DECEMBER 25, 1925

# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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December 25, 1925

# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

Vol. 7, No. 52

THE story, "A Wreath of Poison Ivy," in last week's issue is a faithful record of happenings in a certain Legion post's history. Many a Legionnaire probably has detected in it references to conditions which once existed in his own post. Everyone, reading it, will recall the circumstances under which he joined the Legion. There are different ways of joining. Let imagination draw the picture of several of them.

* * *

GEORGE HOPKINS himself didn't understand why he had waited so long to join the Legion. He had been away from his home town for varying periods, however, and anyway nobody had ever put the question up to him in the dotted-line manner. But now he was going in. He wondered what his initiation would be like.

* * *

THE meeting was set for eight o'clock. Twenty minutes before that hour George Hopkins found himself in the post anteroom receiving the congratulations of the members of Hornaday Post and meeting a half-dozen other men who were going to become Legionnaires. At eight o'clock promptly the Legionnaires retired to the assembly hall. A little later the sergeant-at-arms escorted Hopkins and the other initiates into the assembly hall and formally presented them to the commander of the post. They faced the American flag and the post's colors, ready for the ceremony which was to follow.

* * *

MEMBERS of the post were seated in compact groups, the post officers occupying raised chairs in conspicuous positions around the walls. Everybody stood up as the post chaplain offered prayer. As they sat down, the post commander addressed all the candidates. After he had finished they were escorted in turn to other post officers who gave them instructions in the principles of the Legion. Then they took the obligation, repeating the pledges as the chaplain spoke them. An even more impressive ceremony followed, and then Hopkins and the six other candidates, heartily welcomed by the post commander, took their places among the other members.

* * *

THAT initiation was something to remember. Hopkins afterward recalled vividly everything he had seen and heard. From the moment he had entered the assembly hall the Legion had assumed a new meaning. Everything had been very formal, and there were moments as solemn as any he had ever known. Hopkins felt he had gone into something. The Legion had a wonderful character—he was a part of it.

* * *

LATER, when Hopkins went to the first post meeting after his initiation, he found it was conducted as carefully as his initiation had been. Post officers were in their places. Members were seated compactly. The meeting was opened and closed impressively. Business was conducted according to a prescribed system and under the usual parliamentary rules. Everything was done as set forth in the Legion's official Manual of Ceremonies, a copy of which, carefully guarded, is the property of every post. And Hopkins found himself a member of a committee appointed to arrange for a homecoming banquet — put to work right at the start of his Legion career.

* * *

THERE is another way of joining the Legion. Something is wrong when a service man who has joined goes home from the first post meeting he attends with the feeling that he has been sold a gold brick. Ben Williams joined, knowing something of what the Legion had done nationally. As an outsider he had had a pretty good opinion of the outfit. Perhaps as a member of other organizations — lodges, luncheon clubs and such like—he expected to find at his first night with his Legion post something new. He went to the post clubrooms hoping to get a kick out of his initiation—all his previous similar experiences led Williams to believe it would be forthcoming.

* * *

TO Williams's surprise, he discovered that nobody paid much attention to him. He paid in his three or four or five dollars as dues and was tossed a card with his name on it. The post commander didn't show up, so the adjutant rounded up the dozen or so members who happened to drift in and called the meeting to order twenty-five minutes after the hour it was announced to start. The adjutant read the minutes of the previous meeting. The post finance officer read off a lot of figures rapidly. "Anybody got any new business?" the adjutant asked, yawning. Nobody had. "Meeting's adjourned," he said. On following meeting nights Williams always had an engagement somewhere else.

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# They Just Won't Let China Behave

*By* NATHANIEL PEFFER

*Illustrated by* C. LeRoy Baldridge

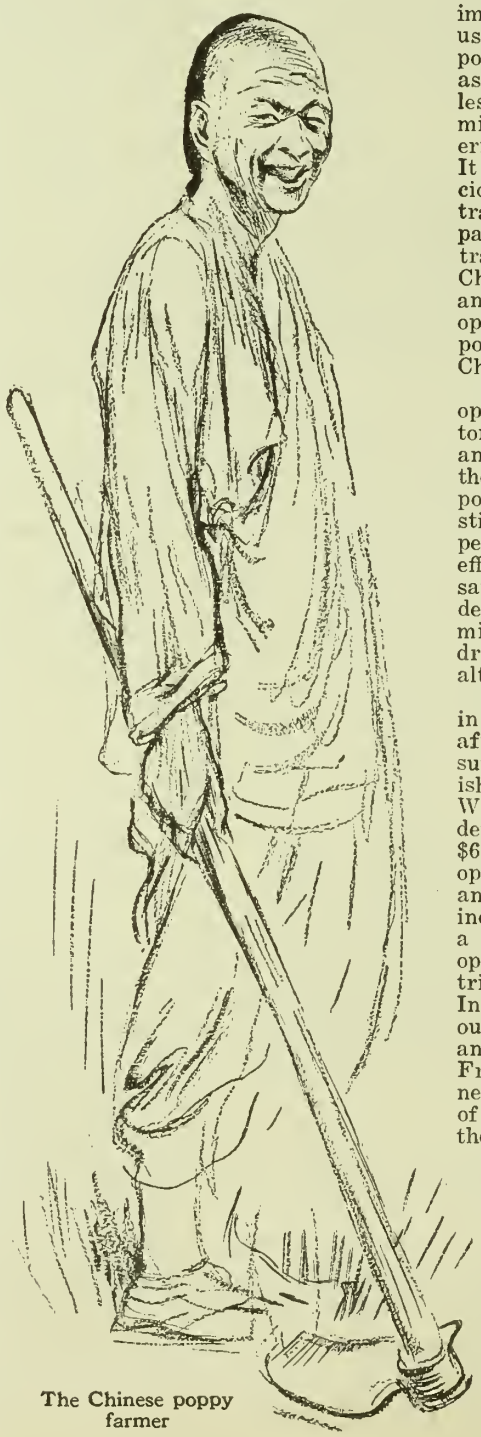
TO reparations, armaments, debts and boundaries has been added yet another subject for international conferences, wranglings and deadlocks. It is opium. Why there should be international crises over opium must be to the ordinary newspaper reader, already lost in the intricacies of international relations, the consummate insoluble puzzle. This article will attempt to provide a key—to explain in simple terms why there should be an international conference on dope and what lay behind the conferences last fall at Geneva; what the history of opium has been and how it came to be in international politics; and what the American point of view is, why it clashed with Great Britain and finally broke off from the conference. Incidentally, this will throw considerable light on the nature of the drug evil, about which there is so much concern all over the world today. It will also illuminate the nature of international politics.

In a few words, the opium situation is this. There are about 2,000 tons of opium grown in the world annually; the production in China is illegitimate and cannot be estimated. At a very liberal estimate five tons are needed for use in medical preparations. The other 1,995 are used only as habit-forming drugs. The problem is to prohibit the cultivation of those 1,995 tons and thus cut the drug evil at its roots. It sounds simple, but the agitation of a century and a succession of international conferences beginning at The Hague in 1912 and culminating at Geneva in 1925 have failed to bring it about. Too much lies behind.

The history of opium must be known if the question is to be properly understood. It is an interesting history in itself. Just where and when the use of opium as a drug began is not clear, but one thing is certain. It did not originate in China, as nearly everybody believes. When we think of opium dens and opium smoking, we automatically think of China. The association is inaccurate. Opium is an alien vice to the Chinese. So far from being brought to the white man's countries by the Chinese, it was brought to China by the white man against China's will. It is no more native to China than is chop suey—and as everybody knows or ought to know, that is as Chinese as limburger cheese.

The earliest records show that while opium was grown and eaten in India in early times—in India it is still eaten rather than smoked—it was not grown or consumed in large quantities. It was first smoked by Dutch residents of Java, a Dutch possession since the beginning of the seventeenth century. In China it was scarcely known.

The traffic in opium on a large scale began after the British got control of India through the British East India Company, which by the latter part of the eighteenth century was the real ruler of India. From the start the goal of the traffic was China, the greatest country in the East and the country having the largest population in the world. At first it was Portuguese traders who carried the opium into China, later British traders and then the semi-governmental British East India Company itself.



The Chinese poppy farmer

The Chinese feared the drug from the beginning and as early as 1729 an imperial edict was issued forbidding its use. But the Chinese government was powerless to enforce the edict as long as the drug came in and it was powerless to prevent that because it had no military strength. The Chinese government believed in complete isolation. It had no diplomatic relations with Occidental states and did not permit trade, but the foreigners, British in particular, had established unofficial trade connections in Canton, the South China port. There they had warehouses and there they brought their imports, opium in particular. Without naval power to keep off the foreign ships the Chinese government was helpless.

By 1790, as a result, the imports of opium into China had gone up to 280 tons a year, practically all from India, and the habit was being fastened on the people. Fifty years later the imports ran 1,500 tons a year and were still mounting. The government repeatedly warned against the ruinous effects of the vice and ordered its cessation, but without result. Finally it decided on direct action. It sent a commissioner to Canton with power to take drastic steps. He did, and thereby altered the course of history.

He seized the whole stock of opium in the British warehouses in Canton, after negotiations got nowhere, and summarily destroyed them. The British declared war, the famous Opium War of 1842, and of course decisively defeated China. China had to pay $6,000,000 indemnity for the destroyed opium, to cede the port of Hong Kong and to open five ports to foreign trade, including the importation of opium. As a result, in less than twenty years the opium imports into China more than tripled, amounting to 5,000 tons a year. In the meantime another dispute broke out between the British and Chinese, and in 1858 there was another war, the French joining the British. The Chinese were again defeated and the treaty of peace imposed on them compelled them to legalize the opium traffic. Thus was opium imposed on China—and incidentally on the rest of the world. The Chinese had lost their fight of 150 years to save themselves from drugging.

It was only then that the growing of opium began in China to any great extent. Naturally, as long as they had to have it anyway it was cheaper to grow their own and not pay fancy prices for the imported product. So before the end of the century the poppy plant from which

opium is produced had supplanted foodstuffs and other crops in a large part of the country. In some provinces practically nothing else was raised. What was still worse, an appalling proportion of the population became enslaved to the drug. The nation was rotting at its heart. And a big center of distribution had been created from which the drug evil could spread throughout the world.

Such was the beginning of opium. In 1907 another chapter opened, the most dramatic in its history. In that year the agitation against the evil, which had been slowly gathering in China, came to a climax. The Chinese government ordered the abolition of the growth and consumption of opium and the closing of all opium dens within ten years. If prohibition in the United States was rigorous, that was Spartan. Not only were millions to be deprived of a stimulant the lack of which was torture but millions were forced to give up their source of income and the government itself lost millions of dollars in revenue. As it would have been of no avail to forbid the cultivation of the poppy plant in China while imports from India were unrestricted, the Chinese government, backed by the public opinion of the world, brought the British government to agree to reduce the export of Indian opium to China by one-tenth for ten years, after which no more would be sent to China.

By measures ruthlessly unsparing of personal considerations or vested interests, the Chinese government proceeded with the suppression of the evil. Where necessary, it beheaded farmers in their fields for violations. It seized opium stocks and opium den paraphernalia worth thousands and publicly burned them. At the end of the ten-year period the opium evil in China was for all practical purposes uprooted. There were, to be sure, violations of the law, but as a general and publicly condoned practice opium smoking had ceased.

The opium evil was not lessened in the rest of the world, however, and even in China it was eradicated only for the time. In the last few years there has been deplorable retrogression in China and both cultivation and smoking have been resumed. The reasons bring us to the most recent phase of the question, the phase which has made it an international question and a British-American incident.

Just as the opium evil originated outside China, so it has never been within China's own control. For instance, after all dens had been closed on Chinese territory and the sale of opium was illegal, in those Chinese ports that are foreign controlled and those parts of Chinese cities which are foreign concessions, the public sale and smoking in public dens continued. It is not generally known that in most important Chinese cities there are certain quarters that are foreign ruled. These are the foreign concessions. It is as if the Wall Street district in New York or the business quarter of any other city were British or French soil, or as if one ward were British, one ward French and one Italian. In those wards, or concessions, China has no authority whatever. And in those wards any Chinese or anybody else could buy opium and smoke it lawfully. A Chinese, therefore, living in one street, which was Chinese soil, could go to the next street, which was the British or French concession, and buy and smoke opium. Not only that, but he could slip a bit of it into his pocket and bring it back to his own street, Chinese soil—smuggle it, in other words. With such gaps, enforcement was impossible.

For example, the island of Hong Kong is British territory. There on the main streets you could, and still can, see licensed opium shops selling opium prepared for smoking and you can see men smoking it in public divans. Now, Hong Kong has the same relation to the Chinese mainland that Manhattan Island has to the rest of the United States. Into Hong Kong there are imported some twenty tons of opium a year from India under government license. It is a matter of getting into a ferry boat, riding across the river and then coming back with his pockets full for a Chinese to smuggle opium into Chinese territory from Hong Kong. And no government could possibly prevent it, whether in pocketfuls or bigger loads, as long as Hong Kong was so near and opium was legal there. It was only to be expected that the Chinese under those conditions would backslide, that if smuggling were easy there would be no inducement to continue prohibition of cultivation in China itself and that the evil would have a rebirth. Which is just what has happened.

The opium evil, as a world problem, cannot be dealt with as Chinese alone. It is international. That is the approach the United States has taken. Dope cannot be kept out of one country if it flourishes openly and legally in another.

The principal source of supply of raw opium, from which comes opium for smoking, with morphine and heroin as by-products, is India. Taking the year 1921, for example, there were produced in India 1,450 tons of raw opium, in Turkey 240 tons and in Persia 162 tons. In India it is a government monopoly. The whole opium industry, production, domestic sale and foreign export, is in the hands of the government of India, which is to say the British government.

A Hindu farmer who wishes to grow the poppy plant must get a government license, and sometimes the government lends him money without interest to carry him until the crop is harvested—which incidentally is not done for any other crop, even of foodstuffs. When the crop is harvested it must be turned over to the government. The government prepares it for consumption in its own factories and then sells it at government auctions or exports it as a government product. And the shops which sell opium for consumption in India are government-licensed. The revenue and the profit from these direct operations and from licenses go to the government.

In all the British colonies in the East—as well as in Dutch, Portuguese and French colonies—opium has an official character. The colonial government imports opium, licenses shops to sell it and gets the revenue. In many cases the opium receipts pay a large part of the expense of defending and administering the colony, thus relieving the British resident in the colonies and in England from paying for the maintenance of the imperial possessions. There is every inducement therefore to stimulate the use of opium, and certainly a strong one to prevent its abolition.

For instance, in the Straits Settlements, the British Crown Colony in the Malay Peninsula, south of China and the Philippines, the total revenue averages $40,000,000 a year, of which

For a Chinese to smuggle opium from Hong Kong it is only necessary to ride across the river in a ferry boat

opium yields from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000 a year, anywhere from 35 to 50 percent. In the Federated Malay States, also under British control, the opium yield provides 20 to 30 percent. In Hong Kong, which has already been cited, it provides from 20 to 30 percent. Macao, the Portuguese colony off the south coast of China, is run almost entirely on the opium revenue. In the Dutch East Indies, which include Java, Sumatra, parts of Borneo and Celebes, opium revenue is 5 percent of the total. In French Indo-China it is 20 percent. In this connection another colonial venture may be cited—the Philippine Islands. Opium flourished there, too, under Spanish rule. One of the first acts of the American régime was to abolish it. Opium is smoked in the Philippines now as it is in New York or Kansas City—illicitly, when at all. The expenses of the Philippine administration are met by taxation on legitimate commerce in the Islands and out of the pockets of the American citizen.

It was this official character of the opium trade that moved the United States many years ago to take up the question through official channels. While Governor of the Philippines, William H. Taft, seeing conditions in neighboring Eastern lands, became interested in the question. As President of the United States he issued a call for an international conference to be held at Shanghai, China, in 1909. As a result of that conference the twelve nations participating drew up at The Hague in 1912 the first international agreement dealing with opium. While the convention pledged all the signatory Powers to suppress the traffic in opium and its consumption, there were loopholes big enough to drive a coach-and-four through and it became a dead letter within a year.

Just as the war broke out efforts were renewed at The Hague to improve the convention, but of course all negotiations were suspended until after the war. Since then the subject has been within the control of the League of Nations, under whose auspices there have been numerous meetings, including the one of a few months ago. Though not a member of the League, the United States as a signatory of The Hague Convention has been represented. It has even taken the initiative in presenting a program.

The American program is based on the principle that the opium question is international; that the evil cannot be extinguished in China, as long as there are cities nearby where opium is legitimate; and that as long as there is an officially sanctioned production of the drug beyond the legitimate medical needs of the world, there is no practical possibility of preventing its being smuggled into the United States, England or any other country and corrupting thousands of young persons. Opium is so valuable in small quantities that there is a premium on smuggling. A small haul represents a huge profit. Once the drug is in the country, there is no efficient way of preventing its being privately sold. And once it is bought, there is no way of preventing anybody from using it, because he can do it in his own home.

There is only one way to kill the drug evil then—cut off the source of supply. By international agreement stop the production of opium beyond the needs of the world for use in medical preparations. By international agreement, also, pledge all countries having colonies in the East to suppress opium smoking within fifteen years, each country promising to reduce its imports proportionately over that period and to permit none to be grown within its own domain, so that at the end of fifteen years its supplies may be all exhausted and none be produced anywhere in the world except what is rationed out to medical laboratories. The drug evil, so far as opium and all opium products are concerned, would be ended. And the same could be done with cocaine.

In a word, the United States was defeated. As a result it withdrew from the Conference. There was never any disposition to stop production. The small producers, Persia and Turkey, were willing, provided they could get economic help to tide them over till the land now growing the poppy plant could be sown in some other crop. India—which is to say England—refused to consider the proposal at all. It said that the natives of India insisted on having their opium and would regard deprivation as an interference with "their liberties". To this the natives of India replied with a telegram to the conference signed by the leaders of Indian life declaring that the Indian people looked upon the drug evil as a curse from which the people had to be freed and affirming their vigorous support of the American proposal. But the British subject who was appointed by the British government in India to represent India was unmoved. So there was hopeless deadlock on that point.

On the second point, that of suppression of opium smoking, action was turned off into a debate on China's moral delinquency. The four countries with colonies where smoking is permitted—Great Britain, France, Holland and Portugal—agreed to begin suppression fifteen years from now, provided China at the end of that time was again enforcing opium prohibition. They maintained that it would be useless for them to act if China were permitting violation of its law. So they would do nothing now.

There is no doubt that China has been, as said before, backsliding. It has had a succession of civil wars the last few years and in the inevitable disturbance the power of the central government to enforce any of its laws, including the one on opium, has been impaired. But the American contention was that each country could deal with its own territory and hold China accountable for its own acts. It was pointed out that America's enforcement against opium in the Philippines was not being abandoned because China had backslid, and what America could do in the Philippines England could do in Singapore and Holland in Java. The cases are parallel.

Furthermore, it was pointed out that the chief reason China had been delinquent was that the way had been paved for smuggling into its territory by the Powers that had possessions on or near its shores—the very Powers now using China as their alibi. But most of all, the American delegation emphasized the central point: whether or not the Powers that conducted a traffic in dope as a government monopoly from which they profited were willing to give it up in order to save the world—our own sons and daughters as well as Orientals—from the curse of drugs. If they did, they would have to attack the evil at its roots.

So America has withdrawn, and there the matter rests. The conference at Geneva went ahead and signed a half-hearted agreement to be enforced by an international board, but the agreement is so hedged about with reservations as to leave every country free to do what it wants anyway. And the question of production has not been touched. What has been done represents no progress over the past. What is left is the strain produced by the direct and unavoidable clash between British and American delegations.

Also, the drug evil remains. Unfortunately it will remain until the American program is adopted and put into effect, whenever that may be. There is no other solution.

## *The* Legion's Stand *on the* Narcotics Evil

RESOLVED, By The American Legion, in seventh annual convention assembled, that in recognition of the gross evil resulting from the illegal use of narcotics among the people of our nation, including many youths, we reaffirm and again strongly urge that all agencies in our nation should bend every effort to correct the great evil of narcotics peddling and smuggling.—*Text of resolution adopted by the Seventh Annual Convention of The American Legion in Omaha, October, 1925.*

# After *the* Brawl

## *A Buck O'Dee Story*

*By* EUGENE E. MORGAN

*Illustrated by* Percy L. Crosby

HERO stuff, like Wun Lung's laundry, comes in all kinds of packages. In the big war, for instance, there was no standard human brand or wrapper for Hun-lifissed Valor and Simon's Pure Grit.

Seems to me that Nature likes to play jokes when she's siftin' out candidates for combat glory. Many a parade ground's million dollar beauty turned out to be a flat tire when they put him under a light shower o' shrapnel back in 1918. And on the other hand, many a ugly duckboard which was a total loss at squads east come to the front under the spell o' peril, and won laurels and lustre for his family name, whether it was Smith, Smithers, McGillicuddy or Gumbokowsky.

There was simply no way o' tellin' before hand how the baptism o' fire was goin' to take. Aside from the fact that we practically won the war our outfit, the Curly Wolf Division, was no different from any other in that respect. Our first time over the top was a eye opener. Take myself for instance. I wasn't scared. No, just paralyzed. I was positive the home folks would miss me and the H. E.'s wouldn't. (But don't tell nobody!) And then there was the case o' Big Mike and Little Honus. . . .

But there's no use tellin' how that happened unless you and me goes back—back, back, back into the very vortexas o' bustin' shrapnel, whiz-bangs, machine gun bullets, flyin' pig-iron, nuts, bolts and whatnot. In other words, Buddy, I'm goin' to take you right back into the trenches facin' No Hommes Land. So snap into it, big boy! Get your steel kelly sloped toward the left ear, your gas mask in the alert position and some tough eggs in the grenade sack. Fix bayonets! Cut out that talkin'! Now over the top and *follow me!*

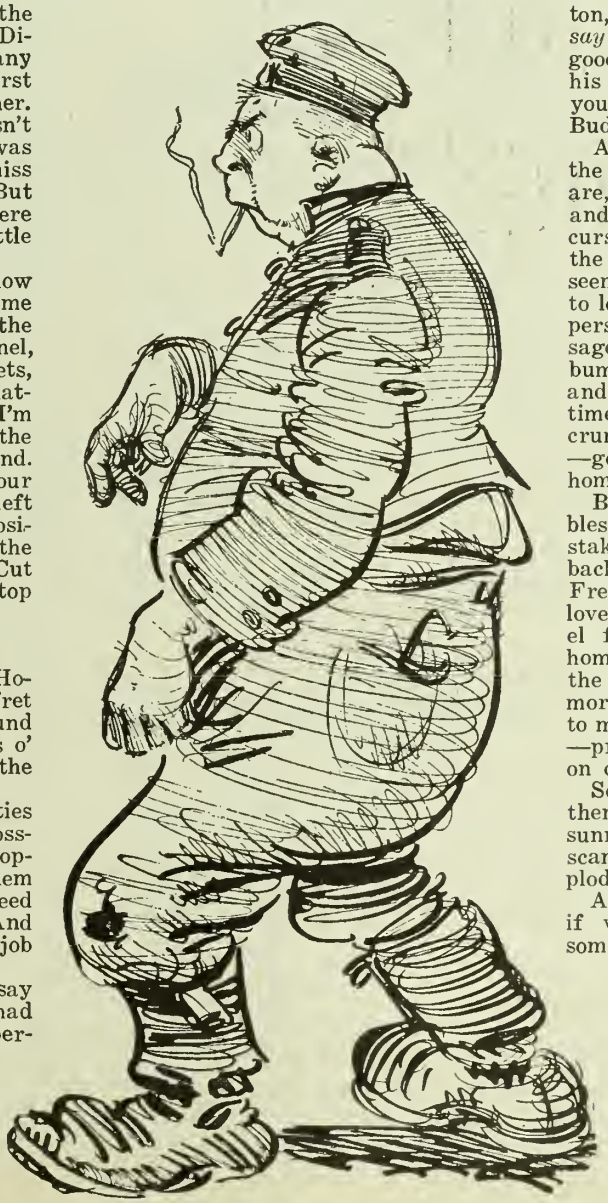
* * *

Our squad was located in the Hotel de Villainous. That was our fret name for the dugout which we found ourselves in up in the front lines o' the divisional sector just before the Meuse-Argonne offensive.

Some dump, that dugout. Cooties was thicker'n synonyms in a crossword puzzle orgy. I guess the propaganda had gone out: "Coots, them Yanks is big-hearted. They'll feed you the shirts off their backs!" And now the wool weazels was on the job and tryin' to collect.

We had rats t.o. But I will say for them trench rats that they had breedin'. They had it down to perfection. Breedin' was somethin' they did nothin' else but, I'll tell the khaki'd world. Still, considerin' the un-salubrious condition o' the outside air, there was worse places to register for rumor and mud-bath than the Hotel de Villainous, even if I can't think of any right now.

But in general it's hell up there in the front line trenches. I don't need to tell *you* that! There we are hangin' on to our lives by a rotten thread while Jerry is droppin' the innards of a boiler foundry and a five and ten cent store on us every few minutes. We was between the devil and the muddy sea o' Nobody's Bog. Hell and perdition had us sandwiched and now we was ripe to be flavored with mustard gas.



This aint the kind o' war they painted on the recruitin' posters. Many's the time I felt like askin' for my rain check and goin' home. What held me up there I dunno. Maybe it was the adventurous fascination. Maybe it was M. P.'s.

We was what they called a rookie outfit up there at the rim o' mankind's volcano. We hadn't yet took the offensive, so we hadn't got no salients or flocks o' prisoners or Krupp guns or Minnie's wafers to our credit. We was still supposed to be gun shy, and only that we'd busted the faces o' so-called old campaigners which tried to give us the palooka, we would of been treated like boy scouts. But all this happened before the Curly Wolf Division actually tore into action. You know our record.

It's in the ark hives at Washington, D. C. General Pershing didn't *say* we won the war, but he just as good as said it when he said—well, his exact words slips me now, but you can look it up for yourself, Buddy.

Anyhow, squattee-voo with me in the Hotel de Villainous. Here we are, wishin' we was *anywhere* else, and thinkin' o' the times we had cursed our barnyard billets back in the trainin' area, when now they seem like heaven-scented, and tryin' to look bored every time a shell simpers past on a special delivery message, and plannin' to kill the next bum which should start the horn and holler down, "Gas!" and every time the Germans lays down a big crump I shut my eyes and see stars —gold stars on the service flags at home!

But then, what did our little troubles amount to, with civilization at stake and the Tommies with their backs to the wallpaper and the French expectin' to see their beloved Versailles turned into a pretzel foundry and the dear folks at home worryin' about our safety and the reformers worryin' about our morals and framin' laws in Congress to make us purer, sweeter and holier —providin' we came home whole or on crutches.

Somethin' whistled overhead and then plowed up an acre or so o' sunny France with a noise like a oil scandal and a moonshine still explodin' in close harmony.

After the agony o' waitin' to see if we was dead or buried alive, somebody laughed. It was Private Denny Doyle.

"It's a helluva time to be laughin'—why aint you leadin' in prayer?" demands Augie Hibben, which in a quiet sector never got down on his knees unless to throw a nacheral.

But Denny just keeps on givin' the after-dinner speakers' salute and when the rest

of us come to and find our heads still on, we laugh too just to prove we aint rattled. But Denny didn't have no fit o' cheap hysterics. He was pointin' at two newcomers in our little family group, two soldadas which had dived into our cave just in the nick o' time to avoid the salutations o' the whiz-bang as had just paged our finish.

"Look it over!" Denny yells, pointin' his finger. "Can you imagine *it* up at the front?"

"Gallopin' goldfish!" ejaculates Hibben, as well as other words which has been deleted by the health department.

"Look what the cat brought in!" I indicates, it bein' my turn to mew.

"Sa-a-ay, where d'youse git that cat stuff? I bring him here myself, and whadda yuh think o' that?"

It was the biggest, much the biggest, o' the two newcomers which had squawked. I didn't tell *him* what I thought. He was none other than Big Ike Moser, the toughest hoodlum and the snappiest soldier in our outfit. And looked it. Most o' the guys in B Company was hard enough to bite nails but this freight flipper nipped railroad spikes in the bud. Pugilistics wasn't his profession, just his passion, and he'd scrap at the drop o' the thermometer or anything.

"But—but Ike," I persisted, seein' as how I was goin' to get bumped off one way or the other anyhow, "you can't blame me for askin' wot he's doin' up at the front. Why, he's as much outa place up here as a M. P., a divin' Venus or a general."

"How come he's up here?" pleads several.

"Aw, ask him yourself, you hunka cheese," says Ike with maidenly simplicity, as he spits fluently without regard for deflection or windage.

And then all eyes is turned over to Ike's little partner, who squints at us in the dim light and yawps:

"I'm here, alretty, ain't I yet? Den you guys kin ko to hell, alretty!"

The little guy, who the draft had blew in as Hans Wilhelm Hoffschlager but we calls Honus for short stood there, five feet four, with a stoop in his shoulders and with enough equipment on his back to k. o. Jumbo the elephant.

* * * * *

Private Hoffschlager came to B Company just before we started for France. He came without blankets or mess kit, but with a full issue o' conscience. Yes, conscientious objectin' to military duty was his absorbent passion.

This here conchy had been transferred from outfit to outfit, and none of 'em had been able to do a thing with him. He declined the honor o' drillin' or carryin' a rifle; said he didn't believe in bloodshed and would never kill his fellow man, whether in the trenches or a flivver. Well, bein' a utterly hopeless case, they sends him over to *our* outfit, as we've got the reputation o' being the touchest wreckin' crew o' crusaders in this man's army.

Honus has 'em all hog-tied when it comes to making him into a soldat. He ain't got no brains except no-resistance kind, and finally they makes him into a k. p.

Right here I got to explain that Honus wasn't typical o' the German-American boys in the A. E. F. Where would we

Five feet four with a stoop in his shoulders and with enough equipment on his back to k. o. Jumbo the elephant

of been without 'em? In our outfit the top-sergeant was Irish—in order to comply with the federal statutes to that effect—but half our roster o' noncoms was o' German extract, and good ones they was, too. Honus was the rare animal which the scientists o' freakology calls a "sport"—and a bum one, say I.

That's the way he gets to France, by the K. P. route. He's ambitious, and after a while he prevails on the mess sergeant to let him fix up a fine supper o' "Liberty haasenpfeffer." But something went askew with the stew and it was a dud. It had soured or jelled or somethin', and it tasted like it was full o' static.

* * * * *

Howsomever, let's get back to our dog-out. Duck your head comin' down!

"What I want to know," Dennie Doyle is sayin', "is what does a greaseball need with a gat. Maybe he uses the butt for a potato masher."

"If he wants to kill a lotta Heinies," cracks Sol Fishbein, "why don't he bring up a barrel o' haasenpfeffer and feed it to 'em with a trench mortar. He'll get a Jerry with every smell."

"Aw, lay offa him, you punk, or I'll take youse for a square-head!" cracks Big Ike Moser, puttin' his big hand sort o' protectin' like on Honus's slumped shoulder. "This little gink come up from the kitchens with the last chow detail, and he says to me that as long as the Germans are close by, he's goin' to stick up here and see it out. I say, that's the spirit!"

We would of give three cheers if a whizenpfeffer hadn't exploded and put more worry wrinkles in the corrugated iron roof. It seemed too good to be true. Had our pacifist k. p., our regimental rabbit, actually turned out to be a real fightin' Curly Wolf at last? Well, you can have your opinion and I'll take mine—but let's double time up to our story.

* * * * *

For months we'd snorted for action, and now we was to have our rub o' the wishin' ring.

B Company and the rest of our battalion was cordially invited to take the leadin' part in a little sunrise surprise or T. N. T. party, in which callin' cards was to be dropped by the field artillery, machine guns, trench mortars and one-pound wonders.

The great day came at last! Came dawn, as the movie subtitles say. But us hungry hob—I mean heroes would of been better satisfied if that page in history had opened: "Came hot slum and kawffee!"

Before this glory junket took place it had been carefully rehearsed. I was a moppers-up. I hadda follow behind the shock troops and when I come to a dug-out I was to toss a hand grenade down the speakin' tube and then ask in a deep bass if there was anybody home.

There we stood in the cold, gray and grizzly—first wave, second wave, moppers-up, scouts, runners, automatic riflemen and ammunition luggers, all piled up in the jump-off trenches, waitin' the rockets which would herald the hero hour. The inmates o' the Hotel de Villainous was there, and loungin' amongst us was our platoon lieutenant, who was camel flagged as an enlisted man that mornin'. He had left behind his Sammy belt, his collar ornaments and his high polished putts and manners. So keen was he to be overlooked by them German sharpshooters that he had even borrowed the dirtiest rifle in the company. Bein' a moppers-up, I really had no use for it.

Big Ike Moser was assigned to the front wave o' shock troops. The very look o' him was a shocker. Him and his bayonet had been the terror o' the dummies in the trainin' area, and now he was rarin' to give the foe cold steel like he was workin' for the ice trust. If Ike was as hard-boiled as he *looked* with that Boche-ripper in his mitts, aw rewahr, Kaiser!

Havin' Honus, the reformed conchy, with us that mornin' didn't raise the outfit's morale none. Still, he acted as anxious to go over as anybody else which *said* they was.

Whiz-z-z! Blam! A rocket went up, and the temper'ture o' my dogs went below zero. Then the rollin' barrage!

But I went over—close behind the first wave. A helluva hour to lunch a offensive. We could see hardly a thing in front as we slipped back and forth in the mush tryin' to pull ourselves and each other out o' the so-called "jump-off" trenches. Then we had to hop a hellish half acre o' barb wire, where I drew first blood. I'd had no trainin' in hurdlin' barb wire, but I soon caught on as my pants give utterance to a sickenin' rip.

At last we was treadin' Suicide Meadows. Our first wave was to march

*(Continued on page 15)*

# Where Does Your Post Stand?

*By* RICHARD SEELYE JONES
*Executive Secretary, American Legion Endowment Committee*

> We regard the raising of The American Legion Endowment Fund as a continuing responsibility with all departments and posts until every community in the United States and especially every one in which there is a post of The American Legion shall have taken part.—*Resolution adopted by Seventh Annual Convention at Omaha, October, 1925.*

THE first of January, 1925, saw the beginning of the active campaign for The American Legion Endowment Fund for disabled men and the orphans of veterans. The first of January, 1926, marks a decided turning point in the raising of the fund, and gives occasion for reviewing what has been accomplished. The accomplishments, remarkable in many ways, are summed up in the financial table accompanying this article. It makes plain the fundamental fact that wonderful efforts have been put forth and notable successes scored, and that nevertheless the Endowment Fund is incomplete.

During the year 1925 state-wide endowment "drives" have been held in every State in the Union, excepting Kansas, which held its drive a year earlier in connection with its pioneer work for the child welfare program. The table of endowment receipts as of November 24, 1925, is not the total result of those "drives," but is the gross total received by the National Treasurer on the date listed. Some of the "drives" were still going effectively forward on that date. Many sums which had been raised by the drives had not yet been forwarded to the National Treasurer on that date. On the other hand, that sum was the gross received, and from the gross receipts of cash and pledges must be deducted the costs of the campaign, and the losses which may ensue in collections. So the figures are by no means final. They are just a good indication.

The figures show a lot of things about the year of state-wide endowment drives. They fail to show the one big reason why that year did not produce all and much more than the five million dollars aimed at. That one big reason is that despite the fine, earnest, and usually successful state campaigns carried out under the 1925 program, an average of little more than one-half of the posts of The American Legion took an active part in the campaign during the year.

This fact casts a new light on the report of November 24, 1925. It casts new light on the question of how the endowment is to be completed. It casts new light on the question of the "continuing responsibility." Pretty obviously, if half of the posts of the Legion have raised, with public support, some four-fifths of the endowment fund, the remaining half of the posts have reason to carry most of the "continuing responsibility" for the balance. But where are the remaining half of the posts? Why did they not join in the big, enthusiastic state campaigns of 1925?

How are they going to meet their "continuing responsibility" in 1926?

The first question is answered in the files of each department and of the endowment section at National Headquarters. The posts which did not take part in their state campaigns are to be found in every department of the Legion. It is true that in one department, which far surpassed its quota, only nine posts failed to take part at the time of the state drive, but it is equally true that in one of the very large departments, with many hundreds of posts, only 18 percent of the posts were represented by the totals shown on November 24th. In another department, which just reached its quota during its intensive state campaign, out of ninety active posts, exactly forty-five took part in the campaign, and forty-five did not.

THE posts which have not joined the endowment effort in 1925 are, then, to be found everywhere. Their reasons for not taking part are almost as varied. Here are a few of them:

"We have just raised money for a clubhouse, and cannot ask the people for more money this year."

"We cannot raise money here until the year's crops are in."

"There are several other money raising drives going on. We will raise our endowment fund when they are out of the way."

"We cannot get up much enthusiasm until later. Everyone is away on vacation."

"We will have to take this up later with our Community Chest Committee."

Probably there have been a thousand other reasons. The chief and notable fact about the reasons is that most of them were pretty good reasons. It is true that some posts overcame the very obstacles which caused others to delay, but taken the country over, the posts of the Legion which postponed their endowment raising efforts did so in what they felt was their best judgment. And they fully expect, at the right time, to raise their endowment funds. The correspondence of the endowment office at National Headquarters shows plainly enough that these thousands of posts entirely expect to carry that "continuing responsibility" which the national convention referred to.

How are they going to meet this responsibility, and raise their shares of the endowment fund?

This question involves the important and basic change in the plans and procedure of the endowment campaign from 1925 to 1926. The period of state-wide endowment raising "drives" is at an end. A period of local campaigns is beginning. This change is not instantaneous on January 1, not simultaneous in all states. In many it took place months ago. With few exceptions it will have taken place everywhere as the New Year comes in.

The individual community campaigns in 1926 may be, and often will be, almost exactly the same sort of campaigns that would have been held in those communities during the state drives of 1925, had circumstances prompted the post to go ahead at that time. The largest difference in 1926 will probably be that the time and methods and circumstances of the endowment effort will be very much of the post's own choosing.

That each and every post which has not participated in the campaign in 1925 will do so in 1926, and early in 1926, is of course the hope of the Endowment Executive Committee, and likewise of the National Finance Committee. The latter body had been counting on the income of a complete five million dollar fund to carry the rehabilitation and child welfare burden in 1926. It finds a fund far from complete, and must make heavy inroads on other funds, or greatly curtail the work for the disabled and the orphans. In the planning for the coming year, no account was ever taken of the chance that half of the posts of the Legion would postpone their endowment campaigning until a time that seemed best to them, rather than join the drive at the time fixed by their States.

That each delayed post wants to have its share in the endowment effort

*(Continued on page 14)*

# 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.

## Another White Christmas

SIX drab and dismal Christmas Days have come and gone for the worried old world since, weary after four years of war, it celebrated with glorious hopes the Christmas Day of 1918. That Christmas of 1918 is one to remember. It was a white Christmas for the world. The nations which had stopped fighting only a month and a few weeks before welcomed it with joy whole-hearted—the joy of the boy who has dreamed of Santa Claus and has awakened to find his dreams come true and the earth transformed by a covering of snow. A white Christmas for the world, it seemed indeed—the slaughter over, quiet battlefields, generous longings among those who had fought, a wish to start building anew among the physical and moral wreckage of humanity. The hearts and minds of mankind were attuned to Christmas bells of hope that seemed to herald the birth of a new world.

Then came the drab and dismal Christmas days for the world—days that seemed powerless to rise in spirit above the seemingly endless days of disillusionment which marked off the passage of seven years. On Christmas Day of 1918, men held the vision of the new day and a better world, but when Christmas Day of 1919 arrived the vision had already faded. Those who had believed that, with the war over, nations would unite for the salvaging of civilization, saw with despair the continuation of the war after the war. They saw feeble statesmanship fumbling with national destinies, and deluded peoples demanding the imaginary spoils of an imaginary victory or clamoring for bloody panaceas to relieve the misery of defeat. It was appalling that on Christmas Day of 1919, with the war only a year behind, the world had slumped so far from the hopes and the idealism of the day a year earlier. Rumblings of new wars sounded from every horizon of Europe. Old formulas of force and might were resounding in legislative halls. Fears, hatreds, jealousies, dreams of conquest made a sodden Europe—nowhere in Europe on the Christmas Day of 1919 breathed the spirit of peace on earth and good will to men.

For five years thereafter, Europe knew nothing of the real spirit of Christmas. The Christmas of 1924 held little more hope for the world's future than did the Christmas of 1919. Force and threats still ruled. Nations still clung doggedly to threadbare dreams of wresting selfish advantage out of the misfortunes or weaknesses, real or imagined, of neighboring nations.

TODAY, however, it is another white Christmas for the world. The cycle of seven years has brought the nations back to the hopes and dreams of 1918. And like a bell rings out on this Christmas Day the spirit of Locarno—the spirit of peace and good will uniting countries which for seven years have known no other spirit than that of mutual suspicion, distrust, jealousy and animosity.

At a little city on the shore of Lake Maggiore in Switzerland, the representatives of the European powers concluded in October an agreement which has been hailed as the threshold of a lasting world peace. The pact of Locarno is no more noteworthy for the fact that it marks a solemn pledge of France and Germany to live side by side peaceably than it is for the fact that it also brings closer together France and Great Britain, signifying an end to differences between two nations which, allied in the war, seemed ready to break all mutual ties in peace.

Even with the symbol of Locarno, no one can believe that the world task at hand is an easy one. With progress toward international good will and accord, there still remain nations in which fires of domestic unrest and discord blaze openly or smoulder underneath the social surface. Italy, for instance, seems to be a nation in which a dictator has been methodically screwing down all the safety valves, and observers wonder whether a national blow-up is approaching. Defenders of Mussolini argue that he is applying the only methods of government which will give to his country the semblance of unity. Regardless of differing opinions of the man, however—and he is viewed variously as a Cavour and a Nero, a savior of his country and its destroyer—most observers who have studied the situation in Italy regard developments in that country as the greatest potential menace to the peace of Europe. Added to the possibility of revolution and civil war is the threat of a policy of bellicose expansionism, for Mussolini, when not too busy with affairs at home, indulges in prophecies of Caesar's Empire revived and casts threatening glances across Italy's borders toward France's Riviera, once Italy's, and certain provinces on the Adriatic belonging to Jugo-Slavia.

RUSSIA, after its long quarantine, seems convalescing from Bolshevism. At least, on this Christmas, it is showing signs of a new willingness to take its place in the world. It subscribed to the pact of Locarno. Out of sight of the world, a transformation seems to have taken place in Russia. What it is, the world does not yet understand. A sane Russia would help make a happier world Christmas.

Locarno on this Christmas, however, can be little more than the symbol of peace. Upon it, men of many nations rejoice according to the strength of their convictions and their longings for an end to all war. It is only natural that, with its own perspective, the United States should look to Locarno with hope not unmixed with doubt. Locarno is the symbol and the promise. The new year will be the test of fulfillment. Problems that have perplexed the world for seven years cannot be signed away with the flourish of a pen.

But Christmas is not a day for doubt. Even America may hope and believe on Christmas Day that Locarno is the dream come true. It may share with the rest of the world this new white Christmas of the promise of world peace. And it should be a better white Christmas than the one seven years ago, because in 1918 the hopes of the world were wholly of dream fabric, and this year nations which have been through the fires of disillusionment, which have demonstrated the futility of trying to restore peace and justice by plots and force, face the future with a new idealism, not of the gossamer of dreams but woven out of the sound threads of experience.

Many political plum crops end up by being canned.

The acoustics of a home are never really put to the test until a young son starts on a bag of peanut brittle.

The New York man who was fined $25 for kissing a girl on the ear would probably have been given that amount a few years ago as a prize for locating it.

Maybe, hopes Cognac Lew Owen, late private 165th Infantry, by the time the Legion goes to Paris for its convention the premiership of France will have passed through enough hands to put in power that café owner who gave him credit.

# *A* PERSONAL PAGE *by* Frederick Palmer

Only one topic this week—Christmas! I shall start with a piece of news about Santa Claus. This ought to interest Santa himself. He will post it up in his headquarters and tell the reindeer:

***Is There a Santa Claus?***

"They have found me out again. This time they have found me out right. These derned research professors are hep to the fact that on one day in the year they'll digest their mince pie better if they leave off the science stuff. I'll no longer have to travel incognito."

When we are about the age of seven our elders have to admit that there is no Santa Claus except father and mother and uncles, aunts and cousins. That scientific revelation hurts the parents and relatives. It is hard on Santa Claus and cramps his style. The wonder is that he has not lain down on the job. But he is not that kind. He keeps right on going over the top. He keeps the shops open late Christmas eve as usual and puts "Mail early!" on all the mail boxes.

The news is that there is a Santa Claus. It is only the cash-registered, adding-machined adult minds, suffering from loss of imagination, that have been taking the joy out of life by not knowing how to use a legend. I have seen Santa with my own eyes after I was seven times seven. As an experienced eye witness who has traveled much I vouch for his reality.

He holds all kinds of records. Nobody is so clean; he was the founding father of the sanitary age. He can come down billions of chimneys at the same time without getting a smudge on his white hair and whiskers or melting one of the snowflakes that speckle his red coat. He is a red ribbon mixer, at home with all the kinds of people who hang up any kind from silk and merino to darned cotton stockings.

As a master of transportation he makes all railroad and steamship managers and all army staffs appear gouty, limping tortoises. On one night of the year he travels farther in a minute than an airplane in an hour. He is quicker than lightning, conveying shafts of sunshine in the darkness. He is present simultaneously at all meetings of Legion posts, chambers of commerce, legislatures and sewing circles.

Static never interferes with his broadcasting. He had radio transmission beaten before we ever dreamed of radio. No kind of cosmetics, or particular brand of soap, is required to keep his peachblow complexion always blooming. As an athlete he is as unsurpassed as he is an acrobat. He never needs a doctor, never has a grouch. His eternal smile can summon more smiles than all the comedians and "comic cuts." He is the classic testimonial to the "How not to grow old" prescription.

When he reached the mellow, wise years—he is a nimble seventy—he stopped adding years. He retained his white beard and whiskers as the symbol of age's generous experience refined to honeyed human cheer. His heart became young, young in the wisdom of how to be young, young because he chose as old age's pastime giving presents to children—and to all adults who believe in him, which is where the adults who say there is no Santa Claus miss out.

Santa Claus is there speeding the steps of tired men and women Christmas shopping. He prompts the remark of parent to parent, "Cut me out! Our fun will be in what we can give the kids." He prompts the thought which makes you send some greeting or little gift to remind someone you have not forgotten him. It is he who puts the smile into "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Roly-poly, healthy, he favors neither lean times nor lean thoughts. He hangs up the holly, he tricks the girl under the mistletoe, addresses Christmas cards in a variety of handwritings to prove his versatility and broadcasts "Merry Christmas!" through myriads of voices.

It is no fault of his if some people are rich or poor, but entirely against the teaching of his philosophy and owing to the failure of people to practise it during all the days of the year when he is not on the job. But on his day he tries to even up the differences. Parents who have a large choice of the things that their children want, give and receive more pleasure in the gift of some welcome necessary than the parents who have no choice because their children are already satiated with luxuries.

Santa Claus is the very spirit of giving in honor of the day when humanity received its Greatest Gift; he is a blessed, glowing, earth-round, heaven-kissing, merry imagination which is better than gold that makes the owner gloomy. This old-fashioned sentiment, if you will, in a realistic age. Take it as such and you will find it not so onerous to pay your Christmas bills. Anyway, I'm going to have the joy of thinking so happily that there is a Santa Claus that I know there is one, although others are miserable in their superior wisdom of knowing that there is not.

Not to trespass on the clergy's ground in their Christmas sermons! There are some people who deny Christ. They cannot say that He is a myth for Roman history, whose accuracy they may respect if not the gospels, records the fact of His trial before Pilate. But they hold that He was fooled about Himself; He was the world's greatest spiritual and moral leader who was under the illusion that His Mission was divinely inspired. They have to believe in His works, for His works made Christian civilization. His works are the result of faith in Him and the truth of His message. How can we believe in His works which are of Him without believing Him when He said that He was the Son of God?

***Was Christ Fooled About Himself?***

"Peace on earth, good will toward men!" "Love your neighbor as yourself!" Humanity struggles on toward the Christ ideal. Seven years after the World War, its hates have so far died down that we have the Locarno Treaty, French and German statesmen heartily shaking hands and Germans cheered in London. We have in the Peace Resolution of the Omaha Convention, which I have been reading again, the admonition that the pupils in our schools should be taught not only an appreciation of "our own national virtues but also those of all other races and nations." And on Christmas day, as Americans, we might forget our racial and religious intolerances in answer to the bidding of Him whose message was for all races.

***Toward the Christ Ideal***

# Santa's Able Assistants

*By Wallgren*

# THE AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY

REPORTS of advance preparations made by departments and units throughout the United States indicate that The American Legion Auxiliary on this Christmas day is carrying gifts and good cheer to practically all of the 30,000 disabled men now in Veterans Bureau hospitals and to the hundreds of orphaned and needy children of veterans whose future so largely depends upon what the Legion and Auxiliary will do to help them.

This is the fifth successive year in which the Auxiliary has undertaken its huge task of making Christmas cheerful for all the men in hospitals, and the lessons of other years have been studied to insure that if possible none shall be overlooked on this Christmas day.

Every Auxiliary Department in a state in which Veterans Bureau hospitals are located had early compiled lists of the service men patients in the hospitals. These lists had been classified to show the native states of the patients. Each department had been supplied with the lists of the service men of its state in hospitals throughout the country.

For many weeks units in all the departments have been engaged in making, selecting and packing the remembrances to be sent to the hospitals. Department headquarters have supplied to the units the names of the hospitals and the names of patients to whom the unit was to send its remembrances, so that duplication or oversights might be avoided. Under this system, therefore, each man in hospital is expected to receive on Christmas day something that will remind him that the folks back home are thinking of him and are wishing him all the happiness possible.

This will be an especially happy Christmas for the children in the first three Children's Billets of The American Legion at Otter Lake, Michigan, Clarksboro, New Jersey, and Legionville, Kansas. The progress made in raising the American Legion Endowment Fund insures proper care and eventual adoption of these children by families able to give them the fair chance in life which otherwise would be denied them. In each billet, the Auxiliary will observe Christmas in the old-fashioned manner, with brilliant trees, Santa Claus's personal visit and presents for all the children. Outside the billets, children under the Legion's protecting wing will also be made happy in a similar manner.

WHEN the committee in charge of the competition of girls' drill teams at the Omaha National Convention specified that teams competing must be composed entirely of American Legion Auxiliary members, a problem was born. For it developed that the girls' drill team of Hastings, Nebraska, which had been awarded the first prize cup in the preceding national convention at St. Paul included comparatively few members of the Auxiliary, although more than half of the Hastings girls were entitled to join the Auxiliary.

Taking exception to the ruling of the committee, the Hastings drill team declined to surrender the cup which it had won the year before. A new cup, provided by the Omaha National Convention Committee, was therefore presented to the Auxiliary Drill Corps of Davenport (Iowa) Post, which was awarded first prize in the competition. In addition to the Davenport team, the drill teams of Omaha, Council Bluffs, Iowa, and Des Moines, Iowa, which took part in the contest, were composed entirely of Auxiliary members.

The first prize cup awarded at the St. Paul convention was, under the terms of its presentation, to become the permanent possession of a drill team only after it had been won in three consecutive years.

AFTER four years as secretary and treasurer of the Kansas Department of The American Legion Auxiliary, Miss Emma C. Hadorn of Topeka, Kansas, has been selected as National Treasurer of The American Legion Auxiliary by Mrs. Eliza London Shepard, National President. Miss Hadorn succeeds Mrs. Dorothy B. Harper of Los Angeles, California, who resigned following the Auxiliary's National Convention at Omaha after serving as National Treasurer for several years.

Miss Emma C. Hadorn, National Treasurer, American Legion Auxiliary

The selection of Miss Hadorn for her national office was determined largely by the unusual success of the Kansas Department of the Auxiliary under her guidance. During Miss Hadorn's service in Kansas, her department developed the program of child welfare work whose success has been marked by the establishment of the second national American Legion Children's Billet at Independence, Kansas. Miss Hadorn also worked out for her department a system of permanent records which has been regarded as a model of its kind.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# TRUE TALES of the D. C. I.

*By*
**Karl W. Detzer**

*A scene from the D. C. I. story, "Neglect of Duty"*

THE mystic letters "D. C. I." stand for "Division of Criminal Investigation," a company of intrepid detectives who cleaned Europe of A. E. F. crooks, A. W. O. L. soldiers of all nations, and men and women who were just "Bad."

Marcelle of Montparnasse was one of the most colorful of all the women who figured in the annals of the D. C. I. She was certainly the one who made her "mark." She did it with a beautifully modelled brass hand, which, carefully gloved, she brought crashing down on the unsuspecting head of many a soldier. He usually woke up in a hospital—minus his cash!

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# Where Does Your Post Stand?

*(Continued from page 9)*

is plain enough. The situation now existing is shown by a little section from the report on a typical state, on file at endowment headquarters. It reads:

| Post. No. Town | Quota | Amt. Rec. |
|---|---|---|
| No. 6—M—ville | $1,500 | $2,032.04 |
| No. 7—F—fort | 2,500 | Nothing |
| No. 8—L—ton | 3,000 | 3,973.80 |
| No. 9—O—boro | 2,500 | Nothing |
| No. 10—N—port | 1,600 | 2,605.83 |
| No. 12—R—town | 1,500 | Nothing |

Certainly it is fair to assume that the three Legion posts which did nothing for the endowment are not going to allow the record to remain what it is because three other posts in going above their quota virtually raised the amount set for the six communities.

So The American Legion Endowment Fund goes into 1926 no longer a series of state-wide drives, but a continuing responsibility until every community in the United States shall have taken part. With the demobilizing of the field forces, the central Endowment section remains at National Headquarters, ready to forward materials and suggestions to assist each post as the post takes up its local campaign for its share of the endowment fund. The standing of the various departments at the last compilation follows:

| | Quota | Amt. Received by Natl. Treas. Nov. 24, 1925 |
|---|---|---|
| Alabama | $ 45,000 | $ 38,253.33 |
| Arizona | 15,000 | 32,980.78 |
| Arkansas | 22,500 | 25,170.03 |
| California | 400,000 | 361,092.03 |
| Colorado | 50,000 | 36,505.03 |
| Connecticut | 150,000 | 114,433.51 |
| District of Columbia | 30,000 | 8,869.66 |
| Delaware | 10,000 | 16,964.92 |
| Florida | 60,000 | 85,512.17 |
| Georgia | 75,000 | 50,881.57 |
| Idaho | 15,000 | 21,367.21 |
| Illinois | 600,000 | 295,194.42 |
| Indiana | 200,000 | 105,083.69 |
| Iowa | 225,000 | 163,719.76 |
| Kansas | ——— | 81.00 |
| Kentucky | 50,000 | 61,815.67 |
| Louisiana | 50,000 | 30,157.96 |
| Maine | 40,000 | 38 367.35 |
| Maryland | 50,000 | 16,335.60 |
| Massachusetts | 300,000 | 314,532.01 |
| Michigan | 250,500 | 33,713.44 |
| Minnesota | 200,000 | 180,665.35 |
| Mississippi | 30,000 | 10,847.91 |
| Missouri | 200,000 | 137,352.69 |
| Montana | 20,000 | 25,432.62 |
| Nebraska | 50,000 | 66,659.94 |
| Nevada | 5,000 | 7,843.13 |
| New Hampshire | 15,000 | 45,853.19 |
| New Jersey | 275,000 | 122,135.30 |
| New Mexico | 10,000 | 12,090.53 |
| New York | 1,500,000 | 342,184.88 |
| North Carolina | 60,000 | 51,756.72 |
| North Dakota | 25,000 | 43,276.40 |
| Ohio | 400,000 | 131,875.60 |
| Oklahoma | 75,000 | 82,754.04 |
| Oregon | 50,000 | 35,433.35 |
| Pennsylvania | 800,000 | 370,339.98 |
| Rhode Island | 50,000 | 39,298.57 |
| South Carolina | 35,000 | 23,041.11 |
| South Dakota | 30,000 | 53,268.89 |
| Tennessee | 65,000 | 17,996.65 |
| Texas | 225,000 | 115,541.12 |
| Utah | 25,000 | 32,901.07 |
| Vermont | 20,000 | 18,986.24 |
| Virginia | 50,000 | 54,754.51 |
| Washington | 70,000 | 62,397.75 |
| West Virginia | 50,000 | 46,091.86 |
| Wisconsin | 200,000 | 120,000.00 |
| Wyoming | 10,000 | 13,746.25 |
| Alaska | ——— | 104.50 |
| Argentina | ——— | 100.00 |
| Brazil | ——— | 108.00 |
| China | ——— | 62.77 |
| Cuba | ——— | 100.00 |
| Mexico | ——— | 4,718.61 |
| Panama | ——— | 7,248.68 |
| British Isles | ——— | 3.36 |
| Philippine Islands | ——— | 10.00 |
| Total | | $4,128,012.75 |

# After *the* Brawl

*(Continued from page 8)*

sixty paces behind the rollin' barrage. We hadn't been told which artillery outfit was to bungle the barrage that mornin'. All we hoped was that they'd roll the Jerries for everything down to their dog tags and iron crosses.

And Jerry, havin' expected us, now said it with showers o' lead. Also scrap iron, radio accessories, hardware novelties, elephant's collar buttons, etc. Ash cans in flocks began migratin' hither and zither. Steel-nosed wasps whined their troubles in my ears, not that *I* was interested. Big flakes of H. E. pattered and tore the earth to jello. Every few seconds a blindin' flash would remind me that war wasn't *all* beer and skittles. Far to the right a Boche airplane was sprayin' m. g. bullets on our support.

The noise and confusion and awful smells increased with every step, and each step grew more difficult, for the ground was laid out like the devil's golf course. But I kept close to that front wave like seaweed on the foam and kept repeatin' to myself amidst the boom and racket:

"They can't get you, Buck. They can't get you. Only the good get bumped off early."

I take back all I said about our louie. He had guts. While he was givin' arm signals to show our axis o' march, a piece o' shrapnel stretched him for evacuation. The next moment Sergt. Cragin took charge o' the platoon. This non-com was regular—army and otherwise. One o' them unwarbled heroes the men will follow anywhere.

Now we neared the enemy's principal strong point, where machine guns was spittin' and rakin' our ranks like autumn leaves. We surrounded it accordin' to Ignorant Drill Regulations and prepared to tickle it in the flanks with rifle grenades and Chauchats — the buckin' kind which it took cowboys to ride before we got the Brownings. But good luck was rootin' from our bleachers. With a salvo o' 75's, our artillery knocked over the machine gun nests which had kept us at bay and creepin'.

With a ill-concealed whoop, our platoon rushed forward in bread riot formation and swarmed all over the salient which the Heinies had kidded themselves couldn't be took till dumb's day. I will say that for such skinny guys them dutchmen put up a stout resistance. Sergt. Cragin fell with a bullet thro' the chest in the first rush. From then on it was bloody bayonet work—stab, jab, slash, cut, brass knucks and trench dirks doin' their dirtiest, and them as had no likin' for cold steel kickin' and bashin' with butts and blowin' the enemies' brains out.

Finally them Jerries which *had* any brains quit fightin'. Had they been tipped off that it was B Company, no doubt they would have gave up without a roughhouse. We all felt like Napoleon after the battle o'—o', say Powder River. They was quick to nominate themselves for P. G.'s and considerin' their smell they could qualify.

"Heads up, gang! Wotinell's the parade comin' over the hill?"

More prisoners, that's what they were, big and little sausage stuffers in dirty feld gray and iron soup kettles. This new bunch o' boshies seemed well trained. They had taken out their Kamerad insurance and was yellin' it at the top o' their lungs. And the way they elevated their hands above their heads you'd think they'd been readin' "Ten Nights in Chicago".

"What outfit bagged all them squareheads?" was what we wondered, for soon it appears there is nearly forty in the line-up.

So we waited impatient for the end of the kamerad parade. And whadda you think, Buddy? The last two prisoners is stumblin' along carryin' a limp and apparently lifeless form. Of course we knew it wasn't dead or they wouldn't of took the trouble o' luggin' it at that stage o' the game. A Yank army slicker covers it like a tent. And in the rear o' the whole shebang, marchin' as file closer, provost marshal, cop and head usher, comes Big Ike Moser!

I have said our platooners, includin' myself, felt like Bonaparte. But now we felt more than part bone, for against the twenty-six Luger losers we had made to surrender, Big Ike had surrounded and captured thirty-seven—*single handed!*

Laugh that off your lapel!

We all crowded around him to hear his story, but Ike, still carryin' his piece at high port and lookin' tougher than was necessary, even in wartime, was too busy gettin' a recipe for his prisoners to give us the details of his feet of arms. He had gone ahead of our adjective to pull off this stunt, and his only witness was little Honus, the battlin' k. p. which had gone up with him—and who now lay motionless under a slicker, with a dent in his skull and a ticket to the base hospital.

* * * * *

Now, amiable readers, I'm a-goin' to ask you to stack arms and take a long, long jump with me, and we're lucky we don't have to take it in box cars on the Forty Huns & Eight Shove-Oh.

Three years after the cruel war is over—and forgot as much as possible—we find Big Ike Moser back in our old home town o' Skaggerack, N. J., and now he's the locality's leadin' official war hero; also manager o' the Olive Drab Taxicab Co., Inc.

Sure thing, Ike won the Distinguished Service Cross for that job I have spoken of, and the Médaille Militaire.

Ike was luckier than some heroes I know. Not only was he tagged by two governments, but his girl which he had left behind him was right there when he got back, not havin' flew off with some four-minute speaker or egg, or shipyard osteopath like some did, only I aint goin' to broadcast no personalities. She wasn't the sort which says only the brave deserves the air.

Ike and his girl wait quite a while, though, until his taxi business is goin' good. Then they get out a shovelful of invitations.

Well, the weddin' o' Big Ike Moser and pretty Miss Irma Schoenfeld, so long delayed, finally come to a showdown, and the day o' days arrove.

You wouldn't imagine it, but I was picked as Ike's best man. As the second in his corner, I was to hold the


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Write for a sample of the new, revised edition of *"God and Country,"* a pamphlet which has won national praise as a member-getter! If you prefer, send 50c for 100.

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*The American Legion Weekly*
*Indianapolis, Indiana*

ring which he was to wedge onto his little bride's finger when the parson says "Clinch".

This was to be a quiet family weddin'. Nothin' rough, you understand. Of course the mayor and the city officials and the Elks and the Eagles was to be present, for Ike was our hero and the town had a copyright on him. Rabbi Feldman was to say the words which would blend 'em into Mr. and Mrs. and seriously reduce their income taxes. Music was to be furnished by some of Ike's old buddies which belonged to the famous concert orchestra o' the local Masonic lodge. Father O'Shannon, the fightin' padre of our regiment in the Curly Wolf Division, had come on from Philly to toast the bride and groom at the weddin' dinner. So you see, it was one o' them prejudiced, narrow-minded affairs for which ex-service men is famous.

But three hours before the weddin' ceremony was to take place, Ike telephones me to come over double time, and when I get over to his room he is in a awful sweat and has ruined a dress shirt and three stand-up collars.

"Get a button hook," I says after one slant at the situation. "The G. I. shirt fronts is hard to rivet."

"Naw, Buck, it aint the shirt—it's the worst thing ever happened," Ike groans, his face in his mighty paws.

"Has Irma turned you down?" I delicately hinted.

"No, but Honus has turned up!"

*"Honus?"*

"Yes, the little k. p. which went up to the front and got knocked for the base hospital and home when I won the D. S. C."

"Aint you glad to see him?"

"Y-y-yes," stutters Ike. Then he breaks down and weeps like a che-ild.

"O Buck," he sobs in meltin' accents. "I gotta confession to make."

"A confession? Spill it outa your system."

"Buck, *I aint no hero!*"

"Wha-a-at?"

"I'm tellin' you! Lemme explain how it all happened. You remember that I and him went clear beyond our platoon adjective that first day we fought. Well, Honus got cracked—but not before he had got them Jerries to surrender."

"Honus done it?"

"I'm tellin' you. You remember when the platoon stopped to outflank that strong point which they later captured? Well, when they did this, Honus started off for *another* machine gun nest, all by himself. I trailed along, just to back him up, because I couldn't admit a little sap like him havin' more guts than me. We advanced square on that strong point and them Jerries stuck their heads over the parapets—outa curiosity, maybe, as we was the first Yanks they'd laid eyes on. I jumped into a shell hole, but Honus didn't. He jumped *up* on a empty shell case, and as if he was makin' a July 4th address in German, he began yellin' a line o' schmearkase at 'em. He had powerful lungs, you remember. I couldn't understand his delicatessen dialect, but pretty soon I gotta hunch that he was tellin' 'em all about the swell eats which prisoners enjoy in the American rest camps. Them starved Jerries reserved their fire while he kept on tossin' verbal groceries at 'em."

"And what did you do, Ike?"

"I gotta confess I was scared witless. But it was too late to turn back. With my knees knockin' I got up on my legs and come outa that shell hole, rifle and bayonet in hand. Honus was still spielin' about big eats in his foolproof way. All at once a funny thing happened. As if by signal the Jerries leaped outa their trenches, throwin' up their arms and yellin' 'kamerad'. They came toward I and Honus, signifyin' by their hungry glances: 'We are your prisoners. When do we eat?' Just as I was about to line 'em up, poor Honus, which should ought to of got all the credit for this deal, trips and falls into a shell hole and fractures his skull. He's out, and I glom the glory, the medals, everything!"

Ike's revolution staggered me from my hobnails up.

"And now Honus is *here in town!*" he adds, all a-tremble. "Jim McDonald, the post adjutant, met him on Main street this forenoon. Honus was all dolled up like a million dollars. Said he's read about the weddin' in the papers and wouldn't miss it. Good bye, D. S. C.!"

"Wudda yuh mean, good bye D. S. C.?"

"Don'cha see? If Honus don't claim it, then I gotta give it to him anyhow. My conscience aches me like a charley horse. I'm gonna take off that medal and pin it on Honus no matter what—"

"Stop!" I says like a grade crossin' traffic cop. "Ike, lissen to horse scents and reason. What will Irma think? And all the rest of us which has put faith in you?"

"I've thought of all that, and—"

"Ike! Think what this means to your own home town? You are *our* hero and we accept no substitutes. If *you* throw us down, what of we got left besides the firemen's monument and the new waterworks? Why, you belong to history. What if Paul Revere had come out and admitted he couldn't ride a bicycle?"

But all pleadin' was o' no avail. Words, tears, hard-boiled threats couldn't swerve Ike from his purpose.

Well, that night, just before the weddin' supper in Fireman's Hall, when the new bride and groom was holdin' a reception to their host o' friends, the unavoidable collision between Ike and Honus come about. The minute Ike lamps Honus, who is lookin' prosperous in full evenin' dress, our hero's hand moves up to the D. S. C. medal which gleams on his chest. Too late to stop him now!

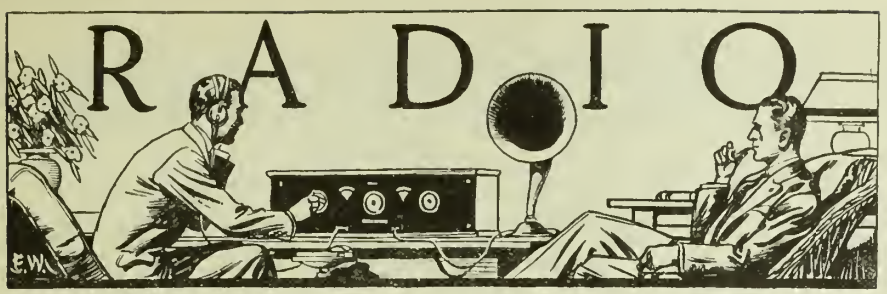
"Aha, Sergeant Moser!" cries Honus, whose English as well as dress is much improved. "Happy to meet you and your beautiful bride. And what do you think? I've got it at last!"

"No you aint got it, Honus," cracks Ike, with the medal unpinned. "I aint give it to you yet."

"Sure I've got it," chuckles Honus. "And I am pleased to invite you and the Mrs. and all your friends up to my new restaurant on Main street—one of the Hans-for-Health chain, you know."

"But looka here, Honus," cries Ike. "I'm talkin' about the D. S. C. medal which—"

"And I," says Honus, "am talkin' about that recipe for cookin' haasenpfeffer—which I was tryin' to borrow off those Germans that day at the front when you spoiled it all by scarin' 'em speechless and takin' 'em prisoners!"




WHICH of the forty-eight Legion posts bearing the number 51 broadcast its meeting on the night of November 10th or 11th? Legionnaire Arthur E. Goodrich of Wolfeboro Falls, New Hampshire, reports that "on the night of November 10th or 11th at about 11:30, Eastern Standard Time, I picked up the opening of the meeting of Post No. 51. I heard the opening ceremony, including prayer and roll-call, and also the introduction of a speaker who I think was a bishop or cardinal. The program must have reached me on a relay by some amateur or else on a carrier wave, as it was a very low wave length, not more than 80 meters. I did not catch the call letters of the station broadcasting."

Warren Townsend Post No. 13 of Hot Springs, Arkansas, and Oakland (California) Post No. 235 were both on the air on Armistice night between 9 and 10 o'clock. Considering the hour when Comrade Goodrich picked up this program in New England, the post broadcasting must have been located somewhere west of Denver. Will the officers or members of the Post No. 51 which broadcast on Armistice eve or Armistice night please make report to the Radio Editor?

IN addition to the radio receiving equipment in the Station Hospital at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, which is now in operation, the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly has under way five radio projects in veterans' hospitals and in the veterans' wards of general hospitals. Installations in the Soldiers' Tubercular Sanatorium at Sulphur, Oklahoma, and in the veterans' wards of St. Luke's Hospital at Fargo, North Dakota, are nearing completion. Comrade L. W. Hamm, chairman of the radio committee of Gilbert C. Grafton Post of Fargo, who is directing the installation in St. Luke's Hospital, reports that all of the supplies have been received and that a temporary hook-up had been made so that the disabled comrades might enjoy a radio program on Thanksgiving Day. The permanent equipment will be in place within a few days.

Work is progressing rapidly on the radio receiving installations in the Station Hospital, Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, in the veterans' wards of Huntington State Hospital, Huntington, West Virginia, and in William Beaumont General Hospital at El Paso, Texas. Local Legion posts are cooperating in all of these projects.

## ON THE AIR

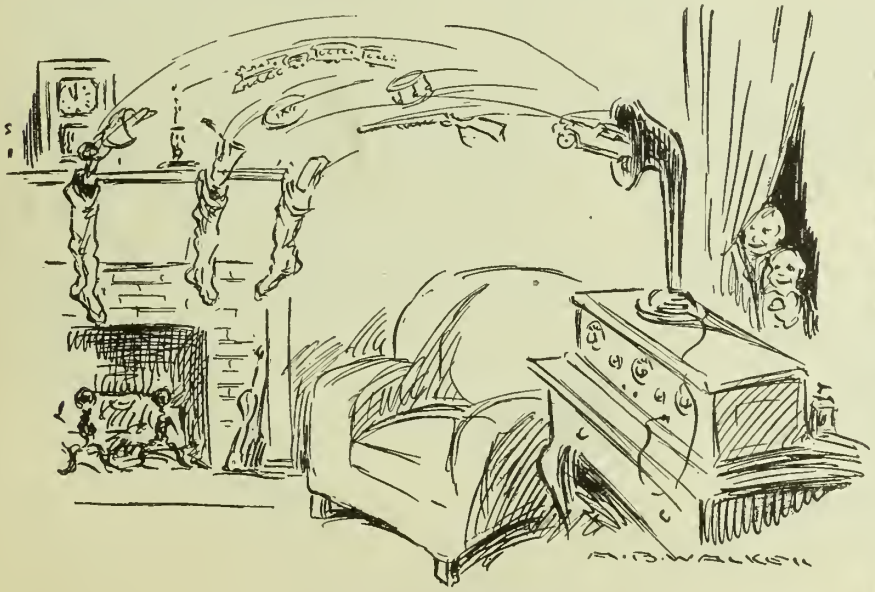
*Brief announcements of radio programs to be broadcast by Legion posts will be published in this department. Notices of proposed programs should be sent to the Weekly at least four weeks in advance of date of broadcasting. Be sure to give the wave length.*

AMERICAN UNITY POST will broadcast a program from Station WMAQ (447.5 meters) December 28 at 2 p. m., Central Time.

NORWOOD POST will broadcast a program from Station WMAQ (447.5 meters) December 29 at 2 p. m., Central Time.

OAK PARK POST will broadcast a program from Station WMAQ (447.5 meters) December 30 at 2 p. m., Central Time.

AUSTIN POST will broadcast a program from Station WMAQ (447.5 meters) December 31 at 2 p. m., Central Time.



RADIO'S NEXT STEP
Santa Claus Broadcasting from Station XMAS

# Lucky Beggar!

"I'm hungry!" said the man at his elbow, and the banker gave him a coin with a sigh. For he was hungry, too, but feared to eat much more than crackers with a bowl of milk. Indigestion is a very real misfortune to those who haven't learned the simple means of avoiding it!

Dyspepsia! Indigestion! Sour stomach! These ailments are *not* caused by what you eat. Give your digestive system a chance, and it will function with almost *any* kind of food. Yes, doughnuts; baked beans; dishes cooked with onions. Stuart's dyspepsia tablets give your stomach the *alkaline* it needs—and that's all there is to it! Eat your fill, and don't fear acidity, gas, or distress in any form!

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# Bursts *and* Duds

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### He Knew

"So you don't believe in Santa Claus?" asked the teacher.

"Nah!" scoffed the son of the celebrated con man. "Dat's jest anudder of me old man's aliases."

### Kansas Congestion Caps Climax

[*From Lyons (Kan.) News*]

At least 500 persons filled every seat of the capacious tabernacle.

### Where It Started

"Here, you," snorted Cleopatra to the thwarted assassin, "don't be an asp!"

### Woman's Place Is the Home

[*Ad in Olympia (Wash.) Olympian*]

WANTED—Competent woman to do cmfwpy cmfwyp cmfwyp cmfwyppp housework for family of three.

### Another Version

"Yes, you're right," said the lover of dogs. "Dogs do have understanding. There's a legend about a Scotchman who told his wife that he'd decided to give his collie away. The dog heard him, ran away and never returned."

"It came to me differently," said his companion. "The dog heard the conversation, curled up in the corner and died of shame."

"Died of shame?"

"That's it. He realized that anything a Scotchman would give away must be utterly worthless."

### The Cautious Mr. Walsh

[*From McCook (Neb.) Tribune*]

Mrs. George Walsh returned to Denver on No. 1 Saturday. She had been down a few days. Mr. Walsh is running out of there now.

### All Prepared For

The youngest Boggins child was busily engaged with a bottle labeled "nitric acid."

"What do you mean by letting your child play with a thing like that?" demanded a caller.

"Well," replied Mrs. Boggins placidly, "it's a little different today. You see, we got the doctor coming for dinner.

### Of Interest to Twins

[*From Logan (Kan.) Republican*]

Sleeping quarters during the convention will be about $9 per birth, that is, two people can use the same birth at the same price.

### Serious Accident

[*From Oak Creek (Colo.) Times*]

Leonard Battou was badly cut on the foot when a car ran into him, or he ran into the car while he was riding to Oak Creek horse back Friday evening. His horse was also cut and although the cuts are very painful he surely was fortunate in not getting killed. Of course the driver of the car blamed it on Leonard and Leonard said the car came around the curve so fast he couldn't turn out. There is three or four pretty bad curves going into Oak Creek and why a drivers don't slow down is a puzzle to me. . . . It knocked one of the fellows lights out on the car and Leonard said he thinks his toe did that it hit it hard enough and it's swollen as large as a teacup. Then with a gash across his little toe he was in deepest pain as he sat at the dance and watched the young sheiks dance with his grils Saturday night. He sure is keen on dancing. Fay Burnett told him two weeks ago if he could shock grain like he could dance, their would be no graiu for any one else to shock. Well old boy it's sure to bad, heres hoping you are O. K. for the next hop.

### A Trifling Detail

"Is it true that you are married again?" one movie queen asked another.

"Yes, it is," the second replied.

"To whom?"

"Oh, some director!"

### These Little Mistakes Will Happen

[*Notice in Decatur (Ill.) Herald*]

IN REGARDS to Joseph F. Vavra applying for divorce I am denying a statement which was printed by him in the morning Herald. It was him threatening to kill me instead of me threatening him with the butcher knife.—Mrs. J. F. Vavra.

### Intrenched

"How's that new secretary of yours making out?" inquired the senior partner.

"Oh, all right, I suppose," answered the junior. "She's got things so tangled up in my office already that I can't get along without her."

### Canine Contortionist

[*Ad in Lewistown (Pa.) Sentinel*]

LOST. Brown female dog, with nose and white on back of neck.

### Otherwise Occupied

"If you must whistle," stormed the irate boss, "whistle while I am out to lunch."

"But I can't then, sir," protested the office boy.

"Can't? Why can't you?"

"You just light one of those big cigars of yours and try it yourself."

### What Made the M. D.'s Mad?

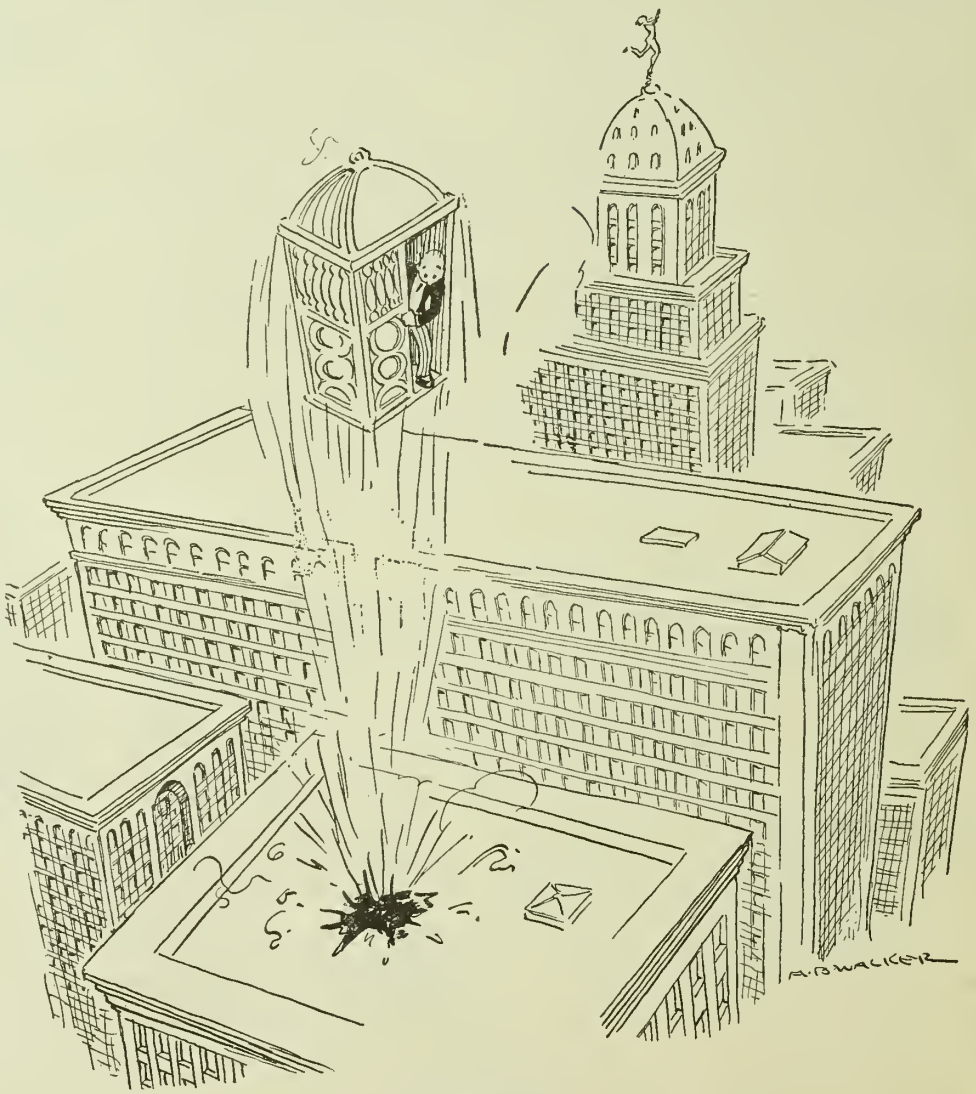
[*From Punxsutawney (Pa.) Spirit*]

Trevor Grube, of the Grube apartments, underwent a tousilectomy at the Adrian hospital Tuesday by Dr. Lukehart and Dr. Jaquish. The operation was one of the worst of its kind performed in that institution.

### Proof

Madge: "What makes you think you have more clothes than I have?"

Marje: "Why, I can fill a whole brief case."

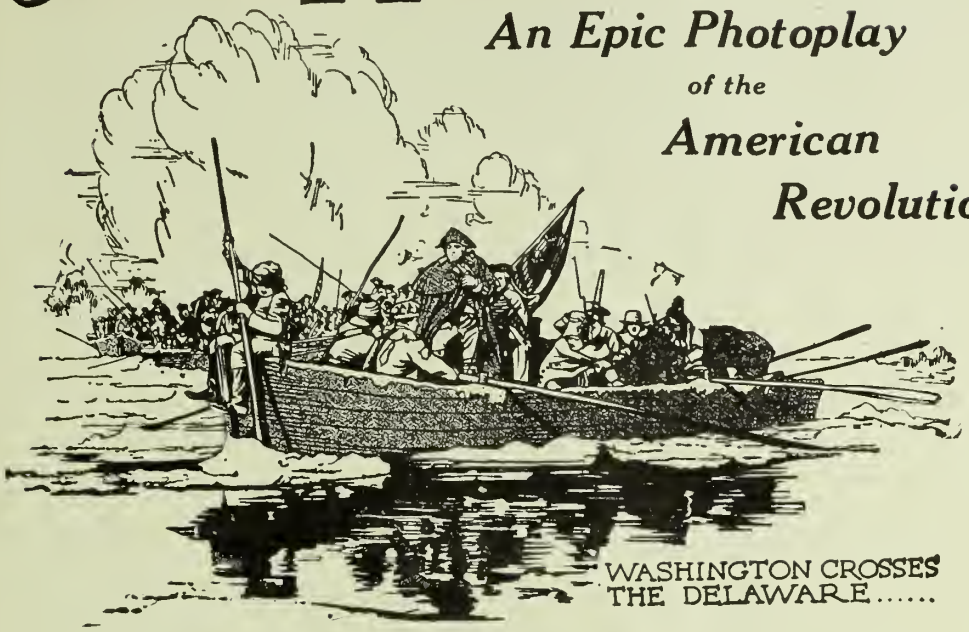



GOING UP!

Do you, too, have the nervous feeling that the elevator might not stop?

# "Janice Meredith"

## An Epic Photoplay of the American Revolution!



MARION DAVIES
As "Janice Meredith"

WITH

## 7500 People

INCLUDING

HOLBROOK BLINN
HARRISON FORD
MAY VOKES
GEORGE SEIGMAN
HELEN LEE WORTHING
PRINCESS MARIE DE BOURBON
EDWARD ARGUS

## A Notable Cast

# It's American to the Core!

"JANICE MEREDITH" is the most elaborate American historical picture ever filmed. It is a thrilling love story of the American Revolution authentic in every detail. For magnitude, dramatic sweep, and sheer splendor of settings it surpasses anything yet accomplished. It is a never-to-be-forgotten picture—one which every Legion Post can be proud to sponsor.

THOUSANDS of American Legion Posts will add substantial sums of money to their Post Funds by exhibiting "JANICE MEREDITH" at their local theatre, Town Hall or Community Center. Not only will they benefit financially but thru the good will and respect of their fellow townsmen which is bound to follow the showing of this powerful and absorbing drama of the American Revolution.

## $ The Chance of a Lifetime $

The American Legion Film Service offers to each Legion Post the chance to raise a goodly sum of money thru the showing of "JANICE MEREDITH". A simple, efficient and easy-to-follow EXHIBITING PLAN will be mailed FREE upon request. Don't put it off one minute. Mail that coupon NOW!

**ACT NOW!**

## ——————MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY——————

*The American Legion Film Service,*
*National Headquarters, Indianapolis, Indiana*

Please mail me at once a FREE copy of your EXHIBITING PLAN telling me how my Post can raise money by showing "JANICE MEREDITH!" It is to be understood, however, that this will in no way obligate either me or my Post.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

I am Post _____ (Fill in Title) A Member of Post No. _____ Dept. of _____

## Here's What the Critics Say

THE NEW YORK TIMES: No more brilliant achievement than Marion Davies' latest production, "Janice Meredith" has ever been exhibited.

NEW YORK WORLD: An engrossing historical document of the struggle for independence.

DAILY NEWS: "Janice Meredith" is the very soul of America. So much to be said for it that the only way to prove it is to go and see it for yourself.

NEW YORK SUN: Thrilling, gorgeous, beautiful.

## Railway Postal Clerk

**$1900 to $2700**

Extra travel pay. Up to 15 days' vacation and up to 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay.

## R. F. D. Mail Carrier

**$1800 plus $12.24 per mile**

Pay of rural mail carriers, it is estimated, will run from $2090 to $2300 a year. Up to 15 days' vacation and up to 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay.

## Customs House Positions

**$1140 to $2700**

Up to 30 days' vacation and up to 30 days' sick leave every year with full pay.

## Departmental Clerk

**$1140 to $1500 a year and up to $2700**

Up to 30 days' vacation and up to 30 days' sick leave every year with full pay.

## Post Office Clerk

**$1700 to $2100 a year**
**Special Clerks $2200 to $2300**

Up to 15 days' vacation and up to 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay.

# Are You Dying of Dry Rot?

## Postmaster

**$1200 to $2500 and up**

This is a position of great importance. In small towns a position that can be made very profitable.

## City Mail Carrier

**$1700 to $2100 a year**

Up to 15 days' vacation and up to 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay.

## Internal Revenue Men

**$1140 to $2700**

Extra pay for overtime. Up to 30 days' vacation and up to 30 days' sick leave every year with full pay.

Arthur R. Patterson

HAS the old home town become too small for you? Are you tired of looking at the same old faces every day? Do you long to get out and see more of the world? If this be true, it's time you started looking around for a chance to jump. If you don't, you'll only dry up like an old mummy and be just about as useful. Wake up! Come to your senses before it's too late.

### A New Life

How would you like to travel? How would you like to visit dozens of different towns, covering thousands of miles every week, meeting new people, seeing new faces, seeing new country, learning new things all the time? That's what the Railway Postal Clerk does and he collects $1900 to $2700 a year for doing it. Can you beat that? That's a job worth trying for. But wait! Here's some more. Don't decide yet. Look them over.

See the fine pay they offer you *to start.* If you have the ordinary kind of job you don't get as much right now as you can get in the Civil Service doing easier work. What's more, there's no private company that gives you one-tenth of the splendid benefits of the Civil Service. Here are some of them. No strikes or layoffs. Vacations every year *with full pay.* Sick leave with full pay. Retirement pensions, 8-hour day or less. *Automatic raises in pay every year until you get the highest salary in your class!* Splendid chances for quick advancement to better positions with bigger salaries.

# BIGGER PAY in the CIVIL SERVICE

Now, more than ever before, the Civil Service offers the finest, the biggest paying opportunities to ambitious men and women. Quit worrying about hard times, job-hunting, and all the other bugaboos of ordinary work. Pick out the job you want in Uncle Sam's Civil Service. I'll show you how to get it. No pull needed. No previous experience necessary. I'll coach you at home so you will surely pass the examinations with such a high rating that you'll be eligible for one of the first openings in the work you want. Then, when you get in the Civil Service, your worries will be over for good. You'll know where all your money is coming from. You won't be afraid of hard times, strikes, or lockouts.

## FREE This Great Book About Civil Service Positions

Find out how my experience in the Civil Service District has qualified me to help you. Find out how I helped thousands to get splendid positions. Get my new free book that tells all about the Civil Service, the jobs open, how to get the one you want, the pay, and all the other big benefits. This book costs nothing and it may put you in the finest job you ever had. So mail the coupon or a postal, and get it now. Don't be uncertain any longer. Decide now what job you want: Railway Postal Clerk, Mail Carrier, Post Office Clerk, Customs Inspector, Postmaster, or anything else. Then put it up to me to help you get it.

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Name ----------

Address ----------

City ----------State ----------

Age--------(You must be 18 or over to be eligible for a position)