MARCH 5, 1926

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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March 5, 1926

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

Vol. 8, No. 10

TO THOUSANDS of present-day Americans, Sam Houston has been no more than a name associated dimly with the early history of Texas. To many the article on Sam Houston by Marquis James in this issue will be a revelation, bringing, as it does, into dramatic contrast the swift events of the remarkable life of one of the most remarkable men in American history. Mr. James has set down many facts which are not found in print elsewhere, except possibly as a fragment here and a fragment there. The facts concerning Houston's early life in Tennessee and his blighted marriage, Mr. James obtained by personal investigation in the native state of the man who brought Texas into the Union.

* * *

ALTHOUGH one might prepare a list of a hundred books in which Houston's life is touched upon more or less fully, the reader whose literary appetite is whetted by Mr. James's article possibly would be best satisfied by reading Sarah Bramwell Elliott's "Sam Houston," one of the Beacon biographies published in 1917. This book is short and highly readable, but it misses the main point of the drama of Houston's life, his blasted romance, and it is also deficient in its account of how Houston conceived his scheme of going to Texas. In reality Houston and President Jackson worked out the plans together, Jackson keeping it a mighty secret—so much so that all three of his standard biographies have missed the full understanding of the relations between the two men. There is much that could be told.

* * *

THE final second before zero hour is one big moment. Waiting for the ballots to be counted at a national convention of The American Legion is another big moment. But the biggest moment is the moment when the doctor comes in and says, "It's a boy." Past National Commander Hanford MacNider knew this biggest moment on January 15th in Washington, D. C. Past National Commander Alvin M. Owsley knew it on February 9th at Dallas, Texas. "His name is Tom—not Thomas," Mr. MacNider reported to the friends who called him first on the telephone. Announcing the arrival of Alvin Mansfield Owsley, Jr., his proud Texas father bulletins: "All Legionnaires are especially invited to come and look him over. He is planning to take The American Legion pilgrimage to France in 1927 and he might be on exhibition in Philadelphia." Now for the day he stands up alone and the day he says his first word.

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YES, the Legionnaires from Texas and the Southwest who make the 1927 American Legion convention pilgrimage to Paris will go most of the way by boat. There will be a sailing from Houston or Galveston, under present plans of the France Convention Travel Committee. Because of possible extra expense and extra time it might involve, the national committee had given considerable study to the problem of using a Gulf port. Happily the committee has been able to obtain great concessions in rates from steamship companies which will place a Texas port on equal terms with Atlantic ports. Thomas Dismuke Post of Houston and Argonne Post of Galveston are working hard to make the plans for Texas sailings succeed, but the posts of the whole department are behind them.

* * *

SPRING is just around the corner. Read then the letter from George Henry Ray, floral gardener of Amherst, Virginia: "Some time ago," writes Mr. Ray, "a letter came to me from a wounded soldier in a government hospital. He was asking for bulbs and plants for the hospital in which he was a patient. He said many of the wounded men were in 'terminal wards' and would never see flowers except those their more fortunate comrades raised for them. I sent him some gladiolus bulbs. I then offered my surplus bulbs and plants to the other hospitals through the Veterans Bureau and my offer was accepted. I suggest that other growers send also bulbs for the men in hospitals." Here is an idea that many a Legion post may take up. What about the surplus plants and bulbs of the growers in your community? And could not many an Auxiliary unit enlarge its record of service to men in hospitals by assembling surplus bulbs and plants from home gardens?

* * *

CODINGTON COUNTY POST of Watertown, South Dakota, nominates its mess sergeant, Frank Marvin, as champion close figurer. When the post held open house recently a charge of five cents a portion was made to cover cost of supplies. After all bills were paid a balance of six cents was left to be put in the post treasury. And the post says the chow was good. There once was a boss mess sergeant at Le Mans who also knew his onions—likewise his flour. "Sergeant, another hundred men have just come in," a K. P. told him. "All right," said the boss mess sergeant, "add another peck of whitewash to the slum."

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The Epic Sequel *to a* Blighted Marriage

By MARQUIS JAMES

Sam Houston (above) as President of the Republic of Texas, at the height of his career, one of the most amazing in American history. Houston (right) as a Cherokee Indian—from a miniature painted on ivory. In 1829 Houston was Governor of Tennessee, looked upon as a possible candidate for the White House. He married Eliza Allen, a fashionable Tennessee belle, who left him three months later. Houston resigned the governorship and disappeared among the Indians of the West, whose language and manners he had learned years before as a runaway boy. From the Indian country he went to Texas, freed it from Mexico and became its President

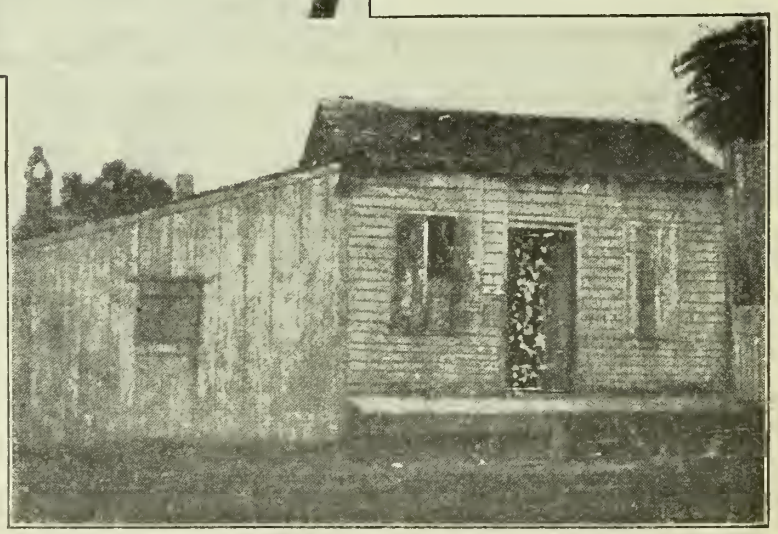
IN THE dull morning twilight of the 22d of January, 1829, a strikingly tall and fastidiously dressed man emerged from the famous Nashville Inn, on the Public Square of Nashville, Tennessee, muffled for a ride. He received the reins of a horse from the hand of a slave boy and swung into the saddle. The servant mounted another animal and followed at a respectful distance. The pair descended by slippery streets the declivity from the bluff on which the Public Square of Nashville stands, and gained the bank of the Cumberland River. They crossed the long wooden bridge and urged their mounts to a quick trot over the frozen mud of the Gallatin Pike which winds eastward by north through the valley of the Cumberland.

The Governor of Tennessee was early started on an important errand. He was going to his wedding.

Thrice favored of fortune was Major General Sam Houston of Tennessee, the romantic young Governor of that State. He was the friend and political protege of the great Andrew Jackson, who a few days earlier had left Nashville on another mission of importance. He was going to his inauguration as President of the United States. Before departing the frank and fiery Jackson had pressed the hand of his young friend and told him how glad he was to hear that Houston was going to marry. The satisfaction expressed by Old Hickory was generally shared by Houston's other influential friends and by a majority of the people of Tennessee, whose idol the Governor was. They reckoned Sam Houston married and Sam Houston single would be two different men, and that the difference would be all to Sam's advantage, speaking in his interest as a public man whose real career was yet before him.

Thus far, the life of Sam Houston had been one of attractive adventure and swiftly changing scenes and fortunes. He was born of Virginia aristocracy. The Houston family was of sufficient importance in Scotland to rate a coat of arms—a distinction even in the amen corner of F. F. V.'s. Sam's father was an officer in Washington's army, and after the Revolution he continued in the military service of the struggling republic until his death in 1806. This left the family in reduced circumstances and Mrs. Houston bundled up her nine children and crossed the mountains to the frontier of Tennessee, where the Houstons were well-to-do by comparison with their neighbors.

Sam was thirteen years old. He was a wild boy, and resenting the corrective measures of his older brothers he finally



The White House of the Republic of Texas. This was President Houston's residence at Houston, the new capital of Texas, named for the hero of San Jacinto, in 1836. The capital was later transferred to Austin. Houston was twice elected President of the Republic of Texas, which was brought into the Union as a separate state in 1845

ran off and went to live among the Indians. He took along a rifle and a copy of Pope's translation of the Iliad. The Cherokee chief Oo-loo-tee-kah adopted Sam as a son and renamed him Co-lon-neh, meaning "The Rover." Sam learned the Indian language, fell in love with first one Cherokee maiden and then another, and joined the young braves in their robust sports. He sat about the council fires, storing his receptive mind with the maxims of the wise men.

This lasted nearly four years. A long while afterward, when his unprecedented career was nearing its close, Sam Houston said that although he had seen nearly everything in life there was to live for, no memories were half so sweet as those of that first sojourn with the Indians.

The War of 1812 drew the thorough-going young savage-by-naturalization from the wigwam of Oo-loo-tee-kah. Co-lon-neh resumed the name of Sam Houston and at the age of nineteen enlisted in the Regular Army. He was assigned to the Thirty-ninth Infantry, which to his disappointment was not sent against the British but against their Creek Indian allies in the South. Sam was made sergeant and then an ensign, a rank of commissioned officer below second lieutenant. His knowledge of the Indian life and language made him useful as a scout and spy. But it was in the battle of To-ho-pe-ka in Alabama in 1814 that he distinguished himself most greatly and won the life-long friendship of Andrew Jackson, the general commanding the expedition. Already painfully wounded, and after every officer senior to him had stood fast, Ensign Houston volunteered to lead a charge against an Indian redoubt. Houston received two additional balls through his body during the advance, and fell commanding his men to carry him at the head of the column. They refused. Jackson called off the charge and reduced the stronghold by setting it on fire with flaming arrows. The surgeons laid Houston out to die. He was three years getting well, and one wound in his shoulder never healed.

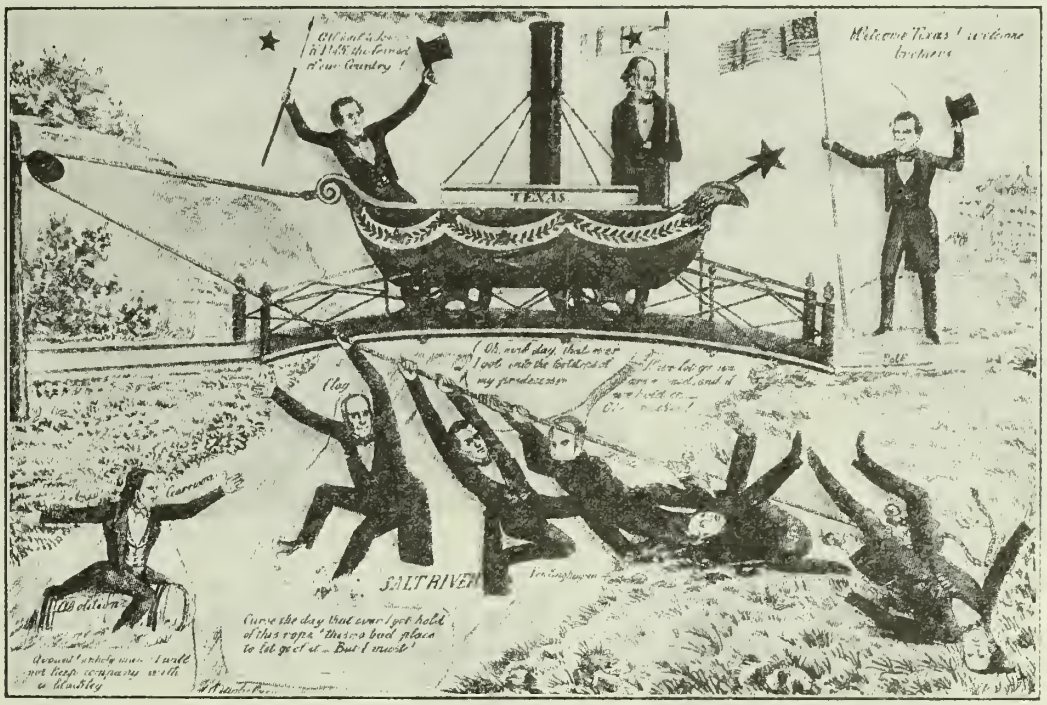
Houston was promoted to first lieutenant and did not leave the Army until 1818. He handled government negotiations with the Indians and his activity against slave smuggling caused important politicians who were interested in the trade falsely to charge Houston with complicity with the smugglers. He conducted his own defense before the Secretary of War and was cleared, but resigned from the Army in disgust. Returning to Tennessee he studied law and began to practise. After filling several local offices in brief succession he was made a major general of Tennessee militia and in 1823 was elected to Congress. In 1825 he was re-elected without opposition, and hailed as one of the coming men of Tennessee. He attracted his share of attention in Washington, both in the halls of Congress and in the taverns where so many of the statesmen of the day took their recreation. His popularity grew. In 1827 he fought a spectacular duel with a prominent Tennessee politician, whom he seriously wounded, and was elected Governor by a landslide vote. The attacks of his enemies had boomeranged against them.

Houston's administration as Governor was successful. In 1828 Jackson, his political mentor, was elected President. Tennessee became politically the most important State in the Union and held that rank for nearly twenty-five years. Already Houston was something of a national figure, and was beginning to be spoken of as a Presidential possibility himself. He seemed unbeatable at the polls. They called him "The Man of Destiny." Here is a personal description left by an eminent Tennessee contemporary, Judge Josephus C. Guild, whose years of opposition to Houston should be a guarantee against flattery:

"Houston stood six feet, six inches in his socks, a remarkably well proportioned man, and of commanding and gallant bearing; had a large, long head and face and his features were lit up by large eagle-looking eyes; possessed of a wonderful recollection for persons and names, a fine address, courtly manners and a magnetism approaching that of General Jackson. He enjoyed unbounded popularity among men and was a great favorite with the ladies."

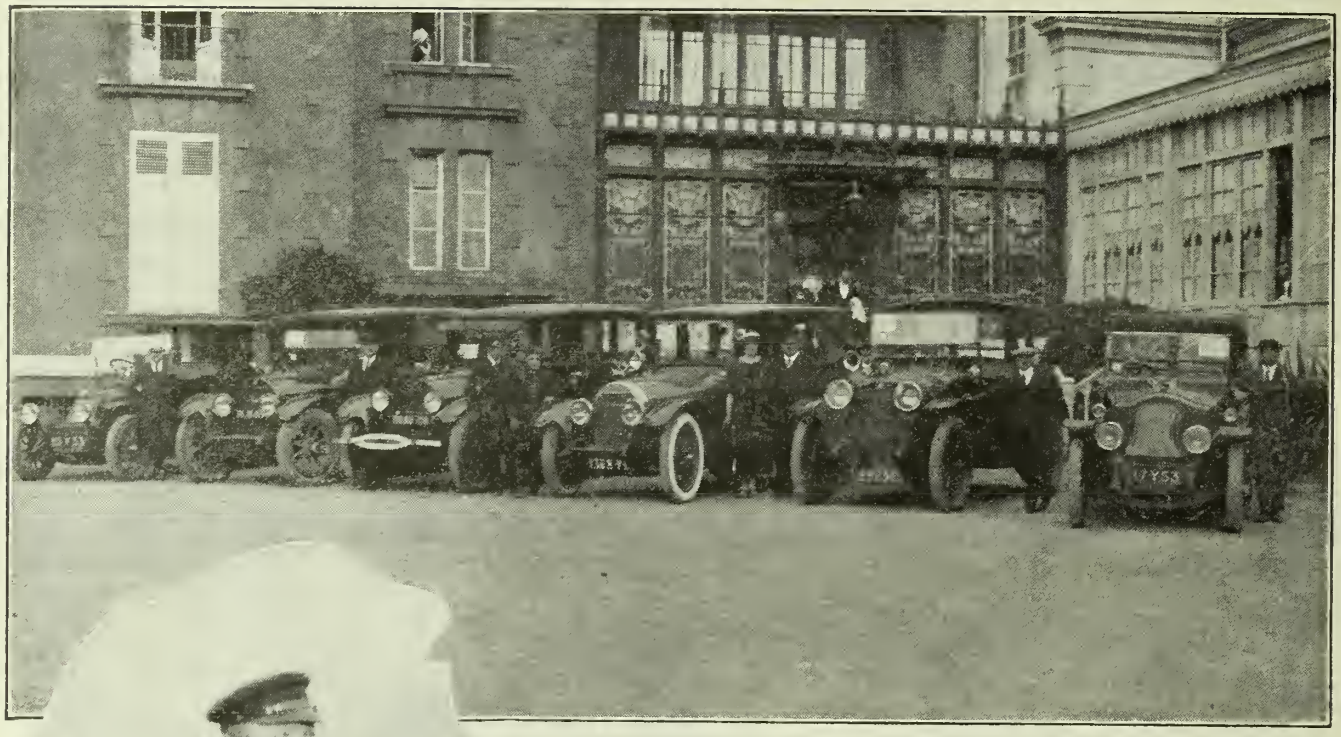
The only thing that made his friends uneasy was the reports which got about concerning Houston's fondness for convivial fellowship. He was now thirty-five years old, and persons who were unable to deny the influence of his charming personality, when they got out of range of its spell were apt to allow that if Sam Houston was ever going to settle down it was time he made a move in that direction. Wherefore the announcement that he was to marry Eliza Allen was received by the

(Continued on page 12)



A lithograph, called "Texas Coming In," published in 1844. It shows President Polk extending a symbolical welcome while opponents to the course of events, Clay and Webster among them, are being dragged across Salt River. The cartoon reflects the turmoil in American politics which Sam Houston's efforts to bring Texas into the Union occasioned

This old print depicts the dramatic return of Sam Houston to the Indians after his blighted marriage. The Cherokee Chief Oo-loo-tee-kah welcomed him as a son



Monsieur Gabrio of Cherbourg looks as French as the Eiffel Tower, but when he starts talking he becomes once more Ed Gabrio of St. Paul and Jump River. The upper photograph shows Gabrio and his wife and Gabrio's automobiles

You'd Never Know Monsieur Gabrio

By JOSEPH MILLS HANSON

THOSE who are up on their American history may recall that off the harbor of Cherbourg, France, in June, 1864, occurred one of the notable naval conflicts of the Civil War—the hotly contested battle in which the United States frigate *Kearsarge* destroyed the most formidable of the Confederate privateers, the *Alabama*. But that was a long time ago and when the World War came along and carried many hundreds of thousands of Americans to the battle line of the Western Front by way of the seaports of France, few of them saw Cherbourg. For although it lay about midway between the much more familiar ports of Brest and Le Havre, its facilities were fully employed by the British, and Yankees were a rarity among its uniformed occupants.

In the piping days of peace which have followed the Armistice, however, Cherbourg has become, as it was before the war, one of the principal ports of entry for travelers from America. When, therefore, the writer recently came into the harbor on a ship arriving from the United States, bent upon seeing, among other places, certain of the old A. E. F. haunts and upon locating some of the Americans who remained in La Belle France when the rest of us left there seven years ago, he and the friends with him determined to do the unusual thing by having a glimpse of this seaport city and its surroundings, out on the tip of the Manche peninsula, before proceeding further into the land of the fleur-de-lis.

The first requisite for accomplishing such a sight-seeing tour in the short space of time available for it was to find some sort of conveyance to take us around. Inquiry at the office of a steamship line developed the fact that there is an excellent garage in Cherbourg specializing in auto excursions. Mais oui, vraiment! Excellent! And the manager is Monsieur E. C. Gabrio. There is nothing savoring suspiciously of the Anglo-Saxon about that name. We desired, if such an interview might be accomplished, to meet him in order to make arrangements. Yes, it was possible. And so, in a few minutes, Monsieur Gabrio himself obligingly appeared before us.

There was nothing suspicious about his appearance, either. He was a typical Frenchman, heavy set, with a neat little moustache, and typically dressed, even to the visored black cap, shaped somewhat like a British service cap, which in France is affected by those who fraternize with automobiles. So I timidly addressed him in a disjointed French which creaked most ominously from many months of disuse, endeavoring to inquire what there was to see in Cherbourg and what the terms would be for seeing it from the inside of one of his voitures. And when I had finished, Monsieur Gabrio gently but distinctly replied in something like the following words:

"Well, now, there are quite a lot of things worth seeing right here in town. There's the statue of Napoleon First, for instance, on the water front, and the old Trinity Church and the Naval Arsenal; that's a big place. Then there are some dandy views of the harbor from up on the hills, and—"

But he got no further. "Say," I interrupted him, "you talk just like an American."

"Sure, I'm an American," returned M. Gabrio, pushing back his trick auto

(Continued on page 15)

Why Hell's Kitchen Stayed *at* Home

By ARTHUR VAN VLISSINGEN, JR.

THE new commander had just been sworn in on the night of December 7. He didn't feel much like staying to enjoy the conventional six rubbers of bridge after meeting, so he went home at 11 o'clock. And then, just as he was in that comfortable condition of sleepiness induced by having his feet well warmed by four woolen blankets, the telephone rang.

"Huh. What? Oh, you're kidding. . . . No? . . . Oh, all right, I'll be right over." And with that he told his wife, "I guess somebody's trying to have a little fun with me. They say the police force has quit, and maybe the Legion post ought to take over the job of protecting the village. If they want a good laugh, though, I suppose I'd better go over and help make it a good joke." Whereupon he sleepily dressed and drove over to the station.

What he found there was no joke, though. The chief of police had resigned, and his resignation had been accepted that evening by the village board. And when the captain of police was notified, he and twelve policemen forthwith turned in their stars. So, after an hour spent in trying to induce the men to go back to work until the difficulties could be ironed out, the village fathers had to give up.

It was just about this time that the delegation from the post meeting had arrived to supply the trustees with their regular sandwiches and coffee—for the post meets on board meeting night, and it has made a practise of giving the hungry, tired village fathers a little feed out of their own plenty. The delegation of amateur waiters heard what it was all about, and called up the commander.

This all happened in La Grange, Illinois, a western suburb of Chicago. It might not have been a serious situation if news of it had not been telephoned immediately to the morning papers of Chicago, in time to catch the midnight editions. But everybody knows that all the safe-blowers and holdup men make a habit of reading the first edition before they go out to work. And it looked as if La Grange was in for a field day of crime.

When Commander W. N. Curtis arrived at the police station he found everybody excited—including the board members, who had adjourned their meeting and were trying to get things straightened around. "If the town needs protection, the Legion will give it," Curtis promptly told them. So, just for a starter, he telephoned the boys over at the clubrooms to come over and go to work. Within fifteen minutes three squads of two men each were out on the street, one squad in the police flivver, one on a motorcycle with side-car, and the third afoot patrolling the main corner of town where two banks are.

Legionnaire Fred H. Hoffman, one of La Grange (Illinois) Post's volunteer policemen, rings in on his beat to keep in touch with headquarters about the expected crime wave. Not a ripple

Motor cars flashed along La Grange's highways while the town's police strike was on. Davidson C. Hood, the man with the badge, was one of the Legionnaires making streets safe for children

By 1:30 a. m. it was evident that the police were not coming back to work. What's more, La Grange's police force is also its fire department. So the town was without fire protection. Curtis and his fellow Legionnaires called up over thirty post members, and had them come down bringing their side-arms. At 2 a. m. the force was sworn in, equipped with stars, and sent out in pairs "to walk their posts in a military manner."

"What pay do you want for the job?" inquired the members of the village board.

"Nothing at all," promptly responded Curtis, now chief of police and chief of the fire department in addition to his Legion and civilian jobs. "That's not what we're doing it for. If the town needs protection, we'll give it protection. That's what the Legion is for."

It wasn't as if the Legionnaires were a crew of strike-breakers. It wasn't even a strike. The policemen-firemen had simply resigned, with no strings attached to their resignations. They even encouraged the Legionnaires to do the job which, the policemen felt, out of loyalty to their former chief they had to leave. They knew the post members weren't after their regular jobs!

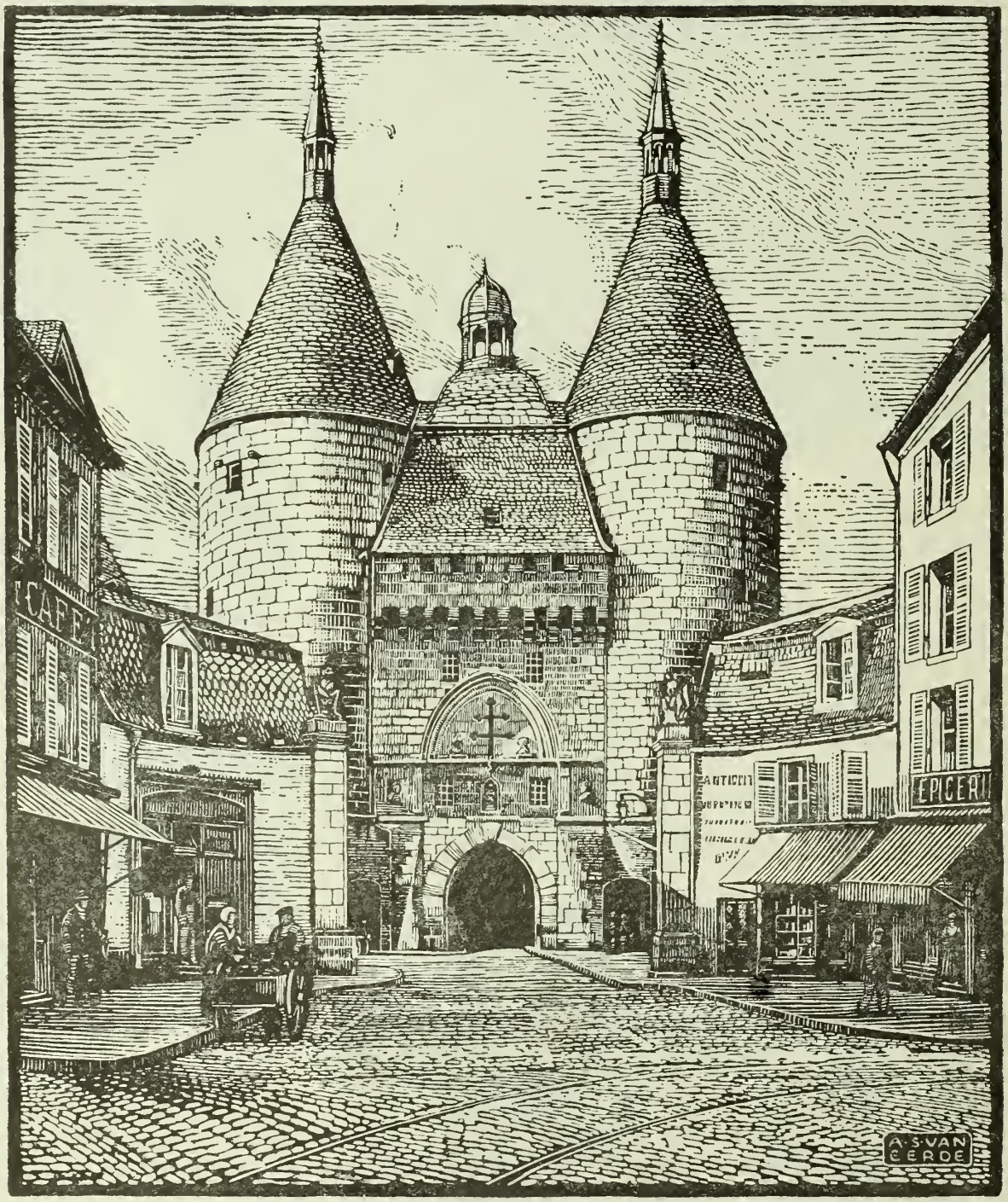
La Grange is a quiet orderly suburb inhabited principally by well-to-do folks who commute into Chicago daily. But it is close to Chicago, which in

(Continued on page 16)

Corners of A. E. F. France

III. Porte de la Craffe, Nancy

from a drawing
by A. S. VAN EERDE



PROBABLY few of the thousands of American soldiers who during the World War and after the Armistice visited Nancy, the "Little Paris" of the A. E. F., realized the important part which this city played in the very beginning of the war. In August, 1913, the 20th Army Corps, a celebrated unit of the French army and the pride of Nancy and of Lorraine, received a new commander in the person of General Ferdinand Foch, the same man who five years later guided the Allied armies to victory.

His first work was the construction of the Grand Couronné of Nancy, a new girdle of defenses about the town, which although only a third completed in August, 1914, was sufficient to assist Foch and his troops in stopping the Bavarians, and prevented their advance across France and the complete envelopment of Joffre's retreating forces south of the Marne. During the course of the war, Nancy, in its frontier position, suffered heavily from enemy bombardment and air raids.

The above drawing depicts the Porte de la Craffe, the most ancient and remarkable of the gates of the walled Nancy of the Middle Ages. Constructed in 1436, the gate was restored in the 16th and 19th centuries, when it acquired the two round towers. It was formerly used as a guard house and prison.

A PERSONAL PAGE *by* Frederick Palmer

Obstacles develop for the European Disarmament Conference. Russia will not join in if it is to be held in Switzerland. Without her the Conference fails. A nation will not reduce armament unless its neighbors against whom it arms also reduce. Russia is neighbor to Poland and Rumania. These nations and Poland's ally, France, will not reduce unless Russia reduces; and Russia has been increasing her army. Jugo-Slavia will not reduce unless Rumania reduces. Italy will not unless Jugo-Slavia does. And are Italy's two hundred thousand Fascisti, who are mostly former soldiers, to be accounted a part of her military force in any reduction plan?

All Must be Present

I have been reading again a book by a man who knew: General Harbord's "War Diary." Harbord knew because as our Chief of Staff in France he was in a position to know; because he had the training and experience of how to know. He rose from private of regulars to Major General. Pershing was from Missouri; and Harbord came from Kansas, which is next door to Missouri and in the center of the country. He saw with American eyes and thought in an American way. At the end of the day in France he wrote an account of the day's work and of the men he met. The great figures move in the war atmosphere through his pages. We have the progress of the making of our army in France; the echo of hammer strokes on the hot metal. A "War Diary" is a most pertinent and human contribution.

A Big Man; a Big Book

There is only one grade of membership in the Legion. There is only one qualification for membership. Honorary members are not provided for. A man may be most worthy, he may hold our affection, we may want to pay tribute to him, he may hold a high place; but not even the President of the United States can be any kind of member unless he was in the armed forces in the World War. Any post which is tempted to break the rule on any plea in any form must consider that it is setting an example which other posts may be under pressure to follow.

Avoid the "Honorary"

Editor Morrison of that compressed packet of human interest, the *Weston* (W. Va.) *Legionnaire*, would like to have a prize check from National Headquarters for the winner of the best post publication contest during the year. Judgment is to be by merit and not on the size and amount of advertising carried. Morrison's paper is small but mighty; some large papers are also as mighty. Each one has its own quality and field.

Each One Is the Best

Is judgment to be by the square inch or square yard? Who would be the judges? Perhaps the National Adjutant, or a Board of Adjutants. For these Adjutants have nothing at all to do—in the four or five hours when they are supposed to sleep. Wouldn't each judge vote for his home paper? Isn't it best? Or, if it isn't there are a number of other editors, if Morrison is bashful, to show them how to make it best. Every local Legion paper is best. I am for more of these bests.

The radio brings us music from Europe, wonders increase, but there is no vest pocket contrivance yet to enable you to know what the man sitting next to you is thinking. When we have that we may have "open diplomacy" and know inside as well as spoken opinions about one another. Recently, I am told, when President Coolidge started out for an evening walk and a secret service man sprang up to follow him, he asked, "Have you got your rubbers?" "No, sir. They're downstairs, but I've a heavy pair of shoes on. I—" "Better get your rubbers!" said the President.

Between Remarks by Coolidge

He did not speak in the course of a half hour's walk on wet pavements until his return to the White House when he said, "I guess you're glad I told you to bring your rubbers." What had he been thinking during the half hour? There are senators who would like to know. But, perhaps he was taking a rest from thinking. Even Presidents may enjoy that privilege sometimes.

Yes, better even than a bronze pile a hundred feet high this monument to brave deeds. I look forward to seeing that monument. We shall all want to see it. It is making the right use of a great neglected asset.

Far Better Than Bronze

There was no flourishing city of Rome, New York, one hundred and forty-nine years ago. On its site stood the British Fort Stanwix protecting the advance of Burgoyne's British regulars south in the decisive campaign of 1777. Burgoyne's bold plan was to march down the valley of the Hudson cutting New England off from the rest of the rebellious colonies. Then the Revolution would have been lost.

In the delaying campaign of our early resistance to Burgoyne by frontiersmen's tactics, General Herkimer's attack on Fort Stanwix stands out for its supreme audacity. Nothing in the Civil War or the World War surpasses it. One battery of modern artillery could have easily reduced the fort; but against the arms of that day it was as formidable as the most redoubtable German strong point in the World War.

It was manhood that counted as it has always counted in any period. Herkimer could not hold his men. They would attack. They kept on attacking until their final repulse became glorious in the measure of its cost. Only two hundred out of six hundred returned. Theirs may have been a rash effort, but the story of it put steel into the hearts of our gathering battalions which forced the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga.

The monument which Rome is to build by public subscription is to be a replica of Fort Stanwix as it was when Herkimer's spirit was advancing with his men after he lay helplessly wounded. And this is a part of the plan of the Saratoga Battlefield Association which has awakened New York State pride and won the support of the legislature, to lay out parks mapping all the battlefields of that decisive campaign. The visitor will not just glance at a wayside tablet. He will leave his car and be able to see and feel how the men of that day fought for their cause.

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

The American Spirit of Get-Together

MORE than a quarter of a century ago, a French scientist gave to the world in simple words his profound conclusions on the differences between man as an individual and as a member of a crowd. He sensed a new epoch in history—the passing of the eras of great individual leaders and the dawn of the period of the divine right of the masses. Henceforth, he foresaw, the individual was to be subordinated, the instrument of the mass, and events would move forward on mighty waves of human emotion which men might hope to ride but hardly to modify.

"The age we are about to enter will in truth be the era of crowds," wrote Gustave Le Bon, and he set down further: "The most striking peculiarity presented by a psychological crowd is the following: Whoever be the individuals that compose it, however like or unlike be their mode of life, their occupations, their character, or their intelligence, the fact that they have been transformed into a crowd puts them in possession of a sort of collective mind which makes them feel, think and act in a manner quite different from that in which each individual of them would feel, think and act were he in a state of isolation."

Gustave Le Bon's book was called "The Crowd, A Study of the Popular Mind." The principles he discussed have supplied inspiration for numerous other books, particularly those seeking to explain how public opinion takes form.

When Gustave Le Bon wrote his book, the telephone was just coming into common use. An American writer of a Utopian romance had caught the vision of a day when men would see as well as hear vast distances through instruments connected by wires—of course radio was unknown. The printing presses were turning to mass production to flood the world with books, newspapers, magazines, pamphlets by millions instead of thousands. Concentration of population was just beginning, and isolation left millions uninfluenced by the currents of common thinking. The automobile was still a chugging novelty, a toy for inventors, as impracticable as a perpetual motion machine. Balloons entranced county fair crowds—the airplane was unborn. Rural mail delivery was unknown. Industrialism in the United States had not yet wrought its changes.

HOW different things are in the United States of today. Scarcely an isolated farm house or a desert hut out of touch with the metropolis. Standardization of schools, of roads, of automobiles, of clothing, of architecture and furniture—of thinking. Today one vast crowd, with countless things in common, sub-divided into many crowds.

Consider, then, some of the characteristics of crowds, as Le Bon listed them. He said: "The first is that the individual forming part of a crowd, acquires solely from numerical considerations, a sentiment of invincible power which allows him to yield to instincts which, had he been alone, he would perforce have kept under restraint. He will be the less disposed to check himself from the consideration that a crowd being anonymous, and in consequence irresponsible, the sentiment of responsibility which always controls individuals disappears entirely."

Furthermore, Monsieur Le Bon contended, in a crowd every sentiment and act is contagious, and crowd action is determined by suggestibility—so much so that the members of the crowd arrive at conclusions in a state of hypnotic fascination rather than by reason. And just as a hypnotized person may do good acts or evil ones, depending upon the suggestion which the hypnotizer makes, so does the individual react to the magnetic influence of the crowd.

Don't gather from this that Monsieur Le Bon's book is a dismal tolling of humanity's downfall. It is not. It is simply an attempt tc explain why men in groups may be expected to do certain things they would not do as individuals. The French scientist says that the same instincts may be observed not only in a crowd at a picnic or a lynching but also in the proceedings of a church convention, a congress or a supreme court.

Most certainly the recent history of the United States proves that concerted action by large groups is now a recognized means of accomplishing widely varied purposes, most of them admittedly for the advancement of the public welfare. The American genius for organization displays itself in every phase of our daily life. The American who is not a member of a half dozen societies of one sort or another is quite rare. Ordinarily he belongs to one or more lodges. He is a church member. He belongs to a political party. He works with a group to promote the civic and business advancement of his community. He may be a member of a labor union, a college fraternity, a trade association. In each of his affiliations he possesses a distinct crowd consciousness. And most of the organizations to which he belongs, having a powerful reason for being, are engaged in activities calling for collective thinking and collective action by members.

SO FAR, one must recognize, group action and group thinking have contributed to our national welfare. Our material prosperity and our social harmony prove that despite the many group sub-divisions among us we possess an effective machinery for self-discipline, politically, industrially and socially. But the tremendous growth of the crowd system is so recent that one can hardly predict the changes it will bring in the future.

At this time the Federal government has just taken notice of one logical outgrowth of the crowd system, the movement for new industrial consolidations. There was a day when industry in America was controlled by independent enterprises, governed by the laws of free competition. Now, quite obviously, there is a different order. In almost every line of industry the former independent producers are included in huge and powerful groups, and within recent months there has been a further development of this process of consolidation. A half dozen powerful groups of a single industry are being brought into a super-group. The consolidation of the biggest baking corporations of the country into a single gigantic corporation is only one evidence of the new movement which has called for government scrutiny. In a dozen other lines of business enterprise, the same tendencies are noted.

What will be the future manifestations of the growing American spirit of get-together? The destiny of the country may depend upon them.

✣ ✣ ✣

In military circles the Charleston is called a flank movement.

✣ ✣ ✣

Millstones about the neck don't slow near as many fellows up as do mile-stones.

✣ ✣ ✣

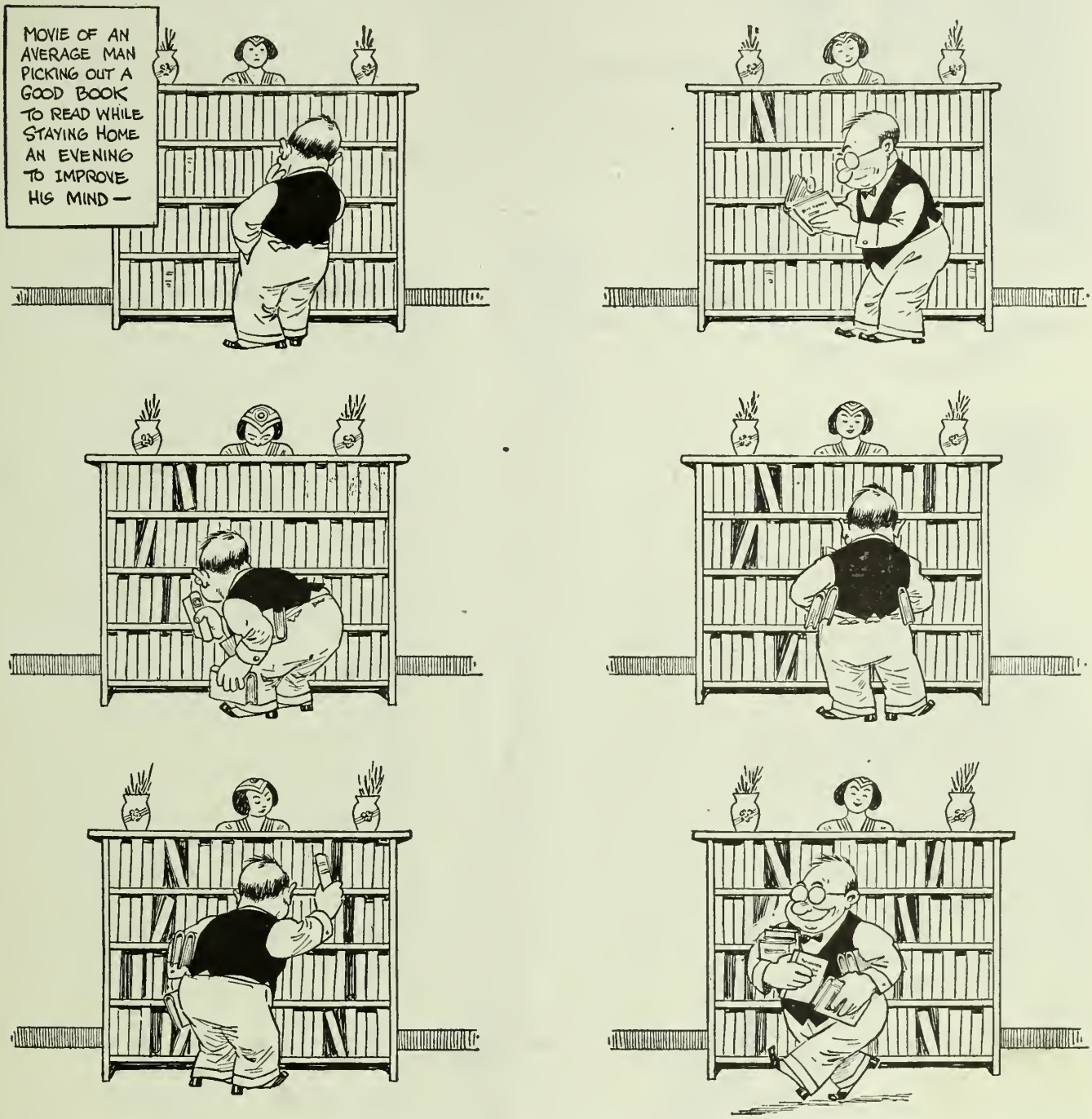
Probably it's called a wisdom tooth because it sits away back and lets the others do the work.

✣ ✣ ✣

Congress has removed the tax on mah jong sets. Let's see, wasn't that some sort of a game?

An Evening with the Books

By Wallgren



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The Epic Sequel *to a* Blighted Marriage

(Continued from page 5)

Governor's well-wishers as the best news they could ask for.

A more brilliant match was not thought possible. The bride-to-be was a daughter of Colonel John Allen of Sumner County, head of a wealthy and notable family whose history is closely associated with the early history of central Tennessee. Houston had served in Congress with one of Eliza's brothers and through him had met the beautiful girl with whom he fell irrevocably in love. Eliza had other suitors, but Houston's rise in public life and his attractive prospects made him the favorite with the other members of the Allen family. This influence, supported by Houston's impetuous wooing, persuaded Eliza for one enchanted hour that she could love this handsome giant, this devastating "man of destiny." That hour was fateful. Eliza yielded, and consented to become the first lady of Tennessee. No other woman, by such womanly means, or, I think, by any means, has so strangely altered the events of American history.

To the fulfillment of the troth so plighted the tall horseman on the Gallatin Pike rode in the dull morning twilight—undisillusioned. Sam Houston entertained no shade of suspicion that in winning the hand he had not also won the heart of Eliza Allen. Although many personages from Nashville had been invited to the wedding the prospective bridegroom set out alone to be undisturbed in the enjoyment of the pleasant anticipations which filled his mind. A party from a mansion on the Pike presently joined him, however, and in the afternoon they arrived at the Allen homestead in a bend of the Cumberland River a few miles above Gallatin, the county seat. Houston was in the gayest of humor. Colonel John Allen beamed with pride and satisfaction, greeting guests on every hand. Only the fair Eliza, of lambent blue eyes, yellow hair and pale skin which seemed paler than usual that day, seemed a stranger to the general rejoicing. At candle-light she took her place beside the Governor of Tennessee with whom she exchanged the marriage vows.

Thus were concluded the ceremonial requirements of the romance which was to enhance the political prospects of the gifted Governor. But instead of doing that it ruined them with one blow. It drove the man who might have become President of the United States into a distant exile and made him an outcast whose name became a national byword for desperate adventure and Olympian dissipation.

But if this tragic love affair denied Sam Houston the Presidency of the United States—as unprejudiced witnesses, surveying matters in the light of subsequent events, have said possibly it did—it lashed him into a fresh career which has no parallel in our annals. It made Sam Houston twice president of another republic of his own creating; it made him twice United States senator from another State; it made him a Governor again; it brought under the domain of the Stars and Stripes all of the present State of Texas, most of New Mexico, parts of Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado and Wyoming and influenced the acquisition of the Pacific Coast. Eliza Allen, nineteen years old, blond, blue-eyed and beautiful, did that much for the man she married but could not love sufficiently—and that much for her country whose affairs, at her hand's changing, she beheld dimly with eyes blinded by grief and humiliation.

Governor Houston and his bride lived together less than three months. The Governor was in the full swing of a campaign for re-election. None but a very few intimates suspected other than that he and his young wife were ideally happy until in April of 1829 Tennessee was stunned by a series of startling announcements. The Governor and his lady (as the style was then) had quarreled and parted. The Governor had abandoned his campaign for re-election. The Governor had resigned his office. The ex-Governor had disappeared, as from the face of the earth, refusing any word of explanation. This news flew from tongue to tongue in Nashville, from town to town and county to county in the important State of Tennessee. The pony expresses carried it over the mountains to Washington, to Baltimore, to New York, to Boston. It was published in Europe. It became the sensation of the day in the United States. It was more than a sensation. It was a mystery. Sam Houston chose that it should remain so, and he performed his work well.

Immediately after his separation from his wife and his resignation as Governor the wildest rumors about the cause of it all were afloat. These were actively propagated by Houston's political enemies and were repeated by the friends and family connections of Eliza Allen. Morbid curiosity was fanned to fever heat. The cry of a woman wronged touched the chivalry of the South. There were organized demonstrations. Houston was burned in effigy at Gallatin. To all of which, despite the pleadings of friends, the threats of those who had turned against him, Houston replied—nothing.

"This is a painful and a private affair," he told Willoughby Williams, a friend of his boyhood, whom he asked to carry his resignation as Governor to the Secretary of State. "I can make no explanation. I exonerate this lady freely and I do not justify myself. I am a ruined man."

The letter of resignation shows a conscious effort at restraint as Houston took leave of the citizens of Tennessee who had so signally honored him. It speaks guardedly of being "overwhelmed by sudden calamities" brought on by "my own misfortunes more than by the fault or contrivance of anyone."

When the warning was uttered that if Houston appeared on the streets of Nashville they would "run with blood," the ex-Governor walked out alone. A few steadfast friends rallied about him. Nothing happened. A year later, when he was in Washington in the habit and character of a Cherokee Indian, endeavoring to protect his adopted people

from the rapaciousness of grafting government agents, he received a threat couched in language which is unprintable, that if he should return to Tennessee a terrible fate would befall him. He returned to Tennessee and displayed himself about Nashville. Nothing befell. Then he secretly made his way to the Allen plantation in Sumner County to ascertain if the bitterness expressed by the Allen family was shared by his wife, whom he had not ceased to love. He visited the cabin of an old Negro slave whom he trusted, and asked her if she thought Eliza would see him. The aged Negress said she feared Eliza would not. Whereupon Houston asked to be concealed about the cabin while on a pretext the servant persuaded Eliza to come there. This little plot was executed, and the outcast who had been the Governor of his State heard the voice and saw the lovely face of his wife for the last time.

As long as he lived Houston never referred to Eliza Allen except in terms of great respect, and he exacted this of others who mentioned her name in his presence. During his lifetime every artifice was employed to induce or trick Houston into talking, but, drunk or sober, no syllable passed his lips except for what he told his third wife. He married her in Texas years later. After General Houston's death she briefly explained that her husband had said Eliza had confessed to him that she loved another, and to one of Houston's vast pride this was insupportable.

There are other details than that. After nearly one hundred years these can be put together into a fairly connected narrative. Not that one cannot find a number of "authentic explanations" of the mystery in Tennessee today. One can. Mostly these have been handed down by word of mouth, but one or two have been published under quite convincing auspices. The writer has taken pains to attempt to prove out each one he has heard or read, but they all fall down somewhere. A romantic feature common to such accounts is that Eliza afterwards married the man who possessed her heart when she was persuaded into a union with Houston. I dislike to burst this bubble. The unfortunate Eliza deserved all the happiness this world can afford—and for all I know her second marriage may have guaranteed her this—but the fact is that the man she married after divorcing Houston was a rich widower with seven children, who had taken wife No. 1 when Eliza was eight years old.

These facts, however, can be substantiated by evidence which I have carefully examined and believe to be trustworthy: When Eliza Allen married the Governor of Tennessee she loved someone else. By nature Eliza was an undemonstrative woman, emotionally unresponsive. Houston was a hot lover. She met his embraces with coldness. He took this for want of affection and she finally admitted it. In the progress of the growing domestic rift Houston reproached his wife as unfaithful to him. With his wife's consent Houston laid the whole dispute before a relative in an effort at reconciliation. He retracted the charge he had made, and on his knees begged forgiveness, but either Eliza or the trusted relative communicated how matters

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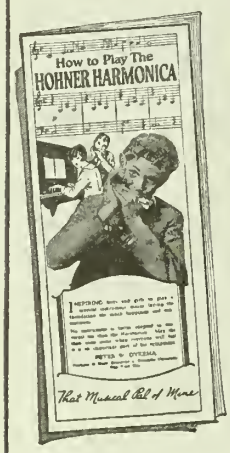

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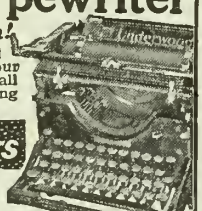

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stood to Eliza's parents. Eliza then left her husband, who, overwhelmed with grief and remorse, decided to efface himself.

Leaving Nashville in April of 1829 about a week after he had resigned the governorship, Houston made his way in disguise to the Indian settlements in the wilderness beyond the Mississippi in what is now Arkansas and Oklahoma. The old Chief Oo-loo-tee-kah received news of Houston's coming. He met him on the trail and called him his son. Houston went to live in Oo-loo-tee-kah's wigwam, exchanged the garb of civilization for that of the savage, and by formal ceremony was made a citizen of the Cherokee Indian Nation.

Houston sat in the councils of the nation and discovered that the government agents were swindling the Indians whose interests they were supposed to safeguard. The Cherokees twice sent Houston to Washington as their ambassador. Clad in a brilliant Indian blanket he appeared on the streets of the capital which had once known him as a promising young Congressman. He attracted no end of attention wherever he went. He argued the Indians' cause with success, notwithstanding every effort to discredit his evidence. He was entertained at the White House by Jackson, who never went back on a friend. The old cry of scandal was raised, to which Houston made no reply. But when a Congressman on the floor of the House spoke disrespectfully of Jackson in connection with Houston's Indian affairs, the Cherokee's emissary laid off his blanket and feathers. He dressed himself as a fashionable gentleman of the day, met the representative on Pennsylvania Avenue, took a pistol away from him and thrashed him with a cane.

Houston remained with the Indians until December of 1832. His foster father, the Chief Oo-loo-tee-kah, called him Co-lo-neh—but he was popularly known among the other Indians as "Big Drunk." Houston made it a point of honor, however, never to drink with an Indian. He said liquor degraded them. He went on his toots alone, or shared them with an occasional white settler or traveler or with the army officers at Fort Gibson. He married by tribal law an interesting Indian woman named Tah-li-hi-na Rodgers, the daughter and sister of chiefs. Her white blood is said to have come from a British officer of the Revolution. Tah-li-hi-na got Sam to taper off on his drinking, but comparative sobriety only brought a return of the fever of regret for the lost Eliza. In his restless search for a new activity to bring forgetfulness to his mind he mounted an Indian pony so small that his long legs nearly reached the ground and set out for Texas. He told Tah-li-hi-na he would send for her later on.

Texas had long been in Houston's mind. This domain was a province of Mexico, though largely settled by Americans and used as a refuge by outlaws and desperate characters generally. The place was misgoverned by the Mexicans and a revolution had been brewing for a long while. About all that was needed was a leader. The arrival of Houston was hailed as supplying this deficiency. But with well-calculated shrewdness Houston first attached himself to the conservative party in Texas. He knew Texas was unprepared to fight Mexico. He tried to organize an army but was pretty well thwarted by the jealousy of other "generals." Santa Anna, the soldier president of Mexico, decided not to give Texas another chance to prepare. He invaded with three armies and invested a Texan force which had seized the Alamo mission at San Antonio. This was the match to the powder. Texas declared itself an independent republic on March 2, 1836, and made Houston commander-in-chief of the army.

Only there was no army—merely a few scattered bands of poorly trained and equipped men, valiantly though not wisely led. Their combined numbers were not equal to the weakest of Santa Anna's three forces. One hundred and forty-five men under the young lawyer, Travis, were in the Alamo surrounded by 2,500 Mexicans. This predicament was brought about by disregard of Houston's earlier orders to blow up the Alamo and await a more favorable opportunity for battle. Colonel J. W. Fannin, a soldier of fortune from Georgia, had five hundred men at Goliad, about two hundred miles southwest of the Alamo. There were three hundred militia at Gonzales on the Guadalupe River, and some other scattering contingents.

With a staff of four or five men and Caesar's "Commentaries" in his saddlebags Houston set out from Washington, on Galveston Bay, where the declaration of independence had just been signed. His object was to unite Fannin's force with that at Gonzales and try to lift the siege of the Alamo. At Gonzales he found 374 men devoid of equipment or supplies. A day or so later came the news of the fall of the Alamo and the massacre of the garrison.

Houston had ordered Fannin to fall back and join him. But Fannin, either through disobedience of the orders of Houston, of whom he was jealous, or tardiness in executing them, was attacked and forced to surrender. He and his whole command were lined up and shot. This left Texas practically defenseless save for Houston and his 374 men. Santa Anna had more than 6,000 men and artillery. Houston retreated southeast, pursued by Santa Anna in person and 2,000 picked troops, and preceded by practically the whole population of west Texas which was fleeing the invader. For forty days Houston retreated until he reached San Jacinto River, near the present city of Houston. By dint of great exertions he had increased his force to about 700. On April 21, 1836, he caught Santa Anna with 1,800 men in a trap and attacked while the Mexican commander was taking his siesta at four o'clock in the afternoon.

It was an incredible battle. The Mexicans left 636 dead on the field and Santa Anna and the rest were captured. The Texan force lost six killed and 25 wounded, including the commander-in-chief. With the president of Mexico in his power Houston compelled the withdrawal of the two remaining Mexican armies and the Republic of Texas was a going concern.

Houston was elected its first president. He wrote Tah-li-hi-na to join him but she said she would be happier

with her people because she doubted her capacity to be the helpmeet of so great a man. When Houston retired from the presidency in 1838 Tah-li-hi-na was dead. Mirabeau B. Lamar succeeded Houston as president and involved the country in debt and difficulties. Houston took over the presidency again in 1840 and bent every effort to obtain the annexation of Texas by the United States. This had been the object of his southwestern adventure all along. Annexation was bitterly opposed by the anti-slave States of the North and by England and France. But Houston's superior diplomacy prevailed and Texas entered the Union in 1845.

Houston was a United States Senator from Texas from 1846 to 1858. He had married again—a Margaret Lea of Alabama, a saintly girl who proved a tranquillizing inspiration to a man rapidly aging from disillusionment and a hard life. He abandoned his intemperate habits and rose to heights of great statesmanship. But there was no peace. Though a Southern man and a slave owner his idea of duty led him to oppose plans for an extension of slave territory. This cost him his seat in the Senate. He made himself Governor of Texas to continue the fight to avert disruption of the Union and the Civil War. With all his power he opposed the secession of Texas in 1861. When despite his efforts the State voted to leave the Union he refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy and was evicted as governor.

This repudiation by the State of Texas, which he had made with his own hands and brain, was a blow from which he never recovered. He went into seclusion. His oldest son enlisted in the Confederate Army. Old Sam said it was all right; no worthy man should hesitate to venture his life for an honest conviction, whatever it might be. In 1863 word came that Sam Houston, Jr., was wounded and a prisoner in the North. The old man was past seventy and declining fast. He called his family about him, bade each one goodbye and with "Texas" on his lips Sam Houston took his departure into history, which, saving in Texas, had made scant acknowledgment of his services to this country.

You'd Never Know Monsieur Gabrio

(Continued from page 6)

cap and facing me. "Born in St. Paul and lived there all my life till the war came along."

Such a transformation may a few short years effect!

"St. Paul!" I cried, incredulously. "Why, that's not three hundred miles from my own home town! Were you in the A. E. F., then?"

"Believe me!" He pulled back the lapel of his overcoat and revealed a silver discharge button. "Wounded three times."

"Well, this is luck!" I exclaimed. "Two hours in Cherbourg and the first man we meet is a neighbor from home and a buddy of the big show. Guess we'll arrange, all right, to look over this township in one of your cars."

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And
REMINISCENCES
of the War
by Major-General Robt. E. Bullard

A little over 7 years ago American troops broke the famous Kriemhilde line, and advanced rapidly through open country, after fighting desperately for 20 days to advance 2½ miles.

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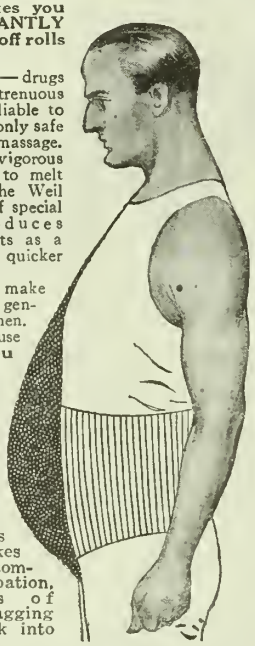
THE LEGION BOOK SERVICE
The American Legion Weekly
Indianapolis, Indiana

Fat Men!

This new self-massaging belt not only makes you look thinner INSTANTLY —but quickly takes off rolls of excess fat.



DIET is weakening — drugs are dangerous — strenuous reducing exercises are liable to strain your heart. The only safe method of reducing is massage. This method sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to melt away surplus fat. The Weil Reducing Belt, made of special reducing rubber, produces exactly the same results as a skilled masseur, only quicker and cheaper.

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Fat Replaced by Normal Tissue

From 4 to 6 inches of flabby fat usually vanishes in just a few weeks. **Only** solid normal tissue remains. The Weil Reducing Belt is endorsed by physicians because it not only takes off fat, but corrects stomach disorders, constipation, backache, shortness of breath and puts sagging internal organs back into place.

Special 10-Day Trial Offer

Send no money. Write for detailed description and testimonials from delighted users. Write at once. Special 10-day trial offer. The Weil Company, 583 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

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SALESMEN WANTED to sell direct, our high grade line of woolens, for ladies, men and children, consisting of: shirts, blazers, leather vests, pants, underwear, overcoats, mackinaws and hosiery. You may select any part of the line. By handling the entire line you are representing a complete store. Duluth Woolen Company, Duluth, Minnesota.

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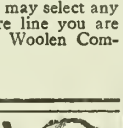

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Paris Post Number One, went with us, in addition to his chauffeur, to show us the sights and to talk over both America and the old war days, seeming almost as eager to visit with us as we with him. And gradually as we talked, we found out how he happened to be there in Cherbourg.

Briefly stated, he went through the usual period in training camps and finally got across. In March, 1918, he joined the 6th Field Artillery, First Division, as a replacement. Because he could speak French he was soon transferred to D. C. I. service. However uneventful his military career may have been according to his own modest account, he contrived to accumulate the three wounds previously mentioned, and also to happen close enough to one shell explosion to have his hearing permanently injured thereby. Likewise, in Dijon he experienced a shot of the romance for which France is famed and acquired a wife, who returned with him to St. Paul in 1919.

But when he went back to his railroad job, which had been held open for him, the medical examiners of the line for which he was working soon found out that his hearing had become too much impaired to pass the required tests, and he was given six months in which to find another position. This he eventually did by becoming a foreign representative of an American firm and he and his wife, with a daughter who had meantime been born to them, returned to France. In leaving America one of his keenest regrets was losing the privilege of hunting deer at Jump River, Wisconsin, where every year he spent several happy and exciting days.

But his new work did not satisfy this Minnesota ex-artilleryman, either in its existing scope or in its promise for the future. Happening to be in Cherbourg, he stumbled upon the fact that there was a certain demand there for automobile tours through the beautiful surrounding regions of Normandy and Brittany and along the coasts of those provinces, with their many noted seaside resorts. He determined to make the experiment. Not having much capital, he started with two small cars in good second hand condition. But he saw to it that his patrons got their money's worth.

That was in 1923. Today Legionnaire Gabrio has six first-class, large, closed cars and issues an attractive catalogue detailing some twenty-five possible tours in the regions adjacent to Cherbourg. No small part of his success Mr. Gabrio attributes to his wife, the girl whom he met in Dijon, far back among the hills of Bourgogne, in the days of the war, for she takes almost as active an interest and part in the business as he.

On our way back from our excursion, he took us to meet Mrs. Gabrio and their little daughter, both of whom speak English with a charming French accent. Their home is a shrine of Franco-American accord.

Why Hell's Kitchen Stayed *at* Home

(Continued from page 7)

recent months has been coming in for a good deal of not unmerited notoriety as the world's most active city in the world of crime. Some of the hell's kitchen of Chicago isn't more than a few miles from the quiet limits of La Grange. And with automobiles a regular part of the criminal's equipment, it would have taken Chicago's yeggs and stickups about ten minutes to raid the town en masse.

There wasn't an arrest the first two days the Legionnaires were on the job. There were a lot of warnings, both to folks who slowed up too suspiciously and to those who speeded through town with the idea that since the police weren't working they could get away with it. They found that just because a dispatch rider happens to be a sales manager today is no reason why he can't roll his putt-putt as fast as he could seven years ago.

It all started Monday night. Tuesday evening about 9:30 they got their first fire alarm. The resigned captain of police had continued to live in the police station, and had told the boys he was with them any time they needed him. He hit the deck the minute the fire alarm came in, and drove the big motor pumper to the fire. Right after him came the hook-and-ladder, with a Legionnaire at the wheel. They hit a 65-mile clip going, and arrived at the fire one mile from the station in exactly two and one-half minutes by the watch of the man whose wife turned in the alarm. Not so bad for new firemen on their first alarm.

It wasn't, luckily enough for everyone concerned, a serious fire. An automobile had caught fire at the gas tank, and the owner had it out within two minutes. So when the fire department steamed up with its scaling ladders at the *alerte*, there wasn't anything to do.

By Thursday night the village board had succeeded in recruiting enough regular experienced policemen to relieve most of the Legionnaires from their voluntary duty. Major William A. Peterson, La Grange lawyer, Legionnaire and former head of Military Police of the Third Army, took on the job of acting chief as a civic duty.

The village board has expressed its appreciation in no uncertain terms, for they realize that if it hadn't been for the Legion La Grange would have been in for a tough time of it. And the Civic Club, a local organization of prominent business men, expressed its appreciation in suitable resolutions.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

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

Co. M, 168TH Inf., 42D Div.—Reunion in Red Oak, Ia., Mar. 9. Address R. V. Hardwick, Box 133, Red Oak.

Btty. B, 121ST F. A.—Reunion at Green Bay, Wis., afternoon of Apr. 11. Address John J. Beno, Btty. B Veterans Assn., 1308 Dousman St., Green Bay, Wis.

Co. C, 58TH Ammn. Tr., A. A.—To complete roster former members please communicate with Thomas H. Hammond, 115 Pinehurst Ave., Providence, R. I.

U. S. S. Tonopah and U. S. S. Dreadnaught—To complete roster, former members are asked to address Edward LaViolette, Y. M. C. A., Freeport, Ill.

My Commission Last Month—over $500

Four months ago I was a pay-roll clerk with a salary of $175 a month. Any go-getter who has the "Pep," and wants a real sales proposition had better connect with the Fyr-Fyter Co. now while territory can be obtained.—A. H. Robey, W. Va. WE NEED 500 MORE MEN TO FILL POSITIONS WORTH $200 TO $500 PER MONTH. Our New Super-Fyr-Fyter is in big demand by home and auto owners, stores, factories, schools, hotels, restaurants, garages, farmers, theaters and hundreds of other classes. No experience necessary as we show you the way to establish a profitable and dignified business of your own. L. D. Payne averaged $20.77 profit per day for 217 days. DePries has averaged $150 per week profit for six years. Slidell and Viles sold $25,000 in two years. G. Howard earned $100 in one day. Write quick for details.

THE FYR-FYTER CO., 270 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, O.

Agents $90.00 A Week

Just out. New complete line of waterproof, greaseproof, stainproof aprons for everyone, and 35 other money-making rubber specialties. Direct from Akron, the Rubber City. Year-round demand. Show samples. Get orders on the spot from homes, stores, factories, shops, etc. Big Profits. Best values. Mrs. Martin, W. Va., made $30 in one day. Jos. Brand, Ohio, made $10.43 in one hour. You can do it.

FREE Outfit to workers. No experience needed. Make money fast. Full or spare time. We show you how. Send name and address quick for exclusive territory and **Free Outfit Offer.** WRITE TODAY.

KRISTEE MFG. CO., 163 Bar St., Akron, O.

Agents $12 to $25 a day

NEW SELLING SENSATION

Take orders for famous Stay-Prest Trouser Presser. Puts perfect crease in pants—takes out wrinkles and baggy knees. Sells quick to men and housewives. Newest thing out. Big repeater

FREE SELLING OUTFIT

Profits in advance. Ames made $24 in 4 hours. Randle sold 33 first day. Special Offer gives you Selling Outfit absolutely FREE. We guarantee you will make sales. Write for plan and exclusive territory. Act quick. Get Free Outfit.

The Getgey-Jung Co. C-74 G. Bldg. Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS we offer YOU

The Opportunity to get into a Permanent Business for **Yourself** representing our extensive Line of 250 Products in your territory. **Sure Repeaters.**—30 years on Market. Our 11 piece Toilet Goods Assortment at $2.00 with a 2 piece Carving Set **FREE** to your Customers is one big winner. Part time accepted, but full time will net you $50, $60, up to $75 a week.

Easy to Average $50.00 a Week.

What more could you ask while introducing line of Soaps, Toilet Articles, Food Specialties, Polishes, Remedies, etc. at **Attractive Prices.** 100% profit. **Write Today** for Illustrated Circular explaining our **Unique Sales Plans.** Act Now.

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You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

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"FOR GOD AND COUNTRY WE ASSOCIATE"

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.

POST PRINTING SERVICE
The American Legion Weekly
Indianapolis, Indiana

RADIO

THE Department of Pennsylvania goes on the air at 8 o'clock, Eastern Time, this evening, March 5, with its official radio broadcast programs. Three distinct all-Legion programs will be given simultaneously from Stations WLIT (295 meters), Philadelphia, and WCAE (461 meters), Pittsburgh, and from one of the four broadcasting stations located in Harrisburg, the call letters and wave length of which are not known. In addition to musical entertainment, each program will include short addresses by Legion department officers and by prominent citizens of the State.

BETWEEN 8 and 9 p. m., Central Time, March 11th, the Department of Georgia will offer a varied program over the Atlanta *Journal* station WSB (428 meters), in connection with its intensive department membership campaign. A fifteen-minute minstrel, selections by a piano, violin and cello trio and a first-class dance orchestra will be broadcast for the entertainment of listeners-in. In addition, Colonel Homer B. Watkins, Department Commander, will make a brief address telling of Legion progress in Georgia.

THE orchestra of Springfield (Massachusetts) Post, under the direction of Legionnaire Cyril J. LaFrancis, who was a member of the 104th Infantry Band during the World War, will broadcast a concert program from the Travelers Insurance Company station WTIC (349 meters), Hartford, Connecticut, from 8 to 9 p. m., Eastern Time, March 11th.

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.

DEPARTMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA will broadcast three official Legion programs simultaneously from Stations WLIT (295 meters), Philadelphia, WCAE (461 meters), Pittsburgh, and from a station in Harrisburg, March 5 at 8 p. m., Eastern Time.

DEPARTMENT OF GEORGIA will broadcast official Legion program from Station WSB (428 meters), Atlanta, March 11 from 8 to 9 p. m., Central Time.

SPRINGFIELD (Massachusetts) POST will broadcast program by its post orchestra from Station WTIC (349 meters), Hartford, Connecticut, March 11, from 8 to 9 p. m., Eastern Time.

ROY L. CHOPEK POST, Iowa City, Iowa, will broadcast Legion program from Station WSUI (484 meters), Iowa City, March 15, at 8:30 p. m., Central Time.

HOWARD C. MCCALL POST, Philadelphia, will broadcast program featuring 108th F. A. Band, 28th Div., from Station WIP (508.2 meters), March 18, 8 p. m., Eastern Time.

EREN N. GIRON POST, Nelson, Nebraska, will broadcast Legion program from Station KFEQ (268 meters), Oak, Nebr., March 19 from 2 to 8 p. m., and 8:30 to 10:30 p. m., Central Time.

Following Legion programs will be broadcast at 2 p. m. on dates shown from Station WMAQ (447.5 meters), Chicago, Illinois: SQUARE POST, Mar. 5; NORTH SHORE POST, Mar. 8; Auxiliary unit of FORGES POST, Mar. 9; GENERAL JOHN SWIFT POST, Mar. 10; American Legion Auxiliary, Mar. 11.

I Started my $50,000 FORTUNE with $10 a Month

WHEN 20 years old I was earning $100 a month. I started investing $10 a month and when my income increased I invested $25 a month, later $50 a month and finally $100. Now I am 35 years old and am worth $15,000. In another fifteen years the interest from this $15,000 will make me worth $50,000. I have invested, in small monthly amounts, only $10,050. Yet, when I am fifty I will be worth $50,000—$1,000 for every year of my age . . . . *Do you want to know the full story of Harvey Dodd's $50,000 fortune? Do you want the complete details of how he worked his plan? Do you want to know*

How You Can Have More Money

Then read two booklets, "The $50,000 Fortune of Harvey Dodd, Salaried Man", and "How to Gain Independent Means". Mail the coupon and we will send these booklets free.

First Mortgage Bonds at 8%
$100, $500 and $1000 Bonds
Partial Payments Arranged

Write to

TRUST COMPANY OF FLORIDA
Paid-in Capital and Surplus $500,000

Miami, Florida

Name.....
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Work for "Uncle Sam"

TRAVEL—See your country on government pay

RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS MAIL CARRIERS

$1700 to $3000 Year

Ex-Service Men Get Preference

Steady Work. No Layoffs. Paid Vacations.

Mail Coupon Immediately

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FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. P 187, Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Rush to me without charge: (1) Specimen Railway Postal Clerk Examination questions; (2) FREE book describing U. S. government positions open; (3) Full particulars describing preference to Ex-service men.

Name.....
Address.....

Bursts *and* Duds

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

Back to Self Support

The colored janitor had overheard the head clerk ask the boss for a month's vacation, saying he was going to be married.

"Lawsy, lawsy!" exclaimed the old man, shaking his head. "What de worl' comin' to, when a gemmun lak dat ouly figgers on his ma'iage lastin' fo' weeks?"

He Believed It

"Would you believe it? So far, that car of mine has cost me only $50?"

"Well, I suppose that's one of the advantages of the deferred payment plan."

The Cynical Makeup Man

[*From Fresno (Cal.) Bee*]

The young couple returned to Dinuba and were married by a

CABBAGE—75c@$1.00 dozen.

The Reckless Age

"I suppose old Jim Tucker is as stingy as ever," remarked the former resident on a flying visit to Dinkyville.

"Gosh, no!" exclaimed the native. "Jim's gettin' to be a reg'lar spendthrift. Why, he even gets his hair cut at the barber shop now!"

On the Contrary

A visitor was talking to a native of a small town about things in general.

"Do you ever take in the patent medicine shows?" he inquired.

"Wal," replied the native, "to tell ye the truth, it's generally just the other way round."

Average Husbands

"I heard there were a lot of bad men in this town," remarked the traveler who was touring the West.

"Well, mister," replied the native of the flourishing city of Holster, "it don't pay to listen to women's gossip."

The Ultimate Insult

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

NOTICE—Stolen from Kresge 10c store 1924 model Ford touring car.

Play It Safe

Old Mrs. Jones was about to embark on her first airplane ride and, naturally enough, was a bit timid about the adventure.

"Now, before we start, young man," she cautioned the pilot, "I want it distinetly understood that we're not to get out of sight of land."

Limerix

When h'I were a soldier in Rheims,
H'I onee got a bid to a dheims,
But a blarsted 'Un shell
Like a bat out of 'Ell,
Kerplunked!—and h'I 'adn't no pheims.
—*E. E. R.*

A young girl named Sweet Genevieve
With her lover was much in a pieve.
Said she to her sheik:
"You'll make sixty a weik,
Or else you will *not* get me, Steive."
—*J. P. R.*

The Original Jonah

"Do you really believe you're unlucky?" asked an amateur philanthropist after he had donated a dime to a panhandler.

"Mister," declared the bum solemnly, "I got such a jinx that if a feller give me a ride in a airplane and we was up five thousand feet, that machine'd be bound to fall right on the railrud traeks just as a train was comin' along."

What Happens to Expert Faders

[*From Framingham (Mass.) News*]

Beldino Guagenti, who broke an army Sunday afternoon, is a patient at the Framingham hospital.

Bought and Paid For

Jaek: "Bought her flowers, eandy, a ring and took her to three shows, did you? No wonder you're broke!"

Harold: "Yes, I'm still paying for the kiss I thought I stole."

Obituary

While passing here,
Please shed a tear
For William Henry Lackim.
He stole a van
And shot a man,
And had no jack to backim.
—*M. S. J.*

From the Neck Up

"What's a dead letter?" asked the simple maid.

"That, dearie," answered the wise baby, "is a letter that has nothing in it that would justify a breaeh of promise suit."

On Its Way

[*From Decatur (Ill.) Review*]

Bruee Wilkins of 925 Van Dyke street reported to the poliee that he lost his saxophone out of his car between his home and the city dump.

No Difference

"Gal," pleaded a colored suitor at the eonelusion of an impassioned proposal, "ef yo' don' ma'y me Ah'll go crazy!"

"Hmpf!" sniffed the unmoved belle. "An' who's gwine fin' it out?"

Crowning Insult

The motorist en route for Chicago was stopped at night in the eenter of a little hamlet by the loeal traffic officer.

"Say, mister," said the eonstable, "you've got to dim your lights going through town."

"Yes, yes, I know," replied the motorist impatiently. "By the way," he added, "how far is it into town?"

The Shofer's Viewpoint

"Don't you find your job irksome?" the passenger asked the taxi-driver.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered cheerfully. "I only work eight hours a day and the first hundred dollars are the hardest."

Businessman, Jr.

"Willie," inquired the wealthy but parsimonious aunt, "if I were to give you two dollars, what would you do?"

"Count them," replied the ehild briefly.

An Old Hand

"Have you ever had any selling experience?" asked the prospeetive employer of the applieant for a job.

"Have I?" snorted the applicant scornfully. "I've tried to sell myself to at least two employers a day for the last six weeks."

Cowboys?

[*Ad in Topeka Capital*]

Gauntlet Gloves for Boys that are warm lined and made of soft long wearing leather.

In 1936

She (keeping date): "It's about time you showed up! I've been waiting a full hour! What detained you?"

He (apologetically): "Sorry, dear. I've been all this time trying to get my trousers to flap just right."

The Inevitable

"Do you play eards for money?"

"No; merely with money."

Those Homesick Blues

(By the man who inherited the Van Spindlix millions)

Oh, I'd like to go baek to that tumbledown shaek,
With five Masters' Bedrooms to sleep in!
Oh, gay boyhood seenes with my six limousines,
Where I used to take little Bo-Peep in;
Oh, days of my youth! Oh, childhood uneouth,
When I eame down to tea in Tuxedo,
When we were so lonely and father was only
The riehest old man in Toledo!

We were honest but poor, and we had to endure
Just twelve plain domesties to serve us;
But happy were we in our sad poverty
And sacrifice didn't unnerve us.
So now let me stroll to the old swimmin' hole
(Rule One of the Old-Homer's Credo),
The seene of my trials and grim self-denials,
When father bootlegged in Toledo!
—*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

Hoop skirt? Oh, no, that's only an isinglass windshield for early March weather

AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY DIRECTORY.

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Afraid *of* My Own Voice

But I Learned to Dominate Others Almost Overnight

SUDDENLY the boss turned to me and queried, "Well, Conroy, what's your opinion?" They all listened politely for me to speak and in the silence I heard my thin, wavering voice stammering and sputtering a few vague phrases. Like a flash Stoddard interrupted me and launched on a brilliant description of his plan. All sat spellbound as he talked — my views were forgotten — and yet I have been studying the problem for months and I was prepared to suggest a sound, practical plan which I knew would solve all our difficulties.

And that was the way it always was—I was always being given opportunities to show my ability and always failing miserably. I was bashful, timid, and nervous — I never knew how to express myself, how to put my ideas across. In fact, I was actually afraid of my own voice! Constantly I saw others with less ability, less experience than I being promoted over my head—simply because they had the knack of forceful speech, self-confidence, and personality—the very qualities I lacked.

In social life, too, I was a total loss—I was always the "left-over"—the one who sat back and watched the others have a good time. I seemed doomed to be an all around failure unless I could conquer my timidity, my bashfulness, my lack of poise and inability to express myself.

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How to talk before your club or lodge
How to propose and respond to toasts
How to address board meetings
How to tell entertaining stories
How to make a political speech
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How to write letters
How to sell more goods
How to train your memory
How to enlarge your vocabulary
How to develop self-confidence
How to acquire a winning personality
How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
How to become a clear, accurate thinker
How to develop your power of concentration
How to be the master of any situation

In 15 Minutes a Day

And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me a powerful speaker almost overnight. I learned how to bend others to my will, how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands. Soon I had won salary increases, promotion, popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words. And I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by everyone, but cultivated by so few—by simply spending 15 minutes a day in the privacy of my own home, on this most fascinating subject.

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can *conquer timidity*, stage f r i g h t, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing, and success. Today business demands for the big, important high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small unimportant territory to a salesmanager's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

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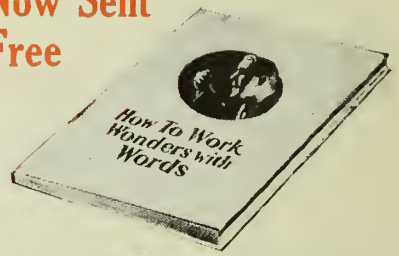

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