

American Legion Notes



What American Legion officials believe will be the most impressive patriotic demonstration ever held in Philadelphia will take place April 7 under the auspices of the Legion and forty-five other patriotic and civic organizations. The purpose of the meeting is the expression of American principles as opposed to the recent manifestation of foreign propaganda. It will be similar to the "All American Meeting for God and Country" held in New York City, March 18, The Philadelphia meeting will, however, have the additional feature of a parade of 50,000 persons.

One of the numerous overflow meetings attendant on the American Legion's "All American" gathering in New York was an impromptu affair staged by Grant Mitchell starring in a current Broadway comedy success. "Staged" is the right word, for Mitchell held his meeting in the theater between the acts and the audience were his collaborators. Mitchell explained what the Legion was doing and called on the audience to sing the National Anthem. They responded with enthusiasm. Encouraging voices endorsed the actor's statement that "this is as good a place as any to join the American Legion in showing

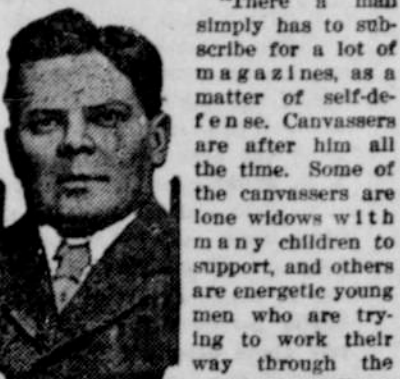
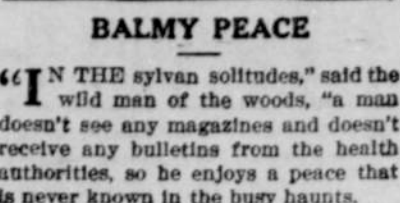
our Americanism." A warning to American Legion post officers against using the influence of the Legion to obtain postmasterships and other political appointments, has been made by H. B. Fell, Commander of the Oklahoma Department of the ex-service men's organization. The Legion commander declared that there is no attempt to curtail the efforts of Legionnaires as individuals, but that activities tending to involve the Legion in politics are contrary to the constitution of that organization.

The state executive committee of the New York Department of the American Legion has passed a resolution endorsing the sale by the American and French Children's League of red artificial poppies to be worn on Memorial Day. Proceeds of the sale go to the orphan children of France. An effort is being made to have all stores and homes display the poppy May 30.

Everybody reads Headlight ads.

Uncle Walt's Story

Walt Mason



BALMY PEACE

"IN THE sylvan solitudes," said the wild man of the woods, "a man doesn't see any magazines and doesn't receive any bulletins from the health authorities, so he enjoys a peace that is never known in the busy haunts."

"There a man simply has to subscribe for a lot of magazines, as a matter of self-defense. Canvasers are after him all the time. Some of the canvasers are lone widows with many children to support, and others are energetic young men who are trying to work their way through the veterinary college.

They are deserving people, and you feel it a duty to help them along, so the first thing you know your mail box is jammed full of literature. Having paid for it, you feel that you ought to read it, and your life is ruined thereby.

"When I was young, the magazines tried to entertain people. They had good stories and a Poet's Corner, and a department devoted to timely jokes, and another to household hints and domestic recipes. There was some sense in reading a magazine then, for it soothed and sustained you. But nowadays the magazine editors consider it their duty to harrow your soul and make your hair stand on end like quills upon the porcupine's back, or words to that effect. They are always viewing with alarm, and trying to convince you that you take your life in your hand every five minutes.

"They have a lot of health specialists writing for them, and these health sharps point out that pretty near everything you eat and drink is a deadly poison. They didn't scare me to any great extent, for I am a most intrepid man, but they soon had my wife so rattled she didn't know whether she was going or coming.

"I always was passionately fond of a good cup of coffee, and my wife heard make the best coffee, you ever heard of. She went to work at it like a learned apothecary compounding a prescription. There was no guess work about it. She took an honest pride in it, and her coffee was a revelation to every consumer. I used to be awake at night wishing it was breakfast time, so I could have my morning cup of coffee.

"But one morning when I went to the table the coffee was missing. In its place there was a sickly beverage I had never seen before. I asked an explanation, and my wife said that no more coffee would be made in our house. "The wonder is," said she, "that we still live and move and have our being, for coffee is a rank poison. If you read Dr. Zinkfoogie's article in the Junkopolitan Magazine, you will see that coffee contains a large percentage of tannin, which is so deadly that if you place a drop on the tongue of an alligator, it will roll over dead."

"I told her that I had no alligators on the premises, and consequently could not try the experiment, but I assured her that I didn't care anything about the poison. I wanted my coffee at regular hours. She said I'd have to keep on wanting. She thought too much of me to send me to an untimely grave. And, anyhow, she explained Dr. Zinkfoogie had told how to make a substitute for coffee that was perfectly wholesome. She had followed his instructions, and the result was before me. Perhaps it didn't taste as good as coffee, but it was wholesome. It would fill my veins with red corpuscles and restore hair to my bald head. It was made of marrowfat peas which had been carefully roasted in a hot oven.

"In order to get a cup of coffee after that I had to make a sneak to the chop house, and the kind dished up there made me old before my time. My wife cut out all my favorite dishes because Dr. Zinkfoogie or some other magazine writer denounced them, and finally I was living on roasted peas and coffee and boiled spinach, and I concluded that if I had to feed like the cows I'd live like them, so I came to the forest fastnesses."

Marriage Breaker Busy. One of the deplorable results of bolshevik misrule in Russia is the installing of a "breaker of marriages" in Petrograd, who is said to be granting more than 500 divorces a week. No investigation is necessary, the only requirement being the signature of the person desiring freedom from marriage.

A Helpful Hint. "A-r-r-r!" growled a hypercritical customer in the rapid fire restaurant. "This confounded piece of meat is so tough I can hardly eat it!" "Get it down on the floor where you can put your foot on it when you gnaw it," briskly returned Helote, the waitress. —Kansas City Star.

The Difference. "A good housewife is very different from a good husbandman." "How so?" "She is always sewing tears."

The Case. Lecturer—"Things have come to a pretty pass when my description of the constellations are made to give way on the program to the so-called Dog star." Stage Manager—"Sure, that is a Sirius matter."

Like the Rest. A little neighbor girl was at our house when a bride of two months came in. Our conversation was about the wedding. "Oh," said the little girl, "so you got married with a certain your head, too."

PREFERRED TO LIVE ALONE

Water-Hog Chose Lonely Existence in English Pond to the Confinement of a Menagerie.

Two years ago a large and intelligent water-hog from South America, tired of the local British penagerie which exploited him and his brethren, crept away, and took up his abode in a pond at Manning's Heath, Sussex. There he lived a hermit-like existence, swimming and diving, or scrambling along the fringe of the pond by way of exercise, and harming no man, until quite recently a young foal disputed his claim to the lake. The three-foot-long water-hog had the impudence to chase the foal, and suffered death at the hands of a gamekeeper for his misdemeanor. The hog's life in the Sussex pond is regarded as all the more strange because few of his species have survived the English climate. Such creatures abound on the river banks in South America, and, while possessing the skin and bristles of an ordinary hedgehog, can swim and dive like a fish, often remaining under water for lengthy periods. They have long, curiously molded teeth, which enable them to grind to a pulp the vegetable matter that forms their sustenance, and allow it to pass down the very narrow passage of their throat. They bark and growl like dogs, and are altogether unpleasant animals when roused. The Manning pond specimen was regarded by the villagers as quite harmless, however, and they deplored its untimely end.—London Mail.

COURTESAN OF LOWLY ORIGIN

Lady Hamilton Rose to High, if Anomalous, Position, Solely Through Her Great Beauty.

Lady Hamilton, who, during the latter part of the Eighteenth century, was a world figure, and whose activities did much to change history, was born of a blacksmith and a cook. The time was to come when she was bed-fellow with the queen of Naples, and close friend to kings and princes, as well as the wife of the British ambassador to Italy, and mistress of the great Nelson, but it was as Emma Lyon that she began her career of mastering power and authority by her woman's beauty and wiles.

While walking along the street at the age of sixteen she saw an old schoolfellow in the hands of a press gang that was about to convey him aboard a British ship bound for forced service. She went to Captain Payne, commander of the ship, and begged his release. The captain agreed—on a condition. The girl accepted it and gave up her honor to save her friend. The captain paid duty for his net shortly afterward, as the young beauty went about the town charging up bills of enormous amounts, and he was forced to settle.

Pioneers' Prairie Bunk.

The necessity of finding a more convenient and comfortable place than the ground upon which to sleep produced the "prairie bunk." This one-legged bedstead, now a piece of furniture of the past, was improvised by the pioneer in a unique manner. A forked stake was driven into the ground at a proper distance from the corner of the room and upon it poles, usually of hickory, were laid reaching from each wall. These poles, where they touched the walls, rested in the openings between the logs or were driven into auger holes. Upon these poles slats of clapboard were placed, or linden bark was interwoven from pole to pole. Sometimes an old-fashioned "cord bed" was made by using basswood bark for the cord. On this framework the housewife spread her straw tick or piled the luxurious mound of her homemade feather bed. Such a sleeping place was usually known as a "prairie bedstead," but sometimes it was called a "prairie rascal."—Mildred J. Sharp, in the Pall-mester.

Thermometers Grow Old.

Even thermometers become old, and consequently inaccurate with age, mercurial instruments reading too high and spirit instruments too low. In the former case the bulb appears to shrink, thus forcing the quicksilver too far up the stem. This gradual shrinkage is supposed to be due to the fact that the external pressure on the bulb may be considerably higher than the internal pressure, the air as far as possible having been removed before the glass is sealed.

On the other hand, the spirit thermometer is sealed with the bulb covered in a freezing mixture, in order to lock up in the glass as much air as possible. The instrument thus starts with the internal pressure which in time appears to be reduced either by expansion of the glass under the internal pressure or by leakage.

Beard and Mustache Defended.

Dr. Arjan Das, in the Indian Medical Journal, deprecates the fashion of cropped hair which is gaining in India. He says hair is an additional ornament for a rich woman, and often the only ornament of the poor. The shaving of mustache and the epilation of nasal hairs is bad, as they prevent the introduction of even minute particles of dust entering the nose. Worse still is the increasing practice of shaving the beard, as this protects the throat and hinders dental neuralgia. Shaving has become the fashion both with Hindus and Mohammedans, though a bearded man among the latter is shown more respect.

An Expert.

"Are you a skilled chauffeur?" "Yes, sir! Why, I've been in nine collisions and run over five persons, and every time I got away before anybody could get my number!"

Fell Dead into Grave He Was Digging. Decatur, Mich.—Overcome by heart disease while digging a grave in the cemetery, Edward Youssie, seventy-three years old, a sexton, fell dead into the grave and was found there by his wife.

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Religion of Good Citizenship.

"In China there existed in the past, and there are evidences that it is coming to life again, the religion of good citizenship," says a writer in Asia Magazine. "That is to say, the Chinese theory is that a man does not need to feel the need of physical force to protect himself; he has seldom the need even to call in and use the physical force of the policeman—of the state—to protect him. A man in China is supposed to be protected by the sense of justice of his neighbor; he is protected by the readiness of his fellow-men to obey the sense of moral obligation. The ideal of Chinese civilization, therefore, is that a man can not feel the need of using physical force to protect himself because he is sure that right and justice is recognized by all his neighbors as a force higher than physical force, and that moral obligation as recognized by everybody is something that must be obeyed."

Ground Must Be Hollow.

In Lassen county, California, is a spot called Dry lake, which is in reality almost an arid plain, with some alkali scattered here and there over it, and its area is two and a half by four miles. On one side are the Piute River mountains and on another are big pine woods, while to the west are the famous lava beds, in which the Indians hid during that last great California struggle with the savages. A winding road leads up from the valley below into the curious basin.

If a horse walks on this road anywhere, even two or three miles outside the border of the Dry lake, he can be heard for many miles up in the interior. The ground all about there sends forth a hollow sound. Reverberations can be heard everywhere. A foot fall may be heard like a sound in a great cavern.

God's Best Medicine.

"Mirth is God's medicine," says a noted writer. "Everybody ought to bathe in it. Grim care, morose anxiety, all the rust of life, ought to be scoured off by the oil of mirth. It is better than emery. Every man ought to rub himself with it. A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs, but a man who laughs and causes others to laugh, even though the causes are dark and the causes for laughter are few, is like a chariot with springs in which one may ride over the rough roads and feel nothing but a pleasant motion."

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