the phrase ran) first condemned an

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When you are looking about for a suitable stock or bond investment do you consider the yield most important, or safety of the principal, or the chance of profit? If you are speculating you naturally pay most attention to the chance of profit; further, if you are a wise speculator you also bear in mind the fact that there is also a chance of loss. If you have no money to risk whatsoever you lay the greatest emphasis upon the safety of the principal of the security you have under consideration. If you feel that you can assume some risk you buy an investment which yields a higher return than a person forced to consider safety first would think he could afford to buy.

Nearly everyone realizes, of course, that as investments go, safety is usually in inverse ratio to yield,—the safer an investment the less it yields and vice versa. This means that safety is regarded as a valuable asset and commands a price in the open market. If a man wants safety he must pay for it, in other words. Suppose a stock pays 5% dividends a year and sells at 80; the yield is over 6%. Suppose another stock pays 5% dividends and sells at par; the yield is just 5%. Now, there must be some reason why two stocks, both paying the same number of dollars a year in dividends sell 20 points apart, and on which the difference in yield is more than 1% a year. It is reasonable to suppose that one stock sells for more than the other because investors think it is worth more and are willing to back their judgment with their dollars. And the reason it is worth more is because it is safer.

Take the converse of the proposition. High yield is not always an indication of danger, but it is a warning. It is true that considerations other than that of safety sometimes affect the yield of an investment, —marketability for instance. Ability to sell a security on short notice is a factor in its favor and when this ability is lacking, yields are higher. Real estate mortgage bonds are the outstanding example of this condition, and most of them yield higher returns than bonds of other sorts which are no safer than they.

The fact remains, however, that it is not wise to try for too high a yield. A stock paying $5 a share and selling at $50 a share yields 10%, for example, but the very fact that it does yield 10% is a warning that possibly the time is not far distant when dividends may be discontinued and the yield be nothing at all. In other words there is a danger point beyond which it is not prudent to go, and yields, with certain exceptions, are almost entirely determined by the relative safety of the principal, and the assurance, or lack of assurance of dividends on interest payments.

Bonds, for instance, are secured by definitely pledged property. Stocks are secured by earnings and what would be left over after the bondholders were paid. So it is that the bonds of any given corporation yield less than its stock issues, because they are safer. Similarly the preferred stock, ranking ahead of the common, would be safer and therefore yield less.

We all want as much for our money as we can get, and it is only natural and proper that we should. On the other hand it can be overdone and in striving to get the most it is well to be sure we are going about it in just the right way.

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American ship laden with Cuban goods bound from Charleston to Hamburg, and finally decided that American ships could bring to the United States from any of the countries of Europe with which England was then at war—or their colonies—only such products as were going to be consumed in the United States.

For a merchant marine that had profited so extensively by a state of war that involved most of Europe this was as bad a business as the German declaration of unrestricted U-boat warfare. In some ways it was worse, for the treatment handed out to American sailors by both sides in the European struggle of the early part of the last century was a bit rougher than anything which goes today in any country. At Martinique, in 1794, every American ship in port was seized, the flag torn down and 250 American sailors thrown into a prison ship for days without food or water. Hundreds of American sailors were held as slaves by Arabs who lay in wait for any American vessel that might touch the North African coast. There was scarcely a seaboard American town that did not have its broken wreck of a man who had been the victim of those pirates whom our rivals in the shipping game encouraged in order to keep the American flag off the Mediterranean.

It was to remedy the omissions of Jay's treaty and convince the world that the American flag had as much right on the high seas as any other that the War of 1812 was fought. Militarily it was scarcely a successful war. But the conduct of the American navy left no doubt in anybody's mind as to the rights which ships flying the Stars and Stripes should be entitled to in any corner of the globe. In 1817 our coastwise trade was limited by law to American built ships of American registry, and it has remained so ever since. Between 1830 and 1836 our merchant marine, already formidable, grew twelve and three-quarters percent while the British merchant fleet increased only one and a half percent. In 1846 we had 943,307 tons in foreign trade alone—as much as the total tonnage of Denmark today—and by 1857 we had 2,268,196 tons in foreign trade, or more than Italy's entire merchant marine at this moment, while Japan and Spain together do not, even now, boast the tonnage of shipping that flew the American flag on the eve of the Civil War.

It was not the Civil War alone that dragged America down from her proud place as mistress of the seas. Economic laws are stronger than either politicians or soldiers. The advantage we had enjoyed, during the reign of the wooden ship, of having inexhaustible supplies of timber at water's edge and the labor of those who would be part owners of the vessel they built was lost when the day of iron ships dawned. It was the steamer that saved the seas to Britain—and they have been hers ever since.

It seems strange that this should have been so, for it was, after all, in the United States that steamships were first developed. Fulton's *Clermont* dates back to 1807; it was the *Savannah* of Savannah that first crossed the Atlantic under steam in 1817 in twenty-five days; it was an American warship that first used a propeller; it was an American, William Wheelwright, who promoted the Pacific Steam Navigation Company for trade on the West Coast of South America—but he had to get British shippers to carry out his scheme. The Cunard Company, a steam line founded under the auspices of the British Admiralty and subsidized by the British Government, adopted the motto, "Carry freight for nothing if you have to," to drive the Americans off the seas. But the Americans drove themselves off. Both labor and materials for the building of iron ships were cheaper in Great Britain than in the United States during the boom period that followed the Civil War, and they still are.

But there was another element: the old shipbuilders who had captured the seas with their matchless clippers were reluctant to yield to steel and steam—to modern ideas. It seems amazing that the pioneer spirit of the first intrepid settlers on this stern and rockbound coast should so early have sunk into timidity and conservatism; yet it is true that, as late as 1866, our shippers were still trying to compete as ocean carriers by employing sailing ships in our foreign trade. There is something pathetic in this picture of the giant young republic standing open-mouthed before the march of progress, like a youth who has been precocious in infancy but whose very precocity has held him back, till, at the age when other boys are playing baseball, he is still inhabiting a world of fairy stories.

And we are that pathetic youth. Where the British, the Germans—even the Italians—have reached out into the farthest corners of the earth, with steamers whose construction is standardized, to capture a world-wide trade that by experience and toil has been reduced to a formula, what we have standardized has been the articles we sell each other—automobiles, advertising, railway equipment, watches, safety razors, and the cloak and suit trade. Even the boldest of our investors prefer to do their foreign business, timorous as high school girls, through British or German banks and business houses who skim the cream of the profit. Our rivals for world trade are like youths proud in their early manhood, digging in fields and mines, sweating in shop and factory; but we remain today more like overgrown boys, still in long curls, trading one another marbles within the safe confines of the nursery.

The Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of

(*Continued from page* 4)

That incident was closed and another took its place as rapidly as the newsreel shifts from the Battle of the Roses at Pasadena to a religious procession in Tibet.

It was Paddy Doolan's chaser at sea. The look-out in the crow's nest sang out, "A light on the port bow, sir."

"Phwat koind of a light?" yelled Paddy.

"A red light. No, it's a green light. Maybe it's a white light."

"Come on, make up your moind, lad. Phwat koind of a light is it?"

"Aw, hell, I dunno. Come up and take a look for yourself."

Aghast, I waited for the blow to fall. Would the man be shot at once, or would Paddy wait until sunrise? No such thing at all, at all.

"Sure, that's what I should have done in the first place," agreed Paddy. "Get down out of there. If there's no light at all I'll bust you to a yeoman."

Another night. Same ship. They were feeling their way into a harbor in a dense fog, and Paddy had a man stationed on the forecastle head as lookout.

"Pretty close to shore, sir," the gob called out.

Paddy paid no attention to him. A few minutes later he called again.

"Pretty close to shore, sir."

Paddy was as oblivious to the warning as before.

Once more he called as we slid on into the darkness, "Pretty close to shore, sir."

Still Paddy took no notice.

Then we hit, and the man on the forecastle yelled exultantly, "There, damn you, you're on the rocks!"

When the excitement was over, Paddy turned to his exec. and asked, "What is that man's rating?"

"Seaman," was the answer.

"Make him coxswain," ordered Paddy. "I like his spunk."

The caption for that scene might be, "How to win promotion in the United States Navy."

"Hoist by their own petard" should do for the next. It began as I was walking down the dock at Marine Basin, Bensonhurst, late in the afternoon of the last day of December, 1918. I was on my way to relieve the exec. of U. S. S. C. Blank for the holidays. The captain was an old friend of training camp days. He was waiting for me.

"Jiminy, but I'm glad to see you!" he called while I was still a long way off. "Whereinell have you been all day?" As he passed me with hurried steps he added, "I'm going home. Be back day after tomorrow." As an afterthought he flung back over his shoulder, "Take a chance and go ashore tonight if you want to. It's a court-martial offense if you're caught, but you can probably get away with it."

In that rather informal way the command of one of Uncle Sam's ships was transferred to me—no swords, no sideboys, no ruffles, nothing. I did, however, stick by the ship that night.

The next sentence should read, "New Year's Day dawned clear and cold." It did not. There was no dawn, just rain and fog. Early that morning the *Northern Pacific* ran aground on Fire Island.

About ten-thirty an ensign came down the wharf and hailed us. We were, he said, to go out and stand by the N. P. I stalled. I was lacking just one captain and one half the crew, I said, and was therefore not ready to put to sea. My real trouble was that I was afraid that I could not find Fire Island. The ensign went away.

Later he returned and told me to try to round up the captain and crew. I caught the skipper just as he was sitting down to his New Year's dinner, and he did not seem particularly pleased to hear from me. He said, among other things which I would prefer not to repeat, that he would start back at once. He did come, too, about four o'clock. By that time the squadron commander had at last decided that we would be of no use to the N. P. even if we did succeed in locating Fire Island, which was a remote possibility. I could have told him that in the morning. However, he now wanted us to go out and spend the night at the guard ship.

This guard ship was a converted yacht which was for some reason anchored near the Ambrose Channel lightship. For still less reason it was customary to send a chaser out to stand by the guard ship at night. It was not our turn to go and it was decidedly no night for it. The captain sent for the engineer.

"Chief," he said, "they want us to go out to the guard ship tonight. I trust that there is nothing the matter with our engines which would prevent our going."

"Sorry, sir," answered our faithful chief machinist's mate, "but there is. Our pump won't work. I was just going to take the magneto off and see if I could fix it."

"Dash it," said the skipper, "that's too bad. Well, get busy on it. I'll report that we hope to have repairs made by dark."

The pump referred to was the one which kept us afloat by removing the water as fast as it leaked in. Without it the only place we could go away from the pier was to the bottom. The chief took the magneto off and worked and worked over it, but to no good purpose. Finally about nine o'clock word came that another chaser had taken our place. The magneto was still off when we turned in.

Sometime later I was awakened by the seaman on watch.

"Sir," he panted when he had shaken me awake, "I think we are sinking. There's six inches of water in the crews' space aft. Do you want to get up?"

The captain heard the speech.

"Do we want to get up?" he shouted. "What do you think we want to do, drown here like rats in a trap?"

So up we got and aft we went. It was as reported. Our tight little ship had been taking water and was fast settling by the stern.

"Quick, you dumb-bells!" roared the skipper. "Someone shake a leg and call the chief to start the pump."

See the plot? There was no pump. The magneto was off and the chief had been unable to fix it after four hours' work. All was lost. We were to leave the dock, after all.

Under the stress of the peculiar circumstances then existing, the chief had the pump running in exactly four minutes.

I completed the story for you, but in reality my dream ended at the point where the seaman was shaking me in my bunk. It was my mother calling me for breakfast—after a hard night.

Honest—In Many Ways

(*Continued from page* 6)

"Yes, if he wants to and is as fit as I think he is."

Baraboo pulled out a penciled memorandum and consulted it thoughtfully.

"Suppose we were to enter him in the fifth race Thursday, day after tomorrow, with Iniquity, Sandoval, Pangingi and Buried Ace," he ruminated. "The sloppy weather has cut the fields down and six furlongs is just about his dish, especially in the mud. Iniquity is the only one he'd have to beat.

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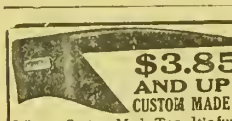

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Sandoval and Buried Ace are in to race off weight and Pangingi is short of work. Dust Pan ought to be just about even money favorite in that field."

"Sure to be," agreed McQuade. "He's got quite a following. The bettors say they always get a run for their money from the old hoss." The trainer eyed his employer curiously, for it was not the Baraboo custom to win at short odds.

"Well, the blond enemy will get the purse anyway," Baraboo concluded. "Work him when everybody can see him tomorrow and hope for the worst."

With that cryptic utterance Baraboo departed to conclude negotiations at the Secretary's office.

The news of Dust Pan's next engagement was duly conveyed to Mrs. Baraboo that evening.

"I entered the old horse in the fifth race, day after tomorrow," Baraboo said impressively. "Six furlongs, purse seven hundred dollars. The distance just suits him and he's a natural-born mud runner. He ought to cop first money easy. Some better than what you'd have got out of the poker game, I'll say, and I may win a bet or two myself."

"Charley, you're a darling. Do you think he can win it sure?" Mrs. Baraboo bestowed a hug upon her husband which cut off reply and then hastened to spread the glad tidings to her friends gathered on the mezzanine floor.

"Is Baraboo going to bet on Dust Pan?" queried Mrs. Sternberg, née the Double Grand Kid. "I'd want to be sure. You can't trust any man when it comes to money for clothes."

"Of course he is," declared Mrs. Sollie Mannheim. "He'd never double-cross Florence. He wouldn't dare," she added with a glance at the Junoesque figure beside her.

Mrs. Sollie's prognosis was fully concurred in by the wise ones around the lobby.

"I think I'll have a bit on Dust Pan," Captain Alphabet Rucker confided to Jim Goodwin. "This is one time when Baraboo simply has to win with him. Anything else would be suicide. My word, that woman struck me on the back in fun one day and I didn't have enough breath to keep my cigar lit for a week."

As a result of this gossip, a hot tip on Dust Pan winged its way among the followers of the bang tails. This rumor was aided on its course by loud roars from Mr. Ike Connors. The owner of Iniquity cornered Baraboo in the lobby with fire in his eye.

"What are you tryin' to do, crab me?" he demanded. "Here I have that race sewed up in a sack, with a certainty to cop a swell bet with Iniquity, when you come crowdin' in with that old alligator Dust Pan. What do you want in that field anyhow? You can't possibly grab off any big coin. Dust Pan'll be an odds-on favorite."

"I don't care if he is," Baraboo snorted with due regard to his gathering audience. "It's the purse I'm after. You see, Ike, I promised the blond enemy the first purse Dust Pan won for a new set of scenery. She wants that scenery now and I might just as well jump out the sixth-story window as disappoint her."

"Well, I'll sure try to disappoint her," muttered Mr. Connors as Baraboo turned away, but his words lacked confidence, for he had no faith that Baraboo could show Dust Pan the way home.

Baraboo awoke next day from the sleep of the just in time to see Dust Pan work an impressive five furlongs before a battery of field glasses focused by the attentive rail birds. He received the congratulations of his friends with becoming modesty and then, personally and alone, he escorted Dust Pan to the farriers, where Dust Pan's racing plates were removed from his tender hoofs and replaced with others under his owner's watchful eye.

The remainder of the day he devoted to telegraphing sums of money to trustworthy gentlemen in four large cities, accompanied with explicit orders as to the disposition of said sums in certain pool rooms. No mention was made of Dust Pan in those messages.

After a large and carefully selected dinner Baraboo cemented his claim upon the title of generous husband.

Impressively he stripped a handful of bills from his roll.

"Peaches," he said solemnly, "I'm going to let you have a swell bet on your horse tomorrow. If you want new scenery you're going to have as much of it as a Ziegfeld Follies, if I can give it to you. But if anything happens, don't blame me. You know what racing luck is. Here is a hundred and fifty hard iron men. Don't bet it until I give you the word. I'll be busy at the stable and in the paddock until after the race, but if Dust Pan is right, I'll send word to you by Bandy Kerr. He's handling my commissions and he'll bet it for you with mine.

"Now get this clear, Florence." When Baraboo called his wife Florence she realized that he was serious. "Don't give this coin to anybody but Bandy and tell him to bet on Dust Pan to win."

In an hour news of Mrs. Baraboo's prospective plunge on Dust Pan was widely circulated via the feminine relay, convincing the most skeptical of her husband's good faith and intent, even Mrs. Speck Sternberg, née the Double Grand Kid.

III

THE Baraboo Bear, muffled in a yellow slicker, spent the early part of Thursday afternoon sitting on an overturned bucket in front of Dust Pan's stall in a gloomy state of nervous irritation. He received Sam McQuade's glowing report of Dust Pan's condition with a scowl that the trainer immediately interpreted as an aftermath of domestic war.

"The storm and strife has been clipping his claws again," he ruminated. "Guess I'll lay off him." Baraboo accordingly was left to his own reflections, which were not free from anxiety. He had crossed the path of one of the stewards on his way to the stable.

"I see you have an entry in the fifth race," observed that gentleman. "It will be interesting, Mr. Hartley, to watch the effects of your peculiar methods of training on a consistent old performer like Dust Pan. I am sure the gentlemen in the judges' stand will be most interested."

That warning, however, did not worry Baraboo for long.

"They won't have any proof," he reflected. "And those birds are hell on proof, thank goodness." He was not afraid of the stewards, but he was

most acutely afraid of Mrs. Baraboo, and he cogitated on her possible course of action in the event of Dust Pan's defect with a corrugated brow.

He shook himself together during the running of the third race, and while the stable force was watching the result he filled the bucket on which he had been sitting with water and set it inside Dust Pan's stall. That astonished campaigner, knowing full well that he was to race before the afternoon was over, promptly turned the bucket over with his nose, and Baraboo retrieved it with no idea that it had not been emptied legitimately.

Immediately after the fourth race Baraboo sought out Bandy Kerr at a rendezvous beneath the grand stand. That nimble-footed gentleman had handled commissions for Baraboo many times before and could be counted on both to obey orders to the letter and to remain silent as the dead concerning them.

"Go up in the stand and find Mrs. Baraboo and tell her I say everything is K. O.," Baraboo ordered. "She'll give you a hundred and fifty seeds to bet on Dust Pan. You come back here and give the money to me."

"Where'll I find her?"

"Look for a box with more diamonds in it than in Tiffany's window. She'll be there with a gang of the janes she trains with."

Bandy returned in a moment with his hands full of yellow bills.

"I found her all right," he reported. "Five of them other dames want a bet on Dust Pan too. They sent down a half century apiece along with Mrs. Baraboo's one fifty."

"It would be a shame to waste it." Baraboo smoothed out the tangle of bills, added five hundred from his own roll and handed the money back to Bandy. "You go back and tell them I'm betting their money with mine, that I've got their tickets and will cash them for them after the race. Then you slip in and bet the works"—his voice dropped—"on Iniquity, straight."

"I'm jake," responded Bandy.

Baraboo dived briefly into the line of bettors, shoved the resulting ticket into his pocket, and raced for the paddock, where Dust Pan and his jockey, Willie Sims, waited final orders. Willie was a strong armed youngster with a corkscrew conscience and a grasping disposition.

"Leave the bat at home, Willie," counseled Baraboo. "Dust Pan's an honest old brute and he'll do his best for you without the whip. I don't want him beaten to death even if he can't win. He'll try anyway. Don't take him out in front. He can come from behind. But don't get left at the post." The latter course would have been a bit too stiff even for complaisant stewards. He threw the jockey into the saddle and tucked a bit of paper unostentatiously in the latter's left boot.

"There's a ticket on this race for you, Willie," he concluded. "Give it a look before you get to the post. You may do better."

Sims had listened with popping eyes to his instructions, and the line of horses had not reached the paddock gate until he had glanced at the ticket nestling against his leg. It read: "Iniquity to win—$50."

Dust Pan had been sent to the paddock as cold as a wedge, but he started to remedy that condition the moment he sidled past the judges stand.

Craftily he began to plunge and cavort, breaking into a gallop and fighting the pull on his mouth with every jump. With the wrathful Sims high in his stirrups and pulling and hauling with all his strength, Dust Pan lunged back and forth across the sloppy track until, by the time the six furlong pole and the barrier were reached, he had raised a mild perspiration.

Nor did he relax his activities at the barrier. Dust Pan was eight years old and had raced six of them. He knew better than any trainer just how to work himself up to his best effort. He knew also that no starter will leave a horse at the post in a five-horse race if it can be avoided. He took liberties accordingly. Like the Biblical strong man, Dust Pan rejoiced to run a race, and he felt in the mood this afternoon. The squashy footing was just to his liking, and if his new shoes felt queer and clumsy they were at least comfortable, and his tender feet had ceased to bother him.

Repeatedly he faced the barrier only to whirl and bolt back up the track at the critical moment. In the course of these maneuvers he had managed to get the plain racing bit firmly wedged against his strong yellow teeth, and Willie Sims' weight on the reins had no more effect than that youth's fervent language. Dust Pan was in control, not Willie.

"The old hoss acts like he had a shot of hop," reflected Willie. "He's the livest stiff 'un I ever threw a leg over." He took another wrap around his strong little wrists and pulled wrothfully.

Finally Dust Pan decided he was ready. Mincing daintily up behind the other horses, he caught a twitch of the starter's hand, dashed for the barrier as the webbing flashed up and was off in front, winging. Years before he had absorbed the cardinal principle of winning a six furlong scramble in the mud—to get off in front, pick the best of the going and make every post a winning one. On that principle he proceeded to act.

After the first rush up the back stretch Sims attempted to take him back into the bunch, but he might as well have tried to check the piston rod of a Corliss engine. With knees clamped like a vice and getting what purchase he could for his hands and weight against Dust Pan's neck, he yanked manfully. But his mount had a mouth of iron and the neck of a champion wrestler, and the pull seemed only to steady him in the treacherous footing, although Sims was bounding in the saddle like an agitated pea.

Dust Pan continued to make the pace and he made it fast, too fast to suit the disgusted Iniquity behind him, plastered with mud from hoof to fetlock from the flying clods. Iniquity responded instantly, however when his rider, Bullman, made his bid. Taking him wide on the turn, Bullman sent the Connors' candidate up on the leader with a rush as they entered the stretch. Sims had been waiting for the move and grinned with relief as he put an extra pound unostentatiously on the bit, but Dust Pan had been awaiting it also, and he gathered himself for his mighty effort.

Well he knew that it would never do for Iniquity to head him there. Iniquity's rush carried him to Dust Pan's saddle girths, but there he hung. The old campaigner, calling on all his courage, summoning every ounce of driving

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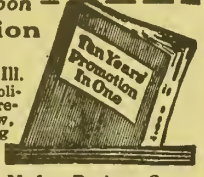

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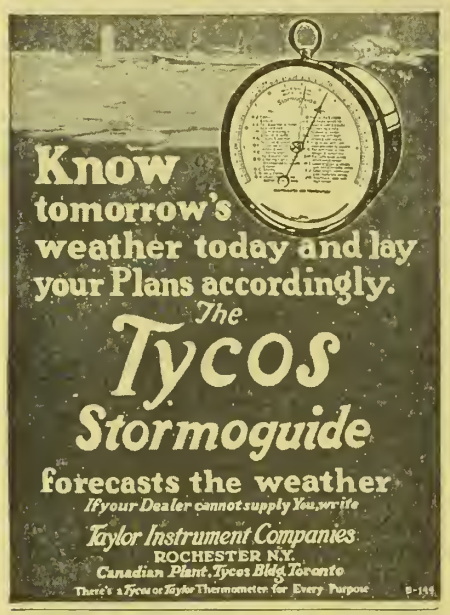

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Dust Pan was tiring fast. His proud head began to bob and his stride to falter. Sims felt the change and considered a last effort to pull him, but he was almost under the judges' eyes and he did not dare attempt it. The tired and leg-weary veteran staggered under the wire a winner by half a length.

IV

THE Baraboo Bear, leaning against the paddock fence, was tired, too—very tired, but it was not until the announcement of the mutual betting was hoisted on the official board that the full force of the disaster reached him. The board read: "No. 8742 pays $4.75," indicating that every $2 ticket in the mutual pools on Dust Pan to win would be cashed for $4.75.

"It's murder," Baraboo muttered as he slumped against the railing. "Plain, first degree murder. I lose a thousand scattered in the rooms in New York and Cleveland and New Orleans and Chi and five hundred more here. I got to hand over three hundred and fifty-five bucks and a quarter to the blond enemy and I got to give up nearly six hundred meg to them damn women, and Lord knows I hate 'em. I wish it was cyanide—arsenic is too swell a dish for them. Two grand and a half gone to the wild bunch because a horse don't know enough to quit. It's worse than murder—it's just plain assassination."

Glumly he made his way to the stables and watched with fascinated eyes while Dust Pan was cooled out, bandaged, blanketed and returned to his stall. For a long time he gazed at the contented old plater, comfortably relaxed in the consciousness of a day's work well done.

"I don't see how you done it," he commented finally. "You had four extra heavy shoes under you; you had two gallons of water in you, and a hundred and twenty-two pounds of strong-armed jock on you—trying to take your head in his lap. And still you win. Any honest guy would have a right to count on you to lose. Everybody goes around sayin' how dependable you are and then you double cross me. I won't have a horse in my stable I can't depend on and I'm goin' to sell you to the first bidder. You ain't honest!"

Baraboo turned sadly away, reflecting on the uncertainties of the racing game in general and the unforgivable deceit of Dust Pan in particular.

Tailoring Agents $5.00 to $25.00 Daily And FINE SUIT

Our New Style Sample Outfit is a Dandy

Full or spare time men with or without experience can earn **$5 to $25 daily** taking orders for world's greatest values in made-to-measure suits at $18 and up. All delivery charges prepaid. Handsome assortment of woolens and a brand new sample outfit that is a wonder. **Fine suit given to one man in each community,** on easiest, most liberal offer ever made. No experience needed. We furnish full information about styles, prices, agents' outfit, etc.,—simple, clear, interesting and profitable. Write us —No obligation — *A postcard will bring prompt reply.*

American Woolen Mills Co. Dept. 1952, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS

Hustlers Make $25 a day selling the PREMIER KNIFE & SCISSORS SHARPENER 200% Profit

Every home, tailor shop, restaurant, meat-shop buys on minute's demonstration.

Sharpens dullest knives, scissors, sickles, etc., quickly. Fine for removing insulation from electric wires. A Demonstration sells it. Sent postpaid for 50c. Price to agents $2 a Dozen.

Price of sample refunded upon receipt of first order.

Premier Mfg. Co., 3689 Willis Ave., East, Detroit, Mich.

Ford Given

Solve This Puzzle

12	21	3	11	25
20	15	23	9	14

Win 5000 Votes

What words do these numbers make? The numbers in the squares represent letters of the alphabet. Figure 1 is A, 2 is B and so on. The ten figures spell three words. What are the words?

Many Prizes and Cash Rewards. Get your share of these EASY-TO-WIN prizes. Besides the Ford Touring Car I am going to give Phonographs, Bicycles, Gold Watches, Silverware, etc., and Cash Rewards. Prizes duplicated in case of tie. 5000 Ford votes and full particulars sent as soon as your solution is received. Answer quick.

Duane W. Gaylord, 537 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 49, Chicago.

Your Outfit's Photograph

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

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

More Than $2,500.00 Was Earned By Posts and Auxiliaries During December!

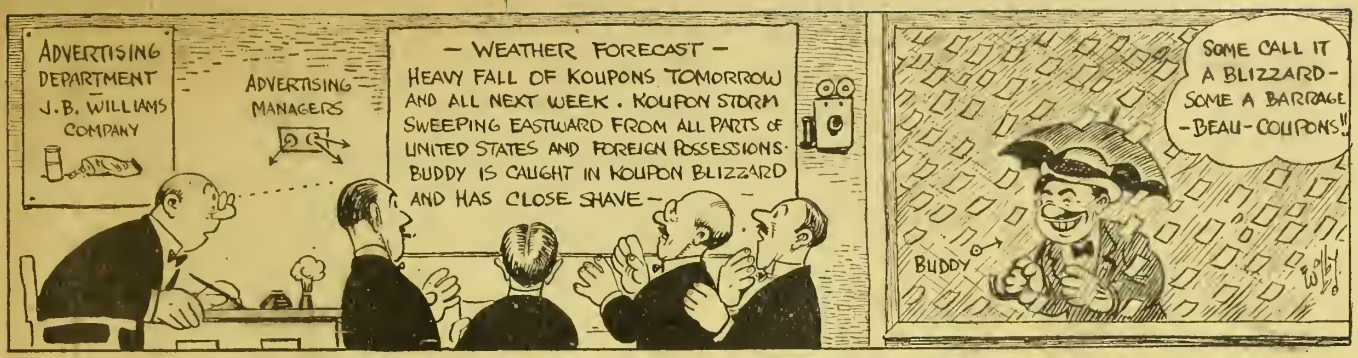
Posts and Auxiliaries earned over $2,500.00 during December *alone* in commissions derived from orders for magazine subscriptions.

If your Post or Auxiliary is not one of these that earned a good income in December, it's time to get busy and find out how this *easy money* is to be made.

Big commissions will be earned in January and February by Posts and Auxiliaries using The Legion Subscription Service plan. Your delay in writing for information means *a loss in actual dollars.*

Write today and say—*How Can The Legion Subscription Service Provide Our Post or Auxiliary With a Permanent Yearly Income?*

The Legion Subscription Service
627 West 43d Street New York City



Why Buddy Begs Biggest Barrage of Bobbed Coupons!

The Kouponeers have shining shears.
Some clippers—each a wizard!
At Buddy's call the koupons fall
Like snowflakes in a blizzard!

Springing a military coup was never one of Buddy's parlor tricks. His idea of beaucoup coup was to horn into the mess line for onion stew seconds at the head of the battalion of breath.

Not military coups but ex-military and ex-naval coupons are what Buddy's after now.

Buddy now calls upon his Kouponeers to lay down a barrage which will make Pershing's day-and-night special delivery in the Argonne look like a volley of paper wads in the home for near-sigbted mah-jong cheaters.

Buddy's firing date for his biggest barrage is based upon the following in-foam-ation:

The J. B. Williams Company make shaving cream and shaving soap, and tell the world about it. Their advertising contract with the Weekly last year was the largest contract used in this magazine by any benefactor of the human face.

You readers saw these ads. Thousands of you acted upon their suggestion, bought Williams products and thus scraped up a lasting acquaintance.

Quite a few of these ads contained a coupon inviting the reader to send for a sample. But most of our Kouponeers seemed to be resting on their roars of approval, or else were afflicted with that rare malady, koupon klipperitis, or kramps.

Anybow the results—judged by coupons returned—were not sufficient, the Williams Company thinks, to warrant their using space in the Weekly during 1924.

In other words the Weekly, your Weekly, didn't produce as large a volume of sample requests as certain other magazines, in proportion to cost.

This result has rubbed Buddy's chin bristles the wrong way. He has told the Williams people that Weekly readers are not sample-hounds, that they act on the slogan, "They advertise—let's patronize."

Also, Buddy's convinced that thousands of Legionnaires now strafe their stubble the Williams way—result of advertising—who would never bother to snip and mail the 3-cornered kat's ear koupon.

But the Williams people say, "Show us!"

Let's rout Buddy's misery in Missouri style. Let's show 'em.

Clip the koup attached to this talk and help our cooper-clad hero recuperate. If you are a dealer in shaving articles, perhaps you can show in a letter how the Williams ads in the Weekly have helped their sales to your customers.

Co-operators all, now is the time to clip the koup or write and tell Buddy whether you are using J. B. Williams Company shaving material as the result of their advertising in the Weekly.

Kouponeers, atten-chin! Clip-fire! Let's go!

To the Advertising Manager
The American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43rd Street, New York.

I saw the J. B. Williams Company advertisements in our Weekly and as a result bought their Shaving Cream ..... Doublecap Shaving Stick .....
from my dealer whose name is .....

.....

I would appreciate receiving a Free Sample of Williams' Shaving Cream .....
Williams Doublecap Shaving Stick .....
I am a .... dealer .... salesman .... consumer.

Name .....

Address .....

OUR DIRECTORY *of* ADVERTISERS

These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad in our AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY." Or tell the same thing to the salesman or dealer from whom you buy their products.

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

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

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VVCoca Cola .....

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VVVVVHarley-Davidson Motor Co. .....
VVVVHendee Mfg. Co. .....
Northland Ski Mfg. Co. .....

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

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

TYPEWRITERS
VVVVShipman Ward Mfg. Co. .....
VYoung Typewriter Co. 20

WOMEN'S WEAR
Fred'k M. Dunham 22
Lucille Mardine 20

LET'S PATRONIZE THEY ADVERTISE

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

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

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

THEY ADVERTISE LET'S PATRONIZE

FREE!

Both 10-Piece White Enamel Kitchen Set and 9-Piece Enameled Canister Set

Wonderful 32-Piece Aluminum Set consists of 2 Bread Pans; Doughnut Cutter; 2 Loose Bottom Jelly Cake Pans; Combination Teakettle and Rice Boiler with lid; Saucepan Set with lid; Dipper; Colander; Measuring Cup; Percolator; 2 Pie Pans; Castor Set; Tea or Coffee Strainer; Fry Pan; also Cooker Set of 5 pieces, making 11 separate utensil combinations, as follows: Preserving Kettle; Convex Kettle; Combination Cooker; Casserole; Pudding Pan; Tubed Cake Pan; Colander; Roaster; Corn Popper; Steamer Set; Double Boiler.

No Money Down!

No C. O. D. Nothing to Pay for Aluminum on Arrival

Not a penny now. Just mail the coupon and **Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World,** will send you this splendid complete 32-Piece Aluminum Cooking Set, and with it absolutely **FREE** the **10-Piece Combination Kitchen Set and handy 9-Piece Canister Set** described at right. *Pay nothing for the goods on arrival. No C. O. D.* Use all three sets *30 days on Free Trial,* and if not more than satisfied, send them back and we will pay transportation both ways. If you keep them, pay only for Aluminum Set, a little each month. *Keep both the Kitchen Set and Canister Set as gifts from Hartman. They are Free.*

FREE 10-Piece Kitchen Set and 9-Pc. Canister Set

Both sets free with Aluminum Set. Kitchen Set includes: Potato Masher, Mixing Spoon, Measuring Spoon, Ice Pick, Egg and Cream Beater, Can Opener, Vegetable and Pan Brush, Fork, Egg and Cake Turner, Wall Rack. All have white enameled handles and hang on wall rack. Canister Set includes: Large containers for Tea, Coffee and Sugar, small containers for Pepper, Cinnamon, Allspice, Nutmeg, Cloves and Ginger, all enameled in colors with black lettering designating contents. Offer limited.

Complete 32-Piece Heavy Gauge Aluminum Cooking Set

This is Hartman's famous, special, selected set of heavy gauge Aluminum Ware—a complete cooking outfit, light to handle, easy to clean, always bright as silver. Will never chip, crack or rust. So durable that we guarantee it for life. 32 utensils—everything you need for baking, boiling, roasting, frying. And, think of it—

Nearly a Year to Pay

This offer proves that Hartman gives the world's most liberal terms and the world's greatest values in dependable merchandise. You pay only transportation charges on arrival. Then, if after 30 days' trial you decide to keep the goods, pay a little every month for the Aluminum Set—not a penny to pay for the Kitchen Set and the Canister Set. Take nearly a year to pay. Offer is limited. Mail coupon NOW, while you can get these wonderful Free Gifts.

Order by No. 417FMA10. Price for Aluminum Set, $18.95. No money down. $2 monthly on Aluminum Set. 10-Piece Kitchen Set and 9-Piece Canister Set are Free.

FREE *NO MONEY DOWN BARGAIN CATALOG*

Over 300 pages (of which 68 are in actual colors) of the world's greatest bargains in home furnishings, jewelry, furniture, rugs; also farm implements and accessories, etc. *No money down. 30 days' free trial. Easy monthly terms* on everything you buy. Opening an account with us is like opening a charge account at your local store, but you have nearly a year to pay at Hartman's. Ask for Catalog No. E6031

FREE GIFTS

Book explains how you get Glassware, Silverware, Jewelry, Table Linens, etc., Free with purchases. Send today.

"Let Hartman Feather YOUR Nest"

Mail the Coupon Now!

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO. Dept. 6031 Chicago, Ill.

Send the

32-Piece Complete Aluminum Cooking Set No. 417FMA10, Price $18.95,

and with it 10-Piece Kitchen Set and 9-Piece Canister Set. Will pay transportation charges on arrival. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If not satisfied, I will ship all three sets back and you will pay transportation charges both ways. If I keep them, I will pay you $2.00 monthly until the price of the Aluminum Set, $18.95, is paid. Kitchen Set and Canister Set are FREE. Title remains with you until final payment is made.

Name_____

R. F. D., Box No. or Street and No. _____

Town_____ State_____

Occupation Head of Household_____

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.
Dept. 6031 Copyright, 1924, by Hartman's, Chicago **CHICAGO**

Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World

This No-Money-Down Offer Is Special to Readers of American Legion Weekly—This Issue Only