

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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A Farewell from Foch

Comrades of The American Legion:

WITH deep regret I bid you good-bye. For almost seven weeks the Legion has entertained me marvelously in your splendid country. My experience here leads to two thoughts.

When first I met you and came to admire you as fighters, cheerful, subject to discipline under your splendid leader, General Pershing, the days were dark indeed. Yet you smiled then as you fought, and your cheerfulness and bravery helped much to bring us victory and peace.

When next I met you, it was in your country. The alarms of war were over. You were engaged actively in those pursuits of peace which are so essential to happiness and prosperity—hard work. I have come to love all Americans for their spirit of diligence, for their generous-heartedness. France and the United States are indeed close together, as they always have been.

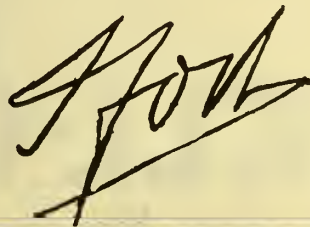
These two thoughts—of the American abroad at war, of the American at home and at peace—lead to only one conclusion, that the Americans are young, sturdy, honorable, God-fearing, full of faith and hope; that they are to be admired, respected and trusted by all peoples everywhere.

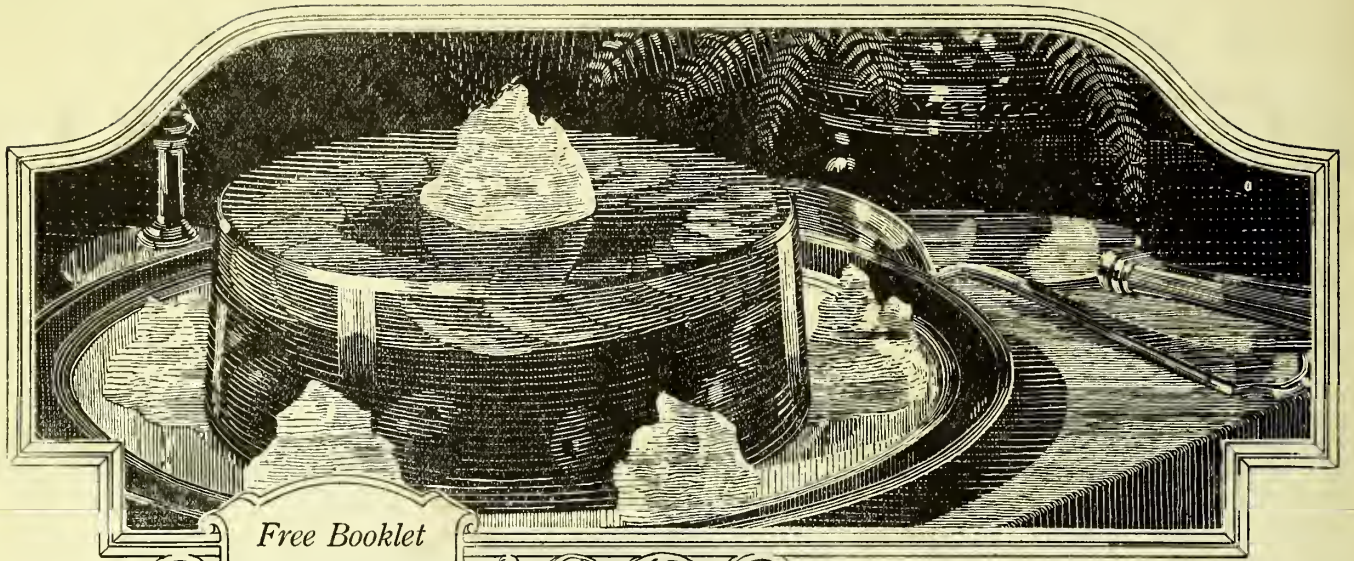
And of what type is the representative American of today? The type you find in The American Legion. He is the man who sacrificed all to fight for his flag and world freedom. He is the man who now will see to it that we have "peace on earth, good will toward men."

We in France are doing our share to keep ourselves worthy of the victory we have won. We know you are doing yours.

Long live the American people!

Long live The American Legion!



Free Booklet

A Beautiful
Jell-O Book will
be Sent Free to
any address
upon request

YOU get real satisfaction
out of a dish of Jell-O.
It gives the right touch to a
meal,—just light enough and
just sweet enough.

No matter how heavily
you may have eaten, you al-
ways feel the need of a des-
sert at the end, otherwise
the meal seems incomplete.
Jell-O fills that need exactly.

*The American Offices and
Factory of The Genesee Pure
Food Company are at Le Roy,
New York, in the famous
Genesee Valley.*

*The Offices and Factory of
The Genesee Pure Food Com-
pany of Canada, Ltd., are
at Bridgeburg, Ontario, on
the Niagara.*

JELL-O

America's Most Famous Dessert



Yes

it's toasted, of course. To seal in the flavor—



Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED



—which means that if you don't like LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes you can get your money back from the dealer

To Legion Men who want to make money

ALL over the United States there are thousands of Legionaires anxious to earn more money—ready to set up in business for themselves.

To ambitious Legion Buddies already in the tailoring, clothing or furnishing-goods business, either as employers or employees, as well as others, we say :

Here is Your Chance to Become Allied With a Great National Institution and to Make More Money

If we are not represented in your town we want to give you an opportunity to become its Kahn dealer. Arrangements can be made whereby no investment will be required.

The Kahn Tailoring Company is a big, nationally-known institution. For many years it has been nationally advertised in the Saturday Evening Post and the American Legion Weekly. The men who know Kahn Made-to-Measure Clothes number millions. The men who wear Kahn clothes number many hundreds of thousands. Many of these men live in your community. You, yourself, may have worn our garments, either in civilian life or during the war, when our great model tailor shops were turning practically all of their energies to the production of Made-to-Measure Uniforms for the American army.

Kahn Clothes Are Made to Each Purchaser's Individual Measurements

They are superior in style, fit and wearing qualities. Clothes of this type are easy to sell to any man who appreciates fine tailoring—and thousands of men all over America are cashing in on this fact.



KAHN TAILORING CO. Indianapolis, Indiana

As a member of the American Legion, I am interested in your proposition. Tell me your plan.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN AND STATE _____

- I am in business. I am not in business.
- I am now employed. I am not now employed.

NOTE: If you are now in business state its nature _____

Do you handle a tailoring line now? _____

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A Message—Under Fire

THE Kahn Tailoring Company of Indianapolis is today the largest producer of Tailored-to-measure military uniforms in America.

—more than SIXTY THOUSAND Kahn Tailored-to-measure uniforms are now being worn by American Army Officers.

It would be insane that, if we are so successfully meet the exacting demands of army tailoring, we can consequently meet the strict demands of the unadorned citizen.

Our label is our bond.

In thirty years we have not violated the responsibility it imposes. In thirty years we have never permitted a Kahn customer to be dissatisfied.

The American people have learned that we take our guarantee SERIOUSLY —whenever the veritable reputation of Kahn Tailored-to-measure clothes.

Cultivate the nearest Kahn dealer—be a dependable and a CLOTHES EXPERT.

KAHN TAILORING CO.
OF INDIANAPOLIS U.S.A.
CIVILIAN AND MILITARY TAILORS

American Legion Men will remember this ad which ran during the war

Make Money in the Tailoring Business

Write for our plan as to how you can get into the tailoring business without investment—or if you are already selling to men, let us show you how Kahn Made-to-Measure Clothes will make more money for you.

The very fact that Kahn clothes need no introduction to American Legion Men means that it will be easy for you to sell them to your Buddies.

But do not think that we are interested merely in making a few sales. We want to establish you in a paying business—a permanent business—one that will put you on an equal footing with the high-grade merchant tailors and clothiers in your vicinity.

If you are interested, just sign and mail the attached coupon. Let us send you the complete details of our plan. If we have no dealer in your town, it will be possible for us to do a mutually profitable business. But act TODAY.

KAHN TAILORING CO. OF INDIANAPOLIS

Our Guest Ferdinand Foch

“The American Legion is the cradle of a new and wonderful future for America”—*Foch*

By James E. Darst



Marshal Foch rests a moment during one of the many receptions in his honor. Apparently his mind is busy if his body isn't



These cold American winters require just as heavy clothing as those cold French winters. M. le Marechal is ready for a hard Legion campaign

Marshal Foch and General Pershing. Pipe the sea-going pants on the General



The famous Foch pipe goes wherever the Marshal goes, and is replaced only occasionally by a cigar



On occasion the Marshal can be a snappy dresser. Last Armistice Day, for the first time since the war, he wore his full-dress uniform

WHAT sort of man is he—this Ferdinand Foch, Marshal of France? Men of The American Legion, his hosts throughout his entire tour of the United States, are particularly anxious to know the answer to this question.

Above all, a plain man, a simple man, an unaffected and unspoiled man. The opportunity to study the Marshal at close range, on his private train from Boston to New Orleans and in between, revealed the generalissimo as a companionable, friendly, interesting—and interested—human being.

This man who planned the defense of France smoked a Missouri corn-cob pipe and enjoyed it; this soldier who wrote the armistice terms shaved himself with a steady hand and an old-fashioned straight-edged razor; this student of the art of war was

also the close and canny student of the every-day humanity reflected in the faces of the throngs who came to see him.

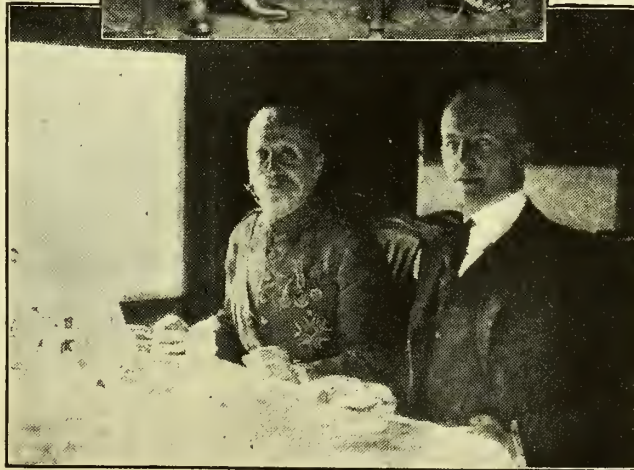
Members of his staff related a significant story about the Marshal. At a certain formal dinner in Paris, shortly after the Armistice, a foreign dignitary became equally overwhelmed by Foch's greatness and sparkling Burgundy. He persisted in leaving his place at table and running up to the Marshal to wring his hand. He kept exclaiming:

“Marshal, you are great. Tell us how you did it.”

Foch, smiling and imperturbable, finally answered the query. He lifted his glass of water and bowed to his bibulous admirer.

“By drinking this, my friend,” he said.

That is Foch, alert, serene—ready, but kindly and tolerant. This gray man of



National Commander MacNider has lunch with the Marshal aboard the Legion's special train

France millions of Americans saw to be a sinewy figure, five feet and seven inches tall and weighing probably 150 pounds, his face rugged and furrowed with lines, his voice ringing and clear, his movements quick and energetic.

Those who were privileged to be with him on his country-wide triumphal trip found that Foch was always the same; that he was not a man to show one face to a throng in an auditorium and another to his companions at dinner. And his mood was always interested and genial. No one ever saw the Marshal in a bad humor. His perfect control over his mind—a control that sent him to sleep promptly at night, no matter what had been the excitements of the day—would not permit him to be abstracted or gloomy or disturbed.

The Marshal always left what is known in hotel parlance as a 7:30 call. He rose, shaved and dressed himself. Petit déjeuner was served after he had donned a bathrobe, dark and somber in hue. He invariably ate a roll or a piece of toast and drank tea instead of coffee.

Emerging from his compartment, clad in his horizon blue field uniform, Foch would greet everyone with a cheery "Bon jour, Monsieur." Always the greetings—and the conversation—were in French. The Marshal refused to dally with English.

If the party remained on the train, Foch turned to his famous black pipe. It is a slightly curved affair, with apparently tremendous possibilities, particularly when loaded with the deadly French tobacco that the Marshal clings to. The pipe had the air of being a companion rather than a solace; a sort of grizzled crony of many high adventures, silent, scarred and devoted. A "Missouri meerschaum" supplanted the briar for a time, but became too vigorous and was discarded.

Newspapers made much of the Marshal's purported statement that he would abstain from wine in deference to the law of our land. He did so abstain, but his aides declared that as a matter of fact the Marshal seldom touches anything, even in France.

On his tour, the usual day's routine found Foch the honor guest at a luncheon. There were occasions, however, when the party remained on the special train, whereupon Foch dined with his official party in his private dining-room. The Marshal made an exception to this rule when the train was going from New Haven to Providence. He suggested that a family gathering be held in the main dining-car and asked everyone to eat with him. During the dinner he bubbled with good humor.

Captain René l'Hôpital, his personal aide, went to the baggage car and dragged out Theodora, the wild cat kitten (or wild kitten, whichever it is) that Mon-
ana Legionnaires

gave the Marshal at Kansas City. Except for a few desultory spits, the kitten was complacent and Captain l'Hôpital brought her to the table of the Marshal of France. You know the adage about the cat and the king. It held for the cat and the most famous living soldier. The cat squirmed, after she had had her look, and the Marshal poked a gingerly finger at her and admired the markings of her fur. Her purrs filled the car.

Incidentally, the cat will be interned as a dangerous alien in the Paris Zoo, with a tablet telling the world that the Legion presented it to the Marshal.

This particular meal, like all the others, found Foch sparing of appetite. He favored American soups and plain roasts. The familiar legend "All kinds pies," failed to intrigue his interest. He took to ice-cream like a farm-boy. American food seemed to make a hit with him. He had been offered the privilege of bringing his own chef, but he refused to do so. The meals were Broadway Limited standard, and the Marshal and the rest of the French party demonstrated their approval.

The Pennsylvania Railroad made up the special train that carried the party, and Pennsylvania officials arranged the routings and made the way easy and comfortable. On the road's famous Horseshoe Curve in western Pennsylvania an amusing incident occurred. Foch noticed a large number "57" on a signboard, advertising a brand of pickles. He asked Pershing its significance. Pershing got as far in his explanation as the word "pickle" and was stumped. A Frenchman in the party advanced the theory that the word should be "peeke." Foch got it. He was delighted with this sample of American advertising enterprise.

It may well be said that Foch entirely revised our national opinion of him during his eight weeks' stay. Americans had heretofore thought of him as the stern and implacable warrior—curt, cold, efficient. They remembered his famous, "My right is crushed, my left is crushed; in the center I am doing

the crushing." But his stay among us showed him to be pre-eminently human—not a thinking machine, but a man of family and friends and warm sympathies and ideas.

Crowds saw him alert and quick, reminding them of a sagacious and keen-witted old eagle. The movements of his head were quick and birdlike. At functions he studied the persons about him and evidently based his speeches on the mood of the listeners. Foch spoke extemporaneously except on a few occasions. His poise was always superb; he had himself well in hand. When he alighted from trains, amid bustle and confusion, he noted carefully the moves of those with him and quickly fell in with their directions.

The humanity of Foch was shown by his interest in children; not the politician's kiss on the cheek, but the kindly old man's affection for the latest generation to step into this old world of ours. The same real affection was exhibited whenever a poilu in his baggy blue uniform greeted the Marshal. When he landed at Battery Park, New York, he spied two uniformed French veterans in the outskirts of the crowd. Foch left the frock-coated ring about him and went to the side of his own men. He grasped their hands, and tears ran down their cheeks as their old C. O. wished them well.

The great leader is intensely religious. All have heard the stories of his refuge in prayer when days were darkest. A devout Roman Catholic, Foch always attended mass, usually choosing the simplest service. At the same time, his liberality impelled him to the utmost regard for the religious convictions of others, and his demeanor was intensely respectful no matter what the form of ceremony at which he was present.

Foch traveled light. Two locker trunks and a pair of suitcases were all he required. His uniforms were the horizon blue field attire and the dress uniform of a field marshal.

The Marshal was seventy years old on October 2d, but he looks not more than sixty. His health on the trip was excellent. In the early stages he did not even have a cold, although he was subjected to all the rigors of our changeable November weather in all parts of the country. His personal physician, Dr. André, who was by the Marshal's side throughout the war, accompanied him.

What chiefly interested Foch? Every distinguished visitor to our shores has this question fired at him as he comes up New York harbor. The conventional answer is "tall buildings and the American girl." Now, the Marshal has a mathematician's interest in great buildings and the average man's eye for a pretty girl. But his tastes are broad and varied.

The great steel
(Continued, page 20)

No. 1177	October 5, 1921
THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT	
Ferdinand Foch	
who has signed the name in the blank space is a member of	
THE AMERICAN LEGION in good standing, and	
enrolled in	1
George Washington Post No. 1	
Department of	Dist. of Columbia
GOOD	1921
Howard S. Fisk	Post Treasurer
Post Commander	Emblem Copyrighted 1919 The American Legion

On the day of his arrival in America Marshal Foch became a member of George Washington Post No. 1 of The American Legion at Washington, D. C. He signed the membership card after leaving his train at the Washington Union Depot and was escorted to the President's room in the station where he was presented by Lieutenant Howard S. Fisk, U.S.N., commander of the post, with the Legion ceremonial badge.



Decorating soldiers' graves in Cypress Hill Cemetery, near Brooklyn, N. Y.—From an old file of *Harper's Weekly*

Pictures Out of the Past—II

How the Grand Army of the Republic Came Back

By Charles Phelps Cushing

DOWNTOWN New York at dusk, just as the lights are flashing on in the office windows. Cliffs of skyscrapers, one of them fifty stories high, overshadowing a little park; down at the bottom of the well, as the centerpiece of the park, a handsome old building of marble, opened in 1812 as New York's City Hall and still in active service. And down in the basement of that venerable hall, in a big dim room with faded oil portraits and rusty war relics on its time-darkened walls, you find the local G. H. Q. of the Grand Army of the Republic. A place of twilight and a time for reminiscences.

Around a long council table in one corner of the room a group of white-haired veterans are poring over a chart—the same chart shown on the next page, picturing the rise and fall of membership in the Grand Army through the fifty-four years from 1866 to 1920.

A reporter with a Legion button in his coat lapel was explaining to the group of Grand Army men that the cross lines on the diagram that he had just spread out on the tabletop stood for units of membership in fifty thousands, and that each vertical line, reading left to right, marked the passage of five years.

Upon the story that the chart re-

flected—the causes of the fluctuations traced by the diagram—the reporter was making no comment. He preferred to hear that story, if he could, from the lips of men who had their facts first hand. So now, as briefly as possible, he was getting through some necessary preliminaries.

First he had to point out that the size of the Grand Army in its early years is a matter of dispute. Hence it had seemed prudent, in attempting to chart unproven figures, to indicate the period 1866-1870 only in dotted lines.

But, at least, he could give assurance that the general course of the curve in those first days is known. It shows, as can be seen, a swift ebb from a high tide of 240,000, a figure "claimed" but not certified, down to a low water mark, five or six years after the war, somewhere in the neighborhood of 25,000.

Then, until the end of 1876, the membership remains almost at a standstill, "comprising on the average," by the authority of an official report, "less than 26,000 each year."

Not until the year 1877, does the line begin to take an upward swing of any consequence. That year the total enrollment passes 27,000. Then a boom sets in, with a gain of 3,837 in '78; 13,736 in '79; and 15,882 in 1880.

And now, for the next ten years, the curve of growth shoots upward like the arc of a rocket, with these for the totals of membership at the end of each year's last quarter:

1880.....	60,634
1881.....	85,856
1882.....	134,701
1883.....	215,446
1884.....	273,168
1885.....	294,787
1886.....	323,571
1887.....	355,916
1888.....	372,900
1889.....	397,974
1890.....	409,489

So it was not until 1890, a full quarter of a century after the close of the war, that the Grand Army attained the highest peak of its enrollment.

The following year shows a drop of 1,708. And from here a steady and steeper decline sets in—doubtless due to the mortality of old age—until in 1920, fifty-five years after the close of the war, the total is back again to the level of 103,258, a point passed on the upgrade somewhere between 1882 and 1883.

"Why does it drop so fast after it made so good a beginning?" the reporter

asked the white-haired veterans. "Why does it then stay stationary so long after it hits bottom? And then what makes it shoot up like this—" pointing to the rocket-like curve from 1880 to 1890—"all of a sudden?"

They made the explanation of the first decline in much the same terms as it was described in our article of last week's issue—that bitter strife about party politics tore the Grand Army to pieces and that the adoption of a ritual which classified the remaining members into grades of Recruit, Soldier and Veteran, made matters all the worse. From the paralysis of those two blows the organization was not able to recover until almost fifteen years after the close of the war. At the lowest ebb of the Grand Army's fortunes, the ritual was even "exposed" in the newspapers.

Several answers were given to explain why the curve then shoots up so suddenly after a long period of stagnation. The first was this:

"You know as well as I do," one of the veterans said, "that in certain respects all Americans are from Missouri. Well, it took about ten years for folks to see that we really meant what we said in '69 at that meeting in Cincinnati when we declared the Grand Army above and independent of politics. We had to show them—and some folks, in fact, don't believe it to this day. But, at least, they could see, after that, that we no longer were making nominations for political offices or allowing party bosses to use our organization for partisan purposes. When folks saw that, our comrades who had squabbled with us about politics began coming back into the fold. Then up goes your curve."

"You mean," put in another veteran, "that around 1880 every one of us went out and began working tooth and nail to bring them back! They didn't just drift in casual like—we had to persuade them. And it took a heap of talking. But you're right when you say that the curve shoots up about the time the Democrats began to show up again at post reunions."

He sat thoughtful a moment, puffing at a pipe. Then he went on more slowly:

"It may seem a little thing, but you know I believe Memorial Day helped a lot. By that time it was getting pretty firmly established everywhere with the Grand Army always presiding. It was a beautiful ceremony, which brought us all together once a year as comrades. No Democrats or Republicans that day. We stood there together as comrades. It wasn't any cold appeal to a fellow's intellect. It touched men's hearts. And feeling is, I guess, about

the biggest thing in the world. Black Jack, General John A. Logan, started that custom in '68 with an order to the Grand Army which he called the 'proudest act of his life.' It was one of the first things that brought the Grand Army into favorable attention with the public. And maybe Memorial Day did more than anything else to make us ex-service men stop squabbling among ourselves and get together again as pals."

"That's right," they chorused.

"That's right," a third veteran repeated. "But by that time, you want to remember another thing that wasn't just sentiment. We were all getting older. By 1880 most of us had some

of 105,000,000 people. Write your Congressman a letter and his secretary will save the boss the trouble of answering it by filing it in the waste basket. What you get is a jolly—Form No. 3. But if 5,000,000 of you get together and speak with one voice nobody around Washington is going to stay so hard of hearing. Sometimes you can get action if you only whisper.

"Here's what I mean in particular. Remember how the politicians used to talk to the Spanish-American War vets when you were a boy? Well, aren't they giving you the same old song and dance today? Jolly you along, shake your hand, slap you on the back, tell you to cheer up, it'll all come out right in the end—but they take their orders from the Big Bosses, not from unorganized minorities.

"Well, human nature hasn't changed so much in a little matter of fifty-six years. We heard the same old line of guff after the Civil War. We came marching home, just as you did, and they put on a big Victory Celebration down in Washington, D. C. We wore blue, where you wore O. D. But otherwise we were pretty much the same types—the hull outfit, even down to our mascots, some of which were goats.

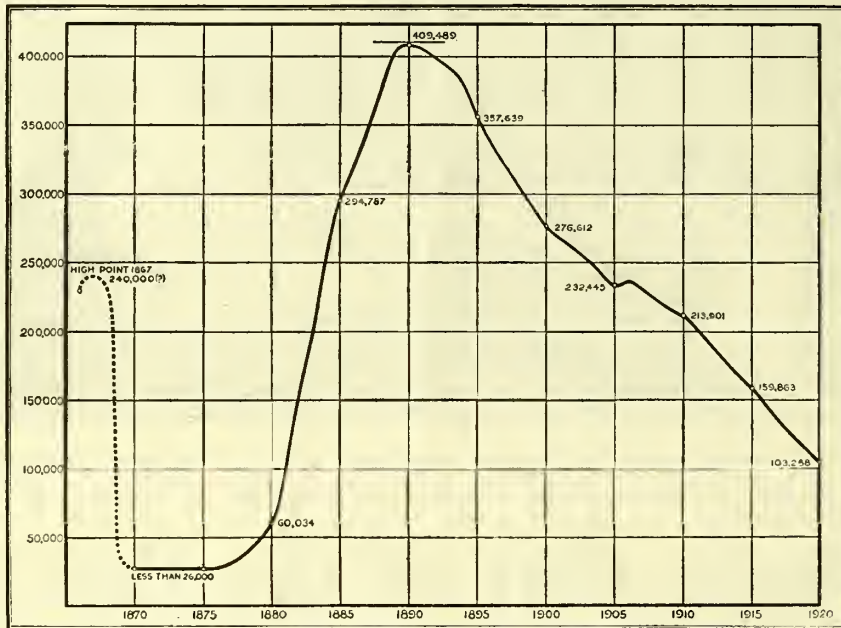
"Remember it, boys? They paraded us down Pennsylvania Avenue, and the school kids sang to us and waved little flags, and there were the same old banners on the Capitol, 'Our Heroes, Welcome Home!' and

the President and a lot of big generals reviewed us in front of the White House, and the papers told us how we'd saved the world for the Democracy and that Republicanism would be forever grateful.

"But what then? We got back into our cities—and you can guess what happened next because it's just what you've been going through yourselves. The able-bodied slackers who cheered us from the curb as we marched off to war, and who were going to give up their jobs to us so cheerfully later, because we were the boys who were saving the nation, hung right onto them when we got back. Disabled men were doled out a couple of dollars a week to live on. Hospitals were just as bad or worse than they are now. Ex-service men who hadn't the money to spare had to chip in to support their dead comrades' widows and orphans. Half of us ex-soldiers found ourselves out of work in hard times. And if anybody kicked about it, he heard that the war was over and folks wanted to forget it. Seems they're saying the same thing now?

"Well, it took us a little while for the truth to sink in. But after a time—

(Continued on page 21)



The rise and fall of G. A. R. membership. Each vertical rule represents five years, each horizontal rule fifty thousand members. The dotted portion of the membership line covers a period for which authentic figures are not available. Even the drummer boys of the Civil War are seventy years old today

grey in our hair. We were getting around thirty-five or forty and doing a little thinking. We had more sense than we used to. No offense meant to you young men—" he smiled, as he went on, "but you'll soon find out what I mean. You'll see the same thing happen to your American Legion in another ten or twelve years. A lot of you ex-service men are so darn busy right now trying to make a living and raise a family that you never stop to think about whether it's worth while to join up. Like me. I didn't join up till around 1880. You don't see what it gets you. Neither did I.

"You all blow up now and then and damn the politicians. But you don't see that it's largely your own fault that the politicians won't listen to your troubles when you ask for justice to ex-service men from a so-called grateful republic. For example, you know fellows who are disabled, who can't even get \$45 a month to live on.

"Well, here's the thing in a nutshell. To put it elegantly, you can beller your fool head off as John J. Jones of 1572 Filbert Street and nobody in Washington, of either party, is going to pay the least attention to you. To the politicians you're just one vote in a nation

Christmas—Birthday of Service

ONE night nearly two thousand years ago three wise men came plodding from the East guided by a star to the manger of the Christ child. They knew that which they were seeking, but they knew not how nor when it would be shown to them. They sought the spirit of service that should mean to millions following after "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

Associated together in The American Legion for service to God and Country, bound by ties of service together in dangerous times, this day of days should mean much to us. We know its message and our duty is clear before us.

Thousands of our comrades lie broken and sick for whom the war can never end. Our first duty is to them and our star—the white light of our conscience—guides us there. While we fight for their proper recognition by a willing but forgetful

nation, let us make this Christmas Day a starting point in our personal service to them.

Those of us who were fortunate enough to come back untouched can, if only by our presence beside them and those they hold dear sometime on that day, give them assurance that we have not and shall not forget. It is no more than we would expect from them, were our positions reversed. There may be things which can be done for them, not in charity but as one buddy to another. If there are, let us do them.

And, if during the holidays each one can find employment for even one of the thousands of ex-service men who are tramping the streets of our cities looking for work, no better Christmas present could come to them. It will make Christmas Day mean more to us all. May yours be a happy one.

HANFORD MacNIDER
National Commander

Keeping Step with the Legion

Make It a Real One!

Dear Fellows:

You cannot imagine what a wonderful impression you made on the patients down here. Some of their expressions were, "What a wonderful bunch of fellows," "Meriden should be proud of her Legion" and "I never met fellows before who were so good-natured." These are only a few of the expressions. There were many more.

I cannot tell you in this letter how good I felt when I saw so many of you. My appreciation cannot be expressed in writing and all I can say is, "I am for the Legion and all that it stands for and if my assistance can benefit the Legion in any way I am yours to command."

You have made a wonderful impression down here, so keep up the good work and you will cheer up many other fellows as you have done me. The fellows all send their thanks for the smokes.

Good luck to all of you and best regards from all.

Yours,

SIDNEY TILLBROOK,
U. S. P. H. No. 41, West Haven, Conn.

This is a letter which, in the words of Adjutant Henry M. Stevens, gave every member of the post a thrill. It was received by Meriden (Conn.) Post No. 45. It is similar, probably, to many expressions conveyed during the past months to posts which have exhibited a practical year-around interest in the disabled and it is indicative, undoubtedly, of expressions innumerable that will be received after the forthcoming Legion Christmas, which is already assured of being the most successful national undertaking of the Legion. We are going the limit—and over.

"Meriden Post is situated nine miles from Gaylord Farm, a private sanitarium, and twenty miles from the Alington Public Health Service Hospital, in both of which men are receiving treat-

ment for tuberculosis," writes Adjutant Stevens. "We have carried on extensive visitation work in both hospitals. The initial call upon both of them made long ago by members of the post and the Auxiliary disclosed quarters good and treatment excellent but we saw the necessity for cheerful breaks in the monotony of the routine of life necessary to induce recovery. Regular and frequent visits have been made by committees and delegations ever since. The visiting parties always travel with home-made pastry and fruit and, if the condition of the patients warrants, with smokes. As the number of local men taking treatment is small, most of the patients we meet are so far distant from their homes that a visit from relatives or old friends is a rarity.

"On Armistice Day seventeen patients were the guests of the Legion at exercises held in honor of the unknown dead and at the dinner following the ceremony. They must have enjoyed themselves for, after returning to the sanitarium at the prescribed time, they all went A. W. O. L. and returned to the Legion home to finish the evening with us."

Hundreds of posts throughout the land are doing just such fine things and reaping just such worthwhile rewards as the Meriden Post. Thousands of them will be doing it, with all the Christmas trimmings to boot, this Christmastime.

* * * *

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year.

The way Legion posts throughout the country are planning its observance might lead one to believe that it came only once in a lifetime. In the spirit of the National Commander's message carried above, the Legion is getting itself together, Santa Claus, stockings, trees, packages, turkeys and all, for the biggest, merriest Yuletide on record, one that will spread cheer like a contagion up and down the ranks of ex-servicemen.

A Legion Christmas! A Legion Christmas in all those halls of long waiting and sorely-tried patience where 30,000 disabled comrades are fighting the unfinished battle! A Legion Christmas wherever at home their folks watch eagerly the threshold for their return! A Legion Christmas in all those homes to which have gone the 150,000 disabled men passing through hospitals since the Armistice! A Legion Christmas for all those 100,000 lads who are taking vocational training to resume their places in life! A Legion Christmas in all those thousands of American homes that know the heartache of an empty chair! And a Legion Christmas among all ex-service men

Legion Calendar

Christmas

Read the big earful, right on this page.

Dues

Remittances are on the way. Where's yours? We lecture you elsewhere on this subject. Read!

New Year's

That's another dues argument.

Post Elections

What kind of fellows will run your post next year? Draft the best of them.

Unemployment

Did the extra Christmas salesfolks in your town come from the Legion ex-service list?

Cleanup Campaign

Keep at it.

everywhere, a big-spirited Christmas that sings and laughs and slaps on the back in the old, care-free way of the service.

As the line-up for the big Christmas drive forms, it is easy to see that there will be few if any Legion posts to pattern their Christmas after Old Scrooge instead of after the Legion program. They are all falling in with a will and a whoop. The same story comes from North, South, East and West. Out in Wyoming, Ohio, a mass meeting of Legionnaires and citizens, after listening to an address on the subject of a Legion Christmas, subscribed \$517 on the spot for the purpose.

Chicago reports a big theatrical matinee for the benefit of the Legion Christmas fund, the raising of which seems to have been universally undertaken in all parts of the country in this and other ways. One New York theater got several thousand good overcoats for needy and unemployed veterans by offering the best seats in the house to those who would bring one. In many places Legion posts are raising money by rummage sales in which, of course, the Women's Auxiliary is playing an important part. Other posts report Christmas saving funds accumulated through the year.

A museum places generally, motion picture houses, dance halls and soda water fountains as well as theaters, are responding liberally and rarely refusing to turn over at least one night's receipts for the cause.

And in addition to raising money and making plans to invest it wisely in Christmas cheer, posts and Auxiliary units are planning to do all sorts of things on Christmas Day that show a real heart interest.

For one example, the members of The American Legion Auxiliary of the Robert E. Bentley Post, of Cincinnati, O., are going to the general hospital in that city on Christmas Day to prepare a home-cooked dinner. Several posts in Massachusetts are arranging to take music, stringed and vocal quartets, along with them and their baskets, to nearby hospitals. And so the Legion's Christmas spirit is in the air, winging itself swiftly from ocean to ocean, from post to post, from member to member.

All About Dues

HEARDED about the big dues race? It's on, and it's shaking the boys up a bit.

Your department commander is probably already riding you, just as we are, to get action on a request sent out by National Commander MacNider that the national per capita tax be forthcoming promptly when it is due. Several departments have announced that they have jumped off in a race to be the first to collect the dues of seventy-five percent of their membership.

In fact, Department Commander Van

It isn't that the financial situation of the Legion is serious. If we remember correctly, National Treasurer Tyndall estimated the actual assets of National Headquarters, in cash or its equivalent, at something over \$600,000 at the time of the National Convention. But department headquarters throughout the country and National Headquarters have made up their budgets for 1922 on a basis which calls for the early payment of state and national per capita taxes or dues. Then, among other things, there is The American Legion Weekly. Tardy remittances mean delinquency and cancellation of subscrip-

tions to the magazine. Readers miss issues and, were delinquency or tardiness general, the subscription list of the Weekly would drop below the average year-round circulation guaranteed its advertisers and there would be a terrible mix-up.

National and departmental dues, or taxes, are imposed upon all members, and sometimes there is a county or district council tax. The national tax is one dollar, which includes subscription to the Weekly. Posts collect their dues from their members as they see fit but each post finance officer must remit his departmental and national dues at the time specified by the National Convention. They are due January 1st. Many posts are dependent upon a prompt payment of current dues by the membership to make their remittances to county or department headquarters. Others, however, with

cash in the treasury, will be able merely to forward a check covering their entire membership and settle later with such members as are not up-to-date. Many posts have reached this degree of stability. Commander Van Dyke of Minnesota will issue a lot of citations and there will be plenty of posts in with seventy-five percent of their dues—and one hundred percent.

If you're a post commander, why not circularize the post, too? (Did you? Beg pardon. We thought you might have overlooked the chance.) But we'll bet you are not planning to visit the delinquents at 4 a. m., as the finance committee of a Kansas post is. That committee knew something about morale; it chose a beautiful zero hour.

(Continued on page 17)

Codington County Post No. 17



Bulletin No. 7

Watertown, S. D.

1922 Dues Are Do!

YOUR Post is second in membership in this state, with over 600 paid-up members for 1921, and a good start on 1922.

It is exceeded only by Sioux Falls, with a population of 2½ times that of Watertown.

Since the organization of the Post and especially during the last year, scores of claims of all classes have been adjusted without cost to ex-service men, not only of this county but the surrounding country.

It is absolutely essential that the ex-service men keep up a strong organization; this is becoming more apparent every day.

YOU can help by paying your dues at an early date.

"Did-ga ever hear this one? What's the difference 'tween a Yankee and a Old Maid, a Rooster and a Post Adjutant? Well, the Yankee, sez "Yankee-Doodle Do," The Rooster "Cockle-dood-al-do."



And the old maid pipes up, "Any Dude'll Do."

While the Post Adjutant says, "Ter 1922 Dues I'll Due."

Give yourself the once-over and see how you would feel if you could not be a Legion member, because of discharge from the draft, dishonorable discharge or because you weren't in the service at all. Would you part with your privilege of being eligible to membership for the price of a year's dues?

IF you don't think the Legion is helping you, remember you are helping the disabled ex-service men by keeping up an ex-service men's organization.

Fill out the blank below with proper address and return with check; or you may pay at the Security National Bank, or the office of Adjutant Frank L. Whooley.

While the members of only one post got a copy of the circular reproduced above, the argument is good everywhere

Dyke of Minnesota, to take an example, is making this dues renewal business a personal issue with Iowa. He's out to beat Iowa's membership and take the lead in the corn belt, which belt, incidentally, is, in point of members, one of the strongholds of Legionism. Commander Van Dyke has promised a lithographed citation to every post that renews seventy-five percent of its members before January 1st and, to stimulate their distribution, he got out a letter that would make the Kaiser cough up. . . . But what's the use? Your own department commander probably has slipped you a similar appeal. All we want to do is add that the D. C. means what he says whether he's Van Dyke of Minnesota or Quinn of California.

SETTING THE LEGION TO MUSIC.—The war started it and the Legion is leading the country in an oom-pah—oom-pah revival. Posts which roll their own



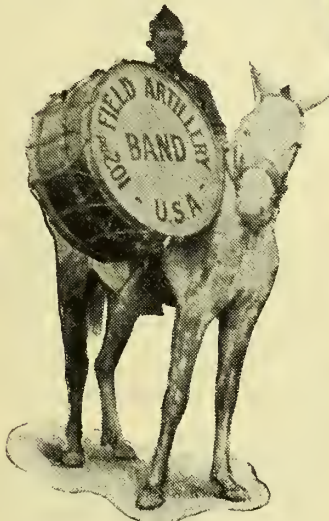
music already number well into three figures. Nearly two score bands marched in the Legion's great convention parade at Kansas City.



The band of David Wisted Post, Duluth, Minn., won first prize of \$1,000 in the Kansas City convention contest



High in the Rockies, the 34-lungpower band of the Longmont, Col., Post (left) combines good music with good tailoring



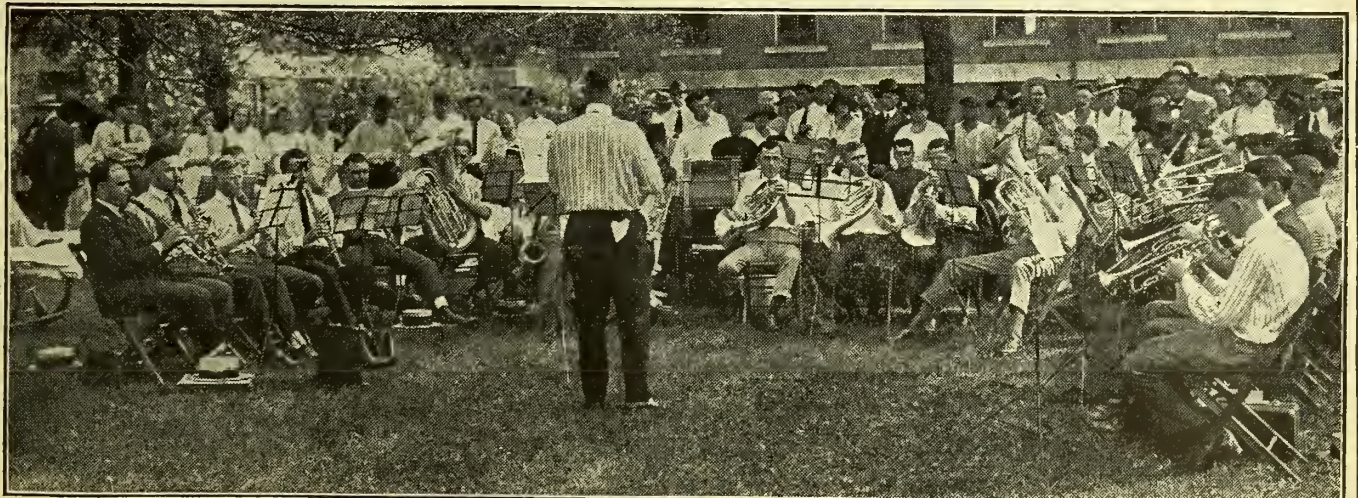
The Montana Legion cowboy band drumhorse need fear the censor no longer, for the drum isn't beaten on a front



Scarlet blouses, "Blue Devils" caps—the band of the Edward B. Rhodes Post, Tacoma, Wash.



Ranier-Noble Post of Seattle, Wash., has the only bagpipe band in The American Legion—here's just a look-in



Only one of the many Legion band concerts for hospital patients

EDITORIAL



My idea of the sovereignty of the people is that they can change the Constitution, if they please; but, while the Constitution exists, they must conform themselves to its dictates. —James Madison.

Three Cheers

CONGRESS has passed a new revenue act reducing Federal taxes \$835,000,000 a year.

Six months ago the Government could not enact the Adjusted Compensation Bill because the estimated annual expenditure of \$200,000,000 it entailed threatened to bankrupt the country; now it is in that happy state in which it can not only afford much needed relief to industry by removing the excess profits tax and the surtax on large incomes but can sweepingly reduce taxes on such articles as sealskin coats and polo mallets.

Nothing could be more heartening and we can scarce forbear to cheer. The grave danger of national ruin is passed. And, having steered the country through this critical period and seen its way clear to reducing the tax on sealskin coats and polo mallets, Congress will, of course, lose no time now in making the patiently-awaited adjustment with the ex-service men of the nation.

Watching and Listening

THE report of the Committee on Rehabilitation adopted by the Third National Convention of The American Legion had this to say about the chance for political interference afforded by the centralization of all veteran activities in a single government bureau:

It is realized that the great danger connected with any high degree of centralization is that it offers an unusual opportunity for the extension of political powers, but your committee has confidence that the deep-seated desire of the American people to have their disabled veterans dealt with fairly and justly will deter politicians from seeking to make use of this centralization for the advancement of their own personal interests. We believe it is the duty of The American Legion to be continually on guard so as to prevent any attempts to interfere with the work of the new Veterans Bureau by political influence.

"To be continually on guard." The words have a familiar ring. Where could the Legion have heard them before? Well—do you know your General Orders? What is Number One?

"To walk my post in a military manner, keeping constantly on the alert, and observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing."

That is the present attitude of The American Legion toward the Veterans Bureau. It is not critical, it neither condemns nor praises. It is hopeful—but non-committal.

Au Revoir

MARSHAL FOCH has everywhere been quick to disclaim any personal tribute in the enthusiastic outpourings of people that have greeted him up and down and across the land. It has been, he has said, all for France.

Well, maybe. The country your passport is issued from does make a difference. But not all the difference. The tumultuous greetings accorded the Legion's most distinguished visitor have been rendered not alone to Foch the Frenchman, not alone to Foch the soldier, but equally to Foch the man.

The Legion is prouder than it can say of the honor he paid it in accepting its invitation to attend its Third National Convention. It is proud to have been the means of introducing him to the American people. For Marshal Foch came, saw, conquered, and voyaged from one coast to the other as the guest of The American Legion, traveling in a special Legion train, accompanied by a distinguished com-

pany of Legionnaires, greeted everywhere by throngs headed by Legion delegations.

Now, in the season of their departure, Legion and country rise to salute Marshal Foch and the other distinguished men of Europe who have honored the organization and the nation with their presence:

Jacques, idol of Belgium, practical optimist during four years in which only a strip of his country could be called his own, scarred veteran of the earliest campaign of the war.

Diaz, savior of Italy, engineer of the juggernaut which crushed Austria and hastened the end.

Beatty, senior sailor of them all.

Foch, master of the art of war, moulder of peace, first soldier of civilization.

And comrades all.

The Watson Charges

ON October 31st, Senator Thomas Watson of Georgia made an accusation against the American Expeditionary Force in these words delivered in the United States Senate:

How many Senators know that a private soldier was frequently shot by his officers because of some complaint against officers' insolence; and that they had a gallows upon which men were hanged, day after day, without court martial or any other form of trial? How many Senators know that? I had, and have, the photograph of one of those gallows upon which twenty-one white boys had already been executed at sunrise when the photograph was taken; and there were others waiting in the camp jails to be hanged morning after morning.

The American Legion Weekly has refrained from commenting on Senator Watson's charge because it believed that the Senate would take early action. However, the Senate ended its last session without a verdict. Now the Senate is in session again. Let's have no more delay. As this is read an investigation may be under way. Let's hope so.

The official A. E. F. records show that only ten Americans were hung in France, all of them after just trial by court martial. Senator Watson has to overthrow that record or he stands convicted as a liar, whatever his motives may have been.

Since he made his charge of wholesale hangings, Senator Watson has made a lot of other miscellaneous charges, not so serious, but evidently calculated to divert attention from his main charge. One of his charges is defamatory of the good name of the American women who served with the Army in France, an attack particularly vicious because, as with all common scandal, its victims cannot defend themselves. A whole corps of women is pilloried by Senator Watson's innuendoes.

The Senate must not let itself be diverted from Senator Watson's charge of A. E. F. gallows murders by the smoke screen of scandal he has created. He has charged wholesale murders. If he can't prove that charge, he must not be permitted to escape the consequences by using defenceless women as a shield.

The Interallied Veterans

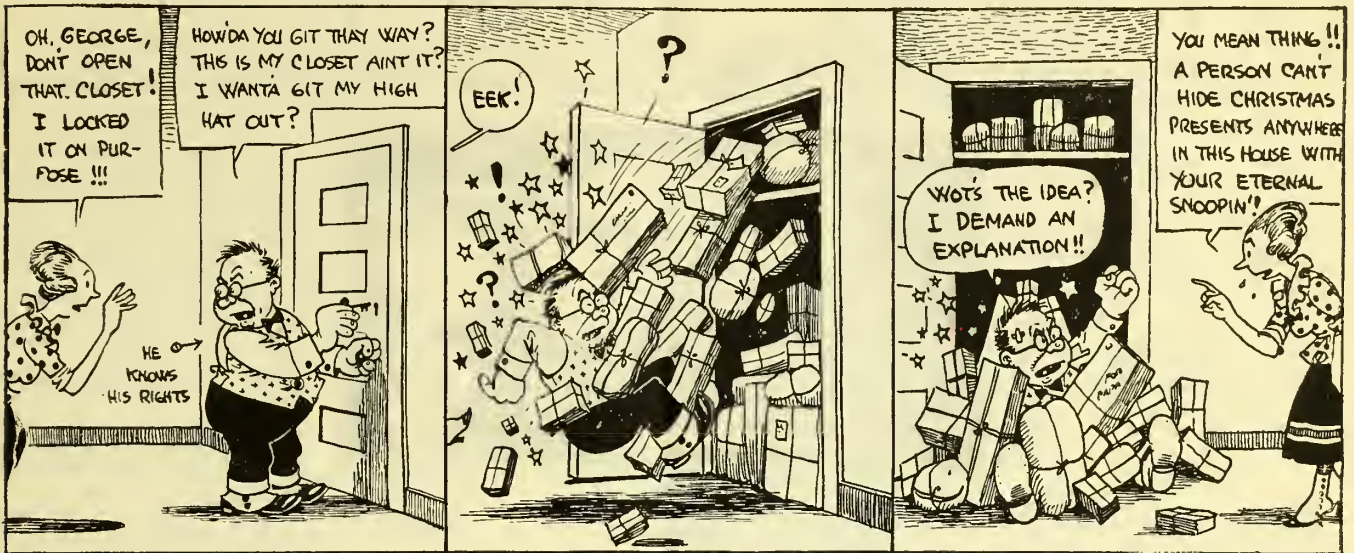
MEN who have looked death in the face together rarely forget. The men of America, Belgium, Great Britain, France and other Allied countries with an undimmed memory of dangers shared, of united service in a common cause, have not forgotten.

To keep alive memories precious beyond price, associations too strong to break, representatives of veterans from all these lands gather in Paris on December 17th at the second annual meeting of the Interallied Veterans Federation. America's service men, through The American Legion, join in the Paris meeting of brotherhood and good will with the same spirit in which they joined their comrades in darker days on darker fields.

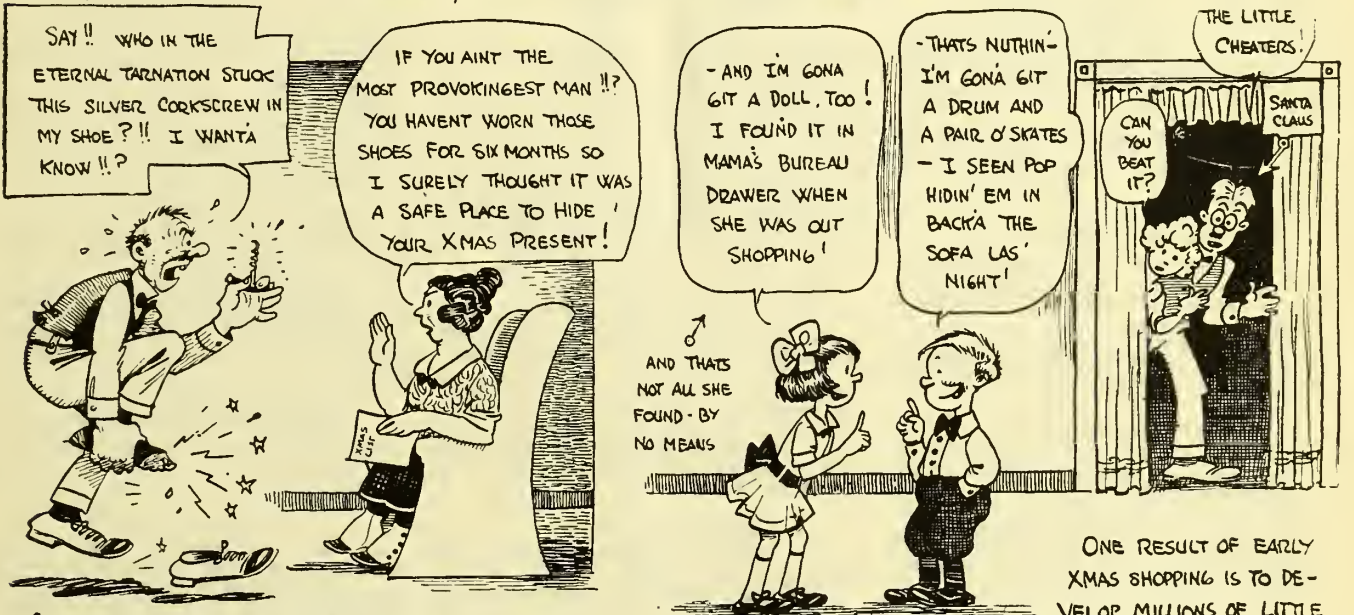
There are no longer machine gun nests to be cleaned out nor Jerry hills to take, but there are many things the interallied veterans may do together. Developments since the war have shown the existence of petty jealousies, rivalries and secret motives underlying the structure of international relations. In this situation, fraught as it is with dire possibilities, there would seem to be sounded by the Interallied Veterans Federation as it meets in Paris a new challenge, a new bugle call to service.

Do Your Xmas Shopping Early

By Wallgren

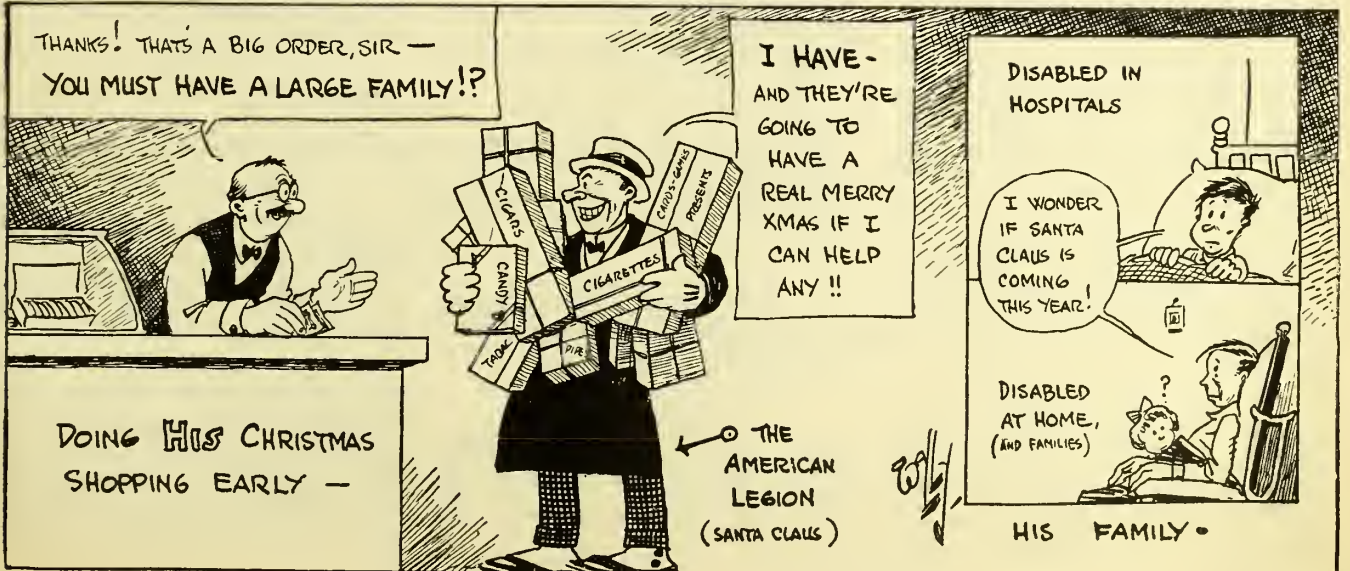


BWARE, FELLERS - THESE IS PERILOUS TIMES TO BE EXPLORING!!



TOES OF SHOES SHOULD BE CAREFULLY INSPECTED BEFORE PUTTING ON - THEY MAKE EXCELLENT SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS.

ONE RESULT OF EARLY XMAS SHOPPING IS TO DEVELOP MILLIONS OF LITTLE "SHERLOCK HOLMES'S"



BURSTS AND DUDS

Payment is made for original material suitable for this department. Unavailable manuscript will be returned only when accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope

No Time to Waste

It was a dark and stormy evening. (They always are.) It was a new sentry on post. (It usually is.) The relief, shattering all precedents, hove in sight, but never a challenge came from the guard. The corporal, halting the relief, strode up to him.

"Hey, you," he demanded angrily, "why the blinkety-blank didn't you halt us?"

"Halt you the devil!" snapped back the sentry. "You're half an hour late as it is!"

Totally Obscured

A certain callow Chicago swain had an amazingly large mouth which he contorted into an all-pervading smile when he wished to make a good impression. His sweetie had persuaded him to "ask father" and the youth was determined to show himself to good advantage.

"Mister Jones," he began, stretching his principal feature to the utmost of geniality. "I have come to ask for the hand of your daughter. I—"

"Just a moment, young man," interrupted the old gentleman mildly, "would you mind closing your mouth for a moment till I see who you are."

So He Was Fired

"What happened to your new clerk?"

"Too business-like. He wrote an important letter the other day that spoiled a big order for me."

"How was that?"

"He closed the letter by saying: 'Hoping for your immediate execution, we remain.'"

Error in Judgment

Her plan for assuring the support of the women voters to him moved the statesman to admiration.

"Whatever steps you take will carry weight, I'm sure," he said cordially.

Right there he lost the whole women's delegation. She had been dieting in secret for three months.

A Warm Tribute

The business man-mayor of a small city had been elected, against his own desires, for his fourth term. Though he had wanted the chance to give all his attention to business, he greeted the announcement committee with as much cordiality as he could muster.

"I'm mighty sorry, Mr. Mayor," said the chairman, "but they've put you to the trouble of officiating for another term. A far worse man would have been good enough for us, but that's just the trouble. We couldn't find him—and it's my opinion he ain't to be found."

Sister Susie's Still Remembered

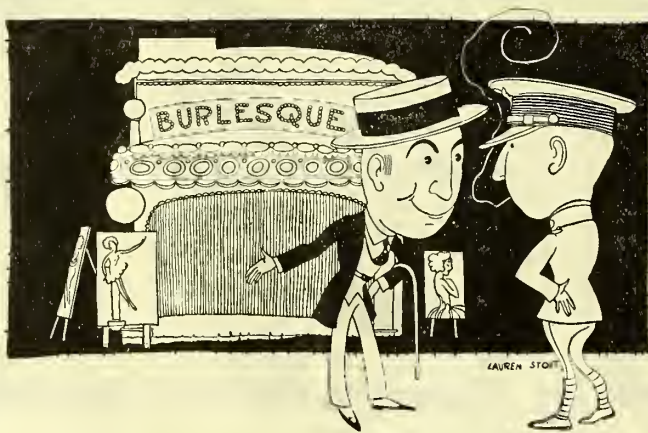
Dabbs: "Look at poor Castor trembling. He still suffers from shell shock."

Dibbs: "Shell shock nothing. He just passed a display of knitting needles and yarn."

Alive and Kicking

Uncle Mose had an affection for his wife that neither age nor the wear and tear of her disposition had destroyed. He seemed to glory in what others described as Aunt Sally's cantankerousness.

"How's Aunt Sally getting along, Mose?" one of his neighbors asked upon encour-



"Are you going to the armory tonight?"

"No! I'm going to the leggery."

tering the old man after lively sounds had been heard from the alley.

"Ise been fearin' dis winter's rheumatiz would carry her off," said the veteran, "but she sho' is improvin' dis last spell o' warm weather. Dis mawnin' she stood up, restin' herself on one crutch, and made passes at me wid de odder, an' she done made out to fotch a right smart piece o' skin often mah shin-bone. Yasuh, Ise feelin' pow'ful encouraged."

Feminine Finance

"Dear," said Mrs. Newliwed, "I needed a new hat, so I just wrote a check for fifty dollars on the First National to save you expense."

"Great gosh!" gasped her husband, "I haven't a nickel in that bank!"

"I know it, dear, but that will be all right. They won't mind. Their advertisement says: 'Our Resources Are One Million Dollars.'"

Liquid or Solid?

"Any excitement today?" asked the bootlegger's bride fondly.

"Why, yes," returned her husband as he put on his carpet slippers and drew the *Christian Register* from his pocket. "I ran plump into a Federal agent."

"My, my," she ejaculated, all of a flutter, "did he take anything?"

The bootlegger donned his gold-rimmed spectacles and stroked the cat.

"Only a couple of shots, my dear," he answered.

Plum(b) Correct

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," said the man who believes in the old maxims.

"Yes," agreed the one who makes up new ones as he goes along, "and the higher the proof the better the eating."

It's a Long, Long Game

"Ancient records tell us that they started playing chess in China and India more than 3,000 years ago."

"Well, have they finished yet?"

High Life

She (as they dance): "Where have I met you before? There is something very familiar in the way you put your arm around my waist."

He: "Why, don't you remember? I was your very first husband."

The Timid Sex

Mrs. Jones had been regarding a second marriage with favor since the death of her husband, and was all a-flutter when the sheriff, with whom she was slightly acquainted, came to the door with some evidences of embarrassment.

"Madam," he began diffidently, "I have an attachment for you."

"Sir," she replied, blushing, "it is reciprocated."

"You don't understand me. You must proceed to court."

"Ah, now, do you think it's Leap Year? Do your own courting."

"Mrs. Jones, this is no time for fooling. The justice is waiting."

"Is he? Well, I suppose I must be going, though this is so sudden, and really, I'd prefer a minister."

Dual Personality

A certain professor was endeavoring to explain to his class that both parents have an equal influence upon the life of a child.

"For," he concluded gravely, "you will find that a man is as much the son of his father as he is the daughter of his mother."

Suggestions of a Doughboy

Being the Suggestions of a Doughboy on the Manner of Conducting the Next War Together with Certain Reflections on the Conduct of the Last One.

2. That, if there should be another war, the League of Nations or somebody declare that the use of Infantry in warfare be forever discontinued as barbarous and inhuman.

(To be continued)

On the Installment Plan

"Does your future husband know your age, Myrtle?"

"Well—partly."

Little to Ask

She was the sweetest, most innocent little girl he had ever seen, and he watched her sympathetically as she stood knee-deep in the snow, fumbling in her handbag with tears of vexation in her eyes.

"May I help you?" he asked gently, not wishing to frighten her.

She smiled shyly.

"Yes," she answered. "Will you please roll this cigarette for me?"

True

Browne: "Possession is nine points of the law."

Towne: "Still, the horses you bet on generally cost you more than the ones you own."

O-o-oh, My!

After having been repeatedly warned never to speak a profane word, the five-year-old son came to his mother to report the wickedness of one of his playmates.

"Oh, mother," he ejaculated. "Tommy said an awful word. He said—he said the name of the man who runs Hell."

Not Fussy

The magistrate gazed sternly at the youthful defendant.

"You come from a good family," he said. "When you stole this watch, didn't you know it was wrong?"

"Sure," said the prisoner nonchalantly, "but it was only about five minutes out of the way, so I swiped it anyhow."

PRO AND CON

Editorial Comment on the Activities of
The American Legion

It is fortunate for the country that The American Legion was organized by able men of sound ideas, and that they lost no time in taking a stand for America's soundest traditions. A group of ingenious and unscrupulous radicals might have seized the moment of demobilization to exploit the restlessness of the discharged soldiers, and in place of the aggressively American organization which now speaks for all but a negligible few of the former service men, the country might have been obliged to take drastic steps to curb the activities of former service men with an incurable fondness for violence in pursuit of their objective.—*Indianapolis (Ind.) News.*

The Legion has a noble mission to fulfil in preaching the gospel of a one hundred percent efficient citizenship; in defending against the assaults of domestic and foreign enemies the principles of American patriotism; in emphasizing the truth that citizenship in a free democracy brings with it the duty of bearing arms in its defence; and in securing a square deal for the sick and disabled former service men. This mission the Legion can best carry out by refusing to enter the battlefield of politics.—*Boston Transcript.*

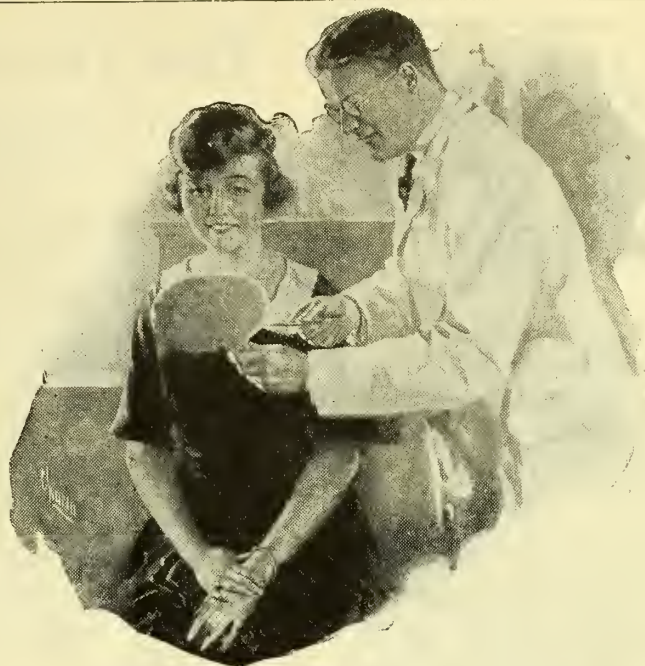
There is every prospect of increasing power and usefulness in the Legion here. Its real sphere of activity is only just opening before it. The distracting side issues and discordances which were the natural outcome of the disturbed conditions immediately following the great war, in conjunction with the jarring interests which always bedevil a great organization in the period of its incubation, have all been smoothed away. The Legion has found itself and there is nothing now for it to do but to grow.—*Philadelphia (Pa.) Record.*

There is an organized agitation on now to discredit The American Legion. It cannot, and it ought not, to succeed. The American Legion, in our judgment, will prove to be the greatest single factor in the building of a just and righteous American sentiment. The boys who fought for Uncle Sam will see to it that the real interests of the United States are not bartered away or betrayed.—*Winnebago (Minn.) Enterprise.*

The socialists have issued a manifesto in which they excoriate The American Legion, denouncing it as a military clique, and warning the nation of its Prussian tendencies. This is awful. The Legion boys—some four millions of them—very effectively blocked the socialist program of turning over the world to the Kaiser and his junkers, and for that reason the said socialists denounce the Legion as dangerous to liberty.—*St. James (Minn.) Plaindealer.*

The American Legion is the most distinguished organization in North Carolina. Its membership is the most truly representative of the best patriotic impulses of our citizenship. Its personnel is drawn exclusively from those who served their nation heroically in an hour of grave peril and who have won the right to share in the prodigal gratitude of their fellow-citizens. The people of North Carolina expect large things from their American Legion.—*Asheville (N. C.) Times.*

The Legion has had its critics, it has had what every organization goes through, a period of "growing pains." There has been demonstrated a virility and a power within The American Legion that spells success. However, this force or influence must be properly directed. Rightfully directed The American Legion with its large membership can be a positive factor in any community. It can be a force for years to come in this nation.—*New Haven (Conn.) Union.*



A War on Film

On the film that ruins teeth

Dental science has declared a war on film. Millions of people, half the world over, have joined it. And leading dentists everywhere are securing new recruits.

This ten-day test will show you the results. Make it and note the change that comes in cleaner, prettier teeth.

Makes teeth dingy

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It makes white teeth look dingy. And most tooth troubles are now traced to that film.

Film is what discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

These five effects twice daily

Pepsodent combats the film in two effective ways. It leaves teeth highly polished, so film less easily adheres.

It also multiplies the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer of acids which cause decay.

Every application brings these five

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Many serious troubles are now traced to them.

Failed to end it

Old teeth cleaning methods have failed to end film. Much was left to night and day threaten serious damage. That's why well-brushed teeth discolored and decayed.

Dental science has for years sought ways to fight that film. Two effective methods have been found, and able authorities have well proved their efficiency.

Now those methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste based on modern dental knowledge. And to millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

desired effects. All of them are deemed essential. But old methods never brought them.

Send the coupon for a 10-day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

In a week the results will surprise and delight you. And your home, we believe, will adopt this new method. Don't wait longer. Cut out the coupon now.

PAT OFF
Pepsodent
REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

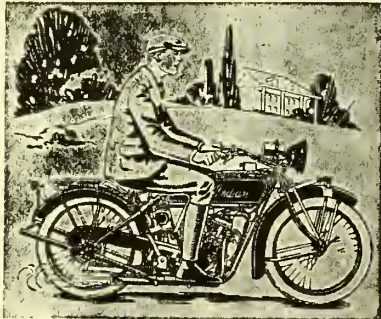
10-Day Tube Free ⁶⁷⁵

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 472, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

Indian Motorcycles for 1922

The Standard Motorcycle
of the World



Adopted by governments, cities and towns for protection and utility.

Used as an economical and sport machine generally.

Write for literature covering the 1922 models.

Numerous improvements.

Two brand new models.

Substantial price reductions.

Address Dept. L.

Hendee Manufacturing Company

Largest Motorcycle Manufacturer
in the World

Springfield
Massachusetts

The Ties of War and Peace

The Interallied Veterans Meet to Amalgamate Interests

IN Paris on December 17th, the representatives of eight million veterans who fought on the Allied side assemble to rear the superstructure of the international society whose purpose it is to perpetuate among peoples the harmony which bound together the soldiers of the Allies during the World War. This society, the Interallied Veterans Federation, composed of The American Legion and the ex-service men's organizations of France, Great Britain, Belgium, Rumania and Czechoslovakia, today rests upon the foundation of more than a year's efforts to perfect unity among those who fought under various flags against autocracy. The task at this second annual meeting of the Federation is to erect upon that foundation the complete structure of the organization and to equip it with working machinery.

Legionnaires resident in Europe have been active in promoting the growth of the Interallied Veterans Federation during the last year. In all the Allied countries, the veterans' societies in this period have been developing much on the same principles as those of The American Legion. In England, the consolidation of the important veterans' societies to form the British Legion was a step that will facilitate the activities of the international society. In France, the merging of the important French veterans' societies to form La Legionne Francais is now in sight, largely as a result of The American Legion's tour of France last autumn.

The perfecting of the Interallied Veterans Federation was one of the strongest purposes of the late National Commander Galbraith. At the time of his death, he was engaged in carrying out plans by which the Legion hoped to make its co-operation with the veterans of other countries effective, and these plans have been carried on since his death by others. The officers of the Federation during the last year have been: Charles Bertrand, of France, president; Cabot Ward, of The American Legion, first vice-president; G. R. Crosfield, of Great Britain, second vice-president; Marie Davigneau, of France, secretary, and Arthur W. Kipling, of The American Legion, treasurer. The American Legion's committee for co-operation in the Federation has consisted of Mr. Ward, Mr. Kipling, Dr. Edmund L. Gros, Oscar N. Solbert and Norman L. Coster. By reason of their residence in London and Paris, these men have been able to participate actively with the committees of the foreign veterans' societies. Other Americans living in France and England have also assisted. President Bertrand has made tours of the Allied countries in the interests of the Federation, and was the guest of The American Legion at the Kansas City convention.

The Paris meeting will do more than formulate theories for the preservation of peace by exerting the united influence of veterans' societies in the various countries. The Washington disarmament conference is expected to have some bearing upon the discussions

of this purpose. The Federation hopes to establish a clearing house through which each country will learn of the legislation assisting veterans enacted in other countries. It is expected also that means will be perfected to grant reciprocal privileges in all countries to the veterans of other countries. A system of identification cards is planned in furtherance of this aim.

At the Paris meeting, the question of bringing into active membership the veterans' societies of Italy and Poland and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenians will be discussed. Internal conditions in these countries have operated against the successful participation of the veterans' societies of these countries in the Federation. The question of the share of Federation finances to be borne by each country represented will also be considered.

National Commander MacNider called the following message to the Paris assembly:

The American Legion of your comrades, sends you greetings with the earnest hope that this meeting and the year ahead may be filled with great achievements for the cause of all ex-service men, for the countries for which we fought and for the civilized world.

Our union is sealed and the strength of our friendship and comradeship is a guarantee to the world of happier days and a future pregnant with opportunities to bind even closer the strongest ties men can have—those of serving side by side in battle against the foes of civilization.

It is our belief that the time is nearly ripe for concerted action toward the great ends to which we are pledged in spirit. The Interallied Veterans Federation, composed of men who know what war means and with open eyes and vivid memories of those experiences which only can be gained upon the field of battle, will be a stronger factor toward the prevention of future war than any limitation of armaments conference or any international agreements.

We pledge to you—in memory of our comrades who did not come back, and with constant thought of those who blind, maimed and broken must live the war forever—that the peoples of the world shall have the opportunity to say that such things must never come again.

We must build up our legions so big and fine and strong, and tie them into our national existences by such firm bonds of service, that our great nations will stand behind the men who offered their lives for the defense of liberty. That is our first task.

Our next task stands clearly before us, and for this great service to humanity, we pledge ourselves to you—our comrades of yesterday, today and tomorrow.

National Commander MacNider has appointed as chairman of The American Legion delegation at the conference William B. Follett, of Eugene, Ore. The other members of the delegation, appointed by the National Commander, are: Cabot Ward, Commander of the Department of France; W. D. Connor, Commander of Paris Post; H. H. Harjes, of Paris Post; Theodore F. Fieker, Commander of Maroc Post of the American Forces in Germany, and Donald Smith, Adjutant of the London Post. The conference will be held in the Federation's headquarters.

The little matter of 15 cts. (coin or stamps) will bring you the **Pathfinder 13 weeks on trial**. The Pathfinder is a cheerful illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's center for people everywhere: an independent home paper that tells the story of the world's news in an interesting, understandable way. Now in its 29th year. This splendid National weekly supplies a long-felt want; it costs but \$1 a year. If you want to know what is going on in the world, this is your best means. If you want a paper in your home which is reliable and wholesome; if you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, strongly, entertainingly, briefly—here it is. Splendid serial and short stories and miscellany. The Question Box Answers YOUR questions and is a mine of information. Send 15 cts. to show that you might like such a paper and we will send the Pathfinder on probation 13 weeks. The 15 cents does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new friends. Try it for 13 weeks. Address: **The Pathfinder, 507 Langdon Sta., Washington, D. C.**

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Notice the symmetrical architectural lines—see what a look of stately dignity it has compared with the merely "pretty" lamps you find in the average store. These are not merely lines of ART. Their very look of power and strength which lends such artistic beauty to the lamp also tells the story of the greatest single instrument of victory in the World War. For the shaft of each of these lamps is itself one of the heroic shells for the famous French-American "Seventy Fives"—the gallant "75" with which the Germans never did succeed in coping.

The shade was especially designed for the Victory Lamp by that great painter, Franklin Booth. The whole lamp is considered by artists as one of the greatest artistic achievements of recent years. It is particularly appropriate for the home of a World War veteran or for your Post's headquarters. Only a few lamps still left. No more can be made. Price about one-third the cost of lamps of this class in retail stores. Easy terms to Legion members or Posts. Write today for full particulars, sent free.

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE
175 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Keeping Step with the Legion

(Continued from page 10)

Personally, we'd rather pay Germany's war dues than have the committee break us out of our hammock at 4 a. m.

There are more ideas than this, too. A Wisconsin post decided to apply discipline to the recalcitrants. The last member of that post to pay his 1922 dues will spend an evening in a guard-house. Or take the South Dakota post that gave a biscuit to each Legionnaire who paid before December 15th. We don't know whether you'd call that discipline or not, probably not, because one biscuit held a \$20 gold piece, another a \$10 gold piece and another \$5. And according to the unimpeachable testimony of the News Service fellow who wrote the story, you couldn't tell from the weight of 'em which biscuits held the cash. You might, as a last resort of punishment, make the slowest payer eat all the biscuits.

Worth Listening To

WE observe the request for anonymity which came with the following bit of advice:

"Don't turn your post election into a popularity contest. Last year we elected, unanimously, the most popular man in our post. He was a good fellow, and a fine fellow. As a post commander he was a terrible lemon. Under his management interest has fallen off, plans for a clubhouse have gone by the board, meetings have been poorly attended. We haven't anything to show, in fact, for a year's existence. Pass the word along that a post commander has got to be more than a jolly good fellow. He must be enough of a worker to see that the work is done, enough of a commander to command. If the man best qualified for the job is the most popular post member, fine! But if he isn't, pick somebody else. Put the qualification stuff first."

And here is a little story which, in this season of Legion elections, is worth listening to:

A speaker of national prominence was to address a Legion meeting in a city whose population is well in the six figure class. The post before which he was to appear numbers its members by the hundreds, and so the formality of the roll call had to be dispensed with if the meeting was to adjourn before 2 a. m. Instead the adjutant merely called the roll of officers.

Now this post had recently drawn up two slates of officers to be voted upon at the next meeting. Imagine the embarrassment when the roll call disclosed that neither of the candidates proposed for commander, both of whom held lesser offices, was present!

The story ends there. We don't know who was elected. Nor the moral.

Attention, Messieurs!

LE quartier general de la Voiture Nationale, La Société des 40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux, a été établi dans la ville de Seattle, Etat de Washington, ou l'on—oh, anyhow—

H. E. MacDonald, correspondant national of La Société des 40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux, which was officially recognized by the Third National Convention as the inner, fun-making organization of the Legion, reports that national

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Do you want to join them?

They don't have bars on their shoulders and they don't know much about the I. D. R. but they do know men, material, and equipment and how to direct factory output.

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(Amer. Leg. Weekly Dec. 16, 1921)

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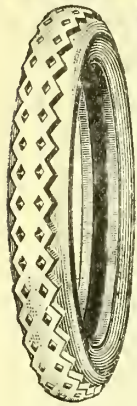
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—a new and novel cigar holder that puts joy into smoking. No necessity of cutting or biting off ends of cigars. Simply force cigar on hollow prong where it is held in place by a slide. Practical, handy, attractive, neat and sanitary. Nicotine passes down into bend and is eliminated by removing cap. Keeps teeth white. No headaches. Pays for itself in cigar economy.

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Mellinger Extra-Ply and Cord Tires. Make big money part or full time. No capital or experience needed. Sample Sections Furnished. **GUARANTEED 8,000 & 10,000 Miles** (No Seconds). Hand made. Finest materials. Shipped prepaid on approval.

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The Ten Best Bets

WINTER is here, and it ought to be the liveliest season in the life of all posts. Is your entertainment committee shy on ideas? Here's a list of the ten best bets in winter activity, prepared by the Post Activities Section, National Headquarters.

Smokers. Open meetings with fathers or groups from various civic organizations as guests—short program—addresses by one of the guests and by a member of your post. Result, greater interest in the Legion and closer cooperation between the Legion and civic bodies.

Athletics. Bowling, basketball, hockey. Have your post represented by a team in city or county leagues. Arouse interest through inter-post competitions.

Observance of Patriotic Holidays. Lincoln's and Washington's Birthdays. Cooperate with the G. A. R., Spanish-American War Veterans, other veterans' and civic organizations, local labor bodies, etc.

Boxing and Wrestling Exhibitions. Inter-post competition preferable to professional bouts.

Home Talent Plays. Secure assistance of American Legion Auxiliary and the young women of your city. Books of minstrel shows and of plays can be obtained by addressing Community Service, Inc., 1 Madison Ave., New York City, and the A. E. F. Play Library, 6-8 East 37th St., New York City.

Dances. To be given periodically. To increase interest and attendance, introduce novelty dances, such as "Hard Times," "Masque or Carnival," "Farm Dance," etc. Have special dances at Christmas, New Year's and military balls on patriotic holidays. Arrange card games or a short program to interest those who do not dance.

La Soci  t   des 40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux. Recognized by the Third National Convention as the inner fun-making body of the Legion. Organize a Voiture.

American Legion Auxiliary. Hold joint meetings with Auxiliary periodically. If no Auxiliary unit is organized, get busy. Its assistance is invaluable.

Americanization Work. Place speakers at the disposal of your schools, factories, etc. Have committees attend naturalization ceremonies and present American flags and copies of the United States Constitution to newly made citizens.

Community Activity. Be on the job in every civic activity. Assist in the establishment of community centers, playgrounds and parks. Sponsor Boy Scout activities. If there isn't a troop in your community organize one.

headquarters have been opened at 325 Yesler Way, Seattle, Washington. La Soci  t   is making plans for rapid expansion and further details will be forthcoming later. In the meantime Correspondant MacDonald is ready to answer any questions regarding the formation of new voitures. The constitution has been amended to require that all applicants for membership must have been members of The American Legion for three months and that they must have rendered some service to the Legion. Membership is going to be evidence of a good Legionnaire.

The national officers of La Soci  t   are:

- Chef de Chemin de Fer: E. J. Eivers, Oregon.
- Sous Chefs de Chemin de Fer: C. E. Cronkwhite, California; Charles G. Barth, New York; Harry M. Clark, Iowa; George Dobson, New Jersey.
- Commissaire Intendant National: Dr. S. M. Rinehart, Pennsylvania.
- Conducteur National: Milton D. Campbell, Ohio.
- Correspondant National: H. E. MacDonald, Washington.
- Historien National: William L. Hanley, Michigan.

- Gardes de la Porte National: Leo Tulley, Minnesota; J. R. C. Cann, Michigan.
- Chemists National: John F. Dalton, Jr., Iowa; R. M. Martin, Missouri; Sydney L. Kapp, New Jersey; J. C. Griffin, New York; James W. McCarty, Pennsylvania; S. R. Scott, Ohio; Ben F. Dorris, Oregon; George M. Brazer, Washington.

A Legion Edition

A LEGION post is usually a cross-section of the community in which it exists. Doctors, lawyers, merchants, factory men, farmers, railroad workers, automobile mechanics, men of every trade and occupation and profession are found on the roll of almost every post. If a post were transported en masse to a remote island and cut off from all communication with the outside world, it is a safe bet that before long it would make for itself an environment that would be very much like that of any good American town or city. You can find a Legionnaire to do almost any kind of a job you wish done.

This Legion versatility was illustrated during the convention of the Department of Illinois at Decatur, when Legionnaires took over the plant of a Decatur newspaper, *The Herald*, and turned out an edition of the paper which was entirely written and edited by veterans. Incidentally, this innovation is one which can well be copied in other towns and cities on special occasions. There is a saying that every man believes he might have been a great editor if he had cared to take up newspaper work. By getting out an edition of a local newspaper, any post can give the latent talent it possesses a chance to show the world. The publication of an all-Legion number should also help to acquaint the public with the Legion's purposes and activities.

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JOBS OPEN. Sweeney trained men in demand. See list of jobs. Learn 7 good trades in 8 weeks. No previous experience necessary. Use tools not books. Simply send name and address today, a post card will do, for Free book and 27 photographic reproductions of machine-shop work, etc. in world's largest and finest trade school, **Let's Go—Write Now!**

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THE VOICE OF THE LEGION

The Editors disclaim responsibility for statements made in this department. Because of space demands, letters are subject to abridgement.

Small Town Hospitality

To the Editor: I have just said goodbye to as good a bunch of fellows as you would ever want to meet up with. They were the members of Battery C, Third U. S. Field Artillery, to which organization three other Signal Corps men and myself have been attached for the past 19 days, making the hike overland from Camp Grant, Ill., to Camp Knox, Ky. It will be ten days yet before they will get there, but we were not sorry that we were ordered to stay at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, instead of having to go on through with the Artillery, as we met up with a bunch of our old pals here.

Now, however, comes the real purpose of my letter. Would some one please inform me why a town of 343 inhabitants should give a better reception to a bunch of soldiers than towns of over 10,000? This is what happened at Earlville, Ill., when the Third Field Artillery arrived there. We were met by the school children of the whole county when we went through Main Street and they followed us out to camp where there were more people yet. On one corner I noticed an American Legion flag and I wondered if they could really have a post in a town of this size.

At supper they handed us Pie, Cake and Ice Cream (with capital letters) and upon inquiry I found that The American Legion had requested everybody within a convenient distance of the town to bring along all they could carry. Evidently the request was complied with. After supper our band gave a concert on the street uptown which was followed by a lively bout between two youngsters who surely knew how to handle the mitts. It was announced here that all soldiers were wanted at The American Legion clubrooms right away, and also that there would be a dance in honor of the boys, starting at 9 sharp. At the clubrooms they were putting out smokes of any variety you wished and upon request the two fighting youngsters put on a wrestling match which sure was good. Then we proceeded to the dance hall and had another good time. The folks just made us feel at home and before long I thought I knew the population as well as if I had been living in Earlville for years. We attended several dances later during our hike, but none were able to compare with the one at this highstepping but clean community.

The post in Earlville has comfortable club rooms open at all times to the members. Still, I have seen posts much larger that did not have even a good place to hold their meetings. In my opinion it should be so all over the U. S. that a Legion member could strike any town and always have a place to go for information and possibly to write some letters, etc. It would be a good thing if some of the posts in larger cities would look up some of the "small town" outfits and copy their style.—A LANCE-JACK, Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Ind.

The Distorted Mirror

To the Editor: Newspapers like to consider themselves as reflecting public opinion. It makes me ache, therefore, to see them raising a hullabaloo about the Adjusted Compensation Bill. If newspapers are a mirror that reflect opinion on this bill, then they are a badly distorted mirror. Some day a newspaper will spring up in this country which will support such things as compensation out of respect for its readers' opinions, and will reflect all those opinions without regard to selfish interests. That paper may not have much advertising revenue, but it can charge ten cents a copy and I'll buy it. HENRY S.—El Paso, Tex.

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Age or Lack of Experience No Draw-back

You don't have to be a College Man; you don't have to be a High School Graduate. My Course in Electricity is the most simple, thorough, and successful in existence, and offers every man, regardless of age, education, or previous experience, the chance to become in a very short time, an "Electrical Expert," able to make from \$70 to \$200 a week.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

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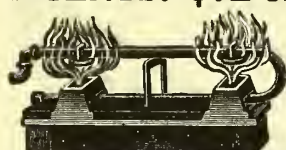
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\$133 6 month

Now It Canned Be Told

Little Willie in the war Seemed the lowest kind of chow; 'Tain't so strange, because his maw'r Was the lowest grade of cow. —From "The Canner's Cantata."

JOHN DOS PASSOS (whether you have read "Three Soldiers" or not, and if you have, whether you liked it or not) was, up to the time we read a recent monthly number of the *Quartermaster Review*, our idea of the best little producer of war exposures since Griffith filmed "The Birth of a Nation." But, since indulging in the *Quartermaster Review*, we have changed our mind. As a sensational exposé, Mr. Dos Passos now ranks alongside the old lady in the trolley claiming the conductor didn't give her back a nickel change out of a dime.

It has remained for a Quartermaster — a Quartermaster, mind you, and this makes it all the stranger, because no one ever looked for frankness in the Q. M.—to become frank in introducing the real villain of the piece, Little Willie, the Red Terror of the Texas Plains, alias Wrigley's Delight, alias Corn Bill, alias Canned Corned Beef. For this inestimable service to humanity the fearless author deserves a line all to himself. Here it is:

Will H. Point, Lieutenant-Colonel, Q. M. C.

In his article on "Corned Willie—from Pasture to Trench," Colonel Point lays at rest the fears of many an inducted concrete mixer that the stuff he chewed—and chewed—and kept chewing, till death did them part overseas, under the guise of corned beef was in reality some of his own product. It was almost, but not quite.

Here are a few excerpts from Colonel Point's article which show why outfits like the Sixth Division—the Sauntering Sixth, which was always going from here to some other place—preferred, before starting on a hike, to mend their socks with strands of corned bill. Whatever you could say about the stuff, when you put it in a place it stayed there as staunch as the Lost Battalion.

After going through a chemical analysis in which we learn that every pound of bill contains 1,070 calories (each and every calory guaranteed positively to wear down two teeth and come out strong at the finish, although he doesn't say so), Colonel Point declares:

Corned beef is generally made from the grade called "canners," which usually consists of cows.

So you see it wasn't manufactured by the O'Sullivan people, after all. But wait.

This grade does sometimes include a few cattle from other classes, such as "Texas beef" (thin, old, bruised and branded steers from Texas) and culls from the "common" grade.

"Culls" is rather good. To continue:

"Canner" cows are the lowest grade of cows and make up the bulk of the beef used for canning purposes. Typical canners' sides have no covering, no kidney fat, and in most cases only sufficient flesh to hold the bones together, so that the shape of such carcasses is of the most inferior order.

Cries of "You tell 'em" from the rank and file and of "It is indeed" from the R. O. T. C.

The quality of meat that goes into the cans depends to a certain extent on the demand.

Whaddyer mean, "the demand"?

In the event the demand is large and the supply of "canner" cows is not sufficient, lean steers of the grade "common" may be added. Bulls and stags are sometimes used.

So there is no truth to the report that ostriches were the chief ingredient and that a can used to stick its abel in the sand when chased.

The classes "Prime" to "Good" are practically never used.

That part needs no comment.

Then Colonel Point goes on to tell of the specifications for corned beef and of the inspection by the Bureau of Animal Industry. It seems there is an ante-mortem inspection and a post-mortem inspection, although whether the latter is inflicted on the canned bill or the soldiers who ate the bill he does not make quite clear.

Personally, we are not quite certain what an Animal Industry is, but if the bureau that runs it has any openings in the structural iron trade or the steam riveting profession or something like that which requires a good husky cow, steer, bull, stag, or even a "cull" with plenty of muscle and stamina, we could have made some worthy recommendations two or three years ago.

Then the colonel describes the processes of curing—"long cure" and "short cure." This looks to us like a waste of time. Canned willie, like a poet, is born, not made. Once a canned willie, always a canned willie. A canned willie can no more be cured of his individual ailments and eccentricities than can a left-handed pitcher.

Our Guest Ferdinand Foch

(Continued from page 6)

works at Homestead, Pa., were immensely interesting to him. Colonel Frank Parker, who accompanied him on the trip, said that Foch asked more questions there than at any other spot—what was the daily output, how were the men treated, what were their hours and wages, how did they live, how long did they last?

Always was the Marshal interested in people. He was a student of the characters of those about him on the trip. In a surprisingly short time he knew the faces of everyone and bowed pleasantly when he ran into them, either on the train or away from it. He commented

frequently on the youthful appearance of Americans and their genius for large enterprises.

"I can understand the greatness of the American doughboy after seeing his parents and his wife," he burst forth enthusiastically, one day.

The Yale-Princeton game at New Haven held him spellbound; the crowds, the cheers, the color and the struggle itself. After the game Captain Aldrich of the victorious Yale team was presented to him. He autographed Aldrich's picture in the program of the game. Under his name, Foch wrote the line, "A vainqueur—to the conqueror."

DIAMONDS

ONE CARAT \$195⁰⁰

Former retail cash price \$325.
New low prices 40% discount. 1/2 carat \$146.25;
3/4 carat \$197.50; 1 carat \$248.75. If satisfied, 4, pay 20% down; balance in 10 monthly payments.

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Incidentally it is seldom that he autographs anything.

Foch was immensely delighted with American enthusiasm. His eyes would light up with pleasure at the cheers of the crowds, but he always insisted that the acclamations were not for him but for France. His patriotism is white-hot. He commented on the similarity of the two peoples—American and French—in volatile optimism, good-nature and intensity. He likes people who smile and who are apparently of an even disposition. Those who seemed overawed by Foch did not find him so responsive.

Toward women, Foch was, and is, the soul of courtesy. He is that almost fabled thing, a gentleman of the old school.

His tastes include a delight in reading, particularly history. He carried with him on the trip a small library of history and war books. A frequently-expressed phrase of his was to the effect that the mind must be exercised daily, as must the body.

His bodily exercise consisted solely of rapid walking. When the opportunity presented, he would turn out with a companion and a cane and walk briskly, using the heel and toe gait of the infantryman—without heavy pack. His stride is heavy, but he holds himself very erect.

He has two noticeable mannerisms. He has a habit of moving his cap from

one position to another on his head. Again, he is fond of twirling his mustaches, which are long and in the best French manner. This is not a nervous gesture so much as it is the deliberate action of a man who is pleased with the world as he finds it.

Foch is a fastidious dresser, although in no way foppish. Well-groomed is the word. He wears a single ring on his left hand, with a green setting.

Thus we who journeyed with him saw the Marshal of France through the day. The curtain fell, without fail, at ninety-three every evening, and Foch slept soundly and comfortably despite the rigors and excitements of the trip. A man who can gain ten pounds in the first three weeks of a grilling journey, as did he, is indeed well-balanced—"mens sana in corpore sano."

There is one thing more. The trip served to develop in the Marshal one big and absorbing enthusiasm. The subject became dear to his heart. He talked of it many times, and seemed to recur to it with pleasure. It is an enthusiasm he shares with many millions of others. It is The American Legion. He voiced it best one afternoon at the convention in Kansas City, eyes glistening, voice husky.

"In The American Legion you have the cradle of the future," he said.

The Marshal of France knows what he is talking about.

Pictures Out of the Past—II

(Continued from page 8)

just about where the curve begins to shoot up—we got wise. We saw then that the politicians had been jollyng us all along, just making capital of us for their own selfish ends. And that they would keep on doing it forever unless we got together, forgot our personal differences about such trifles as political issues, and did something, not as individuals but as a big organization, for the mutual good of all. So we quit squabbling among ourselves, and stood up together to take our own part. And that's just what you'll have to do; and you're getting away to a better start than we did because you can profit by our early mistakes. What you have to learn is to handle the politicians—not let them handle you. Then you get somewhere."

These Grand Army men and others with whom the reporter talked afterward, related that after they ceased as an organization to make direct nominations for office, they did not cease to have a chance to vote, if they chose, for ex-service men candidates. The politicians saw to it that plenty of ex-service men got onto the tickets of both the big parties. This for the simple reason that men with military records are highly popular vote-getters. Thus a kind of "soldier preference" in politics works out without any legislation to that effect being written onto the statute books.

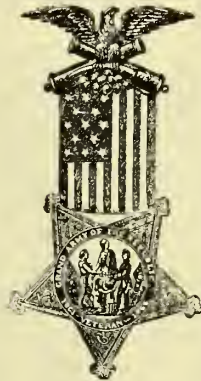
The ex-soldiers and sailors and marines are only a handful of the population numerically, yet from that comparatively small group are certain to be drawn an extremely heavy proportion of the successful political candidates.

The Presidency, as the highest of these political honors, is a token of how the public feels about the matter; and apparently, our non-militaristic nation holds in great esteem the type of man who in wartime steps out to take the oath of allegiance and don a uniform. Note, for example, what happens after the Civil War:

In the forty years from 1868 to 1908, only one President of the United States who is not an ex-service man obtains a residence in the White House. That single exception is Grover Cleveland, whose name was drawn from the draft wheel in Erie County, N. Y., in '63, but who, for the best of reasons—that he had to stay home and support his mother—chose to send a substitute to the war. Two of his brothers were in service and the family council had chosen Grover to remain behind.

It would appear, in fact, that little as we Americans care for war, we demand that every man do his bit in time of need; and it might be safe to declare that no candidate who does not have a first-class "alibi" for not doing military service can ever attain to the Presidency. Berlin papers please copy, for the benefit of young Grover C. Bergdoll!

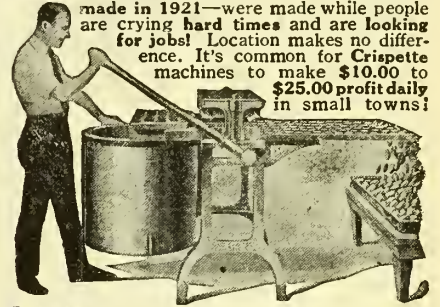
The name of General George Washington heads the list of ex-service men in the Presidential succession. After him come Lieutenant Colonel James Monroe, General Andrew Jackson, General W. H. Harrison, Captain John Tyler, General Zachary Taylor and General Franklin Pierce, Militiaman James Buchanan and Abraham Lincoln, captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk



\$375⁷⁵ ONE DAY

Ira Shook, of Flint, Did That Amount of Business in 1 Day

—making and selling Popcorn Crispettes with this machine. He says in letter dated March 1, 1921: "I started out with nothing, now have \$12,000.00 all made from Crispettes." Others have amazing records: Gibbs says: "Sold \$50.00 first night!" Erwin's little boy makes \$35.00 to \$50.00 every Saturday afternoon. Mewner reports \$600.00 business in one day. Kellog writes: "\$700.00 ahead first two weeks." Master's letter says: "—sold \$40.00 in four hours." During March, 1921, Turner was offered \$700.00 clear profit above cost of his investment to sell. There is money—lots of money—in Crispettes. Times make no difference for most of these records were made in 1921—were made while people are crying hard times and are looking for jobs! Location makes no difference. It's common for Crispette machines to make \$10.00 to \$25.00 profit daily in small towns!



I Start You in Business

Write me—get my help. Begin now. Others are making money selling Crispettes. You can, too! You don't need much capital. Experience not necessary. I furnish everything—secret formulas, equipment for shop or store, full directions, raw materials, wrappers, etc. Splendid chances galore everywhere! Crowded streets, amusement parks, concessions, wholesaling and stores!

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Crispettes are a delicious, delightful confection. People never get enough. Always come for more. Raw materials are plentiful and cheap. You make enormous profits. Trade grows by leaps and bounds. It's an easy, pleasant and fascinating business. Send post card for illustrated book of facts. Contains enthusiastic letters from men and women who have quickly succeeded. Tells how to start. Explains most successful methods. Gives all information needed. It's Free! Write Now! Address:

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a Member
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PROTECT YOUR HOME and Earnings



With this 25 Cal. regulation blue steel **AUTOMATIC REVOLVER** Regular Price \$22.50 **OUR PRICE While they last** **\$9.75**

Keep one of these safety revolvers in your home and be fully protected against burglars, thieves and hold-up men. It's a terrible fright to wake up in the night—hear noises downstairs or in the next room—and realize your neglect has left you wholly UNPROTECTED.

Buy one of these revolvers and be always FULLY PROTECTED. Handsome blue steel, gun-metal finish. HAS DOUBLE SAFETY and is practically "FOOL-PROOF" against accidents. Perfect grip, accurate aim. Rifled barrel, hard rubber, checkered grips, safety lever. Holds 7 cartridges. Small, compact, lies flat and will not bulge out pocket. SHOTS THE FAMOUS COLT AUTO CARTRIDGES.

SEND NO MONEY

Order today. Just send your name and address and say which Automatic you want. No. 424 is, as illustrated, 25-calibre, 7-shot. Regular price \$22.50 **\$9.75** Our price.....

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No. 824 is larger size, 32-calibre, military model, 10-shot, extra magazine FREE (worth \$1.50). Regular price \$25.00. Our special price only..... **\$12.00**

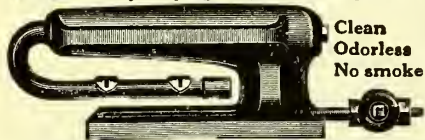
ALL BRAND NEW GOODS

Don't wait. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed after examination, or money back. Order this bargain today. Write clearly your name, address and the number of the Revolver you want to order. **Send no cash.** We ship by return mail. Pay Postman on arrival our price, plus postage. Send for free catalog.

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taking orders for Kerogas Burner—fits any stove. Burns kerosene (coal oil), cheapest fuel known. Quickly lighted; turns off by valve.



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Odorless
No smoke

Easy to get orders on account of high price and scarcity of coal. Work spare time or full time. Write for sample. **Thomas Mfg. Co. B-501 Dayton, Ohio**

MUSIC FROM A SAW

You can take a common carpenter's saw and produce wonderful soft and sweet music by drawing a violin bow across it or striking it with a soft hammer.

1 ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to give you the secrets and teach you to play popular music within 7 days, classical, 14 days. Very little practice is required.

Popularity follows the person who can entertain. **YOUR SERVICES** will be requested at Clubs, Lodges, Church Affairs, entertainments of all kinds and **YOUR NUMBER** will be **THE HIT** of the evening. Make big money playing for dances, movies, etc. **WRITE TODAY** for FREE INFORMATION, "How To Play A Saw."

C. J. MUSSEHL, 324 Mack Bldg., Fort Atkinson, Wis.



Indian Wars. And, finally, here is the succession that begins with the first election held after the close of the Civil War:

General Ulysses S. Grant, two terms.
General Rutherford B. Hayes, one term.

General Abram Garfield, one term.
General Chester Alan Arthur, one term.

Grover Cleveland, civilian, one term.
General Benjamin Harrison, one term.
Grover Cleveland, civilian, one term.

Major William McKinley, two terms.
Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, two terms.

In short, sixteen out of our twenty-eight selections for President have been men with military records. A national trait of character is here indicated, perhaps—that same "almost Roman" trait which so impressed Lieutenant Colonel Repington on Armistice Day last month when the nation paid its respects to the Unknown Warrior.

"The occasion," Colonel Repington observed, "justifies a reference to a particular aspect of the American people not commonly comprehended by foreigners. Our friends the Americans are not military, still less militarist. They can scarcely be described as martial. But they are prominently a fighting people with a strong infusion of the crusading spirit, as we learned in France, and when some strong compelling sentiment takes possession of them a consuming fire courses through the land, embracing and setting fire to everything in its tracks.

"The strongest motive of the American is not business but sentiment. They are almost Roman in their veneration of deeds of valor and in patriotic acknowledgment of the service of those who have nobly died in the country's cause."

Why Do They Do It?

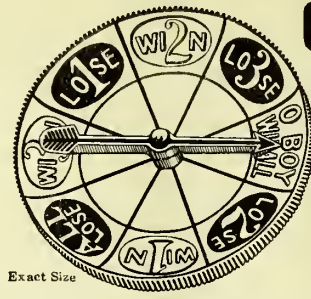
By P. L. B.

I'VE often heard ex-soldiers talk about the way they all would balk if once again we'd go to war, And still they're loyal to the core; Of how this country'd need a dray To come and drag them all away, They'd stay behind and draw more pay Than Uncle Sammy gives away.

'Bout then the Navy chimes right in, And some wise gob will work his chin; He'll say that he has done his time, That army life is more sublime; That he has had enough of sea, Still if he must, he sure will be A rear rank in the cavalry, But always ends, "They won't get me."

Then some Marine puts in a word; He tells of all the things he's heard, And different ways to beat the game, But still he's loyal just the same. He says he'll be a little slow The next time he is asked to go, And then he ends his speech up so—"I'm through for keeps—I am yuh know."

And yet if Uncle Sam should call, They'd be there—buddies—one and all, They might hang back a day or two, Perhaps the same as me and you, But when they saw the marchin' men Strange feelin's would come back again. The time might come—you know—and then They all would re-enlist again.



O-BOY

Coin Spinner
Gold Plated with Red and Black Enamel.
Pocket Piece and Game Play It Anywhere
NEW NOVEL NEAT

Exact Size

50c. brings one to you postpaid. Special Prices to Part or Full Time Legionnaire Agents.

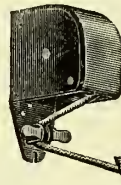
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3 Beautiful Shirts \$2.98

SEND NO MONEY

THIS WONDERFUL BARGAIN cannot be duplicated anywhere. **THREE** beautiful dress shirts for only \$2.98. Value \$4.50 guaranteed. Each shirt beautifully made. Soft Cut, Coat Style Fronts. Highest quality materials. A genuine money saving bargain to introduce my line of shirts to new customers. **SEND NO MONEY NOW.** Pay Postman \$2.98 plus postage upon arrival. Every penny returned **AT ONCE** if not delighted. All shirts are white with assorted color stripes. Lastest New York style. Send postal or letter now while this offer lasts. Not more than three shirts to a customer.
F. V. Frankel, Dept. D-812, 353 5th Avenue, New York City



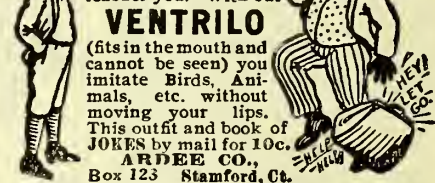
AGENTS 98 Cents Per Hour

Demonstrating and taking orders. No experience necessary. **SEIBERT**, a mechanic, made \$8.00 first day out, with new patented **Moore Automatic, Self-Winding Clothes Line and Reel**, approved by Good Housekeeping, prevents dirt, knots and tangles—used indoors or out. Don't overlook this—let us prove it best money maker. Sample Free to Workers.

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"X-RAY CURIO" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
PRICE **10 C.** for 25c. **BIG FUN** for Boys. You apparently see thru Clothes, Wood, Stone, any object. See Bones in Flesh. A **MAGIC Trick Novelty FREE** with each **X-Ray**. **MARVEL MFG. CO., Dept. 24 NEW HAVEN CONN.**

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We Guarantee to Teach You by our amazing new chart method.

FREE Course in Ballroom Etiquette given free. Write at once for special offer.

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A Clean Record—"Pas de Savon" or Buddy in the Bath

Did you ever try to take a bath in a French hotel? "Pas de savon"—Or in a Paris Bains where you got "seife" about the size of a shriveled o.d. pill?

Remember the French Blanchisseurs—(little doubtful about this spelling, Buddy)—who wouldn't do your laundry unless you put in an "ante" of cleanser.

In Germany the Yanks and Tommies frequently bought their way out of prison camps by rewarding their guards with a little lather ingredient. A Jerry general with a piece of soap was happier than a Yank going down the line with a flesh wound, a Lueger and a "Gott mit uns." You could fool some of the bucks on the money exchange, but never on the value of soap.

Next to the letter from home, soap was the most previous article we pigeonholed in our packs. Some of our hardest hours of labor were put in around the divisional bath.

And, didn't we often hike from the danger zone during a night of darkness, looking like clots of mud, and appear the next morning in a French cafe, cleaned, powdered and manicured, ready to step into an atmosphere where culture was thicker than slum.

We were the great soap hounds of Europe—we would rather have been the man without a country than the beetle without soap. Birds with enough soil on the epidermis to start a back to the farm movement of their own were the most downcast buddies on foreign terrain—a cuckoo who had lost his soap always went forth from the tepee with lower lip hanging and a chip on each shoulder. A man caught stealing soap was good for life at Leavenworth. After the use of a little, a buck stepping out of a pup tent on a "urlough always looked like a walking advertisement" for soap.

But soap advertisers, evidently, don't seem to think so. They believe we don't care for soap—except in pretty window displays. They place us in a class with the kids in the days of real sport, when we used to dash in out of the rain for fear there was soap in it.

All the reader-owners of our Weekly have to peruse advertising columns that contain no copy anent soap, the kind teacher used to clean our mouths out with, when we said naughty words.

Buddy in the Barrel has always felt like a million dollars, even if he didn't look the part. And he has managed to get the countenance cleansed up before he sallied forth, even though he had to use sandpaper.

He has washed with salt water when subs were diving toward him; washed in the front lines when the recording angel was out with the morning report; washed in creeks and lakes that themselves needed washing—washed in shellholes labeled "poison" and his mortal enemy is terra firma AWOL.

But he's S.O.L. now—No soap is advertised in our Weekly.

And we want soap. Clean up on the coupons. What brand did you use? All the old k.p.'s, alias grease balls, front and center with the name of the soap that best removed—kitchen grease.

Dealers—What kinds do you sell? Tell us.

Give a thought to the dotted line.



To the Advertising Manager,
627 West 43d St., New York City

I would like see advertised with us:

Give name of soap

Because..... Give reason

Name.....

Address.....

Post.....

I am a dealer and would like to see the following manufacturer advertise with us:

Give name

Because.....

Our Directory

These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell our AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. Or tell the same thing to

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VV American Pub. Co.....
VV Nelson Doubleday, Inc..... Back Cover
VV The Pathfinder Publishing Co..... 16

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES
Akron Lamp Co..... 20
V Calculator Corporation.....
VVComer Mfg. Co. (The).....
Fouke Fur Co..... 19
V Hydro-United Tire Co..... 18
Langan & Phillips.....
VV Long Eakins Co..... 21
V Mellinger Tire & Rubber Co..... 18
VV Albert Mills.....
Parker Mfg. Co..... 20
Pinnacle Products Co., Inc..... 20
J. M. Pitkin & Co.....
R. T. Mfg. Co..... 21
VV Standard Food and Fur Association.....
VVVThomas Mfg. Co..... 22
Universal Appliance Co..... 22

ENTERTAINMENT
C. C. Birchard..... 18
V T. S. Denison & Co..... 17

FIREARMS
Paramount Trading Co..... 22

FOOD PRODUCTS
VV The Genesee Pure Food Co..... Inside Front Cover

JEWELRY, INSIGNIA, MEMORIALS
Continental Watch Co..... 19
Decorative Arts League..... 17
VVV C. K. Grouse Co.....

"BE IT RESOLVED, that with a firm belief in the value of our magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY—as a national advertising medium; with the realization that due to limited subscription price and constantly increasing cost of production, the improvements which we desire to see in it will only be made possible through increased advertising revenue—and that increased advertising revenue depends primarily upon our support of advertisers in the WEEKLY—we hereby pledge our support and our patronage, as individuals, and as an organization, to those advertisers who use the columns of our official magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY."

Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

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V B. Gutter & Sons.....
Honor Framing Co..... 21
V John Polachek Bronze & Iron Co.....
V Redding & Co.....

MEDICINAL
The Musterole Co.....
V Sloan's Liniment.....

MEN'S WEAR
V F. V. Frankel..... 22
Gassman Bros..... 17
Eart. Schaffner & Marx.....
V Kahn Tailoring Co.....
Wilson Brothers..... 4

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
V Buescher Band Instrument Co.....
V Thomas A. Edison, Inc..... 22
C. J. Musschl.....

OFFICE APPLIANCES, SUPPLIES
The Glohe-Wernicke Co..... 19
V Typewriter Emporium..... 20
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PATENT ATTORNEYS
VVV Lacey & Lacey..... 17
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them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad. in the salesman or dealer from whom you buy their products.

VV Chicago Engineering Works..... 19
Columbus Institute..... 20
VV Franklin Institute..... 17, 18
V Hamilton College of Law.....
V Industrial Extension Institute..... 17
VV La Salle Extension University.....
V The Lewis Institute.....
V National Diving Institute..... 22
V Patterson Civil Service School.....
VVV William Chandler Peak.....
V Pelman Institute of America.....
VV Standard Business Training Institute.....
VVV Sweeney School of Auto-Tractor-Aviation..... 19
VV F. W. Tamblin..... 21
VV The Tulloss School.....

SMOKERS' NEEDS
VV The American Tobacco Co., Inc..... 3
V P. Lorillard Co.....
Lyons Level & Tool Co.....
D. Waterloo & Co..... 18

SPORTS AND RECREATION
Ardee Co..... 22
Bonnie Chance Corp..... 22
Claxo Trick Co.....
V Cleveland Motorcycle Mfg. Co.....
V Harley-Davidson Motor Co.....
Hendee Mfg. Co.—Indian Motorcycles..... 16
Marvel Mfg. Co..... 22
V Albert Pick & Co.....

STATIONERY AND WRITING MATERIAL
VVV Eaton, Crane & Pike Co.....

TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH
VV American Telephone & Telegraph Co.....

TOILET NECESSITIES
VV The Pepsodent Co..... 15
Tompson Universal Stropper Co..... 19

THEY ADVERTISE, LET'S PATRONIZE

V SERVICE STRIPE—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS. VV THE TWO AND VVV THREE STRIPERS ARE GROWING IN NUMBER, AND THE VVVV FOUR STRIPERS ARE BEGINNING TO APPEAR

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THEY ADVERTISE, LET'S PATRONIZE

Do You Know How to Behave?

No, this is not a joke. So many people do not know how to behave, do not know the right thing to do at the right time, the right thing to say at the right time. They are always embarrassed and

ill at ease in the company of others. They make mistakes that cause strangers to misjudge them. Pretty clothes and haughty manner cannot hide the fact that they do not know *how to behave*.

AT THE DANCE, at the theatre, as a guest or in public—wherever we chance to be, people judge us by what we do and say. They read in our actions the story of our personality. They see in our manners the truth of our breeding. To them we are either well-bred or ill-bred. They credit us with as much refinement and cultivation as our manners display—no more.



Do you know the correct and cultured way to make introductions?

Very often, because they are not entirely sure, because they do not know exactly what is correct and what is incorrect, people commit impulsive blunders. They become embarrassed, humiliated. They know that the people around them are misjudging them, underestimating them. And it is then that they realize most keenly the value of *etiquette*.

Etiquette means correct behavior. It means knowing just what to do at the right time, just what to say at the right time. It consists of certain important little laws of good conduct that have been adopted by the best circles in Europe and America, and that serve as a barrier to keep the uncultured and ill-bred out of the circles where they would be uncomfortable and embarrassed.

What Etiquette Does

To the man who is self-conscious and shy, etiquette gives poise, self-confidence. To the woman who is timid and awkward, etiquette gives a well-poised charm. To all who know and follow its little secrets of good conduct, etiquette gives a calm dignity that is recognized and respected in the highest circles of business and society.



What would you do or say in this embarrassing situation?

In the ballroom, for instance, the man who knows the important little rules of etiquette knows how to ask a lady to dance, how many times it is permissible to dance with the same partner, how to take leave of a lady when the music ceases and he wishes to seek a new partner, how to thank the hostess when he is ready to depart. The

What Would YOU Do—

- If you were not asked to dance at a ball and wished to avoid being a wallflower?**
- If you made an embarrassing blunder at a formal affair and found yourself suddenly conspicuous?**
- If you received a wedding or birthday gift from some one who had not been invited to the entertainment?**
- If you were introduced to a noted celebrity and were left alone with him or her?**

lady knows how to accept and refuse a dance, how to assume correct dancing positions, how to avoid being a wallflower, how to create conversation, how to conduct herself with the cultured grace that commands admiration.

What It Will Do for You

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do in a certain embarrassing situation, what to say at a certain embarrassing time. Etiquette will banish all doubt, correct all blunders. It will tell you definitely, without a particle of a doubt, what is correct and what is incorrect. It will reveal to you at once all the important rules of conduct that others acquire only after years of social contact with the most highly cultivated people.



Do you know the correct behavior at public places

cards, invitations and correspondence?

Do you know the correct etiquette of weddings, funerals, balls, entertainments? Do you know the correct manner of making introductions? Do you know the correct table etiquette? Do you know how to plan engagement and wedding receptions, dances and theatre parties; how to word the existence of fixed rules of conduct makes it easy for you to do, say, wear and write only what is absolutely correct. Etiquette tells you exactly what to do when you receive unexpected invitations, when people visit you for the first time, when you are left alone with a noted celebrity. It tells you what clothes to take on a week-end party, what to wear to the afternoon dance and the evening dance, how to command the respect and admiration of all people with whom you come in contact.

The Famous Book of Etiquette

The Book of Etiquette is recognized as one of the most dependable and reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. This splendid work has entered thousands of homes, solved thousands of problems, enabled thousands of people to enter the social world and enjoy its peculiar privileges. To have it in the home is to be immune from all embarrassing blunders, to know exactly what is correct and

what is incorrect, to be calm in the assurance that one can mingle with people of the highest society and be entirely well-poised and at ease.

In the Book of Etiquette, now published in two large volumes, you will find chapters on dance etiquette, dinner etiquette, reception etiquette and the etiquette of calls and correspondence. There are interesting and valuable chapters on correct dress, on how to introduce people to each other, on the lifting of the hat, the usual everyday courtesies. You may often have wondered what the correct thing was to do on a certain occasion, under certain puzzling circumstances. The Book of Etiquette solves all



What should the gentleman say when the music ceases and he must leave one partner to seek another?

problems—from the proper way to eat corn on the cob, to the correct amount to tip the porter in a hotel.

Send Coupon for Free Examination

Let us send you the Book of Etiquette. It is published in two handsome cloth library volumes, richly illustrated. Our free examination offer makes it possible for you to examine these books without expense in the comfort of your own home. Just send the coupon—no money. We want you to see them for yourself, to examine them, to read a chapter or two. You may keep them at our expense for 5 days, and after that time you have the privilege of returning them without obligation or sending us \$3.50 in payment.

Don't delay—mail the coupon NOW. This may be your last opportunity to examine the Book of Etiquette free. Clip the coupon and get it into the mail-box at once, this very minute!

Nelson Doubleday, Inc.
Dept. 3612, Oyster Bay, N. Y.



How should the young man who calls for the first time be entertained?

Nelson Doubleday, Inc.
Dept. 3612, Oyster Bay, New York

Without money in advance, or obligation on my part, send me the Two Volume set of the Book of Etiquette. Within 5 days I will either return the books or send you \$3.50 in full payment. It is understood that I am not obliged to keep the books if I am not delighted with them.

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Address.....

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