

THE AMERICAN LEGION

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

WOODFILL WON HIS EMBLEMS

Honors Everywhere for Sergeant Who Exterminated Machine Gun Nests and Many Germans.

When Sergt. Samuel Woodfill pays a casual call on a friend nowadays, he is given "the freedom of the city." It is no longer possible for him to travel merely as a "person." The man who cleaned out three machine gun nests and killed 19 Germans as a morning's job found Jersey City, N. J., waiting for him with brass bands when he dropped in to visit the American Legion. The next day he charged over to New York city where, as guest of Supreme Court Judge McCook, he was welcomed from the Bronx to the Battery.

Woodfill says of his soldier-father "that he learned about shooting from Jim." And he shifts all the credit for his heroic deeds to the government. "It was just the efficient training of the regular army," he explains. He claims that his twenty years as "regular" should qualify him to speak. The sergeant wears his laurels well. He is striking in appearance and somewhat serious in manner. He values even more highly than decorations the tribute of his vivacious little wife, who claims he is "peerless at kitchen police duty."

PLAYS PART OF UNCLE SAM

Former Private in Civil War Needs No Makeup to Participate in Pageants and Parades.

Uncle Sam, long the product of cartoonists, exists in the flesh in the person of George Campbell, former private in the Civil war, who is spending his latter days at the United States Soldiers' Home in Washington, D. C. With his steel blue eyes, white goatee, Campbell is such a perfect incarnation of the artist's conception of Uncle Sam that he needs no makeup to make him the most attractive figure in a pageant or a parade.

To keep up with the times, Campbell has adopted the George Washington post No. 1 of the American Legion, the first post to be organized. He is the official grandfather of the unit, and takes great pleasure in fighting over the Civil war for the benefit of his younger buddies. Born in Ireland, Campbell was brought to America as an infant. During the Civil war he served with the Seventeenth Infantry. Now-a-days nothing pleases him more than to don his red, white, and blue costume and lead a parade.

Announces French Nativity. Maurice (Jimmy) Brocco, who with his partner has for the past two years won the Madison Square Garden bicycle race, has announced his French nativity after reports had him an Italian. He was born in Fismes, on the Vesle river, Department of the Marne, 33 years ago. Fismes was recaptured by American troops in July, 1918, in a desperate encounter.

Post is Thanked. Official letters of thanks from Lord Curzon of Great Britain and the British ambassador have been received by the American Legion post at Somerville, N. J., which held a military funeral over the body of a British army captain. As the captain had no relatives in this country, the city was about to inter the body in the potter's field.

Armistice Day Casualties. There were 3,912 casualties in the A. E. F. on Armistice day, November 11, 1918, according to the adjutant general's office. Of these, 208 were killed, 2,769 severely wounded, 406 slightly wounded, 177 slightly gassed and 232 wounded and gassed, degree undetermined. The Fifth division bore the brunt of this day's casualties.

Foch Would Have Big Staff. "If there ever is another war," said Ferdinand Foch, marshal of France, while speaking of his trip of 16,000 miles through 42 states as the guest of the American Legion, "those in the American Legion responsible for organizing this journey shall be on my staff. I compliment the American people on its American Legion."

Would Hold Training Camp. General Pershing has recommended the retention of the nine main training centers—Camps Devens, Dix, Meade, McClellan, Knox, Custer, Fort Riley, Travis, and Lewis.

LEGION POST PICKS BEAUTY

Miss Edith Patterson Crowned by Ark. Kansas Body as Most Beautiful Girl in America.

Arkansas comes forth with Miss Edith Mae Patterson to prove that, as a state, its products are unsurpassed anywhere in the world. Miss Patterson won a mid-western beauty contest, and has subsequently been crowned the most beautiful girl in America by critical members of the Roy Kinard post of the American Legion. Arkansas stands ready to stake her against all comers.

Digging around in oyster flats in the Arkansas river, assiduous citizens produced a beautiful pearl which they bestowed on Marshal Foch during his visit. And picking around in the Arkansas diamond mines other citizens uncovered an Arkansas diamond, which was presented to Hanford MacNider, commander of the Legion. Persistently refusing to be "misunderstood," this heavy state is manifesting surprising fertility of soil, with its diamonds and pearls and women.

PLANS GREAT MOUNTAIN CAMP

American Legion in New York to Provide Hunting Lodge for the Tubercular Ex-Soldiers.

Curing tubercular ex-soldiers by giving them a hunting lodge in the Adirondacks is the most recent plan of the American Legion in New York state. A mammoth mountain camp, 30 miles from Saranac lake, has been secured, its doors to be opened to the 10,000 service men who cannot now find a bed. In the adjoining forest, comprising 12,000 acres of state preserve, will soon be scattered lean-tos and shelters, where disabled men will bunk in solid comfort, breathing the air which can restore them to health.

Permission to use the preserve as a hunting ground has been granted by the state; and at the main camp on Big Tupper lake there will be bowling alleys, motor boats and athletic fields at the disposal of the patients. Each Legion post in the state has been given the chance to put up its own lean-to, men of that post to be given precedence in occupancy. Twenty thousand dollars has already been subscribed to the fund.

CHIEF FUN-MAKER BUSY MAN

President Eivers of "40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux," Forced to Resign as State Adjutant.

Edward J. Eivers, national president of "40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux"—fun-making society of the American Legion, finds that the duties as head of a "funny" organization are more pressing than any serious work. Making fun took so much of his time that he was forced to resign his former position as state adjutant of the Legion in the state of Oregon. One of the proud moments in Eivers' life was when, before a crowd of 7,000 people, he presented Marshal Foch the little gold badge of the order—boxcar, horse and all.

Eivers began his military career in 1910 in the National Guard. During the war he served 15 months overseas as captain of the machine-gun company of the One Hundred and Sixty-second Infantry, which was not, as he says, a fun-making society.

A Footless Hunt. "Whoof!" panted Dottie Dimpleknees as she sank into a chair in the theatrical agency office. "I've simply run my legs off trying to see the manager of this show about a job in the chorus." "Lady," said Otis, the office boy, "I ain't seen the manager, but if that's the case you might's well go back home."—American Legion Weekly.

Carrying On With the American Legion

Twenty hospitals in three years is the record of one disabled fighter discovered by the American Legion.

Ex-soldiers who have lost their discharge papers will be able to obtain duplicates under a bill now before congress.

A sum of \$50,000,000 has been raised by Australia for the use of her unemployed former soldiers. Another great sum has been raised to buy land for farms to be cultivated by them.

Frederick P. Peters, Fort Worth, Tex., was unconscious when he was handed over to the American Legion post in that city. Diagnosis revealed that what he needed most was ham and eggs.

Marshal Foch was made an honorary member of the Cambridge (Mass.) Post of the Grand Army of the Republic. A delegation of Civil war veterans planned a bronze medal on his chest.

Sao Paulo, Where Coffee Is King



Harvesting the Coffee Crop.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.) On the gentle sloping hillsides of the northern portion of a single state of the great Brazilian republic there are some 700,000,000 coffee trees. Here on the famous rich, red soil (terra rossa), under extraordinarily favorable climatic conditions, the state of Sao Paulo is producing annually close to three-quarters of the world's total coffee crop. Small wonder it is that this state ranks so high in the number and in the character of its railroads; in its general commercial and industrial activity. Small wonder is it that the city of Sao Paulo is so full of life and energy; that Santos has become so famous a port, that the Santos docks and the Sao Paulo railway attract so many visitors. Coffee is the mainspring of all this development. Coffee is the prevailing topic of conversation. Coffee is the key to the financial situation. Coffee is king.

As a famous waterfall, or an immense steel plant, or a great forest, or a wonderful view attracts the traveler, so this remarkable Brazilian coffee district has a fascination all its own for the "globe-trotter," or for the more leisurely traveler who seeks to know something more definite about our South American neighbors; or, more particularly, for any one to whom man's achievements in changing the face of nature by making the earth produce what he needs and what he finds profitable are a source of satisfaction and inspiration.

Journey of Great Interest. The heart of the coffee country can be reached in less than three weeks from New York. The voyage to and from Rio Janeiro is a delight which cannot fail to satisfy even those who are not naturally lovers of the sea. What can be more ideal for any one who is tired out with the wear and tear of a busy life than that voyage of two weeks from New York to Rio, over the calm seas and under the bright skies of the tropics? From Rio de Janeiro a journey of about eight hours takes the traveler across the coast range of mountains (Serra do Mar) and along the valley of the Parahyba river to the city of Sao Paulo, which lies in a position of immense advantage to its commercial development. From the city of Sao Paulo is reached in a short day's journey along one of the lines of railroad which go in a northerly or northwesterly direction across the open campos or through the scattering woodlands.

In about two hours after leaving the city of Sao Paulo the traveler begins to see the first considerable coffee plantations, and from that time on the journey is one of the greatest interest. Coffee is everywhere. Miles and miles of coffee trees stretch away, up and down the gentle slopes of the rolling topography, often as far as the eye can see—great broad waves of green, with the narrow lines of the red soil showing in marked contrast with the green of the leaves. It is a sight which is not soon forgotten. Here and there are small patches of forest which have not yet been destroyed to make way for the coffee. And then there come great stretches of rugged grasslands, partly used for grazing purposes, or locally for farming, where the soil is not right for the coffee tree.

Charm of the Fazendas. On the lower slopes of the hills or on the lowlands, standing out in marked contrast with the green coffee trees, are the white buildings of the fazendas—great, substantial stone and stucco manor houses, with wide verandas and large windows, surrounded by gardens filled with palm, and banana, and orange, and mango trees; the extensive outbuildings, for the stables and for the machinery, for the laborers and for the superintendent, being placed at a respectful distance from the manor house.

All these Brazilian fazendas have a peculiar charm—an appearance of solidarity, of comfort, of peace, and of prosperity—as they lie there, surrounded by the wealth of their coffee trees, with cattle grazing on the neighboring fields, and with ever-busy, picturesque Italian laborers caring for the precious crop, whose market prices are quoted daily in all the important papers throughout the civilized world. The coffee trees on a Brazilian plantation begin to bear in from two to

four years after they have been removed from the nurseries, where they grow in wicker baskets, under shade. The fruit, when ripe, is red, and resembles a small cherry, or cranberry, in general appearance. The coffee which we see in the grocery store is the seed of this coffee berry. Normally each berry contains two seeds, flat on one side and rounded on the other, the flat sides being together. The seeds are imbedded in a sticky, whitish pulp, and are further themselves surrounded by two envelopes. Before the coffee bean can be put upon the market the outer covering, the pulp, and the two inner coverings must be removed. It is customary to classify the methods of preparing coffee for market into the wet and the dry. They are alike, after a certain stage, and there is disagreement among experts as to the relative merits of the two in producing the best coffee. In the dry process the berries are dried before the pulp is removed, and then outer covering, pulp, and inner coverings are removed together. In the wet process the pulp is first removed in water, and the drying and removal of the inner envelopes come later. There is no absolutely hard and fast rule, invariably followed on all fazendas alike, in the preparation for market of the coffee beans.

A considerable water supply and a carefully planned system of small canals and of basins is needed in the wet method, and it is partly for this reason, as well as because of the preference of some fazendeiros for the dry method, that the wet method is not everywhere in use.

Harvest Lasts Several Months. The harvest begins in May and lasts into August, or even September. This is the dry season, so that the weather conditions are very favorable, not only for the harvest itself, but for drying and transporting the crop after it has been gathered. In picking the coffee, the boughs are pulled down with the left hand and held at the outer end, while the right hand is run along the bough from the base to the tip, thus stripping off the berries as well as many leaves and twigs. For the upper branches rude step-ladders are used.

The usual method of harvesting is to let the berries, twigs, etc., fall directly on the ground, where they are later raked together with wire rakes with rounded teeth, and the first rough sorting is made. The next stage is a winnowing by means of a wire sieve, the hand being used to pick out the twigs and leaves and the wind blowing away a good deal of the dust as the contents of the sieve are thrown up into the air and caught again several times. In a less common method the results of the harvesting are allowed to fall into cotton cloths spread out underneath the trees. This makes the gathering of the crop quicker. The berries are then assembled in sacks.

From this point on the berries are subjected to various mechanical treatments. Under the "wet method" they are washed, churned with hoes, allowed to soften, and are then run through a mechanical pulper. The seeds, still enveloped by their inner skins, are strained from the "mush" resulting from the pulping operations, and are then placed in basins to ferment slightly so that any remaining pulp will be loosened. They are then spread out on large paved surfaces to dry in the sun. When properly dried the seeds are gathered up and run through ingenious machines which rub off the skin. The particles of skin are sifted and blown out and the coffee beans—hulled, cleaned and sorted—fall directly from the last machine into the bags. When these contain 132 pounds each they are sewed up and are ready for shipment to market.

Along the roads, deep in red dust, six or eight yoke of oxen draw the heavy wagon, loaded with the precious sacks, to the nearest railroad station, in cases where the railroad does not come directly into the fazenda, as it often does.

Off to the south go the trains, first to the city of Sao Paulo, and then down the steep eastern slopes of the Serra do Mar to the world's famous coffee port. In Santos, coffee absolutely dominates the lives of the people. Coffee is everywhere—on the streets, in the warehouses, on the train. Every one is busy with coffee.

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