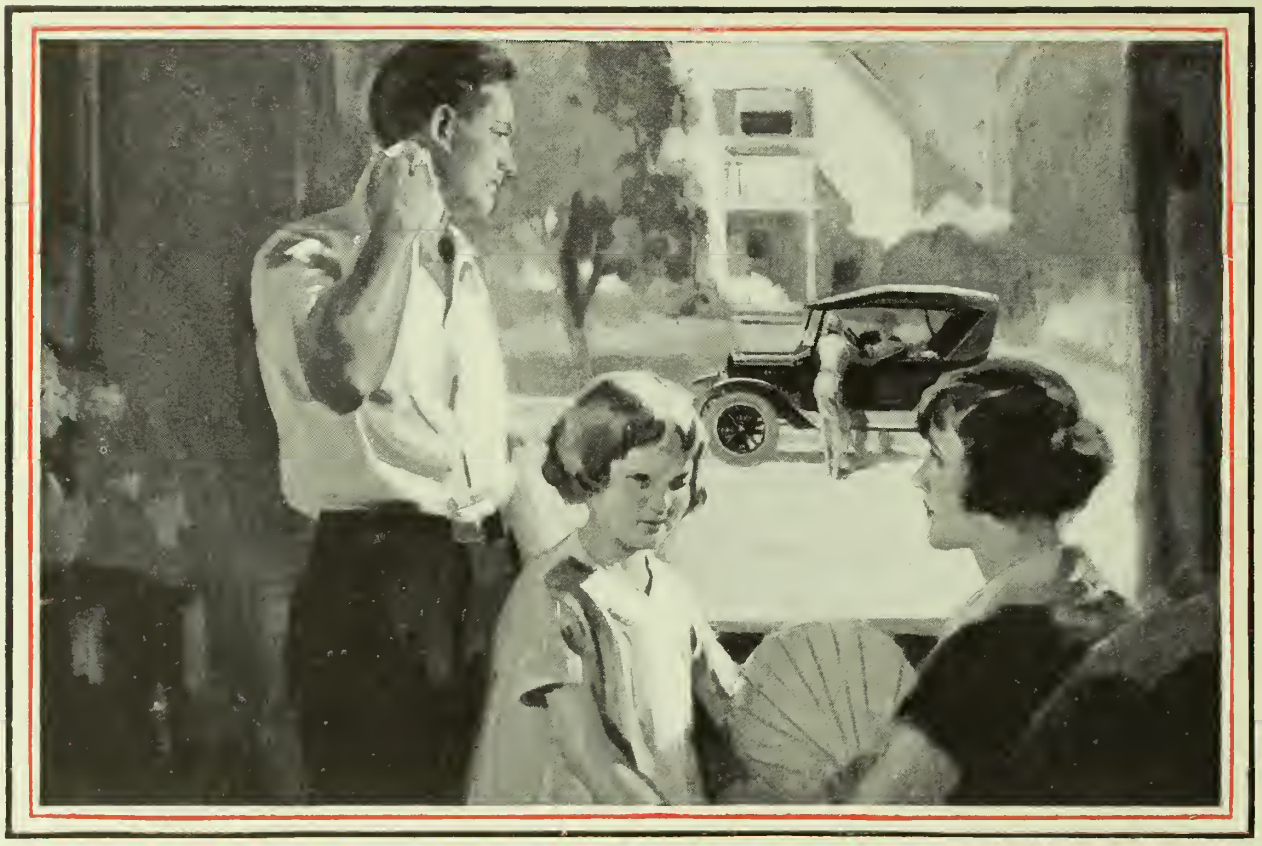
APRIL 17, 1925

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



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IT IS EASY TO OWN A CAR BY USING THIS PLAN

April 17, 1925

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

Vol. 7, No. 16

THE Weekly devotes considerable space this week to the Battle of Lexington and Concord, April 19, 1775. One reason for this is the significance of the event in the perspective of history—both American history and the history of human liberty. Another reason is the fact that Lexington and Concord are only the first of a whole series of 150th anniversaries that will be celebrated, either by the whole nation or by groups of communities, from now on over a period of several years—at least through the anniversary of Yorktown, and of course all our bright little boy and girl readers know when that was. Next year comes the greatest day of all—the 150th birthday of these United States. But, as Frederick Palmer suggested on his Personal Page last week, had it not been for April 19, 1775, perhaps July 4, 1776, would have come down in history only as the day after July 3d.

* * *

LEXINGTON and Concord are in expert hands in this issue of the Weekly. Arthur Pound, who writes of the historical background that produced the crisis, is editor of the Atlantic Monthly Press (which doesn't mean that he is editor of the Atlantic Monthly, though there is a connection). He is the author of "The Iron Man in Industry," describing the social and economic revolution brought about by the introduction of machinery—a work which is now being translated into German. Mr. Pound has enjoyed unusual opportunities in studying the literature of the early Revolutionary period and has had access to important collections of Revolutionary data. During the war he was on the staff of the Chief Cable Censor, U. S. N., at Washington.

* * *

FREDERICK PALMER should require no introduction to any reader of the Weekly. He would have been at Lexington and Concord if he had been alive—as it is he has been present at every worth-while war since the Greco-Turkish set-to of 1897. He has seen more war and known more soldiers than any man alive. That is a large statement, and if anybody can disprove it the pages of the Weekly are open to him.

* * *

THERE being no war on tap at present, Mr. Palmer has just written a novel—his fourth. The last previous one, "The Last Shot", was a pre-war novel, and attracted wide attention from the fact that it appeared, purely by coincidence, just on the eve of the World War. Mr. Palmer's new novel, "Invisible Wounds", is not a war novel, though the war plays an exciting part in it. It is a thrilling story that holds its grip until the last page, based as it is on the thesis that right inside a man's head struggles just as exciting to him (and to the reader who is let in on it) as war itself are fought to a finish. The Weekly unhesitatingly recommends "Invisible wounds" (Dodd Mead & Co.) as a good story, and this opinion is not influenced by the fact that its author is a member of the family.

* * *

NATIONAL Commander Drain, on his recent tour of the South in the interests of The American Legion Endowment Fund, visited Richmond—naturally. Hence this story, relayed to the Weekly by John J. Wicker, Jr., Virginia Past Department Commander and former National Executive Committeeman. Commander Drain visited the Soldiers' Home at Richmond, occupied, of course, by veterans of the Confederate Army. The Commander gave the veterans a little talk, saying in the course of it: "The men of the North thought they were right and you men of the South thought you were right." "Thought hell," interrupted the voice of a gray-clad auditor. "We knew damn well we were right."

* * *

WITH the approach of Memorial Day, Flag Day and Independence Day, Legion posts will want their communities to understand the etiquette of the flag. Sets of matrices of pages 12 and 13 of the August 29, 1924, issue of the Weekly, "How to Honor the Flag of the United States," may be obtained from the Weekly for one dollar the set. These matrices can be used to reproduce the illustrated flag rules in newspapers and post publications.

* * *

"I AM a mail carrier and am still covering miles for Uncle Sam," writes A. W. Larson of Dell Rapids, South Dakota. "I have noticed that the Weekly is the only magazine to go into some homes. There certainly must be thousands of similar cases. Buddy reads his Weekly, gets a laugh out of Bursts and Duds and Wallgren, finds his old outfit is having a reunion, recognizes a name, a face or a place, and tosses it to the kiddies—but alas, there is nothing there for them." Mr. Larson would like to have the Weekly start a children's page. The Weekly would like to do it, but there's no room for a children's page right now. Why not tell the children about the Endowment Fund? Children are interested in other children, and would get the point all right.

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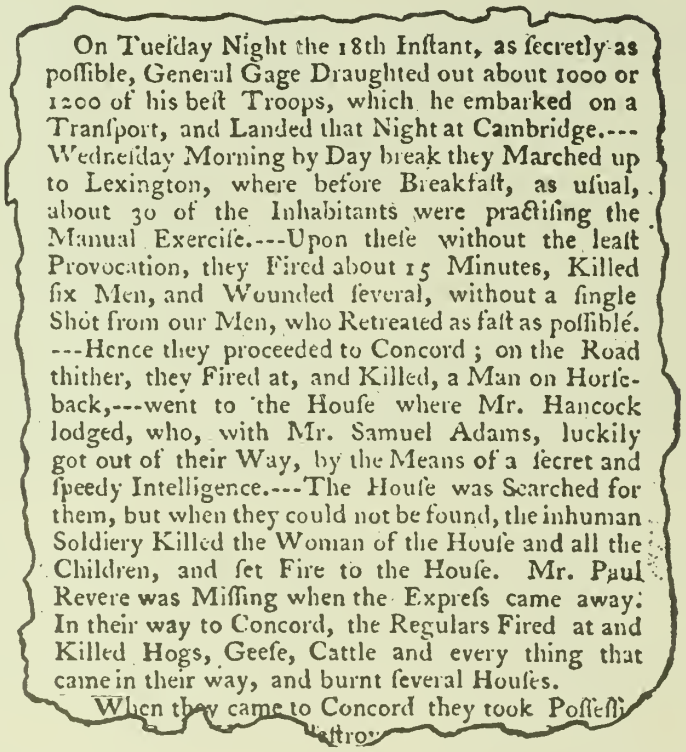
The Making *of the* American Revolution

By ARTHUR POUND

IN 1817, at the age of eighty-three and after more than a half a century of public life, our second President wrote:

"There is an overweening fondness for representing this country as a scene of liberty, equality, fraternity, union, harmony and benevolence. But let not your sons or mine deceive themselves. This country, like all others, has been a theater of parties and feuds for near two hundred years."

Old John Adams knew whereof he spoke; he came of a contentious stock, had taken part in the quarrels of three generations, and when he extended the reign of "parties and feuds" back to the very beginnings of Colonial settlement he was not exaggerating in the least. We shall not begin to understand the American Revolution until we accept the fact that it was a long time in the making and arrived, finally, not as a grand outburst of heroic passion but rather as the culmination of a dogged quarrel in which religious bigotry, economic interest, class hatred, military ineptitude, political bungling and artful propaganda all played their parts.



On Tueſday Night the 18th Inſtant, as ſecretly as poſſible, General Gage Draughted out about 1000 or 1200 of his beſt Troops, which he embarked on a Tranſport, and Landed that Night at Cambridge.---Wedneſday Morning by Day break they Marched up to Lexington, where before Breakfaſt, as uſual, about 30 of the Inhabitants were practiſing the Manual Exerciſe.---Upon theſe without the leaſt Provocation, they Fired about 15 Minutes, Killed ſix Men, and Wounded ſeveral, without a ſingle Shot from our Men, who Retreated as faſt as poſſible. ---Hence they proceeded to Concord; on the Road thither, they Fired at, and Killed, a Man on Horſeback,---went to the Houſe where Mr. Hancock lodged, who, with Mr. Samuel Adams, luckily got out of their Way, by the Means of a ſecret and ſpeedy Intelligence.---The Houſe was Searched for them, but when they could not be found, the inhuman Soldiery Killed the Woman of the Houſe and all the Children, and ſet Fire to the Houſe. Mr. Paul Revere was Miſſing when the Expreſs came away. In their way to Concord, the Regulars Fired at and Killed Hogs, Geeſe, Cattle and every thing that came in their way, and burnt ſeveral Houſes.

When they came to Concord they took Poſſeſſi[on] of the

An account of the Battle of Lexington and Concord which appeared in the New York Gazette for May 1, 1775, which includes mention of the escape of Samuel Adams and John Hancock. The Gazette was a Tory organ, but was liberal enough to print this decidedly pro-Colonial version of the fight

The ancestors of the men who "fired the shot heard round the world" at Concord, on April 19, 1775, all came to the new world as Dissenters. Almost no immigrants arrived between 1640 and the close of the Revolution. The original settlers thought of themselves as religious dissenters seeking relief from persecution, but church and state were joined in the land of their origin, so that fundamentally they were political as well as religious dissenters. They brought revolt with them as surely as they brought seeds and weapons. Moreover, the stronger of the two colonies, that of the Puritans around Massachusetts Bay, immediately set out to govern itself as a theocracy, with the avowed purpose of setting up a "City of God inhabited by His Saints." But the tradition of dissent was too strong for unity of belief to maintain itself. Rhode Island was founded by religious dissenters and Connecticut by political dissenters from the Massachusetts Bay colony. The former sought religious liberty, the latter relief from a political system in which the ballot was restricted to church members. Yet it, in turn, established strict property qualifications for the ballot.

Sprung from such roots, the New Englanders were foreordained to quarrel with authority an ocean away. They began to struggle against the Crown shortly after they landed, and with a few respites kept it up until the Revolution. One of these respites occurred, naturally, from the beheading of Charles I to the restoration of Charles II, when their sect held authority in England. Other respites, less pronounced, appeared when the British and Colonials joined in fighting the French, but these harmonies were somewhat jarred by the fact that some colonists continued to trade illicitly with the French while the rest were fighting them.

The "Saints of the City of God" fathered keen and adventurous traders, none too scrupulous. Rum, fish and slaves were the leading commodities carried by their vessels. Parliament, it is true, thought of the colonies chiefly in terms of trade; but the vigor, sometimes amounting to ferocity, with which the Colonial merchants defended their profits against the excise-man can be matched only by that displayed by modern bootleggers. Estimable citizens reveled in smuggling. Goods were brought in duty free by bribery and forgery of documents amid the silent conspiracies of whole communities. And the frontiersmen of the outlying towns cut government timber—the King's woods set aside for naval use—just as zealously as the merchants smuggled. Neither of these great groups of colonists acted as if the British Navy were of any use to the colonies, whereas the truth is that it convoyed their merchantmen and safeguarded all their trade, including that in arms and axes.

Washington, in his day, met and grieved over this New England parsimony and lack of public spirit. In Volume III of his Writings may be found this heart-cry of a Virginia gentleman mired in New England thrift:

"Notwithstanding all the public virtue which is ascribed (to New Englanders) there is no nation under the sun (that I ever came across) pay greater adoration to money than they do. . . . Such a dearth of public spirit, and want of virtue, such stock-jobbing and fertility in all the low arts to obtain advantage of one kind and another . . . I never saw before, and pray God I may never be witness to again. . . . Such a dirty, mercenary spirit pervades the whole, that I should not be surprised at any disaster that may happen."

Probably Hamilton wrote that and Washington merely signed it, but undeniably the New Englanders were a difficult people to handle, be the handler George III or George Washington. Yet if they had been merely quarrelsome and avaricious, and nothing more, they would not have conquered the wilderness as they did or have brought on the Revolution as they did. Their vices were but the reflex of their virtues. Mencken, with some truth, may call them "God-crazy," but no doubt the faith that God would confound their enemies sustained them at many points in their wrestle with Indians and the wilderness. Avarice is akin to thrift, without which they would have perished miserably in that niggardly environment of theirs. Looking back upon them it is easy to see the faults of these descendants of the "Saints" and to discount their virtues in the light of modern opulence and understanding. But we must bear in mind that America was not opulent then but dirt poor and vastly ignorant. Truly, what Hobbes said of life in

general was strictly true of life in colonial New England; it was indeed "short, brutish and nasty," and as such it nurtured a harsh, cantankerous, money-grubbing but able people. However, in passing judgment, let us remember that such shortcomings as they had may still be found, and not always coupled with ability.

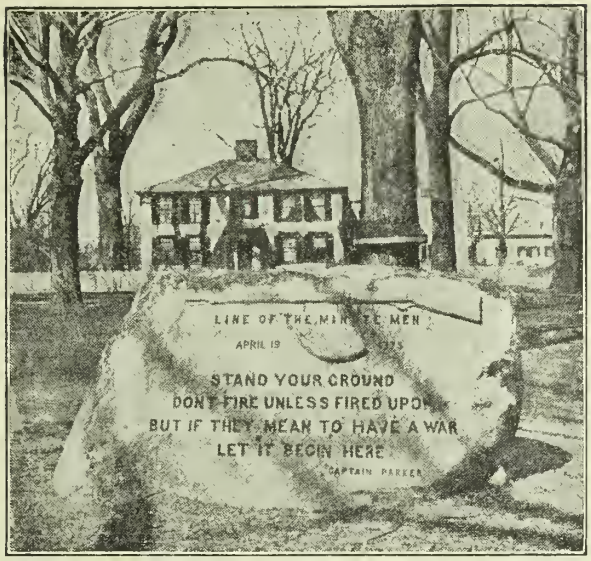
If there is anything in the history of men and nations that is undeniable it is this—the tap root of strife is money. Groups, factions, nations fight under this slogan or that, but the true goal is economic advantage. At the time the economic issue may not be clear to the actors in war's drama; but the power that is sought or defended through arms is the power to tax and the freedom that is sought or defended by arms is the power to do one's own taxing in one's own groupway. There are minor causations of war, of course; life is too complex to admit of one of its major activities being reduced to stark unity, but just as the big business of life is earning of a living, so the big business of fighting is safeguarding or improving that living.

The American Revolution was essentially an economic war, fought for the power to tax. At nearly every stage of the long struggle which led up to the outbreak of hostilities, the talk raged around trade, money, customs duties, salaries of officials and other practical matters. The doctrine of "natural rights" entered the scene late and chiefly as one more reason for doing what was wanted for less altruistic reasons. On the one side was an imperial government which, far from taking a just pride in the rapid progress of the colonies in wealth and population, looked upon them primarily as markets for manufactured goods and sources of raw material. Britain was still under the sway of the mercantile theory, and she was still green at running far-flung possessions dumped in her lap by the conquests and discoveries of the preceding century. On the hither shore stood a resourceful, gainful people, alert to the main chance, who, even when the milking process hurt them very little, resisted by evasion, by boycott, and finally by war.

The "ifs" of history are stimulating if nothing more. Probably the Revolution would have petered out except for Washington; probably it would not have happened at all if Adam Smith had killed the Mercantile Theory ten years earlier than he did with the publication of his "Wealth of Nations" in 1776. Those are interesting speculations. But the Revolution, obviously, could not happen until after France had been driven out of the St. Lawrence and Ohio valleys. As long as France held the frontiers the colonists needed England; after the fall of Quebec and the peace of 1763, England was no longer necessary.

Moreover, there was the war debt to consider. Ousting the French from America had cost Great Britain more than $400,000,000, of which nearly $300,000,000 had been added to the national debt. The exchequer was hard up and naturally enough sought to raise more money from Colonial trade. Parliament tinkered with customs duties, thereby rousing the Colonial merchants, and then it applied the Stamp Act, which aroused the common people.

It is a gross error to imagine that all Americans of the Colonial era were united in opposing Great Britain. As James Truslow Adams so well sets forth in his "Revolutionary New England," there was a good bit of what we have learned to call social revolution in our colonial progress toward nationalism. The poor men of the frontier complained bitterly of the exploitation they suffered at the hands of the bankers and merchants of the seaboard towns, many of whom had close financial connections with England. But



Boulder in memory of the Minute Men on Lexington Common inscribed with Captain Parker's famous declaration

The retreat of the British from Concord, from an early print

the frontier is a state of mind as well as a place, and the artisans and laborers of the towns sympathized with the frontiersmen rather than with the colonial traders and capitalists. Only when their pocketbooks were touched by shipping restrictions and customs tolls did the latter, as a class, join in anti-English propaganda in a large way. And then they usually were quick to repent having given aid and comfort to the popular cause, the adherents of which were prone to celebrate such alliances with riotous destruction of property.

In the cities mechanics filled the ranks of the Sons of Liberty, and that organization acted too often as a "trained mob" to awaken much enthusiasm among men of property. Indeed, proletarian feeling against the rich often rose high enough to suggest that if the American Revolution had been immediately successful, its anti-property impetus would have carried it some distance toward the complete confiscation of large fortunes, but a long war so disciplined the people and inured them to the leadership of practical men that such danger was avoided, though not without difficulty even after seven years of conflict.

As it was, the confiscating spirit spent itself on the possessions of the Loyalists. They had remained true to the King and they paid the price. Many returned to England; others went or were banished to Nova Scotia, and of these a large number eventually settled on lands assigned to them in Ontario. There, as the United Empire Loyalists, they formed the backbone of imperial support in Canada. How many Loyalists there were in the Colonies cannot be accurately determined; one authority says that more Colonials fought for the King in that struggle than for independence. John Adams relates that in Boston, the hotbed of revolt, the last decisions of the town meeting, taken at a time of fever heat, carried only by a margin of three to two.

On the eve of the struggle American society seems to have been divided into three great groups. At one extreme were the neck-or-nothing revolutionists, a minority with nothing much to lose but their lives. They were well prepared and organized. At the other extreme were the Loyalists, certainly more numerous than the ardent revo-

(Continued on page 13)

He Saw Them Fire "*the* Shot Heard Round *the* World"

By FREDERICK PALMER

I HAVE read the histories and documents; I have been over the ground.

As I read living figures rose from the pages; I saw the red-faced ramrod British regulars marching in the dead of night toward Concord, and I saw the gaunt, gray-faced Minute Men in their brown homespun take their muskets and hurry out into the moonlight in answer to the alarm.

As I went over the ground, populous villages of today became sparse Colonial settlements, and scattered Colonial farmhouses replaced the comfortable homes of Boston commuters; I heard Major Pitcairn's cry "Disperse, you damned rebels!" and the crash of a British volley, and saw puffs of black smoke from behind bushes and stone walls.

The suspense of that famous day, April 19, 1775, was mine. I did not know how the war that was started that day was going to end. I only knew that it had begun.

"All hell can't stop it now," as Ezra Taber said.

Who is Ezra? I have created him in order that you may see the battle through his eyes instead of read about it. His home was in Concord; he had been in Boston the day before the British marched out. It was his luck to see more of the fighting than any other Minute Man, partly because he had a horse.

His account is kept true to the historical facts; it has the greater truth of being human and soldierly. I have chosen that his language should not be that of his time but ours, as, fresh from the field, the morning after, he tells his story to his family and the neighbors gathered at the Taber home to get it all straight.

With face powder smudged, clothes torn and mud-caked, a flesh wound of the arm bandaged in lint and strips of bed linen, he seemed to his father and mother, especially his mother, a different Ezra from the one who had been doing the spring ploughing yesterday. He had been ploughing a furrow in new soil for a mighty seeding. From the partisan of a cause who went to his weekly drill he had become the soldier of a cause. He had seen bloodshed. There was a glitter in his eye. He was fondling his musket as he began:

"In Boston the redcoats were thick as fleas. Old Gage had more reinforcements which the King had sent to overawe us. Some of the officers were talking big. They'd been in European wars and 'd make short work of the 'damned peasant rebels.' Called us peasants! Peasants! We showed 'em yesterday, the——"

"Ez!" exclaimed his mother. "I never expected to live to hear a son of mine swear!"

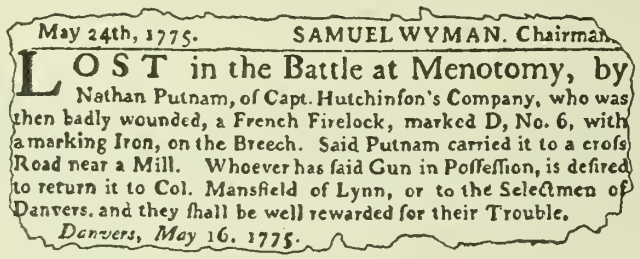
"Ma," Ezra replied, "tain't like swearing when you come hand to hand with a British redcoat. It's what I call high-class praying.

"Well, other officers were pretty serious. They didn't want to fire on Englishmen. Old Gage, having failed in arguing us into submission, he was going to scare us into it, still hoping to avoid war. If we would let him ride over us, and then we'd touch our forelocks to him, peasant fashion, he would forgive us provided we paid all the taxes the King laid on us. There were rumors he was preparing a surprise party for us. He'd heard we had ninety barrels of powder and some old cannon at Concord. Sent out spies to find where they were located."

There Ezra's father cut in.

"Didn't old Gage ever hear of the Provincial Assembly?" he asked. "Didn't the Assembly appropriate money to arm us and didn't we elect the Assembly? We put our hard-earned shillings into that powder. And ma and me sitting up nights to make bullets. Did old Gage think we'd give up that powder till he give us our rights? What did he think all the Minute Men had been drilling for? And in the open, too?"

"Yes," said Ezra. "He had warning enough of what would happen, and it did happen yesterday. And surprise was his game, as I said, slipping his men across in the early hours of the night and marching fast to Concord to get the stores before the Minute Men


May 24th, 1775. SAMUEL WYMAN. Chairman.

LOST in the Battle at Menotomy, by Nathan Putnam, of Capt. Hutchinson's Company, who was then badly wounded, a French Firelock, marked D, No. 6, with a marking Iron, on the Breech. Said Putnam carried it to a croſs Road near a Mill. Whoever has ſaid Gun in Poſſeſſion, is deſired to return it to Col. Mansfield of Lynn, or to the Seleƈtmen of Danvers, and they ſhall be well rewarded for their Trouble.

Danvers, May 16. 1775.

Nowadays a soldier wouldn't advertise in his home-town paper if he lost his rifle in action, as this veteran of the fighting at Menotomy, during the British retreat from Lexington and Concord, did in the New England Chronicle of Boston. But it was stern war for all that

could get together. Planned to capture Sam Adams and John Hancock, too. Thought if he got the ringleaders and the stores, too, we'd wilt. Sam and John are good talkers, but I guess if Gage had got 'em we'd not run short of talkers."

"Those two godly men!" exclaimed his mother. "Why, they've done everything!"

"Yes," said Ezra, "but we are past words. This counts now."

He patted his musket.

"And Paul Revere spoiled the surprise party," Ezra went on. "As I heard it he was ready waiting for the lights in the church tower to tell which way the British were coming—then he rode hell for leather."

. . . . The poem does not mention William Dawes who also rode to give the alarm. Dawes does not rhyme with "Listen and you shall hear," so we listen in literature only to the hoofbeats of Paul's steed, and William is left out. William had previously injured his arm in trying to filch a cannon from the British. If there had been Distinguished Service Crosses in those days, Paul would have had his at once, and William would have had one after the Board had heard all the evidence. . . . .

"Well," Ezra went on, "I spent the night with Cousin Zachariah off the main road and about three miles from Lexington. 'Long about midnight we were waked by some fellow who probably had the word from Revere, pounding on the door and shouting, 'The British are coming!' There I was, eight miles from Concord where my musket was, but I had my horse. When I went out of doors lights from farm houses were breaking out in all directions. I guess the redcoats knew by that time they hadn't surprised us much. When I saw how far apart the lights were, and thought how long it would take us Minute Men to get together, it occurred to me that old Gage had a pretty smart plan."

"My, but you do crack up that old tyrant of a Gage," said his mother. "I don't understand."

"I've got no illusion, mother," said Ezra. "It's British regulars we're fighting. When you've got a job on hand, it's best to know if it's a stiff job. Well, I rode down toward the Lexington road, but stopped when I saw horsemen on the road. Mounted British scouts they were. So I fell back and got under the shadow of a tree. Then came the flankers on foot on either side of the road, and behind them a solid column of redcoats. A thousand of 'em, I guess."

. . . . About seven hundred, Ezra. Some historians make a few more and some a few less. The point is, we will agree, the kind of reception they got. . . . .

"Their bayonets and accoutrements glistened in the moonlight. I could hear their tramp, tramp so regular. I rode across the fields until I was ahead of 'em and then turned into Lexington Common. There the men of Captain John Parker's Lexington company who had arrived were lounging about Buckman's tavern, waiting for whatever might happen.

"Some of 'em who'd had a hard day at the plough had fallen asleep. Among the others all kinds of talk was going on as they ate up all the cold grub in the Tavern and those that wanted it took rum. Some thought they'd been summoned on a false alarm. They argued this because the scouts they had sent out had not come back. Good reason why—the redcoats had gobbled 'em. Some were for marching to Concord and not firing unless the British tried to take the stores. Others said this was the Minute Man's country and they'd shoot a British redcoat on sight just as soon as they'd shoot a burglar. One old fellow, Jonas Parker—I'll not forget him—said he'd stay right there fighting as long as he had a breath of life left in him.

The British regulars firing into the ranks of the Minute Men at Concord Bridge, from an old print

"Captain Parker was listening to the talk, and thinking hard. It was for him to make the decision. He didn't want to start the war, but to leave that to the British.

"Then, just as it was getting broad daylight, a man came running in to say that the British were near. No more talk. Every man grabbed his musket. All turned to Captain Parker. He hesitated an instant. Then he hurried his men together and lined 'em up on the road just as the British appeared. You could see they had us ten to one.

"As I had no musket, I stood off to one side of the tavern with hand on pommel ready to mount, watching. It all happened so quick—all over in a few minutes."

. . . . Historians have scanned documents and written countless pages in the intervening one hundred and fifty

(Continued on page 15)

Why *the* Legion Seeks *a* Home *for* Every Homeless Child

By MARK T. McKEE

Chairman, National Child Welfare Committee, The American Legion

TO arrive at a complete understanding of the human side of the Legion's child welfare problem, let's bring it right home to you. Let's suppose that you are about the average ex-service man, with a wife and a couple of fairly small children, with an income which you earn entirely by your personal efforts, and with comparatively little money or insurance put away against a rainy day. And, just to make your situation conform to that of a great many ex-service men with whose families we come in contact, let's assume that neither you nor your wife has any relatives who would be willing or able to help support your family if you should die.

Now let's make the unpleasant assumption that an old wound begins to make complications, or the after-effects of the French climate bring on tuberculosis—and, after an illness which uses up all of your little savings, you die.

What becomes of your family?

Right there is the crux of the child welfare problem of the Legion. If you haven't left an income to support the youngsters, and if your wife is not able to do the almost impossible job of looking after the needs of small children and at the same time earning a living for all three, then something is almost bound to smash. It's an unpleasant thought, but true. Just about the only hope for the family lies in what The American Legion may be able to do.

The American Legion's Child Welfare Service exists for the sole purpose of bettering the conditions of orphans —or half-orphans—of men who served in the World War. Often the half-orphan presents as acute a problem as the child who has lost both his parents.

After all, the mature man or woman realizes that the only way we have to make life worth while is to make the world a better place for our own children—or, if we haven't any, then for other people's children. As we can raise the standards of the children, whether standards of health or of intelligence or of morality, then by just so much can we make this a better world and a better America a few years hence.

Helping the children is the most fundamental thing to be done for the good of America. The Legion, with its interest in a better America, wants to help all children. But because we cannot possibly extend our efforts in any degree of intensity over the whole field of child welfare, we have naturally chosen to do what we can for the orphans of our comrades in the service.

IT is a program close to any Legionnaire's heart, if he pauses to give it a moment's thought. As Commander Drain said in his recent article in the Weekly, "I see no reason why a child should suffer because its father gave his life in defending his country."

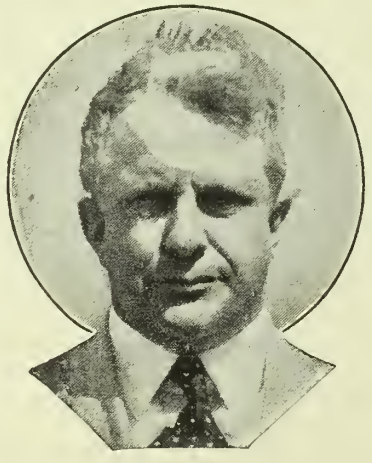
Nor can anyone else see such a reason. It is a common-sense point of humanity; if anything, that child is entitled to better material surroundings than ever the father could have given him, in part to make up for the less tangible loss which the child has suffered by the parent's death. And the Legion's Child Welfare Service is doing what it can to obtain for the orphan of a service man the very best home conditions possible.

Take an example which recently came up in a middle western city. A man who had been a captain of a machine-gun company—he saw pretty nearly the maximum of active service —got into serious difficulties through passing a bad check. He was arrested and pleaded guilty. The court was about to pass a heavy sentence, for it was his second offense.

Someone got in touch with the local Legion. The service officer sent down to the court and asked that sentence be not passed until the man could have a mental examination. It seemed to the Legion worker that if a man of obviously the high character this man had was passing bad checks, then something must be wrong with his head.

So the man was sent to an institution for observation by experts in mental troubles. They reported back, quickly enough, that the man had pronounced symptoms of mental affliction. He was not, as it happened, responsible for his misdeeds. So the sentence was made a fine of one dollar, which the Legion paid. And the man went into a Veterans Bureau hospital for treatment which, the experts say, will return him to society a normal and self-respecting citizen in a few months or perhaps a year at most.

At the time of his arrest, the man had a wife and a fifteen-months-old baby. Within a week another child was born. The wife was a former army nurse, a woman of unusual ability. But she could do nothing to take



MY profound satisfaction in co-operating in the raising of The American Legion Endowment Fund, as a member of the Honorary Committee, arises out of the laudable purposes for which you are raising the fund. I am one of those who believe that the greatest happiness that can come to the human heart grows out of helping others—particularly the helpless. I feel sure that all who join in aiding the men disabled in the service of our country, and in helping in the Legion's child welfare work, will be more than repaid in the peace and contentment which true service to others always brings.

JAMES J. DAVIS.

The above endorsement of The American Legion's $5,000,000 Endowment Fund is from a letter written to National Commander Drain by the Secretary of Labor, who is also Director General of the Loyal Order of Moose. By raising this fund, to yield an estimated income of $225,000 a year, the Legion seeks to underwrite the complete fulfillment of the country's obligation to the disabled and the orphans of service men, and to guarantee a continuance of the Legion's efforts, without which no governmental provision can be wholly effective.

Proof that Mark T. McKee is an authority on child welfare: Mrs. McKee and the nine McKee children. In addition Mr. and Mrs. McKee are caring for two other children. Who says thirteen is an unlucky number?

care of the family's support; she was pretty thoroughly occupied in caring for the two babies.

The Legion stepped in and saw that she got a little financial help out of the pockets of post members to tide her over the first few weeks after the baby was born. Then it arranged for temporary care of the children under the supervision of the Auxiliary. Thus the mother was released from taking care of the children, and was able to accept regular cases as a registered nurse.

What does all of this mean in terms of the national good? Well, as a starter it means that an ex-service man was not sent to jail for an offense committed when he was not mentally responsible. Second, it means that this husband and father will be returned to his family, after a little while, ready to assume an occupation which will yield the family a good living, and which will not tempt him back into unlawful ways of earning a living.

What is more in the line of child welfare, that home is only temporarily broken. The mother wants to hold it together; so does the father, for even his dishonesty was due to his desire to feed and shelter the family.

Due to the relief work of the Legion, this family will come together again in perhaps a year, with a nest-egg saved by the mother from her earnings—for a nurse's pay is more than the woman will need to keep herself and the children. The father will resume work, the home will be re-established, and those children will have the privilege of growing up in a good American home which would have been wiped out if the Legion had not taken charge of the emergency situation.

WHAT I have described is an activity of the child welfare phase in an individual post and an individual state department. But this same sort of thing is being done all of the time all over the land. It is a safe guess—but because of lack of figures, only a guess—that there are several hundreds of little families being cared for by Legion posts and Auxiliary units right now under comparable conditions.

Yet the problem is nowhere near being taken care of. The figures of the Veterans Bureau show that today there are 35,000 children, orphans of service men. And 5,000 of these, one child in seven, are not receiving proper care and attention.

We get these children in the billets of the Legion. One of the billets, at Otter Lake, Michigan, has been operating for some little time now. The second, at Clarksboro, New Jersey, will open the latter part of this month. The third, at Independence, Kansas, will begin to function in the fall.

But if any human being of ordinary human sympathy—he doesn't have to have any Legion or service connection—can see the condition of the children who enter the billet, if he can see this without having to wipe his eyes, then I am badly mistaken. I confess that it moves me deeply every time I witness it. And I have been watching this sort of thing pretty regularly for a good many years.

The youngsters who come to us come, in general, from the depths of destitution. They have been living under conditions which point to the tremendous resistance inherent in the human body before you can kill it. They are dirty. Not infrequently they are afflicted with vermin. Almost without exception they are undernourished, half-starved, with faces pasty-white and thin. Many of them are suffering, as a result of the neglect into which the death of their parents has thrown them, from various physical defects. Bad tonsils and adenoids are particularly frequent, for example.

We take those kids in and scrub off the dirt. If they need it, we delouse them. We correct the defects, if we can—we take out their infected tonsils, remove the adenoids if need be, and

(Continued on page 18)

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 Campaign for The American Legion Endowment

V. A Home for Every Homeless Orphan of a Veteran

WHAT shall be the fate of the child whose father was lost to him fighting for his country?

Does any American question the rightness of giving that child as good a chance in life as he would have were his father alive today? Will any American consent that any such child shall be allowed to grow up impoverished, unloved and neglected, uneducated and ill cared for, to curse the sacrifice that his father made?

It is almost an insult to ask such questions.

But what has been done to insure for our war orphans the inalienable heritage of any American child? Very little has been done, to tell the truth.

The American Legion has pledged itself to find a home for every homeless orphan of a veteran—a home where health, education, affection and character building shall displace disease, want, ignorance and the easy path which leads to lives of vice and crime.

The American Legion has taken this pledge, and finds that to fulfill it will impose financial responsibilities which are beyond the means of the Legion to sustain. The Legion, therefore, has gone before the public asking its assistance in the creation of an Endowment or trust fund of $5,000,000, the interest only from which will be expended. The earnings of this fund, some $225,000 annually, will comprise the public's cash guarantee that the Legion's work for the rehabilitation of disabled soldiers and the care of soldiers' orphans will not flag. The rehabilitation of the veterans themselves has been discussed in other editorials. This editorial will confine itself to the orphans.

There are thirty-five thousand of them, and of this number five thousand are in dire need at this very moment. The Legion employs the term "orphan" in a broad sense. It understands that term to include children both of whose parents may be living, if the parents, through illness, poverty or other circumstances, are unable to give their children the care and upbringing which an American child ought to have. The Legion's carefully thought out program may be given briefly thus:

1. Preserve the integrity of the natural home wherever possible. Where illness, poverty or other misfortunes bear too heavily on the little ones, try to relieve that situation and hold the home together. It may be a case where the father is ill in a government hospital and the mother is unable to make ends meet on the slender compensation she receives. It may be a case where the mother is dead or the parents are separated. Things may look black for the moment, but the Legion's agents will consider the future, and if there is a chance of re-establishing the natural home this will be done. Direct assistance may be extended to keep the home together. The children may be withdrawn, under Legion care, for the time being and restored later when the family fortunes have mended.

2. Where both parents are dead or the home is irrevocably broken up, the Legion will take the children in charge and care for them until they can be legally adopted into suitable American homes, where they will be loved and cared for by foster parents who will regard them as their own.

3. While children are under the temporary care of the Legion they will be kept in what the Legion calls "billets", which will be as nearly like normal homes as possible. One such billet, at Otter Lake, Michigan, is in operation now. Another will be opened soon at Clarksboro, New Jersey. Others are being constructed in Kansas and in Tennessee. Children go there until they can be restored to their own homes or until other homes can be found for them.

In finding foster parents the Legion favors Legion members and ex-service men, but this is not a rule. The Legion makes the most careful inquiries into the financial and moral standing of all such applicants before it approves their request to adopt a Legion child. The child of misfortune, who never had half a chance, in every case goes into a home which is up to or above the national standard.

This work has only been fairly begun. For three years the Legion has been planning it out, but has been unable to put its plans into execution because it lacked the money to do so. The Legion's appeal, with its needs, stated always in the most moderate terms, has gone to the heart of America. It has quickened sparks of emotion, touched patriotic impulses in a way which recalls the brave days of '17 and '18. America has not forgotten those who gave health and strength and life itself in their country's service. It has not forgotten their neglected little children. It accepts The American Legion as its chosen servant and agent in the task of remembrance.

Take Off the Blinders

MOST persons will admit that political developments of recent years reveal the glaring shortcomings of our citizenship. It is hopeful, however, that a new spirit of inquiry has been aroused. People are asking how American boys and girls may be better fitted to face the complicated problems of politics and civic affairs.

One possible path to improvement proceeds from the discovery that in only six States—Arkansas, Nevada, Ohio, Oklahoma, Tennessee and Washington—is the teaching of United States history required by state law.

Especially startling is the fact, revealed by the United States Bureau of Education, that, while 1,693,928 boys and girls in American high schools study English, only 329,565 students in those high schools study American history.

Certainly these facts reveal the need of immediate legislation in most States to provide the citizens of tomorrow with the knowledge of their country's political growth and development which they must have if they are to deal intelligently with the problems they will face when they reach voting age. The makers of future American history must not be permitted to advance to their task blindfolded.

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An Iowa woman recently married a burglar so that she would have someone to get the olives out of the bottle at her dinner parties.

❖ ❖ ❖

Athletic circles are agog over the report that a North Dakota man made the distance from the bedroom to the bathroom in a pair of Chinese Christmas gift slippers without throwing either one.

❖ ❖ ❖

The Eastern railroad that installed dictionaries for the convenience of cross-word puzzle fans might have made more lasting friends by equipping all cars with burglar jimmies for use in raising the windows.

❖ ❖ ❖

For the information of any anxious readers it may be said that the green and yellow colored bottles that used to stand in the drug store windows have been removed to make room for the grocery and hardware departments.

A PERSONAL PAGE *by* Frederick Palmer

When wonders are coming so fast that we only ask "What next?" stop and think a minute of this one. Radio fans in America have heard the ticking of Big Ben, the clock of the Parliament Tower in London, although a Londoner in the street underneath it cannot hear it.

Stop and Think

Soon all the world will be in the sound of one human voice. All the races can talk together from their home firesides. This ought to make humanity feel more humanly akin, promote understanding among the peoples and prevent war.

Will it? We had the same hope of the printing press, which was the wonder of its time; the same of the telegraph, telephone and ocean cable, which were the wonders of their time.

They gave us prompt news of the World War. Will the radio give us still prompter news of a still greater war? Will the people at home tune in to hear the thunder of artillery, the scream of shells and the crash of their explosions, and the whirr of machine guns after the word that a great battle has begun thousands of miles away? Perhaps hear even the groans of soldiers insane from the agony of their wounds? Perhaps, too, the radio will also carry pictures to accompany the roar of conflict, showing the dead on the field and all the realities which only those who do the fighting know at first hand.

Thank you, L. J. M., "ex-buck, Batt. D, Fifth F. A., First Division", as you sign yourself. You write from St. Mary's Hospital in Duluth. There you are flat on your back from "a few souvenirs received in the late embroglio", as you have been all these seven years, while the rest of us have been getting cross and bored at intervals, although we were well and on our feet. But, good gosh, as you say, your spirit is not on its back. The corners of your mouth are turned up and you have laughter in your heart.

Flat on His Back, But—

You tease me by saying that I gave you a set-back by my conception that future New Yorkers would be born with tendrils. You want to know if I am really "that way"; but having seen no further aberrations in later pages you conclude that your fears were groundless and you are feeling better as a result.

If you can be cheerful, after having been flat on your back for seven years, I am a poor fish if I cannot be cheerful this morning. And, Commander Drain, just what proportion of five million dollars do you consider L. J. M.'s cheer, our sympathy for him and our gratitude over having escaped his hard luck, to be worth?

We always admire the man who believes in a thing and works for it in the vigor and fullness of faith. When a large body of men have a common conviction and work for it great causes are won. Veterans of all shades of opinion about other subjects are agreed on the Endowment Fund. They have only to energize their conviction to win not just a nominal victory but a telling one.

When Conviction Counts

The Government no more can do the work which that fund will enable the Legion to do than the best meaning stranger can take the place of father and mother in the home. Good family care must come from within the family, where the life of the family is known and the misfortunes of its members understood. The income from the Endowment is to be used to care for the stricken members of the big veteran family.

Many States, including the richest, are yet to go over the top. Keeping our spirits as high when we are on our feet as L. J. M. keeps his when he is flat on his back, and putting all our conviction into the drive, will assure the full quota.

With a fleet of one hundred and twenty vessels the Navy is forth on the Pacific, in the greatest war game we have ever held, to attack Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, the one big harbor between our Pacific Coast and Asia. Anyone who served under Major General Edward M. Lewis in the 30th Division in France will know that as the commander of the coast artillery and fifteen thousand soldiers in Hawaii he will not be caught napping.

Mimic But Important

He means that the Marines with the fleet shall remain on board. If the Navy can protect their successful landing, that is not saying that all the honors are with the Navy, but that Hawaii is insufficiently protected against a powerful foreign fleet.

Anyway, weaknesses in offense and defense will be shown up. Both Army and Navy will be on their toes straining every nerve as in real warfare.

Hawaii we must hold. It is the key to the Pacific. Lose it and our first line of defense becomes the Pacific Coast.

They have been at it again! The same kind of maudlin, mouldy-minded slushy sentimentalists who made heroes of Loeb and Leopold have been making a hero of Gerald Chapman. Women of a type are most frequently victims of this mania. Anything "romantic", different and degenerate appeals to them.

Nothing But Slush

Chapman's beautiful hands, his immobile classic face, his soft voice, his pale pleading eyes! And he is so brave! And so on with the slush!

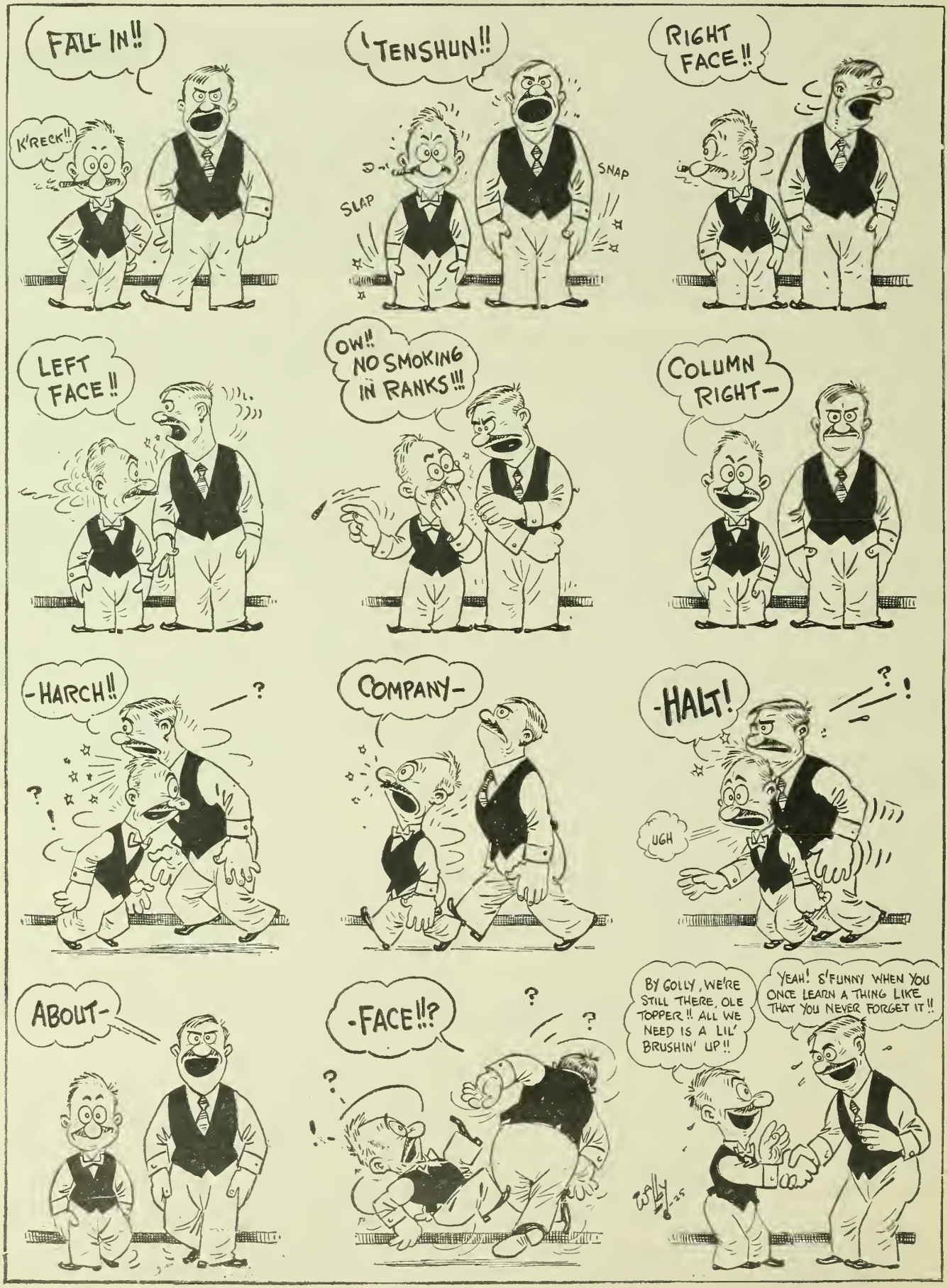
If Chapman is to be a hero then Sanford Brown, Jr., Post of Kansas City, as told in a recent number of the Weekly, should not have set Legionnaire Joseph D. Felty, ex-mail clerk, up in business, but sought out for their attention the bandit whose bullet grazed Felty's spinal cord and left him paralyzed from the hips down when he was doing his duty as a mail clerk.

There is a prospect that we shall have a regular service of passenger carrying planes between Boston and St. Paul this summer. We invented the plane, but we have let Europe lead us in air travel as a regular thing. If we want to hold our own in military aircraft we must become a flying people. Europe subsidizes commercial planes. We do not. Let us hope that private enterprise may succeed without subsidies. Why should an American business man to whom time is valuable think more of flying from New York to Chicago than a British business man from London to Paris? It is another case of "get the habit".

Let Us Hope So

The Drill Team

By Wallgren



The Making *of the* Revolution

(Continued from page 6)

lutionists, but not nearly as energetic or cohesive. Between these stood, as always, the patient, hopeful, pacific public, anxious to avoid war, sentimentally attached to England and puzzled by the issues and the exhorters. Most of them went revolutionary after the fighting began. Outside of the garrison towns anyone who did not give the Revolution at least lip service soon had the mob at his heels.

No picture of pre-Revolutionary America would be complete without reference to mob rule. At times, as in opposing the Stamp Tax, mobs blocked completely the channels of public order. At other times they looted and burned the property of their political foes. Thirty serious cases of mob violence, mostly directed against prominent persons, were reported to the Provincial Congress at Watertown. In the rural districts all those phenomena appeared which the present generation has learned to associate with night-riding and tar and feather parties, barn burnings and floggings, public promises obtained from dissenters by a threatening rabble. Under such conditions it is obvious that many moderates simply went with the crowd, not daring to express their inner convictions. That many of these mob demonstrations were systematically planned and carried out is certain, though no doubt others were random outbursts of popular feeling.

However, all these elements which I have briefly touched upon merely made it possible for the Revolution to happen; what made it inevitable and successful was organization. Revolutions, it has been said, may be divided into two categories—those that succeed and those that fail. The latter are sharp explosions of feeling, like those in which Wat Tyler and Andreas Hofer figured, against whom established authority triumphed. The path of history is paved thick with the bones of such martyrs. But the great revolutions of history, those which still occupy the mind of man generations later, are those that succeed. It is idle to speculate whether they are great because they succeeded, or whether they succeeded because they were innately great movements. The point to be considered here is that a revolution, like any other social activity, must be organized in order to win against the established order. It must have the continuing service of able minds, it must have groups of devotees at strategic places and communication between them, it must have money and it must put over propaganda.

The American Revolution depended on these factors for success just as the French Revolution and the two Russian revolutions (those of 1917 and 1918) depended upon them. The Jacobin Clubs of Paris and the Caucus Club of Boston were akin in purpose if not in method. Samuel Adams of the latter may justly be called the Father of the Revolution. From 1758 onward he deliberately worked for revolution. He manipulated the Boston Town Meeting almost as he pleased, and in addition he made it his business to know every rising man and warn him "against the hostile demands of Great Britain." In

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this way he got hold of James Otis and John Hancock; the first brought to the cause oratorical ability, the second, money. Adams himself was a master hand with the press, possessing the born propagandist's knack for playing upon the feelings of his readers by exaggerated statements, as well as the opportunist's instinct for seizing every chance to inflame popular feeling.

A choice example of Samuel Adams's gifts in both directions is to be found in an article which he wrote to the Boston Gazette in 1768. For years there had been talk of establishing bishops of the Church of England in the colonies, and a revival of that discussion brought forth this from Samuel:

"—so little attention is given to the danger we are in, of the utter loss of those religious rights, the enjoyment of which our good forefathers had more especially in their intention, when they explored and settled this new world. . . To say the truth, I have from long observation been apprehensive, that what we have above everything else to fear, is POPERY."

This is propaganda at its basest. The Roman Catholic question was not, properly, in issue at all; the adherents of that faith in all New England were too few to support a bishop and there was not the slightest chance of one being installed. If any bishops were to come to New England then, they would be not Roman Catholic bishops but Church of England bishops. Samuel Adams knew this, but he also knew that he could rouse his audience more by shouting "No Popery" than he could by sticking to the facts of the case.

Probably Adams believed most of the other absurdities he wrote, but that is no reason for our accepting them at face value after a hundred and fifty years of progress in psychology. His sweeping accusations, his habit of stretching words out of their proper meaning, his dire prophecies of the evils to come if his prescription for American welfare were not swallowed entire, do not carry credence today. If his cause had failed, Adams's reputation today would be low indeed. The word "slavery," for instance, dripped often from his pen. America was always just on the point of being enslaved. To him a duty on rum always looked like a ball and chain for every able-bodied man in the Colonies. As a matter of fact Great Britain through 150 years had made no effort to coerce the American colonists by force of arms; life was freer here than anywhere on the planet; old England ran fewer slave ships than New England, and Britain decreed the abolition of Negro slavery in her sugar islands long before we were ready to do so in the United States.

Samuel Adams, as we can now appreciate, was simply rationalizing his desires when he thought out and put to paper these tremendous blasts of his. He wanted independence, he had no need of any King, he was a visionary who had never made any money and who felt no kinship with the merchant class, and he had drunk deep of the "natural rights" philosophy. A radical then, he would be a radical now. But he was probably a keener man than any living American radical; at any rate Adams occasionally managed to bring the merchants into his revolutionary orbit and had the Merchants Club of Boston working in harmony with his Caucus Club and the Sons of Liberty.

While much Revolutionary propaganda was of the open variety and consisted of agitation for "the rights of Englishmen," there was also plenty of under-cover work. Adams was a voluminous letter writer; through the mails he sowed the seed of revolution in the outlying towns and on the frontier. His correspondence campaign was regularized, from the patriotic standpoint, in 1772, when the Massachusetts towns organized Committees of Correspondence. Thereafter these committees, under Adams's urging; acquired more and more influence. They dominated the town meetings, terrorized Loyalists, gathered arms and ammunition, organized the Minute Men companies, converted the militia, and set up a rude law and order of their own, even collecting taxes. How far they went in pushing their cause will never be known precisely: as the whole thing was a conspiracy, necessarily many documents were destroyed to safeguard individuals and maintain secrecy. The organizing ability of the New Englanders never showed to better advantage than in this transition, in which a determined minority shelved the King's authority and arranged for home rule.

From the British standpoint, from the legalistic standpoint, this was revolution long in advance of the fact. Indeed, one of Samuel Adams's many concerns, toward the end of his long agitation, was lest the Revolution should break too soon, before the British had been sufficiently discredited in all the colonies to make the outcome assured. Lenine had the same fear later with regard to Russia. Adams also desired, naturally, to have the break come, or seem to come, from British aggression. Consequently, scant attention was paid to the attack which a local committee organized against Fort William and Mary in New Hampshire, where, in spite of a determined resistance by the small garrison, the fort was captured, on December 13, 1774, and one hundred barrels of ammunition seized. This was four months before the Battle of Lexington and Concord, but the revolutionary chiefs passed it over lightly. Though New England might rise at a word, the other colonies were not yet ready to revolt, and some act of aggression was needed to bring them in. That explains the emphasis which accompanied the claim that the British fired first at Lexington.

On the day preceding that fatal morn Samuel Adams and John Hancock, then "on the run," left their shelter at Lexington for a safer spot. Hancock, on receiving the warning, began to prepare his weapons, but Mr. Adams is described as dissuading him from fighting, saying, "We are in the cabinet." Adams, indeed, was "the cabinet," and he did not intend to risk either his neck or his revolutionary movement just as the culmination of his labors approached. So the twain fled the main highway but remained within earshot of musketry. When the fateful rattle floated over the stony fields to them at dawn next morning, Samuel Adams rubbed his hands together and said, "Oh, what a glorious morn is this!"

So it was—for Adams! That burst of gunfire made him an historic per-

son at the same time that it fulfilled his long, long dream of independence for the colonies. Gage had walked into the trap, the country was roused, blood had been spilled; henceforth Britain and America must go separate ways. But at the same time, such is the verdict of history, that Lexington affair ended Samuel Adams's leadership. He had done his work, work for which he was as signally fitted by nature as he was unfitted for the less imaginative tasks of warfare and statecraft. He had launched the new ship of state on its stormy course, but others had to take the helm to bring it to haven. After making the Revolution, the highest he could rise under the new dispensation was to the governorship of Massachusetts. He never made the cabinet—actually!

It will always be a question whether New England obstinacy or British stupidity contributed the more to setting the stage for the American Revolution. But there can be no question that the American Revolution began when and where it did because a determined minority, led by the most astute political agitator in our history, organized the movement and put it over by a propaganda which, however ideal its motive, had the defects of all political propaganda. Samuel Adams—I hope this has not been said before—was so good a patriot that he was ready to sacrifice to his cause everything, even truth itself.

"*The* Shot Heard Round *the* World"

(Continued from page 7)

years as to whether British or Colonials fired the first shot. But all this is hair splitting on fragmentary information without knowing what passed in men's minds in those few minutes. The King would not yield; the Colonists would not yield. A train of powder had been laid. Fire was already spitting along it. The explosion was bound to come. It happened to come on Lexington Common. . . . .

"Ahead of the British column were Major Pitcairn and some mounted officers. There were the Lexington men in line, waiting. Some were just staring; the eyes of others were blazing. Fifty or sixty spectators were hanging around. The British swung out two platoons facing the Lexington men—not ten yards away.

"I heard Pitcairn cry, 'Lay down your arms and disperse, you damned rebels!' But Parker's men did not move. Then some of the British officers moved around the meeting house. I could see the idea was to surround the Lexington men and make 'em give up their muskets. But our boys would not do that—and just then there were shots. It was all so quick—shots from both sides before I realized it had begun. I heard a British officer command 'Fire!' and then all the redcoats who had not fired already blazed a volley into the Lexington men, who emptied their muskets. They had not time to reload before the British were on them with a yell, bayonets flashing."

. . . . It took about twenty seconds to reload a musket, which was about five feet three inches in length. If the British had had repeating rifles with which to follow up their advantage!—

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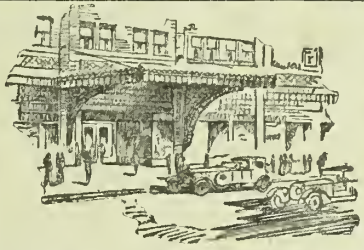

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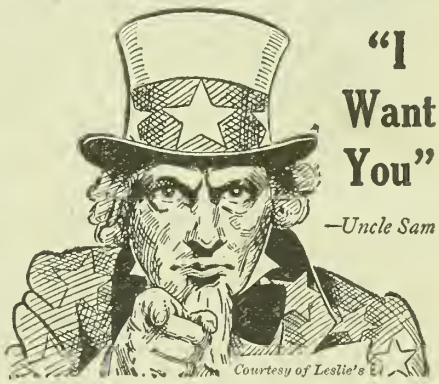

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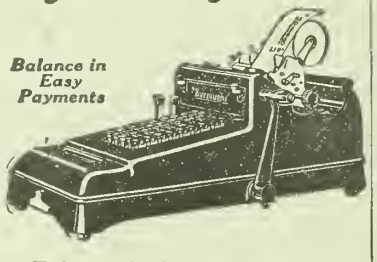

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but then the firing would not have begun at a ten-yard range in the open. . . .

"And I saw eight of our men lying there on the grass bleeding and dying after the volley."

"The murderers!" exclaimed Mrs. Taber.

"Yes, war murder, now," said Ezra grimly. "And we've got to murder back. God, if I had only had my musket I would have got one Britisher before I mounted."

"To avenge those dead!" cried Mrs. Taber. "I want you to go on fighting, my son." Such a change had come over her as had come over Ezra since yesterday. Her eyes, too, were glittering.

"And that old Jonas Parker who said he would die before he'd budge from Lexington Common! He was wounded and down, but he had his musket balls and his flints in his hat between his knees, making ready to keep up the fight as the others fell back by Captain Parker's order. I saw him bayoneted. Bullets whistled past me as I mounted. All I wanted was my musket and my place in my Concord company.

"The British had the main road and bridges guarded, but I beat across country, heavy as the going was. I came upon Colonel Barrett with the Concord men on the hill this side of town. I told them what I had seen. Even then the British were in sight. Some of the Concord men wanted to stand there, but Colonel Barrett was wise. He would fall back until more Minute Men had come up. Then I hurried home and got my musket."

"I'll never forget how you looked when you came in the door, Ez," said his mother. "All you said was, 'I'm wanted—it's now or lose our liberty forever,' and you were gone. Pa and I knelt right down and prayed for the Lord of Hosts to give us victory."

. . . . Upon entering Concord the British sent detachments to the North and South Bridges to cover their destruction of the stores in the town. North Bridge was the ticklish point. Six companies of light infantry were assigned this task, three being detached to search Colonel Barrett's farm for munitions supposed to be hidden there. Meanwhile, the Concord Minute Men had been withdrawn to Punktasset Hill on the other side of the North Bridge. . . . .

"I come up with my company on the hill," Ezra continued. "The Acton, Lincoln, Bedford and other companies and groups from other companies were on hand, too. Recruits from more distant places were arriving. I tell you it was good to be there with my musket among my comrades. All our drill together had a new meaning to me. The British were already arriving at the bridge, about three or four hundred yards away."

. . . . This was out of reach of the muskets of that day. Smoothbore, with no rear sights, their accurate range was about seventy-five yards and their killing range not more than a hundred. Volley firing was the rule. There were no less than ten orders in the British Army between the order to load and the order to fire. Three ranks fired, the front rank kneeling, and the third firing over the shoulders of the second. . . . .

"The leaders were in doubt just as Captain Parker was at Lexington. There was a kind of town meeting going on as there had been at the Buckman Tavern. They had not seen the eight dead on Lexington Common as I had. They hadn't the glitter in their eyes yet. They could not realize, though I tried to tell them so, that the war had begun. They waited on the British to begin it the second time. And there the British were, right at the bottom of the slope, packed close behind the bridge, some on the bridge and a few across it. They, too, didn't seem to know yet what to do. It was like two dogs growling at each other and looking for a hold.

"Then we saw smoke rising from the town. That put fire into our souls.

"'Men, will you stand and see Concord burned down?' some one called.

"That started us down the slope toward the bridge. Colonel Barrett, who was directing things from the top of the hill, called, 'Let 'em fire first!' Blanchard of Acton was ahead playing 'The White Cockade' on his flute. He looked as if he could lick all King George's men with his tootling. A parson with two pistols was beside me, and he was praying."

"Did you pray, too, Ez?" his mother asked.

"Ma, you're so particular," Ezra replied. "I don't remember whether it was praying or swearing. I guess I just had my teeth set and was doing both in my mind. Nobody cheered or shouted. It was very solemn. Every man knew that the next minute might be his last. No sound except Blanchard's fife.

"Major Buttrick of Concord and Captain Davis of Acton were the officers in the lead. We were on Buttrick's farm; he was defending his own soil.

"When the redcoats saw us coming they started back across the bridge, but left some men who started taking up the planks. Buttrick yelled to put down the planks. The fellows with planks dropped 'em and drew off the bridge. All the time we were toeing it off straight at 'em, not saying a word and not firing a shot. We must have been within seventy-five yards, close enough to make our shots count, when two or three British fired into the water, and one straight at us. Blanchard's tootling stopped. Just silence. He had been hit.

"Just one second's silence which was broken by the British volley! I saw Captain Davis, who was just raising his musket to fire, throw up his hands and drop dead.

"'Fire, for God's sake, men, fire!' yelled Major Buttrick, as he himself fired. Everybody in the front ranks fired—and we fired low, not too high, as the redcoats did. And the way our bullets smashed into 'em——"

. . . . The bullets of that time were round lead slugs, three quarters of an inch in diameter. Smash was the word. . . . .

"Yes, we 'peasant rebels' shot to kill in a way that demoralized the redcoats so their officers could not get 'em together for another volley. In fact, four out of eight officers were down. We hadn't just shot at the mass of red. We had shot at the officers. The redcoats went down the road in disorder. We took after 'em. Our fellows who had been in the rear and could not shoot for fear of hitting comrades in the front ranks hurried up beside the road to empty their muskets. The

redcoats from the bridge rallied to face us when reinforcements came up from the town. By this time I was so het up and most of the other Minute Men were, too, that we wanted to fight it out there and then.

"But our leaders drew us off to high ground. We lay there with our muskets cocked so close that I had a bead on more than one redcoat at twenty-five yards. Lots of the men were now sort of horrified at having shed blood. That parson was praying to God to forgive him for trying to kill his fellow men—but he had both pistols cocked. Our leaders were biding their time. I guessed they still hoped when old Gage told the King that we meant business we could get our rights without further fighting. I knew better."

. . . . Protected by the flanking parties at the bridges, the British detachment in Concord had the town all to itself except for some old men and women. . . . .

"They burned our gun carriage, but I guess we can build new ones for the next battle," Ezra went on. "I guess we'll recover the five hundred pounds of musket balls we threw into the river. We can grow more wheat to make flour in place of that that was destroyed. What made us all rage was that they had cut down our Liberty pole and taken our flag. They never found the muskets which Colonel Barrett had ploughed under the furrows on his farm or the bullets in barrels covered with feathers in the attic.

"Finally we saw the redcoats march out on to the Lexington road with their wounded in chaises. Then the pursuit began. The leaders could no longer hold us back. It was each Minute Man's own fight. He was stalking redcoats instead of deer. He had a shot from a stone wall or a bush along the road at the retreating British and then loaded and ran on for another.

"That was the kind of fighting that did not require army training and the kind that the regulars did not understand. How they hated it! How they cussed us guerrillas shooting them in the back. If they did not like our kind of fighting, all they had to do was to surrender. I had my horse, so I had the advantage of the Minute Men on foot. And yet I felt kind of sorry, at times, for those straggling redcoats on the road."

"Sorry for old Gage's murderers!" exclaimed his mother.

"Not so sorry that I didn't shoot straight, ma. It's pie for King George, living high with his mistresses, sending orders across the sea to wipe out the scurvy rebels, but not for his soldiers when they got the dose they got yesterday just for obeying orders. They'd got wet to the middle crossing the marshes and marched all night—pretty cold night, and a pretty raw windy day to follow—and after having done as much as twenty miles and having been licked they had yet all the way to Boston to go carrying their heavy rifles.

"Lots of 'em were so dead beat that they were about foundered, just dragging their feet along, and growling. I came up face to face with one out in flank as we both hove to the top of a rise in the woods and there we were, with the muzzles of our muskets poking into each other's faces.

"'Surrender, you tyrant's whelp!' I says.

"'I'm that tired, you bloody peasant dolt,' he says, 'that I'll surrender the 'ole British Harmy and you can 'ave your bloody psalm singing savage Puritan wilderness if you'll give me a slice of cold meat and a mug of ale and a place where I can sleep until Resurrection Day if I want to—you and your smuggling King 'Ancock. If you can't, shoot and be damned!'

"'Agreed, tyrant's whelp,' says I. I left him at a farm house where he got a cold snack."

"That woman who gave it to him must have been a sneaking Loyalist!" exclaimed his mother.

"No," Ezra replied. "She had to laugh after I explained that I hadn't had time to reload my musket when I come face to face with that Britisher."

. . . . Ezra, perhaps you know where the phrase "smart Yankee" originated. . . . .

"We'd have gobbled the whole first lot of redcoats," Ezra continued, "they were so dead beat, if Earl Percy hadn't come up with reinforcements. We'd have gobbled Percy, too, if we'd got between him and Boston. We've got to learn not to do it all by companies on the town meeting plan. We've got to make an army if we're going to fight the British Army."

. . . . A task which Colonel George Washington began when he took command at Cambridge. Washington had a high opinion of Colonel Ezra Taber at the end of the war. Quite a difference between the Minute Men of '75 and the veterans at Yorktown in the matter of organization and discipline, but not in courage. . . . .

"Well," Ezra continued, "Percy, coming up with his fresh troops from Boston, received the stragglers into his arms at Lexington. He formed up for a stand. He had cannon and used 'em. At first they made such a big noise they made us hesitate, but soon we found that the big balls which went roaring by didn't hurt any more than bullets that didn't hit you. Soon it was too hot for Percy to tarry longer, and he took to the road in good order with his flankers out. Some of our men got gobbled by his flankers. I kept on along the sides of the road sniping till I was out of bullets."

. . . . Thirty of those big slugs were all a soldier of that day carried. . . . .

"—and out of powder and flints and couldn't get any more. The last sight I had of the redcoats was of their backs, and, by God, we'll never let them show their faces again in Concord."

. . . . They never did. Concord and Lexington were forever free of the invader. . . . .

"I heard there was hot work on the last stages of the retreat," Ezra concluded, "especially at Menotomy, where the losses were heavy, and Minute Men from that region kept right at the redcoats. The British broke into houses and killed innocent people, making more bad blood between us and the King. All hell can't stop it now—and it's going to last a long time."

. . . . As I rode over the ground through populous villages and passed comfortable commuters' homes I wondered what that countryside would be like, and what the state of the present British Empire, with its self governing commonwealths would be, if there had not been such men as Ezra Taber in America or if King George had won the war.

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Why *the* Legion Seeks a Home *for* Every Homeless Child

(Continued from page 9)

give them a chance to make physical progress. We feed them as they should be fed, chase them into the out-of-doors to soak up fresh air, sunshine and the joy of living which comes to little ones from carefree play in natural surroundings.

And after a few weeks you wouldn't recognize them. The clean, chubby, rosy-faced youngsters—tanned by sun and wind, clad in clothes such as your children and my children wear—are just as attractive as any other youngsters who are healthy, happy, and carefree.

Then, and only then, are we ready to submit the children to the scrutiny of prospective foster-parents for adoption. In terms of merchandising, we take in the children when they are undesirable for adoption and consequently hard to dispose of to advantage. We furbish them up, bring out the possibilities in them, and are able to dispose of them to much better effect, place them in much better homes, than we otherwise could have done.

Briefly stated, this is the function of the children's billets of The American Legion's Child Welfare Service. Their principal function is to take the children at their least attractive point and bring them, by care as nearly as possible like that given in a family's individual home, to the point where they will be attractive to folks who will adopt them.

We are extremely careful, too, about the people who are allowed to adopt a Legion ward. We want to be sure, for instance, that the foster parents are of high character. We insist that they be in financial circumstances which will permit them to give the child ample advantages. And we make certain that their desire is for a child on whom they can bestow their parental love, rather than for a drudge who will work for them without pay. Such a thing would be a tragedy indeed.

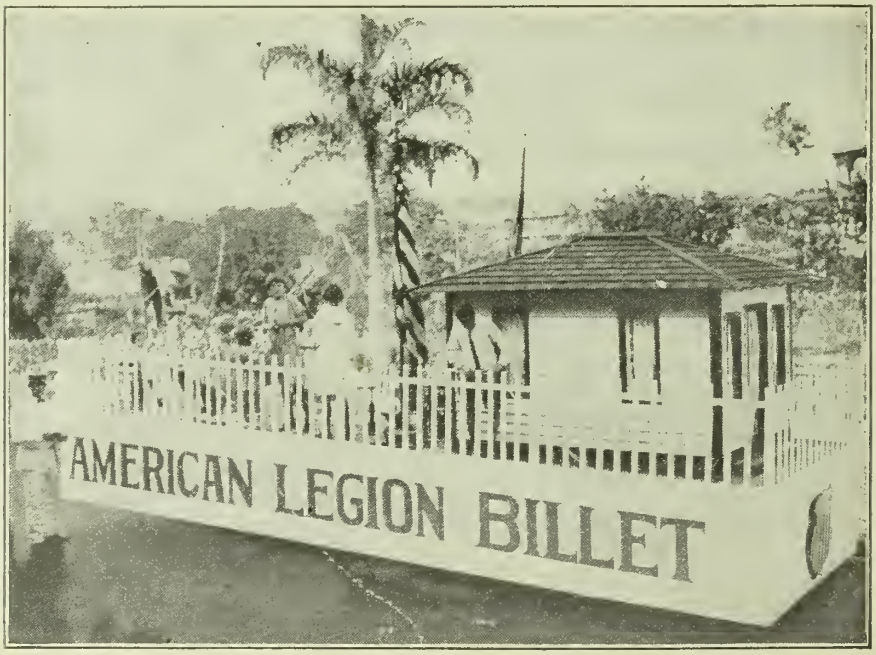
But we want the child to have an opportunity to work. No child can come to a full development of character unless it is given a chance to work a little. That, I believe it is rather generally agreed among the child experts, is one reason why so many farm boys rise to positions of great responsibility and great reward.

The Legion children have their little tasks to perform in the Legion billets. My own children—Mrs. McKee and I have nine children of our own and two more which we have taken to bring up—have their regular work to do. We know that our children cannot consider that they have had a square deal, in after life, if we have not allowed them the privilege of working a little. And those of us who are charged with the responsibility for the Legion's work with children know that we must see that our wards are allowed to work when they are adopted into families, in justice to their development.

So much for the children who pass through the billets into private families, thenceforth their own. Unfortunately, not all children can be given out for adoption.

Take, for example, two children who recently came into the Otter Lake billet from a northwestern State. Their father died of shell-shock, their mother recently was taken to a state institution, violently insane. One of the youngsters is three years old, the other a year and a half.

We of the Legion must play square with prospective foster-parents. We must let them know everything that we know about the history of any child



The Department of Panama exhibited this float in the Panama City Carnival, the Mardi Gras of all Central America, to symbolize The American Legion's program of finding a home for every homeless child

before he is given out for adoption. And we cannot, in all conscience, allow anyone to adopt children with an hereditary strain of mental instability such as prevails here.

The upshot is that the Legion has these two youngsters in billet, and will unquestionably have to keep them there until they arrive at the point of self-support — perhaps fifteen years hence. There are a good many children who cannot be adopted, because they are of family strains which make them undesirable for adoption. Nobody wants to adopt a child who, in all possibility, may become insane or tuberculous within a few years. These children become permanent wards. Arrangements for their care can be made with institutions which have special facilities for them. In many cases this can be done under state laws fostered by the Legion.

Besides the children who are permanent wards and the children given out for adoption, the Legion attempts to help out with cases which are by nature temporary. For example, there came up recently a case of a family where the father was mentally inferior. He has never been able to earn a living for his family since the war—though he had had a family for many years before, and had provided adequately for them up to that time. His war experiences had been sufficient to unbalance him, making him really disabled.

The father was finally sent off to a hospital—though it was the judgment of the man who handled the case that eventually he would end up in a soldiers' home as incompetent to take care of himself. The mother was induced to allow the younger children to be cared for temporarily.

There are four children—boys of sixteen and twelve, girls of six and four. The mother kept the older boy, who is in high school; she herself obtained a job which enables her to support this boy, with what aid he is able to give.

The three younger children went into temporary custody. Within a year or two, the oldest of these three—the boy now twelve—will be able to come into the home which his mother is maintaining. After this youngster is earning and contributing to the family support, say four or five years from now, the two little girls can be returned to their mother's care. If it had not been for the Legion's work here, that family would have gone completely on the rocks.

It is the ideal of the Legion's Child Welfare Service to keep together every home which can possibly be maintained. The value of life in its own home is too great to a child to be lightly held. But if the home cannot be maintained, then the Legion purposes to see that the child gets the nearest thing to the care of an actual mother and father.

It is because of this idea that the Legion billets are on the cottage plan, which means that instead of housing the children in barracks-like structures we keep them in cottages with comparatively few children to the house—say ten to fourteen—with a house mother in charge there just as she would be in a home of her own. And we put into a cottage both boys and girls, approximating as closely as we can the life in a large family of brothers and sisters.

We hold to the idea that the best monument which can be raised to the service men who have died is not a monument of granite or of marble. We feel that the greatest monument is to give their children the care which they themselves would have given, if the service of their nation had not claimed their lives.

Anything which is for the good of all children is for the good of Legion children and service men's orphans. So we work with all other worthy organizations interested in the field of child welfare. And there is plenty of work for every organization in the field, and then some more. With five thousand orphans of veterans requiring care, it is not difficult to form some idea of the size of the whole group of needy children in this country.

And the problem of orphans of veterans will certainly grow for at least fifteen years. Veterans are dying at the rate of fifteen a day, by Veterans Bureau records. Here again, the records do not include every case, by any means. Of the fifteen veterans who die in a day, we may safely assume that two leave their families unprovided for. And this means work for the Legion. We hold to our slogan, "A Home for Every Homeless Child."

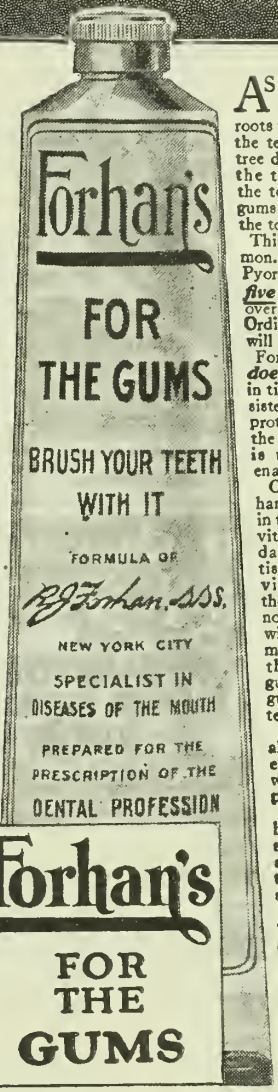
Even with the problem no larger than it is today, the Legion has been unable to do more than scratch the surface. We have been unable to get to the great mass of needy orphans of veterans, because we have not had the funds with which to do the work. The American Legion's income from dues has been wholly inadequate, as most Legionnaires know, for the relief work which it has been doing. On the disabled side, we have received operating funds from outside sources. There has not been money to provide a child welfare service such as we have seen the need for, and consequently we have had to let a lot go undone which we felt that we should have done.

Yet, after all, the job of taking the right care of orphans of veterans is not one which inherently belongs to the Legion. We have taken it up, because it comes close to our hearts. But it is a duty on the nation, rather than on the Legionnaires themselves.

The American Legion Endowment Fund will help wonderfully. The Child Welfare Service's share of this fund's income will be enough to let us do the work which, as Legionnaires, we want to do. It will enable us to get completely away from the way in which the orphan problem was handled after the Civil War, when the orphans were massed in large institutions. That was the cheaper way; ours is the better way. We want every child in a home of its own parents or of foster-parents. And where this is impossible, we are furnishing something which comes as close as possible to family home.

We are trying to do it in the humane, personal way, which smacks neither of institutional charity, nor of red-tape. It isn't charity, any more than the Roosevelt Memorial Hospital maintained at Battle Creek, Michigan, under Legion auspices, is dispensing charity. The patients at this hospital regard what they are receiving—and they are right—as the brotherly care which any man is glad to give to his less fortunate comrades-in-arms. This way of handling orphans is, to be sure,

A signal of trouble — tender and bleeding gums



AS the soil nourishes the tree-roots the gums nourish the teeth. And as the tree decays if you bare the tree-roots, so do the teeth decay if the gums shrink down from the tooth-base.

This condition is common. It is known as Pyorrhea. *Four out of five* people who are over forty suffer from it. Ordinary tooth-pastes will not prevent it.

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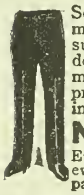

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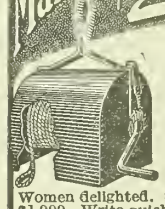

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a more expensive way than the "orphan asylum" plan. But it has the advantage of building better men and women. And it is the Legion taking care of its own.

The billets are, no doubt, more spectacular than any other phase of the Legion's child welfare program. But there are other phases which will no doubt do as much good in their way as the billets do in theirs.

One of the plans which we have now, awaiting the income from the Endowment Fund to make it possible, is employing trained workers who will bring together prospective foster-parents and orphans of veterans without the children having to pass through the homes. This will, for one thing, enable the Legion to secure adoption of a good many children before they reach the desperate condition which now so generally prevails among the youngsters coming to the billets. It will enable us to have children adopted a few days, or a few weeks, after their parents' deaths. It will be better for the child than bringing him into the billet—assuming that his case can be handled in this way. And it will enable us to get homes for more children, with the expenditure of the funds which will be at our disposal. There is little hope in my mind that the Legion's Child Welfare Service will ever have enough money to enable it to do every bit of the job as we should like to do it. Certainly, at best, we can never hope to have billet capacity for all of the children.

One of the interesting phases of this work is that, today, we have requests for adoption for many times more children than we can supply. The facilities of the Legion are so limited at present that we cannot go out and get in touch with these children who need help, even when there are good foster-parents awaiting them. On our waiting list today there is one Congressman, one Senator, one millionaire manufacturer on the Pacific Coast, and a number of other notables who will unquestionably give service men's children far better than average affection and care.

This manufacturer's experience, by the way, indicates the good work which can be done by adoption. He has never married. He has been independently wealthy ever since he was a young man. And during all of that time he has been bringing up one or more adopted children. Today he is perhaps sixty. He has brought up over a dozen fine children, and raised them to the finest kind of men and women. He has sent them to college, given them every social advantage. They have grown up and married right in his own circle, and today they form as admirable a family as could be found anywhere.

This man has applied for an ex-service orphan. We shall supply one for him just as soon as we can—and he will unquestionably do the same fine job of bringing it up that he has done with all of the children he has had before.

We have found that there is a greater tendency for adoption by people in small towns and in the country than in the cities. There is a greater tendency among certain racial groups to adopt children than among others—and one of the difficulties involved is that the children of the races less likely to adopt children are those who come to us in larger number. Unfortunately, perhaps, people like to take for raising children of approximately their own racial stocks. And so one of our problems arises out of the unequal racial distribution of veterans' orphans and prospective foster parents.

As has already been said, we have been badly handicapped for funds. We have been unable to employ the trained child specialists who could form a skeleton organization around which to build up a larger organization of unpaid volunteer workers from the ranks of the Legion and of the Auxiliary.

But when the income from the Endowment Fund begins coming in, we shall be able to do some of these things which are most urgently needed. And when that time comes, every man or woman who has given to the Endowment Fund, or worked to raise the quota in the home community, may feel a glow of happiness and satisfaction in the knowledge that he or she has contributed to bettering the situation of the orphans of veterans, and in this way has helped to build a better America.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

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

104TH INF. (26th Div.)—Annual reunion, Apremont Day, April 24-25, at Pittsfield, Mass. Address Lindsey C. Brown, 114 Union St., Pittsfield.

Co. C, 305TH INF. (77th Div.)—Annual reunion and dance at 77th Div. Clubhouse, 27 W. 25th St., New York City, April 25, evening. Address Fred L. Gunther, 42 Broadway, Room 745, New York City.

80TH DIV.—Members of division from Philadelphia, Pa., and vicinity will hold annual banquet and reunion at McCallister's, 1825 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, May 6. Address Samuel B. Millinghausen, 67 E. Hortter St., Mt. Airy, Philadelphia.

42D DIV. (RAINBOW)—Annual homecoming reunion and dance at Elks Club, St. Paul, Minn., May 9. Address Philip J. McCauley, State Highway Dept., 1246 University Ave., St. Paul.

COS. A & B, MICHIGAN AGGIE TR. DET.—Sixth annual reunion at Hotel Pfister, Milwaukee, Wis., May 16. Address C. B. Caldwell, 2824 Grand Ave., Milwaukee.

103RD ENG. (28TH DIV.)—Fifth annual reunion at Elks Club, Scranton, Pa., May 19. Address R. A. Barrett, 1305 Grandview St., Scranton, Pa.

37TH DIV.—To complete roster, ex-members of this division are asked to write the Secretary, John Edwards, 323 Stoneman Bldg., Columbus, O.

408TH TEL. BN.—Former members interested in reunion to be held in October during Legion National Convention at Omaha, write L. D. Brodiel, Room 1109, Telephone Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

301ST, 302D, 303D M. T. C.—Reunion at Omaha during Legion National Convention, Oct. 5-9. Address any of following: Clifford Sickels, 78 Tod Lane, Youngstown, O.; Joe P. Snyder, Box 304, Wayne, Mich.; Silver Jones, 917 Wall St., Toledo, O.; George T. Bond, care American Legion Post, Flat Rock, Ill.; C. D. Stoudt, 274 Bowmanville St., Akron, O.; O. P. T. Haas, 1216 Barthold St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

380TH T. & R. CO., TANK CORPS—Former members interested in proposed reunion, address P. H. Mangan, 123 Liberty Ave., Rutland, Vt.

29TH ENG.—To complete roster, send names and addresses to W. A. Olson, 724 Case St., St. Paul, Minn.

416TH R. R. TEL. BN.—To complete roster and plan for reunion to be held in June in Los Angeles or in October at Omaha, ex-members of this outfit are asked to write J. G. Karsten, Y. M. C. A., Long Beach, Cal.

BASE HOSP. 62.—First reunion at Omaha Convention of Legion. To complete roster address Julia Norrelund, 1501 Ardmore Ave., Chicago, Ill., or Mabel Farr, 31 Tenth St., Fargo, N. D.

MICHIGAN AGGIE TRAINING DET.—Cos. A and B will hold sixth annual reunion at Hotel Pfister, Milwaukee, Wis., May 16.

108TH FIELD HOSP. (27th Div.)—Former members interested in proposed reunion at New York City, Sept. 10-12, write Edward H. Becker, P. O. Box 221, Avon, N. Y.

89TH DIV.—To complete roster, ex-members are asked to write Kenneth G. Irons, Secretary, 1054 Board of Trade Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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TAPS

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

FRANK CHICOS, *Andrew Borgen Post, New Richland, Minn.* D. March 14. Served in Co. A, 18th Bn., U. S. Guards.

RAYMOND G. CODY, *McLain-Chandler Post, Hillsboro, Ill.* Killed in railroad accident at Litchfield, Ill., Jan. 19, aged 31. Served in Army.

LAWRENCE A. J. DAHLMAR, *Lester S. Wass Post, Gloucester, Mass.* D. Mar. 19. Served in Navy.

LEE KOLSTER, *Douglas County Post, Omaha, Neb.* D. Jan. 12, aged 38. Served in Q. M. C.

NICHOLAS LEWISKY, *Charles and Martin Skubic Post, Forest City, Pa.* Killed in mine accident, Feb. 15. Served in 314th Inf.

HOWELL LINK, *James J. Goodfellow Post, San Angelo, Tex.* D. Feb. 28, aged 35. Served with 171st Co., 20th Eng.

WILLIAM K. LYON, *Lester Harris Post, National Sanatorium, Tenn.* D. Aug. 10, aged 29. Lieut., A. S.

JOHN C. MCCAHILL, *Paris (France) Post.* D. Feb. 20 at Leysin, Switzerland.

DAYTON MCGARVEY, *Clymer (Pa.) Post,* Killed Feb. 6, aged 28. With Hq. Co., 52d Inf.

JAMES MCGRATH, *Charles and Martin Skubic Post, Forest City, Pa.* D. Mar. 24. Served on U. S. S. *Chester.*

CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN, *Ingersoll-Walthour Post, Philadelphia, Pa.* D. Mar. 23, aged 48. Major, Ordnance Dept.

JOHN MAHER, *Spencer-Kelly Post, Tarrytown, N. Y.* D. Mar. 4. Served in 15th U. S. Cavalry.

MARTIN METZGER, *Commemorative Post, Delphos, O.* D. at Veterans Bureau Hosp., Prescott Ariz., Feb. 18, aged 38. Served in Army.

CARL MISNER, *Lagrange County Post, Lagrange, Ind.* D. at Howe, Ind., March 7. Served in A. E. F.

PAUL R. MOFFETT, *Henry H. Houston 2d Post, Germantown, Pa.* D. Mar. 9, aged 40. Capt. A. S.

JAMES L. MOORE, *Latrobe (Pa.) Post.* D. Mar. 14, aged 40. Served with Co. C, 146th Inf.

ALVIN MOSES, *Carson Pirie Scott Post, Chicago, Ill.* D. March 7. Served with Medical Det.

LEWIS C. NOBLE, *Charles H. Alward Post, Cochituate, Mass.* D. March 4, aged 28. Served in Navy.

LOUIS E. NORDEN, *John Donald Garbutt Post, Sheridan, Wyo.* D. at Portland, Ore., Mar. 3. Served with 32d Co., O. A. R. D.

CHARLES PEESE, *East Liverpool (O.) Post.* D. March 19, aged 33. Served in Co. M, 6th Inf., 5th Div.

FRED A. PHELPS, *Codington County Post, Watertown, S. D.* D. March 10. Served with Co. M, 351st Inf.

CHARLES RHOADES, *Dallas Center (Ia.) Post.* D. Mar. 8, aged 30. Served with 42d Div.

EARL C. RICHARDS, *Paris (France) Post.* D. Jan. 26.

LEO A. ROBERTS, *McLain-Chandler Post, Hillsboro, Ill.* D. Feb. 21, aged 25. Served with 124th M. G. Bn., 33d Div.

PASQUOLE SANTACROCE, *Burton Potter Post, Greenport, N. Y.* D. Feb. 7. Served with Co. C, 305th Inf., 77th Div.

JAMES SCOTT, *Malden (Mass.) Post.* D. Dec. 26, aged 33. Served with 53d Pioneer Inf.

CHARLES S. STEELE, *Keokuk (Ia.) Post.* D. Jan. 25, aged 37.

CLARENCE STEFFEY, *Hospital Post, Dawson Springs, Ky.* D. at Lima, O., Feb. 20.

FRANK J. TAYLOR, *Lorraine Post, Red Oak, Ia.* D. Mar. 17. Served with Co. M, 168th Inf., 42d Div.

LOUIE A. TAYLOR, *Lorraine Post, Red Oak, Ia.* D. Nov. 9. Served in A. S.

ROBERT A. TAYLOR, *East Liverpool (O.) Post.* D. Mar. 11. Served in Co. G, 104th Inf.

ARTHUR THOMAS, *Aarvig-Campbell Post, Pontiac, Ill.* D. March 5, aged 36. Served with Supply Co., 346th Inf., 87th Div.

CHARLES TREFT, *Tom Schwinn Post, Wellington, Kan.* D. Feb. 25, aged 33. With 42d Div.

MELVILLE TRUCKSIS, *Clifford Thompson Post, Troy, O.* D. Mar. 13, aged 32. Served with Co. A, 148th Inf.

LAWRENCE VAN VECHTEN, *South Orange (N. J.) Post.* D. Feb. 28, aged 32. Served with 29th Eng.

JOHN WARSINSKI, *Milwaukee (Wis.) Post.* D. Mar. 1. Served with Btty. D, 121st F. A.

JAMES A. WHITING, *Lester Harris Post, National Sanatorium, Tenn.* D. Aug. 24, aged 24. Served in M. T. C.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMSON, *Spencer-Kelly Post, Tarrytown, N. Y.* D. Mar. 5.

CONRAD C. YELLAND, *Reino Post, Stambaugh,* Mich. D. Mar. 2, aged 35.

JAMES W. ZACHARY, *Charles Walters Post, Fredonia, Kan.* D. Dec. 9, aged 31. Served with Co. C, 30th Inf., 3d Div.

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Super Soup

"How many calories in this soup?" demanded a dyspeptic diner.

"Don't get gay," admonished the tough waitress. "If you don't like 'em, you can strain 'em through your napkin."

Innuendo

"Troubles never come single," philosophized the uninvited caller.

"Who's your companion?" asked the bored host.

Always Dependable

"Your paper has maligned me!" roared the irate citizen, as he stormed into the editor's sanctum. "I demand that the guilty reporter right this wrong!"

"Trust him," retorted the editor sadly, "to write this wrong."

No Exaggeration Here

"Well, well, well!" ejaculated Smith, looking up from his paper. "Old John Bluffson is dead. The last of the Six Hundred."

"The last of the Six Hundred?" queried his wife. "Why, I thought the last of the Six Hundred died years ago."

"I'm afraid you don't understand, my dear. Bluffson was the last of the six hundred vice-presidents of the Tenth National Bank."

Danger!

The amateur sociologist was expounding a theory.

"For instance," he forinstanced, "take your neighbor's life—"

"I'd like to, but I don't dare," interrupted a member of the audience. "He plays a saxophone at night, but he's a policeman by day."

Maneuvers—Light Equipment

Rufe, participant in the recent quarrel, dropped over to Sam's hut and found him apparently engrossed in deep thought.

"Whaffo' yo'-all settin' dere dumb-like?" he asked suspiciously.

"Hush yo' mouf, boy," ordered Sam. "Ah's thinkin'."

"Shucks! Yo' ain' thinkin'. You' *kain't* think! All yo' is doin' is passin' yo' brain in review."

Nothing Like Being Definite

[*Notice in the Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun*]

The following described dogs if not called for by November 20th will be killed: 15 dogs of various sizes and colors. M. D. Gill, Chief of Police.

Seclusion

The bishop was frankly surprised as he faced his pretty young caller.

"Do you wish to spend the rest of your life in a convent?" he asked.

"Heavens, no!" replied the girl. "Only until my bob grows out again."

A Major Operation

[*From the Johnson City (Tenn.) Staff-News*]

—— —— is recuperating at the Appalachian Hospital, after two operations performed during the past few days for empyema. The affliction followed a complication of influenza and pneumonia, necessitating the operations for draining from the right side. The patient is showing favorable symptoms.

The raid also resulted in the destruction of nine outfits, including five thousand gallons of beer, 30 gallons of whisky, 15 gallons of low wine and 108 fermenters. They captured five high-powered guns and a number of revolvers. Many shots were fired in the surrounding hills, but no direct attack was made.

Now, Where Are You Going?

[*Ad in New Orleans States*]

WANT to buy several loads shells, gravel or brickbats. Phone Walnut 2553.

"You oughter 've known better'n that."
"How could I know my blame horn wasn't gonna work?"

Placing the Blame

"I'd never have married you if you hadn't led me on," growled Van Nagg during one of the family tiffs.

"Led you on?" sneered his wife. "During our courtship I had very little to say, I'm sure."

"Don't I know it? That's what led me on."

Nobody Home

"Nobody Home" we dubbed poor Joe
When we all went to school;
He was a dumbbell without a doubt,
But he was a dancing fool.
There was no sense in the things he'd say—
Oh, he was a crazy bim!
But when the orchestra started, son,
His pedals would talk for him.

That was many a year ago,
And now we are all grown men;
Every once in a long, long while
Joe's getting back home again.
Then we turn out to welcome him,
For he is a famous chap:
"Nobody Home"—and his clever feet
Have put the old town on the map.

Edgar Daniel Kramer.

The Cynic

[*Ad in the Kellogg (Idaho) Evening News*]

WORK WANTED—I have got to have a job, am man 32 years old, intelligent but married. Phone 11.

His Capacity

"Why do you call that a one-man dog, Sam?" asked Col. Culpepper, inspecting the savage-looking mongrel that his colored retainer was leading down the street.

"Well, suh, 'caze one man am all dat he eats at one time, suh."

A Legitimate Question

"We are all here to help others," expounded the Sunday school teacher.

"But then," asked the bright but puzzled kid, "what are the others here for?"

The Getaway

The village improvident was observed dickering with an automobile salesman for an expensive motor.

"What do you mean," asked a candid friend, "by buying a big, fast car when you can't even pay your bills?"

"That," admitted the improvident, "is the main reason I *am* buying a big, fast car."

Acquirable Booty

Kindly Old Party No. 628246 happened up the street in time to interrupt a juvenile street fight.

"Here, here," he remonstrated. "What are you boys quarreling about?"

"A quarter," he was told.

"And who has the quarter?"

"Percy Pettingwell," both battlers assured him.

Similar Gait

Out on the edge of the desert, a rancher owned a popular priced car which he had painted white. He entered a nearby village one day, slightly madder than a wet hen.

"Look at my car!" he fumed. "Shot plumb full of holes!"

"Meet some bandits?" chorused the corner loafers.

"No!" he snorted. "As I was drivin' into town some blame' tenderfoot hunters mistook it for a jackrabbit."

The Old Army Game

Young Chesterfield Smith, noted for his dashing and astonishing success with the ladies on all occasions, was asked how he did it.

"Oh," said he airily, "just treat 'em like you would a shiny newly commissioned second-looey. You'll get along."

All Depends

"So you're a prizefighter, huh?" grunted the trainer to the new applicant. "What weight do you fight under?"

"Dat depends on de season," answered the tough guy. "I wears my heavies till April, see?"

Sex Equality Among Goats

[*Picture Caption in the Philadelphia North American*]

A Milk-giving Georgia Goat Doing His Stuff for Two Persuasive Atlanta Girls.

Answer: Second Looey

"What kind of a fellow is that new post member?"

"Well, he's the kind who would write the Legion Weekly asking them to express his thanks to all the boys for the assistance they gave him during the World War."

ARE YOU READY?

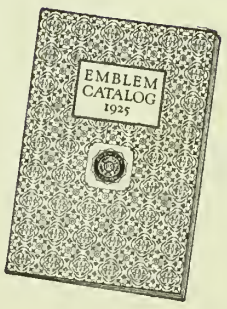
MEMORIAL DAY the American Legion will be in the public eye.

Think of the splendid showing your Post will make if each member turns out in a gold and blue Legion cap.

Man alive but they're snappy!

Talk it over at the next meeting of your Post. Every last man will want a Legion cap.

Two weeks required for delivery. Play safe and order now!



SPECIFICATIONS

Style: Overseas type.
Material: 12 oz. Uniform cloth.
Color: American Legion Blue.
Emblem: Silk embroidered in gold and blue.
Lettering: Gold silk embroidered. Post number only on left side and full State name only (no abbreviations) on the right. All letters and numerals are ½ in. in size. Additional lettering extra.
Trimmings: Gold silk piping. Tan sateen lining. Genuine leather sweat band.

PRICES

1—24 caps $2.25 each delivered
24 or more caps $2.00 each delivered
REMITTANCE MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER
No C. O. D. shipments

COUPON

THE AMERICAN LEGION, EMBLEM DIVISION, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Gentlemen: Enclosed herewith is $.....in payment of .....post caps to be lettered.....
(Post No. Only)
.....
(State Name Only)

It is understood that if the caps are not exactly as represented that our money will be cheerfully refunded upon the return of the caps. Caps to be the following sizes:

☐ 6½ ☐ 6¾ ☐ 6⅞ ☐ 7 ☐ 7⅛ ☐ 7¼ ☐ 7⅜ ☐ 7½ ☐ 7⅝

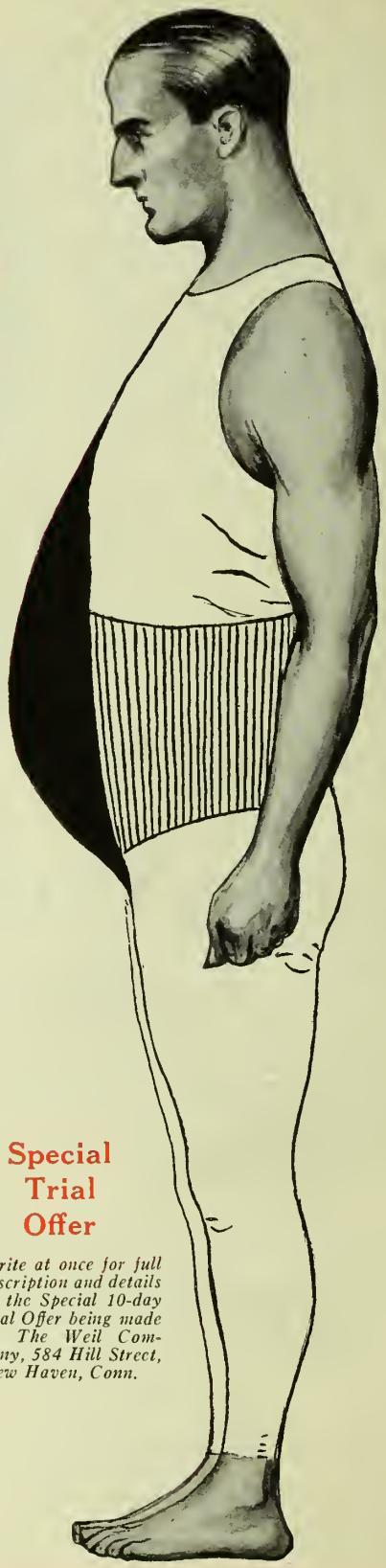
Name_____

Street_____

City_____

State_____

Reduce Waistline *Quickly and Easily*



Amazing New Belt Takes Off Fat Through Automatic Massage. Does Away With Heart-Straining Exercises, Disgusting Diets, Weakening Sweat-Baths! Makes You Look Thin While You Grow Thin.

THE moment you put on this wonderful new self-massaging belt your waist is instantly reduced from 2 to 6 inches—but better still, you actually grow thinner day by day. At the same time all your stomach disorders, constipation, backaches and shortness of breath generally disappear as the sagging internal organs are put back in normal place. You are filled with a wonderful new energy, and look and feel 10 to 15 years younger!

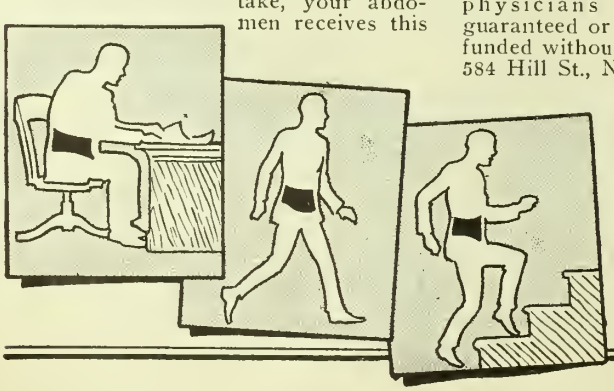
This amazing new belt marks a wonderful new freedom for stout men — freedom from monotonous, heart-straining exercises—freedom from disgusting reducing diets—freedom from weakening sweat-baths, dangerous pills and dreary self-denials!

New Youth-Giving Belt Massages Away Fat

This marvelous new kind of belt, known as the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt, produces the same results as an expert masseur — only quicker, and cheaper. The Weil Belt does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear thinner. It actually takes off the fat by gently but constantly massaging the bulging fat tissues. It sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to melt away the surplus fat. With every move you make, with every breath you take, your abdomen receives this gentle but effective pressure and gradually but surely inches of fat are massaged away.

Reduce the Way Athletes Do

The Weil Belt is made of the same kind of scientifically treated rubber that is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jockeys because it not only reduces quickly but at the same time preserves their strength. It is highly indorsed for its healthful principles by physicians everywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money instantly refunded without question. The Weil Co., 584 Hill St., New Haven, Conn.



It's shown below, every move of your body, walking, climbing stairs—merely breathing as you sit —causes the Weil Belt to massage your abdomen. It is working for you every second.

Special Trial Offer

Write at once for full description and details of the Special 10-day trial Offer being made by The Weil Company, 584 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

THE WEIL COMPANY,
584 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your special 10-day trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....**State**.....