

Listening In



The American Legion

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

SUCCESS OF DISABLED MEN

Landreth Harrison of Minneapolis, American Legion Member, is One Prominent Example.

Landreth Harrison, of Minneapolis, Minn., a member of the American Legion and rehabilitation student under the care of the United States Veterans' bureau, is one of the outstanding successes among the disabled ex-service men of the country, as he has become known as a specialist in international affairs.

Harrison, a lieutenant in the One Hundred and Fourth Aero squadron, was discharged from service, suffering shellshock. As he had already finished his college course, he was allowed to complete his studies, specializing in foreign trade relations with a view to entering the consular service. So excellent was his college work that on graduation he was awarded a fellowship in international law from the Carnegie endowment for international peace. Only ten such fellowships are given each year. Lieutenant Harri-



Landreth Harrison.

son's was granted with the understanding that he continue his studies at the graduate school of the University of Minnesota.

In connection with his post graduate work, Lieutenant Harrison has written a thesis on the work of the international joint commission between the United States and Canada, which has been investigating the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway project. Lieutenant Harrison will receive the degree of master of arts on completing his course.

As a result of winning the Carnegie scholarship the second time, Lieutenant Harrison is now in Paris, working for the degree of doctor of philosophy. Always active in Legion affairs in his home, he has affiliated with and become an active member of the Paris post of the American Legion.

PULLED OFF BIG CROW HUNT

Wamego (Kan.) Post and Auxiliary Profit When Annual Stunt Proves Grand Success.

One of the most novel of all unusual stunts resulting from the ingenuity of ex-service men has been reported by members of Harold Johnson post No. 172, American Legion, Wamego, Kan., who promoted and put over the annual crow hunt. Shortly after the witching hour on a moonlight night, 120 townsmen and farmers, headed by two captains chosen from the Legion post membership, started from the town in automobiles for the rookery some fifty miles away. The strategy of the war-trained service men resulted in 1,441 casualties among the enemy. A bounty of ten cents a head for the victims went to the Legion post treasury. Another good sum went to the post auxiliary, who sold refreshments to the tired hunters.

Bolshevik Propaganda.

Motion picture films, said to portray life in Russia under the soviet government, have been attacked by a post of the American Legion in Binghamton, N. Y., as Bolshevik propaganda. When the film was booked for a showing in that city, the local post made a protest to the commissioner of public safety that the film might not be permitted to be run. The Legion contention is that the production is sponsored by an organization known to represent certain radicals of this country, and that such a spread of propaganda is an attack on constituted government.

Legion Men Seek Bandit.

Toledo Legionnaires are co-operating with their police in an attempt to run down a bomb thrower who recently terrorized the city. Four bombs exploded, three incendiary fires and an attempt to derail a traction car are attributed to the same man, who, it is believed, started a fire last winter which cost the city several hundred thousand dollars, and was stopped only after Legion men formed a volunteer police corps.

TO F. W. GALBRAITH'S MEMORY

Memorial to Late American Legion National Commander is Dedicated at Cincinnati.

On the hills overlooking his home city, Cincinnati, stands a memorial to Frederick W. Galbraith, deceased national commander of the American Legion—"killed in line of duty." This memorial takes the form of a parapet on which is a bronze tablet. Behind are the ashes of the former Legion head. It was erected by the veterans' organization and has become a national shrine for Legionnaires.

Galbraith was killed as he sped by automobile from Indianapolis, headquarters city, to Chicago, with Milton J. Foreman, past national commander, on their way to face a great problem for the veterans' organization. It was on such a mission fraught with good for his nation, that he met his end like the brave soldier he was.

The tomb was formally dedicated by National Commander John R. Quinn on the occasion of his first public appearance, after his election. In his address, he characterized the departed leader as the "spirit of the American Legion." Commander Quinn declared that to Galbraith and to the myriad members of the Legion, the organization means the flesh and blood of America's fighting men, the soul of those who sleep on Flanders' field and in the depths of the ocean, and the voice of four million who rallied to their country's flag when it was endangered.

The Legion leader said that the stimulation of the principles of Americanism, as sponsored by the beloved leader, Galbraith, could and would lead the organization to greater heights for the nation.

"The spirit of Americanism takes, in beginning, the schools—and the Legion plans patriotic education," declared Commander Quinn. "It takes its place in the home—and the Legion hopes to carry an inspirational message to every freewheel in America that patriotism may be better fostered there. The flaming light of Americanism is to be seen in the pulpit, in the business world, and in the culmination of national life—so the Legion is ever ready to spread its broad gospel of better homes, stronger love of nation and deeper regard for law into the life of every inhabitant of America—to make all American citizens—not mere residents of a country."

"With the leadership of such consecrated patriots as Frederick W. Galbraith, we have assigned ourselves as guard about this sacred flame of civic spirit, we stand as sentinels about its temples," Commander Quinn said.

Seven foreign countries send representatives to attend the convention, including representatives of Italy, Japan, Great Britain, France, Spain, Greece and Brazil. The monument was unveiled by Michael Armstrong, a former sergeant major, who served under Galbraith overseas, and who was blinded while in service.

TO STRESS COMMUNITY LIFE

Indiana Legion Department Commander Urges Posts to Undertake Movements for Uplifting.

"The American Legion will occupy its merited place in public esteem when the veterans become members not for the primary purpose of financial gain," declared E. Arthur Hall, department commander of the American Legion in Indiana, "or for the advancement and protection of their rights as veterans, but for the means of more effectively performing their duties as citizens and the helpfulness they can be to their comrades."

Mr. Hall's statement was made in an address to Legionnaires of South Bend, in dedicating the new Legion home in that city. Head of a great business institution in the state, Mr. Hall has given up his work to head the Legion in the Hoosier state for a year and expects to stress particularly the development of community life through the agency of Legion posts. In his address he said that the strength of the Legion is found on every hand, but that the influence of the organization was still further felt when posts undertook some worthwhile movement for the upbuilding of community life.

"KEEP OUT OF POLITICS"

Boston Editor Urges Legion Men to Fight for Disabled and to Scorn Politicians.

Declaring that the government had only done things for disabled men of the World war, "under lash of the Legion," James T. Williams, editor of the Boston Transcript, told a gathering of veterans in Worcester, Mass., that the greatest problem of the Legion was the care of the disabled men.

The speaker said that no group so sorely needed help of any organization as do the disabled men, particularly those suffering from tuberculosis, and advised his hearers to keep up work in relief of these men.

He told the Legion men that it was up to them to keep the organization free from politics as it has been in the past.

"The two great parties are cursed with men who say that the Legion is fair prey," said Mr. Williams. "They go up and down the state telling how easily the Legion can be handled. These statements are caused by resentment because they cannot get their contaminating claws on the Legion and control it," he concluded.

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

SCOUT SAVES WOMAN'S LIFE

The first uses Mrs. M. E. Graves of Jamaica, Long Island, made of her injured right hand as soon as it was sufficiently healed to serve her, was to write her appreciation of a boy scout who, through his prompt first aid, had saved her from bleeding to death.

Mrs. Graves on the morning of the accident, while engaging in preserving fruit, came across a broken jar, which she threw into the ash can. Some time later as the fruit peelings piled upon the kitchen table, Mrs. Graves gathered them up and hastened to dispose of them. With her thoughts intent upon her work, and forgetful of the broken jar, Mrs. Graves plunged her hands into the ash can. Her right hand struck the jagged glass which inflicted three cuts, and severed the artery.

Horrified at the stream of blood which came from the wounds, Mrs. Graves ran to the telephone to call a doctor. In her effort to make the call, she became weakened from loss of blood, and staggered to the door to look for other assistance.

At that moment Scout Michael Salucka in passing the house noticed the injured woman and ran to help her. Quickly the boy seized a cloth-plin which he espied on the back yard clothes lines, and with the wooden pin and a handkerchief improvised tourniquet.

"The handkerchief he put right around the arm," states Mrs. Graves, "and twisted the stick which he held in place until the doctor arrived an hour later. I was immediately taken to Jamaica hospital, and kept over night. There is no doubt that the boy scout's knowledge of first aid and his use of it saved my life, for which I am very grateful. I am now able to use the right hand to give him all appreciation for his timely aid."

IN SCOUT AMBULANCE UNIT



Members of Boy Scout Red Cross Ambulance Unit Number 124, Syracuse, N. Y., demonstrating a "carry" used in first-aid work. The unit receives special training in first aid and places its services at the disposal of the community. Nine of the members have been cited by the American Red Cross for heroism and outstanding work at the Barnstable fire in that city.

LEAGUE ENDORSES SCOUTING

That august ally of peace and symbol of the brotherhood of man, the League of Nations, has placed on record through a recent resolution its appreciation of the benefit of the younger generation of the great scout program.

The league assembly emphasized in its resolution the importance of encouraging contact between the younger generations of different nationalities; and asked that conveniences of travel be accorded groups of students of the higher and secondary educational institutions.

It further declared that the boy scout and girl scout movements promoting closer understanding among the youth of all nations, are rendering valuable services to the cause of world peace.

"It should not be forgotten," said the resolution, "that the thoughts and feelings of the younger generation are an important element in forming the conscience of humanity, a pure and healthy element, free from prejudice, rancor, and memories poisoned by hatred, an element of enthusiasm and generous sentiments."

BOY SCOUTS AID "VETS"

On Rough and Ready Island near Stockton, Cal., there is a vocational training school for disabled soldiers, in one branch of which the art of shoemaking is taught. The scouts of Stockton know that their friends, the "vets," who are practicing hobbling, need shoes to work upon, and to use as samples. For this reason the boys recently carried on an old shoe drive. They called at homes which had worn shoes to dispose of, and later took the shoes to the future shoemakers.

His New Year Resolution

Katherine Edelman

ARTHUR WILLIAMS came down to the office all out of sorts with everything and everybody, so much so that when Clark Winston began to confide in him about the many good resolutions that he was making for the New Year he tried to cut him off with a sharp retort.

But Clark Winston, bubbling with the exuberance of youth, and radiant with the enthusiasm of the newly-engaged, was not easily rebuked. "Not make New Year resolutions?"

he said. "Why that's just what the New Year's for. It takes a day like it to jolt a fellow out of the rut he has been traveling in too long, and to keep us from growing away from the ideals of our school days. So, you bet you, I'll be making good resolutions this year and try to keep them, too, so I'll be worthy of the love of the best little girl in the world."

Arthur Williams turned away impatiently and went to his desk. But all morning there came to him again and again the memory of the conversation and the look that had been on Clark Winston's face as he had voiced his determination to make New Year resolves. Each time the thought came to him he tried to put it from him, but somehow he found it hard to do. For there had come to him, too, the memory of a time when he, too, had made such resolutions—when he, too, had looked to the future with the desire deep within him to make himself more worthy each day of the woman who had consented to be his. Now, however, he was content to drift along with the tide, to take each day as just a repetition of the one before—content to just hold the place he occupied in the business world, and worse, almost content with the home life that was now his, almost indifferent to the fact that he and his wife had slowly drifted apart and that the ardent love which had been theirs in the long ago seemed to be now dead.

But in other days it had been different with him—he had then been just as full of hope in the future, as full of the fire of zeal and devotion toward the woman who was his as any man could be. How, he asked himself now, had it come to be that things were as they were? Was it that his love for his wife was dead, that he cared no longer for her, or was it her fault that

perceptibly drifted apart? Looking back, he recalled now, with a half-shudder of remorse, many little instances where she had tried to bring the old ways back, which he, in the blind stupidity of taking things for granted attitude had treated lightly and passed by. He recalled with a pang one particular instance—a wedding anniversary it was—when she had met him at the door in a pretty gown and when she had gone to all manner of trouble in preparing a wonderful dinner, with all his favorite dishes, and when during the meal she had asked him if he were not forgetting something. And when after dinner was over and she reminded him that this was their fifth wedding anniversary he had only mumbled through his evening paper: "Yes, I guess it is, but I had forgotten all about it."

All these things came to him now, as often before a dying man will flash in a few moments a hundred episodes of his life, and he realized with a sudden rush of feeling how empty and desolate his life would be with Evelyn out of it entirely. True, for a long time now he had just taken her presence for granted—had just thought of her as some one who was always there—some one who was necessary to his well-being and comfort, just as some article of comfort and convenience might be, but now he realized how much she meant to him, and he knew that the love which he had thought was dead and buried was still burning, but that its flame was not felt because of the heavy curtain his indifference and neglect had thrown over it.

And then it was that Arthur Williams made a New Year resolution and one which he kept through all the years that followed, judging from the new happiness which came to him and his wife and from the buoyancy and hopeful attitude toward the future which he brought to his tasks each day.

BELLS



Mr. Lover—Hark! the New Year Bells! Don't you think them the sweetest one can hear?
Miss Love—With the exception of the wedding bells, Mr. Lover, I do.

Father Time's Baby

FATHER TIME has called the New Year his Young Hopeful. He presents him as a happy urchin with a smiling face. Thus we welcome him. We always make new investments in hope on January first. We are not disposed to criticize Time's new boy. The criticism of a flower adds to our knowledge, but it spoils the flower. Even if the future brings something of disappointment it will leave us something to still hope for. The hope of a sail has sustained many a castaway upon this island of a world. It is such a pleasure to hope that one could thank God for it, though he never realized it.—Christopher G. Hazard (© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

New Year Skating

By Mary Graham Bonner

IN THAT crisp, cold, bright New Year's day they went skating. The children home for the holidays, the fathers' home from business, the mothers who were having a glorious afternoon in the out-of-doors—all took part in the New Year skating party which was being given. The ice was firm, hard and smooth. Never had it seemed so wonderful. The air was invigorating. There was no wind. It was an ideal day for a skating party.

Afterward they would go back for a New Year's supper party and sit around a big fire telling stories. They would all be at the party. It would be for both old and young, for was not New Year's day a day that was young and yet so close to the oldest day of the year that had gone before?

And in the meantime they skated and laughed and sang songs and fell down and laughed some more and played games. All of them joined in. And they looked about them at the frozen lake and at the hills surrounding with the glow of the first afternoon's rosy light upon them.

It was a beautiful world and people in it were so beautiful, too.

Had it anything to do with the wishes for a Happy New Year which everyone had been wishing everyone else that day?

And not only that—but the wishes in the hearts of each which were sincere wishes for happiness in the gay, good, New Year just commencing?

UNCLE EBEN TOO BUSY

"I has a great respect," said Uncle Eben, "fo' de man dat is too busy shovelin' snow to prance around wishin' everybody 'Happy New Year' when dey bumps on his sidewalk."