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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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YOU MADE HIM WHAT HE IS TODAY

A Department Adjutant Writes That Many Legionnaires in His Territory Would Like to Know More About Buddy, Who He Is, Why He Is and Where He Came From

Buddy is Advertising-In-Your-Weekly. He is the force which carried your magazine through its early days when it was scoffed at and when national advertisers predicted that it would soon pass out of existence. He is the spirit of the true Legionnaire who proved that not only was each issue of The Weekly eagerly awaited, but that its reader-owners would back it up to the last ditch.

The advertising columns were painfully thin when Buddy first stepped into this page in January, 1921. Because he was a red-hot Legionnaire who would not wear anything that was not advertised in his own publication, Buddy started for the press-room without a stitch of clothing. The advertising manager caught him just as he was stepping into print and slipped a barrel on him—quick.

Then Buddy called on you and his other comrades for help. He asked that you send in letters and coupons telling just what brands of articles you would like to see advertised in your Weekly. The response more than justified Buddy's belief in the loyalty and interest of the Legionnaires. Coupons began to flood the office.

With these in his trunk Buddy called on the hesitating national advertisers and said,

"Out of so and so many hundred coupons returned from my last talk, such and such a percent mentioned your name. You've got a wonderful head start. Now it's up to you to keep them interested by keeping your name constantly before them in their own magazine."

Did it work? We'll say it did.

Clothing ads began to appear as well as other equipment. Buddy could now dress up. He no longer caused the front cover to turn a blushing red.

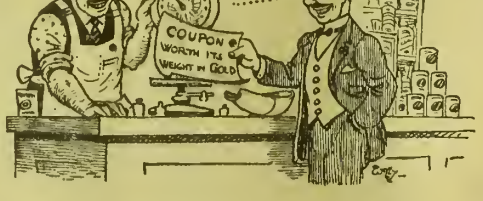
But Buddy is still at it. There are many things which he needs. But most of all he needs more advertising to give you the kind of a magazine which you deserve—the best in the country.

He can reach that goal if you will all put your shoulders to the wheel and send him the coupons from his weekly talks. They have a marvelous effect on prospective advertisers.

Here is a suggestion which Buddy offers:

Make coupons part of the admission price to every Legion affair. Then send them in to Buddy. He can make The American Legion Weekly a leader if you help.

It's up to you.



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.

AUTOS & AUTO ACCESSORIES
- VChevrolet Motor Co.
- VVVMellinger Tire & Rubber Co.
- Van Kerr Sales Co. 22

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS
- VVVVVAmerican Publishing Co.
- Blodgett Press 20
- Harper & Brothers 17

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES
- Allklean Mfg. Co. 16
- VVVVVVAmerican Products Co.
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- VVVVVVComer Mfg. Co. 20
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- Washington Coal Co 22
- West Angus Show Card Service, Ltd. 21

CONFECTIONS
- VVVAmerican Chicle Co. 19

ENTERTAINMENT
- N. Shure & Co.

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

INSURANCE
- VVVVJohn Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.

INVESTMENTS
- Adair Realty & Trust Co.
- VVVG. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co.

JEWELRY, INSIGNIA, MEMORIALS
- VVVVVBurlington Watch Co.
- VVVVVFlour City Ornamental Iron Co 16
- ★SANTA FE WATCH CO.
- Wadsworth Watch Case Co.

MEDICINAL
- VVMusterole Co
- Zonite

MEN'S WEAR
- VThe B. V. D Co
- VVThe Florsheim Shoe Co.
- VVVHoleproof Hosiery Co
- VVVVVReliance Mfg. Co.
- VRollins Hosiery

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- VVVVVVF. W. Tamblyn
- VVVUniversity of Applied Science

SMOKERS' NEEDS
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- VVVVVLiggett & Myers Tobacco Co
- F. S. Mills Co.
- Tobacco Guarantee Agency.

SOFT DRINKS
- VVVCoca Cola

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- Brunswick Balke Collender
- VVVMead Cycle Co. 16
- Remington Arms Co., Inc.
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- Elite Stationery Co.
- Post Printing Service 20

TOILET NECESSITIES
- VColgate & Co.
- VForhan Co.
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- VInternational Typewriter Exchange
- VVVVVShipman Ward Mfg. Co.
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LET'S PATRONIZE THEY ADVERTISE

THEY ADVERTISE LET'S PATRONIZE

Official publication of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary.

Published by the Legion Publishing Corp.: President, John R. Quinn; Vice-President, James A. Drain; Treasurer, Robert H. Tyndall; Secretary, Russell G. Creviston.

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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MAY 23, 1924

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The Other End *of the* Bridge

By Nathaniel Peffer

An American-bound liner taking aboard 1,800 emigrants at the port of Vigo, Spain. Maybe they all got in, and maybe they didn't

IN America the immigration problem is mostly a matter for legislative debate. In Europe it is a mob scene. There it is a police problem. Its magnitude has often been described. I can say from personal observation that it is not exaggerated.

Go to any south or east European capital in early summer when the new quota is in effect, or any time up to autumn, or any time in the year for that matter, and visit the American Consulate. There and not in the foreign quarters of New York and Chicago will you see what immigration means. Just as an administrative problem and not as a social and economic question.

Vienna, for instance, is only the capital of a small country, with a population now of only 6,000,000. Yet in Vienna it is necessary to have a police guard at the Consulate to deal with the onrush of prospective immigrants. Downstairs in front of the Consulate building is a sign that says visas for travel to America are granted only on written application, after which applicants are notified when to appear and present their qualifications for a visa. And when the quota is exhausted notices are published in the local papers and conspicuously posted in front of the Consulate announcing that even personal visitations are of no avail. No more visas can be granted, as no more Austrians can be admitted into the United States until the next quota period. Nevertheless, they flock into the Consulate, singly, in families, in hordes. There is a special office on a separate floor for immigration matters, and entrance is gained only on ringing a bell, else the office would be swarmed at every hour of the day. Nevertheless, they pack outside the door and often there are scenes. They refuse to leave. They argue, beg, fall sobbing on the floor, offer bribes. Whether they are rough or supplicant, only the police guard can deal with them sometimes. Otherwise there would be a small riot.

AUSTRIA is a small country with a small quota. Its problem is simple by comparison with that of Russia, Poland, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia or Lithuania. In Poland there were enough applicants for immediate visas last spring to fill up the quota for three years. In Lithuania there are enough now to fill up the quota for the next seven years, even if not another wants

to come in during that period. And the pressure outward grows continuously. Restriction has intensified the rush rather than decreased it. The job of the American authorities in Europe nowadays is not a happy one, and it gets increasingly worse.

When you have a combination of circumstances like these—a law that limits the number of aliens admissible into the United States and three, four, five times that number desiring to get in—you have a situation almost impossible to handle at best. No law that can be drafted, no system that can be devised can cancel that disparity between the number permitted to come in and those who want to. The demand and supply simply can't meet. All you can do is minimize the administrative difficulties and the human suffering resulting from the disparity and at the same time get the highest grade of immigrants as raw material for American citizenship.

That we have failed to do any or all of these in our handling of immigration up to the present is admitted on all sides. We have failed to handle the problem in such a way as to get the best kind of immigrants with the least complications in our government machinery, and we have added to the human suffering instead of lessening it. The reason is mainly that we have gone about it hit or miss. As usual in this country we passed the law first and thought about it afterwards. The result is, as I say, mob scenes in Europe.

Crowds in front of two American Consulates seeking passport visas which will allow entrance to the United States. Above, Catania, Italy; at the left, Queenstown, Ireland

It has been necessary, therefore, for each consular district to devise its makeshift method for itself to meet its own situation. Some of these are good, some are bad. Here are the two extremes. I've seen them in operation.

THE best first. In Vienna Carol H. Foster, the American Consul General, has evolved a system which within the limitations of the law is the best that can be applied. As far as his authority goes under the law he has eliminated the hit or miss. He takes the quota allowed to Austria for the year, and instead of issuing visas as fast as applicants come in until the quota is exhausted and then suspending till the next year, he divides the quota into twelve monthly allowances and then

(*Continued on page* 14)

Like the bleacher line at a world series baseball game is this crowd waiting at the American Consulate General in Warsaw, Poland, for the precious passport visas which give permission to enter the United States. The line reaches down the entire length of a square

With Privilege *of* Stopover

XXII (*Concluded*)

By
William Almon Wolff

Illustrated by
Walter De Maris

THE configuration of the lake shore might have been devised for their flight. Behind them, even if Hornaday and his crowd had reached the big house, no one was at all likely to see them. For they were visible only for the three or four strokes it took to drive the canoes behind the float and the projecting corner of the boat house itself where, on piles, it was built out over the water.

In a moment they were in the deep shadow under the trees that came clear down to the water's edge; the mouth of the stream they were to follow was then not more than fifty feet away. And a few swift and rapid strokes took them around and into it.

At once the current carried them along. It ran very fast; Bill, even though he lacked Wayne's knowledge of and experience in canoe work, was disturbed by its strength. He had counted upon a high stage of the stream further down where, logically, rocks and rapids might be expected, to help them through. But it was easily possible to have too much of a good thing. Yet, for the moment, it was of the greatest aid; it was carrying them far more swiftly than the hardest paddling alone could have done, away from Hornaday and his men.

Chuck, alone in his canoe, shot ahead; as he passed them he stayed his craft for a moment with a broad paddle.

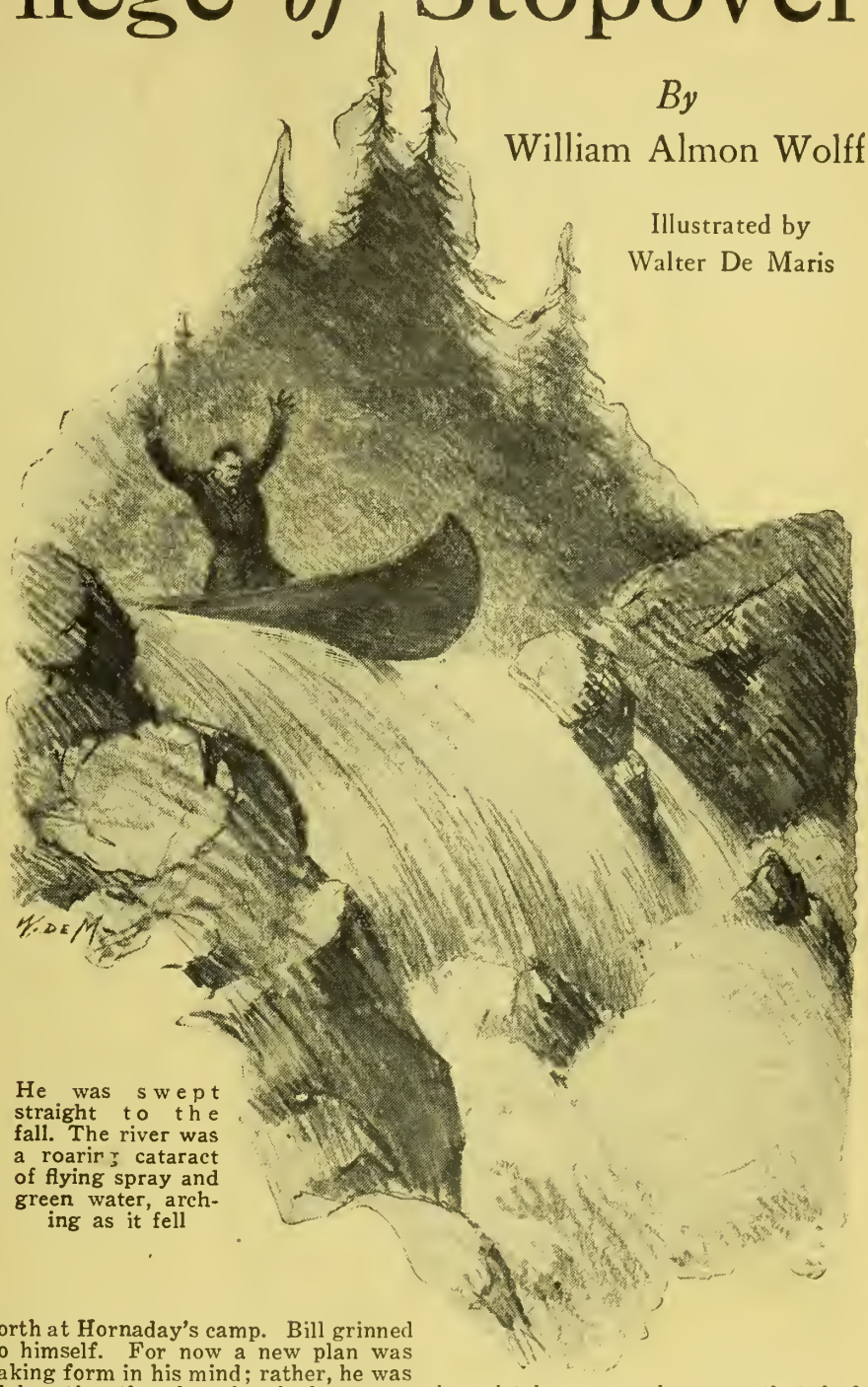
"I'll try and see what it's like ahead —watch what happens to me!" he called, and then fled on.

"GOOD hunch!" called Wayne from the back. "Bill—I don't want to croak—but I'm not keen about this river. Looks as if it would turn ugly even sooner than we expected—see the way it narrows, up ahead?"

To Bill the whole nature of this stream was puzzling and mysterious. He had done what canoeing he had done in the east; he was used to big tidal rivers and their traffic; to creeks and small tributaries that flowed into them; even, to some extent, to that most exciting of gambles—canoeing in the surf. But the classic sport of real rapids shooting, such as he had read of among Indians, was almost a sealed book to him. And this river itself was unlike any he had ever seen.

It wasn't really a river at all, in any ordinary sense. It was a passage way between two lakes; it didn't, like a real river, rise respectably somewhere in the hills of a watershed, and flow down, increasing gradually in size until it reached the sea or a greater stream. It was born, so to speak, full grown; here, at what might be called its source, it was wider by far than it would be even a few hundred yards further along. Its path, Bill supposed, was glacial in origin; the rocks that began to show among the trees, the steep banks, the queer wide bends, all confirmed that view.

For a minute or two they could still hear now shouts and calling back and forth at Hornaday's camp. Bill grinned to himself. For now a new plan was taking form in his mind; rather, he was elaborating the plan that had come to him before their flight began—that had been forced upon him, indeed, by his discovery of Winston's illness.



He was swept straight to the fall. The river was a roaring cataract of flying spray and green water, arching as it fell

THERE was danger in going far along this way. So much he realized—by instinct, really, rather than by any definite signs. Wayne had known it; willing enough to do what had to be done, he had never liked the idea. And Bill felt it now. Already his eyes were searching the banks. And there were increasing signs, too, of what they might soon expect to encounter. The banks were closing in sharply; already they had passed two or three patches of broken water, where rocks stood out. And in their ears was a sound not to be mistaken, even by ears that had never heard it before; the sound of rushing, tumbling water, like and yet unlike the sound of surf pounding upon a rocky coast.

That sound might mean rapids which, just possibly, they could shoot; it might, on the other hand, mean a real fall, a cataract, even though one in miniature, in which no canoe could live. In either case, Bill wasn't prepared to trust all that now depended on the craft he was helping to drive to such an issue. The chances were far too great; the mere touch of a rock could rip bottom or side out of the canoe. And Winston, at least, was in no condition to endure further exposure or suffering.

Nor was there any necessity for that.

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EDITORIAL

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

The Road Ahead

LEGIONNAIRES since the ending of the World War have passed only five milestones on the road that is leading them out of time. But ahead of them is the vanishing line of the Civil War veterans which soon will have passed its sixtieth milestone. Are not the G. A. R. and the U. C. V. of today a picture of what the Legion will be like threescore years hence?

On first thought it may seem surprising that so many of the veterans of '61 to '65 who put on their uniforms on Memorial Day are so active and vigorous both in mind and body. But many of the aged men who are still able to follow the flag with firm step on Memorial Day were mere youngsters in 1861. Twelve-year-old drummer boys were not rare in the armies of either the North or the South, and brothers who did the actual fighting were not much older when they entered the service. Thousands of youths were fighting on battlefields sixty years ago at ages which today would keep them from working in factory or store. Contrast this with the average World War soldier's age of twenty-five or twenty-six at the time of his service. Can we of '18 hold out as they of '65 have done?

The fifteen-year-old soldiers of 1864 are the seventy-five-year-old veterans of the G. A. R. and the U. C. V. today. They are also, presumably, men of the soundest natural physical endowments, for in the sixty years that have elapsed since the ending of the Civil War they have witnessed the passing of the overwhelming majority of their wartime comrades. To them, after sixty years, Memorial Day will hold a significance that it cannot have yet for men who are only five years out of another war.

But Memorial Day this year will be an index to the future performance of the Legion's sacred duty to the country's war dead. Already there are 250,000 World War service men in graves at home or abroad, and in the past year alone probably 26,000 names have been added to the roll of the dead. The estimated average age of all World War veterans in 1924 is thirty-two years. The number dying each year hereafter will continue to increase, so that by 1950 the number answering Taps annually will exceed 50,000.

These figures plead the necessity of a reconsecration of the spirit of Memorial Day in every town and city of America this year.

Wrong and Right Ways to Peace

THE Women's International League of Peace and Freedom held a meeting in Washington a while back and delegates appeared on the streets wearing badges which said:

"Abolish the Army and Navy."

About the same time Captain Dudley W. Knox, U. S. N., an authority on our naval affairs, declared that our Navy was only half the equal of Great Britain's and was inferior to the floating forces of Japan. The 5-5-3 ratio, which the Washington conference fixed in 1921, has slumped to 5-2½-3. Some air service experts looking over the Army's situation in that line about a month previously reported that if our Army Air Service maintained its present rate of decline it would vanish entirely by 1927.

So, while there perhaps is no official intention of carrying out the program of the Women's International League of Peace and Freedom, progress in that direction is being made.

Now, The American Legion and The American Legion's women folks, who have expressed themselves on the questions of peace and freedom in sundry resolutions of The American Legion Auxiliary, are not in accord with the conclusions of the ladies of the International League. Peace will not come to this earth or freedom to its peoples by the abolition of the Army and Navy of the United States because the doctrines of the League seem to be having little effect upon the other nations. The other nations are keeping their navies up top-notch with the strength allowed by the Washington treaty. Our Navy alone declines. France, a traditionally weak and unsuccessful naval power, now surpasses us in the effectiveness of submarines. While our air force goes to pot the nations of Europe are engaged in intense rivalry over air armaments, and some comparatively insignificant nations have military air establishments beside which our service looks like a tragic jest.

This is not the way to peace. It is the way to trouble. The limitation or abolition of armaments is a way to peace only when these policies are made universal among the leading powers. Three years ago the leading nations got together and decided to limit battleships. That was a step, but it did not carry us the whole distance. Before this limitation can mean much except in the way of a precedent —which, however, is important—air forces, submarines and land forces must be limited. The Weekly tried to point this out last year. It found American sentiment preponderantly in favor of another international conference to attempt to limit simply air forces. The Government considered the matter and found out that the time was not ripe. Perhaps nothing more could be done. Mr. Coolidge said we would have to wait until Europe could compose the difficulties arising from the German reparations problem.

General Dawes has proposed a solution for the settlement of this problem, and Germany and the Allied nations have agreed that this solution is a good one and should be tried. A lot of backing and filling is going on. After the first tentative acceptance of the German plan Great Britain grows cautious, France suspicious, and Germany evinces signs of her old obstinacy and duplicity. But Mr. Coolidge says that if they all get together and settle their differences according to the Dawes plan or any satisfactory amendment thereof, he will be willing to call a conference to discuss the submarine, air force and army limitations questions. Such a declaration should go a long way to satisfy cautious Britain, to allay apprehensive France and to bring an obstinate and thus far faithless Germany to terms. Public opinion on this side of the ocean would help, not hinder, such an agreement.

Then American representatives can counsel with those of the other powers and determine whether it is safe to let our naval power slip down to that of a second-rate nation, or to let our air power slip down to that of a tenth-rate nation. But to let these things come to pass now would be unsafe, and without anticipating events which all would welcome, the thing to do now is to repair our error and bring the Navy and the Army Air Service up where they belong.

Dimethylaminophenyidimethylprazoine is recommended as a medicine by a drug supply house. It should also be beneficial as a lung exercise.

A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer

The Things *That* Count

THERE are days when after reading the news from politics to sports, dished up in the most attractive manner, you lay aside your paper without having had a single real thrill. You feel flat and stale. You conclude that it is a tiresome old world full of crime, scandals and money-grubbing.

Then, for want of something better to do, you take up your paper again. You are glancing through the back pages when your eye lights on an item which the editors did not think worth playing up. But something in your heart, or your imagination, or out of your experience, plays it up to you. It gives you that thrill that you have been wanting.

You may laugh at it, or wonder at it, or it may bring a frog in your throat. The sum of it is that it makes you conclude that this is a pretty decent old world, after all. The fact that you have dug for the treasure, yourself under the surface of the news, as you have to dig for gold, makes it the more satisfying.

Through a small item of this kind I learned that Private John J. Kenney will not be resting in a pauper's grave this Memorial Day. He was buried in one in April, 1922, by the authorities of Newark, New Jersey. They did not even know he'd been in the service. He died penniless and without friends.

A woman who thought that she knew him spent nearly two years establishing his identity. When she had established it she took her information to Newark Post of the Legion, which —all honor to it!—acted promptly. It gave Kenney a military funeral. The body was taken from the unhonored grave in a flag-draped casket on a gun caisson to the Cemetery of the Holy Sepulchre, where a volley was fired and Taps sounded over the new and honored grave.

They say that news is something new. Probably this incident is not new, and therefore not worth much editorial playing up. However, the thought that many times before veterans have saved the bodies of comrades from remaining in pauper graves did not interfere with the thrill I got. I shall have the thrill again when I hear of another such instance.

What were Kenney's vicissitudes, after he left the service, I do not know. The thing that counts was that he was in uniform and honorably discharged. He had marched in step with other men and shared their life as a soldier. This fact, though he died destitute and in rags, gave his death dignity to other ex-service men. And all who read this will understand the feelings of the buddies of Newark Post as Taps was sounded, and they knew that they had saved his body from resting in a pauper's grave for all the Memorial Days to come.

OF all our national holidays, Memorial Day is the most beautiful and its significance the most heartfelt. It comes in the most beautiful season of the year, when spring's promise is turning into summer's fruitfulness and flowers are in bloom.

It originated with Civil War veterans who would set aside one day for decorating the graves of all soldiers. On this day we summon the dead back into our thoughts and pay tribute to them for having died for their cause. Flowers will not bring them back to life in the body, only to life in our minds. So we are really doing something for ourselves as well as for them through revitalizing the memory of their deeds and sacrifice.

Our imagination transports us to Gettysburg, with its rows of white crosses, and overseas to other rows of white crosses on the battlefields of France. The ones in France and the ones of the men who served in the War with Spain remind us how the fraternity of blood against a common foe has reunited a country which was divided against itself, with brother shedding brother's blood in the Civil War. Long after the Civil War, bitterness remained alive. The South thought of flowers only for the Confederate dead; the North, only for the Federal dead.

The South saw American heroism at high water mark in Pickett's charge; and the North saw American heroism at its high water mark in the repulse of Pickett's charge.

For a long time it was hard for the people at home in the South to understand that a Northerner could be heroic at all and for the people at home in the North to understand that a Southerner could be heroic at all. It always happens that bitterness at home is stronger than at the front, where soldiers test the mettle of the soldiers of the other side in battle.

When you fight a man in a clinch for four years as the Northerner fought the Southerner you have a close-quarter opportunity of knowing what kind of man he is. So American manhood tested American manhood in that fratricidal struggle. The manhood of both North and South was in France. When a G. A. R. veteran said to a World War veteran:

"We had a stiffer job than you had because we had to fight Americans," the youth had to yield the point to the elder.

If the Germans had fought to the bitter end with the stubbornness of Lee's handful of starving battalions the World War might have lasted another year. The Germans fought well till they saw the tide going against them. Then they quit. Lee's men kept at it long after the tide had turned against them.

TO-DAY the way that Grant's men fought and that Lee's fought for the faith that was in them is a common heritage of pride for us all as Americans. Grant was a great American and Lee was, and their soldiers were all Americans. As such for their courage and sacrifice we honor them on Memorial Day. The honor that we did them in France was to fight as bravely against a foreign foe as they had fought against each other. From the Civil War we learned the value of unity for which we paid an enormous price, but not too much if it were the only way to keep us true to the best American traditions.

It is not the ceremonies, the speeches, the placing of the flowers upon graves which alone counts in what we get for ourselves out of service to the dead. Whenever I look at the grave of a soldier who fell in battle, or died young, my respect is intensified as I think of what he missed by dying, as well as what he paid for what I have gained.

Many veterans of the Civil War are still alive. They have lived to see their children and grandchildren, and even their great-grandchildren, grow up, and to watch the growth and changes of their country and of civilization. They have ridden in automobiles, watched the flight of airplanes and listened to the radio, which were wonders undreamed of in Civil War days. They have had life—the most precious thing there is.

But those who fell at Gettysburg or Cold Harbor never knew whether Federal or Confederate won. They never knew that we were to have wireless or turbines or that there was to be a Spanish or a World War. And the men who died in France never knew whether or not we won the World War. They were never to see their homes again.

Before the living stretch the long vista of years which stretched before the Civil War veterans in 1870, fifty-odd years ago. Veterans of the World War, who will then be fathers and great-grandfathers, will still be living in 1980. These long-lived ones have a long way yet to go. They will see many changes of whose nature we may as yet only dream. As we decorate the grave of our soldier dead from Washington's day to Pershing's we must think of how to keep worthy of what they did for us and how to make the most of life while we have it.

The First Lesson

By Wallgren

Then *and* Now

By the Company Clerk

IT'S pretty tough sledding for the Company Clerk — sometimes answering also to the title of Ship's Yeoman or Ship's Writer—to get bawled out now and then by some of our ex-gob buddies because Then and Now contains too little information about the Navy. We plead not guilty to showing preference to the Army, even though we were a buck doughboy in the war. If the ex-sailors won't come across with stories, how can we use them? To show our intentions are good, here's a letter we received from B. A. Porter, former C. W. T., U. S. N. R. F., now of Ararat, Pennsylvania, commenting on a story in the Weekly about some humorous war experiences in the Naval Reserves:

In a recent issue of the Weekly Roy Horton wrote a very amusing piece entitled "The Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of." I, too, was on a chaser for nearly sixteen months and ask the privilege of mentioning a few more *funny* things that these sailors who did not belong to the Regulars had happen to them. I remember one morning about daylight, after leaving a convoy, the stopping of our engines awakened me. On deck I found our engineer overhauling the stern steering gear. Nothing the matter there, so we took a look at the hand steering gear, aft. Then our captain looked over the stern and told us our rudder was broken off. We S. O. S.'d and in about half an hour a chaser came alongside and got a line to us, which broke. Two more towlines followed suit and broke. The captain of the chaser then signalled he would take us off. We stuck to our ship, however, and finally got word to a sea-going navy tug which came out and got us. All this happened during a storm. It was *very amusing.*

On returning to our base one night we were told there were eight mines loose near a certain place and we were ordered to destroy them. We went out in the middle of the night and cruised around until morning destroying a few but not all of them. I suppose this experience would have tickled Horton nearly to death.

During one of the worst storms of 1917, while returning from convoy, the seas were going clear over us, and instead of our expected 26 knots we were making barely four. Our hold was full of water and our pumps clogged with spilled provisions. When we got to our base thirty-six hours late we had been given up for lost. How we *laughed* during that trip!

Another night, far out, we received a call from another chaser which had been rammed and was sinking. We arrived at the designated location about daylight and found a part of one side of the chaser and a lifebelt. I learned afterwards that a machinist on watch on the ill-fated chaser was caught between two engines, and when his comrades tried to rescue him he told them to save themselves and not mind him, as they couldn't get him loose.

I could relate many other *funny* things that happened during my service, but what's the use? I claim that in a way the boys in the Reserve deserve more credit than the boys in the Regular Navy who were drilled and trained for months. I served during the Spanish-American War, too—yes, in the Regular Navy—and I never saw any braver acts in the Regular Navy than I saw the boys in the Reserve do during the World War.

QUITE a while ago Comrade Walter H. Morris of Warroad, Minnesota, asked for the words of a war poem which began "Did you ever hike millions of miles and carry a ton on your back?" The gang was right on the job because Morris writes us that he received twenty-one letters enclosing the poem, and while he acknowledged half of them, they came so fast that he had to give it up. He asks us to thank the rest of the buddies, which we hereby do. The Company Clerk and Morris also thank the following Legionnaires who sent copies to the Company Clerk:

C. E. Cook, Los Gatos, Cal.; Mrs. Dorothy Dexter, Chicago, Ill.; Roger S. Eggleston, Pittsburgh, Penn.; Joseph F. Bernardi, Chicago, Ill.; Ole Reine, Roseau, Minn.; C. E. Cupp, Sharon, Tenn.; J. Berger Johnson, Appleton, Minn.; Ray Biege, Stafford, Kans.; Leon D. Vandle Mark, Ithaca, N. Y.; Ray E. Brooks, Fall River, Kans.; George H. Silloway, Springfield, Mass.; Karl G. Swenson, Arlington, S. D.; Roy E. Shinn, Ventnor City, N. J.; George Fleming, Harley, Idaho; Fred H. Childress, Tulia, Texas; Ernest T. Marsh, Englewood, Cal.; George A. Davis, Butte, Mont.; C. H. Conner, Berkeley, Cal.; A. L. Ronstrom, Dorchester, Mass.; E. V. Wood, Fresno, Cal.; H. H. Thompson, Seward, Pa.; Carl R. Koller, Edgemont, S. D.; William H. Reeves, Glendale, Cal.; George C. Wisler, Alma, Mich.; Carl Nelson, Jr., Culver City, Cal.; Frank W. McMillan, Fredericksburg, Va.; Frank J. Starkey, Wood River, Ill.; William B. Murray, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Legionnaire, Hudson, Mass.; Earl L. Widaman, Merna, Nebr.; Alphonse Bearghost, Cannon Ball, N. D.; Ralph L. Wilkins, Ortonville, Minn.; James J. Murray, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Walter Franke, Batchtown, Ill.; J. W. Steward, Bloomer, Wis.; J. A. Bolwell, East Boston, Mass.; Thomas A. Carter, Brownwood, Tex.; Henry A. Anstett, Crosby, Minn.; Albert E. Welliver, Manning, Iowa; Hal Garnsey, Metamora, Ohio; H. W. Short, Jr., New York, N. Y.; D. E. Bradley, Coldwater, Mich.; F. K. Phillips, Claremont, N. H.; Arthur A. Heybeck, Union City, Pa.; E. C. Allen, Nampa, Idaho; E. J. Dascomb, Northampton, Mass.; Miss Lena A. Stover, Sheridan, Wyo.; J. W. Rogers, Plainfield, N. J.; Thomas E. Irvin, Bluffton, Ind.; Miss Clara Astwood, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Clarence H. Wishop, Rockton, Ill.; Robert Klahr, Pine Grove, Pa.; Edwin A. Dehn, Columbus, Ind.; Clarence R. Smith, Penn Yan, N. Y.; Michael T. Hayes, Jr., Rochelle, Ill.; Miss Maude E. Ogilvie, Secretary of A. L. Auxiliary, Dorchester, Mass.; Ray J. Hall, Brainerd, Minn.; Seth W. Treakle, Mathews, Va.; A. R. Odgers, Saginaw, Mich.

The poem, which follows, is entitled "Now That It's All Over," and originally appeared in the overseas Stars and Stripes and was signed "J. K. M." Does anyone know the author?

Did you ever hike millions of miles,
And carry a ton on your back,
And blister your heels and your shoulders, too,
Where the straps run down from your pack,
In the rain or the snow or the mud, perhaps,
In the smothering heat or the cold?
If you have, why, then, you're a buddy of ours,
And we welcome you into our fold.

Did you ever eat with your plate on your lap,
With your cup on the ground at your side,
While cooties and bugs of species untold
Danced fox-trots over your hide?
Did you ever sleep in a tent so small
That your head and your feet played tag?
Then shake, old man, you're a pal of ours,
For you've followed the same old flag.

Did you ever stand in a front-line trench,
With Fritzie a few feet away,
With Jerries and Minnies a-whistling around,
And gas coming over all day?
With No Man's Land a sea of steel
And a tempest of bursting shell?
Then, come in, old man, and toast your shins,
For we're all just back from hell.

Comrade C. F. Landis of Penns Grove, New Jersey, asks for the words of a song in which appears this line: "There's a green hill in Flanders and a green hill back in Maine." Can any of the gang furnish the Company Clerk with a copy?

WILLIAM A. PRESCOTT of Syracuse, New York, submits this parody on "Casey Jones":

Come all you soldiers if you want to hear,
I'll tell you the story of a brave grenadier,
Casey Jones was the grenadier's name,
With a 32 Mills grenade he won his game.

The sergeant called Casey at half-past four,
He said good-by to his buddy at the dugout door,
He mounted to the parapet, grenades in his hand
And he tried to bomb his way out into No Man's Land.

Chorus:

Casey Jones, mounted to the parapet,
Casey Jones, grenades in his hand,
Casey Jones, tried to stop a whiz-bang,
And now he's pushing daisies out in No Man's Land.

DID the Then and Nowers want the picture of the old *Leviathan* which the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation offered free to Legion posts through the Company Clerk? We'll say they did. In less than a week just 375 requests from posts representing every State were filled. All of these posts reported from one to thirty of their members who rode the de-luxe transport either over or back. There are still some hundreds of these pictures available. A post doesn't have to rate *Levi* passengers in its membership to get one. But this offer of the 12 x 17 inch photograph applies only to posts and not to individuals. Tell the Company Clerk through a post official if you want one for your post.

CLARENCE R. SMITH, Commander of Johnson-Costello Post, Penn Yan, New York, writes: "I find Then and Now very interesting and the inquiries included should be given the prompt attention of every Legionnaire who can supply any information asked for." The only reason the Company Clerk quoted this statement is because what Comrade Smith says applies particularly to those requests for detailed information regarding buddies killed in action or reported missing in action which are sent in by their surviving relatives. Then and Nowers have a good reputation for responding to such requests. Following are some more cases in which we can render a splendid service, so read them carefully and if you have any information regarding these men, please send it to the Company Clerk at once:

PVT. JOHN H. AMBLER, Co. H, 125TH INF., 32D DIV., wounded in action July 31, 1918, died Aug. 2, 1918. (Name not included in honor roll in official history of 32d Division.)

PVT. EMIL G. BECK, Co. 1, 127TH INF., 32D DIV., reported wounded near Fismes, Aug. 4, 1918, reported missing in action Aug. 6, 1918, and also reported died of wounds and buried Oct. 16, 1918. Alleged grave in cemetery near Fismes is marked Co. I, 163d Inf. His former captain reports he was killed in action in the Argonne. (Name not included in honor roll in official history of 32d Division.)

CPL. EZRA RUSSELL, M. G. Co., 28TH INF., FIRST DIV., wounded in action Oct. 4, died Oct. 5, buried Oct. 7, 1918. (Honor roll in history of First Division shows this soldier died of wounds.)

PVT. JOSEPH E. HAMILTON, Co. F, 114TH INF., 29TH DIV., killed in action Oct. 12, 1918. (Name included in honor roll in history of 29th Division.)

PVT. ROSCOE R. GROFF, Co. G, 47TH INF., FOURTH DIV., wounded in August, 1918, later reported died. (Honor roll in Fourth Division history shows this soldier as having died from wounds.)

LT. PHILIP J. SEEGER, Co. H, 306TH INF., 77TH DIV., killed in action Oct. 11, 1918.

FIRST LT. HERBERT L. AMAN, trained at Austin, Tex., 1917; served at Foggia, Italy, Ford Junction, England and Third A. S. C., Issoudon, France. Killed in plane crash, Nov., 1923. Wife and three small sons want pictures of him or of his camps.

EDWIN W. GORMAN, 55TH Co., FIFTH REGT., U. S. M. C., killed in action July 21, 1918, in second battle of Marne.

PVT. CHARLES FURNESS, Co. M, 336TH INF., 84TH DIV., reported transferred to Fourth Div. (regt. and co. not known), and died of pneumonia in B. H. 66, Oct. 20, 1918. (Not included in Fourth Division history honor roll.)

PVT. DAVID H. LARSON, Co. D, 362D INF., 91ST DIV., killed in action in Meuse-Argonne, Sept. 26, 1918. Personal effects sought by relatives.

PVT. OSCAR LUNA, Co. E, 58TH INF., FOURTH DIV. Reported missing in action Aug. 6 and killed in action Oct. 6, 1918. (Shown as killed in action in history of Fourth Division honor roll.)

EMIL FRANCIS DECKER, JR., 42D Co., SECOND BN., FIFTH REGT., U. S. M. C., reported killed at Mt. Blanc Ridge, Oct. 4, 1918.

CPL. FRANCIS R. DUNNE, Co. H, 119TH INF., 30TH DIV., killed near Bellicourt, north of St. Quentin, Sept. 29, 1918.

PVT. HAROLD H. THOMAS, Co. H, 308TH INF., 77TH DIV., killed in action Oct. 5, 1918, in Meuse-Argonne. (Reported as killed in honor roll in history of 77th Div.)

PVT. ROLLIN LIVICK, Co. D, 28TH INF., FIRST DIV., severely wounded in action taking Berzy-le-Sec, near Soissons; received at first aid station July 21, 1918, not heard from since. (Reported killed in action in history of First Division honor roll.)

PVT. CLINTON F. QUACKENBUSH, Co. G, 16TH INF., FIRST DIV., killed at Soissons, July 21, 1918. He is among unknown dead. Mother wants personal effects, including wrist watch. (Reported killed in action in history of First Division honor roll.)

SECOND LT. WILSON B. DOBSON, Co. A, 16TH INF., FIRST DIV., killed in Argonne in October, 1918. (Reported killed in action in honor roll in history of First Division.)

JOHN YAKISH, SECOND M. G. BN., and Co. H, 16TH INF., FIRST DIV., wounded and gassed in Meuse-Argonne, Oct. 1, 1918. Died from effects after release from hospital and transfer to stretcher-bearer unit. (Not listed in honor roll in history of First Division.)

COMRADE M. P. OSBORNE OF SIOUX CITY, IOWA, wants to locate the parents or relatives of Private ARTHUR E. ALLINGHAM, 15th Company of some Air Service unit, as he has a picture of this deceased buddy's grave that he would like to send to them. Make report to the Company Clerk.

WE wonder how many C. O.'s suffered the results of devotion to duty as told in this letter from Comrade Erwin C. Cary of Reedsville, Wisconsin. Erwin isn't the hero of this story. Does the captain recall the incident?

"A six-foot member of Charles Veseley Post here told me of his first experience on guard duty at Post No. 1, Co. A of a Machine Gun Battalion at Gillencourt, France, in 1918, as follows: 'The men who had been on guard duty before me recognizing Captain Blank, acting battalion commander, had let him past their posts without challenging, to their sorrow. When someone came by my post I gave the command to halt, three times, and then, as he passed me, knocked him down with the butt end of my gun. He rolled unconscious down an embankment. When I called the corporal of the guard I found the victim was our captain. That was the last I heard of the affair.'"

A Memorial Day Prayer

By Ezra C. Clemans, National Chaplain, The American Legion

God of Our Fathers and Our God:

Our Country, preserve and prosper; for the brave men who died on battlefields; who perished on fighting ships; all heroes who gave their lives a sacrifice for the Flag, have given America a value beyond price.

O Thou Man of Nazareth! through the graveyards of our dead in Europe, pass just now to bless. The white crosses Thou knowest. Under them rest the ashes of those whose Countryman Thou art.

Father, remember in love and kindness, this Memorial Day, those who mourn their Soldier Dead; Gold Star Mothers and loved ones; and O, forget not the little children whom war has so sadly orphaned. Help The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary to be to them a father and a mother. May we never forget our disabled comrades. Restore them to health and paths of peace and usefulness.

As we scatter flowers on graves, and on the bosom of river, lake and ocean, where lie the bodies of our heroes, waiting till the earth and the sea shall give up their dead, may their spirit of service and sacrifice inspire us to renewed service and sacrifice for our Country. Realizing, this day, the dreadful curse and cost of war in suffering and blood, may we hate war as the crime of the ages, and grant that war shall never come again and that all differences between nations may be settled not by the arbitrament of the sword but by the Sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule.

Increase among us the spirit of comradeship. Bind our hearts together as service men and Legionnaires in bonds of "devotion to mutual helpfulness."

We beseech Thee, Good Lord, to hear our prayer. AMEN.

So They Made Him *a* Teacher

JOHN JOSEPH MURRAY of Cambridge, Massachusetts, finished high school according to schedule in his eighteenth year, but Murray was not one of the many thousands of American youths who became college freshmen in the autumn of 1914 at a time when the whole world was atremble from the trampling of armies in Europe.

At a time when the youth of all Europe were mobilizing for battles, the most important problem in Murray's life was the problem of the college course that he was going to obtain somehow and sometime. He knew he'd have to work, as we had no money.

So in 1914 Murray started work as a transit man for a civil engineer. His pay was $18 a week. But as he swung a heavy hammer, driving stakes, and as he carried forward the surveyor's chain, he kept ever in mind the original dream of the college course—somehow, sometime and early in 1917 he decided that in the fall he'd be ready.

Fate with a mighty hand destroyed Murray's dreams on April 6, 1917. The United States entered the war and Murray knew that he wasn't going to be on the sidelines in that war. Just as he had faced the realities of 1914, he faced the realities of 1917. He enlisted—one of the tens of thousands of American young men who put their country's cause above the immediate personal opportunity of continuing an education. In time he went to France with the 111th Infantry of the 28th Division.

Then came 1918—the year he would have received his university degree if things had been different in 1914—and the months carried the 111th Infantry to Monblainville in the Argonne. Murray was gassed and his left forearm was shattered so badly that the medical officers had to amputate it.

Back in the base hospital, the world looked mighty dark to John Joseph Murray. He knew he would be going home soon, and he knew that his savings of before the war had shrunken. At the start, like almost everybody else in uniform, he had hardly expected he would be living when the war ended, and this viewpoint is not one which inspires wise provisions for the future, financial or otherwise. Besides, the dollar's value had fallen. The cost of everything, education included, had risen. With one arm gone, Murray could not take up the job of pounding stakes to recoup his losses during the war. Mighty dark—

Armistice Day came with a revival of hopes amounting to exuberance. A transport landed Murray at Boston. The government agencies were making a beginning of the efforts to give all the men who had been disabled in service a fair deal—the efforts which later were to be revealed as so heartrendingly inadequate and ineffective.

But Murray played in luck, for once. The Federal Board for Vocational Education was at work. And the board acknowledged that a man who had given an arm for his country was entitled to an education at his country's expense. The two years of his life he had given could not be paid for, of course, but at least the Government would do for Murray what it could educationally. Murray, under the auspices of the Federal Board, enrolled in the College of Business Administration of Boston University. The board counted on making him a salesman.

Murray realized all the hopes and desires of his lost years. Last October, at the age of 28, he completed courses which have won for him both a bachelor's and a master's degree, and in eight courses for the latter degree he scored seven A's and one B plus.

He had specialized in economics, and his work had attracted the attention of the faculty to an unusual degree. The university decided it did not wish to lose him.

Today John Joseph Murray, instructor and member of the faculty of the College of Business Administration, faces classes of fifty or more young men who are learning about marginal utility and the production and consumption of commodities and all the other things covered in the thick text-books of economics. For some of those young men a college education has seemed a matter-of-fact process—something that has fallen graciously into the mind without exertion or hardship. But the World War veteran instructor, who now has new and wider ambitions, knows what it means really and literally to fight for an education.

America entered the World War just as John Joseph Murray was about to enter college after three years of working and saving. The left arm which he lost in the Argonne opened the doors of Boston University, and Murray, after winning two degrees following the war, is now an instructor in economics

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

FIGHTING DISABLED MEN'S POST, which has recently been chartered in New York City by men who were disabled in line of duty, and in which only disabled men are eligible for membership, has voted to endorse and support the efforts of The American Legion to obtain Federal adjusted compensation for all veterans.

Earnest co-operation with the Red Cross, a continuous drive for members and stimulation of civic pride in promotion of the city's interests is the three-fold program of KENTON (OHIO) LEGIONNAIRES for this year. Speakers are assisting the Red Cross, and a spirited drive is being made to bring into the fold the remaining eligible ex-service men. A post committee has been named to work out details of advertising the city's power and water rates.

Every member of the 40 AND 8 VOITURE OF HAMILTON, MISSOURI, brought in at least five new members to HAMILTON POST for this year.

HENRY H. HOUSTON, 2D, POST OF GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA, has established a free legal service for members.

Each of the LEGION POSTS IN TOLEDO, OHIO, has been asked to nominate Legionnaires available as Boy Scout leaders, following an offer to co-operate with Boy Scout authorities in that city. A number of Toledo posts have already organized or adopted Scout troops.

In order to acquaint Omaha business and professional men with some of the activities of the Legion, DOUGLAS COUNTY POST mailed to each of several hundred citizens a copy of The American Legion Weekly and a copy of the flag rules pamphlet, with a letter asking co-operation with the Legion.

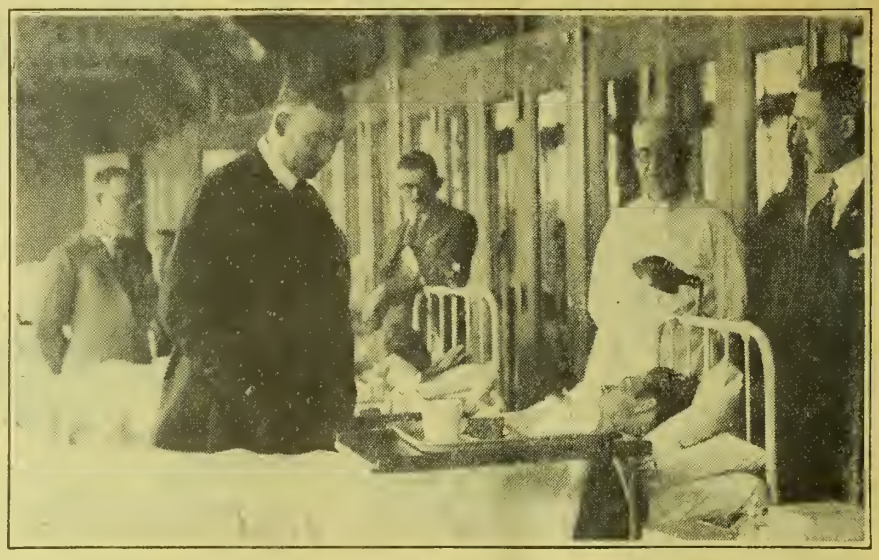
SOUTH RICHMOND (VIRGINIA) POST has been presented with a stand of colors by the city, Mayor George Ainslie making the presentation address.

Fair and Rodeo Give Texas Post Community Leadership

BACK in 1922 Mission (Texas) Post needed money for a post home. Some members suggested that the post stage a county fair and rodeo. The chamber of commerce advanced enough money to get the project started. The fair was a success.

Recently the post found itself with $2,700 in its treasury and planned a fair on a much larger scale. Not a penny was solicited and the post handled every detail of the big week. Every post member was assigned a definite job. The fair and rodeo opened with a parade by Legionnaires, Congressmen, Senators, ex-governors, cow-punchers, performers and others. Every store in Mission closed for the day.

Each day of the week was filled with the thrills of a real rodeo. There were automobile races and live-stock judging. A squadron of cavalry from Fort Ringgold gave daily drills. Fire departments staged life-saving exhibitions. Every band in the county and some from out of the county gave concerts. Every night the midway held crowds. Boxing bouts were put on by local fighters. Mission newspapers got out special American Legion Fair editions.



THE LEGION LOOKS IN.—On a friendly call on service men patients in the tuberculosis ward of the National Soldiers Home Hospital in Dayton, Ohio, National Commander John R. Quinn finds a buddy of his old division and stops for a talk. At the right of the photo is Hugh K. Martin, adjutant of the Department of Ohio

Two Thousand in Uniform at Dedication Ceremonies

MORE than 2,000 men in uniform, including the members of six posts of the Legion, marched in the parade held in Lackawanna, New York, as a part of the ceremonies attending the dedication of Lackawanna's $100,000 World War Memorial building. The city observed the dedication day as a public holiday. Guests of honor at the ceremonies included Major General Robert Lee Bullard, commander of the First Army, A. E. F., and Bishop Charles H. Brent, Senior Chaplain of the A. E. F. General Bullard was the principal speaker at the dedication.

Seventeen gold star mothers planted trees in honor of the seventeen men of the city who gave their lives during the war.

No Four Flushing With Legion Button in This Missouri Town

A BRIEF, quiet, but effective campaign in behalf of the Legion emblem brought several good results in Carthage, Missouri. In spite of a state law making it a misdemeanor for anyone not a member of the Legion to wear the emblem, there were numerous violations. Among the violators were veterans who had never belonged to the Legion, former members who had let their dues lapse and at least one man who had not even been in service. The ex-Legionnaires presumably looked upon the Legion button in the same light as their service discharge button.

Edwin W. Wiggins Post of Carthage decided to correct matters. Its first step was to get the co-operation of the local newspapers, and reports of the post meeting at which it was decided to take action on the misuse of the emblem were published. A second notice appeared a few days later. The newspaper stories had an immediate effect. The day after the first notice appeared, eight former members renewed membership in the post. Veterans who had never been Legionnaires either joined the post or removed the emblem from their lapels. The man who had not been in service no longer displayed the Legion button. A committee was appointed to wait on the one veteran nonmember who refused to remove the emblem, but before the committee called the man's employer heard of the post's campaign and advised the offender to remove the emblem, which he did.

While the Legion post in Weston, West Virginia, was seeking to obtain for its town a war memorial building and community center, Mrs. Louis Bennet solved the problem by giving her home in memory of her son who was shot down in his plane behind the German lines

West Virginia Post Home Is Gold Star Mother's Gift

ON your right as you go up Court Street in Weston, W. Va., is a generously proportioned building surrounded by an expanse of green lawn and big shade trees.

Any passerby will tell you it is the Lewis County War Memorial and Louis Bennet Library which the efforts of the Weston Post of the Legion obtained for the community. For years, the Weston Post had the idea of a memorial, a utilitarian memorial that would express remembrance of the dead and be at the same time a community asset.

In Weston was a woman whose only son had been shot down behind the German lines after establishing an enviable air record. She is Mrs. Louis Bennet. Hearing of the desire of the local Legionnaires, she promptly offered her home as a memorial.

The offer was accepted, and then it devolved upon the Legion members to raise the funds necessary to refit the interior for future use and to keep it up. Lewis County was combed by Legionnaires; residents were convinced of the merit of the plan and the deed was accomplished within a short time.

California Educational Act Aid to Thousand Service Men

MORE than one thousand veterans of California have been able to complete their education under the provisions of the California Veterans Educational Institute Act which was approved in June, 1921. Since January, 1922, when the act became operative, over 2,000 veterans have applied for educational assistance. Of this number, 1,019 were approved and attended school. The first of this year, 390 veterans had completed their education and had taken up their life work, and 502 were in 72 institutions continuing their school work.

Practically every known trade and profession is being learned by these men. Thirty are studying to be ministers, 100 preparing to be dentists, 30 physicians, 100 lawyers, 15 artists. The act provides monetary assistance in payment of tuition, books, supplies and maintenance. The sum allotted each man was based on his financial condition and the individual was required to pay something if possible.

Administration of the Educational Act and the $500,000 fund appropriated by the State is in the hands of the Veterans' Welfare Board, under the direction of an Educational Supervisor. The schools are required to make monthly attendance records and reports of students receiving assistance. The supervisor does not concern himself with scholastic records unless they are not satisfactory to the schools.

THE FIRST?—Alphonse Yelle Post, Manville, Rhode Island, dedicated this memorial on May 30, 1919. The post started work on the monument shortly after the Armistice. Can any community report quicker action to honor World War dead?

Who is he?

Was This Mental Patient In Service During the War?

THIS is the photograph of a man who was picked up in the streets of Danville, Illinois, late in November, 1921, by a member of the National Military Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers which is located in that city. He was wearing a regulation army blouse and army shoes at the time he was found and has since been cared for by the Home. There was no identification on his person and owing to his mental condition he has been unable to give his name or any other clue to identify himself. He is described as being between 30 and 35 years of age, weight 140 pounds, height, 5 feet, 8 inches, blue eyes, light brown hair, fair complexion. If anyone recognizes this man and can assist in establishing service connection, please send complete data to the National Rehabilitation Committee, The American Legion, 417 Bond Building, Washington, D. C.

Post Pioneer Platoon Builds School Playgrounds

MEMBERS of Clemson College (South Carolina) Post will form a pick and shovel gang to improve the playgrounds of Clemson-Calhoun School in its town. Post Commander Joe Cheatham has issued a call for all members to turn out in overalls and be prepared to dig in.

Under direction of members of the post who are civil engineers, the school grounds will be cleared of all rubbish and unsightly trees and laid out according to plans recently made. The pick and shovel gang will make the dirt fly in leveling the plot. Following this the landscape gardener of the post, appropriately named Gardner, will direct the planting of trees and shrubbery for the beautification of the grounds.

Clemson College Post plans a well-equipped playground on this site. The Women's Club of the campus has donated some playground apparatus and post members will remove this from its present site and install it. The post hopes to have its project completed by summer.

Becker, Patriot, Buried Under Nebraska Post's Auspices

CARL H. BECKER of Lincoln, Nebraska, was an old man when the World War turned the world into a nightmare. He was born in Germany, had lived all his life either in the Fatherland or in the German colony at Lincoln. After coming to Lincoln he had attended St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church at Lincoln, had, in fact, help construct the church, nailing clapboards and the like. He loved the church with the devotion of a sincerely religious man; and he wanted to be buried in the little cemetery adjoining it where his friends who came with him to this country were at rest. He wanted to have the last rites for him performed in the church he helped to build.

But they were not. The American Legion sang him to sleep with taps in a graveyard far removed from where he wished to rest.

For years on end the quiet folk at Lincoln had conducted the Sunday services in German. And it followed that the children spoke German, more German than English, which made of this colony a Teutonic settlement. When Ameria got into the fray, the services were conducted in English, a tribute to their Americanism.

After the Armistice German again was used in the services. Becker, with the help of the Legion, worked, protested, and fought for a State language law. It failed of enactment. The old man's health gave way, and it was not long before he died, far from old friends.

The Legion buried him with appropriate ceremonies. And this was its resolution, read over his open grave: "Particularly in view of the work of Mr. Becker in seeking to prevent the teaching of a language under a guise of religion to the children of his community before their acquisition of English, a struggle which forced him to sever life-long friendships and his membership in his church which he helped found. this appreciation is given."

THE POPPY PERSONIFIED.—While Legion posts and Auxiliary units the country over are selling poppies to obtain funds for their own relief work and the Legion's national child welfare program, this little flower girl has blossomed at Sandusky, Ohio. She is Miss Eunice Conners, one of the Sandusky high school girls helping Perry Post in its annual poppy-selling campaign

The Other End of the Bridge

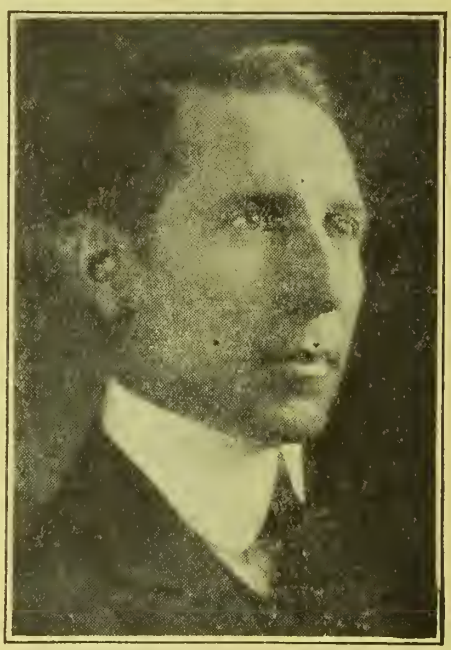
(*Continued from page* 4)

issues his visas accordingly. Thus he avoids the wild rush at the beginning of the quota year in summer, which results in the racing of ships into American ports to bring their passengers in on time. Instead, there is a regular flow of Austrian immigration through the twelve months. Also he distributes the business of his own Consulate evenly over the year and prevents alternations of slack periods and rushes impossible to handle.

Applications for visas have to be made in writing. Then the Consulate —through a capable, specially appointed immigration officer, Donald White— issues what are called appointment letters. That is, each applicant whose application does not on its face show him to be ineligible for admission into the United States is sent a letter telling him on what date to appear at the Consulate for a personal interview and to present the documents necessary to show his eligibility for a visa. These dates are spread out over a period of months in advance, so that there is no congestion in the office on any day. At the beginning of each day, the visa office knows exactly who will be in before night, and nobody else is seen. Both application and issuance of visas are thereby evenly balanced. This does not, of course, include those who want visas only for temporary stays in America.

Before appointment letters are sent out, however, there is a preliminary step. Applications are sorted out into classes in order of preference. Certain classes are preferred, such as immediate relatives of those who have become naturalized in America, wives and children of those in America and not yet naturalized, fiancés and more distant relatives and so forth. Others come in only after these are taken care of. Last December, for instance, there were three times as many who wanted to go to America as could be permitted to enter up to July, 1924. Naturally, those who did not come within the preferred classes were excluded entirely. Those who, therefore, have no chance are notified immediately that they must wait until the following year and are thereby spared the suspense and the loss of giving up their jobs and selling their property, which so often happens elsewhere. Theoretically, this ought to simplify matters in Vienna, too, but actually it usually happens that those who receive a prompt refusal then descend upon the consulate, first to plead, then to deploy all their resources of fancied influence. The written refusal nearly always has to be reinforced, sometimes vigorously, and often the prospective immigrant, usually unsophisticated and gullible, is the victim of sharpers who pretend to have influence and the inside track. This is unavoidable. So far as complications are preventable, the system in use in Vienna makes for efficiency and a minimum of waste.

Now for the worst. This is illustrated by an incident that came within my own observation in one of the biggest capitals in Western Europe. An old Polish Jewess came into the Consulate (the scene was not Poland, but she was there because it was nearer the embarkation port), and asked for a visa to go to America. She was told she couldn't have a visa — the Polish quota was exhausted.



Carol H. Foster, American Consul General at Vienna, who has saved steamship companies, Austrian would-be emigrants and Ellis Island considerable strain by dividing the yearly quota into twelve equal parts.

"But you told me that four months ago," she exclaimed, "and I had been waiting already six months. My husband is there and he is waiting for me and the children, and my money is nearly all gone."

Then she began to sob and with melodramatic accompaniment in tone and gesture told her story to everybody within hearing. She had come to the Consulate in that city nearly a year before, having been told it would be easier to get to America from there than from Poland, where there is always a congestion of those who want to emigrate. When she first applied at the Consulate she was refused a visa, because the quota was full—the Polish quota nearly always is. She was told to come back later. She came back again, and again was told to come back again. She did and once more was refused. And now again she was told there was no chance and to wait. Each time there was nothing to indicate any knowledge that she had been there before.

There you have hit or miss at its worst extreme. No record apparently had been made or kept of the woman's application. Each time she came she had to take her chances with those who came that day for the first time. Nothing definite was told her, she was just turned off to depend on chance. No credit was allowed her for waiting and no preference was given her on that score. No cognizance was taken apparently of her being a special case, and meantime her husband was waiting for his wife and children to join him. What is worse, after a year she was no nearer to knowing than a year before if and when she could come in. No system existed to handle the thousands of persons like this one intelligently and no machinery to handle them efficiently—to say nothing of justice. The United States had passed a law and the law was left to administer itself.

There is a wide span between the best and the worst, as can be seen from the two extremes I have cited. The admitted evils in the existing system—restriction without any special machinery for administration—can be mitigated, as in Vienna, or intensified, as in the other capital. They are inherent, however, in the system, in the principle of restriction without special machinery for administration. This I wish to illustrate in the present article. The alternative and the possible remedy I shall give in a future article, but now I want only to give a picture of what the present system means as it works practically in Europe.

With all the intelligent foresight and careful planning applied in Vienna, the results are unsatisfactory. Some of this cannot be helped, because it grows out of conditions in Europe. There is simply the excess of supply over demand. Europeans want to leave Europe and come to America in greater numbers than America wants them. As long as that condition exists—as long as Europe is a turbulent, war-threatened continent with the opportunity to improve one's station in life limited—you will have American government offices in Europe flooded, whether they are Consulates, immigration bureaus or what not. And we shall have to keep large staffs there to handle the overflow. That is merely the consequence of the tradition of America as a haven of refuge and land of opportunity for the downtrodden of the world. And inasmuch as we have fostered the tradition the responsibility is as much on us as on those who wish to take advantage of it. So with all the system elaborated by the American consul in Vienna his office must at times take on the character of a mob scene.

There are also special factors that aggravate the situation nearly all over Europe. In Austria last summer there was a sudden influx of farmers and others into Vienna demanding immediate visas. They were startled on being told that they would have to wait. Finally one of them explained that he had paid to avoid delay, so why have to wait? Under questioning a few others said the same and a little more investigation brought the whole story out. A clever sharper from Vienna had gone inland and quietly spread the word that he had an inside track into American government offices in Europe and that he could fix American representatives so as to get visas immediately and then immediate admission into the United States. He represented himself, furthermore, as a steamship agent who could get accommodations on any

steamer. He reaped a harvest wherever he went and then moved on.

Those who had bitten and paid him a neat fee then came to Vienna to get their visas. Then only did they learn they had been duped. It was necessary for the American Consulate to publish notices in the newspapers disclaiming any responsibility for the swindler's promises. Publicity and the efforts of the police put a stop to his activities, but not until many had been bled of part of their savings. This sort of thing has always gone on in connection with immigration to America. There have always been crooks who represented themselves as steamship agents and exploited the ignorance of the European peasant. They do so now. It is no longer so easy to pose as steamship agents, but the repertoire of poses is extensive. They can be money changers, immigration officials, what not. And as recent investigations on this side have confirmed, a large proportion of immigrants are robbed of nearly all they have before they get here. The present situation has made easier the lot of the crooked parasites who batten on the emigrating peasant, despite the more elaborate precautions on the part of all government authorities, because the American restriction law puts a premium on pull or the chance of getting pull.

Fighting fraud engages much of the time and energy of the American authorities in charge of immigration in Europe. A large part of the time they fight it unsuccessfully, even when fraud is suspected. Most of such cases grow out of the six months' visas issued for temporary sojourns in the United States either for personal visits, business trips or the like. Suppose a German or Hungarian or Czech comes into an American Consulate to ask for a visa. He has letters from a business firm in Chicago asking him to come over to discuss a contract. He brings other papers, his personal papers showing his birthplace, his character as a law-abiding person, his business connections and the like. These are all in order and in strict accord with American regulations. Yet the consul he appears before has suspicions. There is something about the man that is unconvincing. His business is more or less of a shoestring character. But his position legally is impregnable. He has all the qualifications demanded of him and on their face his documents are irreproachable. The Consul grants the visa. He may do so with regret, but he does it. He can't help himself. He has no authority to do otherwise. He cannot lightly refuse, because the United States cannot be isolated. With the amount of foreign trade we do and our increasing foreign connections it is necessary for thousands to come and go all the time. Quite as likely, however, the man in this case, having got his visa, proceeds to America, presumably for three months, and then loses himself and stays the rest of his life. True, the immigration authorities on this side also will examine him before he lands. But to them also he presents his letters, and they are in order. And the law has been evaded.

Before coming home I talked to a consular official in one of the more crowded Continental centers who is assigned to immigration business exclusively. I asked him to tell me how

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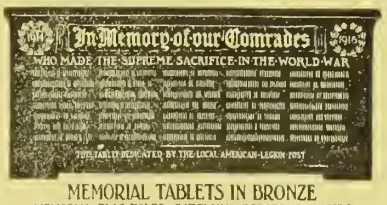

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his office was working and whether he was satisfied, whether he thought the law was being administered adequately.

"Well, it's like standing in a roofless house in a snowstorm holding up a blanket to keep the floor dry," he said. "You can catch some snow in the blanket and the space under it will be dry—and everywhere else wet. I hate to think sometimes how many people I let in who oughtn't to be in and how many I keep out that ought to get in. It's bad enough at best. Come into my office any day and you will witness scenes that rend. And I am helpless, because bound by the law. The law binds me tight enough in circumstances that create victims. I may be preventing the reunion of a man and his wife married for forty years or keeping an only child from its parents or preventing a girl from joining the man she has been engaged to for three years who went on ahead in America to make a home for them. The quota is full and I can't help myself. I just have to go on repeating that it is impossible while they sob out their tragedies to me. Sometimes it takes a thick skin.

"Where the law is lax is just where it ought not to be. If the letter of the law is complied with that settles everything as far as I am concerned. My judgment scarcely enters. We are supposed, for instance, to give preference to those with relatives in America who have been naturalized. I have had a fellow come in to me, a native of this country but subsequently naturalized an American citizen. He came back to this country a short time ago for a visit. First he brought in a brother he wanted a visa for. I gave it to him under the preference provision. That was all right. Then he brought me a sister. That was all right, too. But since then he has brought three or four more supposed relatives. I have had a suspicion that there was something crooked about it and that he was ringing in fake relatives on me and getting a nice fat commission from each one. Well, as it happens, the quota is full now, so I can keep him waiting, anyway, and maybe I can keep him waiting a little longer on one pretext or another and let others get in ahead who are genuine. But sooner or later if he can bring in any sort of documents which on their face are unchallengeable because they say the people concerned are relatives I won't be able to do anything. I have no authority as long as the papers meet certain prescribed conditions. That's where the law binds me the wrong way. Sometimes I can prove up on the authenticity of the documents but not always. We have some machinery for investigation but not very much. It's true I catch a lot of them and throw them out, but there are as many more I don't catch and who get away with it.

"A lot of people come in here with letters from America inviting them to visit aunts or brothers or cousins there, so they want visas good for six months. Still more come in with business propositions that necessitate their going to America for a while. A lot of these are legitimate, of course, and I put them through with as little delay as possible. But a lot are not, and I am morally certain of it, though I can't prove it. All I have any right to ask of them is certain papers fulfilling certain requirements. If they produce those, and if after looking them up I can't prove that they are not genuine I have no recourse but to give a visa. The law gives me no discriminatory power.

"It wouldn't be so bad if I had facilities for thorough investigation, but that would take a lot of money in a foreign country. The result is, I know of case after case where I am sure a man has got in on a temporary visa and stayed. Sometimes I can notify the immigration people at home of my suspicions and they can check up on him and deport him if he is staying beyond his rights, but they haven't enough machinery at home either to do that thoroughly. Sometimes it gets under my skin to have to turn a resolute face against the pleas of a deserving woman who wants to join her husband and then have to pass a smooth, plausible fellow who happens to be clever enough to meet the letter of the law.

"There is this also. One man will come in to me, a sturdy, sound peasant of good healthy stock, hard working and willing to work hard. He comes from the soil and he will go to the soil in America. He will be a producer. And just biologically he has the material we need—vigorous, healthy blood. Another will come to me, weak, unhealthy looking, the typical underbred city slum type. Maybe he hasn't even a trade. He has been a sort of semi-parasite off the city, and he will be the same in the United States. He may be just healthy enough to pass a doctor's examination that shows him to be free from major diseases, but, biologically speaking, he isn't healthy just the same. Yet those two stand on just the same plane as far as admission goes. One is entitled to get in as fast as the other. In fact, as the city type is shrewder and knows more about official procedure he will get in where the other fails.

"Now, I don't say that individual consular officers should have the right to lay down the law for themselves as final arbiters as to what makes desirable population and what doesn't, and I know there are a lot of factors that enter into the question that science isn't sure about itself. But there is no reason why the United States Government shouldn't have some standard of selection, with able enough men to apply the standard fairly and intelligently. As it is, we just let chance work blindly, and when you see how it works you feel safe in predicting the results aren't going to be any too good.

"This is a hard enough job under any circumstances, because you have to do some pretty cruel things, but the worst aspect of it is that under present conditions you can't even get satisfactory results to compensate for the cruelties that have to be inflicted. It doesn't work well, no matter what you do. You have to let your judgment lie idle most of the time. The instruments we are allowed to work with are simply too crude for the operation."

I think this would be the sort of story you would get from any consular officer anywhere in Europe. It is the sort I heard often. Judged from just the one point of view of administration—of handling the applicants for admittance—the situation is serious and seemingly impossible. It is easy to be complacent, looking at it from a distance. But to spend a little while in Eastern Europe and watch the long lines outside the Consulate, lines like

those formed outside the gallery entrance to the theaters or the baseball bleachers, or to see the baskets of mail that pile in at Consulates every morning or hear the imploring pleas, or watch an American consul at work for one day in the visa office—when you have heard and seen that, you realize what a prodigious job we have set out on and how much of our attention it is going to take to handle it efficiently.

In next week's issue of the Weekly Mr. Peffer discusses ways and means of making our Immigration law work more smoothly.

With Privilege of Stopover

(*Continued from page* 5)

All Bill wanted now was a spot where they might for just a little while lie hidden. Whether or not Hornaday had yet discovered how they had taken flight, he soon would know—and that would mean pursuit. But—they hadn't been sighted. And that made all the difference.

Even if, once more, they were being hunted, nothing really was as it had been during the night, and the strange, silent hunt of the early morning hours before his trick with the telephone had betrayed Hornaday into the fatal mistake of leaving his house and his prisoner. For now Bill held the high card that, until Chuck had heard Winston groan in the hidden cellar, had been in Hornaday's hand. Now time was fighting for him—as, until that moment, it had fought against him. And it did so even more surely than Hornaday could know—although he must, Bill felt, know enough to madden him.

For now things that during the night Bill had almost ceased to count upon loomed greatly in his hopes. Now that hour he had invested the night before, promised to bring him a great return.

Bill's spirits rose and rose. As he glanced back from time to time he could see Barbara's set face; Wayne's anxious, peering eyes narrowing as they studied the water. And then he spied the shelter that all the time he had been seeking—a spot where a short of beach shelved down—on the left—the same side as Hornaday's camp.

"Let's land!" he cried. And—"Chuck—Chuck—get ashore!"

The canoe swerved at once; Wayne, too, had seen the beach and the opportunity it offered for a haven. Even

LEGION RADIO

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

Station KFKX, Hastings, Nebraska. Fifteen numbers, including speeches, and music by members of Hastings Post, A. L., 9.30 p.m. (Central Time) May 26.

Station WJY, New York (405 meters). Greenwich Village Post will broadcast program including addresses by Lemuel Bolles, past national adjutant, American Legion, and Dr. Parker T. Moon, Managing Editor of *Political Science Quarterly* and Professor of History at Columbia University, whose subject will be "Woodrow Wilson from the Standpoint of the Historian." 9 to 10 p.m., May 30.

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so, they were caught, for a moment, in a curious, swirling eddy, and swept down a little from their beach. But by dint of some hard paddling they won their way back — and turned to see Chuck in trouble of the blackest sort.

"Lord!" cried Wayne. "We stopped just in time! Steady, there—look out, Chuck—"

Chuck knelt alone in the waist of his canoe. He had tried, seemingly, to turn in midstream at Bill's hail, instead of slanting over to the shore, as he should have done, and the current catching his canoe broadside on had swept it downstream into a turgid, tossing mass of broken water — not true rapids, but a strange and freakish shoal, on either side of which ran deep, black water, close inshore.

They watched him in an agony of nervous apprehension. The canoe was tossed this way and that; seemingly his paddle struck bottom time and again as he thrust with it. And still the canoe, riding high and light, needing no more, perhaps, than six inches of water to keep afloat, did not ground.

Wayne raced down the bank, calling orders to Chuck. There was only the one chance for him; to get off into deep water at the left and strike the bank. Just ahead there was a sharp bend—and as even Bill by this time realized, death lay just beyond it.

"This way—this way, Chuck!" Wayne cried again and again, and waved his arms. And Chuck tried gallantly; got the canoe headed right at last; held her so, as she scraped and tore along the gravel bottom—and then, just as her nose reached deep water, was thrown out by a sudden leap of the canoe. The black water seized upon him; dragged him down deep within its rush.

In an instant Bill was tearing at his coat. But Wayne's hand gripped his shoulder; Bill, no weakling himself, would have been no match for Wayne.

"You can't help him that way!" he cried. "Come on—if he's pulled inshore, and he ought to be, there's just a chance still. But if you go in after him you'll drown yourself and be no good to him! Come on—"

Twice they saw Chuck rise. He was swimming; useless though the effort seemed, he was trying to reach the bank, on a long, diagonal slant. He was as alive as the two on the bank to the peril of that bend. And they had to watch, powerless to help, the struggle that he made. Until suddenly a great stroke pulled him half out of the water, and he faced them, his dripping hair about his face, a look of ludicrous surprise in his eyes.

"Hey—it's stopped pulling—I can swim!" he cried.

"Stop—tread water where you are—wait a minute!" Wayne had seen instantly the explanation. Chuck was caught in something that, in that place of eddies and of mad cross currents, was like the calm spot in the center of a great storm. Two strokes would take him back into the fiendish tugging of the water. But for the moment, until some new shift of the mad forces that were fighting one another there came, he was safe.

"Here—help me with this—" Wayne was tugging at a great fallen branch. Bill saw his purpose; together they pushed its butt into the water. At once it was as if some giant had begun to tear their arms from their sockets, so terrific was the pull of the water. But braced, their muscles straining, they held their own, even when Chuck, using the branch, fought his way across the few perilous feet of water that, without its aid he could never have spanned.

"Cheest!" he said, as he reached the shore. "Thought I was a goner that time! Thought I could swim, too—cheest!"

Of Chuck's canoe not a trace remained in sight.

"All right, Chuck?" said Bill. "Not hurt, are you?"

"Scraped the skin off'n all my legs—guess that's about all," said Chuck. "What's next?"

"Back to the other boat," said Bill. "They'll be coming—one way or another. And we want the canoe hidden—I spotted a place. What's the chance of working back against that current if it comes to that, Jerry?"

"Not so good," said Wayne. "But we haven't come far—we ought to be able to make it through the woods. They're not so thick here—see?"

"I guess so," said Bill. "Let's let the canoe go, then — after Chuck's. That's the best way to hide it there is, isn't it?"

"I'll say it is!" said Wayne. "Won't ever anyone find enough of it to make a toothpick, either! Boy—that's some river! I've seen mean ones before, but none that could tie this! Reminds me of what I read about those birds that shot the Yellowstone. They can have it—I'm not taking any in mine!"

Barbara laughed as they told her their plan. And it was she who pushed the canoe off—to be caught at once and carried down. Some freak of the whirling currents kept it straight — its course was like an arrow's until it disappeared, suddenly tossed high around the bend.

"Fall—thought so—right beyond that bend!" said Wayne.

"What's your idea, Bill?" asked Barbara. "Dad's better—a lot. But, even so, we oughtn't to keep him out this way too long. He's told me a good deal—"

"That's one thing I wanted to ask you," said Bill. "What we do next depends on him, rather—on what's happened. Has he explained about Hornaday—about his relations with him?"

"Yes. It's as Marion told us, of course—oh, Bill — when I think of what he's gone through on my account I could die! Mr. Hornaday did threaten him. It was all on account of that bill. Dad thinks the courts would throw it out — that it's not constitutional. But he's not absolutely sure, because it's cleverly drawn. And, anyway, he just laughed at Mr. Hornaday when he asked him to sign it.

"And then—Mr. Hornaday let him know that he knew about him and Marion. And he knew about Dad's brother, too. It must have seemed to Dad that Mr. Hornaday could make the most frightful mess. And there was something Marion didn't tell us about—a letter she had written to Dad. I suppose she thought it didn't matter. It was the most innocent letter in the world, really—it just was about how wretched and unhappy she was. But it could be twisted into something vile—something horrid. And—Mr. Hornaday had it—it never got to Dad at all. He never knew about it until Mr. Hornaday gave him a typewritten copy of it. That was the other day—just before you saw him, when he was going off

on the train with the Hornaday crowd.

"But before that Mr. Hornaday had threatened Dad. He said he was going to sue Marion for divorce, and drag Dad in. And Dad felt he'd have to do almost anything to stop that. He knew, you see, that Mr. Hornaday was crazy—really mad—insane—that he ought to be in an asylum. I think he half expected something like what happened when you two were thrown off the train in Montana, but he had some idea that he could reason with Mr. Hornaday or with the people who'd be helping him. And then he realized, he says, that it wasn't just Mr. Hornaday—that Garvin had plans of his own. I don't understand them awfully well—Dad isn't sure, of course. But something about stocks — about making money on the stock exchange. Can you see—?"

"I can," said Wayne. "There'd be a dozen ways of doing that—"

"Anyway, Dad wasn't frightfully worried, after he knew you'd got word to me, until he saw Marion. She told him about his brother—and then he was desperate, of course, and telephoned. And it was after that that Mr. Hornaday came and showed him that letter — and Dad went with him, because he was afraid to do anything else."

"I see," said Bill. "That's clear enough—and it fits in with what I want to do, too. Look here—they'll be along soon—bound to be. They'll probably find us, too—and that'll be all right—if they don't do it too soon. What we need now is time—just a little time."

"I don't see—" Barbara began, frowning.

"I know—and I don't want to tell you—because it's all a gamble still. This morning, before we found your father, I wouldn't have traded a plugged nickel for our chance—but now—it's different. Anyway, we want to scatter and hide. It's just plain stalling we have to do now."

"You're sure they'll come this way?" said Wayne.

"They'll find that we took the canoes. They might think we'd go up the lake—but there's a motor boat there, and it wouldn't take them long to find out we hadn't. Then they'll come here. Unless they're stark crazy, though, they'll come along the bank."

"Hey—!"

Chuck, trying to dry out down below, with blankets wrapped about him, hailed them. He was pointing upstream. Far away a canoe showed; in it was the figure of a man, looming up as if he were standing. Amazed, Bill and Wayne stared — and saw that it was Hornaday himself who came, alone in a canoe, kneeling amidships — and as tall, kneeling, as many men would be standing.

"God!" said Wayne.

"He's alone—he couldn't make the others come—even he!" said Bill.

They watched his coming. Barbara went back to her father where he was sitting, wrapped in blankets, propped against a rock. Bill and Wayne, fascinated, went down to the water's edge. The canoe rushed toward them. Hornaday was at his magnificent best in that canoe.

For a minute they watched him coming, so completely under the spell of that superb ferocity of his, so primitive, so utterly made up of the elemental savagery that in his madness had come upon him, that the actualities of the situation were driven from their minds. Then suddenly they awoke to them. For in the grip of that current Hornaday, unwarned, unknowing, was speeding to destruction — to annihilation. Vast as he was, extraordinary as was his strength, vivid as was the purpose, hatred had set afire in him, he was in the grip of a strength, a purpose, greater, more tenacious than his own.

Together, as with one voice, they shouted to him. He heard them. His eyes lighted as he turned. He saw them, and a great shout burst from him. Downward he thrust his paddle; stayed the canoe; seemed for a moment about to check it in good time. But then the water had its way again. The next moment realization of what was happening seemed to come to him, and he began to fight.

About that struggle there was something epic, magnificent, thrilling beyond all words. Bill and Wayne forgot their hatred, their loathing, their fear (for they feared him!) of the man; they fought with him as he struggled against the fiendish pull of the delirious river. The shoal that split the stream was before him; it seemed, just for an instant, that he, like Chuck, would be drawn into it. But a freak of the current willed otherwise. And his canoe, in spite of all that he could do, was drawn into the mill race on the right side of the shoal—on the side of the stream opposite to the bank along which Bill and Wayne were running now in a desperate, futile effort to be of aid.

Still, for a little time, Hornaday fought on. He was superb in his coolness; in his refusal to bow to the inevitable until he must. Once he grasped at a branch that hung low above him as he was swept along, under the bank, where the current was at its swiftest. But it tore in his grasp, and he flung it away with a contemptuous gesture of defiance.

It was after that that he ceased fighting, and crouched, sparing his strength, doing no more than steer. He was being swept, and must by then have known it, straight to the fall. Before him, around the bend, was the mystery of all his life had led him to. There lay the answer to all questions—the answer that death gives.

Running, stumbling as they ran, Bill and Wayne tried to keep up with that wild dash across the stream. But he outstripped them, run as they would; he was out of sight long before they began scrambling down the deep descent that, in the river, was a roaring cataract of flying spray and green, green water, arching as it fell. They saw him and his canoe disappear around the bend. And then, long minutes afterward, when they stood, among rocks wet and slimy from the flying spray of ages, they saw, in the pool below the fall, something that moved in a great and sweeping circle, carried round and round, endlessly, by the water that had had its way at last, and was appeased now and quiet and gentle.

He must have died swiftly; so much they knew, as they looked up and saw the way that he had come to that quiet, whirling pool. The long agony of drowning had not been his; he must have found death from some one of the rocks upon which the falling water

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broke. Bill had seen much of death. And he had hated and despised this man who was dead before him. And still—there had been enough about the way he had faced death to redeem something, at least, of his life.

"I'm not sorry," said Wayne, curiously. "But, Lord—he was a man! Why—Bill, why in God's name couldn't he have gone straight? He could have done anything—been anything—!"

Bill nodded; shook his head. And then he braced himself.

"I hate it—but there's something we want that he has, Jerry," he said. "Remember—that letter Barbara spoke about?"

Wayne recoiled for a moment; then he, too, nodded.

"Got to be done," he said. "I was thinking, anyway—we oughtn't to leave him like that."

"No," said Bill. "That's true, too. Whatever he was, he's entitled to some sort of burial."

It was no easy task to bring the huge body ashore, but they accomplished it. Soberly Bill searched the pockets; from a well-filled wallet took at last the letter that they sought. It was water-soaked, but legible. All the rest they examined together, and set down a list of what they found; money, papers of various sorts, keys, a watch—the small things a man carries. And this list they both signed.

It was a shallow grave they made. But over all that was left of Hornaday they made a great cairn of stones to mark his resting place.

"His people can do as they please, later," said Bill.

XXIII

BILL and Wayne walked back together, soberly. As they reached the crest of the cliff they had to climb they heard voices; Wayne started forward anxiously, but Bill restrained him.

"I'm not surprised," he said. "They came along the shore after Hornaday, of course. Steady—no use putting up a fight."

"You're going to walk right into them?"

"Might as well—we couldn't get away now. And—we don't want to."

Wayne shook a puzzled head, but walked on. Soon they could see the others. A dozen men were around Barbara and her father; in a moment one broke away and came toward them, pistol in hand. It was Garvin, and at the sight of Bill his face lighted up.

"Got you!" he said. "Hands up—just for a minute! Mike!"

Wayne and Bill stood still while Mike took their weapons from them.

"All right!" said Garvin. "Where's Hornaday—dead?"

"Yes," said Bill. "He's—luckier than you. He wouldn't have liked jail."

"I'm not going to jail!" Garvin laughed, insolently.

"Perhaps you're not—if you're sensible," said Bill. "We'll see. I'll admit it's up to you. We don't particularly want to send you there—this time."

"Cut that sort of talk out," said Garvin. "You're rid of Hornaday—but if you think that's going to get you much you're mistaken. I'm carrying on."

"Yes? Is that so?"

"Yes—it is. Come on—let's get back to the camp."

"Good hunch," said Bill. He glanced at his watch, and frowned.

Winston, depressed and haggard in appearance, was getting to his feet as Bill came up to him.

"Look here, Garvin," he said, "this farce had better end. I demand that you send me home immediately. I—had reasons for dealing as I did with Hornaday. But they don't apply to you."

"That's where you're wrong," said Garvin. His teeth showed as he snarled. "I've got you right where I want you—and I'm not a nut, like the boss. You'll sign that bill—or you'll never sign another! I don't give a tinker's damn what becomes of you. If I'd had my way you'd have signed it long ago—or else—"

"That's enough!" Bill's voice had all its old ring of authority; Garvin, involuntarily, straightened at its whip-like note. "We'll discuss this at the camp. The Governor's a sick man, Garvin, as you ought to know. Now—march!"

"Hey—I'm giving the orders 'round here now—don't you forget that," said Garvin.

"Then give them!"

Garvin, raging at being placed in the position of having to do what he had all along intended to do, did give his orders, and the procession moved on slowly. Wayne and Chuck walked with Winston, supporting him on either side; Bill fell into step beside Barbara, conscious of Garvin's surly look boring into their backs. Barbara's arm slipped through his. Bill looked down at her—and saw that she was laughing!

"I can't help it!" she whispered. "This just seems—I don't know—it's so absurd! It can't be real—"

"It's real enough," Bill said soberly. "Garvin's twice as dangerous as Hornaday ever was. Garvin's a rat—Hornaday was a big man gone wrong. It's the difference between a rattlesnake and a copperhead. But just the same I'm not worried—much. Not now."

"Shut up, there, you two!" Garvin's voice sounded behind them. "Or quit whispering! Talk, if you want to—but talk out loud."

"Go to hell!" said Bill. And he turned and laughed in Garvin's face.

But for the rest of the way he and Barbara were silent. In much less time than Bill had expected they came out into the camp clearing.

"Go along to the big house," said Garvin. "All you people. Mike—you go along—and keep your gun handy. The rest of you get into the boat house and wait until I call you."

Bill nodded, satisfied. That suited him.

"Hope you kept the fire going, Garvin," he said. "It's been pretty cold—"

"You'll find it hot enough before I'm done with you," said Garvin. "I've got a bone or two to pick with you for the way you handled me that night—"

"Oh, don't be petty, Garvin!" said Bill, wearily. "That's the trouble with a half baked, amateur crook like you! Here you are trying to pull off something big, and you can waste time thinking about your little personal grouch! How do you expect ever to get anywhere that way? You'd better go take a course in picking pockets in the rush-hour crowds—that's about your speed!"

"Shut up!" snarled Garvin. "I've

had just about enough now from you!"

Bill laughed as he followed Winston into the living-room of the camp. He drew Barbara with him, and they went and sat together on the seat under the big window at the eastern end of the room, which commanded a view of the whole clearing and the road through the wood. Again Bill glanced at his watch and frowned.

"Now, Governor—let's talk turkey," said Garvin. "I don't want to get rough, but—"

"Too late, Garvin!" said Bill. "Come here—look—!"

Cursing, Garvin ran toward him.

"I told you to shut up!" he cried. "Now I'll—"

But his eyes went past Bill, and he stopped dead. His jaw sagged, and he stared, like a man hit suddenly between the eyes, at the road. Out into the clearing came a car, and behind it was another, and behind that still another. From them men poured out and came toward the camp. Bill saw Galloway jump down from the first car, and smiled. But Garvin, he knew, must know the others, too; the men who were there because of what Bill had arranged with Galloway; the reporters, and the carefully chosen legislators.

Garvin, stricken, speechless, appalled, made no move as Bill brushed past him and went swiftly to Winston.

"Galloway's here," he said. "He's brought the newspaper men with him—they've been getting restless about your absence. Tell them you detected the joker in this bill—and that you've been with your old friend, Hornaday, reasoning with him and convincing him that it was criminal folly for him to antagonize public opinion in such a way—and that, of course, you couldn't, in any case, allow anything of the sort. We've got to whitewash Hornaday—but that's a detail, now that he's dead."

Winston's mind worked swiftly. He had grasped the situation in a moment. He was up, smiling, ready to greet the newcomers as they entered.

And while his sonorous voice filled the room, explaining, telling of the tragic ending of his quiet visit to Hornaday, Bill was explaining what he had done to Barbara and Wayne.

"I bet everything on Winston's being here," he said. "I didn't tell you last night—no use worrying you. But I found out from Galloway that one of the papers was all ready to spring a sensation about the Governor's disappearance—and even to hook it up with Hornaday and the logging railway legislation.

"So I told Galloway to get the capitol reporters together and bring them here today to see the Governor. We had to get here first—Hornaday would have been warned of that caravan's coming, and they'd never have found the Governor. That was why, after we had him, we only needed time—because I was afraid of what Hornaday might be mad enough to do if he found he was going to lose."

"Oh—I—see—" said Barbara. And, now that it was all over, proceeded, quietly and efficiently, to faint—for the first time in her life. She came to her senses with Bill bending over her, his face distorted by his anxiety, and Wayne dabbing at her eyes with a wet handkerchief.

"Stop it—" she said. "I—I'm all right. I—just can't quite believe everything's all right! But it is—isn't it?"

"I think so," said Bill. He raised his voice. "Oh, Garvin!"

Garvin came over. His face was white; beads of perspiration stood on his forehead.

"I haven't any authority to do this—but I'm going to take a chance," said Bill. "You're not going to jail—if you keep quiet. Not this time. And—keeping quiet means just that. Not a word about Martin Winston—not a word about anything you know. There'll be a big enough story in tomorrow's paper—but if you'll keep your mouth shut no one'll ever need to know what's behind the headlines."

Garvin drew a long breath.

"Talk? Me?" he said. "I know when I'm licked! I'll roll over and play dead any time you say so!"

Bill considered him for a moment; then he nodded.

"I think he means that—don't you, Wayne? By the way—you'd better take him away somewhere and see if he's got any papers he oughtn't to keep."

"Right!" said Wayne. And, linking his arm with Garvin's, he drew him away.

By the fireplace Winston, with a group of reporters in a half circle about him, was still talking. Barbara looked at him, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Bill—" she said. "Bill—if it hadn't been for you—"

"Oh, I don't know!" he said. "Might have gone off better if I hadn't butted in! All right now, anyway. I'll send you a postcard from Los Angeles."

"Bill—!" she said. "What's the idea?"

"Nothing—time I got to work, that's all. Oh—you—you know—you and Wayne—you haven't told me—but—I think he's a corker, Bab—you ought to be darned happy—"

"Bill—!" Stark amazement was in her voice. "What *do* you mean?"

"Why—uh—gosh, I couldn't help seeing—you're going to marry him, aren't you?"

"Jerry? Me—marry Jerry?" Suddenly she laughed. "Bill—you great baby—I'm going to marry you!"

Sheer panic seized upon Bill.

"Me? Why—you can't! I—I never asked you to! I—I like blondes—I tell you I scarcely saw you—on the train—"

She only looked at him.

"Bab—dear—I can't! I'm broke—I don't amount to anything—I—oh, I'd give the soul out of me to marry you—but—"

Still she only looked at him.

"Bab—dearest—I tell you—oh—if I can make good—if you haven't—if you aren't married—a year from now—"

"Bill!"

"Ye-es—?"

She was standing.

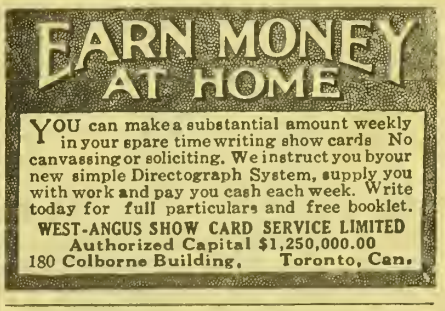
"Come along!" Firmly she took his arm and drew him along with her over toward the fire. Three or four of the reporters broke away to speak to her.

"Oh, hello!" she said. "You've listened to the Governor long enough! I've got a story for you myself! About my engagement. I'm going to be married to Mr. Patterson. Bill—tell them about yourself!"

Bill looked about helplessly. He saw Wayne's face, one wide, white grin. He saw Winston smiling, nodding.

"I—I—oh, Lord—I—I used to be a newspaper man myself—" he began.

THE END



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TAPS

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

JOHN J. ADAMS, *Newark (New Jersey) Post.* D. Mar. 24, aged 27. Sergt. Hdq. Co., 113th Inf., 29th Div.

THOMAS J. BYRNE, *Murray Hill Post, New York City.* D. Apr. 26, aged 28. Served with Co. F, 11th Engineers.

HARRY E. CAIRNS, *Guy Wood Post, Ocheyedan, Ia.* D. Mar. 29, aged 35. Served with 35th Inf. Band, Atlanta, Ga.

JAMES A. CONDER, *Ligon-Daniels Post, Graham, Tex.* D. Mar. 13.

RUSSELL T. CONGDON, *Alfred Erickson Post, Hancock, Mich.* D. Mar. 1. Served with Batty. B, 44th Arty., C. A. C.

WILLIAM E. DICK, *Sumter (South Carolina) Post.* Killed in tornado Apr. 30, aged 28.

DR. CHARLES S. DICKINSON, *Robert B. Woodbury Post, Pottsville, Pa.* D. Apr. 19 in U. S. Veterans Hospital, Perryville, Md., aged 50. Served in Medical Officers Reserve Corps, Camp Meade, Md.

GEORGE F. FISHER, *Verne O. Reed Post, Bloomfield, Ia.* D. Apr. 18. 1st lieut., 318th Ammn. Train, 8§th Div.

GEORGE W. GLADFELTER, *Everhart Van Eimeren Post, South Milwaukee, Wis.* Killed in auto accident Apr. 25, aged 29. Served with Batty. C, 120th F. A., 32d Div.

HERBERT REITER, *Walter Weller Post, Toledo, O.* D. Apr. 19. Served with Base Hospital 53, Camp Mills, N. Y.

MILTON F. ROBERTS, *Medford (Massachusetts) Post.* D. Apr. 24, aged 82. Veteran of Civil, Spanish-American and World Wars. Served at Charlestown Navy Yard during World War.

THOMAS H. THARALSON, *Lloyd Spetz Post, Devils Lake, N. D.* D. Dec. 13, 1923, at Thomas Hospital, Minneapolis, aged 56. Served as 2d lieut., 1st N. D. Vol. in Philippines and as lt. col., comdg. 116th Ammn. Train in World War.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

CO. F, 51ST PIONEERS—Reunion, nomination of officers and banquet, at Golden Rule Inn, Ulster Park, May 26. Address Eugene Cornwell, 156 Fair st., Kingston, N. Y.

128TH AMBULANCE CO. AND 107TH SANITARY TRAIN, 32D DIV.—Reunion at Bay City, Mich., May 30. Address Clarke W. Cummings, 227 N. McLellan st., Bay City, Mich.

FIRST CO., THIRD OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL, CAMP CUSTER, MICH.—Reunion in Grand Rapids, Mich., June 6-7. Address Lieut. H. C. Wilmarth, c/o Wilmarth Show Case Co., Grand Rapids.

63D REGT., C. A. C.—Fourth annual picnic for bunch that landed at Puget Sound Xmas eve, 1917, will be at Dexfield Park, near Dexter, Ia., June 8. Address R. K. Chapman, Bagley, Ia.

EVAC. HOSP. NO. 12—Reunion in Chicago during American Medical Ass'n meeting, June 9-13. Address Dr. J. C. Redington, 404 Bank of Galesbury bldg., Galesburg, Ill.

CAMP KNOX AND CAMP TAYLOR — Men who served at these camps during war invited to Louisville for reunion, June 21 and 22. Address James P. Gregory, Commander of Jefferson Post, A. L., Louisville, Ky.

302D WATER TANK TRAIN—Former members interested in proposed reunion write E. R. Kuenette, Box 92, East St. Louis, Ill.

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

BUDDIES IN DISTRESS

Queries aimed at locating service men whose statements are necessary to substantiate compensation claims should be sent to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 417 Bond Building, Washington, D. C., not to the Weekly. The committee will be glad to assist in finding men after other means have failed, and, if necessary, will advertise through the Weekly. The committee wants to hear from the following:

Comrades of S. J. MORGAN, former corporal, 13th Aero Squadron, who know facts relative to his injury at Colombes les Belle, France, and addresses of lieutenants in charge at that time.

HAROLD KENNETH SMOOT, former Lieutenant in Navy, can furnish information to assist a former comrade. Lt. Smoot is thought to be located in Mexico.

EARL KELLY, formerly with Co. "G," 165th Infantry, 42d Division, can furnish information to assist a former comrade.

Addresses are desired on the following: MAJOR DEMING, former Reg'l Surgeon, 90th Inf., 20th Div.; CAPT. LADD, same outfit; CAPTAIN TAYLOR, formerly with Co. "E," 306th Engrs., Camp Jackson; LIEUT. UNDERWOOD, formerly with 2d Batt., Depot Brigade, Camp Jackson.

L. H. WRIGHT, former bugler in 105th Am. Tr., 30th Div., wishes to locate SERGEANT LAWRENCE, formerly with 3d Casual Detachment, who accompanied Wright over on U. S. S. *Roanoke*, landed at Newport News and proceeded with him to Camp Hill, Va.

Men who served with ORIE ALLMAN, in 90th Aero Squadron.

Former Comrades of PRIVATE EDMUND J. BURKE, deceased, of Co. "A," 112th Infantry, 28th Division.

Present addresses of PAUL PARWOESKI, JACK BERMAN, HARRISON ROSE and B. F. MULLANE, formerly at Camp Paul Jones, Great Lakes, about January, 1918.

Former comrades of STEPHEN SHADDOCK, Co. "B," 321st F. A., 82nd Division.

CAPT. WILLARD A. MACK, O. R. C., MAJ. LELAND STANFORD HOBBS, Co. K, 63d Inf. in 1917, and WILLIAM V. WITCHER, O. R. C., 1917, in connection with claim of JAMES WILLIAM TRENGOVE, Co. K., 63d Inf.

CPL. CYRIL BULLS, formerly of Tulsa, Okla., and other comrades of WILLIAM WALTER WUNDER, Co. F, 357th Inf., 90th Div., gassed while in service.

CAPT. JOHN F. MILLER, Q. M. C., LIEUT. H. MCCEORY, M. C., LT. COL. C. R. GENTRY, M. C., all at Ft. Snelling, Minn., Mar., 1919, and CAPT. PURVIS, M. C., MISS JOHNSON, nurse, and PVT. BEATY, orderly, at Embarkation Hosp. No. 1, Hoboken, N. J., in Jan. and Feb., 1919, in connection with claim of CHARLES E. RONEY, meningitis patient.

CAPT. COX, stationed at Ft. Des Moines (Iowa), Gen. Hosp. No. 26, during fall of 1918 and Jan., 1919, in connection with claim of W. L. ECKLUND.

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Book Service

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Bursts *and* Duds

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If Not, Why the Name?

First Hobo: "I've decided to become a movin' pitcher actor."

Second Bo: "Don't dat take a lot o' pep?"

First Bo: "Nix. As I unnerstand it, it's de pitchers does de movin'."

In the Air

He proposed while they were sailing
Through the blue serene of heaven,
And he raved about her beauty
From nine-ten until eleven.

They were high up in the cloud fields,
Far from whispering of clover,
And the poor girl had to take him,
For she couldn't throw him over.

—*Edgar Daniel Kramer.*

Warned

Sam, while walking in the woods late one afternoon, was surprised by a wildcat which proceedcd to chase him to the top limbs of a large oal. tree on the edge of a deep canyon. The wildcat was climbing as fast as Sam, and soon had forced him perilously near the decaying end of a long limb extending beyond the edge of the precipice. Sam decided it was time to remonstrate.

"Wilecat," he said impressively, "wilecat, does yo' make me go one inch furdah, yo' is gwine have to jump a long ways fo' yo' suppah!"

Willing to Oblige

Crusty Father: "I understand you want to marry my daughter."

Hopeful: "Well, not exactly, sir—er—your daughter wants to marry me, and I promised to fix it up for her."

That'll Do It

"I hope," said the reformer, "that the next war will be the war to end wars."

"It will be," promised the chemist, "if you'll let us use a little more poison gas."

Real Tragedy

Mrs. (at the telephone): "Oh, Jack, mother's fallen down the stairs—now, dear, do be brave—and broken—"

Mr. (eagerly): "Her neck?"

Mrs.: "No, dear—that bottle of Benedictine she promised to bring us from Bermuda."

An Episode

A maiden got my hand and heart,
A banker got my note,
The preacher got my name in full,
The landlord got my goat.

The moving man got all my cash,
The lawyer got my wife—
Thus ends another episode
In struggling through a life.

—*James A. Sanaker.*

The Eyes Have It

Father (sternly): "What do you mean by dancing the hula-hula at that party?"

Flapper: "Why, daddy, I was just putting a little motion before the house."

Painstaking Worker

Foreman: "I thought you said you were an expert bricklayer? You've worked all morning, and now you can go and get your time."

Bricklayer: "Have ye any fault to find wit the brick I laid?"

Foreman: "No, but I thought you might have laid the other one, too, while you were about it."

The Insulting Thing!

She: "What are you thinking about?"

He: "The same as you."

She: "Sir!"

Beauty Clay

Imperial Caesar dead and turned to clay
Might help milady drive the lines away.

Their Stamping Grounds

He rushed into the drug store and exclaimed:

"Gimme some medicine for snakebite, quick."

"Sorry," said the druggist, "but I can't give you any without a prescription, you know. Besides, there aren't any snakes in New York."

"The devil you say!" was the rejoinder. "Why, old man, I passed six of them on my way up here."

Bum Technique

"Holy cats!" exclaimed the owner of the Uncle Tom show. "This is the last time I'll ever carry dachshunds to chase Eliza across the ice."

"What's the matter?" inquired the stage manager.

"Looka there. That mutt's got his front feet on one shore and his hind feet on the other river bank, and all the ice is floating down stream under his tummy. Order some short dogs."

When Nerve is Needed

"Our sturdy forefathers were men of iron nerve."

"Oh, I don't know. None of them ever tried to kiss a girl and break a speed law at the same time."

At the Football Game

He: "There's another man knocked out."

She (turning leaves of program): "Oh, if he's dead I do hope they'll turn him over so I can see his number!"

Agreeable All Around

Mistress: "Is my bath ready, Clara?"

Maid (no references): "Why, this ain't Saturday night."

"How dare you? I bathe twice a day, of course. I don't want a maid as ignorant as you seem to be. Leave my employ."

"I'll go, all right. I don't want to work for nobody who needs a bath as often as you seem to."

In the Business

Rufus Brown: "Brothah Jones, somebody done stole dem chickens yo' done sol' me yestiddy. Reckon I'll hafta buy two mo' from yo'."

Sam'l Jones: "Dat's all right, suh. Will de same ones do?"

Headway

Gates: "Did the Congressional investigating committee get anywhere in its inquiry?"

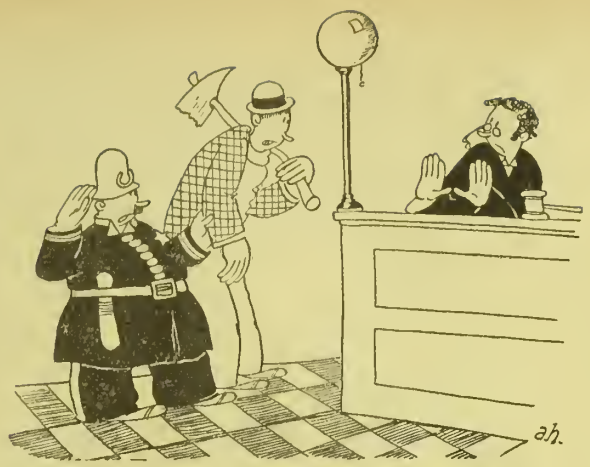
Bates: "Yes, indeed. It actually found out what everybody already knew."

Personal Question

He: "Do you think a third party has a chance?"

She: "Don't talk politics to me!"

He: "I'm not, dear. I mean—have I a rival for your hand?"



Patrolman: "Yer honor, this feller got tired of havin' his wife's relatives livin' in his house, an' he's charged with kicking 'em out and chasing 'em ten blocks wit' an ax."

Judge: "Take him away. I have no jurisdiction over the awarding of hero medals."

The Heart of the Nervous System

Teacher: "No, children, smoking should never be indulged in. It has an evil effect on the nerves. Explain why it is, William."

William Wiseacre: "Well, a feller worries so much about gettin' caught doin' it."

Hooray!

Daughter: "Yes, mother. I hear that just because I broke our engagement he has started drinking."

Mother: "The brute! Openly celebrating!"

Popular

"That man's works are read everywhere."

"What is he—an author?"

"No, he's the judge who writes the minority opinions of the United States Supreme Court."

In His Place

"I see that Senator Conn has chosen his seat in the Senate chamber."

"Just like him—he never did take a stand on anything."

Fisherman's Luck

I fished for several hours;
In fact, I fished all day,
Until the night came stealing
Across the gleaming bay,

And yet, despite my patience,
Thus candor bids me tell,
I didn't catch a thing until
I reached home and caught
(finish it for yourself.)

—E. D. K.

A Man of Leisure

"You say he's the laziest man in Tumblinville?"

"Yup. He's so lazy that every mornin' before he gits up he sends one of his boys down to the store to see what the loafers are arguin' about. If they ain't discoursin' on something he wants to argue about, he don't git up."

Poor Kids

Mrs. Dee: "Are you all settled in your new home?"

Mrs. Holbrooke: "All but the children. They can't sleep a wink. My husband hasn't had time yet to connect the aerial for the bedtime stories."

Same Effect

Fayburn: "How does Armstrong behave at home?"

Greenwood: "The same as in a dentist's chair—afraid to open his mouth."

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