

The American Legion

IS LEGION LEADER IN PARIS



Edgar John Bouhigny of New Orleans, famous Ace of the Lafayette Squadron and a member of an old French family has been chosen to head an association of veterans organized at Paris and called American Volunteers of the French Foreign Legion.

BUSY FOR THE LEGION CAUSE

Head of Washington Women's Auxiliary Says Workers Will Not Be Found Wanting.

Mrs. John H. Neely has been chosen head of the Washington State Women's Auxiliary of the American Legion.

"My work in the auxiliary will be a legacy from our beloved sons, who are sleeping in the trenches."

IS LEGION LEADER IN SOUTH

Florida National Committeeman Is One of the Most Active Workers in the State.

Dr. David Foraker of Nassau, Fla., who has been elected national committeeman of the American Legion from Florida, is one of the Legion's leaders in the South.

"I hear you've got a new baby at your house." Mrs. Wiggs (mother of thirteen, wags). "This nothing new."

LEGION MEN VISIT FRANCE

American Party on Tour of Former Battle Sector; at Flirey Monument Dedication.

The new "A. E. F." is in France on a mission much unlike that of the A. E. F. of 1917-18. The new force is only 250 strong. They comprise members of the American Legion who are touring the former battle sectors this summer as guests of the French government.

Every state and every branch of service is represented in the peaceful A. E. F. They sailed from New York on the George Washington. There was a noisy "bon voyage" at the docks as the former presidential ship started on its course.

Commanding or rather heading the pilgrimage was John G. Emery, the Legion's national commander.

Every city visited by the former defenders has received them with ardent hospitality. The French has not forgotten is everywhere evidenced by the cordiality of the receptions.

Probably the most impressive ceremony participated in by the Americans was the dedication of the Flirey monument. This memorial is a tribute to the valor of the doughboys who delivered the little town of German occupation.

YOUNGEST AUXILIARY MEMBER

Little Ruth Buell Thompson of Lewis town, Montana, Chosen Mascot of the State Department.

Her mother was a nurse and her father a doughboy both having served in France. She is Ruth Buell Thompson, 31 months old, and the youngest member of the Women's Auxiliary of the American Legion at Lewistown, Montana.



When the state department of the American Legion at Lewistown held its annual convention at Lewistown, Ruth Thompson was unanimously selected to be the mascot.

On Honeycomb Hike.

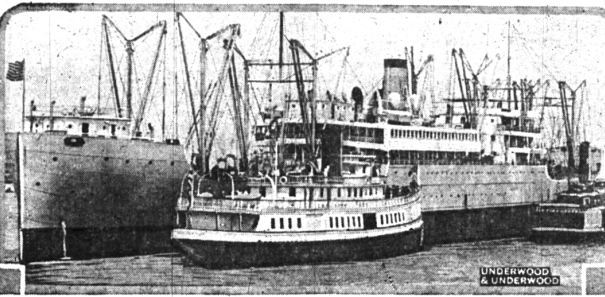
Ernest J. Jackson, who served in the First division in France, and who was medical training at the American Legion, is on a honeymoon hike across the continent from New York to San Francisco.

Teaches Americanism.

A school in which Americanism constitutes the entire curriculum is a new venture at Genoa, Ill. The Brown Post of the American Legion has organized the school.

A "weather deck" in ship building terms, is a deck with no overhead protection.

Expediting the Ocean Mails at New York



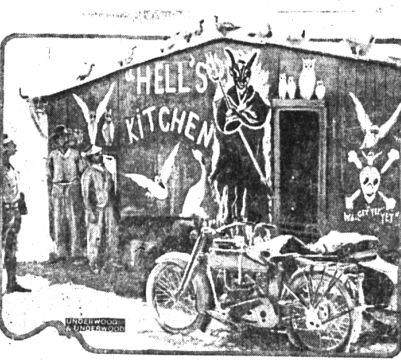
Under the eyes of Postmaster General Hays, Postmaster E. M. Morgan of New York, and other high officials, a new method of transferring ocean mails at New York was put into operation.

SHOPLIFTING DEVICE



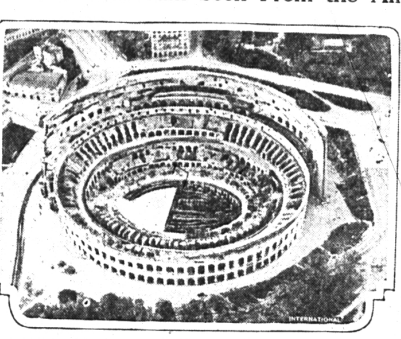
When two women were arrested in a Chicago store for shoplifting the other day, it was found that they were provided with a device that was new to the police.

"Hell's Kitchen" on the Salton Sea



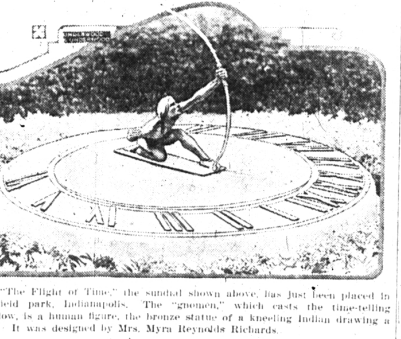
This quaint house is aptly named and decorated, for it stands upon the top of an old volcano and is 200 feet above sea level.

Famous Colosseum Seen From the Air



View of the Colosseum from the German dirigible "Graf Zeppelin" as she flew over Rome before being turned over to the Italian government.

Flight of Time in Indianapolis



"The Flight of Time," the sundial shown above, has just been placed in Garfield park, Indianapolis. The "zenith," which casts the time-telling shadow, is a human figure, a kneeling Indian drawing a bow.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

For manufacturing four penny sticks of many degrees of fineness are enclosed in a handle like a pocket knife.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

THE MARBLE FAUN

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
Condensation by Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham

FOR individuals were standing in the sculpture gallery of the capitol at Rome. Three of them were artists, and they had been sitting there for hours, looking at a marble between one of the antique statues and a young Italian, the fourth member of their party.

"Not quite—almost—yes, I really think so," replied Hilda, a slender New England girl, whose perception of form was singularly clear.

"Donatello," said Miriam, "you are a veritable Faun. Shake aside those brown curls and let us see whether this resemblance to the fabled creature is not more than a fancy."

"Miriam," whispered Hilda, "it is your model."

"But for Miriam's friends took the matter sadly to heart. This was the light-hearted, fawn-like Italian, who seemed such a child of nature. He blushed and smiled the mysterious stranger one of those instinctive antipathies which the lower animals sometimes display.

But it was otherwise a few nights later on a moonlight ramble that a company of artists were enjoying among the ruins of old Rome.

"What have you done?" said Miriam in a hoarse whisper, when she saw the artist's eyes fixed on a marble.

"I did what ought to be done to a traitor," Donatello replied: "what your eyes have done as I held the wreath over the precipice."

To Clean Brass Articles.

Do not throw away squeezed lemons; use them for cleaning brasses and other articles. Dip a pinch of white sand on the article to be cleaned, and rub it in well, using the lemon as a sponge.

her persecutor in mortal peril. Yes, Donatello had been the hand; but here she had been the look-alike, for which the hand had not been lifted.

"She turned to her fellow-criminal, the youth so lately innocent, whom she had drawn into her doom, and pressed him close, close to her bosom with an elating embrace that brought their hearts together."

"But, when they drew near the church, Kenyon alone was waiting for them. Hilda had promised to be of the party, but she was not there. The three pushed back the heavy curtain and entered the nave, only to have their eyes arrested at once by a conspicuous object. On a slightly elevated bier lay the dead body of a monk, tall candles burning at his head and feet.

"The right figure was that of the brown woolen frock of the Capuchins, with the hood drawn over the head but so as to leave the features uncovered."

"Miriam," whispered Hilda, "it is your model."

"But for Miriam's friends took the matter sadly to heart. This was the light-hearted, fawn-like Italian, who seemed such a child of nature. He blushed and smiled the mysterious stranger one of those instinctive antipathies which the lower animals sometimes display.

But it was otherwise a few nights later on a moonlight ramble that a company of artists were enjoying among the ruins of old Rome.

"What have you done?" said Miriam in a hoarse whisper, when she saw the artist's eyes fixed on a marble.

"I did what ought to be done to a traitor," Donatello replied: "what your eyes have done as I held the wreath over the precipice."

Day of the Penny Gone.

Coralle had often gone on numerous errands for her, charging a penny for each. It was the story of a morning when she was out in a blustering, but she saw a knowing figure on the pavement. It was Miriam, who reached out a hand to her in a blessing, but she saw a knowing figure on the pavement.