

ABOUT THE MAN WHO MADE SELECTIVE DRAFT POSSIBLE

(The following character sketch of Major General Enoch H. Crowder, published in the Detroit News, will be of interest in Columbia where General Crowder is remembered by many.)

Perhaps no Army officer's name, except Pershing's is so widely known amongst Americans as that of Maj. Gen. Enoch H. Crowder. This is by no means due to the military achievements or personal qualities of Gen. Crowder, but is entirely accounted for by the new relations which the war made necessary between the people of the United States and their military organization.

When the people, through their representatives, elected to form themselves into the Army of Democracy, some orderly method had to be devised for registering, selecting and inducting them into the service, and the man who prepared these devices and opened these doors was the Provost Marshal General of the United States. His office was, as it were, the gateway through which the civilian passed to military service.

It was Gen. Crowder who appointed and directed the registration boards with their various medical and other assistants. It was he who arranged the intricate numbering system and supervised the making of the call for men. Ultimately, into 10,750,000 American homes the name Crowder came with the authority of the United States behind it; families by the thousand viewing it with a certain dread; young men by the thousands hailing it with the superb joy of adventurous youth.

It was in some senses a terrible responsibility to place on one individual's name. To the short-sighted and antagonistic the thought came that "this was Crowder's doing." It is no reflection on the loyalty of the more domestic members of American families, those who believe their country right but dread the stern issue of war as it might touch their families, to say that the signature, "Enoch H. Crowder, Provost Marshal General,"

stood out in an ominous light.

That is to say, everyone knew the name; few knew the man. They saw his picture in the papers, he typified to them the power they had delegated to their civil and military leaders, but as to what manner of person he was and how he came to be assigned to the simply colossal task that was laid upon him, few knew. Indeed, few know now.

It is not the purpose of this article to describe the selective draft. We are too close to be able fully to realize its historic import. Only by exercising an act of will and returning ourselves to the state of mind which all the associations of the word "conscription" awakened in us five years ago, can we even dimly realize the tremendous decision the American people made when they consented to the war and the draft.

The draft was implied in any war undertaken under modern conditions. It was not the act of the Government going out and taking citizens by force; it was the act of citizens themselves, choosing and sending men for the common defense; and in the fairest way, and most business-like way, instituting a rule of universal service from which neither wealth nor social position, influence nor any purely personal excuse could exempt a man.

Fairest Way to Raise an Army.

In Civil War times the ability to raise a few hundred dollars exempted a man from military service. But we have lived to see millionaires sleeping on iron cots, day laborers their bunkies; we have lived to see social favorites on the drill fields, dock wallpapers their next in line; we have lived to see the mechanic's son commanding the statesman's son in the ranks—the fairest, most successful, most democratic mode of raising an army ever adopted.

Only a democracy could have done it. The draft, be it said, proved our democracy by an acid test.

But did you ever speculate on the

chances the draft had of failing? No matter how perfectly it had been devised, it assuredly would have failed if the people had not wanted it. But wanting it as they did, willingly abiding by its method, the draft still had 1,000 chances to fail because of the vastness of the work and the vaster inexperience of America in such matters.

Odium or credit?—which was it to be for this name "Crowder" that had become so ubiquitous in the land?

Be sure that one man was keenly alive to all the possibilities, and he was the man who bore that name.

Who Is This Creator of Armies?

Who is he? How did he know just what to do? Where did he learn the intricacies of the selective draft? By intricacies I mean, of course, the problems which he met; the operation of the draft itself, like all great things, is simple.

And that is the story. When you know it you will be grateful that there was a Crowder in the country at the hick of time.

It ought to be obvious to you, however, that Gen. Crowder's knowledge was not assembled in a night. And yet it must be equally obvious that there has never been in the term of his military experience a draft on which he could practice. He was 2 years old when the Civil War began.

I am not writing this story with Gen. Crowder's consent. He is a modest man. Congress wanted to make him a lieutenant-general a few weeks ago, in recognition of his work, but he refused; he said the greater part of the credit was due to the draft boards who worked with him. That was no grandstand play; it was characteristic of the man.

It would be extremely difficult to gain his consent to a story about himself, and I did not press him so hard as to bring down a flat prohibition. I had my facts before I went to him. I only wanted to know whether I was misinformed. The story I put up to him was the barest skeleton of what appears here, with every shred of purely personal matter stripped off. People who know him best supplied the flesh and blood of it.

Maj. Gen. Crowder is aware, I think, of the delicacy of his relation to American homes. He it is who stands, figuratively speaking, at the door of the home and says to the young man, "Your place is ready now." The young man has been waiting with a good deal of eager excitement for his coming, but there are folks in the background who had never expected to live through that experience.

Aside from his natural disinclination to publicity, I think this is the reason Gen. Crowder would much rather not be exploited in the public prints. His name has stood at the doors of so many homes, his coming has meant so much in so many different ways, that I think he feels that something like a sacred silence should be observed regarding it.

He and the boys have come out together from the doors of millions of homes; if praise is to be bestowed he would rather have it go to the boys. He was a soldier doing the duty the people had laid on him; they were young civilians changing their lives for their country's sake—I am sure he would have the public think of them, and of himself not at all.

This would be affectation in some men; it is Gen. Crowder's nature. He is a human sort of a man. He wishes to be courteous to everybody and he usually succeeds, though often against odds. And so far from being an ogre invading the homes and lives of Americans, he has lived through 10,000,000 men's experiences, and the sensitive surface of his heart has not been worn hard. I thoroughly believe that.

How Did He Do It?

But how was he able to organize a draft—a thing that had never been done before? How did it happen that at the precise moment of time the man who could do the job was there, in the War Department, ready to do it? An enemy might answer: "Why, the United States Government was preparing for this all the time. All it had to do was to go to a pigeon-hole and take out the plans." Such an answer would not be true. It is true, however, that one officer happened to know how to proceed.

We are going to believe in destiny after the war—just as we now look back and believe that Lincoln was a man of destiny, and just as we all believe that a Higher Power has control of the destinies of the Republic. And I have thought that Enoch H. Crowder is a man of destiny, preparing through long and arduous and obscure years, and appearing after 36 years of fairly commonplace military life in the precise position to do the precise work the nation in its emergency called for.

I have reason to believe that Gen. Crowder would not indorse this view of himself as a man of destiny. It doesn't appeal to him at all. But let me tell the story, that the reader may draw his own conclusion.

Thirty-seven years ago, Enoch Herbert Crowder, a Missouri youth, graduated from West Point at the age of 22. Five years later he took his law degree at the University of Missouri. His military life began, as most young officers' did, on the plains of the West. They say he was not a robust man, and he does not appear to be robust even now. Perhaps it was that, but more likely it was his cast of mind, that led him to enter upon a lonely existence at his lonely frontier post, instead of amusing him-

self racing horses and playing cards **Destiny Knocks at the Door.**

At any rate, while stationed at Standing Rock, North Dakota, he found an old, dust-covered, time-stained Government publication—one of those numerous books the Government prints and few people read—which contained perhaps the driest reading in the world, from the standpoint of a young officer on the frontier.

It was a report of the Provost Marshal, who held that rank during the Civil War. In it he had written the devices he had tried in the drafts of those times, wherein they had succeeded and wherein they had failed, and being an enthusiast in that remote field, he had added a study of the draft systems of the world.

This book fascinated the young officer. His mind hooked itself to the subject. He lived with the book, slept with it, and digested every morsel of its information. Of course it was of no "practical use" to him. The war was over; the volunteer system was what our people swore by; all talk of drafts was ancient history.

Nevertheless, with only a student's interest in the subject, and with a peculiarly sympathetic insight into the old dead-and-gone Provost Marshal's difficulties, which had been so laboriously written out and so unceremoniously tossed into the rubbish corners of a hundred army posts, young Crowder could not rid his mind of the matter.

He has that book yet. There may be a copy of it in the Congressional Library. There may be a few lying lost in undisturbed garrets throughout the country. But at least one copy is valued, and that is Gen. Crowder's. He never lets it get beyond his reach; perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he never lets it get within anybody else's reach.

Right Man in Nick of Time.

That was years ago. When the war came, when it became imperative to mobilize the largest army in the shortest period of time, who was there to do it? Only one post in the army had such a task amongst its stated duties, and that was the Provost Marshal's post. And it so happened that the young officer who had made the mobilization of civilians his specialty was the very man who had come through stage after stage—from a lieutenant of cavalry, through judge advocate of the army, through Secretary of State and Justice for Cuba—to the office of Provost Marshal General of the United States. The discovery of the man who knew most about such affairs and his appointment to his present post were almost coincident, and with both came the imperative need of the country.

Now, that may not be Destiny. Gen. Crowder and I, without doubt, disagree on that point. But if there is any other adequate name for it, it has failed thus far to suggest itself. At least one man is going to continue to believe that decades ago the Destiny that has always sent fit servants to the Republic, made in obscurity and in seeming aimlessness the choice of

a man and a task, and that of this man it may be truthfully said today, "To this end was he born, and for this cause came he into the world."

It explains, as no other thing can, the superb success and justice and democracy of the selective draft system of the United States.

Open Evenings
Until
Christmas

Victor Barth Clothing Co.
In Big Clothing

"Everybody's Store"



Order Wagner's
ICE CREAM
for
Christmas
NOW!

We Always Have Chocolate and Vanilla Flavors

Half of the pleasure of this event is the delight of the youngsters as they frolic around the Christmas tree.

The other half is in the Candies, Pop-corn, Fruits and WAGNER'S ICE CREAM. Wagner's will round out the evening's enjoyment.

Order now for Christmas Eve.

TAVERN DRUG STORE

Phone 419

The Men's Store Where Ladies Enjoy Shopping

SILK SHIRTS

of S. & B. Originality Make Most Practical and Useful Gifts

\$4 to \$8

S. & B. Co.
SYKES & BROADHEAD

New Styles are Shown HERE FIRST



THE BOY IN HIS
TEENS—

GIVE HIM A BANK BOOK

Suggest to him, by concrete example, what to do with the dimes and quarters that he is beginning to earn.

You no doubt wish him to be a hustling young man of affairs, self-reliant and prepared for the future.

Successful men are thus developed. They do not step into positions of trust and responsibility. They are trained today, while in knee-breeches—for places of responsibility in Tomorrow's World.

The gift of a bank book, with an initial deposit as a nucleus, this Christmas 1918 will point the way of a life-time.

BOONE COUNTY TRUST COMPANY

W. A. BRIGHT, Pres. ALEX BRADFORD, JR., Vice-Pres.
S. C. HUNT, Vice-Pres. S. F. CONLEY, Sec'y.
E. F. RUETHER, Treas.

CLASSIFIED ADS.

Half a Cent a Word a Day

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Furnished sleeping room and kitchenette near Christian College, High and Jefferson schools. Phone 181 Green. C-101

FOR RENT—Eight room house at 106 Lathrop road in Westmount. Furnished or unfurnished, available immediately. Phone 171 White. C-212

FOR RENT—Unfurnished or partly furnished apartments of two, three or five rooms and bath. Apply 1108 Piquin, phone 1143 Green. B-507

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms, with or without board. Phone 1143 White. B-317

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Planer, Oliver typewriter, new shot gun, stoves and other household goods, very reasonable. Leaving town. Call at 1006 Locust. P-96

TEACHERS WANTED

We have remunerative positions for available teachers. Write for registration blank. No advance fee. Central Educational Bureau, Metropolitan Bldg., St. Louis, Mo. W. J. Hawkins, Mgr. Sat.-Mon. June 19



EVERYTHING FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS DINNER AT

HETZLERS MARKET

"Where Quality & Sanitation Reign Supreme"

JOIN OUR CHRISTMAS SAVINGS CLUB
Have Money Next Christmas

Get the savings habit—it is the basis of success.—The business of young people is given every consideration and assistance at this bank.

Boone County National Bank

Resources \$1,750,000.00

R. B. PRICE, PRESIDENT