

The American Legion

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

COOKS TO PLEASE ANY TASTE

F. G. Galpin, Historian of Texas Post, Brings Odd "Cargo" From Australia to England.

One of the few persons in the United States who can cook up a meal for a wallaby, or satisfy the fastidious cravings of a wombat, or play chef to a cuckoo, is F. G. Galpin, historian of El Paso (Tex.) post 36 of the American Legion and ex-animal-cook of the White Star liner medic. Galpin is never more at home than when he is busily engaged in brewing up a stew for a cassowary.

Upon his return from a recent trip of the liner, bearing lizards, carpet snakes, rat-kangaroos, and other things (900 altogether) from Australia to England, chief Galpin expounded dietetics to his Legion comrades. They had to believe everything he said. It seems that the bird of paradise, paradoxically, has secular tastes and squawks vigorously when offered such seemingly compatible delicacies as angel cake. "I fed 'em bananas and hard-boiled eggs," said Galpin, "and not one of 'em lost a single heavenly feather."

"And on the other hand," he added, "I had a couple of Tasmanian devils aboard, and they wouldn't touch a thing the whole trip except floating island."

DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE

German Submarine Commander Who Sank Lusitania Also Now at Bottom of Sea.

The commander of the German submarine that sank the Lusitania is now at the bottom of the sea, according to a story which has reached American Legion headquarters. Flogged and flung over the side of a Paraguayan war vessel, he met death with a dose of his own medicine.

The story is that the commander, fleeing from allied justice, took refuge in Paraguay, where he at once took out naturalization papers and swore allegiance to the Paraguayan republic. Friends in the shipping world secured for him the command of a Paraguayan man-of-war, the Adolph Riquelme. He had hardly set his heel upon the decks when he inaugurated the rules which had been his custom. The crew, with their Latin blood, could not stomach the diet as the stolid Teutons had done in the old days. So they passed him around for a beating, and then threw him into the sea, far from sight of land.

HAD THE "THEODORA" ODOR

Fancy French Pets Saturated With Unwelcome Perfume of Marshal Foch's American Mascot.

Fifty thousand francs' worth of pet dogs were temporarily ruined by Marshal Foch's wild cat on the voyage to France. When the marshal, as guest of the American Legion, had picked up Theodora from an admiring friend, he had little reckoned what devastation was in store.

Theodora was placed in the kennel room atop the liner Paris, under care of the ship's butcher, who acted as animal valet for the trip. Believing that the fluffy Pekinese, and poodles, and Mexican hairlesses that shared her compartment did not represent, like herself, the true red-blooded pioneering spirit of America, Theodora lay quietly in her cell and exuded the aroma peculiar to wildcats. When the Paris touched the shores of France, the valet handed the pet dogs around to the group of daintily-scented mademoiselles and was greeted with loud shrieks.

LEGION MAN, STURDY HIKER

Illinois Ex-Soldier on Way Back From Washington, is Completing 2300-Mile Jaunt.

Romance still lies along the broad highway, according to H. H. Rufus, "Harding's messenger boy," now on his way back to Danville, Ill., afoot, from Washington, D. C., completing a 2300-mile jaunt. After hanging by his hands from rail-way trestles and facing starvation in the mountains of Kentucky, the sturdy hiker found a climax to his adventures in Clarksville, W. Va., in the form of "the only girl."

Rufus, who is forty-four years old, an ex-soldier, and a native of Danville, started out last November, bearing four sealed messages from the Danville chamber of commerce, which he was to "deliver in person" to the President. Stalking out of the White House six weeks later, he said: "I was all eyes and ears, looked straight ahead, and got what I went after."

The hiker is dropping in at American Legion posts when he wants to darn his socks or shave, and his stories have become well known. He started from his home town with with one cent and the instructions neither to beg, borrow, nor steal. He carried a 14-pound pack which, among other things, contained a cigar for "Uncle Joe" Cannon.

II.—What brings her to His feet? It is her sin. No other claim has she upon Him, nor seeks to find another. Enough for her that He is the Savior and she the sinner that He came to save. Her heart, outpoured in tears, may wash His blessed feet; her lips may kiss them; her hands anoint them with ointment; and her hair serve to wipe them. But this lavish expression of her love creates for her no claim upon the Savior. It is her sin that does so, for it is sinners that He is seeking to save.

The host is a moral, religious and proud Pharisee, and his sense of the proprieties is shocked by what he sees. He knows not who his guest is—nor does any man who has not first been, as a sinner, at His feet—and he thinks, "This man, if he were a prophet, would know who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him, for she is a sinner." And by answering the unspoken thought of his heart, the Lord shows Simon that He is far more than a prophet—He is God.

The answer is the story of the creditor with two debtors, one owing five hundred pence and the other fifty, and when they had nothing to pay he frankly forgave them both. Can Simon see in the lesser of the two, himself; and in the greater, the "woman of the city"? If he does thus understand, then surely he sees that there is no difference between himself and her in this respect, that neither of them has anything wherewith to pay the debt.

SENDS 'NOTES' FROM ALASKA

Historian of Ketchikan Legion Post Writes in Answer to Letters of Sympathy.

"Please note following," the long-suffering historian of the Ketchikan post of the American Legion in Alaska has written in answer to many letters of sympathy from buddies back in the States:

1. There isn't a gold miner in the post.
2. The thermometer has never dropped lower than five below.
3. The deepest snow in recent years was three inches.
4. Some winters pass with practically no snow.
5. Overcoats are often a nuisance in January and February.
6. Raincoats and umbrellas are commonly worn.
7. No one has even worn furs or snowshoes to a post meeting.
8. "Gold-fishing" is the principal industry.
9. No one reads by the northern lights or the midnight sun.

The fact that people in Ketchikan ride in automobiles, and that the only dog sleds there are hot-dog sleds is hard to get across, according to the historian.

FINDS HIS LONG-LOST BOY

Father, by Chance, Discovers Soldier Son, Missing From Infancy, in Washington Hospital.

The "long-lost-boy" theme of the movie thriller has been discovered in real life by the American Legion post at Flint, Mich., where a reunion has taken place between E. G. Morrison and his son, George, who is now a war veteran.

More than nineteen years ago in New London, Conn., the elder Morrison and the boy's mother separated. The child of six months was given to the mother. She remarried and the boy lived with her until he was fifteen years old, when he ran away. He joined the navy, served overseas with the aviation forces, and was wounded.

Last summer Mr. Morrison, Sr. was motoring in the East. A chance conversation with a passing acquaintance led to the discovery that his son was at that time lying in a hospital in Washington, D. C. The reunion was effected, and George is now in business with his father in Flint.

Carrying On With the American Legion

The Minnesota post of the American Legion is given credit for 43,262 good deeds to unfortunate buddies during 1921.

A surplus of \$25,000 remaining from the Kansas City convention of the American Legion may go into a headquarters building.

Of the 300 ex-soldiers enrolled as vocational students at Pittsburg, Kan., who negotiated a loan, not one has failed to make full repayments.

Ladies are present even in the north land. A unit of the American Legion auxiliary has been chartered at Wrangell, Alaska. It will doubtless be named "The Arctic Circle."

Compensation checks amounting to \$323,447.50 were obtained for 4,924 ex-service men and women by the American Legion's service division, between October 10, 1921, and January 14, 1922

The Nameless Sinner at the Feast

By REV. GEORGE E. GUILLE, Extension Department, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

TEXT—Behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner. . . . stood at his feet—Luke 7:37-38.

O, soul, draw near to this scene and behold—behold how you hold in your sin-stained hands the material wherewith to spread a feast for the Lord. Simon has prepared a feast in his house, but it is not Simon who spreads the feast for the Savior's soul. It is another that does so, one with no name in Scripture but "sinner." And as we read the story, it seems to us that the Spirit of God has written your name and mine in that word, for she represents us all.

I.—But see where this nameless sinner is. She is at Jesus' feet where He declares Himself her Savior—Savior, though her sins are many; Savior, unashamed of her, though proud enemies are listening and looking on, resentful of the grace that flows forth from Him. Unbidden has she come, unbidden save by her deep, deep need. She does not covet Simon's dainties, but the Savior's grace, and He regards her not as an intruder but as the most welcome guest.

II.—What brings her to His feet? It is her sin. No other claim has she upon Him, nor seeks to find another. Enough for her that He is the Savior and she the sinner that He came to save. Her heart, outpoured in tears, may wash His blessed feet; her lips may kiss them; her hands anoint them with ointment; and her hair serve to wipe them. But this lavish expression of her love creates for her no claim upon the Savior. It is her sin that does so, for it is sinners that He is seeking to save.

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III.—What, then, does she find at His feet? She finds forgiveness there. "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven." He asks no questions nor imposes any conditions and His grace flows out without measure. "Who is this that forgiveth sins also?" murmur the guests at Simon's table. God alone can forgive sins. O, do you but come to His feet with your many sins and you shall see who it is! The only being in all the universe who knows what to do with sins, and how to do it, is the Lord Jesus Christ.

But more, she finds salvation there. "Thy faith hath saved thee." Faith, then, is what He saw. She has believed in Him as Savior. Though "she loved much," it was not her love that saved. Her love and devoted service to Him were the result of His gracious work, in response to her faith. Saved! Oh, what a word! One moment a "sinner of the city"; the next, a saint! One moment, lost; the next, saved! A sinner's sins and a Savior's grace have met together and this is the result. O, soul, salvation is on the same terms still. You the sinner, and He the Savior. You with your sins, and He with His grace. You, as you are, at His feet; and there He saves!

One thing more: She finds there peace. "Thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace." Peace, because the cause of all the dispeace has been met and put away. Someone has taken her sins upon Himself, and yours and mine, and has put them away. Peace now for the believing sinner! "Being justified by faith we have peace with God" forevermore. His peace, in exchange for all your sins.

O, come to His feet. Come, and you shall find what she found: forgiveness, salvation and peace. No one has ever come there and gone away unsaved or unblest.

Came to Win Human Wills. In spite of man having misused the free will which He gave him, God goes on with His work of love. There is nothing more touching than the patience of God shown in the incarnation. He did not destroy the guilty world; He came down to win the human wills back to Him.—The Bishop of London.

Work and Worry. It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more on a man than he can bear. But worry is rust upon the blade. It is not movement that destroys the machinery, but friction.—H. W. Beecher.

Spring Hats in the Big Shops

If you want to see a fresh promise of spring and all the clothes that season brings with it, then walk on Fifth avenue and look at the bright new hats in the windows, advises a fashion writer in the New York Times. They at least are all ready and waiting for warmer days to come; and, in fact, they are even begging prettily to be worn right now. Many of them are so happily constructed that their materials seem to say: "Here is something more suitable for this time of year than the hat you have on." Now, you know, that is the most fatal sort of temptation. For who does not secretly long for a new hat at this season of the year?

The next most inspirational thing to do is to watch the models as they try on these brilliant new creations and see just exactly how they should be worn. For it is the posing of a hat, after all, that gives its true style; without its proper and destined angle it amounts to nothing; one must not only have courage and coin enough to buy new things in headgear, but one must then understand how to wear them effectively if the best appearance in the world is to be the outcome.

Almost Obscure the Eyes. The new hats set straight over the eyes, but they manage almost to obscure the eyes nevertheless. At one time they contented themselves with obliterating from sight the right eye, but there is nothing of that partiality shown now. The newer hats push down over both eyes, regardless of whether they are right or left, and to the discretion of the wearer is left the decision of whether she shall be allowed to see her way clearly before her or not.

After they have attended to this little duty, which is a cast-iron ruling of the season, then the hats or turbans or toques or whatever they may be, go forth upon various ways of their own. Really they seem to be allowed the greatest amount of latitude about the shapes in which they shall appear. They turn away from the face, many of them. It is a sharp, sure turning, but it does not stop at that. Having achieved the upward spread that it is sure to have, it then spreads out to the sides—down, or out, or drooping at the back. In some way or other the brim of the most modern of hats creates a sweep that is conspicuously appropriate.

The hats are neither small nor large, but most of them, just now, keep to a decided middle distance, making them vastly becoming to the average face. When they have any tendency to smallness, then their trimming in some



White Wool Embroidered Coat; Black and White Hat to Go With It.

way draws out the line and gives the silhouette of the hat a broader, more expensive appearance. There seems to be none of those ultra-tight little affairs which were popular for so long. They have something added always to give them more form and shape than those which hugged the head so tightly.

The Matter of Trimmings. It is in the matter of trimmings, perhaps, where the new hats excel and show their freshness. There is not much trimming, mind you—nothing resembling overcrowding—but what is there is so perfectly arranged and composed with the hat and its shape that it leaves nothing to be desired. While the trimming is in every way conspicuous, it is so rather because of its rarity and individualism than because of its overabundant quantity.

Ribbon, in bows and loops and ends, is one of the favored trimmings for the spring, and it certainly is pleasant to see this being used to so great an extent. Women always find ribbons becoming. They can be twisted and turned and puffed in so many fascinating ways that the hat with ribbon trimming inevitably becomes a flattering thing to wear. Then there is this new craze for motre, which brings with it a motre ribbon to be used on hats. One

hat among the newer ones has a brim made entirely of this sort of ribbon, carefully puffed into the crown to form a softly rolling brim. Over the left ear the brim disappears almost entirely and there two-wired pointed ends of the ribbon stick straight out into the air. The softly folded crown is then, made in velvet and the hat is complete.

Another ribbon-trimmed hat shows a large and rolling brim, and is rather broader in proportion to most of the



Example of Black Satin Bow on Picture Hat; Mat Made of Match Sticks in Red and Black.

hats now seen. It is made of a lightish brown straw, and then it has a wide taffeta peach-colored ribbon drawn tightly over the facing of the brim toward the front, where at the brim's peak it is tied into a stiff, upward standing bow. It is a most unusual sort of hat and a very interesting one, though it is so decidedly new in character that one must have temerity to wear it as a pattern for the rest of the world to follow.

Grosgrain ribbon is used to make whole, shaped brim turbans. It has so much body that almost anything can be done with it and many of the newer hats will be found to have their starting point in grosgrain, with a little straw to help them out. Some of these hats succeed in looking like miniature airplanes, so winglike are the arrangements of ribbon that float away at one side or the other, or sometimes from both sides, of the closely fitting crown.

Ribbon that is narrow and plaited and formed into various sorts of rosettes is another favorite type of trimming, and, like the grosgrain trims just described, these succeed in making the hat more or less, once they start out to trim it. A yellow hat of straw with quite a Chinese shape to it, pointing up, over the eyes, has a series of black plaited rosettes arranged in regular succession around its brim.

Then satin ribbon is used in loops upon loops, drooping down at one side from hats that are stiff and unrelenting in all other directions. It is interesting to see these little, quite borderlike turbans suddenly take it into their heads to show all that squishy ribbon on one side, and, besides giving to the hat a jaunty quality to become the face, the ribbon carries out the design most gracefully.

Repeating the idea from many of the spring frocks, ribbon is again formed into points and semi-circles to trim the rounded brims of some of the hats. For instance, round the upward-turning and round brim of a little red hat there was a row of red ribbon points peeping from behind the brim's edge. This made the hat, for there was no other form of trimming to be seen, and, while the ribbon was exactly the same tone as the straw of the hat, it had a decidedly decorative quality about it and gave the smartest sort of a look to the little novelty.

Other Styles of Hats. A hat made of black satin had black satin ribbon drawn over its crown into two stiff bows, which jutted out at the right side. And another hat of the same foundation material had a stiff bow of black ribbon set across the back, so that its sweep showed from the front as an outline for that portion of the silhouette.

Beads are having a great opportunity as far as the newer spring hats are concerned. There is nothing obvious or at all passé about the way in which they are handled, but the rule seems to be that, if originality comes into the game at all, beads and dangles and spangles are quite the nicest thing to use. For instance, most of the beads used are large and ornamental and clear as crystal, whether they are in colors or in pure white. There are loops of them over the ears or across the front of the hat or across the back, and often these loops hang down and away from the hat, so that they create the impression of chains about the neck rather than about the hat.

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