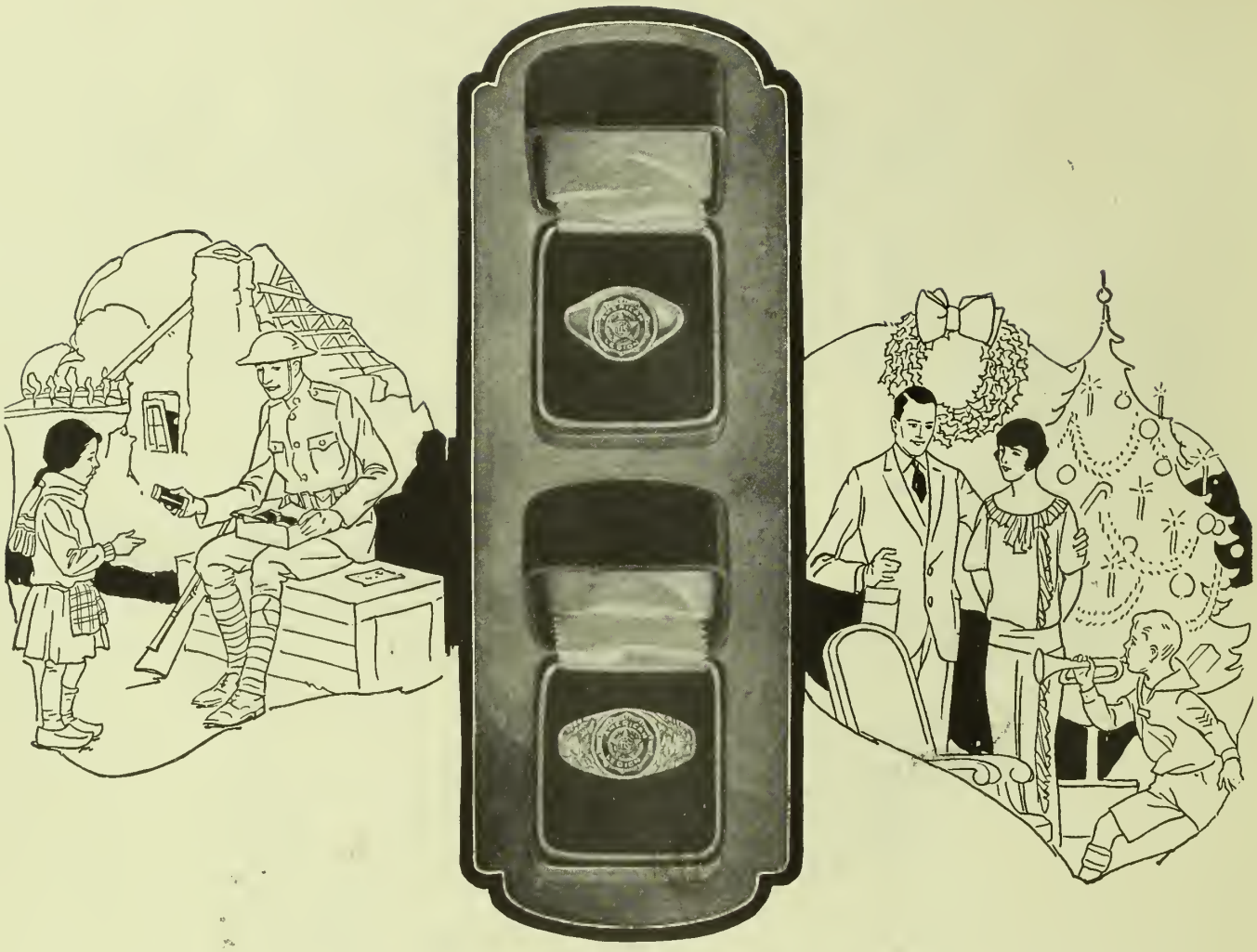
DECEMBER 4, 1925

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



1917 - CHRISTMAS - 1925

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THE AMERICAN LEGION, EMBLEM DIVISION, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

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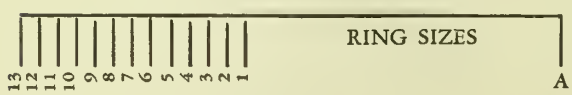

CUT a slip of paper that will just fit snugly around the second joint of the finger on which you wish to wear your ring. Lay this slip with one end at A on the standard ring gauge shown here and the other end will indicate the correct size. (Remember, we can furnish half sizes.) As an added precaution pin the slip to your order.

Ring to be size ☐

Gentlemen: You will please send at your risk one AL____ ring in ____k gold. I will pay postman $____ only (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. It is understood however that if the ring is not entirely satisfactory that my money will be refunded promptly providing the ring is returned at once.

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Street _____

City _____

State _____

I belong to Post No. _____

December 4, 1925

The American Legion Weekly

Vol. 7, No. 49

THE A. E. F. wasn't very big on January 8, 1918, when the gladsome news burst upon it, in the form of G. O. No. 6, that officers and men might be granted one leave of seven days every four months. "Try and get it!" was the belligerent advice of many a leathery old timer to his leave-eager rookies, fired by dreams of Paris. As the A. E. F. grew and battles succeeded training days, getting seven days leave was like shooting craps. You had to be born lucky to win.

* * *

NOW a second A. E. F. is marking time throughout the United States, waiting for the autumn of 1927 and the armada that will carry it on to Paris. The American Legion France Convention Travel Committee has been doing a mighty big piece of work getting banks in the towns and cities of the United States to establish Back-to-France American Legion Savings Clubs. By depositing three dollars, five dollars or more each week any Legionnaire can save enough money before September, 1927, to pay the expenses of his trip to Paris for the 1927 American Legion Convention.

* * *

BUT to go to Paris right, a Legionnaire must save more than money. He must save time also. From twenty-three to twenty-seven days will be required for the convention pilgrimage, from date of sailing in the United States to date of return to an American port. Most men can count upon two weeks' vacation time each year, but to double that period in any year they probably will have to adjust their affairs quite a while in advance. Perhaps there's a boss who would have to know about it early. Maybe cutting out vacations in 1926 or cutting them down will provide the surplus days needed for 1927. So the committee advises everybody to start saving time for Paris. By saving enough vacation time in 1926 most men will guard against anyone saying in 1927, "Try and get it!" in that tone which means "no."

* * *

ARMISTICE DAY brought a triple-barreled celebration for Leon Goodale Post of Glastonbury, Connecticut. The post's Auxiliary unit entertained the Legionnaires at an Armistice Day supper. Two huge cakes bearing lighted candles graced the center table. One was presented to Miss Anna Killiam, President of the Auxiliary unit, and the other to Post Commander Edward T. Collins. Armistice Day happened to be also birthday for both of them. Leon Goodale Post is wondering whether any other post in the United States can submit a better entry in the happy coincidence contest. Has anyone else anything to submit?

* * *

LET Oklahoma and Texas fight it out for the honor of making the Old Gray Mare march a popular tune in the Legion, but that tune got its start in the misty early days of America's history, say several correspondents. "Back in the old days it was a common fiddler's tune at the old time dances," writes Roscoe E. Johnson of Barre, Massachusetts. "There were several verses and some parodies. Its origin is obscure. It may have come from England with our forefathers, but its tune and wording smack of trying conditions of the New England colonies when even an old gray mare was not to be sneered at as a means of transportation." Warren D. Fish of Pierre, South Dakota, suggests that somebody with a flair for research and interest in the genealogy of music find out about the tune's origin and let the rest of us know.

* * *

CODINGTON COUNTY POST of Watertown, South Dakota, gives the rest of the Legion a new idea by adopting an American Legion ribbon service stripe to be worn on the new uniforms of the post's drum and bugle corps. "A stripe has been given each member of the original corps and an additional stripe will be awarded for each year of service thereafter," writes Wright Tarbell, post adjutant. "The ribbon is put on one sleeve as a service bar."

* * *

JOSEPH M. BURROWS, Charles Burrows and Frank Burrows are brothers. So are Edward Fitzgerald, M. F. Fitzgerald and James B. Fitzgerald. All of them are members of Clarence Hyde Post of Warren, Ohio. "Let's see which post has the most brothers," suggests W. J. Savage, post adjutant.

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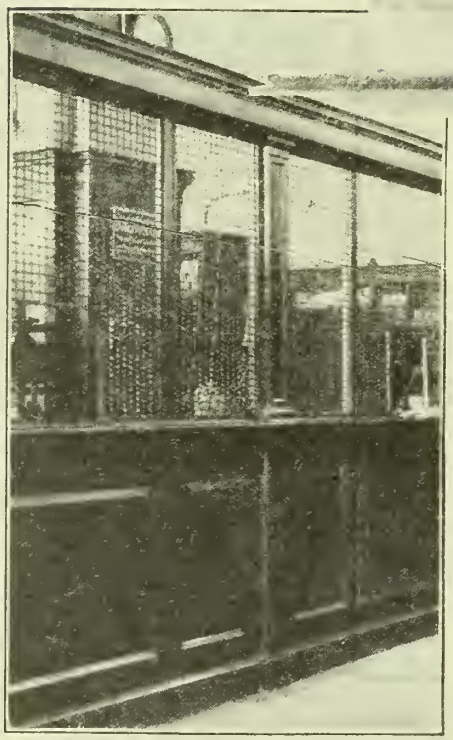
One of the stores of the Quebec Liquor Commission in Montreal. The exterior is as severe as that of a bank or a postoffice. Inside (lower picture) the comparison is even closer. The customer buys his bottled goods through a small wicket exactly as though he were cashing a check or buying stamps. The Quebec government, in announcing to visitors, particularly from the United States, the advantages which it claims for this system of liquor dispensing, lays much stress on the fact that purchases are made "without stealth"



America's Happy Drinking Ground

By SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE

A DUST-STREAKED automobile caravan hailing from Pittsburgh, U. S. A., rolled into the peaceful little village of Rosemere on the outskirts of Montreal, Quebec, early last August. Not far from the St. Rose River the procession halted, discharging eighty-five kindred souls actuated by a single purpose.

Before the first tent was pitched a courier had been hastily dispatched on an urgent mission to a certain emporium in town.

The proprietor's eyes bulged as he received the order.

"Mon Dieu! Eighty-five kegs of beer!"

News of the unheard of quantity purchase whisked through the village; the elder citizens conferred gravely. One keg of beer for each American! And others of the visitors had gone to the nearest liquor store of the Quebec Liquor Commission to purchase quantities of even more authoritative stimulants. The situation looked serious. The visitors might run amuck. It was debated whether an appeal should be made to the constabulary for protection. Several alarmed residents repaired home to prepare to repel the thirsty savages. That night the soil of Rosemere was drenched but not with blood. It was merely the overflow from the spigots of eighty-five barrels containing eight percent beer.

The worst atrocity suffered by the citizenry of Rosemere assailed their eardrums until sometime after midnight—the major and minor chords of "Sweet Adeline" and similar harmonious selections from the barber shop hymnal.

For the ensuing two days the internal weather report at Camp Venus—such was the name with which it was christened—was wet and cloudy. Then the deluge eased into steady dampness—a condition that continued for a solid fortnight. It was a jovial dampness, marked by music from a jazz band organized among the visitors. French-Canadians passing nearby to regard the expected havoc were gayly and cordially invited in to have a drink. Open-handed, convivial hospitality reigned. The young women of the village could not long resist such a novel attraction. Properly chaperoned they, too, called, and they were entertained with dancing on an improvised floor. "The American Camp" became the countryside's social center. When the American group of serious drinkers departed they left behind a friendly community which sincerely hoped they would come again.

Such is an incident in the new invasion of Canada by a thirsty horde of Americans. At least a million citizens of the United States have visited the French-Canadian province of Quebec this year. At a single point of entry—Rouses Point, New York—150,000 automobiles passed through last year. Some statistician has estimated that the average number of passengers per car is 3.6, which alone would account for more than half a million visitors. Other experts have placed the number of American tourists in a year as high as 3,000,000.

Distracted by domestic bootleg liquor, high in price and miserable in quality,

a growing army of men and women each year is repairing by automobile and train to the broad oasis lying beyond our northern boundary. Quebec is the favorite goal of the parched ones, principally because of its nearness to the heavy population of the northeastern United States.

I talked with a young Canadian whose business it is to stimulate this tourist influx. He declared with a show of seriousness that the reason Americans flock into Quebec is because of its scenic, historic, and religious attractions. Yet prominently in every pamphlet distributed among tourists is a section devoted to a summary of the provincial liquor statutes, emphasizing that "the sale of liquors and wines is made openly, freely and *without stealth.*"

Without in any way disparaging the attractions mentioned by my informant, everyone in Quebec is frank to admit that the real magnet drawing hundreds of thousands of visitors from the States every year is the lure of liquor.

Without stealth. Those words have a reason. The government agents who sell the bottled wares noticed a peculiar thing when Americans first began to patronize the liquor commission stores. The foreign customers appeared in doubt. They would glance apprehensively up and down the street before entering. Standing before the wickets, they were plainly nervous. Furtiveness was apparent as they whispered their orders.

Notwithstanding the boast of legality—a boast in the main, of course, true—there is considerable illegal sale of alcoholic beverages in Quebec and throughout Canada. But in theory at least local option prevails. Most illegal liquor sellers are concentrated along the border. Like the sentinel barroom of the old desert towns in our wild and woolly West, First Chance as you entered and Last Chance as you departed, there are few settlements near the boundary where drinks are not for sale. Not only are taverns illegally operated but hundreds of farmers have found that there is more profit in alleviating the dryness of eager tourists than in watering prosaic crops. Ale and beer are freely sold, and the retailers are raided at appropriate intervals and fined a nominal and standard penalty in lieu of paying a license fee.

ONE can't be too sure of the quality of the stuff on sale along the border. A few years ago I journeyed from Newport, Vermont, across the border to the town of Stanstead, Quebec, with a hopeful and expectant thirst. And the only stuff I found on sale was served in a lunch wagon—a drink of freshly manufactured synthetic gin.

There is evidence that such first aid retailers are doctoring their merchandise. Only a few days before my recent visit an American bootlegger was captured smuggling United States industrial alcohol into Canada. At first glance such a procedure would appear to be carrying coals to Newcastle, but investigation established that bootleg prices on American alcohol are cheaper than the rates charged by the liquor commission. The fact that the American alcohol was inferior in quality didn't matter. For the Canadian bootlegger, like his brother in the States, is a true profiteer.

But in general American drinking along the border is a brief ceremony to mark arrival on unprohibited moist territory. Application to the real task at hand awaits arrival in a city. The plain and fancy drinking of Americans in Quebec is done in Montreal. Yet there is little external evidence of it. During a five-day visit that extended over a week-end at the height of the tourist season I did not see one helplessly drunken American on the streets.

The truth is that, for the most part, drinking by the thirsty from the States is private and decent. I carefully looked through the files of the largest paper in Montreal for over a two-month period covering the liveliest part of the summer. There was not one American name mentioned in a scandal which might be attributed to excessive drinking.

Chief of Police Pierre Belanger, who maintains law and order in a city of close to a million souls with something less than 1,200 policemen, told me that he has practically no trouble with Americans. It is not unusual for 100,000 Americans to be in Montreal at the same time, and it is rarely that one is arrested. When such a thing does happen—unless some serious complication arises—the visitor is released when he recovers possession of his faculties. Of course it is inevitable that some should conduct themselves

(Continued on page 20)

A typical Montreal tavern—the closest approximation to the saloon of yesteryear. Only wine and beer are dispensed in taverns, but the alcoholic percentages are highly satisfactory to the thirsty

A PRIVATE for 58 YEARS

By LEIGHTON H. BLOOD

THERE was no United States Army when John Lusk enlisted for service from his home in New York, for a generation was to elapse before a United States came into being. When John Lusk was finally discharged the United States had been in existence thirty-eight years. Lusk began to soldier thirteen years before Napoleon was born, and quit soldiering a year before Napoleon did, though not for the same reason. Five monarchs occupied the throne of England while Lusk was alive. France was an absolute monarchy when he was born; before he died it had become a republic and changed back to a monarchy after surviving two revolutions. Thrones toppled, new democracies rose, the spirit of change ruled the universe. And through it all John Lusk remained a buck private, establishing a service record that it seems safe to predict will never be equaled.

LOOK on the map of Tennessee and hunt for Warren County, close to the geographical center of the State. If your map is big enough to show county lines clearly, you will notice that Warren County is almost an exact circle—or rather, that it set out to be an exact circle and got smashed in a little on the eastern side. In the center of this almost circle lies McMinnville, the county seat, a town of three thousand inhabitants. From McMinnville to the county boundary is about twelve miles in every direction in which the circle holds its true geometrical shape.

Somewhere in that dented circle lie the bones of an American whose name deserves to go down in history, for his record for the longest service as a buck private—fifty-eight years—has never been beaten in this country and perhaps not in any other.

John Lusk (he sometimes called himself Lisk) was his name. He was born November 5, 1734, at what is now West New Brighton, Staten Island, New York. His family were among the original settlers of the island, and had come to the colonies from Holland. They were Dutch Huguenots, and the name was pronounced Lisk in Dutch. There are still many descendants living on Staten Island, and the name is now generally given as Lisk. The stone house where John Lusk was born still stands.

As a boy he enlisted for the French War in Acadia (now Nova Scotia). The artillery seemed to attract him, for all of his service was in that branch. When Generals Amherst and Shirley went to Acadia and deported the famous Evangeline and her compatriots, young Lusk went along. He was later in the detail that distributed the captured French among the colonies. It was a bloodless campaign. But Lusk was soon to see real battle.

In the years that followed Lusk took part in some of the bloodiest encounters in the colonial history of America. He was in at the siege of Quebec and the memorable action on the Plains of Abraham and saw the fall of the victorious General Wolfe.

Still enamoured with the life of a soldier, he continued in the service in the colonial militia. The rolls of these organizations are not now available, but it is safe to say that Lusk saw plenty of action, for the Indians in those days were giving the colonists something to think about. But the rolls on which he was carried show that in all the time he was in service, including his service previous to the birth of the United States, he was a high private in the rear rank. No mention is made of his ever having been made so much as a corporal. Probably he was having a good time and let the non-coms and officers do all the heavy thinking for him.

When the Revolution broke out Lusk was among the first to rally to the colors of the new confederation of colonies. His first big campaign, as shown by the army records, was with Benedict Arnold into Canada. At that time Arnold was a major general in Washington's army, still untainted by British gold. Returning from Canada, Lusk was assigned to an artillery company equipped with captured British guns.

Lusk participated in the Battle of Saratoga, when Burgoyne surrendered, and later at Monmouth, Princeton and Trenton. The records show that he took part in other important engagements, and finally he was at Yorktown when Cornwallis surrendered to Washington.

When the Revolutionary Army was mustered out John Lusk was given another discharge. He was already sixty years old. But the army was still calling him. Only a few weeks passed and then he held up his right hand and joined the new American Army. In these days a man is retired at sixty.

Not content with garrison life, which he no doubt could have been given, he went on active service with General Wayne against the Indians. Family and military records prove that this was a real campaign, and that many hardships were borne by this little group fighting the first battles of a new nation that had just finished seven long years of warfare, with little funds and transport available.

After General Wayne's campaign Lusk was assigned to West Point. Here, for the first time in two score years and more, he led the life of a garrison soldier. Then along came the War of 1812.

The records of the Adjutant General's office show that Lusk did not participate in any of the engagements in this war, but was retained with the battery to which he was assigned at West Point. In 1814, when he was eighty years old, he was discharged because of age and infirmity—and he was still a buck. But his record was wholly clean.

Destitute, with no home, Lusk continued to live near West Point. He existed mostly on the charity of the neighborhood and what little he could earn as a broom maker. He did not work for himself but for another, and the family records show that his wages were a mere pittance. Pay in the early eighteen hundreds was not what it is today.

In 1818 the first pension law was passed, and Lusk applied for his well-earned bit. His request was granted, and he lived what to him must have seemed a veritable life of Riley.

Lusk thereupon decided to move away from the scenes of his earlier years and battles. Tennessee was then a frontier State, and Tennesseeward went Lusk. He settled about seven miles outside of McMinnville, Warren County, and there passed the last days of his life.

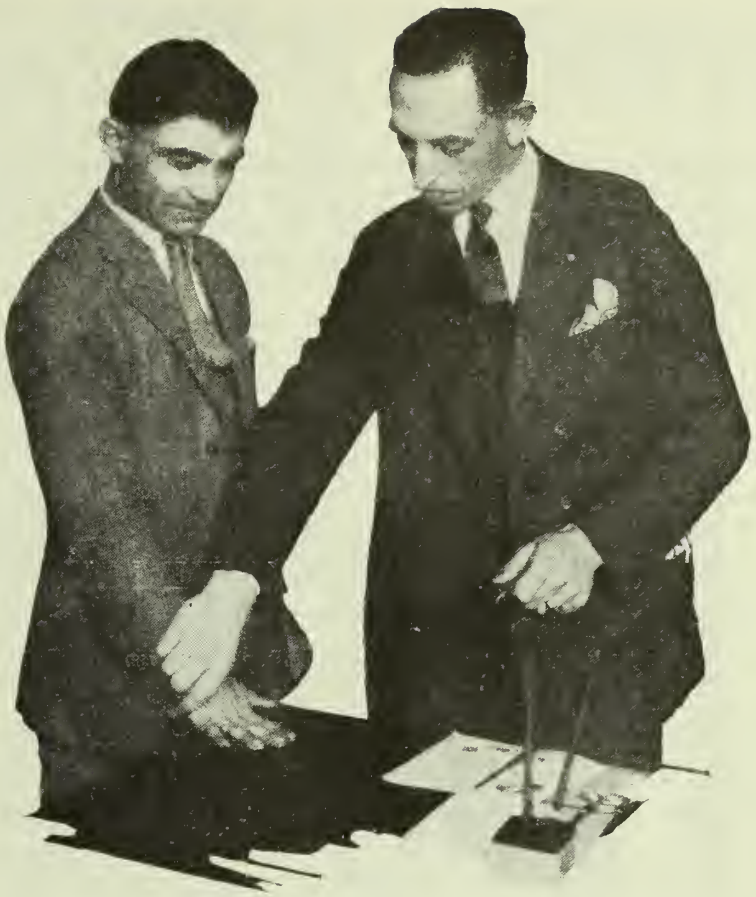
Long service as a soldier had hardened Lusk, and he was noted even in his last days for his remarkable strength of constitution and elasticity of frame. Until the day he died he boasted that he had never been ill. It was his custom to walk from his cabin to McMinnville, a distance of seven miles, and back again in the same day—and this after he had passed the hundred year mark. His military carriage and step were remarked, and he was one of the best known characters in that part of Tennessee.

At the age of one hundred and four Lusk died quietly in his sleep. There is no record that he was given a military funeral, but very likely there was one—and who ever rated one more? The government files show no record of his last resting place except that it is in Warren County, Tennessee.

Lusk was no youngster when the Revolution began. He had already seen more active service than most soldiers ever see. But he stayed on, fought through the most important engagements, and then re-enlisted. He left a record to shoot at which will probably never be equaled, certainly not in this country. Only I-See-O, an Indian scout now stationed at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, has any chance to tie it, and he simply because Congress saw fit to make his enlistment read for life. But I-See-O, who is seventy-five, is a sergeant, and Lusk, the records show, never even attained the grade of first class private.

A Friend to the Whole Town

By A. V. LEVERING



William Riemeyer, Jr., of Long Beach (California) Post taking the finger prints of an applicant for Federal adjusted compensation, illustrative of the thousands of things the post does every year to prove the Legion is the service man's best friend. That is only part of the story, for through its community service program the post has gained the confidence of the city

YOU can catch more flies with molasses than with vinegar. This axiom, in one form or another, has been known to the human race for a good many centuries.

It has been put to good, practical use by Arthur L. Peterson Post of Long Beach, California. For the Legion at Long Beach has deliberately set out to make friends with everybody of any consequence in town. And it has made friends of them. Consequently, when the post has some activity which it wants put through by the town, all its friends line up with it.

Peterson Post likes to think of itself as "the post that does things". The things which it does are almost entirely of a civic nature. Civic affairs, as the post sees it, are the natural function of the Legion in a town like Long Beach—which, for the information of those who may not know, is a city of somewhere between 120,000 and 150,000 situated right on the Pacific Ocean some thirty-five or forty minutes out of Los Angeles by electric train.

The problems of the Legion posts in Southern California are by no means simple. There is a steady drift of service men in ill-health to the sunny climate of the region. Many of them are in such bad shape that they are past being helped by the sunshine—so the local posts have them to help. Then there is the natural-born drifter, the fellow who keeps on the move because he has itchy feet. Southern California is a magnet to these boys, too. And they, too, many of them, get on the rocks—for the local posts to help off if they will. It is a situation which is never done with—for there are always more men coming to take the places of those who have just left.

The problem is, frankly, too big for some posts. Many a post in this region has three or four times as many applicants for relief in a year as it has paid-up members. And the relief desired may vary from the price of a meal to the price of a railroad ticket back home to New England. It is obviously too much for the posts and their finances.

It is a civic problem rather than a Legion problem. And on the basis of this common ground, the Legion posts are inevitably thrown into contact with many other local organizations.

But at Long Beach, Peterson Post has not waited to be thrown into contact. It has gone out, sought the contacts, and consciously developed them into an association of friendship and mutual confidence. And it has not confined this contact work to the relief organizations. Every worthwhile outfit in town is on friendly terms with the Legion post—recognizes it as a valuable institution, knows its officers personally and many of the members.

Once a month the post and its Auxiliary unit hold a dance. To this dance the post invites at least one other organization, and more than one if there is not likely to be a very large attendance from each. The Rotary Club, Lions, Kiwanis, Exchange and Woman's Clubs, the American Federation of Labor, the Elks, Knights of Pythias and a number of others are among those on the regular list.

When the guests come, the post sees to it that they are not left to their own devices. The visitors meet the Legionnaires, exchange dances, and have a really good time. By the time the orchestra plays "Home, Sweet Home," the members of the post, the visitors, and all the womenfolk have become good friends. And they are looking forward to the time when the invitation can be repeated.

Of course the guests invite the Legion members to their dances, too. Thus, in the course of a year, the post not only is host to eighteen or twenty other organizations, but is also the guest of almost all of the outfits it has entertained. There is thus a steady exchange of courtesies, a strengthening of the bonds of friendship.

Someone in the dim past has said that it is hard to hate anyone if you know him. The same thing can be carried further, to the conclusion that if folks are acquainted they are almost sure to be friendly. Mutual confidence is the natural accompaniment of friendliness—which is one reason why Long Beach post and the other organizations work together so well.

One result is that, quite intentionally, the other organizations aim to have at least one member of the post on their executive boards. Within the post are represented, of course, all of the other organizations. Thus there comes about that condition of interlocking directorates which may be discouraged by the Government in corporations, but which is exceedingly handy in administering civic bodies. The Legion man on the board of directors can tell the Exchange Club pretty accurately what the post's attitude will be on any given question. The post, on the other hand, can have expert advice on how a proposed move will affect local heads of the A. F. of L.

Whenever a question of civic activity comes up, the Legion post is consulted by the others. No action affecting service men is ever taken without the post's O. K.

All veterans' service in Long Beach is handled by the Legion, even though

the funds may come from elsewhere. The post is officially recognized as a relief organization, and as such receives from the Community Chest Fund money to dispense in relief work among veterans. At least eighty percent of the post's relief work is for men not members of the post.

The post's annual budget is $9,000. Of this, $6,000 comes in from dues—approximately 1,000 members at $6 apiece. The other $3,000 comes from the Community Chest. This eliminates the necessity of raising money on the outside by any kind of activity, and leaves the post officers free to concentrate their energies on doing a good job rather than on raising the money to do it with.

Whenever anyone comes to any of the other relief organizations and claims to be an ex-service man, even though his case is one which falls outside the province of the Legion's work, the man is sent to the post for approval. If the post O. K.'s the man's story on the service side, the other organization is likely to pass the claim. In the year other organizations disburse about $20,000 on the Legion post's O. K. Right there is a situation which could not exist if it were not for the liaison work the post has carried on steadily.

On November 11th every year a big meeting is held on the pier, in the municipal auditorium, under the management of the Legion post. While the post manages the affair, it does none of the detail work. The other organizations take care of that, as assigned to them by the Legion.

At this meeting dinner is served by Regular Army men from Fort McArthur. They bring field kitchens right up to the doors of the auditorium, prepare and serve the meals at $1 a plate in mess kits, and make a fair profit for their mess fund.

Each club puts on an act in the show that evening. There is keen rivalry among the organizations to put on a good act, better than any of the others. Thus the show is unusually good, from any standpoint.

The auditorium will handle 1,500 people. It is filled, each year, to capacity. The tickets are allotted to the various organizations on application, and the demand always exceeds the supply.

On Memorial and Armistice Days the post works with the G. A. R. and the United Spanish War Veterans. The Legion takes charge of the management and most of the work. But it insists, always, that the other organizations do their share of the actual work at the celebration, for it knows from experience that if an outfit takes over the whole works it gets very little credit and is likely to get a whole lot of blame.

And the post has developed to a high degree its service, outside of relief work, for the ex-service men of the community and for those who are passing through.

The post is not content to sit back passively and take what work comes its way. It lets it be known, through the newspapers, that it will gladly handle any cases which need to be taken up with the Veterans Bureau.

In each of the last two years the post has succeeded in getting over $2,000,000 of government term insurance reinstated for men and women who had allowed it to lapse. And in each of these years the post has been instrumental in inducing insured veterans to convert into permanent form over $300,000 of term insurance. There were 526 reinstatements handled by the post in 1923. Of these only one hundred were members of the post.

As part of the post's service to service men, arrangements have been made with the postoffice by which the post is notified of the names and addresses of any men or women for whom compensation checks are held undelivered at the post office. A little sleuthing such as the post office cannot possibly afford to do before sending a check back to the Veterans Bureau office—and about seventy-five percent of the checks find their way into the right hands within a few days. The other twenty-five percent cannot be located. But think of the heartaches the post has saved by this work—not to mention the aches that come from an empty stomach.

Also, what few copies of The American Legion Weekly are held undeliverable at the Long Beach postoffice each week are turned over to the post. The post uses them in its missionary work of showing non-members what they are missing when they do not belong to the Legion. A few of these copies lie on the counter in the outer office. Anyone is at liberty to take a copy. And they have a great habit of disappearing just about as fast as they are put out.

Now what does all this prove? Simply this, I think. That a post which combines genuine service to ex-service men with genuine service to its community, and a knack for getting on friendly terms with its neighbors and fellow-citizens, can do a tremendously effective job in its town with the minimum of effort and the minimum of friction.

For that is what Arthur L. Peterson Post has accomplished. It does a lot for everybody, and maintains itself in excellent shape, with no waste effort.

Wanted: *A* Patriot's Flag Creed

SOMEWHERE among the millions of school children of the United States is a boy or a girl whose devout reverence for the flag of our country and knowledge of all that the flag stands for is going to bring high honor and national distinction. He is going to compose a creed which will give to all the other children of the nation the same reverence for the flag and understanding of what it symbolizes that he himself has. That boy or girl is the school pupil who will win first prize in The American Legion National Essay Contest for 1926, who submits in that contest the best composition on the subject, "The Patriot's Flag Creed."

Essays submitted in the 1926 contest are already being received by The American Legion National Americanism Commission at National Headquarters in Indianapolis, and Frank Clay Cross, National Director of the Commission, estimates that if the success of the contests held in past years affords an index, fully 200,000 children will submit essays before the contest closes on March 16, 1926.

The boy or girl who writes the best flag creed of all those submitted will be awarded a national first prize of $750. A national second prize of $500 and a third prize of $250 will also be awarded. These prizes, of cash, are to be used only for scholarships in colleges or universities to be chosen by the winners of the prizes. In addition to the national prizes, prizes will be awarded to the writers of the best essays in each State. The writer of the best essay in each State will be awarded a silver medal. The second prize for each State will be a bronze medal and the third prize a certificate of merit issued by National Headquarters of The American Legion.

The official announcement of the contest states that it is hoped to procure "a patriot's flag creed, not more than 125 words in length, which will foster greater respect for the flag of the United States." It adds: "This flag creed should be stated in concise, impressive phrases and in a style of sufficient vigor and literary merit to warrant its memorization and use in schools, in citizen assemblies and on all patriotic occasions. The Patriot's Flag Creed should be written in the first person. It should, first, set forth the ideals and ideas for which the flag stands, the sacrifices and glorious achievements that it represents; and, second, proclaim in the form of a pledge the respect which every loyal citizen should accord the flag in his heart and in his actions. The National Flag Code, which can be procured from National Headquarters of The American Legion, should be used as a basis for any definite allusion to flag etiquette, for it is hoped that the flag creed may promote the use of the flag code throughout the nation. The elements of the flag creed may be combined in whatever form appeals to the author: It must display originality; it must be inspirational."

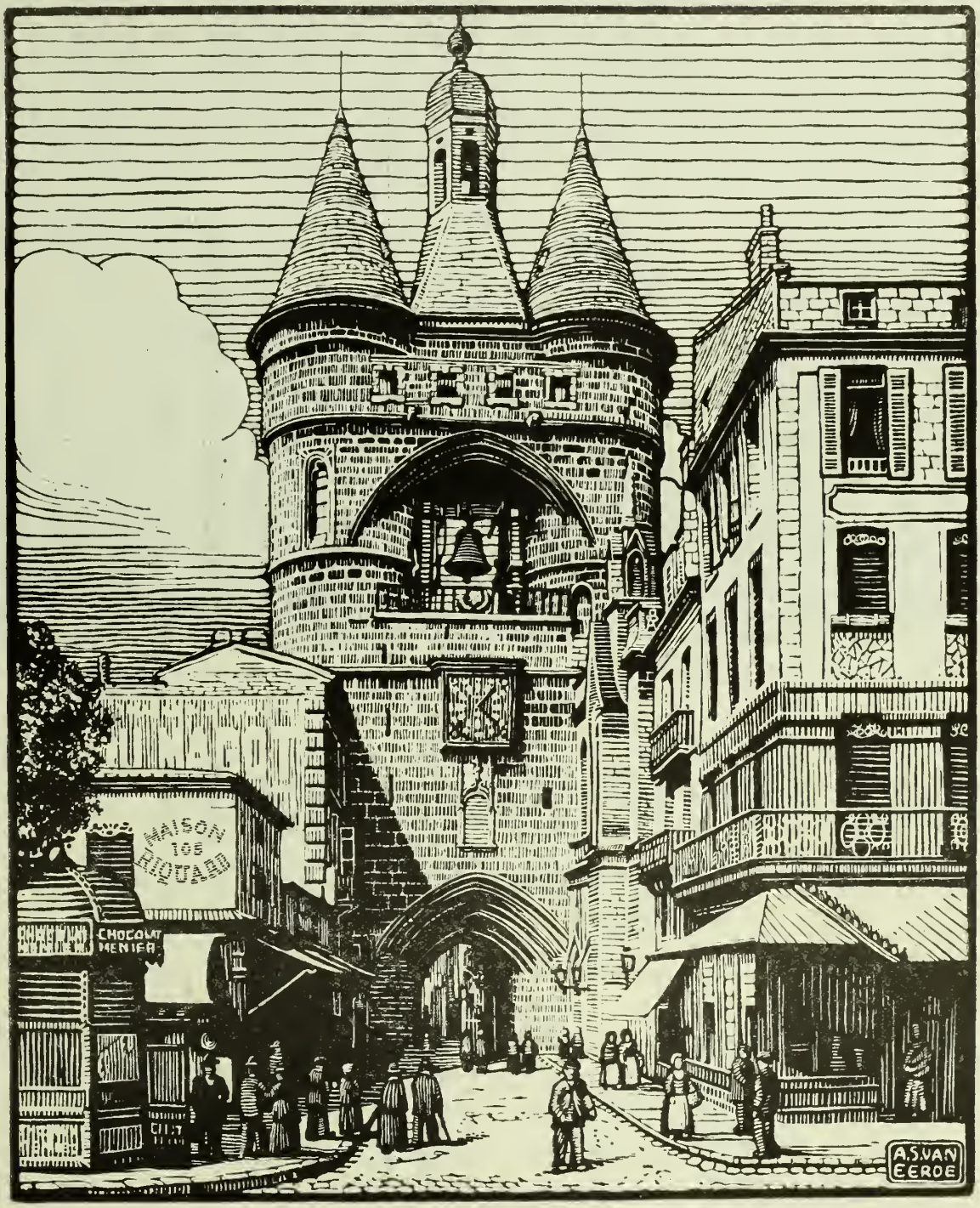
The rules for the contest provide that no person may compete who is less than twelve or more than nineteen years old, that no person may submit more than one manuscript, that the creed must not exceed 125 words, that every manuscript be confined to one sheet of paper, probably 8½ by 11 inches and preferably in typewriting, and that each manuscript shall end with a signed pledge testifying that the creed submitted is the own composition of the person submitting it. Manuscripts received later than noon of March 16, 1926, will not be considered. No acknowledgment will be made of receipt of manuscripts and those submitting them are asked not to send letters of inquiry.

All manuscripts should be sent direct to The American Legion National Americanism Commission, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Corners of A. E. F. France

I. La Grosse Cloche, Bordeaux

from a drawing
by A. S. VAN EERDE



THE city of Bordeaux probably retains more evidences of American occupation during the World War than any other of the large cities of France. While few American combat troops debarked from transports here as compared to the ports of Le Havre, Brest and St. Nazaire, tens of thousands of American soldiers were employed in the vast docks, warehouses and railroad yards of Bordeaux and its vicinity. Many of these men will remember La Grosse Cloche—the Big Clock—pictured above, which is one of the principal historical monuments of the city. As the present-day church bells summon people to prayer and the fire bells in smaller communities call out the volunteer firemen, so from very early times bells were used to call together the citizens of a community. At first town bell and church bell were one and the same, but as the bell could be rung only with the consent of the clergy, friction often arose. To avoid this difficulty, many communities obtained bells of their own, which, as in the case of La Grosse Cloche, were hung over the town gates. Separate towers were erected, apart from the gates, for the town bells as early as the thirteenth century, from which it can be determined that the clock tower in Bordeaux dates from earlier than 1200.

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.

For the New Congress

CONGRESS convenes next week for a new session, and for the seventh successive year the representatives of The American Legion will be at their posts in Washington in the interest of the enactment of legislation which is needful to the country or needful to protect the rights of ex-service men. Since 1919, when the Legion first made its influence felt and its voice heard in the national legislative halls, a great amount of legislation has been passed which originated with this organization. No other organization, and there are a hundred organizations in the United States which have legitimate interests in legislative affairs, can exhibit such a record.

At this session of Congress the Legion advances a program which is headed by a measure in the interest of the national defense the object of which is to reduce the number of slackers and minimize profiteering in event of war, and to distribute more equally the burdens of a war effort among all the people. Such an idealistic conception is obviously difficult to reduce to practical and workable terms which may be expressed in the language of a legislative act. Nevertheless the Legion has sponsored a carefully written bill to this end. This is most commonly known as the Universal Draft Bill. It also has been known as the Universal Service Bill, and the Universal Control Bill for National Defense. Perhaps the last title most accurately describes the object of the measure, but none of the titles is literally accurate because the bill is so broad in its scope that complete description of it in three or four words is not possible in any language. But all three titles quoted give a faithful working idea of what it aims to do. Specifically the bill empowers the President in time of war or when he deems war to be imminent:

1. To draft men for the armed forces, providing that there shall be no exemptions between the ages of twenty-one and thirty on account of industrial occupations.

2. To assume control of "the material resources, industrial organizations and services over which Government control is necessary" to the most effective prosecution of the war.

3. To stabilize prices of all essential commodities whether they are required by the Government or by the civilian population.

The foregoing covers all of the ground covered by the bill. Thus it is apparent that no literal "universal draft" is proposed. It is not proposed because it would be silly to propose an impossibility. Men are drafted for the armies, and they are drafted more fairly than before because the big slacker gate of industrial exemptions is locked in the face of young men. All young men who are physically able will serve in the armed forces. The places in the factories and shops will be taken by older persons. The operation of factories and shops embraces the activities of capital and labor. But capital will not be drafted and neither will labor, notwithstanding the loose talk one hears about "conscripting the dollar and making the munitions worker do his bit for the nominal wage a soldier gets." Such talk has done much to hurt the cause of this legislation. It would be a physical impossibility to execute the conscription of private fortunes and put the millions of workers in munitions plants on soldier pay. To mention one small point: Munitions workers under this scheme would generally be older men with families. Under a conscription program the Government would have to support those families. This would involve the creation of a semi-military organization larger and harder to run than the army itself. This would be a needless expenditure of energy when the proved theory of successfully prosecuting a war is to direct all energy against the enemy. Soldiers have families, of course, but, generally speaking, under this program soldiers would be young unattached units of society and not vital breadwinners.

What the bill does with reference to "material resources, industrial organizations and services"—that is, capital and labor—is to empower the Government to set up a rigid *control* of those parties to a war effort, and to stabilize prices for the benefit of both the Government and the civil population. This would equalize the war burden and minimize profiteering.

Control is a rather vague word, and it could be made to mean much or little according to circumstances. The same is true of the word draft as applied to manpower. It would do no good to draft men unless there were a plan of mobilization to take the draftees and form them into companies, regiments, divisions—in other words, to form an army. Such a plan, of course, exists. The same applies to industry—meaning its components, capital and labor. It would be idle to *control* these things unless there existed a plan by which this control would be made to amount to something in furtherance of the war effort. Such a plan exists now. It did not exist during the World War. This plan is for an actual mobilization of industry. Knowledge of that fact is a positive essential to the understanding of this proposed draft-and-control legislation.

In forthcoming issues the Weekly intends to discuss this plan for the mobilization of industry in some detail. Suffice to say within the limits of this page at this time that the Government knows in advance, and knows with some definiteness, just in which regiment and division every potential draftee for the armed forces would serve; and that the Government knows even more definitely the part every manufacturing plant in this country would play in the scheme of industrial mobilization. The War Department has figured out just what materials it would need, and in what quantities it would need them, to supply an army of any size up to four million. By actual survey of some 20,000 manufacturing plants in the country it knows what materials to expect from this plant and what from that, and in what amounts to expect them and about what they should cost. This was not known during the World War and the confusion it bred opened the door to the profiteer.

The Control Bill will be presented to the Senate by Senator Capper of Kansas and to the House by Representative and Legionnaire Royal C. Johnson of South Dakota. Another interesting piece of legislation bearing on the same subject will be a resolution by Representative and Legionnaire John J. McSwain of South Carolina which calls for the appointment of a non-partisan commission composed of members of Congress, the Cabinet and private citizens to study the whole question of a law to distribute more equably the burdens in time of war and to reduce profiteering, and to report on the form such legislation should assume. Mr. McSwain's position is that this is such a large subject, and one so little understood by the public, that it should be approached with the greatest care. Mr. McSwain is in accord with the aim of the Capper-Johnson Bill, but wishes to be certain that that bill will accomplish what is expected of it.

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The rapid development of radio leads to the suspicion that static may be only growing pains.

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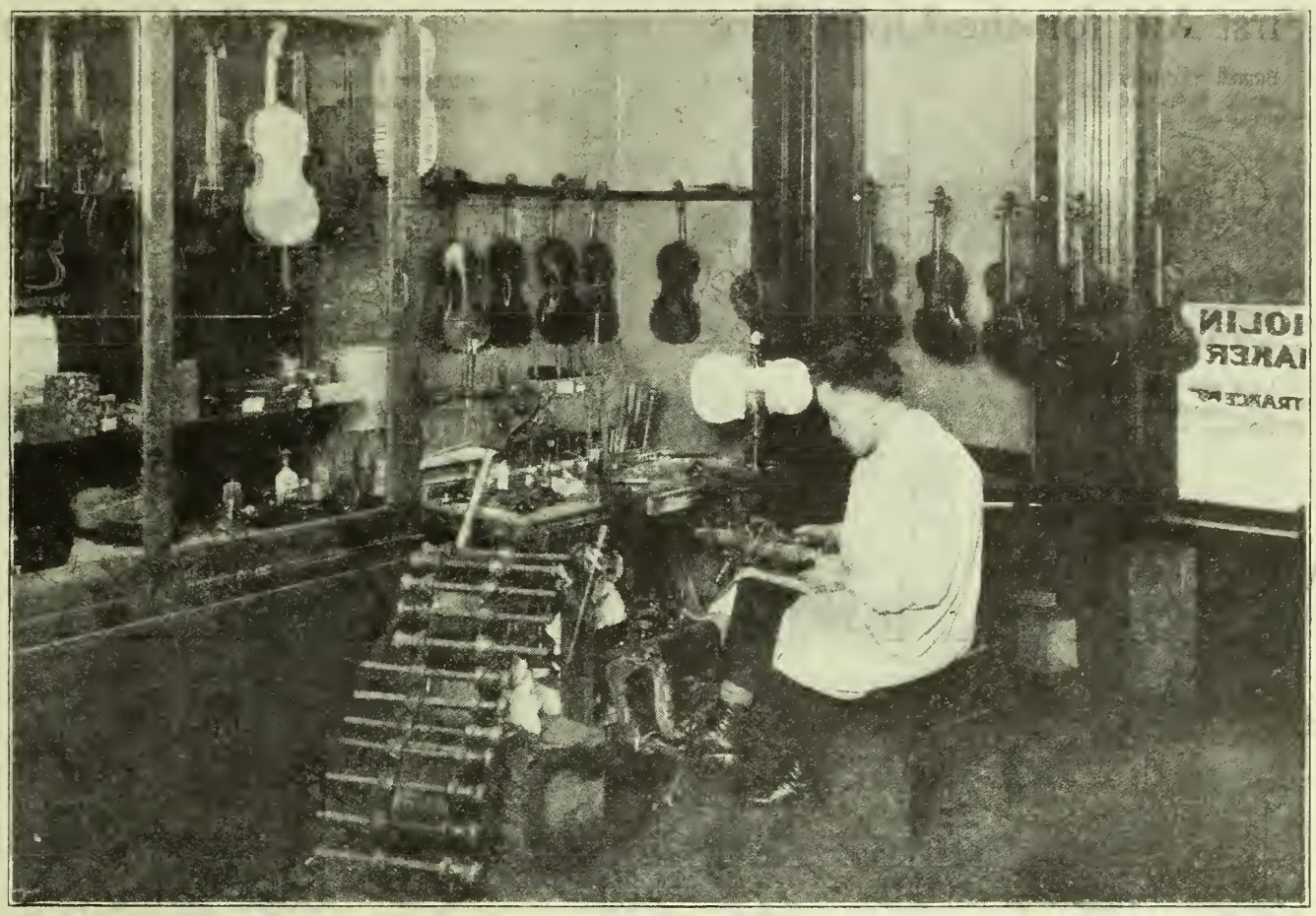
House rent used to be one of humanity's chief worries. Now it's the installment on the new car.



Before 1917 Thomas J. Camper was a machinist. Repairing violins was his hobby. He came out of the service with spine trouble that put a period to his career as a machinist. Today he is making good as a violin doctor

The Hobby *that* Overcame *a* Handicap

By ARTHUR VAN VLISSINGEN, JR.

HIS work as a machinist didn't leave him an awful lot of time to ride his hobby. But, in spite of the hard work and long hours, Thomas J. Camper was always doing things to violins. He had a knack of repairing a broken violin so that it was almost as good as new. He was just an amateur, untrained, but with an inborn liking for this sort of thing.

Folks used to bring broken violins to him. He couldn't always guarantee that he would have the job done by day after tomorrow, or whenever the owner of the instrument wanted it. But Camper would say, "I'll do my best with this. I can't tell whether it will take me an hour, or ten hours. I'll do it just as soon as I can get around to it. You can't hurry a job like this, though. If I can't take the time to do it right, I don't want to do it."

So he would take the fiddle apart, if it needed anything so drastic. He would scrape and sandpaper and glue, and give each violin the loving care that a master artist would bestow on a Stradivarius. It didn't make any tremendous difference to Camper whether it was a five-dollar fiddle or an old master's creation—though he naturally had the true craftsman's love of a fine article to work with.

When the war came along, Camper went in—as a private in the 103d Field Artillery. When he came back from overseas, it was with a spinal trouble which prevented his ever filling the comparatively heavy job of machinist.

Camper came out of the service so twisted in body that he can neither sit nor stand erect without the aid of a brace made of steel and leather. He was in pain—and he still is in pain, racked with pain. But his spirit was not impaired, though his back was.

The Veterans Bureau offered him the opportunity to become so proficient at some trade that he could earn a living at it, in place of his old occupation as a machinist. Camper snapped at the opportunity to learn violin repairing as it is practised by the best men in the profession. And forthwith he was "apprenticed" to a Minneapolis firm of violin makers and repairers.

"He took the fullest advantage of his training," declares a Bureau official who looked after Camper's training rather closely. "He co-operated with the training officers at all times and stuck at the job continually. He never lost a day by absence, although he suffered acute pain all the time."

That is one side of it. Here is Camper's: "Even though I was in intense pain, I felt that by keeping my mind on my work—which to me is fascinating—I should not suffer so much, nor worry over my condition. The mental satisfaction which I have derived in this way is great. It compensates for a lot of other things."

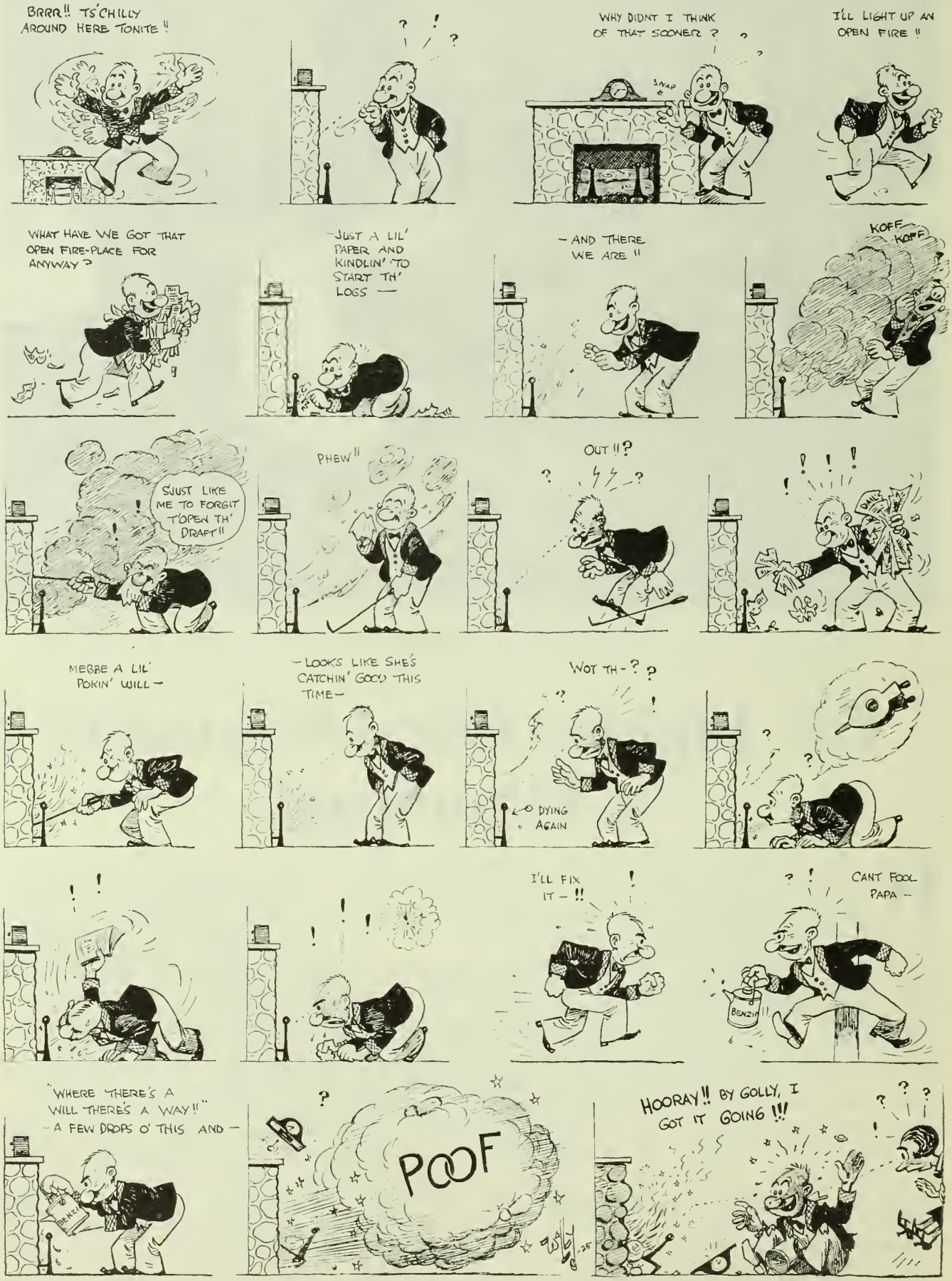
A good many musicians for whom Camper has repaired violins accuse him of possessing an almost uncanny influence over the instruments. One thing is certain: To him a violin is as distinct and possesses just as much individuality as a human being.

Not so long ago, for instance, a violin bow was brought to him for re-

(Continued on page 25)

First Aid for the Open Fire

By Wallgren



A PERSONAL PAGE *by* Frederick Palmer

"Our man!" exclaimed the German Nationalists when Hindenburg was elected president. They thought that the old servant of the Kaiser would serve the imperialistic, reactionary war-lord idea. But Hindenburg had taken a new oath. It was to the German people who had elected him because they believed that he was straight. His granite face set, his bristling moustache wire stiff, his eyes flashing, he pounds the table in face of the Nationalists in the German cabinet who would dump the Locarno peace agreement.

Honesty of a Soldier

"We have given our word! You would break our word!" he thunders at the poltroons.

The honesty of a soldier in the midst of political intrigue! The slash of the sword in a trembling but resolute and knowing old hand! The war leader battling for world peace!

Confirmation of what we had all believed—a yellow streak laid bare by the evidence of General Groener in Germany! In the last days of the war he says that he wanted the Kaiser "to leave immediately for the front, not merely to review his troops or to distribute iron crosses, but to fight. His Majesty should go into the trenches like any common soldier. If he fell, I said, it would constitute death; if he were wounded national sentiment would revert in his favor."

He Was a Coward

The Kaiser sent millions of his men to death but would not risk his own skin. It shows that the men who fought to rid the world of his menace did not misjudge him.

S. L., of Philadelphia, thinks there should be an army song in answer to the Marines' fling, "If the Army or the Navy ever look on Heaven's scenes they will find the streets are guarded by United States Marines." He sends a song of his own composition. The last verse goes this way:

Army Versus Marines

> But from Valley Forge with Father George
> To France across the sea
> When it's big stuff to win, who are called in?
> Why, the United States Armeeeeeeeeee!"

That is a hint for other army bards.

D. E. L., school principal in Kansas, after reading the prize winners in the contest on "What good did I get out of my service in the war?" as samples, would like all the letters put in book or pamphlet form so that he could read them all. Is that worth the expense? He asks me to inquire if others share his wish.

A Request from Kansas

On the same subject, Mrs. R. H., who is beginning her year as President of a Massachusetts unit of the Auxiliary, writes: "I have your first prize letter as my inspiration; your others as my intermittent aspirations on the way, when physical strength itself may seem to fail; and your little seventh prize, 'Heads up, chin in, eyes straight ahead', for my slogan for 1926."

If the contest helped this much it was worth while. And "to understand"—humanly understand—that is the happy gift. "The letters not only made a lump come into my throat but the tears come, too," writes R. M. F. of Port Huron, Michigan. "And thank God for the opportunity that enabled me to understand these letters."

They may not be worth publishing—on that I am to offer an opinion—and to be worth it to a publisher they must have appeal enough for the public to buy copies. I only know how prompt I was to tell Mrs. H. P. of Iowa how glad and honored I should be to read "Letters of a Soldier's Son to His Father" which she wrote in the name of the child he had never seen to the father in service—a husband whose ancestors were in the Revolutionary, Black Hawk and Civil wars. A big, wholesome and touching idea, that of giving voice to that child waiting for his father's return. The child will have a treasure to cherish when he grows up. It is possible that it is a treasure worth other sons' reading.

Big With Promise

John Joseph Grebe met the rest of the family arriving at Ellis Island from Germany the other day. Father Karl and Mother Gertrude, who are only forty-seven, had seven of their nine children with them. Michigan is to be the new Grebe home, and they will be guided in Americanism by another elder child, Martha, who was already in America with John Joseph, the eldest, who worked his way through Case School of Applied Science and has a good position. Not in the undesirable alien class, the Grebes. They are the kind that pioneered the country and that we want to admit as potential citizens so long as we continue to keep the gates open.

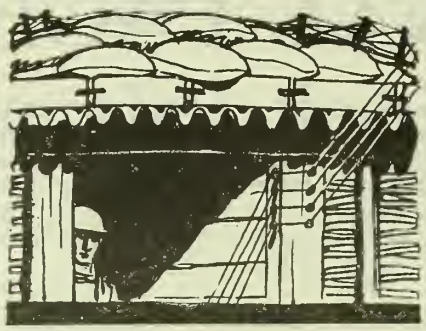
Welcome, Grebes, Big and Little

The other night a group of us were comparing notes as to who was the biggest fool we knew. There was one example who never went to church because he once met a clergyman he did not like; one who had resigned from the Legion because he did not like the commander of his post; one who had lost all faith in women because a love affair had gone against him; one who had lost money in oil stocks and had given up his flivver because he did not want to help oil companies by buying gasoline. The winner seemed to be a man who had a good education, spent the little fortune he had inherited gambling on the races and had held six jobs, losing them all because he never allowed work to interfere with pleasure of the moment. At present he is bootlegging.

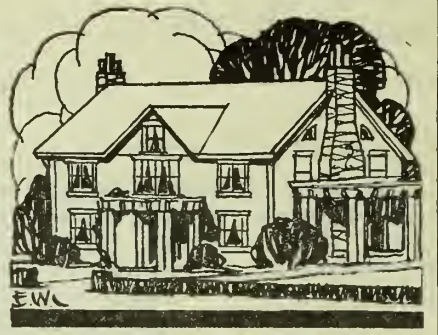
Who Is the Biggest Fool?

Those who know such things say that the price of imported gin has gone up in six months from sixty to one hundred and twenty dollars a case. This signifies that General Andrews is closing up the frontiers. But the price of synthetic remains about the same—and no knowing the quantities of cider now hardening in the barrel but not to languish there. Full enforcement requires stopping domestic manufacture and consumption.

The Price of Gin



Then *and* Now



By the
COMPANY CLERK

THE Company Clerk proudly announces the addition of an interested and active new member of the Then and Now gang in the person of E. F. McGlachlin of Stevens Point, Wisconsin. While this newcomer was not actively engaged in the World War his welcome is assured when it is told that he is the father of E. F. McGlachlin, Jr., Major General, retired, who during the war commanded field artillery brigades of the 90th and 32d Divisions, and the 66th Field Artillery Brigade, and served as Chief of Artillery, First Army Corps, and Commander of Artillery and Chief of Artillery, First Army, until after the Armistice, when he commanded the First Division and led that outfit into the occupied territory in Germany.

Mr. McGlachlin introduced himself in a letter which came in response to the request of Comrade R. W. Allison in Then and Now in the May 15th issue of the Weekly for information which would lead to the identity of the first American doughboy to set foot in enemy territory when the 28th Infantry of the First Division marched across the Moselle River bridge at Winchringen on November 30, 1918. A story that General McGlachlin, an artilleryman, had ordered that this honor go to an infantryman had been read by Allison. In subsequent letters received from Mr. McGlachlin he states that he discussed this matter with General McGlachlin when the latter last summer visited the old home in Stevens Point which he left in 1885 to enter the United States Military Academy. A report of this entry into Germany was written by George Pattullo and first published in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Mr. Pattullo's version of the occurrence, Mr. McGlachlin reports, is historically correct. Mr. McGlachlin relates:

"The First Division was assembled preparatory to crossing the Moselle River. General McGlachlin was standing near the Luxembourg end of the bridge with three of his aides, Lieutenant Louis Dumont, Lieutenant Crawford N. Booth and Lieutenant John H. Penhallow, all Field Artillery, and George Pattullo, correspondent of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Just before the time set for crossing the river Brigadier General Francis G. Marshall, who was in command of the Second Artillery Brigade, joined the group and suggested that his outfit pass at the head of the column. 'No,' General McGlachlin replied, 'I want the Infantry to have the honor of entering Germany first.' General McGlachlin did not order that a private of Infantry go first, as suggested by Mr. Allison, but he did order that the Infantry—the doughboys go first, and so they had the honor of being first to step on German soil at the other end of the bridge."

Incidentally we discover in one of Mr. McGlachlin's letters that he, too, is a veteran of an earlier war, for he says: "On one page of the volume of United States Official Pictures of the World War, three pictures of the Army crossing the Moselle are shown. The third of the group of photographs gives a fine view of the bridge with the doughboys marching across it. The men appear in perfect alignment and evidently in step. During the Civil War, down in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia, when the doughboys, of whom I was one, crossed bridges they were given the order 'route step.' So I infer that the Moselle River bridge was a strong one."

If the right guide or any of the front-rank men of the first squad of the first company of the 28th Infantry who led this historic entry reads this and makes report, we may still be able to answer Comrade Allison's question. Or did a major, a captain or a lieutenant head the leading company? If so, let him do a front and center.

THE co-operation which has been given to the Company Clerk by readers of Then and Now in his efforts to furnish first-hand information of the death and burial of comrades to their relatives has resulted in a plan to extend this service in equally worthwhile cases. An offer was made to the Quartermaster General's Office, Cemeterial Division, to render assistance through the readers of the Weekly in its investigation and research work concerning unlocated overseas dead. Major General W. H. Hart, Quartermaster General, has gratefully accepted this offer of assistance. The office of the Quartermaster General reports that it has been engaged for the past six and a half years, in conjunction with its American Graves Registration Service in Europe, in investigating the "missing in action," "reported unlocated dead," and "located unknown dead" resulting from the World War. In that time approximately eleven thousand bodies have been given confirmed burials and the total number of unknown dead has been reduced to 1,665.

It is in these remaining cases, representing the most difficult ones which lack all data and evidence, that Legionnaires can render invaluable aid, for probably there are Legionnaires who have personal knowledge of the circumstances of the death, burial and location of grave in practically every case of unknown dead or unlocated graves. Co-operating with the Quartermaster General's Office, the Company Clerk will publish from time to time certain cases which require additional definite information to permit successful conclusions. Any pertinent knowledge of the cases listed should be reported at once to Company Clerk, who will forward it to the Cemeterial Division of the Office of the Quartermaster General. As much of the following general data as possible should be given: (a) Was grave separate, isolated, or in a cemetery? (By separate is meant one body in a grave; isolated, no other burials or graves near; in a cemetery, state whether battlefield, city, communal, Allied Military, etc.); (b) Was grave regularly made or made from shell hole, trench, etc.; (c) Nature of wounds; description of body—if mutilated by shell fire; missing parts, if any, enumerated; cause of death; (d) Any knowledge as to dental work, former wounds, early fractures, missing toes or fingers, etc.; (e) Dates of death and burial; (f) Names of men buried in same plot and grave; (g) Sketch showing place of burial, general surroundings, co-ordinal directions, and pronounced landmarks, such as towns, roads, streams, etc.

Following is the first list of cases—those of known or believed dead whose bodies have not been found. Others will be reported from time to time:

RIEKER, CHARLES A., pvt., Co. B, 102d Inf., 485572. A brother offers a statement from a comrade as follows: "He was killed while serving as a private in Co. B, 102d Inf., and buried on a hill on Ormont Farm." This is the statement made by soldiers who were with him: "A lieutenant was buried with him and the lieutenant had been assigned to the company in the morning and was killed about 4:30 in the afternoon with my brother." The Adjutant General's records show burial at Bois d' Ormont and date of death as October 26, 1918. The lieutenant in question may have been J. W. Sullivan, Tilmer A. Running or Joseph V. Cullen.

MCDONALD, HARRY, pvt., Co. H, 18th Inf., 47660, reported killed in action September 12, 1918. Private McDonald was last seen about eight a. m., September 12th, when the company was caught in an enemy barrage after having taken its second objective and was waiting for the zero hour to go forward to a third objective assigned to it. After the third objective

was taken Private McDonald was missing and no one knew what had become of him.

HARGER, LINTON L., pvt., Co. F, 114th Inf., 2563139, reported "killed by sniper October 12th on Verdun front, 12 or 15 miles east of Meuse, and had been taken through trench. Harger lay at my feet with bullet through his head. This was in northeast sector of Verdun advance. We were told we were 12 or 15 kilometers north of the Meuse River. I saw a sign post near first aid station marked 'Danville' with hand pointing east."

KUEHNERT, WALTER K. A., pvt., Co. F, 131st Inf., 2155340, reported buried August 18th under shellfire by Chaplain T. R. Egerton at Sailly Laurette, possibly German military cemetery.

Investigations are also being conducted with a view to locating the graves of the following soldiers, all of whom were serving with the 39th Infantry of the Fourth Division at the time of their deaths:

BOGSTED, CHRIST M., pvt., Co. L, 2020752; HEALY, DANIEL P., sgt., Co. L, 557257; HOXIE, SYLVANUS, pvt., Co. L, 1688210; GRAHAM, HOWARD S., pvt. 1cl, Co. L, 2058337; AKES, HARVE, mechanic, Co. C, 2121375; TEMPLE, JOHN W., pvt., Co. I, 2228062; RACINE, JOSEPH, pvt., Co. I, 557144; PATARINO, JOHN, pvt., Co. I, 557140; CRAIG, MOOD, pvt., Co. I, 2229959; DIBERNARDO, GERIMIA, pvt., Co. B, 556535; GECAS, WACLOWAS, pvt. Co. H, 2021224; FRIEDMAN, ABRAHAM, mess sgt., Co. I, 557082.

In addition to the information requested above, comrades should advise, if possible, the names of men killed at the same time, names of soldiers buried in adjoining graves, and the name of the chaplain who conducted the burials.

A CAPTION accompanying one of the photographs illustrating the article "At the Tomb of Wilson" in the June 19th issue of the Weekly and reading, "The tomb of President Woodrow Wilson in Washington Cathedral, surmounted by the first American flag ever saluted by a British sovereign on British soil," has started an interesting discussion which the Company Clerk passes on. Comrade R. C. Billings of Morgan County Post, Albany, Alabama, writes: "My regiment, the 17th Engineers, with the 13th, 14th and 12th Engineers, paraded in London on August 15, 1917. Being color sergeant of my outfit I had the honor of carrying a flag loaned Colonel Dawes by Colonel Lassiter of the American Embassy. I later heard that this flag was given President Wilson by Major Barclay Warburton. If it is possible I would like to have you advise just what outfit carried the flag shown in the picture."

Next came a letter from Comrade Arthur S. Dwight of New York City, formerly major with the Eleventh Engineers, in which he asks "permission in the interest of historical accuracy to offer a correction to a statement contained in your issue of June 19, 1925." He calls attention to the caption in question and to the short article which accompanied it, in which appears the following, "In the center hangs the Stars and Stripes — the flag borne by the first detachment of American troops who marched through London in 1917, and believed to be the first American flag ever saluted by a British sovereign on British soil. It was pre-

SHEARS FOR THE UNSHORN

Back in the days of tin bathtubs and hansom cabs the world was a pretty dreary place.

The tree-climbing flivver had not been invented, there were no revolving doors in which fat people could become wedged, and neither the custard pie nor the trick stairway had been introduced in the movies. If it had not been for the whiskers men wore there would have been almost nothing to laugh at anywhere.

Let no one suppose, however, that the men who permitted bundles of whiskers to dangle from their faces were deliberately trying to be funny. Beards were fashionable because shaving was difficult and painful. There was no shaving cream then that would take the fight out of stubborn bristles.

COLGATE'S

softens the beard at the base

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sented to President Wilson after the war."

Comrade Dwight continues: "I do not wish to detract in any way from the noble memorial to our late Commander-in-Chief. The flag that surmounts his tomb has an honorable record, fully worthy to justify its place. It was gallantly borne by one of the first Engineer units to get to France, and it had the honor of participating in the famous 'march through London' in August, 1917, but it was not the first American flag ever saluted by a British sovereign on British soil. That unique honor must be claimed for the colors of the Eleventh Engineers, the facts being as follows:

"The first complete American regiment to arrive in England was the Fifteenth Engineers (from Pittsburgh), followed a week later by the Eleventh Engineers (from New York.) The Eleventh sailed from New York on July 14, 1917, landed at Plymouth, England, on July 26th and went into camp that same night at Oxney Camp, Borden, Hants (near Aldershot). The Fifteenth had departed from this same camp, on their way to France, a few hours before the arrival of the Eleventh. In the forenoon of the following day (July 27th) His Majesty King George, accompanied by the Queen, the Princess Mary, the Duke of Connaught and a brilliant staff, arrived at Borden Field and reviewed the Eleventh Engineers. The first royal salute took place with the regiment drawn up on three sides of a hollow square, the colors, the field and staff officers inside the square, facing the royal party. The regiment presented arms, and the King saluted. . . . His Majesty expressed to Colonel McKinstry a desire that the American troops should show themselves in London, and accordingly it was arranged through Colonel (afterwards General) Lassiter, then Military Attaché of the American Embassy in London, that the 'march through London' should take place about a fortnight later. The Eleventh, however, was denied the privilege of participating in that event, for on August 7th it embarked for France, leaving three other Engineer regiments which had arrived in the meanwhile to carry out the program. . . . The colors of the Eleventh Engineers are now deposited in the New York State Capitol at Albany."

Investigation was started by the Company Clerk with the National Cathedral Foundation which is directing the completion of the cathedral in which President Wilson's body is interred and with the Adjutant General's Office in Washington. A spokesman for the National Cathedral Foundation reports that the flag surmounting the Wilson tomb, presented to the Cathedral by Mrs. Wilson, was reported to have been carried by the Seventeenth Engineers and was said to be the first American flag saluted by a British sovereign on British soil.

A letter from Brigadier General Lutz Wahl, Acting Adjutant General in the absence of Adjutant General Robert C. Davis, confirms the statement made by Comrade Dwight in these words: "The first national color officially saluted by King George V of England, during the World War, was that of the Eleventh Engineers (Railway) at a review of that regiment at Camp Oxney, Borden, England, on July 28, 1917." That settles officially the question which has been raised.

General Wahl also confirms the fact that the flag surmounting President Wilson's tomb is the one that was carried by the Seventeenth Engineers (Railway) and which was carried by Comrade Billings as color sergeant for the Seventeenth Engineers.

"But," some student of American participation in the World War may stop to inquire, "does all the foregoing data definitely settle this 'first flag' question?" The Company Clerk happened to remember a story in the Weekly some two years or more ago (it proved to be the issue of May 25, 1923), entitled "Six Years Ago—the First Over." This article shows that Base Hospital No. 4, organized in Cleveland, was without question the first official unit of the A. E. F. to set foot on British soil—the place, Liverpool; the date, May 18, 1917. Then reference was made to the official history of Base Hospital No. 4 in the Weekly's library. Unquestionably Base Hospital No. 4 carried an American flag, as it appears together with the red cross flag in one of the photographic illustrations showing the unit parading in Blackpool, England, where the enlisted men went immediately upon their arrival in Liverpool. According to the unit's historian, too, the officers and nurses of the unit immediately proceeded to London, where on May 23, 1917, the King and Queen of England received them at Buckingham Palace. But here's the rub: Did the officers and nurses carry the unit's American flag with them and was the flag present during the reception? If the flag was there, undoubtedly the King saluted it, and the Engineers will have to give way to the medics. Can any former pill-roller officer or nurse enlighten the Then and Now gang on this point? Unfortunately the photograph in the history of the royal reception to the officers and nurses fails to show an American flag, so there is still a question to be answered.

BUDDIES IN DISTRESS

Queries aimed at locating service men whose statements are necessary to substantiate compensation claims should be sent to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 417 Bond Building, Washington, D. C., not to the Weekly. The committee will be glad to assist in finding men after other means have failed, and, if necessary, will advertise through the Weekly. The committee wants to hear from the following:

BATDORF, Elmer Ellsworth, missing from home, Wyncote, Pa., since 1923. Served with 23d Inf. and later with 1st Aerial Sqn. in France.

DARTER, Arbon, alias Richard F. DAVIS, height about 5 ft., 8 in.; weight, 140 lbs.; brown eyes, reddish hair, age about 45 years; general appearance clean cut, hands and feet small, voice well modulated, quite low. Formerly of Indianapolis, Ind., and Chicago, Ill. Formerly served in Philippine Insurrection.

CASTRO, Eusebio Gonzales, formerly 25th Construction Co., Aviation Gen. Supply Depot, last heard from August 18, 1918.

DAVIES, Gordon, son of Netterville John Davies, who served with A. E. F. in England; believed enlisted state of Michigan.

DUNAWAY, Claude A., wants to communicate with a comrade or member of Co. A, 155th Inf., Camp Beauregard, July, 1918. Dunaway suffered dislocated shoulder at Camp Beauregard

and some eight months after his discharge lost the arm.

EVANS, T. W., Captain, connected with Base Hospital No. 1, Ft. Sam Houston, Tex., April, 1918; was medical officer.

GILLIAM, Jacob Cowan, formerly of Co. L, 33d Inf., formerly of Sedalia, Mo. When discharged gave future address as Elmira, N. Y. Any information concerning the man dead or alive will be appreciated as his mother is in need of assistance through the Government.

GOODWIN, Lafayette (colored) escaped from Central State Hospital, Nashville, Tenn., June 2, 1923; 72 inches tall, weight, 147 lbs., suffering with mental disability. Was private, Co. A, 339th Labor Bn.

GRODEN, Tom, Sgt., Co. G, 164th Inf. Comrades who served with this man at Chatillion-Surein, France, please write.

HEMPEWICK, Phillip P., Pvt. 1st Cl., 4th Balloon Co., discharged from the Army, Brookshield, Texas, May 17, 1921. Until recently a resident of Everett, Mass.

JACKSON, Richard H., (colored) Pvt., 372d Inf.; discharged Camp Meade, March, 1919. Last heard from Aug., 1924, from Allegheny (Pa.) Workhouse.

KJELLERMAN, C. J., 1st Lt., Battery C, 3d Reg., 7th Bn., F. A. R. D., Camp Taylor, Ky., also Sgt. Clyde RAENO, same outfit, about Sept., 1918.

KUEHL, Charlie, last address 1309 E. Third St., Sioux Falls, S. D. This is with reference to adjusted compensation claim.

LAWSON, Ferrel Young, died U. S. Veterans' Hospital, Camp Logan, June, 1920. We want to hear from "DONAHUE" who forwarded reinstatement money on policy in behalf of Dismuke Post No. 52, Houston, Texas; last account was living in New Orleans. Also want to hear from Seth DALTON, of Arkansas, and STOKES of Lufkin, Texas, who were patients in hospital, in assisting mother in securing benefits of insurance.

LE BLANC, Willie, also his mother, Mary WILBER, who lived at New Iberia, La. These are colored people. Le Blane was a private 857th Trans. Corps; enlisted Morgan City, La., October 27, 1917, discharged Camp Pike, Ark., Nov. 6, 1919. War Department is holding allotment money payable to the mother.

LONG, Laverne Harold, Cpl., Co. 6, 1st Motor Mech., Signal Corps, last heard from at San Bernardino, Calif., Dec., 1923. Is mental case. Age 32 years, weight 150, height 5 ft., 11 in., brown hair and brown eyes, walks with slight limp. Missing since July 12, 1921, from home at Flint, Mich.

PRICE, Russell E., Pvt. Co. M, 361st Inf., 91st Div., shell-shocked—missing from his home, Narberth, Pa., since January, 1924; was in Denver, Colo., in May, 1925. Enlisted the aid of Legion at that point. 5 ft., 11½ ins. tall; weight, 200 lbs., has an impediment in his speech.

SANDSTROM, Reynold Ludwig, born Aug. 3, 1884, in Sweden; enlisted in California.

STOCKTON, Harry, formerly of 333 E. 75th St., New York City, was in service with Frank P. Davis, of Tifton, Ga.

TOUCHSTONE, James E., Pvt. Hospital 48, Atlanta, Ga., would like to get in touch with some comrades serving in Co. H, 20th Inf., at Ft. Douglas, Utah, during November, 1917.

WALKER, Albert, British Royal Forces, missing from his home in Berwyn, Md. Walker supposed to be in Florida as he left Tampa Sept. 12, supposed to be en route Berwyn. General appearance tall and slender, fair complexion, gray eyes, thin hair, prominent ears. Before service was electrical engineer, being graduate of University of Cincinnati.

WETMORE, Charlie C., former Canadian ex-service man, 63d Attache, 17th Bn., furnished at one time address as of East Sanding, Kent, England; was seen later in Alberta, Canada.

Members of Co. D, 334th Inf., 89th Div., remembering Richard A. Heil who died August 1, 1925, please write to assist in establishing service connection of disability causing death.

Members of Co. E, 305th Inf., 77th Div., who remember John R. ELLING. Elling is disabled and it is necessary to secure affidavits from comrades who remember his foot disability while in the service.

Members of 304th Stev. Reg., Headquarters Co., during the summer of 1918, please communicate with this office. We wish to establish a dependency claim for widow and two children, who are in extreme need.

Members of 20th Eng., 29th Co., remembering George A. MOSHER, who resided at Ball Club, Minn., previous to death July 14, 1925.

Members of Co. H, 363d Bn., 91st Div. Joseph Edward PATRICK was badly injured in the latter part of October carrying ammunition in the city of Lille, Belgium, when a German shell lit nearby, bursting his ear drum and causing other minor injuries. In the detail were about fifteen men, all strangers to him, remembers but one man, very short in stature, was known as "Shorty" and whose home was in Cincinnati, Ohio. Members please write.

Members of Co. B, 3d M. G. Bn., 1st Div., remembering Raymond VANMETER, please write.

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FG8—Dinner ring; beautiful lace design, 18Kt. white gold three matched blue-white diamonds, two blue sapphires. Special price...$42.50

FG9—A perfect cut diamond set in ladies' hand pierced mounting; 18Kt. white gold. Special price $11.75

FG10—Scarf pin; solid platinum top, finest quality diamond; beautifully engraved; 14Kt. white gold pin. Special price...$27.50

FG11—Ladies' rectangular shaped wrist watch of solid 14Kt. white gold; highest grade 17 ruby and sapphire jeweled movement. Lifetime guarantee. Special price.....$20.00

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FG13—Genuine blue-white diamond set in ¾ carat cup; ladies' engraved mounting; 18 Kt. white gold. Special price $75.00

FG14—Ladies' hand pierced mounting; 18Kt. white gold; large superior quality diamond in center, two diamonds on sides. Special price $100.00

FG15—Gentlemen's beautiful scroll design mounting of 18Kt. white gold; hand pierced; genuine blue-white diamond. Special price $75.00

FG17—Solid platinum top bar pin; genuine French blue sapphire in center; two blue-white diamonds on sides; beautifully filigreed; 14Kt. white gold pin. Special price.....$33.00

FG16—Genuine imported black onyx set with perfect cut blue-white diamond; 18Kt. white gold pierced mounting. Special price.....$18.75

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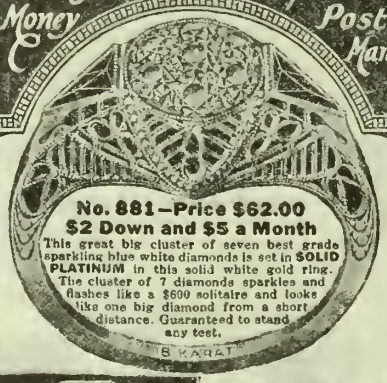

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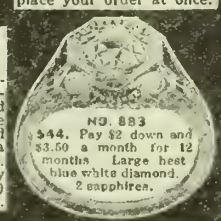

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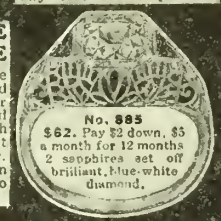

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Four Centuries *of* Spain Plus *a* Generation *of* America

By HELEN V. TOOKER

FROM the year 1493 to the year 1898 is a little more than four centuries. Against that, set the interval between 1898 and 1925—twenty-seven years. Four Spanish centuries and twenty-seven American years. That is roughly the history of Porto Rico, largest of our West Indian islands.

During the four centuries for which Columbus paved the way when he landed there to get water for his ships sailing westward, and which began officially when that earnest seeker after the Fountain of Youth, Juan Ponce de Leon, became first governor in 1508, gallant and adventurous and romantic Spain held the island against attacking English, French and Dutch, against privateers and pirates. She built forts and palaces and flat-roofed towns, cathedrals—each small town has its cathedral—and mountain roads that bear witness to the unsurpassed skill of her ancient engineers. She gave her language, her customs, her fiery, eager temperament, and these things still belong to the Porto Ricans even when their blood is mixed with that of the original Indian inhabitants of the island or of the Africans brought from the slave coast.

Then in 1898 General Miles landed with his troops at Guanica, and after him, like water through a broken dyke, flowed the tide of American people, American customs, American goods, education, sanitation, language. The tide is still flowing, sometimes rather unevenly. In places it sinks well into the soil. Elsewhere it is only a thin covering over Spanish ground or does not stay at all. That was, I found, during my eight months in Porto Rico, one of its chief fascinations—not knowing which civilization I should run up against next.

The Porto Rican government follows roughly our own pattern. The governor is appointed by the President of the United States, as are the judges of the supreme and federal courts. The legislature is divided into two houses, both elective. The Resident Commissioner to Washington (without a vote in Congress) is also elected by the people. By the organic act of 1917 the Porto Ricans are citizens of the United States, the island is unincorporated territory, and the revenues are turned back into the insular treasury. The women, however, cannot vote, though the Nineteenth Amendment covers the island in a theoretical manner.

In every respect San Juan is a city of mixed civilizations. I saw first its northern side, a height above the Atlantic, then, as our steamer swung to enter the harbor, the massive walls of the fortress of El Morro, and finally its low southern shore running from the unbelievably blue waters of the bay up steep streets where a few buildings of sober-hued concrete achieve the appearance of sky-scrapers in comparison with the regulation three-story Spanish buildings brightly painted.

It was, I discovered, impossible for the newcomer to feel that it was thoroughly Americanized, this city with its balconies, its patios, its cocoanut palms and mangroves, its dark-faced men in white, its half-naked brown children, its quick Spanish syllables. Yet mahogany furniture, silver bread-trays, "Paris" clothes are displayed behind plate-glass windows. But past these windows stroll a tan-colored vender, barefooted, swinging an oval basket in which half a dozen scared brown hens huddle under their fluffed feathers. Likely as not he balances another such basket on his head as he saunters along chanting, "Hay gallinas y pollos, pollos gordos—here are hens and chickens, fat chickens." And along the crowded street comes a trolley, nearly blocking the way for honking automobiles and a slow cart drawn by tiny horses. And over all the burning deep blue of that tropical sky, the air that seems almost to glitter with the sun, yet is far from unbearably hot, since the trades are blowing most of the time.

People ask me if it was not terribly hot, and then, having presumably asked with a view to information, refuse to believe me when I answer that I have many a time been more uncomfortable in New York than I ever was in Porto Rico, that women in Ponce seldom wear hats, that after swimming we used to lie on the white beach in the sun and think nothing of it. However, I cheerfully admit that the Porto Rican climate is not a cold one.

The weather was not the only subject to breed differences of opinion. There was also the question of language. Many tourists stopped at the house and after a morning shopping or sight-seeing in San Juan they would often come home fairly bursting with all the stored-up English they had not been able to use in town. Not one person had they found who could speak English, not one. This was American territory. Why didn't the people speak English. Weren't they *taught* English? So vehement were they at times that I used to wonder if a streak of perversity in me could possibly account for the difference in my experience. For I was studying Spanish, and when I sallied forth to shop it was with the double purpose of making a purchase and practising my Spanish, yet the instant I entered a shop some one would push an English-speaking clerk toward me.

But it really is a bewildering business, this question of two languages. Porto Rico is now, after a fashion, a bilingual country, but Spanish is still on top. The twenty-seven years have not yet caught up with the four centuries. Yet the twenty-seven years have done remarkably well. At the end of her centuries Spain had accomplished practically nothing for the education of the mass of people. Those who had education acquired it privately or at church schools. The majority could neither read nor write. Now our

own public school system has been adapted to the island. Schools are everywhere, big handsome ones in the cities and towns, small rural schoolhouses scattered throughout the country districts.

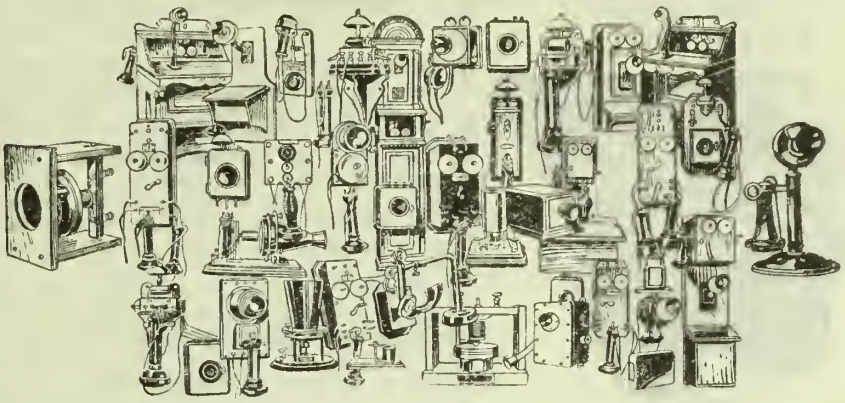
But the fact that we are educating the children now, even that we began educating them some twenty-odd years ago, does not relieve the illiteracy of the older generations. They don't know English, and that's that. The problem of whether English should be required of all public officials and clerks will more or less automatically adjust itself as the present school children grow up.

A million and a quarter people is a large load to be borne by one small island less than forty by a hundred miles in rectangular size, and almost nowhere does one escape a sense of this dense population. In San Juan, of course, one expects it, but in the country districts it is at first more surprising. I had a glimpse of this part of the island the day I landed there. We took the noon bus for Ponce from San Juan. My companion was an old hand at riding over the Porto Rican mountains. I had at first believed it was pity for my lonely arrival in a strange land that had brought her the ninety miles from Ponce to meet me, but later I decided that she had come for the thrill of seeing a greenhorn react to that drive.

They are curious, those Porto Rican mountains. There are few sloping saddle-backed hills, no long ranges melting almost imperceptibly into other long ranges. It is rather as though in bygone days some Power had cracked a circus whip and had said to the land, "Hump yourself," and the land had accordingly humped, doing it in such an everlasting hurry that it bumped and jostled itself all out of shape and ended up in a heap of twisted peaks huddled together every which way.

But however it came by its queer convolutions, there they are, and when the Spaniards built the highways they achieved a negotiable grade by winding the road upward around one peak, around the next, up and up, but always around until you are fairly dizzy, for the longitudinal ridges are very sharp indeed, and no sooner is one done with than another begins. Also the road clings to the absolute edge, so that although you may have a wall of rock or foliage on one side, on the other there is sure to be a precipice dropping almost from under your wheels into the distant valley below.

The heavy soil of the interior, which has a large percentage of clay, is excellent for coffee growing. Porto Rican coffee, by the way, has had a hard row to hoe in the years of the American occupation, for at the very beginning of the change of sovereignty a cyclone nearly wrecked the industry, and while it was trying to gather itself together again, it was faced with the new attitude of its European market, to which it now had to go as an American product, with no compensating advantage in the United States itself, for this coffee has always been classed in the trade as an after-dinner type, and has never been much favored by the American public. My experience was that the taste for it had to be acquired, but once that was accomplished, I liked no other coffee so well.



An Account of Stewardship

Fifty years ago Dr. Alexander Graham Bell was busy upon a new invention—the telephone. The first sentence had not been heard; the patent had not been filed; the demonstration of the telephone at the Centennial Exposition had not been made. All these noteworthy events were to occur later in the year 1876. But already, at the beginning of the year, the basic principle of the new art had been discovered and Bell's experiments were approaching a successful issue.

The inventor of the telephone lived to see the telephone in daily use by millions all over the world and to see thousands of developments from his original discovery.

If he had lived to this semi-centennial year, he would have seen over 16,000,000 telephones linked by 40,000,000 miles of wire spanning the American continent and bringing the whole nation within intimate talking distance. He would have seen in the Bell System, which bears his name, perhaps the largest industrial organization in the world with nearly $3,000,000,000 worth of public-serving property, owned chiefly by an army of customers and employees.

He would have seen developed from the product of his brain a new art, binding together the thoughts and actions of a nation for the welfare of all the people.

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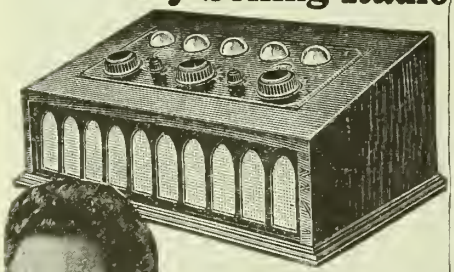

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America's Happy Drinking Ground

(Continued from page 5)

unbecomingly, and at the time of my visit six countrymen were apprehended by the Montreal vice squad during a raid in the notorious red light district. They were not detained, however. The growing volume of tourists is recognized as a business asset and the police are anxious to please the taxpayers who profit by it, as well as to be hospitable to visitors.

Nevertheless, much drinking is done. There are thirty-six stores operated by the Quebec Liquor Commission in Montreal. Store Number One on Peel Street is situated strategically to serve the American guests at the three largest hotels, the Mount Royal, the Windsor and the Ritz. The sales at that single store this year will amount to $1,500,000. Other stores enjoy extended American patronage, and the same thirsty customers order wines, ales and beer with meals, also sampling the wares of adjacent taverns. The total volume of business of the liquor commission in the province last year amounted to about $18,000,000. It is impossible to say accurately what part of this figure represents American patronage, but an official of the commission guessed that it would amount to about forty percent of the total. The figure, even if approximately correct, does not represent the whole American liquor bill, for the retail prices of wines in the hotels are somewhat advanced over the liquor commission prices and more millions are spent for ales and beer, the wholesale value of which exceeded $15,000,000 in 1924 and the retail value many millions more.

I asked a manager of one of the largest Montreal hotels that houses some 1,600 people what he thought of the conduct of his American guests. He hesitated before he answered.

"Well, we have just as much trouble with the Ontarians," was his ambiguous reply. The Province of Ontario, though recently slightly moistened by four percent beer, had been bone dry since 1917, so this manager felt that the tourists from there and from the States were on virtually the same footing.

Now in that same hotel one may sit in the lobby all day long without seeing any evidence of excessive drinking more apparent than a bleary-eyed individual grunting a good morning to a friend in mid-afternoon. Yet the demand for ginger ale, carbonated waters and cracked ice from the privacy of various rooms is almost constant. Hysterical laughter and the husky strains of voices raised in the inevitable close harmony resound over transoms.

At another of the prominent hotels the manager became highly indignant when I asked what he thought of the conduct of American guests.

"What do you mean?" he demanded. "Are you insinuating that visitors come here for the purpose of debauchery! There is no excessive drinking."

Properly humbled, I strolled into the tavern of the hotel a few feet away. Half of the tables which serve in lieu of the old-fashioned bar were occupied and at least half of the occupants were as mellowly thick-tongued as a person can get on ale. The majority were Americans.

In this same hotel an American movie star distinguished herself on a visit with her dear old mother—a professional mother. The ladies became acrimonious after sampling several bottles. The house detective was sent up to restore peace. He was cordially and convivially welcomed. The afternoon wore on. The "family" quarrel broke out afresh. Another guest became alarmed and telephoned to the manager for the house detective. He of the gumshoes couldn't be found, so the manager himself intervened. The reason the house detective could not be located was that he was slumbering peacefully in a chair while the oral battle raged alongside. P. S.—He lost the job.

I visited several automobile camps along the St. Lawrence River. They are all run for profit. In fact, I believe the only free automobile camping space in the province is outside the city of Quebec. I elected to interview the proprietor of the most exclusive camp, Jimmy's. He charges a dollar a day for a site, and some eight thousand tourists were his guests last season.

Jimmy was congenial and communicative, for he had been holding wassail with some of his guests.

"Sure they come here to drink," he declared frankly. "They bring in some ale and some wine and some liquors and everybody has a good time. But never any trouble. They sing some songs about a girl named Adeline and a lonesome pine tree—but never any trouble. No, sir, all the Americans I meet are fine behaved—just drink quietly and enjoy themselves. They sing a lot but no noise, no fights—nothing but a good time."

On a Saturday afternoon I made the rounds of a number of taverns. The liquor stores close at one o'clock Saturdays, but the taverns remain open until ten o'clock in the evening. There are some three hundred taverns in Montreal, and they are the closest Quebec approximation to our old-time saloons—no bar, no brass rail; you drink sitting down. In the early afternoon the places were comfortably filled, yet service by a waiter was obtained without difficulty. At five o'clock in the afternoon, an hour that I figured would witness the high peak of patronage, I dropped into the tavern of the most exclusive hotel in Montreal. A freshly starched gentleman aloofly bestowed a bottle of ale upon me and for fifteen minutes I sat in stately and solitary grandeur finishing my drink. There was not another patron during that time.

I had been warned that a score of confidence men operated in the taverns popular with Americans. A visitor from the States is easily recognized and the sharpers force an acquaintance, then suggest entertainment—entertainment that inevitably will prove costly to the visitor and profitable to the host. But nothing like that happened to me. The police have difficulty in coping with this situation because under British civil law the victim of a swindle must personally enter complaint. The police

alone cannot do it. As most Americans are on the move, few care to become involved in a procedure which would necessitate prolonging their stay. Consequently the confidence men are brazen in their operations.

Away from the tourist center on East St. Catherine Street I visited the tavern "Aux Trois Mousquetaires." It was half filled, with just one group that could be described as drunk. And the perfect touch of the old days in these United States came back to me when a Salvation Army lass entered, offering the *War Cry* for sale. True to tradition, the most inebriated man present insisted on buying copies for every patron.

The fact that the half dozen cabarets and dance places in Montreal are only nominally patronized by Americans is less a reflection on the quality of entertainment offered than the preference of the visitors for the attractions of their own rooms—largely the liquid contents on hand.

I called on a friend stopping in a rooming house—hundreds of thrifty Montreal housewives profit by letting rooms to transients who overflow from the hotels. My visit necessitated the use of a corkscrew. The landlady was asked if she could supply one.

"Certainly, sir," she answered, smiling, "That's the most important furnishing in the house for any lodging-keeper who caters to you Americans."

Several traffic policemen with whom I talked confirmed the opinion of Chief of Police Belanger that in general American automobilists observe local traffic rules better than most native Canadians. For all of the drinking that is done by visitors there are remarkably few auto accidents. Whether this is due to the dependable quality of the merchandise sold or whether it is because the knowledge of having been drinking doubles the caution of the drivers it is impossible to say. The fact remains that accidents seldom occur—and in one day it is possible to observe license plates from every State in the Union on visiting cars.

Newspaper reporters I have found to be dependable interpreters of the public mind of a community. Bankers and business men are inclined to be cautious and diplomatic in their statements. So I visited some newspaper offices to find out what native Montrealers think of the tourists from below their southern boundary.

The consensus of opinion was that Americans are decently behaved. In general they are well liked—and no small factor is the open-handed liberality of visitors. Evidences of excessive drinking are chiefly to be seen during a convention—and Montreal is enjoying increasing popularity as a convention place for American organizations. French-Canadians enjoy conviviality and the Mardi Gras atmosphere of such gatherings strikes a responsive chord. It is in no wise objectionable—quite the contrary.

Two American traits strike the natives as ridiculous. One is the knickerbocker attire of American men and women—a favorite costume of automobilists. The males might be forgiven, but the women-folk—few of whom appear to advantage in pants—are the subject of quiet amusement and a certain amount of indignation. The indignation has found concrete expres-

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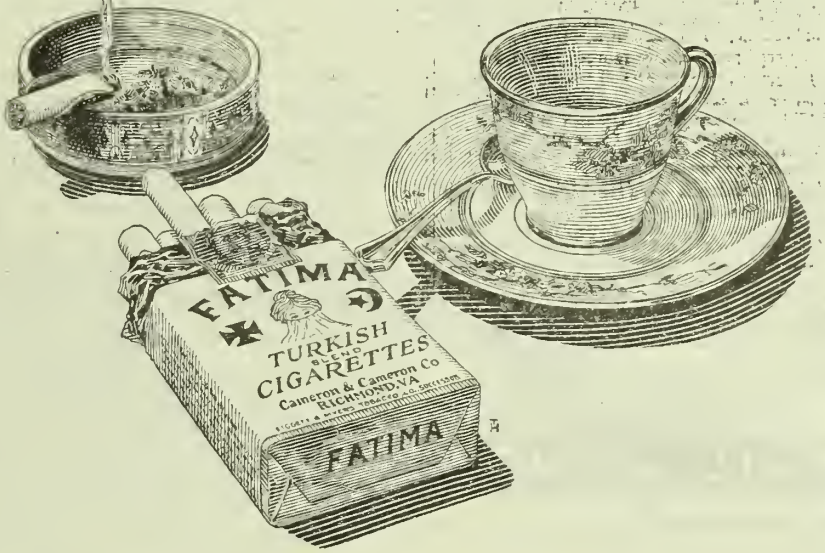

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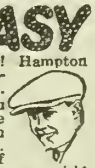

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sion in a ukase issued by the senior divines of several churches prohibiting admittance of knicker-clad women within the walls of a house of worship.

The other prime American aggravation to Montrealers is the prohibition joke. They are weary of it in all its phases. When the toastmaster at a convention banquet of Americans refers humorously to the fact that his audience is "enjoying certain ah—er—advantages denied by statute at home" it is the signal for laughter and applause. At such times Canadian reporters lose their faith in what is advertised as American humor.

This weariness extends to the vaudeville theatres, where few American monologists, or for that matter any entertainer, male or female, can resist the temptation to witticize at the expense of prohibition, or the lack of it. Incidentally, the free and open sale of liquor has created something of a problem for theatre managers in Montreal. It not infrequently happens that an American entertainer, celebrating his arrival on wet territory, is in no condition to make an appearance. To forestall any indignant letter-writers who may take their pens in hand to demand an apology for such an affront to American vaudeville performers I hasten to add that this statement is based on competent authority. The majority of vaudevillians hold their liquor as well as the same percentage of Americans from any walk in life.

Nor do I wish to be understood as implying that Americans spend all of their time in Quebec hilariously emptying bottles. The scenic, historic and religious attractions *are* visited with due appreciation, and some thousands probably deny themselves so much as a glass of ale. The average sensible adult with full appreciation of consequences will no more deliberately drink unwisely than he would gorge himself with an excess of lobster salad. I am referring to the undeniable fact that an impelling motive in the American invasion is the fact that all varieties of alcoholic stimulant are readily available. There is much drinking by Americans but surprisingly little drunkenness, at least in public.

The riff-raff of American adventurers may be found in Dominion Park, adjacent to Windsor Street and within the shadow of the imposing Bishop's Palace. When the taverns close and night falls there is almost a scramble for the benches—panhandlers, race-track followers, whatnot. Police say that here was introduced to Canada the American pastime of craps, and though, under Canadian law, racing bets may be made only at the track, it is possible to place a wager on a favorite in a modest store across the street. It is a matter of police record that one bibulous American was mulcted of $15,000 by race-track sharpers. Almost any habitué of Dominion Park can direct a stranger to a place where liquor of all varieties may be purchased out of legal hours—but there are surprisingly few such places. The reason is that the law is so liberal there is little excuse for violation.

The adventurer type, however, is less of a problem to Canadian authorities than the improvident visitor. An average of three or four of the latter wander into the office of the American consul every day, broke and helpless,

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strangers in a strange land. They are perhaps typified by the optimistic resident of southern New Jersey who set out for a tour of Quebec in the family automobile containing father, mother and four youngsters, with a bankroll of exactly $26. Through the year a thousand stranded Americans appeal to the Montreal consul to get home, and not a few explain their plight by a frank confession of over-indulgence in booze. The rest are runaways, automobile hobos and persons who otherwise fail to reflect credit on these great United States, or enlist official sympathy.

The American consul in Montreal is a Legionnaire—W. I. Jackson. He is commander of the local Legion post, which has sixty members, and a former co-worker of Congressman Royal C. Johnson of South Dakota, himself a Legionnaire.

The diplomatic service has no emergency fund for the relief and shipment home of distressed nationals, so Americans resident in Montreal, including many Legionnaires, maintain a fund to care for worthy distressed countrymen. The Legion post organized a fund to care for stranded American war veterans in the city, but it was quickly exhausted by heavy demands.

So much for the high lights of the invasion of Quebec by the desperately thirsty of America. I have attempted to picture how Americans seek out forbidden fruit in its various forms of distillation and fermentation. But what of the forbidden fruit being surreptitiously transported from the same oasis to parched stay-at-homes? The Atlantic seaboard institution known as Rum Row has been driven from the seas, as I predicted would happen in an article in The American Legion Weekly last winter. Despite this fact, bootleg liquor prices in the Atlantic States do not reflect any liquor shortage and in the past few weeks have been going up.

Is Canada the new base of liquor smugglers? If so, how do they secure their supplies when a supposedly friendly government controls all liquor resources? What is the United States Government doing to prevent bootlegging from Canada? What are the net results of a government embarking in the liquor traffic? Has drunkenness increased or decreased under the Quebec Liquor Law? Has the use of hard liquor increased or decreased because of ready availability? In the relation of booze to crime how does the record of major offenses in Quebec compare with that of dry provinces in the Dominion? How much, if any, extra work is made for the police in liquor law enforcement? What are the economic consequences? These questions will all be answered in a second article.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

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

1ST GAS REGT.—Reunion and dinner at National Democratic Club, Madison Ave. and 37th St., New York City, Dec. 5. Address Francis H. Phipps, 102 So. Sixth Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., or Victor Lomuller, 256 W. 43rd St., New York City.

BASE HOSP. 19—Reunion at Powers Hotel, Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 12, p. m. Address Frank Fleming, 147 Reservoir Ave., Rochester.

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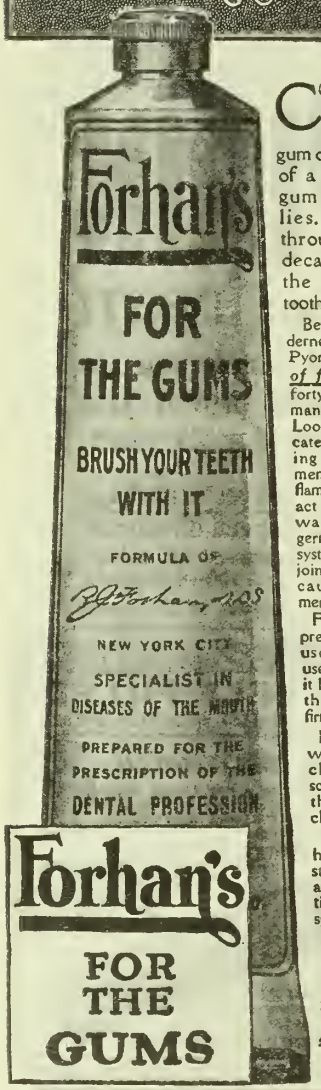

COAST defense protects the life of a nation, gum defense the life of a tooth. On the gum line danger lies. If it shrinks through Pyorrhea decay strikes into the heart of the tooth.

Beware of gum tenderness that warns of Pyorrhea. *Four out of five* people over forty have Pyorrhea—many under forty also. Loosening teeth indicate Pyorrhea. Bleeding gums, too. Remember—these inflamed, bleeding gums act as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

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Montreal

Ford Owner MAKES $120 A DAY

J. M. James actually made $120 in just one day with the amazing little device which makes practically any car give double its regular mileage a gallon. Vernon Gaines netted $94 in eight hours. With this astounding new invention many cars go 37 to 57 miles and even 60 miles on a gallon. The demand is enormous—you can make $250 to $500 a month in spare or full time. And now the inventor will send you a sample at his own risk. Write to J. A. Stransky, W-180 Stransky Bldg., Pukwana, So. Dak.

Build Your Own Business

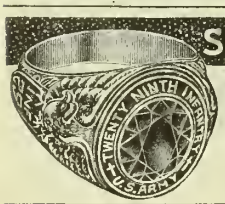
Make big profits now—provide income for later years. Our representatives make $35 to $75 weekly taking orders for shrubs, roses, fruit and ornamental trees, etc. Every home a prospect. Full or spare time.

You Can Do It. Start Now

Experience not necessary. We teach you easily, quickly. Selling outfit free. We deliver; we collect; your check comes weekly. Write for proposition.

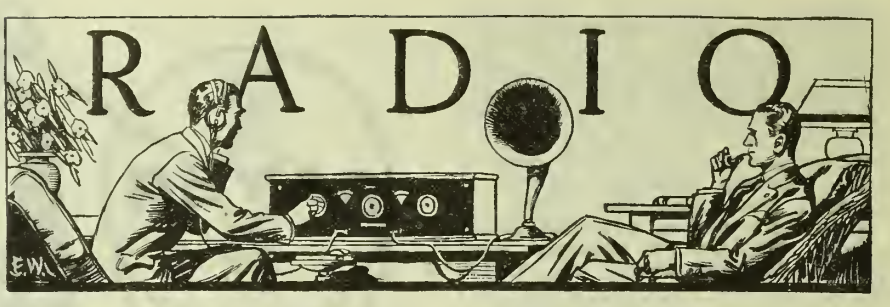
HOOKER BROS., 411 Aetna Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.
"The Rochester Fruit and Farm Nurseries"

SERVICE RINGS



Any branch, any division. In Sterling Silver, $2.50 each. In 10-K Gold, $7.50. In 14-K Gold, $10. Folder showing complete line of Army and Navy Rings sent gladly.

C. K. GROUSE CO.
131 Bruce Av., North Attleboro, Mass.



WITH the approach of Christmas, Legion posts and Auxiliary units which make special arrangements to furnish entertainment and present gifts to disabled comrades might be guided in their this year's plans by the Christmas party given by Grosscup-Pishon Post of Boston last year. A Legion Christmas party for disabled veterans is not an innovation, but the members of Grosscup-Pishon Post, not content with having Legionnaires and Auxiliary members alone enjoy their party at the United States Veterans Hospital at West Roxbury, Massachusetts, decided to invite the general public—not in person exactly, but as absentee guests.

The weeks before the party were occupied in collecting gifts for the disabled men and in arranging a program of entertainment. Arrangements were then made with the Shepard Stores of Boston for the use of Station WNAC in broadcasting the program, and thousands of New Englanders and people of neighboring States enjoyed the program and entered into the spirit of it.

A microphone was placed on the stage beside the gift-laden Christmas tree and when the patients, some in wheel chairs and some on crutches, gathered before the tree, the fun began. Commander Carroll Swan, presiding as Santa Claus pro tem., announced before the microphone the name of the disabled veteran receiving a gift, the kind of a gift given and the name of the donor. The contagion spread and listeners-in wanted more active participation in the party. Soon telephone calls and telegrams began to arrive so fast that a special detail of men was assigned to take care of them.

Gifts of fruit and candy and ice cream and cake for the veterans followed close on the messages from people in the vicinity. A Boston banker rushed through information that a money gift was being sent to the veterans and that jobs for eight unemployed and disabled men would be available at the office of the sender of the message. More gifts of money, food, clothing and smoking material were announced in messages from friends at greater distances. The spirit of the veterans' Christmas party brought a spontaneous response.

MOST of the reports of the activities of the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly have had to do with equipment of veterans' hospitals in which soldiers are receiving treatment. The sailors have not been neglected, however, as projects are now under way in the Naval Hospitals at San Diego, California, and League Island, Pennsylvania. The installation of radio receiving equipment in the hospital at San Diego is being directed by San Diego Post of the Legion, while that at League Island is being looked after, appropriately enough, by Naval Post of Philadelphia. Harry G. Harris, Adjutant of Naval Post, has filed the request for his post and a questionnaire and approval form has been forwarded to him for the use of the post's radio committee in making the necessary investigation. This project was pending at the time of the transfer of the Fund to the Weekly.

THE American Legion Weekly has assumed charge of the distribution of the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund, now known as the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly, for the purchase of radio equipment for disabled World War veterans. The Fund is governed by the following regulations:

1. All requests for radio installation must come through posts of The American Legion. All government-owned hospitals operating under the United States Veterans Bureau have been or will be equipped with radio reception by the Government; the Fund, therefore, will affect only contract and general (army, navy and marine) hospitals in which disabled veterans are patients.

2. On receipt of a radio installation request, the requesting Legion post will be furnished a questionnaire and approval form for use in making specific non-technical recommendations regarding the hospital to be equipped. This questionnaire, filled in, must be approved by the post before being submitted to the Fund's board of trustees.

3. After the proposed installation has been approved by the trustees, a specifications form will be submitted to the post. The post, after consultation with the hospital authorities, will report in detail the nature and amount of supplies required for a complete radio installation. From this form the secretary of the board will place orders for supplies to be sent direct to the hospital.

4. The Fund may be spent for the purchase of radio equipment only. The cost of actual installation must be borne by the hospital. Incidentally, all expense of administering the Fund is borne by the Weekly. In many cases post members who are trained electrical technicians will doubtless be willing to contribute their services. Hospitals have governmental authority to call on technical experts of the nearest army post or naval station to assist in the installation.

Address all correspondence to the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Earn Big Money!
Learn *the* Automobile Business
PUT YOUR NAME HERE

Every ambitious fellow looks forward to a real money-making job or a business of his own. Thousands have **made their dreams come true,** with this school's help. All over the world garages and service stations bear the names of our graduates. Each shows what ambition can do, backed with "Michigan State" (Detroit) training. It can do the same for you.

Be a Trained Man!

Think of the repair work on 18 million cars. Unlimited opportunities for men who know this business right. Engines, electric systems, batteries, tires, to be repaired. Welding and machine shops needed. Age, education or experience make no difference. You can be successful too,—independent Get M. S. A. S. training now!

Come to Detroit Now!

Get practical training at this great School. Thorough courses, complete equipment, expert instructors. Auto factories endorse our methods. Write today for Chart of Courses, and photogravure book about Detroit. Say whether you want to start your training at home or at our school in Detroit. Address A. G. Zeller, President.

Michigan State Automobile School
3492 Auto Building Detroit, Mich.

$25 A DAY Clear Profit

SURFACING FLOORS

Make $5,000 to $10,000 a yearsurfacing floors with "American Universal" electrically driven machine. Replaces six hand scrapers—earns you six men's pay. Small amount of money starts you. No special training or experience required. Interesting work in a new and uncrowded field.

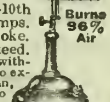
Big Demand for Work

Every newly laid floor must be surfaced. Every old floor represents a resurfacing job for you. We show you how to get the work, furnish office forms, advertising matter, etc. In fact, we set you up in a big paying business of your own. Here's an opportunity of a life-time. Write today for complete details.

American Floor Surfacing Machine Co.
527 So. St. Clair St. Toledo, O.

AGENTS $72 a WEEK

Wonder lamp of age. For use in every home. **300 Candle Power.** Brilliant, white light—soft, restful to eyes. Equals safety, brilliancy of electricity. 1-10th the cost. 20 times brighter than wick lamps. More healthful. Easy to operate. No smoke. No soot. No odor. Low priced. Guaranteed.



FREE Outfit to workers. New plan starts you without capital. Full or spare time. No experience needed. Profits start first day. Vivian, Minn. made $400 in 30 days. You can do as well. No charge for territory. Write for **Free Outfit Offer.**

AKRON LAMP CO., 1852 Lamp Bldg. Akron, O.

SALESMEN

Send 50c for sample Mapac and selling outfit. One of the easiest, quickest and biggest sellers on the market. Indispensable to the motorist. A merchandising proposition. No canvassing. Your money refunded if you are not sold. Exclusive territory.

MAPAC MFG. CO., Box 179, Appleton, Wis.

LEGIONNAIRES!

Humorous Cuts at Half Usual Cost

Our extensive line of cuts which sold for $1.00 each are now REDUCED FIFTY PER CENT. You are urged to send for catalog, and sample of the splendid little Membership folder "For God and Country." Be ready for your winter publicity requirements. These cuts cover a wide and useful range, being suitable for dances, parades, conventions, etc.

POST PRINTING SERVICE
The American Legion Weekly
Indianapolis, Indiana

The Hobby *that* Beat *a* Handicap

(Continued from page 11)

pairs. He at once recognized the bow as one he had repaired eight years before, when he was working at repairing as an amateur. Moreover, he remembered that it belonged to a remarkably fine violin—a very old violin.

In the investigation which followed, it developed that the violin was a Heskett-Cremona, worth over $1,000. It had been stolen from its owner, the man for whom Camper had done a repair job eight years before. The new owner had been sold the violin for $27.

Upon investigation, the rightful owner's initials were found carved upon the case. This completed the identification, and the treasured old violin went back into the possession of its real owner—all because a violin is to Camper not just a fiddle, but an instrument of decided personality.

Again, a customer recently brought in a violin—or rather the pieces of a violin which had fallen apart five years ago. It was an instrument for which the owner had paid $2.50 from a mail-order house some twenty years ago. As often happens, he inquired whether the violin was worth repairing.

Camper looked over the pieces with care. They seemed of a good deal better sort than the owner's description might lead him to believe. Finally he decided that the instrument would be worth more, repaired, than the cost of the repairing. He was not willing to commit himself much more strongly than that.

So the owner left it to be repaired. Camper worked over it for many hours—for a violin cannot be assembled with the speed with which some makes of automobiles are put together. Finally, when he had the job completed, he tried the tone.

Then he hurried over to a famous violinist, as fast as his twisted body and his steel braces would let him go. The violinist confirmed Camper's opinion. It was now a really fine violin, not the product of an old master, to be sure, but made by a violin maker who knew his business and made good instruments. Moreover the violin had gained in quality with age, so that it was worth more than $100, and would increase in value as time went on.

Finally, by a bit of digging around for facts, Camper discovered that the mail-order house from which the violin was bought had purchased a considerable lot of violins in Germany about 1900, and had sold them for less than they were worth. This was undoubtedly one of this lot. Camper had the joy—for to a craftsman of his kind it is a joy—of bringing into the world a really fine musical instrument, from fragments which seemed useless.

During the early stages of his training, Camper did not have everything his own way. Finally, to insure himself the proper training, he started a shop in Minneapolis and brought in a partner, Adkins, to manage the business and give him proper instruction. The firm is Adkins & Camper. It began business last fall. And Camper only the previous spring had finished his government training.

What 15 minutes a day reading has done to my bank account

The statement of a successful man who urges you to learn the secret of 15 minutes a day as given in this free book. Send for your copy now

"I think I can truthfully estimate that 15 minutes of reading a day has added $15 a day to my income."

"Work is fun if you can feel that you're getting ahead," this man says, "but it's discouraging to come up to the end of every month and find you are only barely keeping even.

"I analyzed myself. I found that except for the current gossip of our particular industry, I was pretty nearly a conversational blank. I knew nothing of travel, history, science, biography—the best of the world's thinking and writing. It was about this time that I learned of the remarkable achievement of Dr. Eliot, who had been for forty years president of Harvard. Out of his lifetime of reading and study he has selected the few really great books and so arranged them that any man can get the essentials of a liberal education in 15 minutes of pleasant reading a day. I sent for the stimulating little free book, "Fifteen Minutes a Day." I think I can properly say that the steady improvement in my bank account during the past two years has been due to the secret I learned in that little book more than to anything else."

"Each month we said: 'Next month we'll surely get ahead.' But always the end of the month found us just about even, and no more."

The book for which this man sent will be mailed to you immediately upon receipt of the coupon below. It sets forth fully the plan, scope, and purpose of Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

Every well-informed man and woman should at least know something about these famous "Harvard Classics."

"What I couldn't understand was why men who seemed to work less than I did apparently made much more money."

The free book tells you how Dr. Eliot and his associates undertook to select the 418 great masterpieces that contain what he calls "the essentials of a liberal education," and how he has so arranged it that even 15 minutes a day are enough.

You are cordially invited to have a copy of this useful and entertaining little book. It is free, will be sent by mail, and involves no obligation of any kind. Merely tear off the coupon and mail it to-day.

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

FREE—
The book that gives the secret

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
250 Park Avenue, New York City

By mail, free, send me the guide book to the most famous books in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot of Harvard. Also, please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments.

Name { *Mr.* / *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

3698 HCU-L

The publishers cannot undertake to send the booklet free to children

Bursts *and* Duds

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Ind.

Not Too Soon

"Am dere anybody in de congregation what wishes prayer for deir failin's?" asked the colored minister.

"Yassuh," responded Brother Jones. "Ah's a spen'thrif', an' Ah throws mah money 'roun' reckless like."

"Ve'y well. We will join in prayer fo' Brotheh Jones—jes' afteh de collection plate have been passed."

An Amazing Coincidence

[*From the Atlanta Georgian*]

The accident happened at the corner in front of the old Fulton High School. According to witnesses, the street car and the big truck seemed to meet at the same time.

Thin Ceilings

"Why did you move from your last apartment?"

"Our upstairs neighbor's fountain pen leaked."

What a Way to Talk!

[*Ad in the Minneapolis Journal*]

LOST—2 black husky females, look like police dogs; reward.

Coming and Going

"That's the most profitable device we have in town," remarked the mayor to his visiting friend, as he pointed out the automatic stop-go signal at the main intersection.

"Autos forget to stop for it sometimes?" inquired the guest.

"No, not so much that, but you see that hydrant on the corner? Well, quick as an auto stops for the signal, we get him for parking in front of the hydrant."

It's Being Out in the Sun

[*Ad in the Troy (N. Y.) Record*]

WANTED—Male and female purple raspberry pickers.

Adverse Publicity

"Why did Gentry give up politics?"

"No newspaper would denounce him."

The Original Dead Town

[*Obituary notice in Providence (R. I.) Journal*]

Davisville, R. I. Funeral service at Quidnessett Baptist Church on Wednesday, Aug. 5, at 2 p. m. Relatives and friends are invited to attend.

Warning

The sign of a city church read:

SUNDAY SERVICE SUBJECT
"TWO FAILURES"
CHOIR————TENOR SOLO

The Forgiving Critic

[*From Topeka (Kan.) Daily Capital*]

Eness . . . has extensively studied piano, composition, and musical theory and history since. He plays the violin and sins creditably.

Convinced

The lecturer of the evening before was holding a post mortem on his speech with one of his auditors.

"And did the audience think that my talk was convincing?" he asked.

"Sure did," replied the other. "They all said it was one o' the most convincin' talks they'd ever heard in their lives, an' it was too bad there wasn't a word of truth to it."

We Know Her!

[*Ad in Panama Star and Herald*]

FOUND—Metal-headed ladies' umbrella.

Outstanding

He was pointed out to me
Among writers by the score,
For he never yet had written
A book about the war.

—*R. W. F.*

Radical Improvement

[*Heading in Bangor (Me.) Daily Commercial*]

Old Town Motorist Runs Down Trolley Conductor; Improving the Highways.

Above All Else

"Your Honor," spoke the attorney for the defense, "here are twenty-seven reasons why my client should be granted a new trial, the chief of which is that he was found guilty."

Naturally

[*Heading in Memphis (Tenn.) News Scimitar*]

Most Suicide Cases Later Are Regretted.

Add Similes

As rare as a woman who never wrote, "Wish you were here," on a postcard.

Ho! Hum!

[*Ad in Laddonia (Mo.) Herald*]

On account of getting tired or lazy and my wife refusing to milk any longer have decided to sell at public auction my herd of good milk cows.

Limerick

An ambitious young man from Des Moines
Said: "I think that the movies I'll joines,
And earn lots of jack,"
But he's still writing back
To poor dad in Des Moines for his coines.

—*D. D.*

And He Did!

[*Marriage Notice in Fargo (N. D.) Forum*]

Olga Benrod of Watford City, and Dr. Harry U. Winner.

More Chance

"You say that Miss Agely is desperate for a man?"

"Yes. She had twin beds put in her room, so she'd have twice as many to look under."

A Tonsorial Triumph

[*Ad in Minneapolis Tribune*]

BARBER wanted who can shingle and marcel at once.

Perils of Prohibition

The dry chief was approached by his secretary.

"Sir, you remember the new man you sent out with instructions to jot down the name of every agent he found to be corrupt?"

"Yes, what about him?"

"He's dead, sir."

"By violence?"

"No; writer's cramp."

Covering His Tracks

[*Ad in Mobile (Ala.) Register*]

LOST—ONE bay pony, last seen on Ann St., going west on Brazil St. Return to No. 5 Fire Station.

So That's the Kind of a Guy He Is

He wouldn't treat, and he wouldn't bet;
He couldn't drive, and he couldn't pet;
So they pushed him out in the storm and wet;
He's the kind of a man that girls forget.

—*J. P. R.*

The Conscientious Car

[*Ad in Detroit News*]

RESPONSIBLE couple will take care of small apartment building for unfurnished apartment.

Civic Loyalty

"Why do you insist on taking only a local anaesthetic?" asked the surgeon.

"Because I believe in patronising home products," answered the public-spirited patient.

And Then What?

[*From Memphis (Tenn.) News Scimitar*]

I have observed that most Memphis people do not get out of the way for fire engines and ambulances.

Reassuring

"Has anyone ever been lost in crossing here?" asked a timid woman who had hired a boatman to ferry her across a river.

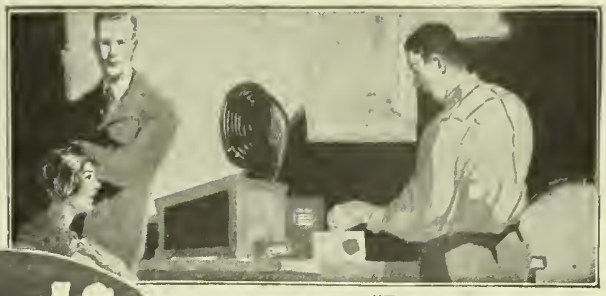
"No'm," was the reply. "Mah brotheh was drowned heah las' week, but we found him th' nex' day."

Jones's impression of the average street while teaching his wife to drive

$1000 a Month John Jirinec, 1133 Fourth Avenue, Astoria, L.I., now earning $12,000 a year, recommends Cooke Training. He says, "It alone is responsible for my success."

(Below)
L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer
Chicago Engineering Works, who has trained thousands of men for Big-Pay Jobs in Electricity.

$9,000 a Year. Auto Electricity pays W. E. Pence, Albany, Ore. over $9,000 a year. 68 men enrolled for this training on his recommendation.



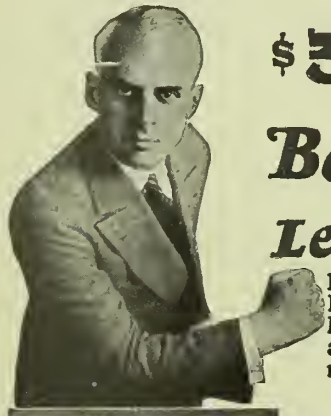
$700 in 24 Days "Thanks to you, I made $700 in 24 days in Radio," says F. G. McNabb, 848 Spring St., Atlanta, Ga. "I recommend your training everywhere."

Thousands of COOKE TRAINED ELECTRICAL MEN RECOMMEND THIS GUARANTEED TRAINING TO YOU

these men EARN:

$125 a Week "Depend on me as booster," says A. Schreck, Phoenix, Ariz. "I make over $500 a month. Your advertisement started me to success."

$3,500 to $10,000 a year



Be an ELECTRICAL EXPERT

Learn at HOME in your SPARE TIME!

Don't you keep on working for $25 or $35 a week. Get into Electricity. Thousands of Cooke Trained Men who knew nothing about it a short time ago are now earning $70 to $200 a week as Electrical Experts—and they don't work half as hard as you do. Why stick to your small pay job? Why stick to a line of work that offers no chance—no promotion—no big pay? Get into the world's greatest business. Electricity needs you. I'll show you how to do it. Get ready for the big-pay job now.

Electrical Experts are in Big Demand

Even ordinary electricians — the "screw driver" kind — are making big money, but trained men—Electrical Experts who get the top salaries—are needed more now than ever before. Thousands of Cooke Trained Men easily earn $3,500 to $10,000 a year. That's the kind of a job you want—where you can plan and boss and supervise the work of others or go into business for yourself. Get started towards one of these big-pay jobs now. Learn to earn $70 to $200 a week — you can do it with Cooke training — recommended by more than ten thousand successful graduates. Just mail the coupon below.

Employment Service—No Extra Charge

I will train you for a big-pay job and then help you get it **without extra charge.** Hundreds of employers look to me for the electrical men they hire. Last year I placed over one thousand men at big raises in pay. Hundreds of others were promoted by their employers through the help of my Vocational Service and other hundreds went into business for themselves with the help of my special Business Training. Mail coupon for big free book which explains this service and fourteen other features, many of which can't be had anywhere else.

Age or Lack of Experience Bars No One

You don't need experience. You don't have to be a College man. You don't have to be even a high-school graduate. As Chief Engineer of this big two million dollar institution which does a general Consulting Engineering Business besides operating one of the world's greatest Training Schools, I know just what training you need to make a big success in electricity. Let me give you that training with my simplified, complete home course—the world famous "Cooke" Training—built on my own 20 years of engineering experience with the help of nearly 50 other engineers. Learn to earn $70 to $200 a week — only spare time needed.

My Training Pays for Itself

You can start earning extra money a few weeks after you start my training. I give you special instruction for doing simple electrical jobs in your spare time—show you how to get these jobs and tell you what to charge. Many of my students make as high as $25 a week extra this way while studying. My course more than pays its own way.

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed

I am so sure I can make you a big success in Electricity, just like I have done for the men whose pictures you see here and thousands of others who now boost my training, that I will guarantee your satisfaction with a signed, money-back guarantee bond. If my training doesn't satisfy you after you have finished, you get back every penny you pay me. A two million dollar institution stands back of this guarantee.

Engineers' Association Endorses Cooke Training

The American Association of Engineers, with 15,000 College and Practical Engineer Members, has approved Cooke training and the C.E.W. 100%. Their printed and publicly distributed report of their investigation is the only endorsement of a school they have ever issued. Full details of this endorsement sent with my free book.

Get Started Now—Mail Coupon

Get my free book —"The Vital Facts About Electricity." Read about the success of hundreds of other men—men who recommend this training and whose names and addresses are given in my book. Get the real dope about your opportunities in Electricity. See how easy it is to get started on the road to jobs that pay $70 to $200 a week. Don't deny yourself this chance to make big money. Get the facts NOW—MAIL COUPON AT ONCE for the facts and my guarantee.

5 WONDERFUL WORKING OUTFITS ... GIVEN WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE

1. **Laboratory and Experimental Outfit**—Complete material for interesting experiments.
2. **Bell and Alarm Outfit**—Electrical apparatus, material and tools—a complete installation Kit.
3. **Electric Lighting Outfit**—Switches, Wire, Lights, etc.—everything needed to make up all complicated electric lighting circuits.
4. **Electric Power Outfit**—Famous "Cooke" Motor and other apparatus. Not a toy—but a real, honest-to-goodness workable machine.
5. **Transformer Outfit**—Complete parts for building and winding this widely used equipment.

MAIL THE COUPON FOR FREE BOOK OF FACTS

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer,
Chicago Engineering Works, Inc.
Dept. 489
2150 Lawrence Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer,
Chicago Engineering Works, Inc.,
Dept. 489
2150 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Send me at once, without obligation, your big illustrated book and complete details of your Home Study Course in Electricity, including your outfit and employment service offers.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

The 'Cooke' Trained man is the 'Big Pay' Man

Your One Big Chance to Save Your Hair

—Read This Guarantee

I Guarantee to Give You New Hair in 30 Days or my Treatment Won't Cost You One Cent

Allen Merke
Founder of Merke Institute
Fifth Avenue N.Y.

Evidence

"Results are wonderful. My hair has stopped falling out and I can see lots of new hair coming in. I preach your system to everyone."—*F. D. H., Washington, D. C.*

"My hair was coming out at an alarming rate, but after four or five treatments I noticed this was checked. My hair is coming in thicker and looks and feels full of life and vigor."—*W. C., Great Neck, N. Y.*

"I have used your system for eight weeks and although the top of my head has been entirely bald for six years the results up to the present are gratifying. In fact, the entire bald spot is covered with a fine growth of hair."—*W. B., Kenmore, Ohio.*

"The top of my head is almost covered with new hair. I have been trying for the last five years, but never could find anything that could make hair grow until I used your treatment, and now my hair is coming back."—*Tom Carson, Ohio.*

"The condition of my hair was very bad. After six weeks treatment with the Thermocap my head was covered with short hair and it was no longer dull and lifeless. I kept up the treatment and in return I have as good a head of hair as any one could wish."—*Clarence Terpening, 158 South Cedar St., Galesburg, Ill.*

"I used the Cap for 30 days when to my great surprise I could see a new coat of hair coming in and now my hair is very near as good as it was when it first started to come out."—*J. C. Regan, 178 West St., Englewood, N. J.*

"Your Thermocap has done a wonderful thing in bringing back my hair where all other things had failed. The top of my head is now entirely covered with hair after using the Thermocap for about two months and new hair seems to be coming in all the time."—*Harry A. Brown, 21 Hampton Place, Utica, New York.*

(Original of above letters on file at the Institute.)

DON'T tolerate dandruff and falling hair—don't let baldness mar your appearance. I offer you a new growth of hair in 30 days—or no cost.

I don't care how scanty your hair may be—how much of it is falling out daily—or how many other treatments have failed to save it. I not only guarantee to stop your hair from falling out, but what's more I guarantee you new hair in 30 days—or else the entire trial will not cost you a single penny.

Entirely New Method

My invention involves the application of new principles in stimulating hair growth. It proves that in many cases of baldness—the hair roots are not *dead*—but merely *dormant*. The reason the average tonic or other treatments fail to grow new hair is because they do not *reach* these dormant hair roots, but instead simply treat the *surface* of the scalp.

To make a tree grow you would not rub "growing fluid" on the bark. Instead you would get right to the roots. And so it is with the hair.

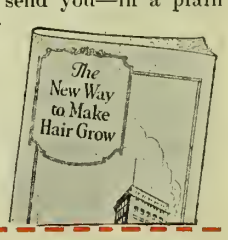
No Excuse for Most Baldness

At the Merke Institute on Fifth Avenue, New York, I have treated scores of prominent stage and social celebrities—some paying as high as $500 for the results my methods produced. Yet now by means of the Merke Thermocap Treatment, adapting the same principles to home use—thousands of men and women everywhere are securing equally remarkable results—right in any home where there is electricity—and for just a few cents a day!

I don't say my treatment will grow hair in every case. There are some cases that nothing in the world can help. But since so many others have regained hair this new way, isn't it worth a trial—especially since you do not risk a penny? For at the end of a month if you are not more than delighted with the growth of hair produced, you won't be out a cent. That's my absolute Guarantee, AND YOU ARE THE SOLE JUDGE.

Coupon Brings FREE Book

No matter how thin your hair may be—no matter how many methods you have tried without results, send at once for the 32-page free book, telling about this wonderful scientific treatment. It gives scores of reports from others which indicate what this treatment should mean to you. Merely fill in and mail the coupon below and I will gladly send you—in a plain wrapper—the vitally interesting booklet giving full details about the famous Merke Thermocap Treatment. Clip and mail the coupon today. Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 2212, 512 Fifth Ave., New York City.



Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.,
Dept. 2212, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, in plain wrapper, the free copy of the new booklet describing in detail the Merke Thermocap Treatment.

Name _____
(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

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