NOVEMBER 21, 1924

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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The AD SHOP

IN 1918 we met the German with cold steel. Now a German wants to meet us with more cold steel—in the form of "pocket knifes."

Although his aim is commercial, he might be said to offer us a "clasp" of friendship.

We received his letter the other day. It was from Hamburg, Germany, on the letterhead of a dealer in steel and iron wares. Attached to the letter was copy for an advertisement of what were said to be very fine "pocket knifes." The proposed advertiser was not hampered by undue modesty, for his letter requested:

"Please let this add come about five inch high and give him a space on the front page."

He closed by asking us to send him the bill for prompt remittance.

Unfortunately for the immediate marketing in America of the Hamburg chap's "pocket knifes," The Weekly does not do business this way with unknown accounts. And no matter what sort of ad it is, we cannot give "him" space on the front page. (This is a European custom). Later on this office and the Hamburg dealer may come to satisfactory and mutually beneficial terms.

The letter from far away Germany has its illuminating as well as its amusing side. It indicates that this enterprising dealer had heard good things about the advertising influence of The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly.

No doubt too, he has certain reasons for knowing that its readers are energetic men of action, who generally get what they set out after. And possibly, from personal observations of their conduct after the Armistice, he thinks they're the sort of men he'd like to do business with.

Although the letter we cite here is curious, the vast bulk of the mail received by this advertising department from remote parts of the globe deserves only the most earnest consideration.

Our mail under foreign postmarks proves one thing: The Weekly follows the Flag all over the world—and stays with it.

In every foreign possession of the United States, The AMERICAN LEGION's official magazine is one of the best known of this country's periodicals. This is not only because of Army and Navy connections, but because the up-and-doing, pioneering type of younger American in those parts is pretty apt to be the holder of a Legion membership.

The Weekly is a familiar face on club library tables and in homes in every "American colony"—In London, Paris and Berlin, in South America, in Central America and other parts of the tropics; in the Orient and throughout the Pacific zone.

Legion posts in other lands are embraced in the Foreign Department of the Legion, and are among the most enthusiastic and loyal of its units.

Here is a world-wide clientele, superimposed on the big American circulation which intensively develops the national field.

The advertiser who takes space in The Weekly is on the way toward more inquiries and increased sales wherever he is, or desires to be, a factor in the market: In Memphis or Manila, in Sheboygan or Shanghai, in Paris, Illinois, or Paris, France.

For the advertiser who is overlooking no opportunity to build business in familiar or hitherto unsought fields, The Weekly offers unusual advantages. Useful data as to its circulation at home and abroad will be furnished on request. We keep such information fresh, up-to-date and dependable at The Ad Shop, 331 Madison Avenue, New York City.

(signed) Buddy
THE AD-MAN

331 Madison Ave.
New York, N. Y.

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

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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

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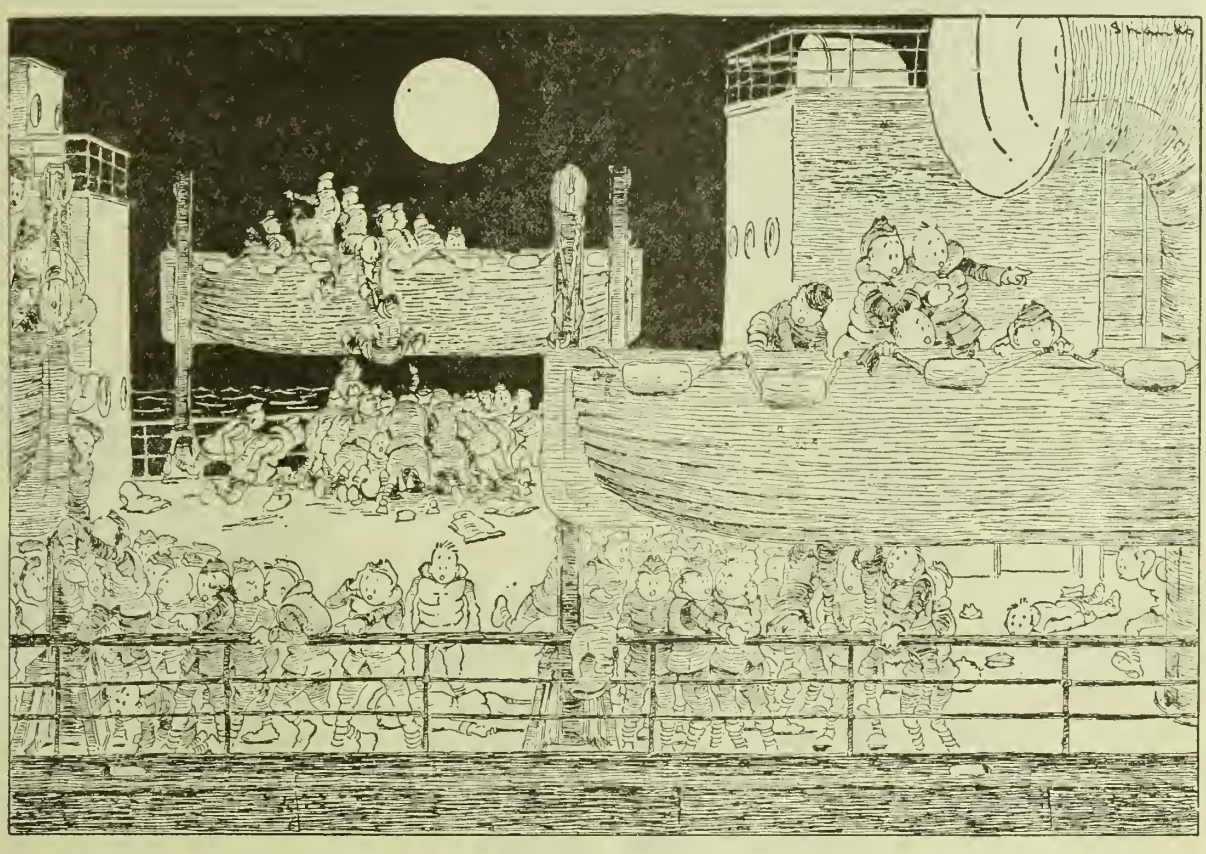


Speaking of insomnia, the disease seemed to be prevalent at all times on shipboard, and in the war zone it increased almost to the proportions of an epidemic

The Army *at* Sea

By Roy Horton

HISTORICALLY, the United States Army was developed on the basis that the personnel could serve and serve well even if great numbers thereof became sick on a ferry-boat. It never occurred to the various fathers of our country, the uncle Senators and the cousin Congressmen, that the Army would ever have to take to water. As for the high-ranking officers, after thirty or forty years in the service you would not expect them to even suspect it. The only thing in that line they bothered with was the building of pontoon bridges, and that knowledge was of little use to them in stormy weather four days outward bound for France.

In the Navy men were taught infantry drill, the handling of small arms, and even artillery practice, presumably so that they could go ashore and conquer the Republic of Haiti with a three-inch field piece, but the Army youngsters were brought up at West Point with no idea of the Navy except to beat Annapolis in athletic contests. Future preparedness programs, however, should include a trip on a ship for each and every enlisted man and officer in the Army even if it has to be confined to the Hudson River Day Line. Then they ought to be sent into solitary confinement with a list of the various ranks and insignias of the Navy and kept there until they have learned the same by heart. After that they might not make the spectacles of themselves on a transport that they did a few years back. You know when I mean.

Why the Army officers were so at sea as to the ranks in the Navy I never could understand. They seemed intelligent enough in other respects. One thing is certain, however, and that is that they did not improve their standing on the ship by not being able to distinguish between a chief petty officer and a captain. Show me the junior officer in the Navy who was not ready and eager to take advantage of such ignorance to be high-hatted to an officer who ranked him. When I was the lowest kind of an officer, ranking with but

after an ensign, as the saying goes, many a major came up to me and saluted before asking me some important question—such as "Have you a match?" (We took all the matches away from the Army and gave them out to the crew.) I can never remember being any too cordial under such circumstances.

The enlisted men were just as much at sea as the officers, but with different results. They did not know a navy officer when they saw one, so they took it for granted that we were all privates, or at the most non-coms. This was especially true of dark troops, of which our ship seemed to have a virtual monopoly. Their favorite titles for us included boss, Jack, buddy, corporal and sergeant. Such lapses in military etiquette, however, did the enlisted men no harm. We did not care what they called us, within reason, as long as they did what they were told and kept out of the way. A major, on the other hand, did not make his life any more pleasant by going about saluting every member of the crew who wore regular man's pants.

THE Army did not rate anything on a transport, anyway. They were treated with all the courtesy generally accorded a housebreaker. We had on the ship a colored mess attendant who had a pernicious and unfortunate complex which led to his telling army officers who crossed his path to go to hell. Of course a thing like that was absolutely out of the question. It was not being done that season. He was always severely disciplined and in consequence thereof spent many days in the brig and all his pay, but black as the crime was and as summarily as punishment was meted out, the recurrence of the strange phenomenon was always greeted with more or less mirth in the navy officers' mess.

When you stop to consider that the only excuse a transport had for its existence was the carrying of troops, the attitude of the navy personnel was nothing short of ridiculous. The comfort of the soldiers should have been the first consideration, and as they all doubtless realized that fact, it must have been irksome to hear constantly the warning, "You can't stand there, soldier." Still there was no partiality shown except perhaps to colonels and generals, and they were only given the run of the ship on sufferance. I can well remember that we had to request two colonels to rid the bridge of their presence on one trip because they were constantly sighting submarines and torpedoes and mines and things.

Even assistant secretaries of war did not rate very much. One crossed with us and had the stateroom opposite mine and believe me, mine was not among the bridal suites. In fact, the only non-navy man who rated anything in particular was a Congressman. He was put in stateroom N. 1 on the boat deck, brass bed and everything, and signs were posted instructing all hands to be silent in the vicinity because the gentleman was troubled with insomnia and had to do his sleeping in the daytime.

Speaking of insomnia, the disease seemed to be prevalent at all times on shipboard, and in the war zone it increased almost to the proportions of an epidemic. It was difficult to get about the boat deck through the crowd. I had a slight attack myself on my first trip but was given the cure.

One night as I stood by the rail a certain hard-boiled old sea-dog stopped beside me.

"Say, kid," he said, "why don't you turn in?"

I stared at him a minute and then said in a weak voice, doubtless due to the ravages of insomnia, "Why don't you?"

Even I will have to admit that that was a pretty weak come-back in any language, including the Scandinavian.

"Son," the ancient mariner replied, "I'm on the way there now. I've just come off watch."

"Listen," he added after a moment's thought, "you want to get the right attitude on this here submarine menace stuff. Don't let it get your goat. Just before I left the bridge the navigator was showing the captain how we was very likely to meet a submarine tonight. It was reported this afternoon in this locality and he has it doped out that its course and ours will just about converge at quarter past four. Right away I left a call for four o'clock. See. The attitude to take is that you and I have got to hurry if we want to get a night's rest before the blow-off comes. Come on, let's get below."

I did turn in and was not bothered by insomnia—or by the submarine.

The soldiers were not subject to the malady because they could simply sprawl out on the boat deck and sleep there, conduct which would have been as unbecoming to an officer as last year's hat. In that connection let me say that I was one man who walked all over the United States Army during the war. I had to get aft from the bridge in the dark. A passageway at dusk would be a tangled mass of arms, legs and bodies an hour later. It was a squashy feeling to step in the middle of a man's stomach in the blackness. Gosh, how I dreaded it! Although they were for the most part too sick to care, there was always the chance that one would rise in wrath and cast me over the side. That is what was done with anything which was not wanted on the ship, and it was almost a habit with the Army.

When you stop to consider that the only excuse a transport had for its existence was the carrying of troops, the comfort of the soldiers should have been the first consideration

THAT brings to mind one dirty trick that the Navy played on the Army. The soldiers on this particular ship had to take their abandon ship stations at four o'clock, or whatever hour just preceded dawn, and stand there until the morning was well under way. I might explain in passing that "morning" in the Navy comes before eight o'clock. After eight it is "forenoon." I could never quite reconcile myself to that nomenclature. It appeared that by navy standards I had very rarely been up in the morning at all before I enlisted.

Not content with getting them up in the middle of the night, the ship's authorities made it still harder for the Army by issuing orders to the effect that no one should dare to take off his life preserver, or any of his clothes

(*Continued on page* 21)

A RADIO set with a good pair of headphones will do more to effect a cure in a tuberculosis case than any other apparatus yet devised.—Dr. W. K. Foley, Chief of Medical Service, Veterans Bureau Hospital No. 68, Minneapolis, Minnesota

For the last fifteen months Gerald H. Philips of Beacon, New York, has been lying flat on his back, bedridden, in the Veterans Bureau Hospital at Maywood, Illinois. While his eyes see only the ceiling and walls of his hospital ward and the rows of his fellow-sufferers, his ears, served by the modern magic of radio, hear songs that are sung and words that are spoken in almost every large city in the United States. The springs of his hospital bed serve as the antenna for his five-tube receiving set. This photograph and the upper picture on the next page were taken by Sidney Wilson, another Maywood patient, who has completed a vocational training course in photography

Listening In *for* Health

By Robert Mountsier

So much has been written about radio as an aid to politicians, preachers, aviators, fish trawlers, spinach growers, grouch raisers and such like that the extensive use of radio for patients in hospitals maintained by the United States Veterans Bureau and by the Army and Navy has been somewhat overlooked. Radio as an adjunct in the treatment of thousands of hospital cases is today an established and accepted fact. Nowhere has its value and importance as a means of recreation and as a therapeutic agent been more conclusively proved than among veterans disabled by their war service and confined to hospitals and homes throughout the country.

Day after day, as they sit or lie or ambulate, America's war disabled, no matter in what part of the United States they may be, are able to listen to all kinds of music and to programs dealing with an infinite variety of subjects broadcast from points east and west. As a result of the efforts of the patients themselves, of a few interested and generous citizens, newspapers and clubs, of the Veterans Bureau and of American Legion posts and Auxiliary units, there is no longer a veterans hospital in the country without a Dr. Radio on its staff. With many Veterans Bureau hospitals equipped with central sets, loudspeakers and headphones, General Frank T. Hines, director of the Veterans Bureau, says: "Radio has proved itself a great aid and beneficial influence in the care and treatment of disabled veterans. It provides a means of positive improvement, both physically and mentally, for the patients in the hospitals."

Thanks to ex-service men and medical staffs working with them, radio has had in veterans' hospitals and homes an interesting past, even though comparatively brief, and it has a future full of even greater promise and benefit. As to the past, Hospital No. 68, in Minneapolis, believes it was the first Veterans Bureau institution to be completely equipped with radio. No. 68 started its listening-in career on a Radiola Sr., with two stages of amplification and a W. E. horn, which supplied entertainment to about thirty bed cases in the solarium.

"IT was not long before we conceived the idea," says Colonel H. D. Luse, medical officer in charge of No. 68, "that individual radio sets could be used to great therapeutic advantage, help the men to pass away the long hours of hospital confinement and to keep their minds from their own

troubles and pains. We were fortunate in having a Class B broadcasting station located about two miles from the hospital, and this nearness rendered the use of crystal sets highly efficient. As a means of light occupation, many of the men were instructed in the construction of small crystal sets which could be attached to the springs of their hospital beds.

"The result of this use of the radio was so satisfactory that at Christmas, 1923, enough enthusiasm had been worked up with disabled veterans taking vocational training at the Dunwoody Institute to induce them to construct about 150 small crystal sets and present them to the hospital. Later on we interested certain local associations in the purchase of seventy-five crystal sets complete with receivers and spring-coil aerials.

"Many of the men have graduated from the crystal stage to that of a tube set, and at the present time we have in this hospital about one hundred tube sets of all makes, from a single-circuit to the reflex circuits, including neutrodynes, ultradynes and superheterodynes. On the roof are more than one hundred aerials, inside the building about one hundred and fifty. Occasionally some patient will notice interference from the use of the single-circuit sets, which we are gradually discouraging and hope to have entirely eliminated in the near future. Even in summer it is not uncommon for the larger sets to pick up the eastern stations with little interference, and during the winter months we have received stations in all parts of the United States and in Canada and Cuba.

"As a result of this hospital's work with radio and our study of its use for patients, we feel that radio offers the best form of recreation possible for any patient confined to his bed, and we have encouraged radio to such an extent that every patient here has either a set of his own or one furnished by the hospital. At the present time, when a patient enters No. 68, he is issued, along with his hospital equipment, if he so wishes, a crystal radio set for his use while here."

In discussing how radio works as an aid in the treatment of tuberculosis, Dr. W. K. Foley, chief of No. 68's medical service, has the following to say:

"A radio set with a good pair of headphones will do more to effect a cure in a tuberculosis case than any other apparatus yet devised. When a patient enters a hospital with tuberculosis and hears that to be cured he must go to bed and remain there for several months or even a year or two, he naturally becomes discouraged. Nevertheless, he is put to bed, and the first week or two he rests fairly well and his condition usually shows improvement. Then the newness of the hospital routine wears off, and he becomes restless. Lying day after day with nothing to do but think about himself and his health, he naturally begins to worry.

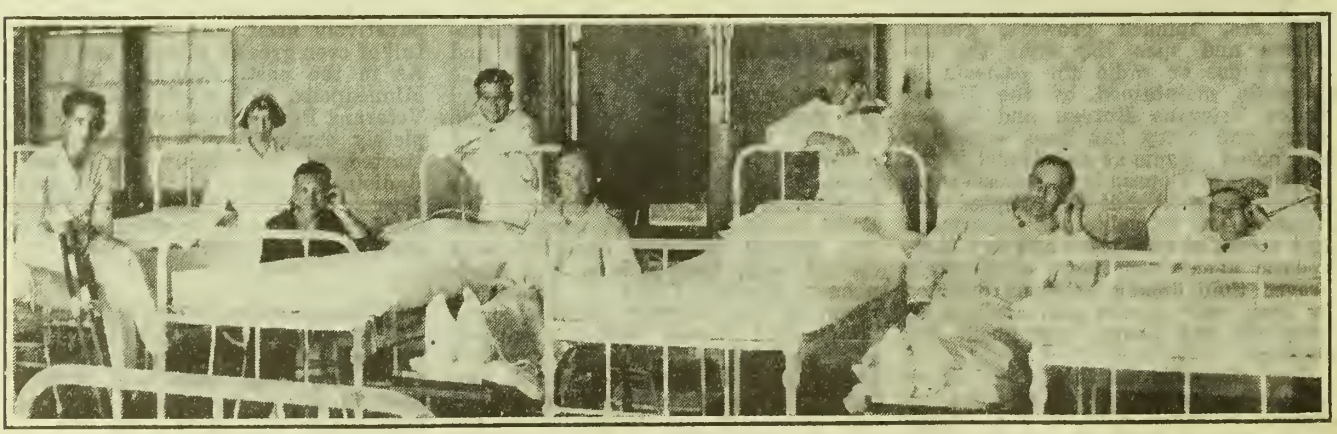
"He wonders about the folks at home. Even if he has no family, it is difficult for a sick man not to find something to worry about. Loss of appetite generally follows such a condition, with subsequent loss of weight. The patient becomes more or less irritable, and he feels that the treatment he is receiving is not right. As a result, we face one of the biggest obstacles possible in the treatment of the disease.

"About two years ago we first hit upon the idea of utilizing radio entertainment. There was one patient who gave us no end of trouble. He came almost every hour to the office with some little complaint. Gradually he worked himself into such a state of mental frenzy that his condition grew rapidly worse. Then one day we installed a small radio set at the side of his bed. He became interested at once, and it was not long before we noticed a decided change in his attitude toward everything. Last summer he left the hospital cured. That was the beginning of radio treatment at No. 68. I would rather give a patient a radio set than a whole handful of pills — it does him more good."

Veterans Bureau Hospital No. 64, at Camp Kearney, California, uses a different system of radio in its treatment for bedridden tuberculous patients and convalescents. More or less along the lines laid down in the Veterans Bureau specifications for centralized systems, Camp Kearney has a central station using more than 9,000 feet of wire for connections to all wards and

(*Cont'd on page* 16)

Minutes seem like hours no longer at the Veterans Bureau Hospital in Maywood, Illinois, for Doctor Radio is always on the job with a good story or a new song. Lester N. Sicard of Muskegon, Michigan, a former naval aviator, sits up in bed to get the latest one, and Dean Moore of Astoria, Illinois, formerly of the 39th Railway Engineers, gets it in his armchair while he tinkers with the dials



Headphones are as indispensable as crutches and wheel chairs in this convalescent ward of the United States Naval Hospital at Chelsea, Massachusetts. The Navy Department is preparing to install uniform radio equipment in all beds in the hospital

Sing Kee, D. S. C.—Still *in* Service

THERE is quite a difference between the Connecticut Yankee and the Kentucky mountaineer, although both may have sprung from the same Elizabethan England. The Hoosier hasn't everything in common with the Texan, though both may be listed in the census under the name of Brown. And a Nelson or an Anderson of Minnesota are apt to be easily distinguishable from a Fitzpatrick or an O'Brien of Pennsylvania.

But you can't tell Lee Lock of Cleveland from Woo How of San Francisco, or Gum Wing of Atlanta from Ming Ling of Chinatown, New York City. Of course you can't. Every Nordic-American knows that all Chinese look alike. That fact is a part of every genuine, blown-in-the-bottle American credo.

And every American knows that all Chinese not only look alike, but that they also all talk alike—using a vocabulary of only seventeen words with variations in sixty-nine octaves—and dress alike and act alike. In short, they are all alike in every way—as much alike as so many peas in one great Chinese-American pod. Every Chinese laundryman is the twin of every chop-suey waiter, and—as an enlargement of the tradition—there are no Chinese who are not laundrymen or chop-suey restaurant workers. Still another extension of the tradition, as commonly subscribed to until recently, is that all Chinese are pacifistic by nature—won't-fighters. This last extension is always qualified by such exceptions as tong wars in American Chinatowns and civil wars across the Pacific.

Sing Kee, who made the D. S. C. grade for extraordinary heroism in action near Fismes in August of 1918, with Mrs. Kee, looks out placidly on the world. Kee is now an interpreter in the Immigration Service, and is stationed in New York City

It was a good tradition while it lasted. But the World War came along and spoiled it. It was one of the hundred and one traditions, including many of our favorite faiths and beliefs, which were scrapped on the battlefields of France.

Uncle Sam, himself, was largely responsible for shooting the tradition full of holes. When he called men of almost every race and color to serve under his colors during the World War he shook down a whole lot of carefully-builded national myths, and among the lot was this age-mellowed conception of the American Chinese.

Uncle Sam, himself, was rather surprised when he found that he had many hundreds of Chinese young men in olive drab—good marchers, rifle-firers, tent-pitchers, pack-toters, all-round good men in any battle. They didn't speak pigeon-English. They were products of American schools and colleges, and they were stickers at the fighting game. And among them was Sing Kee.

Getting down to cases, Sing Kee was the only Chinese-American service man to win the Distinguished Service Cross in battle. Before he became a member of The American Legion he served his full apprenticeship in Company G, 366th Infantry, 77th Division. In the last days of the war he was promoted to regimental color sergeant, and he carried the flag up Fifth Avenue in New York City in the 77th Division's demobilization parade. But before he did that, he did something else on two August days, just two months before the Armistice was signed, and the Army citation describing this something else and accompanying his D. S. C. reads as follows:

> For extraordinary heroism in action at Mont Notre Dame, west of Fismes, France, August 14-15, 1918. Although seriously gassed during shelling by high explosive and gas shells, he refused to be evacuated and continued, practically single-handed, by his own initiative, to operate the regimental message center relay station at Mont Notre Dame. Throughout this critical period he showed extraordinary heroism, high courage and persistent devotion to duty, and totally disregarded all personal danger. By his determination he materially aided his regimental commander in communicating with the front line.

Not the deed of a won't-fighter, that.

But it happened six years ago. According to the old tradition, Sing Kee today should be indistinguishable among the thousands of Chinese laundrymen and restaurant keepers scattered through American communities and the Chinatowns of our larger cities. But, in truth, he is one of the easiest men to find in the whole of New York City.

There is a glass door in a building at the Battery, at the tip-end of lower Manhattan, bearing this legend:

"U. S. Immigration Service, Chinese Branch."

BEHIND that door you will find Sing Kee. And the man who proved his worth in battle is still giving his Government the same kind of service. He is an interpreter, appointed in September, 1919. His war service gave him enough extra credits to place him at the top of the civil service lists and he won his appointment in a walkaway. He served three and a half years in Cleveland before coming to New York City.

And he is the perfect refutation of the theory that all Chinese look alike and have indistinguishable personalities. Sing Kee is wide of shoulder and solidly built. He weighs 180 pounds

(*Continued on page* 22)

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 Legion's Campaign for a Universal Draft Law

I. The Objective

FOR three years The American Legion has been clearing the way for one of the most striking pieces of legislation of a generation. This proposed law is a peace measure. It is a preparedness measure. It is a measure of common justice and equity. It is a measure calculated to make war and the prospect of war more remote. But in the event war does come, despite these safeguards, this measure proposes the means whereby the war shall be fought more rigorously, more efficiently, more effectively, more honestly and more cheaply than ever a war was fought before. It proposes that war shall be waged on a basis of equal service for all and special favors and profits for none.

The proposed law is the so-called Universal Draft, which would put capital, labor and manpower—the three great concomitants of a national war effort—on the same identical non-profit-taking basis of universal service.

Universal service in wartime—the selective draft as applicable to the manpower of the nation which is of age and physical fitness for military service—is an established principle of the country. The eligible manhood of the nation, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, must serve in the armed forces without discrimination or distinction. They must serve for pay which is purely nominal.

So far, so good. But soldiers do not wage a war alone. The experiences of the late war are so recent and so clearly in mind as to make this assertion a truism recognized by all. For every man who reached the firing line in the last war we had fifteen men not in uniform working at home to keep him supplied with what a man on the front must have in order to transact his business there. We sent two million men to France. More than three million men labored at home in the ordnance factories alone, and the provision of ordnance was only a part—and in the aggregate a small part—of our war endeavor in the great services of supply.

These toilers in the home services of supply fall into two lots. These go by the common terms of labor and capital. The workers who man the factories and mills, the shipyards and mines, the farms, the forests, the railroads and the hundred other theatres of endeavor where are produced the raw materials and the finished products which are required to carry on a war—these workers comprise labor. They are quite as essential to the prosecution of a war as the soldiers are. The men who own and build and run the factories and mills, who provide with their money and their brains the facilities and the organization, who give labor its job and pay it its pay on Saturday nights to work and produce the wherewithal which keeps the soldiers in the field—this is capital, the third indispensable requisite to the waging of war. Soldiers, labor, capital. No one of them can get along without the other two. They are the real comrades in arms.

Now, as we have seen, we draft soldiers and pay them a dollar a day. We do not draft labor. We do not draft capital. We—taxpayers—go into the open competitive market and engage them on a commercial basis. We pay laborers $15 a day and capitalists $15,000 a day to help the dollar a day soldier win the war. The laborer sleeps at home, safe and secure. The capitalist sleeps at home, safe and secure. The soldier dodges shrapnel on the front. He forgets what a good sleep feels like.

This sort of thing is not right. It is a shabby way to treat the soldier, who has the most dangerous and disagreeable part of the war's chores to do. It is equally bad for the laborer and the capitalist. It tends to weaken the moral fibre. It creates false values. It inflates prices. It changes a familiar world into a strange, unreal one and at a time of stress when the accustomed landmarks are needed most. This is all especially rough on John Taxpayer, who foots the bill in the end. It is an affront to any civilized conception of fairness and justice. It is bad all round for the country—a bad thing at a bad time, for war at its best has little enough to recommend it.

Everyone admits the situation is as wrong as wrong can be. No one has ever undertaken to defend it.

The American Legion is not content merely to assail this order of things and to call it hard names. The Legion undertakes to change it.

The Legion has a personal acquaintance with the soldier side of war. By diligent study it has informed itself of the capital and labor sides. It proposes a remedy for the condition which confronts us. This remedy is based on the elimination of the economic distinctions between militarized manpower, militarized labor and militarized capital in wartime.

The Legion has had this matter under close, careful and continuous consideration for three years. It has devised the Universal Draft Bill, which some of the outstanding experts of the country say is the best bill that can be devised. That is high praise. If it is not the best bill which can be devised it certainly is a well-thought-out start. Congress convenes on December 1st. The Legion intends to begin pushing its bill then and it does not intend to stop until a law is passed which will put *all war effort* on an equal basis of obligation to serve and of remuneration from the public purse.

The eyes of the nation will be on this effort before it progresses very far. It will prove to be the Legion's biggest undertaking yet.

A Thought for Thanksgiving

ON Thanksgiving Day this year The American Legion will find an added warmth of human friendliness and consciousness of duty done in the thought of the hundreds of orphaned boys and girls who are sitting about home fires which the Legion has built for them. At the Legion's first national Children's Billet at Otter Lake, Michigan, several score children will eat turkey and cranberry sauce on a cheery Thanksgiving Day which might have been a dreary one if the Legion had not taken the place of parents who have fallen out in the battle of life. In hundreds of homes, other little sons and daughters of deceased service men will be happy in new family circles which the Legion has found for them.

Thanksgiving Day is a fitting day for a good resolve. The recent national convention of The American Legion at Saint Paul directed that the Legion, after giving its main energy to the welfare of the disabled men, shall place its child welfare program above all other activities. The convention visioned a year in which every post would systematically help in this work of saving the children of ill-fortuned families.

Give that program a thought on Thanksgiving Day.

The difference between opportunity and a motor is that opportunity knocks but once.

A Michigan judge sentenced a busy traffic violator by mail to ten days in jail. Sending him, so to speak, a short-term note.

Make 1925 *the* Big Legion Year

JOE WILLIAMS POST of Farmer City, Illinois, fired the first shot in the end-of-the-year battle of the dotted line and dropped into National Headquarters on October 3rd fourteen paid-up membership cards for 1925.

But while that shot was still echoing, Victor Cornell Post of Pelican Rapids, Minnesota, won first honors in the over-the-top-by-January-1st advance by sending in 83 paid-up 1925 membership cards, five more cards that it had for 1924.

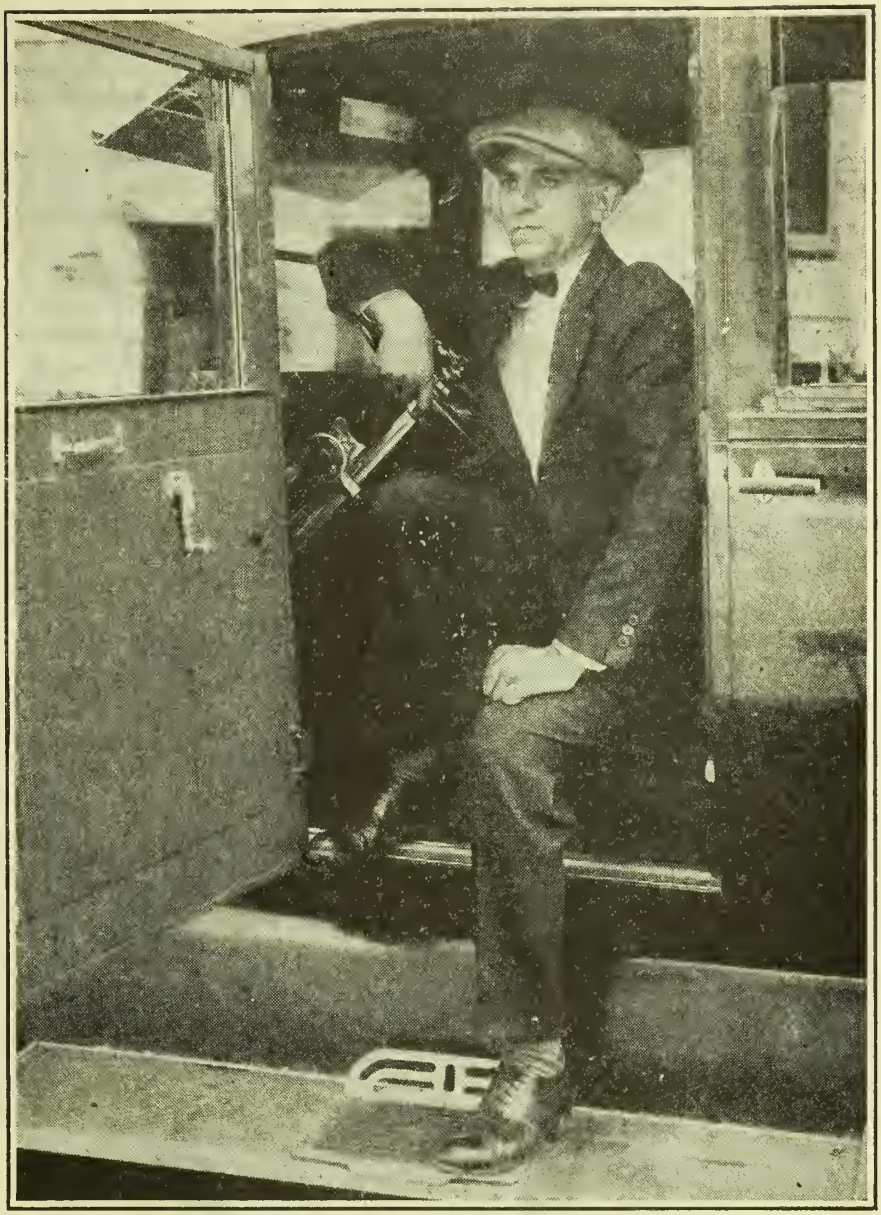
And, crowding Cornell Post for the honor, Fowler (Indiana) Post sent in 108 membership cards for 1925, four more than it had this year—it was showing the rest of the posts of its department that it stands squarely behind its buddy, Thomas S. McConnell, of Fowler, who takes office as Department Commander on January 1st.

Other runners-up for the honor of being the first post to exceed its 1924 membership before January 1, 1925, were Pulaski Post of Detroit, which came through with 107 for 1925 as compared with 102 in 1924, and Roy Cole Post of Grand Ledge, Michigan, with 43 for 1925 as against its 42 this year.

These were the earliest posts to register in the drum-fire barrage of the 1925 membership drive, and the barrage has been advancing by tens and hundreds of paid-up 1925 members with each new day. Every department, almost every post, has given signs that it will try to reach New Year's Day, little more than a month from now, with a 1925 enrollment greater than the enrollment it has for this year.

National Commander James A. Drain has declared repeatedly that the Legion's program for 1925 depends on the success of early membership-getting efforts. In past years many important activities in the Legion's national, department and post programs have been slowed up by the fact that the first few months of the year have had to be devoted largely to membership-getting. This year, Commander Drain hopes, with each post and department reaching its full strength early, the Legion's whole strength will be thrown into the big jobs ahead when the year is starting.

In recognition of the importance of early enrollment the Organization and Membership Division at National Headquarters is compiling lists of all posts which exceed their 1924 enrollments before December 1st and those other posts which exceed 1924 enrollment before January 1st. All posts on each list will be awarded citations setting forth their accomplishments. These will be signed by the National Commander and the National Adjutant. National Headquarters is also supplying to all departments special literature and blank forms to be used in the early membership-getting drives.



Harry Fox is nominated the Legion's champion member-getter of the United States by his outfit, Harold Mason Post, the largest post in South Dakota. Fox, using an automobile to call upon prospects in his spare time, signed up 423 members in six months, or half of his post's total enrollment. He will be out to beat his own 1924 record in 1925

Reports from all sections of the country show that departments are mobilizing their full strength to reach the New Year's Day goal. Pennsylvania is out to get 60,000 men signed up before January 1st. Illinois held Armistice Day rallies in every post as the starting point of its drive to exceed this year's membership. Colorado sets its mark at 15,000 members. Montana is out to get 8,000. With Helena Post, North Little Rock Post and Pangburn Post over their 1924 totals on November 1st, the Arkansas Department is counting on each of the "big ten" posts of its State to go over the top by the first of the year and thus put the department in the national running.

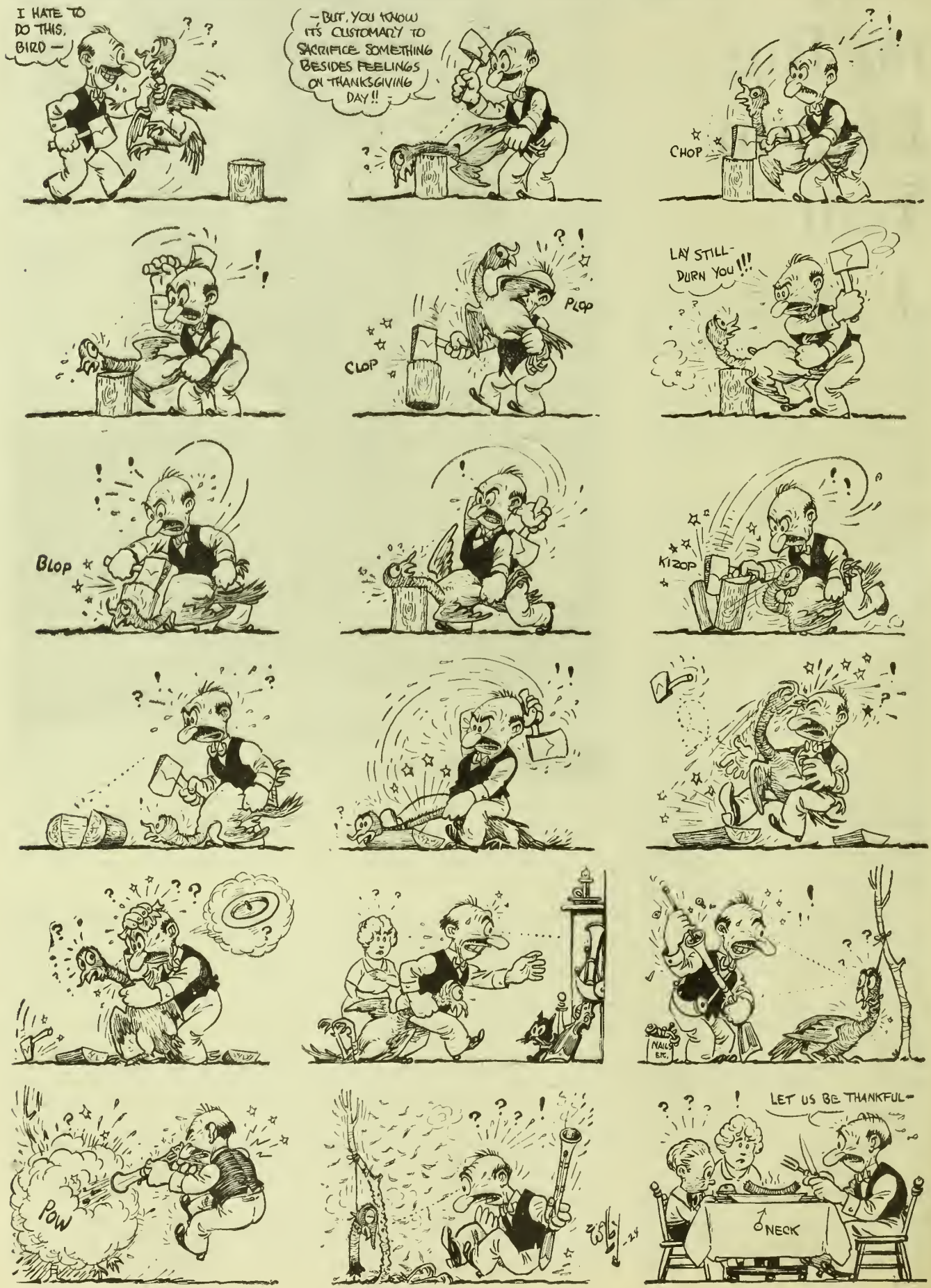
The Department of Florida, which almost monopolized the national membership trophies at the Saint Paul National Convention, is now trying to sew up its lead for 1925. Everybody remembers that Florida won the MacNider Trophy, the Lindsley Trophy and the Galbraith Trophy at Saint Paul. The department doesn't make any secret of how it won them. The important fact is that the Florida department had signed up 5,282 members before the middle of last January. This year it is going to do even better. It is so confident it will do better that it has just signed up for a membership duel with the Department of Connecticut, which was the runner-up in this year's membership race.

James W. Morris, Jr., Florida's Commander, enthusiastically outlined the terms of the battle with Connecticut.

(*Continued on page* 19)

The Terrible Turk

By Wallgren



A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer

The Things *That* Count

SOME soft-hearted people are worried about how the turkeys themselves feel about it. But the turkeys ought to be thankful, too, if they look at it in the right way. If they were not in such demand they would never have been hatched and tenderly raised against the day when their heads should be lopped off. They would never have lived at all instead of having the honor of being the national bird one day in the year.

All any citizen of these United States needs to enjoy Thanksgiving is an appetite, a turkey to satisfy it, and to look upon the cranberries when they are red and sufficiently sweet. Only the American who has not the price of a square meal and no home to eat it in has any kick coming.

Even if it is his fault that he has not the price, those who have square meals and a home can best be thankful by forgetting this fault and offering him a square meal and a home to eat it in. I do not like to think that any ex-service man or woman has not a full stomach at two in the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day. I do not like to think that any ex-service man or woman will not have a home dinner on Thanksgiving Day.

You married ex-service men, do not forget to ask yourself if there is any veteran you know who may miss a home Thanksgiving dinner. Have him in! Warm the cockles of his bachelor heart, make him young enough to wear a bib again as you give him a chair beside the kids. This experience may cure him of his single cussedness and lead him to take on marital blessedness before turkey day comes around again.

It is estimated that the percentage of Legionnaires who are married is 73.4, which is an increase of eight percent in the last year. It seems to me that this is the biggest thing, after all, that the Legion has to be thankful for; and it is a big thing for the nation to be thankful for.

THANKSGIVING DAY is the day when all grouches should be stowed. Even the wry victim of indigestion ought to be happy in watching others do their duty not in the trenches but as trenchermen. On this national anti-grouch day the thing is to give thanks for what we have got and not worry about what we have not got.

It comes in the season when the crops are in. Good or bad, you can't change them now. After the crops were in our pioneer ancestor had time to spare to take down the old blunderbuss and get a wild turkey fat from fall feeding. Mother shoots the barnyard turkey today with coin of the Republic at the market price per pound.

We may be thankful that we do not have to live in the hard way that our ancestors did, thankful for all our modern improvements and comforts. The day after we may go out to work for more improvements and comforts, but on Thanksgiving Day the spirit should be, "All is for the best in the best of worlds."

We have a right, a national right, to sit back after our last helping of turkey, as we let our belts out another notch, and glow with gratitude that life is sweet and joyful and that it is good to be alive in the land of turkey and cranberries. We may think kindly of our neighbors, well of the community in which we live.

Four million ex-service men and women, who know what war exacts when it takes them away from home and neighbors, may rejoice that there is no war or alarm of war in Europe. Racial hate and prejudice overseas are taking a much-needed rest. American relief is not required to keep European children from starving. Trotsky's army is not making war on anybody but Russians, and famine horrors are not added to the horrors of Bolshevism.

The Dawes plan is in operation under an American agent general, and the Germans are getting real money in place of paper which changes value by the hour. France is prosperous. Europe as a whole is at work and feeling better. All this is good news to former American soldiers and sailors who were facing the submarine menace and the trenches on Thanksgiving Day, '17. It lessens the prospect of having to leave our homes again.

MANY million voters went to the polls to register their choice in a peaceful national election. When the result was known the next day it was accepted without a tumult or anybody raising an army to dispute the verdict by force. "Of course," you say, but that "of course" expresses a reason for thanks when you consider how they hold elections in some other countries. It is a reason for indulging the "grand and glorious feeling" even on the part of those whose candidates were beaten.

We have more automobiles than all the rest of the world, more good roads than last year. Our standard of living and our wages and what we get for them are the highest in the world. Our savings banks accounts and our endowments for education have increased. The lonely ranch can tune in to hear music and speeches in distant cities. We are free of debts to other nations and other nations owe us vast sums. We have freedom of thought and religious practice and all kinds of freedom which other peoples do not enjoy.

You may know someone who has more money and comfort and a better automobile than you have, but you may have more of the things that count for human happiness than he has. He may be envying you their possession; he may be envying you your children, your health, your content and your free conscience and your Thanksgiving Day smile.

There is still another thing that he may be envying you, the thing that counts the most of all to you. On this Thanksgiving Day and on all Thanksgiving Days to come ex-service men and women have one possession which nothing can change or take away—that they were in uniform when their country needed them.

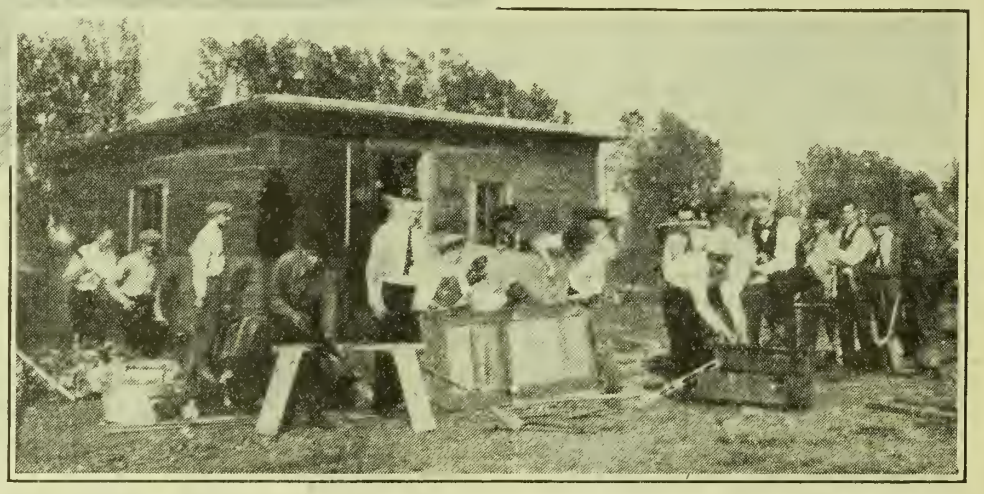
They may be thankful for the Legion and the work that it has done in the last year; that there was a housecleaning in the Veterans Bureau and a better law put on the statute books; that the Legion is going right on looking after the disabled; that a wrong was righted in the Adjusted Compensation Act.

As a people we may all be thankful that we live in a land that has not known the foot of a foreign invader for over an hundred years; that it has not been and is in no danger of being Bolsheviked; that the new spirit of an Americanism for which the Legion has stood from the first and which thinks in terms of quality instead of numbers has further restricted immigration. Yes, thanks for these United States which is giving thanks to our own efforts in making them what they are; and thanks for the spirit that is in us to make them still better so we shall have more to be thankful for on future Thanksgiving Days.

It Was Service *That*

By Arthur Van Vlissingen, Jr.

When Joseph Corbett's pack became too heavy, Omaha Post of The American Legion helped him carry it. Corbett was unable to work because of the leaky heart which the war left him. He found himself without a home, facing a Nebraska winter. It wouldn't have been so bad if Corbett had been alone. But with him were his wife, a three-year-old daughter and a son but a week old. Omaha Post built a home for him in a single day. The post bought building material and a large group of members put up the house on a lot which Corbett owned. For good measure they graded the yard, built a three-ton coal box and filled the box with coal. Omaha Post's motto is "Help a buddy carry his pack"



HOW does Omaha Post, the largest post in the Legion, manage to keep its 3,125 paid-up members pulling together? Does it not inevitably lose, through its great size, much of the advantage of friendliness and general acquaintance which are so large a part of most successful posts? What good is such a big post, anyhow?

In the answers to those questions will be found most of the answers to the successful conduct of Legion posts in large cities. For Omaha Post *is* successful—successful beyond any other big city post, perhaps, in all the Legion. It has earned itself a large place in the community; and Omaha (which, by the way, will be the scene of the Legion's 1925 National Convention) is a community so thoroughly organized in all directions that for any organization to earn itself a place among the top-notchers is something of a feat.

And besides earning itself a place in the community, Omaha Post has managed not only to keep its head above financial waters, but also to get a shoulder out and part of an arm. It meets all expenses, and manages to save something out of its regular income. And it isn't a large income, as far as dues go. A member of this post pays three dollars a year, of which fifty cents goes to pay his subscription to the *Douglas County Legionnaire*, and seventy-five cents remains for the post treasury after national and department dues have been deducted. That gives the post an income of between $2,300 and $2,400 a year—which is not much in a big city.

Of course the post makes money on outside activities, also. How it makes them go, and what it does with the money, constitute an interesting story of a Legion outfit in action.

The plan of money-making was the outgrowth of the post's first two years of existence. During this period it attempted to make money by the orthodox method of having a committee in charge of an outside activity. And it didn't work as well as some of the men at the top thought it should.

"We wouldn't any of us dream of getting a committee of volunteer unpaid workers to take over a department or a new enterprise in our businesses," one of the officers finally expressed himself. "If I decided that as part of my business I wanted to start selling a new product, I'd go hire me a good man and make it worth his while to make some money for me. I don't see why that isn't just as good common sense for Omaha Post as it is for a manufacturer or a department store owner. And I want to propose that we do something of the sort."

The upshot was that J. J. Isaacson, a member of the post, was employed to take charge of all promotional activities. He also edits and manages the county paper, which is published by Omaha Post. For his publishing activities and managing such activities of the post as bowling tournaments, golf matches, and so forth, he receives a salary from the paper.

Then, for his work in promoting other money-making activities for the post, he receives a percentage of the profits which he earns for the post after all expenses have been met. The post promoter is responsible to, and reports directly to, the post finance committee.

Given the wrong kind of man in this job and a lax control, you, of course, have a situation laden with fifty per cent dynamite. But Omaha Post has

Built Legiondom's Biggest Post

the right kind of man as promoter; and, just to make sure nothing slips by him which would not be as it should be, the committee scans everything very carefully which is proposed as a money-making enterprise.

"If an enterprise is not commensurate with the dignity of Omaha Post we turn it down, no matter how much money it might make for the post," explains Commander Leo Bozell. "We value our standing in the community too highly to sell it for a few dollars of gate receipts. Even if it were not for our liking to stand high, we should be entering into a poor business deal; our reputation will continue to make us good profits as long as we run the right sort of affairs. So we run the right sort of affairs—good shows, boxing matches, and the like. Everyone who comes feels satisfied that he has had his money's worth—and he buys a ticket next time he is asked."

THE basis of the Legion's existence in Omaha is not social, except in the sense of social service. There are no social meetings at all, except big picnics held perhaps twice a year in one of the city parks. As for the broader definition of social, the post is a member of Omaha Council of Social Agencies along with the United Charities and all of the other organizations which are concerned with relief work and the like.

There is one difference between Omaha Post and most of the other local social agencies, however. Omaha Post is not a participant in the Community Chest funds, despite a standing invitation to come in and name the share of the funds which it requires to carry on its relief work. That would be an easier way to get the money than by keeping after every decent chance to pick up a few dollars. But the post's officers hold to the idea that they would rather set their members to selling tickets to a patriotic motion picture, on a percentage basis from the theatre management, than be hampered by the rules which must surround anyone who accepts aid from a community fund.

"We co-operate with the Community Chest folks in every way we can," is the way Adjutant Harry C. Hough tells about it. "But we prefer to remain unhampered. We are careful about whom we aid, of course. But as it is, we can do what we have always preferred to do—that is, give some relief to an occasional man who is not entitled to it rather than let somebody slip by unaided when he really should have what he asks for."

In the post's offices on the ground floor of the courthouse Hough maintains the only quarters which the post has. In accordance with the principle that the post is strictly a business organization for service, and in no sense a social entertainment institution, the post does not maintain clubrooms. It does not want them. As the officers, who have been studying the situation carefully ever since the start, explain:

"In a city as large as Omaha most of the members of the Legion have their own social channels all established.

Perhaps it is a man's church which holds his interest outside of working hours. Maybe it is his downtown club, or the Y. M. C. A., or a fraternal order, or the golf club he may belong to. What it is, is of no significance. The significant fact is that practically every member has such a set of outside interests, and if we were to try to build up a structure of sociability we should simply be attempting to tear him away from the allegiance to whatever organization has his natural preference.

"In a good many of the larger cities the Legion organizations do not stand as high as they should. Everyone knows that. We are convinced, from observations elsewhere and from personal experience in Omaha, that the big reason is that their energies are expended in the wrong direction. There are, of course, other contributing reasons why the Legion has been able to build itself a position as strong as it has in Omaha. But the principal reason, we know, is that we devote our thought and our time and our funds to the proper functions of the Legion in a big city."

Part of the office space of the post is devoted to an employment section. It looks pretty much like the employment department of a manufacturing plant or big business house of any sort. If anything, it is less dressy. But through that corner of the office pass a great many men who are in need of employment, and who get it.

Omaha is on the natural track of the nomad men who drift across the country. It is the big railroad center west of the Mississipi, and here converge the men who travel in side-door Pullmans and on the rods. Most of the post's employment activity is among these men—men who do not belong to the community, and who, under other circumstances, might be a positive menace to it. For a foot-loose man who is hungry and out of work is the finest sort of prospective first-offense criminal.

"WE have no doubt," declares Hough, "that we have prevented more crime, and have kept more former service men from taking a step in the direction of jail, than any other agency in Omaha. But the word has pretty well got around that the Legion post can find a man a job in Omaha. And among the residents it is understood that the Legion can furnish men for almost any sort of job, whether permanent or for a few hours' work.

"The result is that the men out of work come to us, and the people of Omaha send to us when they want help. We have almost always a demand for men to do odd jobs and take temporary employment. It varies from regular employment in a factory or office or warehouse all the way to the householder who wants someone to mow his lawn, shovel off his sidewalks or carry out ashes. Often we are able to piece together enough odd jobs to give a man a regular income and regular employment—taking care of half a dozen people's furnaces, for instance, makes a very decent living for a man who needs something to give him a living

The employment service maintained by Omaha Post is intimate and serviceable. It gets results, often tiding a man over with temporary work until it can connect him with a permanent job

Get Out the Old Kit Bag

It's about time to pack up the old kit bag and forget all your troubles that come with the daily routine of life.

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A view of the five-bed ward which Omaha Post maintains in St. Joseph Hospital. Dr. Boler, one of the Legion physicians, is shown reading the chart of a patient's condition

until he can connect with a regular job.

"The police know about this, too. If they pick up a man who claims to be a former service man, and who needs employment so that he will not have to beg, they turn him over to us. We get him a job—and usually the police never hear from him again. He fits into the city, goes to work as a self-respecting and respectable citizen, and either stays in Omaha on that basis or moves along elsewhere without giving anyone in Omaha any trouble. We place about two thousand men in jobs every year."

Then, too, Omaha Post maintains a five-bed ward in St. Joseph Hospital. The post rents this ward by the year. If a service man needs medical and hospital attention and hasn't the funds to pay for them, he goes into the Legion ward. Legionnaire doctors take care of him. And if he is in need of special nursing, the nurses of the nurses' division of the post take care of that.

And then there is, so the officers maintain, a very real advantage in having just the one post in Omaha. As Commander Bozell says, "In Omaha the Legion is either for or against anything. One post is not taking one stand while another takes another. We thresh out very thoroughly any question which becomes a matter of dispute. And the executive committee is extremely careful never to commit the post to any action which might be disputed until the question is brought before the members at a regular meeting of the post.

The thing which first put The American Legion on the map as one of the big vital organizations of Omaha came at the time of the race riot in September of 1919. The riot flamed up, as such things will, and a couple of hours after its beginning on a small scale the courthouse had been gutted with fire, and nobody knew where it was going to stop as a disorder.

Before the riot was more than well under way the Legion was mobilizing. The members got on their uniforms—it was still possible for most of us, back in those days, to do it without a shoehorn — and set out to police the town. They guarded the city hall from the possibility of any such attack as the courthouse had suffered; they policed the streets and backed up the regular police force to the last man. Next day the State troops began to arrive, but for three or four days the Legion was on the job, until they were relieved by the authorities.

How much damage and loss of life they saved Omaha will never be known. It was, however, a great deal. After the riot the Chamber of Commerce offered the post any amount of money it wanted to ask for the services of its members. But the post agreed heartily that what they had done was simply their duty. They did not want payment for restoring order in Omaha.

Then, two years afterward, a big strike came in the stockyards. The more repressive of the employers wanted the Legion to police Packingtown. The Legion refused, on the grounds of having no interest in any disputes so long as there was no disorder. And after that it stood in right with the workingmen of Omaha. It had measured up to the sympathy they hoped for—a strict neutrality.

On one occasion a veteran passed a bogus check in a department store and was caught. The store manager called Omaha Post headquarters. "Come over," he asked Hough. And when Hough came they went into the case together. They found that here was another case of a man out of work and a first offense. They got him a job and the man has never slipped since that day.

The membership of the post is not, of course, maintained without effort. The post sails into the job of increasing the roster just as it sails into a case of veteran relief work. Last drive the post sent all the way to the East for permission to use a vacant store which a chain organization was about to occupy with a store. The room was on the best corner in town. And the post took more applications there than it ever took anywhere in a similar space of time.

Yes, there is a real field for a Legion post in a large city. The main thing is to have a post management which is smart enough to find out what that field is and hold the post's activities within it.

THOMAS BOYD is the author of "Through the Wheat," a "war novel" that attracted wide attention on its publication a year and a half ago. "Plumes," by Laurence Stallings, happens to be the "war novel" of the moment. The American Legion Weekly asked Private Boyd to write about Captain Stallings's book. Incidentally, the private and the captain, Marines both, served in the same outfit—the Fourth Brigade of the Second Division

What We Forget

By Thomas Boyd

IT is easy to forget. There was, for example, a war some six years ago. And that war lasted for a good long while. Even for us Americans, who only knew nineteen months of the carnage, it was a furious, stressful time. Our casualty lists grew to sickening lengths and the men in the lines had a taste of despair, the feeling that they would attack and be relieved, attack and be relieved until a shell or a bullet stopped them. But many people seem to have forgotten the fact of a war.

It is easier to forget than to remember. We had a manufactured hate against the Central Powers. Some of us choked and stuttered, trying to find words that were ugly enough to apply to the character of a man with a withered arm and a spiked mustache, a man named William Hohenzollern. Hun and atrocity came to mean the same thing. A favorite sport was deciding the kind of torture by which the Kaiser would be put to death. Then at the height of these fancies the Armistice was signed and our fat, juicy victim strolled from Berlin to Holland. If his hide has been punctured it was done more by accident than design and the weapon used was neither warlike nor retributive. Probably a tack. We have forgotten even to inquire after the old man's health. The supplements to the Sunday newspapers have lost interest long ago.

That is very understandable. It is also very sensible. For if we are healthy and normal we go forward in our thoughts instead of backward. Each day brings new and more personal vicissitudes of life and gradually the old ones fade to nothing. A healthy man would be a fool indeed to continue to think upon the Hohenzollerns when he has his family and his work to occupy his mind.

Yet there are men who carry about with them, night and day, a leering, burning reminder of what they have been through. They are the disabled, the men with "artificial appliances" such as arms and legs and skulls, whose shoulder blades go into the making of that part of the backbone which a shot from a Maxim has splintered—those hobbling truths that God of War is a contradiction in terms. Such a man is Richard Plume, the principal character in "Plumes," a novel by Laurence Stallings.

Richard Plume remembered the war. Looking backward at it was a pretty steady business with him. But he did not stop there. He also looked ahead; and he saw—who cannot see it?—a time when there would be another war. Before that time came he wanted to have found out what the last one had been caused by, what was the reason for it. He had a son and a leg with seven holes from Maxim machine gun bullets in it. The son had been born while the father was in France. The mother had been a wife only a little more than a year. And it seemed to Richard Plume when he returned to her that he was a pretty poor excuse for a husband. Richard Plume has an ancestor who took part in every war that was every fought by America. Each one, from the early eighteenth century Noah who "was killed while on scouting patrol organized by an unfortified settlement" and "thus founded the war-like tradition, persisted in unto this day among the Plumes," of going to war to save your neighbor's property—each Plume got in the way of an enemy bullet. Most of the Plumes thereafter came back to their cabins and licked before the fire.

Richard Plume, a short while before Woodrow Wilson was re-elected President, was a young college instructor in the South. He and Esme had been married for about six months and they were happy. People were singing "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier." Then, on one clear, cool morning, war was declared by America and George M. Cohan wrote the popular song. You may remember it. It was called "Over There." Richard Plume said good-by to Esme in his olive drab uniform which showed that he was a private, first class, in the Army of Uncle Sam. Several months later he came back with a commission, a decoration, and the shattered leg mentioned somewhere above.

Those were the good old days. The surgeons did not want to amputate the leg while there remained the possibility of saving it. As a result, Richard Plume spent the greater part of his time in the hospital, the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington. When he was not in bed he was out looking for a job, or working at a job. He could have returned home and romanced about his wounds as his ancestors had romanced about their wounds. But he had this curious desire to look forward and backward. So he supported his wife and child in Washington on the money allowed by the Government until he got a job. With the leg paining and rotting—I believe you will feel that agony when you read "Plumes"—he hobbled about the streets of the city, slipping on the ice and feeling the metal brace tear at his thigh as he went down among the feet of casual passersby.

This is a good book to read. It is

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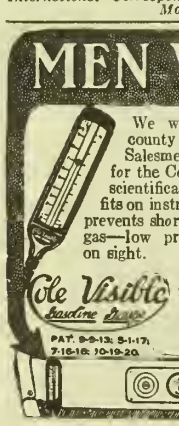

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about a man who is a little above normal rather than below. It is a presentation of war that the reader knows instinctively has not been distorted by the author. It is a prod, rousing the memory and forcing it back to the reality of those awful days half a dozen years ago.

It is easy to forget. Not only that, unpleasant events disappear more rapidly from the mind than others on which we can look with gratification. Thus the war is virtually blotted from our consciousness, awakened only at infrequent intervals. We think only of the good times, voluntarily. The training camp becomes a place where we got sweet watermelon for thirty-five cents apiece, or where we had a bed with sheets and a comfortable mattress instead of a sack of straw to which we later became accustomed. We have forgotten the sickening cry of "Stretcher-bearer on the right" and the hours of hunger, thirst and filth. We remember that, after all, we must have been pretty damned good to have stood it the way we did stand it. Perhaps most distinctly of all our impressions at, say, Champagne is the one of the warm hole where we wrapped up in a blanket and slept. Or else the hot meal, with sergeant major coffee, which the artillery outfit gave us when we tramped tiredly back from the lines. Yet, no doubt, we had seen men torn to pieces, had watched their bodies turn black under the sun and had seen our friends carried to the rear on a blood-soaked stretcher.

To think only of the pleasant aspect of war is selfish and luxurious. Some day it may be costly. We think of the living instead of the dead and the mutilated. And that is disrespectful to the men who suffered most, to the men who, if anyone did, won the war. One first sergeant used to assert that we all were living on the reputations of dead men. It may be true. At least let us try not to belittle them. After the next war we may be on crutches, and it is well to know the reasons for such things.

Laurence Stallings was well fitted to write this book. He enlisted, or took a commission, at the beginning of our part in the war and went to France immediately. He became a captain in the Fourth Brigade of the Second Division. June of 1918 came and there was a forced march through Meaux to Château-Thierry. A few weeks later Captain Stallings was ordering his company into a woods filled with Germans. A town or something was to be taken. Stallings reached the outer fringe of the woods and fell, with seven Maxim bullets embedded in his leg. For a long while he lay there; then he crawled back to a first aid station.

Until very recently, Captain Stallings has been a frequent guest of the United States disabled veterans' hospitals. His leg was operated upon four or five times. At last it was amputated. Quite obviously, "Plumes" is his own story. But that by itself is a fact hardly worth remarking upon. The surprising part, the excellent part of the novel, is that Captain Stallings, now Mr. Stallings, could subdue his bitterness and write a work in which each episode has a universal rather than a personal significance, that he could be so restrained, that he would be so honest.

The pitiful part is that it is so hopeless. It all ends well enough in the book: the young son remarks prophetically, "I won't let any generals get me." But whether the prophecy is fulfilled is the guess of any man. On one hand there are the men with crutches, sawed-off arms and legs, the bedridden; in short, the junk heap of the nation's finest men. On the other hand, there are the bands, there is the stretched skin over the head of the drum, and how it resounds under the beating of those two shapely sticks! And how it sends a series of shivers, thrills, zigzagging up and down your spine! Merely the drum. You don't even need the bugle or the colors and standards furling in the wind. Merely the drum. But when you get all three together the cripples could form a line as long and strident as Coxey's army and they would still be unheard and unseen. For I begin to suspect that that really is the contest: the stump of legs against the beating of the drums.

Listening In for Health

(*Continued from page* 6)

all beds. A regular schedule of hours is maintained, according to what is available on the air and also according to the hours that fit in best with the patients' régime. The connections permit any one or all of the patients to plug in headphones and listen to the programs picked up and amplified by the hospital's master receiver station. This consists of a Federal No. 58 DX receiver, with an additional two-stage amplifier and a cage antenna. The apparatus makes audible to all the patients programs from the chief broadcasting stations in the west and sometimes from the Chicago stations. Camp Kearney's radio outfit was financed by the San Diego Community Service.

Walter Reed Hospital, in Washington, D. C., claims the largest "radio central" system. Nine hundred sets of headphones and five loudspeakers enable the patients to hear the daily entertainments of the country's leading radio stations. The programs are received in the control room on a five-tube Freed-Eisemann neutrodyne receiver and amplified by Western Electric apparatus, with duplicate set, A and B batteries, and a string of chargers to keep the batteries in good condition. All the patient has to do is to connect his head with his own private 'phone when he wants to listen to the world instead of telling it. As in other radio-equipped hospitals, patients, nurses and doctors are living testimonials of the benefits of Doc Radio's cure-all.

To the many veterans whose disabilities confine them to their homes radio is even more of a godsend than to their buddies in hospitals. Take, for example, the case of a bed-ridden ex-service man down in Alabama—Chester Hargrave. The installation of a radio at his bedside by Birmingham Post of The American Legion brought the outside world, from which he seemed to be completely cut off for the rest of his life, right into his home, and now his days and nights of confinement are full of a variety of entertainment. To the blind, and even to many deaf, radio gives more than to

any other of the war's disabled. Among the latter is George Lynch, of Charleston, South Carolina, formerly of the Navy, who can hear over the radio with perfect ease, although it is almost impossible for him to hear otherwise.

American Legion posts throughout the country have devoted much effort to helping provide the disabled with receiving sets. The continued development of radio and what has been done with it by the Legion promise great possibilities. By means of radio broadcasting National Commander John R. Quinn on his travels about the country found it possible to speak to Legionnaires over wide areas while addressing audiences at public gatherings. The Pennsylvania department broadcast the first speech of Commander J. L. Collins, given at a Legion banquet shortly after his election, and what he said was heard by Legionnaires east, south and west. The Massachusetts department experienced extraordinary success through use of the radio to open its membership drive last April. Its radio barrage, started at seven o'clock one evening and kept up until three the next morning, helped bring several thousand new members into the Legion.

The possibilities of American Legion programs arranged by individual posts may be seen from the recent observance of Armistice Day by Stern-Price Post No. 417 (Philadelphia). The evening program of WIP, which co-operated some time ago with the post in broadcasting instructions to ex-service men for filling in their Adjusted Compensation blanks, was arranged by the Stern-Price Post: speeches by Mayor F. W. Kendrick, L. C. Vannan, Veterans Bureau district manager, "Mother" Moore, of the Philadelphia Navy Yard, Captain David F. Boyd, U. S. N., Colonels Franklin and Cloke, of the 79th Division, and Major-General William G. Price, commander of the 28th Division; musical numbers by the Navy Yard Band, the Philadelphia Police Band and by soloists and chorus; and the initiation of E. A. Davies, director of WIP and formerly of the 79th Division, as a member of the Stern-Price Post.

Another method of making the activities of the Legion better known through radio has been the broadcasting of initiations. Tioga (Pennsylvania) Post claims the first radio initiation in the United States when, headed by Commander Glendon T. Tongue, it took a special meeting to WDAR (Philadelphia) and with the Legion's national ritual made a member of Harry E. Ehrhart of WDAR, who had been giving as his excuse for not joining the Legion the fact that his position at the broadcasting station kept him at work every night. Another initiation ceremony by radio was that of Calhoun Post of Minneapolis, which with the help of WLAG initiated John A. Ewing and Oscar Rocksped, patients at Hospital No. 68, as they sat up in hospital bed and invalid chair. And not to be forgotten is the broadcasting hit made by The American Legion Band of Cameron Ellis Post of Winchester, Ohio, when the band sends the hoedown music of "The Old Coon Dog" and "The Old Gray Mare" out into the air from WSAI (Cincinnati).

There are those who prophesy that in every government hospital for World War veterans, in every national home for veterans of all wars, in every private home where there is a disabled soldier, in every Legion clubhouse or post home, there will in time be receiving sets hooked up by the air to stations broadcasting American Legion programs. If this prophecy of American Legion broadcasting stations is to come true, the foundations are now being laid in the veterans hospitals of the country, as may be seen from the following:

Edward Hines, Jr., Hospital at Maywood, Illinois, has forty-five radios, with sixty-five headphones and eleven loudspeakers. Two Atwater-Kent sets, one a Model 10, owned by G. H. Phillips, using headphones, and the other owned by Philip Hogan, who has a loudspeaker, are rated the best of the forty-five sets. The listeners-in get New York, Boston, Fort Worth and Los Angeles regularly and with plenty of volume. Station KYW of Chicago devotes a part of each Thursday evening's program to the Edward Hines, Jr., p tients, who may make suggestions or requests by mail. The Drake Hotel at Chicago has broadcast special programs for patients at this hospital. Some interference is experienced from regenerative sets and atmospheric disturbances. The hospital has just received a central receiving set through the Soldiers Radio Relief Fund, started by the Chicago *Daily News* and supported chiefly by the Legion posts of Chicago and fraternal, labor, business and community organizations. To secure money for this fund Square Post No. 232 formed $12 clubs, raised $1,200 and is still going strong.

Veterans Bureau Hospital No. 67, Kansas City, Missouri, has a five-tube set, with twenty pairs of phones, presented and maintained by The American Legion of Kansas City, and a three-tube set, with loudspeaker, installed by Dr. James Y. Simpson of Kansas City and operated in the recreation hut by the Red Cross. Among the private owners the most successful station-getters have been Frank McDaniel, who used to be with the 138th Company, Transport Corps, and George Goodrich, formerly with the 164th Depot Brigade, who has been a patient at No. 67 for more than two years. With his superheterodyne Goodrich has listened in on stations all over the country, and it is his ambition to hear every station in North America this winter when atmospheric conditions improve.

Veterans Bureau Hospital No. 37, Waukesha, Wisconsin, reports that it has, in addition to a large number of private outfits, a set installed in the sun parlor by the Red Cross, and a $2,500 layout, including five loudspeakers and 144 headsets, installed by the Veterans Bureau.

Veterans Bureau Hospital No. 65, St. Paul, Minneapolis, makes a specialty of individual sets, since it is a general hospital where no uniformity of treatment can be followed, and Colonel H. B. Fralic, the medical officer in charge, considers it best to confine all radio work in wards to individual sets. The majority are crystal affairs, and no attempt at amplification is made.

No. 65's most interesting set is owned by David E. Woodward, formerly with the 151st Field Artillery. Before entering the hospital, Woodward was engaged in the electrical and radio business at Big Lake, Minneapolis, where he himself constructed and sold more than a hundred sets. Woodward built in the hospital a crystal outfit. The cost of material, including antenna and earphones, was $16. It has a two-circuit hook-up with tuner and a seven-strand wire antenna, 130 feet long.

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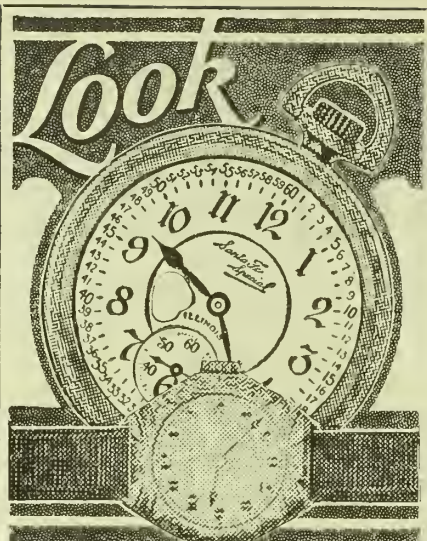

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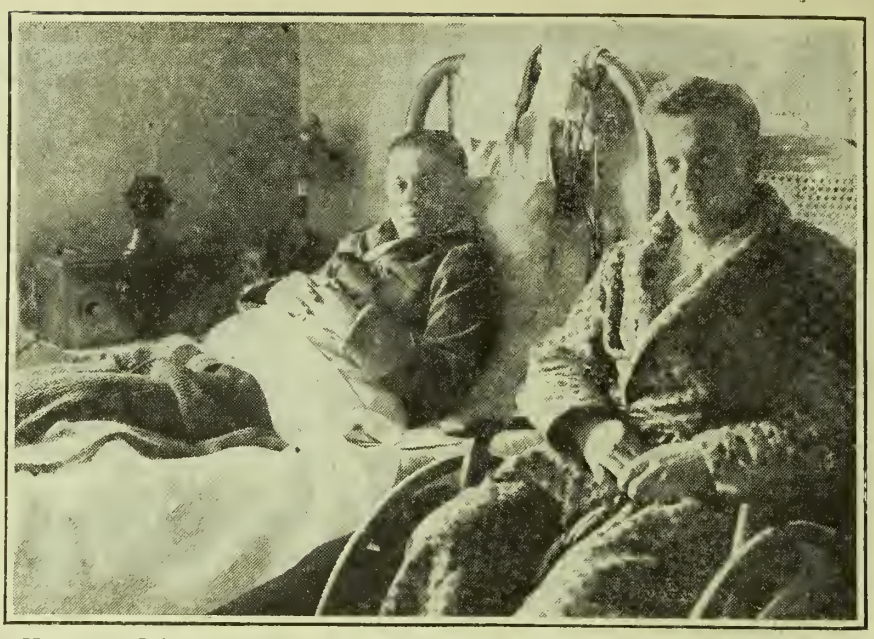

Here are John A. Ewing and Oscar H. Rocksped, patients in Veterans Bureau Hospital No. 68 at Minneapolis, Minnesota, shown in the midst of their initiation into The American Legion. They couldn't leave the hospital to attend the initiation ceremonies held in Calhoun Post's clubhouse, so station WLAG installed a receiving set and loudspeaker at their bedsides and relayed the whole works to them

The aerial, which extends from the window nearest Woodward's bed to the top of a chimney, is about 150 feet high, with a short water-pipe grounder. Woodward has heard Hastings, Nebraska, on a long-distance crystal which he uses in connection with his set.

Great annoyance has been caused by the hospital's X-ray room, which, during the hours when it is operated, produces on the hospital's sets loud buzzing sounds that drown out all broadcasting. If WLAG is closed down permanently because of a receivership, radio receiving, especially on crystal sets, in the United States Veteran Bureau hospitals in the Twin Cities will be hard hit. Station WLAG has broadcast many concerts and events in addition to furnishing a complete program of educational and entertaining features.

The United States Naval Hospital at San Diego, California, has only one radio set, a standard single-circuit regenerator, partly bought and put up by a patient named Morrison who died before its completion. Following his death patients and members of the hospital corps took up a collection and completed the outfit. This set gets all Pacific Coast stations as far north as San Francisco. Ships in the harbor and the Navy's high-power station near San Diego often mess up reception of entertainment programs.

Veterans Bureau Hospital No. 24, Palo Alto, California, has as its chief radio equipment a large Western Electric receiving set donated by a popular subscription fostered by the San Francisco *Call*. In the infirmary wards each patient has a headset, and in each of the ambulatory wards there is a loudspeaker. The radio entertainment in the open wards is taken care of by the Red Cross.

Veterans Bureau Hospital No. 59, Tacoma, Washington, receives with various outfits—a five-tube radiodyne, presented to the general medical ward for Christmas, 1923, by the Minute Women of Chehalis and now in need of tube renewals and various adjustments owing to dwindling interest during the summer months and its easy access by all patients; a two-stage regenerative set, with Magnavox loudspeaker, used by the Knights of Columbus for entertainment, and private sets, ranging from simple regenerative single-tube outfits to five-tube neutrodyne circuits. The most flexible set is owned by a member of the medical staff—a De Forest multiple-wave, two-stage set, with special attachments. During the more favorable months stations as far east as Pittsburgh are readily heard. However, consistent reception of broadcasters in the Middle West and East is hindered by distance and by time variations. For example, an 8 p.m. program from Chicago must be sought in Tacoma at 4 p.m., Pacific Standard time, when the Tacoma seeker is deprived of the benefit of night reception. An electrical process used in a nearby smelter sometimes causes much interference.

Fort William Henry Harrison Veterans Bureau Hospital No. 72, Helena, Montana, has one small radio set, Government owned. Atmospheric static was so bad during the summer that it was almost impossible to operate.

Fitzsimons General Hospital, United States Army, Denver, Colorado, has approximately one hundred radio receiving sets, ranging from small crystal sets to the latest type of superheterodyne. Many of these radio outfits were built in the hospital's educational department. Favorable conditions for receiving exist at Fitzsimons, and it is not unusual for patients to listen in on programs broadcast 1,500 miles distant. Fitzsimons holds the unique position among hospitals of having a broadcasting station of its own, with a range of some 1,500 miles.

Veterans Bureau Hospital No. 90, Muskogee, Oklahoma, entertains the patients in its tuberculous ward with an Amrad set donated by the Americanized Syrians of Oklahoma. This outfit receives stations from coast to coast, including Mexico City and Havana. The cost of upkeep holds down the number of private sets. Authorized by the

Veterans Bureau to expend $1,500 for a receiving set to be used with loudspeakers and headsets in the various wards, the hospital found it could not purchase equipment because the bids submitted were all about $4,000.

Veterans Bureau Hospital No. 93, Legion, Texas, has a number of receiving sets, with chief interest centered on a five-tube Kennedy, presented to the patients of Ward 8 by the Galveston Auxiliary of The American Legion. Installed this summer by the camp electrician and the radio instructor, this set is now under the care of Lee Walsh, who during the war served with Co. B, 156th Infantry. Atmospheric disturbances during the summer prevented any long-distance receiving. Electric grills and X-ray and physio-therapy machines create trouble at times, but these are not generally in use during the best receiving periods. The Veterans Bureau has appropriated about $3,000 for installing a central receiving plant with connections to all the wards and a loudspeaker in the recreation room for the walking cases.

Veterans Bureau Hospital No. 55, Fort Bayard, New Mexico, boasts a brigade of radio fans who have all kinds of hook-ups, from superheterodynes to the old-style regenerative that does its own broadcasting by making noises and throwing them back out on its aerial. John M. Nuckols, sometime soldier, reports that a single-wire aerial generally gives the best results at Fort Bayard and that the Hazeltine neutrodyne works especially well under conditions peculiar to the Southwest. A neutrodyne set, with four or five tubes, steps out and gets from coast to coast and beyond borders, from Calgary, Canada, to Mexico City and Havana. Special radio entertainments are given by the Red Cross and the Sojourners' Club. Special concerts for the patients at Fort Bayard have been put on the air by KHJ (Los Angeles *Times*) and WOAW (Omaha *World-Herald* using the Woodmen of the World studio).

The United States Naval Hospital at Newport, Rhode Island, has a Western Electric superheterodyne recently made available by the radio fund of WJAR (Outlet Company, Providence).

The United States Naval Hospital at Brooklyn, New York, uses a special Grebe radio outfit presented by Frank N. Doubleday, the publisher, of Garden City, to the Red Cross in 1922 and operated continuously since then in the recreation room and social center.

The United States Naval Hospital at Chelsea, Massachusetts, reports among its many receiving sets five important ones—two Westinghouse regenerative sets, installed by the Army and Navy Club of Boston, a five-tube neutrodyne and a Crosley tri-dyne, both owned by the Red Cross, and an Erla reflex triplex, owned, installed and operated by William E. Rockford, formerly a member of Truck Company 5, 108th Supply Train, 33rd Division. Rockford, a patient suffering from arthritis, paid for the parts of his set from his compensation, and he has made Ward 5-1 the radio center of the hospital. Using a radiator about 100 feet above the sea-level as his only connection, he has listened in on all the high-power stations of the country, from KCI (San Francisco) eastward, and his outfit loud-spoke the Republican and Democratic national conventions for a distance of 300 to 400 feet. A number of crystal sets in the hospital receive clearly up to about seventy miles.

The Chelsea hospital was in on the radio show and demonstration given by WNAC (Boston), WGI (Medford), WTAT (Boston) and WBZ (Springfield) to raise a fund to supply the Army, Navy and Veterans Bureau hospitals in New England with radio outfits. This hospital will soon be furnished by the Radio Fund, through the Roxy Radio Committee, with standard equipment similar to that in Army and Navy hospitals on the Atlantic Coast, each bed to be supplied with headsets. It is probable that all other equipment will in time be removed.

Among hospitals being equipped with master receiving sets—amplifiers, bedside terminals, loudspeakers and all—are Veterans Bureau Hosiptals Nos. 96 and 98, at Tupper Lake and Beacon, N. Y. Various eastern hospitals are receiving equipment through the Roxy Radio Fund, which the Capitol Theatre of New York started. With the aid of various newspapers and organizations it has raised about $150,000 for radio equipment for disabled service men in hospitals.

Make 1925 the Big Legion Year

(*Continued from page* 9)

"Florida announces that on Nov. 11th a campaign will be started to procure renewals on membership for 1925," he says. "Florida would be glad to join Connecticut in a friendly contest to cover that period and suggests as an additional incentive that all Legionnaires attending the Omaha convention from that department which shows during that period the greatest percentage of renewals based on its 1924 membership be the guests at a dinner given by the Legionnaires attending the convention from the department which is not so fortunate."

Department Adjutant Howard Rowton of Florida passes Commander Morris's word along to Florida posts in a characteristic bulletin and adds:

"Now, big boy, what you goin' to do about it? I know. The same old spirit that won the Lindsley and MacNider Trophies will prevail. Whoever heard of Florida getting beat? Whoever heard of us having to buy the dinner for the other guy? Never. It's not being done in the Legion circles of Florida. It's entirely out of order. Take that man's name, sergeant. Take Connecticut's number, Mr. Commander and Mr. Adjutant. Get the membership committees to work on Armistice Day. Slip the 1924 boys a pink ticket. That's what's being done in the Legion circles of Florida."

Meanwhile word comes from Connecticut that it hopes to surpass its 1924 membership record, profiting by the experience it gained in a big drive conducted last spring. In that drive Connecticut mobilized every post for a member-getting campaign of many weeks. The whole Legion force of the State composed a campaign army, which was sub-divided into corps, divisions, regiments and companies to fight the battle for new members. This system, which won for Connecticut last spring, also helped the Massachusetts and Oklahoma departments to exceed their member-

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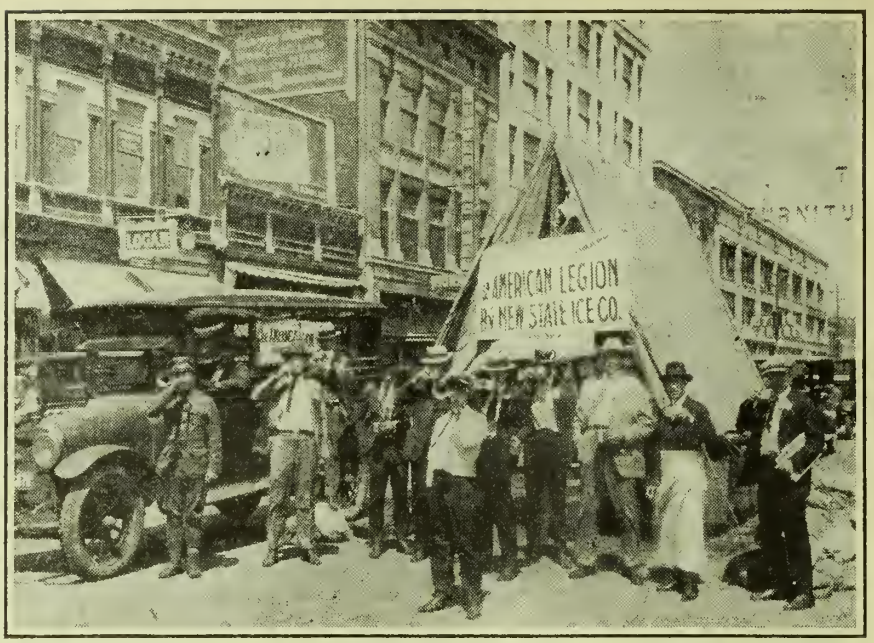

Just a look into Oklahoma City on the day this summer when Oklahoma City Post was signing up 1,200 new members. The refreshment booth shown in the background helped the go-get-'em squads cool off between new members

ships of the prosperous preceding year.

The Minnesota Department is one of the first to get a 1925 campaign under way. It is making a war game of membership getting. The entire department was "mobilized" for member-getting at 11 a. m., zero hour, of Armistice Day, and each of the ten districts was supplied with a schedule of the membership quotas it is expected to reach on stated dates. Under this schedule the department hopes to reach a total membership of 31,000 members. It expects to have 6,200 signed up for 1925 by November 30th, 9,300 by December 15th and 12,400 by January 15th. Blue prints showing the objectives and dates have been supplied each of the districts.

While Florida and Connecticut are fighting it out along the Eastern seaboard, three other departments are engaging in a membership-getting contest in the shadows of the Rocky Mountains. Colorado, Utah and Wyoming have mutually agreed that the department enrolling for 1925 the largest percentage of its 1924 membership shall be presented by the other two departments with a stand of department colors.

Reports tell of hundreds of other competitions being started among departments and among posts of the same department. The favorite plan is a contest between two posts in the same section of a State, each having approximately equal numbers of eligibles to draw from. In many of these contests the losing post is to be host to the winning post at a dinner or outing.

Success in these contests is, of course, largely dependent on the efforts of individual go-getters. The prize member-getters of the United States will have a high mark to shoot at in 1925, for this year Harry Fox, a member of Harold Mason Post of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, hung up a record by obtaining 423 new paid-up members for 1924 by his own unaided efforts. Mr. Fox's post has 856 members, so that Mr. Fox himself got almost half of the total number. Fox, who served with Company F, 8th Infantry, is a dry cleaner. He has signed up members for the Legion in his spare time simply by making a list of all his prospects and seeing them one by one. He uses an automobile to speed up his calls on the men he is after, and he usually has to see a man only once. He says that he knows a thousand and one reasons why men should join the Legion, and he presents to each man the reasons he knows will appeal to him most.

Another record-maker this year is John A. Smith of Sioux City, Iowa, who describes his methods as follows:

"I went out on the streets, into factories, drove to nearby towns and devoted all of my spare time calling on ex-service men and writing letters to some who had never been members of any Legion post. The superintendent of one of the largest factories in Sioux City, himself a Legionnaire, instructed his time-keepers to obtain the names of all veterans in the employ of the plant. This done, the superintendent and I made a trip throughout the plant, to every department and office, called the veterans together, and I told them about the Legion. They were then given a chance to have one dollar a week deducted from their pay until their 1924 dues in Monahan Post had been paid. This plan alone netted over 100 members inside of three days. Other factories, hearing of this plan, granted the same privileges to their employes and I worked in each of them.

"During this time calls were coming to me to visit several of the smaller surrounding towns which had no Legion posts. Answering these calls, I signed up over fifty more members for Monahan Post. Another way in which I worked was through the lists of delinquent members—some who hadn't paid dues for two or three years. In using these lists, I divided the city into small districts and paid a visit in turn to each district until I had signed up each and every one in the district. When I found that a man was out of the city permanently I wrote him, and signed up some members scattered from Maine to California."

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The Army at Sea

(*Continued from page* 4)

other than his hat, for sleeping purposes. This chapter on bedside etiquette was openly violated by the ship's crew, but I know that the Army took it seriously. As long as they thought compliance with the order necessary to avoid court martial there was not much sense in going to bed at all.

To the oft-mentioned man-in-the-street the words "life preserver" call to mind a circular dingus like a cruller with a hole big enough to insert oneself into. The idea of trying to lie down in such a contrivance is liable to bring on hysterics, so lest some of my readers be men-in-the-street, I must correct any such impression. Far be it from me to allow my stories to be laughed at. Our life preservers were built like vests with the non-sinkable padding front and back and were not so uncomfortable to recline in as the circular variety, but they were bad enough.

On my first trip I was a little afraid someone might come spying in the stillness of the night to see if I had removed anything more than my hat, and I honestly tried to obey the order. The life preserver came off after about thirty minutes. Shortly afterward my blouse and collar followed. Two nights later I was forced to part with my shoes. My stateroom was situated right in the midst of the army officers' quarters and I needed my shoes at my side to throw at any misguided corporal who might come in to call me at dawn by mistake. The next night I put on my pajamas and went to bed like a regular human being. There did not seem to be any tendency to check up on us, and I had decided that any sinking which did not give me time to dress would be entirely too serious to worry about.

Another minor outrage of the World War was the practice of sending army men into the crow's-nest as look-outs. I say it was an outrage because it should not have been a part of their work and because there were times when it was decidedly no fun. I hate to cite personal experience, but hearken just this once to what happened to me one night.

I was on watch from eight to midnight and during the watch the weather grew worse and worse at ten minute intervals. Twelve o'clock came and no relief. I waited a few hours until

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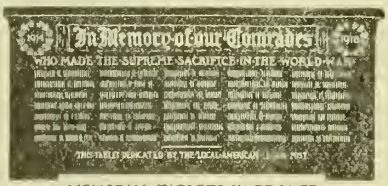

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twelve-fifteen and then called down to the bridge.

"Hey," I cried, "whereinell is my relief?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," answered the officer-of-the-deck. "The skipper is not sending anyone up to relieve you. He doesn't think it safe for a man to try to make it."

It took a second for that to sink in.

"But what about me?" I wailed. "What do I do, stay up here all night?"

"That's up to you," came the cheery reply. "You can come down if you want to. Let your conscience be your guide."

How about that? Wasn't that a pretty dish to set before me? I went down, but do not let that prejudice you in my favor. I was just too cold and wet and miserable to stay.

Of the simple things the army wrote home before the ship left Hoboken and the things they wrote home before they left the ship in Brest I will say nothing. It was part of the fun of a deck watch in port to read the army mail, but I feel that the contents of those letters should be held in confidence. It surely was interesting after a quiet trip to read that we had been forced to push submarines off the bow with boathooks.

Seasickness is another topic which I feel should be forbidden. Even navy officers have been known to be seasick, so why stir up unpleasant memories for both of us?

Sing Kee, D.S.C.

(*Continued from page 7*)

and is almost tall—he would have made a good heavyweight boxing champion or guard for a football team.

Now, what is the background which produced this Chinese hero of Mont Notre Dame? First, it must be said that Sing Kee is a third-generation American. Grandfather Kee disembarked from a sailing vessel at San Francisco during the gold rush of '49. He prospered, and his son, Sing Kee's father, ran an employment agency, supplying Chinese laborers to the fruit districts of California until the passage of the Exclusion Act. Sing Kee himself was born twenty-eight years ago in the Santa Clara Valley. He was graduated from grammar school and attended high school. After leaving high school he raised prunes for a while and then made a visit to China.

He was twenty-one in 1917, a clerk in a general store on Mott Street in New York City's Chinatown, when he became a rookie in the 77th Division at Camp Upton.

When he came out of the Army he went back to California and married a girl who had been born in China. Then he entered the Government's immigration service. He has a son, a fourth-generation American.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

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

BEAUMONT CLUB (200TH-201ST AERO SQDNS.)—Seventh annual banquet and reunion, Café Boulevard, Bway and 41st st., New York City, Nov. 22d, at 8 p.m. Address Frank D. Van Valkenburg, 72 Simcoe st., Oyster Bay, N. Y.

YEOMEN F.—Reunion at Rittenhouse Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 8, of all girls who served in U. S. Navy. Address Anna Perry, 4841 N. 11th Street, Philadelphia.

Bursts *and* Duds

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Despite the Ads—

The teacher was trying to give her pupils an illustration of the word "perseverance."

"What is it," she asked, "that carries us along rough roads and smooth roads, up hills and down hills, through jungles and swamps and raging torrents?"

There was silence, and then Tommy raised his hand.

"Please, Miss," he said, "there ain't no such car."

Lament

We working girls who hope to wed
Each week should lay away
A tidy sum to help make lives
Of future husbands gay.
But Fashion plays a crooked game
With would-be frugal maids;
Last week we all paid barber bills—
Next week we'll all buy braids.

—*Margaret Burton.*

Constant Reminder

Flubb: "Do you think you'll ever forget the big scrap?"

Dubb: "Not while they put up beans in cans, buddy!"

Perfectly Democratic

The president of a large telegraph company was being introduced to the employes of his organization in a large Western city and wished to show the proper spirit.

"My boy," he said to a freckled-faced messenger, "I am very, very happy to make your acquaintance."

"Don't mention it, mister, don't mention it," replied the youth. "'S all right by me, you bet."

The Eternal Questions

"I wonder why I ever got married."

"I wonder if I put in too much yeast."

"I wonder what the boss would do if I asked for a raise."

Mr. Zip Up to Date

Good morning, Grandma Flip, Flip, Flip,
With your hair bobbed just as short as mine.
Good morning, Grandma Flip, Flip, Flip,
You're surely looking fine.
Your Psyche knot and coronet have vanished with the shears
That shingled you and trimmed the bob enhancing now your ears.
Good morning, Grandma Flip, Flip, Flip,
With your hair cut just as short as, shingled just as short as, boyished just as short as mine!

—*Harriet Houghton.*

One Awful Pun

"Jones," a friend approached him, "want to know where you can get some mighty good liquor for seven dollars a quart?"

"I'd like it all right," assented Jones, "but being's I've got six children at the house, I'd better keep my money for the home brood."

Newlywed Joke No. 1

Eve (in the Garden): "Heavens, Adam, what has caused that awful rash on your back?"

Adam (painfully): "That new shirt you made for me, my dear. I do wish you'd learn the difference between poison ivy and oak leaves."

Mistaken Identity

The lovesick youth doubtfully began to strum his uke beneath the darkened window. Suddenly the window flew open.

"Young man," roared the irate father, "do you know what I think you are?"

"A tree, I hope," replied the statue-like serenader in a squelched tone.

Recurrence of Slavery

(From the Tampa Daily Times)

"City Will Buy Rex Beach Soon."

Precaution

We two were wed
A year ago—
Love at first sight,
I'd have you know.
But this I say,
Upon the Book,
He's wise who takes
A second look.

—*E. D. K.*

Slowing Up

Kindly Old Party: "So you're running away from home?"

Urchin: "I was the first block, but now I'm walkin'."

Rattle

"Can anyone tell me," asked the teacher, "what makes the sound we call tintinnabulation?"

"Please, ma'am," replied a youngster, "it's pa's second-hand flivver."

No Extremes

Hostess: "Are you looking for any particular girl?"

Young Man: "We-e-ell—not too particular!"

The Awakening

"How long have you known your husband?" inquired the new neighbor.

"We've been back from our honeymoon two weeks," replied Mrs. Nubride in a bitter burst of confidence.

It All Depends

"My dear," asked the dreamy young wife, "do you believe that in the end the right must always win?"

"No," yawned her husband from behind the sporting page. "Sometimes a left jab puts them to sleep in the first round."

Prof: "What is the next element you are going to analyze for me?"
Student: "I know it, sir, it's on the tip of my tongue."
Prof: "Well, don't swallow it; it's arsenic."

On Their Way

Private Johnson, of color, was on the rifle range, and not having any too good luck.

"What's the matter, Johnson?" asked the captain. "Where are they going?"

"Ah dunno, suh—*bang*—but dey sho' am leavin' hyah!"

At Three O'clock in the Morning

Weldon: "So you really believe that prohibition is doing some good to the country?"

Shelton: "Yes. For one thing, it's killed off most of the street-corner quartets of 'Sweet Adeline.'"

Getting Off Easy

"Chuggins got a leg broken, shoulder smashed, ribs cracked and head crushed in at a grade crossing accident."

"The lucky fool!"

Status Quo

Dick: "How was everybody back in the old home town?"

Jack: "Still satisfied."

Suit

He hastens to arrange for clothes,
That would be good without dispute;
One single thought as on he goes—
Suit.

The one he chose was what he got;
At first he thought it was a beaut,
But soon he found that it did not
Suit.

They ridiculed his mumurings
And said they thought the thing was cute;
No other recourse, so he brings
Suit.

—*Thomas J. Murray.*

Auld Lang Syne

The lover pored over the closely written sheets he held in his hand, and sighed ecstatically.

"Did you ever get a letter that brought back visions of the past?" he asked.

"Yes," grunted his prosaic friend. "Only this morning the income tax people notified me I was $20 shy on my last year's return."

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