

# ENGLISH GIRLS TURN THEIR BACKS AS SLACKERS PASS

## Thousands of Men From Forty-One to Fifty Years Offer Services—Hard Job for Shirkers and Conscientious Objectors Get Unpleasant Tasks.

(By Judson C. Welliver, London Representative of The New York Sun.)

LONDON, June 16.—With 8,000,000 men reported now serving in the military establishment and about a half million in the navy, Great Britain is already casting about for more resources of man power.

Never was the maw of war so voracious in its demands for cannon fodder. Gen. Robertson, chief of staff, has demanded that he be provided by July 1 with 600,000 more men, and they will be forthcoming. The military authorities have issued an invitation to men from 41 to 50 years old to volunteer, and the results thus far have been astonishingly good. Tens of thousands of men within these age limits offered their services at the beginning of the war, and were disgusted when they were rejected. Despite all that is heard and printed about shirkers, it is altogether probable that Britain still has as many men who have thus far been rejected despite their willingness to enlist as it has men of military age who managed deliberately to evade service.

The coming out process is now in full swing. Conditions on which men may be exempted from military service are being constantly tightened. The conscription act and the regulations thereunder provide for the exemption of men of military age who can make a proper showing that their services in civil life are so far indispensable that to withdraw them for military service would seriously interfere with business, industry or the production of war supplies. Nearly everything except shop keeping is now listed in some fashion as an essential industry and more or less under government domination. Even employees in shops and offices are permitted to make the showing of their indispensability and thus obtain exemption.

**Appear Before Tribunals.**

The determination as to justification for exemption is left in the hands of the local tribunals. When the military authorities find a man who looks to them like the making of a soldier he is summoned before the tribunal and after a fashion is tried. He may be represented by counsel, and the war office always is. Employers very often appear, protesting against the drafting of men whom they consider necessary to the business.

In earlier stages the tribunals were wont to be pretty lenient; almost any sort of a case for exemption if strongly enough urged was accepted. There have been more than a few instances in which dubious influences had been alleged, and even distinct charges of bribery, usually involving officers. Lately the tribunals have been mightily crystal and stony hearted toward would-be exemptees.

Every week makes it harder for a man under 40 to give a good account of himself ex khaki. When it gets noised about a neighborhood that a particular young man has been before the tribunal and secured an exemption, either temporary or permanent,

the measure of his essentialness to his civilian industry pretty promptly becomes also the measure of his non-essentialness to the young women of that locality. That particular young man suddenly discovers that bright eyes are averted as he passes, and skirts flirt contemptuously in the other direction. The girls whose brothers are at the front or in the training camps or in the hospitals, either at home or in France, or sleeping the last sleep under the white crosses in France, don't care much for the shirkers.

I asked a young woman how the girls of her set treated the exemptees. "I don't know any exemptees," she replied acridly.

"Literally or socially?" I persisted.

"Both," was the reply. "I used to know some men who are now shirkers; whenever one of them happens my way I do what I can in my feeble fashion to make him understand that I am sorry I ever knew him. He is apt not to happen in my vicinity again."

The conscientious objectors have about the hardest time. Nobody ever suspected there were so many Quakers in this country as have turned up in the last three years. Everybody has the utmost respect for Quakers of established standing and known sincerity. But the Quaker for exemption only has a hard row to hoe, literally, not figuratively. For they have a pleasant way of permitting the "C. O." to be exempted from military service to be conscripted for only the most disagreeable sorts of civil occupation. Batches of them are kept in camps under a loose sort of espionage and worked in gangs at agriculture, breaking rock, building roads and similar light tasks. If the boss of one of these gangs falls under the suspicion of being lenient, if the hours are not amply long and the service made rigorous, some enterprising newspaper reporter happens along and writes a piece about it, which promptly arouses the neighborhood to an indignation that very soon makes the conscientious objectors sorry they had either consciences or objections.

And woe betide the man with a name that sounds Teutonic coupled with a conscientious objection! Take the case of how Gott got his. For reasons not utterly inscrutable Gott was persistently suspected of the Teutonic taint. The family produced records to show that they were really English and had been for two or three generations, but they were all conscientious objectors. It was pointed out that Gott was a fine, thrifty specimen of ideal military age and physique. Also, counsel was unkind enough to suggest the anomaly of presuming that conscience ever associated itself with such a name. Anyhow, the magistrate got the point, and Gott got a sentence to crack rock for ten hours a day during the continuance of the war. It was authentically reported "on the highest authority" that in the camp where Gott works something has happened to the

clocks, so there are about seventy minutes in each hour.

But to get back to the coming out procedure by which Gen. Robertson's half million men are being raised and it is hoped that still another million will be enrolled. Two new groups for the voluntary attestation of men over the present military age of 40 have been opened up. The first includes men, whether single or married, between 40 and 45; the second, for either single or married men between 45 and 50. The country has been plastered with posters appealing to men in these groups to come forward and enroll. For the present at least no compulsion will be resorted to in enlisting men for these classes, though it is whispered that it may be necessary later.

And speaking of plastering the country with appeals for enlistments, one is reminded of the egregious mistake that Mark Twain or some other American wit once made in writing home while visiting England, that he couldn't get over a certain nervous

feeling about walking out of doors at night in this country because he was always afraid he might accidentally step off into the water. A country that is big enough to find acres or so of new posters to be stuck on it is plenty big enough for all practical purposes. But that's another story.

The purpose of this voluntary recruiting of the oldsters is to replace younger men who are behind the lines in France and with this he stands for service at the front. A considerable proportion of them will also be trained for service in the home defense. For these various employments they will be assigned according to their medical classification.

The latest census indicates that there are in England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland nearly 3,550,000 men within these age limits. The proportion of rejection among them for physical reasons is expected to be considerably larger than among younger men, possibly as high as 50 per cent.

## JUNIUS "SILENT" MORGAN, HEIR TO MILLIONS, SUBMARINE CHASER

"Silent" Morgan has been promoted to chief gunner on submarine chaser Lynx No. 2. "Silent" Morgan is Junius Spencer Morgan, son of J. P. Morgan and future master of millions. He got his sobriquet while at Harvard as a student because of his taciturnity. He didn't have to answer the call to colors. Young Morgan is married. But, not having the financial side of the question to stand in his way, "Silent" Morgan is just where those who knew him in college days would expect to see him.

Most youths of wealthy families by the time they are 26 years old have had a good sized novel written about them. But not so with Mr. Morgan. Even when he was married two years ago there wasn't a great deal of publicity given the event. Since then it has been found that Mr. and Mrs. Morgan are "just folks." And Mrs. Morgan prides herself on the fact that she can bake as good a pie as any woman in three states—any three states.

**Hadn't Heard of Morgan.**

Once, when Mr. Morgan was a student at Harvard, a writer journeyed down to Cambridge to get an article on the young man. Mr. Morgan was a senior in the college then. The writer asked the first student he met and asked him where he could find Junius Spencer Morgan and what sort of man he was.

"Who is he? What's he done here?" was the answer.

"Why, he's the grandson of old J. Pierpont Morgan," the writer explained.

"That so? Didn't know he was in college."

And that was the answer the writer got from nine out of ten of the students he questioned.

When young Morgan first went to Harvard he lived on what is known as the "Gold Coast," Harvard's Fifth Avenue. It is called the "Gold Coast" because of the millions represented by the young men who live on it. But when his senior year came he deserted his luxurious quarters on the "Coast" and spent his final year in Hollis Hall, one of the common dormitories. Most of his wealthy friends spent their last year on the "Gold Coast."

Young Morgan's room in the hall was small, and he used a bathroom in common with the seven other young men who lived on the same

floor. The hallways in the building were uncarpeted. To take his morning bath Mr. Morgan had to walk through the bare corridors to a shower, and if some other student was there ahead of him he had to wait his turn. Sometimes a student had to seek the aid of his fellow lodger in removing a splinter gathered from the floors on his way to the bath.

"It's a grand old place," Mr. Morgan said at the time he was living there, "and we are as happy as anyone can be in the world."

"Silent" Morgan while at Harvard was one of the most democratic of students. He had entry to the most exclusive student circles and clubs, yet he passed much of his time with boys whose parents were possessed of little wealth. He was popular with all who knew him "Beak" Morgan they called him, because of his prominent nose, and a nickname, some philosopher has said, is the test of a man. He is six feet tall and built accordingly.

**Circle of Friends Wide.**

The heir to millions did little to attract attention. He was captain of the junior class crew, but never became a popular favorite. Yet he had many friends. He was quiet and unobtrusive and cautious in enlarging his circle. He watched his fellow students a long time—just as his father did before him in the senior Morgan's school days.

In his senior year Mr. Morgan's engagement to Miss Louise Converse, daughter of Frederick S. Converse, the Boston composer, was announced. His fiancée's mother was one of the good, old-fashioned kind who believed in giving her daughter household training. So the wedding was set for a year ahead, and Miss Converse, who also was a musician and had studied sculpture, completed a home course in making pies and keeping house according to the best New England customs.

Since his marriage Mr. Morgan has been working at a desk in the office in which the senior Morgan trains the young men who will some day succeed to the handling of the firm's millions. A daughter was born to the Morgans about four months ago. But even this did not cause Mr. Morgan to falter when his country called. And man acquainted with him say that they know of no one they would rather have in the gun when a submarine's periscope bobs up than big "Silent" Morgan.

**Children's Stories**

### LARRY'S CHICKEN.

One upon a time you children remember, I told you about Larry and his chicken, Mary. Well, I am going to tell you more about the chicken which, by the way, has grown to be a big, big chicken now. Mary had grown so fast that Larry's mother told him he must find a new home for it for she couldn't have such a big chicken all over the house and Mary seemed to think she could go wherever she wanted to.

Now Larry had an Uncle who lived quite a way out of a village and who kept hens, cows and a few pigs. Larry thought it would be a fine place for Mary and he wrote and asked his uncle if he could bring his chicken out. Larry could go all the way on the electric cars although it was quite a long trip and he wouldn't reach his uncle's until afternoon. His mother had given him a nice basket quite handy. Larry could go all the way on the electric cars although it was quite a long trip and he wouldn't reach his uncle's until afternoon. His mother had given him a nice basket quite handy. Larry could go all the way on the electric cars although it was quite a long trip and he wouldn't reach his uncle's until afternoon. His mother had given him a nice basket quite handy.

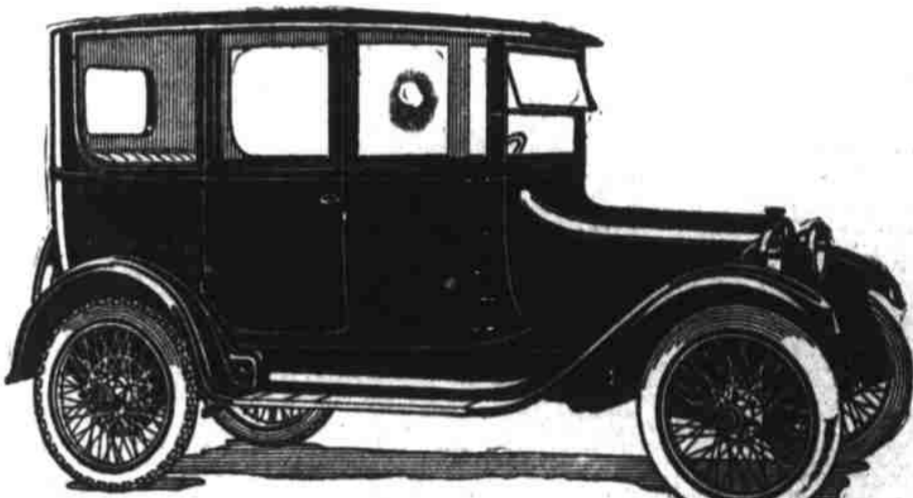
Bright and early the next Saturday Larry started for his uncle's. He had given Mary a good breakfast and she nestled down in her basket quite happily. Larry could go all the way on the electric cars although it was quite a long trip and he wouldn't reach his uncle's until afternoon. His mother had given him a nice basket quite handy. Larry could go all the way on the electric cars although it was quite a long trip and he wouldn't reach his uncle's until afternoon. His mother had given him a nice basket quite handy.

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sengers jumped out too, but the chicken was so frightened by this time she just flew into a hedge near the road and off into the pasture.

Off ran Larry, the conductor, the passengers, and at last the motorman joined in the chase and finally Larry made one grab and caught Mary by the tail feathers.

At last they were settled in the car and going as fast as they dared to make up for lost time. Well, well what made the car go late, asked Larry's uncle of the motorman. The

man laughed and said you better ask Larry.

When Larry told him he said, "well that is some chicken if it can keep a trolley car waiting." I will tell you some more about Mary another time.

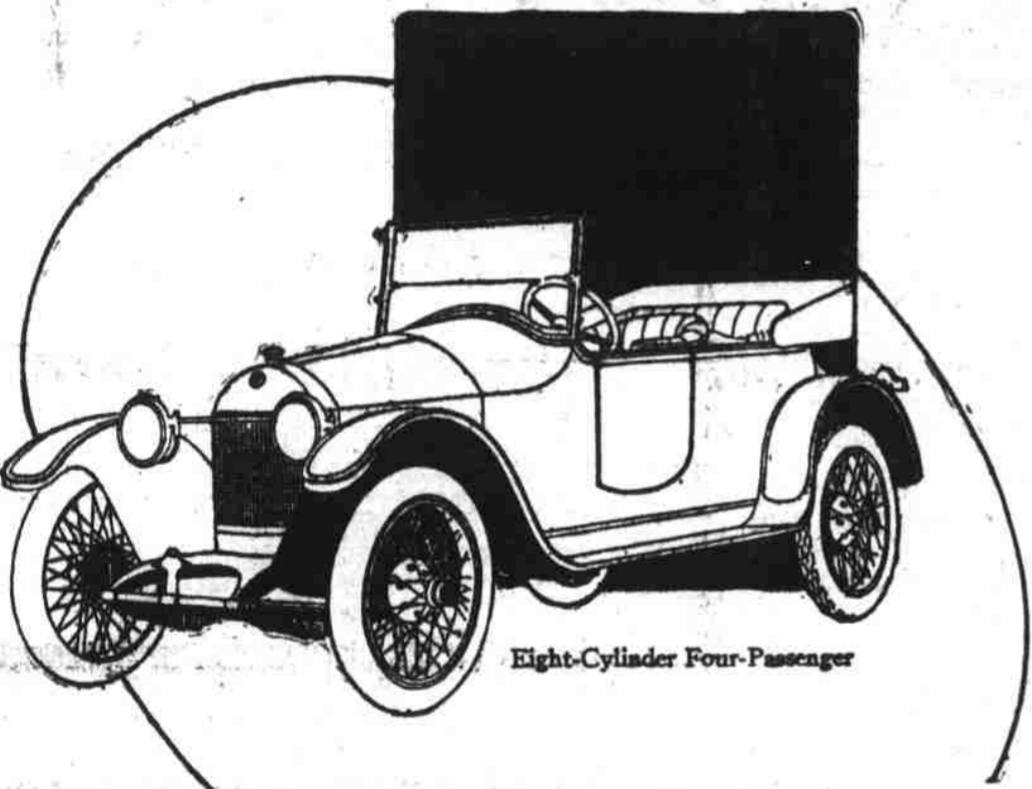
**Time To Revive It.**

(Montgomery Journal.)

Way back yonder it was customary for subscriptions to be paid in chickens, eggs, hams, wool, apples, sweet potatoes, butter, or any other

article raised on the farm. The plan worked all right in the days of long ago, and it looks like it is going to become popular with the rural press again. It is a good sign when a man wants his weekly paper bad enough to be willing to bring in a bag of sweet potatoes, roobers, or other things with which to reimburse the editor.

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