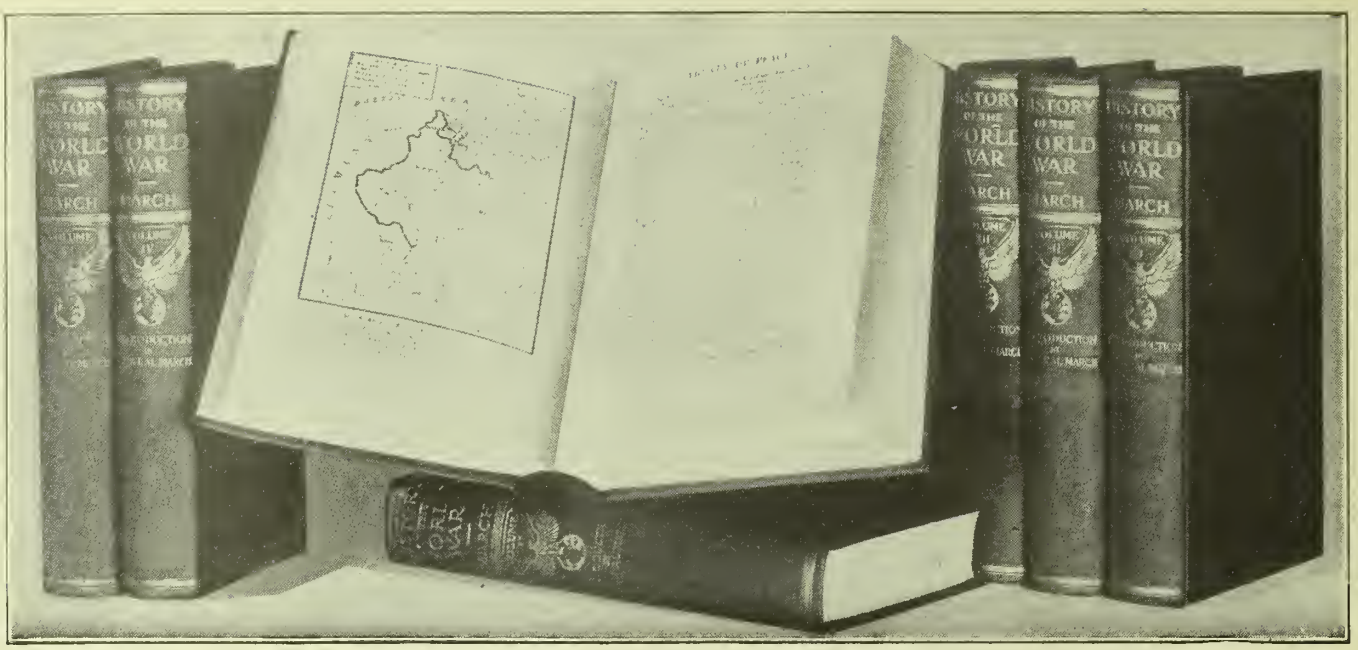
MAY 21, 1926

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



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May 21, 1926

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

Vol. 8, No. 21

LEGIONNAIRE W. L. BARNUM of Square Post of Chicago, Illinois, is one man who has made certain that he is going to be qualified to attend that 1927 convention in Paris. He has just paid up his 1927 dues and Post Adjutant Carl B. Hesler claims for him the honor of being the first Legionnaire to pay up for next year. "I am leaving on June 1st for a trip and will be gone for more than a year," Barnum wrote his post adjutant. "I am inclosing my check for 1927 dues because I expect to be somewhere east of Suez when you would want the money next year. And I am certainly going to try to see you all in Paris."

* * *

SPEAKING of east of Suez, here is a letter from Feng Li Chang, a Chinese boy who has been attending Tientsin English Night School in Tientsin, China. Feng Li Chang writes: "In a past issue of The American Legion Weekly which accidentally fell into my hands I read an article concerning yearly competitions amongst the younger folk of America, in which the prize of the winner is a certain sum which is used in the improvement of the education of the winner. May I inquire as to whether a Chinese student is eligible to contend?" Unfortunately, the Legion's National Essay Contests have to be restricted to pupils of American schools, but perhaps Feng Li Chang will get a chance to realize his dream of coming to an American college or university. FIDAC, the federation of service men's societies of the allied countries, is now working out a plan for international scholarship exchanges, and perhaps Chinese boys may some day be eligible to get a scholarship with Legion assistance.

* * *

MANY American Legion posts throughout the country have increased their membership and stimulated interest in the organization by forming rifle clubs under the auspices of the National Rifle Association. The process of organizing a club is simple. Ten members is the minimum required. Any Legionnaire is eligible. The National Rifle Association, which enjoys the complete co-operation of the War Department, will issue to each club two Springfield .30 calibre rifles, two .22 calibre rifles for indoor shooting, targets, flags, marking discs, and so on. There will be an annual issue of ammunition, targets, pasters, etc. The only charge is a ten dollar annual fee for the club. The Association furnishes suggestions for holding club competitions and will furnish medals to winners of club championships. In order to permit all riflemen to fire in national events without spending time and money to attend, the Association conducts a series of matches by mail. Legion posts which have formed rifle clubs have found a useful post activity, providing recreation the year round. The Executive Secretary of the National Rifle Association is Milton A. Reckord of Maryland, an active Legionnaire, now chairman of the National Military Affairs Committee of the Legion. His office is Room 1108, Woodward Building, Washington, and he will be glad to hear from any interested Legionnaires who wish to know more about the possibilities of a Legion Post rifle club.

* * *

OAK PARK (Illinois) POST has established as a shrine for Memorial Day ceremonies a miniature French cemetery in which white crosses bear the names of the more than sixty Oak Park men who gave their lives in the World War. Other posts have also established these cemeteries but Oak Park Post in its Memorial Day ceremony this year, following the custom it adopted last year, will render an unusual tribute to the dead. Legionnaire M. V. Gottschalk reports that his post has adopted Napoleon's "combat roll call." "Following a battle," writes Mr. Gottschalk, "the roll of a division was called. As the names of the living were called, they answered. As the name of each of the dead or wounded was called a comrade answered 'Here.' The effect was tremendous. A soldier's spirit always remained with his division.

"Oak Park Post's shrine is laid out in an open space among the trees in Forest Grove Cemetery," continues Mr. Gottschalk. "Last year on Memorial Day a silken tape encircled the plot of crosses. Our post assembled in hollow square formation around the tape. Without a halt the roll of the dead was read, a Legionnaire answering 'Here' to each name, and as each name was called the post's banner was dipped in salute. After the roll was called, the silken cord was broken and the relatives and friends of the dead placed pink poppies and flowers among the crosses."

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The apprentice slowed down his pace and came to a stop before a gate where a tall old windmill spread its sails against the sky

MONEY

FIFTH IN A SERIES OF ADVENTURES OF

Dean of the D. C. I.

By KARL W. DETZER

Illustrated by V. E. Pyles

THE police of the harbor city of Nantes, at the mouth of the River Loire, were called to the engraving shop of Monsieur Justine Eyraud at eight o'clock on the morning of December 1, 1920. Arriving, they discovered Fernand Boyer, apprentice of Monsieur Eyraud, very white and much disturbed, holding back a crowd of curious citizens from the door. The shop, which was located in a dark, narrow byway just off the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, less than a hundred paces from the busy Place Graslin, was a narrow room, poorly illuminated by two small windows upon the street. Three stone steps, worn in the middle, led down to the door, which was below the level of the highway.

The front office contained only a desk greatly littered with drawings and business forms, two pine chairs, both wobbly on their legs, and a glass covered case in which were displayed examples of steel engravings, copper plate etchings, dry points, and three color process prints.

The work shop or laboratory at the rear was lighted by a single broad window upon a narrow court. Here the police detected the odor of sulphuric acid. The room, which was low and long and narrow, was in great confusion. Broad tables were heaped with half-finished drawings and pots of etchers' wax, deep earthen containers gave off fumes of nitric and sulphuric acids, and on the floor were scattered a miscellany of papers, many of which bore the marks of printing proofs. A stone bench with an ink roller and ink slab on one end was heaped with copper plates and steel plaques. A confusing mass, indeed.

And on the floor behind the stone bench, his head jammed into a corner, huddled Justine Eyraud, dead. Quite dead. Cold. Already stiffened in the grotesque knot into which he had fallen.

Protruding from the front of Monsieur Eyraud's coarse gray shirt, a steel instrument presented a long, narrow, tapering handle. The spot at which it penetrated the chest was an inch or two above the center of the heart.

Detective Chief Jolly, who was called immediately by the officers who first reached the shop, took charge of the investigation, together with Monsieur LaCroix, *Procurator de la République*, and a police surgeon.

The instrument which had caused the death of the inventor-engraver was discovered to be one of the man's own tools, a dentist's chisel, ground to a sharp point, for use in fine work on etchers' wax. So much they learned from Fernand Boyer, when his fright had passed enough to permit him to make a statement.

"I left the shop at the usual hour last evening," he continued under the questioning of Monsieur Jolly. "I am in the habit of locking the windows and putting on the shutters promptly at five each afternoon. I then place the steel screen over the glass on the front door, and by that time Monsieur Eyraud is ready to go. We walk out together and continue together as far as the Place Graslin, where he turns to the right and I to the left. That was what happened last evening."

"Good!" Monsieur Jolly leaned over. "Sometimes he returns to the shop at night?"

"Very rarely, that I know of. My duties are over at five."

"And this morning. Tell us what happened."

"I came as usual at eight o'clock, or a few minutes earlier. I unlocked the door with my key and stepped in. At first I noticed nothing. I took down the shutters and was passing to the rear of the shop to get the broom to sweep out when I saw . . . I saw . . ."

He swallowed mightily and looked aghast once more into the corner.

"M'sieu'," asked Detective Chief Jolly, "have you any suspicion? Anything that could start us on our search for the assassin? Had M'sieu' Eyraud any enemy? Was there a love affair?

He was a bachelor, I believe. Who were his intimates?"

Fernand Boyer wrinkled his white forehead. He was an unprepossessing youth, of sickly build, with a poor complexion and the appearance of an underfed and overworked childhood. Only his eyes, which were dark with a rich luster, showed a mental alertness.

"Monsieur Eyraud had no favorites," he spoke slowly, bending the fingers of his right hand back with his left. "No intimates. He lived alone in a poor apartment . . . I have carried messages to him there and know that it was ill furnished and cold. He was not in love, except with his inventions and experiments. He had no trouble with anyone, unless . . ."

"Unless what?" Jolly snapped, jerking his black mustache.

"Unless you mean bill collectors. He always was putting them off. Just yesterday there was one, an American . . . they argued a long time. It was over the new lenses."

"An American, eh? His name?"

"Monsieur Franklin. Wait . . . in the drawer there you will find the bills. Yes . . . no . . . the one below. That's it . . . see . . . on the pink paper."

Detective Jolly pawed the documents out to the top of the desk.

"John Franklin," he read aloud, "Number Seven, Avenue St. Joseph's, Paris. Representing the New York Photo-Engraving Supply Corporation." He hesitated and glanced through some other papers. "Flute! What's this? A letter from the same M'sieu' Franklin, eh? Ho! Listen! He insists on payment of his account . . . seventy-eight hundred francs."

The detective examined the papers carefully for five minutes. Then he turned to the procurator.

"The man writes miserable French," he said, "but listen. He writes: 'If you do not see your way clear to pay this time, I must warn you that I take extreme measures. I will call at your shop December first. Be prepared to pay me the balance in full. If you do not, I will carry out the promise I made when I last saw you.' "

Jolly looked hard at the police surgeon, who in turn glanced meaningly at Monsieur LaCroix, the *Procurator de la République*. Jolly was a slim-waisted, straight-backed fellow, with a brooding face and thin lips that were concealed under too large a black mustache. He took off his brown, soft hat, and scratched his head.

"Perhaps M'sieu' Franklin is still in the city. At least I shall order his arrest. A threatening letter . . . then murder . . . yes, I order his arrest. And in the meantime I shall search for more clews. You are through with the body, *M'sieu' le Docteur?* I shall have it removed."

* * *

Christopher Dean sat in his office at the Palais de Justice in Paris with his arm in a sling and read the message from Nantes. He sucked three times on his pipe, and looked at the clock. Five minutes past noon. There was a train for Nantes from the Gare d'Orsay at two o'clock. This case offered a change. And he needed a change, by Jove!

For nearly nine months he had trotted back and forth across France on the slippery heels of an American scalawag named Lark, Dan Lark, a smart reprobate from Boston and the United States Army. Nearly caught him once or twice . . . nearly . . . not quite. Close enough the last time to get his own arm in a sling!

It would be relief to have a new case. Another American, a chap named Franklin, was held in Nantes for killing an inventor. Chief Jolly of the Nantes force had telegraphed, asking his help. Dean had heard of Jolly . . . a quick customer, usually got his man. But why should he want help?

Early on the morning of December second, after a sleepless night in an ill-heated train, Detective Dean awaited Detective Chief Jolly in police headquarters at Nantes. Together, after an introductory breakfast, they trudged down hill in the wind to the engraving shop of Eyraud.

"Ever since I got word from the Paris bureau that you were available in American cases, I have planned to call on you should I need help," Jolly was explaining. "I remember the American detectives in the war, the Department Recherches Criminals, yes . . ."

"The D. C. I.," Dean corrected him. "Certainly, I was one of them. That's how I got into the Paris bureau. So this is the place!"

They passed a policeman on guard at the door who informed Chief Jolly that nothing had been touched.

"I left it all for you, Dean," Jolly said. "There are many papers in the drawers. I haven't read them all. Here is the letter from M'sieu' Franklin. He will need to explain it to both of us, M'sieu'. I am holding him at my headquarters. Now for the sake of system . . . I am a great believer in system, M'sieu'!"

He cleared a space on the table.

"This is the instrument that killed him. There were no finger prints. He lay in that corner . . . there . . . head down, and his arm up. Seemed to have died fighting. Boyer, the apprentice, he's a thick headed calf and trustworthy . . . insists that the door was locked, that he unlocked it with his key in the morning to get in. No window was broken, all were locked from inside. Eyraud's key was in his pocket.

"Therefore, whoever did the killing had a key to the place. The doctor says that the man had been dead at least ten hours when he examined the body at nine o'clock yesterday . . . that would place the murder at about eleven the night before."

Dean was prowling about the shop.

"What did he make here?" he wanted to know. "Is it a printing house?"

Detective Chief Jolly cleared his throat.

"He made nothing but experiments!" he growled. "Ran an engraving shop but never had any customers. I saw the man occasionally. A good citizen, out. But . . . how shall I say it? A bit of a *fou*, crazy in the head now and then. Invented and experimented. How did he live? By patents, mostly. Several small ones that made a few francs a month. He was a maniac for studying his subject, the apprentice Boyer has told me. He let business rot while he played with inks and wax and copper plates. There was a smell of sulphuric acid when the police came in . . . fooled them at first. Then the apprentice explains there is always such a smell, with etching. Yes, M'sieu', those are the papers from his desk. I have not looked over the rest of the shop

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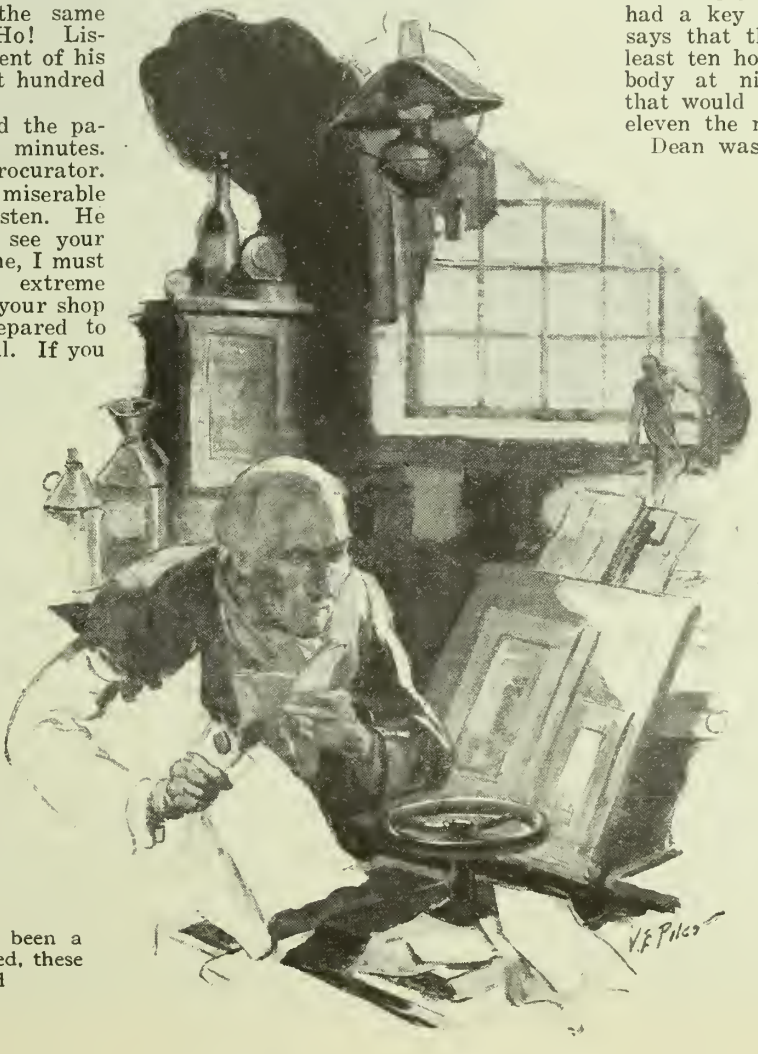

Justine Eyraud had been a skilled engraver indeed, these notes testified

Michigan Will Do Its Share

By PHILIP VON BLON

While Past Department Commander Paul Martin checked on the prospect list, Commander George A. Dorman and buddies of Custer Post signed up fifty-seven members over the 'phone in the Third Michigan District's last minute push which gave it victory over every other district in the State

THIS is going to be a story mainly about the winning of a championship membership cup by one Michigan Legion district in competition with all the other districts in its State. But because the story happens to center in Battle Creek, and because Battle Creek happens to be one of those cities having a fame disproportionate to its size, the chronicler of this story is going to say, first of all, a few words for Battle Creek.

There is the old story they tell of Los Angeles, the tale of a death at sea. The ship's captain conducted the burial service until it seemed a prayer should be offered. The captain, feeling that this part was beyond him, called for a volunteer to offer the prayer, but nobody volunteered. And, then, the period of awkward silence was broken when a tall passenger stepped forward and said: "Well, Captain, if no one else wishes to speak, I'd like to say a few words for Los Angeles."

Battle Creek is that sort of a town. Its name recalling the symbols of its greatness, Battle Creek is one of the interesting American cities to which come in time all those who like to visit America's pilgrimage centers. Niagara Falls, Grand Canyon, Salt Lake City—the list will come to your mind—and Battle Creek.

Battle Creek's fame rests largely upon two institutions—the first, the huge factories of the Postum Cereal Company, where is made a large proportion of the country's breakfast foods, and the second, the Battle Creek Sanitarium, where thousands of persons each year seek renewed health by following under expert medical guidance methods designed to let nature do its curative work.

The breakfast food factories, rising upon a hillside above the town, are truly a vast laboratory of mechanical wonders, in which amazing machines apparently endowed with everything except the power of thought work miracles with raw grain. Here the mechanical genius of the United States has expressed itself superlatively.

In the city's center, in a setting of stately trees, rises the Battle Creek Sanitarium, a landmark for generations, its main entrance separating the outer work-a-day world from an inner exotic attractiveness. There is an atmosphere of Europe within the lobby, something of Nice and Monte Carlo and Aix les Bains—something that impresses instantly and pleasantly the visitor used to the rush and super-splendor of the big metropolitan hotels built day before yesterday. Perhaps it is the paintings, hanging everywhere, or the chandeliers, the grouping of palms and other plants, the colorful carpeting, the restful lounges. About it all there is an obvious cosmopolitanism. No guide need explain that among the sanitarium's guests at any given time may be found a sizable list of celebrities.

Yes, all about that Michigan Legion membership cup race in due time, but now for something about Henry D. Lindsley, Past National Commander of The American Legion. As almost everybody knows, Mr. Lindsley was once mayor of Dallas, Texas, started in the World War as a rear-rank rookie at the Plattsburgh training camp, was called overseas hastily by General Pershing to take charge of the work of providing the whole A. E. F. with War Risk Insurance, later went to Washington to head the Government activities which eventually produced the Veterans Bureau, and, through election at the St. Louis caucus in 1919, became head of The American Legion in its organization period. Mr. Lindsley's leadership in those early critical days gave to the Legion character and principles which have endured unchanged.

Mr. Lindsley was seeking a long-needed rest when he arrived quietly at Battle Creek early in April. But a man who has been a National Commander of The American Legion can't find obscurity where there is a post of the Legion. About the time Mr. Lindsley was taking his first gallop on a sanitarium electric horse, Paul Martin discovered him. Mr. Martin was commander of the Michigan Department of the Legion in 1922 and he is managing editor of the Enquirer-News of Battle Creek. Newspapers have a way of finding out everything quickly. That is why the Third Michigan District of The American Legion, when it assembled at dinner on April 14th to celebrate its winning of the prize cup awarded to the district making the best membership showing up to April 1st, had the unexpected pleasure of hearing Past National Commander Henry D. Lindsley give an address which deserves a place in Legion history.

Almost two hundred Legionnaires and members of the Auxiliary heard

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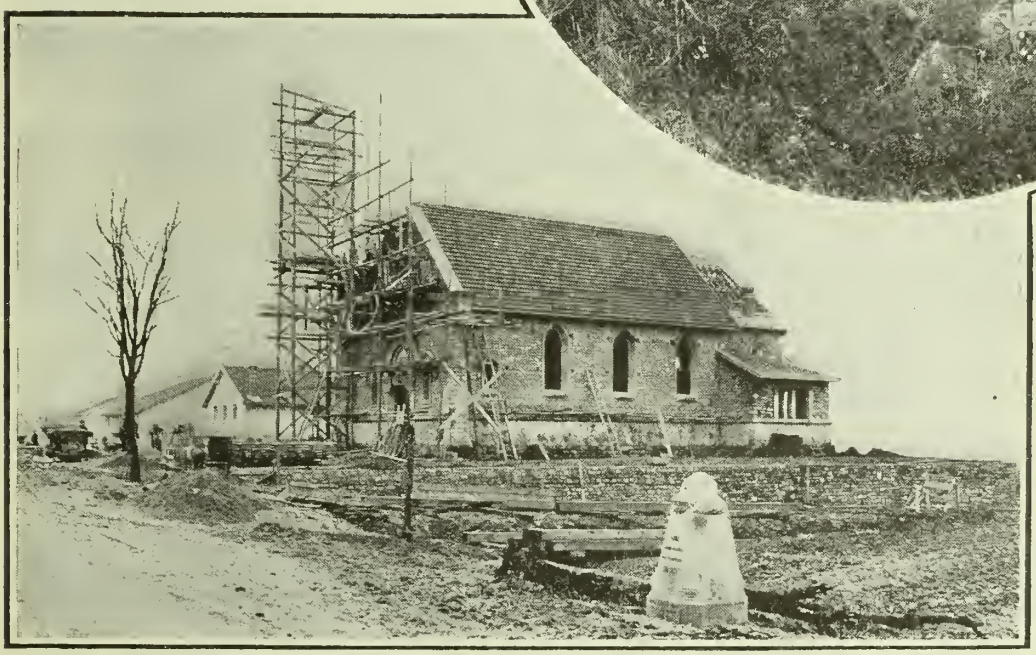
The Town *that* Walked *a* Mile

By JOHN J. NOLL



The pile of stone in the upper photograph, all that remained of the village church, was the largest bit of stonework left in Boureuilles when men of the 28th and 35th Divisions took the village on September 26, 1918. A new church is being built, but the church and the surrounding village have moved a mile from the old townsite. The stone in the foreground in the lower picture is a memorial mile marker erected by Stanford University, California

IT is almost a foregone conclusion that the present-day tourist in France who during the World War viewed that country as a member of the A. E. F. will hie first to the localities where his unit gave battle to the enemy. In most instances he will have no difficulty in locating the villages occupied or captured by his outfit, even though many of the villages have changed considerably in general appearance due to the steady reconstruction during the past seven-and-a-half years.

Former members of the 28th and 35th Divisions, however, will not find it quite so easy to locate a village which both divisions learned to know in the first day of the Meuse-Argonne offensive on September 26, 1918. Situated just within the eastern boundary of the 28th Division's sector, and therefore just outside of the sector occupied by the 35th Division, to the right in the line, the village of Boureuilles saw troops of both of these divisions in the early hours of the first day of the offensive. At ten o'clock on the morning of September 26th what remained of the village was in American hands.

Boureuilles marked the line of the farthest advance of the German invaders along the Meuse-Argonne front. As early as November, 1914, the village had been reduced to a mere heap of stones and rubbish. One effort was made by the French to regain some of the invaded territory and on January 4, 1915, the village was retaken by them but shortly after fell again into enemy hands in a counter-attack and remained within the German lines, which in this vicinity saw no change for almost four years, until the American offensive of 1918. The largest bit of stonework visible in Boureuilles when the Americans entered the village was a corner of the church. So hopeless was the condition of the town when its former citizens returned, so full it was of pitfalls and heaps of weed-grown stones, that they decided it would not be worth the trouble to clear away the debris and rebuild the village on the old site. So a mile up the road a new town has now taken form—a town which bears the name of Boureuilles.

It was not often that a company acting as a liaison unit with the adjoining division had the opportunity of taking a town. Company I, 110th Infantry, of the 28th Division, with a platoon of the 108th Machine Gun Battalion of the same division, acting as liaison between their division and the 35th, however, had the honor of entering Boureuilles at ten o'clock a. m., September 26th. It is possible that the company acting in like capacity for the 137th Infantry of the 35th Division may have had some of its members enter the town at the same time. Information on this point is not available in histories of the latter division.

Pleasants Post manning the fire equipment which it presented its home town of St. Marys, Virginia, thereby making itself solid with the citizens. Since the boys provided the apparatus two years ago, no fire has gone very far in its efforts to get out of hand

Their Town Said Thank You

By A. V. LEVERING

EVERYBODY in town knew that if a real good fire ever got started, the greater part of the town might go. A good many small towns have gone that route, when faced by the combination of a brisk wind, a crackling fire and scanty fire-fighting equipment.

Somehow, though, nobody ever did anything more than talk about the danger. At least, the talk never got to the point of providing a real fire department for Saint Marys, West Virginia. Meanwhile everyone in town was praying that the fire would not start.

Frank J. Barron was commander of Pleasants Post in 1924. When the post decided that it would like to present Saint Marys with a competent fire department, well equipped, "Kitty" Barron volunteered to direct a first-class minstrel show to make money for the purchase of a chemical fire truck. In March two performances of the show netted $500 toward the job.

A number of folks came forward with donations toward the fire equipment. Then the post borrowed enough money to make up the purchase price. Next thing anybody knew, there was a nice shiny new fire truck on the streets.

But a fire truck isn't a dainty little thing you can tuck away in an odd corner of your henryford garage. The post discovered that, now that it had a fire truck, it had no place to keep the blamed thing. It isn't good business to leave expensive equipment out in the weather; so the members went to the banks of the city.

"Sure, we'll lend you money to put up a fire-house," the bankers told them. So plans were drawn up for a shed-like structure, sixteen by forty feet. Then, when the foundation was being dug, someone got a bright idea. "Let's build it twenty feet longer," he proposed—and the digging gang proceeded with the excavation. They poured the foundation.

Next the side walls started up. Another ambitious Legionnaire hung his claw-hammer in the back pocket of his overalls, scratched his head, and asked a question. "Now that we've got the ground floor practically built, why not keep going up until we have a second story? Wouldn't that be a good place for a Legion meeting room?"

They got a little more studding and sheathing and flooring, and put up the meeting room. But the money was running short. And when someone suggested a Fourth of July program to raise part of the extra money that was needed, everyone pitched in. The extra notes were paid off, and the building proceeded.

Again the inevitable optimist interfered. "We ought to have a kitchen," this pest offered as his contribution. "It wouldn't cost much, and then there'd be a place to fix up a little chow."

"When do we eat?" chorused the working party. And they put on a kitchen, too.

By now the post was in need of more money. It was getting along toward late summer. The chance offered to help the Farm Bureau folks run the Pleasants County Fair, for a share of the profits. In the past there hadn't been any profits. The post turned to, and made some money on the fair.

Along in the mid-part of 1925, the post decided its fire equipment wasn't adequate. So it purchased a second-hand chassis, and the members fixed it up, transferred part of the chemical equipment to the new body, and mounted on it ladders and other do-dinguses that are used for fighting fires. Then, just to show what they thought of the Legion's efforts, the city fathers purchased 500 feet of new fire hose and turned it over to the Legion fire department.

Maintaining a good fire department is a heavy job for the city government of a town of 2,000, such as Saint Marys. It had proved too heavy a job, which was why the town was inadequately protected.

When Pleasants Post started out to get a fire department for its town, the post had thirty-four members. By the end of 1925, it had more than ninety-five percent of the eligible men of the county, and its roll ran up to 177. It's going to beat that record this year, mainly because the whole town appreciates the post's unselfish service.

A PERSONAL PAGE *by* Frederick Palmer

Not All of Us Yet

How rich and thrifty we are! At the end of the fiscal year our public debt will be reduced to less than twenty billion dollars, which is six billions less than it was in 1919. Taxation receipts, despite the decrease of income tax, promise to exceed estimates by one hundred sixty millions. France has signed her sixty-two-year debt settlement. Money from the Allied debtors will continue to pour in. Bankers are lending more money abroad to bring in more interest.

Yet there are holes in our prosperity. We cannot just sit back thinking that all is bliss, all is done. The acreage of our farms has decreased eight percent since 1900. Farmers are earning four percent less income than in 1914. In many industries workers' wages have not kept pace with the increased cost of living. Our regular soldiers are living in shabby quarters, some under leaky roofs. General Fox Conner suggests that we sell Governor's Island, the Presidio and other surplus government lands in order to get enough money for the housing program for our soldiers. Ralph Stewart of Marietta, Ohio, allowed eighty dollars a month and $350 back pay as disability compensation, for pulmonary tuberculosis, died before he received the news.

Now Is the Time

General Atterbury knows. He was in France. He is arranging that all Legionnaires of the Pennsylvania Railroad will be allowed a maximum of four weeks' vacation to go to France in '27. If other employers who were not in France fail to follow Atterbury's lead it will be the fault of employees who say: "What's the use? I can't get off the job to go." Such absences have to be arranged ahead. The man who is to take the absent one's place may want a longer vacation this year to make up for the shorter one next year. When a group of employees go to the chief with their list and their request, recalling the days of that other trip to France to protect us all—if he refuses he will have a poor memory.

So Young, So Smart

There are a few such in every college and every community. Out of the 4,445 students at Yale twenty-five have enrolled in a Free Thinkers Society, which is about the proportion in other colleges and communities who refuse to believe in God. Sinclair Lewis, the author of "Main Street," is looked up to as Yale's great atheist by the Free Thinkers Society whose chairman, young Mr. Hoffman, says that "a group of daring young radicals band together, on the platform that the old religion is bunk, that God is figment of a diseased mind, and Heaven a luscious frankfurter held out at the end of a stick to keep the anthropoid rabble working like the trained dog in the circus."

Young Hoffman must have felt that he was a real devil in blasphemous language when he uttered that. When these juveniles are out in the world, facing realities, and have known, perhaps, what it is to be near death—well, I imagine that they will be taken to church by their wives and they will want their children to go to church. Then they will be just common earth, like the rest of us.

"Boom! Boom!" Why Not?

Under the heading of "Boom! Boom!!" the New York *World* objects sarcastically to their questions because "they allowed Messrs. Hill and James to blow their own trumpets." Before the House Military Committee, which was considering the Welch Bill to prohibit compulsory military training in all but military schools, Representative John Philip Hill, who saw service in 1917-'18, asked witness Longstreth, Attorney General of Pennsylvania, if he had been in service in the late war. Mr. Longstreth had not. Representative W. Frank James, who was a private in the Spanish-American War, asked Prof. William Bradley Otis, of the College of the City of New York, "Where were you in '98?" Prof. Otis was in college. When a man testifies on any subject you want to know if he is expert. The questions were of the same kind as asking a man who is testifying on how to run a farm or a factory if he has ever run one. War is quite an expert matter, and military training is quite important in winning a war, as the two members of Congress know from personal experience.

Simple and Beautiful

Memorial Day will be little more than a week away when this is read. On that day we are nearer the spirits of the soldier dead in a sweeter communion than on any other anniversary. It was set in the season when the flowers are blooming. Expensive hot house flowers are not required, though none are too good; nor are expensive flags, though heavy silk with standards of gold are none too good. Flowers from the home garden, flowers from the field, await picking to make sure that no grave is missed. Every flower a thought! Flowers and thoughts piled high!

The "Babe" and "Benny"

"Babe" Ruth, reared in an orphan home, found himself, almost before he was old enough to vote, the bonanza baseball hero of the land. His picture was always in the papers; multitudes held their breath when he went to bat and rocked in mad applause when he hit a home run.

All this glory went to "Babe's" head. He broke training, the spoiled child became a law unto himself. His eye lost its cunning; his bat ceased to connect. Applause waned. Now he has reformed; this season he is trying to bat a "comeback."

"Benny" Mussolini was the son of a village blacksmith in Italy. Today, posing as the Caesar of a new Roman Empire, he is the dictator of Italy whose people in frantic adulation accept his rule as that of a Czar. Glory has gone to his head as it went to the "Babe's"; he, too, has become a law unto himself. He tells us that everything is prepared that "Fascism shall hold the destinies of Italy in its iron hand." And he is Fascism, he is all Italy, just as the "Babe" once thought that he was the whole ball team. The Kaiser, who has since been benched and is not even wanted in a bush league. called his iron hand "the mailed fist." "Babe" has to do it with his bat, "Benny" with his iron hand. I wonder if "Benny" will be able to keep on top for as many years as Ty Cobb has batted .300 or better. Glory did not go to Ty's head.

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.

Just a Plain Monsieur

DOUGHTY old Georges Clemenceau, war-time premier of France, now enjoying an honorable and earned rest, suddenly has his name emblazoned in the press for refusing to pay a ten-dollar penalty in settlement of a tax bill!

The circumstances are worth reciting. M. Clemenceau says he was not notified when the taxes on the furnishings of his plain apartment on the edge of Paris fell due. M. Clemenceau knows a lot about running a government. He knows that in a well-regulated administration of public affairs citizens who own property are entitled to be notified when taxes are due.

M. Clemenceau's first intimation of the fact that his taxes were due came in the form of a summons asking him to explain why they had not been paid. M. Clemenceau went to the proper official to explain. He got little satisfaction from the official, and thereupon put his foot down and defied thunder and lightning to do their worst.

They did. A piece of furniture was seized, but M. Clemenceau bought it back from the tax collector before it was actually taken away. Presumably everybody was happy. M. Clemenceau had had the satisfaction of defying the powers when those powers were not nice to him, and of winning to himself much sympathy from an admiring French nation and from harried taxpayers the world over.

The story of M. Clemenceau's adventures is related in the Parisian weekly, *Aux Ecoutes*. That newspaper concludes its account of the affair by demanding: "Can one imagine Britain executing a tax judgment against Nelson, or Germany against Bismarck?"

Isn't the proper answer yes? Should the law turn respecter of persons? Should justice slip the bandage off one eye when a prominent citizen comes before her?

M. Clemenceau would probably be the last man in France to insist on special handling. In the recent excitement he deliberately chose the part of the ordinary harried citizen. He was not notified when his taxes fell due, and, believing that if it had happened to him it might well be happening to several thousands of his fellow-citizens, he fought out his little battle and derived therefrom immense satisfaction. As a result one department of the French government will hereafter see that the mail goes out on time.

But if M. Clemenceau had merely tried to pose as the ordinary garden variety of tax dodger, should the laws of his country have been waived merely because he was M. Clemenceau? The Tiger won his title for his ferociousness in defense of democracy, not in slyness in seeking to appropriate the prerogatives of the law to himself.

No Snap Judgment Wanted

BETWEEN the extreme pacifists on the one hand, the earnest men of little worldly experience who shout "no more war" and try to pledge the youth of the nation not to take up arms for their country in any cause, and the extreme militarists on the other hand, the advocates of an armed-to-the-teeth, chip-on-the-shoulder preparedness, will be found the great ranks of every-day Americans who believe the problem of our national defense should be met squarely and solved on the principles of common sense.

The Reverend James H. Lightbourne, of Holland, Virginia, is one of those who realize that the problem of national defense has many sides to it. To understand something of Reverend Mr. Lightbourne's feelings, you should know that February 1, 1918, found him as 540723, Company A, 7th Infantry, Third Division, at Camp Greene. A minister, he had enlisted in a combat outfit. May of 1918 found him on the Marne, early June in Belleau Wood, July and August on and over the Marne and well toward the Aisne.

Reverend Mr. Lightbourne is a member of Walter L. Fox Post of Dover, Delaware. He understands the Legion's policy on preparedness. But he has been reading the *Christian Work* and the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*. "Both of these religious weeklies are ably edited and both insistently advocate the abolition of military training in the high schools, colleges and universities," he comments.

"My experience," he adds, "together with the realization that another war for my country is neither impossible nor improbable, forces me to conclude my country must have some kind of program of preparation. And I know from experience that equally as important as the physical materials of war and factories sufficient to turn out more materials is the need for trained leadership when war bursts upon us. The problem, therefore, resolves itself to me as one of securing this trained leadership without at the same time promoting militarism and inculcating a romance of war. Is the present plan of military training in schools accomplishing this?"

Dogmatism, of whatever school, will not supply an answer to Reverend Mr. Lightbourne's question. Observation and unprejudiced study, and perhaps a few more years, should give the answer.

History of One Kind or Another

MEMORY holding the important place it does in the lives of all of us, it is not strange that such books as Mark Sullivan's "Our Times: The Turn of the Century," should be read word for word by those men and women whose childhood or youth coincided with the end of the Victorian era and the first years of the Roosevelt administration. What a thrill comes to you if you are thirty or over at the recollection of those brave days, when automobiles were in their infancy, as the popular song "Get Out and Get Under" attested, when bicycle "scorchers" were inveighed against in press and probably in pulpit, when "The Good Old Summer Time" and "Meet Me in St. Louis, Louis" were following hard upon the organization of the outlaw American League of baseball clubs and of the United States Steel Corporation.

Youth looks forward, age looks back, the psychologists tell us. But memory plays tricks with the most enthusiastic go-getter in the matter of little things of bygone days. The leg o' mutton sleeves, the merry widow hats, the skirts that swept the sidewalk—they cast a glamor over the dear, dead days that are gone. The customs and songs of a day are just as much history as battles and sieges, as so competent an authority as Lord Macaulay once said. Well, the Second Hague Conference assembled in 1907. What of it? But d'you remember the most popular popular song of that year:

I care not for the stars that shi-ine
I dare not hope to e'er be thi-ine
I only know I lo-ove you-ou
Love me-e and the wo-o-orld is mi-ine.

✣ ✣ ✣

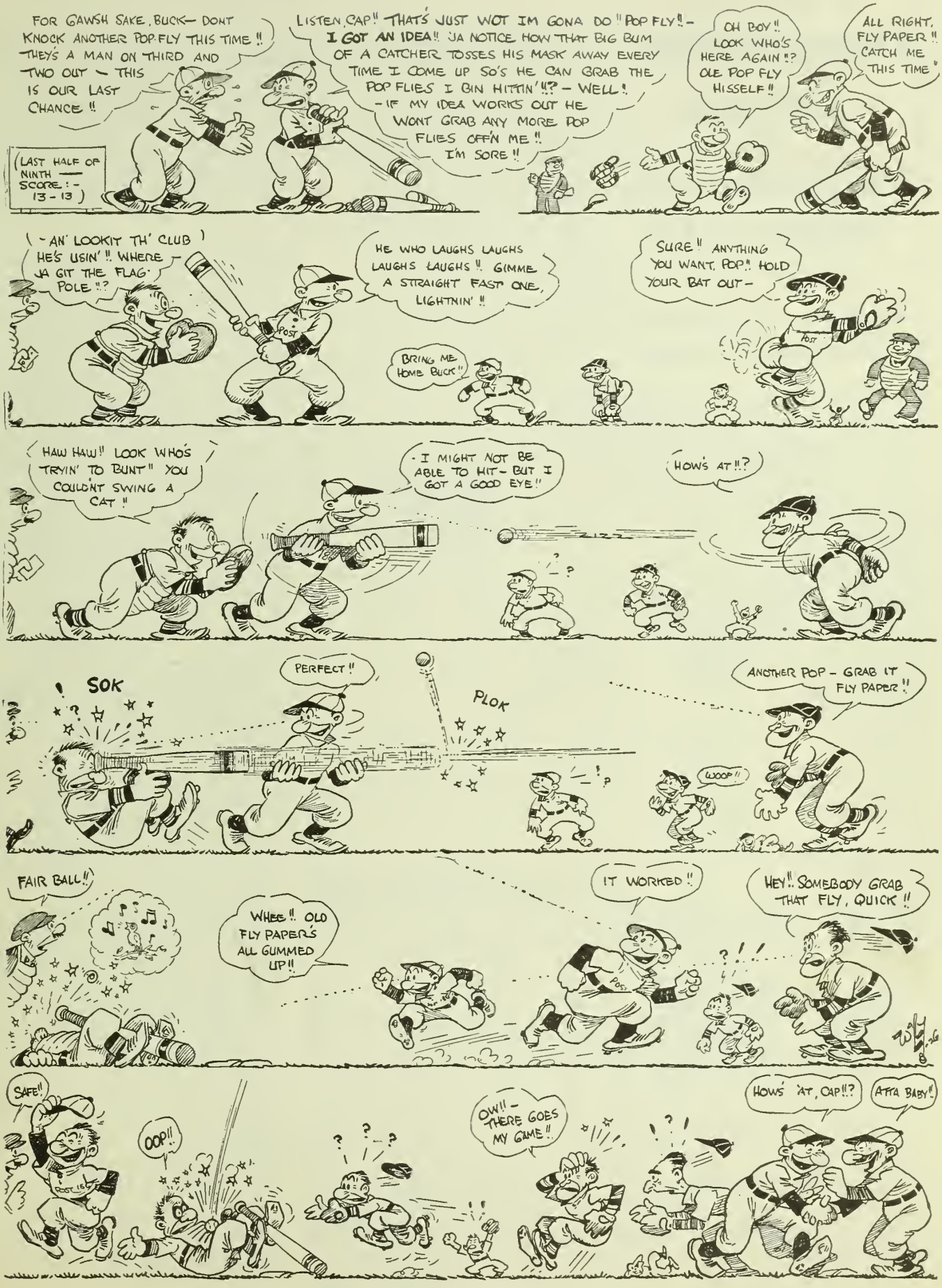
No one realizes how things pile up so much as a husband whose wife has visited her parents for two weeks, unless it is an engineer at a railroad crossing in the springtime.

✣ ✣ ✣

A Michigan woman had her husband arrested for bigamy when she discovered his second wife wearing her engagement ring. She objected to his killing two birds with one stone.

The Battering Ram

By Wallgren



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MONEY

(Continued from page 5)

as thoroughly as I should. This on top is the bill for seventy-eight hundred francs which he could not pay. There is the letter from your American, Franklin, threatening him. These others are mostly bills."

Dean took out pencil and notebook. At the same time an officer called Jolly to the door. The Detective Chief returned slowly.

"I regret, M'sieu', that I am called to the office of your American consul. Perhaps you wish to go with me? No? Then you will come to my headquarters at noon? I shall arrange an interview with M'sieu' Franklin."

When the Frenchman had left him, Dean lighted a cigarette, sat down leisurely in one of the two broken pine chairs, and studied the premises.

Eyraud, he decided, was an eccentric man. Jolly was quite right about that. Poor. And untidy. No wonder he had no business, in this hole! But a good workman . . . Dean glanced through some etchings on the table. A good craftsman, and not a slouch of an artist. But without business sense. He glanced again at the letter from Franklin. Nothing damning in the letter. Nothing to hang a man. Just a display of temper. Perhaps Franklin was innocent. Perhaps . . . Dean began to poke systematically about the room.

At a quarter before noon he reached into a hole in the wall behind a high-backed work bench. He had moved the bench to get some papers from behind it. And in moving it, he saw that the plastering was broken. And on looking into the plastering, he had seen the package.

He dropped it on the table, noticing as he did so that the wrapping paper was clean and had collected no dust. It was a bundle held together by light cord, about eight inches long by four and a half inches wide and an inch thick. The outer covering was torn in one place. He ripped it away.

The contents of the package was a thick stack of bank notes on the Banque de France, each of 1,000 francs. Unbelievingly, he counted them. Two hundred exactly. Two hundred thousand francs! Worth around $14,000 that week in American money. In the shop of a poverty stricken inventor who could not pay a bill of seventy-eight hundred francs the day he was murdered.

Dean sat down again in the broken chair and thought it over. One thing seemed clear. In spite of his shabby shop and his apparent lack of business sense, Justine Eyraud had died comparatively rich. Rich enough at least to have paid his debts. Yet only yesterday he had been dunned by an American named Franklin for an overdue bill, a bill rather trivial in amount compared with this stack of bank notes. There was some reason he did not wish to pay. Something besides poverty.

Dean tucked the money into his pocket and walked thoughtfully to police headquarters. At two o'clock he was brought before John Franklin in a small, bare investigation room at the top of the headquarters building.

Franklin was a typical American salesman, Dean remarked at first glance. A little too heavy in weight, as if he had eaten too much French food, a man of enthusiasm in business, keen, with a long nose for sales prospects, he offered nothing to the casual eye that might point to him as a murderer. He was fashionably dressed yet not overdressed, with blue eyes set in a rather florid face and round cheeks slightly puffy; his hair, which was thin and parted carefully, lacked luster and was a light shade of brown. Forty-five years old, he stated, and unmarried.

Jolly had questioned him the night before. At that time Franklin refused to answer any questions until he could be represented by an attorney or could communicate with the American consul. The consul had called in the morning and after a short interview left. Under Dean's questioning Franklin told a circumstantial story of having visited Eyraud in the afternoon and of being promised the money if he would come back at eight o'clock at night. The night meeting had been fruitless, and with a threat to start suit Franklin had gone to the American consul, an acquaintance of his. They had started back for Eyraud's place. The consul was going to talk to the old engraver. And then, as they approached the place they heard voices, Eyraud's above others. He was screaming. Then a man, a small fellow with a cap, ran out of the shop.

"What did you do?" Dean wanted to know.

"I was for turning back," the salesman answered, "but the consul insisted on going ahead. Well, we argued it, not more than half a minute. But we weren't half way across the street when we saw another shadow move inside and of course we thought it was Eyraud coming out. But it wasn't."

"Who was it?"

"Nobody I ever saw before. Tall . . . he turned out the light and after that we couldn't see him so clear. A good pair of shoulders . . . he reminded me of a football player. He went off in the same direction the first fellow had, no hurry at all, locked the door . . ."

"Oh, so he locked the door!"

"He did. We walked to the Place Graslin and back, the consul and I. It seemed damn queer, the whole business, but I was for going on and forgetting it all anyway . . . I was pretty sore at old Eyraud for the way he had acted. But the consul wouldn't. We went back to the shop and tried the door. It was locked, all right. There was no light inside and no sound. Seemed peaceful enough. Now that's all I know about it!"

"Where'd you spend the rest of the evening?" Dean asked. "With the consul?"

Franklin flushed.

"I did not," he answered. "We both went home, alone, and I went to bed."

"Oh!" remarked Dean.

He had listened to this curious recital not a little disturbed. Surely it implicated Franklin. Yet, the American consul would be a decent witness in Franklin's defense. Dean found himself convinced on one score. The salesman had told the truth. Detective

Chief Jolly, who had sat by giving full play to his moody expression, his left ear tipped toward the two Americans, picking up the story as well as he could, understood enough to guess the rest.

"Yes, it's the same," he said, when an officer had led Franklin back to the jail room. "The same evidence that the consul gave me this morning. It amounts to this, if it's true. There were two persons in the shop when Eyraud died. The one who killed him ran out first. The smaller man. Fright chased him. The other took his time. It was he who had the key, some one close enough to Eyraud to have a key . . ."

"But he had no intimates."

"Tut! That is Boyer's story. Eyraud did not let that cow-eyed clerk know everything he did. I have been to his apartment just now. Flute, what a place! All art and no comfort. Not a stick of wood or a chunk of coal for his stove and the walls full of pictures. Not much to look at either. I talked to the landlady at length. Yes, she said, for the past two months a gentleman had been calling upon him, a foreigner."

"American?" asked Dean.

"So the landlady said. But description? She was vague, like a woman. Tall or short, light or dark, she could not remember. For all we know it may have been Franklin."

Dean went back to his hotel, locked his door, and dropped upon the table the bundle of bank notes. He had failed to mention them to Detective Chief Jolly. Not that he distrusted the chief's ability, but he wanted to think the matter out alone, for a time at least.

The bank notes were new; they looked as if they never had been passed in business. He lifted the first and the second and the third. The paper rattled crisply in his fingers. He glanced at the serial number of the one on top:

XN192543.

The second was the same:

XN192543.

He scowled at the two, thumbed them, and turned questioningly to the third:

XN192543.

Dean pawed through the stack. All the way to the bottom they bore the same number . . . the same serial number . . . and he knew, as all men know, that no two notes of the Banque de France are numbered alike.

He picked up his hat and top coat, tucked his cane under his arm, and strode once more into the street. Turning toward the Place Graslin, he stepped into the door of the Nantes branch of the Banque de France, and applying at a wicket, presented his card and waited to see the local manager.

That gentleman, who was old and deaf and extremely fussy, went into an attack of coughing when Dean had said twenty words, and screwing an eyeglass into his right eye, stared at the notes. Once more he coughed. Then the single word:

"Counterfeit!"

"Yes," Dean answered.

"Daughter of a cow! On the Banque de France! Monsieur!"

Twenty minutes later an excited board of financiers was stewing in a

Without question

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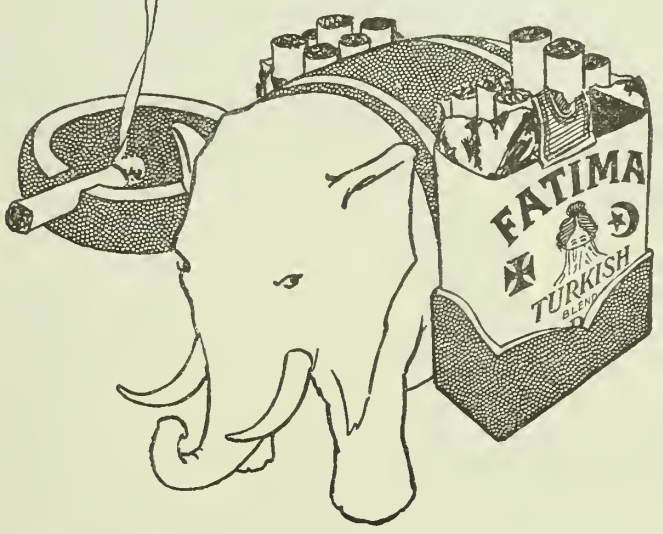

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small, heavily furnished conference room. With them, the only calm man at the table, sat Christopher Dean. Clerks hurried in and hurried out. Then at last a long "ah!" from the financiers.

Other thousand franc notes bearing the same serial number had come in, five of them in the last three days, and all from the village of Gras, a poor place up the Loire, inhabited by fishermen and the families of deep sea sailing men.

It was at this point that Dean scribbled a note to Detective Jolly. When Jolly came, surprised at the summons, Dean told him what he had discovered at the shop, of his own researches, and of the findings of the bank. For a moment Jolly was angry.

Then he shook his head.

"It was a good piece of work, M'sieu'. Do you wish to keep on alone, or shall I help?"

"I *must* have your help!" Dean answered. He turned to the bankers. "I shall leave the fraudulent notes with you. Hold them in your vaults for evidence."

In the office of the police, Jolly and Dean together worked out their plans. Justine Eyraud had been a skilled engraver indeed, with a bundle of counterfeit notes! Other crimes than murder were thrusting their faces into the case. Other crimes that might lead to murder, which might explain murder in a degree, had been planned and executed in his smelly little shop.

At seven o'clock that evening of December second, less than forty-eight hours after Eyraud's murder, Dean followed a hot clue to the town of Gras. Winds yammering up the Loire shook the narrow gauge train as it puffed along the tramway. The coaches were crowded; the air smelled of fish and untrimmed kerosene lamps. At half past eight of the same evening Dean set his tired feet for the first time upon the cobbles of Gras, a dingy, ill-lighted hamlet, sheltered from the wind by high cliffs, still with a smell of the sea.

Dean got a room in the lighter of the two hotels, the Lion d'Or. There was nothing to be gained by walking the streets, so he went to bed early. The air was chill with a clinging fog when he left the hotel for a stroll before breakfast. The town was drab, old, uninteresting, marked with poverty at both sides of every road. Who was there in such a place to spend a thousand-franc note without being suspected?

He ventured a guess before the end of the day. On the river road, he learned from loungers at the inn bar, were a score of pretentious looking villas, pretty much gone to ruin, occupied in summer by city folk and at this time of year by artists who seemed to like the fog and the low rentals.

Sunday afternoon, with the case already four days old, and no real clues as yet to promise solution, Dean took to his room. Moodily he watched the sailor men, fisher girls and their boisterous swains climb the hill from the station to the city. And then, in the thickening light of late afternoon, a single figure poled up the hill.

Something about his figure and his gait held Dean's attention. The fellow stopped for a moment to talk to two fishermen standing at the corner of the Place. As he passed almost directly under Dean's window he glanced upward.

Dean ducked out of sight. Boyer! By all the saints, Boyer!

Boyer, the apprentice of Eyraud, the man who had found his employer's body. Boyer in Gras, where counterfeit money was being circulated. Boyer . . .

Dean flung open his handbag and drew out his automatic. When he rushed out to the street, the Place stood empty except for the two fishermen, still smoking. Dean hurried to the first intersection to the left. A hundred meters ahead, walking very rapidly through the twilight, he made out the figure of Fernand Boyer. He went back to the fishermen.

"Was that fellow who just went by asking for me?" he demanded.

They were dull enough, and answered as he wished.

"That boy? No, monsieur. He asked the way to the great house with the blue windmill. We directed him, the third place on the left up the river end."

"A thousand pardons!" Dean backed away, bowing.

The early twilight was settling into darkness as Dean left the hamlet behind him and strode out the highway to the west. He made out indistinctly the figure of Boyer, mincing along ahead. The apprentice slowed down his pace finally and came to a stop before a gate where a tall old mill spread out its four sails against the sky. He seemed to hesitate there; then made up his mind suddenly and walked through the gate. Dean waited in the shadows on the right side of the road while he breathed twenty times and then, flat against the wall, edged after Boyer.

In the two lower windows there was lampglow, and now the front door opened, and a man let Boyer in. As the door closed, Dean ran quickly and quietly up the walk on the tips of his toes. The windows were too high for him to see what was going on in the room, but suddenly he noticed a crack of light in the door. It had not been closed tight! He crawled up the stone steps.

Voices.

"I'll shoot!" a man warned in French.

"Shoot and be damned!" another answered in English.

Dean thrust his left hand into his pocket, swore quietly at his wounded right arm, and pressed the muzzle before him into the crack. The hinges were well oiled. He stood within a small, square, high-ceilinged vestibule with red tile floor. A stair led out of it, and two doors, one dark and one light. Dean edged cautiously toward the lighted one.

It was a long, low, comfortable apartment into which he flung, with thick rugs on the floor and a beamed ceiling. At the opposite end a small fire of fagots burned on a broad hearth. At a table, on which stood a green shaded lamp, sat Dan Lark.

Dan Lark!

Daniel Lark, the American army officer who had gone bad, Lark the lawbreaker on whose capture rested Christopher Dean's reputation as a law enforcer, the man who had aimed at Dean's heart and shattered his arm at their last meeting. Dan Lark, with

his own hands quite high above his head, a pistol just out of reach on the table, and Fernand Boyer standing over him, gun in hand.

Boyer swung on Dean.

"Put them up!" he commanded in uncertain English. Dean's fingers clawed at the butt of his pistol, his toes caught under the edge of a thick rug and he sprawled forward. His wounded arm sent a flash of pain through his body. He caught himself and stumbled up.

"Sit down!" the apprentice to Justine Eyraud ordered. He began to speak in French. "I'll shoot either of you if you move. I will take your weapon, Monsieur Dean. Now sit in that chair."

Christopher Dean, detective, sat down inelegantly in a broad arm chair opposite Daniel Lark, a criminal of ability, while a runty young engraver's apprentice with a white, pimply face assumed command. Dean glared at Lark. Lark laughed, sheepishly.

"Well?" Dean wanted to know.

"We meet again," Lark commented glumly. "This fool Boyer is in too big a game for his own wits, Dean. If this little scrape had been just between you and me . . . oh, I knew you had come to Nantes. This fellow had to get mixed up in my affairs and kill Eyraud . . ."

"He lies!" Boyer screamed. "He lies when he says I killed. This man, Monsieur Policeman, has three million francs of Monsieur Eyraud's money!" He shook his gun excitedly.

"Rats!" Lark exclaimed. He raised his arms higher. "Watch your gun, Boyer! I have the francs, *certainment*, but what good are they now? Eyraud and I were partners, Dean. He made the money, I was to dispose of it. He got cold feet, the way a Frenchman does, toward the end. Afraid to hand any of it out, that's why he didn't pay his bills. I went to settle matters with him that night, and this fool walked into the shop, all fussed up," he stuck out his lean jaw toward Boyer, "came in right on the heels of some American bill collector, and went to accusing Eyraud. I was in the cellar, Boyer. Of course Eyraud lost his head, didn't want anybody else in on the business . . ."

"I'd known it a long time! I'd seen the false bank notes and the press in the basement . . . the trap door is under the proof table, Monsieur Dean."

"Watch your gun!" Dan Lark admonished. "He's like you, Dean, always into someone else's business. I was watching from below that time, heard them argue, saw Boyer pick up that pointed tool, saw him stab . . ."

"Stop!" Boyer shouted. "Stop, or by the stars . . ."

Lark laughed.

"That's all there is to tell, young fellow. Enough to hang you."

Boyer, whiter of face than ever, shifted the gun in his hands.

"I want that three million francs!" he countered.

Lark laughed again.

"That money's no good now," he said patronizingly. "The police have warned the banks."

"No good?" stuttered Boyer.

Lark had no time to answer. Behind Dean a sudden step sounded, a quick catch of breath, a short, low shout, and Dean twisted his neck in

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time to see Vincent Crewe, Lark's scalawag British partner, aim deliberately at Boyer and fire. He saw Boyer's hands go limp, saw his face for one twitching, sickening moment, and understood. The apprentice slipped to the floor. He had paid for his crime. At the hands of criminals smarter than he.

Crewe's gun swung deliberately toward Dean. At the same instant Lark found his feet. Dean pitched forward and his left fist caught the lamp, crushing it to the floor. The light snuffed out. Two shots, close together, then a third, smashed through the still house. There were footsteps, grunts, two bodies flung together, an exclamation from Dan Lark, and Dean escaped madly down the walk.

When Christopher Dean led Chief Detective Jolly into the deserted villa shortly after daybreak, Boyer lay as he had fallen, a victim of the same kind of ruthlessness he had been guilty of himself. He had come to Lark to claim a share in counterfeit money, to take it by means of threats of exposure. And Lark had met him equally, with equal threats.

One of the policemen who had come with Jolly turned the lad over.

"Quite dead. Shot through the heart . . . above the middle of the heart."

Dean returned from the upper floor.

"Everything's gone, of course. Took their fake money with them. He left only one thing, impudent devil! A note for me!"

He handed Chief Jolly a slip of paper. In a clear, vertical hand, addressed to Dean, the detective read the message:

"Have you made your will? Advise that you do.

"LARK."

Michigan Will Do Its Share

(Continued from page 6)

Mr. Lindsley tell of the Legion's founding days and express his gratification at the wonderful progress and growth of the organization.

And it was no mere oratorical pleasantry when he paid a tribute to the men and women of the Third District assembled in the banquet room as representative of the Legion's character and spirit today. And most certainly that gathering, including men and women of more than a score of posts and their Auxiliary units, was all that Past Commander Lindsley said it was. To anyone unacquainted with the Legion it would have been a revelation.

The dinner was held in one of the dining rooms of United States Veterans Bureau Hospital No. 100, which is located five miles from Battle Creek on the main Detroit-Chicago highway. The officer commanding the hospital is Legionnaire William M. Dobson, a neuro-psychiatrist of note in Boston before the war, who volunteered for early war service and was attached to the British forces as a casual medical officer at the front for almost a year before he was given an important post in the A. E. F.'s neuro-psychiatric hospital system. The hospital was put into use last year and the Auxiliary units of the Third Michigan district are undertaking to provide furniture and draperies for the main assembly rooms of the ward buildings. For the dinner, the large dining room was specially decorated. Its appointments and the service given were proof of the new order in Bureau hospitals.

Mr. Lindsley, representative of the Legion's founders, shared the speakers' table with a representative of the great ranks of Legionnaires who came out of the war comparatively young and have been "coming up." Perry Faulkner, Commander of the Indiana Department in 1923, delivered an address which won for him recognition as one of the best orators in the Legion. George B. Ely, Commander of the Third District, presided at the dinner and Paul A. Martin acted as toastmaster.

Now to tell how the Third District won that cup.

At the dinner and in the business meeting held in the afternoon, all the other posts of the Third District applauded General George A. Custer Post of Battle Creek and Stanley E. Lamb Post of Marshall, Michigan. For it was largely because these two posts made themselves the spearhead of the district's membership drive that the Third District won the exceptional trophy which was offered by E. E. Spafford, Past Commander of the Department of New York.

The Third District early determined that it was going to win that cup. Department Vice-Commander George W. Yeomans, who is in business life the active head of a yeast manufacturing company at Union City, Michigan, but finds time to be the superintendent of The American Legion Children's Billet at Otter Lake, Michigan, had quite a bit to do with that determination. Mr. Yeomans, in speedy automobile trips, by sending wires and making telephone calls, helped all the posts of the Third District organize for the contest. And in this district, as elsewhere, personal leadership and personal acquaintance are determining factors when a large number of posts are joining their efforts for a common purpose. Mr. Yeomans and George B. Ely of Olivet, the district committeemen, had the confidence of the Legionnaires in each community who were in a position to take the lead in the individual membership campaigns.

As a result of careful organizing practically every post in the district did its part in bringing the cup victory, but circumstances made the efforts of the posts at Marshall and Battle Creek especially notable.

In Marshall, Post Commander Bob Line, Post Adjutant H. G. Fondra and Alternate District Committeeman Harry B. Smith headed the work which made Marshall's membership record an example to all other posts. Two campaign teams were formed in Marshall—the Bombers and the Moppers Up. These two teams battled to sign up all the eligibles in town and the Moppers Up won the contest by a small margin. The contest gave the post a membership of 121, forty percent more than its enrollment in 1925. As an innovation, which other posts might follow, Post Commander Line got the co-operation of the merchants of his town in a news-

paper advertising campaign to call attention to what the Legion is and what it is doing.

The Commander of George A. Custer Post of Battle Creek is George Dorman, business manager of The American Legion Hospital, which, located on the Detroit-Chicago highway very near the Veterans Bureau hospital, cares for several hundred service men suffering from tuberculosis. Mr. Dorman's post made very creditable gains in enrollment in the earlier part of its membership campaign. But on the final lap of the contest the Third District was determined to win, the Battle Creek Legion strategists, basing their estimates on reports of the gains made by other Michigan districts, figured that to give the district a safe winning margin fifty-seven additional members were needed from Battle Creek.

Commander Dorman, thereupon, proved what a business manager can do in an emergency. He called together a group of post workers and he handed each one of them a stack of typed cards.

"Those cards have the names of eligibles who haven't been signed up yet," he told them. "Get hold of every man by telephone and tell him the Third District has to have him on its rolls tonight."

From his own desk, Mr. Dorman called nine prospects by telephone. He got nine members—a perfect score. The others on the telephone detail had luck almost as good. The telephoning started at four o'clock in the afternoon. By nine o'clock that evening the fifty-seven needed members were all recorded as paid-up and their cards were on the way to Department Headquarters.

Battle Creek's fifty-seven last-minute members counted mightily, for when the membership returns from all twelve districts were tabulated by Department Adjutant Robert J. Byers at Department Headquarters in Detroit it was found that the Third District had only beaten out the combined First and Thirteenth Districts, the Legion district taking in the city of Detroit, by a small margin. The Third's final percentage was .775 and the Detroit District had .723 percent. Five other districts, the Twelfth, Fourth, Ninth, Eleventh and Sixth, in the order named, were runners up, all of them having enrolled more than half of the average membership for the four preceding years.

The Third District enrolled 1,322 members to win the race. Besides getting most of the glory, Stanley E. Lamb Post has the honor of being the custodian of the Spafford Cup for 1926.

Four other posts shared honors with the Marshall post by enrolling more than 100 percent of their membership averages. They were the posts in Vermontville, Grand Lodge, Charlotte and Union City. The posts in Eaton Rapids, Coldwater and Quincy almost reached the 100 percent mark. George A. Custer Post of Battle Creek, while not equaling its average membership for the four preceding years, enrolled in the contest nine more members than it had at the end of 1925.

The finish of the Spafford cup race marked only the beginning of a new phase of the Michigan Department's effort, under Department Commander J. Joseph Herbert of Manistee, to reach the quota which will represent Michigan's share of the one million members which National Commander McQuigg is expecting to have before the Philadelphia National Convention. Mr. Herbert, an attorney living in the northern peninsula, can't personally visit all the posts in his vast and populous State, but the three department vice-commanders, Harold C. Edwards, of Muskegon, Mr. Yeomans and Willis Brewer, of Pontiac, will have charge of the membership efforts in the three divisions of the State, western, central and eastern.

Place your bets—Michigan is going to do its share for that million.

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.

Speeches of National Commander John R. McQuigg, Governor John H. Trumbull and other prominent citizens of Connecticut at DEPARTMENT OF CONNECTICUT banquet will be broadcast from Station WTIC (349 meters), Hartford, on May 26, starting at 9:30 p. m., Eastern Time.

ATLANTIC CITY POST will broadcast a Legion program from WPG (300 meters) on the evening of May 28.

CLAIR HARKEY POST, Fort Scott, Kansas, will broadcast program of popular music from Station WDAF (365.6 meters), May 28, from 8 to 10 p. m., Central Time.

CASTLE WILLIAMS POST, Decatur, Illinois, will broadcast a program from Station WJBL (270 meters), May 31, from 9:30 to 11 p. m., Central Time.

OKLAHOMA RADIO POST, Oklahoma City, broadcasts its meeting and a program of entertainment from Station KFJF (261 meters), every Saturday at midnight, Central Time.

ROBERT E. BENTLEY POST, Cincinnati, Ohio, broadcasts a program every Monday night from 9 to 10 p. m., Central Time, from Station WKRC (422 meters).

TAPS

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

HARRY B. DUNCAN, *Bradley County Post, Cleveland, Tenn.* D. in December, aged 26. Served as training officer at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

OLIN H. GIESE, *Edwardsville (Ill.) Post.* D. Feb. 1, aged 33. Served with Hq. Co., 68th F. A.

DAYTON HERRIN, *Victor Ellig Post, Fort Smith Ark.* D. at San Dimas, Calif., Feb. 6. Served at Camp Pike, Ark.

WILLIAM G. LONGFELLOW, *Chico (Calif.) Post.* Accidentally killed, Dec. 22. Served with Co. A, 27th Eng.

ROGER LUONGO, *Morgan Ranck Post, Ocean City, N. J.* D. Dec. 20 of wounds inflicted accidentally, aged 31. Served with F. A.

EDWARD A. MACKENROTH, *Camp Stafford Post, Alexandria, La.* D. Jan 29, aged 25. Served in Navy.

JOHN J. MARKOWSKI, *Allied Post, Chicago, Ill.* D. Nov. 26, aged 37. Served in A. E. F.

BEN MARWITZ, *Burt Foster Post, McKeesport, Pa.* Killed by railroad train, Jan. 11. Served in Navy.

JEREMIAH SHEA, *Bunker Hill Post, Charlestown, Mass.* D. Dec. 31, aged 62. Served in Navy.

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Santa Claus

"Does yo' husban' give yo' much money, Dovey?" asked one colored lady of another.

"Dat's de mos' liberalest man!" ejaculated her friend enthusiastically. "On'y las' week Ah collected his two thousau' dollah life insu'ance!"

Explaining

The professor appeared worried and his wife was anxious.

"Please tell me what's the matter, dear," she begged.

"Matter, my love," explained the professor absently, "is that of which the entire universe is composed, made up of molecules, atoms and electrons."

The Open Market

"Where do you get your motor accessories?"

"Oh," replied the sheik airily. "I just honk and smile at them and they climb into the car."

The Royal Road

"I hear you made your money out of the oil business," remarked Welch.

"You bet!" answered Stewart. "Been out of it all my life!"

Lots of It

"Well," mused Mr. Stillson, as he surveyed the parts he had removed from his second-hand flivver in a vain attempt to repair it, "I guess I got my money's worth."

Gentle Hint

A pedestrian, bumped by a taxi, found himself lying in the street directly in the path of a steam roller.

"That reminds me," he cried in a tone of annoyance, "I was to bring home some pancake flour!"

Well, How Does He?

A small boy stood by watching a clerk in a dry goods store take inventory.

"Why do you count all the stockings in the boxes?" he asked.

"So we can be sure how many we have," answered the clerk.

"Well," came back the youth after several minutes of meditation, "how does a grocery man find out how many sardines there are in a can?"

Mere Economy

Two youths from one of the inland cities stood on the stern and rockbound New England coast, surveying the billows.

"I'm in favor of a big Navy," announced one suddenly. "The bigger the better!"

"How come?" inquired the other.

"Good Lord, mau! Why waste all this ocean?"

Not a Word, John

[*Notice in Eldora (Iowa) Herald*]

As some have said that I charged too much for sawing wood I have decided to charge this year $1.50 instead of $2.00 per hour. The reason I had to charge $2.00 last year was because I was two years getting my saw mill built. Place your orders early as I have but one arm now to work with since I broke my right arm a few weeks ago trying to crank my old truck. Now what have you kickers got to say about it?—JOHN RAINSBARGER, Saw Miller.

Safety First

"Aren't you going to the bank today, dear?" asked the cashier's wife.

"No," replied that wary official. "I have rheumatism in my arms, and the bandits might not think of that."

Undaunted

"Has she much courage?"

"Indeed, yes. Even after reading Freud, she refuses to give up dreaming."

Clerk: "A gift for your daughter? How about this dainty garter purse?"

Jones: "No, I don't think it would be wise for her to carry her money in plain sight."

Just Looking for Trouble

[*Ad in Laramie (Wyo.) Republican Boomerang*]

Several Kinds of Ice Cream
And Bricks, Any Time.

Unforgivable

"It was just two years ago today, dearest," reminisced a sentimental young matron, "that we rode in a taxi from the minister's house to the depot."

"Yeah," growled her grouch of a husband. "And your tightwad of a brother let me pay the fare."

So Thoughtless!

"In your husband's will, madame," said the lawyer shortly before the funeral, "he expressed a desire to be cremated."

"Isn't that just like him!" cried the widow, exasperated. "He was always dropping ashes around!"

The March of Progress

[*From Morrisville (Vt.) Messenger*]

Mr. Woodard has added all kinds of good things from the garden, besides quite a lot of groceries. We will have a village up here yet, and they won't wonder where we get the news.

That Boy Again!

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but him had fled.
The flames that lit the battle wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.
But ne'er a move made he to go.
"I have no fears," said he.
"It's part of the scenario—
I'm rescued in Reel Three!"

—*W. P. Rowley.*

Also Guilty

"Judge," announced a plaintiff, "that glue factory on the next street has got to shut down. It gets my goat!"

"Case dismissed," ruled the court. "If you've got a goat you haven't any grounds for complaint."

Subsidized

"You say the government started you out in business?"

"Yes, sir—when it adopted the Eighteenth Amendment."

Rough But Nice

"I wouldn't go motoring with that reckless Jack Torkle," cautioned the young girl's maiden aunt. "You'll be getting your neck broken."

"Oh, auntie," laughed the flapper. "He isn't such a caveman as all that."

Modern Methods

"Is it true that the church is the house of God?" asked Johnny.

"Why, yes, dear," answered his mother.

"Well, don't you think it would be a better business proposition if they'd split it up into apartments?"

Business Woman

"What's the matter with Madge?"

"Oh, she wants overtime because the boss kissed her after the whistle blew."

In the Arctic Circle

"Henry," cried Mrs. Eskimo to her husband, "you've been talking sheer nousense to that child for two weeks and it's getting on my nerves. Isn't it time to stop?"

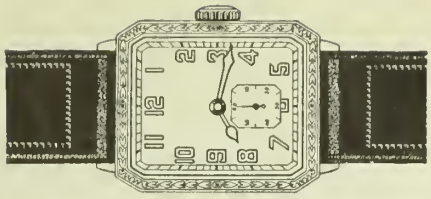
"That's the worst of these six months of daylight," replied her husband wearily. "Little Blubberina insisted I tell her a twilight tale."

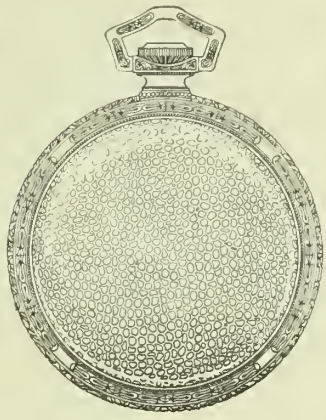
A Letter to the Editor

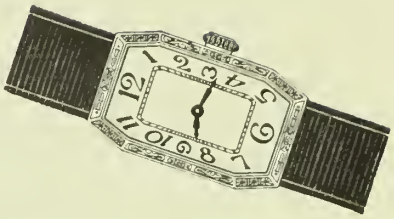
[*From Okarche (Okla.) Times*]
(Continued)

They threw the gates and doors off their hinges; trampled the lawns and flowerbeds as flat as pancakes; and some even sneaked into the bridal chambers, and monkeyed with the beds so as to make it dangerous to sleep thereon. Yes, some did something unfit to put in print. Some even spoke per phone on the authority of a County judge and actually personified themselves as such, to enforce perfideous falsehoods, etc. Are such nightswarmers friendly fellowmen, that wish health, wealth and happiness to innocent newly married couples? No, they gave no present whatever, hardly a congratulation. Very few even said thanks for what they squeezed out of their victims.

(To be concluded)







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