FEBRUARY 26, 1926

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

To the Policy-Holders of

New York Life Insurance Co.

A Mutual Organization Founded in 1845 — 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. — Incorporated Under the Laws of New York

LIFE Insurance is not a commodity · it is service, scientific social service. Its beneficence, however, is not limited to paying death-claims. It touches society at many points and renders many services of which few people ever think. As policy-holders you are public benefactors, not merely because you have protected society by protecting your dependents, but because you are advancing human efficiency and human happiness through the beneficent activities of this Company's assets.

The assets of this Company benefit both the insured and the uninsured. They reach all—even as the rain falls on the just and on the unjust.

In the year 1925 the Finance Committee invested in securities that demanded discrimination and judgment

$151,371,950.10, to yield on the average, 5.36%

Analyze that total and you at once see how widely and directly it touches and helps the community at large. *This is the picture*

MUNICIPAL BONDS: A capital investment of **$1,044,177.06, to** yield 4.33%.

REAL ESTATE MORTGAGES: During 1925 the Committee made 6,895 separate mortgage loans in forty-one States, he District of Columbia and Canada, aggregating **$93,534,753.22 to yield 5.57%.** These mortgages in detail were divided as follows:

5,151 Loans on residential property, representing a capital investment of $28,562,173.86, accommodating 5,940 families.
635 Loans on apartment and housing projects, a capital investment of $26,327,240.00 accommodating 8,117 families. A total of 14,057 families.
170 Loans on business properties, a capital investment of $32,801,-731.10.
939 Loans on farms, a capital investment of $5,843,608.26.

Capital soundly invested in Mortgages on Real Estate is safe; it yields good return, and renders a genuine public service. Your investment in mortgages of over ninety-three million dollars in the year 1925 appears in the balance-sheet below as part of your total investment in mortgages amounting to $353,627,202.42. That total is divided into exactly the classifications I have made of the investments of 1925 and is all equally useful.

RAILROAD BONDS: In this class of securities the Committee in 1925 made a capital investment of $21,416,375.55 to yield 4.99%, as follows:

In bonds secured by mortgages on bridge and terminal properties	**$ 1,558,365.00**
In equipment trust certificates secured by locomotives, freight and passenger cars	**8,882,184.18**
In bonds secured by mortgages on railroads, covering mileage located in 31 States and the District of Columbia	**10,975,826.37**

This Company has long been a large investor in Railroad Bonds. It fought vigorously to secure the Transportation Act of 1920 under which the railroads of the country have been rehabilitated. The twenty-one millions and over invested in 1925 is a part of the total which appears in the balance-sheet below, $325,062,694.07. That total is in turn a part of the service to the country which is constantly being rendered by the railroads.

PUBLIC UTILITY BONDS: Here in 1925 the Committee made a capital investment of $35,376,644.27, to yield 5.04%, as follows:

In bonds secured by mortgages on gas, electric light and power properties	**$25,605,115.07**
In bonds secured by mortgages on telephone properties	**9,771,529.20**

Public Utility enterprises represent a relatively recent development, and are closely allied to all the comforts, conveniences and necessities of present-day life. Your investments in bonds of this class in the year 1925 represent properties operating in twenty-five States in which dwell approximately 73,000,000 people. These institutions have 13,000,000 consumers, and a fixed capital investment of three thousand million dollars. Through your investment of over thirty-five million dollars in 1925 and your earlier investments of the same sort you have become a considerable supporter and a definite part of that great and indispensable modern development. Every dollar of the total investment in public utilities is hard at work adding to the sum of human comfort.

In the balance-sheet below the activities of the Finance Committee for the year 1925 and in previous years are projected on a larger screen. After eighty-one years of business the Company's assets on December 31, 1925 (taking bonds at market value) amounted to **$1,149,471,556.02.** We are not here considering the strictly Life Insurance function of that accumulation, which of course is its first function. We are emphasizing the fact that every dollar of that huge sum is working every minute in the public interest, something you as policy-holders seldom think of, something the public is scarcely aware of. You insured your lives in this Company primarily to protect your old age and your dependents. You performed a good deed. Good deeds go far. They illustrate the truth of what Portia says in the "Merchant of Venice":

"How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Your policies are separate candles; they shine far.—DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, *President.*

EIGHTY-FIRST ANNUAL STATEMENT

Outstanding Insurance, December 31, 1925	**$5,219,000,000.00**
New Business paid for in 1925	**844,000,000.00**
Earning power of Assets, including cash in bank, Dec. 31, 1925	**5.06%**

BALANCE SHEET, January 1, 1926

Bonds at Market Value as determined by the Insurance Department, State of New York.

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Real Estate Owned	**$ 8,138,938.97**	**Policy Reserve**	**$891,961,916.00**
First Mortgage Loans—			
On Farms	**59,765,525.60**		
On Residential and Business Properties	**293,861,676.82**		
Loans on Policies	**179,465,848.35**		
Bonds of the United States	**59,836,660.00**		
Railroad Bonds	**325,062,694.07**		
Bonds of other Governments, of States and Municipalities	**99,407,262.06**		
Public Utility Bonds	**79,255,180.00**		
Cash, Including Branch Office Balances	**4,661,367.16**		
Other Assets	**40,016,402.99**		
Other Policy Liabilities		**37,107,183.70**	
Dividends left with Company to Accumulate at Interest		**25,220,081.40**	
Premiums, Interest and Rentals prepaid		**2,887,937.94**	
Taxes, Salaries, Accounts, etc., due or accrued		**10,694,414.65**	
Additional Reserves		**24,880,010.00**	
Dividends payable in 1926		**55,116,138.00**	
Reserve for Deferred Dividends		**507,325.00**	
General Contingency Funds not included above		**101,096,549.33**	
Total	**$1,149,471,556.02**	**Total**	**$1,149,471,556.02**

February 26, 1926

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

Vol. 8, No. 9

REMEMBER the maledictions heaped upon the olive drab pill rollers who fired the shots in the arm with a needle in 1917 and 1918? Well, here's one still firing and he is getting away with it. "I am just a buck private in the Legion," writes Dr. E. C. Duncan of Fredonia, Kansas, "and I volunteered recently to inoculate free all the boys who wanted protection against typhoid fever. Dr. W. H. Young, County Health Officer, a member of the post, procured the serum free from the State Board of Health and we proceeded to shoot 'em. Dr. Paul Whiffen, dentist, was the official filler of syringes and Post Adjutant Frater dabbed on the iodine. In fifteen minutes thirty-four of the members had their first shot. Wouldn't it be a good idea if physicians in other posts were to give this same service? It has been seven years or longer since most of us had our last inoculation and it is time we were having another." There's an idea.

* * *

TAKE a look at the table showing membership of all departments on January 31st, published on page 17. Where does your department stand? Is it signing up members for 1926 as fast as it should to keep pace with other departments and to do its share in helping National Commander McQuigg go to Philadelphia next October with a million men behind him? Is your post doing its share to help out your department?

* * *

HOW many American Legion posts have clubhouses which offer billets to visiting Legionnaires? This query is inspired by a letter from Frank S. LaBar, of George N. Kemp Post of East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania. "Many posts now have their own homes," writes Mr. LaBar, "and many of these homes offer accommodations in the way of rooms. In our post here we find that once traveling men know of our facilities and rates they become our guests. As an Elk who travels quite a lot, I cut from the Elks Magazine the list of Elks Clubs offering accommodations for traveling Elks, and often in a strange city I get comfortably and economically housed when I might otherwise be out of luck." A post that gives this sort of service is the sort that does everything well.

WOULD it not be a good idea to have The American Legion Weekly publish occasionally a directory of Legion clubs having facilities to entertain the out-of-town member looking for a comfortable place to stay?" suggests Mr. LaBar. Unfortunately, the Weekly has such a demand upon its space that it cannot publish such a list. But department papers could be used to good advantage for this service, probably. Legionnaires on the road would appreciate it.

* * *

THE Ohio Department wants every Ohio post to hang out the welcome sign for the traveling man. In a bulletin Department Commander Hugh K. Martin says: "Thousands of traveling men are Legionnaires. They would much rather spend an evening in the Legion rooms than loaf around a hotel lobby. When they reach your town, the only way they can find out where and when your post meets is to ask somebody around the hotel, and nine out of ten times they are given either the wrong information or none at all. That sort of thing makes a mighty poor impression. It will pay you to put up a sign at the desk of every hotel in town telling when and where your post meets and inviting visiting Legionnaires to sit in. If you have a clubhouse, tell where it is and when it is open."

* * *

THE Legionnaire who travels by automobile finds in addition to roadside Legion welcome signs many other reminders that Legion posts in the towns he visits are thoughtful of his welfare. Traveling on the beautiful seven-mile stretch of asphalt between Burlington and Mount Holly, in New Jersey, for instance, he may be grateful to Captain James MacFarland Post of Burlington and Mount Holly Post. Through the efforts of these two posts the road, once very rough, was repaired and designated as American Legion Highway.

* * *

HERE is another record to shoot at. Martin E. McMahon of The American Legion Bowling League of Philadelphia reports that Marine Post's team knocked a total of 1,090 pins in a game recently, the individual scores being 187, 223, 201, 244 and 235. Can any post beat that mark?

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Yo-Ho-Ho *and a* Deck Full *of* Rocking Chairs

By WILLARD COOPER

Illustrations by John Held, Jr.

AT FIRST the bow-sprit puzzled me. Then I recalled that originally the *Heavenly's* front quarters—beg pardon, *bow*—had been endowed with just the prettiest bow-sprit in the Navy. Even a gallon of gray paint had never eliminated the beautiful lines of that tapering spar. But hadn't we knocked that bow-sprit for a row of brick whaleboats, not once, but several times? We'd discouraged the bow-sprit habit in the *Heavenly*. Besides, this yacht, lying so placidly in the harbor, didn't support a pilot-house, and there was no crow's nest, either.

Funny how we lost that bow-sprit. Maybe the skipper didn't like it. Or was it ambition that made him wreck the thing? I remember the ambition well. When our skipper, like some of the crew, first got out of college and into the Navy, and on to the *Heavenly*, his theory of docking was to maneuver the engines until the thing was docked. He'd play an anvil chorus on the engine-room telegraph, getting more variations out of the scale from full-speed ahead to ditto astern than Paderewski can get out of a piano. Working into a berth, we sounded like something heavy by Wagner, but we never wrecked anything.

Then somebody told the skipper that it was a mark of good seamanship to dock on one bell. The skipper was a stickler for form. If it wasn't good form to imitate the cathedral chimes in docking, he would abandon the music. He chose a prominent pier in what was then known as "an Atlantic port" as a good substantial object for a one-bell landing. He gave the bell for "Stop." The pier stopped us. It was a perfect system, this particular pier being one of the most substantial ship-stoppers on the Eastern seaboard. The bow-sprit doubled up like a boarding-house toothpick, but we had gone into—and partly through—a landing place on one bell.

After a week in the navy yard we sallied forth again, went back to the pier, docked on one bell and ruined another bow-sprit. Perhaps it was then, perhaps after a few more one-bell landings, that the Navy removed the bow-sprit entirely, and a good part of the bow. We were left with a nose like an airedale's, only perhaps not so seaworthy looking. The least they should have done was give us a nose like a spaniel.

Yes. sir, that *was* a war. Still this ship out in the harbor might be the *Heavenly*. They might have put a bow-sprit on, and they might have taken the pilot-house off. And they might have heaved the old crow's nest overboard, too; it was never much good except as a place to sleep on watch. I remembered the time I went up for the first time, and stood an extra watch rather than come down.

But a dory was putting out from the pretty yacht in the harbor. Two nattily dressed sailors pulled a man in uniform—the skipper—up to the pier where I was standing. As she swung along beneath me, I looked down at her transom. There was a neat six-inch chrysograph:

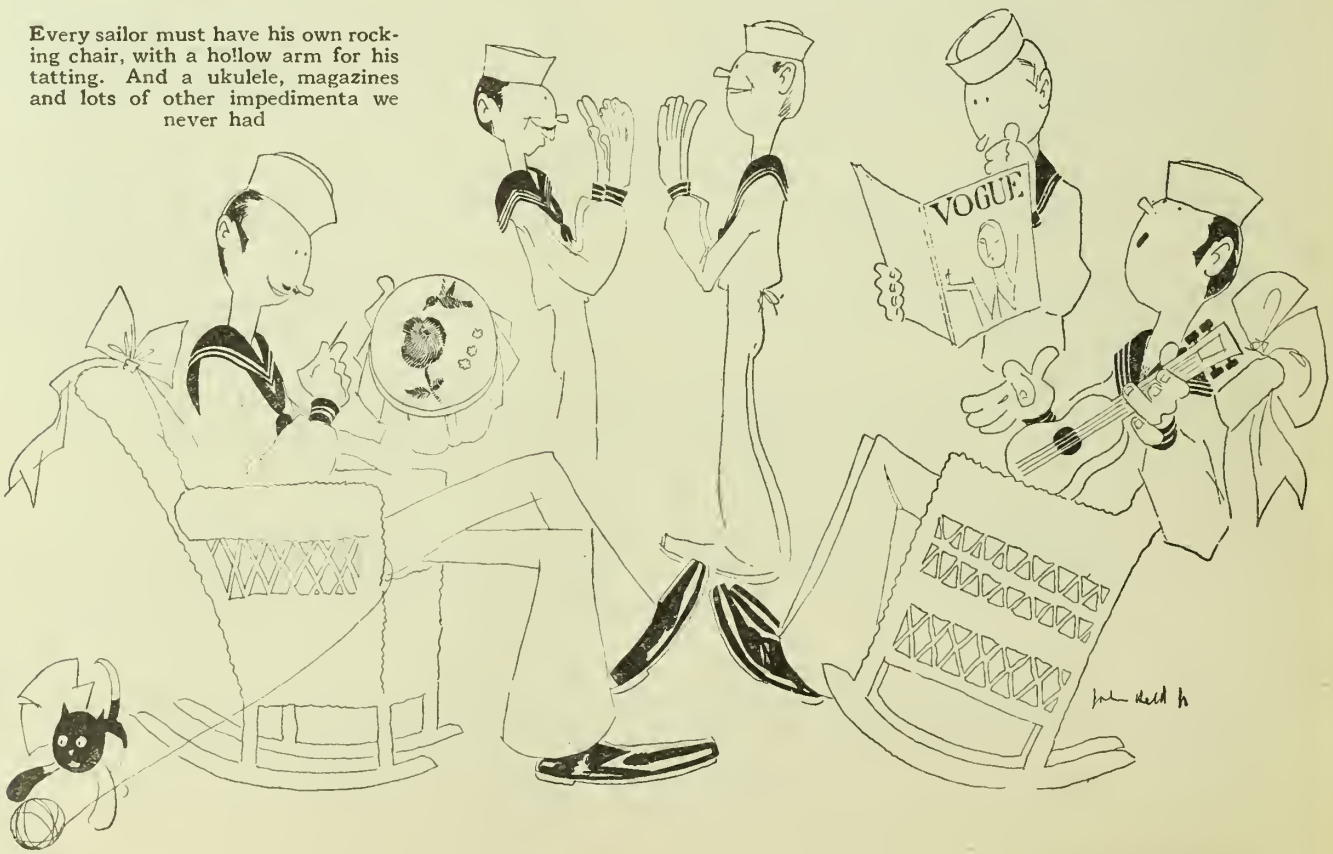
Heavenly.

That is how I came to go back to a one-man reunion with my old warship. The new skipper was cordial. Sure I could look her over; the owners weren't aboard; that was a good cigar. So I'd been on her during the war? Kind of changed, she was now.

We rowed out together. As soon as we had gone over the side, I scrambled into the chains. It was a sure enough bow-sprit.

"They done rough things to her in the Navy," said the new captain. (He lacked the cultured Harvard accent of *our* captain.)

Her old owners had bought her back after the war, said he. She hadn't



Every sailor must have his own rocking chair, with a hollow arm for his tatting. And a ukulele, magazines and lots of other impedimenta we never had

cost much, but they'd spent a hundred thousand or so fixing her up. "It took four men four weeks to scrape off the surplus paint."

Up to that time I had been seemingly humble. But the last remark changed me. No good sailor would take off paint; I was sea-goin' enough to know that much. Besides, how else can a ship be kept clean? If your station gets dirty, you paint it. That's in the Articles of War. But these private owners are soft creatures who prefer mahogany stain to battleship gray.

"Yep," said the new skipper, "we took off a lot of the paint. We use soap and water instead."

To dissemble my wrath, I asked to be taken below. Down we went into the galley. It was only a galley. When *I* shipped on the *Heavenly* she was all one big room up forward. It was berth deck, galley, dining saloon and head, all rolled into one. Now I had to step through a narrow door to get into the forecastle. There were only twelve berths where I had known eighteen. Perhaps they'd taken off the top-most tier after I rolled out of bed one night and crashed two firemen underneath. I remember that after the accident they gave me half a near-stateroom aft, although the skipper insisted it wasn't my dignity as a coxswain that was being recognized, but the value of a well-trained fireman.

I told the story to the new skipper. Twelve berths were plenty, he explained. The *Heavenly's* whole crew sleeps in them, except the captain and engineer. They only use four seamen (we had carried eight), two stewards (2), three cooks (3, count 'em), a mate, an assistant engineer and one (sic) fireman. Can you imagine, only one fireman! We had used four, and used them hard, too. Maybe one reason we used them so hard was because Joe Gargle was always seasick and the other three had to do all the work. But only *one* fireman—it was unbelievable!

"How can you get along with only one fireman?" I asked.

"Well," said the skipper, "she's an oil burner now, and one's enough. She's always been equipped for oil, you know."

Come to think of it, I did remember that the old black gang used to say that the *Heavenly* had the tanks and things and could be converted into an oil burner in a few days, if the Navy wanted to. But the Navy believes that Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do, so the Navy kept the *Heavenly* burning coal. Which certainly put a crimp in Satan. It not only kept the black gang busy heaving coal, but it kept the deck hands busy swabbing soot off the deck. And when we weren't swabbing the decks we were passing coal. That ship had to be coaled every time she got into a port. The amount of energy we put into coaling ship every month would have dry-cleaned the Atlantic Ocean and stranded every submarine on it.

"She's besser now," explained the chief engineer, who had come up to confirm by his dialect the suspicion his mustache and beard gave that he had learned his trade under Von Tirpitz. "She mages dirdeen knods now, not dwelluf. She gosts dirdy bercend less to oberade, und no longer it gifs fire gomin' de funnel ouidt ven you go fast."

I was relieved to hear that she didn't belch fire any more. That fire had been embarrassing during the war. Every time we went out with a convoy, we enforced orders, and orders were that every ship must run dark. After we'd made every commander in the convoy douse his running lights we'd sail gallantly ahead, spouting fire for eight feet above the funnel—an advertisement that could be read by any submarine from Fire Island to Land's End.

I remember that on especially dark nights, when we couldn't keep close tabs on the convoy, every ship with us would sneak away before dawn, and we'd wake up alone, alone, all, all alone, and we'd turn tail and put back to port, belching fire all by ourselves. Still, we used to feel pretty confident that in combat with a submarine we would be victorious. Even if our three-pounders didn't triumph over the sub's four-inch rifle Heinie would be fairly sure to laugh himself to death.

Still, I had not solved the problem of how to operate a 150-foot yacht on one fireman. It seemed impossible.

No good sailor would take off paint. If your station gets dirty you paint it. That's in the Articles of War. Besides, how else can a ship be kept clean

"What do you do," I asked the skipper, "when you're running more than eight or ten hours?" That was a poser, I thought. That question's harder than working out a Sumner line.

"Simple," he replied. "We never run more than eight or ten hours."

Would you believe it, what he said is true! Compared to our Navy of the war, this new, privately-owned Navy is completely soft-boiled. For the first time in my life I began to believe that I once had been really seagoin'—a member of a side - whiskered, salty, tough and ready *Navy*. Why, this is nothing but a Day-Navy; they don't go out nights.

Of course, now and then the owner's wife will want to sleep on the water, or give a week-end party on the water. But her idea of life on the ocean wave is to moor behind a breakwater, with a flat-topped bay underneath and a jazz band on the after deck-house. If enough wind springs up to put a dash of brine into a hawse pipe, they radio to the nearest life-saving station. Anyway, the *Heavenly* is mostly used as a ferry between the owner's summer home and his office. When I told the new skipper that I'd been out on the *Heavenly* on the deep blue North Atlantic, and in February, he nearly swooned.

"They couldn't do it," he said, blanching at such a ghastly proposition. "There ought to be a law against such a thing."

I had frequently thought the same thing, but I didn't voice the opinion this time; I was getting too big a thrill out of the realization of my relative saltiness.

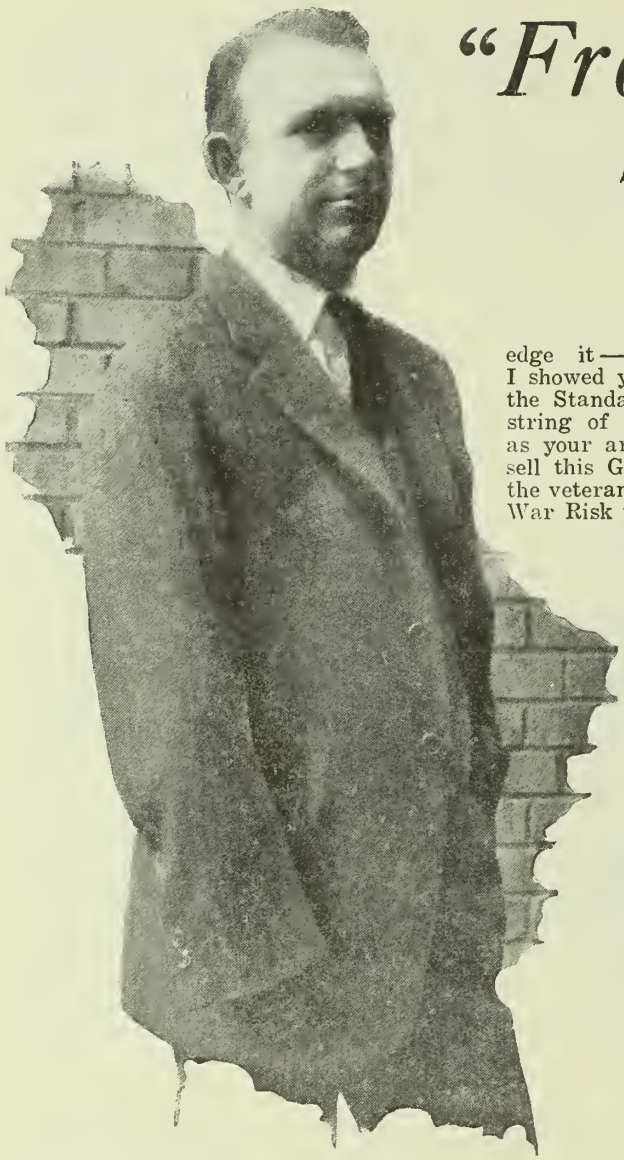
"No, sir," said the new skipper, "you just *can't* take this ship out in the winter. We tie her up right after the first frost and build a superstructure to protect her from the elements."

Imagine our old, hard-boiled Navy protecting the *Heavenly* from the elements! When I was on her we'd spent all our time going around looking for

(Continued on page 16)

"From Me to You" Says Dan Edwards

By MARQUIS JAMES



Dan Edwards, who won the Medal of Honor, is Uncle Sam's hardest-boiled insurance aide. He talks insurance like a top sergeant because he wants everybody to get fixed up before the time limit—July 2nd

THEY are coming in out of the wet."

Thus crisply Dan Edwards summed up the situation to this writer the other evening when we bumped into each other in the chow line at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York where they threw a banquet for John R. McQuigg at which one thousand Legionnaires sat down and enjoyed themselves.

It was the insurance situation Dan was talking about. These days he is seldom talking about anything else.

"More than one hundred thousand applications," said Dan, "have been received from the boys in New York and New Jersey alone, since I saw you two weeks ago and gave you some dope to pass along through the Weekly, telling the veterans what nuts they are if they do not get aboard the Government Life Insurance before it is too late. I am out to get a million men signed up for this insurance in my territory before the lists close on July 2d. I am getting so much co-operation that I have to work sixteen hours a day to acknowledge it—co-operation just like I showed you from the big banks, the Standard Oil Company and a string of other concerns as long as your arm who are helping me sell this Government Insurance to the veterans who have let their old War Risk policies lapse."

Dan got this much off his chest before the soup came. Dan, I think I had better say here, is the man who is in charge of the Veterans Bureau's campaign, in the eastern territory, to call the attention of ex-service men to the fact that they can reinstate their old War Risk Insurance policies if they act quickly. The privilege expires, according to law, on July 2d. As a special recognition for war service the Government permits veterans who carried insurance during the war to exchange those special war policies for forms of regular commercial life insurance at exactly cost rates. This is precisely the same sort of insurance the regular insurance companies sell—but not at cost. They can't sell it at cost. They have to make a profit in order to stay in business and pay salaries to their officials, commissions to their agents and millions of dollars every year to advertise their product. The Government has no agents and is not allowed to spend money to advertise this insurance. It operates at actual cost, all overhead being paid by special appropriations by Congress. Thus the veterans get insurance for eighty-four cents on the dollar, or less. Actually it is less—eighty-four cents is the safe, official figure.

"There is still thirty billions—billions I said, not millions—of dollars' worth of this insurance available," continued Dan, when the consommé was out of the way," and every man or woman who carried War Risk Insurance during the war is entitled to one of the permanent form policies up to the amount of the insurance he carried during the war. I am tickled with the way the brothers are coming into line. Honestly, I didn't know what would happen when I started this campaign. I had about concluded the average ex-service man didn't have a whole lot of sense. Have you made it clear in your articles that this Government Insurance—six forms of policies, one to cover every life insurance need—have been available for six years now? And until we started this final clean-up campaign only about 500,000 men out of 4,800,000 eligibles had grasped the opportunity.

"As I told you the other day, it was not because they were not buying insurance. I looked that up. Veterans are and have been buying insurance, but they have been buying it of the outside companies and paying sixteen percent and over more than they had to pay. I suppose it is because the Government has not been allowed to advertise, but, hell's bells, the Veterans Bureau has written every veteran two or three letters about it and the Weekly has hammered away, but with all respect to our efforts and yours it didn't do a whole lot of good. So I thought the vets were just plumb coo-coo, and to tell the truth a lot of them have been up to now. But we got out and got the business men interested. This is a business country. When the

(Continued on page 15)

Choose Your Policy

July 2, 1926, is the final date for reinstating your temporary term government life insurance and for converting it into one of the six forms of permanent United States Government Insurance. Each man should determine the form of converted United States Government Insurance best suited to his needs, and the amount of insurance which he can reasonably afford. The following descriptions of the types of policies may help you in your choice:

Ordinary Life: Premiums, which are the lowest of the six forms offered, must be paid each year as long as you live or until you become totally and permanently disabled.

Twenty Payment Life: Premiums must be paid for twenty continuous years, or until prior death. At the end of these twenty years, the policy becomes fully paid-up for the remainder of your life, without further premium payments.

Thirty Payment Life: Premiums must be paid for thirty continuous years, and the premium rate is lower per year than for the Twenty Payment Life policy.

Twenty Year Endowment: Premiums must be paid for twenty continuous years, or until prior death. At the end of the twenty years, the insurance will be paid to you in one sum in cash.

Thirty Year Endowment: Premiums must be paid for thirty continuous years and the premiums per year are lower than for the Twenty Year Endowment policy.

Endowment at Age 62: The premiums must be paid each year until the age of 62, or until prior death. When you reach the age of 62, the insurance will be paid to you in one sum in cash.

If you expect to reinstate and convert your insurance, visit or write to the nearest office of the United States Veterans Bureau, or fill out the coupon on page 15 and mail it to the United States Veterans Bureau in Washington, D. C.

Pulling Them Out *of the* Grandstand

By CARTER JOHNSON

I'M going to put the whole gang to work—that's my platform," said Bob Deem. And the recently elected commander of Middletown (Ohio) Post took another look at the stack of 1926 membership cards on his desk. There were 700 of them. "Yes, sir," said Deem to himself, "we'll see if we can get away from that old idea that all the post's work has to be done by a handful of men—the commander and the adjutant and a few committees. Let's have fewer grandstand seats this year and more men playing on the teams."

But 700 Legionnaires—now that the post had them at the very beginning of the year, what to do with them? That was the question which caused Commander Deem to gaze at the stack of cards thoughtfully. How find the right kind of work for as many of them as possible? How put everybody to work who wanted to work? Work for every man of the kind he'd like to do and the kind he could do best. Commander Deem thought of the dozen and one things which the post had done in the past, the things he wanted done this year.

As Commander Deem sat at his desk, he was facing the same problem which faces almost every other newly-elected post commander. He might have saved himself a lot of work by deciding to let the post coast along just as it had done in the past, doing a good job fairly well, but somehow failing to get into its work the full force which was latent in its big membership. But Deem knew that Middletown Post this year wanted to do more than ever before. The post had a reputation, but it didn't want to stand on it. It wanted to make progress of the kind which everybody would recognize. And this year was the year to do it. Other big tasks had been finished—and now for the work ahead.

The seven hundred members of Middletown Post were mighty proud of the post's clubhouse which had been presented to the post by the citizens of Middletown. The clubhouse had been one of the show homes of Middletown, built by a pioneer whose family had scattered. It had been bought for $32,000, although it could not have been replaced for $150,000. Its arrangement could not be improved. The first floor provides large double lounging rooms—seventy-five couples dance in them at the post's monthly house dances. There are, besides, a large library, a music room, a card room, ladies' dressing room and a four-room suite occupied by the caretaker and his wife. The second and third floors have twelve bedrooms with five baths. Sixteen members of the post live in the house. This house was acquired last year. The post was justifiably enthusiastic about it. Commander Deem counted on that spirit of enthusiasm as he pondered over the problem that faced him.

Well, Commander Deem found a way of putting to work everybody who was willing to work. He didn't make the mistake of thinking he could do everything single-handed. He didn't try to work out a new or spectacular plan. He did just what any other post commander could do under the same circumstances. He appointed a Committee on Committees.

The chairman of the Committee on Committees was George E. Denny. That was a lucky fact. For Mr. Denny combined the qualities of a born organizer with a knowledge of business system. He knew his fellow post members and he knew the things in which the post itself and the members individually were most interested.

Mr. Denny's committee took hold of its job. It started by making a list of the post's activities. The post always had had the usual number of committees—Service and Welfare, Americanism, Entertainment, Finance, Ceremonials, House and others. But obviously 700 men, or even half that number, couldn't be given places on a half

This clubhouse of Middletown (Ohio) Post, once the show home of one of Middletown's pioneers, is the center of extraordinary Legion activity, wisely planned and directed by forty separate post committees. Every member of Middletown Post was offered a chance to serve on at least one committee

dozen committees. So the committee, in making its list of activities, put down on paper a list of all those in which the post had been interested or might be interested. To the committee's surprise, its list included forty subjects, every one an activity very much worth while.

The Committee on Committees decided that a separate committee should have charge of each of the activities on the list. Instead of having a single entertainment committee, it decided upon a number of specialized committees, such as one for entertainment at meetings, one for card tournaments, one for house dances, one for monthly post smokers, one for monthly card parties, and separate committees on glee club and band and orchestra. So with other main activities, there were committees on golf, boxing, baseball, bowling, horse shoes and so on.

One committee is known as the Liaison-Foreign Posts. Its duties are to link into a closer comradeship Middletown Post and the posts of surrounding communities. It has done its work so well that guests from four or five posts in neighboring towns attend every meeting of Middletown Post.

The Convention Promotion Committee has already stimulated so much interest in the 1927 France Convention pilgrimage that seventeen Paris Savings Accounts have been started and kept up in Middletown banks.

Getting the right men on the right committees wasn't an easy job. The committee sat in retrospect. The committee drew up a questionnaire on which each member was asked to indicate his first, second, third and fourth choices for his Legion job.

Two hundred and fifty men returned the questionnaires promptly—250 men wanted to work for the Legion, whereas the post in other years had used only fifty. Some of the data drawn from the questionnaires startled the men who were handling the committee assignments. A post glee club had been talked of for some time, but nearly everybody had doubted if there was interest enough to make it succeed. Nineteen men on their questionnaires said they wanted to be members of the Glee Club Committee. The post never had had a band or orchestra. Nineteen men said they wanted on that committee. Civic affairs from the post's standpoint had lagged, but twenty-one men put down that subject as their preference.

Well, the forty committees were appointed. On them were placed 250 men who were put to work on jobs they had picked for themselves. Not all of them got their first choice of assignments—too many had chosen Glee Club, Membership, Americanism and Civic Affairs—but everybody got one of his four choices.

Middletown Post held a big dinner for all the members of all the committees, at which the work for the year was explained. "We nearly had to drive them home at eleven o'clock," Mr. Denny says, recalling this event.

They Lead *the* Legion On *the* Way *to* Paris

President Coolidge with the nine members of the France Convention Committee and others of the Legion delegation which called at the White House several weeks ago

PLANS for The American Legion's national convention pilgrimage to France in 1927 were brought several steps nearer completion when the national committee in charge of arrangements called upon President Coolidge and Victor Henri Bérenger, French ambassador, in Washington, and inspected in New York ocean liners of the types which will be used to transport Legionnaires from six American ports to France.

Mr. Coolidge received the members of The American Legion France Convention Travel Committee in the White House and heard Past National Commander James A. Drain explain the pilgrimage plans already made. Mr. Bérenger received the Legion committee on the day following his arrival in Washington to assume his new post.

Ports selected for convention sailings are Montreal, Boston, New York, Hampton Roads, Charleston, Jacksonville, and Houston or Galveston. In New York City at a conference of the Legion committee and representatives of the six steamship lines it was agreed that twenty-one ships should be designated for the 1927 convention sailings, with three or four additional liners to be held in reserve. The Legion committee, following this conference, began work on the task of designating departments which will embark from each port. Announcements of the ships which will sail from each of these ports and the departments which will be assigned to each port will be made later.

The photograph shown above was taken in the White House gardens after the Legion delegation had been received by President Coolidge in his office. Those in the photograph are: (left to right) Bowman Elder, Indianapolis, Ind., General Chairman; John J. Wicker, Jr., Richmond, Va., National Travel Director; George J. Hatfield, San Francisco, Calif.; Albert Greenlaw, Augusta, Me.; Alton T. Roberts, Marquette, Mich.; Sam W. Reynolds, Omaha, Neb.; Past National Commander James A. Drain, Washington, D. C.; J. Monroe Johnson, Marion, S. C.; Brig. Gen. George A. L. Dumont, military attaché of the French Embassy; President Coolidge; Past National Commander Hanford MacNider, Assistant Secretary of War; Z. Pechkof, French Government convention representative; Fred C. Painton, Indianapolis, director of The American Legion News Service; B. W. Wall, Bristol, R. I.; Wade H. Phillips, Lexington, N. C.; John Thomas Taylor, vice-chairman, the National Legislative Committee, and James A. Barton, National Adjutant.

A PERSONAL PAGE *by* Frederick Palmer

Different Kinds of Disarming

The United States enters the World Court; we shall be in the forthcoming European Disarmament Conference. This is in the interest of the world good and the high hope of humanity. But we have some kindred affairs to attend to at home. Our domestic courts are crowded with criminal cases and Volstead Act offenses. We have not yet disarmed our bandits and gunmen. They make continuous war on society.

Judges and Six-Shooters

Recently, I was looking at a photograph of the Judges of the World Court. They are venerable men of noble mien, chosen jurists to substitute the arbitrament of law for international murder. On the same day I read how three bandits had raided the post office of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, a large manufacturing city, for a quarter of a million dollars in loot. I read that, far from depending upon police protection, bankers had their own powerful force of armed guards and armored cars for the transfer of ten million dollars in specie. I heard how on the sound of the bandit alarm in a bank steel shutters shot up in front of the cashiers' windows and the bank's ready guards sprang from cover.

The judges of the World Court would be helpless without armed protection against the bandits who held up the Pawtucket post office. In such times as 1914 in Europe a squad of soldiers of a conquering army might close the World Court. Enforcement of law still depends upon force. The supreme force is our army and navy.

We Never Know When

Since the Locarno Pact was signed, and now that we are in the World Court, there is talk that we should give proof of our sympathy with World Peace by reducing our army and navy without waiting on the Disarmament Conference. If our military establishment had been reduced by two-thirds in 1913, would it have prevented the World War starting in 1914? We may yet have to use our force to defend some decree of the World Court. That is no more fanciful a prospect today than would have been the suggestion in 1913 that we should have our navy at war in the North Sea and our army defending Paris in 1918. Although there is a World Court, China is in a chaos of civil war, Russia an uncertain quantity with an increasing army, Poland and Germany in bitter antagonism and Mussolini, looking toward Brenner Pass, declares that Italy stands for "Two eyes for the loss of one eye and of a whole set of teeth for the loss of one tooth." World banditry endangers world peace.

Use the Knife Carefully

We pay small sums in fire insurance premiums against big losses. In a time of peace we stop premiums on national insurance. The busy knife, in an economy program, turns toward the non-producing Army and Navy. If we had had enough insurance in 1812 the second war with Britain might not have lasted two years and Washington might not have been burned. If we had had enough in '98 the Philippine Rebellion might not have dragged on. If we had had enough before the World War we might not have had the vast war debt on which we are now paying taxes. For our population and wealth our army is so small that we are already disarmed by European comparisons. For World Court's sake and World Peace's sake, it is small enough.

If it Makes You Drunk

Do you know a town of ten thousand people where bootleg liquor is not obtainable? I do not mean imported liquor. I mean any kind of synthetic stuff which is welcome to some people if it will make them drunk. This is said to be as plentiful as when General Andrews took charge of enforcement.

Bootleg chemists are now extracting the poison from denatured alcohol and making it potable. Volstead would ban all alcohol; but industry says that it cannot get on without it.

Young people are learning the habit of the synthetic stuff, of anything that affords a "kick." This weakens our hope that we should come to a period when we would be a nation of teetotalers.

Equal Rights in "Kicks"

The Temperance Society of the Episcopal Church finds that Prohibition has checked scientific temperance teaching, brought disrespect of all laws and increased the consumption of hard liquor in the place of wines and beers. Another point that it makes is that "it is class legislation in favor of the rich."

One man is supposed to be as good as another before the law; one man's money is supposed to be as good as another's to buy what he wants. There is complaint that there is no equal right in "kicks." Demobilized soldiers returned home to find that the rich had laid in supplies of liquors before the Prohibition Act went into effect. The well-to-do can afford to pay extravagant prices for "good stuff"; they are in easier communication with bootleggers. The poor pay extravagant prices for poison which they are inveigled into buying down back alleys while the rich have it secretly delivered at their doors.

Think Before You Drink

In all the confusion about Prohibition enforcement one truth stands out. The law does not make temperance. We must resume scientific temperance teaching for the young. They must be taught temperance for temperance's sake; taught to resist the lure of the hip pocket flask and the "smartness" of beating the law; taught to avoid temptation if Uncle Sam's officers cannot keep it away.

A Sordid Million's End

A little man lived richly in Paris and London. There was a haunt in his eyes when anyone from New York recognized him as Abe Hummell who had made much money in his salad days in New York from his kind of law practice. From jail he had gone to exile. Hired pall bearers bore his body to the grave when it was brought back to New York. At the graveside was a man who claimed to be an unrecognized son and heir to the million dollars Abe left, the sordid million that could not buy respect or real friends or lay a haunt.

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 Farmer and the Future

WHAT you think of the farm problem naturally depends upon your point of view. From the concrete road, at the legal speed limit of thirty-five miles an hour, the farmers seem to be getting along all right—that's one way of looking at the problem. There's a different way—the man who is chained to the soil by a mortgage sees more than fields of grain, woods and houses and barns. He sees rising costs of production and falling market prices. He sees an undiminished principal on the mortgage and an increasing difficulty in meeting interest payments as they fall due.

Most of us, however, know the farm problem only from newspaper headlines. Accustomed to the procession of problems—coal, the railroads, rubber, League of Nations, prohibition—we hear the cry of distressed and dissatisfied agriculture with calloused ears. We are, at best, amateur economists. We rely upon time to provide a panacea for every trouble.

Legionnaire G. F. Dobbert, however, has been doing some thinking on the farming problem and he has concluded that time won't cure what is wrong with American farming today. Writing to the Weekly to request that his magazine be mailed to his new address of R. F. D. No. 1, Le Mars, Iowa, Mr. Dobbert mildly suggests that all of us do some thinking about farming. He writes:

I observe in our national affairs a tendency to follow the footsteps of England, exalting industry and giving the farmers an unjust deal. I inquire if the policy of encouraging agriculture and remaining as far as possible a self-supporting nation is not more likely to be better for this country in the long run than immense foreign trade, neglected agriculture, large food imports and other conditions which England has.

I am interested in the question primarily as a farmer, of course, but also as an American citizen. If measures introduced into Congress, intended to make our tariff laws on farm products effective, are to be side-tracked, then the farmer must in self-defense vote for free trade in manufactured goods. Then, with the natural increase in population, in about thirty or forty years we will be just where England is. We will be compelled to keep up an enormous Navy, follow an imperialistic policy, have wars to protect our foreign investments and periods of unemployment at home.

Would it not be better to go easy on foreign investments and manufacturing expansion and be, as far as possible, self-sustaining? The American Legion is trying to take the profit out of war. Here is another cause for war and trouble.

Whether Mr. Dobbert's remedy is right or wrong is a question which the amateur economist need not answer. Hundreds of pages of the *Congressional Record* will be given over to answers to the question in the next few years.

A Contract for a Lifetime

SEVERAL million American men acquired in the World War a knowledge of insurance at ages much earlier than they would have acquired that knowledge if they had not worn Uncle Sam's uniform. After the war when the Government made provision for the conversion of the temporary war-time insurance into permanent insurance of the six standard types offered customarily by private insurance companies, the man who converted his policy found out a great deal more about the subject of insurance.

Perhaps, in converting his temporary insurance, he selected at first a policy of a type he later found himself unable to pay for, or perhaps he found that he was attempting to carry a policy of too large face value. In adjusting his insurance affairs, in any event, he learned the merits and advantages of each type of insurance offered and the reasons why a policy admirable for one purpose is wholly unsuited for another. Wrongly-selected insurance may prove a life-long handicap.

Many thousands of men who have permitted their yearly renewable term insurance policies to lapse will wish to make an intensive study of the problem of insurance before July 2, 1926, the final date under the present law for the reinstatement of term insurance and for conversion of term insurance into one of the six forms of United States Government insurance. The necessity for such a study also faces the large number of men who are now carrying the term insurance which, unless Congress amends the existing law, must be converted into permanent insurance of one of the six forms before July 2, 1926.

The Veterans Bureau will supply anyone with literature explaining the special advantages of each of the six types of permanent Government insurance and giving the premium rates on each type for all ages. The man in doubt may also ordinarily obtain the right advice from the insurance officer of his post of The American Legion. Almost every post numbers among its members men qualified to act as advisors to those knowing little about insurance. Many posts have arranged meetings at which experts have explained the various types of policies.

Representatives of private insurance companies customarily give disinterested advice to the service man seeking it. Most of them rightly reason that the man who is getting Government insurance today will wish to purchase additional insurance later as his personal affairs permit.

Every man will find that his own study of his insurance problem brings him at last to two questions—the form of insurance he should carry and the amount of his policy. His answers should be guided by the realization that upon them may depend his lifetime arrangements and the future welfare of those nearest to him.

Progress

COMPARISONS—especially comparisons of the fighting prowess of different peoples—are odious. The Weekly does not regard its columns as the place in which to extol the American soldier of 1918 as the best man on the Western Front. But the fact remains that this same American soldier did his fighting in the face of the most uncomfortable neck, Allied or enemy, enjoyed by any fighter in France. Perhaps the fact that he was hot under the collar helped make him an important factor when the moment for rough work arrived.

But the Army has seen the light—after nearly eight years. The stand-up blouse collar has gone; the roll collar has come. When and if that Next War comes, it may, like all wars before it, hold a certain amount of physical discomfort. Science has not yet found a way to eliminate mud; no insecticide has yet been devised that can utterly divorce vermin from human skin; tin cans will continue to contain corned beef rather than caviar. But the soldier of that same Next War, slime-caked and itchy and dreaming of medium sirloins, will not feel that he is making the world safe for democracy in a hired dress suit.

✣ ✣ ✣

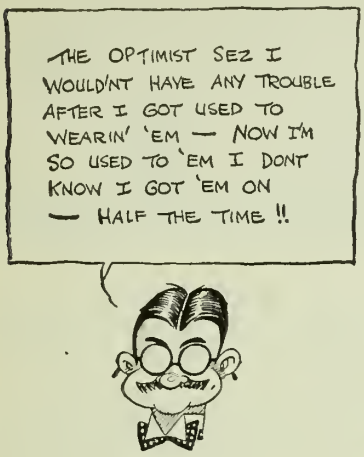
Texas is said to hold the 1925 record for the largest number of divorces, which ought to be expected of the Lone Star State.

✣ ✣ ✣

Thousands of persons are living in tents in Florida, so that there really is something to this idea of getting in on the ground floor.

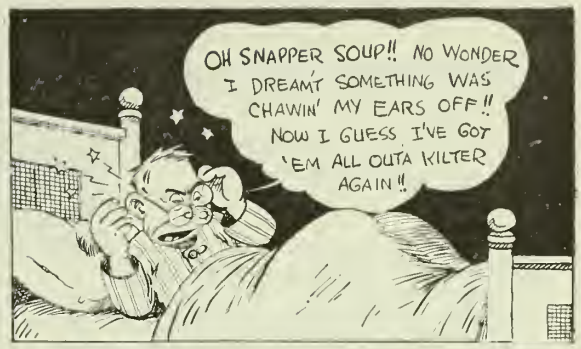
Do You Wear Specs?

By Wallgren

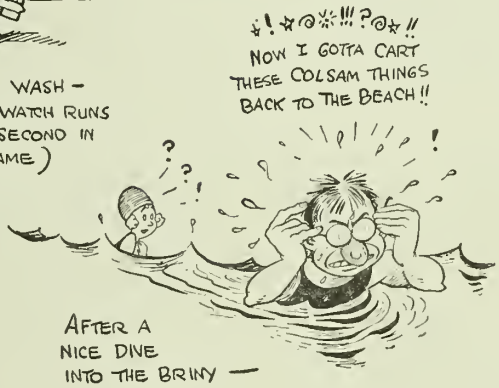


AINT IT THE TRUTH? — THAT'S THE REASON SO MANY PEOPLE PREFER HORN RIMS — THEY BOUNCE.

THE QUICK WASH — (THE WRIST WATCH RUNS A CLOSE SECOND IN THIS GAME)

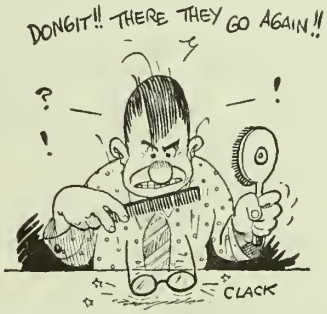


YOU CANT SEE TO GO TO SLEEP WITHOUT THEM.



AFTER A NICE DIVE INTO THE BRINY —

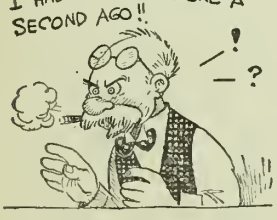
— IN THE SHOWER.



PEOPLE WITH CHEATERS SHOULD COMB THEIR HAIR STRAIGHT BACK—

PEOPLE WITH THE PINCH-NOSE VARIETY SHOULD NEVER EAT SOUP —

— THEY ARE ALWAYS DROPPING OFF IN THE MOST UNEXPECTED PLACES—



—AND THEN THEY'RE ALWAYS GETTING LOST — (WHERE HAVE WE SEEN THIS ONE BEFORE?)

—THE CORD VARIETY DISPLAYS A TENDENCY TO CATCHING ON TO THINGS —

— BUT, THINK OF ALL THE BATTLES THEY KEEP YOU OUT OF — AND WOT WOULD WE DO WITHOUT 'EM ANYWAY?

FREE
Correspondence Courses
For
VETERANS of the WORLD WAR
given by the
Knights of Columbus Educational Bureau

For the past four years the Knights of Columbus has maintained from its war fund a free correspondence school for former war veterans. Open to all war veterans without regard to race, creed, or color. Ex-service women are also eligible for free instruction.

Business Courses
Business Arithmetic
Bookkeeping—2 courses
Accounting—6 courses
Income Tax Procedure
Business Law
Penmanship
Advertising
Salesmanship
Business English—3 courses
Real Estate

Language Courses
English—12 courses
French—3 courses
Spanish—2 courses
Latin—2 courses
Italian—2 courses
German—2 courses

Mathematics Courses
Arithmetic—4 courses
Algebra—2 courses
Geometry—2 courses
Trigonometry
Applied Mathematics—5 courses

Technical and Special Courses
Drawing—6 courses
Blue Print Reading—6 courses
Engines—4 courses
Auto Mechanics—3 courses
Radio—2 courses
Show Card Writing—2 courses
Traffic Management—2 courses
Agriculture
Poultry Raising

Civil Service Courses
Arithmetic—2 courses
English—2 courses
Railway Mail

85 Courses From Which to Choose

Practical Courses for Practical Men and Women

An Opportunity To Improve Yourself Culturally and Financially

Mail This Enrollment Blank

Mr. William J. McGinley, Supreme Secretary, Knights of Columbus, New Haven, Conn.
Attention Dept. C-35.

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

Name _____
(please print)
Street and Number _____
City _____ State _____

THE Minnesota Department of The American Legion Auxiliary has not only taken the lead over all other departments in early 1926 membership-getting but it has issued a series of challenges expressing its confidence that it is going to retain the lead the whole year through, the Auxiliary's National Executive Committee was told at its first meeting of the year held at Indianapolis in January. Mrs. Donald Macrae, chairman of the National Membership Committee, reported that Minnesota had challenged the departments of Illinois, New York, Pennsylvania and Iowa to compete in membership contests. All the departments challenged accepted Minnesota's terms and the battle for first place is under way.

After hearing Mrs. Macrae's report and learning from other reports that the Auxiliary started the year 1926 with eleven times the membership it had on the first day of the preceding year, the Executive Committee voted that every means should be used to attain the membership goal of a half million members. As one means of promoting this end, the committee adopted a resolution requesting that The American Legion Weekly publish at monthly intervals the total number of members each department has enrolled.

The first table of Auxiliary membership, using figures reported on January 31, 1926, is embodied in the box published on page 17 of this issue. This table shows that Minnesota on January 31st had 7,112 members, and the other departments had, in order, these numbers: Pennsylvania, 4,354; Wisconsin, 3,138; Kansas, 2,346; Iowa, 1,801; Indiana, 1,501; New York, 1,453; Ohio, 1,380; Nebraska, 1,037, and Florida, 907.

In addition to indorsing plans for getting more members in every department, the Executive Committee at the January meeting placed its approval on outlines for the 1926 activities of the Auxiliary's Child Welfare Committee, Rehabilitation Committee, Poppy Committee and Guardianship Committee. Mrs. Marie Ruth of Washington, D. C., chairman of the Guardianship Committee, told the Executive Committee that the Auxiliary is called upon this year to render help to thousands of mentally incompetent veterans, aged and incompetent parents and the widows and minor children of service men. The appointment of proper guardians and supervision of guardians to see that accounts are properly kept as the law provides are matters in which almost every Auxiliary unit should be interested, Mrs. Ruth declared. The Auxiliary will co-operate with the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion and the Guardianship Division of the Veterans Bureau in this work, Mrs. Ruth indicated.

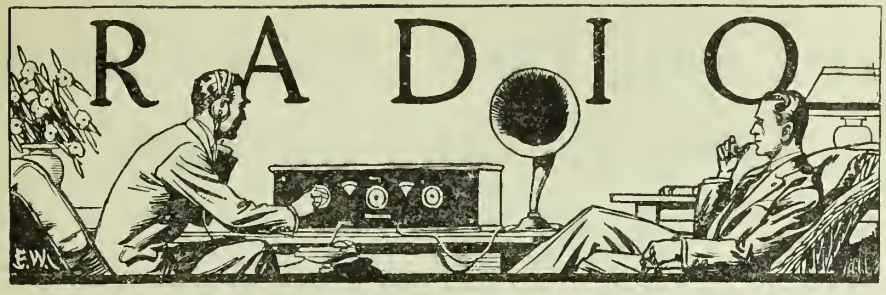
Mrs. Hazel L. Workman of Indiana, chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee, presented figures showing that approximately a half million dollars in cash was disbursed last year by departments of the Auxiliary, in addition to clothing and food valued at more than $70,000. Thousands of service men and their families were helped, she said, and special attention was given to the disabled veterans and their families on holidays, particularly at Christmas.

The Poppy program of the Auxiliary, under the direction of Mrs. Adalin W. Macauley of Wisconsin, has developed into a $90,000-a-year business. Sixty percent of this sum is paid to the disabled veterans who are employed in making the official Legion poppy for the Auxiliary. The program is being extended into each State in which veterans hospitals are located and is providing a means for disabled men to add to their earning capacity in addition to providing employment of therapeoutical value. The committee has prepared a Poppy Booklet containing complete information regarding the poppy, suggestions for publicity for poppy sales, including a four-minute talk for radio broadcasting, programs for the observance of Memorial Day and Memorial Sunday. This booklet will be sold to department organizations at not exceeding twenty-five cents for distribution to units.

Mrs. Clara Murphy Villars of Minnesota, chairman of the National Publicity Committee, recommended the appointment of a publicity director in each department with a publicity chairman in each unit. Recommendations were made that prizes be offered by department headquarters for the best published story of a unit activity. A national program of official radio programs was also suggested.

Mrs. Elizabeth O'Brien of Massachusetts, National Historian, reported that Volume I of the National History of The American Legion Auxiliary was ready for printing and would be released on April 1st. The book chronicles the history of the Auxiliary from the time of its inception to the end of the 1924 convention in St. Paul. The cost of the book, including mailing, is two dollars. Only one thousand copies are being printed.

A strong resolution condemning the insidious propaganda being spread throughout the country advocating extreme pacificism, striking particularly at military training in schools and universities and at the citizens military training camps, was adopted.



GAINING good will, the good will of Legionnaires, of potential members and of the public at large, is the main object of the radio programs being broadcast by department organizations of the Legion under the national radio plan approved by the Seventh National Convention in Omaha last October. Thus far, seven departments have been on the air officially, the Departments of Virginia, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Missouri and Arizona, and on Friday, March 5th, the Department of Pennsylvania will present its program, the most comprehensive reported up to this time, through six broadcasting stations located in different cities of the State.

Just how well the eight department organizations have succeeded in interesting eligible service men and the public in general in the Legion through their radio broadcast efforts, we do not know as no reports of the results have been submitted. Results can be gauged only by the applause cards, and the telegrams or letters of comment received from listeners-in, after the program is broadcast. For the benefit of those departments which are now planning programs, we can say that in order to combat the competition of the endless programs on the air daily, entertainment of the highest type must be offered. In the membership of the Legion and of the Auxiliary, there are without question many first-class singers, musicians, orators and other artists, and there are in addition Legion bands, drum corps and quartettes which have become known nationally through their appearances at Legion conventions. The services of these artists and musical organizations can well be used, but "good enough" artists who are willing and eager to donate their services may not be good enough to hold a radio audience, and the greatest insult that can be offered is the simple twist of the dial which tunes out one program and brings in another with ease.

The Legion has accomplished much that is of interest not alone to Legionnaires and to service men, but to the general public. The radio broadcast plan of the Legion is in a sense an advertising plan, and Legion aims and accomplishments should be told, but this particular part of the proposed programs should be cut to a minimum. Speeches ought to be of not over five minutes duration and spaced through the program. Where possible, only men nationally known or of great popularity with the public within range of the station should be invited to appear. These suggestions are based on observations of a man who has studied radio broadcasting and radio audiences —Legionnaire James G. Harbord, Major General retired, and now president of the Radio Corporation of America.

ACCORDING to the regulations governing the administration of the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly, all requests for radio receiving equipment in veterans' hospitals must be submitted through Legion posts and bear the approval of the post transmitting the request. We have reported in this department the fine co-operation which has been received from a great number of posts in connection with radio installations made in hospitals. While units of The American Legion Auxiliary are particularly active in hospital work and have in some instances placed radio receivers in some of the hospital wards, it remained for the Auxiliary unit of Banning (California) Post to be the first to interest itself in the work of the fund. Mrs. Frank McGregor, president of the Banning unit, submitted a request for radio receiving apparatus in the Banning Sanitarium, a government contract hospital with facilities for the care of thirty tubercular patients. Upon request of the unit, Banning Post gave its official approval to the project, but the members of the Auxiliary continued to co-operate in the work with the result that Banning Sanitarium is now installing a central radio receiving plant with headphones placed at the bedside of each patient. The trustees of the Fund will be glad to have other Auxiliary units co-operate in this work.

AT least one former World War outfit is gathering together its lost, strayed or wandering members by use of radio. According to a recent report, some of the former members of the Second Regiment Air Service Mechanics wanted to organize a post-war organization and news of this proposed veterans' society was announced through Crosley Station WLW at Cincinnati, Ohio. Here is a suggestion to the officers of other outfits who may want to complete their rosters.

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.

ALBANY COUNTY POST, Laramie, Wyoming, will broadcast a Legion program from Station KSBU (270 meters), February 26, 9 to 11 p. m., Mountain Time.

FOLLOWING Legion programs will be broadcast at 2 p. m. on dates shown from Station WMAQ (447.5 meters), Chicago, Illinois: Jane A. Delano (nurses' post), March 1; Beverly Hills Post, March 2; Bell Post, March 3; Theodore Roosevelt Post, March 4; Square Post, March 5.

Don't Go To Europe

Until You Learn to Speak a Foreign Language!

Avoid loss of time, temper and money, in hundreds of places where foreign language would enable you to understand and make yourself understood.

YOU will surely miss half the pleasure of your trip if you go to Europe or any foreign land without knowing one other language in addition to English. Ask anyone who has been there how important it is to be able to speak French, German, Spanish or Italian! Let them tell you how much bother they would have avoided, how much more they would have learned, how much money they might have saved! Whether *you* go for business or pleasure, by all means

Learn French, Spanish, Italian or German The New Pelman Way

The only method GUARANTEED to teach you in 8 to 12 weeks, in your own home, by mail! The only method which does not use a single word of English in its lessons! You begin to read a foreign language right at the start. The Pelman method recognizes that there are hundreds of words almost identical in spelling and meaning in all foreign languages and in English. You learn by easy stages, in the normal natural way that children "pick up" a foreign language!

A Startling Method

So startling is this method that learning a foreign language becomes a matter of adding a few words at a time to *those you already know!* The average vocabulary consists of only about 2,000 words, probably half of which *are about the same in foreign languages!* Think how little there is to learn! No wonder Americans are turning to the Pelman Method, just as people did in England.

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A Long Pull *and a* Hard One Brings Success

By A. V. LEVERING

Ben Bory plucking the grapes from part of his twenty-four acres of vines, one of the finest trainee projects in the Imperial Valley, California. It's taken Bory more than four years of hard work to put the place on a paying basis

WHEN Ben Bory came to the United States, back before the war, he left the old folks and a younger brood. Ben was going to make things hum, and eventually bring over the rest of the Bory tribe.

Of course it wasn't really that easy for a young Pole. He worked at various jobs and didn't get rich at any of them. Then hell broke loose in Europe, and battles were fought over the face of Poland. And when young Ben finally found out what had happened, it was rather a ghastly mess. There was not much left of the Bory family in Poland.

Meanwhile, however, the United States entered the war. With his adopted country, Bory went in. He was a private first class, Battery D, 151st Field Artillery, when some of Heine's gas got him. It got him badly. By the time they had finished listing what ailed him, the list was ample. Sufficient that he had chronic bronchitis as a result of serious gassing; and a heart condition which accompanied the same mishap.

It was plain that he could not go back to his job as sewer in the flour mills, nor to the other occupation he had followed, as common laborer in a foundry. Flour mills are dusty; foundries are gassy. Neither one was the sort of occupation which would be materially beneficial to anyone with a pair of gassed lungs, and a weakened heart.

The Veterans Bureau entered Bory in a business college at Minneapolis for a course in English and elementary subjects. His health was too bad; he could not stand up to it physically. And because of his troubles, and because he was a T. B. suspect, the Bureau transferred him to Tucson, Arizona, to benefit by the dry climate. But as there was no training available there, he was soon transferred to Los Angeles. And here we see him once more enrolled in a commercial course. But once again he could not stand it. He went into hospital, and remained there until December of 1920.

After the hospital, Bory entered agricultural training at Chaffey Junior College, and was transferred from there to pursue his training on a project which failed dismally, largely because it was visionary. A large number of Veterans Bureau trainees were on this project and as individuals they lost something besides their time.

Finally, on November 1, 1921, Bory obtained a project of his own, part of a ranch which was partially subdivided for trainees' projects. Like about twenty other disabled men he obtained a small ranch of his own, 29.6 acres, which was raw land at the time Bory bought it.

With the assistance of his instructors and the Bureau supervisor, he planned his farm, built his home, prepared his land, and all the rest. And the Bureau is authority for the assertion that he did it in excellent manner.

"Before he finally got settled in project training," one of the Bureau officials explains, "Bory was continually complaining of his disability. His training history is interspersed with time lost on account of sickness. It is interesting to note that he has not lost a day since he finally set to work on his own project. His physical and mental rehabilitation is complete."

All told, Benjamin L. Bory, fruit and vegetable farmer of the Imperial Valley, today has a farm of 29.6 acres. Already he has twenty-two acres in grapes; three acres in asparagus; three acres in alfalfa, and one-half acre is given up to home grounds.

By common talk in the neighborhood, which is the land where grapes are grapes, Bory has one of the finest vineyards in California. The picture certainly indicates that he is growing a real crop of grapes on his vines. In the past four years he has had his ups and downs, but now he seems to be fairly established.

And it is not as though he had known anything about it before. He had had very little education in the old country. He knew nothing about grape culture. But he has carved out a good farm, a good living, and a happy life by settling down to a real job in spite of his handicaps and his disability.

The raw land, plus what he put on it, cost farmer Bory about $6,500. Less than two years after he had started, he was offered $15,000 for his place.

Besides his ranch, his tractor, his automobile, and his steady income with a promise of a bigger income year after year, Benjamin L. Bory has a very comfortable home, a wife, and two fine children.

The bankers, the business men, and the community generally, all look upon Veteran Bory as one of the really solid citizens of the Imperial Valley. His farm is one of the show places of the Valley.

"*From* Me *to* You," Says Dan Edwards

(Continued from page 6)

banks and merchants and big corporations tip the office that this Government insurance is a good thing for the boys to snap up and save themselves money on, it helps."

I was now going after my pâté de fois gras and pretending I got swell grub like that every day.

"President Coolidge is going to issue a special proclamation to the veterans to take this Government insurance," continued Dan. "He thinks it part of his business-like administration to get the men to treat themselves to a good strike of business management. That will help. Yes, I tell you, this thing is going over. I have just returned from West Virginia, where with the splendid co-operation of the Department Legion organization and the local business men a state-wide campaign is being launched. Tomorrow I leave for Virginia to do the same thing. This job is going over."

Dan had to stop to eat his chicken, which gives me a chance to answer the question which probably already was in your mind. Yes, he is *the* Dan Edwards you have heard about. He is the Dan Edwards who as late private, First Division, accomplished feats of heroism which Major General Robert Lee Bullard called "utterly beyond belief." "Dan Edwards," said General Bullard, "has the most courageous heart I have ever known in any man." Dan lost an eye, and an arm and a leg in the war. With his right arm carried away by a shell he took his pistol in his left hand, charged a German machine gun nest alone and forced the crew to surrender. He has the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Cross and fourteen other decorations for valor. He comes from Texas. And when he starts out to do a job he generally goes through with it. And Dan is with this insurance proposition heart and soul, because he realizes what it will mean to the buddy who renews his policy.

"Tell the boys," concluded Dan, "to get aboard this insurance. Tell them they will never regret it if they do, and are pretty sure to regret it if they don't. Make that strong. Quote me? Sure, you can quote me if you want to, but give the publicity to the insurance, not me, because, pardner, it shore deserves it."

Readers, it shore does. (Dan is, as I say, from Texas.) Give us a hand, not forgetting to give yourself a hand by filling out the enclosed "deadline" blank in case you are one of those who hasn't yet got "in out of the wet."

DEADLINE

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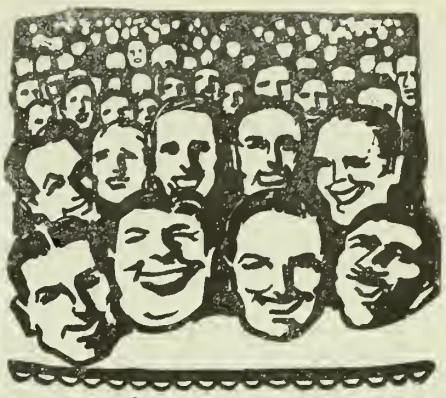

868,472 Men Have Stopped Throwing Away Dull Razor Blades

THEY learned something about old blades. They found out that each old razor blade is good for 300 perfect shaves and that throwing away an old blade is just a needless extravagance. They also realized the joy of having a perfect shave every morning. These sensible men are now stropping their blades with the INGERSOLL DOLLAR STROPPER, a clever new device invented by Robert H. Ingersoll, the originator of the dollar watch. It has only been on the market one year—yet it has given priceless shaving comfort to nearly a million men.

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If you have not had the stropper demonstrated to you and cannot get it at your dealers, mail the coupon with $1.00 and we will send you the complete outfit, including patent stropper (blade holder) and fine leather strop. Use it 10 days and if you do not get the most comfortable, quickest, and cleanest shave you ever had, return it and we will return your $1 at once. It is more than an accessory to your shaving kit—it is a life investment in a new kind of shaving comfort which you never dreamed would come to you. Mail the coupon if your dealer cannot supply you.

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By

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It chants of wine and woman, of roving, of ships and pirates, of indolence and pipes.

You'll want to read it over and over, or perhaps send it to a "Buddie" of yours.

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THE LEGION BOOK SERVICE
The American Legion Weekly
Indianapolis, Indiana

Yo-Ho-Ho *and a* Deck Full *of* Rocking Chairs

(Continued from page 5)

elements, and we found more elements than you could imagine. But the *Heavenly* wasn't in the element-battling business any more. The superstructure was even then being erected. Pretty soon, the skipper said, they'd hire a watchman, grease all the machinery, draw the fires and pay off the crew.

Right there, if I had ever had the least doubt about the justice of adjusted compensation, it was dissipated. I asked how much the crew got and found that the meanest, fresh-wateryest, most incapable sailor on board gets seventy-five dollars a month, and board, and room, and clothes. Considerable clothes they are, too—neat, of good material; the dress blues are a little lighter than navy dress blues, but otherwise almost a copy, like the undress blues and the undress whites and the dress whites with which the Day-Navy sailors are equipped.

I never had the nerve to ask how much pay the captain gets these days. I should guess, however, it's around five hundred dollars a month, and almost as much as the chief cook gets. The chief cook, I learned, is a mighty man in the Day-Navy. What he says goes. If the *Heavenly*, through some error of navigation, runs into a ground swell and the chef can't get the steak to lie just right on the galley firebox, he bawls out the skipper, and pretty soon the ship is run into smooth water.

In *my* day, the *Heavenly* never hunted for smooth water; we always went looking for just the roughest piece of ocean there was. It made no difference to Moe Liverstein, our old cook. He was always just as seasick as Joe Gargle, and flemished down on a bunk the minute we left port, and from then until we hit another port the crew ate what they could find, usually stale bread and goldfish.

Now they don't even have to conserve the water supply. They always have plenty of fresh water in the Day-Navy. The skipper had never heard of such a thing as putting the crew on water rations.

"It must take a lot of water to do the washing," I said, in my most sarcastic voice. "The sailors must use a lot in their individual laundry tubs."

My remark went over that mate's topmast like an eagle.

"We don't do the laundry on board," he said. "We send it ashore. Every sailor turns in his laundry Sunday night. If we didn't have it done ashore they'd quit."

Imagine a Navy where the sailors must have their laundry done ashore or they'll go ashore themselves! Imagine a Navy where a gob's threat to quit would get him anything but thirty and three, anyhow!

"Go on," I said to the skipper, "now tell me that you swab all the decks with a vacuum cleaner."

"Well, we can't swab *all* the decks with a vacuum cleaner," he said, apologetically, as if his efficiency had been impugned. "We have to use sand once in a while on the top side."

That skipper could not be stumped. I was about to ask if every sailor didn't have a valet, but I decided that he'd only tell me they did, and a manicurist, too. So I started for the top side. Instinctively I reached for a ladder. It wasn't there. They have stair-cases now. I climbed one. It was the gentlest companionway I had ever climbed. I climbed to the bridge, where the old pilot house once had stood. The same old hand-polished binnacle and wheel were there, but because water never gets that high in the Day-Navy, they were protected only by tarpaulins. I clambered back down another long, gentle companionway to the main deck. I started for the after deck-house, in tow of the skipper. I tripped over a willow rocker.

Can you imagine, a rocker on a warship? Yet here they were, cluttering up the deck. Every sailor must have his own rocking chair, with a hollow arm for his tatting. Every officer must have two; every member of the owner's party three, and maybe a piano and a ukulele, magazines and lots of other impedimenta we never had. Life on the bounding main wasn't all beer and skittles, but rather interesting now, I decided.

I visited the after deck-house. More furniture. Card tables were stowed against the bulkheads. A victrola. A radio receiving apparatus, ready to tune in on Station WOW. I thought of Sparks Casey, our old radio man of the Boarding-Navy. Somebody in a group of Marines once called Sparks "Sister." He couldn't find out which one had said it, so he licked all five of them. Imagine Sparks Casey tuning in on a bed-time story!

Below the after deck-house and quarterdeck, nothing much had been changed. That is, the rooms were the same size, and they had the same general arrangement of bunks. But where our democratic assemblage of officers and petty officers had lived in Spartan simplicity, these Play-Navy people were living in Alexandrian luxury. I visited the old skipper's room, the exec's, the different C. P. O. rooms, finally the one which was occupied at first by Barrett Wendell Winthrop, the gunner's mate, and later —after I had broken Dominick Guraglia's collar-bone—by me.

They were the same rooms, but different. There were silken draperies over the portholes. Each bed or bunk was covered with a beautiful spread of some kind. Over the washbowl for which Winnie the g.m. and I had struggled every morning for months, I discovered two hand-embroidered guest towels.

Sobbing bitterly, I went back to the main deck. I went over the side into a dory. Two seventy-five-dollars-a-month, Hart Schaffner & Marx sailors rowed me ashore. I clambered back up the pier. I stood there, gazing back at the *Heavenly*, admiring the gleaming bow-sprit as it reflected the rays of a dying sun. My seventy-five-dollars-a-month escort passed me, talking. Said one to the other:

"Come up to the drug-store, Clarence. I'll buy you an ice-cream soda."

Where Does Your State Stand?

Below are published figures showing the membership of each department of the Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary recorded at National Headquarters January 31, 1926, and percentages of each Legion department's membership on that date in relation to the total membership it is expected to reach in 1926. The gain in membership each Legion department made in January may be learned by comparison of the table below with the similar one published in the issue for January 29.

It should be borne in mind that actual membership in each department on the date given was considerably larger than the figure shown, because some little period must elapse between the time a member pays his dues and the date on which his card is forwarded to National Headquarters.

	Legion Membership Jan. 31, 1926	Percentage of 1926 Quota	Auxiliary Membership Jan. 31, 1926
Alabama	321	.0292	75
Alaska	69	.1150	----
Arizona	882	.3068	6
Argentine	3	.0478	----
Arkansas	1,255	.1210	208
California	3,914	.1249	49
Canada	----	----	10
Colorado	765	.0906	84
Connecticut	1,986	.1525	46
Cuba	84	.4773	----
Delaware	292	.1887	60
Dist. of Columbia	100	.0229	----
Florida	5,450	.5456	907
France	194	.1764	56
Georgia	1,143	.0882	35
Hawaii	242	.2701	----
Idaho	1,892	.4393	42
Illinois	21,462	.3496	850
Indiana	7,737	.3042	1501
Iowa	11,713	.2827	1801
Kansas	8,536	.4000	2346
Louisiana	994	.1032	317
Maine	2,076	.3043	15
Maryland	739	.0727	10
Massachusetts	----	----	----
Mexico	174	.2900	----
Michigan	5,308	.1664	99
Minnesota	12,140	.4088	7112
Mississippi	1,291	.1727	84
Missouri	2,064	.0689	96
Montana	----	----	119
Nebraska	4,945	.2248	1037
Nevada	51	.0474	5
New Hampshire	1,392	.2762	306
New Jersey	2,172	.0813	486
New Mexico	----	----	142
New York	4,888	.0516	1453
North Carolina	2,335	.1815	396
North Dakota	2,707	.2800	330
Ohio	15.590	.3424	1380
Oklahoma	4,782	.2847	192
Oregon	2,817	.2822	431
Panama	91	.1820	----
Pennsylvania	16,280	.2387	4354
Rhode Island	1,191	.2162	486
South Carolina	720	.0978	51
South Dakota	5,031	.3870	705
Tennessee	3,076	.2149	----
Texas	4,346	.1380	135
Utah	805	.1891	190
Vermont	1,092	.2933	38
Virginia	1,586	.1216	344
Washington	----	----	103
West Virginia	3,034	.2859	25
Wisconsin	6,215	.2364	3133
Wyoming	1,256	.4487	69

OUTFIT REUNIONS

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

BASE HOSP. 44—Annual reunion at American House, Boston, Mass., Mar. 13. Address Fred B. Eastman, State Street Trust Co., Boston, Mass.

138TH INF.—Reunion at St. Louis Armory, Mar. 17. Address D. J. McKay, 618 Title Guaranty Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Co. I, 114TH INF.—Third annual reunion supper at Achtel-Stetter's, 842 Broad St., Newark, N. J., Mar. 27. Address Samuel J. Cobb, 7 Gillette Pl., Newark.

BN. 5, U. S. A. AMB. SERV.—Reunion dinner at Beefsteak Charlie's, Broadway at Fiftieth St., New York City, 8 p. m., Mar. 27. Address C. Tom Mullins, 132 Berkeley Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.

2D BN., INTELLIGENCE SEC., 325TH INF. (81st Div.)—To complete roster, members of this outfit are asked to write C. C. Peery, North Tazewell, Va.

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.

JOHN C. HOLTZ, *L. L. Tillman Post, Akron, N. Y.* D. at U. S. V. Hosp., Tupper Lake, N. Y., Oct. 30. Served with Hq. Co. 309th Inf.

JOHN B. HUNTLEY, *Arlie B. Lawrence Post, Johnston City, Ill.* Killed in mine accident, Nov. 23, aged 34. Served in A. E. F.

FRANK W. JOHNSON, *Fox River Post, Geneva, Ill.* D. at Edward Hines, Jr., Memorial Hosp., Maywood, Ill., in December. Served with Co. H, 130th Inf., 33d Div.

OWEN KERR, *Albert Clinton Wunderlich Post, Lansdowne, Pa.* Killed in auto accident, Dec. 7, aged 29. Served with 316th Amb. Co., 79th Div.

JOSEPH E. KERWAN, *Arthur H. Cunningham Post, Hornell, N. Y.* D. Dec. 14, aged 31. Lt., Hq. Co., 112th Inf.

JOHN M. LAVIN, *Sarasota Bay Post, Sarasota, Fla.* D. Dec. 7, aged 56. Major, M. C., 132d Inf.

DAVID F. MCNEARY, *Legnard-Curtin Post, Green Island, N. Y.* D. at Troy (N. Y.) Hosp., Nov. 23, aged 31. Served with Co. D, 345th Inf.

JOHN J. MOORE, *Robert B. Woodbury Post, Pottsville, Pa.* D. Dec. 31, aged 45. Major, 103d Eng., 28th Div.

H. A. NELSON, *Marcellus H. Chiles Post. Denver, Colo.* D. at Wessington Springs, S. D., Dec. 15. Served with 24th Eng.

CHARLES J. NIBLING, *Corporal John Loudenslager Post, Fox Chase, Pa.* D. at Fitzsimons General Hosp., Denver, Colo., Dec. 15. Served in Navy.

CHARLES E. NOE, *Fidelity Post, New York City.* D. Dec. 24. Served with Co. E, 308th Inf., 77th Div.

JOHN V. NORDGREN, *Albert J. Hamilton Post, Bellingham, Wash.* D. at Cushman Hosp., Tacoma, Wash., during December. Served with Gas & Oil Br., Gen. Q. M., S. O. S.

JOSEPH C. OLDS, *Webster-Dudley Post, Webster, Mass.* D. Dec. 9, aged 29. Served with Naval Reserve at Hingham, Mass.

DAME OLIVER, *Knoxville (Tenn.) Post.* D. Dec. 17, aged 27. Served in Navy.

FRANS PAULSON, *Fairhaven (Mass.) Post.* Killed in explosion in Florida, Nov. 22. Served in Navy.

GLENN C. PROVOST, *Ralph A. Piper Post, Wood Lake, Neb.* D. at Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., Nov. 23, aged 31. Ensign in Navy.

WALTER PUFFER, *George M. Nelms Post, Centralia, Ill.* Accidentally killed, Sept. 7, aged 31. Served in Army.

THOMAS C. ROWLEY, *Arthur H. Cunningham Post, Hornell, N. Y.* D. Dec. 6, aged 30. Served with Btty. E, 7th Regt., F. A. R. D.

JOHN W. SLIGAR, *George M. Nelms Post, Centralia, Ill.* D. Nov. 20, aged 35. Served in Army.

LAWRENCE C. SMITH, *Ray Godling Post, Presque Isle, Me.* D. Dec. 23. Served with Co. C, 73d Inf.

WILLIAM J. STOCKMAN, *Ross Dunn Post, Malta Bend, Mo.* Drowned, Dec. 13, aged 38. Served in A. S.

JUDSON A. TUTTLE, *Ledden-Young Post, Ridgway, Pa.* Accidentally killed, Nov. 25. Served with Amb. Co. 30, 5th San. Tr., 5th Div.

FACTORY SALE—

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Anything's Likely to Happen

"Are you married or single?" demanded the judge of the prisoner.

"I really don't know, your honor," replied the defendant. "I've had amnesia twice."

Diluted to the Limit

[*Heading in Boston Post*]

Gasolene Production Establishes New High Water Mark.

All a Mistake

"Harold says he's going to marry the prettiest girl in town," remarked Marjorie.

"The idea!" exclaimed Laura indignantly. "Why, I don't even know him!"

Makes Perfect

The proprietor turned his back for a moment and the newsboy deftly filched an apple from the fruit stand. A benevolent old gentleman observed the theft and shook his head sadly.

"My boy," he said, "isn't it possible to obtain food without practising such tricks?"

"Might be," admitted the newsy, "but a little practise makes you a lot slicker at it."

A Matter of Time

Bessie: "Wallace and I are married. Aren't you surprised?"

Mary: "No. But come back and tell me that five years from now and I will be."

Thanks for Making It Clear

[*Informative Column in Salt Lake Tribune*]

Q. Is the production of minerals increasing or decreasing?—C. I. I.

A. F. G. Tryon, in his statistical study of this subject, states that in the hundred years since the close of the Napoleonic wars the white population of the world has increased threefold.

Had to Have It

"So your wife bought a Flurry car?"

"Yes. The salesman told her it was the last word."

An Impulse to Suicide

[*Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier*]

This sign . . . makes a fine display. The words, "Charleston Welcomes You," are printed in large white letters on a black background. It can be seen from the time one gets off of a train until he is under it.

Social Outcast

She didn't drink and she wouldn't pet.
She wouldn't puff on a cigarette.
She sat by the wall and she's sitting there yet.
She's the kind of a girl that Sheiks forget.

—*J. P. R.*

Business

"John," said Mrs. Norris to her husband, "I'm really afraid our Junior is lazy. He persuades little Freddy to do all his work."

"Lazy!" exclaimed Norris. "That's executive ability!"

All Greek to Her

"When you sold me this bird," complained an irate old lady, returning a parrot to the store, "you guaranteed that it could talk. All I can get from it is some kind of outlandish gibberish!"

"I beg your pardon, madam," returned the proprietor of the pet shop. "That parrot has been educated to speak nothing but the purest flapper slang."

STATISTICS

There is one jay-driver to every three jay-walkers

One-Way Curiosity

"I was curious to know if he would kiss me," remarked Marjorie.

"And was your curiosity satisfied?" asked Geneva.

"No, he didn't."

Under False Pretenses

The rookie had been at the Naval Training Station two weeks, and had spent most of that time in digging ditches, chopping trees, leveling hillocks and filling depressions. Finally he sought his immediate superior.

"You see, sir," he complained, "when I joined the Navy they said I'd see the world, and here for two weeks I've done nothing but rearrange it."

A Hound for Realism

The new maid had been instructed to tell the Smiths that her mistress was out when they called, but instead she showed them in and then called the lady of the house.

"Why," asked the mistress, after the guests had departed, "didn't you tell those people I was out, as I told you to?"

"I did, mum," replied the maid, "an' then to make it sound more realistic like, I told 'em you'd be right back."

What Hit You, Red?

[*Tampa Times*]

REWARD OFFERED to person who gave "Red" Hamilton the automobile license number which hit him Sunday evening about 6 o'clock.

It Is Hard, At That

Gus: "Ain' yo' got no job yet?"

Rastus: "No, I ain' been able to fin' de kin' o' man Ah want to work fo'."

"What kin' does yo' want?"

"De kin' what says: 'All right, boy, de job am yours'."

Song

Blue are the fair skies above you;
Green is the grass at your feet;
Breezes are telling I love you;
Sweet—sweet—sweet.

Golden the sunshine around you;
Golden the sheen of your hair;
Strong are the ties that have bound you;
Fair—fair—fair!!

Earth would be lonely without you;
Life would be bare as a barn;
What? You don't want me about you?
Darn!! Darn!! Darn!!

—*Blaine C. Bigler.*

Net Labor

"How long has that office boy worked for you?"

"About four hours."

"Four hours! Why, I thought he'd been here a long time."

"Oh, yes, he's been here two years."

Literal Willie

"What are you running for?" cried the mother as her offspring started racing away from her.

"You told me not to let you catch me eating between meals," shouted back the hungry lad from a safe distance.

That Seasonal Flavor

"Isn't the smell of winter invigorating?"

"Well, personally, I never care much about the odor of mothballs."

A Different Viewpoint

"Charlie," said the girl nervously, "I really think you should be going."

"Oh, it's only one o'clock," her reluctant swain protested. "I can see the clock from where I sit."

"Perhaps you can," returned the girl, "But I can see the head of the stairs from where I sit."

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