DEFERRED CLASS MEN TO BE PUT IN SERVICE

New Ruling Permits Use by Bureaus of Draftees With Dependents

Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J., Nov. 7.—Men physically fit for general military service, who are deferred on the grounds of dependency, may now be inducted into service for duty with a bureau, including the general staff corps of the War Department in Washington, or any offiffices elsewhere, according to a new order from the adjutant general of the army. Up to now the ruling has been that no general service man will be used in this country for any duty whatever that can be performed by limited service men. These instruction have been so modified that the bbureaus concerned may use within the United States the services of men physically fit for general military service who are deferred on the grounds of dependency.

The first naturalization court since the quarantine was placed on Dix was held yesterday afternoon in the Liberty Theatre, and about 500 soldiers became citizens of this country.

Ground was broken today for the residence to be used by the twenty women who are to act as Y. M. C. A. secretaries in the various huts, relieving the men for duties on the outside. It is expected that the building will be ready by January 1, and it will add one more structure for women in the Hostess House area. The Players' House is near completion, and will be open very shortly to the women entertainers who are presenting programs here, and which necessitates their remaining in camp for two or three-day periods.

Announcement has been made of the promotion of Sergeant Earl H. George, San Antonio, Tex., to a second lieutenancy in the motor transport corps. He came here last year from the border with Motor Truck Company No. 327.

Dishonorable discharge from the service and thirty years at hard labor at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., was the sentence imposed on Private Alexander Norbe, of Clifton, N. J., a member of Company 22 of the depot brigade here. Norbe was charged with refusing to obey commands from First Lieutenant Charles W. Davison and Corporal Rudolph Schultz to "pack up his things and get ready for transfer."

Orders have been received from Washington for the formation here of a provost company, which will take over a part of the work of the camp military police. The company will be much smaller than the present military police organization, and Captain J. E. Bonner, of Philadelphia, who so successfully managed the Camp Dix farm this summer, has been placed fh command of the unit to be formed here.

BUSINESS CAREER OF PETER FLINT

A Story of Salesmanship by Harold Whitehead

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OF COURSE, I went to see Frascati today and had a pretty good interview with him.

While I think of it, I must write to dad and tell him of that hair-restorer stunt I saw in a downtown drug store window.

Just as I turned off Broadway, I noticed a crowd gathered round the window and of course I wondered what it was all about. Everybody else felt like me, for it took a few minutes to get my optics trained on the window.

This is what I saw: A long plank of wood, all nicely planed, lay on the bottom of the window. On one end of the plank a bottle of "Howard's Hair Helper" had been tipped over. There was the bottle lying on its back and the hair helper had run all over one end of the plank.

Now get this: Wherever the hair helper had touched the plank it had grown whiskers. Sure thing, there was hair all over the plank, and for a minute it got my goat.

Then I noticed that a lot of hair had been glued on the plank and then cut short. Above the plank was a sign reading:

HOWARD'S HAIR HELPER

is not guaranteed to grow hair on wood—but it will remove dandruff, cleanse the scalp and promote growth.

$1.25 a Large Bottle

I was telling Bruno Duke and Francis about it after the salesmanship class. Duke said it was an old stunt, but that old stunes were new ones when they were old enough to be forgotten.

It sure was a bit of luck for me to think of Trascati just now, for when I got there this morning, he told me that his club—a social or help your sick friend if he's a wop—I mean an Italian club (I nearly forgot what "C. C." told me about calling foreigners by "sneery" names) were looking for a lot of land to build some summer camps and a bit of a clubhouse on.

He asked me whether we gave a warranty deed or a quit-claim deed. I didn't know, but I thought a warranted deed was best, so I said so.

He shook his head most emphatically and said, "No, no, no, we never buy anything but quit-claim."

"Oh, well," I said, "I can fix that all right—that's a simple thing to do."

I'm glad he didn't ask me the difference or he'd have called my bluff. I never knew there were different kinds of deeds. All I know is that we never give a clean deed till the buyer comes across with all the coin and if he falls down on his monthly payments, all the previous payments are considered as rent for the land and he loses the whole thing.

I heard Zeigler tell Holt that about 25 per cent of the people buying Leeville Park lots lost their land and money because they didn't come across with the monthly payment in time. I'm beginning to dislike Lee—he's too darned tricky for me.

But to come back to Frascati—he got hold of two or three of his club members and they had a glorious time talking it over.

I always get half scared when those folks argue. They yell and stamp and snap their fingers at each other. I expected any minute to have to beat it for the patrol wagon.

I found out that the argument was whether they should go to see the land on Saturday or Sunday and that Sunday won.

"How many will come down?" I asked. "No need for a lot to come, you know Mr. Frascati. One or two can do much better than a lot. Then the others can go down and see what you've bought—see what a nice surprise that'll be for them!"

I was thinking of the railroad fares, for, of course, they came out of my pocket.

Then Frascati told me that about twelve or fifteen of them were coming. Good night! I saw my cold and greasy financial finish if they didn't buy about half the blooming park.

I left them at about 11 o'clock and as it was no good trying to handle any more than that bunch on Sunday, of course it was no good trying to get any more prospects to take down to the land.

After they left I visited a bean foundry. As I left the "satery" wondering how I could do in the afternoon, I noticed a sign in the brilliant Beaulieu style, "Bean Soup Today." I went in and ordered a plate of it. It was good. I ordered another plate and I felt better. I felt so much better that I ordered a third plate and felt still better. I felt so much better that I felt I could go back to the office and face the music. I felt so much better that I felt I could go back to the office and face the music. I felt so much better that I felt I could go back to the office and face the music