

LISTS 9,000,000 FOR U. S. SERVICE

Provost Marshal Gives Rules Regarding Liability for Military Duty.

Washington, Nov. 15.—The five classes into which 9,000,000 men registered for military duty—and those who are registered hereafter—are defined and the order in which they will be called for service were officially announced in the provost marshal general's questionnaire which every registered man must fill out and file. The order shows some change from the tentative draft published some time ago.

Contrary to some published reports, it does not exempt married men as a class, but it does place married men with dependent wives and children far down on the list of liabilities. In fact, the questionnaire indicates that only men of the first class will be called to the colors, except in the gravest emergency. The five official classifications of registrants follow:

- CLASS I.**
- (A)—Single man without dependent relatives.
 - (B)—Married man, with or without children, or father of motherless children, who has habitually failed to support his family.
 - (C)—Married man dependent on wife for support.
 - (D)—Married man, with or without children, or father of motherless children; man not usefully engaged family supported by income independent of his labor.
 - (E)—Unskilled farm laborer.
 - (F)—Unskilled industrial laborer. Registrant by or in respect of whom no deferred classification is claimed or made.
- Registrant who fails to submit questions and in respect of whom no deferred classification is claimed or made.
- All registrants not included in any other division in this schedule.

- CLASS II.**
- (A)—Married man with children or father of motherless children, where such wife or children or such motherless children are not mainly dependent upon his labor for support for the reason that there are other reasonably certain sources of adequate support (excluding earnings or possible earnings from the labor of the wife) available, and that the removal of the registrant will not deprive such dependents of support.
 - (B)—Married man, without children, whose wife, although the registrant is engaged in a useful occupation, is not mainly dependent upon his labor for support for the reason that the wife is skilled in some special class of work which she is physically able to perform and in which she is employed or in which there is an immediate opening for her under conditions that will enable her to support herself decently and without suffering or hardship.
 - (C)—Necessary skilled farm laborer in necessary agricultural enterprise.
 - (D)—Necessary skilled industrial laborer in necessary industrial enterprise.

- CLASS III.**
- (A)—Man with dependent children (not his own but toward whom he stands in relation of parent).
 - (B)—Man with dependent helpless brothers or sisters.
 - (C)—County or municipal officer.
 - (D)—Highly trained fireman or policeman, at least three years in service of municipality.
 - (E)—Necessary custom house clerk.
 - (F)—Necessary employee of United States in transmission of the mails.
 - (G)—Necessary artificer or workman in United States army or arsenal.
 - (H)—Necessary employe in service of United States.
 - (I)—Necessary assistant, associate or hired manager of necessary agricultural enterprise.
 - (J)—Necessary highly specialized technical or mechanical expert of necessary industrial enterprise.
 - (K)—Necessary assistant or associate manager of necessary industrial enterprise.

- CLASS IV.**
- (A)—Man whose wife or children are mainly dependent on his labor for support.
 - (B)—Mariner actually employed on sea service or citizen or merchant in the United States.
 - (C)—Necessary sole managing, controlling or directing head of necessary agricultural enterprise.
 - (D)—Necessary sole managing, controlling or directing head of necessary industrial enterprise.

- CLASS V.**
- (A)—Officers—Legislative, executive or judicial of the United States or of state, territory or District of Columbia.
 - (B)—Regular or duly ordained minister of religion.
 - (C)—Student, who on May 15, 1917, was preparing for ministry in recognized school.
 - (D)—Persons in military or naval service of United States.
 - (E)—Alien enemy.
 - (F)—Resident alien (not an enemy) who claims exemption.
 - (G)—Person totally and permanently physically or mentally unfit for military service.
 - (H)—Person morally unfit to be a soldier of the United States.
 - (I)—Licensed pilot, actually employed in the pursuit of his vocation.

Member of well-recognized religious sect or organization, organized and existing on May 15, 1917, whose ten existing creed or principles forbid its members to participate in war in any form, and whose religious convictions are against war or participation therein.

The questions on the subject of dependents are framed to meet every possible circumstance and to draw out every bit of information that might be of value to the boards in fixing the class to which a man is to be assigned. Seven days are allowed registrants after receipt of the questionnaire to fill it out and return it to the local board.

Endless Supply.
"I suppose only a limited amount of this stock is being offered—the old wheeze."
"No, we're offering an unlimited amount of it," said the promoter truthfully. "We'll continue to print it as long as we have any sale for it."

The Sort.
"She made a beautiful sight standing there, gracefully beckoning him to come to her."
"No doubt; a regular motion picture."

IN COUNTRY TOWN

Reasons Why Thanksgiving Is Always Interesting There.

THANKSGIVING day in a country town is allus interestin' on account 'th' folks that come back homes. Some o' us kin git by th' Fourth o' July or fair week or even Christmas an' New Years, but somehow ther's somethin' 'bout Thanksgiving day that kind o' makes us want t' be back home. Then, too, one nice long dull Thanksgiving afternoon in a B flat town is enough t' make us all satisfied t' stay away fer another whole year.

Our town looks real cosmopolitan like t'day, as Tell Binkley would say. On ever' corner you kin see little clumps o' fellers that haint met in years holdin' reunions an' talkin' 'bout ole times. Some o' 'em look like they had lots t' be thankful fer, an' some o' 'em look like th' place they come from ought t' be thankful, while still others look like our town ought t' be thankful that Thanksgiving only comes once a year.

Sam Bud, who traded his farm here fer a Floridy orange grove some years ago came in from th' north this morn-



Laurel Spray, From the West, is in Town Wearing a Straw Hat.

in. He says this is th' first time that he's ever had clothes an' money enough at th' same time t' git back. Hallie Mopps, who's been gone about ten years, is home from Coshoc-ton, Ohio. He says he's lied so long about th' size o' his father's farm here that he hardly recognized it when he got back.

Grayson Mapes wuz about th' first feller that showed up fer Thanksgiving. His folks have been dead fer thirty years an' he never knowed it. 'Bout th' last thing anybody ever heard o' him wuz in 1876, when he sent his mother a Centennial edition o' th' Philadelpy Ledger. He come over from Jeffersonville on parole but nobody knowed him.

Joe Apple is back in town shakin' hands, too. His whiskers have been driven back an' his step haint quite as springy as it wuz before he traded his hardware store fer some rice land in Arkansas. He's jist a plain shoveler now somewhere's in Michigan. He says that while th' work is a little harder than bein' in business, ther haint no books t' keep an' ther haint nothin' invested an' you kin lay off when it rains.

Laurel Spray, who sold his farm here two years ago an' invested in a gold mine out West, is in town wearin' a straw hat. He says he's been so busy gittin' home that th' weather never occurred t' him. He may stay here an' go back in th' band if he kin trade his minin' stock fer a clarinet.

But ups an' downs er no ups an' downs, a feller is still purty rich that's got a good mother an' father t' go back to. Ther haint no mashed p'tatoes an' roast turkey an' minced pie anywhere else on earth that kin touch your mother's. Her coffee is generally purty bad, but we won't say anything 'bout that. I don't care how any feller is gittin' along, whether he's single or tied down, he feels a whole lot better if he knows he's got an ole home t' go back to. O' course your father haint as gushy as mother—but even if you did leave th' farm jist at a time when he needed you th' most, he's proud o' you. Jist as long as you don't ask father fer any money, either directly er thro' mother, he's proud o' you.

But mother is th' one. She believes ever'thing you tell her. She knows you have t' hurry away an' that where you've been workin' has had t' close down till you git back. You're her boy an' things can't git along without you.

Universal Thanksgiving.
Some call November the dreary month of the year, the black sheep of the 12; and yet it is the month of thankfulness, the completion of the fruitage of the year. In the woods the squirrels are industriously at work among their last gleanings before cold weather sets in, their happy "chee-chee" joining with the calls of the blue jays and crows and smaller birds in the universal paean of thanksgiving. In the underbrush and in the meadows the mice, too, are harvesting, with their hearts full of gladness. Bees are buzzing over goldenrod and wild asters and other late flowers; the quail that have escaped the hunter are, like Ruth, gathering the last grains in the farmer's fields; while the farmer himself and his boys are loading the golden pumpkins into the big farm wagons to carry away for winter storage for use by both the family and the cattle.



"Whew! Here I've chopped wood half the day to get an appetite, an' now I'm too durned tired to eat."

AS SUNG BY POETS

Old and New Thanksgiving Sentiments Worth Recording.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, the Hindu-English poet, recently contributed to the London Times the following verses on "Thanksgiving," which are as unlike the conventional Thanksgiving poem in sentiment as they are in form:

Those who walk on the path of pride crushing the lowly life under their tread, spreading their footprints in blood upon the tender green of thy earth. Let them rejoice, and thank thee, Lord, for the day is theirs.

But thou hast done well in leaving us with the humble, whose doom it is to suffer and bear the burden of power, and hide their faces and stifle their sobs in the dark.

For every throb of their pain has pulsed in the secret depth of thy night, and every insult has been gathered in thy great silence, And the morrow is theirs.

O Sun, rise upon the bleeding hearts blossoming in flowers of the morning and the torchlight revelry of pride hiding in its own aisles!

There is, of course, nothing new in dissent from that smug piety that returns thanks because its possessor is "not as other men are," be it in worldly possessions, in bodily health, in mental equipment or even in moral inheritance. Robert Burns long ago satirized one aspect of such self-complacency in "The Selkirk Grace":

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.

William Blake, in one of those quaintly phrased little poems of his that have almost the favor of esoteric wisdom, declares:

Since all the riches of this world
May be gifts from the devil and earthly kings,
I should suspect that I worshiped the devil

If I thanked my God for worldly things.

The countless gold of a merry heart,
The rubies and pearls of a loving eye,
The ideal man never can bring to the mart,
Nor the cunning hoard up in his treasury.

And in recent years Edmund Vance Cooke, a poet of whom Cleveland, the "sixth city," should be proud, has sung:

We thank thee, Yea, in the even tone
Of those who are glad of the goods they own.

We thank thee, Yea, that thou hast preferred
And blessed us more than the common herd.

We thank thee, part with the heart's intention,
But most, let us own, with the lips' convention.

"We thank thee," Lord! What a selfish prayer!

Thanks—while a beggar's breast is bare!
Thanks that our own full feast is spread!
While another creature is lacking bread!
Thanks that our full blood runs warm,
While a starveling baby breasts the storm!

There is certainly no taint of Tartuffe or Pecksniff in the reason that William Ernest Henley gives for thankfulness in his "Invictus," but it has something of pharisaical arrogance notwithstanding:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, in "The Garden of Proserpine" (from which, by the way, Henley seems to have borrowed his "whatever gods may be"), expresses a sentiment that in certain moods has an appeal to many men:

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives forever,
That dead men rise up never,
That even the wisest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

But, after all, there is a healthier appeal than Swinburne's, and an appeal to a greater number of normal men and women, in such fine odes as that which the late Hezekiah Butterworth wrote in celebration of the first "Thanksgiving in Boston Harbor":

The Arabella leads the song—
The Mayflower sings below
That erst the Pilgrims bore along
The Plymouth reefs of snow.
Oh, never be that psalm forgot
That rose o'er Boston Bay,
When Winthrop sang, and Endicott
And Saltonstall that day:

"Praise ye the Lord with fervent zeal
Praise ye the Lord today!
And praise arise from all the ships
Like prayers in Yarmouth Bay.

HASHIMURA TOGO DOMESTIC SCIENTIST

BY WALLACE IRWIN



Hon. Turkey Flew Afterwards Striking Me So Earnestly on Hair He Left Me Quite Brainless.

To Editor, Who Keep Cheerful in Spite of Holidays:
Dear Sir: While annual yearly date of Thanksgiving approach up, I enjoy pain in connection with my memory. I tell you what collapsed to me last Thanksgiving Thursday:

I was employed for Gen. Cookery at domestic kitchen of Mr. & Mrs. Romeo Goober, East O'Rora, Ill.

"Togo," say Hon. Mrs., approaching up to me, "tomorrow shall be Thanksgiving Day. We expect to celebrate as usual," she report for sweetly smiling. "There will be 5 to dinner, to include my fattish Uncle Seth who equal 3 more. All my relatives is most sneerful particular about foods. So now will you please elope immediately to market for buy one turkey-chicken of 26 lbs, complete tenderness, 4 qrts. cranberries of delicious sourness, 6 bunches celery-weed, and sufficient punkens to construct 2 1/2 pies?"

I go. At Gouge Bros. Market where was I observe sign, "FAT TURKEY 35c." To see this, I feel very humorous about that High Cost of Life.

"Such delicious cheapness of bird!" I negotiate to Hon. Butcher who was there. "At such rates, how much would 2 turkies cost?"

"\$22.90," he report for immediate arithmetic.

"Do you not promise fat turkey for 35c?" I rake off.

"35c per lb," he snagger financially.

"I should like (1) lb., please." This from me.

"We do not sell broken sections. You must purchase complete bird, price \$9.90." This from him.

"At such rates, folks can get rich by starving," I snagger.

No response from him. He go to ice-box and fetch forth one enlarged fowl without any clothing on.

"These are nice fresh turkey," he satisfy.

"How you know he fresh?" I snagger.

"Have he not been constantly on ice for 2 yrs.? Nothing could be more fresher than that," depose Hon. Butch. I buy.

He sell me expensive celery-bouquet, price 75c per cluster. It seem disrespectful to eat such valuation. Also precious cranberries, price \$1 for seldom quantities, added to \$2.50 worth punkens for pie. I promenade home-wards, carrying this valuable butchery.

While I was thusly straggling along with burdened back, one assorted dog, name of Hon. Fido, snux up behind of turkey and made sliming sniff-nose.

"Shoo!" I report. Hon. Fido stood waggishly saying nothing, but looking at Hon. Turkey with flirting eye.

Date of Thankful Thursday arrive up. By early a. m. of dawntime I arose up and commenced. All a. m. that assorted dog, Hon. Fido, set outside screen door. I permit him.

About time of afternoon p. m., I could hear several thanksgivers scraping their footprints on rug. Hon. Turkey now send forth smiling smell of bakery, and I was glad to assist his importance.

Pretty soon all take set-down to table.

"We got much to be thanksgiving for," report Hon. Goober with sharp knife. "Dinner is late as usual."

"It were not thusly when I was a boy," report Uncle Seth with grone.

"Please pass the celery."

He made smack-taste of this foods, then flop it back with smudged expression.

"I have tasted no respectable celery since 1841!" he holla baffably.

All enjoy depression by this report.

I go to kitchen for bring in delicious mulligan-tawny soup what I bought. While I were pouring this hot beverage in plates, I notice slight smell of burn. It was Hon. Turkey in oven, becoming too feverish. So I took him out and put him by window where he be more comfortable.

I fetch soup in plates to all those thanksgivers.

"Canned!" they yellup together with voice of sad chorus girls, while thrusting away plates.

"Nothing is real any more!" narrate Uncle Seth with dyspepsia. "Even turkies is deceptive. When boyhood days elapsed, I can remember how we was accustomed, on Thanksgiving morning, to salute Hon. Turkey by chopping him in kneck with ax. We knew he was good to eat, because we seen how fresh he acted. But no more. Today, turkies lives like Eskimos—spending their old age on ice before meeting civilized persons. No respectable bird dog would eat them."

I enjoy considerable alarm for this thanksgiving speech. Then, courageous like a Samurai, I retreat to kitchen for fetch forth Hon. Turkey. Hope thrilled my wrists and elbows as I entered kitchen for escort that sublime turkey—but O!!!! I stand gast. I look to window where I left that sacred bird. Such things could not! And it was. Empty pan stood there, seeming entirely vacuum. Hon. Turkey had flew away!!

I rish by window and look earnestly to back yard. Yes!! With thankful expression of tall, there stood Hon. Fido abducting Hon. Turkey across alley by wing.

"Come backwards!" I yellup. Hon. Fido show no impression from my talk. I lep through window 7 1/2 feet to outside. Quickly reassuring my legs, I retreat after that slyly doggish animal, but he scrouble up fence with hooked claws resembling cats. Too late for me! Turkey had escaped from my rear attack.

Mr. Editor, heroes is most brave when reporting failures. So I drag together my soul and enroach toward dining room, where I could hear those 3 thanksgivers complaining about everything. I walk in there carrying empty pan.

"Banza!" I holla, poking forth vacant dish. "Your digestion shall avoid this agony."

"What is?" all exclaim while leaping to their feetware.

"You should all be very thanksgiving," I snagger. "You have been rescued from considerable preserved poison by one patriotic dog what sacrifice himself by eloping with Hon. Turkey before he could be ate."

"You mean we shall have no turkey?" snagger all.

"How can we fill his vacant platter?" sobb Hon. Mrs. "I should be thankful for Hon. Turkey, however tough!"

Just while she say this—crashy!! Loud sound of approaching dog heard from kitchen window, and Hon. Fido with waggish tall trot into dining room, carrying that enormous bird in his careful teeth. He lay that absent fowl reverently at my feet.

"Hon. Fido do not care for this enlarged chicken, so he bring him back," I report.

"Dinner are now spoilt!" deery Hon. Mrs.

"How could you speak it?" I research. "When turkey go, you say, 'Dinner ruined!' When he come back, you, 'Dinner spoilt!' I am impossible to understand about American customs."

"You have Thanksgiving dinner so you can set around making bewails. So foolish to do! Why you no choose this date to kick out Misfortune?"

"I shall do so!" abrupt Hon. Goober, arising upwards. "First Misfortune to kick will be in your direction."

Next he rejected me through window by force of Swedish Ju-Jitsu. Hon. Fido arrive by next kick, and Hon. Turkey flew afterward, striking me on hair so earnestly he left me quite brainless.

Hoping you the same,
Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.

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GERMAN SMASH POLITICAL MOVE

SECRETARY BAKER SAYS ITALIAN DRIVE ASTUTE STRATEGY OF GERMAN POLITICIANS.

Situation in West Satisfactory, but Fear Expressed That Civil War in Russia Will Allow Teutons to Send Men to Western Army.

Washington.—The effect of Germany's "political offensive" against Russia and Italy upon the task ahead of the allies is recognized in Secretary Baker's weekly review of military operations, issued by the war department.

"The close inter-relation of events on all fronts cannot too frequently be emphasized," says the review.

"The political situation in Russia made it possible for the enemy to detach important contingents in the east, which were speedily transported to the Italian front.

"It is not unlikely that before initiating their powerful drive against the Italian forces, the enemy made painstaking and systematic attempts to undermine the morale of the Italian troops, with a view to breaking down their resisting power.

"This carefully planned political offensive conducted preparatory to their military offensive reveals clearly the present methods of the Germans.

"Surveying the broader aspects of the European situation today, we find that the enemy in the east is confining his efforts to political propaganda. Along the Italian sector he has recently made desperate attempts to secure a decision by means of a politico-military drive. In the west, while attempting to sap the fighting strength of the belligerent peoples, the enemy has now been compelled to act on the defensive and is being slowly but surely driven back.

"It should be borne in mind, however, that the further disintegration of the Russian forces will mean that the Germans will be able to thin out their line along this front, which will thus automatically contribute to the stiffening of their resistance in the west, as well as render available added contingents to take part in the engagements now proceeding in Italy.

"During the week just closed, both the British and French were able to record significant tactical gains, the culmination of a long series of powerfully driven offensives.

"With Passchendaele securely in British hands, the first stage of the operations begun during the last week of September have been brought to a successful conclusion.

"The French counterpart of the British success took place north of the Aisne. Here the retreat of the enemy anticipated last week was carried out. The pressure of the French offensive, which has grown slowly and methodically in volume and intensity, reached a climax when by the recent French advance in this sector they were enabled to enfilade the German lines along the crest of the Chemin-des-Dames.

"For the past three years the presence of the enemy on this ridge had been a source of anxiety to the French. To dislodge them was a principal objective of the repeated offensives developed by General Petain since last April. The sudden forced evacuation of some forty square miles of the most important terrain in this sector of the western front has been the tangible result achieved.

"The importance of this successful French advance must not be overlooked. It means more than a mere gain of so many square miles of territory; it means the penetration of the powerfully fortified Siegfried line, hitherto considered by the enemy impregnable, and pushes back his main defensive positions to within five miles of the fortress of Laon and major objectives.

Millions for Missions.
Philadelphia.—The Methodist Episcopal boards of home and foreign missions at a joint conference here approved a recommendation that a campaign be inaugurated to raise \$80,000,000 in the next five years.

Kaiser Visits Italian Theatre.

Amsterdam.—The German emperor arrived Sunday at the Italian theatre, where he met Emperor Charles and King Ferdinand. He congratulated Emperor Charles on his escape from drowning.

Demand Wage Increase.

New Bedford, Mass.—Work on government contracts held by the Morse Twist Drill & Machine company was virtually at a standstill Thursday as a result of a strike of a majority of the 1200 employes for a 25 per cent wage increase.

Shipyard Workers Strike.

Newark, N. J.—Thousands of mechanics employed in several large shipyards adjacent to this city quit work Monday after a resolution had been adopted at a meeting of business agents of the building trades council authorizing a strike.

Woolley on War Trade Board.

Washington.—Clarence M. Woolley of New York has been appointed a member of the war trade board by President Wilson at the request of Secretary Redfield.