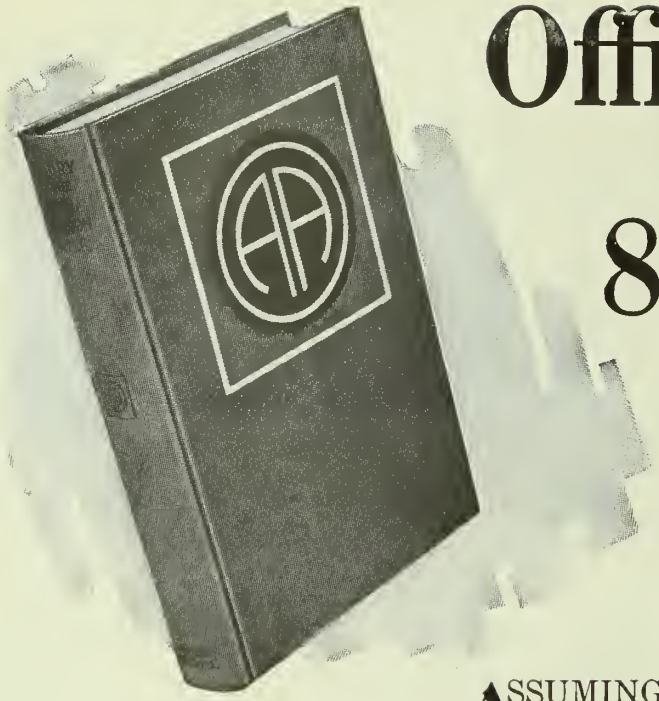
OCTOBER 9, 1925

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



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October 9, 1925

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

Vol. 7, No. 41

A QUESTION of geographical accuracy. "Johnson City is in an isolated section of the country many miles from a theatre, and with limited railroad service," wrote Alfred Harding in his article in the Weekly for August 28th on the work of National Vaudeville Post in providing entertainments for disabled men in hospitals. Now comes a letter from John Wood, Secretary of the Johnson City (Tennessee) Chamber of Commerce, and signed jointly by Robert N. Campbell and Belmont Collette, representing Kings Mountain Post, saying: "Hospitalization is bad enough. For goodness sake, don't add isolation to their troubles. The convenience with which Johnson City could be reached, its lack of isolation, together with its climate, were determining factors with the Government when the hospital now being used for disabled soldiers of the World War was established here as a home for veterans of the Civil War. Trains on three railroads stop here every day. Sixty-two motor busses ply in and out every day. Nine highways are carrying travelers from coast to coast and from the Lakes to the Gulf." Comes also a letter from M. J. O'Leary, department director of welfare activities of the Knights of Columbus, with the reminder that the Christmas entertainment given at the Johnson City sanatorium in 1922 with the help of the N. V. A. Post was given under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus. "The Knights of Columbus paid the traveling expenses of the Keith Show from Chattanooga to Johnson City and from Johnson City to Knoxville," writes Mr. O'Leary. "The receipted bills were sent to E. F. Albee in New York, and he sent his check covering these expenditures."

* * *

PARIS, which Mr. Hanson covers so interestingly in this issue, exists for many former A. E. F. men only in the memory of a distant view, a motor-truck ride through crowded streets, or a hasty meal. And for many who only saw Paris while hurrying through it, dinner in Paris was not a seven-course affair with wine under a canopy in front of a Grand Boulevard restaurant. One recalls the olive drab cafeteria which Uncle Sam operated in the Hotel Ste. Anne, the most famous chow line in Paris if not in all France. A breakfast of bacon and hot biscuits and syrup, with boiling hot coffee, made the Ste. Anne mess memorable to many a man who fought his way to its tables.

* * *

THE outstanding recollection of the Ste. Anne mess, aside from the fact that the chow usually was plentiful and good, is the voracity and multiplicity of its customers. Enormous numbers of doughboys were fed at each meal, and long before the K. P.'s threw open the doors the hotel corridors were jammed with the hungry mob. Casuals, lean and famished, rushed to the mess with the appetites of shipwrecked sailors. Men on duty in Paris flocked in, a solid phalanx of star boarders, contrasting corpulently with the human razorbacks just passing through. Mess kits were unknown. Instead there were plates of enameled ware and orthodox knives and forks and spoons. Long tables bore huge trays of food and everybody ate all he wanted. The Ste. Anne mess was one of the livest information centers in the A. E. F. The transients, men from almost every outfit in France, dropped delectable rumors and reports which kept circulating thereafter like twigs in a whirlpool.

* * *

ANOTHER famous mess in Paris flourished for a time at the Hotel Russie, at the corner of the Boulevard des Italiens not far from the Opéra. There Uncle Sam supplied beefsteaks in unlimited quantities and of more than ordinary quality, and a host of mesdames and mademoiselles cooked them and served them with a delightful informality to hordes of hungry casuals. Goldfish rarely got on the tables at the Russie.

* * *

THIS from John Thomas Taylor, vice-chairman of the National Legislative Committee: "The Veterans Bureau is without authority now to issue duplicate adjusted compensation certificates. An amendment to the law, when enacted, will give the Bureau this authority, however. If a certificate is lost, the owner should make an affidavit giving full information concerning the loss, have the affidavit witnessed by two persons who have full knowledge of the case and send this to the Bureau, where it will be kept on file until Congress gives authority to issue duplicates."

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"It Takes *a* Thief—"

A Tale of the D. C. I.

At the gate a couple of gendarmes waited with chains and handcuffs

Illustrated by V. E. Pyles

By KARL W. DETZER

THE American's name was Bill. And the fussy, fat French gentleman was Monsieur Georges Pompard of Tours and Le Mans. Monsieur Pompard was wealthy, energetic, patriotic. He loved France. He loved those brave Americans. He was popular along the sidewalks of the Place de la République, where the garçons knew him to be a spender, and the hangers-on remembered his sympathy for a thirsty man.

The Division of Criminal Investigation had been operating three or four months when Bill appeared. He arrived at the office one morning about four o'clock, safely chained to the left wrist of First Sergeant Madden.

"Just picked up this bird at the Hotel Agriculture," Sergeant Madden explained. "The place is off limits, you remember, but I knew Americans were slipping in and out the back door. So I stopped off to look it over on my way home this morning. I bumped into this fellow."

"Any charge against him?" I asked, after Bill had been turned over to the desk sergeant for safe keeping.

"Nothing but A. W. O. L. He hasn't any pass. But I don't like his looks. Might hold him as a deserter a day or two while I check up on him."

Sergeant Madden went home to bed and I finished the night's work. It was noon before I thought of Bill again. Then the sergeant of the prison guard came to my office.

"That fellow Madden brought in this morning wants to talk to you," he explained.

"What does he want to talk about?"

"Why, sir," the sergeant grinned sheepishly, "I think he's bugs or something . . . Says he wants to confess."

"Send him up," I ordered. This was a new experience. I thought it best to talk to the man before he changed his mind.

The sergeant brought Bill in, and he stood dangling his hands out of his short olive drab sleeves, his eyes shifting about the room. Logs were blazing in the fireplace; an easy chair stood near the hearth. It was as pleasant a room as you could find in a thousand police headquarters. Sergeant Graham (I think it was Graham) sat at his desk, shorthand pencils ready.

"Sit down, corporal." I pointed to the chair at the hearth.

Did I tell you Bill was a corporal? Well, he wore two stripes, anyway.

While I fumbled my papers and Bill stared at the fire, I looked him over carefully.

He made a handsome figure, in one's first impression. He was rather tall, straight and slender, with dark, wavy hair, and the pinkest cheeks I ever saw in the Army. His eyes were blue, rather a slaty blue; they might have been set farther apart without hurting his looks. Only his uniform was ragged; the typical muddy, uncreased outfit that marked so many of the ordinary absentees without leave.

"You wanted to talk to me?" I asked.

"Yes, sir." He stood up stiffly. "I wanted to tell you why I deserted."

"What outfit?" I asked.

He told me, naming a Coast Artillery regiment that had gone home months before after service at the front.

"I never had no furlough," he went on, "and I wanted to see Paris. So I just up and beat it, and when I got back my outfit was gone."

It sounded reasonable. Better men than Bill had just up and beat it when they feared they might come home without seeing Paris.

"Where have you been staying?" I asked.

"Oh, around with other deserters. There's three or four more at Hotel Agriculture. I know lots of things that you don't know, and that you'd like to know. Now, for instance," he went on coolly, "I know where Mike Kelly's at."

I sighed.

So THIS was why Bill asked to confess! He wanted to tattle, in the hope that he might get off easily for his own offense.

There weren't many Bills in the American forces, may I say right here. Of French we found aplenty, and some British. But that lowest of all criminals, whom the English call a nark and Americans a stool pigeon, was almost a missing quantity in our forces.

Times there were when we must use them, times when what they knew would hasten the clearing up of a crime, perhaps get a good boy out of trouble. But they were untrustworthy as a rule. Their statements never could be believed without first checking them. Bill stood there that noon, in the snug, warm office, and betrayed his fellows, one after another, down a lengthening list.

"It was Charlie Short as pulled that stick-up on the river road," he explained. "Him and a girl named Jean. Sure, he's got the stuff hid in her house, the second door on the right side off the Rue Gambetta, in the Rat Alley.

"Burns? Little fellow with a red nose? Sure, sir, he's in Nantes. Got a letter from him just the other day. He's living in a houseboat with some frogs. What? That château job up Domfront way? Well, sir, I don't know nothing positive, but from what I hear there's a couple of Frenchmen pulled that, them and a Tommy named Slade. Yep, the Tommy's hiding out there now, I guess."

The stenographer's pencil flew across sheet after sheet of red-lined notebook. And there sat Bill, talking on calmly, as if betraying his fellows were nothing out of the ordinary. When he had finished I waited a moment; for I knew he would ask some reward. I expected him to make a plea to go back to the States. But no. . . .

"Sir," he began once more.

"Yes, corporal."

"May I ask leave of a favor?"

"Yes."

"Well, you see I know so many things that you're trying to find out. . . . I'd like to get a job with you. I'll go straight."

He stood looking down at me out of his flinty blue eyes. He was thin from poor food, lack of sleep, running about as a fugitive.

"I'll think it over," I answered.

I did not send him back under guard. Instead, I turned him over to the sergeant in charge of quarters, with orders to put him to work at cleaning up the grounds. No sentry over him, understand, merely a careful watch. I felt sure that Bill wouldn't run away. And he didn't.

I had to use his "confession," as he called it. My job was to check crime. So, thanks to his wretched betrayals, the D. C. I. men swooped down on a half dozen communities that night, and deserters long wanted were put under arrest. Bill was sickeningly proud of his part in it when they marched into the prison room.

"I wouldn't believe anything that man says as truth," Sergeant Madden complained every time he looked at Bill's face.

"But, sergeant," I protested, "he *has* told the truth! We've proved it. Look at the arrests."

"Well, I wouldn't believe anything he told if I knew already it was true!"

And then the affair of Monsieur Georges Pompard came to our notice. Thievery was rampant around Le Mans and Tours. Frenchmen, Amer-

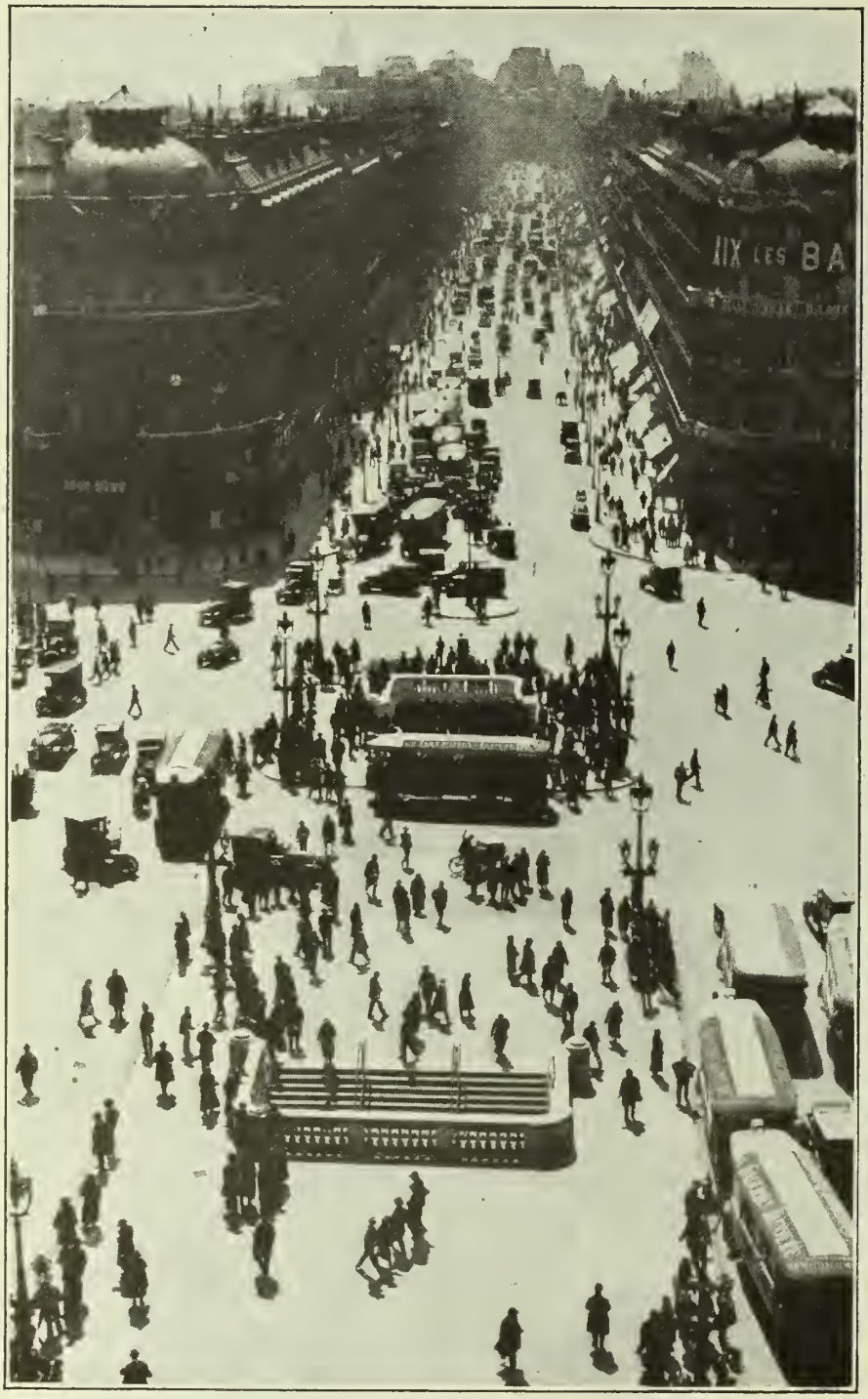
(Continued on page 17)

Bill stood there that noon in the snug, warm office, and betrayed his fellows, one after another, down a lengthening list

On the Trail *of the* A. E. F.

VII. Paris

By JOSEPH MILLS HANSON



The goal of every man in the A. E. F. with a three-day ticket o' leave—and of several, it seems safe to admit at this date, who didn't have any tickets: Place de l'Opera, Paris, as seen from the Opera itself, looking down Paris's Fifth Avenue-Michigan Boulevard, the Avenue de l'Opera, with the Louvre in the distance. The two flights of steps in the foreground lead down to the Paris subway, the Metropolitain, better known as the Metro

TWO or three years ago a gentleman by the name of Crichton wrote a book called "The Lure of Old Paris". No doubt it is an interesting book, for how could a book about Paris—old Paris or new—fail to be interesting? Yet, while confessing with a more or less guilty conscience that I have not read it, I make bold to avow that even without such a course of instruction as this volume probably contains on how to detect and analyze the lure of Paris, I have felt that lure as hard as anyone could.

This statement is made confidently because the lure of Paris which was felt by the members of the late lamented A. E. F. was the most violent lure that ever allured, and I felt it in common with all the rest of the two million Yanks who made the big tour. It is probably not too much to say that to the average doughboy packed away in cold storage in an Adrian barrack somewhere among the hills of the Haute-Marne or the mud flats of Loire-et-Cher, especially in the long winter months following the Armistice, the hope of a three-day leave to Paris was as the mirage of a spring of refreshing water to a wanderer perishing in the desert, while the felicity of being ordered to actual duty and station there, "the travel directed being necessary in the military service," was nothing less than a direct foretaste of heaven.

When the A. E. F. veteran returns to the fascinating metropolis of France today he finds it in some particulars very much changed from the Paris of 1918 and 1919, yet by no means in most particulars. The busy streets and well-shaded boulevards, trodden by people who seem less hurried than those in the average American city, the pretty parks with statuary gleaming amid the foliage, the stately churches and palaces and public buildings, the quaint side streets with their crooked houses of another age, the tiny sidewalk stalls of old book and picture venders along the quais of the Seine, the cafés with their out-of-door tables and the endless and ever attractive successions of shop windows, all are there just as they were half a dozen years ago. But, in the nature of the case, the first thing that the ex-doughboy misses keenly is the sight of American uniforms on the streets—and, for that matter, the sight of British, Australian and Italian uniforms, while even the horizon blue and other shades of clothing of the French Army itself are not so much in evidence except on such occasions as national holidays when troops are on parade.

But after he has begun to re-acquaint himself with the Paris of today, he will not long have occasion for loneliness merely because the olive drab has vanished. In spirit it is still there in very respectable force, and if he really gets homesick to touch hands with comrades of the old days all he need do is to hop the Métro to the Porte Dauphine, on the edge of the Bois de Boulogne, and walk a few yards to the right to No. 2 Boulevard Lannes. In the barracks building on

the old ramparts at that number, which was presented last year by the French government to Paris Post of The American Legion, for a permanent headquarters and clubhouse, he will find Dr. Edson E. Goodrich, the genial secretary of the post, who can put him in personal touch with nearly one thousand ex-doughboys, gobs and leathernecks who are members of this exceedingly active organization, most of them residing in Paris or near it.

The members of Paris Post, like Legionnaires in this country, are engaged in every sort of business. There are a good many correspondents working for large American newspapers or newspaper syndicates, resident representatives of American business concerns, professional men, employes of Paris banks or business houses, artists, musicians and probably some who are just living in Paris because they like it. But whatever their reason for being there, they are glad to see buddies from "God's country," and to make things pleasant for them.

But enough of Paris Post Number One, which must be seen to be appreciated. Down on the Boulevards—I mean *the* Boulevards, the only and inimitable, which circle around from the Madeleine past the Opéra and the theatres to the Place de la République —you will see plenty more Americans, swarms of them, in fact. Among them the survivors of the Big Invasion disguised in "mufti," as the English say, are a little more difficult to identify. Yet if one chooses one of the Boulevard cafés which were, and still are, the most popular, such as the Café de la Paix, the Grand-Café, the Café Américain, the Café Mazarin or the Café de la Grande Maxéville—names which still echo pleasantly in memory after the lapse of six or seven years— and drops down at one of the little sidewalk tables, he may be pretty sure that one or two or more of the crowd occupying the other tables are, like himself, ex-service men returned to the haunts of yore. For however much of their time they may spend in other parts of France, former doughboys, in common with all other tourists, spend a good proportion of it in Paris. In fact, in this day and age there are always so many Americans there that one enterprising firm of our fellow countrymen publishes a weekly journal which yields sufficiently to the American inclination toward exaggeration to call itself "Paris the Capital of America."

Out along the Champs Elysées those who have not seen Paris since

(Continued on page 20)

Seeing Paris, 1925 style. The scene is the Place de la Concorde. At the left is the statue of Strassbourg which was formerly wreathed in mourning, Strassbourg, the chief city of Alsace, being in German territory, but with the outbreak of the World War the mourning was torn off

Sacre Coeur, the recently completed cathedral which crowns the Butte de Montmartre, the most conspicuous elevation in Paris. Below the Butte, at the right of the photograph, is the Montmartre quarter itself, home of the Rat Mort, the Moulin Rouge, and other noted haunts of the tourist

DOLLARS *with* WINGS

By HOWARD MINGOS

DOLLARS with wings—and all too seldom are the wings attached to homing pigeons. Millions are invested in legitimate, soundly-managed aviation enterprises, and still other millions in aviation enterprises that are neither legitimate, soundly managed, nor based on proved principles of aerodynamics. Money flung into the air, unlike bread cast upon the waters, may not return, even after many, many days. The fly-by-night promoter has not been idle during the progress of aviation from the stage of laboratory experiment to that of sound commercial development. In this article Mr. Mingos presents some sidelights on the operations of these blue-sky gentry.

SHORTLY after the Armistice a reporter visiting Sing Sing Prison was shown the model of a flying machine which had been constructed by one of the inmates. He did not see the inventor, but he wrote a corking story, featuring a genius behind iron bars whiling away the tedious days of his confinement by gazing at the clouds as they scurried across the sky, which was all of the outside world that he could see. He longed to take wing, did this genius, and fly beyond drab prison walls. Thus the idea for his invention had come to him. But experts who read the description and saw photographs of the model said that the thing was so totally contrary to the known laws of aerodynamics and physics that it could not be flown.

Two years later there appeared in New York a German gorgeously garbed in sporty clothes, white spats, chamois gloves. He carried a gold-headed cane. He was suave of speech and polished of manner. His cards bore an embossed crest and the title of Count. He introduced himself as the premier pilot of the wartime Zeppelin raiders, now happily out of Europe and ready to invest his modest fortune in the New World.

Later on he announced that he was going to build a giant airship on Long Island, a craft of his own design which would be a vast improvement over all other rigids. He traveled over the Eastern States for several weeks and succeeded in arousing the interest of a number of business men whose knowledge of aircraft was confined to newspaper pictures and what veterans had told them after the war. Then the Count called his expected financial supporters into New York to discuss the project and get the money.

Right here he made a tactical blunder. He invited the newspapers to send reporters. The only one that showed up was the man who had written the Sing Sing story. He recognized the model as the one he'd seen in Sing Sing.

Taking down the names of all the men who were to put money into the venture, the reporter went away and conducted a private investigation. He wrote to Germany and found that the Count had never been in the airship game, but that his description corresponded closely with that of a notorious bigamist. In the New York district attorney's office the reporter found a record full of aliases and a multitude of proofs that the Count and the convict were one and the same, having served time for trying to get away with a widow's fortune. All of this the reporter mentioned in letters sent to each of the prospective victims—which ended that episode.

Not long ago a group of young men exploited an airplane transport company with headquarters in an Atlantic seaport. Four or five old cast-off navy flying boats, relics of the war, were bought for a song, painted and made to resemble trim flying craft. Within a few weeks after operations had begun several untoward accidents occurred. Several of the planes were put out of commission. Finally the nice people who had financed the organization awoke to the fact that they were partners and directors in a flying bootlegging organization which had set out to take off contraband goods from the ships on Rum Row and carry them to inland waters far beyond the eyes of prohibition agents patrolling the coast. The venture had failed for two reasons. The average flying machine cannot carry a sufficient load to warrant the expense—bottled goods are heavy. Again, these machines had outlived their day and weren't airworthy.

At that, the public isn't any more gullible than it was in 1897, when Walter Wellman and a Chicago physician proposed to build a steel balloon costing $130,000, and carry in a flight over the North Pole those paying money into the enterprise. When not enough people subscribed to put the thing over, Congress was appealed to. The House passed an appropriation bill to make up the deficit, but the Senate, after a public hearing, refused to concur.

At the American Legion's National Convention in Kansas City in 1921, veterans of America's Air Service staged a show which excelled any flying meet ever held in this country. Not only were leaders in aviation attracted to the city, but prominent business and transportation men came from all parts of the country to see just how far the airplane had progressed since the war.

The day the convention opened two groups of promoters were on the job armed with letters of introduction to leading citizens and bearing bundles of literature proving that their respective schemes would soon be making unheard-of profits. It was the old, old story—an appeal to those who had neglected to invest in the enterprises of Ford or Bell. Here was a chance for those who weren't around when the telephone was invented.

One scheme was to operate a string of airplanes, as yet unbuilt. Another was to build rigid airships. Only two or three million dollars would be required to capitalize each of those enterprises. Secret conferences were called at one of the principal hotels. The business men receiving invitations were told that everything was to be confidential.

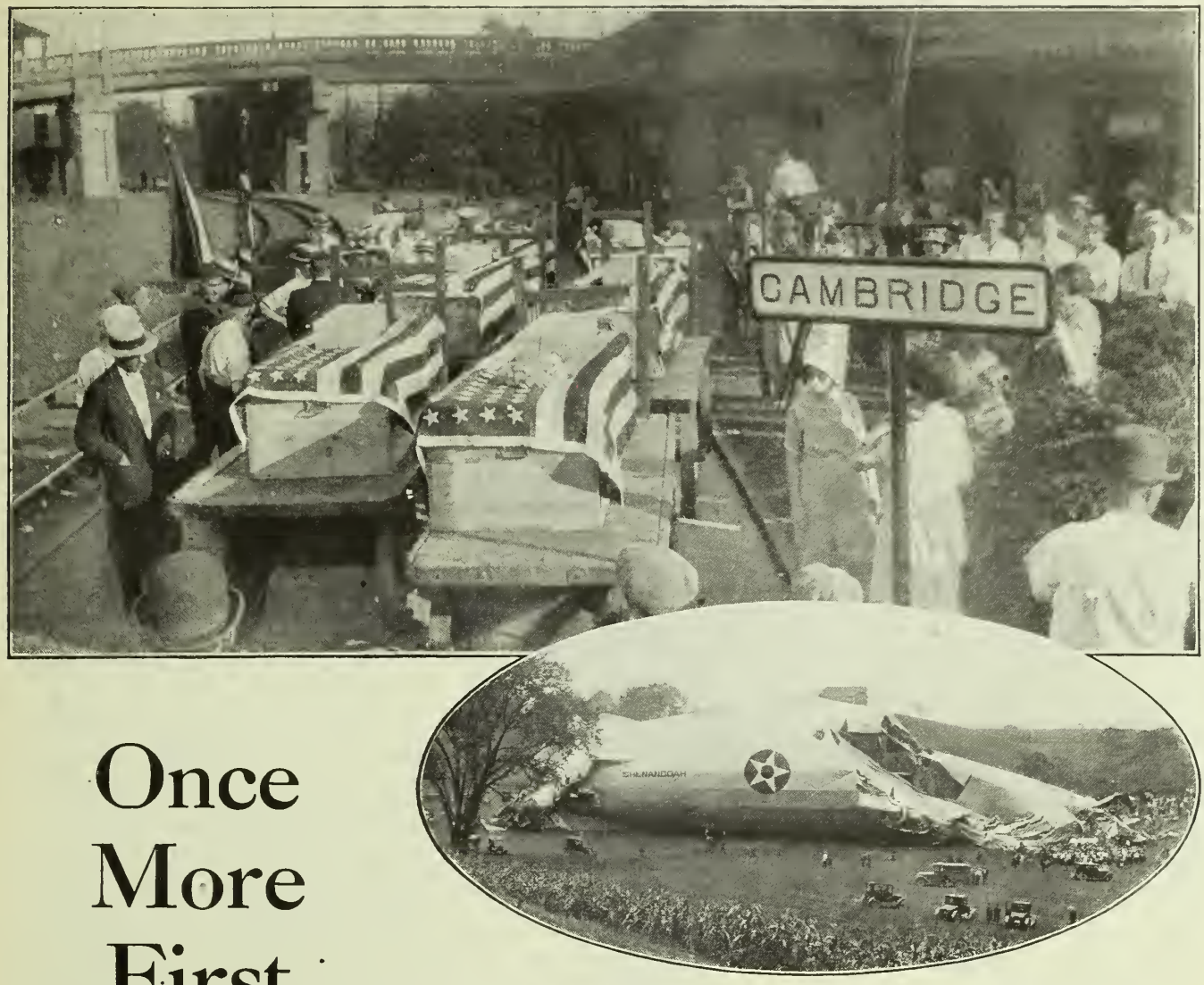
But one of the men marked for slaughter had a son who had been an aviator in the war. The son had learned aviation at the source. He had flown in crates and "flaming coffins." He saw through the scheme, told members of a Legion post made up largely of ex-aviators, and in four hours they had enough stuff on the promoters to make those interesting gentry leave town immediately.

Subsequently some of these promoters got money from investors in Wisconsin and Western Pennsylvania, but in the South veterans tipped off Chambers of Commerce about the game, and there the scheme fell flat.

A New Yorker who had an idea he could finance a floating café outside the three-mile limit succeeded in the early days of prohibition in getting some backing for an aerial line that would carry arid passengers to and from the yacht that was to be used. The money they secured was used up before they had finished building a single plane, and when they advertised in the newspapers for more investors the Government stepped in and stopped their game.

Obviously no enterprise can succeed without financial help from outside. The country's transport facilities have been developed by courageous investors. It is equally true that millions of dollars are invested in legitimate aircraft companies in the United States. But it is a safe bet that no aviation project can ever return a dollar unless it is managed by conservative business men and competent aeronautical engineers.

The American Legion is committed to the development of commercial aviation as a reserve arm of the national defense. The best way to handle these fly-by-night propositions is to query the government aviation services as to the reliability of any project and its promoters. If they do not come across with a wholehearted endorsement of the proposition, its merits and its personnel, then any veteran is justified in warning the public to keep its savings in the bank.



Once More First *in* Disaster

Quickly assembling when the coffins containing the bodies of the naval airmen who perished when the Shenandoah fell were brought unexpectedly to its town, Cambridge (Ohio) Post draped the coffins with American flags and flowers and stood guard over them until they were placed on trains. Members of three Legion posts helped remove the dead from the wreckage of the airship, shown in the lower photograph, and then directed traffic and stood guard to check vandalism

THE American Legion, which repeatedly has demonstrated that it may be counted upon to be first in line for rescue and relief whenever and wherever tornado, flood, earthquake or fire brings disaster to unprepared communities, gave new proof of its readiness for instant service when the airship *Shenandoah* crashed to earth in Ohio during a storm early in September.

While the first news of the loss of the *Shenandoah* was penetrating to the world, relief parties from three Ohio posts of The American Legion were speeding through the dawn to the isolated farms where the shattered sections of the dirigible lay with fourteen of the forty-two men who had manned it dead in the wreckage.

Members of Noble Post at Caldwell, the town nearest the spot where the airship broke in mid-air, were the first to reach the fallen craft. They were joined quickly by Legionnaires from the posts at Marietta and Cambridge. All of them worked for hours with the farmers of the vicinity and the residents of the surrounding towns in removing the bodies of the dead from the tangles of metal and fabric.

With the bodies removed, the Legionnaires guarded the wreckage against vandalism by the morbidly curious, winning the praise of the county officials, and staying on the job until relieved by units of the Ohio National Guard.

Members of Caldwell Post established a guard of honor while undertakers at Belle Valley were preparing the fourteen bodies for burial. One of the two injured survivors was rushed to a hospital at Marietta by Legionnaires. Uninjured survivors of the disaster were taken to Cambridge, where the Legion post made them comfortable.

When eight of the bodies were removed to Cambridge to be placed aboard a train, a guard of honor was organized by Cambridge Post, which draped flags over the coffins and placed flowers upon them.

The news of the *Shenandoah* disaster brought added sorrow to Greenville (Ohio) Post because Lieutenant Commander Zachary Lansdowne, the commander of the airship who died in its fall, was a member of the post. He had been expected to steer his craft over Greenville on the flight which ended in disaster, and Greenville Post had prepared to salute him.

Lieutenant Commander Lansdowne had maintained an active interest in the affairs of Greenville Post although he had not been a resident of his native town since the war. An Annapolis graduate, Commander Lansdowne had had extensive flying experience in England and in France when, late in 1918, he took command of Quipavas (France) Naval Air Station. In 1919, after helping conduct tests of dirigibles being manufactured for the Navy, he made the 57-hour flight in the R-34 to the Baltic. Later he was sent to Germany to study the Zeppelin which was brought to this country and renamed the *Los Angeles*.

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.

Frank Norfleet of Texas

THE sun of romance has not set. There is something peculiarly stimulating in the news that Frank Norfleet, Texas cattle man, by his own initiative and effort has placed behind the bars the last of seven men who fleeced him of $45,000 in Dallas six years ago. Norfleet's quest to avenge himself and satisfy justice led him on a man hunt which took him into eighteen States, Mexico, Canada, England, France and Germany. It probably cost him more than he lost in the first instance, but that is a cheap and spineless view to take. Norfleet got his men. He tracked them down mercilessly and caught them with his own hands. Then, as an enlightened and law-abiding citizen should, he turned them over to the courts of justice, which in every instance confirmed the service Norfleet had done for society by sending the swindlers to prison.

It reads like a romance, because it is one. In 1919 Frank Norfleet was at a hotel in Dallas during the oil boom. He picked up a wallet in the lobby and returned it to a man from whose pocket he had seen it fall. That was the trap. Norfleet was "rewarded" for his act by being let in on a "sure thing" cleanup. The cleanup cleaned the cattleman out of $45,000 in cash.

Norfleet was no welcher. He took his medicine in authorized Western shape—and swore to himself that those who had victimized him should take theirs. He went home to his ranch and arranged his affairs for an indefinite leave of absence. Then he started out on the trail of the men who had swindled him.

By a stroke of fortune at the outset he traced them all to a hotel in Fort Worth, cornered them in a room and at the point of a pistol told them to hand back his money. They begged for their lives and promised to return the money. Norfleet, a square man himself, trusted them. Their cowardice was so apparent that he did not think they would dare attempt to elude him. But they did. They separated and fled. The pursuit began. It took two years for him to get the first two of them in California. They went to prison. A few months later he caught No. 3 at a Florida resort. He went to prison. Then Norfleet bent his efforts to run down a man named Spencer, the leader of the gang. He trailed Spencer over half the world, but the slippery fugitive was always one jump ahead. During this chase Norfleet paused to pick up three other minor members of the gang, whom he recommended for short sentences, which they got. Finally the unrelenting Texan got the ringleader in Salt Lake City. Spencer was resourceful. He put up a skillful legal fight, but the tenacious Texan hung on and Spencer is behind the bars and Norfleet has gone back to his ranch after an absence of six years. His job is done and he refuses to talk about it.

In the old days every citizen was more or less his own sheriff. Society could decree laws but it could not enforce them very well. Unless a man enforced the laws himself he was apt to be plundered. This aspect of things has changed. Society makes laws and society employs agents to enforce them. The individual is supposed to be protected without much effort on his own part. But it doesn't work out that way always, a thing Frank Norfleet of Texas very well knew. When he was plundered for $45,000 his pride was hurt. He said to himself, "Society didn't get me into this fix and I won't bother society to get me out. I did it myself and somehow or other I will get myself out of it to my own satisfaction."

He did it. He "took the law into his own hands". Ordinarily this is a debatable thing to do—but not as Frank Norfleet did it. He ran down his men, cornered and caught them. That was his personal revenge. Then he turned them over to society and the courts did the rest. That was the revenge of society. Instead of impairing respect for law Norfleet enhanced it. Instead of weakening the prestige of organized society—government—he strengthened it. Which shows what one strong, determined man can do. Men like Norfleet in the old days brought law and order into existence. Men like him nowadays make it their business to see that their actions square with law and order.

The Interest Curve

WILL some Roger Babson of veterandom please prepare a graph showing the probable variations of service men's interest in the reunions of their old army outfits over a period of years? Would such a chart show that the peak of interest is in the first year after demobilization, with a gradual downward slant to the present, but with a future slant upward based on reasonable expectations? An old member of an outfit with a fine combat record writes:

> We seem to be letting the outfit reunions go. I know for a time we tried to have reunions of the old ——th Division and did have one or two very pleasant ones. But they seem to be things of the past. I feel we need to keep up these outfit reunions, don't you? It keeps up the old spirit of comradeship.

What is the answer? Are reunions really falling off? Or is the division mentioned in the letter above an exception to the rule? Why should an outfit, after holding two or three good reunions, no longer like to get together?

Well, the answer probably is that the success of an outfit reunion is wholly dependent upon the continued existence of a comparatively small group of members who are willing to keep on doing all the work to hold the gang together. There is a large amount of paperwork involved in handling the affairs of, say, a divisional society. The secretary and his assistants who served with enthusiasm for a few years find it increasingly difficult to keep in touch with everybody. The letters they send out remain unanswered. Requests for small contributions to meet expenses of sending out bulletins and making arrangements are responded to by a diminishing number of members. The novelty of the earlier gatherings has worn off and many men are no longer willing to make the sacrifices necessary to attend a reunion. Confronted with such a situation, to hold the old gang together demands a vast amount of plugging and a certain genius in writing letters that will get under the hides of the backsliders.

Perhaps these factors explain why some outfits can hold in 1925 as good a reunion as they held in 1920, and others can't. But anyone understanding human nature knows that time will cure the apathy, where it exists, spelling the disintegration of the reunion spirit. Memories, permitted to lie fallow, eventually will surge up stronger than ever. The spirit of comradeship will re-assert itself. The outfit which finds it hard to get together in 1925 will be coming back explosively ten years from now—and stronger than that in 1950.

❖ ❖ ❖

It's a wise wife in the back seat who'll let her husband shift for himself.

❖ ❖ ❖

Most of the boys who won their races to the railroad crossing this summer are now planning to go north and hunt deer.

❖ ❖ ❖

One labor Hercules didn't have to perform was to sit at a restaurant table in front of an electric fan and try to put pepper on a side dish of stewed corn.

The Most Exclusive Club *in* Chicago

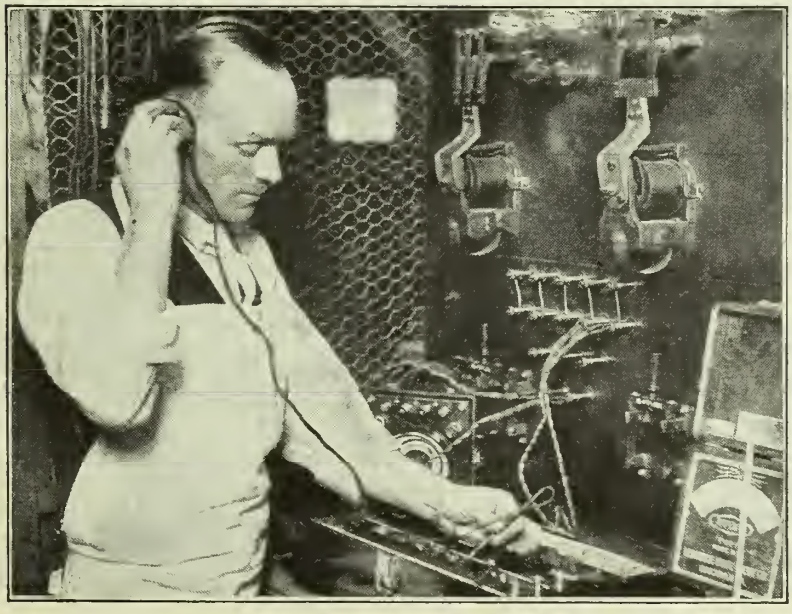
By ARTHUR VAN VLISSINGEN, JR.

EVER hear of an outfit where every man had either the Congressional Medal of Honor or D. S. C.? No, not a war outfit; a post-war outfit. There is such an outfit, in Chicago.

The Combat Medal Men's Association is its name. Every member is a member of The American Legion. He has to be, for that is one of the requirements of membership. He has to have won a decoration of the United States for valor. And his character must be, as the Association's constitution states it, "worthy of his decoration."

Two years and a half ago, when the question of whether Illinois was to pay a state bonus was to be submitted to referendum vote, James C. Russell, as commander of Blackhawk Post, was in charge of publicity for the Legion. When interest was flagging and newspaper space hard to get, Russell conceived the idea of getting together the men who had won combat medals and of putting them behind the fight.

Berger Loman didn't always have as prosaic a task as that of gilding a radiator. It wasn't so many years ago that he crawled to a flank position of a machine gun that was directing its murderous fire against Company H of the 132d Infantry, rushed the position, killed or captured the crew and turned the gun on the retreating enemy. He was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. He's a member of the Combat Medal Men's Association, all Legionnaires



Fred R. Weiss, an electrical expert, makes more money than a brigadier general. Before the war he was a waiter at a salary of two dollars and a half a week. He won the D. S. C. for pulling boxes of ammunition to safety after shellfire had ignited the powder store of his battery—F, 21st Field Artillery

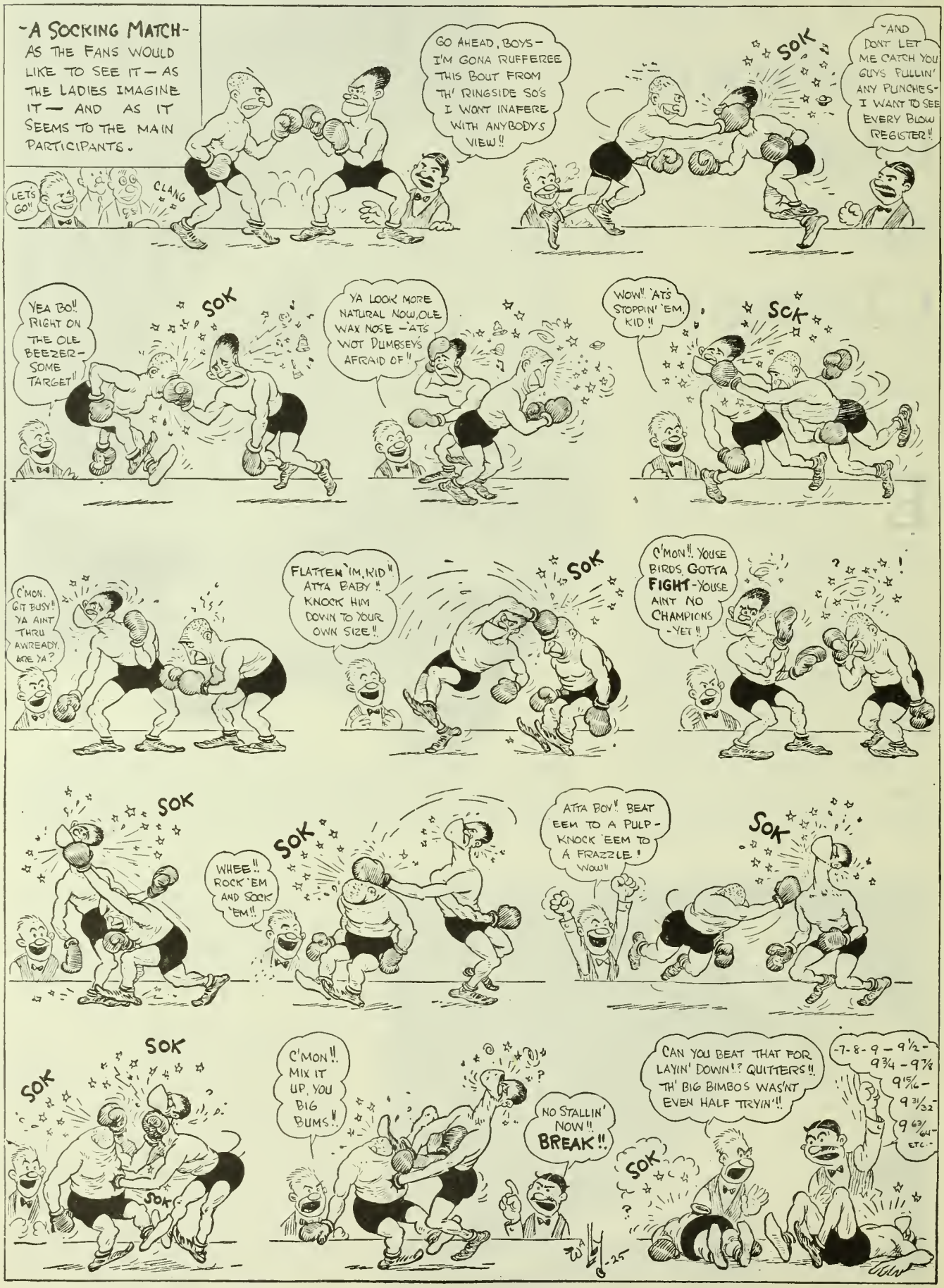
He found that there were about a hundred of these men in Cook County, which is mostly Chicago. So he dug up the records, assembled a large proportion of these men, and issued newspaper publicity around "Cook County's Hundred Heroes."

It went over in great style. A great share of the public sentiment and the overwhelming vote in favor of the state bonus may be attributed to the hundred heroes. They were news, in the mind of any hard-boiled editor.

After the campaign for votes was successfully completed, the combat medal men found that they had established ties of friendship which they did not want to break. They had marched together in *(Continued on page 14)*

"Quit Stallin'—Give Us Action!"

By Wallgren



A PERSONAL PAGE *by* Frederick Palmer

Before me is a little pamphlet issued by the American Society for the Promotion of Aviation. Its title is "Make America Supreme in the Air." These six words should be emblazoned in the minds of all the experts who are making the investigations in answer to Colonel Mitchell's challenge. They should be the guide of President, Congress and the Army and Navy, and a public shibboleth. Both security and progress are at stake. Although as a people we own more radio sets and automobiles than all Europe, we are behind other peoples in aviation. We must have adequate military air protection for the nation. Our land of vast distances must not leave leadership in development of the means of quickly spanning them to lands of short distances. "A landing field or air port in every town," says the pamphlet—and that we must have to ensure our being really supreme in the air.

All in Six Words

This is the only way that I can thank the Legionnaire who sent me a clipping from the "Tall Tower Topics" column of the Waterbury (Connecticut) *Evening Democrat.* If he wants to start a correspondence by mail with me, or even with the experts of the Dead Letter Office, he better print that signature of his in block letters. It looks as much like Smith as it does like Johnson, and it might be either or Duckowitz, Bertelli, McManus or MacPherson. But I admired his taste in literature while I cursed his handwriting. That "Tall Tower" account of the part of Jim Waring "from Anywhere, U. S. A." was printed in block letters of flame to me. Its vivid simplicity of realism has our eminent war writers beaten. It told me that all the war descriptions I have read have not calloused me. It "brought it all back." I found myself pausing to try to swallow that big lump in my throat. I wish that I had room for the whole column.

In Block Letters, Please

"When the advance continued they found him. Had a picture in his hand of a woman and a kid."

Look up to Pike's Peak and listen to this plan born of the clear air of Colorado! "From out where the West begins," writes Adjutant Hutton of Robbins-McMullin Post of Grand Junction, "just a few lines to tell you that our post is forming an organization which, if permissible, we intend to name the Junior Legion. We believe we are the first to institute such a movement, and, if plans materialize, we intend to perfect a large organization."

Yes, Yes, Pike's Peak!

I note that George Washington is First Vice-Commander of the post. The great Washington would be for the plan, and as a man of action he would insist upon materialization whether the plan were strictly original or not.

Application has been made for the use of a ten-acre tract in the Grand Mesa Forest Reserve. Here cabins are to be built for the Juniors to occupy on their school summer holiday; here there is to be a drill field where they are to receive real military training under the command of a Legionnaire chosen by the post who is to promote his boy subordinates from the ranks.

Regular habits, meals and exercise, healthy bodies and minds, sound ideals, fellowship and all the good that comes from military training will be imagined as a second nature in youngsters in their own formative period. At seventeen these boys will already exemplify all the benefits which start for others at the Citizens' Training Camps and which began for many a Legionnaire when he first put on his country's uniform.

Only ten acres of government land are required—and there is plenty of government land far from city streets in the West. Private owners of land on our seacoasts and in all our Central, Southern and Eastern mountain, forest, lake and river regions can give space for growing no better crop than that of a better citizenship of the future.

It is not the first boys' camp that a Legion post has conducted, but the idea of a permanent camp in a forest reserve is big with possibilities. I like the name of the Junior Legion with its telling suggestion. It shows how to carry on to the next generation the best we have to give. It has a national sound.

Sir William Crookes said in 1898 that by this time the United States would cease to export foodstuffs: and then, eighteen years afterward, we poured out more grain than ever to meet the war market. Lately Henry Wallace, expert, has been telling us that in another five or ten years there will be a world food shortage and that the population of the United States must cease growing when we reach two hundred millions or some of us will starve. On top of this I read that raw sugar is cheapest for several years because of the large production, and I hear about abandoned farms and of farmers having to sell their crops so cheap that it hardly pays to plant.

We Are Not Starving Yet

If the soil of the United States were cultivated as intensively as that of Belgium we could support five hundred million people. Were tropic jungle cultivated it would produce untold food supplies. There is no excuse for race suicide yet for fear future generations will starve.

Less than a million Indians occupied the present area of our country when the white man came and they were making a poor living, including those who dwelt on our richest soil. They left Nature to do the work. We work ourselves and work Nature. We are only just learning how to make her yield bounties to us. Our great-grandchildren will not want for a square meal if they will work for it.

Maine is going to do it. That State of forests, fishermen and summer hotels and cottages is about to carry out the dream of everyone who has been fascinated by the might of ocean waves breaking on a beach, of the turn of the tide swinging a fleet of battleships at anchor as easily as if they were corks, or of flood or ebb tearing through a channel in irresistible force. For the first time the tides are to be harnessed. The voters of Maine have given their mandate for the State to spend one hundred million dollars in a project which will take from the notoriously high tides of the Bay of Fundy four times the electric power of Muscle Shoals. Light and heat through lonely winter days for remote homes in Maine, power for new factories; and light, heat and power for Maine to neighboring Canada and New England! That is the way to make Nature work for you.

Muscle Shoals Looks Small

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to all

Ex-Service Men and Women

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With the funds that remain from wartime contributions, the K. of C. has been able to conduct this move for higher education. More than 300,000 ex-service men and women have already been trained in their spare time.

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Take advantage of this opportunity to improve yourself socially and financially. These courses embody the best thought available in the field of higher education. They are open to ex-service men and women only.

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85 Courses from which to Choose

Courses in practically every field of endeavor can be enjoyed by those who served under the colors of Uncle Sam. Read the list of courses available and decide which one will help you.

Ex-Service Men and Women *only* are Eligible

To all ex-service men and women regardless of creed or color, these courses are free. Fill in and mail the coupon today.

Mail This Enrollment Blank

Mr. William J. McGinley, Supreme Secretary, Knights of Columbus, New Haven, Conn.

Attention Dept. C-30.

Dear Sir: Please send me Bulletin 6 concerning Knights of Columbus Correspondence Courses together with an application blank.

Name _____
(please print)

Street and Number _____

City _____ State _____

The Most Exclusive Club *in* Chicago

(Continued from page 11)

the 1923 Memorial Day parade, too. Russell suggested to A. A. Sprague, who was in charge of the parade, that the men best fitted to lead the parade were the "Hundred Heroes." Sprague liked the idea, and invited them to take this position. They did, and they discharged their duty well, for onlookers were inspired with a feeling of respect for the achievements of these men. It got the public to thinking that, if these men had exposed themselves to danger for the sake of the nation, then the rest of the men who marched after had been up against a few hardships and a few perils too. There was less hilarity among the spectators and more reverence in keeping with the spirit of the day.

Then Mike Cullen, one of the medal men, decided that the association should be made permanent. He called a meeting in a downtown hotel, and on June 15, 1923, the Combat Medal Men's Association was formed.

No one, after he had sensed the temper of this meeting, would have thought of it as a selfish organization. The only selfish purpose that the men have is to obtain the pleasure that comes from meeting with their fellows. Their unselfish purposes are many—and these purposes are carried out.

In the first place, each member must be a member of the Legion in good standing. And he is expected to work for the Legion a good deal more actively than he would otherwise be expected to. Hardly a post in Chicago but has added to its roster new members whose applications were taken by some of the combat medal men. Most of the medal men, for that matter, are members of the Forty and Eight.

Several times a year the Association gives a dinner for its members. As you look around the table, you get the impression that here is just an ordinary gathering of young Americans—the typical group you find at any gathering of service men. But if you know the men and what they have done, your attitude changes. For here are brought together a handful of men who have served their country well—and thought not of themselves in the serving.

The happy-looking young chap at the end there is Johnny Miles. See what his citation says of him: "Miles, John. Corporal, Company E, 131st Infantry. For extraordinary heroism in action near Wadonville, France, November 9, 1918. Although suffering severely from the shock of a shell concussion, Corporal Miles volunteered and went four hundred yards in advance of our outposts in order to draw the fire of enemy machine guns, so that fire could be directed upon them. He returned to our lines after accomplishing the mission, but in such exhausted condition that he had to be carried to the aid station."

What the citation does not tell is that Miles sufficiently realized the danger he was going into so that he turned over all of his personal effects to a buddy before he went, with instructions to forward them to his mother. He never expected to return from that "mission." Nor did anyone else.

Then there is Berger Loman. He has the Congressional Medal of Honor, the nation's—perhaps the world's—highest recognition for valor. You wouldn't particularly think that Loman had done anything remarkable. For he is an unassuming sort of chap. After the war he settled down to the prosaic work of being a union painter at the union scale of $1.50 an hour. He doesn't walk with a swagger, despite the fact that he wears the decoration which is the highest at the disposal of the nation. His citation is given under the photograph of Loman reproduced with this article.

Maybe we'll see Tom Pope—Thomas A. Pope, to be precise—sitting with Loman. Tom is the other Medal of Honor man in the Association. Only 105 of these medals have been awarded for World War service. Of these, at least 44 men were cited after their death from injuries incurred in the deeds of gallantry which won them their decorations. So the Chicago medal men's outfit includes two Medal of Honor men of a total of not more than sixty now living.

To return, for a moment, to Tom Pope. His citation, too, tells the story of his bravery dramatically. It reads, after the preliminaries: "In action with the enemy at Hamel, France, July 4, 1918. Corporal Pope's company was advancing behind the tanks when it was halted by hostile machine-gun fire. Going forward alone, he rushed a machine gun nest, killed several of the crew with his bayonet, and standing astride of his gun, held off the others until reinforcements arrived and captured them."

There's Fred Weiss, too. Fred is a Dane by birth. He came to this country at about the time the war broke out in Europe. He had his first papers, but he was still a long way from citizenship when the United States entered the war. He was married, too. But Weiss was so proud of his start toward American citizenship, and so imbued with a desire to help his adopted country, that he joined up with a regular army outfit, the 21st Field Artillery.

Corporal Weiss's arm was broken on October 23, 1918. He somehow managed to stick with his outfit after he had the arm set and in a sling. So he was lolling around—actually in his stocking feet—when shell fire ignited the powder store of his battery. Despite his disabled arm and the exposed condition of his feet, Weiss was the first man to enter the burning dump. And he pulled out a great many boxes of ammunition, "despite the danger from explosion and increased enemy shell fire," as the citation has it. He saved all of his outfit in the immediate neighborhood—for there is no question that if Weiss had not acted as he did, at risk to his life, the battery would have been pretty well blown out of existence by its own h. e.

He got the D. S. C. for it. A little later he got a gassing. So when he came out of the Army, he was given Veterans Bureau training. He chose electrical and automotive engineering as his subject, Lewis Institute as his school. And Fred R. Weiss, the Dane only a few years from his old-country home, made so good a showing in this

school that he was retained, on graduation, to serve as an instructor in the school.

Before the war he had worked for a while as a waiter in a hash joint for $2.50 a week and meals. But that did not prevent a Chicago manufacturing concern, makers of elevators, from offering Weiss a job as its electrical expert at a salary higher than that of a brigadier general.

You might thus go on indefinitely with the membership of this unique organization, for of course they're all heroes, though you'd have to go some to make them give you the details of their exploits. Take Eddie Powers's case. Eddie got a bullet in his wrist near Bois de Fais on October 9, 1918. Ordered back to a first-aid station, he was doctored up and consigned to a hospital. He threw away his evacuation ticket and trekked back to his company, where he acted as runner until the outfit was relieved, in the meantime getting pretty well soaked up with gas.

When he came back to civil life, Powers didn't seem to fit well into any of the jobs he got. He drove a Yellow Cab for a while—and was fired because he had too many small accidents. The reason, of course, was that the combination of bad wrist and gassed lungs was sufficient to get his attention off the driving now and then.

The medal men's officers went to Howard Savage, an official of the Chicago Rapid Transit and active Legionnaire—during the Legion year just concluded he was Commander of the Department of Illinois. Savage got Eddie a job as a rodman on the elevated. From that moment Powers fitted in. He could handle the work well; it was out of doors, and it was right in line with his desires and his physical requirements. Today Powers is with a surveying gang on an extension of the Chicago elevated. His health is fine. He is happily married. Everything is going as it should.

A great outfit, this Combat Medal Men's Association. It does everything that it can for the nation, the community and the Legion.

TAPS

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this department. 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.

LEE BOWMAN, *Klingensmith Post, Bristow, Okla.* D. July 20, aged 26.

CHESTER R. BRACKETT, *Leon E. Abbott Post, Swampscott, Mass.* D. Sept. 13, aged 39. Served with Co. H, 328th Inf., 82d Div.

ROBERT E. CRIHFIELD, *Gresham-Crutchley Post, Atlanta, Ill.* D. Sept. 2, aged 34. Served in A. E. F.

J. S. GIBSON, *Rainier Noble Post, Seattle, Wash.* D. Feb. 21, aged 69. Capt. in Navy.

REUBEN KALAJIAN, *Rau-Locke Post, Hartford, Conn.* D. at U. S. V. B. Hosp., Oteen, N. C., Aug. 24, aged 24. Served in Navy.

JOSEPH L. MCCRACKEN, *Waverly (Ill.) Post.* D. Sept. 6, aged 37. Served with Co. L, 45th Inf. at Camp Gordon, Ga., and Camp Sheridan, Ala.

NICHOLAS PORTULAS, *Brunswick (Ga.) Post.* Murdered, Aug. 2. Served with Co. D, 116th M. G. Bn., 31st Div.

CHESLEY H. THOMASON, *Alamogordo (N. M.) Post.* Killed in auto accident, July 29, aged 34. Served with Hq. Co., 20th Eng.

HOWARD WARNER, *Feeney-Bennett Post, Middleport, O.* Killed in auto accident, Sept. 5. Served at Camp Sherman, O.

JOHN WOODRUFF, *John Florbaugh Post, Kensal, N. D.* D. July 23, aged 38.

COLGATE'S

softens the beard at the base

When Confucius Pitkin was President of the Common Council there were more whiskers in the State of Maine alone than it would be possible to find within the borders of the Union today.

Judge Pitkin, who won his title by serving for two years as a justice of the peace, had no more use for a necktie at that time than a fruit peddler has for a blue sash.

But one sunny afternoon, while he dozed in an easy chair, his first-born son, whose fists were full of taffy, climbed upon his knees and engaged in certain playful exercises that caused the judge to become a changed man.

His whiskers had to go; but it was all for the best.

Judge Pitkin, finding comfort in the regular use of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream, looks younger now than he looked in that remote age when it was necessary to enter an automobile by a back door.

Our pictures of him "with and without" show why a clean shave daily has become a business as well as a social requirement.

Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream enables the man with the toughest kind of beard to shave *easily* and *comfortably*.

The close, wet lather emulsifies the oily coating upon each hair, permitting moisture to penetrate and soften it almost instantly. It leaves the face soothed and velvety after shaving.

Colgate's needs no messy application with the fingers, no mussy rubbing in. Being always creamy, it does not roll off the brush.

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REVERSIBLE COLLARS
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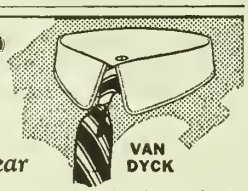

Linene Reversible Collars are made so that they can be reversed when soiled. Both sides are alike, of fine starched cotton cloth. They are flexible, comfortable, and always smooth around the neck. You save money because these collars can be worn both sides, and cost nothing for laundering. When soiled, throw them away.

SPECIAL OFFER: We will mail you, for thorough trial, 5 sample Linene Reversible Collars of our up-to-date, improved Van Dyck style if you send us 25 cents with your address. Don't fail to state size wanted.

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Powerful, New Multi-tube Miraco gets long distance on loud speaker. Set, ONLY $27.35 Retail
SEND for SPECIAL OFFER!
Users everywhere report Miraco radios get programs coast to coast; outperform sets 3 times as costly. Many bear foreign countries. Radio's most amazing values in guaranteed, factory tested, long distance sets—let testimony of users convince you.
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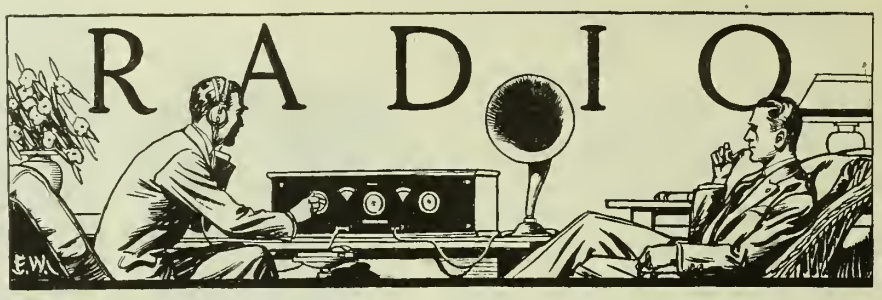

MENTION was made in this department a week ago of the fact that John Brawley Post of Charleston, West Virginia, had applied for an approval form under the terms of the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly as the first step in seeking a radio installation for the Mountain State Hospital in that city, a contract hospital of the Veterans Bureau. The second request for hospital installation comes from Platt National Park Post at Sulphur, Oklahoma, in behalf of the Soldiers' Tubercular Sanatorium at Sulphur. Applicants for admission to the hospital must be honorably discharged veterans of the World War or other American wars (ex-Confederate soldiers are included). With a bed capacity of one hundred, there is usually an average of sixty-five patients in the hospital. Dr. John T. Wharton, commander of Platt National Park Post, is also superintendent of the hospital.

A number of endorsements for radio receiving sets to be furnished to individual veterans who are being hospitalized at home have been received from Legion posts. Richard Murphy Post of Greensboro, Alabama, requests a set for a tuberculous member of the post; Emerson and Lane Post of Richmond, Maine, for a totally and permanently disabled comrade; Hamlin Weldon Post of New Haven, Oswego County, New York, for a veteran who has been refused government hospitalization; Carl Vogel Post of Lake Worth, Florida, for a member, a former officer, who has been stricken and helpless since his discharge in 1919. All of these requests will be placed on file for consideration by the fund's board of trustees. As has been announced, all efforts will be directed first to equipping with radio receiving apparatus all hospitals not provided for by the former fund committee.

Lincoln (Nebraska) Post has submitted a request for radio equipment in the Dr. Benjamin F. Bailey Sanitarium in that city, and from Harold T. Andrews Post of Portland, Maine, a request for headsets to be furnished to the Maple Crest Sanitarium at East Parsonfield, in which a member of the post is a patient, has been received. Questionnaires and approval forms have been forwarded in these cases.

A resolution endorsing proposed radio receiving equipment in William Beaumont General Hospital in El Paso, Texas, was received from El Paso Post through Post Commander J. A. McNabb, Jr., before announcement was made in the Weekly that Legion posts would be called upon to act as representatives of the board of trustees in all radio projects. Commander McNabb reported that the members of the post's visiting committee, who are at all times in close touch with patients in the hospital, interested the post in the radio installation. Specifications for the installation are now being drawn up by El Paso Post with the assistance of the hospital authorities. Lieut. Col. M. A. W. Shockley, commanding officer of the hospital, is senior vice-commander of El Paso Post. Almost eight hundred headphones will be required in this project.

Alamo Post of San Antonio, Texas, has enthusiastically assumed charge of the work of radio installation in the Station Hospital at Fort Sam Houston. Little difficulty should be experienced in this particular job, as Major J. W. Sherwood, executive officer of the hospital, was connected with Walter Reed General Hospital in Washington, D. C., at the time the model radio receiving equipment was installed there. Eight hundred headphones will be used.

The personal co-operation of Department Adjutant Morton M. David of Colorado has been obtained in connection with the radio project in Fitzsimons General Hospital in Denver. This is one of the larger hospitals, with a bed capacity of 1,857 and an average of from 1,300 to 1,400 patients at all times, the majority suffering with tuberculosis. From a thousand to eleven hundred patients are veterans.

Fred W. Stockham Post of St. Louis, which has been particularly active in hospital and relief work, has been assigned to duty in connection with radio installation at the Station Hospital at Jefferson Barracks. This hospital is distinct from U. S. Veterans' Hospital No. 92, which is also located at Jefferson Barracks, but which is being equipped with radio by the Veterans Bureau.

A survey of the radio equipment installed by the former committee of the fund in the nursing cottages for tuberculous veterans at Liberty, New York, is being made by F. T. Schweinfest, commander of the Sullivan County organization of The American Legion, with a view to removing sets furnished to cottages which no longer have ex-service patients to those in which veterans are now receiving treatment.

The American Legion Convalescent Home at Ralston, New Jersey, was equipped with radio receiving apparatus by the Paterson Elks-Roxy Disabled Soldiers Radio Fund Committee, which operated in conjunction with the Sun-Roxy Fund shortly after the latter was organized.

The Radio Editor will be pleased to have Legion posts make report of any radio activities which are connected with the Legion or which have to do with radio equipment being installed or to be installed by the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly.

'It Takes *a* Thief—'

(Continued from page 5)

icans, Moroccans, Britishers, Belgians, Australians, Canadians, soldiers and civilians, had fallen into bad habits. Anything of value that was not locked . . . they took, some of them. Blankets by the hundred thousand, automobiles, shoes, candy, tobacco, coffee, pistols, flour—thousands of dollars' worth of property disappeared each week.

We knew certain Frenchmen were growing wealthy. They bought the loot, paid for it, resold it at higher figures, and banked the difference. In some cases American officers were guilty. Certain civilian employees of quartermaster and commissary departments did a thriving illegitimate business. Sneak thieves prowled about. Burglary was common.

"This Georges Pompard," one of our officers said one morning, "you know him? Well, sir, three years ago he was a ragpicker. Now he's spending money like a man off the fleet. He needs watching."

Through the French police we checked on Monsieur Pompard. His account in the Banque de Tours stood close to three-quarters of a million francs. He advertised, in papers throughout France, that he was selling "American salvage." Offices in his name were maintained in both Tours and Le Mans.

We set a watch on Monsieur Pompard for two months, in vain. Bill in the meantime did chores for us. Occasionally I let him go out to wander by himself. Each time he would return and betray some partner in crime.

Police work is unpleasant business. The Bills, the narks and pigeons make it less pleasant but more effective.

"Corporal," I said one morning, "here's a case I want you to handle. If you make good—if you don't double-cross me—I'll see that you profit by it. I want you to find where a Frenchman named Georges Pompard is making his money. He's getting American property, buying or stealing it, and I want to know how and where. He's no small timer, you understand that. He's a big operator. I've tried to get him and can't. Now you try."

Bill asked for money on expense account. We gave him a trifle. With a hazy hope that I might see him some time again, and a fear that I never would, I watched him go down the steps and out into that world of thieves and vagabonds which he knew so well.

For a week there was no sign of him, no word. I began to think that he and his expense account were among the missing. Then came a message.

"I need a man," said Bill, "one of your regular operators."

So I dispatched a sergeant. He found Bill clean and sober, dressed in a new serge uniform, idly smoking a cigarette in a gilded café. He greeted our operator heartily, and then led him to a smaller restaurant and talked.

"This big cheese Pompard," he began, "is fallin' over himself to buy salvaged stuff. He's got a warehouse full of it, and a lot of birds are selling it to him, mostly sergeants from the quartermaster. What he wants most

Service cannot stop

The telephone, like the human heart, must repair itself while it works. The telephone system never rests, yet the ramifications of its wires, the reach of its cables and the terminals on its switchboards must ever increase. Like an airplane that has started on a journey across the sea, the telephone must repair and extend itself while work is going on.

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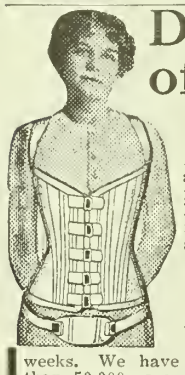

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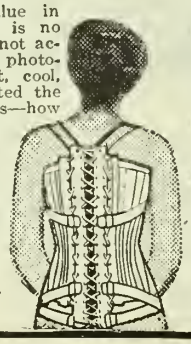

is bicycles. Now I told him where he could get them. I said that my friend Sergeant Thomas had the key to a barn full of bicycles."

"Who is Sergeant Thomas?" asked our operator.

"You are," Bill explained. "I told him that you'd meet him tomorrow evening just at dark, there on the corner near your office. That old barn behind your headquarters where you got the bicycles stored is where you're to take him. Ask him what he'll pay for the lot. Offer to deliver them on the truck. You start piling them on a truck, he'll come across with the money . . . then Miltoun will step out. . . ."

"Miltoun?" the sergeant repeated the name of the craftiest of the French detectives. "Why Miltoun?"

"Because Miltoun's after him," Bill said. "Pompard's scared of that Frenchman. I don't know why. He's not scared of anybody else. I was sitting with him today, and Miltoun passed, looking at him hard . . . and Pompard spills his wine and forgets to keep on talking."

"You will be with Miltoun?"

"I?" Bill was astonished. "Oh, no, not I. Monsieur Georges would suspect."

So it was arranged.

At dusk, while Detective Miltoun of the Le Mans bureau of police hid with me in the shadows, Monsieur Georges Pompard followed a D. C. I. operator into a darkened courtyard. He stood by while the doors were unlocked. When the light was turned on this wealthy, energetic, patriotic Frenchman gazed hungrily at three dozen American bicycles.

"Five francs for each one!" he offered.

"Five?" Our sergeant did not want to appear too eager. "Five? They're worth twenty-five!"

"Sh!" Monsieur Pompard, who loved the Americans, cautioned. "Not so loud! Now as a special favor . . . ten francs, eh?"

"Very well, then . . . ten francs!"

Pompard paid over the money.

"*Voila!*" screamed Miltoun the detective, rushing into the light. "Son of a serpent, I have you! Ah, clever boy! Ah, bicycle stealer!"

Monsieur Pompard trembled. He offered Miltoun his entire roll of bills, pleaded, begged death to strike him. Death resisted the plea, and we led the fellow to the D. C. I. office.

Detective Miltoun stalked the floor, his eyes, hard and sharp as steel gimlets, boring through Pompard.

"Well?" he asked.

Pompard trembled.

"Well?" Miltoun asked once more. "Must I lose my dignity and use you for a dust mop, or will you talk?"

"Oh, messieurs!" It was a pitiful, sniveling man, hunched there by the cold fireplace. Once taken, Monsieur Pompard was no heroic fellow, no gay conspirator laughing at his captors.

"My poor wife!" he cried.

"She'll be happier if you're in jail where you can't beat her," put in the French detective, who evidently knew about the Pompard family life.

He halted, feet apart, before the wretch.

"I'll tell!" screamed Monsieur Georges Pompard, the dealer in salvaged goods. "Anything you ask I'll answer!"

It was a miserable tale, told in short words and jerky sentences. It incriminated Americans, French, British. Good, honest names took on sorry color as he went on. All the time a stenographic pencil followed red lines across a notebook.

"And so when my friend, the corporal, came how should I know he was with the police?"

"Your friend the corporal?" I demanded.

"Yes, yes, Bill!" He added our tale-bearing corporal's last name. "These six weeks I have been buying from him . . . ink, pencils, two pistols, the spare tires for motor cars. He has made much money from me!"

All my natural contempt for the stool-pigeoning profession rose again in me. So Corporal Bill had not gone straight as he promised.

I crossed to the cupboard where our surplus office equipment was stored. There had been ink aplenty, in quart bottles, on the top shelf. It was gone now. I remembered an operator reporting a lost gun. Three spare tires had disappeared from the garage. We had watched Bill, but not carefully enough.

Monsieur Georges paled when Miltoun took him out to the street. He had promised to testify in the American courts when we brought up the many Americans who were implicated with him. At the gate a couple of gendarmes waited, with long chains and handcuffs. They took the wealthy Pompard to a small, low-roofed, thick-walled building where he could buy no drinks for thirsty loungers.

"Now," suggested Miltoun when the ragpicker was gone, "let us inspect his warehouse. I have already the perquisition for searching the place, even before I came here this afternoon."

I was thinking of Bill.

"One thing first," I answered. "Sergeant, take this notation. Post it over my signature on the bulletin boards, and relay it to the military police."

Then I dictated what we called a "lookout," demanding the person of Bill. Ink, pencils, two pistols, the spare tires for motor cars . . . he was wanted!

We found easily the institution known as "Georges Pompard & Cie." It was housed in an old brick and stone building, behind a high wall topped with broken bottles. The office was dark. I had watched that office myself on other nights. There always had been a light.

We entered the gate, after Miltoun had rattled a great bunch of keys and growled under his breath at the lock. The warehouse was stacked with stolen supplies. Monsieur Pompard, our wealthy and patriotic Frenchman, had bought anything soldiers offered him.

Bins of olive drab uniforms lined a wall. Of blankets there were at least five hundred. Automobile tires lay heaped in a corner. Here was loot worth several thousands easily.

But in his office . . . we stopped in confusion.

Papers were blowing about the floor. A broken window let in air and glass lay scattered under it.

Miltoun halted, flashing his pocket lamp.

"Zut!" he cried. "A burglary!"

An American ax tipped beside a desk over at one side. A broken

drawer lay upside down on the floor, empty.

"Bill!" I exclaimed, understanding many things.

"What?" asked Miltoun.

"Nothing," I answered him.

It was simple work the next morning, discovering the fellows who had helped Monsieur Pompard to American supplies. In Tours and Le Mans half a dozen Americans were trapped.

The end?

No, Monsieur Georges Pompard was tried eventually, and wept when the judge shook the first fingers of both hands at him, telling him his neck would decorate a block. But, being a kindly judge, he reduced the penalty to six years. Monsieur Pompard was not in so friendly a mood toward Americans when I saw him next. His wife, bustling to the jail with chicken and trouffles, had told him of a robbery in his office.

"That thief got not so much," he told me wisely. "I am no geese. Non! Not Monsieur Georges Pompard! I give my money to my wife. She take care of it!"

Madame Pompard grows white and fat, they tell me, on a very pleasant farm near Tours, awaiting the return of Monsieur Georges from prison. His time must be nearly up.

As for Bill . . . there you have another story.

We searched for the pink-cheeked gentleman in the thousand places in the underworld where he might hide. At last we caught him, one night in a café, hungry again, without a centime.

He was locked up, and next morning the inevitable happened. The prison guard sergeant knocked on my door.

"That there lousy stool pigeon wants to speak to you, sir," he announced.

I ordered Bill brought in.

"Well, corporal," I said. "Another confession?"

"Yes, sir."

"What now?"

"Well, I did pick up a bit of stuff around here and turned it in to Pompard. I knowed him before you sent me after him."

"And is that all? How about your breaking into his shop the night you sent him over here?"

"Aw, that? Yes . . . I done that, too. Wasn't much there; the feller kept most of his roll on him."

"That's all you wanted to say?"

"Why, no, sir. There was something else. While I was out this time I run into lots of stuff you want to know. Now, if you want me to, and will make it worth while, I'll spill all I know on the guys I was with. They been up to some good tricks."

"Sergeant," I called to the sentry on watch at the door.

"Yes, sir!"

"Take this man down and lock him up," I directed.

I was through with stool pigeons. Bill was convicted of petty thievery, and served time.

That should have been the end of the story. But unfortunately it wasn't. "The end is not yet." For I have learned since that in a small city not very far from Brooklyn Bridge there is an untidy, ragged building whose owner does a prosperous business in the buying and selling of "salvage," junk, and old automobiles.

The name on the door is Bill's.

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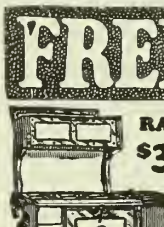

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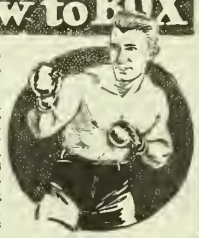

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On the Trail *of the* A. E. F.

(Continued from page 7)

the spring of 1919 will miss the long rows of hundreds of captured German cannon which lined both sides of the superb avenue all the way from the Place de la Concorde to the Etoile and circled the Arch of Triumph with a ring of conquered steel. Some who were there a little longer will remember that these bulky trophies of battle were at last gracefully disposed of by being piled in two huge pyramids in the basins of the fountains at the Rond Point des Champs Elysées, so that the troops and the battle flags of the Allied Armies passed between them in the Victory Parade of July 14, 1919. The cannon were later hauled off to foundries and melted down.

Aside from the disappearance of these guns, the Avenue is not greatly changed. One can still look down its magnificent, tree-lined sweep from the Arch and see in the blue distance the obelisk in the Place de la Concorde and beyond it the façade of the Tuileries or, from the other direction, behold the Arch itself looming against the sky. Beneath that Arch has rested since January, 1921, the grave of the Unknown Soldier of France, with a votive flame which is never extinguished burning in a bronze basin at its head, fresh floral tributes constantly lying upon and around the face of the tomb, and a group of people, varying from two or three individuals to a crowd, always gathered in reverential attitudes about the spot which symbolizes all the heroism and sacrifice and agony of the World War.

Not a few buildings in the neighborhood of the Arch of Triumph are capable of stirring memories in the mind of the returned doughboy. Just around the corner of the Avenue de Wagram is the Rue de Tilsit and thereon the large building at No. 17, whose every martial occupant moved in an atmosphere of such exceeding snappiness in the times when it was the domicile of the Headquarters of the District of Paris, fleur de lis shoulder patch and all. When I saw it not long ago the building seemed to be vacant, but not so the Elysée Palace Hotel, a short distance down the Avenue des Champs Elysées, from whose roof the Stars and Stripes used to float proudly when they betokened that every nook and corner of the big building beneath was filled with the busy administrative offices of the American forces in Paris. The lower floor of the Elysée Palace Hotel, or simply the "Palace," as it used to be designated in the Signal Corps Telephone Directory, is now occupied by the offices of an insurance company.

More even than in the old days are the pleasant promenades and by-paths beneath the trees and among the flower beds of the Champs Elysées frequented now on sunny afternoons by nurse maids and children and by ladies with needlework or books sitting about on chairs or park benches. It is a section of the city which always invites to soothing idleness, possessing an atmosphere differing decidedly in this regard from the atmosphere of the Grands Boulevards or such streets as the Rue de Rivoli or the Rue St. Honoré. Southwestward around the corner from the Rond Point, on the Avenue Montaigne, one may look again if so minded upon the staid and respectable front of the building at No. 53, which always seemed to be scandalized during the spring and summer of 1919 when it was occupied by the notoriously unceremonious and high-spirited personnel of the American Athletic Training Section of G-5, which was putting through the Inter-Allied Games. Nowadays the place is catching up rapidly on its impaired dignity and looks lonesome enough in process to any Yank gazing at the decorously shuttered windows.

A few doors below is that other sedate edifice of the same type, at No. 45 Avenue Montaigne if I remember correctly, whence the automobiles of the Athletic Section transportation pool used to fare forth on breathless journeys eastward along the crowded Quais and through the Porte de Vincennes and the winding driveways of the Bois to Pershing Stadium, where the Games were in progress. The "Stade Pershing," though much smaller than Colombes Stadium, on the other side of the city, in which the Olympic Games were held in the summer of 1924, was nevertheless big enough to seat about 25,000 spectators, and at times during the Inter-Allied Games it was jammed with a great many more than that, for the military Olympics, conducted under the auspices of the United States Army with the assistance of the Y. M. C. A. and the American Amateur Athletic Union, and participated in only by athletes who were also soldiers of one or another of the Allied armies, caught the imagination of the Paris public even more generally than did the regular Olympic Games five years late.

In driving out, as before mentioned, along the Quais, one skirts for several miles the bank of the Seine, whose surface is always broken by busy tug boats and long strings of barges laden with every conceivable kind of freight. But interspersed among these prosaic laboring craft today are numbers of trim, swift little screw steamers, or "bateaux-omnibus," which ply regularly along the river between Charenton on the southeast side of the city and Suresnes on the west, making frequent stops at stations along the Quais. These boats, which with their airy, covered decks and numerous benches afford one of the pleasantest means of viewing the portions of Paris adjacent to the river, were entirely out of commission during the war and for several years thereafter, though a few members of the A. E. F. no doubt chanced to see them, all moored together in a big, disconsolate fleet, hidden away in a bend of the Seine behind the Bois de Boulogne. No doubt it was the wartime scarcity of fuel which kept them in idleness, but that deficiency is gone by, and if a person who happens to have been formerly a functionary of the central American Post Office is inclined to visit his old haunts at the Hotel Mediterranée, he can travel on one of the boats instead of by Métro or bus down to the Pont d'Austerlitz and there get off to seek, up the Boulevard de la Bastille, the building wherein he used to labor among the mail sacks.

It is not probable that any of the Paris guide books of the future will set forth the historical facts concerning a number of Paris buildings which, like some of those already mentioned, are of the greatest interest to visiting ex-soldiers of Uncle Sam's Army, though they may expend their space upon many topics which will be less appreciated. In fact, with this very thought in mind, I have examined the guide book which, with the American and English touring public, seems to have succeeded since the war to the favor formerly enjoyed by Mr. Baedeker's exhaustive compendium on the attractions of Paris. Beyond such summary statements as: "Hotel de Crillon, Place de la Concorde and Rue Boissy-d'Anglais, occupied in 1919 by the American Peace Delegation," or, "the Route de la Ferme is continued by the Av. de la Belle-Gabrielle, with (r.) a path leading to the Fond de Beauté (fine views) and the Stade Pershing, a stadium presented to France by the United States," there is nothing. But why? No doubt it is logical and historically edifying to read, as one may, that "on the right are the Rue des Tournelles; the Rue du Pas-de-la-Mule" (even this is not, as might be supposed, an American reference, since the Missouri mule is not the one alluded to) "leading to the Place des Vosges; and the house of Ninon de l'Enclos. The impostor Cagliostro (d. 1795) lived at No. 99 in this boulevard." The fair Ninon and the, presumably, guileful Cagliostro may have been important personages in their day, that is to say prior to 1795, but it may well be doubted whether as many people at the present time are vitally interested in knowing where they resided as there would be in such an entry as, for example, the following: "On the right in the Rue St. Anne, at No. 10, was (1918-1919) the popular American hoosegow known as 'The Bastille,' where Yanks of all grades who had overstayed a three-day Paris leave, or who had never had any leave at all to overstay, were canned preparatory to a trip to Prison Farm No. 2 (See Chelles, 19 km., p. 364)".

Or useful information both classic and modern might be combined in an item, thus: "The Blvd. des Italiens, lined with cafés, is the liveliest of all the boulevards and the chief rendezvous of 'flâneurs.' The Rue Taitbout branches to the left. On this street Napoleon Bonaparte (1769-1821) once bawled out a top sergeant of the Grande Armée for having his tunic unbuttoned. The spot is marked by a bronze statue of the button. At No. 32 (take ascenseur to 5ième étage; fine view of the cafés across the street), 'The Stars and Stripes' (1918-1919), which printed all the news that the A. E. F. was fit to read, was successfully published by 323 enlisted men of the U. S. Army in spite of the presence among them of several officers who were attached for rations and the sake of appearances. The close proximity of the liveliest of the boulevards with their aforementioned flâneurs (which being liberally interpreted, means 'café lizards') contributed largely to the phenomenal brilliancy of the publication. Since 1919 the American Chamber of Commerce, which for a time seemed in danger of total eviction, has resumed possession o fthe premises."

But, since it is too much to hope that such really worth-while information will ever find its way into the general guide books, the only way to preserve it eventually will probably be for someone to produce an A. E. F. guide book specializing on these matters. In such a publication, it is hardly necessary to say, attention will be drawn to the architectural merits and the historical significance of such edifices as the Cirque de Paris, off the Rue de Grenelle on the Rue Duvivier, where would-be A. E. F. champs formerly mauled one another before howling mobs of soldats américains and where, on March 16, 1919, The American Legion was officially born, in the all-A. E. F. caucus called to found a national World War veterans' association. Other historic spots mentioned will be the barracks where resided the six assorted companies of M. P.'s who made Paris unsafe for Democracy or Republicanism or anything else unless it carried a pass; the numerous gares, and particularly the Gare de l'Est, where one ran the gantlet of R. T. O's, and the still more numerous garages of the M. T. C. and other units rating automobiles, scattered all over the city from Clichy to Pantin.

But, speaking in all seriousness, a guide book with whose preparation any former American soldier had to do would not fail, as some guide books have already failed, in its description of Suresnes and the lofty Mont Saint-Valérien, behind it, to mention a spot which is more sacred to ex-service men than any of those which have been enumerated. That spot is the Suresnes American Military Cemetery, where lie the bodies of hundreds of our comrades who gave their lives for their country, France and the world. For France it is a symbol in the heart of her own country of the sacrifices America made for her and for the common cause, and each year on the American Memorial Day she reverently renews on that spot her acknowledgment of gratitude for those sacrifices. To America it is a symbol of the cost of fidelity to principle and international honor, and to service men, especially, a reminder of the tragedy inevitably accompanying the Great Adventure, which for most of us, whether it was hard or easy, is today a cherished memory because it constituted the most stirring episode of our lives. Suresnes is a shrine without which post-war Paris would not be complete because it is both an altar of patriotism and a pledge of America's right to a share in the beauties of Europe's most lovely and picturesque capital,which America helped to preserve from desecration by the invading hosts.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

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

EVAC. HOSP. 8—Fifth annual reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Oct. 10. Address Herman C. Idler, Secretary, 1500 E. Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

144TH F. A.—Fifth annual reunion at Disabled Veterans' Hall, 246 S. Hill St., Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 17. Address L. E. Bancroft, Secretary, 1228 Pacific Mutual Bldg., Los Angeles.

BTTY. E, 327TH F. A.—Annual reunion at Litchfield, Ill., Oct. 25. Address Russell Brawley, Secretary, Litchfield.

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Explained

"This huge business was founded on the Golden Rule," proclaimed the commercial giant.

"How long ago did you found it?" asked the interviewer.

"Oh—er—I never founded it. I bought it at the bankrupt sale."

The Fully Organized Cow

[*Ad in Fostoria (Ohio) Daily Review*]

FOR SALE—Fresh Cow. Complete fixtures free with screen doors.

To Frivolous Fay

Be serious, be militant,
Be, if you will, imperious,
But get a less light-headed slant;
Be serious!

Your rhapsodies delirious
The maddest swain would disenchant;
Sometimes they greatly weary us!

And still we love you! That I grant;
A fact that's most mysterious.
Perhaps it is because you *can't*
Be serious! —*Edward W. Barnard.*

These Candid Westerners

[*From Sioux Falls (S. D.) Argus-Leader*]

. . . and an ensemble of girls who have been acclaimed at the Rainbow and Marigold Gardens in Chicago for their beauty and shapelessness.

The Bloodthirsty Practitioner

[*From Hillsboro (Ill.) Montgomery News*]

A gash about two inches long and three-quarters of an inch deep was cut in practise of Dr. Eugene Hastings.

Limerix

If I were a man from Missouri
I'd fly into a devilish fewouri
To have my belief
Come to ultimate grief
At the hands of a Tennessee jouri.
—*J. C.*

There was a young girl in Dijon
Who had no new clothes to put on;
But she didn't care;
She just said: "Laissez faire,
My figure is really tres bon."
—*W. C. P.*

There is a gold-digger from Ga.,
Whose name is Lucrezia Ba.
If she gets after you,
This is what you should do—
Say: "Beat it, I cannot affa."
—*P. F.*

A bottle marked "Eau de Cologne"
Was purchased by Sergeant Magogne.
But the label it lied,
For he found that inside
Was liniment made by one Slogne.
—*V. E. K.*

A brainy young man from Wenatchee,
Sent abroad as a naval attachee,
Soon married an heiress
Residing in Peiress—
His line must have been fast and catchee.
—*R. C. C.*

Degradation Supreme

"Steve, dear," whispered the burglar's bride as he started on his evening's work, "try to be a little more quiet when you come in tonight."

"Coit'nly, kid," replied the fond husband. "Did I wake youse up las' night?"

"No, but you awakened mother. And I don't want her running up to the penitentiary and complaining to father that I married an amateur."

Card of Thanks

[*Scotland Neck (N. C.) News Reporter*]

On a return trip from Wilson, N. C., Monday, July 27th, 1925, we wish to thank the many friends who came to our automobile trouble which took fire. But you all saved it all right.

Its Purpose

"Who invented the hole in the doughnut?"

"Oh, some fresh air fiend, I suppose."

Wild Times at Macy

[*From the Walthill (Neb.) Times*]

John No. 1 was at Macy Monday.

The most excited time in Macy was on the Fourth of July when two aeroplanes and a balloon passed over.

An Expert

"You should always respect old age," counseled the giver of advice.

"I do," replied the flapper. "I always ask grandma's advice as to the proper cosmetics."

Night Lunch?

[*Ad in the Panama Star and Herald*]

WANTED—Position as waitress by colored girl. Will sleep.

Fussy Dad

A small boy strolled into a butcher shop, laid a dime on the counter and ordered ten cents' worth of dog bones.

"An' please give me some with more meat on 'em this time," he asked. "Pop said he couldn't get a good mouthful off the last dime's worth."

Preparedness

"I'll take that touring car, and I want you to send up another one in about two weeks."

"In two weeks?"

"Yes, my wife has made up her mind that she is going to learn to drive."

The Triumphs of Science

[*Oil and Gas Journal*]

According to former surveys of this structure, the south end lay due south of the main structure.

Enough Is Plenty

"Aren't you going to the mountains this fall?"

"No need. Our elevator's out of order and I've got the itch."

A Precocious Youngster

[*Headline in Chicago Tribune*]

Police Capture Child Stealing Gang in China.

The Flavor Lasts

"Pretty, pretty little kitty,"
Said the flapper from the city,
"Come and let me pet you, please;
Come and climb upon my knees."

And the little kitten came
(Maybe you have guessed its name).
Now the flapper from the city
Runs from every country kitty.
—*Dalnar Devening.*

Handy

[*Headline in Washington Evening Star*]

Road to Jail Shorter Over New Bus Route.

For Shame, Bill!

[*Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times*]

William Crutchfield II appeared as Aladdin of the Wonderful Lamp. His coat of many colors was a mandarin jacket imported from China, encrusted with gorgeous embroidery. A Chinese headdress and a strand of bright beads finished the costume.

Angler (returning home after a heavy day with rod and flask): "You're liar. There ain't no fish that big."

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I have found during many years' research and from experience gained in treating thousands of cases of baldness at the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, N. Y., that in most cases of loss of hair the roots are not dead—but merely *dormant*.

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But my scientific system involves the application of entirely new principles in stimulating hair growth. It penetrates below the surface of the scalp and gets right to the cause of most hair troubles—the starving dormant roots. It provides not only an efficient way of reviving and invigorating these inactive roots, but of giving them the nourishment they need to grow hair again. And the fine thing about my system is the fact that it is simple and can be used in any home where there is electricity without the slightest *discomfort or inconvenience*.

No Cost If It Fails

Of course there are a few cases of baldness that nothing in the world can help. Yet so many hundreds of men and women whose hair was coming out almost by "handfuls" have seen their hair grow in again as the shrunken roots acquired new life and vitality that I am willing to let you try my treatment at my risk for 30 days. Then if you are not more than delighted with the new growth of hair produced, write me immediately. Tell me my system has not done what I said it would, and the 30-day trial won't cost you a cent.

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Results Gratifying

"Ten years ago my hair started falling. I used hair tonics constantly, but four years ago I displayed a perfect full moon. I tried everything—but without results. Today, however, thanks to your treatment, I have quite a new crop of hair one inch long."—F. H. B., New York.

Hair About Gone

"My hair has been falling for the last two years and I had hardly any more hair on the front of my head. But since I started using your treatment I am raising a new crop of hair. Your treatment is best I ever saw."—O. J., Northbridge, Mass.

New Hair Growing

"Results are wonderful. My hair has stopped falling out and I can see lots of new hair coming in."—F. D. R., Washington, D. C.

New Hair on Bald Spots

"I have used Thermocap Treatment for 8 weeks and although the top of my head has been entirely bald for 6 years the results up to the present are gratifying. In fact the entire bald spot is covered with a fine growth of hair."—W. C., Kenmore, Ohio.

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"Am glad to say I can see such great change in my hair. It is growing longer and my head is full of young hair that has made its way through since I have been using Merke Thermocap. I can't say enough for it. It will do everything you claim it to do."—G. G., Texas.

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