

## AMERICANS BARE THEIR LIVES TO DRAFT EXEMPTION BOARDS

Endless Panorama of Human Emotions Drift Through Session—Pathos and Humor Mingle as Young Men are Weeded Out

Detroit, Sept. 7.—The exemption board has a big room in the new municipal court building, and the sunshine of August afternoons pours in from over the gray top of the county jail, lighting the faces of the pen-scratching clerks, the nervous fingers of the stenographers, the rather stern faces of the board itself and the eager, wistful, wondering faces of the young men who wait—wait and shift from foot to foot and twist in their fingers the notifications they hold until the paper is furrowed and its whiteness made grimed.

There has been little change in the character of the crowds that pass through since the day the exemption board opened and by its ruling twisted the lives of many to the road of distant France and crimson adventure or let the footfalls seek again the dust of the plodded rut of everyday and to-morrow to come. It has become as machine-like as the rumble of the police court wheels, the harsh grind of the divorce mill, the tragic functioning of the hospital from time to time there is an atom of laughter, the echo of a jest, or a grief more keen than the ordinary. On Friday, for instance, there came the man of the check cap and the flaming shirt of amazing pattern.

"I want exemption for this fellow," he said.

The board did not smile. If they were aware of the slip they paid no heed.

"Why?" demanded one of its members.

The man in the cap began to flush from the lower jaw upward, a dull red that climbed until it mottled his perspiration-wet forehead. He smiled as agonized contortion of lips and touched them with his tongue to moisten their dryness. His throat worked convulsively. It was apparent a confession was about to be given the world. He leaned forward and in a whisper spoke.

"I been married just a year," he said. "My wife, my wife—" He halted. "Last night, she—" He halted.

"Yes, yes," said a board member. With a final gasp it came out. "She had a baby."

"I want exemption for this fellow," said a man in overalls, jerking his thumb toward a man who sat on a chair and stared with listless eyes at the jerky movements of a typewriter carriage that a thin girl was sending on its shuttled journey tirelessly.

"What for?"

"He's sick."

The man got up and crossed to the table. His face was pale with the

pallor of the rider of the White Horse and his shoulders sloped toward one another, and his little scrub beard was thin and the hair was still and colorless. He could speak no English, but he raised his hand as if to indicate that he knew he was under discussion. It was as transparent as paper and the veins were raised and of a royal blue. The board member nodded. He didn't even need the confirmation of his ears when the pale man coughed and wiped his lips with a sleeve.

"Have him get a certificate from a doctor."

The pale man passed on and in the hall a paroxysm of coughing seized him. He entered the elevator and the hacking sound died in the regions below. His exemption had been signed by a higher board these many weeks.

She was rather pretty and she knew it. Her hat was new and this fall's advanced model, a pansy purple with white wings contending on an oval of white beads and just tipping fore and a little up behind and bound with black velvet. Her suit was also an advanced model and one was sure she would broaden her "a's" when she spoke. She did.

"I'm in such a rush," she chirped. "I left my car downstairs and it isn't locked. I wish to secure the exemption papers of my husband."

In her haste she had ignored "the board and spoke to a mere police officer who happened to be standing near by. The officer was mildly curious.

"Why didn't he come down and what does he want to be exempted for?" he asked.

"Oh, he couldn't come to-day. He had an engagement with his dentist. So I told him I would run over. He wishes exemption because of me, I'm dependent on him you know."

"Oh, yes. But they have a host of people with them and there isn't a room. I couldn't stay with just my maid in the apartment, you know. Besides, George hasn't felt well for days."

The police officer grinned. "You better get George down here before they send a corporal prowling about for him with a gun," he said. "The wife looked as if she was being spoofed. She asked more questions. Then she turned away."

"What a bother," she said. "George will be cross, I'm sure."

She went out and in her place stood a man of 25 who had buried one wife and had a second and five children.

My wife says she can get along if I have to go, but I thought I ought



MONTE SAN GABRIELE CAPTURED BY THE ITALIANS  
Map shows the location of the impenetrable possession of which makes the advance upon Trieste less difficult.

to kinder see if I could get off," he said.

"There are women and women," said the policeman thoughtfully.

He was a plump little man and he was smoking a very large cigar and with his unoccupied hand he caressed a faint blonde moustache at odd moments. He seemed to be thinking of other things than the matter in hand.

He explained he was working in a factory that made ammunition and was, therefore, more important at home than abroad. The board seemed to take that view of it and was about to say so, when one member looked up and saw the applicant gazing out the window with a look of awed delight that was wonderful to behold.

The board member followed his gaze, but saw nothing more interesting than a fat sparrow swinging on a telephone wire. He looked back. The applicant was fast going into an ecstatic trance.

"What is the name of your immediate superior?" asked the board member softly.

"Alice," said the applicant stolidly. And when five minutes later, upon a brick red wax to face, he stood in the hall waiting the elevator and a chance acquaintance dared the inquiry:

"Who is Alice," he grinned. "We are going to be married next week. And still blushing, but also still smiling, he departed.

"Gimme a left-off," said he in a strange tone that interwove assurance and shame.

"The reason," snapped the board member, resenting the tone.

"I'm sick," he said. "I've got—"

Involutionarily the board looked up at the man. He flushed but looked defiant. In his eyes was the fear of death, dulled by months of association.

"Army surgeons will give you bet-

ter treatment than you are probably getting now. You will have to get a certificate," said the chairman.

The man gulped and moved on. He didn't care, really, what happened.

"I'm building a place," began the young business man.

"We are building a war," said the board member he confronted.

"But I'll lose my contract," he wailed.

"The world may lose a principle if you and others like you do not put aside your personal plans," was his answer. He was refused exemption.

"I work in an ammunition plant," explained the tall, thin young man with the near diamond pin.

"Ah! Well, that is a good exemption plea. What do you do? Make shells?"

"Why—or no. Not exactly. I run a machine." He blushed a little and the chairman looked puzzled. Why the blush?

"What sort of a machine?" he asked.

"A—typewriter," came the answer. "Exemption refused," snapped the chairman.

And so it went hour after hour, excuses good and excuses bad, rulings made and rulings ignored. Married men whose marriage was a ceremony performed after the entry in to war found no solace. They were refused exemption. Married men whose wives had no support received exemption—unless the wife's parents were well to do. Standards shifted often. No man knew his fate until the board had spoken.

And smiles were of great earnestness.

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### DATES OF FALL FAIRS

Alisa Craig	Oct. 5
Alvinston	Oct. 8, 10
Amherstburg	Oct. 1, 2
Atwood	Sept. 18, 19
Ancaster	Sept. 18, 19
Beaconsfield	Sept. 21, 22
Blenheim	Oct. 5, 6
Blyth	Oct. 2, 3
Bothwell's Corners	Sept. 20, 21
Brampton	Sept. 18, 19
Brantford	Sept. 21, 22
Bridges	Oct. 1, 2
Brighton	Sept. 13, 14
Brussels	Oct. 4, 5
Burford	Oct. 2, 3
Caledonia	Oct. 11, 12
Cayuga	Sept. 17, 19
Collingwood	Sept. 19, 21
Campbellford	Sept. 25, 26
Cayuga	Sept. 25, 26
Charlton	Sept. 26, 27
Durham	Sept. 20, 21
Canover	Sept. 20, 21
Chatham	Sept. 18, 19
Chesley	Sept. 18, 19
Leamington	Oct. 3-6
Lumber	Sept. 28, 29
Dorchester Station	Sept. 27, 28
Dresden	Oct. 3
Drumbo	Sept. 25, 26
Dunnville	Sept. 13, 14
Elmira	Sept. 14, 15
Embro	Oct. 4
Essex	Sept. 18, 20
Flesherton	Thanksgiving Day
Fergus	Sept. 26, 27
Florence	Oct. 4, 5
Galt	Oct. 4, 5
Georgetown	Oct. 3, 4
Glencoe	Sept. 25, 26
Goderich	Sept. 26, 27
Gorrie	Oct. 6
Highgate	Oct. 12, 13
Ingersoll	Oct. 1, 2
Jarvis	Sept. 26, 27
Kincardine	Sept. 20, 21
Kirkton	Oct. 4, 5
Kingston	Sept. 25, 27
Lakeside	Sept. 27
Lambeth	Sept. 26
London (Western Fair)	Sept. 7-15
Lucknow	Sept. 27, 28
Listowel	Sept. 20, 21
Colborne	Sept. 11, 12
Madoc	Oct. 3, 4
Meaford	Sept. 27, 28
Merlin	Sept. 20, 21
Melbourne	Oct. 2
Midland	Sept. 27, 28
Milldam	Sept. 17, 18
Milton	Oct. 9, 10
Milverton	Sept. 27, 28
Mount Brydges	Oct. 5
Mount Forest	Sept. 19, 20
New Hamburg	Sept. 13, 14
Norwich	Sept. 25, 26
Norwood	Oct. 9, 10
Orangeville	Sept. 18, 19
Ottawa (Central Canada)	Sept. 8-17
Oshweken	Oct. 3-5
Onondaga	Oct. 1, 2
Paisley	Sept. 25, 26
Palmerston	Sept. 18, 19
Forest	Sept. 26, 27
Pore Erie	Oct. 1, 2
Paris	Oct. 9, 10
Parkhill	Sept. 24, 25
Petrolia	Sept. 20, 21
Ridgeway	Oct. 8-10
Ripley	Sept. 25, 26
Rodney	Oct. 1, 2
Sarnia	Sept. 25, 26
Seaford	Sept. 20, 21
Shedden	Sept. 18
Simcoe	Oct. 8-10
Stratford	Sept. 17-19
Stratroy	Sept. 17-19
Tara	Oct. 2, 3
Tavistock	Oct. 2
Teeswater	Oct. 2, 3
Thamesville	Oct. 2, 3
Thedford	Sept. 20, 21
Thorndale	Sept. 24, 25
Thorold	Sept. 18, 19
Tiverton	Oct. 2
Toronto (C. N. E.)	Aug. 25 Sept. 10
Wallaceburg	Sept. 24, 25
Wallaceburg	Sept. 20, 21
Waterford	Sept. 27
Windsor	Sept. 24-27
Wingham	Oct. 9, 13
Woodstock	Sept. 19-24
Wyoming	Oct. 4, 5
Zurich	Sept. 19, 20
Watford	Oct. 2, 3
Welland	Oct. 1-3
Weston	Sept. 14, 15
Windham Centre	Sept. 25

## SIDE TALKS

By RUTH YOUNG CAMERON

LET US CONSERVE.

"Conservation" is a word that has been much in style for the last few years.

And, contrary to the nature of styles, it is going to be a greater favorite than ever.

For conservation is the word that goes everywhere hand in hand with preparedness in these times that try men's souls.

And rightly.

We must prepare, we must sacrifice, we must conserve.

Everyone is anxious to know just how to prepare. On every side you hear the words "What can I do to prepare? What is my share?" Also abroad in the land—thank God.

Not So Dramatic As Sacrifice.

But conservation is rather less popular, probably because it is less dramatic and picturesque than the other two.

And yet it is quite as vital.

And fortunately this is something that you or I can help at as we go about our daily work, and wish with all our hearts that we could throw it aside and do something bigger and finer and more heroic.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

I do not mean necessarily that we will deprive ourselves of what we need.

I only mean that we will use

what we have more wisely and efficiently.

Little Things But Big In The End.

We will study food values.

We will keep a closer guard on what goes into the crumb basket.

We will try to buy everything wisely and thoughtfully, passing by what is cheap and shoddy for what is simple and really good.

Nor is conservation only a matter of material things.

We will conserve our health. We will say, "My health is part of my country needs me."

We will try to learn to conserve our time. We want to become more efficient about our daily tasks so that our surplus of time for any public duty may be as large as possible.

And Above All Things

And above all things we must learn to conserve our courage.

The war time pessimist comes perilously near being a coward.

We mustn't go about looking lugubrious and enlarging on rumors of fears.

We must not worry until we absolutely have need to. And then we mustn't worry—only make up our minds that if sacrifice is necessary we shall be capable of it.

The courage of its people is the backbone of a nation.

You and I are the people.

Small boys have quit their playing, who would be pitchers, and make baseball a trade, are busy as ditchers, for trenches must be made.

They toil with wooden shovels, no soldier loafs or stalis, the boys from humble hovels, the boys from stateful brigades. They wield, with valor Roman their rifles made of boards, and bravely charge the foe with whining little wooden swords. No kids plead for exemption, all long to brandish drums, and none has asked redemption from war and its alarms. The old time hobby horses, the roller skates are gone; imaginary corpses are piled upon the lawn. The boys who would be pitchers, are busy as ditchers, for trenches must be made.

There is no weary clacker for peace with shameful boys, there is no whining shaker among the little boys. No kid so keen for peace is that he would dodge the fray because he buys three nieces and sundry uncles hay. The kids, so small their mothers put them to bed at night, are shaming elder brothers who fear to go and fight.

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