OCTOBER 17, 1924

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

VOL. 6
No. 42

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LEGIONNAIRES:

AT the Saint Paul convention, your chosen delegates elected me as your National Commander, upon a platform having as its foundation a desire to make this Legion of ours fully realize its purposes and ideals.

JIM DRAIN, the individual, ceased to be the moment of that election, and Jim Drain, the National Commander of The American Legion, came into being.

THE command to go over the top was given. As this is being read by you, we are pushing forward towards our objectives. Your delegates and representatives at the Sixth National Convention know these objectives, having voted upon the questions that determined them. Already they have given you information concerning many of them, and further details have reached you through your magazine.

AS your delegates were casting about to determine upon the individual who was to lead for the next year, I was repeatedly asked to state my platform. It was brief and I want each of you to consider it carefully. It reads:

FOR GOD AND COUNTRY: WITHOUT PARTISANSHIP IN POLITICS: WITHOUT INTOLERANCE IN RELIGION: A BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION FOR THE LEGION: IN SHORT, A DEMONSTRATION THROUGH THE AMERICAN LEGION IN EVERY-DAY AMERICAN LIFE OF PRECISELY THE SPIRIT WHICH MOVED US IN THE WAR.

A YEAR is a short time. Yet each of our leaders has accomplished much in a similar period. But development must be from the ground up. It cannot come from the top down. Here, my comrades, is where you have your obligation!

EACH has his part to perform. The slogan "every member get a member" has been urged upon you before. But I repeat it. The American Legion is strong in numbers already. It can be stronger in influence if each of you does promptly the thing at hand that will accrue to the benefit of the ex-service men and women. Do not put it off. Do it today. Put into immediate action those ideals for which you stand.

UNITED, and forging to the front, our organization must grow and as it grows, its resources will increase, and its ability to accomplish good enlarge.

EVERY ounce of my energy, every moment of my time, everything at my command is engaged in advancing our cause.

WE MUST translate into the peace-time life of the United States and the world that spirit which animated us when we wore the war-time uniform of our country. LET'S GO!

James A. Drain

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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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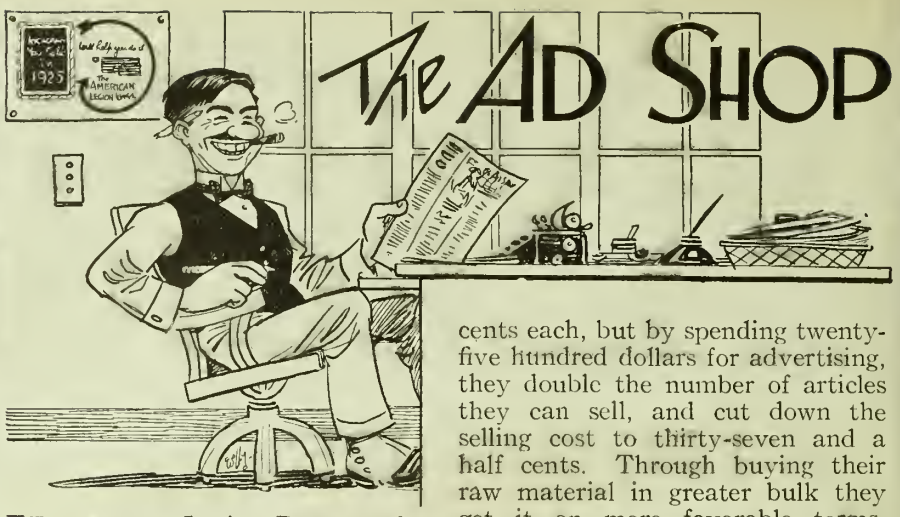

The AD SHOP

IT was at a Legion Post meeting around the latter part of September. The meeting had adjourned, some of the members were on their way home and a few of us sat fighting the war. One of our group, spying a new pair of shoes on a departing comrade, shouted out, "Pretty snappy pair of kicks, Bill." And then he added, "They must be Florsheims or some other well known brand."

"Oh, no," replied Bill, "I never buy any of these extensively advertised brands. I feel I don't get my money's worth. Why should I give them my money to advertise their shoes?" Now Bill was wrong, judicious advertising does *not* decrease the quality and increase the cost of *any* article, whether it be shoes or automobiles.

Who pays for all the advertising? To ask that question is like asking "who pays the rent of the store?" or "who pays the salary of the clerk behind the counter?" They are all selling expenses absorbed in the business. It is true that a part of your purchase price goes toward paying for the advertising, but had it not been for advertising it is quite possible that the price of any particular article would be a great deal higher than it is. The price of the product has been reduced to you because advertising has helped to stimulate sales, which has enabled the manufacturer to increase production, buy in larger quantities and at better prices. All this enables him to offer his product to you at a lower price.

One of America's best known manufacturers said recently that as they increase demand, and therefore, production through advertising, they can improve the quality and reduce the selling price. Ten thousand articles, for example, might represent a selling expense of fifty cents each, but by spending twenty-five hundred dollars for advertising, they double the number of articles they can sell, and cut down the selling cost to thirty-seven and a half cents. Through buying their raw material in greater bulk they get it on more favorable terms, their multiplied production makes for economy, and the public shares in the benefit. Advertising is an asset both to the producer and to the consumer.

Advertising enables you to select, it insures you of uniformity of quality and uniformity of price. We know that Florsheim Shoes, or any other nationally advertised brand of merchandise, will be the same quality and the same price whether we buy it in New York or Chicago, and the same guarantee holds good.

Twenty-five years ago a nationally advertised shaving stick was sold in a cheap leatherette-covered box. Today a stick containing twenty percent more soap is being sold in a handsome nickeled box at the same price, because of advertising. Colgate & Co. spend only two per cent of their sales on advertising, which means that only seven-tenths of a cent that they receive from a thirty-five cent tube of shaving cream goes toward advertising.

What a dead old world this would be without advertising, and how poorly off Legionnaire Bill would be without it.

A story is told on Mark Twain. He was, at one time, an editor of a newspaper and he received a letter one day from a subscriber complaining that he found a spider in the middle of his paper, to which Mark Twain replied that he was sorry that this misfortune had happened, but he would tell him the story of the spider. "That spider was there, searching for the names of concerns which do not advertise in order that it might go and spin a web over their door knowing that he could do so and remain in it undisturbed."

(signed) Buddy
THE AD-MAN

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First in a Series of Three Articles on

Historic Battles *of the* Ballot

I. The Beginnings: *Personalities Enter American Politics Along With the Party System*

By Nathaniel Peffer

NOT in this generation has there been a Presidential election so fraught with possibilities as this one. Others may have been equally close and exciting and have turned on more crucial issues, but none has held so many incalculable and unfamiliar factors.

Not in a hundred years, furthermore, has it been necessary to refer to the Constitution for its exact provisions for the choice of President. This year it is, as the final choice may be made, not by the popular vote on November 4th, but under the special provision of the Constitution for choice by Congress next February.

The aim of the series of articles of which this is the first will be to give a quick survey of how we have chosen our Presidents—what the original system was and what it is now—and of the most interesting elections under each system. It will be an attempt to give the high lights in American history; some of that history, it may be said, is far more interesting than is commonly supposed. In this article I shall deal only with the early formative period.

It is necessary first to have clearly in mind that the framers of the Constitution never contemplated an election of the national executive by direct vote of the people. In their minds the only question was which indirect system was preferable. They didn't have much confidence in the popular capacity to make so important a choice. They wanted the President to be chosen by a select group of men named for their fitness for that purpose. There was a strongly supported proposal to have Congress choose the President, but this would have been counter to the principle of the mutual independence of the legislative and executive functions. So they hit upon the system of electors especially chosen to choose the President.

While each State was left to decide for itself how these electors should be designated, the evidence of the debates in the Constitutional convention shows no particular intention to have a popular ballot even on them. And in the majority of States in the first few elections the Presidential electors were named by the legislatures. Not until decades later was a popular ballot on electors general throughout the country.

If the electoral college as we know it today seems anomalous, it must not be forgotten that the original purpose behind the electoral college was to have a body of national leaders who really would deliberate on the man best fitted for the Presidency and then ballot according to their individual judgments. This never worked out in practice, however. Within ten years parties had formed and candidates were chosen by them long before the electors were appointed. The electors had only to choose from between the candidates already in nomination and to do so in accordance with their instructions. They speedily became what they are now, mere automatons whose names are not even generally known. Though there is no law in the matter, not since 1796 has an elector voted contrary to his instructions.

The system under which the first four Presidents were elected was considerably different from the one under which Coolidge, Davis and La Follette are running. There were no separate candidates for President and Vice-President. Each elector voted for two men. The man who had the highest number of votes became President; the one who had the next highest was Vice-President. For President, however, there had to be a majority. If there were no majority, or if two were tied, the House of Representatives made the choice, voting by state delegations. Under this system it was possible for a President and Vice-president to be of opposite parties. Also it was likely that there would be a tie, because each party would instruct its electors for which two men to vote, and each party's candidates would therefore have the same

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IT will not do to hold yourself aloof from politics and parties. If the party is wrong, make it better; that's the business of the true partisan and good citizen.—*William McKinley.*

I AM certain that a more constant and active participation in political affairs on the part of our men of education would be of the greatest possible value to our country. It is exceedingly unfortunate that politics should be regarded in any quarter as an unclean thing, to be avoided by those claiming to be educated or respectable. It would be strange indeed if anything related to the administration of our Government or the welfare of our nation should be essentially degrading. I believe it is not a superstitious sentiment that leads to the conviction that God has watched over our national life from the beginning. Who will say that the things worthy of God's regard and fostering care are unworthy of the touch of the wisest and best of men?—*Grover Cleveland.*

number of votes. As a matter of fact, both of these contingencies occurred within ten years, and the system became unworkable, and had to be changed.

THE Constitution was adopted September 17, 1787, and came into effect June 21, 1788, on the ratification of nine of the thirteen States. The first election—that is, the election of electors—was set for January 7, 1789, and the electors were to meet to ballot for President on February 4th. There was no doubt at all about the result. George Washington was the unanimous preference of the country. There was little more doubt about the second choice, for by process of elimination John Adams was the next most favored. He had had a distinguished career as signer of the Declaration of Independence, framer of the Constitution, and diplomatic representative of the colonies in Europe.

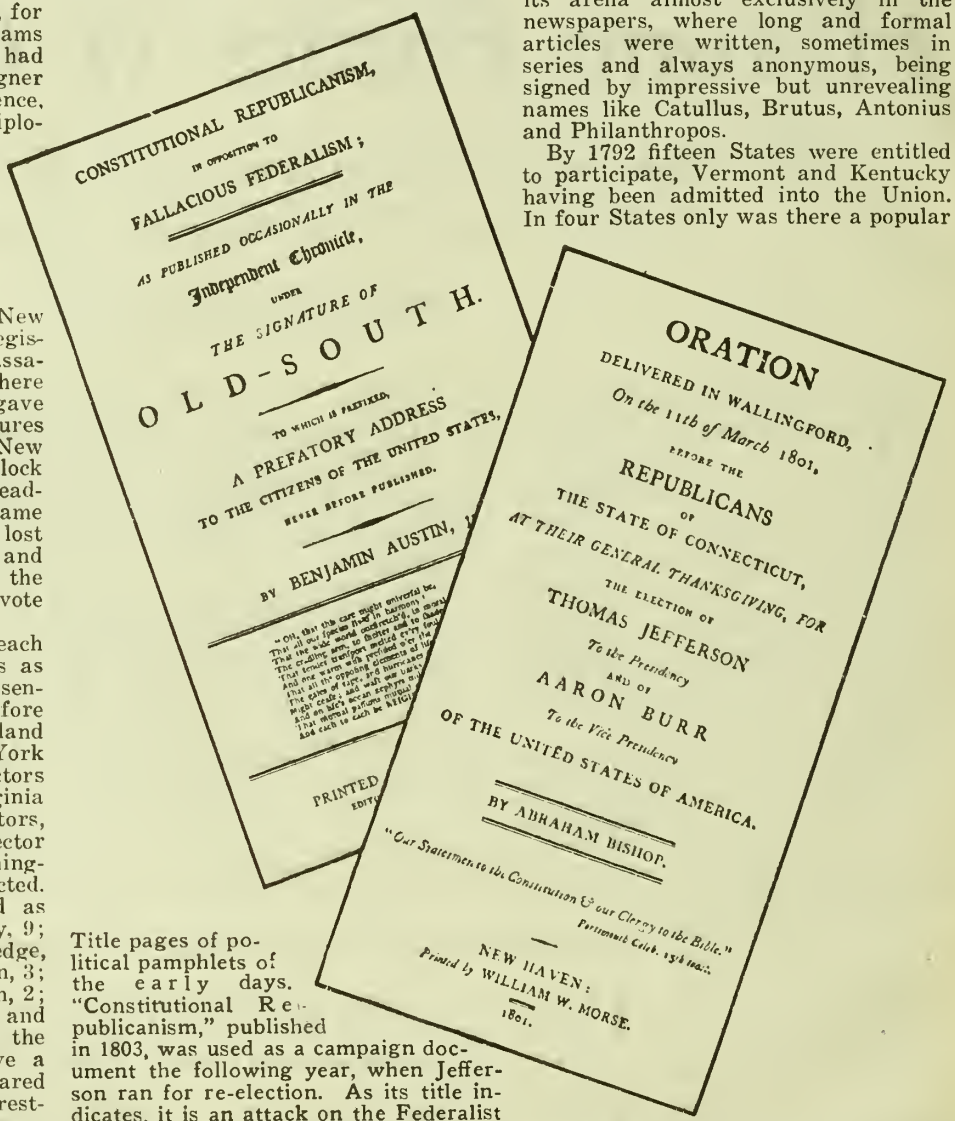
There was little campaigning and no electioneering. The only political activity centered on the manner of choosing electors. In Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia this was by popular vote. Connecticut, Georgia, Delaware, New Jersey and South Carolina the legislatures made the choice. In Massachusetts and New Hampshire there was a popular vote, but as this gave nobody a majority the legislatures finally appointed the electors. New York got into a complicated deadlock in the legislative debate and the deadlock was unbroken when the time came for election. The State therefore lost its vote entirely. Rhode Island and North Carolina had not ratified the Constitution, so that they had no vote at all.

The Constitution provided that each State have as many electoral votes as the total of its Senators and Representatives. The thirteen States therefore had a total of 91 votes. Rhode Island and North Carolina and New York were out, however, and two electors from Maryland and two from Virginia did not appear, leaving 69 electors, each with two votes. Every elector cast one of his two votes for Washington, who thus was unanimously elected. The other 69 votes were divided as follows: John Adams, 34; John Jay, 9; Robert H. Harrison, 6; John Rutledge, 6; John Hancock, 4; George Clinton, 3; Samuel Huntington, 2; John Milton, 2; James Armstrong, Edward Telfair and Benjamin Lincoln, one each. As the second man did not have to have a majority, John Adams was declared elected Vice-President. As an interesting comparison between then and now, it may be said that in the first election the most important State was Virginia, with twelve votes; Massachusetts and Pennsylvania came next with ten each and only then came New York with eight.

The second election, in 1792, was equally uneventful. The re-election of Washington was a foregone conclusion. But the interval between 1789 and 1792 had seen the beginning of division into parties. There were the Federalists, headed by Alexander Hamilton, and the Republicans, headed by Thomas Jefferson—the latter being the party that afterward became known as Democrats.

The Federalists believed in a strong central government. It was under their philosophy that the Constitution was so interpreted by the Supreme Court as to give the broadest powers to the national government—powers that doubtless were not contemplated by the framers of the Constitution. The interpretation was stretched to cover changing conditions which soon indicated that only a unified country and not a loose federation of States could meet the enormous problems of development and defense.

The Jeffersonians, on the other hand, favored a decentralized government, with as little government as possible without actually causing disintegration.



Title pages of political pamphlets of the early days. "Constitutional Republicanism," published in 1803, was used as a campaign document the following year, when Jefferson ran for re-election. As its title indicates, it is an attack on the Federalist policies. The "Oration Delivered in Wallingford" was uttered a week after Jefferson's first inauguration

They were against government interference with the rights of individuals as a general principle and for States' rights in particular. It was a quarrel that has never been downed in American history, and it was the issue over which the Civil War was fought.

Washington sympathized with the Federalists, but he was above party and escaped the fire of the opposition. How far he was above party is evidenced by the fact that his two principal cabinet secretaries, Hamilton in the treasury department and Jefferson in the state department, were of opposite parties. It was Hamilton and John Adams who drew the fire of the Jeffersonians, especially the latter, because as Vice-President he had to cast the deciding vote in case of a tie in the Senate, and he usually cast it for the Federalist policies. So, while no candidate was run against Washington, the opposition did put up George Clinton of New York against Adams. It should be added, however, that Clinton was also favored by many of Adams's own party, because Adams had aroused much personal enmity against himself.

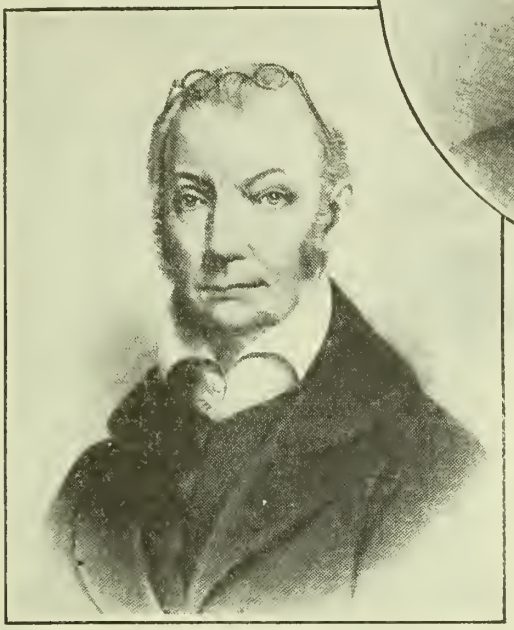
The campaign, such as it was, had its arena almost exclusively in the newspapers, where long and formal articles were written, sometimes in series and always anonymous, being signed by impressive but unrevealing names like Catullus, Brutus, Antonius and Philanthropos.

By 1792 fifteen States were entitled to participate, Vermont and Kentucky having been admitted into the Union. In four States only was there a popular vote for electors—Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina—nd there the vote was exceedingly light. In Pennsylvania, for instance, 4,000 votes were cast for Presidential electors, as against ten times that many in a preceding Congressional election, showing how much of a foregone conclusion the result was. In the other eleven States the choice of electors was made in the legislatures. There were 132 electors, each with two votes. Washington was again the unanimous choice, getting 132 votes. The other 132 were cast for: Adams, 77; George Clinton, 50; Thomas Jefferson, 1; Aaron Burr, 1. Adams therefore was again Vice-President.

Washington's second term saw the political cleavage widen and political enmities sharpen. They became fierce, in fact.

Washington himself was no longer above politics. He was singled out for venomous personal attacks. Nothing that was ever said of Woodrow Wilson exceeded what was written of Washington. He was attacked as undemocratic, monarchistic, and a British tool. This abuse embittered him, and he thrust aside the suggestion that he run for a third term. He wrote to Thomas Jefferson, his political opponent but personal friend, that he had had no conception that parties could or would go to the lengths he had witnessed and complained that every act of his had been described in terms "that could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter or even to a common pickpocket." When you read denunciations now of contemporary political figures it is interesting always to have in mind what was said of Washington and Lincoln when they were alive.

Alexander Hamilton (right) and Aaron Burr, whose differences over the election of 1800 led to the duel in which Hamilton was killed



Serious political issues had developed by the time the third election was due in 1796. Foreign affairs already played a big part in domestic politics. The French Revolution divided the fledgling United States as much as the World War did the mature United States in 1914. There is no doubt that men of the Washington, Hamilton and Adams school were sympathetic to the English and those of the Jefferson school sympathetic to the French. And each accused the other of not being neutral. In addition, there were the recurring disputes with England over the seizure of American ships in enforcing the blockade against Napoleon and the virtual kidnapping of American seamen to serve on British ships.

In fact, there was considerable parallel with the circumstances of 1915 and 1916, and from time to time we came close to being drawn into war with one side or the other. If Washington had not known what war meant and kept his head, we should have been got into war with England after the English refused to agree to stop the impressment of sailors and the capture of American ships in the treaty negotiations of 1794. But Washington knew the military weakness of the country and swallowed the humiliation, and war was averted. On the other hand, the Federalists wanted a strong navy, while the Republicans or Jeffersonians were against having one.

Clearer political alignments resulted in the development of an organized choice of candidates for the Presidency. Two years before the election the Republicans had already decided on Thomas Jefferson as their standard bearer. The Federalists had an internal division. Hamilton was their leader, but his positive opinions and vigorous personality had earned too many enemies for him to be a good candidate. This left Adams as the other outstanding leader, partly because he was the strongest man in New England and partly because he had been Vice-President two terms. But there was smouldering hostility between Adams and Hamilton, and open enmity between Adams and other Federalist leaders. Adams had a testy disposition, a hot temper, a streak of obstinacy and an inability to co-operate with others on an equal standing. To have passed him over would have split the party, however, so the Federalist members of Congress in a caucus—the first of its kind in our history—decided on Adams for their candidate. The tickets then were John Adams and Thomas Pinckney of South Carolina for the Federalists and Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr for the Republicans.

The campaign was still entirely in the press, but it was vitriolic none the less. There was on the other hand the underground fight within the Federalist party to knife Adams for Pinckney at the last moment—a trick that Hamilton blocked because he saw it would jeopardize the whole party. On the other hand, there was the straight-out party fight. Something of the nature of the latter may be gathered from an announcement published in the Philadelphia papers.

"Freemen of Pennsylvania!" it began. "Take caution. The aristocrats of our country are endeavoring to deceive you with the name of Washington. They presume to call theirs the Washington ticket. Beware, fellow citizens, of the Washington ticket. It is intended to support the electors of the Monarchist Adams. Believe us, fellow citizens, that your President Washington loves a republican and hates a monarchist. He therefore wishes that the Republican Jefferson may be his successor."

IT was a nip-and-tuck campaign, doubtful to the end. Already sectionalism had developed, the Federalists carrying almost the whole north and the Republicans—the Democrats of today—already carrying almost the whole south. Tennessee had been added to the Union, making sixteen States with 138 electors, each with two votes. The final returns were: Adams, 71; Jefferson, 68; Pinckney, 59; Burr, 30; scattering, 48. Adams had one more than the seventy necessary for a majority, and was elected President, with Jefferson, of the opposite party, Vice-President. Thus ended the first partisan campaign in the country's history.

The election of 1800, the fourth since the adoption of the Constitution, still stands as one of the crucial campaigns in the nation's history. It resulted first in the doom of the Federalist party, the party under whose auspices the nation came to birth; second, it resulted in the changing of the Constitution and the adoption of a new method of electing Presidents.

Four years of fierce controversy, turning on domestic and foreign questions, had preceded it. The English-

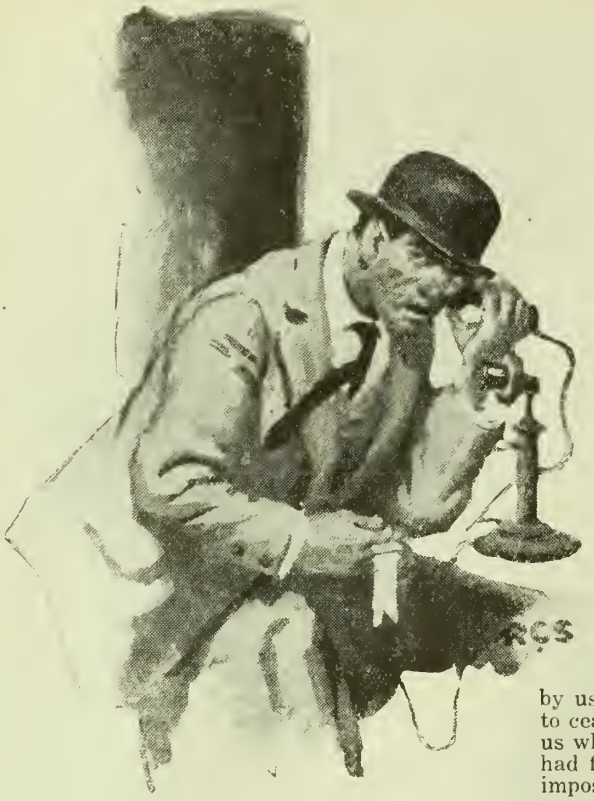
(*Continued on page 19*)

THE power is with the people; but they cannot exercise it in masses or per capita — they can only exercise it by their representatives. Now the basis of this representation is suffrage. The right to choose representatives is every man's part in the exercise of sovereign power; to have a voice in it, if he has the proper qualifications — that is the fundamental exercise of political power by every elector. — *Daniel Webster.*

The Attempt

By C. E. Russell

Illustrations by Ray C. Strang



It seemed as if they would never get the call through. If my watch was correct the vessel was even then starting

"THERE'S a sight to make any man feel proud that he's an American," remarked my friend Jackson, pointing toward the mighty ocean liner passing down the river. "But the Germans gave us many an uneasy hour over her before she was finally placed in the transport service."

Jackson was right. It was, indeed, a sight to make one's blood tingle as the great ship majestically made her way to the ocean.

Over our pipes in Jackson's apartment, that same night, I heard his story of how the Germans nearly wrecked the great ship, with thousands of our soldiers aboard it. It sounded like a wild dream of fiction; but Jackson was too earnest and his facts too straight to make that possible. Only the location and the names have been changed in the relating.

"When we took over Germany's interned ships at the time we went into the war, we learned the German crews knew long before we did that the United States would eventually be drawn into the mixup," began Jackson. "While we had been permitting those crews the run of the ship, they had been systematically destroying the important parts of the machinery. The thoroughness with which they succeeded proved that the work had not been done in a few days. It had required weeks and weeks of careful work to accomplish the destruction. However, in this as in other instances, the Germans had underrated our ability to make the necessary repairs; consequently, what to them had seemed complete destruction required but a few months' work for us to make as good as new again. When they learned that all their efforts had been in vain, these enemy-aliens determined to prevent the boats from sailing at any cost.

"The giant vessel, because she could carry thousands of troops and make the passage so quickly, was especially singled out for attack. The first attempts did not do credit either to their ability or to our judgment and were quickly counteracted by us until the attempts seemed to cease altogether. It looked to us who were watching as if they had finally given up the task as impossible. But just when we were congratulating ourselves upon our success in this regard, our secret service in Mexico warned us that orders had been forwarded through German spies in that country to sink that ship at all hazards. They also told us that a German naval officer had in some way slipped across the border and was even then on his way north either to blow up the ship or die in the attempt.

"Our guards were doubled, and every precaution was taken not only to protect the ship but also to apprehend the officer himself, should be put in an appearance. Days passed, while the crew struggled to get the craft in readiness for the sea. A close watch was kept on any stranger either lurking around the docks or joining the workmen. But no one appeared who could possibly be classified as dangerous. In consequence, we were led to believe that our precautions had frightened away any one who might have had evil designs against the ship.

"But—" and again that mysterious look came into my friend's eyes—"we little knew in the early days of the war just how persistent and resourceful the German secret service was in this country until, out of a clear sky, the storm broke.

"At about the time we had received the warning from Mexico there appeared at a certain hotel in the Back Bay district of Boston a dignified-appearing man who registered under the name of Robert Morris, of Chicago. Morris said he was, and appeared to be, a retired banker well blessed with this world's goods; and while not lavish with his money, he was, nevertheless, quick to reward any service. He informed the manager of the hotel that his only son was in the Army and would be attached to the Department of the Northeast, in Boston. In order to be near him he had decided to make his home in the city. This hotel had been recommended to him by a friend.

"The manager, all eagerness to please, showed him all the best suites. Morris finally selected one on the top floor overlooking both the city and the harbor. Then came a most unusual request: Morris said he would lease the suite for a year providing the manager would permit him to install a metal ceiling. He gave as a reason for this extraordinary request his fear of plaster ceilings, since one had once fallen on him when he was asleep, blinding him for several weeks. Morris assured the manager, who showed some hesitation, that of course he intended to pay for the installation himself.

"On the face of it, it at least warranted reporting; but that dolt of a manager, when he found that the guest would pay all the bills, promptly gave his permission and as promptly let it pass from his mind. If only he had told some one about the little matter of that ceiling at the time, our work would have been simplified a thousandfold. But no! He never thought it of any importance, he told us when we finally learned about the transaction.

"This Robert Morris had his own mechanics come in and put up the metal ceiling, after which he moved in with his trunks and a large packing-case. Within four days from the time he had established himself in the hotel, our wireless operators at the naval radio-station at the Charlestown Navy Yard began to pick up a new sound out of the air. For some time they supposed it was static, as night after night this strange buzzing sound came in over the instruments, but because it was merely a jumble, they cursed it and tried to tune it out.

"ONE operator, of a more inquisitive turn of mind, eventually succeeded in localizing the wave. He found that, instead of its being static, it was a very high-frequency and high-powered radio set in active operation, and so reported his discovery to us. I was sent on to investigate it. We had a wireless direction-finder in our equipment, but for some reason we could not localize the direction beyond the general one of the Back Bay district of Boston. We combed that district with a fine-toothed comb, but to no avail—we could not locate the station.

"The operator who had been successful in determining that it was radio rather than static stuck to his task and eventually dug out of the jumble a message. For five consecutive nights we sat huddled in the wireless-room watching that operator copy down the message, and each night the message was the same.

"Imagine our consternation when we had succeeded in decoding it, only to learn that it said: 'Arrangements have been completed to sink the one ship.'

"All we had to do was to substitute the name of the vessel for the words 'one ship' and we had solved it. Just

Against *the* Troopship

what the arrangements were was as much of a mystery to us as was the location of the sending-station.

"THE knowledge that the Germans, far from being discouraged with their previous attempts at the destruction of the ship, had now completed their plans to put her out of commission spurred us on to greater efforts. Our next step was to cover the telephone lines leading into the city. Arrangements were made and the proper personnel installed in order that every long-distance telephone message coming into the city of Boston could be routed through a listening station. Here, stenographers sat with the telephone receivers clamped to their ears while they copied down every word that was said. Reliefs were frequent, so that the notes could be transcribed and turned over to the man in charge. Calls to reputable business houses were quickly discarded; only those for private individuals were retained and studied. It did not take us long, however, to discover that a certain Robert Morris, living at a Back Bay hotel, was receiving daily calls from various pay-stations in New York City. The messages themselves seemed harmless enough; yet it did seem strange that any one would be spending so much money to call up this man merely to inquire about his health. Then we got him.

"One night one of our girls, all excited, burst into the room. 'Read that!' she exclaimed.

"'Our next messenger sails in three days,' it read. 'Have you anything to transmit?'

"And the reply was 'Yes, I mailed it today.'

"That message could mean only one thing—that German spies in this country were in some way sending out their reports by a secret messenger. If we could check up on all the boats sailing within the next three days, we might by a careful search of the passengers catch the messenger red-handed. A telephone call to the officer of the Port of New York gave us the information that the only ships sailing were troop ships. It was now evident that our quarry must be among the sailors or soldiers on those ships.

"Our suspicions were communicated to the War Department, who ordered a kit inspection just before the soldiers entrained for the transports. Again our efforts resulted in failure. As careful as those army officers were, they could not find a thing that was in the least suspicious.

"Our last, and to me a most forlorn chance was to carefully scrutinize every man as he passed up the gang-plank in the hope that somehow or in some way the culprit would give himself away. At every gangway we placed a naval secret service officer, while the army, equally anxious to assist, stood by with their secret service men to aid us if the necessity arose.

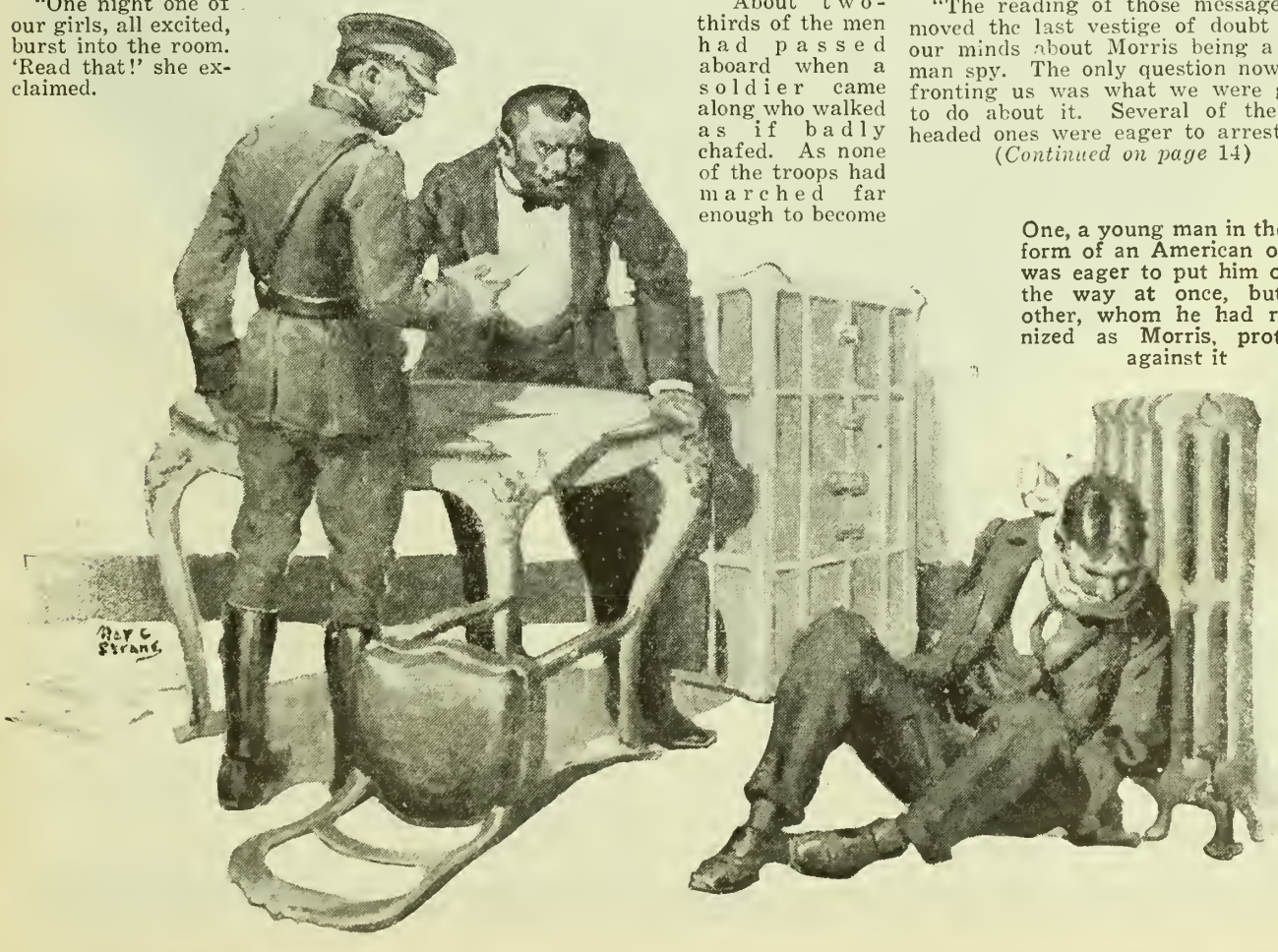
"About two-thirds of the men had passed aboard when a soldier came along who walked as if badly chafed. As none of the troops had marched far enough to become chafed, we at once yanked him out of the line—it was a long chance for us, but a lucky one. We hustled our prisoner across the docks and into a small shanty and quickly stripped him.

"Tucked away in various parts of that soldier's body we found small cylindrical rolls of tissue paper about two inches long and tightly rolled to the thickness of a small lead pencil. Every roll had been carefully sealed in oiled silk to keep out the moisture, and surgeon's tape had been used to hold the rolls in place. Our prisoner was literally a walking despatch case.

"YOU may imagine how overjoyed we were to get our hands on those messages and how eagerly we scanned them for information. They were, as we soon discovered, written in the secret code of the German navy and might equally as well have been written in the English language — Boy-Ed had fortunately (for us) lost his code-books just before he sailed. One, in particular, interested us very much because in it we read the confirmation of our radio messages that all arrangements had been made to sink the transport on her first outward-bound voyage. They had neglected, however, to tell in them how they proposed to do it. But we had learned enough to put us on the right trail. Nor was it long before we had Robert Morris under close surveillance.

"The reading of those messages removed the last vestige of doubt from our minds about Morris being a German spy. The only question now confronting us was what we were going to do about it. Several of the hot-headed ones were eager to arrest him

(*Continued on page* 14)



One, a young man in the uniform of an American officer, was eager to put him out of the way at once, but the other, whom he had recognized as Morris, protested against it

EDITORIAL

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

The Date Is November 4th

"RALLY 'round the flag, boys," is a good battle cry. What the country needs now, though, is a good peace cry, and the best peace cry there is at this time, or at any other time, is to rally round the polls on Election Day.

By such means we promote better citizenship, particularly in public office, and that is where the best citizenship ought to be.

By such means we promote better government; by such means we promote peace, prosperity and tranquillity, not to mention our own interests as individuals, our own welfare, our own fortunes.

We do these things when we examine without prejudice the public issues, discover where the candidates stand on these issues and why, and then go and vote, with our informed and unfettered intelligence as our guide.

The word selfishness is more sinned against than sinning. It has a bad name which is sometimes undeserved. The highest form of selfishness is what most of us call unselfishness. What is really beneficial for one person is more likely than not to be beneficial for others. What promotes the interests of the community, state or nation promotes the interests of the individual.

The man who goes to the trouble—which is no trouble at all—to cast a vote on Election Day is apt to swell with pride over the fact that he had done a fine, unselfish thing. He has performed a duty toward the state. He pins a medal on himself. The truth is that he has done a selfish thing. If he has voted wisely he has voted his best interests as an individual, which, if he is an honest man, are the best interests of his community or state or nation as he has seen them. The interests of the individual and the interests of the nation are the same in the long run.

The man who votes according to the dictates of an informed intelligence no more performs an altruistic duty than he does when, by hard work and study, he swings a shrewd business deal and makes an extra thousand dollars. In both cases the man himself is the first beneficiary. In both cases he has acquitted himself of a selfish and a worthy act.

The decline of the calibre of men in American public life is a subject of common remark. It is a statement the truth of which admits of little serious debate. Some of the events of the past year have been a sad commentary on the integrity as well as the intelligence of men who had been elevated to lofty positions of public responsibility and trust. The question of integrity aside, certainly the mean average of brains, of sheer intelligence which we now employ to do our public thinking, is lower, much lower, than it was a generation ago.

One of the greatest constitutional lawyers of our time, one of our greatest living statesmen, is now in private life. He retired voluntarily from the United States Senate some years ago with the tired expression, "It is too trivial." He is Elihu Root of New York. Another man of intellectual stature is John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, who voluntarily quit the Senate a little over a year ago to become a recluse on his plantation amid his books and his flowers. Root and Williams are through with public life. It is too trivial. The loss of such men is a loss to every citizen. We are all out of pocket, and we have none but ourselves to reproach.

In the 70's and the early 80's, eighty percent of the qualified electorate rallied round the polls. They voted, and presumably with fair intelligence, judging by the type of men they put in public office and entrusted with the public business. Since 1880 the percentage of voters who voted has gone down steadily. In 1920 forty-nine percent voted.

We are, therefore, governed by a minority. A bare minority participates in the act of government. Only a part of this minority, or a great minority indeed—aggregating not more than thirty-five percent of the total qualified electorate—actually casts the votes which shape our public affairs. We are not much better off, materially, than an old-school monarchy where a handful of men comprised the ruling class. We are worse off morally. In a monarchy the situation could not be helped. It was not a man's fault if he could not have a voice in his government. But here it is the fault of the man who does not vote. He has the power, but is too indifferent to use it.

For years The American Legion has urged its members to vote. On the membership rolls of the Legion and of The American Legion Auxiliary are the names of a million voters. In their immediate households are two million more —an aggregate of three million votes.

Legionnaires, vote those votes next month.

Vote them as each man and woman will, but vote them.

The coming elections—municipal, county, state, national —should be of especial interest to Legionnaires as Legionnaires. Legion members are on the tickets everywhere. In one State the two major candidates for governor are Legion men.

It is to be hoped, however, that no Legionnaire will vote for a candidate simply because the candidate is a Legionnaire. We should vote for the best man for the job, as we see the best man, after a dispassionate canvass of the field. We should do this for purely selfish reasons. The best man for the job is the best man for us. Voting is no more a public duty than it is a private duty.

Vote and be done with minority rule.

In re-assuming its mediæval name of Oslo, Norway's capital city of Christiania will lose some excellent publicity at the spelling bees next winter.

A Kentucky girl broke her engagement because her suitor spent his evenings reading instead of courting her. Too many books, in other words, spoiled the troth.

An aged couple in Lille, France, recently entertained 377 relatives at dinner. In the vain hope, undoubtedly, that at least one would offer to help with the dishes.

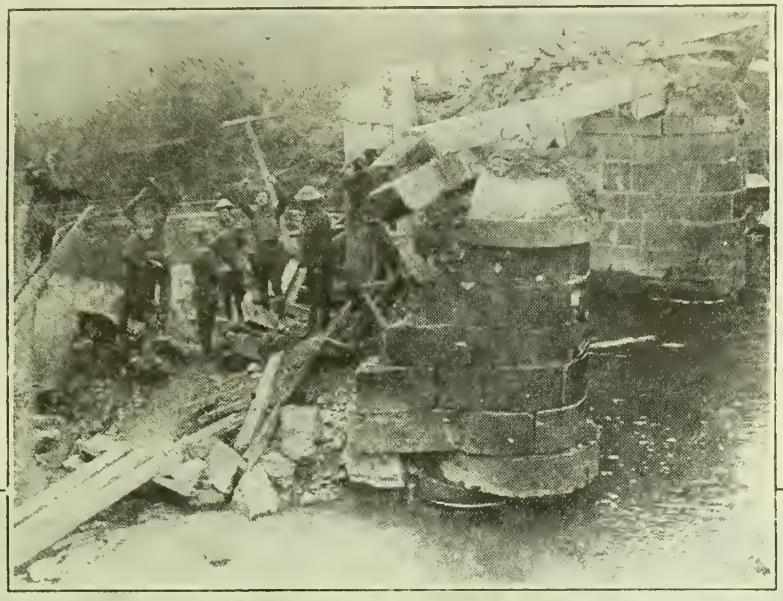
A New Jersey autoist who ran down a pedestrian and fractured his arms and legs was fined two hundred dollars. Then he sobbed because the other fellow got all the breaks.

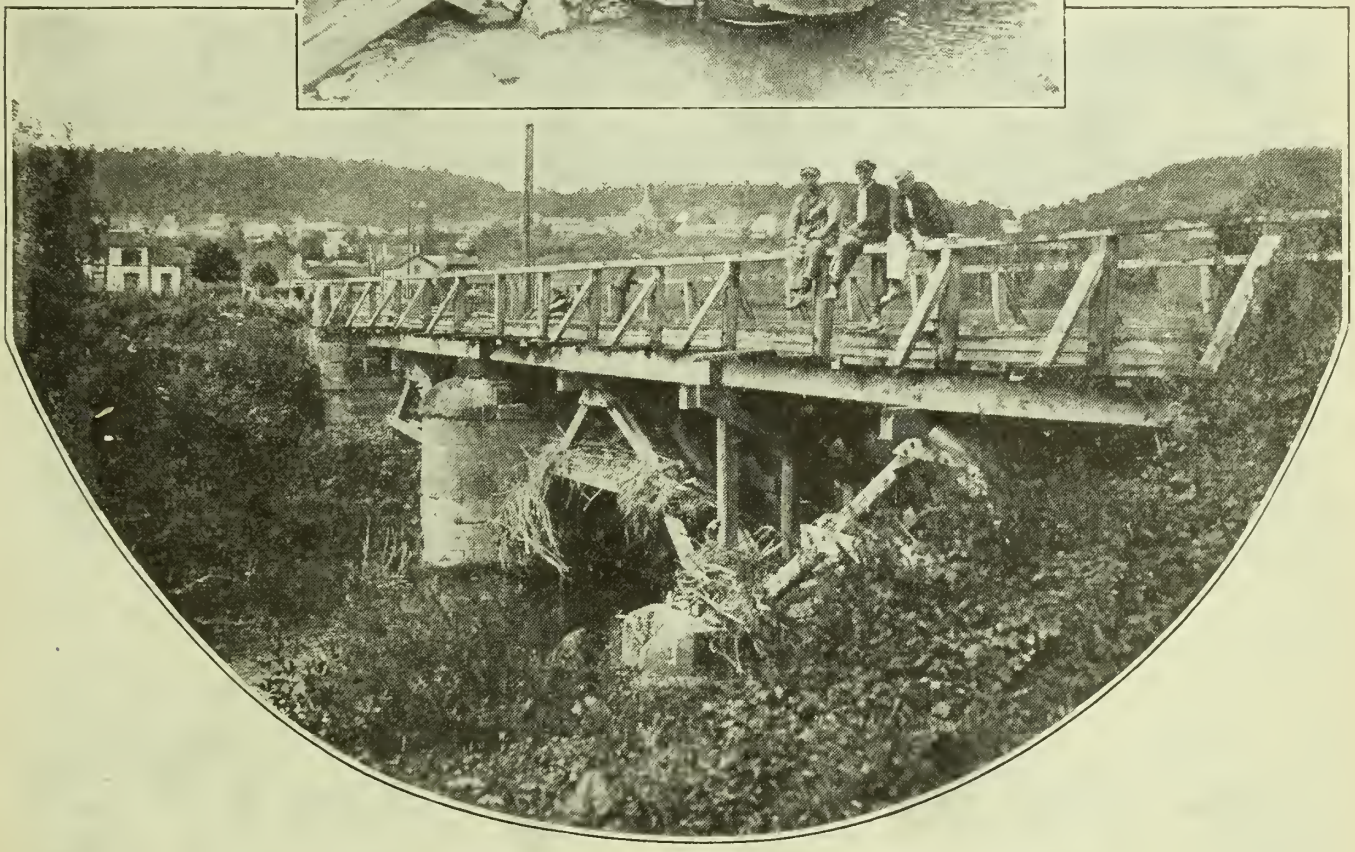
Within the space of a single week a Texas farmer fell off a barn, was butted by a bull, kicked by a steer and bitten by a dog. What a wonderful pedestrian he would make!

The fact that the Army is to increase its forces in Hawaii is another example of misdirected energy. Most of the ukulele output is now produced right here in the continental United States.

The Fight *for* Châtel Chéhéry

AFTER four days of bitter fighting against the desperate resistance of the enemy, the American battle line in the Meuse-Argonne became stabilized on October 1, 1918, except for small local engagements necessary to straighen out the newly-gained front. The 28th Division, which had fought its way up the valley of the Aire River with its left cleaning up the wooded promontories projecting from the Argonne Forest, was by that time what might technically have been rated as an "expended" division. But the National Guardsmen from Pennsylvania had suffered particularly from enemy fire from one of these wooded heights, the Taille l'Abbé, and were determined not to leave the line until this strong point had been subdued.





Destruction of the bridge connecting LaForge with Châtel Chéhéry failed to keep the 28th Division infantry from crossing the Aire and capturing the latter town. Engineers spanned the stream with foot bridges. The upper picture shows men of the 82d Division stringing telephone wires following the capture. The wagon bridge shown below, constructed also by American engineers in 1918, making use of the piers of the original bridge, is still in use. Châtel Chéhéry is seen in the background

When the general attack along the American front was resumed on October 4th, therefore, the 28th Division remained in line. Its neighbor to the right, the 35th, had been relieved on September 30th - October 1st by the veteran First Division. On its left the 77th Division was still hewing its way through the Argonne Forest itself. The front of the 28th was a line diagonal to the general front, with its left resting on the heights of Le Chêne Tondu on the edge of the Argonne plateau, and its right extending down the Aire valley to the north. The advance of the 28th on October 4th, 5th and 6th was slow, although the attacks continued in the face of continual flanking fire. The right of the division advanced two kilometers north, establishing a salient and capturing La-Forge, a hamlet on the east bank of the Aire River due east of Châtel Chéhéry. This position served as a good jumping-off place for the capture of the latter town.

Châtel Chéhéry lies on the slopes of two hills, Hill 244 immediately behind the village to the southwest and Hill 223 to the north and northwest. Its one long main north and south street lies about thirty meters above the Aire and sixty meters below the crest of the hills. Several east and west streets drop sharply down the slope to the river. Under cover of a fog, at five o'clock on the morning of October 7th, the 109th and 110th Infantry regiments, reinforced by the 112th Infantry and the 109th Machine Gun Battalion, crossed the river on footbridges constructed the previous night by Company E, 103d Engineers, and attacked.

(*Continued on page 20*)

Beware of the Expert

By Wallgren

A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer

The Things *That* Count

I KEEP thinking back to the convention. Last week I wrote of it in the spirit of reunion. If the Legion had no other object than an annual gathering where veterans could meet again its existence would be fully warranted.

Wonderful as this reunion is, Saint Paul proved afresh that it is only a small part of the Legion's place in American life. This week I write of the big part, which counts not only to Legionnaires but to all Americans and to the future of America. It shows that veterans are primarily citizens and better citizens for being veterans, and the Legion primarily an American institution and the better insitution for being composed of veterans.

Some convention hounds thought that the Saint Paul convention was not so exciting as some of its predecessors. That depends upon what you mean by exciting. Work is not always exciting. This convention worked prodigiously and painstakingly through its committees and sub-committees listening to every angle of opinion in order that their reports might truly represent the sentiment of the whole on the floor.

Reading the record of the convention in cold print makes me want every Legionnaire to realize the achievement at Saint Paul. If none of the resolutions offered had been adopted they would still have expressed the mind and character of the Legion in a way that ought to bring a cheer from the whole country.

A Legion convention is like the meeting of a volunteer third House of Congress. No political party has anything to do with the choice of its members. Its only legislative power is in its influence upon the other two Houses. It stands for the big things of non-partisan interest which men and women of far seeing patriotism want done in this country and which politics often prevents being done.

The platform of this Third House is expressed in the resolutions of the convention. It is the duty of every Legionnaire to make sure that his neighbors know that platform as well as the one on which our Presidential candidates are standing.

In the midst of a hot political campaign, whatever the temptation, every Legion official is warned that he must not exploit his official position for political ends. When he does that he surrenders his usefulness as a member of the Third House. He may be a good politician but he is a poor Legionnaire.

But the Legion's National Americanism Commission is to make its own Legion campaign, within the present political campaign, against all Election Day slackers. Let every citizen vote, and vote as he honestly thinks. Only in that way can democracy express itself and have the right to exist. Not only in this election, but in all to come the Legion is to keep up this fight under the Legion emblem.

ON the war and peace issue the Legion's stand is clear. Keep up our Army and Navy, provide a strong air force and develop commercial aviation as the best reserve for aerial preparedness. Defense Day is to be an annual event and held on Armistice Day as a national holiday.

But listen, please, all who think that this implies that the Legion wants to put a chip on Uncle Sam's shoulder. While many peace committees, whose members often know nothing about war, are busy, the organization which stands for experience in war is also to have one. The ten members of the Legion's new World Peace Committee, appointed by the National Commander, will bring first-hand knowledge to aid the jurists and the dreamers in their laudable efforts to end war.

Meanwhile, a part of the Legion's preparedness plan to be ready for war, if it does come, remains a universal draft of all man-power, money-power and resources in time of war to right the errors and injustices of the system of '17–'18.

If anybody was tempted by the distractions of the convention to forget the greatest problem of all in the national future—the children—four orphans from the Otter Lake Billet were there as a reminder. The Legion does not stop with caring for its own, but it supports all child welfare because only by thinking of all can you serve the whole. Three committees of nine members each, chosen by the National Commander, by the Forty and Eight and the Auxiliary, are to act as a joint committee in furthering this great cause.

And child welfare includes education. It is not enough to be just a physically healthy citizen. You must have a mind fit for the duties of citizenship. The Legion backs the citizenship preparedness of National Education Week as heartily as the military preparedness of Defense Day. Child labor means that future citizens will have neither the strength of bodies nor minds for citizenship. The Legion is for enforcing all child labor and compulsory school attendance laws.

That favorite word of the Legion vocabulary, Americanization, is only another way of saying education. It means the Americanization of all the people in our country whether they were born here or not. It means that all shall be Americans to the marrows of their bones in the highest sense.

THE Legion's attitude toward the restriction of immigration is again confirmed. But it would aid the foreigners who are in our country to protect themselves from unjust discrimination in the same way that all our citizens are best protected—by their own competent, trained, intelligent Americanism. An overhauling of immigration laws is advocated in one resolution. Another would have no one become a citizen until he could read the English language intelligently.

Foreign language newspapers should carry English translations. Americanization classes should be extended until the remaining thirteen hundred thousand should join the two hundred thousand non-English speaking immigrants who are at present receiving instruction. A year's extension of time should be given foreign born ex-service men to declare their intention of citizenship. The flag being the symbol of patriotism, the flag code should be taught in all our schools.

The National Executive Committee did not need much time to decide which subject should receive the most financial support. The primacy of one subject was taken for granted. Sixty-five resolutions centered upon it. No vigilance can be too sharp, no care too arduous, in looking after rehabilitation. In common justice, decency, and gratitude, efficiency in the Veteran's Bureau is the first of American duties. After rehabilitation came child welfare and then Americanization and legislation in the order of importance.

The men and women who brought forward these resolutions—and I am not mentioning all—have their faces to the light. An organization which sponsors them, knows how to use the power which is guaranteed by the nature of its membership. That power will increase under such a commander as James A. Drain.

Now the thing is to apply the spirit of the resolutions through all the Legion posts with the help of the Boy and Girl Scouts and all other good scouts of ages anywhere from ten to eighty in all communities. As for my part, having made a catalogue of the planks, this page will devote itself from time to time to each one of them. The convention was all right, and it showed that the Legion is all right.

It's *a* Singing Legion

FOR every Legion post that owns its own super-heterodyne six-tube, umpty horse-power radio set, a grand piano or a Louis XIV phonograph, there are a dozen which boast a soloist good enough for grand opera, a knock-'em-cold quartet or a full chorus that can sing its way through the score of any musical comedy ever written. It's a singing Legion, all right, and a post meeting without song would be as mournful as a baseball game without rooting. Legion vocal chords aren't shriveling under the radio waves and it isn't canned melody that is heard when good Legionnaires get together. Just to prove it, here are a few of the thousands of Legion musical stars who will make it a melodious winter for their posts.

Miss Alma Forker is the only contralto member of Frank S. Reynolds Post of Bakersfield, California, and she would be a musical star of the first magnitude anywhere. She had won fame in concerts and recitals in New York City before she won her right to Legion membership by serving in the Chemical Warfare Service during the World War. In addition to leading her Legion post musically, Miss Forker appears constantly throughout California. She sang a number of solos at the Legion's Saint Paul national convention, and was the first Legionnaire to sing in a national convention

Omaha has the world's largest Legion post, and that post believes it has the Legion's best quartet. All four of these men, Floyd Paynter, Frank Petersen, Clare Young and Paul Jordan, are nationally known vaudeville singers. They stepped off the stage long enough to sing Omaha's praise at the Saint Paul national convention, and their song "Come to Omaha" helped win the Legion's next annual convention for their native city

Iowa Legionnaires roam the octaves with their tall corn song, and the Texas Legion chants of the old gray mare, which, despite lyrical assertion to the contrary, still seems to be what she used to be. This year Mrs. May Peterson Thompson of Amarillo, an opera singer of note, leads the mighty Texas chorus whenever the Lone Star Legionnaires become songful. Mrs. Thompson rode and sang of the old gray mare at the Saint Paul convention

First-to-the-Market Hickox

SOMETIMES things just naturally won't go right. And that is how it seemed to go, for a while, with George W. Hickox. After his service with the 91st Division, where he toted a regulation rifle as a buck private, Hickox developed a lot of trouble. He couldn't keep on with his old job as a cratemaker.

It isn't necessary to relate the whole list of things that the M. D.'s found. Suffice it to say that they centered in and around his chest, and that the most serious of the lot was "Tuberculosis, chronic, pulmonary."

It isn't necessary, either, to go into a lot of detail about how Hickox got his health back. There isn't much that's thrilling to anyone except the patient and the physician in the tale of how a job of T. B. arrest was successfully brought about. And if you ask Hickox about it, he'll tell you that that's past, anyhow, and what do you think of the way the melon market looks today?

For Hickox is living very much in the present, and very little in the past. And this is hardly surprising, either, when you learn that he is farming a tract of forty acres in the Imperial Valley of California, where the fruit farmers go out and work in a sun that registers perhaps 130 degrees. They keep busy, there; and you can be sure the returns are profitable, or they wouldn't be so eager to work in the sun. That is one good reason why Hickox is living in the present instead of the past. And the hot dry climate is why he picked on the Imperial Valley; it discourages T. B.

Early in 1923, Hickox entered project training under the Veterans Bureau, with instruction furnished by field instructors traveling out from the Brawley (California) Union High School. And about this same time he purchased, on time payment terms, the forty acres of sandy soil.

Grapes and grapefruit struck Hickox as the best crops he could grow for his major development work, and he laid his plans accordingly. But he had obtained his land too late for his purpose that year. He could not prepare it that spring for planting grapes or grapefruit. It seemed like another bit of bad luck.

But Hickox isn't much of a believer in bad luck any more. In fact, he has done an about-face on the subject. He has about come to the conclusion that if somebody dumped him into the Pacific Ocean he would come up clutching a fine fresh tuna. "I think I'm the luckiest bird that ever came along," he announces when the question of luck comes into the conversation. And there are certain facts which might bear him out in his assertion.

Here's Hickox himself exercising some of the extra care that made his melons first in the market, with a net profit of $8,500. Those little white mounds are waxed paper supported by wires, the best protection for the tender plants against frost

Yet it isn't all luck, at that. Hickox has had some good luck, but he has also put in some good hard licks of determined, intelligent effort to help bring about the lucky results. And, under the circumstances, who can say it is just plain luck?

But to return to his Imperial Valley tract: It was too late, that spring, to prepare his land for grapes and grapefruit. He might, of course, have sat around drawing his compensation and his breath. But, instead, he evinced a desire to get to work.

"Here's your one chance to make some money at this late date," the experts told him. "Plant melons, and see what happens. Maybe they will come along well, maybe the market will be right. If you hit it right, you may make some money. If you don't, and conditions are wrong, the melons may not be worth the effort of sending them to market. But if you want to take a chance go to it."

So Hickox took a chance. With very little capital available to run his farm on, and with no considerable knowledge of melons except what he had gained from eating them in the days before the war, when he was a crate-maker, he set out to grow melons according to instructions. He wanted the farming experience, and he wanted to make a little something if he could. So he put in watermelons on thirty acres of his land.

Hickox was too ignorant to do anything different from what his instructors told him; there wasn't a thing he knew better than they did. So he followed instructions absolutely, worked early and late to get results. In five months he sold the very first watermelons which were grown in this entire country in 1923. And because he had a lot of melons, as well as commanding a premium because they were so early, he sold his crop at a price which yielded him a profit of about $8,500.

In the fall of 1923 he planted ten acres to lettuce and twenty acres to watermelons. He sold the crops last spring at an excellent profit.

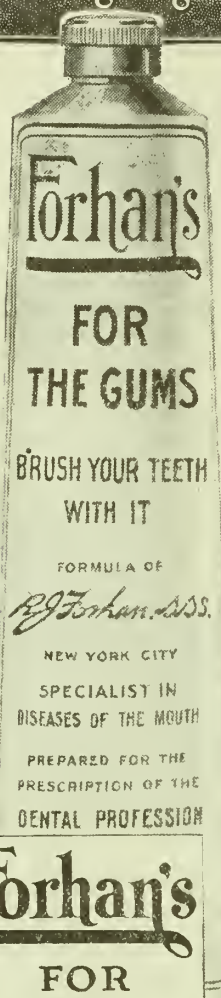
GEORGE W. HICKOX, erstwhile cratemaker, erstwhile infantryman, and erstwhile T. B. patient, is today well on his feet. The hot, dry climate of the Imperial Valley is ideal for his health. And the climate doesn't seem to be harming his crops.

His ranch is today planted to grapes and grapefruit, with a small acreage set aside for what are known locally as "gambling crops," such as lettuce, melons, and so forth.

Officially, Hickox will be declared rehabilitated by February of 1925. By then his training will have carried him through all of the necessary operations in caring for his farm. At that time his ranch will be entirely paid for through his own energy, and application to the job. And by that time, from present indications, Hickox will have built for himself a real place in the community of which he is now a part.

His is a fine example of what a disabled man can accomplish by trying.

Watch your gums—bleeding a sign of trouble



As sappers mine the enemy's defenses, so gum-decay tunnels through the normal gum line and produces tooth decay in its most painful form.

This gum decay or Pyorrhea is most dangerous. The gums become devitalized, relaxed. They recede. They shrink and age the mouth. Gum tenderness is present. The teeth loosen. Also Pyorrhea pockets breed bacteria which drain into the system and cause many organic diseases of mid-life.

Four people out of five over forty suffer from this Pyorrhea; but Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently.

Forhan's hardens the gums. It conserves the gums that hug the teeth and hold them firm. It touches the fundamentals of tooth health in fact, And all this while you are cleansing your teeth scientifically. Forhan's is cool, antiseptic and pleasant to the taste.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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The Attempt Against the Troopship

(*Continued from page 7*)

at once and put him where he could do no more damage; but not so our far-seeing Chief. He pointed out that even if we had Morris behind the bars, it would not help us in learning what the plans of the Germans were in reference to the boat or who was to turn the trick. Furthermore, the arrest of Morris at this time would serve only as a warning to the rest that we were on their trail. It was a most peculiar predicament, to say the least. On the one hand we knew that Morris was a spy; on the other hand, even with this knowledge in our possession, we could not use it unless we chanced losing the major part of our case, which was to learn who the others were. And so one German spy was permitted to enjoy his freedom, even after we had evidence enough to convict him.

"The Chief decided that as long as we could not arrest this Morris, we at least could keep him under close surveillance until such time as we were ready to pick him up. Then again, if we allowed him his freedom, there was the possibility that he would lead us to the others, and then we would have them all. This decision made, the next one was to decide who was to be assigned to the case. Each one insisted that he should be the one to shadow Morris, but again the Chief interfered to settle the argument.

"Billy Mason and I were the ones lucky enough to draw the assignment. We lost no time, either, in getting to our task. The very next day we presented ourselves at the Back Bay hotel and asked for work as waiters. Billy succeeded in the quest, while I was forced to be content with a dish-washing job.

"We were on a delicate assignment and we had to work cautiously; yet, at the same time, we could ill afford to allow the case to drag, since the ship was fast nearing the point where she would be ready for sea. Furthermore, the army was very anxious to load her with troops and get her away. It was now becoming a question of days.

"As soon as possible without exciting suspicion we made a survey of the hotel and located Morris on the top floor. The spy, however, was keeping close to his rooms, even going to the extreme of having his meals served there by one waiter. There was no way so far as we could see that Morris could have learned of the arrest of the messenger, yet for some reason that man stuck close to his quarters all of the time. If ever he went out for a walk, it was either while we were asleep or were busy with other duties. It required some maneuvering on the part of Billy before he could manage to get his chance to serve a meal in that especial suite, but he finally secured it. He whispered the good news to me as he passed out with his tray of food. I have here a copy of Billy's report of his first visit to that room. Wait a moment until I get it and I'll read it to you." Jackson rummaged around in his old battered locker.

"'I was detailed to carry the suspect's dinner up to him,' read Jackson, after we had once more settled back in our chairs. 'When I reached the top floor I rapped on the door, only to have it opened on a chain, while the suspect peered around the jamb to see who was there. When he saw it was only a waiter, he unhooked the chain and bade me enter. The room I first entered was his reception-room. Here I saw nothing suspicious. When I glanced around to find the table, Morris informed me that it was in the bedroom. Placing my tray on a chair, I went into the bedroom to get it, with the suspect all the while close at my heels. I had no chance for more than a quick survey of that room, but I saw enough. As for the furnishings the room was but a duplicate of hundreds of other hotel bedrooms. On the side next to the window, however, I saw an exceedingly large trunk, and close beside it on the baggage-stand was a packing-case as large as the trunk itself. Two huge straps with immense locks effectually shut off any inquisitive person from the contents of the case, while the locks securing the trunk would have made many a country banker proud to have owned them.

"'While returning with the table, I had an opportunity to study my man at close range. The fellow had Germany written all over him, from his highly-polished boots to his stubby beard and short, bristling, iron-gray hair. He was a man of about sixty years of age, a little above the average in height, well-proportioned, and being of erect carriage, he looked every inch the officer. His actions, also, gave me the same impression as with a curt nod of his head he indicated just where he wanted the table placed. When I started to serve the meal, I obtained a good look at his right cheek. There, hidden from the casual observer by his beard, I saw the tell-tale Heidelberg dueling scar. I knew, then, that our suspicions were correct. As soon as I had placed the food on the table he dismissed me with the admonition that the other waiter must serve him in the future.'

"As soon as Billy could reach me," continued Jackson, again picking up the thread of the story, "he told me of his visit to the rooms and what he had found out. From then on, one or both of us were hovering around that suite as often as we could get off duty. I suppose we might have taken the manager into our confidence, but we were not too sure of his attitude, and so we took no chances of having any one spoil our little game.

"For several nights after Billy had made his visit to Morris, nothing out of the way occurred to uphold our suspicions; but on the fourth night, while we were hidden in a closet under the stairs leading to the roof, I was startled by Billy's suddenly grabbing my arm with a whispered:

"'Can you hear it, too?'

"'Hear what?' I demanded, wondering whether the excitement of the chase had turned his head.

"'The purring of that dynamo and the hiss of a radio spark.'

"To me the sound meant nothing but to him, skilled as he was in radio it spoke volumes. Our man was at it again sending out radio messages to some distant receiving-station. After Billy had called my attention to the sounds I, too, could hear them. For hours we remained huddled there in that closet, trying to decipher the message; but the spy had the sounds to

well deadened for our ears to pick up. It was getting late, and so after a time Morris quit, for we saw his lights extinguished. Tired, and stiff from our cramped position, we then slipped off to our room, satisfied that at last we had solved the mystery of that strange radio station, though still puzzled as to how Morris managed the affair without being caught.

"Our report to the Chief brought forth a warning to be on the jump, since the transport was about ready for sea. In fact, she was to sail on the next Saturday night. If we were to be successful in solving the case, we must not delay, with Saturday night only three nights away.

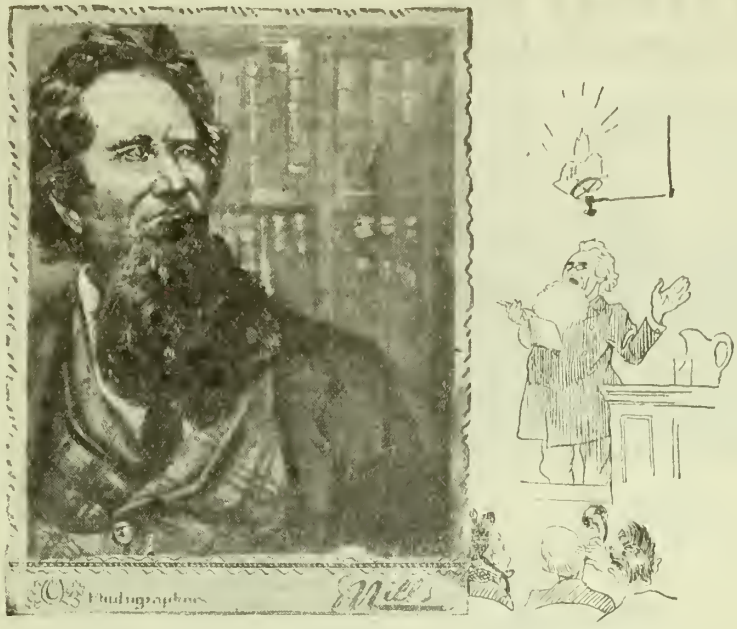
"The tension in our department was extreme as the time drew near. There was no one there who doubted that the Germans had told the truth in those messages or that, as far as they were concerned, all the plans had been made to send the ship to the bottom of the ocean on her first outward-bound voyage. Meanwhile, we were still in the dark as to how they intended to accomplish it.

"Saturday morning found us both hollow-eyed from lack of sleep, after having watched that suite all night without result. We were still desperately groping around for a clew that would give us the solution of the mystery. Billy, all impatient, had finished serving his guests their breakfast and had disappeared long before I had completed my work. I hurried through the dishes, too, so that I could once more join him in the hunt. Upon going to the room we shared, I was surprised and dismayed to see that he, contrary to his usual custom, had not waited for me, but was out playing a lone hand.

"Luncheon passed, and no Billy; but when dinner time came and he was still absent and had sent no word to me of his whereabouts, I was impressed that something out of the ordinary had occurred. In desperation, as I saw the minutes slipping by with the boys still absent, I called the manager. To him I disclosed my real identity, and asked for help. He hadn't seen Billy since he had served the breakfasts and had passed upstairs toward our room, he said. When I asked about Morris, he told me that the fellow had gone out shortly after Billy had gone upstairs and had not yet returned. He also volunteered the information that Morris, for the first time, had his son with him. Fully awake now to a realization that something was radically amiss, I told him to get his pass-key and meet me at the top suite. I was sure that the answer to Billy's strange disappearance was to be found in Morris's rooms.

"My judgment was correct; as I neared the door I could hear some one moaning within the room. Not waiting for the manager to come, I took a running jump and crashed in the door as if it were an eggshell. But I did not get beyond the threshold, for there I was staggered by the sight which met my gaze. Over in a corner of the room, moaning, and with a white foam flecking his lips, lay poor Billy. In my excitement, I did not notice that his hands were behind his back, nor was it until I started to pick him up that I saw he had been handcuffed and chained with a light steel chain to the radiator. By now, others had arrived. With assistance we lifted the radiator enough so that we could slip the chain out from underneath it and so get Billy

RISE AND FALL OF THE GOATEE



Long before Percival Pangburn ever came down from Parnassus to read from his own works, chin whiskers had gained historic significance.

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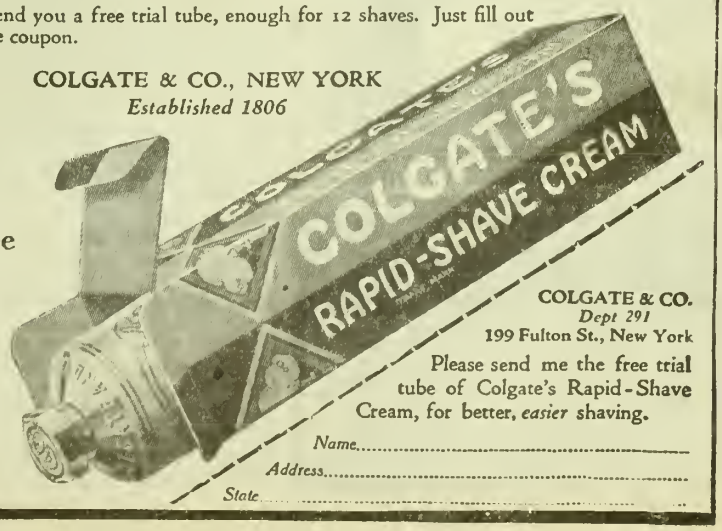

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over to the bed. The house doctor, attracted by the noise of the breaking door, had come up. And after a hasty examination he told me that Billy had been given some powerful drug. I at once made the doctor see the necessity of putting Billy in a condition to talk, to which he readily agreed.

"Slowly Billy reacted to the doctor's treatment, and finally I saw his eyes open. He looked up at me and smiled, and then went off again. Frantically we worked over him, realizing that behind those drug-closed eyelids lay not only our hope of saving the ship, but also the safety of thousands of lives as well.

"I lived an eternity in that room that night, old man, and even now in my dreams I go through again with the agony of it all. More than once I have awakened in the middle of the night in a cold perspiration from a dream about it.

"At length we succeeded in arousing Billy to the point where he muttered: 'Stop troopship—Lieutenant Wilts is on board.' That was all the boy could get out, but it was sufficient. I hastened to a telephone and ordered central to give me the private wire which was directly connected with the Chief's office in New York. I know that the girls in the Boston exchange lost no time in making the connection, but to me it seemed as if they would never get it through. If my watch was correct, the vessel was even then starting to pull up her anchors and, under the cover of darkness, slip out to sea, in very truth bound for the bottom of the ocean, instead of for France, as all expected.

"The Chief's quiet voice on the other end of the wire acted as a sedative to my strained nerves while in a voice that I strove to keep calm I told him to stop the transport, that the Germans had succeeded in their plots.

"Thank God! I was in time!

"A hurried telephone message to the signal station, a few flashes from the signal-lights—and the anchors that had just been lifted from the mud of the harbor were once again dropped overboard.

"As soon as the Chief was sure that he had been successful in stopping the boat he returned to the telephone for further details, which I filled in for him as best I could. Immediately he sent out a squad to arrest Lieutenant Wilts. Twenty minutes more would have been too late!

"Leaving the rest in the Chief's hands, I returned to Billy. The doctor assured me that as soon as the effects of the drug had worn off he would be as well as ever. All that was necessary for him was absolute rest and quiet. The doctor having promised to remain with him until all danger had passed, I dropped down on the couch in the reception-room to try to snatch a few minutes' sleep before attempting to make out a report of that night's happenings.

"Early the next morning the Chief called me on the telephone. I could tell by the inflection of his voice that he was still worried about Billy. Not only was I able to assure him that our patient was well on the road to complete recovery, but I could also give him the story of the adventure.

"It seemed that our failure to get at the bottom of this plot had so preyed upon Billy that he had determined to take a desperate chance and enter Morris's apartment. He had hoped to find the spy out, but if the worst came to the worst, he intended to force his entrance and, if necessary, choke the truth from Morris. As he stooped down to peer through the keyhole he never heard the footsteps of the man who struck him down.

"When he recovered from the blow, he found himself lying on the floor of the reception-room, with arms pinioned behind his back by a pair of handcuffs which had been fastened to the radiator by a small steel chain. To prevent his giving an alarm, they had stuffed a towel into his mouth and had tied another around his head to keep this gag in place.

"Billy saw two men in the room, and the first words that he heard were about himself. One, a young man in the uniform of an American officer, was eager to put him out of the way at once, while the other, whom he recognized as Morris, protested against it. Morris finally prevailed. Then the two, still believing the prisoner unconscious, began to discuss their plans. In answer to a question, the younger man said that he had his orders to proceed to France on the transport, that he was traveling under the name of Wilts, and that the machine was in his locker-trunk and all set to go off at the proper time. This man urged Morris to go to New York with him, since their work in Boston was completed.

"Morris at length agreed, but suggested that they give the prisoner a drink to keep him quiet for a few hours. It took but a moment for them to remove the gag, and while the Lieutenant held Billy's nose, Morris poured the drug down the victim's throat. 'There was no escape from swallowing it,' Billy told us. Within a few minutes he was dead to the world.

"From the Chief I learned the rest of the story: The big vessel, her decks jammed with soldiers, left her dock at 2 p.m. Passing down the river, she came to anchor under the lee of Staten Island, opposite the Naval Station, there to await an opportune time for the dash across. At about seven o'clock that same evening a man giving the name of Wilts called the Naval Station on the telephone and told the officer-in-charge that he was a lieutenant of infantry and was under orders to proceed to France on that particular ship. He asserted that he had gone to the docks at Hoboken, only to learn that the ship had sailed. The officer-in-charge there had told him that he might get the Naval Station to put him on board.

"It was out of the ordinary; but inasmuch as the man declared his orders would brook no delay, the naval officer suggested that he come to the station; meanwhile he would see what could be done about it. Later on, a taxi drove up to the Naval Station, and a man dressed in the regular army uniform entered the office. Again he explained his trouble and proffered his orders to substantiate his story. His papers and orders were authentic and they did specify that vessel. Accordingly, the naval officer arranged for a boat to place him on board.

"Then came our bombshell.

"The ship was pulling in her anchors when orders were flashed to her to stand by for a boarding party. A dozen men, in charge of the naval officer, went out to the ship and hunted up Wilts and placed him under arrest. That done, they asked him to point out

his baggage. Cool to the last was this German spy as he deliberately pointed to another officer's trunk, claiming it as his own. And had it not been for the shrewdness of one of the sailors, the plot would still have been successful. This sailor, sensing that something was wrong, protested that the lieutenant had claimed the wrong trunk and pointed out the right one.

"That trunk was placed on the deck, and from amongst a bunch of keys taken from the lieutenant's pocket one was found that would open the locker. One and all at once stepped back when they saw what the trunk contained—there was enough T.N.T. in it to sink three ships, while in one corner there was a clock-mechanism, ticking away even after the trunk was opened.

"Later on, after Wilts had been brought ashore, in answer to a question he stated that the bomb had been timed to go off when the ship was two days at sea. When asked how he expected to escape, he replied:

"'My life would be a small price to forfeit if I could sink such a ship with all on board.'"

"What did you do with him?" I asked.

"Oh, we sent him to Atlanta, that was all."

"What became of Morris?" was my next question.

"We never did capture him. He just dropped out of sight," explained Jackson. "When we raided his rooms we found that the packing-case and the trunk contained a high-powered radio transmitting set. He had tapped a feed wire on the roof for his power, and no one in the hotel had been the wiser. That metal ceiling which he had put up made a real antenna for his set. Where he is or what happened to him from the time he left that hotel room we never knew. But Billy, at least, owes him something, for had it not been for his intervention Wilts would have finished Billy then and there."

OUTFIT REUNIONS

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

Co. A, 1st G. H. Q., M. P. Bn.—Fifth reunion of this outfit, formerly 301st M. P., at Young's Hotel, Boston, Mass., Oct. 18. Address F. J. Driscoll, 24 Dawes St., Dorchester, Mass.

309th Inf. Assn.—Annual reunion and dinner at Hotel Hargrave, New York City, Oct. 22, 8 p.m. Address Fred W. Thomann, Chairman, 251 Bergenline Ave., Union Hill, N. J.

343d Inf.—Annual dinner and reunion at La Salle Hotel, Chicago, Ill., Nov. 1. Address Eugene J. Early, 4917 Park Ave., Chicago.

Co. C, 305th Inf. (77th Div.)—Annual reunion and beefsteak dinner at 77th Division Clubhouse, 27 West 25th St., New York City, Nov. 8. Address Fred L. Gunther, 42 Broadway, Room 745, New York City.

158th Field Hosp. Co.—Sixth annual reunion at Hotel Vendome, San Jose, Cal., Nov. 10. Address Adjutant, San Jose Post, San Jose, Cal.

310th Trench Mortar Btty.—Annual reunion at Detroit, Mich., Nov. 15. Address Wendell B. Lusk, 208 Federal Square Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich.

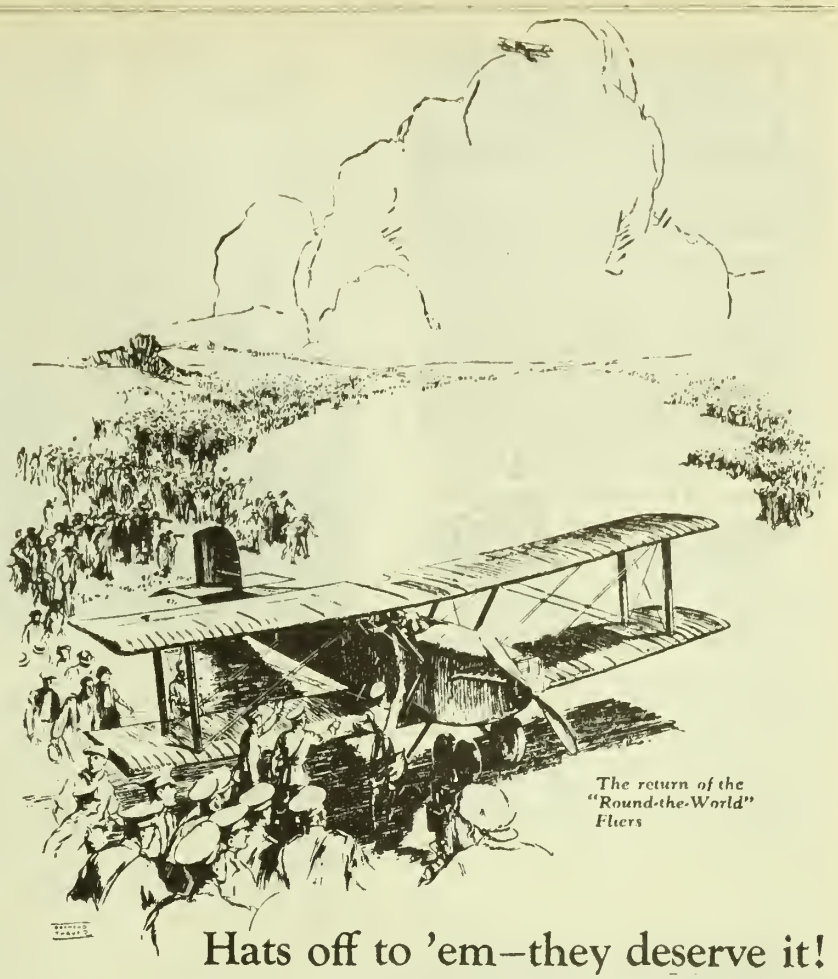
Evac. Hosp. No. 37.—Sixth annual reunion, Nov. 22. Address Gail C. Downing, Capron, Ill.

Hdqu. Co. and San. Det. of 107th M. G. Bn. (28th Div.)—Former members of these outfits asked to communicate with James L. Gilliland, 210 East Sixth St., Oil City, Pa., about proposed reunion in 1925.

2d Bn., U. S. Guards—To complete roster, address Emil Anderson, 315 East First St., Kewanee, Ill.

Evac. Hosp. No. 6—Address J. Danby Conwell, 1030 City Centre Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa., for details of 1925 convention to be held in Cleveland, O.

2d Div.—To complete roster, ex-members write Historical Section, 2d Div., Ft. Sam Houston, Tex.



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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

of The American Legion Weekly, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1924.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert F. Smith, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the General Manager of The American Legion Weekly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher

Legion Publishing Corporation, 627 West 43d St., New York City.

Editor, John T. Winterich, 627 West 43d St., New York City.

Managing Editor: Philip Von Blon, 627 West 43d St., New York City.

Business Manager, Otis S. Powell, 627 West 43d St., New York City.

2. That the owner is: The Legion Publishing Corporation, 627 West 43d St., New York City, Publisher of The American Legion Weekly, which is owned exclusively by The American Legion

President, James A. Drain, Natl Hdqts. American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind.

Secretary, Russell G. Creviston, Natl Hdqts. American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind.

Treasurer, Robert H. Tyndall, Natl. Hdqts. American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind.

The American Legion, Natl. Hdqts. American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stocks and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) Robert F. Smith,
General Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1924.

[Seal] (Signed) Robert W. Collins.

My Commission expires March 30, 1925.

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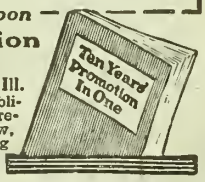

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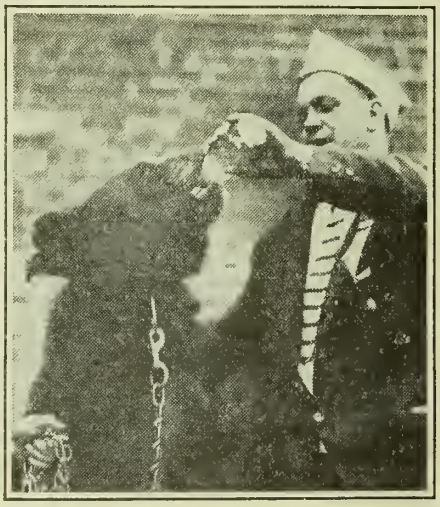
Saint Paul Snapshots

Sidelights from the Sixth National Convention of the Legion Held in the Minnesota Capital Last Month (*See also page* 21)

In the parade reviewing stand: Left to right, General W. B. Haldeman, Commander-in-Chief, United Confederate Veterans; Judge Ell Torrance, Past Commander-in-Chief, Grand Army of the Republic; Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis (behind him is Governor J. A. O. Preus of Minnesota); National Commander John R. Quinn; Mrs. Quinn; National Vice-Commander Thurman Mann of North Carolina



F. H. Wainwright of Oakland, California, and his bear—a hard drinker of soft potions

The Toonerville trolley at its daily task of meeting all the trains. This particular vehicle, admitted by courtesy to the Horse and Buggy parade, hails from Reading, Pennsylvania. It made the trip overland and won the freak vehicle contest held under the auspices of the Saint Paul Automobile Club

Historic Battles of the Ballot

(*Continued from page 5*)

French controversy continued as the Napoleonic wars were prolonged. Now, the country had been in difficulties with both England and France, and Adams had come virtually to open rupture with the French on the humiliations dealt in Paris to the special diplomatic mission sent by Adams. For this he was severely condemned by the Republicans, who still were philosophically pro-French. Also he had had to take a firm line with the English on the blockade, for which he was condemned by the element in his own party that was pro-English. Internally there were the Alien and Sedition Acts, whereby the Executive was given indirect power to silence critics and deport aliens. Both measures flew in the face of democratic sentiment, especially of the Jeffersonian philosophical school of democracy. They were substantially war powers in times of peace. Moreover, political party differences had taken on naturally an increased acerbity.

For the Republicans there was little choice when the campaign approached. They decided to run Jefferson and Burr again. The Federalists were in a dilemma. Within the party there was a bitter feud, turning almost entirely on the personality of Adams. There was the old dispute for leadership between Adams and Hamilton. As President, Adams was titular head of the party, but by habit and tradition and personal preference most of the party leaders chose to follow Hamilton's leadership. The members of Adams's cabinet did so, even when Adams's views conflicted with Hamilton's. Adams's personal idiosyncrasies were thrown into stronger relief by virtue of his office. He had a native capacity for antagonizing men even when he was in the right, as we know now he often was. Before the end of his term he had dismissed three of his cabinet secretaries, all party leaders holding over from Washington's régime.

During the height of the campaign Oliver Wolcott, former Secretary of the Treasury, thus wrote of Adams to Hamilton: "We know the temper of his mind to be revolutionary, violent and vindictive . . . His passion and selfishness would continually gain strength. . . . The example of a selfish attention to personal and family interests would spread like a leprosy in our political system and by corrupting the fountains of virtue and honor would destroy the principles by which alone a mild government under any form can be maintained." The followers of Adams were no more backward in expressing their opinion. Reports were spread that Hamilton and others were under British influence. Hamilton finally wrote Adams a formal letter asking whether he had made such an assertion. Adams did not reply, whereupon Hamilton wrote again that the assertion was false no matter who made it—a pointed observation.

Under these circumstances the Federalists in Congress met with the party leaders to choose their candidate. Had they consulted their wishes they would have shelved Adams. But to do so would have alienated New England and committed party suicide. They had no choice then but to renominate Adams, and they did so, with C. C. Pinckney of South Carolina as second man. What Adams's enemies did do, however, was concoct a plan whereby all Federalist electors would vote for both Adams and Pinckney. If the Federalists defeated the Republicans, Adams and Pinckney would then be tied and the election would go into the House. There Adams would be knifed and Pinckney would be President. This plan was known to Adams and did not make for greater harmony.

The campaign was one of unparalleled ferocity and vindictiveness. No personal element was spared, however intimate. The campaign lie was there and then invented. The Jeffersonians published private letters written by Federalists to sow discord among them. They accused the Federalists of scheming to overthrow the Union. They accused them of plotting a monarchy. The Jeffersonians were always referred to as Jacobins, roughly equivalent to the term Bolshevik today. Jefferson himself was branded in the papers as an atheist and worse—a terrible charge in those days. He was accused of maintaining a "Congo harem" at Monticello and alleged to have had numerous illegitimate children by a slave girl. One Reverend Cotton Mather Smith of Connecticut publicly accused Jefferson of having gained his wealth by robbing a widow and her children of ten thousand English pounds. And Dr. John Mason, a famous New York preacher of the time, issued a "Voice of Warning to Christians in the Ensuing Election." Of Jefferson he wrote, "Christians, it is thus that a man whom you are expected to elevate to the chief magistracy insults yourself and your Bible."

All sorts of political tactics were resorted to, without regard to scruples. In several States the method of choosing electors was changed at the eleventh hour and juggled about for party advantage, the two parties being equally guilty.

Amid intense excitement the election was held. Jefferson and Burr carried New York, Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky and Tennessee. Adams and Pinckney carried Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey and Delaware. Pennsylvania was split, eight votes each for Jefferson and Burr, seven each for Adams and Pinckney. Maryland was split, five for Jefferson and Burr, five for Adams and Pinckney. North Carolina was split, eight votes for Jefferson - Burr, four for Adams-Pinckney. The final returns were: Jefferson, 73; Burr, 73; Adams, 65; Pinckney, 64; John Jay, 1. The Federalists were defeated and the Republicans victorious for the first time. But Jefferson and Burr were tied and the election was thrown into the House of Representatives.

Here began one of the disgraceful episodes in American political history. The Federalists in the House met and decided to vote for Burr in preference to Jefferson. To Hamilton's credit it should be said that he opposed the trick with every resource of his influence. He attacked it as dishonorable and as betraying the country, which had voted for Jefferson for President and not for Burr. He wrote to Gouverneur Morris: "If there be a man in the world I ought to hate it is Jefferson. But the

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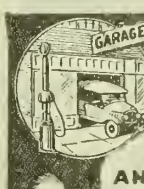

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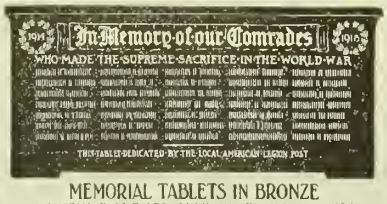

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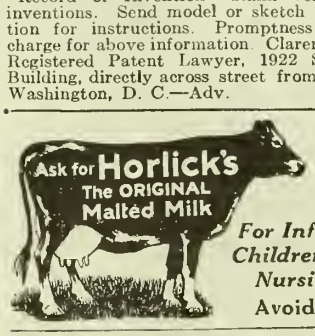

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public good must be paramount to every private consideration. His [Burr's] elevation can only promote the purposes of the desperate and the profligate." It should be added that it was nowhere denied that Burr was one of the most disreputable politicians in the country. But Jefferson was hated, and politics was put above every consideration. The Federalists stuck to their resolution to throw their whole strength in the House to Burr.

The first ballot was taken February 11th. According to the Constitution the States voted on the unit rule, each State's vote being decided by a majority of its representatives and each State counting for one. If a State were tied, its vote did not count at all. And a majority of States was necessary to a decision. There being sixteen States, nine were needed to elect.

On the first ballot Vermont and Maryland were tied—Vermont one to one and Maryland four to four. Burr got New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware and South Carolina—six. Jefferson got New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee—eight. There was no majority. One man could have turned the election—Bayard of Delaware, the only Congressman from his State. But he had promised the Federalist caucus against his own feelings to vote for Burr. All night long the House balloted, each time with exactly the same result, for nineteen ballots. The next day they balloted nine times, with not a single change. Three days more they balloted—without a single change—thirty-five ballots in all.

Wild, panicky rumors went about—threats of a permanent tie-up of the Government, of a coup d'état, of civil war. At one time the last did not look impossible. No solution was in sight until on February 17th all the Federalist Congressmen except those from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut decided not to vote at all. This left the Republicans in the House in a majority and Jefferson got ten States to Burr's four, and was declared elected.

The episode had enormous consequences. The Federalist party could not survive the demoralization and the obloquy it merited. It never again had any influence. Another result was the death of Hamilton. Burr took revenge on Hamilton for his part in blocking the coup in Congress. He challenged him to a duel on a trumped-up excuse and Hamilton was killed. The most important result, however, was the amendment to the Constitution changing the method of electing Presidents to the one we now have, not perfect, but at least workable.

To avoid a repetition of a Jefferson-Burr tie and a vote in the House between two members of the same party, it was provided that the electors have one vote for President and one for Vice-President and must designate which vote is cast for which. That is, each candidate specifies one candidate for each of the two offices, instead of having two candidates in the running of whom the one getting the larger vote is President. If there is no majority for President, the election goes into the House. There each State votes as a unit, its vote being determined by a poll of the delegation. If a State has thirty-five representatives and eighteen of them vote, for example, for Jones for President, that State counts one vote for Jones. A majority of States is necessary to a choice. Similarly the Senate chooses the Vice-President, but there the choice is by a straight majority vote of all members.

To illustrate: Suppose this November neither Coolidge, Davis nor La Follette gets a majority of the electoral votes on November 4th. The Constitution provides that the House shall ballot on the three highest candidates. Each State will then take a poll of its representatives. If a majority of the Alabama delegation votes for Davis, that will count one vote for Davis. And so on for Arizona, Arkansas and down the line of States, as in a convention. If at the end of such a ballot one of the three candidates has twenty-five—a majority of the forty-eight States—he is elected President. If not, they must continue balloting until there is a majority for one of the three.

Simultaneously the Senate will begin balloting on the Vice-President. But there it must choose between the two highest only. The vote is taken individually and a majority of the ninety-eight Senators is necessary to a choice. If by March 4th the House were still deadlocked between the three candidates for President, the candidate the Senate had chosen as Vice-President would automatically become President. If this should come about—and it is possible, to say the least—the process by which the election of 1924 is decided will go back in its origins to a political stratagem attempted by a group of Federalists in 1801.

In his second article Mr. Peffer will trace the development of the party convention and the history of Presidential campaigns through the famous Tilden-Hayes election of 1876.

The Fight for Châtel Chéhéry

(*Continued from page 9*)

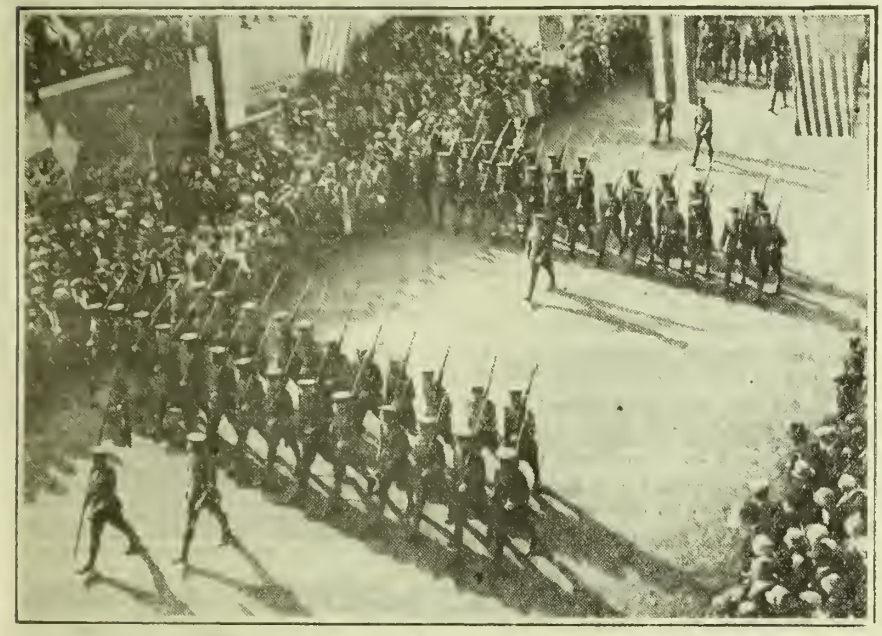
As the enemy offered little resistance in the town itself, it was entered at 5:45 a.m., and at 7:10 a.m. the Second Battalion of the 112th Infantry gained posession of all the east and west streets. But the capture of the village was of less importance than the seizure of the surrounding hills, from which fire swept throughout the town, making the position of the troops there untenable. The 82d Division, which had been thrown into the line during the night of the 6th between the 28th Division and the First Division to the right, to help widen the base of the wedge being forced as far as Fléville by the First, had failed to reach its jump-off position for the attack of the morning of October 7th due to insufficient guides. This division was therefore unable to take Hill 223 by a frontal attack. Infantrymen and machine-gunners of the 28th continued through Châtel Chéhéry and took the hill. With the relief from fire from these heights, the town was mopped up.

The capture of Hill 244 to the southwest of Châtel Chéhéry was particu-

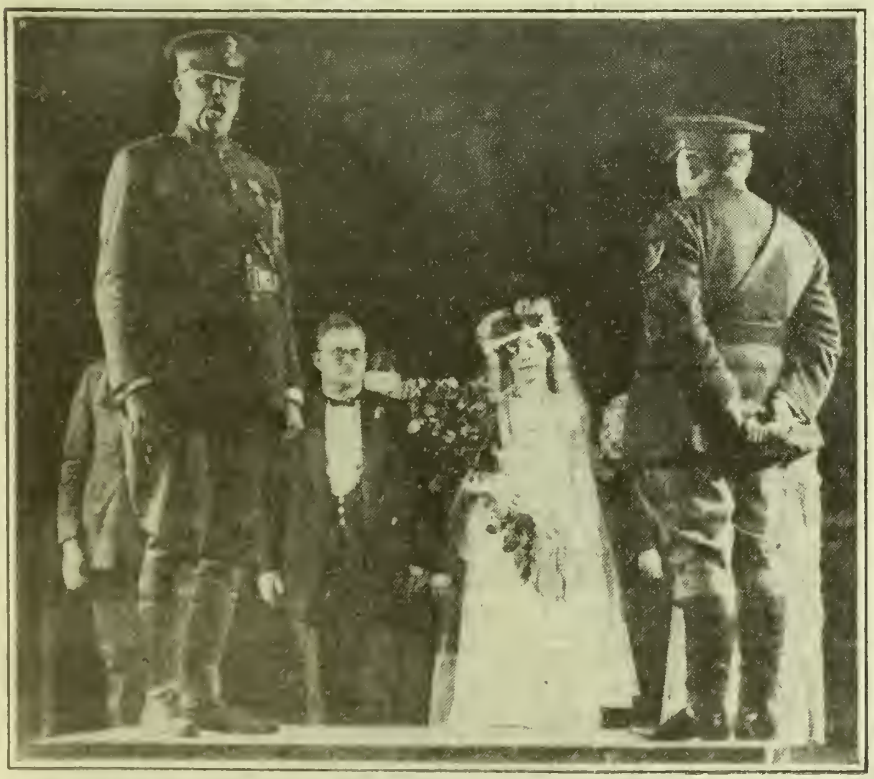
larly spectacular, as the infantrymen were forced to climb the sheer slopes of the hill to gain the crest. It was near Châtel Chéhéry on October 8th that Sergeant Alvin York, 82d Division, won the Congressional Medal of Honor and his reputation as one of the outstanding American heroes of the World War. In a charge on a machine gun nest he captured four German officers and 128 men.

True to its purpose, the 28th Division captured and mopped up the Taille l'Abbé and Le Chêne Tondu on October 8th, and established complete liaison between the units of the 28th and the 77th Division, assisting thereby to strangle the enemy out of the lower end of the Argonne Forest, which was of vital importance to the success of the entire offensive. With 550 prisoners, eight guns and a six-mile advance to its credit in its twelve days of fighting, the 28th Division was relieved during the night of October 8th-9th by the 82d Division.

Among Those Present at St. Paul



Regulars from Fort Snelling in the big parade



Fifty bands provided nuptial music at the wedding of Miss Ruth Blanche Masters of Truman, Minnesota, and Erling Maine, adjutant of Winnebago (Minnesota) Post. National Chaplain Ezra Clemans (right) and many other chaplains had a part in the ceremony. The wedding was held at the Minnesota state fair grounds

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TAPS

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

JOHN A. AYERS, *Shenandoah (Ia.) Post.* D. Sept. 10, aged 35. Served with Co. E, 168th Inf., 42nd Div.

LEWIS V. BALDWIN, *Lt. Charles A. Meyer Post, Newton, N. J.* Drowned Aug. 27. Served with Co. C, 303d Engineers, 78th Div.

JOHN BALOBONSKI, *Argonne Post, Toledo, O.* D. July 12.

CHARLES J. BUCKLE, *Earle Wardell Post, Beverly, Mass.* D. June 12, aged 29. Served in 30th Div.

THOMAS P. CARR, *Harold A. Taylor Post, Chicago, Ill.* D. June 28, aged 35. Served with 18th Engineers.

ALFONSO COPPOLLO, *J. Coleman Prince Post, New London, Conn.* D. Sept. 26, aged 26. Served with Hq. Co., 304th F. A.

THOMAS M. CORLL, *Manchester (Ia.) Post.* D. Sept. 14, aged 33. Served with Co. D, 362nd Inf., 91st Div.

GEORGE E. CORYER, *Alva A. Caya Post, Prairie du Chien, Wis.* D. Sept. 20, aged 34.

FRANK H. DUFFY, *Brookline (Mass.) Post.* D. Sept 21, aged 25. Served in Navy.

STANLEY E. FERRIS, *Capt. James MacFarland Post, Burlington, N. J.* D. Aug. 24. Served on U. S. S. *Charleston.*

HUGH E. HARRIS, *Loudon (Tenn.) Post.* D. July 5. Served with Btty. A, 63d Arty., C. A. C.

CHARLES E. HICKEY, *Marine Post, Chicago, Ill.* D. Sept. 17, aged 39. Served with Co. A, 11th Regt., U. S. M. C.

LOUIS KRZFMINSKI, *Argonne Post, Toledo, O.* D. Feb. 13.

BENJAMIN LAMPACK, *Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Post.* D. Sept. 8 at Otime, N. C. Served with Btty. B, 323d F. A.

W. E. MANSON, *Saint Paul (Minn.) Post.* D. Sept. 12. Served in U. S. Navy.

BENJAMIN MCPHEE, *Brookline (Mass.) Post.* D. Sept. 11, aged 41. Served with 65th Regt., C. A. C.

GEORGE MECKING, *Willard A. Balcom Post, New York City.* D. Aug. 29, aged 28. Served with 307th Inf., 77th Div.

T. T. NELSON, JR., *Fourth Naval District Post, Philadelphia, Pa.* D. Sept. 4. Commander, U. S. N. R. F.

CLARENCE OLSON, *Joseph Gosz Post, Reedsville, Wis.* D. Sept. 22 at U. S. Veterans Hospital, Milwaukee, Wis. Served with Co. B, 340th Inf., 85th Div.

EDWARD PLESCHER, *Commemorative Post, Delphos, O.* D. Sept. 10, aged 28. Served in U. S. Tank Corps.

JOSEPH RADL, *Kewaunee (Wis.) Post.* Drowned Aug. 31, aged 37. Served with 4th Co., Casual Det.

ORA RAMMEL, *M. A. Hulet Post, Driggs, Idaho.* D. June 2 at Veterans Hospital, Whipple Barracks, Ariz., aged 27. Served with M. G. Co., 8th Inf.

WILLIAM SEAMAN, *Bolton Landing (N. Y.) Post.* D. Jan. 10, aged 28. Served with Field Hospital No. 27, Sanitary Train, 3d Div.

HENRY P. TRUDELL, *Kearney Post, Bristol, R. I.* D. Sept. 21. Served with 19th Co., C. A. C.

STANLEY WISNIEWSKI, *Argonne Post, Toledo, O.* D. Sept. 12. Served with Btty. F, 340th F. A.

MICHAEL WOGAN, *Fourth Naval District Post, Philadelphia, Pa.* D. June 27. Lieutenant U. S. N.

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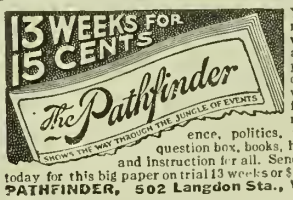

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Cause for Tremors

Rufus: "Rastus, yo' cyar done shake a lot tonight."

Rastus: "Man, it am only quiverin' now. Jes' wait twill we passes de graveyard."

No Record

"I understand that the ex-soldiers are looking up your service record," said the friend.

"They can't get anything on me," smugly replied the polltician.

"It was as good as all that?"

"Huh! I never was in the service at all."

Neck and Neck

Passenger: "What is the engineer doing—racing with that flivver we've kept abreast with for the last hour?"

Conductor: "Possibly."

Passenger: "Well, I wish you'd go forward and tell him the flivver has been stalled for the last fifty-five minutes."

Unusual

"It seems so funny to wear clothes," mused the musical comedy star, as she sauntered out for a walk in the park.

In Any Season

"What makes you think Mah Jongg would never do in the Army?"

"Every time anybody yelled 'Chow!' the players would all get up and run."

Height of Ambition

First Hobo: "Say, bo, wot would yer do if yer had a million or two?"

Second Hobo: "I'd buy me a freight car just fer me own private use."

A Voice from the Beyond

The instructor in the flying school was in fine fettle.

"Now, Mr. McManus," he snapped, "perhaps you will be good enough to suppose yourself the bearer of information upon the delivery of which depends the fate of an army and you will find yourself in some such cul-de-sac as this: Squadrons in hot pursuit and bearing down on you from above; enemy air-guns peppering you from below, a tornado rushing up ahead and your engines totally disabled. What would you do to insure the safe delivery of your information?"

The harried youth thought rapidly, and then submitted:

"Just say my prayers, sir, and then try and get in touch with the nearest medium."

A Landmark

Pat was on trial before a jury of his local peers.

"Now," said the prosecutor, "tell the jury where you were on the night of September the tenth."

"Yer Honor," replied Pat, scrutinizing the faces of the jurors, "I think th' gintlemen know where that joint is as well as I do."

A Matter of Supply

He: "Women marry for money more often than men."

She: "Well, men have money more often."

The Woman Pays

The woman pays—so says the sage
Who speaks of worldly strife.
The woman pays at every age,
In every walk of life.
The woman pays for deeds of man
Committed by the rash.
The woman pays as best she ean
With hubby's roll of cash.

—*William W. Pratt.*

Catalogned

Ruh: "What sort of a fellow is Dobbs?"

Dub: "Oh, one of those that ask a parrot if it wants a cracker."

So Spirit(s)ual

"How did you enjoy the opera at the Bohemian Club last night, Mrs. Boredomly?"

"Oh, it was simply intoxicating!"

"And you, Mr. Boredomly?"

"I was drunk, too."

For Sale—Cheap

Caller: "Good morning. I called to see if the doctor couldn't give me something for my tonsils."

New Nurse: "I'm sorry, sir, but the doctor never buys tonsils—he removes them."

The Last Lap

Dad: "Stella, who sat on that newly-painted bench in the garden?"

Stella: "Harold and I."

"Well, you must have ruined your clothes both of you."

"Not both—only Harold's."

Profiting by Experience

Kind Gentleman: "You wouldn't be in jail now if you had learned a business and gone in for yourself when you were young."

Sad Convict: "But that's just what I did do. I worked in a mint."

Awkward

North: "Will you lend me ten dollars? I am temporarily embarrassed."

West: "I should think you would be. You owe me five already."

The Elopement

"Oh, mayn't I drop her just a line?"
The lover begged, and not in vain;
Her pa will not be fooled next time—
He dropped it from his aeroplane.

—*R. E. A.*

True to Type

Alice: "He looks very familiar."

Virginia: "He is."

Hopeless Patients

First Flapper: "Say, what is an octogenarian, anyway?"

Next Flapper: "Aw, I dunno. Why?"

First Flapper: "Well, they must be an awfully sickly lot, because whenever I hear of one of them they're always dying."

How Cutte!

A dashing young heiress from Butte
Found no suitable suitors to sutte
Among Colonels and Majors
And other old stajors,
But she fell for a bashful young Lutte.

—*F. L.*

The Fortune Hunter

Riggs: "The time my wife and I were married she had only four dollars and a half."

Biggs: "Well, what about it?"

Riggs: "Well, we took the five dollars—"

An Obvious Disguise

First Masquerader: "Gosh! What's Peggy Dare supposed to be impersonating this evening?"

Second Masquerader: "I'm not sure, but I think she's here as the Spirit of Strip Poker."

Not Started

White Visitor: "Well, uncle, how is the election going down here?"

Colored Resident: "Boss, so fur ez Ah knows, dey hain't even opened de bids yit."

Provoking

"The scandal mongers are always saying things about Charlie and myself," complained the giddy young divorcée.

"I'm sure their remarks are unjustified," consoled the widower.

"That's just what makes it so hard."

Obstinate

Mother: "Now, children, don't quarrel. What's the matter?"

Harold: "We're playin' shipwreck, an' Susie won't go in the bathroom an' drown herself."

Hot Doings

Tourist: "Well, did you have a long winter around these parts?"

Native: "Nope. Purty lively. So much scandal in the city papers."

SEEN AT THE FOLLIES

By Pa

By Ma

Are you fighting to win the war against yourself?

Your ENEMIES

Amongst the defects which keep so many men and women back are:

Forgetfulness
Brain-Fag
Inertia
Weakness of Will
Lack of Ideas
Timidity
Indecision
Mind-Wandering
Lack of System
Procrastination

Pelmanism banishes these and many other defects. It sweeps them away. It makes your brain keen, fresh, vigilant and reliant. It renews your vigor. It enables you to press on unfalteringly to your goal.

Read how one returned soldier swept away his mental defects and increased his income---from $1750 to $6250 per year---*in only 15 months*

Your ALLIES

Here are some of the qualities Pelmanism develops. They are qualities of the utmost practical value to you, whatever your position in life may be:

Concentration
Observation
Self-confidence
Judgment
Initiative
Will-Power
Memory
Resourcefulness
Organizing Power
Forcefulness

These are the qualities which make the difference between a leader and a follower, between one who dares and does, and one who weakly drifts through life, between Success and Failure. And these are the qualities you can develop by means of Pelmanism.

A GROWTH of $4,500 in little more than a year!

This is the record of the increase in income-earning ability made by the fighter whose story is given below in his own words.

Full information about the method he used to attain these remarkable results will be sent you, if you will send the coupon printed below.

"My story goes back a long way to the days when we were waiting in the Argonne for that last push which finished the war and cast forth thousands of men on an unfeeling world.

"I knew of Pelmanism in those days—who, in France, didn't? My dugout mate was a keen Pelmanist, and spent hours over the Little Gray Books. 'After three doses of your Pelmanism I am now a General'—that was my feeling regarding Pelmanism. I scoffed at it. There must be something in it, I thought, but they claim too much.

"Anyway, the day came when George rather carelessly received a furlough. After cursing him for his good luck and packing his kit I sent him down the line and returned to my dugout to magnificent solitude. It was some days later, searching for something, anything, to read, I came across George's Pelman books. I read, lightly at first, but gradually my interest grew. From then on I studied keenly. That period of study made a change in me—a change not easy to define. Put bluntly, it gave me the grit to prepare for civil life. I knew the war was finishing. I knew I should have to return to civil work—what, I didn't know, and till then I hadn't much cared. But Pelmanism aroused in me an inordinate ambition to get on; it gathered together my scattered mind, which had been wandering uncontrolled among the shell holes.

"It was months later before I finally cast off the shackles of militarism, but I came out with the Pelman spirit, the Pelman intent, and the *push* which one gains with self-confidence. I got a job at $1,750 a year. That was fifteen months ago. To-day I am getting $6,250 a year.

"I mean to keep at it, and with the courage that it gives me, the confidence and the decision, I mean to double my salary in the coming year, or know why."

Most people to-day are living half lives. Their mental engines are running at half speed. They are not making full use of their mental resources. For the majority of people to-day are troubled with all kinds of inertias which are keeping them down below the level to which their natural abilities would otherwise carry them.

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3. Can you originate valuable ideas?
4. Are you a logical reasoner?
5. Do you remain calm and unflurried when faced with a crisis?
6. Can you master difficult subjects easily?
7. Have you a strong will?
8. Can you convince people who are doubtful or even hostile?
9. Do you decide quickly and correctly?
10. Do you remember what you read?
11. Can you remember details as well as main principles?
12. Can you concentrate your mind on one thing for a long time?
13. Can you work hard without suffering from brain-fag?
14. Are you ready to take responsibility?
15. Are you earning a larger income than you were a year ago?

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