10c a Copy JULY 4, 1924 Vol. 6, No. 27

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

Published weekly at New York, N. Y. Entered as second class matter March 24, 1920, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Price $2 the year. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized March 31, 1921. Legion Publishing Corporation, 627 West 43d St., New York. President, John R. Quinn, 627 West 43d St., N. Y. C.; secretary, Russell G. Creviston, 627 West 43d St., N. Y. C.; treasurer, Robert H. Tyndall, 627 West 43d St., N. Y. C.

THIS cover design, by Ralph B. Wilkins, was awarded first prize in a competition open to vocational trainees of the Society of Illustrators' School for Disabled Soldiers in New York City. (See page 22)

Pennsylvania Legionnaires

Are you on the fighting line or are you sitting back in the swivel chair with your spurs in the mahogany?

Your Post Commander has informed you about the state-wide membership drive from July 1 to July 10. He needs your help to make this drive a success.

There should be no slackers or swivel chair artists in the Department of Pennsylvania during this drive. We want members because the larger the membership the easier it will be to help the disabled and the more we can accomplish for our Community, State and Nation.

Your Post Commander has prepared lists of eligibles for The American Legion for your district. Get one of these lists. Then go get members!

Fighters and workers are just as necessary now to a successful post as they were to win the war in 1917 and 1918. Get some of that old wartime pep into you and do your bit as you did then.

Remember the officers cannot do all the fighting and K.P. now any more than they could during the old days.

Let's go!

J. LEO COLLINS,
State Commander

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Is yours one of the 400 busters?

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

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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

Owned exclusively by The American Legion.

All editorial correspondence and manuscripts should be addressed to the editorial offices in New York City.

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES
627 West 43d Street, New York City

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Neglect *of* Duty

First in a New Series of
Tales of the D. C. I.

By Karl W. Detzer

Illustrated by V. E. Pyles

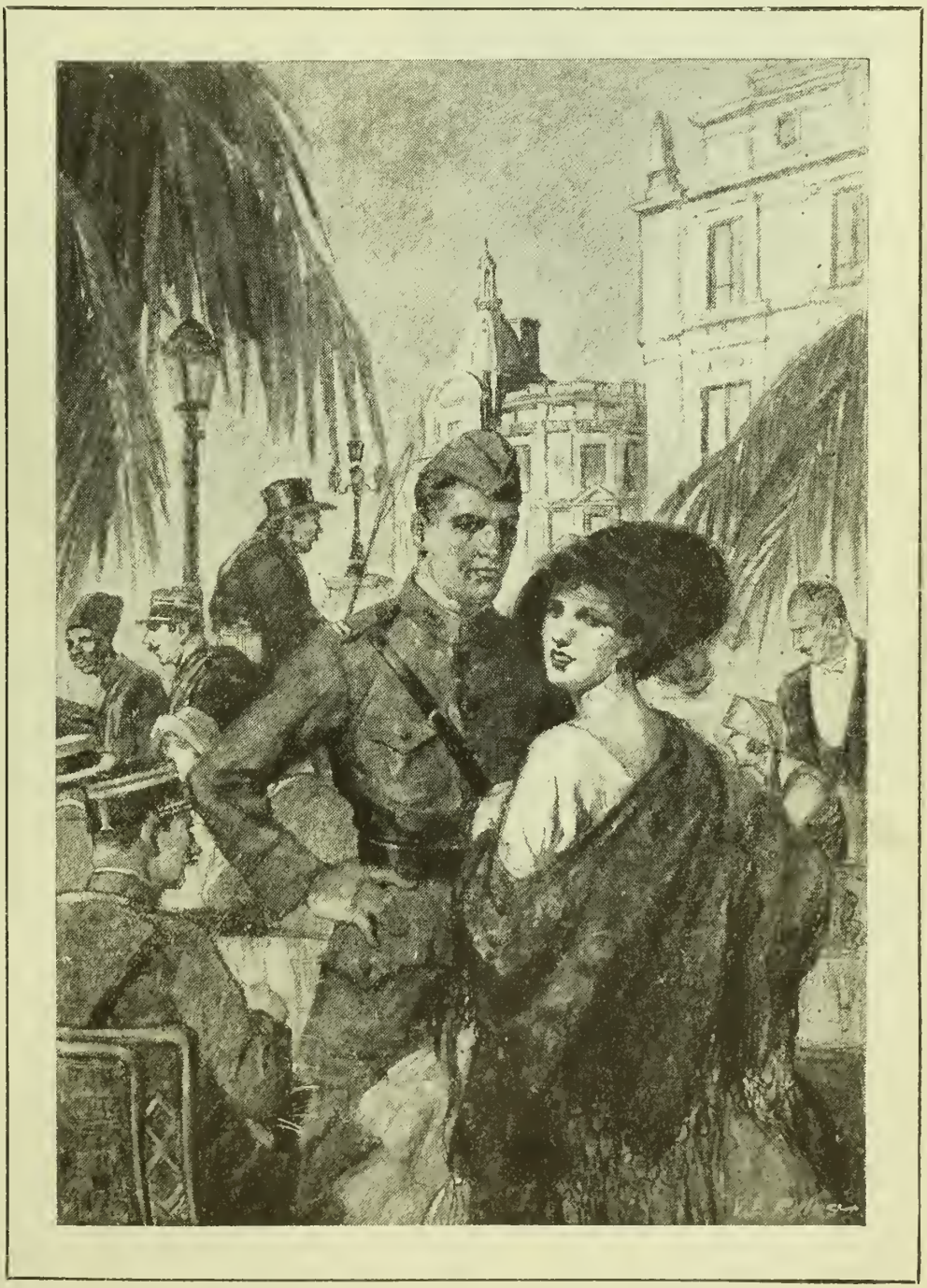
ON the hearth of the old French fireplace a gust of wind picked up a handful of gray ashes and fluttered them about. I watched their dust whirl and crumble. The secret was safe.

There are times when a man's official duties and his personal desires run at cross currents. The rule book tells him one thing; his conscience another. And then — someone else may force a decision for him.

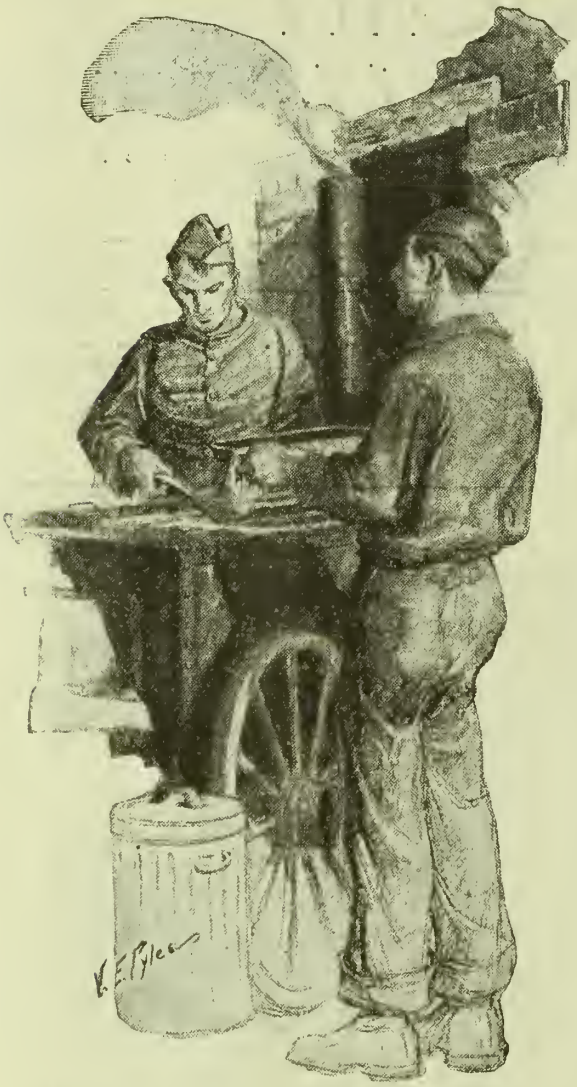
So it happened—in the case of the forty thousand francs which disappeared one night from the trunk of Colonel Joyce. Duty was plain. An arrest, a murmur of sympathy and of condemnation, a regiment's reputation soiled, imprisonment for a man at fault—my duty demanded all these. On the other hand, Colonel Joyce made a sacrifice for the honor of his regiment, and I watched the reports flame up and die to ashes in that old French fireplace and was glad.

The affair began one rainy afternoon in June, one of those persistently dreary days. The fire on the hearth was smoking. Out in the garden of the Department of Criminal Investigation office in Le Mans a fountain joined its voice to the less musical trickle of the rain. Below in the sergeant's office I heard the operators on the afternoon shift reporting for duty.

A motorcycle put-putted to a halt under my window and I looked out, wondering which operator was returning. But they were not D. C. I. men who climbed out and looked at the house fronts, searching for the number; instead, strangers, apparently American officers. They found it in a minute, and clanged the iron gate after them. A clerk announced them. Captain



Katie, the Spanish girl with the eyes that buy her drinks, was waiting for him



Stevens shammed a lame foot and was set at kitchen police, a detail he had hoped for

Morton, supply officer, accompanied by Captain Fink, adjutant, of an artillery regiment billeted near La Ferté Bernard, wished to see me on official business. I welcomed them to the private office.

"We've had a nasty affair in our regiment," Captain Fink said at once, "a rotten piece of work. We reported it to the military police and they tried to get into touch with you, but the telephone wouldn't work. So we said we would hunt you up ourselves. The military police captain told us you were the officer to investigate."

"Tell me all about it," I directed, and called a clerk to make notes.

"We are officers of the — Field Artillery. You've heard of us. We've a mighty good record for a recruit outfit. We're on our way home now, stopping off here till they send for us at the base port. We've been here three weeks, billeted all over the La Ferté Bernard area. Our headquarters is an old chateau; colonel's quarters and staff officers in the chateau itself. For our office we have an old hunting lodge across the lagoon."

"You've had trouble?" I asked.

"Money gone." Captain Fink said shortly. "Battery B had turned over to Colonel Joyce, our commanding officer, its battery fund—40,000 francs."

"Forty thousand francs!" I exclaimed.

Captain Fink repeated it.

"They had a good deal of money before they came overseas," he explained. "Home town people gave it to them as they were starting, and there was no way of spending it when we got here. Besides that, they're good fellows in that outfit, and have been saving considerable. We've been on the march and we haven't used a bank. So the Colonel volunteered to keep the fund with his confidential papers, and the battery commander was mighty glad to shift the responsibility.

"Well—last night it disappeared."

I SAT watching the two officers—Captain Fink, young, boyish, trained and tanned, yet with a look of gentleness about him, and the supply officer, older than most captains, a short, thick, gray man, wrinkling his brow and trying to think this business out. Both were upset, naturally.

"We hate to have this thing ruin our good record just as we're starting home!" added Captain Fink. "We've had five citations and not a mark against us."

That night I went back to La Ferté Bernard with them in a D. C. I. car, while a pair of operators from the Le Mans office followed with the motorcycle. It was approaching dusk when we arrived. Colonel Joyce, a rubber coat about his shoulders, was pacing the gravel walk, worried, anxious, heedless of the rain. He invited me to his quarters at once.

"You see, it was a big lot of money, too much!" He had seated himself stiffly at one of the tables and jerked his head toward the trunk at the side of his bed. "Eight thousand dollars, practically. That's a lot of money, too much to keep in an old trunk. It was my own fault, that."

I crossed over to the trunk and examined it. The lock and hinges were not even scratched.

"When did you see the money last?" I asked.

"Last evening, about five-thirty, I think. Captain Fink was going to Le Mans to buy some things for me, and the captain of B Battery asked him to take some of the money along and get fresh fruit. I unlocked the trunk myself, and took out the envelope—here it is." He held up a brown "official" envelope. "I counted out three fifty-franc notes. I put the rest back, snapped on the rubber band, and replaced it again in the trunk."

"I beg your pardon, sir," Captain Fink broke in, for he and Captain Morton had been invited to the conference. "If the colonel remembers, he gave me the envelope, and told me to put it in, under the waterproof sheet—remember?"

"That's true. You did. That's a second witness." The colonel chuckled humorlessly. "I was beginning to wonder if I hadn't put it back, if my memory was doing me tricks. But to go on. I locked the trunk before I left the room. Olcott—he's my orderly, honest as daylight—sat here on guard till my bedtime, as he always does.

"I turned in at nine o'clock and read in bed till nearly midnight. I slept till seven. Captain Fink wakened me, coming home. He had broken down his motorcycle and had pushed it to the nearest village and had slept there, rather than walk home through the rain. It was his coming that awakened me.

"At eight o'clock I looked at the envelope. Just happened to, while hunting something else in my trunk. It was empty. And mind you, Captain, the thing had not been alone one second, and I have the only key."

I questioned him still further, and the captains, too. It seemed that one Grafton, a battery cook, who had a taste for lemon extract and was by some considered worthless, had been seen snooping around the chateau just after dark. He was the only suspect they could name. He had not been arrested, nor even questioned.

"Will you send for him, please?" I directed.

Grafton came in, greasy, untidy, stoop-shouldered; with a tricky expression and an eye that roved about, never stopping on any object long. I talked to him. He evaded my questions. I released him an hour later, privately deciding to watch him.

The D. C. I. operators, the two who had followed with the motorcycle, had stopped in the town. They were dressed in uniform, and although both were sergeants, they flashed no stripes on their sleeves. These two, I decided, should go into the regiment—orders are fixed easily under such circumstances—and the next morning they dropped off their packs in the orderly room of B Battery, and were assigned to that organization, for return to the States.

Sergeant Jordan, the more stalwart of the two, went on duty around the officers' quarters. The other, Sergeant Stevens, shammed a lame foot, and immediately was set at kitchen police, a detail which he had hoped for. It would give him a chance to be near Grafton, the cook, and men on police detail talk more than those at drill.

BACK in Le Mans, I myself returned to other duties. For three days I received only brief messages. Sergeant Stevens, thoroughgoing and cautious, was merely "listening-in." His telegrams each night said laconically: "No report—D 3 S," the latter being his signature. However, on the fourth day, a longer message rushed in, bringing announcement of some queer clew unearthed at the old chateau near La Ferté Bernard.

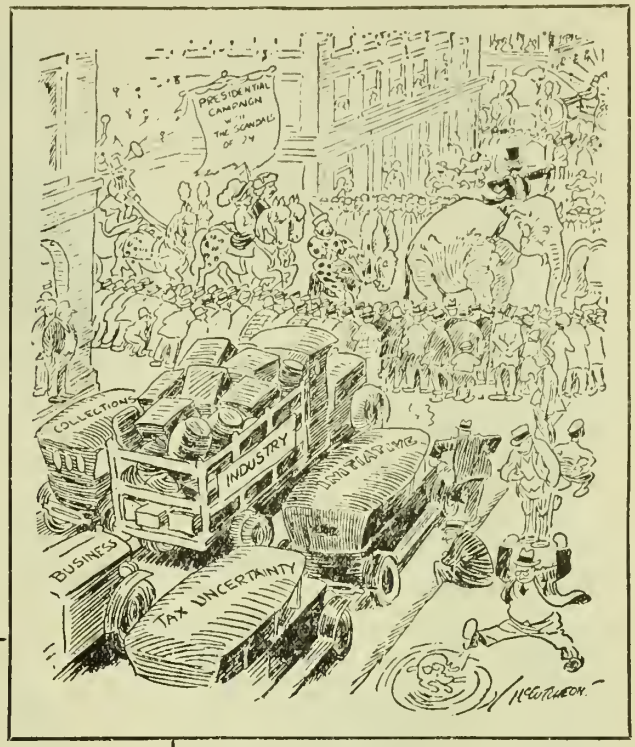
"Case lining up," it reported. "Search for building in Le Mans probably café, recently painted red."

The D. C. I. staff were used to bizarre descriptions of men wanted.

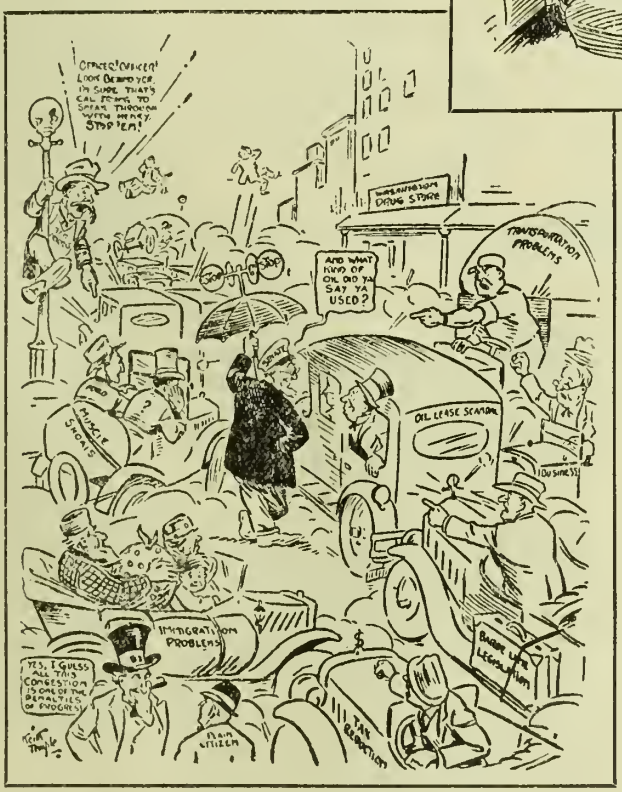
"Look for a fat colonel with white

(*Continued on page* 19)

Oil *and the* Profiteer Trail



The cartoons reproduced herewith reflect a condition that might be termed the great American lethargy to malfeasance in office. The *Chicago Tribune* drawing (above) was captioned "It Will Be a Long Parade," while that of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* (at left) carried the title "Why Worry? Traffic Jams Are a Part of Life These Days." The two newspapers, Republican and Democratic respectively, evidently regard as business deterrents the investigations which disclosed irregularities in the conduct of government departments—irregularities which, by the way, involved not alone the question of oil leases but also many wartime dealings to which the Weekly had previously called attention



WASHINGTON, June 23d.

TWO years ago this coming fall Senator Brookhart of Iowa picked up his copy of The American Legion Weekly and opened it to one of the series of articles entitled "Who Got the Money?" which was then running in this magazine. The Senator had been through a busy spell and had not been reading his Weekly regularly, so this was the first he had seen of the Weekly's disclosures of wartime profiteering and the neglect and delay of the Department of Justice and of the War Department in instituting prosecutions of contractors and their agents against whom evidence had long been available. The Weekly had conducted an investigation of its own, brought to light a mass of this evidence and published it.

The article in question interested Senator Brookhart. He looked up earlier numbers of the Weekly and read the series from start to finish. Then he asked his secretary to put away the complete file.

"This material may come in handy some time," the Senator said.

As it turned out, the material did come in handy. It came in handy last winter, when the Senator from Iowa was made chairman of the select committee of the Senate which was appointed to investigate the conduct of the Department of Justice under former Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty. The committee's investigators used the Weekly's articles as a text-book for leads on evidence which was brought out at the hearings, in the midst of which President Coolidge dismissed Mr. Daugherty from the Cabinet. This, however, is getting the least bit ahead of the story.

Senator Brookhart was not the only Washington official who read those articles and preserved them at the time. The Weekly's revelations created a stir in Washington and divers and devious attempts were made to suppress them. These were unsuccessful, however, and the Weekly has had it on the word of some high and responsible official persons that its disclosures were directly productive of much activity and some tangible results on the part of the Department of Justice and the War Department. In visible activity the Department of Justice was the easy winner, but the War Department produced the most results in the way of pressing claims and obtaining settlements from contractors who had been overpaid for war materials.

After the publication of the "Who Got the Money?" series in 1922 the Weekly resumed its investigations and in the spring of 1923 began publication of other articles under the title of "The Profiteer Hunt." These additional disclosures (so the Weekly has been informed in official quarters) stiffened the Government's efforts to clear up the war-fraud charges, but the situation still left a great deal to be wished for. Senator Brookhart read these articles and filed them away also for future reference.

Next on the program flared the Teapot Dome and allied scandals, exceeding in gravity anything that has occurred in the official life of the nation within fifty years. For the first time in our history a cabinet official was brought under the implication of having used his official position to betray a public trust. This was Mr. Fall, former Secretary of the Interior, who, following the receipt of enormous cash "loans," leased the Navy's oil reserves to Messrs. Doheny and Sinclair. Mr. Denby, the Secretary of the Navy, who approved those leases, was obliged to resign, though no suspicion of personal wrongdoing attaches to his name. The oil trail quickly crossed the scents of other shady-looking official transactions and directly the Department of Justice, ever a storm-center under the administration of Mr. Daugherty, became involved. An investigation of the Department was ordered by the Senate and Colonel Brookhart was elected chairman of the investigating committee. At this juncture the evidence the Weekly had gathered and published on war fraud charges and the Department of Justice's attitude toward them entered the picture.

"I am glad to have an opportunity to congratulate The American Legion Weekly on those excellent articles on war profiteering," Senator Brookhart declared recently. "They have been studied by me and by some of my associates on the committee and they have been of great assistance in bringing before the bar of this committee evidence which sheds an interesting light on the manner in which the Govern-

ment was defrauded while the young manhood of the country was at the front or preparing to go there.

"Your investigations have suggested many avenues of research which have been productive of useful developments. The work of this committee is not complete. We are going to hold meetings during the summer while Congress is not in session. I am keeping a set of the Weekly's articles with me, and expect to use them a great deal more. We are going to the bottom of this profiteering question as it affects the Department of Justice, and see if it is not yet too late to bring some of these boodlers to account. In initiating this work The American Legion Weekly has done a great public service. As a Legionnaire myself I am proud to commend that service and as a Senator to enlarge it any way I can."

As Colonel Brookhart says, the Senatorial inquisitors already have utilized the Weekly's findings greatly—and they have enlarged on them to a considerable extent. A great many persons who were named in the Weekly's articles have been called as witnesses before the committee and have repeated under oath many stories which first were made public in this magazine. These have been published in every newspaper in the country. When the Weekly first revealed them a few newspapers published excerpts from these disclosures and commented upon them. Others hesitated for fear of libel suits or loss of advertising contracts or because of political pressure. In certain instances, inspired both by official sources and by accused parties, the Weekly was roundly condemned for lending its columns to such "libellous muck-raking." Thus one result of the Senatorial investigation has been to draw much wider attention to a great many charges which the Weekly made a long while ago than ever would have been the case.

IN several instances, clothed with their official powers, the Senate investigators have been able to follow trails beyond a point which it was possible for the Weekly to go in its single-handed effort. For example, further light was thrown on the compromise settlement with the Lincoln Motor Company, which had a soft snap of it manufacturing Liberty airplane motors for the Government during the war. The Weekly published the details of the business arrangement by which Federal accountants say the Lincoln Company was able to take millions of the taxpayers' money to which it was not entitled. Government experts said the exact amount was $9,188,000. Forced to take action, the Department of Justice compromised the claim for $1,550,000, which represents one of the comparatively few times a profiteer has ever been forced to hand anything back. The excuse the Department gave for accepting this sum was that the company could not afford to pay any more.

Captain H. L. Scaife, a former investigator for the Department of Justice who resigned in disgust because he could not get the Department to take action on the fraud evidence he uncovered, and Thomas F. Lane, a legal expert employed by the Army Air Service, were called before the Brookhart committee. Captain Scaife testified that two former United States Senators (who were not identified) helped to delay action against the Lincoln Company. Mr. Lane riddled the excuse offered by the Department of Justice in closing out a $9,188,000 claim for $1,550,000. He said that, though in the hands of a receiver at the time, the Lincoln Company had been taken over by Henry Ford and had $8,000,000 in the bank when the compromise settlement was made. He said General Mason M. Patrick, Chief of Air Service, and Assistant Secretary of War Wainwright protested vigorously against this bargain settlement, but that the Department of Justice was deaf to their appeals.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

will be

FRANCE NUMBER

in Honor of

Bastille Day

July 14th

The War Department, it seems, did not approve of Mr. Lane's disclosure of family secrets this way. When Mr. Lane went to make a second appearance before the Senatorial committee he found that his desk and his brief case had been rifled, and shortly after that he was told that the Department no longer required his services. Captain William F. Volandt, assistant chief of the finance division of the Air Service, being summoned, admitted he had taken the papers which were in Mr. Lane's possession. He said he did it on orders of the Secretary of War, Mr. Weeks.

The captain and Mr. Lane seemed greatly at outs, which is a pity. This writer, while conducting the Weekly's investigations of war transactions, saw a great deal of Mr. Lane and Captain Volandt, and found them zealous in the Government's interests. They were members of a very select and small group of under-officials who kept hammering away and hammering away at this profiteering business until they got some action. Also, in my humble opinion, it is a pity that the Government should let out such a man as Attorney Lane. He has done much to keep Uncle Sam from being made an easier mark for the war profiteer than he was.

Lane scented the Air Service frauds back in 1919. With the assistance of Captain Volandt he wrote the original memorandum which, after a year of maneuvering, was approved by Secretary Weeks, and a complete audit of Air Service contracts was begun. This activity already has resulted in large recoveries from contractors, with no assistance from the Department of Justice whatever. A year ago when I was conversant with the situation the Air Service auditors and attorneys had uncovered alleged overpayments and frauds totalling $40,000,000. With the honest co-operation of the Department of Justice, and with the elimination of profiteer influence in that Department and elsewhere in the Government, it seems reasonable millions of these claims should be recovered.

OF course Lane is not the only tireless trailer of the profiteer who has suddenly awakened to find no discernable connection between himself and the Government payroll. I know of a good many just such men as he who have mysteriously lost their jobs while trying to get some action against war grafters—and in some cases the mystery wasn't so deep as to require a Sherlock Holmes to penetrate it, either. Profiteer influence has been so strong in high places, so confident and so arrogant, that it has just booted these busy little officials out in the cold and made no bones about it. The way to promotion in the Federal service has not been along the profiteer hunter's trail.

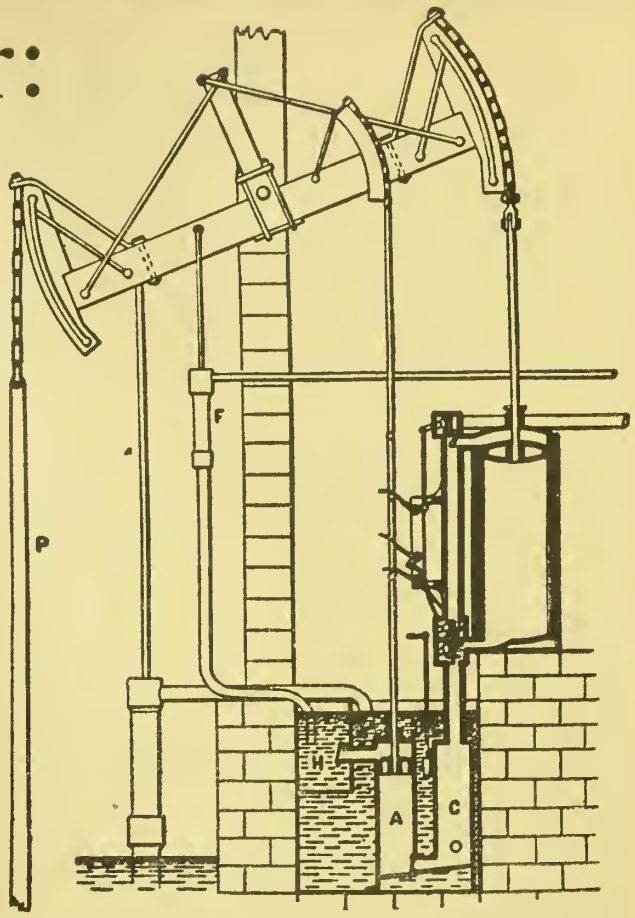
But to get back to the Brookhart committee. Probably the most striking bit of testimony brought out before that body was the story that Gaston B. Means told of paying over a $100,000 bribe to Jess Smith, intimate friend and advisor of former Attorney General Daugherty. Means said he received the money, for Smith, from a representative of the great Japanese banking house of Mitsui & Company, which financed the Standard Aircraft Corporation of New Jersey. This company was organized for the purpose of obtaining American war contracts and was successful in that regard. United States Air Service auditors claim it was overpaid $6,500,000. This is one of the alleged fraud cases which Mr. Daugherty failed to prosecute, despite frequent recommendations. Means was a former Department of Justice special agent—William J. Burns, then head of the department's Bureau of Investigation, called him one of the best investigators in the country. Jess Smith held no official position, but he had an office in the Department of Justice, and because of his intimacy with Mr. Daugherty he was a power in Washington. Smith killed himself in 1923.

MEANS'S testimony forms an interesting sequel to the Weekly's original exposure of some of the Standard Aircraft Corporation's dealings with the Government. Everything the Weekly set forth in its account was corroborated, often by more than one witness, in the evidence which was laid before the Senatorial inquiry. Among these items was the fact that the companies were Japanese owned and that Mitsui & Company before the war were the paymasters of the German military secret service. One of the details of the company's business relations with the Government which astonished the committee was the charge that the Government reimbursed the company $370,000 for rent and $2,226,000 for depreciation on the same buildings. Either the company owned these buildings or did not own them. In the first case why the

(*Continued on page* 18)

The Great Year: 1776

By Arthur Pound



Watt's single-acting steam engine, shown herewith, designed in 1769, was hardly more than a laboratory model until 1776, when Wilkinson's two-way borer fitted it to hold compression and made it a practical tool in industry. The age of machinery thus dates from the year of American independence

IN 1776 was born the Modern World. In that year three events occurred so momentous and influential that without exaggeration we can place a finger on the calendar of history and say, "Then and there began the New Age." Those events were the Declaration of American Independence, the publication of Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" and the invention of Wilkinson's boring machine.

The first published to all nations the solemn determination of a democracy to live without dynastic mastery, setting up the will of a people to work out its own destiny in an inspiring environment of freedom. The second broke down antiquated theories of state control of trade and production and introduced an era of competition in business which gave individual initiative and energies broader play. The third made possible the quantity production of efficient steam engines.

Of the three the last achievement, although least celebrated, was perhaps the most important of all. It changed Watts' modification of Newcomen's steam engine almost overnight from a mere laboratory model into a practical tool that would pump water, hew wood, turn spindles, and drive civilization ahead at a tremendously accelerated pace. It meant railroads, steamships, power machinery, corporations, huge cities, automatic production, industrial civilization—this kind of a world.

The trouble with Watts' engine lay in its inability to hold compression. Before Wilkinson invented his two-way borer, the best cylinder heads produced did not fit closer than "the thickness of an English shilling." Wilkinson, in a single year, reduced this gap to the thickness of "a thin sheet of paper." In that year he produced for Boulton & Watt cylinders for seventeen engines. These were at once put to work pumping water from coal mines, which in turn made possible increased coal production, cheapening fuel prices and stimulating a demand for more engines. The steam engine, by the end of 1776, was safely launched upon its all-compelling course.

It is interesting to see how soon and how clearly wise men saw the possibilities and future trends of machine production; also the keen stimulus given to early factory organization by war needs. As early as 1787 Sir Samuel Bentham, brother of Jeremy Bentham, the English philosopher, applied the principle of "transferring skill from man to machine." He was in Russia fighting the Turks for Catherine the Great. Needing a fleet on the Black Sea, a region with no skilled artisans, he set up machinery by means of which ships' blocks could be fashioned by the unskilled labor available. Later he patented in England a whole factory layout for the interchangeable manufacture of ships' blocks. As an Admiralty Lord Bentham managed to get this system into production at Portsmouth in 1808 in time to keep the British navy supreme against Napoleon's competing program. Wellington and the Grenadiers are usually credited with defeating Napoleon, but there would have been no Waterloo to win except for Bentham and his machines.

AMERICA was not far behind. After Eli Whitney returned North after inventing the cotton gin and being cheated out of the major reward due him for that epoch-making invention, he established in Bridgeport, Connecticut, an arms factory. In 1812, in a letter soliciting a contract from the Government for arms to be used against Great Britain, he wrote this description of his factory: "Its great leading object is to substitute correct and effective operations of machinery for that skill of the artist which is acquired only by long practice and experience, a species of skill which is not possessed in this country to any appreciable extent." That adequately characterizes the central theme of our subsequent industrial development and the steady trend toward automatic production.

Except for this industrial factor, the United States would still be, as it was in 1800, a sparsely settled country devoted to agriculture and the extracting of raw materials for shipment overseas instead of being recognized as the most powerful nation, industrially, in the world. In 1916, Karl Zimmerschied, then Vice-President of the General Motors Company, said: "The most potent single factor in the brilliant rise of the mechanical industry in America is the almost universal adoption of the principle of interchangeable manufacture. The seeming miracles of such intricate, though widespread, products as the sewing machine, the harvester, the dollar watch, the talking machine and the automobile, become but the obvious fruits of a natural evolution."

Observe, however, that this evolution in industry must have lagged sadly except for the birth of political and economic freedom which occurred at the same time. Invention and organization are personal efforts that multiply in an atmosphere of independence and opportunity, and dwindle in an atmosphere of aristocracy and state control. The best kind of freedom is freedom to do, to originate, to achieve. The Declaration of Independence therefore did far more than merely to excite foreign populations to throw off tyranny and found republics. It roused the wills of men to action, and once they had worked out political adjustments which released their powers, they went on to conquer the forces and handicaps of Nature, to build railroads, telegraphs and all manner of machines to the end that the laborer of today possesses boons that kings could not own in their vanished days of "divine right"

All this in less than a century and a half, in four ordinary generations of mankind, in two connected lifetimes. In such a brief span has the world been made over so completely that those who signed the Declaration of Independence scarcely could recognize the nation they gave to the world on July 4, 1776, any more than Wilkinson would dare to claim the paternity of the mammoth cranes and hammers which today do their superhuman work by means of steam generated power.

A great year—1776.

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.

A Calamity That Didn't Calam

ONE of the multitudinous woes which the passage of the Adjusted Compensation Bill was to inflict on a helpless citizenry (the antis used to tell us) was a collapse of security prices due to the inevitable tightening of money rates. Now there are no securities in the world held quite so widely —by capitalists and day laborers, by society queens and scrubwomen — as Liberty Bonds. Throw a stone in any chance gathering of Americans and, regardless of your accuracy, you are bound to raise an ouch from at least one Liberty Bond holder. Throw a metaphorical stone, such as the "bonus," supposedly freighted with an infinite capacity for deflating bond values, and you deplete some of the capital of the man who lives in the next house to the left and also of the man who lives in the next house to the right. Or so the antis used to say.

How, then, have our neighbors actually fared in the aftermath of the passage of the Adjusted Compensation Bill? The chances for the defeat of the "bonus" certainly looked as good as they ever did on the day following President Coolidge's veto of May 15th. Herewith is a table showing the closing prices of Liberty Bonds on May 16th and a month later (decimals represent 32ds of a dollar):

	MAY 16TH	JUNE 16TH
1st Liberty 3½s	99.31	101.10
2nd Liberty 4¼s	100.13	101.8
3rd Liberty 4¼s	101.	102.
4th Liberty 4¼s	100.26	102.7

Resuming the Profiteer Hunt

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY picked up the trail of the war profiteer in 1922 after it had been blazed by two Legionnaires in Congress, Roy O. Woodruff of Michigan and Royal C. Johnson of South Dakota. The Woodruff-Johnson disclosures were the sensation of the day, and they were successful in obliging the Department of Justice and the War Department to shake off their lethargy and go after a few individuals and a few concerns against whom neglected evidence had been piling up.

Then the Weekly pitched in and in two investigations, which by no means covered the whole field but which covered painstakingly what they undertook, disclosed the most comprehensive view of the Government's war-time transactions that has yet been given to the public. The result was more activity, and the actual recovery of several million dollars which contractors might otherwise have made away with for keeps.

But both of these spurts were obviously temporary. They rested on the precarious foundation of publicity, which, while striking enough at the time, is not substantial. It subsides like a Roman candle and your activity subsides with it. This happened.

Now comes Urge No. 3 in the form of the Senate's investigation of the administration of the Department of Justice by former Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty. Wherever this investigation has dipped into the question of war graft it has corroborated, by various witnesses, evidence which the Weekly published in 1922 and 1923. Further than that, the Senate committee has used the Weekly articles as a basis for procedure. As a result of the committee's revelations Mr. Daugherty has been forced out of an office to which he clung with grim tenacity. He has been succeeded by a man of an entirely different stamp. He has been succeeded by a great lawyer. Mr. Daugherty's best friend would scarcely claim that the former Attorney General was a great lawyer. He was a politician and he obtained his office in payment of a political debt.

There is evidence of renewed activity in the Department of Justice in war-fraud cases. It is to be hoped that this activity rests on more permanent foundations than those afforded by the publicity obtained for the disclosures of the Senate committee. It is to be hoped that they rest on foundations as broad as the powers of the Department of Justice itself, and that the present Attorney General, Mr. Stone, may disclose himself capable of freeing those powers from the fettering influences which so long have enmeshed them whenever they undertook a real move against a suspected profiteer.

The Same Spirit

WITH this issue The American Legion Weekly signalizes its fifth birthday. In calling attention to the anniversary, the editors are glad to reprint the following editorial, "The Spirit of the Legion," which formed the foreword of the first number of the magazine on July 4, 1919:

The American Legion Weekly is born on this one hundred and forty-third anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Appropriately so. The principles and ideals of that epochal document in human liberty are those of The American Legion which The American Legion Weekly represents.

The Legion itself is a spontaneous expression of purpose by those millions of Americans who helped crush autocracy. Out of their common experiences through the dark months of the war has grown a comradeship and a patriotism which is vitalized by their organization into this single concrete force which will stand always as a barrier against the forces of greed, ignorance and chaos.

The American Legion is the epitome of that Americanism for which it stands. Its voice is the majority voice of its members; its will the will of the many. Spontaneous in inception, it has been democratic in its development. There are no titles recorded on its rolls. It is free of rank, of caste—and of partisanship. If it seeks in a full measure to serve those who were in service, it seeks in fuller measure to serve America.

In this spirit The American Legion has entered upon its mission. In this spirit The American Legion Weekly sets upon its way.

Today, on the one hundred and forty-eighth anniversary of American independence, this statement of the Legion's creed of service is as true as it was when the Legion and its official magazine began their careers.

The automobile has replaced about every kind of horse except the dark horse—it takes the steam roller to eliminate that.

Congress has passed a bill permitting the use of fish traps in Alaska. There aren't so many restrictions on oil stock in the States, either.

This summer, before you start collecting vacation souvenirs, try to recall what's become of most of the junk you brought back from France.

A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer

The Things *That* Count

ONE hundred and forty-eight years ago, July 4, 1776, is the date when the brave men whom we now call the "founding fathers" put the seal on their bold enterprise.

When I look at the famous picture of them grouped around the table of old Independence Hall, where they signed the Declaration of Independence, I feel the sanctity of the occasion and their impressive dignity in their knee breeches, wigs and silver buckles.

Then I try to see things as they saw them in their day. I call to mind the remark of one of the signers, Benjamin Franklin, who said:

"We must hang together or we'll hang separately."

They knew what they were up against in their defiance of King George III. Lack of unity meant certain failure.

In the thirteen colonies on the Atlantic seaboard, in 1776, there were three million people or about half the population of New York City today. The only communication, except by sailing vessels along the coast, was by horse or foot over trails and miserable roads. Back of the ports were scattered settlers in their clearings in the wilderness.

One colony hardly knew another. Each was somewhat different from the others in origin and customs. Climate and varying interests had further isolated them.

Vermont of snows and forests was farther away from Maryland than Maine is from California today, and Maryland from the Carolinas than Michigan from Texas today. Quaker Pennsylvania was only less distant and strange to Puritan Massachusetts than Cavalier Virginia. There was rivalry between big colonies, and little colonies were fearful less the big impose upon their rights. The settlers knew how to make one bullet from their flintlocks bring down a deer, but neither they nor the townsmen had had military drill.

IN the fifteen months before the signing of the Declaration, since the first shots had been fired by the "embattled farmers" at Lexington, the news had not been good for the colonial arms. There were not many of those farmers at Lexington—seventy in all, not a half company of modern infantry. For their numbers they have a mighty military reputation. They dared to resist the regular British army with its great prestige backed by Britain's fifteen million people.

Their action might have turned out to be only a local riot. King George thought it was such. That was his fatal mistake. Lexington had struck revolutionary fire throughout the colonies among red blooded men. They were taking up arms not only against the king; but on the king's side were the conservatives and the rich men of the Colonies—with such exceptions as Washington and Morris—and all who did not like to have their comfort disturbed by forthright action.

We must never forget that it was in face of the bad news and terrific obstacles that the bold leaders signed the Declaration; and never forget that if these "contemptible rebels" had failed they would have been proscribed and ruined if they escaped with their lives. For rebels were traitors, and traitors in those days got no soft treatment under the excuse of "conscientious objection."

"You've asked for it," is what the Declaration said in straight language to King George, "and here it is. It must be a fight to a finish, now. Have at you!"

Those dignified looking men of the picture around the table in Independence Hall had guts. The lesson of their action is that it pays to have guts and you do not achieve big things in the world without guts. Possessing them you may make good against odds and lacking them you may fail with the odds in your favor. They spell fighting to a finish as a free man which is better than taking no risks in order to be sure of your mess of pottage as a servile man.

"We hold that all men are created free and equal," the Declaration reads.

No more hateful phrase than this could have been tossed into the teeth of George III who believed that all men existed to obey the orders of kings. Of the big countries of Europe only England had anything like a real parliament in 1776, and this George III regarded as a nuisance. With manhood suffrage undreamed of in England itself, these ragamuffin pioneers on the other side of the Atlantic sounded forth their slogan of a new principle.

IN one sense it was only words costing the price of ink and paper. Many another declaration, bill of rights and defiance had been promulgated, and today is only a curiosity in the archives to interest library students.

So the Declaration of Independence might be a literary relic and the Liberty Bell might have been just a cracked old bell long since melted up for its metal and Independence Hall might be only the building where some "rebels" had written themselves as fools in boarding an ancestor of King George V.

Yes, all this if the words had not been backed up by deeds; if the guts that defy oppression had not been backed up by the guts which fight to the death against oppression. The document which the statesmen signed was made to count only by armed force and persistent public opinion.

In our time we have had the "Lafayette, we are here" slogan which will always be attributed to General Pershing when it came from Colonel Stanton who did not know how to make a speech, but burst forth with what he had in mind. Not many Americans were in France then. It was the two million who followed them and the guts they showed in fighting and the way all the millions were preparing to join them, that made "Lafayette, we are here" live in history.

By the same token the Declaration of Independence was not to be the fustian of an abortive rebellion. It lives as the greatest document of human history because for eight years those embattled farmers and townsmen kept on battling, and laughed and swore away their discouragement as they tightened their belts in hunger, in the face of hardships.

They had the right with them as we had in France. They had with them, too, the sympathy of many progressive Englishmen of their day while the spirit of the Continental Congress was that drawn from the British "Mother of Parliaments." But right, let it be repeated, will not win by itself. It wins only when backed by deeds.

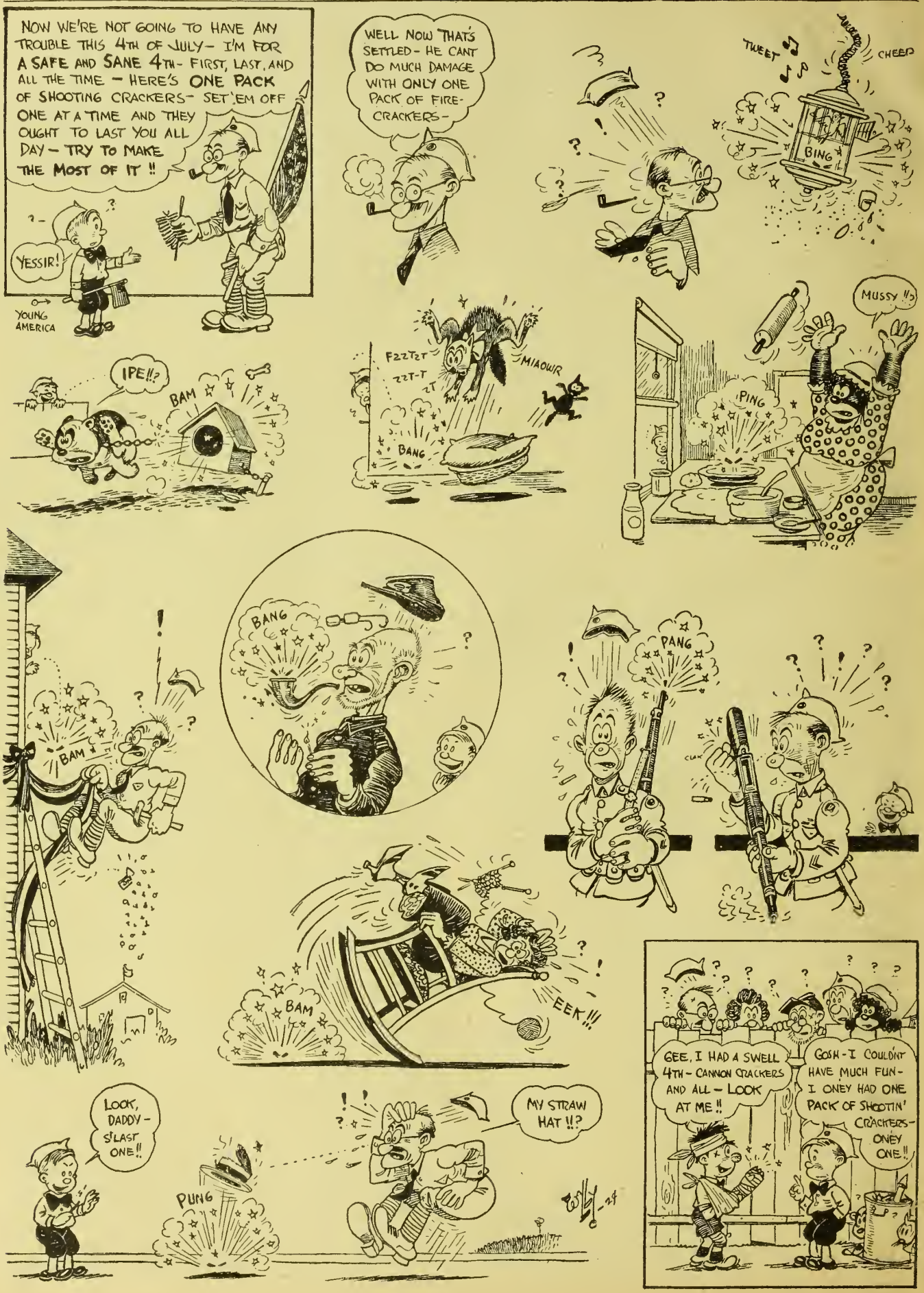
This day we celebrate is not only the natal day of a nation. It is the natal day of freedom which our Revolution spread throughout the world until there is no civilized country without self-government. Britain learned the lesson which was to save her empire.

Canada, Australia, South Africa and her other dominions are self-governing units, practically nations. At the first sign of complaint from them the mother country is quick to redress grievances. So it is idle to speculate what would have been the result if King George III could have hung the signers of the Declaration separately if they had not hung together.

What the victory in France will gain for us and the world in the future must be written by the future historian. Our hope is that the fruits of "Lafayette, we are here" will be as rich in their way as the fruits of that July Fourth, one hundred and forty-eight years ago.

Safe Insane

By Wallgren



Then *and* Now

By the Company Clerk

TWO comrades made prompt response to the request made by relatives of Private Henry J. Johnson, formerly of Company M, 16th Infantry, for details of his death overseas. The sad part of the history is that Johnson lost his life after fighting had ceased in November, 1918. Legionnaire George H. Dean of Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, makes this report:

Comrade Johnson was killed by a shell explosion on November 12, 1918, the day after the Armistice. Company M, 16th Infantry, came back from Sedan and bivouacked in a little patch of woods for the night of the 12th. Johnson picked up a one-pounder shell and carved his name and company on it and was taking out the cap of the shell when it exploded. He was badly wounded and lived only about an hour and a half after the accident. I was the first man to reach him and helped to carry him to the first-aid station. I have the penknife he was using, and if his mother or any of his relatives wants it, I will gladly send it to them. We buried him on the morning of the 13th. Johnson was in my squad and was a good friend of mine.

Another letter on this same case was received from Everett A. Kilmer, member of Morris (Illinois) Post of the Legion, who was the corporal of Comrade Johnson's squad. Kilmer writes:

While I cannot give the details of Johnson's death and burial I will tell what I know of the cause of it. He was in my squad and it was one or two days after the Armistice was signed that we started on our hike to Germany. We were camped for the day in a wood, which I think was near Romagne, and as usual the boys were out looking for souvenirs. There was a salvage dump of the Fifth Division close by and Johnson found a one-pounder shell which he brought back to camp. Then, unnoticed by anyone, Johnson tried to take out the detonator with his knife, when the shell exploded. I did not know just how badly he was hurt, as I was sleeping on the ground beside him and the brass shell struck me in the small of the back. I didn't know what was going on for a few minutes and when I did, they had carried him to the ambulance, and I never knew the injury was fatal until I read the request for information in Then and Now. I am sure that this must be the same man, as he was in my squad. I have his home address as Carsonville, Michigan.

A similar request for information which was received from Charles Southgate, adjutant of Major John J. Leonard Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Springfield, Massachusetts, on behalf of the relatives of Private Louis Green, Company 30, Fifth Sanitary Train, also met with prompt results from Legion men. Comrade Rodney D. Steele of Mullens, West Virginia, sent the following letter to the Company Clerk:

Comrade Green was killed by a bomb during an air raid while in the town of Bethincourt, France, in the Verdun sector. It was about eight or eight-thirty o'clock at night, on October 23, 1918, to the best of my recollection. I served with Ambulance Company No. 17 of the same train and we were in pup tents next to his company when he was killed. Sergeant Baker of Ambulance Company No. 30 lost an arm at the same time Private Green was killed. Private Green was buried on the hillside in the cemetery that was used for soldiers who died while in field hospitals. Our train had three field hospitals at this place. It is possible Green's body was removed from this temporary cemetery later.

Legionnaire W. H. Stewart of Etowah, Tennessee, formerly First Sergeant of Green's company reports:

Private Green was a member of my company, and I was with him when he was killed at Bethincourt, France, October 23, 1918. He was struck in the head with shrapnel and died a few minutes later. Burial was made in Bethincourt by myself and several other members of our company.

SEVERAL issues ago we published a part of the poem, "One of the Boys Who Went," or "Grannie's Laddie," on request of one of the gang. Based on information received from the Then and Nowers who submitted copies of the poem, the Company Clerk credited the authorship to Sir Harry Lauder. Comrade William Wykes, a member of Maple Leaf Post of Seattle, Washington—a post composed largely of Americans who fought with the Canadians—sends us this letter:

It is true that the lines you quote occur in a Harry Lauder record, but if you will turn to Sir Harry's book, "A Minstrel in France," on page 59 you will find him saying: "And here is a bit of verse that a Canadian sergeant sent to me. He dedicated it to me, indeed, and I am proud and glad he did." Then follow the lines you quoted.

Thanks for the correction. Now can anyone help us to ascertain who the real author—the Canadian sergeant—was?

The authorship of another service poem, "Now That It's All Over," which also appeared in these columns on request and which starts "Have you ever hiked millions of miles and carried a pack on your back?" has also been determined. Both B. L. Chittenden of Irvine, California, and A. T. Bond of Frostburg, Maryland, wrote us to say that the "J. K. M.," with which the poem as it appeared in the overseas *Stars and Stripes* was signed, stands for J. K. Mopps, 130th Infantry. We're glad to give Comrade Mopps credit.

Edward O'Hanlon of James Tappen Post of Staten Island, New York, asks us to help him get a copy of the words of a British war song. Here's his letter:

As a regular reader of Then and Now I have been reminded of many of the old songs that the gang sang, the words of which I have forgotten. I will admit that the voices were not so good. My own was an exception, as it was worse than the rest. There is one song that the British sang, "Oh, Oh, Oh, It's a Lovely War." I wonder if some of the Then and Now readers remember the words. We sang it while we were attached to the British troops. Send the lyrics to the Company Clerk and he will broadcast them.

Comrade C. W. Steinhilber of Royal Oak, Michigan, formerly with the 354th Infantry, 89th Division, says his outfit enjoyed this Engineer song so well that they adopted it—the tune, obviously, is that of "A Son of a Gambolier":

Come all you gallant soldiers and the story you shall hear
Of the trials and tribulations of any Army Engineer,
Like every honest soldier, he took his whiskey clear,
Till General Scott said, "You shall not touch whiskey, wine nor beer.

Chorus.

He's a helluva, helluva, helluva, helluvan Army Engineer
A rambling skate from any old State and nothing does he fear.
He tried to do his duty and he tried to do it well
But the captain and the sergeant and the corporal gave him hell.

They took him on the parade ground to march, to rush, to crawl,
The first was bad, the next was worse, the last was worst of all.
He bruised his belly on a tack, he tore it on a nail,
He'd have made a damned good lizard if he'd only had a tail.

They took him to the rifle range to learn to fire at will,
The aiming and the trigger squeeze, the enemy to kill,
His rifle kicked him in the jaw—he missed the bull a mile,
For the ehow shack is the only place that he shows any style.

The doctor looked him over and the doctor grinned with glee,
"A shot in the arm will do no harm, bring on my large squeegee,"
With fifty million typhoid bugs patrolling through his blood,
They shot in fifty million more and then his name was mud.

THE Librarian of the Library of Congress wants to complete his files of The American Legion Weekly. If any Then and Nowers have copies of the numbers listed below that they are willing to part with, will they please send them in to the Company Clerk? These numbers are out of print and cannot be supplied by the Weekly itself. All of the numbers are of Volume No. 1 of 1919: No. 4, July 25th; No. 7, August 15th; No. 8, August 22d; No. 9, August 29th; No. 14, October 3d; No. 18, October 31st; No. 21, November 21st and No. 22, November 28th.

The Legion Shines Up Shelby

THE houses and stores of Shelby, Montana, were not built of timbers from the *Mayflower* or bricks brought over as ballast with Lord Cornwallis's expeditionary force. Shelby is no last-year's-bird's-nest of a town, mellowing and complacent in antiquity. Whenever anybody speaks of anything as old in Shelby he places it no farther back than the Indian fighting era of forty or fifty years ago.

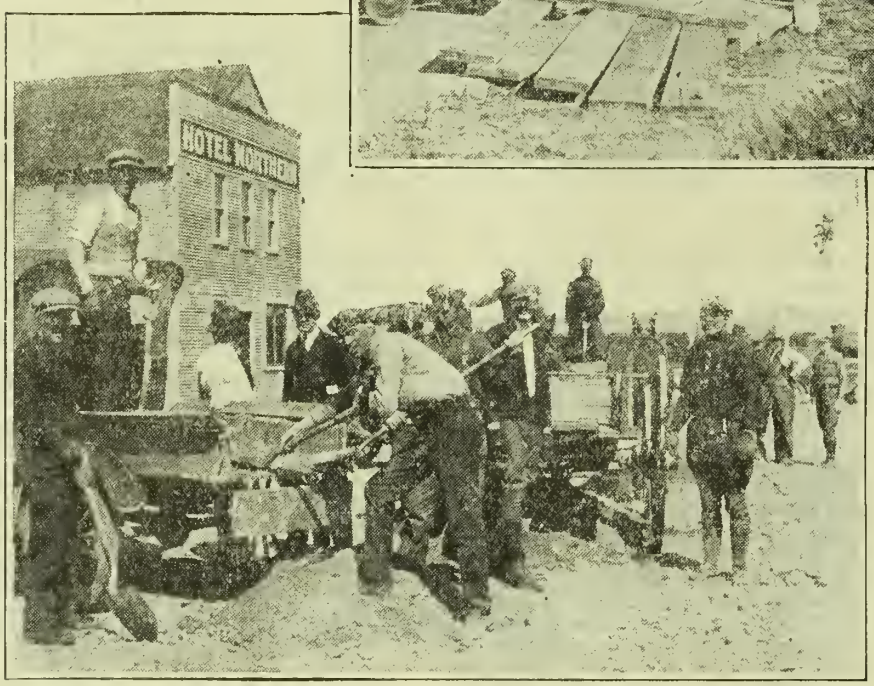
Shelby is new, emphatically new. Most of its homes and business blocks still have the freshness of their first paint. You will recall that the world turned its spotlight on Shelby a year ago today when certain sporting gentlemen, imbued with the daring of the gold prospector and the wildcat oil developer, selected the town as the scene of the Dempsey-Gibbons fight for the heavyweight championship. Shelby was advertised nationally by the fight, and even those outsiders who didn't cheer lustily over the event held in Shelby admired the spirit of its people.

All of which is preliminary to the fact that early this spring the citizens of Shelby, the new and venturesome city of the Montana plains, concluded that the town's streets were not quite in keeping with its aspirations. About this time a meeting of Toole Post of The American Legion was held in Shelby and a Legionnaire recalled that old epigram of Mark Twain that while everybody is always talking about the weather, nobody ever does anything about it. Forthwith Toole Post decided to do something about the bad streets in Shelby. It issued a formal declaration of war against the offending thoroughfares and called on all good citizens to aid in the fight.

The call to arms was sounded on April 6th — there was significance in that date, of course—and the mobilization began at eight o'clock of a morning several days later. Every member of Toole Post appeared in uniform or overalls, armed with spade, shovel or pick. The Shelby landsturm, composed of public-spirited merchants and other citizens, also rallied in imposing strength. Every motor truck in the town was called into service. The mothers, wives and sisters of the fighters fulfilled their patriotic duty to their town by preparing especially good dinners and suppers.

All day long the battle raged. Truck after truck rumbled in from the country loaded with the finest grade of road gravel. Block by block the town's streets were transformed. From rutted, uneven stretches of mud they turned to smooth, bumpless highways, sloping from crown to shoulder. Wherever necessary ditches were dug to insure perfect drainage. More than a mile and a half of the town's streets were made perfect.

After all this, naturally Shelby recognizes in the Legion a force to make a good town better. That is why everything else that Toole Post does has the united support of all citizens. The post recently conducted a series of dances. It handles home-talent shows and operates the town's baseball team. The Toole County Boxing Commission is composed of members of Toole Post, and all athletic events are carried on under the auspices of the Legion.



Shelby, Montana, attracted as much attention as a comet on last Fourth of July when Jack Dempsey and Tom Gibbons made it the arena of a world's championship boxing contest. The Shelby post of The American Legion rendered its town real service this spring when it mobilized all the citizens in a campaign to improve the town's streets. More than a mile and a half of streets were surfaced by the volunteers led by Legionnaires

Do you know a Legion post which has performed a notably great service for its community or a post which has any unusual or remarkable accomplishment to its credit? If you do, tell the editors of the Weekly. If you are in doubt as to whether the post's service is sufficiently outstanding or out of the ordinary to merit an article in the Weekly, send to the editors a few lines describing it and ask whether photographs and further details can be used. Almost every post is rendering worthwhile service to its town in ways which have already been described in the Weekly, but the editors particularly desire to learn of new conspicuous activities and accomplishments or of extraordinary success in carrying on one of the Legion's usual endeavors.

Youth Speaks *to* America

Winners in the Legion's Second National Essay Contest: From left to right, Sara Reese Heysham, Pennsylvania, first; Florence G. Sweetnam, New York, second; Byron Hill, Tennessee, third

MANY hundreds of thousands of American school children of today will be more alert citizens and voters tomorrow because, at the invitation of The American Legion, they have devoted time outside their regular school hours to a study of one of the greatest national problems which the United States faces—the problem of immigration. With the incentive of three scholarship prizes totalling $1,500, to be awarded to the three pupils writing the best essays on the subject, "Why America Should Prohibit Immigration for Five Years," more than 330,000 boys and girls submitted compositions in The American Legion's National Essay Contest, the second of the annual competitions established by the Legion.

The first prize, $750, was captured by Sara R. Heysham, seventeen years old, of Norristown, Pennsylvania; the second prize, $500, by Florence Sweetnam, sixteen, of Rochester, New York, and the third, $250, by Byron Hill, eighteen, of Jackson, Tennessee. Miss Heysham and Mr. Hill were graduated from high school in June, and Miss Sweetnam is a junior in high school. The prize winners may use their awards for scholarships in any colleges they may elect. The winners of the three national prizes were selected from among the winners of the first and second prizes in each State, who were awarded medals. Many months were required for the grading of the essays in all the State competitions and the grading of the essays forwarded by the State contest officials to the national judges. The national judges were Raymond F. Crist, United States Commissioner of Naturalization; W. T. Bowden, Assistant United States Commissioner of Education, and William Tyler Page, Clerk of the House of Representatives.

The announcement of the winners of the Legion's second essay contest coincided with the close of the Legion's third annual essay contest, in which an even greater number of essays were submitted on the subject, "Why Communism Is a Menace to Americanism." The judging of the essays in the third contest is now under way in each State and the national winners are expected to be announced in the fall.

Following are the three prize-winning essays in the second contest.

By SARA REESE HEYSHAM

AMERICA has done nobly by the stranger. From the beginning she has been a home for the oppressed. Class distinctions, social prejudices, differences by birth, religion or ideas, have not been erected as barriers. A man was recognized as a man "for a' that."

Nobly has our generosity been rewarded. In the conquest of the west they have borne the burden. In the crisis of Civil War they stood by the Union. In the development of great public enterprises they have done the rough work. Those who came were our kinsmen. Men from the British Isles and northern Europe. Their ideals were readily adjusted to our own.

But a change has taken place. The character of the immigrant is different. Now more come from southern Europe. Instead of joining in the conquest of the west they congest our already overcongested cities. They come without money, without education and without standards of living. Their ideals of government are alien to our own.

The problem of our cities, always serious, has become acute since the World War. We are without sufficient houses for homes which tends to lower the moral standards. Our schools are inadequate to meet the growing numbers which breeds ignorance, vice and crime. Huddled in districts they live in America as though not in America. Our laws are ignored and strife is all too common.

THEREFORE, for the sake of the strangers who come to our shores as well as for the best interests of those who are already here and for the well-being of our homes and institutions, we ought to lock the gates against all strangers for the next five years.

We owe it to the founders of this Republic to guard the institutions and laws we have inherited. We have a trust to preserve the Ship of State. To load a boat beyond the law of safety means the destruction of all.

We owe it to our homes to see to it that the moral standards of society are not lowered. To create abnormal conditions that breed immorality is to jeopardize the family.

We owe it to the future America to guarantee an intelligent and contented citizenship. Every American child must have an opportunity for education in our public schools. Neither child labor nor ignorance can be tolerated within our borders.

We owe it to all that is sacred in life to preserve the religious ideal. Sunday has a meaning in our history. "Religion and morality," George Washington declared to be "indispensable to prosperity."

To secure these blessings to ourselves, to the strangers within our gates and civilization will require a just measure

of time. Five years of self-discipline in the life of our nation may mean the salvation of America as well as the salvation of the world.

By Florence Sweetnam

THE prohibition of immigration in this country for five years I consider a most advisable plan, for it affords an opportunity for us to Americanize those foreigners and naturalized citizens who are now in our country.

You ask, "Well, are they not Americanized when they are naturalized?" No, they are not, for naturalization is only a legal process, while Americanization is an educational process. Our country has many men within its borders who are enjoying all the privileges of citizenship but who have never been Americanized. They can vote and enjoy all the rights granted to a citizen by the constitution, but we may not call them Americans, for they have not adopted our customs. Many of them can speak or write very little English; they cling, for the most part, to their old social customs, while many of them have but a very slight conception of democracy, and are quite apt to lend themselves to political corruption.

If immigration were prohibited for five years America could, through her day and night schools, teach most of the foreigners who are now dependent upon her to speak and write the English language. In five years our immigrant could learn a great many of our social customs, also those principles of democracy of which they are ignorant and the advantages of democratic government over those of monarchial or anarchial government.

There is growing in America a caste system in which the Americans themselves form the upper class and the immigrants the lower. The American seems to feel superior to the immigrant for reasons which he probably cannot admit even to himself. The foreigners, I firmly believe from my experience, would not avoid any friendly advances of ours, but would meet us half way in our endeavors.

As a Christian people we are always endeavoring to do the Christian act, but are we doing it when we do not give our immigrants every advantage to become real Americans?

Would it not be better to prohibit immigration for a time, and during that time to Americanize our immigrants than to allow more immigrants to continue to pour into the country when we know that they have little means of becoming the Americans that we expect them to become and condemn them for not becoming?

It rests with us to make every immigrant an American and of value to our country, but we cannot do this while the number of immigrants is constantly increasing. If we would be a strong nation we must have the American spirit predominant, and this can only be brought about by having every inhabitant truly American. Most native-born citizens are truly American, so our problem is to Americanize the immigrants, and this cannot be done while they continue to pour into the country; so let us prohibit immigration for five years and thereby improve our country industrially, morally and politically.

By Byron Hill

AMERICA, the "land of the free and the home of the brave," has long been an asylum for the oppressed and a land of golden opportunity for all classes. Humanity, whether rich or poor, great or lowly, has been welcomed to her shores and has partaken freely of her bounteous gifts.

The early immigrants, closely akin to the first settlers, fitted readily into the life and customs of the New World. But in the last few decades there has come a great wave of new immigrants, so diverse in ideas and habits of life, that the result has been the creation of the immigration problem. This is perhaps America's greatest question, for it involves the source and character of her citizenry.

The population of America would probably be just as large today if not a single foreigner had arrived after 1789. Then why should masses be admitted unless they contribute to the welfare of the nation? This surplus population must be absorbed, and in the process of assimilation we share their purposes, ideals and principles and feel their influence in our social, economic and political life.

Who are these new immigrants, whence and why do they come to our shores? The happy and successful do not leave home; the poor, the discontented and the illiterate form a large majority of those who emigrate. The main source has been southern and eastern Europe, countries whose standard of living is far below that of the United States; the cause, a desire for economic betterment rather than for political or religious freedom.

But regardless of these things, though they cannot be ignored, where do the immigrants go, who do they do after they get here? The majority settle in the North and East, crowding into cities already crowded and leaving the farm lands of other sections untilled. In their tendency to stay by themselves they create new lines of social distinction. Chicago is only twenty-eight per-cent American, which accounts for the fact that it is the center of Soviet activities in this country. This unequal distribution will, if not checked, break the nation up into heterogeneous racial elements.

Also these foreigners work for lower wages than native Americans can live on decently. The fact that over a quarter of a million common laborers and skilled workmen came to this country last year shows to what degree communistic foreign labor is conflicting with democratic but not revolutionary American labor. The immigrants bring with them Old World hatreds and jealousies; many have no idea of what self-government means. The World War brought out the deep love that many of the intelligent portion retained for the fatherland. They are in America but not of it.

These conditions show that if the immigrants are to contribute to our nation's welfare, they must be Americanized and properly distributed. This can best be accomplished by stopping the flood until the country is ready to receive more immigrants. Hence America should prohibit immigration for five years.

You CAN Stand There, Soldier

UNCLE SAM'S pampered sons of the steerage back in 1917 and 1918 were not making many plans for the future as they traveled toward France, but almost each and every one who made the return trip was registering the vow that some day he would make the trip again, with all the trimmings of luxury and comfort. Some day — so the returning doughboy promised himself — he would be riding toward France in a stateroom instead of in Bunk 893 on Deck F next to the ship's plates. Well, the time now has come when he can make his dreams come true if he wants to, without putting a plaster on the old homestead or selling the family automobile. And he can live in France for two weeks in a hotel instead of a tent without inviting bankruptcy. The French tour, once the privilege of only the prosperous man of large income, has now been brought within reach of the tens of thousands of average Americans who once wore the uniform and now count themselves favored by only moderate prosperity.

It will be a surprise to most former service men to know that the total cost of a thirty-day trip to France has been brought down to $275, and that for $300 anyone may have a thirty-seven day trip which includes twenty-four days in France and thirteen days aboard the biggest and best ocean liner in the world—the *Leviathan*.

The United States Lines — Uncle Sam's own steamship company — has started a series of French tours for the exclusive benefit of service men and their families, and it has worked out a careful plan to insure a large measure of sightseeing on the battlefields, comfortable living in small French hotels and visits to all those places which de luxe tourists seek, all at extremely low cost. The prices quoted include every necessary expense, although, of course, every veteran would have the privilege of making his own additional arrangements to suit his budget. The veterans' tours announced for this year (additional ones for next year are also planned) are as follows:

First tour: Sail from New York July 12th on S. S. *America*. Spend 15 days in France and return by S. S. *Leviathan*, leaving Cherbourg August 5th. Total days, 30. Total cost, $275.

Second tour: Sail from New York on S. S. *George Washington* August 2d. Return via S. S. *George Washington*, sailing from Cherbourg August 23d, allowing 13 days in France, or via S. S. *Roosevelt*, sailing from Cherbourg August 26th, allowing 16 days in France. Total time by first plan, 30 days; by second plan, 32 days. Total cost by first plan, $275.

Third tour: Sail from New York on August 16th by S. S. *Leviathan*. Leave Cherbourg September 16th by S.S. *Leviathan*. Total days in France, 24. Total for entire trip, 37. Total cost, $300.

Fourth tour: Sail from New York August 23d by S. S. *President Harding*. Leave Cherbourg September 16th by S.S. *Leviathan*. Total days in France, 16. Total days for entire trip, 30. Total cost, $275.

For each tour a section of the ship will be set aside for the exclusive use of the service men and their families. The tourists will use specially prepared third-cabin space — and the fact that the *Leviathan* and the other vessels assigned for the tours represent the highest development in ocean passenger transportation service insures that the accommodations will be superlatively comfortable and desirable. The Government's Shipping Board officials have promised to make the care of the service men aboard ship as well as during the time in France a matter of personal pride.

The prices quoted will include all motor bus and railway fares while in France and hotel and food charges. Those making the tours need take along only such money as they wish to spend for incidentals, such as gifts. The United States Lines has established a bureau in Paris to handle all arrangements. A three or four day tour of the battlefields will be taken in motor buses, and time will be allowed to permit the tourist to make side trips to any section of France or other countries.

The veterans' tour plan is the outgrowth of an idea by R. M. Bryan, a former captain in the Quartermaster Corps. During a trip to France early this year, Mr. Bryan was impressed by the attitude of the French people and government officials toward visiting American service men. He suggested the plan of low-priced tours for service men to the United States Lines officials and helped complete arrangements for the entertainment of the tourists.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

FIFTEENTH ENGINEERS.—Fourth annual reunion, West View Park, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 5, under auspices of mothers and wives of members. Address Mrs. W. H. Greenway, 3327 Perrysville Ave., N. S., Pittburgh, Pa. or Bell Phone—Cedar 2175-J.

THIRD DIV.—Annual reunion at Newark, N. J., July 11-13. Address S. F. Jaeger, Room 409, City Hall, Newark.

42D (RAINBOW) DIV.—Annual reunion, Columbia, S. C., July 14-16. Address Elmer F. Neagle, secretary, Room 121, House Office Building, Washington, D. C.

113TH F. A.—Reunion at Ft. Bragg, Fayetteville, N. C., July 24-25. Address Capt. A. L. Fletcher, Box 470, Raleigh, N. C.

147TH INF. and 37TH DIV.—Regiment's first reunion at Findlay, O., Aug. 31st, afternoon. 37th Div. reunion at same place next day. Address Victor Heintz, 18 East Fourth St., Cincinnati, O.

Co. F, 329TH INF., 83RD DIV.—Third annual reunion at Toledo, O., July 27. Address George W. Keller, 10 Bradford St., Dayton, O.

30TH (OLD HICKORY) DIV.—Reunion at Charleston, S. C., Aug. 12-13. Address Arthur J. Stoney, 57 Laurens St., Charleston, S. C.

Co. G, 319TH INF., 80TH DIV.—Reunion, Seventh Ave. Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 24, 7 p.m. Address Joseph B. Neely, c/o First National Bank, Oakmont, Pa.

BASE HOSPITAL No. 64—Reunion in Toledo, Ohio, Labor Day, Sept. 1. Address C. H. Speck, Morris Plan Bank, Toledo, O.

51ST PIONEER INF. — Annual reunion Sept., 924. For exact date and place address David H. Walsh, 119 State st., Albany, N. Y.

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

Zonite is effective for many purposes

—because it actually kills germs

"HOW can Zonite do all the things claimed for it?" This question has been asked by a number of people and can be answered in a sentence. "Zonite kills germs."

"But other antiseptics will kill germs", you say.

Yes—poisonous, burning compounds like bichloride of mercury and carbolic acid will kill germs, but they also destroy tissue. They cannot be used freely and at great strength on the human body.

"Well, what about mild antiseptics like peroxide?" you ask. "*They* can be used freely on the human body. Certainly peroxide is safe enough."

Quite true. Such mild antiseptics are *safe* but so is rainwater *safe*. The really important thing, however, is this: *One bottle of Zonite will kill more germs than seven gallons of peroxide!* Yet Zonite, too, is absolutely safe.

The Zonite handbook on the use of antiseptics in the home describes the thorough protection this new antiseptic brings to you and your family. Write for it.

Use Zonite for

Mouth Wash—Zonite will destroy breath odors arising from conditions in the mouth, act as an excellent preventive against gum diseases and will destroy the germs that cause respiratory diseases from coughs and colds to pneumonia and diphtheria.

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Poison Ivy—Zonite has been pronounced a specific for plant poisoning of this character. Its action is rapid and certain.

Cuts and Wounds—Zonite is the form of antiseptic that prevented infection of wounds in the Allied War Hospitals after all other known antiseptics had failed.

The Scalp—Zonite is particularly effective in overcoming scalp infections.

Body Odors—Zonite is one of the most remarkable deodorants known to science. Its effect is almost instantaneous. It leaves no lasting odor of its own.

Insect Bites—Zonite applied to insect bites, tends to relieve irritation, reduce inflammation and prevent infection.

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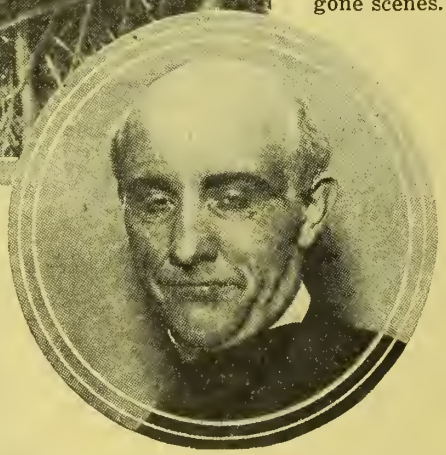
Cowboy Fogle's Comeback



Leroy Fogle, a cowboy before the war, weighed exactly ninety-seven pounds when he was discharged from a naval hospital in 1919. He used flatirons in exercises to develop his wasted muscles, and then he made a fresh start in life as an actor. One of the accompanying photographs is proof that he has come back physically. The other, showing Fogle in a stage make-up, is evidence that he can at times forget that he is a former Marine

WHEN he was discharged from a naval hospital in 1919, Corporal Leroy Fogle, U.S.M.C., five feet nine inches tall, weighed ninety-seven pounds. Two years before he had weighed 145 pounds. Today, strong, healthy and muscular, he weighs 157.

By the aid of his will power and studied effort, he came back in spite of a forearm badly twisted by a high-explosive shell, a bayonet wound in a shin, and fourteen operations within three years.

After months of despair and suffering, Fogle refused to quit in the battle of life, and set out to build himself up physically by systematic exercise. At first he used the only apparatus at hand, two discarded flatirons. With these he exercised every morning. With them he succeeded in regaining some physical strength.

In June, 1918, Fogle had awakened on his back in a cot in Base Hospital No. 18 in France. He tried to clear his senses of the druggy smell of the hospital ward and recall how he had arrived there. He toyed with a tag on his pajama sleeve and even read it. But what was written on it, aside from his name, serial number and organization, didn't sink into his consciousness, for he was very drowsy.

He tried to get his bearings. He remembered a hand-to-hand bayonet fight with a German soldier. He recalled the details. He had been sent up to Belgium on detached service for training. He remembered going over the top early one morning with the second wave. He had gone ahead cautiously, stealthily, through the underbrush. With his bayonet-pointed rifle held at the ready he thought it all reminded him of a story he had once read about Daniel Boone stalking Indians in Kentucky.

Then something brought him to a halt. Not more than twelve feet in front of him, in a small clearing, he heard a sound, and saw a gray-coated German scrambling to his feet after having jumped down from the lower limb of a tree.

THE German, evidently not expecting an enemy soldier so near, jumped back in surprise. For a few seconds he stared at Fogle without a sign of aggression. Fogle remembered that his heart started pounding in his chest.

He kept his eye on the German as each started to circle the other. The situation caused Fogle to recall two bygone scenes. First, two roosters he had once seen prepare for battle with lowered heads; second, his sergeant bawling out the technique of the men in his squad one hot afternoon back in the States as they took turns stabbing at a straw dummy on which was painted the likeness of the Kaiser. He remembered the turned-up mustachios. The German soldier in front of him, now drawing nearer with bayonet-point up, also had a turned-up mustache.

Fogle, as he rested in his hospital cot, remembered that the German had lunged the bayonet at his stomach, and that he had parried the blow downward. Rifle met rifle. He recalled how the German, too far from his target, slapped his hand to the butt of his rifle to give the thrust added force. The point did not rip into Fogle's stomach. It found its way into his shin bone.

In trying to wrench the bayonet free from its bed of bone the German broke the bayonet off near the point, and the force of his tug caused him to stagger forward, lose his balance and fall on his face.

Fogle, lying there on his hospital cot, didn't like to remember the next two minutes. He remembered running away from a huddled heap and clean-

ing his bayonet. He remembered receiving first aid when Medical Corps men pulled part of the bayonet out of his shin bone.

After a stay in hospital he had returned to his own outfit and once more at daybreak he had swung into action. This time it was in Belleau Wood. He remembered the concussion of a high-explosive shell which knocked him off his feet. He recalled the warm, wet feeling in his right arm. He remembered lying out in the woods a long time—he learned later that he had stayed there for two days before stretcher bearers carried him to a hospital.

His head was clearer now than when he had first awakened. He re-read the tag on his pajamas and then, prefacing his remarks appropriately shouted:

"I'll be damned if he does! I won't let him!"

The tag had a little notation: "Amputation left forearm. Dr. Hamilton, R. A. M. C."

When Dr. Hamilton of the British Army, helping out at the hospital, came around to amputate Fogle's arm, he found a raging American marine corporal who said no surgeon in any Army was going to touch that arm. Fogle won the argument.

Fogle arrived at Brooklyn Naval Hospital in 1918. He went on Liberty Loan drives. Whenever, as occasionally happened, he received the gift of a bond in New York, he sold it and bought whiskey. He estimates that for a year he was drunk more days than he was sober. His arm hurt him. He lost his grip on life.

Discharged in 1919, he took stock of himself. He weighed ninety-seven pounds. His right arm was twisted and bent and lacked several ligaments and muscles. Bits of both shin bones had been removed—a piece of one was transferred to his forearm.

When he arrived at his home in Missoula, Montana, and put on his before-the-war cowboy's clothes he was as grotesque as a scarecrow. And he found that his injured arm wouldn't permit him to ride the range. He realized that he would have to try some other occupation.

For one year Fogle attended the University of Montana. Then he went on the stage with a stock company in Spokane. He made good. Next he appeared in Minneapolis, Denver and New York. In New York he ran into complications. Daily rehearsals, evening performances every night in the week and at least two matinées each week, did not make a good program for a man with a twisted forearm and a shattered leg. At this point the Veterans Bureau enabled Fogle to keep going by enrolling him for a course in a dramatic school in New York City. This course brought to light unsuspected talent, and as his body grew steadily stronger his knowledge of his profession grew immeasurably.

Now Fogle is back on the boards once more. He was graduated from his dramatic school just at the ending of the winter's season in New York, and a few weeks later he signed a contract with a stock company in Providence, Rhode Island. He is making good at his new work and hopes to graduate to Broadway in time. If he does he will be following in the steps of Lowell Sherman and Berton Churchill, who were once members of that company.

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Official "Bonus" Information

The American Legion has agreed to broadcast information about "Adjusted Compensation" and "how to get it" to ALL veterans of the World War.

The VICTORY NUMBER of The American Legion Weekly is a manual of the "Bonus." It will give all veterans the information they need to secure Adjusted Compensation.

The VICTORY NUMBER
IS NOW ON THE NEWSSTANDS

By special arrangement with The American News Company, the VICTORY NUMBER can be purchased on the newsstands at the regular price of ten cents a copy. Legion Posts and members are urged to help all veterans get this information.
Spread the news that the VICTORY NUMBER contains the real "dope" on the "Bonus" and that copies can be purchased at newsstands. Wherever possible, announce in your local papers and posts that "Bonus" information can be had by applying to the newsdealer. Get your newsdealer to display the copies.

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18	4	3	1	18

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

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

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....Rural Mail Carrier .....($1800 to $2600)
....Income Tax Auditor .....($2040 to $3000)

Name .....

.....

Oil and the Profiteer Trail

(*Continued from page* 6)

payment for rent, and in the second case why the payment for depreciation? The Weekly asked these questions in 1922. The committee repeated them in 1924, but they haven't been answered yet.

Means declared that in December of 1921 he was assigned to assist Captain H. L. Scaife, then a Department of Justice agent investigating war frauds. Scaife put him to work on the Standard Aircraft case. Means went to New York and was joined there by Scaife and Thomas F. Lane of the Air Service legal staff—the man who lost his job a few months ago after he had appeared before the Brookhart committee. Between the three of them, Means says, they got H. B. Mingle, president of the Standard Aircraft Corporation, to make some interesting admissions—one of them being that the company owed the Government $2,500,000.

The investigation started off very favorably from the Government's point of view, but it didn't keep on that way. Obstacles began to appear. Means said Scaife chafed and complained that he was hampered and not able to make progress. In January or February of 1922 the War Department withdrew the Standard case from the Department of Justice and the Scaife-Means investigation was brought to an end.

At about this juncture, Means said, he received the $100,000 and paid it over to the Attorney General's confidant, Jess Smith. Means said this occurred in February, either directly before or directly after the investigation was dropped. Means declared that he was instructed by Smith to remain in his (Means's) room at the Bellevue Hotel in Washington on a certain evening and await a visitor. Means said Smith told him this visitor would give him some money. Means's instructions were to count the money and transfer it to Smith later. Means said he waited in his room. The visitor came. He was a Japanese, representing Mitsui & Company. He handed Means a parcel and left. The parcel contained one hundred one-thousand-dollar bills, Means said. Later Smith came and Means handed him the money.

After Means had testified, his testimony concerning the bribe was denied by officials of Mitsui & Company both in Tokio and at the New York branch office.

Captain Scaife was called to the stand. He substantiated everything that Means had said excepting the transfer of the $100,000. He had never heard of that before. Captain Scaife also gave particulars of how he claims the Standard investigation, and investigations of the aircraft scandal generally, were blocked. He said trouble started when he and his colleagues began to make headway on the Standard case. Scaife said he complained to Guy Goff, Assistant Attorney General, that the obstructionist tactics proceeded from Abram F. Myers, a member of the Attorney General's staff.

"Colonel Goff," Scaife testified, "simply said, 'Myers was put here by Wickersham' and gave me to understand that he (Goff) couldn't do anything."

"Who was Mr. Wickersham?" asked Senator Brookhart.

"He was one of the attorneys for Mitsui & Company," Scaife replied.

"You mean the former Attorney General?" asked Senator Jones of Washington, another member of the committee.

"The former Attorney General," said Scaife.

Further testimony developed that Myers had entered the Department of Justice as an office boy while Mr. Wickersham was Attorney General during the Taft administration.

Captain Scaife termed Mitsui & Company "a part of the invisible government of America." He said agents of the company were engaged in espionage work throughout the country. He said one representative of the company had been caught making photographs of Boston harbor; another was prospecting about for a fire-truck which would do for mounting artillery when the fire-fighting apparatus was removed.

More of the "invisible government" tinge was lent to the testimony when the committee got down to questioning witnesses about the construction and operation of the Old Hickory powder plant, near Nashville, Tennessee. This plant was built by the du Ponts and operated by them. It cost the Government around $140,000,000, though nobody that I know of has ever been able to learn just how much. It was sold for $3,500,000 on easy payments, but in connection with this enterprise several persons are under indictment for conspiracy to swindle the Government.

By fits and starts the Department of Justice and the War Department for several years have been trying to find out whether everything was regular in the construction of the plant. Grave reports have been in circulation concerning thwarted investigations in this connection, but nothing of a definite nature came to light until the Senate committee called George W. Storck, a certified public accountant in the employ of the Department of Justice. Mr. Storck charged the du Pont concerns with fraud, and said that inactivity by the Department of Justice had resulted in the failure to recover from $5,000,000 to $20,000,000 which was due the Government. He said the du Ponts were withholding $1,500,000 which they admitted was due the Government, stipulating that before it could get its money back the Government must give the du Ponts "a clean bill of health." Despite this, Mr. Storck said, there was no action by the Department of Justice before the Senate Committee hearings.

Mr. Storck told of addressing to Assistant Attorney General John W. H. Crim a confidential memorandum of the charges against the Old Hickory Company, and later learned that this document had been turned over to William S. Gregg, an attorney for the du Pont interests. He was unable to explain how it got there.

In this connection a letter which Mr. Crim wrote to A. V. McLane, Federal attorney at Nashville, is enlightening. The letter is dated May 18, 1923, and reads, in part:

The Government owes you a very great obligation in bringing to my attention the fact that you had been directed to bring all of your witnesses in the Old Hickory

case to Washington for examination before the joint committee of the War Department. It now appears from what transpired that there cannot be any question that it was the intention of someone to frustrate any investigation and prosecution by you in this matter.

I have prevented just such tricks being worked a great many times, and I wish to assure you that the next time you smell another rascally trick of this sort and will advise me, I will prevent it.

Cunningham [an employee of the Department of Justice] told about the effort of Williams to get you out of the room, his insolent conduct in demanding what rights you had to ask any questions [of the witnesses] and the admission of Farr, who audited these matters for the War Department, that he knew nothing about books or bookkeeping, the purchases of coffins by du Pont subsidiaries for $23 and turning them over to the Government for $250, and so forth.

There is another thing I wish to assure you of, and that is that if you will use a little grit your case will go through.

Mr. Crim is one member of former Attorney General Daugherty's staff who fought through thick and thin for action against war profiteers. But too often he got nowhere, and the striking glimpse behind the scenes revealed in this private communication gives an inkling why. Mr. Crim tired of the uphill fight last fall and resigned, but was induced to re-enter the Government service to conduct the prosecutions which will result from the Veterans Bureau scandal which another Senate committee made public last fall on leads furnished largely by The American Legion.

For a while, after Secretary Weeks first took office in 1921, it looked as if the War Department was determined at least to do its part of the work to clean up the war frauds. Under Mr. Daugherty the Department of Justice made quite a bit of noise and fuss, but did little else, and now the indications accumulate that the War Department has fallen into the same course of action.

Incidents in the Government's dealings with war contractors which the Weekly revealed in 1922 and 1923, which were corroborated or enlarged by testimony brought out by the committee, could be greatly extended. But the committee's labors are not completed, and while I share none of the secrets of its members, the indications are that the Weekly's disclosures will receive further substantiation before the hearings are at an end. It also seems possible that the urge to get busy which public disclosures usually visit upon public officials may be productive of renewed activity toward the protection of the taxpayers' interests. With a new Attorney General in office, the prospects of this are increased, I should say.

M. J.

Neglect of Duty

(*Continued from page* 4)

side whiskers; a thin private with gray hair"—we had many kinds of orders. This was the strangest yet. Le Mans operators were told to search for a red house, a red café, any building painted red—recently.

Before night reports began to come in. A carriage in the stables of an eccentric nobleman had been enameled dark red and green two weeks before. A chair in a house in the restricted district, where Americans were prohibited from entering the vice zones, had recently been painted "dark pink." The central Y. M. C. A. hut had been decorating its reception room dark red—maroon, really.

Stevens replied with the statement that the paint he wanted was bright red. I consulted M. Legal, deputy superintendent of the French police.

"Ho! I have it," he answered at once. "The Café of the Red Pillar, just around the corner from our headquarters, was painted only the other day. It is a shady place."

When Stevens received my report he wired again:

"Was American officer there last Tuesday night? Did he have money? His description?"

I sought the Café of the Red Pillar. Many a doughboy has crossed its untidy threshold and remembers its fat old madame and its talkative master. Police remember, too, that there were upper rooms, reserved for friends of the management, where drinks stronger than "light wine and beer" were served incautiously. And there were girls—

I dropped in on the owner of the café that night. More than once an enforcer of the law had talked to him. Crime and criminal investigation make strange bed fellows.

"Tuesday night?" The landlord grunted. "How can I remember? There are so many Americans here all the time."

"Yes, but did any stay all night?"

"Oh, monsieur! I never permit that! It is against the law."

We argued. I prompted his memory with the mention of several unpushed charges, which, if properly filed, might embarrass him.

"Ah, oui, oui, oui! I have it! The night it rained so! Yes, there was an officer stayed all night."

"An officer?"

"Yes, drunker than a Breton sailor, he was, too. And he had money—five hundred—five thousand—fifty thousand francs! I know not how much."

"He was alone?"

"Yes."

"He was not!" I answered, for I had seen the old scamp's tongue trip.

"Well—not exactly. But understand, Monsieur, I need not incriminate myself."

"I understand that. Who was with him?"

"Katie."

"And who is Katie?" I asked.

"Katie is a lady. A Spanish lady. She has eyes—well, they buy her drinks for her, if you comprehend."

"Tell me the rest."

"Well, the officer came in, just for a drink. His rank? I can't tell. Only sergeants and military police, those are the only ranks I know. This one was very good sized, perhaps a colonel."

"Perhaps not."

"The girl was waiting for him. And he didn't stop with one drink. After four or five, Katie told me they wanted a private dining room and supper. They were at supper a long time, and

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I saw the American's pocketbook. It was full as a profiteer's boot. Then about midnight, Katie came down and ordered a cab. She drove away.

"After awhile your officer rushed downstairs swearing in three languages, like a gypsy. He wanted to know where the lady was. I did not know. I was tired. I threw him out."

"How long had it been since you repainted the red pillar at the entrance?"

"That very afternoon, Monsieur."

"And this Katie—tell me more about her? Where can I find her?"

He wrinkled his eyes shrewdly.

"You are a good fellow, Monsieur." He leaned over and pinched my arm. "She sent word—there were some little things she wanted. She kept them here, her first husband's picture, and those things. She sent another girl for them. That afternoon she went to Spain. For Katie is Spanish, Monsieur, and if you ask me, she is a very wicked woman—*gentille*, ah, Monsieur, *très gentille*, but wicked!"

I rode through the misty night toward La Ferté Bernard and the mystery of the 40,000 francs. The town was dark when I reached it, with only the shy twinkling of lights behind drawn shutters. My car made a noisy circle in the *place*, and swung to a halt before the portals of the gendarmerie. I was known here, and through these officials, the two D. C. I. men had sent their messages. A sleepy clerk on duty in the front office told me that Sergeant Stevens was expected any moment.

He limped as he came out of the dark. I told him of my discovery at the Café of the Red Pillar, and he stood by the desk, there in the dingy, stone-walled gendarmerie, nodding slowly, as if my tale of Katie and the officer with the francs fitted into his own idea of the crime.

"Come on, sir, I want to show you something," he said at last, and we walked from the town to the chateau, out in the broad fields beyond. It was nearly midnight, and the last soldiers out on pass for the evening were shouting themselves weary along the road to the camp. Farms looked at us with dark, blinded windows.

We crossed the park in front of the chateau, past the quiet guardroom at the gate lodge, where the officer of the day sat on sleepy watch, and a sentry barked us to a halt. We circled the house, after the guard admitted us, and approached the sheds in the rear. Within a low door Sergeant Stevens flashed his pocket lamp on a line of olive-drab motorcycles, half a dozen, belonging to regimental headquarters.

One of them, standing apart from the rest, was spattered with mud. Stevens turned the beam of his light upon the leather saddle. There were spots of dirty brown streaked on it.

"Three days ago when it was fresh, that was red," Stevens explained. He led me upstairs to the loft. "I found this while I was prowling around yesterday."

He brought out a raincoat, stained as the cycle.

"It was hidden here, stuffed in behind all this trash. It still was wet, and so was this."

He spread it out on his knee and held the lamp close. Across one shoulder I saw a great smear of red paint. Slowly, while I watched, Sergeant Stevens turned the coat over. On the inside of the collar flap, stenciled clearly, I read the name:

"Charles I. Fink,
"Capt. F. A., U. S. A."

"Get to bed," I told the sergeant, "I'll talk to the colonel."

Back at the front door of the chateau, after I had succeeded in making my rapping heard, I asked to see Colonel Joyce. It was past midnight, but the commanding officer was still dressed, except for his Sam Browne belt, which he had laid aside; smoking furiously, and with a stack of papers and magazines on his lap. No mistaking, the theft had not ceased to worry him.

Captain Fink, his adjutant, who had been awakened by my pounding, escorted me to him. The younger man was nervous when we went into his chief's quarters. He was red-eyed and his mouth was drawn; his face, in the four or five days since I first saw him, had puffed into the tell-tale flush of too much cognac and eau de vie.

The colonel welcomed me eagerly. Had I any news? I placed my chair so that I sat between the two men and the door. Then I told the story, pieced together by Stevens and me.

"And when this officer, whom I have not yet named," I concluded, "when he awakened that night in the Café of the Red Pillar, his own money and that of the battery fund were gone."

I looked at the adjutant.

"Do you wish to finish it, Captain Fink?" I demanded.

His nerves, worn ragged by drink and conscience and regret, seemed to buckle under, and he slouched forward, his head in his hands.

"Some of it is true," he admitted, "not all of it."

Colonel Joyce, who had been listening intently, somewhat puzzled, only half comprehending my story, jumped up, looking hard at me, and then shaking Fink's shoulder.

"What's that!" he shouted. "You, *you?*"

The disgraced adjutant nodded. Then he completed his own confession, ashamed, looking down at the floor.

He had known Katie before, at Monte Carlo when he was on leave. A few weeks ago he had chanced upon her in Le Mans. He had been drinking then. She talked of Spain and urged him to go with her. The afternoon he started to town on business for the colonel he had again had liquor.

"When you handed me the money to put back in the envelope—you were busy at your desk, sir—I stuffed it in my pocket, and put the envelope back empty. I was to meet Katie at the *Pillar Rouge*—that café. She was there, all right, and talked again of Spain. It must be she dropped something in my glass. When I woke up, she was gone—and all the money. At first I thought I would not come back, and then I decided to try to bluff it out."

He rose from his chair, a confessed embezzler, and stumbled toward me.

"I am ready—lock me up," he said.

"Wait!" Colonel Joyce made the command with a break in his voice that his men on the front never had heard.

He was a fine officer, this colonel, an army man of the old school, with a womanly gentleness under his bluff outside. While he stood there, staring perplexedly first at me, and then at his captain—his adjutant—the tan on his face paled out to a yellow, and he

turned his head suddenly and strode to the window, where he hesitated a long while, looking out. His shoulders were shaking. It is a hard sight, a fine old officer weeping!

But when he came again into the light in the center of the room, his lip was stiff, and he had taken back his military poise. Straight to his desk he went, felt through a litter of papers, and brought out a check book. He wrote resolutely in it, tore loose the check, and called me to see.

It was made out for eight thousand dollars and an odd number of cents, the amount that had disappeared. Carefully he folded it, and dropped it into the official envelope. This he put back in his trunk, slammed shut the lid, and turned the key.

"You may go, Fink—I can't call you captain again." He seemed to have forgotten me. "I have covered this shortage with my personal check. It is practically all I have saved since I came out of the Academy, but I give it very gladly.

"I am not going to prosecute you—it would be too hard on my command. In three days we sail for the States, and in a few more you will be mustered out. I go my way, in the service, and you go yours—not in the service, by Jove! In three weeks this regiment will be a memory. I want it to be a clean, fair memory. We have done well, our men have been brave, and our officers have been gentlemen. Between now and the time we disband, I do not want you to speak to me, except officially, and I shall not speak to you. After our splendid record, I will not disgrace our name. Go—I won't prosecute—for the honor of the old regiment."

Fink stood up, suddenly gone sober. He saluted as he turned at the door. The colonel returned the salute in a perfunctory manner.

"And now, Captain," he spoke in a low voice, and I saw him blinking the undisciplined tears out of his fine old eyes, "this has been a mistake, a very serious one. The money was not stolen, understand? Just mislaid. Just mislaid."

"I understand."

It was the next afternoon, in my office in Le Mans, that I watched the reports of Case 762 as we called it, flame up and burn, and scatter in tongue-tied ashes on the hearth. It was better that way.

SUMMER is the season which nature designed for growth. The Legion post which declares a moratorium on activities for June, July and August is passing up scores of opportunities to serve its community and to promote its own development. Find out what your post can do this summer. Write to the National Americanism Commission, National Headquarters, Indianapolis, Indiana, for a copy of the recently issued booklet, "Your Post and Your Town." This booklet contains many suggestions for community work by Legion posts—not only those which are best carried on in summer but many others which are good the year round. The Community and Civic Betterment Bureau of the National Americanism Commission, established by resolution of the last national convention, will assist any post planning or carrying out a community welfare program.

When In Doubt, Buy Bonds

By "Finance"

During the early days of June the quotations for securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange have furnished a most interesting illustration of what often happens during a period of business depression and uncertainty. Not that business is so greatly depressed as to cause alarm, or that uncertainty over the future outlook is so marked as to bring about any real uneasiness. But many of the big industries are operating at only a fraction of their possible capacity, and because of the still unsettled state of the European political and economic situation, and the unrest always attendant upon a presidential election, business shows some hesitation about future commitments. The bonus and the tax situation have undoubtedly affected industry in this country, and slowed down production. Large amounts of capital that ordinarily would be invested in inventories and reserved for the requirements of business have, as a result, been released for investment purposes. Money is plentiful, and interest rates low.

The interesting thing is that this money is being used for the purchase of bonds, while dealings in stocks have not been large, and stock quotations have shown a downward trend. Bond prices, on the other hand, have been going up, prices, that is, for bonds of true investment rating. Liberty bonds, for example, have just reached a new high mark for the year. What is the reason for this state of affairs? Why is it that with money plentiful, bonds should go up and stocks go down? There is an explanation, of course, and also a moral.

With business only fair, and with the immediate future a matter of more or less doubt, people with money for investment are in a conservative frame of mind, and they do not want to take chances with their funds. This being the case they naturally turn to bonds, and high grade bonds in particular, for investment purposes.

The reason for this is simple. When business is booming and earnings are high there is money available for dividends,—extra dividends sometimes,—and the stockholders share in the profits. If, however, profits are small, or perhaps non-existent, dividends may be cut or possibly eliminated entirely. Dividends are paid when there is money to pay them with, and not otherwise. Interest on bonds, however, is what is known as a "fixed charge" and must be paid. If a corporation has $1,000,000 of 5 per cent. bonds outstanding, and $1,000,000 of 7 per cent. preferred stock, and earnings amount to $50,000 a year, interest on the bonds will be paid, and dividends on the stock will not. Moreover, there is definitely specified property pledged for the repayment of the principal of bonds. The owner of a $1,000 bond has at least $1,000 worth of property pledged as security for the repayment of his loan upon maturity. The owner of $1,000 worth of stock has an interest in the corporation's profits in the proportion that his holdings bear to the total amount of stock outstanding, but nothing more. Bond interest must be paid before there are any profits.

So it is that when there is any doubt about profits people who wish to play safe put their money into bonds rather than into shares of stock. And naturally the higher grade the bonds the safer the money invested. Here then is the explanation for the recent activity in the bond market and the lassitude displayed in the market for stocks. And the moral might be stated as, "When in doubt, buy bonds."

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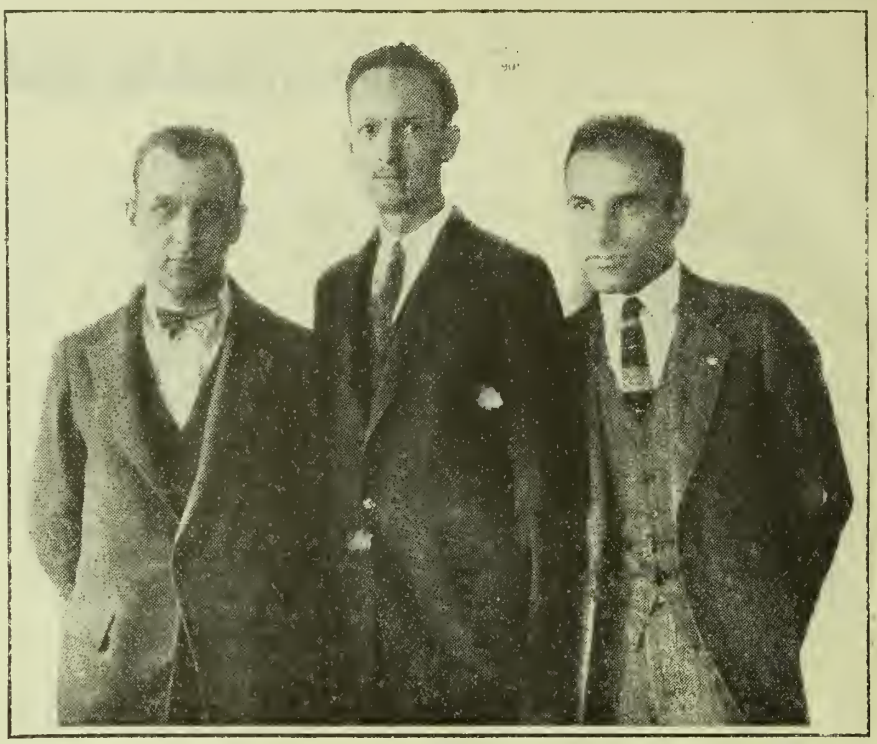

Winners of the Weekly's Fourth of July Cover Design Contest: Left to right, Leonard G. Simonsen, Ralph B. Wilkins and Herman J. Berlowitz. Wilkins's design, which won first prize of $100, forms the cover of this issue. Simonsen's drawing, tied for second with that of Berlowitz, was used as the cover for the June 27th issue. Berlowitz's cover will be used on a later issue. Prizes of $65 have been awarded each of these two men. All three are vocational trainees of the Society of Illustrators' School for Disabled Soldiers in New York City. The jury of award consisted of John Alonzo Williams, Henry B. Quinan and John J. A. Murphy. T. W. Ball, director of the school, was in charge of the competition

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.

DR. J. M. ALEXANDER, *Fulton (Ky.) Post.* D., May 12, aged 57. Lieutenant, Medical Corps, at Ft. Leavenworth, Kan.

STANLEY BENOSKI, *Larksville (Pa.) Post.* D. May 11. Served with Third F. A.

HERMAN BOETZER, *Robert Newman Post, Fairchild, Wis.* D. May 19. Served with M. G. Co., 143d Inf.

GEORGE M. ECKELS, *Jefferson Post, Louisville, Ky.* D. May 17 at Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.

HARRY W. GILLINGHAM, *California (Pa.) Post.* D. May 17. Served with Med. Det. at Ft. Monroe, Va.

DR. H. A. HALSEY, *Clarence Halker Post, Reading, O.* D. June 6, aged 44. Served with Med. Det., 36th Div.

LEO V. KUSS, *John P. Eaton Post, Corning, N. Y.* D. May 22. Served with Eighth F. A.

PAUL A. MEISSEN, *Blaine Post, Chinook, Mont.* D. of accidental shooting, May 29. Served with Veterinary Hospital No. 17.

RAYMOND R. MORATH, *Thoman-Boothe Post, Overland, Mo.* D. June 6, aged 29. Served with 148th Aero Squadron.

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WALLY: His Cartoons of the A. E. F.

EVERYONE who read *The Stars and Stripes*, the official newspaper of the A. E. F., will remember particularly the weekly strip cartoon by Wally—he's the same Wally who hands Weekly readers a laugh each week with his page of cartoons. The Wally cartoons which appeared in the overseas *Stars and Stripes* have been reprinted in a book—66 pages of hilarity—17½ by 7 inches in size. Price $1.50 postpaid. Send remittance to the Legion Library, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

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A Rank Beginner

I leaned to her lips and I kissed her;
She was a lass sweet and fair;
Somehow she seemed disappointed,
And I caught her sigh of despair.
I asked: "May I meet you next Tuesday?"
She cooed: "Tuesday's out of it quite;
So you'd better come around Friday,
Because that is amateur night."

—*E. D. K.*

The Mean Thing

Peggy: "Does your husband talk in his sleep?"

Polly: "No, and it's awfully exasperating. He only smiles."

Saved Something

Ethel: "So she loved and lost, eh?"

Clara: "Not exactly. He promised to settle the breach-of-promise suit out of court."

The Lowdown

An Iowa girl, en route to visit friends in New York, entered the city by the Hudson Tunnel, then took the subway to their address.

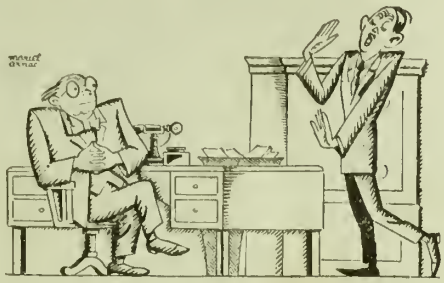
"What do you think of the city?" they asked on her arrival.

"I couldn't say," she replied. "I've had only a worm's-eye view."

Total Blank

Wife: "What were you thinking about in church?"

Husband: "Thinking? Thanks, dear!"



"I've decided to give you a raise and make you a member of the firm."

"In that case, nix on the raise. As a member of the firm I'm opposed to increasing our expenses."

Unintentional

Voter: "Congratulations. You certainly made yourself clear on the liquor question."

Politician (startled): "Did I?"

"You sure did, sir."

"Heavens! What a blunder!"

Professional Ethics

Motion Picture Star (to latest husband): "You're impossible! I give you the customary two weeks' notice right now!"

An Object Lesson

Policeman: "What were you doing while the bandits were robbing the patrons?"

Waiter: "I was kicking myself because I'd been such a piker all my life."

Fully Explained

Mrs. Kriss: "Is your son still a member of the Army?"

Cook: "Ah ain't sho'. But Ah knows dey am out lookin' fer him, so Ah guess dat he's at least a member-at-large."

Over His Head

Tenant: "When I rented this bungalow, you promised to put it in perfect condition. Why didn't you repair the leak in the roof?"

Agent: "The agreement does not allow me to repair it. You will find that it states you are to get 'running water all over the house.'"

His Day of Rest

Two brunette Alabamans were sunning themselves on the curbstone.

"Looky hyah, useless," orated one. "Yo'-all jes' a ornery, wallowin', sun soakin' no-account. *Ah's* got a job! Yassuh! Ah puts de mahkin's on de tiles down ter de new Mah Junk fact'ry."

"Huccum yo' talk so big? Yo' ain' doin' nothin' now."

"Ig'rance, button up yo' mouf. Today us mahks de white dragoons."

Oh, I Sées!

To a girl on the Champs Elysées
Jones lifted his hat one fine dées.
He needed a nurse,
For *she* lifted his purse.
His watch, and a check for his pées.

—C. M. L.

All's Fair With Love and Landlords

Liza: "Ah tol' de rent man us didn' have no money, so he said us'll have to move."

Rufus: "Dat's all right, honey. He tol' Sam Johnson de same thing, so us'll jes swap houses."

---

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	Leave New York	Arrive Cherbourg
S.S. Leviathan	Aug. 16	Aug. 22
	Leave Cherbourg	**Arrive New York**
S.S. Leviathan	Sept. 16	Sept. 22

Total days for entire tour: 37
Total days in France: 24

4th Tour—$275

	Leave New York	Arrive Cherbourg
S.S. Pres. Harding	Aug. 23	Aug. 31
	Leave Cherbourg	**Arrive New York**
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