

THE AMERICAN LEGION

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

MEANS VICTORY FOR LEGION

Report of Dawes Committee Embodies Principal Features of Organization's Relief Plan.

All investigation speed records at the national capitol were broken by President Harding's special commission to frame a comprehensive program for the relief of disabled veterans, which was headed by Brig. Gen. Charles G. Dawes of Chicago.



He jammed through, in less than two days, an inquiry into treatment of disabled soldiers, recommendations that mean adequate hospital treatment to 10,000 wounded veterans now in poorhouses, asylums, insufficiently equipped hospitals or in no institution at all, as well as payment for disability to thousands of veterans not in hospitals.

The report of the Dawes committee is considered as a great victory for the American Legion program for disabled soldier relief. Its recommendations embody the principal features of the Legion plan.

They are:

1. Appointment of one official to have charge of all disabled soldiers' relief and benefits. There now are three departments.
2. Decentralization of administration, so officials with delegated authority may act without red tape.
3. Appropriation of whatever additional money is necessary for new hospitals.

Other members of the committee were: F. W. Galbraith, Jr., national commander of the American Legion; Franklin D'Olier, past national commander of the American Legion; Thomas W. Miller of Delaware; Theodore Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the Navy; Mrs. Douglas Robinson of New York, a sister of former President Roosevelt; John L. Lewis of Indianapolis, president of the United Mine Workers of America; Mrs. Henry Kea of Pittsburg; Milton J. Foreman of Chicago; Henry S. Berry of Hendersonville, Tenn.; and T. V. O'Connor of Buffalo, head of the longshoremen's union.

BUCK PRIVATE TO COMMANDER

C. L. Dawson, North Dakota Legion Man, Rises From Lowest to Highest Rank.

From the lowest rank in the military service to the highest grade conferred by the ex-service men of his state is the record jump made by C. L. Dawson of Beach, N. D., recently appointed national flag representative of the American Legion.

From buck private to department commander of the American Legion in North Dakota tells the story of Mr. Dawson's rise. Although well past middle age, he enlisted as a private in the Balloon corps soon after war was declared. After fifteen months at Fort Omaha, he was discharged with the rank of private first class. He was chief clerk of the North Dakota legislature during its last session.

As department commander and national executive committeeman, Mr. Dawson was largely responsible in building up a strong organization of the Legion in North Dakota. He is a graduate of the University of North Dakota and before entering the service was state's attorney at Golden Valley, N. D.

IDEALS OF AMERICAN LEGION

Stand of Bill Dowling Post of Chadron, Neb., Has Brought Much Favorable Comment.

The ideals of the American Legion are explained in a published announcement of Bill Dowling Post of Chadron, Neb., which has drawn much favorable comment from Legion posts in the Middle West. The announcement reads:

"To the public—No, we are not organized to 'run the country' or to 'rob the government.' Read the preamble to our constitution.
 "To politicians—We stand for 'policies, not politics.'
 "To capital—Some of us are capitalists; all of us are laborers.
 "To labor—Read what Samuel Gompers has to say in regard to labor and the Legion.
 "To all ex-service men—Let's stick together. We started it over there; let's finish it in the American Legion.
 "To all un-Americans—Look out for the American Legion!"

The Doctor's Sacrifice

By MURIEL BLAIR

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

On the night before the operation Doctor Klein entered his patient's room and sat by his bed. "You are resolved to take the chance of it?" he asked.

His steel-gray eyes were fixed unwaveringly upon those of the cripple beneath the sheets. The cripple smiled back at him as frankly.

"Perfectly," he murmured. "My chance is, I understand, on the whole favorable. You say I am the fourth who has risked this?"

"The fifth," answered the great surgeon composedly.

"And two of them died?"

"Oh, dear, no. Well, yes, two died, but one of these would have died anyway from other causes. In his case death was a merciful release. I am firmly convinced that you will get up as straight as I am."

And he went on learnedly to describe the details of his famous operation which was to cure the hunchback.

"And I suppose," the surgeon ended, smiling kindly, "that there is, as usual, a woman in the case?"

The hunchback's eyes lit up.

"I'll tell you, Doctor Klein," he said, "for you have been my best friend in the world. Yes—there is a woman in the case."

"I haven't burdened you with my early history, but I may as well say that I am a man of good family and in my youth enjoyed the advantages of an excellent education. My early life was, as you may imagine, a torture of self-consciousness and suffering. Once, when I was about twenty-one, I fell in love. One day I dared to tell her. I shall never forget the astonished look in her eyes. She made no answer but went out of the room."

"But when I met Esther Garvin things were different. She made me forget my infirmity. Ours was a real communion of souls; I knew then that I had met a woman who would marry me in spite of all, in spite of everything, whose love was to be as eternal as my own. And because of this I left her, three years ago, after a mad demonstration of love which left each of us panic-stricken and ashamed. I, because I knew that I had been a cur to tell her; she, because she knew this feeling in my heart. I left her and never saw her again."

"For two years I tried to put her out of my heart, but in vain. Then I heard of your operation. And when I am well I shall tell Esther, and she will bless your name a hundredfold."

The surgeon without a word pressed the hunchback's fingers and left the room.

"Ask Miss Garvin to step into my office," he said to the orderly, and, five minutes afterward, the anesthetist entered.

"Miss Garvin," he said, placing his hand upon her sleeve, "are you still quite sure that you can never love me? Yes, I see that you are. You gave me to understand once that your heart was pledged. I want you to tell me one thing, and I do not ask it impudently. Where is the man you love?"

"I don't know," she answered.

"He has gone out of your life?"

"But I love him still," she cried defiantly. "I love him and always shall. O, Doctor Klein, I—we all are so much to you. None of us but is too conscious of your many kindnesses, your goodness, your charity and self-sacrifice. Don't make it harder for me. I don't love you, I can't love you." Suddenly she flung herself upon her knees. "Do you know why I was first attracted to you?" she cried.

"The man I love is a hunchback. His whole life has been poisoned by his infirmity. I came here, to be a nurse, to give my life to others. I met you, I learned of your operation and hoped that some day the time would arrive when he, too, would hear of you and would come to you to be made a straight man like other men, and then—"

"I loved you," said Doctor Klein hoarsely.

"You loved me," she repeated mechanically.

"Miss Garvin," he said slowly, "five minutes ago I contemplated the blackest crime that any doctor could imagine or dream of. You have straightened out the mental kink in my own brain as I shall straighten Mr. Manning's body tomorrow."

"Mr. Manning!" she cried, and stood staring at him in terror. "You know, then, he is—"

"My dear," the doctor answered, "he has told me everything. He loves you. And he is under this roof tonight. But you must not go to him now. You shall see him tomorrow, and you and I will cure him."

And Manning saw Esther's face, smiling on him as he sank to sleep under the ether; and Esther's was the first that he saw when he awakened in his room afterward. But Doctor Klein was standing at her side.

"You will be well soon," said Doctor Klein. "You will be straight as a man should be and I—I wish you—"

But he knew that his life also stretched straight before him, ruled and planned and unchangeable.

A Raise.

Two drummers in conversation: "Jack Rose handed in his resignation as a bluff to make the firm raise his salary?"

"Did they raise it?" "Yes, but another man is drawing it."—Boston Transcript.

Benny's Shadow Pictures

By HAZEL SMITH

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

It is not only the murderer who comes back, drawn irresistibly to the scene of his offense against the human law. Everyone who has done wrong, everyone who has been unfortunate, everyone who has suffered, even, returns some day to the place where the event occurred which marked a black bar in the spectroscopic of his life. It was so with Arthur Kane.

Five years before he had stood in the same spot, at the same time of day, on just such an evening, outside Evelyn's house, at the foot of her garden. Then he had been poor; now he was wealthier than he had ever expected to be; but then he had been happy, and now, of all men, he was the most miserable.

It was summer then and it was summer now; the same rose bushes were blooming, the same moon was rising over the house-tops; nothing had changed except his heart.

Five years before Kane had been an underpaid clerk in the Fourth National bank, seven blocks away, in the heart of the business section. And Evelyn had been a stenographer in the same town. She lived with her widowed mother and her little brother Benny. Arthur had always known Evelyn, but their engagement had come about quite suddenly and simply. He had discovered unsuspected depths of tenderness in her nature when his mother died. She had cared for her all through her lingering illness. The night before she breathed her last she said to Arthur:

"I want you to marry Evelyn."

The thought had not occurred to him. He had not known that Evelyn loved him. The day after the funeral he asked Evelyn to marry him. And when she laid her head upon his shoulder and began to cry softly, from sheer happiness, Kane suddenly discovered the world of love in his own heart.

"I thought you loved Marston," he said.

"I never cared for Marston," she answered, looking at him with a wonderful light in her eyes.

Then came the fatal evening when Kane, approaching Evelyn's house later than usual, after the shades were drawn, stopped suddenly as he saw Marston's face upon the blind, and Evelyn's. They drew near to each other and their lips met. Then the shadows danced away and the lamp-light illuminated the blind again.

Kane went home and wrote a brief letter to Evelyn, explaining that he had unexpectedly discovered proof of her faithlessness, and took the train west next morning. In five years he had made a comfortable fortune. Now he had come back.

As he stood by the gate of Evelyn's home a tall boy suddenly came in from the street, saw him, stopped short, and accosted him.

"Mr. Kane!" he exclaimed.

Kane turned. "Why, Benny!" he said, taken aback. "How you have grown!" he added lamely. "I would never have known you."

"I heard you were back," said Benny shyly. "I've been looking for you all over the town. Won't you come in?"

"No, thanks," said Kane, beginning to lose his self-control. "I have to be leaving again this evening."

"Mother and Evelyn won't be home till late," said Benny. "Say," he continued. "I want to show you something. I'm awfully sorry it was my fault Evelyn and you had that trouble."

"Your fault!" exclaimed the other.

"Yes, Mr. Kane. It was an awful blow to her when you went away. She just cried and cried for days, but she wouldn't let anyone write and tell you. But it was all my fault."

Kane's feet almost dragged him against his will into the little parlor. Nothing was changed—only his heart. Benny put out the gas and stood the lamp in the middle of the table.

"You thought she was kissing Marston," said Benny, awkwardly. "Look! It was this way—just fun. She was amusing me."

And, passing behind the lamp, he twisted his hands until a shadow like Marston's head appeared upon the wall.

"That's Marston," said Benny. "You can tell him by his big nose. Now this is Evelyn—see? That's her hair, done like they used to wear it five years back. Now, when I bring my hands together they kiss—see?"

It was a very creditable kiss. It was just the same kiss that Kane had seen five years before upon the seade.

Kane staggered out of his seat. "Benny! I've been a fool!" he muttered, and caught the boy by the arm.

"See here, tell me if there's any chance for me," he shouted. "Where is she? I've got to see her. She's got to forgive me at once. She's got to, because I'm going to make her."

Benny hesitated. "You won't be angry with me, Mr. Kane?" he asked. "She is in the house. I had to bring you in somehow." He pulled the other by the arm and drew him into the hall.

"She's—she's—" he stammered. She was standing under the hall lamp. She was trembling. She was looking at Kane, but neither saw the other because of the sudden dimming of vision—they only felt each other heart to heart and lips to lips.

Brookline, Mass., is the largest town in the world administered under the town meeting system.

Their Dream Farm

By KATE EDMONDS

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

John Robinson lay on his bed in the hall room which he occupied in the cheap lodging house, reading a letter from his folks up-state. It was signed by his mother and his two sisters.

"We shall all be thinking of you next Sunday when we eat our dinner," they wrote. "Father sends you his love and hopes you are well. He is glad you are getting along so nicely. We wish you could be with us but, as you say, business is business, and you will have to be at work Monday morning."

John Robinson was only twenty-four, but he knew that if he were forty his prospects would be no brighter. He was just an ordinary clean-minded country boy, caught in the machinery of the city, and just now earning a wage of fifteen dollars a week as a grocer's clerk. That was as well as he could do.

He wished he were back on the farm again. But he could not swallow his pride. He had gone off amid the salutations of the half-envious village lads of his own age, and to go back would mean a terrible downfall in their estimation and a confession of failure.

A strange and yet familiar smell assailed his nostrils.

He knew what it was. The girl in the adjacent room was cooking a turkey!

He knew her to nod to on the stairs when she came home in the evening from the department store in which she worked. Fanny—that was the only name he knew her by—was pretty and gentle and had a sort of frightened look in her eyes which haunted him, since it was so like the look which he had worn for the first few months after his arrival. He had never had the courage to speak to her.

That odor was very tempting. He opened his door a little. Then he saw that her door was ajar also, and, as he went softly out he came face to face with her. Her hair was disheveled and her face red from bending over her gas stove.

"Oh, won't you—wouldn't you like to join me?" she said timidly. "It's my dinner," she continued, with a little laugh. "I thought—I was afraid you might be hungry. Mrs. Higgins said you cooked all your own food," she continued.

John's heart was beating quite violently for some reason or other, as he followed her in. Upon the stove was a frying pan that sent forth the appetizing odors which he had discerned; and in it lay a quarter of a delicatessen store turkey.

After they had finished eating John looked at Fanny, and his heart began beating fast. How nice it would be to have somebody like that—as nice as that—as pretty as that—to cook every meal for him! And how he had hated to see her start out so early and come back so late from the department store! Before he realized it he had forgotten all his shyness and they were talking learnedly and delightfully about their homes. She, too, was farm bred, and she had come to the city in just the same way he had come. And she, too, had had a letter. And it said just about the same things as his.

They thought of the free country air and the roads and fields white with snow, and the peacefulness of a little farm of their own. And the stuffy little lodging house room became filled with romance for them, and they looked wonderingly upon each other and thought that fate was very kind.

"And it's this way," said John. "I know that I was a fool to leave the farm and come here. There was just the one thing I knew all about and could have succeeded at, and I threw it up to take something I never can succeed at."

"Same here," said Fanny briskly. "If you knew how tired I get of trying on ladies' shoes!"

And then as they sat there side by side John found courage to draw his chair so close that it actually touched hers, and before he knew what he was doing he found himself holding her little hand in his. And she let him hold it—that was the astonishing thing!

"Fanny," he said—it was the first time he had called her that—"if I could save up three hundred dollars I could buy a little place and make it pay. I know I could make it pay. But I can't save a penny and never shall, for I can't earn enough. But if you would go into partnership with me for just one year, and we had one room instead of two—and two could live just as cheaply as one—and after a year we had saved up three hundred dollars, do you think—"

But it was more astonishing still when she let him kiss her. And their poor little arrangement seemed like a financial miracle and the heavens were opened in her little bare hall room.

"Next year we shall have our home for ourselves," he said presently. "Doesn't it make you happy? Can you be as happy as I am, Fanny? Do you know, I don't know what your other name is. Isn't that strange?"

"I don't want to tell you, John."

"But don't you think I ought to know?"

"Well, but what's the use of telling you when you say I've got to lose it so quickly?"

ADDS TO LEGION'S STRENGTH

Commander of Minnesota Department Has Way of Doing Things That Gets Results.

Under the direction of A. H. Vernon, commander of the Minnesota department of the American Legion, that state has become one of the strongest Legion departments in the country.

Commander Vernon's theory is that success comes to the Legion in proportion to the service it gives to its members and to the state. In carrying out this policy he has built up a Legion Service bureau which handles one thousand ex-service claims a month and a department branch of the American Legion News Service.

Early in 1921, when the Federal board for vocational education prepared to send representatives to sixteen centers in the state to examine disabled veterans, the authorities were handicapped by a lack of publicity. Commander Vernon prepared twenty thousand large posters and placed them on every billboard in the state. This was supplemented with information to every newspaper in regard to where every disabled man should report to receive compensation, vocational training and medical treatment.

When an unexpected number of veterans enlisted for vocational training, Mr. Vernon appealed to 20,000 business men to place the men in their establishments. The merchants and manufacturers responded with a good will and all the vocational students were placed to good advantage.

Leslie's Weekly Editorially Honors Brave Men Who Served in the World War.

"The American Legion begins to look like a full-page composite photograph of biographic Americanism from Putnam to Pershing," reads a recent editorial in Leslie's Weekly. "It moves with the weight of the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' and the levity of 'Yankee Doodle,' with a valiant yell from 'Dixie.' Its large composition is a token of great trust, and the old Roman legions, and other legions of time, begin to look like pop-guns. It neither tries to roar with a lion's heart, nor win a woman's—quite different from the pomaded mustaches of Potsdam. Its manners are quiet; its memory is excellent; its emotions are strong, and it is prepared to roll up the refractory elements in one bundle and hang them on one hook."

"Without a proclamation, an agitation or unloosing a pack of schemes, it has created a civil prestige to match its military splendor. Old soldiers of all ages and all lands are prone to harp on one string, but the tramp of the Legion is in time and tune with all the chords of throbbing life. It is not merely handsome clay in uniform; but shined in manhood from its toes to its brains. It has that delightful mixture of sense and spirit, of power and chivalry, of shop and farm, which tickles the popular taste. It neither bleats over its woes nor boasts of its prowess."

"When the mighty military machine dissolved in our citizenship the fragments coalesced through the sympathetic attraction of a high purpose—for in defending the institutions of America the Legion learned how to value them. Thus it possesses a moral prerogative to tread down lurking disloyalty. We are proud to be the fathers and mothers, cousins and aunts of the Legion. We shall sleep sound at nights. And when the historic winds up the task of glory-painting its battles we trust that he will use a golden drop of ink in stating that congress dealt a belated, but a glad and generous, bonus."

FATHER MORAN AIDS LEGION

Former Army Chaplain Assists in Obtaining Armistice Day Legislation in Minnesota.

When the Minnesota American Legion state legislative committee at the opening of the state legislature appointed sub-committees to pilot its various bills through the house and senate, Father D. J. Moran of Farmington, was made chairman of the Armistice day committee.

Attacking the job with Argonne fervor, Father Moran obtained the passage of a bill declaring Armistice day a legal holiday as the first piece of Legion legislation enacted into law.

As army chaplain, Father Moran served ten months overseas. He is an ardent Legion lecturer and worker. When he returned from France in September, 1919, and found no Legion post organized in Farmington, he headed straight for Legion state headquarters, obtained the necessary blanks and within a week had established one of the most active posts in Minnesota.

When he was in the army, Colonel Edward H. Shaughnessy's career was on the upgrade. Now that he has returned to civil life and joined Fidelity post of the American Legion in New York city, he has voluntarily demoted himself from a \$25,000 job to one which pays \$5,000 a year.

Colonel Shaughnessy was induced by Postmaster General Will Hays to sacrifice his position as assistant director of the American Petroleum Institute, New York city, to become second assistant postmaster general.

"I understand you've taken a \$5,000 a year job," said a correspondent who interviewed him.

"Does it pay that?" he asked. "I'd forgotten to ask about the salary."

The salary is a minor consideration now, but it would have been different in the days when Colonel Shaughnessy worked as a messenger boy in Chicago. When he was 15 years old he became ticket agent and a year later telegraph operator for the Chicago & Northwestern railroad. Successively he was chief operator, assistant train dispatcher, assistant trainmaster and trainmaster. When the superintendent of the road was ill he took charge.

Colonel Shaughnessy joined the Thirteenth engineers as first lieutenant when the war broke out. He studied French until he spoke it fluently, and worked up a book of rules adapting American methods to French practice. He was promoted fast. Praise came to him from Brig. Gen. George Van Horn Moseley, assistant chief of staff, for his work as superintendent of the transportation corps in the Chateau-Thierry region, and as general superintendent at Is-sur-Tille during the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives, and as general manager in the zone of advance.

General Pershing gave him the Distinguished Service medal "for exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services."

MADE LEGION DRIVE SUCCESS

Dare Devil Louisiana Man Put Real Thrills Into Campaign for New Members.

When Anthony Kelley was discharged from the navy in New Orleans, La., he found the life of a land-lubber terribly devoid of thrill and peril. He had been going to sea since the age of fifteen and he missed the excitement of stormy nights in the dizzy heights of the crow's nest and hair-raising trips on the ropes far above the deck.

With the start of a membership campaign of Rollin post of the American Legion in New Orleans, Kelley blossomed out as a professional dare-devil to assist his fellow Legionnaires in attracting attention. He climbed a flag pole atop the city hall, several hundred feet above the pavement and rocked back and forth trying to break the pole. A net stretched below was all that was between the daring Legionnaire and some exceedingly hard terrain.

Kelley was unable to break the flag pole, however. So he scaled an eighteen-story building and hung from the coping by his toes. Film companies rushed camera men to take motion pictures of the feat and the Legion membership drive was a success.

"None of it was as thrilling as the four years and four months I was in the war zone," Kelley declares. He

Kelley Atop City Hall Flag Pole.

was plying between American and European ports when war was declared. He entered the navy as an ensign and was discharged in April, 1919. He continued in service as an officer of the Merchant Marine until December, 1920.

Do Not Have to Pay Poll Tax.

Backed by the American Legion, a law providing for the registration of all ex-service men of all wars in the state of Montana was passed by the legislature. The new act exempts all ex-service men from payment of the poll tax and requires each county assessor to keep a record of the names and organizations of all veterans within his county. It is expected that other states will take similar action soon.

RAPID RISE FOR LEGION MAN

Colonel Shaughnessy's Career Has Been on the Upgrade Since He Was a Boy.

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